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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

To give money to the Irish leaders while the present faction fighting continue is to aid in prolonging the contest between the two wings of the Nationalist party, a contest which seriously raises the question whether the Irish people are fit for home rule. Each faction is doing all it can to discredit the other.

Modesty becomes youth. When the legislature of Wyoming adopted a seal for the new state it decided to have the representation of a clothed woman standing upon a platform, from whose arms broken chains were falling, surmounting which was the motto, "Equality of Rights." When the picture reached the governor the figure of the woman was undraped, adorned only in native loveliness. The governor approved the seal, not dreaming there was anything wrong in the unclothed, Eve-like figure, but the members of the house were indignant. So were the women of that state and the governor, his official signature to the bill notwithstanding, has declared that the statute is null and void. The old seal will be used until a clothed figure of emancipated womanhood can be provided.

Every law abiding citizen in the United States must regret as do President Harrison and Mr. Blaine "that the citizens of New Orleans should have so disregarded the purity and adequacy of their own judicial tribunals as to transfer to the passionate judgment of a mob a question that should have been adjudged dispassionately and by settled rules of law." The failure of justice in the Mafia trial was deplorable and especially so in view of the substantiated charge that such failure was brought about by corrupt means. But the people of New Orleans in allowing resentment to inflame them to the pitch of wreaking summary vengeance upon a horde of cowering and defenseless wretches, did not act the part of true American citizens in a trying emergency. Yet the insolent demand of a certain class of foreigners in American cities for a vendetta which means more assassination, should be promptly met by the authorities like any other threat of murder.

The *Catholic Review* replying to Parnell's statement that no good can come to Ireland of negotiations with Gladstone, says: But if no good has come to Ireland out of Mr. Parnell's negotiations with Gladstone, has Gladstone done no good for Ireland? He is only a politician. He is first an Englishman. Secondly he is a protestant. Almost fanatical in his devotion to what seem to him cardinal political expedients,—for politicians are not much troubled in any country with principles,—he has overcome hereditary religions and political opinions as his years brought him wisdom. He has conferred many boons on Ireland. Where was Mr. Parnell when Gladstone almost alone was applying the axe to the established church and hewing to the line while the chips flew on all sides? Where was Mr. Parnell when Gladstone was laying the foundations of the land law reform? There is not a relief measure passed in a quarter century affecting Ireland that is not due directly or indirectly to Gladstone. Since Mr. Parnell became leader, what relief measure

of importance has been passed? Gladstone without him was more successful than Gladstone with him.

It is reported that the Pope of Rome has said "that the church must hold aloof from political parties." If he has really said this, he has delivered an utterance of great importance to his church and to the world. Once popes claimed to be the temporal as well as the spiritual rulers of mankind and gave away islands, empires, and even continents. Ireland was given by a pope to the Norman sovereign of England. From King John a pope accepted the cession of England itself. A pope divided between Spain and Portugal the unexplored new world of America. The only sovereign in Christendom who accorded recognition to the slaveholding Southern Confederacy was a pope. As the *New York Press* remarks, if the present pope uttered the words attributed to him, his words mean a revolution of the utmost moment in the immemorial policy of the church. They also mean that Leo XIII. has an intelligent comprehension of the spirit of the age, and of the best interests of the vast organization of which he is the visible head. Even strongly Catholic countries, like Hungary and Spain, are showing an impatience of clerical authority in civil affairs; while Italy and France are absolutely defiant in their attitude. It is not strange if, to an able man like Leo, who has been diplomat as well as ecclesiastic, and has proved himself in the past a successful civil administrator, it is apparent that the church can best perform its work of preparing mankind for heaven by leaving alone the political concerns of earth.

According to the *Philadelphia Press*, Dr. William Pepper of the Pennsylvania University, is at the head of a movement to form a commission to examine the brains of great men after death. The work has been going on for some time, and Dr. Pepper is daily in receipt of answers to letters sent to celebrities, not only in this country, but abroad, in furtherance of the scheme. A roll of names is kept in a book, and as the answers come the writer's name is checked off with his assent or refusal. The scope of the plan of the commission includes men great in letters, warfare statesmanship, art, discovery, money-getting; in fact, whoever has lifted himself by achievement conspicuously above his fellows will be asked to allow these men of science a glimpse of the grey matter, to determine, if possible, what peculiar brain conformation, if any they possessed, led to eminent success in their careers. Dr. Pepper attaches great importance to the result of these investigations. While the general outline of the plan has been determined, there still remains much to be accomplished as to details. These will be arranged within two or three weeks, Dr. Pepper hopes, when he will make the matter a subject of a paper in a medical magazine. To a *Press* reporter, Dr. Pepper said: "I consider the work that the commission has before it one of vast importance. I hope soon to have all the arrangements in shape. Within two weeks I will have the officers of the commission named and possibly will have heard from some one of our European communications."

The Northern Light, published at Tacoma, and ably conducted by W. H. Galvani, urges people to keep away from the cities. "What a horrible sight it is," it

says, "to see abandoned farm homes, homes where the air is pure, the water free of sewer gases; homes surrounded by flowers, meadows and vegetation of all kinds; homes of virtue and morality; of sound, healthy bodies and pure, peaceful minds. These are the homes, God's only temples, that are being depopulated to crowd the modern Sodoms and Gomorrah! . . . Farmers, you strong armed tillers of the soil, hold fast to your homes, those temples that proclaim the glory of God more than all the towering cathedrals and the armies of priesthoods! Lead on a pure and primitive life, surrounded by your wife and children, where the sunshine is not obstructed by the dark clouds of smokestacks, sewers and crimes; where the heavenly fragrance of the flowers replaces the vile stench of the cities' horrors and crimes; where fashion does not deform the human bodies and "amusements" do not degrade human nature. And you, workmen, who toil and do not inherit, instead of spending your manhood in building up fortunes for others, and your old age—if you ever attain it—in the poor house—make this the object of your life; get yourselves homes away from the cities; no matter how few acres your farm may consist of, it will enable you to live better than when working for mining, manufacturing, railroad and other concerns." The advice of the *Northern Light* is sound.

Much has been said recently especially in the eastern cities about compulsory voting. Some have advocated the imposition of a fine for neglecting to vote. Voters generally admit that the ballot is a trust, but some excuse themselves for not voting on the ground that so far as their judgment informs them they do not know which ticket to vote. They may and probably do know which party they would like to support, but the management of the two parties is often such that there is no real difference between the tickets presented. When the bosses combine, as has often been the case to give tickets to the two parties, it really makes little difference whether one ticket or the other is elected. In either case the bosses are in control. An indisputable condition of compulsory voting is a system of making nominations which shall place independent nominees before the public without prejudice to their political standing. Under the present law the party bosses may nominate two tickets, and stigmatize as traitor every voter of either party who does not vote the regular ticket. If a majority prefer the independent candidate there is no reason why such candidates should not be elected. There is no penalty attached to voting for him. A compulsory voting law without provision for independent nominations would be unjust and despotic. When a man is required under the penalty of fine to perform a trust, the same law should see that he is not punished for doing something out of his power to do. A man, of course, can cast his vote, but the purpose of a compulsory voting law is that he shall discriminate to the best of his ability between tickets. If both emanate from one source, there is not much chance for intelligent discrimination. Party machinery and the schemes of party leaders often make elections merely a nominal expression of the popular will, while they in fact serve the interests of combinations and frequently promote the objects of personal ambition.

THE TALENT OF MOTHERHOOD.

An article in the *National Review* on "The Talent of Motherhood," contributed by Arabella Kenealy, M. D., pleads for such education and training of woman as will best fit her for marriage and motherhood. "She," says the writer, "who is best able to bring her faculties to the focus of motherhood is the most highly developed of her sex; she it is who has traveled along the right lines of progress; she it is whose education has been the highest. Though her nature never undergo the test, she who is most fitted for this marvelous function is the fittest of women in all life's other womanly functions." This statement is based upon the fact that the best motherhood is of paramount importance in the progress of the race, and that upon the wisest performance of its duties, the future of humanity depends. The author's observation and experience have satisfied her that an education which affords full development and cultivation of all the faculties, leaving no reserve power, can only have a bad effect upon the offspring whose vitality is thereby reduced and their resources exhausted, that the incessant strain of business, of professional life, or of active social exertion during the months preceding the birth of the child, must necessarily involve the expenditure of nervous forces essential to the growth of the embryo, and in consequence the child is born with an impaired constitution, physically, mentally and morally.

Noting the well-known fact of embryology that the organism in its evolution before birth passes through all the phases from the lowest to the highest through which man has passed in acquiring his human characteristic, Dr. Kenealy says: "By analogy we may conclude that the child passes later through the stages of development man has assumed since he became distinctly human. It is not difficult then to imagine supposing the maternal power to fail, that the child's evolution may stop short, its human development be arrested on a lower plain, and an inferior type—anterior to the age in which it is born—may be brought into existence. We are too ready to consider that if a child be born of strong constitution, the mother has fulfilled her duties; but supposing the child to be a healthy specimen only of a type lower than its parents, is there not, in fact, a further failure of parental responsibility than takes place when a child more sickly in constitution, yet morally superior, is produced." The intimate relation between the mother and child is shown by the fact the woman often remains healthy so long only as the children to which she gives birth are sickly, the date of the birth of a vigorous infant corresponding with the decline of her strength and health, indicating that nature's effort to produce a higher blossom has sapped the very sources of the mother's vigor.

Far from being the insignificant function it is commonly regarded that of motherhood is one by which every fiber of woman's nature is strung to the tension of a higher note and her faculties are strained to the effort. During a period when her physical and mental condition is fraught with such momentous consequences to her offspring and to society in general, any pursuit which strains her attention and absorbs her energies, preventing her meeting fully the responsibilities which she has undertaken, should be avoided; for it is inimical to good motherhood, is incompatible with the higher qualities in the offspring. While woman should not seek marriage as a means of support, yet when love draws her into married life, she should be ready to give up for a while to some extent that independence which is inconsistent with mother-power—with the faculty of good motherhood. The *National Review* writer does not ask that woman be relegated to the position which she held in the past, but that in the excitement of new independence, she shall not forget her great trust—the well being of her children and through them of the race.

According to Dr. Weir Mitchell, this writer says, only about one American woman in a hundred is physically fit for motherhood. She adds "we who from the restlessness and overwork of our lives to day sit with the spectre of nerve exhaustion ever at our board, are rapidly approximating to the physical

condition of our American cousins." Multitudes of constitutions are being wrecked by physical and mental overstrain, by over-education which exhausts nerve power and demagnetizes the blood, as the sallow skins nerveless faces, lustreless eyes and heavy anæmic lips, sufficiently attest. When girls are coming into womanhood their powers are overtaxed, health of mind and body is lost, spontaneity and originality under a high pressure system are crushed out and womanhood in its immaturity is dwarfed. The remedy and relief must be sought in the education that develops and cultivates the natural faculties instead of substituting for them "neuter attributes artificially formed." Dr. Kenealy holds that the function of motherhood will in the future be regarded as "immeasurably superior to those small talents of tongue and hand which are now considered as of so much greater worth." The talent of motherhood will, she believes, be more than any other coveted by woman and honored by man.

The paper is thoughtful and suggestive. The reference to the arrestation of the development of the child while it is in a stage below the point which under favorable circumstances it would reach, has not hitherto been considered in the discussions of antenatal conditions. As far as it goes the paper is well reasoned and sound, but it does not go far enough. The "talent of motherhood" in a high degree of cultivation must concern itself not only with embryological conditions and development; it must wisely select the fathers of the children upon whom so much thought and care are to be bestowed. No power of motherhood can overcome the defects of imperfect fatherhood. Physical intellectual and moral health in the father is not less, is perhaps even more important than all the care and precaution of which Dr. Kenealy speaks. Is enough known in regard to the physiological and psychological characteristics and conditions in both the father and mother, the combination of qualities necessary to the most perfect marriage, and the best offspring for it to be the basis of any method of selection better than that which now prevails? Much less is accurately known on this subject than should be, than will be in future; but what is known of the laws of heredity, should be sufficient to make women who aspire to the highest motherhood include physical health and mental and moral soundness in the fathers of their children as among the most indispensable conditions of marriage and parentage. And in the good time coming, men who assume the responsibilities of fatherhood will be more sensible than many are now in selecting those who are to be the mothers and teachers of their children.

APPARITIONS.

The belief in apparitions as actual appearances representing actual realities, is now quite general, not simply among illiterate, superstitious people, but among intelligent, thoughtful and cultivated men and women. It is not long since that an author whom all the reading world of America admires for his clear-headedness according to a writer in the *Book Buyer*, laid down the proposition at a dinner table where a brilliant company were assembled, that it is impossible to believe in immortality without allowing at least the possibility of ghosts. He was asked if he believed in haunted houses, and answered in the affirmative with the greatest readiness and emphasis. It was in comment upon the talk at this dinner party that the statement was made by a lady who knows the best social and literary life of Boston that it was nowadays looked upon as a proof that one is not up with the times here to express a doubt of the reality of the incidents which make up the staple of ghostly tales. "You are at liberty," she said, "to have any theory you choose in regard to them. Nobody insists that you shall believe that they are caused by intelligent or unintelligent personalities. You may talk of unknown forces, undiscovered laws, of mind influence, or anything else that comes into your head, but you must not presume to doubt that things have happened."

This is emphatically an age of science and skepticism, and disbelief in regard to the supernatural was

never so general and deep-seated in any previous age. Yet from every quarter come accounts of apparitions or other manifestations of spirit power. Of course they are not all to be accepted without qualification, and in some of the cases reported there may be illusion, misapprehension and even fabrication and fraud. But many of the accounts are given with circumstantiality, by persons apparently discriminating, candid and truthful, and to a Spiritualist there is, in the absence even of a strictly scientific examination, a presumption as to the substantial correctness of the reports.

The following despatch from Macomb, Ill., published in the *Inter Ocean*, of March 14th, is a fair sample of those appearing in the papers every week:

This community is having its turn at the ghost business. John Robinson, a reputable farmer living about two miles west of the court house on the Colchester road, declares that on several occasions he has seen the spirit of his father. A reporter hunted Mr. Robinson up and was told the following story: "About a year ago this month myself and father, who was then quite an old man, were cutting wood near where I now live, when, all of a sudden, my father was seized with paralysis of the heart and, after staggering and swaying around for a minute or two, fell to the ground. Before falling he called my name, 'John, John, come quick!' When I reached him he was unconscious, but I got him to the house. He never rallied and died in a few days. When I took my last look at him in his coffin, I was struck with a strange feeling. It was that I should see my father on earth again. I could not shake the feeling off, and it troubled me very greatly. After the funeral and on several days this feeling grew on me so strongly that I felt I must see him even if I had to dig up his coffin. Of course I banished such a thought, yet I felt confident that I should see my father again. One evening, about three weeks after his death, I was coming from the coal shed. It was a beautiful night, the full moon making everything clear as the day. When I turned the corner there stood my father, or his spirit rather. He was staggering and swaying to and fro just as he did when he fell from the paralytic stroke. He beckoned to me and called, 'John, John, come here!' I hastened toward him but the spirit vanished. I have seen his spirit several times since, and cannot be mistaken. It is that of my father."

Mr. Robinson is a truthful man and his story has created a sensation. He said he would have told the experience before, but was afraid of ridicule as he himself did not believe in spooks or spirits.

THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM.

In regard to the movement "begun in Boston" to investigate Spiritualism, a Chicago daily says: "These Bostonians and Gothamites may be in a serious frame of mind; but when they propose to settle the question whether spiritism is or is not a delusion, they are undertaking a vast contract. They purpose to investigate it by purely scientific methods. There is not a scientific person among them. Their verdict, should they ever reach one, will not have the slightest weight. The credulous will continue to believe, the skeptical to scoff. These egotistical people are apparently of the opinion that it has never occurred to truly scientific persons to investigate the claims and phenomena of spiritism. They can find record of strictly scientific investigation by eminent men like Alfred Russell Wallace, Dr. Lankester, Dr. Carpenter, Professor Baines and others a few years ago. When their investigation was completed the case of spiritism stood precisely where it did before." The paper quoted from thinks that the new investigating committee will render no service of importance. Any service that will add to the data for a scientific induction in regard to Spiritualism will be of importance. To the committee of investigation there will no doubt be added men of scientific reputation, whose conclusions will carry weight. It is by the scientific method only that the character of the phenomena of Spiritualism will be ultimately tested by the more intelligent class of people.

COLORADO MEDICAL BILL.

In the *Rocky Mountain News* of recent date appeared an excellent article, by Mr. Z. Shed, under the caption, "An Un-American Idea," commenting on a rical bill which is or was pending before the legis

of Colorado. The bill is, it seems, copied almost verbatim from the medical law of Illinois, which confers upon the Governor the power to appoint a state board of medical examiners to be composed of physicians of three different schools of medicine, and the board exercises the functions of a court, judge, prosecuting attorney and jury, without appeal, in refusing any doctor to practice medicine in the state. Under this law physicians have been denied this right for such "unprofessional conduct" as advertising their business in the newspapers.

In regard to the bill which the Colorado gentlemen are trying to enact into a law, Mr. Shed says: What is there in common between disease and the professional conduct of a practitioner? What has a diploma from a medical school which promulgates obsolete myths exclusively, to do with the cure of disease, when conferred upon a professional dwarf who hides behind such laws as this? Who is asking for this law? Who is so exercised about "the public health?" Is it the people? Is it the eminent men in the medical profession? or is it the undercurrent of quackery which is bringing this disgrace upon a noble profession? Is there any law which would imprison a Mrs. Eddy for doing a Christian duty? Does the intelligence of this state require a quinine and mercurial guardian? Has not humanity been bled, blistered, starved, frozen, salivated and drugged sufficiently already for the benefit of diploma-bearing incompetents who do their business in Latin so as to appear wise and cover blunders? When the people want any particular system of defunct medical practice forced upon them, they will probably demand it; but the advancing civilization of this age is amply capable of choosing its own school of torture without any such legislation as this.

AN ELECTRICAL GIRL.

The papers contain accounts of the wonderful powers of a little girl at Livina, Tenn. She is only thirteen years old. For several months past she has been puzzling her friends and relatives by her electrical powers. Her relatives first noted her habit of wandering off from the house and staying alone for hours at a time, but being a child no particular attention was paid to her habit until it began to be noticed that locks, keys, metal spoons and knives would cling to her hands and have to be shaken off. At the table, when she touched her plate, that dish would dance about until she removed her hands, and even the table shook when she pressed upon it. Chairs which she touched would rock about. Finally the family physician was called in to examine her. He could give no explanation of the matter. Her forte, however, is her spiritualistic communications. She calls up the spirits of the dead, and communes with them as with other mortals. Whenever any one in the community dies, the relatives come to the little girl to find out the condition of the deceased. She finds where the shade is wandering, whether it is happy, and if the unknown is not to be more desired than the known. Other experiments equally wonderful are easily performed by her in this line. Those who at first ridiculed the idea of her being possessed of extraordinary powers are now among her strongest friends, and to deny her wonderful feats is to insult her friends.

□ Sir Walter Scott relates that in the latter part of September, 1749, Arthur Davis, sergent in an English regiment, was murdered by two unknown highlanders in Scotland. For five years nothing was heard of him. Then one Alexander Macpherson, a highlander, accused Duncan Terig and Alexander Macdonald of having committed the crime. In court he swore that he was in bed in his cottage one night when an apparition came to him, and commanded him to rise and follow him out of doors. Thinking his visitor to be one Farquharson, a neighbor and friend, the witness did as he was asked, and when they got outside the cottage the apparition told him that he was the ghost of Sergent Davis, and requested him to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed in a place which he pointed out, in a moorland track called the

hill of Christie. He desired him to take Farquharson as an assistant. Next day the witness went to the place specified, and found there the bones of a human body, much decayed. He did not then bury the remains, the result of which was that the ghost again appeared and upbraided him for his breach of promise. The apparition at the same time told him that the murderers were Terig and Macdonald. The witness then, with the aid of Farquharson, buried the body. The court did not take any stock in Macpherson's story, and the incredulity of the judge was fortified by the witness swearing that the ghost of the English sergent spoke good Gaelic. The prisoners were discharged and the murder mystery was never cleared up.

A Fairbury, Ill., correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* writes in regard to a haunted house at Pontiac, and says that quiet town is greatly "worked up over," as the numerous attempts to unravel the affair have proved unavailing. The constant rappings that at first marked the supposed visitations of spirits are not of frequent occurrence lately, but the same low whistling as was heard at first is continued night after night. Any number of people have been attracted to the house from all the surrounding country. On Monday night half a dozen prominent young men, accompanied by their lady friends, went to the house and were favored with a séance. The ghost made its usual appearance at the usual time and gave the little company the usual indications of his presence. The whistling was plainly heard, first beginning very low and gradually growing louder. Every question asked by the company of the spirit was answered correctly. For instance, the number of persons in the room was indicated by as many short and low whistles, and the age of a person was told in the same manner. All efforts to fathom the mystery have been so far unavailing, though the house has been searched from cellar to garret, and even the chimney, house top, and garden close around the house have been explored and watched, while others have been in the interior interviewing the spirits.

Our people have been considerably exercised for the last few days over a singular and unaccountable falling of stones, not a shower of stones, but the occasional falling of one or two at a time, as if thrown by some one or something, writes a Culpepper correspondent of the *Richmond, Va., Despatch*. This occurs on the farm of Mr. J. Ambler Brooke, about a mile from town, and has continued for several days, the place of the falling being in the midst of a field near the railroad, and near a cabin or small house, and they have struck several persons who were present watching for the next fall. This mystery is vouched for by some of our responsible citizens who were present and saw the stones in the air and saw them fall. Yesterday the place was visited by a hundred or more people, but no stones fell. I am told the stones (many of which were picked up after they fell,) seem to be similar to those around, and yet their movements can't be accounted for, as there are no brushwood, bushes or anything near in which anyone could secret himself if disposed to play this as a trick. Mr. Brooke has witnessed this phenomenon on this farm in person and testifies as to its truth, as do several of his family and neighbors.

Along the shore of Oneida Lake there is an Indian's grave, where at times a weird and supernatural light makes its appearance, says the *Chicago Mail*. It is described as a ball of fire about the size of a large orange, and sways to and fro in the air about twenty feet from the ground, confining its irregular movements within a space of about one hundred feet square. People have attempted to go near enough to solve the mystery, but it would suddenly disappear before reaching it. A very peculiar story is told by the neighbors near the spot. They claim that many years ago the locality was a part of an Indian reservation. A man by the name of Belknap frequently dreamed that there was a crock in the Indian cemetery con-

taining immense treasures, and that if he went there at the hour when graveyards yawn he could secure it. These dreams were repeated so often that they had a strong effect, and he went there with pick and shovel, according to instructions, but he failed to turn round three times when he found the crock, as the dream directed. He was to pick it up, but was stunned by a flash of lightning, and the crock disappeared. Since that time the spot has been haunted by the mysterious light.

Culture for its own sake enervates, is miasmatic, breeding envy, jealousy, selfishness, affectation and inconsistency, says the *Boston Traveler*. While all this is un-American, there is a culture that is earnest, that enlarges one's view and gives a fuller, deeper meaning to life. It is a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. It is a tonic, while the other borders on moral corruption. Patriotism necessitates a true idea in scholastic leadership. There is national demoralization in the present tendency to ape English dudishness and to worship the socio-literary exclusiveness that keeps company therewith. These tendencies develop a heartlessness that will accept any alliances that will give political prestige to the dude and his cultured cousin. The only remedy is in the development of a purpose on the part of students which will give distinctive intellectual character rather than characterless intellectual athletics; collegiate leaders will be held responsible for furnishing inspiration and moral purpose to their students, and their national influence will be estimated thereby rather than by their miscellaneous literary efforts.

Macnish, in his "Philosophy of Sleep," tells of a young woman who, after a protracted sleep, awoke to discover that her mind was a perfect blank. She had forgotten absolutely everything. Her friends were strangers to her. She did not know how to speak or write, or even dress. And the only thing to be done for her was to teach her over again all that she had known. She learned the rudiments of everything as does a little child, and her mind was beginning to again be stored with necessary knowledge. Then after some months she had another protracted fit of sleep, and when she awoke she had become herself again, and was in the same condition she had been in previous to her first sleep. During all this time she had not lost her mind; she had simply developed unconsciously, her double nature, as in the case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently in an Australian court, and it has caused pious spasms in the bowels of one of our English legal contemporaries, says the *American Law Review*: "Mr. Justice Boucaut was hearing a case in Adelaide, when the following conversation took place: Mr. Anderson: "Are you an atheist?" Witness: "Need I answer that?" His Honor: "What has that to do with it, Mr. Anderson? What is an atheist?" Mr. Anderson: "Do you believe in the Bible, Price?" His Honor: "Who does?" Mr. Anderson: "I hope I do, your Honor." His Honor: "Ah, well, the Bishop of Peterborough doesn't." (Laughter.)

The wise Quaker wrote, says George Jacob Holyoake: I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

"What I spent, I had;
What I saved, I left behind;
What I gave away I took with me."

The normal effect of a certain class of realizations [those of eternal torment] upon the character would be to produce an absolute indifference to the sufferings of those who were external to the church, and consequently to remove that reluctance to inflict pain which is one of the chief preservatives of society.—*Lecky*.

NATIONAL OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAYS.

By CHARLES HAMILTON MERRY.

There are many intelligent, well-meaning and patriotic people who object to national ownership of railway and telegraph lines on the ground that such ownership will bring such a condition of government as paternalism—a condition that to their minds is dangerous in the extreme. They rather prefer the present arrangement, which is a sort of half-orphanage affair. This notion is on a par with the one that two political parties are necessary, one to watch the other. Both political parties may be wrong. Both may be dishonest. But it is absolutely certain that one only can be right, and it is equally certain that neither of them are honest.

In this age of corners and squeezes, the surest road to financial success seems to be along the line of centralization, or what is the same thing, consolidation. Mr. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific system, has voiced his convictions in this matter, to the effect that all the principal railway lines in the United States should be under the control of one corporation.

It is probably true that at this moment the managers of all trans-continental lines are seriously considering his suggestions. Will it not be infinitely better for the people if they retain this great power for themselves, in place of vesting it in a single private corporation?

The consolidation of the 650 railway systems and corporations in the United States will be far-reaching in its effects. It will not only place the traveling and shipping public at the mercy of a single corporation, but it will also place 2,100,000 employees, representing families numbering in the aggregate 12,500,000 persons at the mercy and caprice of a single management. Extortion from the public, overwork and underpay of employees will speedily follow this plan of consolidation. The antagonism of the public towards the corporation will be accentuated. A feeling of sullen and dogged desperation, a condition of unhappiness, poverty, crime, on the part of the employees, will be promoted.

This consolidated trust-monopoly, for it will be both, will do more towards crushing the manhood and womanhood out of the minds and souls of 12,500,000 dependent human beings than anything that has ever occurred in the history of this republic. It will also inaugurate and perpetuate what will, in the future, be known as the pen policy in railroading. In this age of corporation license and individual restraint it has long been a matter of common remark that as the management of a railway becomes rich and powerful, that the corporation itself becomes correspondingly poor and weak, and as a result unjust towards its employees and the public, thus emphasizing the reasons for its unpopularity with both.

As a rule, railroad managers have no concern for the comfort or safety of employees, no scruples about exacting a very high price from the public for a very low standard of service. In the past there has been times of dull seasons, when the tariff would be at such a low ebb as to seriously impair the revenue of the railway. Then the manager would consult personally with the patrons of the road as to the best means of increasing the tonnage and travel. The matter of supply and demand would be closely looked into. If the price of any commodity along the line was too low to stand the schedule rate for hauling it to market, the tariff was reduced to a figure at which it could be moved. It may be due to purely local causes, or it may be the result of the law of evolution, but to-day that species of railway manager is extinct.

From a purely managerial point of view, the method under the constitutional system for increasing the net revenue of the railway is vastly superior to that of the time when to get money the railway must first earn it. The promulgation of a general order discharging

25 per cent. of the force, and reducing the pay of those who remain 10 per cent., does the work in a speedy and effective manner, with the least possible worry and trouble to the management. From the pay rolls it appears that this single corporation employs an average of 2,000,000 men the year round, at salaries averaging \$60 per month per man. This arbitrary and peremptory order of discharge throws 500,000 men out of employment, and also deprives 2,000,000 dependent women and children of a living. The effect of this pen policy on both the employes and the affairs of the corporation is something truly wonderful. This managerial edict throws 500,000 men out of employment at the same hour practically reducing 2,500,000 people to a condition of beggary.

Thoughtless people will say that these discharged men should seek other employments. The public should charitably remember that any considerable time devoted to the railway service unfits one for other vocations. Tyrant and wholesale murderer that Napoleon Bonaparte was, holding as he believed the fate and destiny of the world in the hollow of his hand, in the hour of his greatest triumphs he would never have dared to promulgate an order menacing as this order does the very lives of 2,500,000 people by depriving them with a single stroke of his pen of the means of earning a living.

Under the protection of federal and state laws the autocrat of the consolidated single railway system in the United States will without hesitation or fear do what no crowned head in Europe would dare attempt, *i. e.*, without warning or previous notice relegate 500,000 able and willing wage earners to a life of idleness, misery, and want. To realize the dreadful straights to which these discharged men are reduced one must observe their sullen and despairing looks, hear the muttering and revengeful words of the husbands and fathers whose lives of activity and usefulness have been so suddenly changed to lives of idleness, dissipation, and poverty.

To complete the picture one must see the hollow-checked, sunken-eyed, famishing children of these discharged fathers as they eagerly watch the bread and market wagons laden to their utmost capacity rolling along the streets toward the palatial homes of the persons who through wantonness and greed have reduced these helpless ones to a state bordering on actual starvation.

Let us turn from this picture of want and misery to the author of its woe, the consolidated railway corporation. Its traffic is undisturbed; is neither increased nor diminished. The wages of these 500,000 discharged men, aggregating \$1,000,000 per day will in the future be counted as net revenue by the corporation. The work and labor these 500,000 discharged men were want to perform will be put upon the 1,500,000 poor devils who are fortunate(?) enough to be retained in the service. The fact that the corporation expects 25 per cent. more service for 10 per cent. less pay, discloses the whole scheme of managerial injustice and outrage. A reduction in the force of 25 per cent. and a cut of ten per cent. in the wages of the remaining 75 per cent. is equivalent to a straight cut of 35 per cent.

The monthly wages of the 1,500,000 men retained by the corporation would in the aggregate amount to \$90,000,000 35 per cent. of this sum is \$31,500,000. This item(?) added to the monthly wages of the discharged employes represents the money value to the railway corporation of the pen policy in railroading. What wonder then that the manager don't care to consult with the patrons of the system or to concern himself in the least as to whether his policy is satisfactory to the public or not when by a single stroke of his pen he can discharge 500,000 men and at the same time impose sufficient extra duty on those remaining to raise his net revenue \$61,500,000 per month? \$738,000,000 per annum wrung from white slaves by the edict of the railway autocrat. \$369 per annum for each of the poor devils whom fate has forced into railway service in the United States. Granted that this dreaded paternalism should actually become a condition in place of a theory, it is hardly within the range of possibilities that it could inflict as

great an injury on the nation as does the present oppressive, corrupt and abominable system. The present plan is not satisfactory. Let the people own and operate the railway and telegraph lines. Should they tire of them there will no doubt be found a few patriotic and self-sacrificing citizens who can be subsidized into taking the white elephant off their hands.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XV.

EXPERIMENTS AS TO IDENTITY.

Both from the force of education and transmitted habits of thought, we find ourselves incapacitated from dealing as impartially with this subject as we do with others. The negation fits in so easily with our chronic doubts that it usurps the place of experiment, trouble and study. On the other hand the affirmative builds itself up painfully in the teeth of our skepticism, and is slowly established only by the labor of exact observation. In protestant communities the conclusions we come to are so liable to be influenced by a traditional contempt for facts having an apparent flavor of supernaturalism, that we reject the facts in order to shun the theory. Beyond a doubt platitudes, pretension and tinsel abound in the communications, yet the impress of mind is stamped upon them all, and in the rarer cases, of a mind we have no right to despise. We are brought face to face with an occult intelligence and cannot if we would, escape the inquiry whence it comes and under what condition it exists?

But chiefly among the general considerations which attracts our serious attention, is the pregnant fact that whenever these phenomena have been made the subject of careful examination, the investigator has arisen with an increasing certainty of their reality, and if not always adopting the prevalent hypothesis, yet holds it to be a legitimate matter of inquiry. This is historic—not "delusion"—and has its value wherever egotism does not dominate reason.

There are but two methods of dealing with the subject open to exact thinkers, and both of them do a violence to our experience of possibilities. The one to refer these phenomena to unknown capacities of embodied mind, the other, to call in the intervention of disembodied mind. The first has greatly the advantage as all we know of mind is associated with the body, and its home there is all we can postulate of it. Yet in taking this view there comes in the extreme difficulty of attributing entirely to ourselves, powers transcending all past experience of mental or physical possibilities. Beyond these two ideas we find no tenable ground and absolutely nothing to stand upon. Elementaries, shells, gnomes, kobolds, devils or seducing spirits not of our own race, make no part of any argument we can show evidence for, or have any reason to discuss. The logical man may not call in a suppositious order of spiritual beings, any more than he has a right to invite in some from unknown land, a race of intelligent creatures, with the scales of fish or the wings of birds.

If some human imponderable is the force, and the governing mind a volition we exercise without our consciousness (it is absurd to speak of mere cerebral play) there would seem to be new and strange conditions of life superadded, which permit the extraordinary display of these apparently superhuman powers in the present day. We have the right to assume, if they belong both of force and direction to our personality, and man always was as he is, that they would not have broken out in the last forty years in a sudden and universal wave, but would have been as general in all times as now. It is not by any gradual advance in knowledge; it is by no research of human intellect, whereby we have gained control of some occult laws of our being. These things as far as we can judge, are *sui generis*, and there is no parallel between them and the discoveries men make, for they have no origin in human thought; they come. Yet they should have happened not rarely, but daily, in every age and every place where life exists, if they are a consequence of organic vitality. If we refer them

to mesmerism, as a cause and not a condition, or to the extraordinary mental and physical states induced by it, in all periods of time the fitful happening of these phenomena, should have marked its history on every page. While it is probable the physical organism may radiate a force, the world's unvarying experience is against the possession of intelligent, exteriorly acting human powers, and until forced to it by actual demonstration, we probably refuse to accept a floating instrument or the music played upon it, as the effects of any latent psychical or cerebral force of our own. When in our anxiety to reject all causes apparently supernatural, we are led on to invent some vague development of cerebral powers, *pari passu* with growth of civilization and general intelligence, we are met at once by the fact that these powers are most conspicuously displayed by those who are not sharers in any cerebral progress. Most certainly it should not be considered a development in any mental or moral sense, that the phenomena always deny the character thus imputed to them, and assume an identity they are not entitled to by the hypothesis.

It may be thought that in admitting clairvoyance to be a reality, we are doing the same violence to the order of nature and opening the door to any cerebral possibilities. But not so. There is a world-wide difference to be made between the power of perception without the senses, and the movement of objects without any known force. We do know that many minds enjoy strange gifts as intuitions, exaltations, perceptions beyond the normal state; but we do not know and have no right to hold, that the mind of a living being can direct the motion of a distant object intelligently without the intervention of some known and natural means. We may not predicate of motor-forces, as we do of cerebral attributes, for perception is a legitimate direction of the latter, and motion of distant objects entirely foreign to them.

A hundred years of observation have taught those who cared to learn, that lucidity is a property developed in the mesmeric condition, but no observed fact has led up in the remotest manner to the slightest probability that any force emanating from our organism, and directed solely by us, would in any state of the body use a pencil intelligently as the human hand might do. It is not permissible thus to deal with acts exterior to us and our volition. The reasons for not referring intelligent motion of untouched objects, or of invisible forms whose hands we feel and who speak to and touch us to any faculty of living beings, are in our present state of knowledge insuperable.

MYTHS.—III.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

What of the Old Testament—the Bible of God's "peculiar people"—the Jews? It is a record of all the myths of the ancient world; it is especially the mirror showing to our self-conceited Jews, whether of Palestine or of our modern Christianity, the peculiar faith of Phariseism. All separatism is Judaism; whether called by Christian or Jewish names Phariseism is the apotheosis of self with the glamour of priestly piety to soothe and dignify its assumptions of superiority over the less favored. It is a whited sepulchre, filled with dead men's bones. It stonies the prophets for declaring the truth; crucifies this truth and then worships the symbol without ever seeing the fact underlying the symbol. It is man's ego gone to seed with no fruit but unbelief and sensuality. It is a make-believe with no reality. Its God is a representative ass worshiped in a local temple and seen by the seer as a veritable animal upon which the Christ rides in triumph. It is the cup of iniquity which dooms its followers to destruction. All men are brothers.

The record of the Old Testament, like the record of the new, is a record of myths. Take its generalized facts: the creation of man, his fall: the deluge, the tower of Babel; the trial of Abraham's faith, Jacob's vision of the ladder, the exodus from Egypt, receiving the ten commandments, Samson and his exploits, Jonah swallowed by a whale, circumcision; all these

and other claimed facts are nothing more than myths, traditions of the race—having a spiritual meaning, but sensualized, materialized when touching the Jewish consciousness, and hence false to those who accept the naked truth without symbol.

Swedenborg claims that there was a word given to the race in the first ages of the world, that when the gradual fall of man brought on his destruction by the deluge that this word was withdrawn and with the gradual hardening down of man's spiritual life into his present condition the Jewish scriptures replaced the old word, that this ancient word is now preserved in Great Tartary. From it has been scattered abroad in Vedantan literature the glimpses which we are getting through modern theosophy. The Jewish scriptures are its ossification. Swedenborg attempted its evolution by what he called its "spiritual sense." This dreary monotony is worse than the Jewish fact. All these old scriptures rest upon the consciousness of the race as an incubus. We shall have no divine life in the true sense until all the incubus is removed and the truth emerges from its long concealment and speaks to the heart of universal man. This the few realize, and the general movement inaugurated from the Spirit-world forty years ago looks to the revelation of divinity in man as the one soul relief from all our past inheritances. Hence as a prophecy we have the "Modern Church." In the discussions had in THE JOURNAL a foundation has been laid of this church. Clear away the débris so that the full light may permeate the barren places of men's minds and that the spirit of love and wisdom may rule in place of dogma, and that for once in the ages fraternity may be the law of life instead of hate and hypocrisy.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA.

THE CHRIST IDEA.

By R. E. NEELD.

More and more "the historical Christ" is being eliminated from human consciousness. Where he was born, what were the incidents of his boyhood—everything related of him as a man of flesh and blood—is swallowed up and lost in the one grand lesson of love, which he taught mankind. For men to love one another, is to be saved—that is the distinctive lesson he taught. Love is the fulfillment of the law. He that loveth is born of God. God is love and love is God. No mightier power than love resides in this universe. Contention and strife cease in the presence of love. Heart beats against heart when one weeps with those that weep, and rejoices with those that rejoice. That is what is meant by salvation from sin. Selfishness epitomizes all phases of man's meanness, and the deliverance from selfishness is the work of love. Is that not true? Could any higher truth be handed down from the sky? What then hinders this lesson of love from being authentic? Suppose Christ did not have blue eyes and yellow hair—does that matter? Suppose Euclid never lived—does that discount the worth of figures? Is the divine beauty of Plato's philosophy lessened when doubts are raised as to his personality? One thing is certain; Christ is the only reformer who taught this love principle as the alpha and omega of man's whole duty. Moreover, he is the only one who taught that the unseen world was the only real one. He rose from the grave, materialized in the presence of his disciples, thus demonstrating the immortality of man.

Was this religion the product of some integral good in the lump of humanity; or was it an infusion from above? Consider that barbaric age, and the residuum of all human philosophy. Was it a matter of natural selection? Let the answer be either way—the question is why should any man despise the religion of love, as if there was anything better! Evolution teaches retrogression when educational influences are withdrawn. A flock of beautiful pigeons turned loose by the fancier on a desert island, will return to the original slate-color in a few seasons; and this retrograde tendency is the same among men. The law of gravitation can only be overcome by the law of life. The tendency to barbarism is ripe among civilized men; they naturally hate each other, and go to war with the haste that ducks go to water. Seeing that

the history of the world is little else than a history of bloodshed, how was love born out of human gore? Is not love as compared to hate, high as heaven? Why could not love have come from heaven? Is there anything better folded up and kept secret in the starry depths? If the religion of love is not from above, then it must be from below, and germinated in the depraved soil of human hate, and is just as indigenous to mother earth as nightshade, or any other poisonous weed. If we are to judge a man's character we look at the tenor of his life; if it is a judgment upon humanity, we take the history of man. The stream does not rise above its fountain; and no man can naturally love his enemy, or return good for evil.

Christ's precepts have the aroma of the skies; and if he was not the messiah, it was for no lack of the celestial order in his equipment.

PINELLAS, FLA.

SABBATH AND SUNDAY.

By * * *

The Jewish race is not the most ancient race. The language of the Jews is an evolution from earlier languages, and their religion a composite and eclectic religion, made up from remnants of an original stock and that of every nation with which they came in contact. That original stock was Accadian. The Accadians lived in southern Arabia and were the original stock of the Assyrian, Babylonian, the Jew, the Phœnician and probably other Semitic peoples. Accad was divided into Highlands and Lowlands. From Highlands—Ur—came Abraham bringing with him the religion of his people. Thus we find common customs, one of which was circumcision; common legends—the garden of Eden, the deluge, Abraham and Isaac, Elijah and the ravens, etc., and common festivals. The worship of the Accadians was probably astronomical. The sun, moon and stars playing a very important part. There were mixed with this, sex worship; that of the phallus, and many traces of both these forms are found in the Old Testament and even among the ceremonies of the Jews. Circumcision had its origin in the of the phallus.

As far back as the records of the clay tablets take us we find the time divided into lunar months of four weeks of seven days each—a natural development from the study of the changes of the moon. From an admirable article in the *Popular Science Monthly* of February 1889, I quote: "When the old Hindus, Arabs, and Syrians sacrificed at new and full moon the beginning was made toward the Jewish Sabbath and our Sunday. The four-fold division of the lunar month by full and quarter moon, religious or sacrificial feast days, gave the week and the magic number seven. With the Babylonians the 7th, 12th, 21st and 28th days of the month were called days of Sulim or rest. Certain work was forbidden. This expression was transmitted to them from the older Accadians. . . . This process of subordination it is especially interesting to trace in Semitic and Jewish history, for it shows the perfectly natural, rather than the supernatural origin of our day of rest. The month is the old sacred division of time common among the Semites. In the old Semitic scriptures the Sabbath and the new moon are almost invariably mentioned together." The word Sabbath comes from the language of Phœnicians and was the name of one of their festival days, in their star worship. Rev. Wm. B. Wright in his "Ancient Cities" says: "A distinctive institution of the people of Ur was the Sabbath and by them it was delivered to the Assyrians. The Sabbath among these first people where it is found in history, was a very different day from our Sunday. From the Assyrian tablets we learn that flesh cooked by fire could not be eaten, clothing could not be changed, white garments could not be worn, a sacrifice could not be offered, the king could not ride in his chariot, medicine could not be administered and no curse might be uttered."

The Jews modified the observance of that day. In the middle of the tenth century before Christ the Jews had annual feasts, harvest feasts, feasts at the new moon and Sabbaths. A good authority says, "We cannot refrain from entering a protest against the vulgar

notion of the Jewish Sabbath as being a thing of grim authority. It was precisely the contrary—a day of joy and delight; a feast day honored by fine garments, by the best of cheer, by wine, lights, spices and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import." The rabbis continually imposed new restrictions upon that day and the Talmud contains lengthy disquisitions upon the minutest details of its observance. Thirty-nine direct prohibitions are given them. Not even an apple was allowed cooked, no insect large enough for its sex to be determined was allowed killed, etc. But not only was there a Sabbath of a seventh day, the seventh year and the fiftieth year were also periods of rest—Sabbaths. Therefore if history proves anything, it is that the Jewish Sabbath was a day purely human and natural in its origin and was a day adapted to the needs of the people at that time and has no authority over this age that does not inhere in every other of the Jewish feast and festival days. And so decided the early Christians. They did not observe it.

The observance of the first day of the seven grew up as naturally among them as did the Sabbath among the Jews. Jesus did not observe the Jewish laws concerning Sabbath, though he observed the Sabbath. He gave no commandments for the observance of any day in its stead. The origin of our Sunday must be found in the customs of the early church. There is no mention of Sunday in the New Testament. Paul is mentioned as preaching on the Jewish Sabbath (Acts xiii, 14; xvii, 1 and 2; xviii, 4). But we find that the apostles and their friends gathered frequently together to talk and break bread and by a natural evolution they chose the first day, that of the resurrection, as the most important, and any unusual labors or ceremonies were assigned to that day (*vide* Acts xx, 7, and I. Cor. xvi, 1 and 2). But we also know that they met on other days for religious services. They preached also on the Sabbath. "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" gives us the earliest command found for our Sunday, showing us how, during the time between the epistles of Paul and this writing, us of the first Christians had developed into a sacrament of the church. "On this day assemble," it says, speaking of the first day of the week. The epistle of Barnabas comes next, but that says, "Assemble on the eighth day." Probably the day after the seventh is meant. Pliny, the historian, C. E. 110, says: "The Gentile Christians do not have daily services," but "a certain day," while he says, "Judaistic Christians keep the last." Jerusalem Christians evidently kept both first and last days of the week, but Gentile Christians show no reason for keeping the Sabbath. Thus Sunday was a natural growth in the early church. It had no more relation to the Jewish Sabbath than our Sunday has to Memorial day.

For 300 years, however, the church was divided upon the question of Sunday and its legal and ecclesiastical status was determined by Constantine at the council of Nicea, 325 C. E. It is observable that this first Christian emperor, in his decree establishing Sunday, makes no allusion to any divine command, and quotes no Bible or apostolic authority. He simply makes what was a Pagan holiday a Christian holiday. He declares "the great and venerable day of the sun" a public holiday. He released people from the necessity of labor, forbade the holding of the courts; not because these things were wicked but because the people might be free from attendance on them. Theatricals were also forbidden for the same reason. But he also decreed that they shall be free to attend "necessary labor"—for instance, the farmer might attend to his crops if liable to spoil. Necessary work was allowed, but no one was obliged to work. Sunday had long been a Pagan day of sun-worship, and he simply maintained it as a legal holiday under his change of faith and gave Christians the same privileges the Pagans had had.

This same council of Nicea prohibited kneeling on the Lord's day or Sunday, because it was a day of rejoicing, but they required it on fast days. For 600 years we find no attempt in Christian literature to connect Sunday with the Jewish Sabbath or to use the Sabbath as an argument for the Sunday. It was, up to the time of the reformation, observed as a day of

religious observances and of feasting, visiting and enjoyment. Neither Luther, Calvin nor other of the reformers of that time kept it rigidly. It were easy to quote from their writings evidences of this. Calvin was found playing at skittles, by one of his brother reformers, on a Sunday, and Luther writes: "Keep the day holy for its use sake both to body and soul. But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake, if any set up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, dance on it, do anything on it, that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty." Melancthon in the "Augsburg Confession," holds Sunday to be a day "appointed solely by the authority of the church." Paley, in his "Natural Theology," says: "A cessation from labor on that day beyond the time necessary for public worship is not intended in any part of the New Testament; nor did Christ or his disciples deliver, that we know of, any commands for a discontinuance on that day of any duties of one's profession." He also says: "Nor does any evidence remain in the scriptures that the first day of the week was distinguished in commemoration of our Lord's death." Archbishop Whately also finds no authority for Sunday outside the traditions of the church, and to hold that the church has power to change the commands of God he declares to be "a dangerous error." And he also says: "It is abundantly plain that the apostles made no such change," *i. e.*, from the last to the first day.

Up to the 17th century Sunday had its religious rites in a portion of the day while the rest of the day was passed in labor, play, etc. It is not till we come to England a little before the time of Cromwell that we find a rigid observance of Sunday. Our Sunday is a child of the Puritans, a reactionary effect of the dissoluteness into which the English church fell under its father, Henry VIII. Puritanism was an effort to purify that church. Under the protectorate of Cromwell, Puritan ideas became law. Church and state being one it was legally right they should. Under this regime Sunday enactments and punishments were common. The Puritans brought this rigid Sunday with them. Their great watchword was "A church without a bishop, a government without a king." But they erected a more subtle power—that of priest, creed, and tradition. There is absolutely no other authority for our present Sunday observance than English Puritanism. From this sect came the Presbyterian, Congregational churches, (both Trinitarian and Unitarian,) Baptist, Universalist and some other of our churches and with them they brought from their mother church Sunday. The Puritans in Massachusetts incorporated with their laws their religious beliefs, since church and state were one they had a right so to do.

But when our government was established the Puritans formed but a small portion of the people, and all religions were wisely left out of the government which was made purely a political body. The national constitution is not irreligious but unreligious. It guarantees the rights of conscience to all and knows neither Christian, Greek, Jew nor Gentile. In the first treaty made by our government with any power; that with Tripoli, and signed by Washington, is the distinct statement that this government is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion, and our fathers carefully guaranteed in the constitution against the recognition by the government of any religion. This has been disregarded in many cases, but all legislation in favor of religious bodies, days, schools, observances as religions are plainly unconstitutional. There can be no "religious" days in our law and no discrimination in our courts or laws between Pagan or Christian. So plain is this that the committee in congress on the judiciary to whom it was presented in 1874 a petition for the acknowledgment of God in the constitution, said, "The committee . . . respectfully pray leave to report that, upon examination even of the meager debates by the fathers of the republic in the convention which framed the constitution, they find that the subject of this memorial was most fully and carefully considered, and then, in that convention, decided, after grave deliberation, to

which the subject was entitled, that, as this country, the foundation of whose government they were then laying, was to be the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth, whether Christian or Pagan, and in full realization of the dangers which the union between church and state had imposed upon so many nations of the old world, with great unanimity, that it was inexpedient to put anything into the constitution or frame of government which might be construed to be a reference to any religious creed or doctrine.

"And they further find that this decision was accepted by our Christian fathers with such great unanimity that in the amendments which were afterward proposed in order to make the constitution more acceptable to the nation, none has ever been proposed to the states by which this wise determination of the fathers has been attempted to be changed. Wherefore, your committee report that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject of the above memorial, and ask that they be discharged from the further consideration thereof, and that this report, together with the petition, be laid upon the table."

This leaves the matter of Sunday observance entirely with the individual. He is responsible to his conscience alone, or voluntarily responsible to his church. There is no responsibility between him and the state as to how he shall keep Sunday, save that the state holds him to a recognition of his duties as a good citizen then as upon all days. The state makes Sunday a holiday equally with Independence, Memorial and other holidays, but beyond requiring good behavior, it can require no more. No man or body of men has a right to disturb another in any religious or non-religious observances, and whoever on that day disturbs his neighbor, whether under the name of religion, business or pleasure can and should be indicted as a nuisance. The church has no legal power and to ask that any law for the enforcement of any religious observance be passed is treason to the principle of religious freedom, on which our government is based.

This leaves to religion its own legitimate field of moral suasion. Here she is powerful and supreme and here she may exercise all her beautiful humanitarian and god-like powers.

Whoever is convinced that any form of keeping Sunday is right owes it to his own conscience and his fellow men that he so keep it, and by example and precept, teach, in the spirit of Him who never asked for law or police, but who said in love, "Come unto me."

CONDENSED WISDOM.

By C. A. F. S.

Each human being is a new creation.

Industry is a blessing in times of great affliction, and it has been found that the necessity of taking up duties when men would fain have indulged in grief, has really been a salvation for them.

And industry (labor of the hands, many times) is as great an aid to intelligence, as it is a salvation from vice.

If you will always govern one, you will soon find you have a salutary influence over an increasing number in society.

Eternal vigilance is the price of good housekeeping.
DETROIT, MICH.

MY SEANCE WITH DR. HENRY SLADE.

By D. D. BELDEN.

Seeing by one of the Leadville morning papers that Dr. Slade had rooms at the Clarendon hotel in that place, I resolved to see him. I bought two new slates at a book store and going to the hotel, I inquired for his rooms. Learning their numbers and location on the second floor, I repaired thither and alone. Meeting Dr. Slade at the door and extending my hand I said, "I presume this is Dr. Slade?" I added, "I have come for a seance and if you will excuse me I do not at present wish to give you my name." Shaking my hand, he said, "No difference, sir, no difference, but your name is Belden." Then still holding me by the hand, he asked, "Is not that your name, sir?" Taken by surprise and hesitating a moment, I said, "If you will tell me why you think that is my

name and why you ask me that question, I will answer it." He replied, "When you refused me your name a spirit stood right here and introduced you as Mr. Belden." Then he asked, "Is not that your name, sir?" I answered, "Yes sir, it is." We were total strangers. I had never seen him before, and he had just returned to America after an absence of five years in Europe it was said. This was I should say in 1880.

Then he conducted me into a remarkably well lighted room, which had no bed in it and very little furniture. It was about 11 o'clock a. m. There were two south windows and the sun was streaming in on to the carpet with a brightness peculiar to Colorado. There stood near the center of the room, I should call a plain kitchen table, wholly uncovered and I should judge five feet in length and three feet in width. I could see under it and all around it. Excepting the two chairs that Dr. Slade and myself occupied, there was not a chair or any other kind of furniture within five feet of this table. I took a chair at the west end of the table, with my feet and limbs under it and my hands resting upon it. Dr. Slade took a seat on the north side of the table, facing west. I was facing east. He sat sideways to the table and threw his left limb over his right knee, so that I could see plainly his whole person from head to feet. Then with his right hand plainly in sight, he constantly dangled with his watch chain as if to show me that his right was occupied. In this position he extended his left hand to me on the table and told me to hold it with my right hand which I did. There was no one in the room only Dr. S. and myself. The moment I took hold of his hand, under these circumstances, I felt a heavy hand feeling for my watch, which was in my side vest pocket. It seemed as if some one just clapped his hand on my person as to feel if my watch was there, and not finding it, did it again, and then finding it the hand felt for the chain, and finding the chain, pulled my watch out of my pocket by the chain and left it hanging down at my side, and my vest being quite tight, it took quite a little pull to get it out. However it was done, there is nothing more certain than that, when I was holding Dr. Slade's left hand, with his right hand in sight and occupied, some invisible power took my watch out of my pocket and it remained out until sometime afterwards when I put it back again. At the same time and nearly all the time during the whole séance, a common cane seated chair, standing five feet from the table and on the opposite side from where Dr. Slade was seated and close to those two south windows, was almost constantly in motion, as if moved by an unseen hand. It would raise up slowly to the height of about three feet and just as slowly go back to the carpet again. I knew all the time if there was anything attached to it as big as a hair, it must be visible to me, but when the séance was over I examined it and found nothing attached to it. It was moved by some force beyond the power of mortal vision and that too under the most favorable conditions.

I then called Dr. Slade's attention to my slates, and told him that I had brought them to see if I could get writing on them from what purported to be spirits. Dr. Slade then said: "Will you write for the gentleman?" appearing to address some invisible presence. Immediately there came loud raps, apparently on the center of the table. Then handing him my slates, with his right hand, he placed a small bit of a slate pencil on one of them, and covered it with the other slate. Then grasping the two slates in his hand, with the pencil between them, he held them up and said, "It is writing. Do you hear it?" I said, "No; I am hard of hearing." He then reached out his arm and placed one corner of the slates against my left ear. I then heard it plainly. Immediately he handed me one of the slates, without himself reading what was on it. The following was plainly written on the slate. I give it verbatim, having the slate now before me.

MY DEAR FATHER: I am glad you came. I am often by you, and I feel happy to be able to make you hear. Your affectionate son, CHARLES P. B."

Dr. Slade, seeing that I had read what was on the slate, said, "Do you understand it? Does it mean anything?" I replied that I did, and that it was all very pertinent. "But," I said, "I want the other slate written on also." Then he enclosed a bit of pencil between the slates as before, and holding it up to my ear, as before, I again heard the writing. I here copy literally what was on it. "Charlie and I are very happy. You know my former belief was quite the same as yours. Hold family séances and we will come soon. SARA A. W."

Now for the facts about Charles P. B. and Sara A. W. Charles Parmelee Belden, my son, died in May, 1870; Sara A. Wentz, a very special friend of my family, died in July of the same year. My son died in Denver. Mrs. Wentz lived and died at my old home

Warren, Ohio. It does not seem possible that Dr. Slade ever heard of either of them, living or dead. I never knew or heard of any other person by the name Sarah, who spelled the name Sara as she did, but she

always signed her name that way. It is also true that her religious views and my own were almost precisely the same. It is positively certain that the messages on those slates were never written by Dr. Slade's, or any other human, hand. Then granting that Dr. Slade has the power to write between two closed slates, without physical contact, how could he know that a person who died ten years before had religious views corresponding to my own, and that she spelled her name in that unique and peculiar way? And besides it was not until I saw the message that I remembered that she spelled her name thus, and I was, by the message, also reminded that her religious ideas were like my own. That portion of what purports to be a communication from my son, pertaining to my hearing, must have been written after I had announced my partial deafness, and after the slates were put to my ear. The slates were never put under the table, nor were they ever for one moment out of my sight. Dr. Slade sitting with his left side to the table, facing me, and I holding his left hand on the table, with my right, he had to pass his right hand over his body to handle the slates and the pencil, and there was no possible chance for deception, and there was none. These things all happened just as I have related them, and there is nothing in human affairs more certain. If there was deception or anything misleading, it must be in the fact that Dr. Slade failed to communicate to me how he could write without hands (if such is the fact) and how he could ascertain facts respecting persons long since deceased, otherwise than in the way he professed. He did say the spirits of the persons named were present, and many others, and all anxious to communicate with me. Every one must judge for himself. But that these so-called spiritual phenomena do occur there is no sort of question, none whatever.

DENVER, COL.

THUS FAR.

Since the time when Abigail Adams, (wife of John Adams) threatened rebellion unless the rights of her sex were secured, women have advocated suffrage principles. Their battles have been hard-fought and long-enduring, but their victories are won without bloodshed and the sword of reason is their only weapon.

Holding the light of truth aloft, the pioneer walked steadfastly onward through jeering, hissing rabble, invading established wrongs and bearing the scorn which all must bear, who rise above the common levels.

Like many other reformers, they, too, found the church their deadliest foe. She shot the arrow from the quiver of St. Paul and used the Bible as a weapon of war. Thus slaying all womanly aspirations toward the flowery land of justice and freedom. And brave indeed, were they who stood undaunted before her pulpit hot-snell or bore her scorn and social ostracism for conscience sake.

Slowly, oh very slowly, did suffrage principles work their way into the minds of church-women. The scales dropped from their eyes and they found themselves hedged in by laws of custom and state which deprived them of all privileges most prized by men. They realized their helplessness without political power and wisely determined to strengthen their prayers with the ballot. By their actions they denied the priestly authority which says: "Submit to the powers that be." None but slaves, having neither knowledge nor self-respect, could obey such commands. Women, with their conscious individuality and nobleness of soul, experienced new energies and hopes, and while clinging to the uplifting principles of religion, they discarded the doctrines of their own inferiority to men. By degrees they grew stronger in the convictions and bolder in the work so long maintained by their braver sisters. The result is, the great body of intelligent women who now demand equality before the law.

The church, which once forbade this movement, is hostile no more, but urges it on. She has changed her tactics and is now herself, a very active and noisome politician. Brought out under the tender auspices of numerous Christian organizations she is yet, in a new guise, the dictator of women. Through their emotional and religious natures she manipulates and controls their views of politics just as those of their religion. Through them and her various political organizations, the church demands religion in the schools, God in the constitution and the Sunday laws. Laws inconsistent with the principles of a free country.

She declares that God, or "Christ is the King of the nation," the head of government, etc., etc. She pledges herself to use her influence against Sunday papers, travel and excursions.

The right to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship is the acknowledged privilege of every person in our Union. Each may also deny himself the pleasures or benefits of Sunday travel or newspapers; but it is unjust, unconstitutional and un-American for church politicians to force their own peculiar views on the

entire public. It is a return to the primitive times when it was considered a crime for a mother to kiss her baby on Sunday; when the odors of roasted witches regaled the senses of the good Puritans and enhanced the joys of their Sabbath devotions. Protestantism and Romanism are joining hands in the work of uniting church and state, each believing itself the greater power. Should they succeed, the inevitable war between themselves must follow. The question would then be, whose church, whose God shall rule? Would the citizens be privileged to shake the President's hand or compelled to kiss the Pope's toe?

The history of woman has been one of such political injustice, persecution, humiliation and self-sacrifice that it seems impossible that she could assist in the oppression of others. That she should help the church destroy the foundation principles of our government. Should demand religious liberty for herself, yet deny it to others. Should in this way use her influence in bringing about a war that will sooner or later swallow up her beloved sons, and break her heart in sorrow. Should retard her own political progress by her religious intolerance, thus making her best friends doubtful of her benefit in politics were she a voter. Many noble men who have worked years for her emancipation now hesitate and ask themselves, "To what will my efforts lead? If I assist in giving freedom for woman will she not restrain my own religious and personal rights."

In the Declaration of Independence the God of truth, justice and humanity is already embodied, no other is needed. To ballot Christianity into the constitution is to destroy all principles for which our forefathers gave their lives. Is it not time, though politically disabled, that we women who are loyal to our own country, should raise our voices in its behalf? Should use our influence in something better than fettering the minds and curtailing the liberties of our fellow men? In our search for political freedom we have come thus far through many trials. Our plea is for equality, liberty, justice. Let us not forget this in an unseemly haste to persecute others. Let us remember that in all experiences of the union of church and state, sorrow, bloodshed and misery have been the outcome.

Let our friends not be on the alert for fear that we become the enemies of mental freedom. Let us oppose with might and main the religious despotism that would plunge this republic in despair and slay sweet liberty in the arms of her friends.—Amarala Martin in *Woman's Tribune*.

GEN. SHERMAN'S RELIGION.

A Roman Catholic correspondent who asks: "Have you any 'slurs' to cast against this?" sends *America* a clipping from the *South Bend Tribune* on "Gen. Sherman's religion which claims the distinguished dead as a 'representative Catholic in the late war.'" In support of this claim it goes on to say:

"In this city and at Notre Dame, where Gen. Sherman visited so often and where his wife, children, and other relatives passed so much of their time, and where some of his relatives were and are now members of the religious communities at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, his religious belief was well known and never questioned. He was baptized into the Catholic Church when a boy. He was married to Miss Ewing, a member of one of the most prominent Catholic families in Ohio, by a Catholic priest. She was a devoted member to her church, and loved no place outside of her home as she did Notre Dame and St. Mary's where to-day there are nephews, members of the faculty of Notre Dame, and nuns, who are teachers at St. Mary's. Another relative, Mother Angela, was for many years before her death Mother Superior of St. Mary's Academy, and during the war distinguished herself in establishing field hospitals on battle-fields in the south and looking after sick and wounded soldiers fully as much as Gen. Sherman did in conducting important campaigns."—*America*.

[And this unauthenticated story comes from Cincinnati.]

CINCINNATI, March 5.—Sister Anthony, one of the oldest and best-known Catholic nuns in America, in an interview regarding the much-discussed question of the baptism of Gen. Sherman in the Catholic church, says:

"The Colonel—for Gen. Sherman was only a Colonel then—was baptized in this city just before he started out in one of his Virginia campaigns. I was an intimate friend of Mrs. Sherman. At that time I was stationed at St. John's Hospital and Mrs. Sherman sent for me and asked that I take care of the children one afternoon. She stated that the Colonel was about to be baptized by Archbishop Purcell, and that she wanted to devote the whole day to him.

"Whether that ceremony took place at the archiepiscopal residence, near the cathedral, or at the Burnett house, I am unable to say, but that he was

placed into the Catholic church that day there can be no doubt."

America says it has no "slur" to cast upon any truthful statement of a man's religious belief or connection with any church, but the statement must not be cunningly devised to conceal a lie to insure it respect. If Gen. Sherman had lived a Catholic it would not have affected one jot the honor and affection due him from his fellow-citizens irrespective of creeds or sects. No one thought the less of Gen. Sheridan because he was a Roman Catholic by birth and profession. He was esteemed for his patriotism, his dashing military genius, and his many sterling qualities as a man and a soldier. The question of his religion never entered into the estimate of his place in the hearts and admiration of his fellows.

[Gen. Rosencranz, who ranks high among the Union Generals and is still living, has been an intense Roman Catholic in religion all his life and no Protestant finds fault with him or thinks the less of him for that reason.]

If Gen. Sherman had been a Roman Catholic he would have been an honor to that church as he is today a mourned idol of single-hearted Americanism. But our correspondent will excuse us if we decline to accept the claim of the Roman Catholic church, or even the statement of his son, that Gen. Sherman "was a member of the Catholic church." Upon this point we have better authority—the written word of Gen. Sherman himself. In a letter to the *North American Review*, written at the time of the Sherman-Blaine correspondence, he said: "In giving to the *North American Review* at this late day these letters which thus far have remained hidden in my private files I commit no breach of confidence, and to put at rest a matter of constant inquiry referred to in my letter of May 28, 1884, I here record that my immediate family are strongly Catholic. I am not and cannot be. That is all the public has a right to know."

If the word of the dead were not enough to establish the fact of his not being a Catholic, we have the declaration of his son, P. T. Sherman, that "my father is not a Catholic and never has been," and also of Father Thomas Sherman, after he had almost broken his father's heart by donning the Jesuit cassock: "My father is not a Catholic, and therefore the step I am taking seems as startling and as strange to him as I have no doubt it does to you. I go without his approval, sanction, or consent; in fact in direct opposition to his best wishes in my behalf."

The unseemly farce of administering the last sacrament of the church to Gen. Sherman, when he was unconscious in the throes of death, in order to claim his body for Catholic burial and his fame for the Catholic sect was unworthy of the church and a breach of filial consideration for a dying father's views. But it had no more effect to alter his faith than a drop of water on an eagle's back would to convert it into a catfish. He died as he lived, a Protestant and there is in existence a letter written to a friend by Gen. Sherman when he was feeling most bitterly his disappointment over his son's entering the priesthood in which he says that it was a serious question in his mind whether it was not his duty to warn the American public against permitting the intrigues of Roman Catholic priests in their families, he having experienced the evil effects of such intrigues."

It is to be hoped that the Roman Catholic Church will not persist in its claim that Gen. Sherman was a Catholic, or the result may be the exposure of how it rewarded his toleration by using his family to advance its selfish interests in every department of official life at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country. The church had better let the dead hero's words, "I am not a Catholic," settle the matter.

Another writer in the *Chicago Inter Ocean* says: "In June, 1878, General Sherman made an address at Princeton College, in which he made reference to Professor Joseph Henry, who was only lately deceased, that it seems to me that it would have been impossible for him to have made had he been a member of the Catholic church, and I think any thoughtful person, who would read it over carefully will agree with me. The extract from the speech which I find in my scrap-book I send to you. It is so good and beautiful, even without reference to this Catholic matter, that I trust you will publish it in full. The man that gave utterance to such words certainly could never be under the control of priestcraft of any kind whatever. Here is the extract as I find it in my scrap-book. The address was delivered at Princeton College, June 19, 1878.

You once had here, as a member of your faculty, Professor Joseph Henry, a man of gentle demeanor, utterly unostentatious and free from arrogance of wisdom; the very type of man which you should ever hold up to your students as an example of what industry and patient research may accomplish. . . . I feel sure there must be men in this audience who first learned from Professor Henry that the air we breathe is composed of several gases, any one of which is deadly poison, yet mingled together, give health and strength to the body and elasticity to the mind;

that heat pervades all matter, converts water into steam, the great motive power of machinery; and yet a little more, this steam becomes an explosive gas, rendering bolts and bars asunder and spreading destruction round about. How beautiful were his thoughts and words when treating of the harmonies of sound and light, and still more as he penetrated deeper and deeper into the mysteries of the then new science of electricity. Of all men he seemed the most inspired with the feeling 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' He knew that all science emanated from the Creator, and is governed by universal and unchangeable law, and that man is freely invited to seek and discover. . . .

I knew Professor Henry well in his latter years, when associated with him as Regent of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and have listened with exquisite pleasure to his explanations of the most complicated phenomena of nature. I had heard his associates relate how—when our country was agitated by political strife; when Congressmen, judges, and even soldiers broke their solemn oaths to take sides in angry war; when the civil war had arrayed father against son, brother against brother; when the Smithsonian was made to resound with the continuous passage of artillery, infantry, and cavalry; when very pandemonium seemed let loose upon our afflicted country—this quiet, modest, brave man went on in his familiar way, elaborating natural truths, and peering among the stars for the missing quantities of the great orrery of nature, with a simple child-like faith which demonstrated that his mind reached outside the storm-clouds raised by man's passion and man's inhumanity. He knew that the sun remained true as the centre of our system of worlds; that the planets continued in their allotted orbits; that day followed night; that winter and summer would come and go with unchangeable regularity; that the wheat would ripen and the roses bloom as of old; that chemical affinities were not altered, and finally that Nature and Nature's laws were undisturbed by man's madness and man's folly. He believed, and acted on that belief, that the grand principles of our government were wise, beneficent and true, and that God would, in His own time and His own way, bring order out of chaos, subdue the wild passions of men, and insure that the right alone would prevail and endure forever. I believe this man's faith nerved and strengthened the strong arm of our government, and aided materially our martyr President in guiding us as a Nation through the difficult shoals and breakers in which our "ship of state" seemed for a time doomed to destruction. I was present in Washington when this good man died; felt in the very air the evidence of universal grief; saw the President, Congress and the Supreme Court, who had ceased their labors to pay a just respect to his memory and follow him to his grave, where all present believed that the soul of Professor Henry had not far to go to meet its God, because, in life, it had reached out in that direction further than any other man of his day.

Tell me not that science is antagonistic to religion. Science is but the knowledge of Nature and of Nature's laws, and he who penetrates furthest into the book of Nature must be convinced of the infinite wisdom and beneficence of the Creator, and must realize the littleness of human intellect in comparison. That religion which checks human knowledge, and by torturing the meaning of words, attempts to circumscribe it by artificial metes and bounds, is not divine, but is mere priestcraft. It is of the earth, earthly—a very tyrant—and emanates from the baser parts of human nature.

APPARITION OF A BRAKEMAN.

The story of the Mexican ghost is told by H. Gilmore assistant manager of the American Jewelry Association who was formerly conductor of the train which received the visits of a dead brakeman. It is as follows:

I was conductor of work-train No. 2 on the Sonora railroad in Mexico in 1888. My train crew consisted of Engineer John Eberts, Fireman Joe Magill, Head-brakeman Frank Urquidez, Hind-brakeman James Gibbons, and Bill Laguna, foreman of the work train. On August 12th I received orders to run to Magdalena and bring up fifteen empty flat-cars. I left Casita station at 6:30 a. m. and stopped midway between Casita and Imuris station to leave the foreman and his gang, who had to clean the weeds off the track between these two stations and then continued on to Magdalena. I left Magdalena about 8 p. m. on the return trip, and when nearing bridge 522, near Imuris, a sudden jolt of the cars threw Head-brakeman Frank Urquidez between the cars and he was instantly killed. We gathered up all that was left of him and continued on our journey. After due investigation by the Mexican authorities, we were exonerated from all blame. His remains were buried in Magdalena next day.

Three days afterwards, while we were tied up at Santa Ana station and all hands were asleep, Engineer

Ebertz, who had been sleeping on the water car suddenly aroused us by coming tearing into the caboose, with a look of terror on his face, and informed us that he had seen the dead brakeman standing over him. We all laughed at him and attributed his fright to excessive nervousness and imagination, on account of brooding over the dreadful tragedy. But the following night, while we were laying over at Casita station, all hands, who were in the caboose, found it impossible to sleep on account of the strange and dismal sounds and knocking which resounded through the car, coming from different portions of the caboose at odd times. The following parties were in the caboose at the time. Engineer Eberts, Fireman Magill, Brakeman Gibbons and Burns, (who had taken the dead man's place) Line Repairer Sam Bonsell and myself.

We were all keeping still as death, when suddenly the engineer exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "Look! look! there he comes!" and sure enough upon casting our eyes in the direction indicated, we beheld the form of the dead brakeman slowly and with measured tread approaching the caboose over the top of the train. We were horrified, but could not move, so overcome were we with awe or fright—I cannot describe which. The ghost approached nearer and nearer until it came within ten feet of us, and took a look at us; then it turned and retraced its steps and disappeared at the end of the last car.

From this time on for about ten days, the form of the dead brakeman could be plainly seen passing over the train from end to end every night, always disappearing at the caboose, and the wierd sounds and knockings continued to annoy us, so that the fireman and the wiper of the engine refused to any longer sleep in the caboose. I therefore determined to change it and substitute another, which I did, and from that time on we received no more visits from the ghost of our dead brakeman. The caboose now stands condemned in the Guaymas yard, and nobody wants it.

The subject was brought to the attention of the railroad officials, and being authenticated by so many witnesses, they held an investigation at the time, but came to no definite conclusion in regard to it, so they let the matter drop.

In substantiation of the facts related above, I refer to the following people under whose notice it came at the time: H. T. Richard, Assistant General Manager of the Sonoma Railroad; C. D. Jones, chief dispatcher; Sam Bonsell, line repairer; Geo. Montague, road master; Bill Laguna, foreman of work train No. 2; Geo. Ebertz, engineer of work train No. 2; John Burns, brakeman of work train No. 2; James Gibbons, brakeman of work train No. 2; Rafael Urquidez brakeman of regular train, brother of the deceased, and myself, H. Gilmore, late conductor of work train No. 2, now assistant manager of the American Jewelry Association.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUST.

In the village of Jenkintown, near Philadelphia, Pa., in the early part of April, 1885, while skimming off a few inches of dirt from a carriage drive, writes W. M. Kohl, in *Nature's Realm*, I uncovered holes honeycombed in the earth, half an inch in diameter and perfectly symmetrical. They were mostly under old trees, where they had approached very near the surface. We uncovered the chrysalis about six inches below the surface, and awaited the proper time and condition of weather for them to come out. In the latter part of April they made their appearance. If rainy or muddy weather intervenes they cement the mouths of their holes with mud to keep out the water until favorable weather. They encountered many difficulties, coming up under stones and brick pavements, making their way out often through the cracks. I have a piece of iron plate, many times the weight of a locust, lifted up and propped by mud at an angle to let the insect out. The majority of holes were under trees or where trees had been.

Naturalists say they come out only in the night. For almost two weeks I watched them nightly, and they made their appearance an hour before sundown, increasing in numbers until dark. Crawling by thousands through the grass and over the bare ground in their brown casing, which they are about to throw off, they are covered with mud. Ascending weeds, posts, fences and frame work in droves, and particularly trees, they fix themselves to the bark and on the leaves. At this time they encounter many enemies, as chickens, hogs, squirrels, and birds are very fond of them. Our cat was seen every evening watching in the grass, seeming to relish them as a dainty.

One evening I secured seven on one branch, and witnessed the operation of their new birth by lamp light. They were some time running up and down selecting a position. Once fairly fixed the back part of the head becomes smooth and glossy, as if stretched to its utmost tension. In five minutes from the time of settling in position, a longitudinal fissure, showing a thread-like line where the split occurs, on the back of the head first, extending finally from the first joint

connecting the proboscis or forceps to the body joint, half an inch in length. In three minutes more the head had pressed its way out. Gradually the fore-legs were withdrawn from their sockets, say in one minute. Then the whole body swung slowly backward, head down and feet outward, suspended, with an occasional tremor, as if trying to extricate the hind part and legs. When it had hung for three minutes it then very slowly, like an acrobat, brought its body up to the original position, withdrew the hind legs and body, and in two minutes more stood outside the puba skin in full form, an inch long, of a white, waxy appearance, with red eyes like rubies. The wings showed only as a mass of cramped-up white film. In a minute the wings had grown to three-quarters of an inch, by actual measurement; in three minutes to one inch, and in six and one-half minutes to the full size of one and a quarter inches in length and half an inch in breadth. In twenty-two minutes the whole process was accomplished.



"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE."

They say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a power mightier, stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep mysterious conclave,
Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native forte man finds;
Yet all his "ics" and "isms"
To Heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Stanch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the guidon dying,
With the colors in his hand.
Brave men they be, yet craven,
When this banner is unfurled;
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hand of velvet
These giants regulate.
The iron arm of fortune,
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Judge W. A. Peffer, who succeeds Mr. Ingalls as United States Senator from Kansas has an interesting family. His wife is an amiable middle-aged woman, and a favorite in Topeka society. His only daughter, Nellie, is 20 years of age, and a leader in the society of the youth of the capitol. The new senator is the father of two sons. They are strong, stalwart young men, and both are printers. One sets type in the composing room of his father's paper, and the other is foreman of the chapel. Mr. Peffer himself, although the choice of the Kansas farmers for senator, is not a farmer either by birth or occupation or in appearance. He looks the prosperous editor that he is. He is a gentleman although he defies, to a degree, the conventionalities of modern customs, as regards manners and dress. He is amiably good-natured, receives every one that calls upon him with open arms. In a speech made after his election Judge Peffer said: "About three years ago, it was written by a distinguished senator that before the dawn of the twentieth century, the great middle classes of this country would have disappeared, but I say no, it cannot be so; and if my reason must be given, I say that a just God in heaven would not permit it. The great middle classes have no thought of disappearing. They are now asserting themselves; they are establishing recruiting stations in all parts of the country. Next year, 1892, they will marshal the grand jury of the people and prepare to take possession of the government, and by the time that the nineteenth century closes upon us these

United States of America will be governed by the people that live in them. "Now, gentlemen and ladies, and this peoples' movement recognizes the ladies, when that good time of which I have spoken arrives, the women will vote and the men will quit drinking."

Africa, the "Dark Continent" has made one substantial contribution to current literature. "The Story of an African Farm," though written same years before, appeared in this country at the same time as "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Pracher," and held its own with these works in the competition for public notice. The author, Miss Olive Schreiner, is the daughter of a German, who went in early life as a missionary to south Africa. Her mother was English, and descended from a long line of Puritans. Miss Schreiner was born at a solitary mission station and passed many years of her life before she had seen a town. Her mother, a widow, became a Catholic and entered a convent in Africa, and Miss Schreiner went to England nine years ago. She wrote stories at an early age, and began "An African Farm" in childhood, finishing it in Africa after she had reached maturity. The home of Miss Schreiner whose "Story of an African Farm" made her famous, is in a beautiful suburb of Cape Town. It is an oasis in a veritable South African desert, but skill and thrift have made the few hundred acres that comprise the town's sight blossom like the rose. Outside there are flat and desolate wastes of never-ending sand.

Many of the leading labor journals of the country are praising the good work of the Woman's Charity Club, of Denver. This organization takes charge of children during the day whose fathers and mothers are both compelled to work and are for that or any other reason unable to give them any attention. This institution is known as the day nursery, or little folks' home. In writing something about this wonderful aid to the laboring men and women of Denver, Hortense Miller, in a letter to the *United Labor*, of Denver, has this to say: "Early one morning the most destitute and forlorn mother in Denver can enter this beautiful home, leaving her baby, and hasten to her place of toil for the long day, the only condition being that the child shall be thoroughly clean; at night she leaves a dime for its care and food if she is able to do so. The next caller may be a father with a tin bucket of luncheon on his way to his day's work. He turns over to the matron a queer-looking bundle of shawls as he says: "My wife is so poorly to-day; I tried to give the baby its bath, but my big hands worried them both so much I thought perhaps you'd do it this mornin'." Such cases are the only and rare exceptions to perfect cleanliness in the newly arrived child. So, also, the well-to-do mother has no fears about leaving her darling in this little sanitarium while she spends a few hours at marketing. There is certainly no need of presenting the sentimental or pathetic side of such a charity as this."

Recently two thousand working girls of New York City and vicinity representing twenty clubs gave a ball at the Madison Square Garden. Many spectators were present and the whole number in the hall exceeded ten thousand, three of whom only were men, and they were there to assist in the direction of the entertainment. The merry maidens danced without the aid of male partners, going through the usual drills and quadrilles, reels and other dances and escorted one another to supper. The *New York Sun* asks, "Why were men excluded from the hall?" The *Chicago News* answers the question thus: "The reason that men were not invited to this ball, which is now threatened with a sunstroke, is because the girls didn't want them, and when a woman wills she won't. The wise lassies who filled Madison Square Garden read the *Sun* and were cognizant of the fact that at another ball in that city some of those brave, gallant, chivalrous young men for whose welfare Mr. Dana is so solicitous exercised their pugilistic abilities, and one of these knightly youths chased a dancing girl with uplifted fist and wrathful oaths. The working girls know the young men of New York, and with wisdom beyond their years did the proper thing and barred them out 'Bright girls'!" But this implies a reflection on the young men of New York which is altogether too sweeping.

Leonard W. Jerome, the turfman and clubman, who died at Brighton, Eng., in his 68th year, married in early life to Miss Clara Batt of Rochester, and they had

three daughters who partook of the fine physique of both parents, and who are all married in England.—Clara, the eldest, to Morton Frewen, M. P.; Jenny, the second, to Lord Randolph Churchill, whose political prominence is largely credited to his wife's brilliant qualities; and Leonie to Capt. Leslie of the Guards.

The husbands of the world view with equanimity the prospect of the extinction of the furbearing seal and the coming of the time when they will be able to say with truth, "I really can't buy one, my dear; there are none."—*Detroit Free Press*.

TRANSITION OF MRS. J. W. CARLETON.

On Friday afternoon, February 27th, Mrs. Julia Webb Carleton passed quietly to the life beyond. Born in Luvenburgh, Vt., in 1826, she married Chester Carleton of St. Clair, Mich., in 1846, and came directly to her husband's home and farm near and in sight of the beautiful river St. Clair, where they passed forty-five years happily together. Of her nine daughters and three sons five daughters and one son survive her. As wife, mother and friend she was devoted, faithful and self-sacrificing and greatly beloved by a wide circle who knew her. A Methodist on coming to Michigan, certain remarkable experiences led her to become a Spiritualist with clear and deep convictions, and light and peace in her views, which she always expressed with faithful, frank and sisterly kindness.

Three months after she came west a son of the first wife of Mr. Carleton passed away, aged four years. Twenty-one years after, in 1867, N. B. Starr, the spirit artist, painted a portrait of that child standing by his mother, as they were in this life, the likeness said by the husband and father to be good, the red scarf and lace collar like those worn by the mother and the child's hair dressed and curled as when here. He then painted them as he saw them in spirit-life, the son a young man, the mother by his side, radiant and spiritual in expression—all life-size in oil, beautiful and artistic. In a few weeks he painted a group of five children, two sons and three daughters, of the mother who has just departed. He asked Mr. Carleton how many there were and was answered, "three," but said, "I see five standing near and will paint them as I see them." There were five, two of them showed but feeble signs of brief life and therefore were not named by the father.

As this group are painted as they were after years in the Spirit-world, the only marked sign of likeness to their aspect here is in one little girl, in whose picture one eye is smaller than the other as it was here. All these hang in the parlor of the farm house and are greatly prized. Mr. Starr came as a stranger to the family and had no possible outward knowledge, as they think, of all that was pictured in this remarkable way. A large company of friends of this beloved pioneer woman met at the house on Tuesday, March 3rd, and the fit word was said by G. B. Stebbins, the favorite hymn of the ascended woman closing the services.

and not mere thought-transference. It is scarcely necessary to add that she herself knew no one in Stockbridge, and had really no connecting link whatever to lead her to such a statement except the presence of the doctor at her father's house in Ayrshire.

On another occasion she informed the members of the family at breakfast that I was on my way from Edinburgh to the works adjacent to her home, and that I had on a grey check tweed suit. I had not had time to inform her father of my intended visit to the works, but sure enough, within three hours or so I arrived in a dog-cart at the works dressed as she had described.

A friend of mine, belonging to Edinburgh, who has been in Florida, U. S. A., for some years past, had run over for a holiday in the summer of 1887, and happening to visit the works he had formerly surveyed had occasion to spend the evening at the above house. It was a Saturday evening. The conversation had been drifting somewhat toward mesmerism or similar topics, when this young lady, without any warning whatever, went off into what might be termed, the abnormal condition of waking trance.

She proceeded to describe minutely what was going on at the time in the Florida plantations—much to Mr. S.'s amazement. Then she passed from that to his father's house in Edinburgh, the rooms and occupants of which she detailed accurately. Then she commenced the relation of a fire which was taking place. It was in Newcastle. "O! there are two men killed!" she cried. Again, she proceeded to recite to Mr. S. the contents of some letters she extracted from his pocket, though he did not remove the envelopes. Mr. S., who was totally unaccustomed to anything appertaining to the occult domains of nature, gravely assured me that at this stage of the proceedings his hair literally "stood on end." Then her sister quietly suggested that the supper was almost ready and almost immediately the change occurred, which placed her once more *en rapport* with her physical surroundings.

Now, one interesting point in the foregoing is the fact that the newspapers of the following Monday contained an account of a fire that took place at Newcastle on Saturday night, and detailed the fact that "two men were killed" at it. Again, there was actually no apparent connecting link between the personalities of any one present and the town of Newcastle. Another remarkable circumstance is the ease and naturalness with which she passed into and out of this abnormal state, neither she nor anyone else present knowing anything about the science or metaphysics of occultism. It would seem as if God does not depend on the teachings of dogmatic theologians for the eternal facts of nature. simple, uncultured Scotch lassie can confound them all!—*Theosophist*.



MEDICAL QUACKS.

TO THE EDITOR: A Michigan paper says: "The old war against medical quacks is to be renewed." A pertinent query: What constitutes a medical quack? In common understanding it is a medical pretender, an impostor, who pretends to skill and knowledge in the healing art that he does not possess. Is such a one any less a quack by being bolstered with a college diploma? In this war of the regularly ordained medical fraternity for the purpose of booming a privileged trust against the outside world, the doctors are following in the beaten tracks of the old Trades Unions. When I was a lad the dictum was in rigid force, that an apprentice must serve seven years and receive a duly signed indenture from his master before he could strike a blow as a journeyman. His ability to turn out a first-class piece of work was not taken into account; it matters not that his natural mechanical bent and quality of intellect were such that in five years he could greatly excel many who worried painfully through seven years.

Is it not precisely similar with the medical gentry? Is any young fledgling from an orthodox college with a diploma in his possession ever sought to be debarred from practicing—practicing in the fullest meaning of the term; in very truth, blindly groping his way through suffering flesh and blood in quest of the practical know-

SCOTCH SECOND SIGHT.

In the west of Scotland, amongst the Ayrshire hills, lives an engineering inspector of pure Highland descent. He and his family are well known to me, as I was one of the engineers connected with the works still under his charge. The youngest of his three daughters is normally healthy, merry and witty. At times, however, she evinces undoubted psychic faculties of a high order. And it may be noted that she has all her life shown a strong aversion to meat—in fact, she never eats meat at all. Her diet is simple and pure. On one occasion she informed an Edinburgh doctor, when in Ayrshire, that on his return to Edinburgh he would be called upon to visit a patient in the Stockbridge district, and that he would have to cross an old wooden bridge to reach her. It happened that Stockbridge was not near his usual circuit to patients in Edinburgh, and before his return to that city, a few days afterwards, he had forgotten all about it. But suddenly summoned to attend a patient, he found himself crossing an old wooden bridge. In a flash he remembered the prophecy, and simultaneously realized that he was in the very center of the Stockbridge district.

This shows the possession of clairvoyant prescience by the young lady in question,

age he does not possess! Many of these raw recruits regularly labeled with authority to crowd their way into the deep mysteries of humanity are turned out every year, who literally stamp their unskilled bungling into every graveyard. Years ago, when the first case of croup in my home carried off a baby boy, because his parents were ignorant of the insidious disease, such knowledge was sought and gained as effectually prevented a like loss in the future. We learned that the thing of prime importance was prompt action, a warm bath, poultice of boiled onions on the chest, and something given to induce vomiting. This done all danger was passed. In after years we had many occasions to test it, and never found the remedy to fail. And the practical knowledge thus gained was freely imparted to scores of others, by which much doctors' expense was saved, and many a home made glad. Is there any reason in equity why we should not impart this knowledge, why we should not hang out a sign to announce that we made the cure of croup a specialty, and exact remuneration for our services? So in all other cases. On what grounds should any persons be debarred from using skill and knowledge they possess at the mere request of an interested class? The bald plea is, that it is to protect suffering humanity from the unskilled hands of ignorant practitioners devoid of a doctor's diploma. What of the diploma in possession of a bungler?

A few weeks ago a shopmate of mine called into his home a regular physician to prescribe for a sick child. With all the assurance of his fifteen years practice he pronounced the baby's illness malarial fever, gave a prescription and ordered the patient to be almost entirely deprived of food and water. The child grew steadily worse, crying piteously for water. The doctor called again, peremptorily refused to permit food or water and gave another prescription. I told the half-distracted father I thought there must be some mistake; that I had never known of malarial fever in a mere baby, and another physician was summoned, and, wisely, not told that he was treading on the heels of a brother practitioner. He promptly announced that all that ailed the child was a severe attack of teething, and with patience and careful nursing it would soon get over it. Given its usual nourishment and the teething struggle passed, the patient speedily recovered.

Who was the quack doctor here? Was not this physician a medical pretender of the first water? Is it not such as he that ought to be warred against to utter extermination? Of what value to a patient was his diploma? Was it, indeed, anything but a snare and sham? Yet he collected a dollar-and-a-half each visit just the same. And there are thousands of as gross cases of quack doctoring of the regular orthodox medical fraternity every year.

CLEVELAND, O. W. WHITWORTH.

A YOUNG CLAIRVOYANT.

TO THE EDITOR: There is a rather strange case which has been happening in a family under my immediate observation, and one that might interest the Psychical Research Society. I will give, without embellishment, a brief report of some of the facts. Should I read the same statements in a newspaper, I would think them likely the creation of the fertile brain of some enterprising reporter. I can not complain if these statements of mine meet the same verdict from others.

In a family among my parishioners there is a boy of twelve years, who became afflicted with nervous trouble a few weeks ago and about four weeks ago it resulted in insanity. Doctors here could do nothing for him. His parents took him to Chicago to be treated, and returned over a week ago without any benefit. The boy said the doctors did not know what was the matter with him and only wanted to experiment. He said he knew what was the matter, that the cause of his trouble was the medicine, and he would get well if they would give him no more medicine. He became paralyzed on the left side, losing the use of left arm and leg. Last Wednesday morning he told his parents that on the following day, at exactly 7:15 o'clock p. m., his left hand would be restored and he would use it. This occurred as predicted. He has a pair of pigeons, given him since his sickness. He has a brother who died two or three years before he was born, whom he calls Freddie. When asked how he knew that he was to have his paralyzed hand restored at 7:15 p. m., he said that the pigeons told him, and that Freddie told the pigeons. He claims to see Freddie, and

describes him. He is clairvoyant and seems to see people far away. He saw his father in Mason City, and told what he was doing and what he was thinking about. He claims to know all about the Oddfellow signs, but refuses to say much about them as people would think his papa told him. His father is an Oddfellow. His Uncle James is not far advanced, and when he entered the room he told him how far he had advanced. He can tell any one's age to a dot, and claims to tell how long they will live. He said to his mother: "Mamma, I can tell you how long you will live, and papa too." When asked to tell, he said: "You will live 83 years, 3 months and two days, and papa will die three months earlier." His tongue being paralyzed it is difficult to understand him. He said Freddie tells everything. He knows nothing about Spiritualism, to which his parents are rather opposed, and never saw a medium. This morning he told his mother that his left leg would be restored in a few minutes and that he would walk. He lay quietly as if listening to some one talking to him—the same as he did when his left hand was restored—and in about five minutes, as near as his mother could tell, he jumped up and walked about the room with grace and apparent ease. He had no use, whatever, of his limb before.

This afternoon I called at the house and found him walking about. His only remaining trouble was his paralyzed tongue. After I had been there about an hour, he tried to tell his mother that in a few minutes his tongue would be all right and he could talk as good as ever. It took him some time before he could make his mother understand him. I heard what he said, but could not understand a word. The mother was much astonished when she told me that he said he would talk plain in a few minutes. The boy then sat back in his chair for a little while, acting as though listening to some one talking to him. Suddenly his mother broke the silence by saying: "Well, why don't you talk?" He then raised up and said: "I do talk plain." The mother was evidently greatly excited, and wept as she embraced him. He went on to say, with perfect articulation: "Now I can talk plain. Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City railroad," etc. He continued to rattle it off lively for awhile, and then ran over to Aunt Susie's and said: "O, Aunt Susie, see, I can talk." He seems to be all right in his mind now, and claims that he was crazy, but that he is not now. During his insanity he forgot everything almost that he had known, and could not read or count. But now he can read as well as ever and is rather a mathematical prodigy. He is all right now, unless clairvoyance is insanity. He proves his power in this respect, and has made no mistakes so far as known. He talks as though he had been a thorough Spiritualist and medium for years. He is the first person that ever told me my exact age. He also predicted my age at death, by the assistance of his pigeons. His superior condition may not last long. He calls himself a living curiosity. These are only a few of the many things that might be told about him. T. W. WOODROW.

MARSHALLTOWN, IA.

BOEHME AND THEOSOPHY.

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of February 21, is a letter on Boehme, which demands some rectification in one or two of its premises.

In the first place, no one familiar with Jacob Boehme's writings would agree with Dr. Franz Hartmann when he says in his preface to his new work on the peasant philosopher, that "no man before Boheme is known to have communicated such things to this sinful world," which assertion M. C. C. Church supplements by saying, "that this philosophy will take the place of much which has been given to the world from theosophical sources and that all of value that has come through Madame Blavatsky, Sinnett, Olcott, etc., is to be found in Jacob Boehme." The question, however, has to be met: Where did Jacob Boehme get what he knew? Where do we find a similar philosophy to his, only far more comprehensive, and yet more spiritual? Dr. Hartmann gives Boehme's creed in almost the identical terms of the Hindu Upanishads, which according to Professor F. Max Müller date at the very least computation, from 1000 to 800 years before the Christian era. As Boehme is not likely to have had any acquaintance through study with the sacred writings of the east, his partial knowledge of the primitive oriental doctrines was undoubtedly due to an unusual degree of spiritual illumination, much needed in the grossly literal age in which he lived, and of inestimable use

even yet in a materialistic era such as our own.

That any one familiar with Boehme and also with the priceless gems of eastern lore, should make the mistake of supposing the cobbler seer to be the originator of theosophy seems almost inexplicable; for in truth, the wider one's knowledge in all directions, the more clearly it must be borne in upon the candid mind, that no man is an originator, that no society of men can claim priority to any body of doctrine, since the divine wisdom has always been in the world, and those endowed with the inner sense have perceived it and proclaimed it without any thought of exclusive rights therein.

Indeed, the writers of the Vedas, the fountain-head, whence all theosophy springs—are unknown, and even legend records not their names. Hence, it is an accusation unworthy of any professed lover of theosophy, that modern theosophists have cribbed from Boehme, who himself is shown to be not the one and only original in this branch of philosophy. It is time it should be known that all true theosophists work on the same lines and that the world is large enough for each and all, when the source of their several revelations is acknowledged to be that Infinite Over-Soul, which Emerson in his almost inspired utterance says, "Casts a light upon us from above or behind, making us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all!"

E. J. B.

STRAY SHOTS.

TO THE EDITOR: Every now and then we are informed that some one eminent in society is gloriously willing to admit "that there is something in Spiritualism," something that cannot be accounted for by delusion or fraud, but the informants almost invariably conclude with the assertion that a portion of the manifestations are traceable to those visibly present.

Now will some kind friend give an explanation, for after much earnest investigation I must confess that I have never seen anything in the way of supposed spiritual manifestations that could be accurately charged to "unconscious cerebration," "autohypnotics," or the tricks played by one's unconscious or sub-conscious self. Many a manifestation is certainly tinted if not painted outright by the medium, unconsciously without a doubt, but the mere perversion, or even pollution of a stream will not destroy its identity. If such extreme care is to be taken to classify spiritualistic facts why not have an equal regard for the correct classification of facts which are known or supposed not to come under that head. With a regard for science amounting to veneration I begin to suspect that some at least of its votaries have certain shelves whereon they are sometimes apt to lay away their "facts" for convenience sake. Is it not advisable to be equally critical on either side of the question?

Des Moines is possessed of a natural wonder in the person of one Dr. Springer. He is a magnetic healer and enjoys a practice larger than he can attend to—if one may be permitted a bull—and his cases are remarkable. To give an idea of the strange force which pervades him it may be stated that he has frequently been seen by the writer and the others to eat glass. Taking a portion of a broken lamp chimney he will slowly crush it up and when dissolved swallow it, or he will put some of the pieces in one hand, pressing them with the fingers of the other when they slowly become liquid, "as you wait." He knows nothing about it beyond his personal observation, is not a Spiritualist, and is about to leave for Philadelphia to consult a physician in regard to his peculiar condition. He eats the glass for a purgative professing a strong dislike to drugs, without being able to state why.

It would be interesting to know if disembodied spirits play any part in magnetic healing; possibly some clairvoyant will inform us.

I was very pleased to read Mr. Currier's advice to the members of the new Society for Psychical Research to investigate among their personal friends. With a medium in nearly every house such a course would seem quite feasible. To those who deem a "professional" indispensable the writer may be permitted to say that he has seen almost every phase of the manifestations in such circles—where the fraud element was inconceivable—including "etheralized" forms and has been deluded by those forms more than once in common with some half dozen others proving conclusively, to him at least, that any number of people can be at once and the same time and place the objects of their own sub-conscious "anti-

hypnotic" "subjective phenomenal" tricks. Yes, the poor spirit who is obliged to wonder about using first one human organism then another, to display his love-taking power, his gifts of tongue, or prophecy, or to resume his former shape, is fast becoming a very common-place fellow compared with his brother-in-the-flesh.

JAS. T. R. GREEN.

HAVERHILL AND VICINITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The ministers' movement in the investigation of Spiritualism is beginning to work here in the city of Haverhill. Rev. A. A. Ross, of the Mt. Washington Universalist Chapel Society, lectured on Sunday afternoon, March 1st, to a large audience, on Spiritualism. Upon the Bible record. Mr. Ross declared himself a Spiritualist, a Christian Spiritualist. Spiritualism, he said, is the highest idea of manifestation of God in Jesus Christ. He was a Spiritualist because a believer in God and in Christ, and because it is Christian. He quoted many Bible texts to meet the question, and among them the words of Paul, where he declared that if the resurrection or continued life is not true, then all preaching is vain. He said, the more investigation is made the more naked we find ourselves to be. All honest Spiritualists and all honest persons say that Spiritualism should be investigated. As to modern Spiritualism, he felt a measure of prejudice against it, as also against mediums. His late experience with one was unsatisfactory, because he did not get at the truth.

He was in favor of the new organization to investigate Spiritualism, and he would cooperate with it. Thus the cause moves steadily forward.

A scientific investigation of spiritual phenomena, their cause, and the law by and through which they are produced, should be welcomed and encouraged by every truth-loving Spiritualist in the land, and will be welcomed by all, except the class that make the spiritual temple a house of merchandise, as of old, in which to buy and sell doves in the form of tests of spirit identity, procured from the test exchange at a fixed price per capita. Away with all such trash. The new movement started here, in the Old Bay State, to investigate Spiritualism should have every possible encouragement. If satisfactory results are ever obtained, in my opinion, they will be found by personal investigation, and in private seances, held by a few persons who have confidence first in themselves and then in the phenomena that appear to them. No person has a right to accept my personal experiences as facts until I can demonstrate beyond a doubt that they are facts. The thinking person of to-day demands knowledge; he has investigated beliefs until he finds the premises untenable, and now makes a halt and says, I do not know. Faith has done its work; the hand writing appears upon the wall as of old again. "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Let every minister in the land go to work, honestly, among his own people, or anywhere, but go to work and demonstrate the fact of immortality, if such fact exists, and let all honest persons lend the helping hand.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

QUESTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: If spirits can communicate with human beings, and if they have thus been communicating for forty years or more, why is it that there is as much difference of opinion among believers upon questions concerning which there ought not to be any dispute, as we find among orthodox Christians?

In *Arena* for February, Prof. Wallace quotes with approval from Dr. Eugene Crowell, who says he has been informed by trustworthy and intelligent spirits in explaining apparitions, that a spirit cannot leave the body, without causing the death of the body, and where the apparition of a living person is seen, the explanation is that some spirit out of the body, or one who has passed over to the spirit life, personates the spirit of the living person. Now if that is true, how do we explain the statement of ex-Senator Harris of Tennessee, reported in THE JOURNAL about one year ago, when he tells us that he left his body lying upon a sofa in his own house, and in the spirit, ascended the stairway of his mother's house, many miles distant, conversed with her, and her recollection or impression of the appearance exactly coincided with his? Take this case, related to me by a lady, connected with myself by marriage, not a Spiritual-

ist, who tells me that some fifty years ago her mother lived in central Michigan; her father was dying in northern New York; the daughter knew the father was ill, but did not know the sickness was serious; she dreamed that she walked into her father's room, dressed in mourning, and her father bade her good bye. On the same night, the father awoke from an apparent doze and told his wife that "Clara" the daughter came into his room dressed in mourning, and that he had bidden her good bye; in a very short time, perhaps an hour, the father died. Now if some spirit personated this daughter, and the father bade the supposed daughter farewell, how did the sleeper know what the father said? If some spirit friend of Senator Harris ascended the stairs in his mother's house, and heard the mother say that if her son could come to her she would be relieved, how did the sleeping son in the far distance find it out?

We are told that the spirits are anxious to spread the truth of the fact of an after life, to stay the onward tide of materialism that orthodoxy cannot prevent; then why do we not get some general facts concerning the laws that regulate spirit return and spirit control that we can understand and appreciate? Until this can be accomplished, I fear that converts will come in slowly.
J. N. GRIDLEY.
VIRGINIA, ILL.

The following is from George C. Bartlett's reminiscences of Charles H. Foster:

While spending an evening with Mr. Foster, at No. 29 Fourth street, a Mr. Farnsworth called, who was then president of the New York Society of Spiritualists. He said that the evening before he had had a discussion with some skeptical friends, who thought that Mr. Foster in some way opened the slips of paper on which questions and names were written. That they wished to bet any amount that they could so fold the questions that Mr. Foster could not answer them. They said they had finally concluded to reduce the test to one written name of a dead person, and eleven other pieces of paper should contain blanks. These twelve slips of paper were crushed into the shape of bullets, then placed in tin-foil, and rolled and re-rolled, until they had the appearance of ordinary bird-shot. Mr. Farnsworth took these twelve bullets from his pocket, held them in the palm of his hand, and asked Mr. Foster if he thought he could get an impression of the name. Mr. Foster said, as usual, that he would try. The twelve bullets were placed in the centre of the table. Taking up one after another, he asked, "Is this the name?" One rap came as he picked up each of them, until suddenly three raps came. Holding a bullet between his fingers he said, "This is the bullet which contains the name." After repeating the letters of the alphabet, he said, "I have it and will write it out for you." He did so, asking Mr. Farnsworth if it were correct. Mr. Farnsworth said that part of the test was that he was not to know the name. He then left, taking the bullets and the name, and he reported the next day that the name was given correctly.

Mlle. Louise Gautier, a young French girl who was born deaf and dumb, has lately passed the examination at L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris, with high honors, and received not only her diploma but an appointment as teacher. She has been taught to read the lips and to speak by the Grosselin system.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

"Man Whence and Whither," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. A work intended for busy people who have but little time to read and no taste for metaphysics. The author believes that he has something to say for the public good outside of the church, and therefore chooses to write independently. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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The Art of Expression in its Relation to Prosthesis. By Dr. J. H. Woolley. Chicago. Read before the Chicago Dental Society, Dec. 2, 1890.

Dr. Woolley has given close attention to the expressions of the face and the movement of the muscles that control facial expression, and he writes intelligently on the subject. "In sorrow," he says, "we notice that all the muscles of the face are relaxed, the eye brows are raised toward the middle of the forehead, the eyes droop, as also the corners of the mouth. Somewhat similar are the expressions of dejection, pity, and melancholy. In joy, the eyes are bright, the mouth slightly opened and the corners turned up. In pain we notice a contraction of the eye brows and wrinkling of the forehead, the mouth slightly open with the corners turned up. The expression of contempt, sorrow, pain, etc., are controlled by certain muscles. Habitual modes of thought stamp themselves upon the face." The mouth sustains a most important relation to the organs of the face, and this relation in connection with mechanical dentistry is one on which Dr. Woolley gives the results of his careful study.

Five Minute Declamations: Selected and Adopted. By Walter K. Fobes. Boston. Lee & Shepard. 1891: p. 24f. Price 50c. (McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash ave., Chicago).

This little volume, one of Fobes' elocutionary handbooks for school and college, and the second part of his selections for five minute declamations, is composed mainly of extracts from the addresses of American orators, including Webster, Winthrop, Everett, Curtis, Phillip Sumner, Choate, and other great public speakers. The selections are full of ideas as well as eloquent in language, showing excellent judgment and discrimination on the part of Mr. Fobes.

Peter Henderson—Gardner, Author; *Merchant:* A memoir. By Alfred Henderson. New York: McIlroy & Emmel. 1890.

This little work is a son's tribute to his father's services in American horticulture, in which Peter Henderson by his achievements, won deserved distinction in the country of his adoption. His straightforward and generous business dealings with over a million people, during a period of nearly if not fully forty years, made his name a synonym for all that is honorable in trade. His "Gardening for Profit," published in 1867, and subsequent works by him have been recognized as the highest American authorities on the subject of which they treat. Although by birth a Scotchman, Mr. Henderson was proud of his citizenship in this Republic. Personally he was respected and beloved for his many noble qualities. The memoir is well written and gives the leading facts in the life of Peter Henderson, whose earthly career ended Jan. 19, 1890. He was born at Pathhead, Scotland, in 1822.

The First Annual Report of the Executive Board of the Woman's Charity Club Hospital, at 38 Chester Square, Boston. This hospital was started January 1st, 1890. The report says that suffering women were waiting to enter and adds: "They are all the time waiting, and while we can assist but twelve at a time, yet we consider what a blessing it is to be saving even these few lives, and work on in hope of more means as a help to greater usefulness." Ninety-three women have been entered on the books as patients. Eighty-nine have gone to their homes well women. That is certainly a good record. Thirty-five of the ninety-three cases required capital operations. All the operations were performed by Dr. Ernest W. Cushing. Such ladies as Dr. Salome Merrett, Mrs. Dora B. Smith, Mrs. Mary Dyer, and Mrs. L. A. Hatch are among the officers of the institution.

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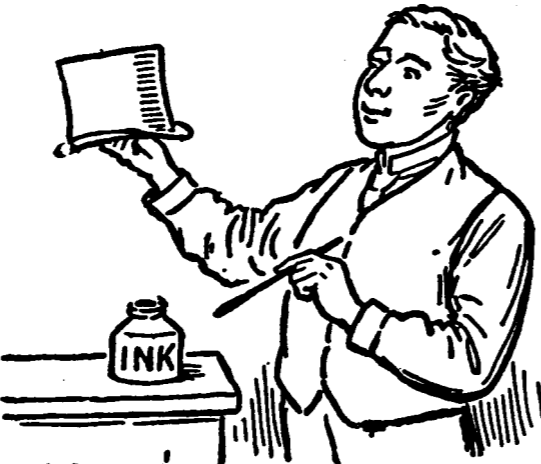
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SHERMAN.

"Lights out!" As from some distant star
I heard the mystic trumpeter.
"Lights out!" I knew it was command
To one who wore the battle scar.
But "Whose," I asked, "the tent wherein
Life's evening lamp shall no more gleam?"
"Lights out!" And lo! a tent grew dark.
Then a ray of light from out the gloom
Fell on a chart within my room,
And like a flame burned—"To the sea?"
Revealing at once the mystery.

That light reached out beyond the sun,
Telling the "March" had but begun,—
Our evening there was "Reveille."
Grant, Sheridan and Thomas long before
"Promoted" were! Now one star more
Lincoln to Sherman's shoulder gave.
And when for him at God's command
The bugler sounded "Taps" on earth
That ray of light from o'er the sea
Had in that glorious star its birth.

—H. H. BROWN, in Springfield Republican.

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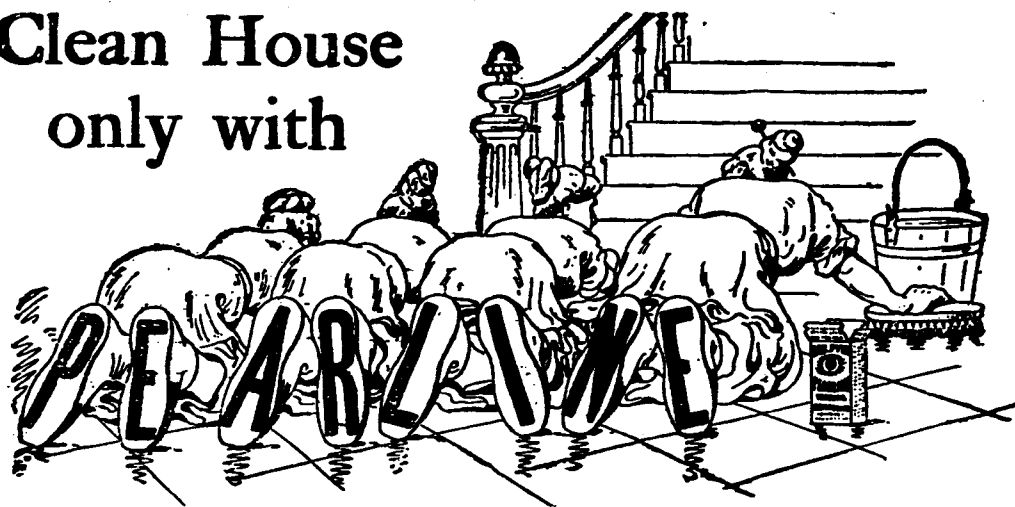
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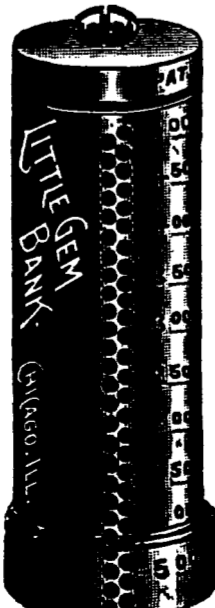
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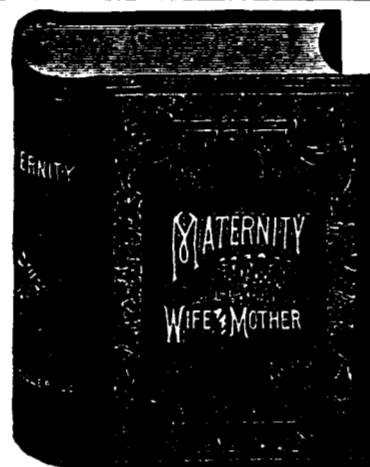
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"M'VICKER'S."

The history of Chicago cannot be written without prominent and repeated mention of Mr. J. H. McVicker and the theater which bears his name. THE JOURNAL'S readers will recall the burning of the splendid structure on August 26, 1890. Mr. McVicker was at Saratoga, but took the first train for home and at once set about reconstructing the building. In doing so he sacrificed his own comfort, moved hereto by public spirit and the spontaneous outpouring of good will on the part of all Chicago. He might have retired from active business and enjoyed that life of ease which a long and successful career would have justified; but love of his art and a desire to meet the universal wish of his fellow citizens inspired him again to rebuild a temple for the drama. Although no longer young in years, Mr. McVicker has worked for months with the enthusiasm of youth, and the magnificent pile is now about completed. On March 20th, the theater will be opened by Jefferson & Florence in the standard play of "The Rivals." A shrewd business man, knowing that everybody would want to be present on that evening, walked into the managers office and offered \$4,000 for the house for one performance. He was told that he would not buy it; that no speculation would be allowed, and seats would be sold at fair prices. Tempting

premiums for boxes have also been rejected. All this is consistent with Mr. McVicker's life-long policy and has the approval of Mr. Joseph Jefferson. These two gentlemen of the old school do not tolerate the modern method of squeezing the public.

Mr. McVicker first appeared as an actor in Chicago in 1848; and his theater was established in 1857. Since then he has spent over \$700,000 in the several reconstructions of the premises. The new auditorium can hardly be finer than the one destroyed, but everybody will be glad that this home of the drama is once more open to the public. Dr. H. W. Thomas and his great congregation will also be rejoiced to return to their Sunday home.

NIAGARA FALLS.

In the cyclorama building at the southeast corner of Wabash avenue and Hubbard court, Chicago, is the world's most famous cataract transferred by the brush and paint of the artist to canvas, with nothing lacking except the roar of the tumbling waters and eager voice of the hack men. The visitor climbs a winding starway that leads to the top of the old museum on the Canadian shore directly opposite Goat Island which divides the great cataract. To the right are seen the Horseshoe Falls, and to the left, in which direction the river winds its way to the Whirlpool Rapids, the American Falls appear. In the distance are the new suspension bridge for carriages and pedestrians, the Clifton House, on the Canadian side, and the town of Niagara, on New York soil. Continuing to the left the visitor meets with groves, parks and rocky cliffs until, completing the circuit, he reaches the old Prospect House, which faces the Horseshoe Falls. This house was removed not long ago to make room for the extension of Queen Victoria Park, but it was standing when Philippoteaux painted the picture. Beyond the Prospect House and capping a mountainous promontory is seen the Loretta convent. Stretching far below the spectators are the walks and carriage roads alive with people and equipages. The artist has given an autumn view of the falls and their surroundings. The coloring and perspective show careful work. The canvass is 410 feet long and fifty feet in width. A private view of the work was given on the evening of March 11th to several hundred persons who were present by special invitation.

"A Reader" writes that it is claimed "that Gen. Sherman was at one time a good Catholic, for Rev. Fr. Sherman was reported to have said that his father was baptized and married in the Catholic church and had, previous to the war, been a regular attendant at the services." "A Reader" adds; "During the war the opportunity to attend services may have been a rare exception and the scenes that must have presented themselves to the general's eyes were not such as would soften the heart and make it more sensitive to religious feeling. Nevertheless he continued to love the church, for he gave to this institution one of his beloved children. Was it not only natural then that we should think that if he was aware of the danger he would ask and long for the blessings of his mother church? Had he been conscious, and had he lived long enough to see his reverend son, no doubt he would have regretted not to have sooner returned to his religion. Yes, indeed, his mind could be interpreted, and it was an easy task at that, and he who possesses any religious feeling whatever, can easily understand that it was interpreted correctly." On another page in THE JOURNAL this week may be found an article that is conclusive as to Gen. Sherman's religious position. The statements made and added to from time to

time, that the distinguished soldier was a Catholic, illustrate how myths originate and grow.

Mr. Sigmund M. Rothhammer writes: I hail with delight the new Association for Psychological Investigation. I hope with every true Spiritualist, that its efforts will be crowned with that success their intention to demonstrate the future of man on scientific principles so well deserves. The advice of W. W. Carrier to investigators is to the point, and should the new organization avail itself of it, success will crown its efforts, and humanity will be its debtor for the greatest earthly boon: "knowledge of a conscious, personal and active life beyond the grave." May God bless its efforts, and kind, noble and highly developed spirits guide and assist in their noble and philanthropic work.

Dr. Hamilton Warren, of Omaha, a fine healer and long-time subscriber, has just completed his medical course at Cotner University, Lincoln, Neb. Dr. W. was valedictorian of his class. He found it better to go through and get a diploma, than to be continually defending against the workings of the unjust medical law of Nebraska.

THE JOURNAL'S composition room will be moved to another building as soon as this number is ready for the press. After fourteen years' occupancy of the same quarters such a removal is no easy job, yet it is hoped that little or no delay in publishing next week's paper will occur.

Dr. A. Pratt, Chester, Conn.: The lieutenant governor of the state of Connecticut in 1870 had embraced Swedenborgianism. He was a wealthy man and an earnest and devout Christian. In his place—Middletown—there was no Swedenborgian church

and he offered one of the church societies \$2,000 a year if they would allow a Swedenborgian minister to occupy the pulpit twice a year. The offer was declined. He was a liberal, charitable man, and gave his check for \$1,000 to help build an Episcopal church, in Middletown. He is now dead, died several years ago.

Dr. A. B. Westcott an old citizen, who in years past took an interest in Spiritualism, solved the problem last week by cross-over to the majority. He was a genial gentleman of large acquirements and stainless life. Prof. Alex Wilder and other JOURNAL contributors knew him well.

Mrs. Martha Dolph passed to spirit life from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hattie Davis, in this city last Saturday at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. Mrs. Davis is well and favorably known as a medium and healer.

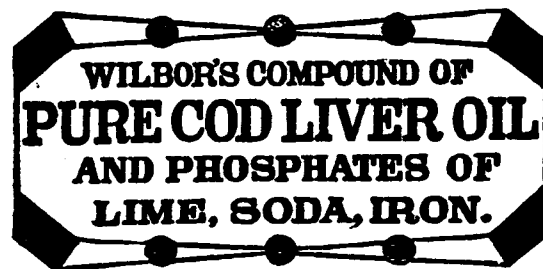
T. M. Draper writes: Please accept thanks for your masterly answer to my questions on Darwinism. That alone is worth a year's subscription to your valuable paper.

THE JOURNAL BINDER.

Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for seventy-five cents, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

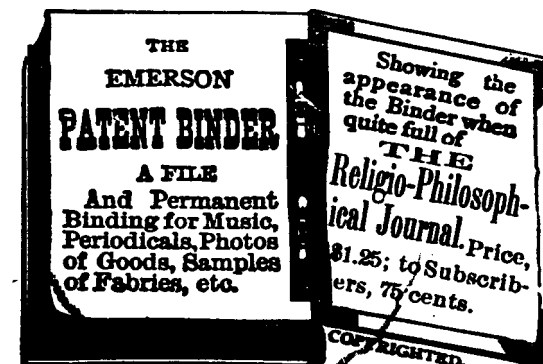
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Invalids need no longer dread to take that great specific for Consumption, Asthma, and threatening Coughs.—Cod Liver Oil and Lime. As prepared by Dr. Wilbor it is robbed of the nauseating taste, and also embodies a preparation of the Phosphates, giving nature the very article required to aid the healing qualities of the Oil, and to re-create where disease has destroyed. It also forms a remarkable tonic, and will cause weak and debilitated persons to become strong and robust. It should be kept in every family for instant use on the first appearance of Coughs or Irritation of the Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.



St. Vitus Dance Cured!

SAN ANDREAS, CAL. Co., Cal., Febr. 1890.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by it, that he could not go to school for 2 years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his natural health, and he is now attending school again.

MICHAEL JOONNEL

Extract From a Letter of the

Rev. W. C. Kampmeier, Lowell Wash. Co. O.
After the second dose of the Nerve Tonic which I ordered for my little son upon the advice of Rev. E. Koenig, the spasms disappeared and no symptoms shown since four weeks, although the attacks came from 15 to 20 times each day before.—The child was so delicate that it could hardly stand or walk, now it is playing in the yard and has gained 3 1/2 lbs. in weight. Although the Rev. Koenig had expressed but little hope that the Nerve Tonic would help, I thank God, that I followed his advice and shall recommend the remedy to all sufferers.

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