

RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Pennsylvania minister in Lancaster county, named Rev. David Kauffman, has turned the tables upon tradition and his congregation by developing a tendency to go to sleep while preaching his Sunday sermon. Recently this happened, and he is said to have gone on for three hours without a break.

M. Jules Simon proposes a tax of a certain amount in France each year on all male celibates over a given age, and, in explaining why he confines the tax to males, says with the utmost frankness that he does not believe any woman ever remained single of her own free will, and that it is unjust to tax any one for a misfortune.

The Farmer's Alliance has been an efficient factor in the recent overturn, especially in the Northwest and in Kansas, and its leaders fully appreciate the situation and propose to get out of it all the advantage possible for the farmers they represent. Washington Gladden's views as to the strength and importance of the Alliance published in the *Forum* some weeks ago have been fully confirmed by the recent elections.

A new phase of the Indian messiah hallucination has developed at Standing Rock Agency and it threatens to work the Indians into such a frenzy that it will require the presence of troops to prevent an outbreak. A squaw of commanding presence who recently came across from Canada claims to be the mother of the much talked of and expected messiah. Pending an interview with the woman's husband and consideration as to the best means to be adopted in her case, she was committed to the guardhouse.

Rabbi Hirsch proposes the erection in this city of a statue to Lessing, the man who dared write "Nathan the Wise" and therein unfold the universal elements of all religious beliefs, and to recognize "worth wherever found, whether on Christian or heathen ground," as a tribute to religious liberty and toleration. This would be a merited recognition of one of the world's worthies who died in poverty. Another appropriate statue would be one in honor of Bruno, who in the cause of truth and freedom died at the stake.

Ministers do not always know the effect on their hearers of their earnest manner and vehement gestures, says the *Congregationalist*. Dr. William M. Taylor, whose animated delivery is well known, had in his audience at the Broadway Tabernacle, on a recent Sunday, a manly little four-year-old auditor, who exclaimed as he went out of church, "Mamma, if the minister man should act that way in the street on Sunday, wouldn't the policeman arrest him?"

Imogene C. Fales in the *Sociologic and Coöperative News*: In the development of any great movement, or social tendency, a national law produces four distinct stages: first, the birth of the idea; second, its propagation by missionary work; third, its embodiment in practical forms; and finally the growth of these forms into permanent institutions. In regard to coöperation in this country, only the second stage

has in reality been reached. For although coöperative societies exist in various places, they are more the result of individual energy than any common social impulse. But the thought, the idea, is in the world, and it has come to stay.

Education is a good thing, but there is a possibility of educating the usefulness out of a young man, wisely remarks the *Methodist Recorder*. Education ought to be just what the word means—a drawing out of the native faculties of the mind. But often instead of drawing out the mental powers, it suppresses them. The work of education is expended in directions in which the young mind has but little aptitudes. The native energies of the intellect are suppressed or left slumbering in inactivity. The boy is educated in directions in which he has capacity for but little development and the capabilities in which he might become strong are smothered by neglect and suppression. The education which fails to take account of individuality of the person to be educated will often disqualify for life more than it helps. This is why it so frequently happens that a young man who has all the advantages of school and college fails to accomplish what we had a right to expect of him. He is left far behind in the race of life by the uneducated man who had none of the benefits of school, but has preserved fresh and vigorous the talents that God had given him. Educate your child, if you can, but don't educate him out of his individuality.

Professor Koch of the Berlin University is the same one who discovered the cholera "comma" microbe some time ago. For this service he was granted 200,000 marks by the German government. The announcement, therefore, that this noted scientist has discovered a method of curing the dread disease of consumption by inoculation may be received with more than ordinary confidence by the public at large. It seems certain that Dr. Koch has made gains in his search for a consumption cure. If he has in reality found a complete remedy the importance to suffering humanity of his discovery can hardly be overestimated, and Professor Koch will rightly take his place among the world's benefactors. His present treatment, which is hailed as a final solution of the problem, seems to consist fundamentally in the inoculation of a newly discovered lymph, which hinders the further development of the bacteria in the diseased parts. Some patients it is claimed have been wholly cured, and others under treatment are rapidly improving. Consumptives from all parts of Europe are visiting Berlin and applying for treatment. The attention of the medical world is fixed upon the doctor and his patients. If what is promised proves true of Dr. Koch's method it will be the greatest scientific discovery of the age and of inestimable benefit to humanity.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor has issued from its headquarters, 21 Clinton place, New York, a call to the hosts of organized labor of America to send representatives to the tenth annual convention to be held at Detroit, Michigan, December 8th, 1890. The call says: "The recent movement begun to reduce the hours of labor has been crowned with such success, the whole column of organized labor has advanced with such rapid strides for improved conditions, and the trade unions

have received such an impetus from surrounding circumstances that the toilers of our country have become more and more convinced of the advisability and necessity of gathering within the fold of our organizations. On the one hand the corporate and speculative classes have become more arrogant in their efforts to intimidate and crush out the spirit of the toilers by methods hitherto unheard of in labor difficulties; and on the other, the demand of the wage workers to be larger sharers of the product of their toil has become so loud and impressive that the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Labor will, without doubt, be the most important gathering of labor's hosts within the annals of history. We can not allow any retrogression in the natural development of our movement. The watchword of organized labor must be upward and onward." All labor unions, local, national and international, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, are requested to send full quota of delegates.

The *Boston Transcript* says that John Boyle O'Reilly was "constantly triumphant in temper and joyously perched on the advancing wave of progress." George Parsons Lathrop says that this is not true, and in proof of the truth of his statement gives the following from a letter dated October, 1889, addressed to him by Mr. O'Reilly: "I am no cynic, dear old man; but the world is telling on me. For I am beginning to be ashamed of enthusiasm; and it is dawning on me, like a bleak coast coming out of a mist on a gray day in the fall, that the glorious hopes and beliefs were delusions; that the world is hard and mean and censorious and unchangeable; that unless you live for appearance's sake and become a practical snob (for you are judged and valued by your own label, and those who live by the heart have no label, only a tag) you will be set down as a fool and avoided by all the precise and safe and successful people. Your letter acts like a stethoscope on my own spiritual chest. There is no one here now with whom I can enjoy the old idealities. I wish constantly that I could stay at home... and let the world go by, outside."

Daniel G. Thompson pleads for the abandonment of religious teaching (other than scientific) in universities and schools generally. The wide differences in religious belief that are so evident will sooner or later make this demand imperative. The present system of education in our universities is one calculated to instill into young minds religious prejudices that can not fail to be detrimental to their highest interests, scientific criticism of theological dogmas being outlawed. A religious organization has a perfect right to establish an institution where its belief or creed may be taught. Those who go there will be drawn because of their sympathy with such creed or teaching. But public schools and state universities are no longer public or for the people when a religion is there insisted upon that lacks the sanction of the general mind. In justice to all, the principal religious beliefs should be studied in our universities in the light of science, all the evidence for and against them being presented, that conclusions may be drawn by individual minds unhampered by any theological assumptions. Truth alone should be the basis of teaching, and what is not truth or unverifiable statements, should not be asserted where veracity is regarded.

REVIVALS.

As the winter approaches, the usual efforts are being made, especially in many of the smaller and more isolated communities, in the preparation for a "revival." This is one means of filling the pews and adding to the membership of the churches. The religious revival is not as popular as it once was, and by the more liberal of the orthodox clergy it is not encouraged, but by some of the sects and in some parts of the country it is still an event of periodical recurrence, and "getting religion" a common experience. That many of the "conversions" result in individual reform is, no doubt, true, but the main outcome of these revival meetings on the public mind and on general education is a deflection in the direction of ignorance.

Revivalists—the better class of them—are wide awake, intensely emotional, strongly earnest men, limited in their range of thought, narrow in their conceptions of man's destiny, anthropomorphic in their ideas of God. They are sincere in their beliefs—their sincerity makes them enthusiastic, their enthusiasm strikes a responsive chord of sympathy among those to whom they appeal by the common bonds of humanity; that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin is deftly given and the fire of a revival is started. With all honesty of purpose the revivalists bewilder thought by their constant appeals to the baser emotions and to personal experiences. "I" and "you" figure largely in those appeals which are not addressed to the intellect but to the feelings; the chords of sorrow, suffering, fear, hope, pride, reverence, are swiftly one after another touched more or less strongly, and acquiescence in the speaker's views is gained and a momentary victory is won.

But it is from a low standpoint that these revivalists speak. They deal with wornout ideas revamped; ignorance is patted on the head, encouraged, and in a manner canonized. Science is misrepresented, sneered at, and ridiculed. Take up the daily papers which report these revival meetings and scarcely one of the sermons, when fully reported, fails to contain some sneering reference to distinguished scientists or thinkers whose work has seemed at variance with so-called revealed religion. Take up the published sermons of Sam Jones and others, and vulgar wit which would disgrace the "end man" of a minstrel show or a reputable circus clown, greets you on every page as the words of men who profess to deal with the most serious and momentous questions humanity can ask. Compare the style of the published sermons of Sam Jones, Sam Small, D. L. Moody, or even those of Joseph Cook and ask how many pages of Darwin, Huxley, Agassiz, Lyell, Carpenter or Gray, you would peruse if written in the same vein?

Such revivalists beget in the popular mind doubt of science, fear of progress, reverence for ignorance. They sneer in their flippant way at all the real workers for man's development. They relate little smart anecdotes in which tadpoles and monkeys and parodies of the evolution theory are prominent, or in which so-called arguments of skeptics are overwhelmingly confuted—many of these anecdotes being on the face of them glaringly untrue—and then when a laugh is raised, that suffices to stamp the falsehood as true in minds unaccustomed to careful thinking. Such are the revivalists who imagine that they are needed to arrest the decay of faith and to save souls from perdition. But the revivals they get up do not, as Theodore Parker said during the revival of 1857, mean a revival of honesty, justice and humanity, of true manhood and womanhood.

What is needed now is a revival of commercial honesty, of a public sense of honor, of private and civic virtue, of pure living, of truthfulness, of high ideals, of purposeful lives, of self denial, of all the more solid and stalwart national virtues, rather than spasmodic individual attempts at temporary halts in patent vice. We need for revivalists men and women profoundly impressed and imbued with the importance of improving personal character and bettering social conditions, and able to give an impulse to their fellowmen. Not flattering appeals to ignorance and the preaching of absurd dogmas, but trumpet-tongued

proclamations of the need of enlightenment with eloquent portrayal of the advantages of knowledge and the paramount and enduring value of personal character are what is needed to-day.

HYPNOTISM.

The study of hypnotism in Paris, by Professor Charcot and his *chef de clinique*, M. Babinski, has been very instructive. A rigid scientific investigation is being made and facts are being brought to light that show how vast the field for research is and how many medical and social problems the study raises. The possibility of one individual acquiring control over another so as to be able to impose his will upon him and make him do whatever he wishes has long been claimed. That the claim is true, experiments performed at the Salpetriere hospital before a committee appointed by the government would seem to indicate. One of the modes of experimentation was as follows: A female patient, Mlle. A., was forced into the lethargic sleep by pressure on a suggested hypnotic point, when by a slight friction on the forehead she passed into the somnambulistic state. Dr. Babinski then approached and told her that she must make her will in his favor, and at once. She demurred at first, saying that she was too young to die, etc. This lasted a short time, during which she went on to say that she desired to leave her property to her mother and other relations, but after continuous persuasion and keeping up the suggestion that it was best to give everything to Dr. Babinski, she at last began to weaken and finally agreed to the proposition, enumerating her possessions, which consisted of about thirty francs and some few articles of jewelry. The next Thursday was appointed for the signing of the will. Dr. Babinski then cautioned her to say nothing about it in the meantime, and if asked, to say that she acted of her own free will. She was then awakened. When the appointed day arrived it was noticed that she was rather nervous, and she said that she had something to do but could not recollect what it was. On being hypnotized, however, she remembered her promise, and when one of the bystanders was introduced as a lawyer she immediately drew up her will in favor of the doctor, asserting at the same time that she was acting with complete freedom, that she knew she had a poor family, but preferred to give everything to Dr. Babinski. When awakened, she repeated the same story. In commenting upon the study of hypnotism, *L'Univers*, a Parisian religious journal, denounces the new science as "dangerous to morality." Professor Charcot has by the aid of instantaneous photography been enabled in experimenting with the patients to reproduce those peculiar facial expressions which are found in certain ancient works of art portraying the lives of saints and others who were supposed to be "possessed," showing that these pictures were copies from nature of hysterical men and women.

A writer in the London *Quarterly Review* says that the real value of hypnotism lies in its efficiency as a method of research. We possess no such powerful instrument for searching out the mysteries of the physiology and pathology of the nervous system, and of the mind. It has been truly called "a method of 'moral vivisection,' but whether any one is justified in practicing such moral vivisection is very much open to doubt." If hypnotism can be used as a therapeutic agent to cure patients in certain disorders, and that it can is a fact beyond doubt, there seems to be no ground for hesitating to use it for this purpose; and with larger knowledge of the subject all doubt will vanish as to the legitimacy of employing it in studying the problems of physiology and neurology. Charcot in France would have hypnotism restricted to medical men, and in Prussia exhibitions of hypnotism have been forbidden. "But our principle," says A. Taylor Innes, an English writer, "rather is that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind, reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes." He thinks that in the case of hypnotism it may never be necessary to depart from this general rule.

MATERIALISM.

C. W. Wooldridge in an article in the *Unitarian* endeavors to show that there is reason for believing in another order of being than the visible, material one. The purpose of the article is in accord with that of *THE JOURNAL* and it contains interesting statements of facts. But in his zeal to make out a bad case against materialism, the writer misrepresents its teachings. He says, for instance: "Materialism is really based on the assumption that that which can not be perceived has no real existence." Now materialism does not teach this. What it does teach is that whatever exists, that which can not be perceived as well as that which can be perceived, and that all phenomena are due to matter and motion.

Mr. Wooldridge endeavors to show the untenability of materialism by pointing out that there is incognizable to all the senses what is called ether. Now materialists admit the existence of ether, and they might quote against Mr. Wooldridge the celebrated Professor Maxwell that ether is a very tenuous gas, or the physicist Thompson, that ether is the only true matter of which matter in a molecular condition is but a mode of motion.

Mr. Wooldridge further says that "science never produced a materialist more decided than Professor W. K. Clifford," when the fact is, Clifford was not a materialist but an idealist. His position was that the universe consists entirely of mind stuff, that some of this is woven into the complex form of the human mind, that matter is the mental picture in which mind stuff is the reality represented; that the ultimate is mind stuff out of which the complex forms of feeling and thought are built up, and that matter has only a phenomenal existence. Mr. Pollock, Clifford's biographer, says of the theory: "Indeed it is a very subtle form of idealism, and by no means easy of apprehension at first sight." Some weeks ago, *THE JOURNAL* in noticing Clifford's views mentioned that his speculations were "valuable chiefly as indicating the insufficiency of materialism as a system and the tendency among even so-called agnostic thinkers to interpret phenomena in terms of mind rather than in terms of matter."

The way to oppose materialism is to state its positions accurately and fairly and then to show that these positions are untenable, that matter instead of being all that exists, is but phenomenal of the underlying reality which, although invisible and unpicturable, is the basis and cause of those phenomena which materialists imagine due to the motions of atoms.

THE FARMERS.

Washington Gladden has an article in the *Forum* for November on "The Embattled Farmers," showing that the American farmer is steadily losing ground, that his burdens are heavier and his gains more meagre every year. "The labor bureau of Connecticut has shown by an investigation of 693 representative farms that the average annual record of the farm proprietor of that state for his expenditure of muscle and brain, is \$181.31, while the average annual wages of the ordinary hired man is \$386.36. Even if the price of board must come out of the hired man's stipend it still leaves him a long way ahead of his employer. In Massachusetts the case is a little better as the average farmer makes \$326.49, while his hired man gets \$345.00. In a fertile district in the state of New York an absentee landlord advertised for a man to manage his farm. The remuneration offered was not princely. The farm manager was to have his rent, his garden, pasturage for one cow, and a salary of \$250.00 a year for his services and those of his wife. There was a rush of applicants for the place. Who were they? Many of them were capable and intelligent farmers who had lost their own farms in the hopeless struggle with adverse conditions and who were now well content to exchange their labor and their experience against a yearly reward of \$250.00. The instance is typical throughout the Eastern states. With the home market which protection is supposed to have built up at their very doors, the farmers are falling behind." The same story, Mr. Gladden says.

is heard in the central states. In Ohio farms are offered for beggerly rents, and even on these favorable terms farming does not pay. Tenant farmers are throwing up their leases, and moving into the cities to accept the wages and fare of common laborers. The case is even worse in the South, and in the West is found the same state of things. "From Kansas and Nebraska and Dakota the cry is no less loud and bitter than from Connecticut and New York and North Carolina." The list of causes of this state of things is quoted from C. Woods Davis as follows: Monometallism, deficient or defective circulating medium, protective tariffs, trusts, dressed beef combinations, speculation in farm products, over greedy middlemen, and exorbitant transportation rates." Mr. Gladden says that the Farmers' Alliance is beginning to exert a "solemnizing influence in the councils of the politicians," that the movement is "running like wildfire over all our hills and prairies and it is claimed that forty members of the next Congress will be pledged to support its demands." Mr. Gladden is of the opinion that the farmers' movement, though it will not be a deluge will be something of a shower, and in places a cyclone and that it will clear the atmosphere. The recent elections which have occurred since the *Forum* article appeared confirms Mr. Gladden's opinions as to the increasing strength and importance of the Farmer's Alliance.

THE AURORAPHONE.*

The fact that we are living in an age of scientific discovery and invention and of advancing ideas in regard to social problems, seems to furnish stimulus to idealistic romance writers, and, consequently, the trend of imaginative literature to-day is in the direction of possible future scientific discovery, socialistic reform and occult wonders. Of the many such attempts at scientific romance writing, "The Auroraphone," by Cyrus Cole, lately published, is one of the most successful in its treatment. It is sprightly in style, sensible in its logic, and scientific in its denouements. The author is a true American in spirit and finds most fitting environments for his story in the grand and majestic scenery of Colorado mountains, which he describes with such vivid word picturing as only one keenly awake to its grandeur and beauty can. The *Auroraphone* is a machine invented by a distinguished electrician as an experiment; but he had grown discouraged as to its adaptation to the use he intended, and was about to take it apart, and away from the high mountain peak where he had made his experiments, and was bemoaning his disappointment to a party of students and telegraph operators during a wonderful electric storm accompanied by a fine display of the *aurora borealis*, when suddenly the machine began to "click" in telegraphic fashion, one of the telegraphers present "called" the unseen operator and the party found themselves in communication with an inhabitant of the planet Saturn, an individual far in advance of the listeners present in knowledge and scientific power. He describes at great length all the wonderful discoveries and improvements which have been made in that planet, both in scientific knowledge and in social and moral reforms. Saturn is in fact made out to be another of the Utopias, such as More pictures and of which Bellamy's book is a more modern sample. The story is well told; there are accessories of out-of-door adventures and daring escapades, a ghost story, and a love affair artistically blended with the *Auroraphone's* messages from the people of Saturn. In stories like these, however fanciful, there are doubtless suggestions of realities, hints at possibilities and adumbrations of truths which some day will be seen more fully and clearly, and will be understood as other phenomena are in their relation to the known laws of the cosmos.

THE EFFECT OF HIGHER WAGES.

A London correspondent says of the dock laborers who a year ago achieved a notable victory, "Their extra sixpence which was won by the strike went

*"The Auroraphone." A Romance, by Cyrus Cole. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn st. 1890. Cloth, pp. 249. Price 18.

straight into the publican's till." The idea meant to be conveyed is that the poor would be no better off if their condition were changed by the receipt of higher wages. But as the *New York Press* observes, any sudden improvement in human circumstances is apt to bring excess. When the American colonies threw off the British yoke a good deal of vandalism resulted on the part of those who had not yet learned the true nature of freedom. The downfall of feudalism in Europe was accompanied by a great amount of disorder. There are evils to-day in the life of the Southern negroes which every friend of the black man deplores. But does it follow that the Declaration of Independence was a blunder? that the Middle Ages were better than the nineteenth century? that Jefferson Davis was a truer friend to the slaves than Abraham Lincoln? Action and reaction are laws of character as well as laws of matter. The excess that sometimes follows the righting of wrong is chargeable upon the wrong, not upon the righting of it. It is not freedom, but slavery, that is to blame when freedmen abuse their liberty. Exactly so it is in the matter of improving the condition of laborers. The London dockmen were miserable beyond description. They were underpaid, underfed and overworked. They had and could have no homes, in the proper sense of the word. They were domineered over by taskmasters, who beat them, cursed them, and drove them out to starve at the taskmasters' whim and pleasure. At length human nature revolted. They "struck." They organized. They found a voice through which their bitter cry was interpreted to the upper world of London. Then came sympathy, assistance, victory. It was all so new and strange, no wonder it turned a good many weak heads. But although better wages and shorter hours may mean to-day more money in the till of the publican, it will mean more shoes for barefoot children, more bread for hungry mouths, more smiles and fewer tears in the wan faces of women, more reading, more schooling, more church going. In the long run and the broad reach it will mean more of heaven on earth, and less of hell.

Prof. W. T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, recently pointed out that in the state of Massachusetts during the last twenty-five years the proportion of crimes against persons or property to the population of the state has decreased forty-four per cent. This the *Boston Advertiser* construes as an argument in favor of the reforms the labor organizations are working to effect. "We know," it says, "that the number and cost of the public schools and the extent of the education furnished by them have been increasing during this period more rapidly than the number of the inhabitants. The compulsory education law, the law forbidding the employment of illiterate youth in mills and mercantile houses, and every enactment to decrease illiteracy have come into existence within this time. It is, therefore, perfectly logical to conclude that there is a relation of cause and effect between the diminution of heinous crime and the advancement of public education. We have no right to indulge in any complacency. So long as an overwhelming majority of criminals, including all kinds, can read and write, and a still more overwhelming majority of the worst kinds of criminals can do so, it is utter folly for any one to say that education and good citizenship are synonymous terms. There is still a great field for improvement in public education itself, and there are other great fields for the moral reformer, the industrial reformer, the social reformer, and the religious reformer to cultivate. If any of these fields are left untilled the state will suffer from the presence of poisonous weeds."

L. A. Dixon of Sodus, New York, has just discovered, says an associated press dispatch, a wonderful ore called "electric ore," which contains a hidden force that puzzles and astonishes all who see it, and expert electricians in particular. The rock is of a dark slate color, and is somewhat lighter in weight than sandstone. It is composed of iron, aluminum, calcium and other minerals, and particles of gold are also found sometimes. Mr. Dixon says it will gener-

ate unlimited power and give any desired amount of incandescent light. For illuminating business places and residences it would be considerably cheaper than kerosene—in fact, after a building had been wired and the batteries prepared the cost would be merely nominal, and the light would be equal, if not superior, to that produced by manufactured electricity. The making of a battery is simple. The rock, in the quantity and for whatever purpose desired, is placed in jars containing a solution, the chief ingredients of which are salt and water. The circuit is then completed and the battery is ready for active business, and the inventor claims that one charge of 400 pounds of rock will last and produce light or power for at least one year before losing its force, and that it is perfectly harmless, making insulation entirely unnecessary. In Mr. Dixon's office a nine-pound piece of the rock has been ringing a bell since last November. A piece weighing half a pound was placed in a pint tumbler and the wires attached to a call bell, which it caused to ring as loud as an alarm clock. The test was made in the presence of several gentlemen, who pronounced it a wonderful discovery.

Very few of our race, says a hopeful writer in an English journal, can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organization. We call these millions men, but they are not yet men. Half engaged in the soil, pawing to get free, man needs all the music that can be brought to disengage him. If love, real love, with tears and joy, if war with his scourge, if war with cannonade, if Christianity with its charity, if trade with its money, if art with its portfolios, if science with her telegraphs through the deeps of space and time, can set his dull nerves throbbing, and by loud taps on the tough chrysalis can break its walls and let the new creature emerge erect and free—make way, and sing paean. The age of the quadruped is to go out—the age of the brain and of the heart is to come in. The time will come when the evil forms we have known can no more be organized. Man's culture can spare nothing; wants all the material. He is to convert all impediments into instruments; all enemies into power. The formidable mischief will only make the more useful slave. And if one shall read the future of the race hinted in the organic effort of nature to mount and meliorate, and the corresponding impulse to the better in the human being, we shall dare affirm that there is nothing he will not overcome and convert, until, at last, culture shall absorb the chaos and gehena. He will convert the furies into muses, and the hells into benefits.

The *Christian Register* says that a Unitarian church without a pastor recently received the following communication: "I offer you my services as a scientific Christian clergyman of thirty-three years' labor. I have formally been ordained and authorized to preach in four denominations; but for the last twenty-seven years have been independent, and now intend to unite myself with the Unitarian society shortly, and will preach for you free on trial, for hotel expenses and railroad fare from here to your place and back again. I can furnish you with ample credentials of my devotion to the cause of Christ, truth, nature, and nature's God, and am a wide-awake, active worker. I can deliver a sermon or lecture upon any topic—on theology, Christianity, law, medicine, or human affairs generally, on three minute's notice. I have delivered over 6,000 sermons and lectures. I shall be glad to hear from you at your earliest convenience."

At the last quarterly meeting of the Moral Educational Society of Chicago, of which Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler is president, a protest was unanimously adopted against the taking of the name Woman's Moral Educational Union by the new organization, the object of which is the introduction of the Bible in the public schools. The old organization has for its aims the promotion of a higher standard of marriage, both in forming the partnership and in marital relations. To prepare youth for more enlightened parenthood, and a better understanding of the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood."



"COMING ASPECTS OF THE PLANET SATURN."

By J. G. JACKSON.

What means such a very peculiar article as our friend Elliott Coues has contributed to THE JOURNAL of November 8th, under the above caption? I have sincerely indulged the hope that a progressing world was gradually working its way towards fullness of faith in a universal "reign of law," planned and administered in wise and rational order, constantly leading towards the fulfillment of ultimate good, without variableness or fickleness, without mysticism, miracle or superstition. A "reign of law" which will promote the needed "grand salvation" to be carried forward only in the triumphal car of knowledge, wisdom and obedience, escorted by the angels of loving labor and hopeful effort. I have heretofore been led to regard our brother just named as a learned gentleman.

In what paths of mystical empiricism does Professor Coues wish to lead the readers of THE JOURNAL—many of whom may be unlearned on astronomical subjects—by implication that the well-known, lawfully recurring aspects of a distant planet may influence the welfare of mankind upon earth, or be connected with the convulsions and overturnings, the bloodshed and horror, that another mystical yet nameless believer in the records of semibarbarous ages, gives us, in other columns of the same journal, handed in if not endorsed by the same whilom valued friend? In the name of science and rationality I desire to enter earnest protest against all such implications, and claim ability to show that our friend's remarks concerning that planet are so unscientific, and calculated to produce so many false impressions, that to name them misstatements will not be unjust.

As he says, "Science speaks with mathematical certitude respecting certain movements of the planet Saturn within the next few years." Yes, but not that alone. Science speaks with equal certitude of many similar movements that have occurred twice in about every twenty-nine and one-half years throughout the ages that are past; and that will continue to occur through the æons of the future, every time he describes his vast orbit around our common central sun. His distance from the sun is about 880 millions of miles, being of course the same as his average distance from us—a distance so great that an express railroad train driving steadily one thousand miles every day for two thousand years, could not reach it. What rationality is there in supposing that economy, either divine or devilish could, use or allow influences to affect the passions of men on earth across such tremendous gulfs of space as this?

We often view the beautiful, the majestic, the ponderous planet Saturn, second only to Jupiter in bulk, mass and power of gravity, yet far surpassing him in the unique variety of the phenomena exhibited by his appended and wondrous rings, and his eight attendant satellites, showing telescopically like sparkling grains of silver, or solitaire diamonds, as they constantly revolve around their great primary, in the far-away depths of ether. A powerful planet is he, but so immensely distant in his own allotted sphere of being that his gravity is felt upon earth only by the delicate tests of the skilled astronomer, and is only equivalent to a very small portion of the gravity of our own little moon, which compared with Saturn in actual bulk is almost as a grain of sand. Depend upon it our godfather the sun is the center and circumference of influences for the maintenance of our lives and welfare upon earth, in our material if not even largely in our mental and spiritual constitution. But such considerations as these are not all that may be advanced towards correcting the fallacious fancies our friend seems to indulge in.

The statement made by Professor Coues that "on September 22, 1891, Saturn being in Leo, the Earth will pass from the south to the north side of Saturn's

ring" is surely incorrect. Earth and Saturn are each one attending to its own individual business in lawful order, as they always do, unaffected by each other as respects the phenomena spoken of. Each one is revolving in its own grand and properly appointed orbit, and it is Saturn's own motion, not the motion of earth, that causes him to present both sides of his rings alternately to the sun, to us and to everybody else. He would do this were the Earth to stand still forever.

Such alternate presentations are by no means ominous of anything but of the steady maintenance of law. They result from the diurnal axis of the planet's revolution being inclined to the plane of its annual orbit, and the maintaining of parallelism with itself, according to the laws of motion and force, as it proceeds around the sun. This fixed inclination and maintained parallelism causes it to present first one side, then the other, once in each circuit, just as earth presents the north side of her equator to the sun, forming summer for that side during one six months and then presents the southern side to the sun for the six months next following. I would risk the fate of the world, and my own, upon the scientific truth of these statements, and I desire our friend may withdraw his ominous insinuations for the benefit of the less astronomically informed and hence more timid readers of your pages.

Again, were Saturn to stand still at any point in his annual orbit, the inhabitants of all the inferior planets which make their circuit inside of Saturn, must needs see his rings appear unchanged in aspect or nearly so, especially as looking from the Earth, Venus and Mercury, whose lines of sight would vary comparatively little. I therefore repeat the insistence that neither earth nor sun moves as he says from one side of Saturn's rings to the other; neither is the welfare of earth's inhabitants appreciably influenced in any way by that planet.

I strive to state the correct view of these matters especially to illustrate how persons of excellent intellects may be misled by want of accurate information to seek support for their fanciful empiricisms and unwholesome prophecies, by misstating the facts of positive science. The star-eyed goddess smiles not upon such mistaken efforts.

In regard to "A Vision of the Future," printed on the sixth and seventh pages of the same issue of THE JOURNAL, want of room admonishes me to be brief. I put little faith in the vision as to minutiae, because it is avowedly inspired from the records contained in the Bible, a book which has been abundantly tried and found wanting in historical authenticity and unfulfilled prophecy. If Jesus of Nazareth notably failed to receive the test of fulfillment for the prophecy of his own "second coming," to the disgust and injury of his own followers during that generation and many generations since; if learned churchmen themselves admit (as they do) the unreliability of the only "Gospels" we have of his very brief ministrations; if they also admit, as appears, that traditions of him spring from "Oh such a turbid fountain"; if "The Slaughter of the Innocents" by Herod is also owned to have been copied from the ancient Eastern tale of Kansa, tyrant of Madura, under the then prevailing precept that it was meritorious "to lie for the glory of God"; if it be admitted, as it must be, that the "Star of Bethlehem" was but an *ignis fatuus*—a foolish fire; if the Revelations of the seer called "John the Divine" were considered apocryphal by many of the early church fathers; if the reputed prophet, Esdras, (synonymous with Ezra) in forty days and forty nights with the help of many scribes wrote the "history of all things from the beginning"—as he himself tells us—under the inspiration of the "fiery cup," i. e.,—as now proven—drunken with the extract of Indian hemp, called "hasheesh"; if!—if!—if a hundred things are true, as time is now revealing them, and as I know many of them to be, then must I doubt all prophecies "inspired" by such records, by whom written no one can now tell; then may we safely ask of the unnamed writer for THE JOURNAL's pages, What "fiery cup" hast thou been drinking? Go to with thy unwholesome and useless predictions!—unless they prove remedial.

Better teach men that all good and evil, harmony and inharmony, follow as lawful consequences. We have had enough of false prophecy, wrong and suffering, built upon the mysticisms and the dogmas promulgated from that unauthentic book. We all know that many wrongs still flourish upon earth, and as long as they exist the world must suffer. Let us cease our parasitic dependence upon the merits of a savior who has notably failed for two thousand years. Let us discard fruitless lore and a begging, pauper dependence upon Divine bounty. We are all children of the "Father's house," and industry is the rule of the household. "Get knowledge, and in all thy gettings get understanding!" leaving the winds of heaven and the sunlight of truth to clear away the mists. Yield obedience to the discovered laws of thy being and of the world we live in. If born and living in a fateful age, go forth to battle for the right and bravely by resisting conquer Fate."

MIND, FORCE, MATTER.

By B. F. LIVINGSTON.

Since writing my article on "Evolution of Matter and Mind," I have received and read Professor R. E. Neeld's able and well written article in THE JOURNAL of October 11th, for which I am thankful, and several private letters from old friends, among them, that profound thinker, B. F. Underwood, from whose brain and pen I hope to see in the not distant future an article on the same subject.

The postulation of "the first dawn of life," as appearing in protoplasm, having been, so to speak, established, here physics plunges into metaphysics and the science of matter, force and mind, is now understood as embracing the whole of the category of metaphysics, taught by the Aristotelian school. Ontology, cosmology, anthroposophy, psychology and pneumatology, are thus simplified by being merged into matter, force and mind. Matter the moved, force the mover and mind the director. The physicist starts with matter, that tangible reality of infinite quantity, and apparent infinite change, and with patient vigil, notes the changes wrought by force. The last half century has taught that matter is indestructible; that the same is true of force; when matter disappears it exists in some other form, is not lost nor annihilated, but reappears through that great medium of change, force. Force is governed by the same law. The force that drives the great ocean steamer is not lost; when it escapes from the exhaust pipe, it is conserved in the friction of the journals and other machinery and in the friction of the propeller and in the modified temperature of the air, by friction and the escapement of steam from exhaust pipes.

Force is the mover, it is in no case the director. Simple energy acts and moves without aim or purpose. A common mistake among even cultivated minds is in some way to attribute to force some quality of reason, will and consciousness, when in fact it is wholly void of all directing power. While we must regard all work as bottomed on force we must learn to distinguish between directed and undirected force. Under the potent will of that mystery called mind, force builds up organisms possessing the qualities of reason, will and consciousness. Deprive that energy of the great mental factor, and the resultant condition is chaos. The volcanic upheaval, the wind storm, the tornado and cyclone, are but so many modes of motion in ordinary matter not under the supervision of mind; their results are always haphazard, while force, directed by an intelligent will upon the germ, results in the building up of an organic being. The flow of the sap in plant growth is a manifestation of force, the root power that forces the crude sap up into the trunk of the tree, through the white wood, and the prepared pabulum—elaborated sap—that has made its way down from the leaves through and under the bark, meet by order and appointment of an intelligent agent that directs the impulsion—endosome—of the pabulum and the impulsion—exosome—of the crude sap, causing them to meet, and by affinity to unite in the form of wood fiber. The force here indicated is no more intelligent than the force of the tornado, but to the agent that directs the force, when and how to place

each particle of matter, must we attribute all the intelligent design, all sensation, and—in higher types of being—all consciousness.

Force is motion, the great agency of change; its modes are heat, light, electricity, magnetism and affinity, all immaterial, and constituting as a whole "dynamical energy," the connecting link between the material and the psychical—the individualized mind.

The thinkers—the advanced guard in evolution—have abandoned the cold chilling ideas of materialism that characterized the thoughts of scientists during the first half of this century; they have gradually given place to psychical ideas, the basic principles upon which a superstructure of demonstrable facts will rear its head far above the wilderness of spooks and goblins, tradition and mysticisms.

The potent molders of ideas for the masses, the clergy, are now marshaling themselves on the side of evolution, and soon will the reinforcement of priest and layman be an auxiliary to our onward march, where formerly they held us back, or at least gave us not the support we so much needed. Free education is gradually raising the standard of intellect above antagonizing science, so that they are now to a degree helpers, upon the principle that "the mutation of ideas is rigidly subject to the law of quantity." A belief in the present scientific ideas of evolution and force by the masses, helps the student in new discoveries. A very wise few, and very ignorant masses, destroy harmony and prevent advance.

The mind of man has always clung to the idea that the earthquake, the pestilence, famines, and destructive storms, were special visitations from God, but science, coming to the defence of the great Infinite, has shown that these phenomena are simply want of equilibrium in matter—a form of energy, or simple force; the same force that the architect (mind) turns to account in moving, and calling together the particles of matter, to make a flower, a shrub, or a tree, or an animal. Mind is the commandant, and force the subordinate and matter the material of the structure,—the true trinity.

In building the physical structure of man, we find this architect has given us two distinct sets of nervous apparatus. The one, and in my judgment the most mysterious as well as the most important is the sympathetic nervous system or the solar plexus, the one said to preside over the functions of nutrition, the one that secretes and vegetates life, the one that builds up the tissues of the body from the material elements—food, drink, and air,—the one that supplies the body with blood and maintains peristaltic action in the stomach and bowels, etc.

All this mysterious, intricate, grand, and perfect work, so done by the unseen intelligent agent is entirely independent of our volition and will. It is a kingdom governed by a ruler and dictator who never consults nor tolerates our will or wishes; its management is even beyond our consciousness, and out of the range of our comprehension. Consciousness sleeps, within the domain of the "Semi-lunar Ganglia." But the architect, the builder of this fearfully and wonderfully made machine is always at work, his watchful vigil never sleeps or rests.

We have another complete set of nervous apparatus ramifying the whole system, called the motor nerves or cranial and spinal nerves, centered as its name indicates in the brain and spine. It is in this system that thought and consciousness are centered. In this system, will and consciousness hold proprietary rights along the meandering lines, from center to terminus, but even here the right of riparian proprietorship is subject to conditions, for consciousness is only partial in the most perfect brain,—sight is limited to seven colors in the best brain, whilst they are infinite in number; sound to the acoustic nerves only takes in a few octaves, and the olfactory nerves are equally limited and circumscribed. Because we do not see a thing, is no reason it is not in existence; because we do not hear a sound is no reason why the harmony and melodies of the spheres are not constantly chanting the praise of the Infinite.

Our consciousness is limited to a part of our sets of our nervous systems, but that fact does not disprove

that it is the one and the same architect that supervises both the ganglia and the motor nervous systems. Nor does it prove but what our consciousness will broaden as evolution unfolds the inner and now hidden self,—until consciousness will pervade, and extend authority and dominion over both sets of the nerve sensorium.

As our conscious will is required to move an arm or foot, so is there a conscious willer required to direct each heart throb. And if there is at all times such a willer at his post,—always presiding over the functions of nutrition, are they not the same psychical entity? Does not clairvoyance prove that they are identical?

I trust the reader has not lost sight of the fact that all of these systems, all this intricate machinery is made up of inert matter, dead matter, that never acts unless acted upon, that never moves unless moved. And that its motion, its action, implies an actor, an external mover, a force having intelligent purpose back of it. This being the case we must learn to regard matter (as Mr. Underwood would say) "As phenomenal, as a symbolical representation in consciousness of a reality, which in itself is inscrutable and which is known only by its effects." And here I must thank this profound thinker for his suggestions, which I accept.

WALDO, FLORIDA.

"THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE"—SPIRITUALISM.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

A series of valuable articles by T. R. Huxley, F. R. S., on "The Advance of Science in the Last Half Century," have lately appeared in your columns. It is well to put on record the progress of science in its inductive and external aspects, while paying fit heed to what the world needs to-day—the progress of that more perfect science which recognizes a soul of things, the inner life of man and nature, the spiritual and internal, the immortality of man. While paying just heed to the statements of Huxley and his fellows, we must understand their poor attitude toward Spiritualism,—a great matter which Huxley never deigned to treat with respect or to investigate. The slight and superficial experience, and the flippant conclusion, of John Tyndall, a distinguished co-worker with Huxley, will show the unscientific method and spirit of this class of men toward this matter. Only once, as Tyndall tells us, (Fragments of Science, page 402) did he ever attend a séance. Is it scientific to reject or accept alleged facts and their meaning in so summary a manner? He admits the honesty of those present whom he knew. The medium, in conversation, told him of "performances of the spirits on musical instruments," and he replied that "such performance was gross" in comparison with the sounds emitted from a glass jet under scientific manipulation. Having never heard the alleged spirit music what did he know about it? Nothing of course, but he coolly assumed its inferiority.

He tells of seizing the moving table firmly between his knees, and how it was "pull spirit, hold muscle," muscle winning after a struggle. What moved the table he does not, and can not tell.

While the table was vibrating he put one leg over the other beneath it, producing an involuntary but transient vibration of his free leg. This he saw made a slight tremor of floor and table, and he says, "I intentionally promoted it," and several in the circle said it was spirits. He stopped it and they said, "They are gone," he began again and the ejaculation of one man declared they had come back. But "there were doubters present;" that is he did not cheat them all. He saw their perplexity and said nothing, as "the disclosure of the secret might produce anger."

Prudent man! He did not like to own up his game! What is the difference between a medium who deceives and a scientist who does the same thing, even though that scientist be John Tyndall? The more eminent the man, the worse the pity if he puts aside good manners and decent morals. He says that, by permission, he went under the table, "pretty well assured" himself that no sound could be produced under the table without its origin being revealed, resumed his seat and his fit name in the heavenly world, "Poet

of Science" was spelled out by raps. How this was done he does not try to tell, but says the whole matter was "discouraging," because the present promoters (in 1871) of spiritual phenomena "are two classes, one needs no demonstration the other is beyond the reach of proof," and "you urge in vain that science has given us all our knowledge of the universe while Spiritualism has added nothing to that knowledge."

Was the great scientist discouraged because his leg trick did not deceive all the persons present?

Is not his assumption about the present supporters of spirit phenomena decidedly cool and impertinent, as well as absurd, in view of the fact that only this once did he ever take part in their investigations? Herbert Spencer decides against Spiritualism on *a priori* grounds, and is not yet decided whether the soul is, or is not, a fleeting result of the senses to die with the body. Justice to the real merits of these men should never blind us in regard to their imperfect methods, their blind assumptions, bad manners and superficial knowledge of Spiritualism. They may live on earth long enough to see their grave errors and with manly frankness confess them.

Important scientific discoveries are reached through many trials and failures, so it is with Spiritualism. Fair criticism of these errors is one thing, wholesale detraction of investigators of the great question of man's immortality and of his possible return from the spirit land is another thing. I know hundreds of men and women, highly competent and gifted, who know, by long investigation, ten times more of Spiritualism than do these leading scientists. Shall the comparatively ignorant sneer at those more learned and experienced? Is it scientific to give judgment on a matter without investigation?

When will the scientific world wake up, with open eyes, to see that certain leading principles in the spiritual philosophy are to be of great service in perfecting the science of the future, compared to which science to-day is imperfect, as yesterday's science was imperfect compared to that of our time?

ABSENTEE LANDLORDRY.

By EDGEWORTH.

THE JOURNAL of November 1st, sensibly referring to the legalized plunder of tenants by Scully in Illinois—it might have added also in other states—and citing the report of the House committee which shows at least ten million acres in the same case, remarks that "when there are two horses in a stable, it is wise to lock the door after one is stolen." Yes, but "alien land ownership is an evil of gigantic proportions," in reality far greater than the term alien suggests. For what matters it to the millions of settlers fleeced or to be fleeced by tribute to railroad landlords under the actual land grant system of alternate sections for six miles on either side the track, whether their landlords live one, two or three thousand miles away—whether as subjects of the same or of different governments? And note that while the "stolen horse" has really been bought, at however much below his value by the alien landlords, another that you overlook and that runs over hundreds of millions of acres was never bought, otherwise than by the fees paid to legislators for their grant, unofficially and scandalously. Moreover, the aliens at least pay taxes, while the railroad companies, withholding their grants from poor settlers in view of rise of values, are exempt from taxes on them, the settler, after paying them a first tribute on his homestead, being the first to pay tax on it to government. Far from paying taxes, the greater monopolists have eaten the taxes levied upon labor, by subsidies in money from government. All this under pretext of opening up the country by internal improvements, and when the roads are built and the land cultivated, the farmers are beggared by exorbitant freight rates. The bill against alien landlordry is good as far as it goes, but that is merely a beginning. As to *ex post facto* legislation and the sentimental objection to government's rueing its own acts—why should not repentance be as salutary for state sinners, as for individual sinners? Practically to avow an injustice and an economic as well as ethical absurdity in its land policy, is the same in principle for congress, as it is for a

court to declare a writ of error in a previous decision. No new legislation is required, but simply to deny the use of the sheriff or the national forces in collecting rents or in extruding settlers from the monopolized tracts.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

V.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Scores of domestic instances could be enumerated, which, although satisfactorily proving the reality of this faculty, have not that striking character, which interests and fixes the attention of the general reader. The subsequent narrations will not be found wanting in this respect, being also examples of clairvoyant power.

The attention of a clairvoyant had been drawn to the photograph of a gentleman, when with an instability of thought, as if the visions flitted past momentarily and quickly, she dropped the subject under examination and wandered off into a distant vision, which seemed to afford her great amusement. At length she exclaimed, "What a funny old quiz he is, he has got some rows of green peas growing under the snow and does not know he has them." Questioning her more closely, I obtained a minute description of the place in which they were, and also that there were five rows. I immediately wrote to this gentleman, who was living in France, at a distance of three hundred miles, requesting him to inform me what there was in his garden, at the spot indicated, and received an absolute confirmation of this wonderful faculty, in his answer: "The spot you described was covered with snow, and on sweeping it off, I found six rows of young peas, about two inches above the ground; it was an experiment by my gardener and I was not aware of it."

It will be noticed that there was a discrepancy in the number of the rows. There were in fact six instead of five, as stated by her, but I obtained the number five with some difficulty. She appeared to count the rows several times and with some hesitation settled upon five. I have reason, knowing as I do all the antecedents and surrounding circumstances of this case, to regard it as one of the most exact proof I am acquainted with. The lady was an invalid confined to her bed and room for many months by an apparently fatal illness and whom I visited daily during that time as an intimate friend of the family; the gentleman of great literary and scientific attainments, occupying a distinguished official position in a foreign country; the gardener, who had sown the peas, an ignorant, plodding fellow, with no thought for any other matter than his daily labor. Every source of error was guarded against by the peculiar circumstances of the case, even to the additional corroboration of the snow on the ground when there was none where the clairvoyant was, three hundred miles farther north.

In order to satisfy myself as to any supposed influence light might exert in these phenomena (hyper-acuity of vision), for at times there were indications that darkness was a favorable condition, I wrote to the late English consul for the Department of the Seine, where there was then no sub-marine telegraph, asking him to do at a given hour some most unusual act in the dark, so that no suggestion of coincidence or sharp guessing would meet the case. Immediately after the act, he was to mail a letter with a statement of what he had done, and simultaneously the clairvoyant's revelation was to be posted by me. At the exact moment appointed she replied to my questioning "that he must be an eccentric old gentleman, for she saw him in a dark, cold place, filled with cobwebs, walking about without his coat, with the picture of M— on his head, and that he always kept this picture under lock and key." I at once sent this statement off and duly received by mail the one expected, dated the same day and hour as mine, from which I quote: "At the hour you designated I went into my wine cellar which is totally dark, and taking the miniature of M— out of my writing case, placed it

on my head, and walked up and down in my shirt-sleeves."

This gentleman having received such conclusive proof that the act he was doing was simultaneously perceived at so great a distance, became deeply interested in the subject, and made many successful experiments. Amongst other things he inclosed a sealed note, to be put into the clairvoyant's hands, with a view of testing her ability to decipher the contents. Placing it on top of her head, she asked for paper and pencil, wrote a letter of several lines in reply, addressed it properly, and gave it to me to send. When the seal of the gentleman's letter was broken, the answer was found to be as satisfactory and relevant as could be desired.

I had parted one inclement afternoon from a friend whose health was not very good, with a promise on his part not to go out any more on that day, but to take dinner quietly in his hotel, and go to bed early. On my return home a distance of eight miles, I had occasion in the course of the evening to mesmerize a person, suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, and who sometimes was exceedingly lucid. The anxiety in my mind, as to my friend's comfort and health, impressed, I suppose, his image on the sensitive, for as soon as asleep she began to speak sharply of his folly in going out to dinner in such stormy weather, and with some degree of asperity, apparently because I entertained a different but unexpressed opinion.

"Yes, I tell you, he has gone out to dinner; you need not think he has not. He got a pressing invitation and he went. I saw him standing at the drawing room door, brushing his hair; what an odd place! He took the lady of the house down, and sits by her; they are talking about the Duke of Wellington. A yellow lady sits on his other side. The master of the house is there, but I do not know his name." She then gave a minute description of the host's personal appearance, which I omit, and some other particulars not verified. One of the chief points of her statement, that my friend did go out to dine was fully established, against all probability and my surest conviction to the contrary, by a letter I received the following day: "After you left me, I could not avoid going out to dinner. I went to Sir J—H—'s, and my hair being so thin and falling about my face, making me look like a wild man, I smartened it up at the door of the drawing room with a small pocket brush, and *mirabile dictu!* H. saw me doing it. It is past belief. I did lead the lady of the house into dinner, and sat by her. Your yellow lady was on my left. The master of the house was there, and H.'s description is fearfully exact. We talked a great deal about the Duke of Wellington. H.'s eye is on me and I must be careful how I walk. It is past all belief." Neither the clairvoyant nor myself had ever heard of Sir J. H. or his family.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. A. LEAH FOX UNDERHILL.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AND TRIBUTE TO HER WORTH.

BY J. JAY WATSON.

The recent transition of this noble woman to a higher, holier and happier state of existence is an event of more than ordinary significance. Being the eldest of the famous Fox sisters, through whose mediumship the marvelous manifestations of spirit return caused the most intense interest and inquiry, not only in America, but throughout the civilized world, the simple announcement of Mrs. Underhill's death may well remind us all to pause and reflect. Innumerable memories of the many bitter trials and sorrows to which the Fox family were subjected during the early period of their strange and eventful experiences, come unbidden, and must strike a chord of sympathy in the heart of every unprejudiced human soul. Under the honest but searching scrutiny of such minds as Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, John W. Edmonds, Professor S. B. Brittan, J. Fenimore Cooper, James A. Garfield, Robert Dale Owen, Isaac T. Hopper, Governor N. P. Tallmadge, John E. Robinson,

Professor Agassiz, Professor Mapes, Professor Horsford, William M. Thackeray (the novelist), Robert Chambers, E. W. Capron, Jacob G. Cuyler, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. A. D. Wilson, and hundreds of other men and women of that period, the Fox sisters passed through the various and trying ordeals, abundantly proving their honesty of purpose and causing many of their learned and skeptical investigators to become firm believers and defenders of the new light and the new dispensation. The beautiful prayer and discourse by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham at the obsequies, and the affecting solemnity of the occasion will long be remembered by a large number of mourners and friends present. At the conclusion of Mrs. Brigham's beautiful and touching discourse, Handel's exalted musical inspiration, "Angels ever bright and fair," was rendered by Mrs. Louise Vescelius Sheldon with such prayerful and tender pathos as to draw copious tears from the eyes of many of her sympathetic listeners. This beautiful composition was indeed a fitting close to the sacred and impressive ceremonies.

AT GREENWOOD.

Mrs. Underhill was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, by the side of her sainted mother whom she loved so tenderly, on Wednesday, 5th inst. A beautiful cross, and crown of flowers, was placed at the head of her grave. The day was charming and serene, and the beautiful sun shed a bright halo over the great "city of the dead." Many relatives and friends followed the remains of the dear one to their final resting place. Mrs. Underhill's generous nature, and many kindly acts toward the weary and friendless during her long and useful life need hardly be commented upon here, for they were a marked characteristic in her earthly pilgrimage. Henry Ward Beecher frequently said that "the true way to be happy in this world, was to make others happy," and the greatest aim of this good woman's life was to carry out this divine injunction to the letter. The poor and needy were never turned from her hospitable door empty handed, and her great sympathetic heart constantly went out to the suffering children of earth. As a consistent Spiritualist, she remained steadfast and firm in her faith. The mottoes of her daily life were "Listen to the small voice within, and obey its dictates." "Do not unto others that you would not have others do unto you." "Worship where your conscience (not pride) leads you, and you need not fear to meet your God." Many happy weeks and months have been spent by myself and family at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, who have been among our most intimate friends for many long years. Mrs. Underhill was ever ready to demonstrate through her mediumship the palpable assurance of a glorious immortality. In her many labors of love for the afflicted, she has been constantly seconded by her noble and generous-hearted husband. Mrs. Underhill will be greatly missed in her home, and by a large circle of devoted and tried friends. I can not better close these remarks than by quoting from a beautiful letter written by Mrs. Pauline W. Davis, of Providence, R. I., to Mrs. Underhill. She writes as follows: "Deeply as I am interested in the new philosophy, of which you are a chosen teacher, still am I more interested in you, as a woman, a woman whose heart is alive to all that is good and great, and that has been purified by high love."

FUNERAL DISCOURSE BY MRS. HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM, OVER THE REMAINS OF MRS. A. LEAH UNDERHILL.

[Phonographically reported by W. S. Rogers.]

PRAYER.

O, thou who art at all times with us, whose hand expresses infinite tenderness and care, and fatherhood and motherhood blended in one! we would have thoughts of thee come to us to-night, bringing light through all our shadows, abundant strength through all our weariness and weakness. O, God, thou whose light makes beautiful the world, thou whose love is the light over us, comfort, instruct us, for we need thee now. We bring to thee, in our prayer, all the hunger and thirst of our spiritual nature, all the longing, all the weariness, all the doubt, and all the trouble, and we bless thee in the clear light of thy love and care; and, lo, even while we pray, we are strengthened, and uplifted, and answered. Our Father! in the midst of sorrow, we yet have the rejoicing that we bring to thee our earnest thanks, that thy love is perfect. We thank thee, that whatever men may think of thee,

however they may stumble and be mistaken in striving to know thee who art infinite and changeless in thy love and goodness, by thy every law humanity grows upward and sunward, and the shadows melt away, and we learn that thou art love, and we trust in thee who art the spirit of truth, the giver of all truth. And when from time to time there comes amid the darkness some helper, some guide, some hand to lift the lighted torch amid the gloom, we thank thee, for thou art the love and the light that makes these things possible. O, Spirit of Truth, we may still apprehend thee. We may stumble in thy way, we may doubt, misunderstand and misinterpret, yet, steadfast and sure stands the truth, and we thank thee that it is so.

O, our Father! while human hearts are grieving, while shadow, pain, and sorrow lie darkly upon so many assembled here to-night, yet through all our night of sorrow the great, bright stars are shining and there is a silvery radiance that glides through the darkness, and rests upon us where we are. We thank thee that we know thou didst give a little child to the earth. We thank thee for the love that sustained and sheltered her, for the love that nourished and developed her; and we thank thee for the maidenhood and womanhood; for the love in the wife and the mother; for the daughter, for the sister, for the friend. And, O, our Father! now that this friend is gone from the weariness, gone from the storms of the world that are lashed on every hill; gone from the turbulent ocean of sorrow, whose murmuring was always in her ears; now that she stands in the clear and cloudless light, O, Father! for the life and liberty, and the peace and happiness which she has found; for the work she has done which brings the light of blessed truth to those who sat in darkness for the beautiful dispensation of immortal life that she was strong to bring, and steadfast and unswerving to keep before the eyes of the world. For all this we thank thee, O Spirit of Truth. In those days, when to speak of this beautiful truth which gave to her her strength and glory, was to incur derision; when, in those days to assert that heaven and earth were blended, and that mortals could receive messages from their unseen friends was only to call forth criticism and bitter scorn—she stood strong and secure as an oak stands amid the storms of winter.

O, our Father! for the hand, small as it was, and frail as it was,—the hand, cold and nerveless to-night,—the hand which helped to open the great door, to unlock the great mystery to those who are longing, hungering, mourning—for this, O, God! we thank thee. We thank thee, that in those days, when the light which she helped to bring was seen by multitudes instead of a few, that in those days when she stood firmly by this beautiful truth which she felt, and knew, and lived, day by day—for this strength, for this loyalty, for this purity and honesty of purpose in the woman, in the medium, for all this, O God of love, and God of truth, we thank thee.

And now that her night is ended, and her day has dawned upon the eternal hill; now that she has gone as a visible presence from those who love her so tenderly and so dearly, from the many that she has won with her love and generosity, O, Father! for the beautiful welcome that has been given her at the home invisible, shall we not thank thee? There have been words of gladness, sweet words, happy greeting. There has been a great and sweet surprise in the wonderful light, the light that has no equal on the face of this broad earth. For all the beauty that she now sees, O, God, we thank thee.

And now, O Father, help us; help those whom she has helped. She was always quick to respond to the cry of the needy; her sympathy was always ready to aid those who were in trouble; her tears were as quick to flow as April clouds to shed their rain, over the sorrows of others. And O Father! from that beautiful land where she lives with millions of angels standing in the light, we pray that the same love and helpfulness downflowing from that land may be felt, may be accepted here to-night. There are many here to-night who need this comfort, O, Father, make them receptive of it, make their natures plastic to receive it, open the eyes of the spirit, open the windows of the soul that this light may shine in; and, O, Father! we trust in thee, lead us, guide us; let thy angels strengthen and comfort us all, now and forever. Amen.

ADDRESS.

"Death shall be swallowed up in victory." This is an old saying which is an instance of that wonderful inspiration which is over all the world—"Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." "Oh death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?"

There are some words of comfort that we could recall, many that come flowing back to us like the ghosts of sweet music from the hills forever green and bathed in light, and beyond our yearning mortal sight. But among those echoing words there are none which can express so perfectly to us as those we have quoted—"Now, indeed, is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Friends, you have come from many places—from homes where the name of our sister was a household word. Did you ever go to her house before when you had not received from her a loving welcome? How ready she was to reach out her hand to greet you. How quick the smile sprang with the light in her face; how warm were those friendly, kindly words of greeting so dear and so familiar to the memory of all. You have come here to-night, and there, with the crown at the head, and strongly significant, the cross also, is a quiet sleeper. But she whom you love is not there; it is only as the slumber that lies like a benediction of peace on the tired face. And when you look at that casket, and the wearied dust that occupies it, we would have you remember that our friend is simply gone out of it, and that she lives never so

truly, never so really, as to-night; and she has spoken the words of welcome to you, but you did not hear them. She has smiled upon you with such angelic sweetness as you never saw on the worn, tired face, but you saw not the light of that smile.

And friends, though you call her dead, she is living and comes as truly as any soul can come; and remember, "Now is come to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory." Friends, do you know what this life is? Do you know what death is? These garments you are wearing are only yours, not you. They are the shells, or robes, or houses, whatever you choose to call them—your possessions. You are interwoven in the very fibers of this body, but the body is not you. And when you look upon the faces assembled to-night, you are looking only upon the veil which one-half reveals and one-half conceals the love of your friends. Here upon this earth you are placed to fulfill a mission, to learn a lesson. Do you not know that this is not your home? That it is not the abiding place? That day after day, and year after year, you are building a house that you shall find in the other land? It is built of thoughts and motives; it is built of words; and day after day you are weaving, thread by thread, thought by thought, the robes that you shall find waiting for you in the life invisible to you to-night. And sooner or later this change which has come to our friend so suddenly, and with signs and warnings partly unnoticed or misunderstood—this change will come to you all. It will come swiftly; it will come soon to some of you; it will come lingeringly to some, but it is on its way. No, you are on your way to meet it. It is not a dreadful thing; it is not a fearful thing, this change you call death. It is only an opening of the door, and passing out of the shadows into the light, to that sweet and glorious splendor that lies beyond this vestibule of toil as you are wont to call it. And so day by day, as you are here learning your lessons, it is wise that you should stop and consider what this life really is—this life that men call death. When the night ends, the day is beginning; when the bud uncloses, the rose blossoms; when the chrysalis is broken, the butterfly wafts itself in the light, shakes its wet wings, and dries them in the sunshine and soars away. Is that death? No; that is a natural change, an evolution, an outgrowth. And friends, if death is not the birth of the spirit, then science halts and stumbles at this point. But if death is birth; if it is the dawn of the day; if it is the breaking of the chrysalis, then it is but one link in this long chain of evidence, in this one great chain of evolution and progression.

Friends, why shall we stop to ask for evidence and indications and suggestions of immortal life? Why should we speak of intuitions, and of longings for another world? Why should we speak of the strength of the pure affection which will not lie down in the dust of the grave? Why should we bring to you texts of scripture? Why should we tell you stories of the angels of the olden days who came to the seers, and patriarchs, and disciples? Why should we tell you of these things? There is here to-day in your mind a name. It is the name of one whose life work shines as bright as the brightest star in the heavens—the work of demonstrating immortal life.

Friends, when you think of our dear sister, Leah Fox Underhill, the name itself has a sound which seems to carry with it something to the affections, something to the intellect, assuring us by these demonstrations of immortal life; and then we remember that we do not need to search and glean in the fields of philosophy, and science, and history, to show you the reality of life. We can think of her as still living. We can trace the path backward. And you come with us in your thoughts till you find the time when those raps sounded as though the angels had said, we seek admittance, and we will not be set aside, we will not be denied. We know that this woman has stood before the wise and the learned; she has stood before men who were proud of their intellect and attainments; her powers have been carefully scrutinized, and she has given, to all these questions, the clear, straightforward answers that demonstrated immortality. She did not shrink as some mediums from exhibition, she did not hide beyond false conditions, she did not stand before the world saying, I dare not let this light shine, but she let it shine; she held the torch when its glow and glory shone in tears, in tears that blinded her sight. Oh, brave, faithful, living worker, brave heart, silent now. Oh, brave in purpose, strong and vivid, and intense, in the spiritual life! We bring you homage; we bring you greeting; for, you were the one who demonstrated life after death, who demonstrated the power of the invisible over the visible; you were the one who gave to the world proofs that spirit is all potent, and that it thrills matter, and communicates through matter. Oh, brave, loyal, spiritual worker, we lay at your feet this crown of our loving remembrance, our loving gratitude; and why should we need to seek for proofs of immortal life when you have given them so full and so perfect.

When we think of her, we remember the bitter waters that flowed to her feet, we remember the ingratitude that gathered around her; and then the pur-

pose, like the purpose that stirred the saintly souls of old lives beyond the shadow, and we say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Friends, "Now is brought to pass the saying, Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

Of what are you thinking, as you gather here to-night? First her powers to bring spiritual light. You were thinking of them all of these later years when as part of this home made bright and beautiful with love and welcome, and singing birds, and green leaves, and fragrant flowers, she lived and welcomed you. Those loving hands were reaching out to the aged and the poor; always ready to give, always ready to help, always thinking of the needs of others. Those loving hands were stretched out to little children. She folded them in her arms, she kissed them, she loved them. And friends she gave a mother's care to the motherless. She has helped others; she has led them along the pathway of life to manhood and womanhood, and given of her possessions to bless them. Her life has gone out to all classes. Back over the land that you can not see, where the light is shining, and where the darkness of earth fades into the eternal white,—there comes a presence, strange perhaps to you; not strange if you could see it; and we remember one who was a "Sojourner,"* and one whose name was dear, and we know that, years ago, she gave to her loving welcome. She cast her not out, she thought not of the sable-hued brow and cheek, she only thought of the purpose, and gave her welcome.

Friends, you who come here, remember the kindly deeds that characterized this life, how this heart was filled to overflowing with blossoms that graced her pathway, flowers that grew from the very soil of the human heart of love and sympathy; how her home was open to so many; how her ready sympathy flowed out to so many. Friends, how beautiful these words are, "Death shall be swallowed up in victory."

What has she found? Her friends. There are names we might speak, the names of men and names of women that are dear to us in memory and in reverence; and she has spoken these names, she has seen the old familiar faces, she has clasped the hands of welcome friends in the better land, and the old life of trouble, pain and weariness, and advancing years, is left behind her. Oh, loving sister, loving friend, loving wife, heaven is indeed brighter to-night, because it has one more kind heart dwelling therein.

Among those who have loved her, among the names of statesmen, among the names of men who have helped shape the very character of our country itself, among the names of poets and teachers, we might speak of one, yes, more than one; but of one especially, whose young, sweet life flowed away like a strain of sweet music in a land where music is the eternal language.† And she has stood by the dear boy, and she has clasped his hand, and said, "I have come from those who mourn and grieve, and I am sure your father, your mother, all your dear ones are seeing more light than they have seen, and I know it will not be very long when we shall all be together." And so, friends, to-night, the message that we bring you is one of love, and congratulation: for the one who has left the night behind her forever, and who stands on the morning shore, who stands beneath the peace that can never, never fade away.

Friends, when you take your last look at that face that lies so pallid and so pathetic there with the last shadow of pain, say to yourself, that is not your friend; that is not Leah; that is only the garment that is cast off. She will not need it any more. She stands, strong and young and free, and with a state of spirit, of character, she could not have in that poor, tired body among the troubled surroundings of earth. And when we think this we will comfort our grieving, we will dry our tears, and say, you have found the victory. "O, death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Friends, you are now spirits; and though you are wearing these garments of the body of lowly hue the world you call the invisible is all around you like the atmosphere. Oh, hearts sad and burdened, if we only could draw aside the curtain and let you see the beyond, you would know these things. Between these rooms a thin curtain is drawn, between this room and that there hangs a curtain of lace, but just beyond there are green leaves and flowers and birds.‡ And, oh friends, between you and the beautiful where the birds are not asleep, between you and the beautiful beyond where the flowers are all in bloom, there is a

* "Sojourner" Truth, a well known and patriotic old colored woman, a staunch supporter of the American Union, and a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, spent several months at Mrs. Underhill's home, where she was made happy and contented in her declining years. She died at the advanced age (so stated) of 107 years.

† Emmons Hamlin Watson, the gifted young musician, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jay Watson, who passed from earth to heaven, January 15, 1890, at the age of nineteen years and ten months, and in whose rare musical genius Mrs. Underhill took a warm personal interest.

‡ Mrs. Underhill's beautiful aviary of birds, flowers, and tropical plants.

curtain hanging; would that you could draw it aside. But we can not, but angels' fingers will do this for you if you are only willing. And so friends shall we say good-night? No, let us change it. Good-night is the stem of the rose of thorns that pain our fingers as we hold it, but, lo, upon this stem uplifted is the rose, and that rose is the good-morning for our friend. For all the sad and troubled ones may the peace of God come, the benediction of heaven, the clear light of the truth. For the dear companion whom she loved so deeply and who has so nobly aided her in her work, faithfully standing by her through years of care and pain and trial—for this companion we would only say, there will be light, there will be strength, there will be recognition "When the mists have rolled away." For the dear ones who have made the light of the home, we have only these words of kind sympathy, of sweetest and tenderest love; for those who have called her sister, and who have found her a sister not alone in name, always ready to forgive, always ready to do, always ready to help them, when the night of this mourning seems deepest and darkest, we only say, look up and think of her where she is at rest and at peace, and then say, "Now, indeed, is the saying brought to pass, Death is swallowed up in victory."

Mrs. Brigham improvised some verses appropriate to the occasion, after the recitation of which she concluded the services with these words:

And now, O Father, may thy blessing rest upon us who so steadily need it; upon the suffering companion, weak and weary; upon these dear ones she has cared for and loved; upon these friends whose love follows her over into the land where she is to-night. May thy blessing give us strength, and truth, and peace, until all shall realize that there is no death, but that which seems so is "Swallowed up in victory."

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

BY HON. A. H. DAILEY.

So many weeks have elapsed since the publication of my last letter in THE JOURNAL that an explanatory word to those of your readers who have perused my European letters seems proper. When my wife and I left America we went to regain impaired health, and anticipated that the ocean voyage and European travel would more speedily effect that result than proved to be the case. We found that the fatigue of travel, the weariness of sight seeing, and the changes of diet we were subject to did not benefit us; and the exertion of letter writing was often too great to be safely engaged in. Therefore I have been obliged to defer until more recuperated before resuming my correspondence. Before I close these letters, I shall endeavor to give to such of your readers as may anticipate traveling in Europe some valuable suggestions from our own experiences which will be profitable to them in many ways if heeded.

We found the journey from Berlin to Dresden short and pleasant, and Dresden itself a beautiful and thriving city of which the Germans may well be proud. The River Elbe flows through the town, which is crossed by several fine bridges, and mountains of considerable height look down upon the city and surrounding country. The valley between these mountains and high hills is wide and exceedingly fertile, and the approaches to Dresden are through miles of rich farms and villas; the high hills and even the mountains are occupied by the wealthy, where they have made themselves homes of great elegance. In the vicinity of Dresden we found the first appearances of any considerable grape culture since leaving the Rhine. There has been so much written of Dresden, and the character of the place is so well known that any lengthy description is unnecessary now. The great galleries of art have a fame that is world wide. Here are collected many of the greatest works ever produced by man, representing the characters and scenes around which so much of human interest has been centered for nearly two thousand years. They are gazed upon year after year by many thousands of people, with strangely contrasting emotions. It is a study not devoid of interest to observe the effect produced upon the minds of different people when they enter the great museums of art in the cities of Europe. Those accustomed to such places are at once known by the cool and critical manner in which they commence the task before them. If a person has never undertaken the careful examination and study of an extensive gallery of pictures he will not comprehend its exhausting nature until he has done so; then he will come to regard this kind of work as of the most wearing character, both to mind and body. Two hours a day is all that any person should devote to this department of sightseeing. I have seen persons subject to brain troubles, thrown completely off their balance when brought before striking figures and representations on canvas. Of course these are exceptional cases, but they serve to indicate the nature of the task in visiting such places. But there are persons who rush through these places stopping for a

moment only, before the most conspicuous pieces, whose brains never tire at anything, for reasons which I need not suggest. Occasionally we observed peasants from the surrounding country who for the first time in their lives were ushered into the rooms containing these great collections where they beheld the representations of the naked and half-nude forms of goddesses, nymphs and satyrs. Their blushes and confusion greatly excited our sympathy and amusement. Hats and aprons were fumbled, and their eyes wandering from place to place as if seeking for a retreat under the shadows of some friendly landscape. Sometimes I have thought that I detected a greenish hue in a maiden's eye, when her attendant lover lingered too long or cast too many sidewise glances at the exquisite form of a reclining Venus. That these representations of the highest types of female beauty should force a sigh from the hearts of those upon whom nature has not been so lavish in her mouldings is quite natural.

Oftentimes the religious tendencies of the visitor are shown by the attitude assumed before some of the sacred representations. They clearly evince a feeling that through the picture they are carried beyond the canvas and pigment to the being represented, before whom the soul commands obeisance and the hinges of the knee are made to bend. The original of the famous Madonna by Raphael continues to occupy a room by itself, and here hundreds of thousands come each year and stand uncovered in the presence of this masterpiece of human art. Superstitious and imaginative persons are often heard to say that they have seen the eyes of the Virgin move, and cherubs' faces peer through the aura around the forms, where in fact the great artist has pictured with wonderful skill numerous spiritual faces, which careful scrutiny only detects.

Of course we visited the Grand Cathedral on a Sabbath morning and listened to the charming music for which it is so famous. The organ is a grand instrument, and the choir fully worthy of its great reputation. One feature of the service was exceptionally fine, and that the reading by the priest. Those who have attended Catholic services understand the opportunity often embraced by the priest, to render his part in a musical voice very effectively. In this instance the voice of the priest (I know not his name), surpassed in richness and melody any voice from the choir, and filled the vast edifice with musical utterances I have never heard surpassed from the altar.

The zoological garden and park deserve a visit from all travelers. We made the acquaintance of a lady at the zoological garden who delights in her attentions to the most ferocious of the wild animals, and they in turn reciprocate with kind looks, and submit themselves to be petted and caressed by her, when they would tear and mangle any other hand extended to them. A stranger seeing her project her hand into the cage of a restless spitting panther barely escaped a blow from his paw for presuming to put his hand upon her arm, thinking to rescue her from danger. She showed us two large white bears, which were born of two black bears in another cage since their capture. Dresden is the home of many Americans who enjoy the climate and the facilities for studying art and the German language.

From Dresden we took a day train to the ancient and historical city of Prague. The railroad follows the course of the River Elbe for most of the way, and the scenery is picturesque and pleasing. The river has worn its channel between frowning hills of sandstone, and through long periods of time wind and water have been busy in cutting and curving according to their own freaks, until grotesque forms, stately columns, mock castles and towers stand out in impressive prominence from the hills and mountains on either side. Vineyards alone were wanting to convey the impression that we were again traversing the valley of the Rhine. I was soon struck with the appearance of large crucifixes standing in the most conspicuous places where they could be readily observed by the traveler for many miles. When we came where the valley widened we found them at road crossings, in the open fields and in numerous secluded places. We were told that the people, who are mainly Catholic, in their religious fervor not only maintain these numerous crosses as a part of the performance of a religious duty, but, if a man has been murdered or fallen dead at a particular place, that a cross is at once thus erected and maintained, to purify and exalt the influences of the locality, and in any place where anything of a ghost-like nature has occurred, a cross is placed to banish the spectre. The erecting of the cross is attended with considerable ceremony, and it is customary for a priest to officiate, and by his great powers and the assistance he invokes, he puts to flight the demoniacal influences, if such there be, or releases from its imprisonment any unfortunate spirit, whose deeds have become as self-wrought chains with which he is held to the place of his sin in the tortures of an eternal nightmare to his soul. How much of this is mere superstition, and how much is possible and true, those who read must determine for themselves. These countries are full of old castles, ruined towns,

and crumbling habitations, and legends strange and interesting attach to nearly all. Were the ghost stories repeated a thousand times, and handed down from generation to generation in these countries, collected and collated, they would make an immense library of themselves, but of course the knowing and wise would pronounce this vast accumulation of tales valueless testimony to establish the fact that man has a soul that may manifest itself after death to mortals yet living.

Some years ago I was assigned, much against my wishes, by the court to defend from the charge of murder a young man who had deliberately sharpened a large knife, called upon a young German woman with whom he was in love, and because she had refused to marry him, plunged this knife into her heart. Upon the trial a young man, a lawyer, gave testimony. Many months afterwards he accosted me in a court room, and made himself known. I had quite forgotten him. His object, he said, in speaking to me was to relate an unpleasant experience he had had during a recent visit to some relations in England. He said he knew I was a Spiritualist, but that he had himself been an utter disbeliever in the possibility of a soul's return to earth so as to manifest itself, until the occurrence he then related. When in England he was given lodgings by his relations in a large room, entirely by himself, in a stone mansion several hundred years old. In the night he was awakened by the apparently heavy breathing of a person near him in the room. He was startled, and he listened intently, and the breathing became momentarily more distinct and labored. He held his breath to be sure that he could not be mistaken, and found the sound not only more distinct, but apparently approaching him more closely. He would have leaped from his bed and lighted a candle, but this unpleasant sound was between him and the candle. Seeing no way of escape and feeling his hair rising, he plunged beneath the clothing of his bed and waited for day. In the morning he accused his cousins, two young ladies, of having made him the subject of a practical joke, which they strenuously denied, but exchanged significant glances with each other. After he had related his night's experience, they informed him that they had hesitated about giving him that room, but were obliged to do so, as they then had no other at their disposal; that the room had the reputation of being haunted, and that others who had occupied it had had similar experiences; and that over a hundred years ago a murder had been committed there, and they showed him what were said to be blood stains upon the floor beside the bed.

The other is an incident related to me by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and relates to the dealings by Catholics with cases of obsession. Many years ago while she was lecturing in Cincinnati, a young girl in Covington, Kentucky, was said to be sorely afflicted by an evil-disposed spirit, and the family being Catholic, had at last applied to the sisters connected with a convent to use their powers to exorcise this spirit. It was at the close of a Sunday lecture, and Mrs. Britten was being conveyed in a coach across the bridge over the Ohio river to Covington, where she was to dine, and while crossing met the sisters with the young girl going to the convent. As they approached, Mrs. Britten clairvoyantly saw this spirit dancing in a rage before the young girl, and yet repelled by the presence of the sisters and the spirits attendant upon them. The horses attached to Mrs. Britten's coach reared in the air and became nearly unmanageable through fright, evidently observing the same midair antics attracting the attention of Mrs. Britten. The young girl was soon restored from the effects of the unpleasant domination of the spirits.

Professor G. Stanley Hall in a recent address, reported in the *Christian Register*, said: "Telepathy" is a word which has been invented to describe the mysterious influence that enables people to communicate with each other when at a distance. The automation of certain people is extremely susceptible. I have had a subject who will read large letters a foot long through seven thicknesses of cotton cloth. I can see through but one thickness, or sometimes two. It used to be thought that the passage of an impression over a foot of nerve fibre was instantaneous. Scientific experiments have now proved that exact measurements may be taken, and we know the time that it takes the sensation of a prick on the end of a finger to pass up to the brain and to react. There is no mental act yet proven to be independent of time. This, again, is of therapeutic value, because it serves as an index of certain forms of disease. In the same address Professor Hall observed: Not a single work that man has ever accomplished could have been done without the aid of muscles. Here we have to deal with a tissue more accessible than the tissue of the brain. There is perhaps no emotion or thought that is not expressed through the muscles somewhere. It is possible that the law holds within certain limits that every act of the soul is reflected in muscular action. This is the secret of muscle reading. It is impossible for us to know a thing and not show it.



BABYLAND.

Have you heard of the Valley of Babyland,
The realm where the dear little darlings stay
Till the kind storks go, as all men know,
And oh, so tenderly bring them away?
The paths are winding and past all finding
By all save the storks, who understand
The gates and highways and intricate by-ways
That lead to Babyland.

All over the Valley of Babyland
Sweet flowers bloom in the soft green moss,
And under the ferns fair, and under the plants
there

Lie little heads like spools of floss.
With a soothing number the river of slumber
Flows o'er a bedway of silver sand.
And angels are keeping watch o'er the sleeping
Babes of Babyland.

The path to the Valley of Babyland
Only the kingly, kind storks know;
If they fly over mountains or wade through foun-
tains,
No man sees them come and go.
But an angel maybe, who guards some baby,
Or a fairy, perhaps, with her magic wand,
Brings them straightway to the wonderful gate-
way
That leads to Babyland.

And there, in the Valley of Babyland,
Under the mosses and leaves and ferns,
Like an unfedg starling they find the darling
For whom the heart of a mother yearns;
And they lift him lightly and snug him tightly—
In feathers soft as a lady's hand,
And off with a rockaway step they walk away
Out of Babyland.

As they go from the Valley of Babyland
Forth into the world of the great unrest,
Sometimes weeping he wakes from sleeping
Before he reaches the mother's breast
Ah, how she blesses him, how she caresses him,
Bonniest bird in the bright home band
That o'er land and water the kind stork brought
her

From far-off Babyland.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In one of the wards of the University Hospital of Baltimore there lies and suffers—if she be not already mercifully dead—a charred and ghastly wreck of humanity that was a healthy, happy woman two days ago. *The Press* commends the case of this woman, Mrs. Rebecca Goldstein, to the attention of those highly scientific persons who contend that the maternal instinct is dying out in these modern days. The night before last Mrs. Goldstein and her husband awoke to find the lower portion of their home a mass of flames. Awakening their children they rushed to the roof. The alarm had already been given and the fire companies were at hand. Ladders were promptly raised to the roof. Four of the family were handed to the firemen when the mother made the agonizing discovery that the fifth and youngest child had been left behind in the excitement.

Tearing herself away from the hands of the firemen who sought to force her to descend the ladder, Mrs. Goldstein plunged down into the blazing furnace beneath. The fire caught her hair, her face, her hands, her clothing. It flashed in her eyes and she breathed it. It curled about her form and her flesh crisped and blackened. But she did not falter. Snatching the child from the floor, she caught it up, and throwing about it a shawl, dashed back with it through the wall of flames to the roof again. She saved the child, but she spent her own life in doing it. What she did the other mothers of America would do as unhesitatingly. There are a host of ways in which a mother may risk her life to save her child. And there is not one mother in a hundred who would once stop to think of her own peril in such an emergency. The wise ones may preach if they will; but mother love is as powerful to-day as ever. Without it the doom of our civilization would be swift and sure.

Mr. R. S. Hawker had a theory that there was an atmosphere which surrounded men, imperceptible to the senses, which was the vehicle of spirit, in which angels and devils moved, and which vibrated with spiritual influences, affecting the soul. Every passion man felt, set this ether trembling, and made itself felt throughout the spiritual world. A sensation of love, or anger, or jealousy, felt by one man, was like a stone thrown into a pool, and it sent ripples throughout the spiritual universe, which touched and communicated itself to

every spiritual being. Some mortal men having a highly refined soul, were as conscious of these pulsations as disembodied beings; but the majority are so numbed in their spiritual part as to make no response to these movements. He pointed out that photography has brought to light and taken cognizance of a chemical element in the sun's rays of which none formerly knew anything, but the existence of which is now proved; so in like manner was there a spiritual element in the atmosphere of which science could give no account, as its action could only be registered by the soul of man, which answered to the calms and storms in it, as the barometer to the atmosphere, and the films of gold leaf in the magnetometer to the commotions of the magnetic wave.—*Baring Gould's Vicar of Morwenston.*

Over 1,500 of the most prominent women in New York City have joined hands and pledged themselves to do all in their power to make their male friends vote and work for the People's Municipal League ticket. They have not been invited to work for the reform movement. They have gone at it from pure love of good municipal government and a desire to aid in the overthrow of corrupt Tammany Hall. America has never seen anything like this movement before. England has had for years its Primrose League and its Liberal League for women in politics, but it was reserved for the women of New York who are appalled by the evil in Tammany's administration to inaugurate the fashion in this country. On the membership roll may be found such names as these: Mrs. J. H. Choate, Mrs. C. Fairchild, Mrs. W. W. Whitney, Mrs. J. F. Kernochan, Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. S. S. McClure, Mrs. Jenness Miller, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. D. S. Appleton, and Mrs. Ella D. Clymer.

At the meeting of the St. Louis Bar association in memory of Justice Miller, Miss Phoebe Couzins, speaking of the dead judge's part three years before in the creation of herself a United States Marshal, said: Comprehending that the situation was one of sore trial to me, he leaned forward with most cordial approval on his smiling face, while the oath was being administered, and at the close, with a graceful wave of his hand, he placed all listeners en rapport with the court by saying: "And now, Mistress Marshal, I hope you will have no occasion to hang a man during your administration of office." In a prized letter to me, he says: "While you were not permitted to fill out the full tenure of your father's term, let us congratulate ourselves that we have established a precedent which, sooner or later, must be recognized by all. Even now other courts are admitting women to official positions, and it can not be long before the principle will be acknowledged by all."

An exchange says that it is not generally known, perhaps, that the golden rod is one of the most dangerous plants known to botanists, and no one who picks the flowers should allow them to remain over night in their room. Underneath their golden beauty there lurks a deadly poison. If they are allowed to stand in a room two or three days they become dry, and a fluffy powder-like substance which the flower produces, begins to decay, and is sent through the rooms in the form of an imperceptible powder, which is inhaled by the occupants, irritating the throat, producing sneezing, and making the limbs feel as though burdened by a heavy weight. In some respects the symptoms are not unlike those of la grippe. Several cases of severe sickness have resulted from this sort of poisoning, and lovers of the state flower should be careful to see that there are none in their rooms when they retire.

In the course of a brief address at the Burlington School for Girls last month, when Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes he said: Well, ladies, you who belong to the favored half of the human race, enormous changes have taken place in your position, not only in your actual, but also in your prospective positions as members of society. It is almost terrible to look back upon the state of women sixty years ago, upon the manner in which they were viewed by the law, and the scanty provision made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice to which in certain particulars they were subjected. Great changes have taken place, and still greater, I will not say are impending, but are much dis-

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the statesman, is described by one who has met her "as an exceedingly original person who resembles her father and has his vitality. If she were introduced as Miss Brown of Chicago, Boston people would pronounce her shocking, 'the typical Western person,' who must be sat upon and silenced. But her big nature and splendid vitality would drown their little criticisms and when they found her to be Miss Gladstone they would pronounce her a glorious creature."

"Twenty damsels of knowledge" recently got up a debate upon the subject, "Which one of our notable living Americans has shown himself to be the possessor of the greatest intellect?" After writing down one hundred names, placing them in a box, and then taking one out at a time and discussing each successive individual, the choice finally rested upon Thomas A. Edison.

Elizabeth Comstock, the aged Quaker preacher, now living at Union Springs, N. Y., has visited during her lifetime 122,000 prisoners, 195,000 sick and wounded soldiers and 85,000 inmates of almshouses on both sides of the water.

The first number of a new weekly periodical, called *Mistress and Maid*, has just been published in London. Its object is to find good servants for employers and good places for servants.

THE BANNER'S PET HARD HIT.

Ex-convict W. R. Colby, known in the Texas Penitentiary as No. 4273, a confirmed criminal and of late the special admiration of Luther Colby of the *Banner of Light*, has come before the public once more in a way likely to increase his difficulties in robbing people. The Boston *Herald* of November 7th devoted over three columns to Colby's history and exposed one of his many tricks in simulating spirit presence. The *Herald* republished the greater part of THE JOURNAL's exposé of August 4th, 1888, together with some subsequent events in the life of the villain. As long ago as May 2, 1885, THE JOURNAL published W. R. Colby as a trickster and dead beat. We finally drove him out of Chicago, and he brought up in San Francisco where he was received with open arms and profuse hospitality by J. J. Owen, editor of *The Golden Gate*. By his plausible methods and Owen's strong endorsements Colby soon ingratiated himself into the confidence and sympathy of Pacific Coast Spiritualists—or people calling themselves Spiritualists. He was in clover; nothing was too good for him. Made a director of a camp meeting and ordained as a minister, he was in high feather with the faithful, and spending their money at the gaming table with the recklessness of one who felt his supply was limitless. THE JOURNAL had been quietly but industriously following a blind trail leading from W. R. Colby to Parson Raines, a Baptist preacher who robbed a mail car in Texas while holding a revival. At last, after years of labor in securing the proofs, THE JOURNAL came out with the facts and traced the fellow's career down to his assumption of the dignity of camp director, preacher and protégé of *The Golden Gate*. Consistent with his previous course, Mr. Owen still continued to befriend the gambler, mountebank and robber. The columns of *The Golden Gate* were open to and used by Colby to deny THE JOURNAL's statements and to work up additional sympathy for the "poor persecuted medium." Mr. Owen freely drew from his exhaustless oleomargarine storehouse and his lachrymose depot to build affecting editorials in defense of the victim of THE JOURNAL's "persecution." *The Chronicle*, of San Francisco, published a long dispatch from Chicago giving the substance of THE JOURNAL's exposé. Colby at once brought suit against *The Chronicle* for \$100,000. Whereupon Mr. De Young telegraphed and wrote us as to whether our allegations could be substantiated. We

replied by assuring him we never made assertions we could not prove, and sent him the data on which to found his defense. A great daily does not stop at expense when necessary to its defense. Mr. De Young at once arranged to have John F. Lippard, whose mail car had been robbed by Colby, and others from Texas who could identify the criminal, come to San Francisco. These witnesses identified Colby as Parson Raines; whereupon Owen's pet suddenly left the city and has since been on the tramp. After varying vicissitudes and experiences, one of which was traveling through Kansas last spring in partnership with Eliza Ann Wells—Henry J. Newton's quondam star—Colby turned up at Onset Camp last summer, where he soon became popular, and aided A. B. Richmond in manufacturing sympathy for himself and W. E. Reid, who was then, and is now, doing time in the Detroit house of correction. Luther Colby was spending the summer at Onset, where the supply of counterfeit spirits was abundant enough to satisfy his morbid tastes and vitiated understanding.

Naturally Colby the veteran editor was hypnotized by Colby the veteran blackleg. Such a result was inevitable, and people should not be too hard on the ancient fraud defender, for his constitutional weakness of mind makes him the prey of every designing schemer. In *The Banner of Light* for August 2d, Editor Colby speaks of his new found friend thus:

Last week the report of Onset Bay Camp contained an account of a remarkably successful séance for independent slate-writing held at the auditorium by Dr. W. R. Colby. We met the Doctor subsequent to the meeting, and when we shook hands with him we saw at once that he was possessed of mediumistic power to a great extent. We were about to explain to him that we were pleased to see among the names of spirits written that of an old friend of ours from Amesbury; and *his* say: "A lady from our town"—when he, himself, called out at once "Mary Webster," the correct name. How could it have been possible for him—a stranger in this locality—to have, unaided by unseen monitors, selected this name at once from the large number so indiscriminately inscribed on the slate above referred to?

Editor Colby forgets that the "stranger" could read the papers and that "Mary Webster" had been more than once chronicled as "an old friend of ours from Amesbury." He forgets that the mail robber and pseudo-medium had traveled with Eliza Ann Wells who knew all about "Mary Webster." Editor Colby's "unseen monitors" had evidently gone blue-fishing when he penned that experience. Indeed, it is an open question where Editor Colby's "unseen monitors" are not always on a vacation and their place taken by some of those diabolical fellows, of whom it is well known he stands in mortal terror.

Of course Editor Colby knew the record of his latest medial find. He knew of THE JOURNAL's repeated exposures of the man, and of the identification of Medium Colby with Mail-robber Raines by the *Chronicle's* witnesses in San Francisco, but all this weighed not a feather. Editor Colby knew his contemporary of *The Golden Gate* had been forced, most reluctantly, to acknowledge that he had made a fool of himself in the case, but this did not deter Editor Colby from enacting the same role on the Atlantic coast that *The Golden Gate* man had filled on the Pacific. Editor Colby encouraged his namesake, and when the latter assaulted Mr. John Curtis, a gentlemanly old man of seventy years, and struck him in the face, all because his victim knew too much of his career, Editor Colby had no word of censure for the brutal act, but hugged his pet still closer. After camp W. R. Colby was announced in *The Banner* as a medium and lecturer, located in Boston and prepared to supply the spiritual wants of New England seekers. He was received with *ecclat* at so-

cial gatherings of the truly faithful and all was going on swimmingly. A patronage-compelling card was issued reading thus:

DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMS.

W. R. COLBY.

INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITER,

— AND —

TEST MEDIUM.

Lectures and Platform Tests. Will Answer Calls for Funerals.

443. SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS.

Just as things had been adjusted for a profitable winter's campaign, with the help of *The Banner of Light*, Nemesis, bearing the form of *The Herald*, swooped down upon Editor Colby's Colby and pricked his bloated pretensions, leaving only a grinning skeleton for the wondermongers to gorge themselves upon. Both the Colbys found themselves in the soup; a soup so thin that even the perverted tastes of the Boston medio-maniacs rejected it.

J. Frank Baxter, Sidney Dean, Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Brigham and all you respectable, law-abiding lecturers and representatives, how do you enjoy having Parson Raines foisted upon the same platform with yourselves? Are you overflowing with gratitude to the editor of *The Banner of Light* for helping this criminal and desperate adventurer to a place beside you as a teacher of the beautiful and saving philosophy of Spiritualism? Are you proud of your company? With the aid of this dissipated gambler and thief, don't you feel as though you could administer consolation to mourners and portray the beatitudes of the loved ones gone before with greater power than ever? Of course you must; and you will no doubt all be delighted to have your praises sung on the same page with those of W. R. Colby in the "dear old *Banner*" in its next issue, or as soon thereafter as opportunity offers. Charity you know "covereth a multitude of sins"; and *The Banner* hath charity,—if that is what you call it,—so fall into line and help the veteran editor of "the oldest Spiritualist paper on earth" to boom the blacklegs and criminals who desire to sit beside you on the rostrum and to take the greater share of the loaves and fishes. It isn't pleasant at first, but then you have been used to it for many years, and you must not disgruntle the veteran editor now that he is so hyper-sensitive and explosive—it might be fatal. Besides, you wouldn't feel at home if you had a clean platform and your cheeks ceased to mantle with shame at the company forced upon you by Editor Colby; you wouldn't be getting the discipline necessary to fit you for that next embodiment, when with the two Colbys and other worthies you can help to rule a race where only love and charity dwell and where all the creature comforts are materialized by the slightest exercise of the will.

A friend writes: I met Rev. B., a Presbyterian minister, on the cars on his way, with others, to an annual meeting. I gave him a seat, and he began to talk of the church. I informed him that I was a Spiritualist. He listened half the time, so he must be an exceptional man for a preacher. He admitted that the church made a mistake when it refused to entertain the new inspiration, and that he would be glad to see us all back and in harmony; that he had never read much on the subject of hypnotism until lately, but was now much interested. It is astonishing how much these same preachers can admit when it does not interfere with their interests. I told him of the Society for Psychical Research and its branches, and mentioned many names of eminent men connected with it, and its work in France, Germany, England and the United States. He had never heard of it. See how circumscribed the reading of a Presbyterian minister may be.



THERE IS NO GOOD, IF NO EVIL.

TO THE EDITOR: As Mr. Lecky says, argument has small power to convince so long as an opposing predisposition remains; and when that opposing predisposition is fostered by association and vocation, the force of argument is reduced to a minimum. But to some who are not obsessed with false idea, a statement of its counter truth may be welcome and beneficial.

If there is such a thing as healing, whether by the agency of matter or spirit, there is something wrong that has to be righted, and that wrong we call evil in opposition to the healing agency and its effect, health, which we call good. If the evil is only seeming, such seeming is evil. It is painful, injurious, and sometimes degrading; and for these reasons we seek to escape from it. If the evil is only seeming, its removal is only seeming; so that the whole process is only one of delusion, which is not always the case. To define evil as good or only seeming evil does not always remove evil or its evil seeming.

Besides, the evil is always as real as the good, so long as it lasts. Both of them are states of consciousness, or modes of mind as thinking, feeling subject. Even error and delusion are real errors and delusions, and are as really mental states as their opposites. Evil is not a reality as a distinct entity existing apart from some conscious subject. But neither is good. There is no good or evil except in consciousness and relative to conscious subjects. My sorrow and joy are both equally me, as states of my own being or mind or conscious self. If the sorrow is changed into joy, or the joy replaced by sorrow, it is a change in the real condition of my real mind; and it makes no difference whether the sorrow is caused by error or truth, it is equally real, and so the joy may have a delusive cause, but it is perfectly real as a part of my mind.

No other reality is known to us but these, conscious states and their subject. To give a new definition to a word, and then to build everything in the heavens and earth on that, is a process worthy of the worst metaphysics of the dark ages. To dogmatically define the real as the eternal assumes everything, and more than everything. It makes everything unreal that is not eternal. Then everything that we know or ever can know is unreal; for all the knowable is phenomenal and that is ever changing, and must be. The eternal itself must undergo eternal change, else it can do nothing; for to do is to change and to generate change, and all changes are or the modes of the essential being of that which changes; and so the eternal is unreal, being changeful, or the unreal and changeful are the eternal.

The sum of the truth on the subject is that good and evil, matter and spirit are known as conscious states, and as such are equally real, but that we hope there is an eternal good and that all evil is transient, and that mental healing and spirit healing are helping to increase the good and diminish the evil.

W. J. GILL.

FOR THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER.

TO THE EDITOR: I regard the following account as worthy the attention of the psychic investigator. The data are from the lips of Dr. C. W. Stone, Salina, Kans., and are in every way worthy of credence.

The subject is the apparition of a suicide, Benjamin Hart, who hanged himself in his stable in Harrison county, Ohio, about the middle of August, 1867. His apparition appeared at the same time to Dr. Stone, between Oscoda and Au Sable, Mich.

The Doctor, being at that time in Au Sable, was on his way to Oscoda to visit a patient. He had crossed the Au Sable river and had entered the beautiful Pine Arbor extending some fifty yards beyond the bridge in the direction of Oscoda. The tops of the trees met gratefully above, forming a deep, dense shade through which was passing a delightful, cool breeze. Hearing a rustling noise over his head, he looked up and saw in distinct outline the body of Benjamin Hart suspended by a rope attached to the rafters of a stable, the rafters apparently being wedged into the branches of the trees for support. The apparition was in the dying struggles of one hanging, the legs and arms jerking violently. The Doctor watched the apparition until the struggles ceased, when it

vanished. He looked at his watch, and noted the time of day, 4 o'clock p. m. in his memorandum book.

Two weeks after, he received a letter from his mother, living in Perry county, Ohio, who at its close incidentally remarked that she had heard that Uncle Ben. Hart had committed suicide by hanging himself in his stable. The Doctor at once replied, asking for particulars as to the day and hour the deed was done. An answer came giving the dates corresponding to the record in the Doctor's memorandum book.

Dr. Stone is not a believer in apparitions. The relation between him and the deceased was hostile. The duration of the apparition seemingly was from ten to fifteen minutes; it could not have been less than five minutes. The thick, dense shade seemed to favor the conditions for the appearance of the apparition, which, coming and going, was heralded by a rustling noise in the branches.

I have taken the pains to gather and present the facts in the matter. Dr. Stone will be glad to furnish additional information, if thereby the mystery—to him—can be cleared up. His address is Salina, Kansas.

W. O. PIERCE.

NOTES FROM HAVERHILL AND VICINITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The cause of Spiritualism is progressing in the Old Bay State in a remarkable degree. In the first place, the people are seeking, looking, investigating in a thinking and active way, and in their investigations they are using a fair amount of reason. It really appears as though they were getting over and done with the idea that everything that appears at a cabinet window is pure spirit and not to be questioned. The sitter is beginning to have just courage enough to want to know if what seems to be there, is really there, and the showman is requested to impart the important knowledge. This, of course, is asking too much, and the result is a change of base, progress, as will be seen by noting late advertisements here in the East. To heal the body and mind is certainly a long step in advance of the one-dollar-a-chair show business, and, as such, we can well feel to take courage, believing that the one spark of goodness so long covered up by the depravity of greed and gain will, in good time, develop into a truer and more hopeful manhood and womanhood.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city are holding regular Sunday meetings in Red Man's hall. On Sunday, November 1st, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes gave two powerful lectures upon the uses of Spiritualism at the present day. The audiences, though not large, were appreciative, and gave the speaker their undivided attention. Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., occupied the same platform Sunday, October 26. As a platform test medium, Mrs. Kimball is doing good work, growing better every year; some of the delineations upon that occasion were accepted as very remarkable. The society is dividing the time between regular lectures and phenomenal work, thus trying to reach all classes. Professor A. E. Carpenter was in Haverhill during the last week in October in Music hall, giving lectures and experiments in hypnotism to crowded houses. He gave some really grand talks during the week, standing upon the same platform and in the same hall where he spoke for the Spiritualists more than twenty years ago. His utterances are full of the fire of inspiration, dealing with the science of life and right living, coupled with experiments that when viewed from a scientific standpoint were really marvelous, and also very pleasing when viewed from the mirthful side.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

AN EXPERIENCE IN HYPNOTISM.

TO THE EDITOR: Sometime ago, there appeared a statement in THE JOURNAL to the effect that the Society for Psychical Research had sent to its members a circular which, in its reference to hypnotism, read as follows:

"It is tolerably certain that a healthy Englishman or Englishwoman can not, in the first instance, be hypnotized without his or her full knowledge and consent." I will relate a personal experience which I think will refute that statement. I trust that what I am about to say will throw more or less light upon what yet remains mysterious. I think it must be ten years since, when one Sunday I was walking near "Paine Hall" rather undecided where to go. All at once, without observing the notice on the door, I ascended the stairs to the hall and saw a man upon the platform

with a cane in his hand, seemingly pointing at the audience. I had never seen any one hypnotized and knew nothing of it. I did not know that man, nor what he was talking about, for in a moment I began to feel strangely and to have a desire to go to the man. I felt that I must either go out of the hall or go to the speaker. I made every effort to resist, then lost all consciousness of what took place. The first I knew I found myself by the side of the speaker, and heard him say: "Ladies and gentlemen, this lady is a stranger to me, and I am quite sure she has not seen me before, but as soon as I saw her come in at the door I was sure she could be affected, I was not disappointed, although she fought me obstinately."

Then I began to feel very awkward, and was almost weeping with mortification, when my sister Alice who has controlled me for years took possession of me and led me out of the hall. I was told afterwards that I walked upon the platform, climbing up the front instead of going up the steps at the end, and did whatever I was told, to the amusement of the audience. The speaker was Prof. A. E. Carpenter, and I rejoice to learn that people are beginning to set a proper value upon him as a scientific man and a true, earnest worker. I had a call from him the following day, he having learned my whereabouts and name. We agreed to try some experiments, such as his fixing his mind upon me when absent, and I naming the day and hour. Invariably, his dates would correspond with mine. For instance I was at the piano busy with my lesson one day, when all at once my arms fell by my side, and I seemed to be in a sort of a half dream; it only lasted an instant, when I was fully myself. I looked at the clock, noted the time on paper, and in a few days Prof. Carpenter called at the door to show me a slip of paper which exactly corresponded with that I had written. At my request, he discontinued the experiments, after we were fully satisfied that he could influence me at a distance. Let me add this, that at the time I was compelled to go upon the platform wholly subject to the will of Prof. Carpenter, I was a perfectly healthy woman, and I am an English woman.

MRS. JENNIE E. POTTER.

BOSTON, NOV. 1st.

RUFUS ELMER.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of October 25, my esteemed friend, Herman Snow, calls attention to the distinguished, able, early advocate of Spiritualism, Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, Mass., well known in the early days of our work of propagation as the "Lion of the tribe of Judah." He was a large business man in Springfield, and he boldly defended the unpopular doctrine which he knew to be true. It was at his house I met D. D. Hoyle, whose name then was Hulme, and witnessed his mediumistic power that was wonderful. The first time I went to Brother Elmer's to stop I reached his home early in the evening, and after tea he told me they had a select circle, composed of himself and wife, Dr. Gardner, Angeline Munn, the medium, and a few others; and that the strict orders from the spirits were to let no one in. I told him to leave me in the kitchen and not let any one know I was there, which he did. As soon as they were seated the raps called for the alphabet and spelled out "call the stranger in"—the first any one except Mr. and Mrs. Elmer knew I was there. We had one of those old-fashioned good times.

WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, ILL.

THE WHISTLING SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITOR: In the town of P. lived a young gentleman who had the habit, when he visited two young ladies at their home, which he did very often, of going up the walk from the street and whistling a merry peculiar air by which the ladies always knew that he was coming. Time passed on, and one of the ladies moved to New Mexico. The young man went to a distant city, and was accidentally drowned. The lady in New Mexico one day heard his peculiar whistle as she had often heard it in P. She was surprised and delighted, but no young man came up the walk. It was afterwards ascertained that he was drowned about the time on the same day that was heard the characteristic whistling.

K. E. A.

The reception given by Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Baxter, at Chelsea, Mass., Monday evening, the 10th instant, the occasion being the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, was a brilliant

affair, so THE JOURNAL is informed by one who had the pleasure of being present. While the popular lecturer and his amiable wife only thought to mark the event by a social reunion, with no desire or expectation that the affair would assume a commercial aspect, yet friends from all sections of the country insisted upon sending or carrying in person some token of good will. Over fifty presents in silver and gold, some of them of large value, were tendered, beside china and cut glass, ornaments, books and bouquets in great profusion. The Boston Ladies' Aid Society presented Mrs. Baxter a splendid chair of antique oak of unique design and richly upholstered, as a token of esteem for their sister member and former secretary. Hundreds of letters and telegrams were received, and several hundred guests were entertained during the evening. THE JOURNAL hopes to chronicle the golden wedding of this couple; and those who desire to read that account, which will no doubt take a page or more, should be careful to keep their subscription paid in advance so as not to forget the event—now some time ahead—and not to miss that number.

Mrs. Elizabeth Walker Knowles, wife of George Knowles of Delphos, Kansas, passed to the higher life November 1st. Mrs. Knowles was prominent in all good works in her locality. She was one of the early mediums having many of the phases of mediumship, possessing healing and clairvoyant powers in a marked degree. She was a prominent member of the First Society of Spiritualists; also of the Woman's Relief Corps, and a daughter of Rebekah, I. O. O. F. She will be greatly missed in Delphos. A beautiful tribute is paid Mrs. Knowles by her husband in the local paper. He closes by saying: Her accelerated upward life will be dated from her departure from this, the first day of November, 1890, at 4:30 a. m. Now if there is any reason why we should not mourn the departure of one so valued, it is because we know there is a brighter clime, where all her valued gifts and noble qualities can be better bestowed, and more fully appreciated.

R. S. Perrin writes: I can not understand the disgust expressed by that "Pioneer of Modern Spiritualism," Warren Chase, for the phenomena or "the accounts of spiritual phenomena." Has he forgotten his early experience? Could he have reached his present exalted plane without the ladder of phenomena or facts? As for myself and millions of others; we need to learn the alphabet before we can read. I can never tell you what faith I have obtained and attained by reading the accounts of the spiritual phenomena in your JOURNAL.

Dr. R. Heber Newton retired to Garden City on Long Island some ten years ago on account of his health. He is now about to make New York his home again; it has been his field of labor during his years of suburban residence as our readers know. He says the return is experimental, and asks his parishioners to help him guard his strength by refraining from sending people to him with interesting schemes, and by respecting his hours of work. THE JOURNAL can sympathize with Brother Newton in these reasonable requests.

The publisher spent last Saturday looking over his mail list and was surprised to find so many subscribers in arrears. While he is anxious for your continued patronage, and cordially invites your support, he does not desire to force THE JOURNAL into unwilling hands. If you like the paper, then help to support it by promptly paying up and renewing. If you don't want the paper longer, square your account and order it stopped.

"OUR FLAG" PREMIUM.

I have been some time looking for a meritorious new book to offer as an inducement to new and old subscribers. I was seeking one that should be of universal interest and permanent value. After rejecting a hundred or more I selected "Our Flag." See advertisement elsewhere. Every patriotic American needs to be familiar with the information given in this book, and every parent should see to it that the children of the household master its contents.

Dr. M. L. Holbrook, of New York, whose name has become a household word as the publisher of books and periodicals on health and other topics of vital interest, closes a business letter to THE JOURNAL thus: "You are doing a grand work in cleaning out the Augean stables of Spiritualism; what is left will be all the brighter, better and more effective for it."

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Bryant, secretary of the Sociologic Society of America, in a business letter writes: No paper comes to our office that is read with more interest than is THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

E. F. Harris: I appreciate the JOURNAL very much, and would be lost without its weekly visit. It is elevating to me, and has been the means of educating me to a higher understanding of this life and of the life to come.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Sour Stomach

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70; Photo-gravure panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

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Tutt's Pills FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

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There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.

Sold Everywhere.



The humble receive advantage, the self-sufficient suffer loss. — If you will



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Money or time invested here now will bring quick, sure, and large returns.

Full information mailed.

Write to me for sample copy mailed free, of "The West," the leading weekly paper of Florence. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for 6 months.

GEO. M. MILLER, Florence, Oregon.



Our High Grade List and Bargain Book sent to any address on receipt of a 2-c stamp. LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING, 45 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

Society for Psychical Research, American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled. Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D., Secretary for America, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

HILL'S MANUAL THE GREAT STANDARD IN SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE. NEW EDITION. Sells easily. For prices ask any Book Agent, or write DANKS & CO., 116 State St., Chicago. Opportunity for Lady and Gentlemen canvassers for above and Parallel Bibles.

To Those who "Do Not Care for a Religious Paper."

Would it make any difference to you if you knew of one that does not advocate the doctrines of everlasting punishment, vicarious atonement, miracles and an infallible Bible?—

One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?—

One that does not fill its space with learned or ignorant discussions of scripture texts, but does give every week 32 columns of fresh and rational reading, including a sermon on some living topic, editorials and contributions on current events; and news of the progress of liberal religious thought? If you think you might care for such a paper, send ten cents in stamps for ten weeks.

UNITY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR. CELIA PARKEE WOOLLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR. Seventeen editorial contributors, from five different religious organizations. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

D. D. HOME.

His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low price, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to Journal subscribers; to all others, 17 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail by JNO. C. BUSHY Chicago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Report of the Statistics of Labor, December, 1889. Boston: Wright & Potter Printing Company, state printers. Boston, 1889. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics was established in June, 1869. The first annual report was issued March, 1870, since which time a report has been issued every year, and the present volume forms the twentieth in the series. The present chief of the bureau is Horace G. Wadlin. His predecessors were Gen. Henry K. Oliver and Col. Carroll D. Wright. This volume is of great value to those interested in industrial matters, for it contains a vast number of facts and figures as to the relation of wages to the cost of production, as to markets, transportation, imports, exports and competition, and in regard to the condition of employes, growth of manufactures, weekly wages, daily working time, women in industry, etc., in the State of Massachusetts.

The Annual Statistics of Manufactures, 1889. Wright & Potter: Boston. pp. 275. According to this carefully prepared work, issued by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, the average yearly earnings per individual without regard to sex or age, employed in forty-seven industries represented, was \$413.18 in 1888, and \$419.17 in 1889. This average is without regard to sex or age. The range from the highest to the lowest average yearly earnings was from \$872.14 to \$266.67 in 1888, and from \$744.74 to \$305.44 in 1889. The higher earnings ruled in the industries demanding greater skill and employing males chiefly, and the lower in factory industries employing a large proportion of women girls and boys.

A Mystic Society of Universal Row. By Marie Lesquoy Farrington, author of "Facing the Sphinx." The society referred to in the title of this pamphlet is the Theosophical Society, which, the author says, answers "exactly the description given in the New York Sun: A hotbed of base and evil passions, strife, dissensions, selfish ambition, envy, petty jealousy, etc." Madame Blavatsky is severely criticized mainly in language quoted from Prof. Elliott Coues and Dr. Richard Hodgson. Mrs. Farrington thinks that since there are many occult works now extant, and the Theosophical Society assumes leadership of occult thought, and Madame Blavatsky the censorship of the literature on the subject, the claims of the society and the censor should be carefully examined. She regards them as pretentious and false.

The Prose Dramas of Henry Ibsen, Vol. II. New York: John W. Lovell & Co. 1890. pp. 520. Paper, 50 cts. This volume, the sixth of the Lovell series of foreign literature, contains the following dramas: "The Lady from the Sea," which sets forth the importance of woman's personal freedom; "An enemy of Society," which shows how wealth and the forces of society help to make naturally honest men act dishonestly; "The Wild Duck" and "The Young Men's League," each of which has a lesson.

Eastward, or a Buddhist Lover. Boston: J. G. Cupples & Co. 1890. pp. 267. Cloth, \$1.50. The Buddhist lover died after a series of strange adventures and experiences in many lands, and the woman was married by her early lover, who was the Buddhist's friend. There is a good deal of Spiritualism mingled with occultism in the story and it is brightly and interestingly told.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

Century. (New York.) The twentieth anniversary of this popular monthly is celebrated with the November number. The contents are varied and exemplify what a magazine can do for its readers. The Old Master's series has some exquisite engraving of L. Cole. The first Emigrant Train to California is the first of a series on the Gold Hunters. Another important series of papers is begun, an account of a journey through Thibet. How London is Governed is a timely contribution.

The North American Review. (New York.) Representative McKinley contributes an article which is grouped with five others under the head of What Congress has Done. The Ladies of the last Cæsars is a vivid account by Gail Hamilton. The Marquis of Lorne explains the political situation in Scotland. An interesting chapter of the reminiscence of the American portrait painter, G. P. A. Healy, is given. James Monroe, C. B., explains the police system of London.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) Baroness von Marenholtz-Bulow's masterly presentation of "Froebel's System" continues to hold the attention of thoughtful readers of *The Kindergarten*. Much space is given to the theme of Manual Training and the Nursery department is worthy of attention.

The Home Maker. (New York.) This monthly is constantly increasing in favor and this month's installment has much variety of thought. Many vital questions are discussed by prominent writers and altogether it presents a pleasing appearance.

The Jenness Miller Magazine. (New York.) Physical Culture, Woman and Plastic Art, Temperance in Food, Tapestry and Social Etiquette are some of the subjects treated this month.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The usual short stories and illustrations will amuse the children.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Woman in the Case. Biogen Series, No. 6. By Elliott Coues. Occult Publishing Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents; Destiny, or A Commonplace Life. Mrs. R. E. Nelson. John B. Alden, New York; Civilization. An historical review of its elements. Charles Morris. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. Price, 2 Vols., \$4.00; Hypnotism. Theodore E. Schmauck. John B. Alden, New York. Price, 5 cents; Is this Your Son, My Lord? Helen H. Gardner. Arena Pub. Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents; Samantha Among the Brethren. Josiah Allen's Wife. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Price, \$2.50; From an Old Love Letter. Irene Jerome. Lee & Shepard, Boston; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago; Our Destiny and Cooperative Commonwealth. Laurence Gronlund, M. A. Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, 50 cts. each.

The Popular Science Monthly will make a new departure in 1891 by publishing a series of comprehensive and fully illustrated articles on The Development of American Industries since Columbus. It has been announced that one of the features of the coming World's Fair is to be a comparison of the great manufactures of today with the condition of the same industries at the discovery of America, and it is the design of these papers to describe the successive steps by which the distance between those two stages has been passed over. The series begins in the issue for December, 1890 (the second number of Volume Thirty-eight), with an account of the First Steps in Iron-Making in the colonies, written by Mr. W. F. Durfee, of Pennsylvania. The full Prospectus of the *Monthly* for the coming year will be printed in the same number.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, are the authorized publishers for America of General Booth's "In Darkest England and the Way Out." The book is an octavo of over 300 pages; cloth. Price, \$1.50. Orders received at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.



Clean as a whistle—everything that is cleaned with Pearline. It takes away all that you want taken, and leaves fresh and pure all that you want left. It cleans house with half the work; it does your washing while you wait. Pearline is a harmless powder. It is hard to waste it, easy to use it, but difficult to do without it. Beware of imitations. 209 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original receipt for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren, Street, New York.



Sleeplessness Cured.

I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

E. FRANK, Pastor, St. Severin, Keylerton P. O., Pa.

A Can. Minister's Experience.

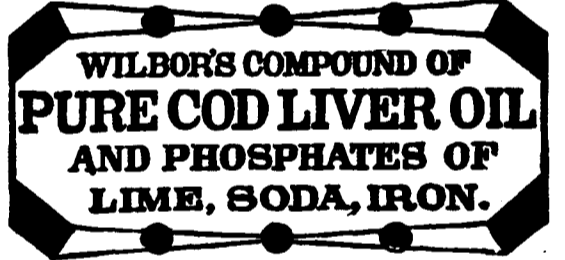
St. Paulin, P. Qub. Can. Feb. 10, 1890. I am happy to give this testimonial as to the excellence of "Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic." Suffering for a long period of nervous debility due to dyspepsia, I ascertained that since I made use of this remedy a radical change was operated on me; not only on the nerves, but even dyspepsia disappears promptly. Similar experiences have been made by many of my confreres with this remedy. I consider it entirely efficacious and proper to cure all nervous diseases and other cases depending from the same.

J. E. LAFLECHE, Pastor.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL. 50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.



For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Scrofulous Humors.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Wilbor's Cod-liver Oil and Phosphates has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The combination of the Phosphates with pure Cod-liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has produced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all diseases of the Lungs. It can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the nausea which is such an objection to the Cod-liver Oil when taken without Phosphates. It is prescribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, and by all Druggists.

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DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

SUBSCRIPTION PREMIUM.

From now until November 30, 1890, the Publisher of

The Religio-Philosophical Journal

Will offer as a Premium for Subscribers, on terms hereinbelow set forth, a Fresh, New and Valuable Book, bound in cloth and retailing rapidly at One Dollar. The name of this volume is

OUR FLAG, OR THE EVOLUTION OF The Stars and Stripes;

Including the reason to be of the design, the colors and their position, mystic interpretation, together with selections eloquent, patriotic and poetical.

This book, as the title suggests, is one concerning the American Flag. The philanthropic and patriotic key-note from which it is written is very well announced in the dedication which is as follows:

TO EVERY MAN AND WOMAN WHO LOVES OUR FLAG AS THE EMBLEM OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE; WHO HAILS THE STARS AND STRIPES AS THE HOPE OF ALL WHO SUFFER AND THE DREAD OF ALL WHO WRONG WHO REVERES THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AS THE SYMBOL OF ASPIRATION, INTELLIGENCE AND INDUSTRY WHICH WILL IN DUE TIME ESTABLISH AND MAINTAIN THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THIS LITTLE BOOK IS BY THE AUTHOR FRATELLALLY DEDICATED.

This work as a history of the "Stars and Stripes," gives the facts that are recorded in official documents, the Histories of the Country and the Cyclopedias so succinctly and interestingly arranged that the whole story is told in a moderate volume.

The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out; and in this new departure every one will be much interested; and most readers will be instructed.

The selections of patriotic, eloquent and poetical sayings concerning the flag are numerous and beautiful. The work is embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

The book is compiled by Robert Allen Campbell, compiler of the first Atlas of Indiana, author of *The Rebellion Record*, *Four Gospels* in one, etc., etc.

Press Comments.
One of the best books of the year.—*Inter-Ocean*.
A very handy and excellent compilation.—*Chicago Herald*.
An interesting souvenir volume.—*Boston Globe*.
A handsome and useful volume dealing intelligently with matters of which Americans should be better informed than they are.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Premium Terms.
Until November 30th or further notice I will give every new yearly subscriber to the THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL whose remittance (\$2.50) is received at my office a copy of OUR FLAG.
Every old subscriber in arrears who will pay up and also remit for one year in advance will receive a copy of OUR FLAG.
Every Subscriber now paid in advance will receive a copy of OUR FLAG and also credit for a year's additional subscription to THE JOURNAL by remitting \$2.50.
For One Dollar I will send THE JOURNAL Twelve Weeks on trial, and a copy of OUR FLAG.

Specimen copies of THE JOURNAL sent free to those desiring to canvass for it and to all who make the request.
JOHN O. BUNDY, Chicago.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay—
Condense it as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way.
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page,
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through;
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend—boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space,
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend—boil it down.
DANIEL O. SALMON.

HARD.

I wrote some foolish verses once
On love. Unhappy churl!
The meter makes me shudder still,
I sent them to a girl.

I know that girl and if I should,
Like Byron, wake some day
To find fame written on my brow,
She'd give those lines away.

So now I have to watch myself
Each hour. Oh, hapless plight!
For if I should be great, of course,
Those lines would come to light.
—New York Sun.

PHILOPENE.

In playful mood he placed his black straw hat
On top of Madge's curly, bronze brown hair,
And thought in all his life he'd never seen
A maiden half so ravishingly fair.

Her blue eyes sparkling in a roguish way,
Her dimpled cheeks just red enough to show
The cherry ripeness of her luscious lips
Just fetched him, and of course he wasn't slow

To seize the opportunity, likewise
The half-resisting Madge, and plant a kiss
Or two, or more, just where they'd do most good,
His aim was true—he never made a miss.

He thought she might be angry, but his fears
All vanished as he reached the hall door mat,
She said: "Next time you come be sure to wear
That tricky—mean—old—lovely black straw hat."
—New York Herald.

That Little Tickling.

You have been cautioned many times to do something to get rid of that little tickling in your throat, which makes you cough once in a while and keeps you constantly clearing your throat. Your reply, "O, that's nothing." "It will get well of itself," etc., will not cure it, nor will the disease stand still; it will grow worse or better. This trouble arises from catarrh, and, as catarrh is a constitutional disease, the ordinary cough medicines all fail to hit the spot. What you need is a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many people who have taken this medicine for scrofula, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and other troubles, have been surprised that it should cure this troublesome cough. But to know the actual cause of the cough is to solve the mystery.

Probably nearly all cases of consumption could be traced back to the neglect of some such slight affection as this. The best authority on consumption, says that this disease can be controlled in its early stages, and the effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood, building up the general health, and expelling the scrofula taint which is the cause of catarrh and consumption, has restored to perfect health many persons on whom this dreadful disease seemed to have a firm hold.

Told of Wendell Phillips.

One day Mr. Phillips was in a railway car in which were a number of ministers returning from a convention. Among them was a man with a loud, strident voice, who was loudly declaiming against the Abolitionists, and especially against Mr. Phillips. He was talking at every one in the car, and finally shouted that he understood Mr. Phillips was on board. Calling the conductor, he asked him to point out Mr. Phillips. The conductor indicated the orator, who had been an interested listener.

The little man with the voice strode up the aisle

to a disrespectful distance and, after striking an attitude, the following colloquy took place:

"So you are Wendell Phillips?"
"I am sir," replied the orator quietly.
"Then why don't you go South and preach your doctrine there?" shouted the little minister.
"At that time," explained Mr. Purvis, in relating the incident, "any Abolitionist would have been lynched in the South."
Replying to the clergyman, Mr. Phillips asked:
"You are a minister of the gospel?"
"I am, sir."
"Your mission is to save souls from hell?"
"It is, sir."
"Then why don't you go there, sir?"—Philadelphia Press.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbog? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I can not tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This can not be done. So, really I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, which appears in another column. This company are the original discoverers and only manufacturers of vaseline, which is known all over the world as the best emollient and the most valuable family remedy in use. We wish to caution our readers, when buying, to accept only goods in original packages, and labeled Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, as sometimes unscrupulous dealers try to substitute preparations which are of little value when compared with Vaseline, and some are injurious and unsafe to use.

By sending the company a dollar by mail the sender will receive free quite an assortment of these beautiful and valuable goods without any charge for delivery.

Dayton Tennessee, by popular action invites the North to visit her, to inspect the largest industries now operating in the New South.

Huge Blast Furnaces, enormous Coal mines, long rows of Coke ovens, mills, factories, water power, rolling mills, pipe works, mineral springs, climate, scenery, farming, country, and a City of six thousand.

Grand excursion via the Monon Route at half the regular rate, December 2d, 1890, and extraordinary inducements are offered to secure visitors, being certain of making a favorable impression.

For full particulars apply to F. J. Reed, 73 Clark St. Chicago or any ticket agent of the Monon Route.

I CURE Sick Headache Bilioussness
INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT, NERVOUS DEBILITY and CONSUMPTION. To prove this statement I will send one bottle of my remedy FREE to every reader of this paper who will send me their name and address. A trial costs you nothing. Write to-day, stating your disease. Address Prof. HART, 84 Warren Street, N. Y.

MISS EMMA J. NICKERSON
Lectures at Kimball Hall, corner State and Jackson streets, Sundays at 3 p. m. Seats free.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Detroit, Wash.

Occupies the same position in the new state of Washington that Detroit, Michigan does in that state. But the Detroit of the Pacific coast has great advantages over its eastern namesake.

Vast Mineral and Timber Resources

Are already tributary to Detroit, Washington, and still there are 25,000 square miles of unexplored country back of it—a veritable empire in itself. Detroit has three different ways of reaching the ocean with the largest vessels afloat—by way of Hood's canal, the main Sound, forty-eight miles of railway connects it with Gray's harbor. The eastern country will be reached by the Southern Pacific railroad, which is now located and whose

Trains will be running into Detroit in less than 6 Months.

Lake Mason, a splendid body of fresh water at an elevation of sixty feet above Detroit, is only two miles and a half distant, and will be in its corporate limits within five years. The proposed navy yard is only nine miles from Detroit and will be connected with it by rail—four miles and a half of it already constructed. Detroit is certain to be a city of considerable size.

CLUNE, REES & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,

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