

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editor. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio Philosophical Journal.
THE "LOST CONTINENT."
The Golden Age of Pre-Historic Times.
Exhumation of Treasures from the Indian Ocean.
Through the Mediumship of Abram James. Reported and Edited by E. Whipple.

LECTURE THIRD.
MODES OF TRANSIT ON THE LOST CONTINENT.
There were three principal modes of travel and transportation in our country. First, water-transit. This mode of internal communication was limited to the two principal rivers and the Bay of Alabaria. Motive power was applied to water craft which we shall reserve for description to a future time. Second, a mode similar to your modern railways, but which was also applied to paved roads. The horse was unknown in our country, and white elephants were used only on state occasions. Hence the use of vehicles was dependent on a motive agent. The form of mechanism to which this agent was applied is among the "lost arts," to be revived in the present age. Third, aerial navigation.
Our people enjoyed a safe and rapid means of transit in air-ships. They were under perfect control and could be made to accomplish journeys of prodigious extent in a few hours. This mode was under the exclusive control of the Patriarchal Order. An air-ship was called by our people *Aeropades*. In its construction the best mechanical skill was brought into requisition. The car was lifted in the air by an elliptical shaped gas-receiver, which was about eight feet across the axis and from eighteen to twenty feet in length. This receiver was constructed of very finely wrought cloth, from a hemp grown in our country. This was woven very close and then exposed to the action of the elements, until it became full of air and impervious to water. This cloth was then made into proper shape and stretched upon a frame made of steel and copper wire and whalebone. Next the gas receiver was thoroughly coated with a compound prepared from four substances, one of which exuded from a certain tree. They were mixed and triturated until they were reduced to the consistency of this paste. With this the receiver was thoroughly coated inside and out. When dry it was both hard and elastic. The canvas was next painted and ornamented according to the taste of the owner.
The gas used for lifting the air-ship was composed of three substances, two of which are known, and one unknown at the present day.
The machinery by which the Aeropades was guided and controlled in the air was quite complex. It was attached to the gas receiver in such a manner that the forward part of the stem could be turned up or down, to the right or left, with perfect ease, according to the will of the operator.
The motive power employed to propel the air-ships will be explained in due time; suffice it say for the present, a complete and perfect mechanism for navigating the air was known and utilized on the home-land of the lost continent.
The Aeropades of average capacity was capable of carrying from three to seven persons, while one could easily manage the machine in almost any position.
There were particular days when members of the Patriarchal Order were in the habit of taking aerial excursions. Hundreds of the air-ships might then be seen moving in dif-

ferent directions. On these occasions the Patriarchs and nobles visited the various Provinces to inspect the condition of the crops, the state of the buildings and plantations, together with the order and thrift of the people who had been entrusted with the lands and flocks. Those agents of the government who were especially entrusted with the care of Provinces, went in this way on periodical excursions. And the people generally took good care to present a favorable showing to their fathers, the Patriarchs.
The wives and daughters of the nobles were often expert in the management of the Aeropades, and frequently made excursions unaccompanied by their male companions. Seated in their beautifully ornamented vehicles they traversed the air in joyous freedom.
We will now describe one of those aerial journeys we were accustomed to take in that grateful remembered past. We will speak from that past in the present tense, that we may convey to you a vivid picture of those experiences which will live forever in our thought.
We are now comfortably seated in our Aeropades. We are at a great height directly over the northwestern portion of the continent, above the highest summits of the Azalial mountains. We will take a hasty view of this part of the country. The rocky wastes we behold are several thousand feet above the ocean level. Here the mountains are rugged and wild in the extreme. They look like the moss-covered ruins of some city of the past. Farther down, and skirting these old weather beaten rocks, we can see stunted forms of vegetation, while below this the verdure from our elevation looks like a carpet of velvet green. The scene spread out before us is grand beyond describing. We are now about 2,500 feet above the tops of the mountains. It is a season in which the air is very pure, and with the assistance of an excellent glass, the vision sweeps a wide extent of country. We move north-westerly. The country is very mountainous and rocky. Where the land touches the sea perpendicular walls of rock tower to a great height along the whole extent of coast. In many places the lofty acclivities hang over the sea and no where would it seem possible for a ship's crew to gain a footing upon the land. This portion of the country is hence perfectly secure from the approach of strangers. Among the greater elevations the rocks assume a dark gray color. Lower down the aspect becomes lighter.
Now we are moving in a more northerly direction, keeping directly over the highest mountains. To the left of this mountain axis we behold the sea, and to the right a broad sweep of country extending down the southeastern slope. We come now to a sudden depression where the mountains break off and trend toward the east, forming a bend like a horse-shoe. Here a valley opens cutting the mountain ridge in two, thus admitting the waters of the Dobreda to the plains of the south-eastern slope. To this point the Azalial and Morena ranges converge.
Our Aeropades at the height we are suspended in the air, is apparently motionless, but we are moving at the rate of 50 miles an hour. Our possible speed is not less than 100 miles an hour. Moreover, this noiseless journey through the air is most delightful to the sensations.
As we move northward the rocky waste assumes a darker hue. Upon the short slope toward the ocean, there is but a scanty vegetation. There is no indentation of the land by the sea along this northern coast, while bold precipices impose a limit to the incursion of the waves. The rocky surfaces in this region present a reddish hue. We are approaching a metalliferous region. This portion is of an iron formation. All the mountain ridges in this vicinity receive a reddish tinge from the presence of iron oxide or red hematite. This iron belt is very extensive. But we soon pass beyond this belt, for our flight is more rapid than a railway train. Now the elevated summits are black. Examining these rocky wastes with a good glass, we perceive that volcanoes have written their history with a pen of fire. Farther down the greenish hue of the rocks denotes the presence of hornblende and rich metallic veins.
We are now at a point directly north of the central portion of the continent. What a grand view opens before us! By the aid of our glass we can make out the details of objects in the distance. Clouds of mist rise from the surges that roll against the northern coast. Away to the east we behold the lofty summits sparkling with frosty crowns; while down their declivities belts of pine and fir wave their banners of green. Ranning streams wind like silver threads among the hills, while away to the south broad plains stretch their gentle undulations. Domes and spires sparkle from hundreds of towns, and fields of waving grain betoken the rich and populous country that is embraced within the field of vision. Human beings we cannot discern, as we are directly over the uninhabited mountain region, while the plains and villages are many leagues away. From our height all the rough points seem smoothed down in a manner. Distance truly lends enchantment to the view.
Returning from this wide survey, we turn our attention to the rocks underneath our air-ship. A belt of quartz is brought into view. This extends north-east and south-west with a width of about twenty miles. It is exceedingly rich in precious metals.
Here is a volcanic district. We behold hundreds of extinct craters. We select what appears to be the monarch of the group and

peer with our glass into the black pit. The sight of the awful chasm almost bewilders the senses. The mouth of the crater is about 2,500 feet in diameter. According to the record of our country it has not been active for several centuries. Moraneta is its name. It is the loftiest summit in the Morena range. [After reporting the above, the scribe consulted an ocean map and found to his surprise that "Compton Rocks" are laid down at the precise point where Moraneta was placed on the map of the lost continent drawn by Mr. James.]
We are now moving in a north-easterly direction. We have our compass and an instrument called *Odeometer*, with which we measure the distance we travel. With this instrument we also gauge our altitude and rate of speed. Much of the north-eastern portion of the country has this volcanic character. It may also be designated a mineral producing region. It presents the appearance of having been riddled through and through by volcanic activity. Our course is over the axis or highest range which now trends two points more to the eastward. We are now going due east. Directly under our air-ship is a peculiar appearance. It looks as though a mighty earthquake had turned the mountain over, or burst it asunder and driven it in three different directions. The vast pit resulting from this upheaval is apparently bottomless. With the best glass we cannot penetrate through the deep darkness. The most fearful commotions have transpired in this region.
Now we approach a point where the mountain is cut off; where it is suddenly depressed to a lower level. We are over the north-eastern portion of the continent. The ocean on our left is in full view. The mountains and plains stretch out upon our right. The mountain tops in these lower altitudes are covered with verdure—a low, dark-leaved shrub—and as we pass over this region (we have descended somewhat) we perceive the country still opposes a rugged front to the sea. The whole north-east coast is characterized in this manner. We move southward, and are at last directly over that part of the country where the Dobreda flows into the ocean. The appearance is very peculiar as the channel is narrow and bounded by perpendicular walls of rock.
Now we will change our course and pass up the Dobreda valley. In the mean time we descend to within 500 feet of the ground, that we may obtain a near view of the objects beneath us. We traverse a space of 300 miles, and retain the objects we have noted for future reference. We pause over the eastern portion of Onanatta—the Parent City.
This city is very extensive and divided into sections, where the industries, arts, education and governmental functions are localized in special centers. The Governmental or Parent City is inhabited chiefly by the "Mountain People" or patriarchal race. This race is not an idle or indolent people. On the contrary they recognize the dignity of labor and hold it a sacred duty to engage in some useful employment. Moreover, they are an intellectual, a moral and a cultured people. To them alone belong the science, philosophy and high arts that are known in our country.
We will remind you that our present point of observation is over the eastern portion of the city. This is termed the "artisans' quarter." A wisdom is displayed in locating the manufactures in the lower or eastern quarter of the city, inasmuch as all the debris is carried off by the stream while the waters are left pure and sweet in the central and upper portion.
There are very extensive manufactures, as many kinds of goods used by the whole nation are exclusively made here. The localization of manufactures in great centers is a feature incidental to our form of society, where all great enterprises in which the whole population have an interest, by virtue of their common necessities, are carried on for the benefit of the people and not for private gain.
We see below us immense buildings for the manufacture and coloring of fine cloths, and acres of land devoted to the drying of the same. Here too, are extensive potteries and iron mills and steel works, and crucibles for the annealing of metals and formation of amalgams. But we reserve the details for a future occasion. For the present we afford only a bird's eye view of the forms and movements which we behold. We observe while passing that this artisans' quarter alone contains a sufficient population for a large city.
Now as we linger over the eastern quarter a great number of air-ships are coming to meet us. You understand our position: We are seated in one of the royal air-ships; we are hailed as a royal party. Each ship has a particular color, and its ensigns flying denote the rank in the Patriarchal Brotherhood to which it belongs. The color of ours is royal purple; and as we come into view, our people approach to do us homage. We will now hold a fixed position in the air until they arrive; for we can halt at any point in the atmosphere, except when we are in the rapid currents of the upper stratum.
Our friends are now around us. We are surrounded by about 500 of these aerial vehicles. Some of them are occupied by women. It is a great pleasure to them to meet and greet us. We will now move in a body, and as we pass along note some observations by the way.
This city, as we said, is extensive. It is divided and classified into distinct departments, yet it presents the appearance of one great city. Every part is provided with easy locomotion. Now we are looking down on the Treasure Building. How grand that over-

arching dome shining with silver! And there is the familiar walk of Epranetus. Yonder is Silona Avenue with its magnificent structures and parks and stately trees. In the center of this grandeur, suspended like an island in the air, is that "Hanging Garden." Its temple, its arbors and flowers and fountains and statues, all blend in a form of glorious beauty that seems impossible for the mortal to realize.
Now we see the people gazing upon us as we hover over their city in mid-air. It appears as though millions had assembled to witness our movements. We will issue an order to those who accompany us to recognize their salutations. We have the means of holding communication with our friends in different parts of the country by the display of signals. We attach a wire to a small machine, and turn a little crank, when a number of purple-colored stars issue forth from a metallic tube. Upon seeing our signal-taken our friends all join in the display. The signal from each ship is colored according to the group or order to which it belongs. Some are yellow, some blue, some violet, others fiery red, and still others combinations of these. These burning emblems are now being discharged in showers from each of the 500 air-ships. A more magnificent display of fireworks is seldom seen. The people below wave their banners and sing their national airs.
In this city and the adjacent country—that is the country of the Dobreda valley—there is a population of at least 5,000,000. A great number are assembled from the surrounding country, for it is a day of national celebration. The flower of the nation dwell in this valley—the "Mountain People," the members of the secret and sacred Orders. Here is the center of art and philosophy and culture. Here are the priests, the seers and prophets who wield the mightiest influence over the civilized world.
As we previously observed, the importance of industrial activity is strictly enjoined upon all as an essential to the welfare of the community, and the health and happiness of the individual. Labor being esteemed as noble, is thoroughly organized. To each individual in the community is apportioned a proper share at once of labor, luxury and rest. Nevertheless distinctions are recognized, both as regards grades of individual activity, and the qualities or aptitudes of mind necessary to the discharge of certain social functions. The people and their labors are distributed in groups and series, like notes in music, according to their fitness for special duties. Yet withal, each participates in the life of the whole, while he is predominantly active in his own peculiar sphere. It is a maxim with us that any work which needs to be done, should be well done, and he is considered a master who attains to high performance in the work to which he is called, be that work ever so humble.
We once more put our Aeropades in motion and direct our course to the country of the foot hills, north-west from the city. Fields of waving grain and other fields being prepared for the seed, come in view. Below us we perceive an individual with a machine breaking up the ground. No animals are attached to this machine, but in front we perceive a large drum, within which is concealed the motive power. To this drum are attached a number of cultivators which thoroughly pulverize the soil. One individual prepares several acres of this ground for the seed in a single day with this machine. All kinds of industry are carried on by machinery. Here the immortal mind moves all things.
Now we behold on the uplands flocks of animals that resemble goats. They are tended by shepherds and shepherdesses. They are covered with white fleeces, more like hair than wool, yet fine as silk, from which fabrics are woven which take the richest and most durable colors. Their eyes are soft and sympathetic, with an almost human expression. They love their shepherds and are very obedient to them. Yonder we see a flock grazing, and with them a portable shepherd's house, constructed of willow and provided with a motor. A banner is emblazoned with an emblem of the keepers—the name of the shepherd and shepherdess of the flock—and floats from a staff over the center of the pavilion; and upon the forehead of each animal is fastened a gold plate with this emblem of their keepers. When individuals from the fold stray far away, the shepherd gives a call which all understand, and they run like a brood of chickens to the parent hen.
So we are passing over the country of the shepherds. Thousands of herds are scattered over these mountains and foot-hills. Now we are over the valley of Alinda, through which flows a beautiful stream, a tributary of the Dobreda. This is a most charming valley. The scenery is delightful and the air is pure. We are directly above the estates of Arazo, a beloved patriarch who was born and spent a part of his long and useful life in this valley. In passing we will note some recollection of this good man's career.
Arazo was one of the children of the noble Patriarchs, and at the age of twenty was sent abroad as a messenger to other lands. He carried with him a familiar knowledge of the laws, arts, sciences and industries of his native country. His mission was to that section of the globe now called Africa. His noble bearing and goodness of heart won him the admiration and reverence of the people. He established schools and introduced new forms of art and industry in the countries he visited, devoting himself in all respects to the raising up of the people's lives. The fame of his deeds spread over many

lands. Arazo's pher he was called—the good, the bright, the shining sun. A noble station was given him, and a palace of ivory, ornamented with gold and silver, was constructed for his dwelling place. The most beautiful maiden in all the land was brought to him by the natives for a companion. Moreover, Arazo brought great wealth with him from his own country which he devoted freely to the spread of learning and the founding of various public institutions. But the real secret of Arazo's influence was his love, which sprang from a deep fountain of spirituality. The people among whom he sojourned, though skilled in those arts and sciences which minister to luxury, lacked the deeper spiritual quality which belonged to our people. When Arazo spoke to the multitude he magnetized them with his power and swayed them like a reed bent by a mighty wind. He remained in Africa about fifty years teaching the laws and customs of his own country. So this land became famous for its culture and prosperity. At that time Africa teemed with intelligent and prosperous nations. Great cities flourished that sent down no records to the later historic periods, but whose buried treasures will become accessible to the new age that is now dawning.
Finally, while Arazo yet sojourned in the country, great commotions arose in the interior which rendered his stay dangerous. Accordingly he took his family, repaired to his ship, and got away in secret. The people marveled at his sudden disappearance, and as they could gain no clue to the manner of his departure, they became confirmed in the conviction that he was taken bodily up to heaven.
After Arazo had served well the people of his own and other nations, he returned to the Alinda valley to spend his declining days. Here he had charge of vast estates where a great variety of productions were raised. A flax was produced here from which large quantities of linen were manufactured. Fruits and cereals were also produced in abundance. The Parent City drew many of its supplies from these estates. Finally Arazo was translated at the age of 225. And here we will remind you that the life of man was more extended in those days than since the period of written history began. From 200 to 250 years was the average term allotted to the members of the patriarchal race.
But we pass beyond the estates of Arazo to other scenes and other recollections. We approach the Morena Mountains toward the north-west, in the vicinity of the tributaries of the Dobreda. There are evidences here of a less numerous population. The people gather in little communities as they believe in the unity and universality of life. In the Aluta valley may be seen little nests of villages where the population gather in associative life. Off to the right we catch a view of sceneries that suggest the most tender and sacred memories—the Valley of the Fountains slumbering in heathy behind terraces of mountains. Here is one of the secret openings from this valley, and at its exit a palatial building. Here we complete our journey which has occupied us several days, in which we have traversed a distance of more than 3,000 miles. In other lectures we shall present features pertaining to the social life and the intellectual and moral status of our people.
(To be continued.)
Stone Throwing Spirits.
The rumbling sounds and the rising of hot steam from crevices in the earth over in Chester and Fairfield counties, S. C., about a year ago will not compare to the rain of rocks which is now creating such a sensation near Lancaster. In tenant houses on the plantation of R. T. Dnnian, about six miles from town, live Quarter Reese and Reese Posey. They are quiet, good negroes, and have never, so far as known, done anything to provoke the Almighty's wrath or the wrath of their neighbors; but nevertheless the very rocks of the earth seem to rise up to fall on them and their houses. This wonderful phenomenon of rocks falling has been going on in that locality, at intervals, for more than ten days, and people from five to ten and fifteen miles around gather there to witness it. The rocks are flint, and vary from the size of an egg to the size of one's head. A peculiarity about them is that they have fallen upon several persons without making a wound or giving pain to them. Numbers of white men who hooped at the idea have visited the place and come away convinced that the rocks do fall. At first the negroes thought that it was somebody rocking their houses, and would run to a thicket near by, but they could see no one. At last they concluded to put out sentinels, but finding that the rocks dropped all the time, they reported it to people in the neighborhood, and now most any time you go to the place you can find a large crowd of negroes and a few whites gathered to see them fall. A number of gentlemen rode out to see the phenomenon. They found about thirty or forty negroes assembled near the house, wonder-struck at what they had seen. They were not there long before a sound on the shingles notified them that a rock had fallen. It was picked up and found to be quite hot. It resembled flint, and had something on it which resembled soot. The people marveled. A very honest-looking old darky told the party that he saw the rock rise up from near a peach tree and go straight up into the air and fall down. They are taken away by visitors about as fast as they fall. The negroes get them and will not part with them.—Ea.

Free Thought.

HONORS TO A "WITCH."

Witches in Ancient and Modern Times. An Incidental Allusion to Spiritualism. BY JOHN F. PROCTER.

Rebekah Nourse, an aged woman of excellent character, was one of the victims of the witchcraft craze at Salem, Mass., in 1692.

The many descendants of this martyr—including some well known Cincinnatians—have united in erecting a monument over her grave at Danvers, which will be dedicated on the 30th of this month.

Deplorable as was the outbreak of superstition in which Rebekah Nourse perished, it must be remembered that only twenty human beings and two dogs were hanged.

scolded under the belief that he was haunted by spirits. Cagliostro, idealized in Dumas' "Memoirs of a Physician," and Mesmer read rich harvests from the alchemical philosophers of France.

It is easy to pronounce witchcraft an entire delusion, so far as the theory on which its opponents acted is concerned. It is doubtless true that many of the confessions of convicted witches were extorted by torture or through a desire of conciliating the Judges.

There is no doubt that they, as well as every one else, believed in the existence and satanic origin of witchcraft, but it is incredible that they should have become aroused unless real phenomena which they were unable to explain had occurred.

The clergy were more conservative and prudent than the magistrates. Certain persons who fancied that they were bewitched declared that they saw respectable people tormenting them.

The men of 1692 erred, but they were not sinners above all other sinners, nor were they given to a superstition which no longer has any votaries.

Science and Sciolism.

To the Editor of the Reliance-Philosophical Journal:

It is exceedingly desirable at this time to keep Spiritualism in the sphere of common sense and vigorous thought, as well as moral respectability.

As the JOURNAL has been endeavoring to promote these views, I would regret especially to see in its columns any species of sciolism or crude speculation.

It is true as the writer suggests, that the problems of solar physics are not yet solved, and it is easy to suggest objections to the current hypotheses, but his own hypotheses are still more crude, and incapable of demonstration.

Your correspondent says: "The sun has no power where there are no aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to act upon the rays from the sun and produce the amount of refraction

that is necessary for the development of heat."

This gives his whole theory, or rather his delusion, which needs only a statement of familiar facts for its rectification. Refraction has nothing to do with the development of heat—neither increasing nor diminishing it.

The fact that we have perpetual cold on mountain tops has no relation to the effect of the sun's rays; for they are actually more heating on a mountain top than in the valley.

To reduce our summer air to 90° to the freezing temperature, we need only ascend high enough for the air to expand one-third.

For these reasons we do not lose 95° in ascending 18,000 feet as thermo-dynamic laws would indicate, and the lowering of temperature on mountains averages about 30° per ten thousand feet.

It is thus apparent that the coldness of high mountains is due to the cold stratum of the expanded atmosphere, and not to any deficiency of solar radiation, which actually imparts more heat on the mountains than in the valleys.

The atmosphere with its watery vapor originates no heat, but intercepts a great deal, coming from the sun, and also intercepts a great deal escaping from the earth at night.

It is thus apparent that the coldness of high mountains is due to the cold stratum of the expanded atmosphere, and not to any deficiency of solar radiation, which actually imparts more heat on the mountains than in the valleys.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

Boston, 29 Fort Ave., July 29.

Sensible Thoughts.

The New York Tribune says: "The whole of this tendency to debate into pettiness and vulgarize the awful truths of the Christian faith is the outgrowth of the prevailing modern love of show and pretensions glitter."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit power, and psychical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitives.

A Profane Man Converted.—Three Young Ladies.

An unprofessional medium in Indiana who makes no charge for her services relates the following experience as having occurred in her own home:

"When living in Sandusky, Ohio, I was one day called upon by a Mr. Barney Cline, whose only child by his first wife had recently died.

"Previously and at the time of Mr. Cline's visit, he was a very profane man; he could scarcely speak without swearing, but that message from his daughter had such an effect upon him that he was convinced of the existence of a future life and of the immortality of the soul;

"The above was stated to me by Mrs. Jackson of Ontario, Indiana, in the presence of her aunt, Mrs. Lamson, whose home is in Indiana also. Both these ladies are rather extensively known, and are to my own knowledge respectable people, quite above stating anything which was not perfectly true.

THE UNEXPECTED EXPERIENCE OF THREE YOUNG LADIES.

I recently paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Reed at their home near the village of Mongo, Indiana. Mr. Reed has been township Trustee for several years.

"About three years ago Emma Nichols taught in one of the departments of the village school of Mongo. I and another young lady named Miss Hattie Nostein, were attending school at the time, in Mongo.

In Mrs. Reed's neighborhood the people are well aware of the above facts and it is still a subject of conversation in and around Mongo.

Sturgis, Mich. THOS. HARDING.

Spiritualism at Home.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

(The Free Thinkers' Magazine). Elmina and Peter Annett have been troubling the waters of Spiritualism lately with evidently but little affirmative results.

In the fall of '84, we, that is my wife and I and our two children, broke up our quiet little home in Tennessee, and moved to the "new reform settlement, Waldens."

But a little preliminary and explanatory egotism must first be excused. My wife and I are both Agnostics, and, at the time of our migration, inclined strongly to radical materialism.

marked: "Now we are going down there among Spiritualists, and I don't want you to let them make you one."

It is my intention in this article to give a brief and impartial account of my observations, observations not made on my wife only, but on a number of other mediums also, including one who is a radical materialist.

These observations and conclusions are: 1st, That darkness is not essential. My wife has had most vivid visions in the full blaze of a Florida noon. 2, Circles are not essential. Her best visions are when alone, or accompanied only by myself, or by a few friends.

One spirit talks only on social, governmental and financial reforms, about which I am certain she had no knowledge. They often contradict and oppose her favorite doctrines and views. Previously without clear or connected ideas, almost without curiosity, concerning the spirit land, she now has visions that rival Swedenborg's for beauty; and one of our spirits will talk by the hour concerning its laws, conditions, and scenery; and I can find no flaw in the consistency of his philosophy or descriptions.

These phenomena are certainly wonderful, and I shall probably be harshly judged by many Spiritualists for my doubts, or at least the lukewarmness of my convictions, in the face of such evidence.

A naval cadet when at sea receives a salary of \$850 a year. On shore duty he receives \$500. Senior Lieutenants, at sea, receive \$2,400 annually for the first five years and \$2,600 afterward. Junior grade lieutenants receive \$1,500, and \$2,000 according to length of service in the same way.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION. Dr. DANIEL F. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

DE MORTUIS.

This friend now—a month or so only Ago and you smiled in his smile; And when he grew weary or lonely, You jested, to cheer him the while.

And because he is dead shall we gather The humanest relics there be (All tenderer, dearer, the rather) And pile up a pagan suitcase?

As death? What is death, but the ending Of all that the mortal can claim? The drop of the mantle descending From the soul's mounting chariot of flame!

Ah! surely the angels who love us, Must yearn with an ache of desire, To point us the pathway above us, Still bright with the trail of the fire—

So—speak of our friend who is walking In his chorister-garments of white, With the calm that would mellow your talking, If he sat in your presence to-night;

A LAST SIGHT OF GEN. GRANT.

The last train to ascend Mt. McGregor on Monday, July 20th, bore an unusually large number of passengers. The National Association of Teachers had closed its session the preceding Saturday, and many of its members had remained in Saratoga on purpose to make the ascent.

We reached the summit at 4:30 P. M., when the shadows were lengthening over the plain. From Glen's Falls on the extreme left, down the winding valley of the Hudson, by the lofty monument of Schuylersville, over Saratoga Lake and the billowy forests of the southern slope, there drifted cloud-shadows like dreams, and all was hushed, save the song of the wood-thrush, whose keen notes eleft the air like a scimeter, and the robin, singing in his latest brood.

Silently we left the cars, and defiled along the pathway by the Drexel cottage. What was that bundle wrapped in gray upon the east piazza? All stopped simultaneously, upon reaching the nearest corner, recognizing in that unshapely mass, the presence of the Hero. Resting against pillows, swathed in his dressing-gown, and covered with blankets, his form was undistinguishable, but the pale, pinched face, marked by lines of suffering, was that which is so familiar to the people of all the country which he has saved—wasted and weary, bearing in every line the signs of a life-struggle, the same rugged strength marked the grim, stern features of the dying warrior.

The eyes of the sick man were closed and his head rested upon his breast. Beside him stood Harrison, the dark-hued nurse, watching his master with the affection of his faithful race. He seemed like a tall pine beside a grand, but prone and decaying oak. How still he was! Had consciousness already left the noble tree? Would he ever quiver with emotion again? A few moments passed, while the silence was absolutely painful.

Suddenly the old General looked up, with a dull, stolid glance. He caught sight of an old man, perhaps a soldier who once bore arms under him. The veteran stood, hat in hand, his features convulsed with emotion, watching the motionless figure on which all eyes were fixed. At once a gleam like that of a sunset ray, shot over the stolid features of the sick man, the form straightened itself with an air of kingly command, and his eagle glance ranged over the crowd which stood motionless as if transfixed by some electric shaft of sympathy.

The hush of those few moments could not leave us all that bright afternoon. None could forget the awful struggle with pain which was going on at the cottage below, while we were drinking in the beauty of that sylvan scene. We knew, too,—the faithful orderly had told us,—that he was then weary on returning from that unwonted exercise around the mountain-top, which afterward proved to be the beginning of the end. But, instead of taking needed rest, he sat down upon the piazza, in order that the excursionists might have a glimpse of him to whom all owe so much. "He is greatly touched by the sympathy of his countrymen," said one who was very near him, "and desires that all who wish, should see him. In fact, he lately wrote on his pad that he had been kept alive by the strong sympathy of the people."

It was 7:30 P. M. when we started to return. On passing by the path at a greater distance from the cottage than we had taken on our ascent, we had a last look at the motionless

form. He sat with back against the house, facing the procession. The eyes were shut, the head thrown back, the mouth mournful and firm set, and the whole form bearing the same indescribable impression of solemn peace and patience. There was upon the strong face, the seal of resignation. The conqueror was unvanquished still, though confronted by the mightiest foes. And though Death could not prevent the venom of his dart, he sheathed his face while giving the fatal blow.

To some of us, the figure seemed not unlike the famous east of Napoleon at St. Helena. We saw the same attitude, the same sad, hopeless, introspective look, and a surprising similarity of features. Does not great generalship imply that the body be cast in the same square-built, solid mould? Then Napoleon and Grant were both waiting for the bugle-call to pass from the field of struggle with slow, incurable disease, up into the camp of the Immortals. There the similitude ceased. One man was the torch-bearer of revolution, the other of peace.

That occasion was the last on which the public had a sight of its beloved commander and President. He never recovered from the fatigue of his short journey in the invalid carriage, to the "East look-out" during which he walked some twenty feet. He was very anxious to take it, and only after his earnest solicitation did physicians and friends consent, but it proved too much for his fast-failing strength. Sixty hours later, and he was at rest.

From a woman's stand-point, the way in which the remains of Gen. Grant have been doctored, border upon the absurd. It suits neither republicanism nor common sense to surround the funeral ceremony with pomp and display. Refinement of feeling and deep affection would keep the crowd at a distance, and allow the family of the departed to lay away the poor body according to their own rites. Processions and pageants can not fitly celebrate the translation of the spirit from this to the other, the better life, which is consummated in perfect silence and peace. It is irreligious and unphilosophic to mark that supreme moment, by ceremonies which would rather seem to belong to the grade of painted savages. They argue an astonishing ignorance of that beautiful change of Death which ushers the spirit to a higher plane and makes the gauds and pomps of life seem like childish play.

There never could be a better opportunity to express real gratitude for the work of a hero,—and that is forever lost.

Gen. Grant was a man of great military genius, brave, affectionate and sincere; but he had also great weaknesses. Many a humble hero goes to his or her couch, unhonored and unsung, and the world knows it not. But while some men are psychologized by the frenzy of the hour, and others have something to gain, the great mass are truly grateful for his services in the rebellion, and are willing to give the commander more than his due meed of praise.

Hypnotism.

Remarkable Medical Experiments at Nancy, France.

In the Revista Contemporanea for July, published at Madrid, there is an article on hypnotism containing some extraordinary statements concerning the recent medical use made of the hypnotic or mesmeric slumber. For some time past, it is stated, mesmerism has been used in Paris to save from mania those demented ones who refused to take any nourishment. The patients are mesmerized and then commanded to eat. Those who would not have touched food under any other circumstances while in the mesmeric state eat whatever is given them.

It is in Nancy, however, that most surprising results have been obtained. Mr. Focachon, a pharmacist in Chormes-sur-Moselle, after having studied in the clinic of Dr. Liebaunt in Nancy, devoted himself for more than two years to a series of continuous and methodical experiments of various kinds. There is one of these which deserves particular attention. Elise N—, 39 years old, had been suffering since the age of 15 from attacks of hysterical epilepsy, which recurred from three to five times a month. Mr. Focachon succeeded in subjecting her to somnambulism, and, by means of simple passes, caused the attacks to become less frequent, and finally disappear altogether. In gratitude for her radical cure Elise consented to submit herself to various experiments in the interest of science. Focachon devoted himself to the investigation of the problem whether, with the aid of mesmerism, the physical condition of a person might be modified, and to discover direct material proofs of the influence.

During the slumber into which Elise was thrown, Mr. Focachon, by the power of his will, succeeded in affecting the action of the heart, diminishing by six the number of pulsations in a minute, and augmenting them by more than twenty. Dr. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology, made this observation by means of the esphygmograph in the laboratory of the medical faculty at Nancy, in the presence of Messrs. Liebaunt, Liégeois, and René, the last being chief of the physiological department. This curious observation was communicated to the Biological Society last year by Mr. Beaunis.

But here is what is truly marvelous. The same person, Elise N—, having complained of an acute pain in her side, Mr. Focachon decided to make her imagine that, in order to cure her, a plaster was to be applied. "A plaster will be applied to the spot where the pain is," said Focachon, "do not touch it. It will burn you a little and produce blisters, but to-morrow you will feel no more pain there." As a matter of fact, nothing at all was applied, and the plaster was fictitious. But, notwithstanding, the following day, on the spot where the plaster was said to be applied, there was to be seen a thick blister full of matter; and the pain had disappeared.

A short time afterward the ingenious experimenter resorted to the same proceeding to relieve his subject of a neuralgic pain in the right clavicular region. By means of a simple verbal affirmation made during the slumber burns were produced exactly corresponding to those which would have been caused by the application of a pair of incandescent pencils. These burns left real scarifications.

These facts having been communicated to Dr. Liebaunt and other experimenters, they manifested to Focachon their desire to witness the same under conditions which would offer the greatest possible guarantee of exactness and ready demonstration. Focachon decided to take his subject to Nancy, where Dr. Liebaunt resided. Dr. Bernheim selected as the place for the production of the blister a spot on the shoulder which the patient could not easily touch with her hands. The experiment was delayed on account of Dr. Bernheim having to pass all the morning in the hospital, so that on the same day the effects could not be attained. Focachon and Liebaunt watched the sleep of the subject un-

til 5:30 in the afternoon, not taking their eyes from her for a single moment. During the day the mesmeric process was often repeated. At 5:30 they proceeded to the verification of the effects in the presence of Messrs. Bernheim, Liégeois, and Dumont, the latter at the head of the department of physics in the medical faculty. A reddish tint was observed surrounding the spot previously selected, and at various points there was a darker color. Elise complained of a burning sensation, and attempted to rub her shoulder against the furniture, but was prevented. This experiment was interrupted on account of Focachon having to return to Chormes. This not being entirely convincing, it was decided to repeat it under better conditions. Notwithstanding, on the following day Dr. Liebaunt received a telegram from Focachon, followed by a letter containing a certificate of the existence of a vesicular spot on the shoulder of the subject. The spot was sensitive to the touch, which caused pain, and the part of the garment in contact with the place contained a purulent liquid. It would have been taken for a small burn.

The somnambulist not having been watched during the night of her return to Chormes, it was decided to make a new test. There, the 12th of last May, Focachon took his subject to Nancy again. Elise was put to sleep at 11 o'clock in the morning. Several pieces of thin paper were affixed secretly to her shoulder. This was done by Mr. Liégeois with the object of fixing the attention of the subject more completely on the idea of a plaster, and to avoid all pretext of a fraud. During the slumber three mesmeric operations were performed, each of a few minutes' duration. Elise spent the night in a habitation prepared for the purpose. On the following day, the paper, which had remained intact, was removed in the presence of various persons interested in the experiment. The following document was drawn up by Dr. Beaunis, Professor of Physiology at Nancy: "May 12, 1885, at 11 in the morning, Mr. Focachon put Elise N— to sleep in the presence of Messrs. Beaunis, Bernheim, Liebaunt, etc. During the slumber eight little squares of gummed paper were affixed to the shoulder, under the pretense that it was a plaster. The paper was sustained with diachylon and a compress. Elise was left in this state all the day, being awakened at the time necessary for eating. She was watched all the time. At night Mr. Focachon impressed her that she was not to awaken until the next morning, which she did. The following day, at 8:15, Mr. Focachon removed the papers in presence of Messrs. Beaunis, Bernheim, Liebaunt, Liégeois, etc. We noted that the papers had not been disturbed. On being removed the places presented the following aspect: A rectangular space of four by five centimetres was seen with the epidermis thickened and presenting a yellowish white color; the epidermis was not broken, and there was no blister; it presented, in a word, the aspect and character of the period immediately preceding the blister proper. This region was surrounded by a zone of intense red, inflamed; it was a centimetre wide. These facts being ascertained, a dry compress was put on the place, that the skin might be examined later. At 1:30 of the same day it had the same aspect as in the morning." This document was signed by Prof. Beaunis, Bernheim, Liebaunt, Liégeois, Simon, Laurent, and Brulard. Two days afterward Focachon announced to Liebaunt that on his return to Chormes, the same day in which the document was signed, he observed and photographed at 4 in the afternoon, on the same place where it was observed that a blister was forming, five pustules. The 13th a thick and milky matter exuded. This ended the experiment. A copy of the photograph was sent to each of the experimenters in Nancy.

New Books Received.

- THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Edward W. Wallis. London: James Burns. Price, pamphlet form, 10 cents.
AFTER ALL. By Lillian Spencer. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth bound, 59 cents.
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD. Dedicated by the Sculptor, F. A. Bartholdi. New York: The North American Review. Published for the Benefit of the Pedestal Fund. Price, 75 cents.
RELIGION AND RUM, or the Influence of Religion on the Use of Alcoholic Liquors as a Beverage. By E. Stevenson, M. D. Victoria, B. C.: Cohen & Salmon. Price, pamphlet form, 25 cents.

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 15, 1885.

THE EDITOR IN YANKEE LAND.

After getting our quarters into comfortable shape we ran down to Boston for a couple of days, to see some good friends in that city, and got back to Camp on Saturday night, the 1st inst. I found Dr. J. R. Buchanan hard at work as usual, but he took time to discuss many matters of mutual interest. He appeared greatly chagrined at a communication from J. L. O'Sullivan in the *Banner* of that week.

THE IRISHMAN AND THE ADVENTURER.
The aged Irish gentleman has a vivid imagination and seemingly a most confiding nature. Mrs. Diss Debar had filled his ears with monstrous falsehoods, which he in turn used to fill more than a column in the *Banner*. Dr. Buchanan, it seems, was the means of bringing the woman to the notice of O'Sullivan, and naturally felt chagrined at the way his friend had been galled by her. She claims to be the daughter of Lola Montez by hermorganatic marriage with the King of Bavaria. This is among the least of her pretensions, and has probably less foundation than some of her claims. Mrs. Amanda Spence, the old-time medium and lecturer, knew this Mrs. Debar when the latter was only a child, and laughs at the story of her origin. Dr. Buchanan believes Mrs. Diss Debar to have medial power, but to be a most disreputable and dangerous character, capable of cheating whenever so disposed; her general reputation appears to confirm his opinion. Such stories as O'Sullivan writes, and the *Banner* readily publishes, are among the heaviest burdens Spiritualism has to carry; they may be good merchandise for traffic with the silly, but would never be admitted to the columns of a paper making the least claims to scientific accuracy or general reliability.

DR. BUCHANAN'S LABORS.
Having launched his latest completed work, "Psychometry," upon the book market, Dr. Buchanan is busy upon other projected books. He also hopes to revive his *Journal of Man* ere long. Dr. B. is in excellent health, and far more vigorous than most men ten years his junior; he looks forward to the accomplishment of a vast amount of work before he passes from earth. Mrs. Buchanan is of great assistance to her husband in his researches and experiments. She is a very superior psychometrist and as such is widely known.

MR. AYER AND THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.
I was anxious to have Mrs. Bundy see the beautiful Spiritual Temple, as she was not likely to be in Boston again very soon. Mr. Ayer kindly left his business and spent several hours in guiding us through the building, which he now thinks will be dedicated and formally opened on one of the last days of September.

Across the street from the Temple stands the new Hollis Street Church, whose trustees were greatly worried when they heard Mr. Ayer was to erect an edifice in such close proximity. They sent a committee to him twice to learn his design and to plead for a building that should be of such noble appearance as to be in harmony with their own, then in process of construction. From an editorial in the *Boston Transcript* of July 7th, entitled "Architectural Studies," I extract a single paragraph which clearly shows which structure most adorns the aristocratic quarter:

"Apart from the intrinsic wrongness of the new Hollis Street Church, the irony of its position opposite the noble Spiritual Temple courts and even compels a comparison. It was surely by the interposition of an artistic providence mindful of the cause of art in America, that the two buildings should have occupied opposite corners facing each other; the one an example of the best and most vital tendency of American architecture, the other a warning against all that is funda-

mentally wrong and hopeless. The lesson that may be received by standing on the opposite side of Exeter Street and surveying for half an hour the two structures will be more permanently and fixedly valuable than a dozen art lectures."

A more complete study of the Temple appears in another issue of the *Transcript*, and I send it home for insertion in the JOURNAL, feeling sure it will interest and instruct.

One engaged in such a unique and stupendous enterprise as Mr. Ayer has in hand, must of necessity be a shining mark for adverse criticism, and he does not escape his portion. While I am unable to share in his confident expectations, I realize that possibly with the same experiences, I might be equally confident. So long as his motives are pure and his enterprise governed by a high moral purpose I join hands with him, feeling that should the future show he has been too sanguine in some directions it will only strengthen him, and that no deviation from the path of rectitude will follow, nor discouragement palsy his purpose. Mr. Ayer is one of those whom Dryden had in mind, with whom "courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows." He has decision of character sufficient to meet unexpected emergencies, and may safely be left to carry forward the work.

BACK TO CAMP.

Saturday night found us once more at Lake Pleasant. During the two days absence, great changes had been wrought, and now the Camp in full blast with brass band, electric lights, and the hum of a thousand voices, had put on its regulation air. Sunday morning the season was formally opened by a brief address from President Boals; singing by the congregation led by Mr. J. T. Lillie and a lecture by Hon. A. H. Daley. In the afternoon Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster, Mass., spoke acceptably. During the week lectures have been given by the JOURNAL's correspondents, Charles Dawbarn and Prof. J. R. Buchanan, also by Mrs. Lillie.

A YOUNG CYCLONE IN CAMP.

On Monday night a somewhat hilarious "North-Easter" shook up the Camp and played havoc with tents. The accompanying rain made the scene more realistic as it were, and in the morning some fresh campers wore countenances reminding me of those adorning raw recruits, away back in the "sixties" when I was tramping through Dixie.

A VISIT TO MRS. H. J. T. BRIGHAM.

Having found an unsophisticated Yankee who had confidence enough in me to trust me with a good team and a carriage, I started off for a twenty miles' drive to the always delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. Brigham, taking along as an escort or body guard, Mrs. Bundy and Mrs. S. B. Nichols of Brooklyn. Owing to the experience and dexterity of my escort, I succeeded in bringing the team to a halt under the grand old elm that adorns and protects the entrance to the Brigham farm, early in the afternoon. To the thousands who have listened to Mrs. Nellie Brigham's platform utterances, charmed by the sweet and soulful expression of her language and manner, I have only to say that they have missed half the pleasure of her acquaintance who have failed to see her in her own home. She is as much of a success in making currant short-cake and blueberry pie as she is entertaining and instructing an audience. Slender of form and with a delicate organization, she is endowed with phenomenal powers of endurance. The labor, manual and intellectual, which she performs every year would be considered too much for most men; yet she is as bright and supple as a girl, and no one would guess her to be forty-two years old, with a manly son of nineteen who tips the scales at one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

NEW ENGLAND SCENERY.—THEN AND NOW.

To Western people the scenery of New England has all the fascination of the beautiful with the additional attraction of being other than an every day, common place thing. The mountains, hills, valleys, swift-running water courses, all adorned with variegated foliage and flowers, afford unflagging pleasure to those from the level prairies of the Great West. I am always glad of an opportunity to feast my eyes and strengthen my soul by a visit to this land of splendid scenic effects, the land where my parents first drew breath and from which they emigrated to the then little known West, before the days of railroads and telegraphs. Bless me! what a change forty-six years have wrought. Then these venturesome, ambitious, young people made the long journey to Illinois by cumbersome stage coach, which nearly pulverized the bones in one's body, varied by a ride on the snail-paced canal boat. Two weeks was quick time for the trip. Now, the son of this pioneer couple can take a horse car within a block of his house, ride to the railroad station at an expense of a nickel, take a section in a \$20,000 car, and after an enjoyable ride of two nights and one day, land within a few hundred feet of his camping quarters, rested by the trip and more vigorous than when he turned the key in his door eleven hundred miles away. And all this for much less money than his parents paid for the privilege of being jolted, bruised and half-fed for two weeks, less than fifty-years ago. Then it took a good bit of silver and a half-month's time to send a letter home; now I can communicate by mail with my office for a penny and get a reply the same week. Then, telegraphy was hardly more than a dream; now I can talk with my office associates as readily as though I were in my own house, only a mile away.

The progress in the material world has been marvellous, but the advance in the spiritual and religious has kept pace with it. Today rational thought is supplanting superstition everywhere. Fetichism, both barbarous and refined, is giving way; hell has been

transformed into sheol; a dull, monotonous, psalm singing heaven has expanded into a world of eternal progress, between which and the people of earth communication is thoroughly established by various methods, and constantly taking place. Philanthropic schemes abound, the love of war declines and the day of "peace on earth and good will to man" steadily and surely comes nearer—though it be yet remote.

CAMP CHIEFS.

A number of well known mediums are on the grounds, among them, Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Henry Slade, Arthur Holgates, Mrs. Snow, Mrs. Flavia Thrall, Mrs. Carrie Thwing, Mrs. Pasco, Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Redwitz, formerly Miss Mary Jones, Mrs. Reynolds of Troy, F. A. Heath and others.

Edgar Emerson gives tests of spirit presence each day after the lecture. Most of his descriptions are recognized and admitted to be correct.

Mr. J. T. Lillie is said to be rapidly developing in a phase of mediumship similar to that of Mrs. Lord. In connection with Mr. Emerson he is holding a few public sances. I hear them well spoken of by some who have attended.

The JOURNAL for August 8th reached camp on Thursday the 6th, less than forty-eight hours after it went to press. I see some errors of punctuation and a lack of perspicuity in my notes of last week; but my readers will, I hope, overlook such defects during the summer campaign in the field.

Mrs. S. F. DeWolf of Chicago so long and favorably known throughout the West as an excellent test medium and trance speaker reached Lake Pleasant on the 7th. Mrs. DeWolf is an acquisition to the camp and will make many new friends.

Among the annual visitors at camp, none are more gladly welcomed than Major Hale and his nephew, Mr. J. G. Patton, both of Tawanda, Penn. They reached camp on Friday evening and though their aggregate weight is not far from five hundred pounds, they needed it all to withstand the friendly onslaught of enthusiastic campers. It appears "the twins," as they are facetiously called in camp, had agreed to meet here at a later date; the astonishment of each as he jumped off the train at Lake Pleasant and saw the other, was most comical, particularly when it was found that they had travelled on the same train all the way from Saratoga, each supposing he had left the other behind. It seems Major Hale had communed with himself and concluded that Lake Pleasant was a more enjoyable place than Saratoga, but fearing his little nephew would not agree with him, and not wishing to tear him away from the Springs, had slipped off alone. Mr. Patton, having reached the same opinion, and actuated by a similar motive toward his revered uncle, had taken the same train.

Prof. Joseph Singer of Chicago is spending a few days in Camp.

On Saturday morning Mrs. J. T. Lillie will lead the memorial service in honor of General Grant. In the afternoon Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham lectures, and already, this Friday evening, a number of people from adjoining towns have arrived, drawn here by their desire to listen to their friend. J. C. B. Lake Pleasant, Aug. 7th.

Short Lived Theosophists.

From the Secretary of the American Board of Control of the Theosophical Society, the JOURNAL has received the following extract from the Minutes of a session of said Board, held at Cincinnati, Ohio, July 4th, 1885:

"... After patient and careful examination into the charges preferred against them as 'Fellows of the Theosophical Society, the following resolution was unanimously passed and entered upon the Records of the Board."

"Resolved: That GEORGE CHAINNEY and ANNA KIMBALL be expelled from the Theosophical Society, for cause, and that this 'action of the Board be published in the public prints."

"BY ORDER OF THE BOARD."

It has been with profound regret that we have observed the blind infatuation toward a woman of vile reputation which has possessed George Chainney for the past year. From his advent among Spiritualists to the present day, he has been the victim of the adventurism, Anna Kimball. Despite the warnings of friends, he has obstinately persisted in close association with her, and aided her in the futile attempt to foist herself upon the public as a representative of Spiritualism on the one hand and of Theosophy on the other.

When the friends at Cassadaga in August last were exulting in the acquisition of Chainney we wrote a private letter of caution to one of the officers of that camp, advising that Spiritualists summer and winter the constitutional changeling,—hinting that it would be time enough to shout when it should be found that a desirable acquisition had been secured. The past twelve months have shown the pertinency of that caution. The ex-Methodist, ex-Unitarian, ex-Materialist, threw himself, metaphorically speaking, into the arms of the siren and now speaks of her as the "mother of my soul."

What the specific charges were which caused the expulsion of this couple from the Theosophical Society we do not know, but we congratulate the American Board of Control in having relieved the Society of the scandal which every where attached itself to Theosophy so long as Anna Kimball, chaperoned and defended by Don Quixote Chainney, was allowed to represent it. Let Spiritualists learn a lesson from the Theosophists; let them tell this sentimental soft one that he must select a more reputable mother for his soul, before he lays it bare on the rostrum.

International Medical Congress—Vaccination Condemned.

An International Medical Congress was lately held at Charleroi, near Brussels, presided over by Dr. Bora, an eminent man, with Prof. Vogt of Berne, a pupil of Leibig and Agassiz, for Vice-President, and delegates from a score of European countries. The *Boston Herald* correspondent reports the doings of this important meeting, and it appears that vaccination, its risks, defects and advantages, was thoroughly discussed, as becomes a matter of so much importance. The question is greatly agitating the minds of scientific men in Europe, and while all shades of opinion found utterance, it is plain that there was a strong feeling against compulsory vaccination, grave doubts as to its benefits and grave fears of its dangers.

It is certainly creditable to these medical gentlemen that they are ready for such a frank discussion; and are not only ready, but anxious to correct any errors in their practice touching this matter.

It was stated that 5,000 persons are annually imprisoned or fined in England for refusal to have their infants inoculated under the tyrannical so-called "health laws" of that country—a grave fact that should warn us against giving medical men, or any other professionals, arbitrary powers liable to abuse.

Mr. Belle, a delegate from Leicester, told how his father-in-law had been dragged away from his family to prison, clad in coarse clothes, his head shaved, and made to sleep on a plank covered only with coarse cloth, treated as a felon for refusing to pay a fine under this arbitrary doctor's law. This British way of "preserving the public health" is only going farther in the slavish path some doctors nearer home would have us walk in.

The case of an Irishman named Jacobs was reported, who left Limerick to avoid vaccination and bought land near Philadelphia. At New York he was quarantined and compelled to submit to vaccination, and died from it.

A Spanish lady, the Countess de Noailles, spoke briefly but with great earnestness. She said: "I hope that no one will persuade you to abate your efforts against vaccination. I trust that Spain, even though a new Alva in the person of a Ferran leads, will not tempt you to perpetuate any inoculation experiments. Did not Herbert Spencer write, 'Compulsory vaccination is medical popery'?"

This comparison of Dr. Ferran, a noted and arbitrary practitioner in Spain, with the cruel Duke of Alva is singularly forcible, and all this is very plain talk for a learned body of medical men.

At an evening session Mr. Lebb of London, the fearless editor of the *Anti-Vaccination Journal*, gave statistics showing that 30 out of 58 recruits in four regiments of Zouaves in Algiers, died after vaccination with impure lymph,—used by regular surgeons of course. It was also stated that compulsory vaccination had been abolished in the army of the Netherlands.

These and other like statements created much feeling, and Dr. Houghton, a London delegate, moved a resolution, seconded by Dr. Taylor from the West Indies, protesting against the quarantine vaccination of the United States as tyrannical and a medical inquisition.

A resolve asking the State of New York to repeal compulsory vaccination of emigrants passed unanimously, and one asking government to make vaccination penal was lost by a large majority.

This compulsory vaccination of emigrants in New York is a part of the "doctor's law" system of the Empire State, and puts money in the purses of certain regular physicians who compel the poor emigrants to submit to their tyrannical methods. They will be surprised at this condemnation of their acts by a great congress of eminent medical men, and the people of that State, and of the whole land, may well find food for thought in the action of this international assemblage.

Between rational regulations sometimes needed for the public health, and such compulsory and evil practices as the congress fitly condemned, there is a wide difference. We hope this discussion abroad may awaken more interest at home, and that needed reform on this vaccination question may be had here.

To see medical tyranny and bigoted ignorance condemned by leading members of the profession is a good sign, which will set all sensible physicians thinking, and lead them to conclude, as many of them have already, that they had better stand fairly on their own merits and not rely on the crutches of any unjust doctor's laws.

A four days' meeting will be held by the First District Association of Spiritualists of Michigan, at Orion on Park Island, from September 10th to the 14th, 1885. The programme will be arranged each day by the executive committee, while the board of managers will oversee the grounds and provide for public comfort with guarded care and attention. Parties wishing to come earlier in the week and tent are privileged to do so. The Michigan Central Railway will give half-fare rates, and hotel and boarding-house fare can be had at \$1 and less per day. The corps of speakers and mediums comprise the names of G. B. Stebbins and Mrs. E. E. Torrey of Detroit; Mrs. L. A. Pearsall of Disco; J. P. Whiting of Milford; Mrs. S. C. Allen of Flint, and a number of others. J. P. Whiting is President, and Mrs. F. E. Odell, Secretary.

Mrs. Van Duzee, trance-speaker, lately from the South, will make engagements with societies anywhere in the North or West to lecture. She can be addressed at Gouverneur, N. Y.

The Iconoclast an Essential Factor in all Progress.

The earnest, enthusiastic religionist, one who is deeply impregnated with a fervent and sincere belief in the tenets of the denomination to which he belongs, does not admire the heroic and adventuresome iconoclasm of the fearless and outspoken Spiritualist or Agnostic. An iconoclast is "A destroyer of images, idols and shams of all kinds," and in so doing he often outrages the deep, reverential and religious sentiments of the devout church member. He fearlessly tears down the citadels of Superstition and Ignorance, and hurls to destruction the false gods that have so long deluded the people. The iconoclast seems to be an absolute necessity to the world. Without him there would be no progress, no real advancement in various religious systems.

It would be exceedingly foolish for any sensible person to tacitly excuse the sentiments of bigoted orthodox clergymen, or to genially fraternize with them in their pet belief that there is actually a hell, the sulphurous flames of which were created by God in order to torture and render hopelessly miserable a majority of his children. The following from the pen of Rev. J. Furnis, was published in England, and was designed for the instruction of the young:

"We know how far it is to the center of the earth; it is just 4,000 miles; so if hell is in the middle of the earth, it is 4,000 miles to the horrible prison of hell. Down in this place is a terrible noise. Listen to the tremendous and horrible uproar of millions and millions and millions of tormented creatures, mad with the fury of hell. Oh! the screams of fear, the groans of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair," etc.

Mr. Furnis was fully wedded to that insane, foolish belief, and who is so lost to all sense of honor, magnanimity and manhood as to respect the same, fearing that otherwise the feelings of some distinguished minister of the Gospel would be somewhat wounded? In this case, however, the iconoclast steps boldly, fearlessly and unflinchingly to the front, and with ridicule, sarcasm, wit, logic and common sense, exhibits the utter absurdity of such a vile, heathenish doctrine. In so doing, he unconsciously offends those who inculcate the loving, kindly sentiment—"Have a tender respect for the honest opinions of the orthodox!"—and, of course, in so acting, if a man has a hell with myriads of aged sinners burning therein, tenderly and pleasantly tell him that probably some persons need a little of hell. If he worships three Gods in one, lovingly say to him that the more Gods a person sincerely and devotedly worships the more likely he will be to find the true one. If he has a devil with a cloven foot, long horns and fiendish expression of countenance, with a voice on your part intoned with tremulous sweetness, so that you will not offend him, say to him that there is abundance of evil in the world caused by something. If he has a heaven with high walls, streets paved with gold, where the business of each one is to praise God and play on a harp, mildly tell him that the sweetest music you ever heard emanated from a harp, and that a road paved with gold would not be objectionable. If he has a savior who was crucified, who shed his blood that sinners might live, suggest to him that in so dying it certainly was a good thing for the sinner. If the Salvation Army obstruct your progress, render night hideous with their dolorous psalm-singing and ignorant exposition of Scripture, and confound you with their drum-music, you are expected to acquiesce and gently respect them in their honesty of purpose, however much your feelings or comfort may be outraged. If they tell you that you are destined for hell, being outside of any evangelical church, give a gentle, compassionate smile, and tell them it might be decidedly wise. Thus it is with those who have such an *insane, ardent respect for the opinions of others.*

The genuine iconoclast, however, is of a different make up. He is honest and conscientious; bold, defiant and fearless. He inaugurated the Revolutionary war; he freed the slaves in the South; he kept the name of God out of the Constitution of the United States; he opposed the burning of witches; he struggled against the religious intolerance of the Puritan Fathers; he has, step by step, opposed the encroachments of the Catholics in their efforts to get possession of a portion of the school fund. In his sublime unselfishness he endeavors to elevate the masses and destroy the false images of a deluded world, and he lives in history as one of its most resplendent lights.

Paine, the distinguished infidel, whose name stands forth in brilliant letters in the history of this country, was iconoclastic in thought, word and deed. Girard, eminent as a man, brilliant as a financier, grand and noble in his philanthropy, and who expended thousands of dollars in founding a college, which he intended should be a perpetual reproach to all intolerance, was so intensely iconoclastic that his last benevolent acts in life still vibrate in the religious world, causing uneasiness, and inducing the devout religionist to consign his soul to hell. The institution he erected, is a perpetual reminder to the world, of his grand benevolent spirit which conceived a project fraught with so much good to humanity.

The first tiny rape heard at Hydeville were so intensely iconoclastic that they, it is said, extinguished the sulphurous, incandescent flames of hell, destroyed the arch enemy of God, that distinguished character recognized as satan, and pronounced the whole scheme of salvation as announced by the churches, as wickedly and maliciously false. What a glorious change was inaugurated by those mysterious, weird, enchanting raps! How little, how insignificant, yet how grand and

potent in the iconoclastic spirit they manifested!

The true hero, the noblest of all of God's works, within whose soul are aspirations that reach heavenward, entwining beautifully around every human being, is one who manifests an iconoclastic spirit in the subjugation of self, and who is ceaseless in his efforts to purify his own nature.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. W. L. Jack tenders his thanks to friends at Lake Pleasant and Onset, who have kindly remembered him during his protracted illness.

Rev. Cephas B. Lynn, pastor of First Universalist Church of New London, Conn., is taking his vacation and visiting with friends at Sturgis, Mich.

P. C. Mills will answer calls to speak anywhere in Nebraska, or Kansas, Missouri or any of the Southern States during the fall and winter.

J. S. Dean, who is represented by Hon. Milton J. Peters and others, as being an excellent healer, formerly of Knox county, this State, is now located at No. 14 Walnut st.

Letters for persons at Nemoka in August, can be addressed to Okenos, Michigan, for Nemoka Camp. Persons going to Nemoka from Detroit, and places on Detroit and Lansing railroad east, can go to Okenos by rail and there get a boat to the camp, two miles north.

The Saratoga Eagle of August 1st, says: "Col. John C. Bundy of Chicago, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and a well known liberal speaker and psychical investigator, is visiting Saratoga. He is the guest of Gen. Bullard. Notwithstanding Col. Bundy's recondit researches, he is one of the most genial and companionable of men."

An ancient burying ground was recently unearthed in Paris while digging a trench in the Rue Salandre. The coffins of stone and plaster found there have been traced to the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. They were pointed to the east and had crosses inscribed on a circle, symbolical of eternity, and other emblems of Christianity.

OUR FRIENDS UNSEEN.

An Advanced View from an Orthodox Stand-point.

That angels have an interest and do actually interfere in the affairs of men on this earth is a doctrine clearly taught both in the Old and New Testaments. No devout reader of the sacred Scriptures can doubt this for a moment.

Throughout the Old Testament this doctrine is referred to, in almost every book. An angel appears to Abraham; Jacob sees an angel in his vision; an angel shut the mouth of the lions when Daniel was in the den.

When we turn to the New Testament we find more rather than less of the work of angels among men. They sang and shouted at the birth of Christ. They strengthened him in his hour of temptation, and ministered unto him.

So far from there being any thing in science to disprove this doctrine of revelation, there is much to suggest it as a high probability. The compass of our vision is limited. The microscope opens a new world all about us to which we were before strangers.

nothing. So also when these same wave-beats exceed a certain number, beyond that point there is silence to us though the sounds may be louder or sharper than before.

It may yet be demonstrated that there is a music of the planets, to which Pythagoras and Plato referred, and which Milton embalms in poetry as a "celestial siren's harmony that sits upon the nine entangled spheres;" or as Shakespeare has it:

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.

Such harmony is in immortal souls; But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

We have learned to render aright that passage of Scriptures in the Old Testament which says that God caused the outgoings of the morning and evening to sing; and there is more than poetry in the expression, that "the morning stars sang together, while all the sons of God shouted for joy."

God's people never work alone. No child of his is ever left unaided. A great company which no man can number is sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. Just what they do or how they help, we may not know; but that they do help and interpose to protect and guide us, we surely believe.

This detracts nothing from the work of the Holy Spirit. If he can use men in the flesh to do his will, how much more may he not manifest his purpose and power through the angels of God. Says Christ, speaking of little children who believed on him, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

But are our departed friends among the number of those engaged in this ministry? Do those who have lived in the flesh, and on this earth, form a part of this great host? A fair inference from the Scriptures will, it seems to us, give an affirmative answer to this question. We do not say that this is an authorized doctrine, but such inference is a fair one.

Jesus with his three trusted ones, Peter, James and John, was meditating beneath the silent stars. The Son of Man, yet in the flesh, had been grieved and tempted. Withdrawn somewhat from his disciples, two strangers suddenly appeared, talking with him.

When John was on the lonely isle of Patmos, an angel came and talked with him. Falling to worship at the feet of the heavenly guest, John was forbidden in these words: "Do it not. I am a fellow servant with thee, and with thy brethren that hold the testimony of Jesus. Worship God."

General Grant's article on "The Siege of Vicksburg" in the September Century, will be accompanied by the story of the following history of the diary of a lady who was in the city during the siege. Besides the reproduction of General Grant's original "unconditional surrender" dispatch in this number, there will also be printed a fac-simile of the dispatch to Secretary Stanton, in General Grant's handwriting, announcing the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox.

The author, in his preface and introduction, says: "This volume has been prepared to fulfill the promise recently made to the public of a MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY—a work to introduce the subject to the general reader—not an elaborate treatise for scientific, which need not be offered until it is called for. As a science and philosophy, Psychometry shows the nature, the scope, and the modus operandi of those divine powers in man, and the anatomical mechanism through which they are manifested, while as an art it shows the method of utilizing these psychic faculties in the investigation of character, disease, physiology, biography, history, genealogy, philosophy, metaphysics, geology, seismology, astronomy, theology and superna life and destiny.

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Gunn's Newest (Revised) Home Book of Health or Family Physician; 210th edition, just ready, gives ninety fresh items; shows how to put in best sanitary condition house, premises or town, for fending off cholera and all infectious diseases, and present modern treatment in ordinary ailments and contingencies combined with large experience in forty years successful practice, with all forms of disease, and in preventing illness. 128 pages royal octavo, leather. See advertisement in another column.

Mr. Stedman's article, "The Twilight of the Poets," in the September Century is to be the closing one of his series. It enumerates most of the poets now active, men and women of the middle and younger generations, but does not, as has been erroneously stated, attempt to weigh and measure them.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 10, 1885.

"With the Odors of the Forest." The Gardner Pine Needle Soap, made from fresh young pine leaves, a delightful toilet soap, superior to far soap; no rank smell of tar; softens and stimulates the skin; makes complexion bright and clear. For sale by druggists. Sample cake (4 ounces) mailed on receipt of 25 cents, by E. H. SARGENT & Co., Agents, Chicago.

Notice to Subscribers. We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

Business Notices. SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Remuneration, \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

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Chiropractic Examinations Free. Enclose lock of hair, with leading symptoms. We will give you a correct diagnosis of your case. Address E. F. Butlerfield, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette Streets, Syracuse, New York.

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KINDERGARTEN INSTRUCTION.

The ninth semi-annual Kindergarten training class, under the auspices of the Chicago Free Kindergarten Association, will be organized the first Monday in September. Tuition free. For particulars address CHICAGO K. G. ASSOCIATION, 175-224 st. Chicago.

JUST ISSUED.

Manual of Psychometry.

THE DAWN OF A NEW CIVILIZATION.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

Author of "Antropology," "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" and "Moral Education"—Professor of Physiology and Institutes of Medicine in four Medical Colleges successively, from 1845 to 1881—and for five years Dean of the Electric Medical Institute, the parent school of American Medical Education.—Discoverer of the Impossibility of the Brain—of Es, chemistry and of Sarcognomy.

CONTENTS.

- Frontispiece—Engraving—Portrait of Mrs. Buchanan. CHAP. 1.—Original Sketch of Psychometry. CHAP. 2.—Original Sketch—continued. CHAP. 3.—Later Developments. CHAP. 4.—The Psychic Faculties—their location, and accidental manifestation. CHAP. 5.—Psychometry in Self Culture, Conjugal Relations and Business. CHAP. 6.—Psychometry in Medical Science and Cloties of Physicians. CHAP. 7.—Psychometry in Politics. CHAP. 8.—Psychometry in Literature. CHAP. 9.—Prophetic Intuition. CHAP. 10.—Psychometry and Antropology. CHAP. 11.—Future Life and Leaders in Religion.

The author, in his preface and introduction, says: "This volume has been prepared to fulfill the promise recently made to the public of a MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY—a work to introduce the subject to the general reader—not an elaborate treatise for scientific, which need not be offered until it is called for. As a science and philosophy, Psychometry shows the nature, the scope, and the modus operandi of those divine powers in man, and the anatomical mechanism through which they are manifested, while as an art it shows the method of utilizing these psychic faculties in the investigation of character, disease, physiology, biography, history, genealogy, philosophy, metaphysics, geology, seismology, astronomy, theology and superna life and destiny. Granting, as this volume will show, that Psychometry gives us the keys to the solution of the most important problems of human enlightenment and civilization, that all the arts and sciences heretofore known to the skillful and learned."

Price \$2.00, Postage 16 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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- The Hollow Globe. A treatise on the physical constitution of the earth. By W. L. Sherman, M. D., and Prof. W. C. Cress. This volume has been selected for \$2.00. The few in stock are offered at 75 cents each. Golden Memories of an Earnest Life. Being the Biography of A. B. Whiting; Together with selections from his poetical compositions and prose writings. Compiled by Mrs. F. E. Underwood. Cloth binding, 60 cents. They will want a copy at the low price of 60 cents, for the price being \$1.50. The Safest Creed. By O. B. Frothingham. This work consists of thirteen Discourses of Reason by the well known thinker. Cloth bound, heavy tinted paper, \$1.50, now offered at 60 cents each. Manosini: A Rhythmic Romance of Minnesota, the Great Rebellion and the Minnesota Assaues. By Myron Colburn. Published at \$1.25, now offered at 50 cents. Key to Political Science: Or Statesman's Guide. By John Seuf. Published at \$1.25, now 60 cents. The Halo: An Autobiography of D. C. Denmore. This volume is intended to be a truthful autobiography of the author and there are many who will be glad to have it in their libraries. The retail price is \$1.50. We will close out the stock at 75 cents a copy. The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic. By W. F. Jamieson. Originally \$1.50, offered at 50 cents. The Burgess-Underwood Debate. Between Prof. O. A. Burgess, President of W. C. Cress, and Prof. F. E. Underwood. Cloth binding, \$1.00, the remaining two to be sold at 60 cents. The Underwood-Marbles Debate. Between Prof. F. E. Underwood and Rev. John Marples. Cloth bound, 80 cents, now offered at 50 cents. Home: Miscellaneous Poems. By J. S. H. Butler. In three volumes. The first volume contains 100 and suggestive lines. Cloth bound, published at \$1.50, now closing out at 60 cents. The Poems of Life: A compilation of Poems, Hymns, Chants, Anthems, etc., embodying the spiritual progress of the soul. Edited by John S. Adams. Cloth bound, retail price \$1.25, the copies we have are offered at 70 cents. The Record Book. A book for Societies about forming, and contains the Declaration, Articles of Association and By-Laws, and other matters, followed by blank sheets enough to use at the meetings and will be found to be just what is wanted, and will save much time for those forming the Society. For sale at \$1.50, now offered at 75 cents.

All the above are for sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

SOMETHING NEW! Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Curler Tooth Brush. Both sent to any part of the World on receipt of \$1.00. Ladies & Gentlemen who wish to quickly beautify, curl or cut the hair, secure of assistance by a new method, to possess a curler, a tooth brush and a comb, are invited to read the brief but interesting description of these new inventions. Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances are now sold and well known in every part of the world, and are guaranteed to be promptly returned.

AGENTS! (Either Sex) Wanted for Dr. Scott's Electric Appliances, Curlers, Combs, Tooth Brushes, Electric Hair Curlers, etc. For terms and conditions apply to C. A. SOSTER, 522 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CAMP MEETING. The Solomon Valley Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held at Delphi, Ottawa County, Pa., commencing on Friday, August 21st, and closing Sunday evening, August 30th.

NEMOKA CAMP MEETING. On Pine Lake, eight miles east of Lansing, Nemoka Association and Michigan State Association of Spiritualists unite to hold a camp meeting August 15th to 21st.

Saratoga Boarding. Elm Hill Cottage, 74 Circular St., near Congress and Hathorn Springs. The pleasantest location in town. Liberals preferred. Terms from \$10 to \$15 per week.

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Sanitary Instructions regarding the uses and application for all articles for Disinfection, Deodorizing of Houses, Premises, and Towns to prevent disease and contagion, and Secure Health, Is alone worth 50 times the price of the book in these times, when CHOLERA is expected.

WESTERN NEW YORK, NORTHERN PENNSYLVANIA, and EASTERN OHIO. WILL HOLD THEIR Sixth Annual Camp Meeting, on their camp grounds, at CASSADAGA LAKE, CHAUTAUQUE CO., NEW YORK.

ANY ONE WISHING FURTHER INFORMATION CAN OBTAIN THE SAME BY WRITING TO THE SECRETARY, Miss Ida M. Lang, Fredonia, N. Y.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Soul's Farewell to the Body.

So we must part forever. And although I long have beat my wings and tried to go free from your narrow limits and control...

Those lips thro' which my prayers to God have risen, Those eyes that trod where'er I bade them tread...

I go to my inheritance; and go With joy that only the freed soul can know; Yet, in my spirit journeyings I trust...

A Distinguished Member of the Society of Friends Passes to Spirit Life.

Our venerable friend, Sarah T. H. Pearson, a well known citizen of Chester County, Penn., recently departed this life at the advanced age of 87 years...

"THE MEETING PLACE," BY DONALD. Where the faded flower shall freshen,— Freshen never more to fade; Where the shaded sky shall brighten...

Where no shadow shall bewilder Where life's vain parades are o'er, Where the dreamer dreams no more...

Where the hidden wound is healed Where the brighted life re-bloms, Where the smitten heart the freshness of its innocent youth resumes...

Where the imperfect world shall brighten Underneath a bluer sphere And a softer, gentler sunshine...

Please note this high thought, that sin is but a fevered dream from which we awaken in the future, and not the normal condition of the human soul...

The Summer School of Philosophy.

The opening of the Summer School of Philosophy in Concord, recalls the following anecdote, for which Lillian Whiting, one of the staff of the Boston Traveller, is we believe, responsible:

A current anecdote of Mr. James was that Mr. Alcott was visiting him one day and remarked: "Life is the dispersion of the identities, and the concentration of the diversities..."

Mediumship.

We have a medium here who first developed as a table-tipper. After a while the controls would only give the initials of each word, after leaving out the connecting words as "and," "the," "of," etc.

Psychometric Delineation of Gen. U. S. Grant, May 10, 1885.

"This gives me a headache. I feel brain-weary, as if overtaxed. I think it is a man who studies. He is engaged in some mental work that calls for a great deal of strength, and draws upon his memory of events..."

"It seems a person of no ordinary power. I feel as if being braced up by the situation, physically and mentally. He is alive. Some overshadowing condition brought out his shrewdness and executive ability, all going in one direction, for one purpose..."

"What was the nature of his powers?" "He had an iron will. He was a bold man,—had no trepidation,—though he did not court personal danger. He was wise in laying his plans, and very adroit in his movements..."

"I see him holding a very prominent office; I see him traveling. The people had great confidence in him, and wished to give him a vote to show their gratitude. He made him President."

"What a marvellous intuition transcending all conceivable laws of mind, could produce such a portrait of Gen. Grant from impressions received only by the touch of a picture unseen!"

The Gift of Healing.

As I stated in a former article, I have had various phases of mediumship. When it was first announced to me that a band of spirit physicians had united for the aid and diagnosis of disease through my organism, I felt extremely skeptical...

A lady who was attended by a physician, by his advice sent for me to relieve her of neuralgia which she had suffered from for days, and which he had failed through much medicine to relieve.

Not long ago I received a letter from a lady in behalf of her friend who had been alling for years. She said she could not but have faith that I could cure, as in her own case after being under different doctor's care for years, she had been restored through me, and to-day I have many testimonials to the same effect from parties all the way from Maine to California.

Mr. Geo. Lieberknecht, who is at present translating "Spirit Teachings" by "M. A." (Oron) into German, says in writing to this office: "If Spiritualists would study this book as Christians do their Bible (??) oh! how much wiser they would become."

A Strange Story.

The Secret of a Haunted House Said to Have Been Revealed Through a Spirit Medium.

In this city stands, in a weird, lone place, an old mansion called Glen Ellyn, which is said to be haunted. How many years this blot has been upon it I know not; but strange stories have been told by its different occupants of hearing, in the night, carriage drive around the house, rattling of harness in different rooms, the ringing of the bell...

"I feel that this man is one of the great successful generals in our late war; not a Confederate, a Union man; but what has that to do with the literary work that I felt at first?"

"What was the nature of his powers?" "He had an iron will. He was a bold man,—had no trepidation,—though he did not court personal danger. He was wise in laying his plans, and very adroit in his movements..."

"I cannot go without my head!" she exclaimed. "Where is your head?" was asked. "Buried up."

"What a Higher Education Means." When a "higher education" is demanded, for any class of persons—as women—it means that it has become desirable to train their faculties for more difficult work than that traditionally assigned to them, and also that it is desirable to enable them to get more enjoyment out of their work that they do.

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Pertinent Questions.

The following extract from an editorial in the New York Graphic, contains some pertinent questions in admirable form:

It is so much easier to take life out than to put it in. Tap the brain with a hammer, life is gone. Put poison in the stomach, it is gone. Choke the lungs with water or gas, it is gone. Draw the blood from the body, it is gone. Elevate or depress the temperature about us a few degrees, life flies away...

And what becomes of all this wonderful combination of force and quality? If to-night a child asks "where is the man hanged to-day?" it will be answered by solemn platitudes, by mysterious and many words which go all about the subject matter but do not hit it, at least satisfactorily to the child.

Is there any possibility that matter may exist so refined as to be for our senses intangible and invisible? Is not the quality we term visibility a mere result of certain substances opaque by cause of combination?

Some Account of the Weird Inmates of Glamis Castle.—Mysterious Sights and Sounds.

One of the most fearfully tormented castles in England, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is the country seat of Lord Strathmore, Glamis Castle. Although the whole pile of buildings seems to lie under the ban, there is one particular chamber, which is especially known as the haunted room. Access to this is now cut off by a stone wall, and nobody is supposed to be acquainted with the locality of the chamber save Lord Strathmore, his eldest son, and the business agent of the estate.

There is no doubt about the reality of the noises at Glamis Castle. On one occasion, some years ago, the head of the family, with several companions, determined to investigate the cause. One night, when the disturbance was greater and more violent and alarming than usual—and it should be premised strange, weird and unearthly noises had often been heard, and by many persons, some of them quite unacquainted with the locality of the castle...

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The wine product for 1885 is estimated at 15,000,000 gallons, every year.

The El Paso, Texas, butcher shops are compelled to close on Sunday.

Music boxes which cost \$25 twenty years ago can now be purchased for \$5.

The prevailing rate of board for pigs in the White Mountains is \$3 a week.

The crown jewels in the Cathedral at Moscow are valued at \$12,000,000.

The most cooling drink, if one will wait for five minutes for the effect, is said to be hot tea.

Horred loads are light feeders. Two house flies will keep one in good order for six months.

Mr. Bessemer's steel process patents have yielded him \$900,000 a year for twenty-one years.

The city mission of Berlin circulates no less than 75,000 printed sermons on Sunday morning.

The government pays a man \$60 a month to wind the clocks in the Interior Department Building.

The average annual consumption of coffee in the United States is twelve pounds for each inhabitant.

The colored people of Charleston, Va., are building a skating rink in which no white trash will be allowed.

The thirty-eight States of the Union contain 2,300 counties. Texas leads off with 151, and Georgia follows with 12.

The mortality from swine fever in England has reached point when about 200 animals perish every week, or 100,000 per year out of 2,000,000 swine.

The majority of literary people now spell the name of the great dramatist, Shakespeare, and the minority are divided up on several different spellings of it.

A census of the occupations of Washington citizens shows that the principal branches of industry there are holding office and keeping boarding house.

So large a colony of Japanese reside in Vienna that a Buddhist temple is to be erected there. The decorations and furniture will be sent from Japan.

The Rector of St. Saviour's, Dartmouth, England, the other day prevented the sexton from ringing the church bell during the interment of a dissenter's child.

It is roughly calculated that 292,500 tons of ice were lodged on the wharves of Montreal last winter and that 135 tons had to be cleared away by artificial means.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr., is credited by the Denver Tribune-Republican with threatening to "shoot a hole through the holes" if his interview was not reported correctly.

The Miserly Deacon.

Deacon Baggins is a rich old curmudgeon who makes great pretensions to religion, but squeezes a penny almost flat before he drops it into the contribution box.

Ingersoll's Conversion.

It is thought by a Committee of Young Men, but the Colonel has no Time to Listen to their Arguments.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the agnostic, was in New York City lately as counsel in the big telegraph fight.

"Crossed Man in Alabama."

"The crossed man in Alabama lives dark," said the driver as we approached a way-side home, near Selma, Ala., to ask accommodations for the night.

For this wonderful change in my husband, your friend when leaving, handed him a bottle of Warner's safe cure. He took it, and two other bottles, and now --

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy -- Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

Great Britain has 281 lifeboat stations. In the current year there were 3,654 casualties to shipping around the British Isles; 639 lives and 18 vessels were saved.

The Voice of the People.

The people, as a whole, seldom make mistakes, and the unanimous voice of praise which comes from those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, fully justifies the claims of the proprietors of this great medicine.

An old horse with the brand "U. S." on his flanks is pulling a bread cart about the City of Mexico. He was taken down by the Spanish invaders, and has been earning his living ever since.

Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it as directed since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded and bothersome disease.

A long-haired elephant, larger and more perfect than any specimen hitherto secured, is being extracted from the ice at the mouth of the Lena Delta.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy.

A congress is to assemble in San Domingo on Sept. 10th to decide whether the remains of Christopher Columbus repose there or in Havana.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

Of the 186 men who were graduated at Harvard in 1879 only forty-nine have married thus far, and these forty-nine have only thirty-four children.

Clara Morrises' Famous Poudre. Clara Louise Kellogg does likewise. For sale by all druggists.

Every jobbing and retail druggist in America sells N. K. Brown's Res. Jamaica Ginger. "N. K.'s."

Good Appetite

Health depends largely on the condition of the liver. This organ is easily affected because of its sluggish circulation. When it becomes disordered, stagnant blood accumulates in its venous system, causing it to discharge inert or bad bile.

Better

way to insure the proper action of all the apparatus necessary to health, than to add the stomach and liver by the occasional use of Ayer's Pills.

Best

Cathartic Pills. They stimulate the appetite, assist digestion, and leave the bowels in a natural condition. John H. Watson, proprietor University Hotel, Chapel Hill, N. C., writes: "For twenty years I was a sufferer with sick headache."

Ayer's Pills,

Pills for twenty days." These Pills have been most successfully used in treatment of obstinate cases of Dropsy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A. Sold by all Druggists.

Health

renders the partaking of needful bodily sustenance a matter of pleasure. Whenever the appetite fails, you may be sure the stomach and liver have become deranged, and need to be corrected by the use of Ayer's Pills.

Found in

the composition of Ayer's Pills. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer, Boston, Mass., certifies: "I have made a careful analysis of Ayer's Pills, with the formula of their preparation. They contain the active principles of well known drugs, isolated from inert matter, which plan is, chemically speaking, of great importance to their usefulness."

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Cancer of the Tongue.

A Case Resembling that of Gen. Grant! Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand, and with the old-time treatment it healed up. In March, 1885, it broke out in my throat, and concentrated in cancer, eating through my muscles, to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye.

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THE INDEX

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CONTRIBUTORS: Prof. Felix Adler, John W. Chadwick, M. J. Savage, F. M. Holland, W. E. Spencer, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Anna Griffin, Spencer, Caroline E. Dale, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, Miss M. A. Harbridge.

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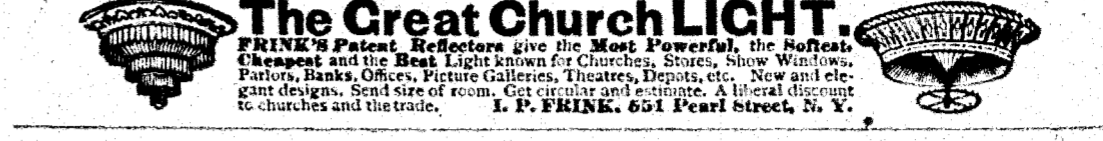
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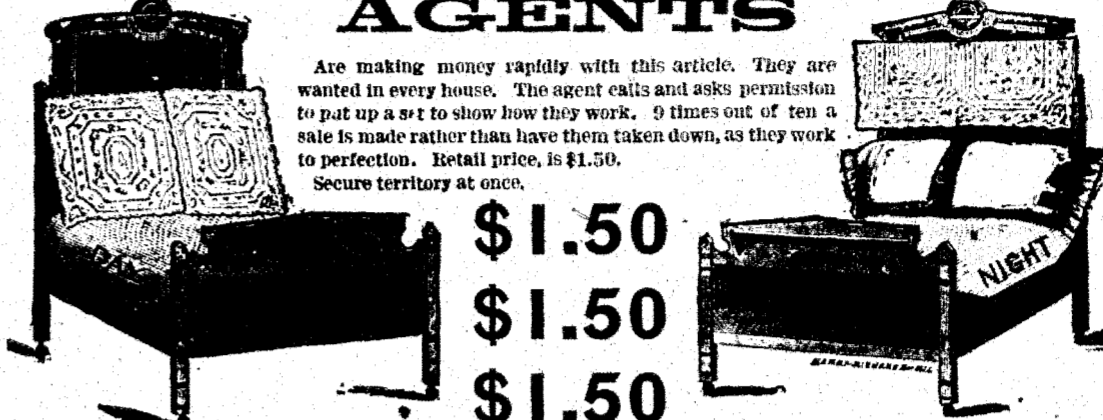
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GEN. U. S. GRANT.

Extract from Dr. Newman's Sermon Delivered at His Funeral at Mt. McGregor, Aug. 4th.

His Reception in Spirit Life by the Illustrious Patriots who had Preceded Him.

And what were the elements of that character, so unique, symmetrical, and now immortal? God had endowed him with an extraordinary intellect. For forty years he was hidden in comparative obscurity, giving no indications of his wondrous capacity; but in those four decades he was maturing, and at the appointed time God lifted the veil of obscurity, called upon him to save a Nation and give a new direction to the civilization of the world. How calm his judgment; how clear, and quick, and accurate his imagination; how vast and tenacious his memory; Reason was his dominant faculty. He was a natural logician. He could descend to the smallest details and rise to the highest generalizations. His wonderful understanding was like the tent in the story; fold it and it was a toy in the hand of a child, spread it and the mighty armies of a republic could repose in the shade. He could comprehend a continent with greater ease than others could master an island. Under his vast and comprehensive plans a continent shook with the tramp of advancing armies. As out of some immense mental reservoir there came a fertility of resources displayed in a hundred battles, in the greatest emergencies and in a threefold campaign, carried forward at the same time without confusion, and each the part of one stupendous whole. His was the genius of common sense, enabling him to contemplate all things in their true relations. Judging what is true, useful, proper, expedient, and to adopt the best means to accomplish the largest ends. From this came his seriousness, thoughtfulness, penetration, discernment, firmness, enthusiasm, triumph...

But here in the presence of the dead, whose ears are forever deaf to our praise or censure, let it be our grateful duty to record that after five years in camp and field he returned to his home without a stain upon his character. Among ancient or modern warriors where shall we find his superior in moral elevation? Given to no excess himself he sternly rebuked it in others. He could speak to every one according to his station, to generals of their battles, to statesmen of their measures, to travelers of their discoveries, to artisans of their inventions, to Christians of their hopes; and he could be the delightful companion of Kings and Queens, of courtiers and chosen friends, never took the name of his Creator in vain, and an impure story never polluted his lips. He assured me, as his pastor, that were he disposed to swear he would be compelled to pause to phrase the sentence.

Gentle, true, and kind, gratitude was one of the noblest emotions of his soul. His words were few, but pregnant with grateful recognition. To one who had been a friend in need he declared: "I am glad to say that while there is much unblushing wickedness in the world, yet there is a compensating grandeur of soul. In my case I have not found that republics are ungrateful, nor are the people." And so he had expressed himself in his speech in New York in 1850: "I am not one of those who cry out against the Republic and charge it with being ungrateful. I am sure that, as regards the American people as a Nation, and as individuals, I have every reason under the sun, if any person really has, to be satisfied with its treatment of me." When restored to the army as General and retired on full pay he was deeply touched, and taking the wife of his youth by the hand he read the telegram which announced the fact while, more eloquent than words, tears of gratitude to the Nation he loved moistened those cheeks never blanching with fear.

As he was the typical American, should we be surprised to find that his was the typical American home? May we lift the curtain and look upon the holy privacy of that once unbroken household? O! the mutual and reciprocal love of wedded life within those sacred precincts. Husband and wife the happy supplement of each other, their characters blending in sweetest harmony like the blending colors in the bow of promise. He, strength, dignity, and courage; she, gentleness, grace, and purity. He, the Doric column to sustain; she, the Corinthian column to beautify. He, the oak to support; she, the ivy to entwine. In their life of deathless love their happiness lay like an ocean of pearls and diamonds in the embrace of the future. He, unhappy without her presence; she, desolate without his society. She, pure, high-minded, discriminating, ardent, loving, intelligent; he, confided to her his innermost soul and blessed her with his best and un-failing love. She shared his trials and his triumphs; his sorrows and his joys; his toils and his rewards. How tender was that scene, in the early dawn of that April day, when all thought the long-expected end had come, when he gave her his watch and tenderly caressed her hand. It was all the great soldier had to give to the wife of his youth. And the dying hero whispered: "I did not have you wait upon me because I knew it would distress you; but now the end draws nigh." And out from the "swellings of Jordan" he rushed back to the shore of life to write this tender message to his son: "Wherever I am buried, promise me that your mother shall be buried by my side." It is all a wife could ask; it is all a husband could wish.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they shall not be divided." Side by side they shall sleep in the same tomb, and she shall share with him whatever home future ages shall pay at his National shrine. And, such was the tenderness of his love and solicitude for her and hers, he surprised her by a letter found after his death. It came as a message to her from him after he had gone. When his spirit had returned to the God who gave it, there was found secreted in his robe his last letter to her, enveloped, sealed, and addressed. He had written it sometimes; written it secretly, and carried the sacred missive day after day during fourteen days, knowing that she would find it at last. In it he poured forth his soul in love for her and solicitude for their children:

"Look after our dear children and direct them in the paths of rectitude. It would distress me far more to think that one of them could depart from an honorable, upright and virtuous life than it would to know that they were prostrated on a bed of sickness, from which they were never to arise alive. They have never given us any cause for alarm on their account, and I earnestly pray they never will."

"With these few injunctions and the knowledge I have of your love and affection, and of the dutiful affection of all our children, I bid you a final farewell, until we meet in another and, I trust, a better world. You

will find this on my person after my demise. Mount McGregor, July 9, 1865."

He was a man of prayer. It was Sabbath evening, March 22nd, when alone with Mrs. Grant, that his pastor entered and the General, with tenderest appreciation and gratitude, referred to the many prayers offered for him and mentioned societies and little children who had promised to pray for him daily; and then, in answer to his minister's suggestion that we should join that universal prayer, he replied with emphasis, "Yes!" and at the conclusion of our supplication the illustrious invalid responded, "Amen!"

He was not a bigot. Bigotry was no part of his noble and generous nature. While he demanded religion as the safeguard of a free public, he accorded to all the largest freedom of faith and worship. He was without prejudice; he claimed that public education should be non-sectarian, but not non-religious. His Des Moines public speech on education was not against the Roman Catholic Church, but against ignorance and superstition. The order issued during the War excluding certain Jewish traders from a given military district did not originate with him, but came from higher authority, and was not against the religion of the Jews.

His was the beatitude: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Strangers might regard him indifferent to the needy; yet the poor will rise up and call him blessed. Many were the pensioners on his kindly bounty. He gave "his goods to feed the poor." While President he heard his pastor on "Active Christianity," and in the discourse mention was made of a soldier's widow, sick and poor, and of a blind man in pressing want. He had just reached the White House when he sent me back this card with the money: "Please give \$10 to the blind man and \$10 to the soldier's widow." On a Christmas-Eve he wrote me thus:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, Dec. 24, 1869.—Dear Doctor: Please find inclosed my check for \$100 for distribution among the poor, and don't forget 'The Ragged Schools' on the Island. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT. And where in all the annals of the church shall we find a dying hour so full of divine repose? His calm faith in a future state was undisturbed by anxious doubt. His suffering and wasted body was but the casket for the resplendent jewel of his soul, and when death ruthlessly broke that precious casket an angel carried the jewel to the skies and lay it at the Savior's feet. In the early light of April 1st, when all thought the end was come, the sufferer said to me: "Doctor, I am going."

HIS RECEPTION IN SPIRIT LIFE.

"The comfort of the consciousness that I had tried to live a good and honorable life," was the response which revealed the inner life of his soul. Again the angel of death cast his shadow over the one a Nation loved. And the gathering gloom I said: "You have many awaiting you on the other side."

"I wish they would come and not linger long," was the answer of his Christian faith and hope. They came at last. They came to greet him with the kiss of immortality. They came to escort the conqueror over the "last enemy" to a coronation never seen on thrones of earthly power and glory. Who came? His martyred friend Lincoln? His companion in arms McPherson? His faithful Chief of Staff Rawlins? His great predecessor in camp and Cabinet, Washington? And did not all who had died for liberty come? O, calm, brave, heroic soul, sing thou the song of Christian triumph: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

And that victory was at hand. From his view Monday at the eastern outlook he was to ascend to behold a grander vision. Tuesday came and went. Night drew on apace, and death seemed imminent. Around his chair we knelt in prayer for some Divine manifestations of comfort. Our prayer was heard. The sufferer revived. Again he wrote messages of love and wisdom. The night wore away. Wednesday dawned on hill and dale. Hope revived. His intellect was clear and his consciousness was supreme. Again he wrote and again he whispered the wishes of his heart. As came the eventide so came his last night. From out of that chair where in he had sat and suffered, and wrote and prayed, tenderly he was carried to that couch from which he was never to rise. Around him we gathered and bowed in prayer to commend his departing spirit to the love and mercy of Him who gave it. He answered in monosyllables to questions for his comfort. The brain was the last to die. All were watchers on that memorable night. Recognitions were exchanged. A peaceful death and consciousness to the last breath were grateful unto him. The last night had passed.

"This morning, The stars have melted into the coming light. The rosy-fingred morn lifts the drapery of the night. The distant mountains stand forth aglow. The soft, pure light of early dawn covers earth and sky. The dewdrop sparkles on the grass and in the daisy's cup. The birds from their sylvan coverts carol the melody of a thousand songs. The world rejoices, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky. In a humble cottage, prone upon his couch, lies "our old commander." He is dying!"

"This morning, and in the light of that day thousands of earnest faces flash with renewed concern. From many a shaded lane and mountain slope, from many a farmhouse and splendid mansion, eager eyes look toward the mount of suffering and breathe a prayer to God for the one we loved. Alas! He is dead."

"This morning, It is the promise of a brighter day. The trumpeters of the skies are sounding the reveille. Their notes have reached the earth. Their notes have reached our General's ears. He has gone to join the triumphant hosts. 'This morning in Heaven!

A French scientist who has investigated 5,400 shocks of earthquakes attributes them, like the tides, to the influence of the sun and moon. The interior sea of fire, he argues, is subject to the same laws as the surface sea of water.

At Ashland, Pa., and vicinity, water is so scarce that it is sold at eight cents per gallon.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

The past week has been full of the good things that go to make life enjoyable at all camp meetings. Every train brings new faces to view, seeking for more light or a change from the business walks of life. The hotels are full, and large numbers have to be accommodated in the cottages. The new railroad from the Old Colony station through the Grove is proving the fact that it was a public necessity, not put in operation one minute too soon. The people ride on it rather than walk on the dusty path, or ride in the less than one-half carrying capacity of the coaches. Onset's railroad is without a precedent in this State. It is built wholly on the land of the Association, and for such a case the statutes do not seem to apply. The State authorities have looked at the road and heard all the objections, legal and otherwise, that have been raised, and it appears that they are not overanxious to prevent the road from being operated. In the meantime some who are always found in opposition to progress, are looking about to see how they may foment trouble for the Managers, but as these legal quarrels are always exceedingly costly to those who originate them, it is doubtful if any one will risk the individual damage that might ensue if the attempt to enjoin the road should prove unsuccessful. Nothing is urged against the necessity of the existence of the road or its safety; it is merely objecting for the sake of objecting.

August 1st.—A Fact Meeting was held at the Auditorium Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Remarks were made by J. W. Mahony (London, England), Mr. Haynes, Kate R. Stiles, Mr. Beals (Portland, Me.), Mrs. Drew (Stoneham, Mass.), Sidney Howe, Mrs. Pennell (Boston), and Mrs. Mills (Brooklyn, N. Y.). All of the speakers were firm believers in materialization as put forth to-day, and all of them spoke of such experiences as they have witnessed. One speaker said that he met Jesus at a séance the previous evening, and that Jesus showed him the print of the nails in his hands and the hole in his side. (Credulity worse than confounded!) The careful investigator needs to keep the eye wide open and a close month under the present condition of all public séances. The presiding spirit on this occasion (Mr. Whitlock) said that it would be but a very few years before all these materializations would take place in the open daylight, right on the platform and in the audience. If I mistake not we read of a prediction that was made by a certain man about eighteen hundred years ago, who had been telling his hearers of wonderful things that were to take place: "that all these things shall come to pass before this generation shall have passed away."

Rev. J. K. Applebee, of Boston, spoke at 2 P. M., Saturday, August 1st, selecting a text from the Book of Job: "He causeth it to rain on the earth where man is, and on the wilderness where man is not." The lecture was a very finely written paper on the impartiality of the God of nature as expressed in all things. He maintained that the only living and true God filling the immensity of space had no favorites. His care for the worm was as pure and great as was His care for man. We are all God's saints and we cannot help it. The universe is a table of dainties for all of God's creatures. Man, animal, bird, beast and worm make up the great catholic church of God. The lecture was listened to with marked attention and warmly applauded.

Sunday, August 2nd.—Mrs. M. S. Wood spoke at 10 A. M., taking for her subject, "Inspiration, Aspiration and Revelation." The lecture turned to a practical talk for a purer manhood and womanhood. At the close of her lecture, Louise Marguerite was introduced, and presented, first, recitations, etc., from the Opera of Ernani; second, the "Rock of Ages" the music of which was written expressly for her. The exercises closed with psychometric readings by Mrs. Glading, which were declared correct in each instance. Band concert from 1 to 2 P. M.

The sky had been overcast all the morning, and the indications for a rainy afternoon proved only too true. At 2:30 it had begun to rain and the President adjourned the vast audience to the Temple, which very soon became packed to its utmost capacity. The exercises of the afternoon commenced with a selection by the Band, followed by singing by the Onset Choir, in which the audience were requested to join. Rev. J. K. Applebee was then introduced and spoke upon the "Fact of a demonstrated immortality." He was very positive in his conclusions, and maintained that while Christianity of to-day lived by faith and hoped for immortality, he as a Spiritualist had the demonstrable fact. Sean the spiritual literature as best you can, and no stronger proofs of a continuity of life can be found than that presented by Mr. Applebee on this occasion. At the close of the lecture Louise Marguerite sang by request, "The Last Rose of Summer." Joseph D. Stiles then held a séance and in just forty-five minutes reported 129 full names, nearly all of which were recognized.

The regular Conference and Fact Meetings, have taken their places during the past week, and have been well attended. These meetings have much said that is of more interest to the immediate parties than to the general public.

Tuesday at 2 P. M., Mrs. Kate B. Stiles was the regular speaker. Many of the late ascended spirits were reported as being present, and having a word to offer.

Wednesday, Mrs. W. S. Wood gave one of her regular talks.

Thursday at 2 P. M., A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, spoke, taking as his subject, "Doubt," maintaining that real progress had as a general thing, come from doubting the present and accepted conclusions of the popular state of things.

Joseph D. Stiles has followed the lectures during the week with platform tests. It is possible for Mr. Stiles to improve, it seems as though he had improved in his power to report our spirit friends since he came to this camp meeting, so wonderfully accurate are all names presented.

Wednesday evening, Aug. 5th, there was a grand musical entertainment at the temple for the benefit of Frank Crane, the organist and director of the Onset Bay Quartette.

We notice among the talent taking part in the exercises, Prof. Church and orchestra, Miss Lucette Webster of Boston, Mrs. L. C. Clapp, Miss Sadi Bailou, Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan, Miss L. L. Pierce, Mr. B. F. Caswell, Mrs. D. M. Wilson and Vice President George Hosmer, with violin solo. It was a feast of music and recitation.

Among the arrivals are Mrs. Ellen C. Blaisdell, Alexander Blaisdell and James Blaisdell, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Roberts, Haverhill, Mass.; Josiah Simmons and Mrs. Lizzie H. Simmons, Providence, R. I.; Mr. Walter Wallingford and Mrs. Mary E. Wallingford, Maplewood, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Ierin Gill, Lawrence, Mass.; H. P. Talmage, Boston, Mass.; Mr. Harvey Kimball and wife, New York; A. H. Severance, and C. D. Baker, Newport, R. I.; W. H. Hodges, Pawtucket, R. I.;

U. S. Reed, New York; B. F. Wade, Washington, D. C.; Stephen A. Morse, Philadelphia, Pa. Memorial services on General Grant will be held at the auditorium this Saturday, P. M., A. B. French of Clyde, Ohio, speaker. The friends of John C. Bundy are disappointed in not seeing him at this meeting. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has made friends and found ready sale at Onset. The venerable editor of the *Banner of Light*, Luther Colby, and Shadows were at the grove last Sunday. W. W. CURRIER. Onset, Aug. 8th., 1885.

CASSADAGA CAMP-MEETING.

The meetings here are now in full sway, and the cottages and tents well occupied. The weather Monday and Tuesday being rainy the attendance did not increase much, although a great deal larger than last season. We have been having excellent lectures by Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. E. L. Watson, and Jennie B. Hagan, while the poems of the latter have pleased all and confounded skeptics. Hops are held on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and they are excellently conducted, the best of order prevailing. Mrs. Olie C. Denslow and her little boy and girl furnish excellent vocal music. The children are in charge of Mrs. Sperra, of Dunkirk, N. Y. A number of mediums are on the grounds, doing various kinds of work. Skeptics come every day to investigate the claims of Spiritualism, and it is needless to say that many are convinced of their truth. Spiritualism to-day is treated with more respect than ever before, and one cause of this is the attitude of Spiritualists themselves. The movement is freeing itself from its imperfections, and coming forth in purity like the lily. It is broadening and deepening, and its tone is more conservative and constructive. For the most of Spiritualists, the phenomena are simply a foundation, and when this is laid, work is begun on the great temple of philosophic and religious truth.

Humanitarian in its purpose, radical and uncompromising in its methods, Spiritualism embraces in the arms of its love, every reform beneficial to the race. Recognizing the relations of soul and body, it pays heed no less to one than to the other. Heaven is here, angels are all about us, if we are but angelic ourselves. Truth is ours, charity and love dwell among us, and progress is the rule of all. The charms of nature are all about us, and we find books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything. The cool breeze fans the cheek and whispers the secrets of the fields and woods. The waters of the lake lave its shores, like the kisses of love upon the cheek of childhood. The trees with their canopy of leaves invite us to rest beneath their grateful shade, and become receptive to the sweet inspirations of nature. Every blade of grass prays, every leaf preaches, and the birds offer up anthems of praise. In such a place as this it is fitting that angels should visit the sons of men, baptizing them with the pure waters of heavenly truth and wisdom. In such lovely spots as this was the tongue of the Hebrew prophet moved to divine utterance, and in the beautiful nooks of nature the poetic soul has ever found its highest inspiration.

The practice of holding these meetings in the grand Temple of Nature should never be abandoned. Nature is religious. She exhorts the soul to virtue; she sets examples of purity and perfection, and preaches in every tongue the word of God.

On Tuesday, Mrs. E. L. Watson delivered a splendid address on "The Ideal Home." The subject was treated in its physiological and moral phases, and information and counsel of the greatest importance given. By vote of the audience Mrs. Watson was requested to have it reported and published in full on its next delivery.

Last evening a public reception was given Mrs. Watson in the auditorium. Speeches and song, with poems by Miss Hagan, expressed the good will of the Cassadaga people for the earnest worker who is to return to the Pacific coast from here. In reply, Mrs. Watson delivered one of the most remarkable and eloquent addresses I have ever heard. The inspiration of heaven seemed to flow unhindered through her lips and the power and pathos of her language moved nearly every person in the audience to tears. As a specimen of true eloquence I have never heard it equalled by any woman. To-day Mrs. W. received a telegram announcing the death of her aged mother, and she left this afternoon to attend her funeral. She takes with her the sympathy and best wishes of all.

J. Frank Baxter arrived last night, and to-day gave a lecture on "The Present Hour." It was full of vigorous thought. His tests confounded skeptics, and gratified believers. The attendance is daily increasing, and a most prosperous season is anticipated.

August 7th.

The new patent law of Japan appears, like many other recent Japanese laws, to be compiled from similar laws of other countries—a clause from England here, from France there, from Germany in another place, as seemed advisable in the circumstances. The term of protection is fifteen years; articles that tend to disturb social tranquility, or demoralize customs and fashions, or are injurious to health, and medicines cannot be patented; the inventions must have been publicly applied within two years, and patents will become void when the patented inventions have been imported from abroad and sold.

A prominent physician suggests to occupants of summer houses that a wood fire in the evening, when the moisture in the atmosphere is excessive, prevents many cases of sickness.

Letter from Mrs. E. L. Watson.

For weeks I have endeavored to find time in which to make a few notes of my travels and labors in the East, in fulfillment of a promise made to my California friends previous to my departure—but in vain—for, with lectures and receptions, visiting among old friends and long journeys to and fro, I have not been able to do one-half I designed. I am now sitting by my dear mother's death-bed, whence I came direct from Philadelphia on Tuesday. For days it has seemed as though the last connecting link between soul and body must break asunder, and, oh! how longingly she looks toward the sweet home seen by clairvoyant eye, now fully prepared for the patient, noble spirit! I can only jot down a few lines now, but feel that these are called for. First, let me say my trip East has been full of pleasant incidents, glad reunions with old, old friends, and the forming of many new fraternal ties. Never shall I forget my welcome at Chicago. I thought I was a total stranger there—I found myself surrounded by warm-hearted, enthusiastic men and women whom I now seem to have known all my life! The meeting with my mother and my tender communings with her since; the radiant faces of life-long friends; the generous hearing I have had everywhere—in several instances Universalist and Unitarian churches have been freely tendered me—and the growth I have seen evidenced among all classes of people everywhere, have all tended to fill my heart with a golden summer-time, corresponding with the beauty and verdure of the outward world in this latitude at this season of the year.

The storms of the past five years have left their scars, but a blessed calm, fresh and nobler hopes, deepening and widening rivers of thought are also here. It is ever thus. The outward world is but a symbol of our interior life. My engagements East close with two lectures at Cassadaga, when I immediately start for California to resume my work at the Temple, September 1st. Of my experiences during these eventful three months I shall write you later on. I wish now to refer to the *Gnostic*, a new publication by Geo. W. Chaimey and Anna Kimball. If this is a "sample copy," we must conclude that neither Spiritualism nor the new light (?) of Theosophy has done much more for Mr. Chaimey than all the other "religious experiences" through which he has passed during the last dozen years. The first half of the *Gnostic* is occupied with matter which has been served up many times before—the remainder with a thin broth of Theosophy, bitter personalities and letters of a purely personal character—one of which at least, was not intended for publication, and considering Mr. Chaimey's rapid spiritual transit, is quite out of date.

I have never met Mr. C. I entertain no prejudice in regard to him. When I wrote that letter of welcome I supposed, from the lecture delivered at Cassadaga and the otherwise meagre knowledge I had of him, that he was a high-minded gentleman; an enthusiast for truth, who, having become convinced of the verities of the spiritual philosophy, was eager to devote himself to its promulgation. I desired to give him a home-feeling with my people who were eager to receive him. I was not aware that he had already "out-grown" Spiritualism (in less than six months), and had advanced to the "holy ground" of Theosophy; had no idea that he had become so thoroughly conversant with the character of American Spiritualists as to declare (as he does in a letter to the *Theosophist* for July) "are given over to the mere husks of phenomenalism," etc., or I should probably have been less confident of his future usefulness. I regard Mr. C.'s attack on Mr. Woods (the chairman of my Executive Committee), Mr. Coleman and the editor of the *JOURNAL*, uncalled for, and savoring of a low backwardness of which he ought to be ashamed. It is to be hoped that the "new light" which has so illumined him will continue to burn until it has consumed the dross which still appears to enumber the fine gold in the composition of this singular character.

One word more and I must close. The good work that you are doing is manifest on all sides. The vast majority of American Spiritualists are not given over to the husk of phenomenalism—the phenomena are doing a grand work—laying the foundation of a spiritual temple—a scientific religion which shall one day be the religion of humanity. God speed you.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
Meadville, Pa., July 31st, 1885.



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