

RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Berlin dispatches state that the number of emigrants that left Germany during January and February, 1891, was 7,648, a larger total than has been recorded in the same period for the last five years.

One of the recent statements by Dr. Seelye, president of Amherst College is that at the present rate of progress the women of the country will at the end of the present century be better educated than the men.

A. J. A. Brown, of Bloomington, Ill., is trying to establish his mother's claim to being the widow of Charles F. Brown, better known as Artemus Ward. According to the woman's statement she was married to Artemus Ward in 1835 and that at the time of his death in 1867 the family consisted of ten children. According to his biographers Artemus Ward was born in 1834. So it would seem, unless there is a mistake somewhere, that he was married at the age of one year. That so young a man should be the father of so large a family is remarkable. Indeed the situation presents a more humorous state of affairs than the humorist himself ever dreamed of. Mrs. John Hayne of New York, Artemus Ward's cousin, who under the will inherited all the property, says that she believes the claimant is mistaken, being positive that her cousin died a bachelor.

P. T. Barnum humbugged the people somewhat, but not more than they liked to be humbugged, while he made successive generations of children happy, and provided harmless amusement for millions of people. Who that ever attended his "greatest show on earth" does not feel grateful to the great Yankee showman for the opportunity he afforded for seeing wild animals from every part of the world, strange monstrosities and rare curiosities, large and small, feats of skill and comical performances, that made not only the boys and girls, but old people, laugh heartily. There was but one Barnum, and there will never be another. He was a man of generous nature, and was personally liked by those who knew him, and popular with the whole American people.

Judge Andrews, of New York, says a paper of that city has very properly refused to grant the petition of a husband for the annulment of his marriage because he found out that his wife was not the perfect being that he had believed her to be before marriage. The Judge in his decision, suggests the alarming vista of possibilities that would be disclosed by acknowledging the justice of the petitioner's claim. Courts, he says, might be asked to apply the same rule to alleged deception or misrepresentation before marriage in regard to "temper, religious belief, education, social standing and concealed physical defects." This would be terrible indeed. The English Parliament once passed an act making it criminal for a woman to lead a man into marriage by the attractions of false hair, false teeth, etc. The law, if not formally repealed, has fallen into innocuous desuetude. Here in America men and women are supposed to be intelli-

gent enough to know what they are about when they make the choice matrimonial, and unless there is duress or fraud of a very gross character the courts need not be looked to for relief on any ground previous to the marriage. Otherwise matrimony would have to be preceded by a catechism of confession that would probably cause much more unhappiness than it would accomplish good.

At this time when the death rate East and West is large almost beyond precedent, words of caution like these from the *New York Press*, should not pass unheeded: We are all so glad to welcome the coming of spring that we are in danger of meeting her so much more than half way as to run serious risk of meeting her on the verge of the graveyard. Physicians and vital statistics agree that March is in respect to some prevalent classes of disease, the most fatal month of the year, and that early April is only a little better. Pneumonia claims this season for its very own and slays its victims like an epidemic. Consumptives are gathered by the sickle of death like the ripened grain at harvest time. The enfeebled aged dread these weeks with abundant reason. Infants are in constant danger. The strongest man has need to be careful, and woman, to whom these bright and auspicious seeming days appeal with a charm like herself, must take heed at her peril. The danger is in the deceptiveness. Because south winds blow, because bird songs are heard, because green grass is found in sheltered nooks, because adventurous pilgrims to the wild woods return with marvelous prizes of trailing arbutus, because the hot sun, smiting and smiling through our chamber window, bids us come forth—therefore we are over tempted to yield completely to the sweet seduction and step, nay, bound from winter habits into spring privileges.

Mrs. Marie A. Shipley *nee* Brown—recently gave a lecture in Chicago exposing what she characterized as the historical fallacies underlying the proposal to erect a statue to Queen Isabella. The lecturer disputed the popular claims made for the Castilian Queen in connection with the discovery of the Western World and especially of North America, and quoted numerous weighty authorities to prove that even Columbus was not in truth entitled to that honor. The facts relating to the Norse discoveries on this continent Mrs. Shipley showed were well known not only in Iceland, which Columbus visited in 1477, but all over Europe, and especially at Rome, to which center of knowledge and the discoveries were carried by Gudrid, wife of Thorfinn Karlsefne, one of the earliest colonists of Rhode Island and Massachusetts. At Rome, and still more particularly in Iceland, Columbus it was claimed obtained knowledge which ultimately led him to stake the whole success of the expedition on the chance of reaching land within three days from the time of his conflict with his mutinous crew, and which had previously sustained him throughout all his trials and disappointments. Another great point made by the lecturer was that Spain, instead of being the honored founder of all our present greatness, and the opener-up of commerce with this country, did what she could to prevent all other nations from participating in its advantages, and that the English settlers under Raleigh and his successors had to first clear the seas

of the Spanish blockade. It was the defeat of the "Invincible Armada" that rendered the present civilization, an essentially English one, possible. A portion of the lecture was devoted to a scathing criticism of the methods and motives of Queen Isabella, whose atrocities should rather be buried for ever than raked up for the world to gaze at; still less should be honored by a monument. Historical testimony was adduced to prove that Isabella was a shameless liar, a hypocrite who committed her worst crimes "for the love of God and His Holy Mother," and that she did incontestably establish the Inquisition in her dominions for the sake of the property of those condemned for following their conscientious belief. Her own confession to the Pope proves this, without further evidence. Even the dead were cited before the tribunals, found guilty of heresy, and their bones exhumed and burnt, and as a matter of course, their property confiscated. Jews, Moors, and heretics were alike the victims of her fury, and once she had determined to get possession of the property of any of her subjects, there was no escape from this three-fold net. The historical authorities cited were *Bergenholtz's Calendar of Spanish State Papers*, *Captain Cesareo Fernandez-Duro*, *Henry Harrisse*, *Aaron Goodrich*, *Sir Arthur Helps*, *Anita George*, *Llorente* and *Prescott*, whose quoted words fully seemed to prove the charges made. The lecture was listened to with much interest and appreciation, as was shown by the debate which followed, led by the chairman, Judge Waite, in spite of whose arguments the general sense of the meeting seemed to be, as was said by one speaker, that the lecturer had made no assertions that she was not able to back up with facts.

The power of imagination is illustrated by an incident related in the *New York Times*. A domestic in the employ of a prominent family went to an uptown druggist in great haste with a prescription which called for two ounces of *qua pura*, that is distilled water, the accompanying directions reading "A teaspoonful every hour until the pain is allayed." The patient for whom it was intended was the head of a family who was suffering severely from nervous neuralgia. It so happened that the family physician who wrote the prescription was behind the counter chatting with the druggist when the messenger arrived. The druggist put up the prescription, or thought he did. He filled a bottle with water, corked it carefully and labeled it properly. When the treating form of the domestic had disappeared, he discovered the two grains of morphine on the prescription scales. "Good God, doctor," he ejaculated, "I've given that girl nothing but distilled water. The morphine is here, look at it. What shall I do?" "Do?" he replied with admirable sangfroid, "do? Why nothing at all. I'll wager you a bottle that the *aqua pura* will work as well without the opiate as with it." "Agreed," said I. "And do you know," concluded the pharmacist, "the doctor was right and the patient with the nervous neuralgia—an exceptionally intelligent and college-bred man—was sleeping as peacefully as a babe after the second dose of the mixture?" Physicians know that confidence in their skill and faith in the efficacy of the medicine administered are vastly more important in the treatment of ordinary complaints than the pills or powders that they prescribe.

THE THEORY OF IMMORTALITY.

Mr. Leroy L. Caldwell writes from Hazelrigg, Ind., as follows:

Against the theory of immortality my agnostic friends frequently offer the objection that whatever has a beginning must necessarily have an end, and that as man's conscience evidently had a beginning it must also come to an end. To those of your readers who firmly believe that they have *prima facie* evidence of continued existence after death, this argument may seem to be of little consequence; but to me, not having such conclusive evidence its force seems hard to resist. In support of this objection it may be said that man gradually develops into self-consciousness, mental and bodily vigor, up to the prime of life, and then as gradually loses them all in his declining years; until, in old age, he passes away as helpless and unconscious as he came into the world. If you or any of your readers can furnish me with a logical argument, not based upon psychical phenomena, which will meet this seeming fatal objection, I shall ever feel grateful.

It is true that in this state of being mind co-exists and is correlated with physical structure. The relation between mind and body is so intimate and sympathetic that the conditions of either affect the conditions of the other. Yet while the body is undergoing constant change, a change so great that the material of which it is composed is changed several times during a life of average length here on earth, the mind possesses such permanence that the identity of an individual is preserved from earliest youth to old age. The man of eighty can generally remember scenes and incidents of his childhood more distinctly than those of his mature life. The mutations of matter have gone on, particles coming into the organization and passing from it to be replaced by others, and yet the self-consciousness continues, and the sane man never doubts whether he is the same person that he was at an earlier period. How different in appearance is the octogenarian and the same person when he was a child, yet he knows that the different ages only represent different conditions of the same personality.

Admitting this personality, as an immaterial or spiritual entity, it is reasonable, independently of any direct evidence in the form of spirit manifestations, to believe that it can exist apart from material structure. If while it is associated with matter it can, in spite of the incessant changes the body undergoes, still retain its identity unimpaired it is not too much to infer that freed from material associations, it escapes those sympathetic experiences which accompany physical decay and the disturbance of the physical conditions of earthly life.

Material combinations imply beginning and end. Formation, in the sense of the aggregation of particles, implies, of course, dissolution. But what analogy is there between the growth of a physical structure and the origin and continuance of the mind. The human body is composed of elements and these elements are constituted of atoms. But when we speak of the human mind the conception of atoms and parts, of aggregation and separation, etc. does not enter into our meaning. We cannot reason analogically from matter to spirit and say that since the body develops into vigor and decays and dies, therefore the mind must undergo similar changes. Words which are used in describing material changes and conditions have no significance whatever when applied to spirit. The assumption that bodily dissolution involve, the end of consciousness, is based upon the belief that the mind is but a function of the brain, a belief that has no foundation in science and is contradicted by all that we know of the human mind and of the distinction between mind and matter. For aught that is known to the contrary the human mind in attaining to self-consciousness acquires that condition of spiritual permanency which insures its deathless existence. Speculations on this subject may be far from conclusive or satisfactory, but the mere fact of beginning and ending of material aggregations of matter is no argument, no indication of either the beginning or the ending of the human mind in a similar manner. The crowning proof that the spirit survives the change called death is to be found in those phenomena of Spiritualism which establish the presence and identity of persons who have

lived on this earth in the flesh. That the human spirit will continue to exist forever does not, of course, admit of demonstration; but the deepest aspirations of the human heart are for immortal life, and he who believes in supreme Wisdom and Goodness cannot easily persuade himself that for countless ages divine forces have been at work to produce man, the highest product of evolution, only to allow him sooner or later to be obliterated—to be blotted out of existence.

MARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.

More than twenty years ago a committee was appointed by the New York State Medical Society to investigate and report upon the influence of the intermarriage of persons nearly related by blood. The results of the investigation, which were published in the *American Journal of Insanity*, showed beyond doubt that there is no more disease among children of consanguineous unions than among those of marriages in which the parents are unrelated by blood, provided that in each case the parents are equally free from disease or inherited tendency thereto. In this view Anstie, George Darwin and other recent investigators concur. It is with men as with the lower animals; where there is no taint, no defect in the stock, the method of in and in breeding leads to no bad results; indeed its tendency is to deepen and fix the good characteristics of every generation. As has been suggested, consanguineous marriages might be used to develop particular traits or qualities, as in the family of Bachs, the musicians, who freely intermarried and greatly improved their musical talent, which became remarkable in some members of that family.

In ancient times, marriages between close blood relations were allowed by law and were common. The Persians, Phœnicians, Egyptians and Peruvians, married not only their cousins, but their sisters, and not only their sisters, but their mothers and daughters. Abraham married his half-sister, and Isaac and Jacob married cousins. Consanguineous marriages are common among the Jews to-day, and still more common among the Gypsies, without any evil results to the race. Among the inhabitants of Iceland and Pitcairn, marriage of relations is allowed and prevails to a considerable extent. The same was true among the North American Indians, who were almost free from hereditary disease.

Yet there is to-day, in the most enlightened nations, as there has been for centuries, strong repugnance to the marriage of persons closely related by blood. And there is good reason for this repugnance. The popular idea is that consanguineous marriages are almost sure to result in malformed, idiotic or diseased offspring, by reason of the mere fact of the blood relationship of the parents, when the fact is that such marriages may be the means of transmitting and strengthening the good qualities possessed by the parents. But it is just as true that any diseases or defects by such marriages are also certain to be increased and intensified, and to produce degenerate conditions in the offspring. Any taint of insanity, any tendency to deformity in a family, which by marriage with a person unconnected with the family may be repressed, by the marriage of cousins becomes accentuated in the offspring. The danger of blood relationship in marriage is to double the tendency to disease by inheritance. A writer in the *Westminster Review*, referring to the intermarriage of near blood relations among the Jews from the earliest times up to the present, attributes their immunity from degeneration to the absence of what he calls "social consanguinity." The Jew is without a country, is a sojourner, moving from one place to another, and thereby changing his environment and escaping such social consanguinity as curses the European aristocracies. What is true of the Jews is true even to a greater degree of the Gypsies.

But, generally speaking, in all civilized countries, owing to artificial methods of living and other causes, there is more or less taint of disease in every family. In view of the tendency of consanguineous marriages to repeat in a more aggravated form in the offspring every physical and mental defect, aversion to such

marriages has a strong foundation in utility and common sense. With our advancing civilization, as the *Review* writer above referred to, observes, the intermarriage of blood relations is becoming "more dangerous every year. They are, therefore, to be discouraged even in healthy families, for such unions may wake up some pathological character which has been latent for one or two generations." Such marriages, this writer says, "should not be thought of in any family in which idiocy, insanity, suicide, epilepsy, scrofula, phthisis, gout, cancer, deaf-muteism, club foot, hare-lip, cleft palate, rheumatism, heart disease, chorea or neuralgia is known to be hereditary, or where they have appeared in one or more generations, no matter how far back."

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

Mrs. Anna B. Scofield, in a thoughtful paper read before the Political Equality Club, of Jamestown, N. Y., points out that for ages the influences brought to bear upon the lives of women tended to make their individual lives isolated, preventing among them that unity of action which clubs and associations to-day facilitate. "I can remember," she says, "when the blessed 'Mothers in Israel' in this town were scorned and persecuted for trying to help the ignorant and depressed women of New York and other large cities by organizing and carrying on a branch of the New York 'Moral Reform Society.' How the sentiment of the world has changed since then! That noble company of women are, every one of them, saints in glory this minute, and their descendents I see all around me, traveling along the paths beaten smooth for us by their efforts." Mrs. Scofield says that until recently the benevolent work of women was confined to church organizations, presided over or limited by ministers, who decided what was the proper thing for women to say and do and be. The originators of the first club exclusively for women, which was organized in New York, were ridiculed, caricatured and grossly misrepresented. Numbers of women left the organization rather than endure the ridicule and abuse heaped upon them by the press and the average man, who judged the members by the only standard of club life that was known to men. But women, Mrs. Scofield says, have shown how club life can be purified and made the means of ennobling growth, and it will yet be the means of elevating the standards and improving the methods of the political sphere. Mrs. Scofield has a very high opinion of the educational value of the experience afforded in a well conducted club, as is indicated by her closing words, which are here reproduced:

If you stick to it long enough you are bound to have your sympathies enlarged, and the nonsense well knocked out of you. Women need, most of all, to be set free from all bias. From church bias, which makes one fancy herself superior because she believes in some creed or ism unknown to her less favored neighbor; from race bias, which causes her to draw the line at some despised portion of the human family; for are we not all the children of one Father? From caste bias, which makes her refuse her sympathies to those whom she considers not her equals, lest her pride of position and estate be made to suffer. Who hath made ye to differ? As she is, so hast thou been, or so shalt thou be.

The recognition and classification of human beings, according to their true rank and grade, is of comparatively recent date. Women were wont to love or hate according to their inherited bias, and wrapping themselves well up in their mantle of self-righteousness went their ways, well satisfied with the truth as set forth to them by priest, parson, or social leader of their own special creed or cult, until it was believed that they were too conservative, too bigoted, too aristocratic and narrow, to make club life for them, in any worthy degree, possible. But by the flourishing life of numberless literary, social, philanthropic, and last and greatest, "political equality" clubs, we are showing our capabilities as organizers, law givers and disciplined cohering forces. So is being made manifest the prophecy, "The last shall be first, and the stone rejected of the builders shall yet become the head of the corner." It does not much matter which branch of ethics is attacked first. A center once established, it is wonderful to see how inevitably and with what orderliness the virtues range themselves and help the growth of human character.

HOW MANY SPIRITUALISTS?

TO THE EDITOR: Will it be asking too much of you to tell us through THE JOURNAL how many Spiritualists there are in the United States, and how many in the world, and settle a heated question here between a few Spiritualists and many unbelievers. We take THE JOURNAL; we have taken it at times for the last nine years. We have taken other Spiritual papers, but we have never had one that we like so well as THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. E. D. J.

PULASKIVILLE, OHIO.

There is no way of making even an approximate estimate of the number with any degree of accuracy or authoritativeness. One can exercise the imagination freely with no fear of successful contradiction. The number in America is often asserted to be 11,000,000. We were once asked by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps to estimate the number in the United States. Our reply was that those openly professing Spiritualism and known as such in their respective communities might possibly number 2,000,000; and in addition to this number there were no doubt several millions more who had come to have some belief, more or less pronounced, in the continuity of life and spirit communication. The processes by which we arrived at this loose estimate were not at all satisfactory to ourself, but were the only ones at command. We think that to-day a majority of the intelligent people of this country incline to accept as a reasonable hypothesis the fundamental claim of Spiritualists. As to the number in the rest of the world, it were folly to make figures. Should Spiritualists ever organize and utilize those agencies which give standing, dignity, official recognition, and business facilities to every other activity, then it will be possible to take a census; until then there are no restrictions upon any one in fixing the totals.

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

J. S. B. Hodges, in the Baltimore *American*, noticing a recent remark by Cardinal Gibbons that he had always been "the zealous promoter of religious liberty" and the cardinal's definition of religious liberty as "the possession of the free right of worshipping God according to the dictates of a right conscience and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with man's duties to God," asks a few questions, among which are the following:

"How can this claim for freedom of conscience and liberty of worship be reconciled with the condemnation of that opinion as an error by Pope Pius IX., in his encyclical, in 1864?"

How reconcile it with the 79th article of the syllabus, put out by the same holy father, which condemns "the liberty of worship" as tending to "corruption of morals and the pest of indifferentism?"

How can it be reconciled with the language of the encyclical of Pope Gregory XVI. in 1832, which denounces the "insanity" of those who declare that "freedom of conscience and worship is the right of every man; that this right ought, in every well-governed state, to be proclaimed and asserted by law?" Surely, the highly-esteemed Archbishop of Baltimore cannot be classed among the "insane;" and yet it is the Holy Father Gregory who makes this declaration, and that not long ages ago, when the ages were "dark," but in this nineteenth century, and within the life time of the Cardinal himself.

Mr. Hodges further calls attention to the fact that the bull of Gregory IX. (A. D. 1233) made the persecution of heretics the special function of the Dominicans; that Innocent IV. (A. D. 1245) gave instructions to the bishops and inquisitors as to their conduct before passing sentence of death on heretics brought before them; that the bull of Innocent IV. (1252) *Ad Extirpandum* was issued to set in motion carefully wrought out machinery for systematic persecution in every city and state.

The cardinal says: "Magna Charta was the work of Archbishop Langton, of Canterbury and the Roman Catholic barons of England. On the plains of Runnymede they compelled King John to sign that paper." But Cardinal Gibbons forgot (?) to say that

by doing so they were condemned and excommunicated, what Langton was suspended, summoned to Rome, not

allowed by the pope to return to England and died in exile—proof that the Romish church was opposed to the great bulwark of civil liberty known as Magna Charta. Mr. Hodges pertinently inquires how long has liberty of worship according to the dictates of conscience been allowed in the city of Rome. The only answer Cardinal Gibbons can make is that such liberty has existed only since the temporal power of the pope was destroyed by Garibaldi and his free-thinking compatriots.

The peculiarity of the Cardinal's definition of religious liberty seems to have escaped the attention of Mr. Hodges. It is adroitly evasive. Religious liberty is the right to worship God "according to the dictates of a right conscience and of practicing a form of religion most in accordance with his duties to God." What constitutes "a right conscience" and what "form of religion [is] most in accordance with man's duties to God" are questions which the Romish church claims the right to decide for all men in every nation and clime.

A POPULAR ERROR.

A writer in the New York *Tribune* corrects a very popular error as to the doctrinal meaning of the immaculate conception. This error consists in the belief that the dogma refers to the supernatural birth of Christ or to his conception by the Holy Ghost. Thus a correspondent says that Mr. MacQueary denies the immaculate conception of Christ. The *Tribune* writer observes that the doctrine refers entirely to the birth of the Virgin Mary herself, and adds: This doctrine may be first traced to the Greek church about the end of the fifth century, and in the Latin church from the seventh century. In the Greek church it is called the "Conception of St. Anne," the mother of the Virgin Mary. The doctrine means—as the word immaculate, without sin or spot, implies—that the Virgin Mary was born without the taint of original sin, or that she was purified from the taint of original sin. There was a long discussion in the Latin church as to which of these two was the proper view, and the doctrine as a whole caused much dispute between the Franciscan and the Dominican orders, so that the popes had to interfere to prevent discussion. The doctrine was approved tentatively, apparently, in the Roman church about 1483, but was not authoritatively adopted until December 8, 1854. This doctrine has never been held in the Church Catholic, in the Anglican church nor in any other of the Protestant churches; but it is very commonly confused with the doctrine, which is held by all Trinitarians, that the birth of the Lord Jesus was superhuman or miraculous.

Speaking generally, the death agony is very rarely attended by pain, says Dr. Shradly, because the system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain, and by the obtunding of the nerves. Of course some people have more pain than others, and this is largely determined by temperament. A nervous man—all other things equal—suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger, but the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. The instinct for life is strong in man, and the teachings of the present day, as well as the writings of our novelists, do not make the majority of men the more ready to die. Hell fire is not preached as much as formerly; it is an unpopular doctrine, but it is nevertheless taught and often adds to the torture of dying people.

In his Lenten sermon Cardinal Gibbons said: "Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction the divorce of Henry VIII. from his lawful wife, Catharine of Aragon." This statement leads "U." to comment in the *Inter Ocean* as follows: Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, would not allow Pope Clement to "sanction the divorce of Henry VIII.," and by doing so save England to the church, for two reasons: Catharine of Aragon was his aunt, and Henry VIII.,

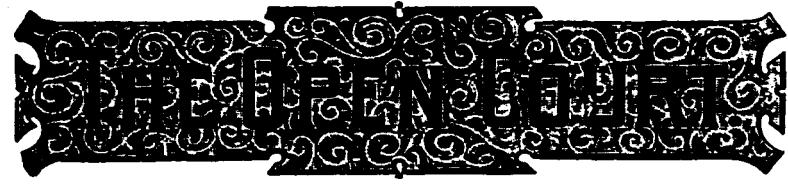
together with Francis I., King of France, were the only obstacles in the way of his boundless ambition. Still further, Cardinal Campeggio carried into England from the pope the "sanction of the divorce," so that in case it should become a matter of policy to grant it, he might take advantage of the circumstances. Another incident also shows that it was not a sense of right that influenced the pope. Clement agreed that if the king should send a proxy to Rome, submitting his case to the Holy See, a "sanction of the divorce" should be granted. The proxy being delayed one day beyond the time appointed, and it being reported to the pope and his cardinals that a farce had been acted upon the stage before the king, in derision of the pope and the Holy See, Clement and his cardinals in mortification and anger refused their sanction.

A despatch from Leadville, Colorado, to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Mr. John Sunger brought to this city to-day an arrowhead, made of tempered copper, and a number of human bones, which were found in the Rocky Point mine, at Gilman, 460 feet below the surface of the earth, imbedded in a vein of silver-bearing ore. Over \$100 worth of ore clung to the bones when they were removed from the mine. The arrow head is four inches long and one and one-half inches wide at the widest part. The shank is one and one-half inches long and has a hole pierced through the center by which the shaft was fastened to the spike. The ore clung to it when taken from the vein, and was with some difficulty removed. One of the bones is a portion of the head of the femur or thigh bone. The important feature of this discovery is the fact that these relics were found in the center of a vein of ore, indicating that man was in existence on this continent when the molten metal was sent coursing through the fissures of these mountains.

A Chicago daily, of recent date, described the plight of a young woman about 20, evidently of a good family, who thought she heard strange voices and was being persecuted by some one who was following her. According to the published account she did not even know her own name. All she knew was that weird voices had been whispering awful things in her ear all the evening. She blushed deeply when she entered the police station. Her eyes were downcast and her head hung low. She said: "I am either mad or I am shamefully persecuted. Some one is following me, calling me horrible names and making threats which I cannot repeat. I ran away to escape him early in the evening and have been trying to evade him ever since." She could detail all her experiences since she had left her home early in the evening, but everything previous was oblivion. She went to the station to seek refuge from her pursuer or her imagination. This is evidently a case of hallucination, but the cause of it is not clear.

Dr. Santayana, instructor in psychology at Harvard University, recently proposed a curious experiment. He claims that the excitement in the different nerves is probably the same, but that different sensations are produced in different brain centers. If the optic nerve and the nerve of hearing were to be cut, and the optic nerve connected with the center of hearing and the nerve of hearing with the optic nerve, one might expect to see a symphony and hear a landscape. The symphony, he added, would probably look like a display of fire-works, and the landscape would sound like a dull roar.

Sheik Ohan Solyman Gaidekhaw, a Turk, and four closely veiled Circassian women, all his wives, landed in New York a few days ago, bound for the Sandwich Islands. The Turk is from a little town in Galicia, Asia, where he manufactures sugar and confections. He recently purchased a sugar plantation on the islands whither he is bound. He said, through an interpreter, that he was a Christian, that he saw no wrong in having four wives, that the laws of his country permitted it, and that the Christians in Turkey, who could afford to keep them, had as many wives as they wanted.



CO-OPERATION.

BY EDGEWORTH.

Seeing, cited in THE JOURNAL No. 26, a proposition for a national law to advance coöperation, I am led to ask what sort of law is capable of popularizing this method of labor. Mrs. Fales admits the propagation of coöperative ideas and the existence of coöperative societies, but in terms that ignore the fact that this is the general method of manufacturing production, and to a considerable extent of agricultural and commercial. She invokes missionary effort, but the most eloquent of missionaries are already in the field; they are necessity and love of gain. She seems to deprecate "individual energy" as the motor, while invoking "common social impulse." But whence should such impulse be generated if not from individual energy and the examples of its success? Does the fact of spontaneity in the "existing coöperations, results of individual energy" conflict with their chances of "permanence?"

That their forms, already practical, may be modified, is probable and even desirable; for all that is human is mutable and nothing very good yet perfected in kind; but where is the indication for legislation found? Coöperation limited is a natural law prescribed by expediency, and coexistent with the development of architecture, from the log-cabin up to the palace. It has usually, in great works like the pyramids, been a tyrannical method and in the last century armed with machinery, ruined the free guilds and degraded the artisan into the operative. Equally in war it has degraded the soldier into an appendage to killing machines. To universalize it, it suffices to universalize machinery on the grand scale; but the progress of invention of late is subjecting the great motors to personal uses and wills; while free intelligence has also learned to coöperate harmoniously. But for Louis Napoleon, it is probable that France, in general leading Europe, would swarm with coöperative trades such as Victor Hennequin in *la Democratie Pacifique*, described as so thrifty in 1850.

I can see what sort of law would promote coöperation, if it were effectively executed, but it could not even be passed. It would be a law against strikes, which generally prejudicial both to laborers and to capitalists, and keeping them in conflict, have absorbed and wasted billions that but for this craze might have been invested in coöperative associations. In denouncing strikes as generally mischievous and wasteful, I admit that some have been judicious and successful. What has prevented the success of others is the interference of State governors in behalf of capitalist employers. Mercenary corps, Pinkertons, or regular militia, have slaughtered and intimidated workmen and placed them at the mercy of employers. Hence there is no chance for a free fight, and judged by the average issue, strikes are fallacies that betray the devotion while exhausting the savings of Trades Union men and Knights of Labor. Powderly, who after condemning them in principle organized them in practice, has recently confessed his despair of them, in face of the famished army of the unemployed, and the Trades Union papers, the *St. Louis Union Record* in particular, are proposing to the trades to attempt coöperative enterprises. Their success will kill the wage system and so prevent strikes. Another legislative idea is the state socialists', of confiscating the means of production and placing them in the hands of operatives, bound to pay the State a rental. But were capitalists all keeping company with Dives, leaving their working capitals to their employes, how many factions could declare dividends the next Christmas? How many would have paid running costs? If their engineers and bosses, the capitalizers, were united with the operatives, they might produce abundantly; but how about sales on exchanges? This is the *pons asinorum* for agriculture. The difficulty

consists in transforming intermediary ownership, which speculates on profits and absorbs them, into direct exchanges between working associations. In the successful coöperation among all the branches of Turkish silk industry at Ambelakia, the mercantile agents, paid like the weavers, by dividends on profits, took their turns also at the loom.

Mrs. F. is certainly aware that all our industries upon a large scale and where demand for their products warrants it, are coöperative under capitalist direction. As to free coöperation among working folk, that depends on their intelligence, on their sociability, and on their possession of the means of production. Governments may concur towards these aims by establishing polytechnic institutes, or working schools, such as exist free to all in many German cities; also by opening everywhere the access to land, in the measure of productive labor, free of price or tax. This implies confiscations, but would avert a civil war. It would promote coöperation, because this is necessary for the utilization of labor saving machines, and would enable a given number of coöperators to cultivate with profit more land eight or ten times, as seen in Dakota, near Glyndon, than the same number could on separate farms. The others would engage in collateral industries with the coöperative farm for their basis and centre of exchanges.

THE CONTROVERSY ON SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY LUDWIG DEINHARD.

For some time I have entertained the thought of sending an article to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL which, for the last year and a half, I have esteemed highly, and to give its readers a condensed account of the contents of the latest book of E. von Hartmann, entitled, "Die Geisterhypothese des Spiritismus und seine Phantome." My doubts, whether the readers of THE JOURNAL would take sufficient interest in contemporaneous German Spiritualist literature, were only removed to-day, on seeing in the issue of February 14th, 1891, the article on "The Agency of Spirits," in which mention is made of the controversy between E. von Hartmann and Alexander Aksakow concerning the spiritual hypothesis. In that article the year of the publication of Hartmann's older work: "Der Spiritismus," is given erroneously. It was published as early as 1885; and was translated into English, Swedish and Russian. That book, clearly showing, as it does, a master's command of dialectics, has been universally considered the heaviest blow which has ever been dealt against the spirit hypothesis, even among the Spiritualists proper, and now his last publication, issued a few weeks ago, is meant to complete that destructive criticism by dealing another, this time, a real death blow. In the meantime, however, the number of those doing battle for the spirit hypothesis has increased in this country as elsewhere, and in place of Aksakow, who has become old and half blind, there will appear in the arena against Hartmann, and as pioneer for the philosophy of Spiritualism in Germany, Dr. Carl du Prel.

At the outset it must be borne in mind that Hartmann, up to this hour, has not taken the first step to acquaint himself practically with mediumism proper. For him, the apostle of pessimism, who may never have had or sought any opportunity for seeing, observing and experimenting for himself, the results of sittings which others have obtained, have for him only a speculative or purely philosophical interest, and with a strong impression he is sure to attempt to reconcile them with his own *a priori* philosophizing.

Considering the state of mediumism at this time in Germany, where we have hardly any public mediums, and where a seeker after truth in this domain must consider himself exceedingly fortunate in having a chance to gain some experience of his own, the absence of personal experience and knowledge of mediumistic phenomena cannot be charged upon any in a spirit of reproach. I alluded to this great want among us in a communication to the editor of THE JOURNAL not long ago, and it certainly is the greatest obstacle to the spread of Spiritualism in Germany. I would here repeat the proposition made then, viz.:

That the editor of THE JOURNAL induce a few perfectly honest and highly developed American mediums to make a trip to Europe, to Germany especially. I would like to see an expression of opinion from the editor on this proposition.

It must be admitted that there is generally much prejudice against American mediums amongst us, and that the police would watch them with a jealous eye, so that public séances for the present could not be thought of, but still there are hundreds in our midst who really crave an opportunity for witnessing personally some mediumistic experiments. Both in Berlin and Munich there is a regular society for psychical research, in Munich also a society for scientific psychology, of which Dr. Carl du Prel is president—the writer of this the vice-president and the members of which advocate the metaphysical individualism of this philosopher, akin and closely resembling the philosophy of American Spiritualism. Besides, in most of the larger towns in Germany there is some spiritist society, where private mediums are supposed to be active, but on this point I have no special information.

Now I wish to state a few points for estimating the position of Ed. von Hartmann, by giving the American reader a few samples of this thinker's way of thinking concerning the problem of life after death. He maintains that the individual is merely a phenomenon of the Absolute, when this phenomenon ceases at death, the remainder is no individual any more; only the absolute, as it is and always was, before it manifested itself in individual form. He says:

"None but the thoughtless would see an evil in this. Does this open any bad prospect? No, because you must admit, that not to be is no evil. And if it is true that the present life is an evil, and the prospective one is not, then it is a consolation that I give you, when I assure you of speedy annihilation. As existences needing consolation you get this comfort out of my teachings, how then can you call them comfortless? As non-existent you certainly will not find them comfortless; Where then, is the non-comforting quality hidden? And who are they that cry the loudest and longest after the preservation of their previous individuality? Not the statesman, whose deeds are preserved on the pages of history, but the Philistine, on whose tombstone we read that he was borne, took a wife, and died; who resembles his brothers as closely as one egg does another. Just look round about you; most of those people, who have really done something, accomplished and achieved something and have cause to look back upon their career miss some satisfaction, they long for the rest after the labor, they long for the eternal sleep, in which they return the soul, that was intrusted to them, into the lap of mother nature. Only that very ordinary variety of humanity, who never have had either the opportunity or the faculty to do anything worth mentioning, whereby they could rightfully claim to be tired—who have sauntered along the ruts of their daily inanity in such an aimless way that they never have become conscious of their worthlessness—it is such as these that make the greatest ado about this well-deserved rest, as if it was to the Holy of holies, and who never conceive the horror of the idea of an individual immortality" etc., etc. [From Collected Studies and Essays of E. von Hartmann, No. 7, entitled, "Is Pessimism without consolation?"]

A man holding to such views as these, and who has been their public exponent for two or more decades, in numerous writings, some of which have found a large circulation—the "Philosophy of the Unconscious," has reached a tenth edition—is sure to meet the more or less effusive and glowing accounts and reports found in the literature of Spiritualism with a cool and skeptical head. Then, if he happens to be as Hartmann is, a member of the Society for Psychical Research in London, no doubt thoroughly familiar with its proceedings, he is not likely to be very deeply impressed if some one, as Aksakow has done, spreads out before him two entire volumes of extracts ransacked from any number of Spiritualist publications from all over the globe. These constituting the bulk of Aksakow's painstaking work, "Animism and Spiritualism," such an opponent will again and again be ready with the objection: Yes, but none of these accounts are psychic experiments conducted with scientific exactness, such as are given in "Phantasms of the Living," for instance. By many E. von Hartmann

is still looked upon as the foremost philosopher of his time and his philosophy of pessimism as the creed of the intelligent portion of the public, but at the same time he has provoked strong opposition in all classes of society; so among the Jews, among the different orthodox denominations, among the professors at the university, etc. His philosophy has called forth a whole literature of itself. E. von Hartmann is a philosophic writer of prodigious fertility and versatility, and has written largely on every branch of philosophical inquiry.

From this we may well draw the conclusion that the position which a man of such weight and influence takes concerning the spiritualistic movement in Germany, will certainly make itself felt. Let it be understood, once more, that Hartmann himself acknowledges the special significance of the phenomena of Spiritualism, as studies in experimental psychology, etc., but he, like Podmore and other pillars of the London Society for Psychical Research, opposes the spirit hypothesis, and this will occasion no surprise when it comes from a man who for twenty-five years has taught that death is the dissolution of individual life. The thought of prominent philosophers, like that of Kant, for instance, gives evidence of different phases of development, and a true philosopher will not hesitate to acknowledge the errors of his former days, and to correct the same. On a perusal of this latest of Hartmann's publications, "The Spirit Hypothesis of Spiritism," the reader is not impressed with the idea that all the author wants is to get at the truth. With rare skill and acumen Hartmann points out the weak spots, the numerous inaccuracies and deficiencies of Aksakow's work, "Animism and Spiritualism," and then applying all his skill as a dialectician, proceeds to drive the spirit hypothesis from every one of its hiding-places to another, and finally to demolish it. But how can he succeed in doing this? In no other way than by clothing or investing the somnambule dream-consciousness—[This is the literal translation, but this term is never used in English, and I guess we must say trance-consciousness, or better still, trance-condition, of the medium.—TRANS.]—of the medium with the attribute of omniscience and also the capacity to produce all the physical phenomena like materializations, impressions in paraffine, etc.; assertions which have nowhere been proven, and certainly never will be proven.

To prevent my being misunderstood, it is to be borne in mind that Aksakow himself, in his above-mentioned work, draws a difference, as stated in THE JOURNAL of February 14th, between personality and its inner-mediumistic phenomena, and animism and its extra-mediumistic phenomena, and Spiritism proper; and only for the latter he takes recourse to spirit hypothesis. Even a materialization may take place without having to go beyond animism for an explanation, as it may arise out of a condensation of the fluidic body of the medium. But materializations in general, fluidic formations of the various parts of the human organism, etc., Aksakow classifies as spiritual phenomena. But such Hartmann utterly refuses to recognize.

The attribute of omniscience, with which Hartmann invests the somnambule or trance-consciousness of the medium, he takes good care to express in terms and phrases not so plain and direct. He says, in his book just published, p. 60:

As long as we can find the living human being *en rapport* with whom the acquisition of knowledge by means of telepathy is at all possible, we are not justified in resorting to an alleged *rapport* with the dead, inasmuch as a cause known and actually existing is ever to be given preference to one adopted or invented *ad hoc* and having only a hypothetical existence, (of course this is not to be disputed). It is true that a *rapport* between living persons presupposes either some kind of co-relation of feeling and sentiment, direct or indirect, or of sense-communion—psychometric connection—but it can be seen that these conditions existed, were complied with in nearly all the cases recited by Aksakow, even in those cases where he thinks the sympathetic interest to have been entirely absent.

Now such an assumption as this of Hartmann's, which would extend the telepathic impossibility of

the medium almost indefinitely, is all that is needed for one determined to shut out forever the hypothesis of the agency of spirits. If the medium can get impressions telepathically from all the living, with whom it stands in any kind of soul relationship—and all men are thus related—and can draw on them for any desired knowledge or information at any time, then it would simplify the matter to say, without any circumlocution, that the trance-consciousness of the medium was omniscient! Then the spirit hypothesis would be still easier to get rid of, and that is what E. von Hartmann is trying to do by all means.

But what will the Spiritualist of the United States say about expressions like this, p. 73? "It is time that almost all Spiritualists are optimists concerning the future life, but they have not become such optimists by being Spiritualists, but they have taken to Spiritualism because they were optimists concerning man's future."

Isn't this the reverse of the truth? Have men like Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia, felt at all attracted by Spiritualism before they began to make experiments with mediums? Have not most of the Spiritualists of the present day come to Spiritualism from the school of materialism through the phenomena of Spiritualism?

And again, p. 75. "If one is to live on for no other purpose than to be worried about unpaid boot bills, that he is now debarred from paying anyhow, then it is certainly better not thus to live on. A continued existence of this kind is neither comforting nor cheering; it only increases the dread of death. The consolation claimed for the belief in immortality is not apparent except for optimistic, life-thirsting natures; the pessimist would only feel the more oppressed by the spiritist's proof that death does not end all." Surely this is pessimism dyed in the wool, wilfully deaf and blind to every idea of progressive development after the change called death. "Love's labor lost!" applies to the indefatigable efforts of Aksakow to move this stubborn pessimist Hartmann to an acknowledgment of the spirit hypothesis. And, like Hartmann, will the whole following of pessimism hereafter, no less than before the appearance of Aksakow's laborious work, look down upon the little flock of avowed Spiritualists in Germany with a pitying smile.

At the head of this little band of convinced Spiritualists stands a man of eminent ability as a philosopher. As an author, his works are not so numerous nor, so far, nearly as much read as Hartmann's, but they are likely to be fully appreciated by a later generation, at a time when the pessimism and crude materialism of to-day shall have given way to the doctrine of metaphysical individualism and to Spiritualism. This man, Dr. Carl du Prel, first became known through his "Philosophy of Mysticism," and may be known to such readers of THE JOURNAL who can interest themselves in the study of an abstruse class of philosophical works.

Du Prel's thought has passed through the school of Kant and Schopenhauer, and later he was led to the more thorough study of somnambulism, in which he discovered the germs of a being transcending its present temporal conditions, and out of this study grew the work just mentioned. The somnambule consciousness—according to Du Prel the thinking and organizing principle of man—manifesting, as it does, those wonderful faculties of clairvoyance and capacities for healing, supplied him with irrefragible proof of the individual's continued existence after the bodily dissolution. But not until later did Du Prel find his own philosophical interpretation of human life and destiny fully confirmed by the teachers of Spiritualism.

Du Prel, with his doctrine of the transcendental subject (essence), is in perfect accord with Germany's greatest philosopher, Kant, who as long as a hundred years ago affirmed the doctrine of the intelligible world. [Literally, no doubt, he means to say, affirmed the doctrine of man's being essentially a spirit, and that there is a world of spiritual intelligence.—Trans.] The German anti-materialistic peri-

odical, "Sphinx," contained frequent leading articles by Du Prel. In its March number, 1891, Du Prel will have an article defending Aksakow against Hartmann's assault. In that article the merit of Aksakow's labors and the claims of the spirit hypothesis will be ably and strikingly set forth. Aksakow himself is hardly able to wield the pen any longer.

THE SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

BY AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT."

Seeing that The Open Court of THE JOURNAL grants perfect freedom for the expression of honest opinion upon subjects which may possess but an indirect relationship with the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, the present writer takes the liberty to offer a few remarks in defense of that much-abused, grossly-misrepresented and generally misunderstood subject, "Judicial Astrology."

Vastly too many, otherwise learned, people in these days take things for granted, because they have been taught such and such ideas in school or college instead of using reason and mustering up sufficient ability and moral courage to investigate all things which admit of proof for themselves. In this connection I would ask the college-bred, book-learned readers to ask themselves how much encouragement the study of mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., etc., received from their professors? If they be honest they must admit that all such studies were relegated to the limbo of "defunct" superstitions. It was only when their learned preconceptions were abandoned that truth enlightened their dark minds and gave them a gleam of eternal sunlight to illumine their benighted understandings. It is this college-born preconception of unpopular subjects that propagates error and clogs the wheels of truth. Faraday, who was certainly a typical example of the strictly philosophical mind, warned the rising generation of scientific students against "presumptuous judgment," which he candidly asserted to be "the besetting intellectual vice of the time." And when we carefully remove Mr. J. G. Jackson's prejudice—his school-born preconceptions against astrology—we shall find that he has not one atom of ground whereon to rest his personal feeling against astrology. He candidly admits that he does not understand astrology, and yet hastens with most unpraiseworthy zeal to maltreat a venerable science that has claimed the respectful attention of great intellects, and to expose his own ignorance upon the subject.

I am perfectly aware that a great number of THE JOURNAL's readers will, from the pure mental bias of custom and education alone, be inclined to accept Mr Jackson's views. In this course they have each the right of individual opinion. But I would respectfully ask them to reflect a little, and, before pronouncing judgment, ask themselves the following simple questions: Does Mr. Jackson understand anything whatever of the subject he publicly condemns? Did Spiritualists rest contented with the usual *a priori* off-hand reasoning of the so-called scientific men (?) who while they had never examined the phenomena nevertheless hastened to ridicule the subject out of court? Is it a fact that all the ancient learning is nothing but the "defunct" superstitions of a dark and barbarous age, which the science of only ten years ago declared it to be? On the contrary, are not these very "defunct" superstitions of witchcraft, necromancy and second sight, etc., etc., completely justified and vindicated as an eternal truth to-day in the generally wide acceptance of various psychological phenomena—science again to the contrary, notwithstanding? Do not these facts call for a little reflection and at least some reasonable amount of hesitation in accepting blindly the dictum of the schools and reflecting their dogmatic presumptuous opinions? And lastly, let me ask, is it right or honest for any man, no matter who he may be or what his abilities are in other respects, to condemn unheard and ridicule without reason any subject of which he is professedly ignorant—of which he has taken no pains whatever to thoroughly and impartially inform himself? In my humble opinion the answers to these questions can only point one

way, and that is in favor of real knowledge, of actual proof—the result of critical research.

"Astrology, *per se*, is a combination of two sciences, viz.: astronomy and correspondences. These two are related to each other as hand and glove; the former deals with suns, moons, planets, stars and systems, and strictly confines its researches to a knowledge of their size, distance and motion, while the latter deals with the spiritual, occult and physical influences of the same bodies, first upon each other, then upon the earth, and, lastly, upon the organism of man; astronomy is the external lifeless globe, correspondences the living hand within." This being so, it naturally follows that the mere astronomer who would popularly be supposed to know all about the matter, may, in reality, be as ignorant of astrological law as the Italian organ mendicant is of the music (?) which he daily grinds out to the public. And, in real fact, most astronomers, and merely scientific men are indeed as ignorant of astrology as the automatic machine which sets the type is ignorant of literary composition.

Having personally investigated the rules and claims of ancient astrology, as well as carefully examined and tested the teachings of nearly all modern writers, in an impartial manner, I can assert of a very truth that astrology, when divested of its manifold errors and its many false trappings and drapery, stands forth as the one great divine science of life, if there be such a thing as perceptible divinity. Thus far, then, I have so much in my favor, viz.: I know whereof I am writing. Mr. J. G. Jackson knoweth not. Such are our relative positions on this subject. At the same time I must candidly admit that astrology is, perhaps, above all other sciences the most delicate and difficult to test and comprehend by the young investigator. But if patience be exercised and common sense largely drawn upon, in the cases under consideration, the scientific expert will find the laws of astrology resting upon the rock of eternal truth. Its laws and principles are the laws and principles of universal nature, and are based upon the simple dual powers of action and reaction, attraction, repulsion, activity and repose. And, when rightly understood, no human knowledge is of greater import in the various sections and departments of physical life than that obtainable for the horoscope of a person's birth.

It is all very well for the conceited cynic to smile at these statements—the outcome of long years of laborious research—the laugh is always the argument of the demented and the fool, but those who doubt my word, and are earnest in this search for truth, can, if they will, put the whole subject to a practical test.

A few more words and I am done. Vast piles of superstitious nonsense and mystical rubbish were intermixed with and draped around the fair form of astrology during the Dark Ages. This must be allowed for, because the mediæval astrologers were no wiser, no better than their mediæval times and surroundings, in the most recent works, most of these errors, even if given, are pointed out and the reader cautioned. Consequently there is no excuse for people now-a-days to reproduce any such nonsense and ask if such be the teachings of astrology. Because mediæval superstition and fortune-telling no more belongs to the pure ancient astrology of the Egyptian Heirophants than the pope of Rome and his dogmatic rituals belonged to the simple-minded Christians of the primitive apostolic days. Further, astrology has nothing whatever in common with modern quacks and fortune-tellers, nor with "decks of cards." And when we read in a spiritualistic paper of a Chicago magician manipulating a pack of cards* and asserting that such card rigging is a branch of Egyptian astrology, and further, that it is possible by some inexplicable hocus-pocus or other for the cards and the heavenly constellations to be *en rapport* with each other, I can in sorrow and in truth forgive all and everything that men of position and brains have said against the sacred science of the stars. What other conclusion, than that of imposture, could they come to, with such examples before them? I only request a hearing, and simply ask them in the cause of truth itself to ignore or condemn all such false, self-evident delusions, and to expose upon every occasion the villainy and ignor-

ant juggling pretensions of all such ceremonial magicians, who are either frauds or fools, which, I can only leave to the calm judgment of my readers.

GLEN ALDER, CUMMINGS, CAL.

*To guard against any wrong impression as to the value of cards as aids to divination, I will add that I am perfectly acquainted with nearly every method known, including "The Tarot," which is the only Egyptian system extant. But this Chicago magician practiced nothing of the kind; it was simply one of the stalest tricks that we witness in the slight-of-hand juggler in a travelling circus, nothing more. If the account be true, which I very much doubt, I cannot think anyone silly enough to be so easily deceived.

WIVES NOW AND THEN.

Jackson, the Englishman, who abducted his wife, argued in court that "a man is the owner of his own wife." The court permitted the wife to choose her own residence. A correspondent of the *Inter Ocean*, an Englishman, calls attention to the fact that until recently wife-selling in England was in vogue, and it is not much more than a hundred years ago perhaps, when Englishmen led their wives with a halter to a market place and sold them as they would cows. Says this writer:

Wives were sold at Smithfield market, in London, on that ground that, a United States Senator as he approached it took off his hat and walked bare-headed across it, and when rebuked by one of his countrymen present as humiliating retorted: "It is a homage justly due, and which I am proud to render, for one-half of its soil is made up of the bones of its sons who have fallen there in the cause of civil and religious liberty."

A part of that liberty in the last, and in part of this century, was the right of an Englishman to sell his wife and children in the market place. Was it from that right? emanated the couplet:

"A glorious charter, deny if you can,
Is breathed in the words, 'I'm an Englishman.'"

A fellow sold his wife as a cow in Sheffield market-place a few days ago. The lady was put into the hands of a butcher, who held her by a halter fastened around her waist. "What do you ask for your cow?" said a bystander. "A guinea," replied the husband. "Done!" cried the other, and immediately led away his bargain. We understand that the purchaser and his "cow" live very happily together.—*Buncester Gazette*, March 25, 1803.

On the 11th of last month a person sold, at the market cross, in Chapel en la Frith, a wife, a child, and as much furniture as would set up a beggar, for eleven shillings.—*Morning Herald*, March 11, 1802.

A butcher sold his wife by auction at the last market day at Hereford. The lot brought 11. 4s. and a bowl of punch.—*Morning Herald*, April 16, 1806.

One of those disgraceful scenes; which have of late become too common, took place on Friday se'nnight at Knavesborough. Owing to some jealousy, or other family difference, a man brought his wife, equipped in the usual style, and sold her at the market cross for 6d and a quid of tobacco.—*Morning Post*, October 10, 1807.

"A man named John Gartshorpe exposed his wife for sale at the market at Hull about 1 o'clock, but owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had brought together, he was obliged to defer the sale and take her away. About 4 o'clock, however, he again brought her out and she was sold for 20 guineas and delivered with a halter, to a person named Houseman, who had lodged with them for four or five years."—*Morning Post*, 1807.

THE SECRET MAIL.

What is known as the "secret mail" of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it, says the *Providence Journal*. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed upon one occasion the "secret mail" beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch.

The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to

talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code of signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the Western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weaknesses of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The "secret mail" is no indubitable reality, and, no Westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signalers; nor if there is a vast system of stages in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery? And indeed it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

DID THEY SEE ANYTHING?

I was visiting at an old house in South Wales, writes a contributor to *Light*. It had once been an abbey. The refectory was quite perfect and formed part of the kitchen premises. The cells were still intact, but had been built over when the old place was converted into a dwelling house. They were used partly as wine cellars and some were quite empty. A small narrow staircase ran down to them from one corner of the large entrance-hall. My hostess had two very fine dogs; they were constantly with us and went up with us at night, sleeping in our rooms. We often heard noises, but one night they were so continued and distinct that we thought someone must have got into the cellars. It was very late when we were leaving the drawing room; all the servants had been asleep for hours and were quite out of hearing. We felt nervous, but it seemed very necessary to ascertain by some means what the sound was. It occurred to me to open the staircase door and send the two dogs down. I expected them to rush down at once, but to our astonishment they hung back in evident fear, cringing and trembling. We listened for some seconds, but could hear nothing, and to reassure my hostess, who was of an extremely nervous temperament, and likely to keep awake all night from fear of the possibility of there being someone concealed there, I went down holding the light well forward; there were only two small empty cells; I could see quite into them and there was nothing there. The two dogs had come on behind me, but were shivering and trembling, and would not go on. Did they see anything which I could not perceive?

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

By LELIA BELLE HEWES.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
..... We do pray for mercy!
And that same prayer doth teach us all, to render,
The deeds of mercy!"

In ancient Greek mythology we read of Tisiphone with her whip of scorpions, and of her sister Furies Alecto and Megæra. We are also told in poem and legend of the Graiae and the Gorgons, particularly Medusa whose gaze froze the beholder into stone. There were the Fates too, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. All these personifications of anger and revenge were originally the ideals of the savage, who was always clamoring loudly for retaliation! "A life for a life! Hurt for a hurt! An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?" This is the same spirit as that expressed in the old nursery rhyme:

"Tit for tat! Butter for fat!
You've killed my dog, I'll kill your cat!"

How much like the ideal of Rhadamanthus belonging to a more progressive epoch. Rhadamanthus, the just judge, who ruled with equity the infernal regions and the dwelling places of the dead, and who weighed one against the other, the good and bad actions of the individual!

Representatives of the highest attainment of the human intellect, have in all ages, declared the cen-

tral fact of the universe to be justice! "With whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again!" In most of the poetic concepts of the race, Justice and virtue figure as feminine divinities, a compliment presumably to the generally more upright lives, the keener insight and closer intuitions of the (alleged) gentler sex. The Furies and Fates, by the way, instruments of the righteous indignation of the major gods, were also feminine personifications. They were supposed to make matters uncomfortably warm for evil doers! Nemesis, that terrible goddess, was nothing more nor less that retribution. She was the personification of the horrors of remorse, the reproachful voice of an awakened conscience!

Ideas of justice and mercy are often confounded, one with the other. Is it likely that there can be any unmerciful justice meted out to any one? Similarly, where do you find an illustration of unjust mercy? The trouble is in the confounding of terms, many good people fancying leniency and mercy to be one and the same. There are to be found everywhere instances of unjust leniency, mistaken toleration of error or wrong doing. The representative leaders of human thought however, are always calling our attention to the fact that upon the wrong doer himself the evil consequences wrought by him must ultimately fall, be those consequences productive of greater or less suffering.

Thomas Carlyle, in his "Past and Present," exclaims: "Alas! How many causes are there that can plead for themselves well in the courts of Westminster, and yet in the general court of the universe, and free soul of man, have no word to utter! . . . We shall do well to ask ourselves the question: What says that high and highest court to the verdict? For it is the court of courts, that same wherein the universal soul of fact, and very truth, sits president! And thitherward more and more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do in these days crowd for reversal, for confirmation, for modification, for reversal with costs! Dost thou know that court? Hast thou had any law practice there?"

In certain old classic stories, the themes, the personification of justice, of law, stands at the right hand of Jupiter, the king of the gods. So should law, the administrator of exact justice, take her station at the right hand of conscience, the ministering angel of our higher humanity! No statute, no recorded sentiment of human convictions and beliefs, should be made the instrument of passion, a wretched slave attendant upon a tyrant, a chore-maid who does our dirty work and is jeered at by the coarse and ignorant. Law should not descend upon the erring, like a fury, upon her victim, but should rather be a reminder, a good angel to hint the right course to one as yet undecided where to go or what to do! Law, properly understood, is as much a benefit to the criminal as to the virtuous class! It protects every individual in the exercise of his own personal rights. It keeps the foolish and the ignorant within bounds, and prevents them from injuring others! It is an aid in the process of human development. It is intended to restrain the dangerous elements in the unfolding of human character.

It is better to say "consequence" than to use the commoner term "punishment." If I place my hand in the fire, the natural result or consequence is a more or less painful burn. Such a consequence cannot, under ordinary conditions, be avoided. There is neither fictitious "punishment" (which some people confound with the term "justice") nor fictitious "mercy" about it. Similarly, retribution for wrongdoing must come sooner or later. Consequence must follow action. Nothing can avert human responsibility or the consequences of human error. Here, too, comes in the vital fact that "Ignorance of the law excuses no one." The child who "did not know any better" is burnt as badly, under the violation of certain conditions, as is the most intellectual monarch of the race, who fully comprehends the nature and uses of fire as an element. "Good laws," says Prof. Swing, "are stored-up justice and wisdom." Worthy ordinances and enactments are simply expressions of human intelligence and progress, waymarks of advancement in the history of the human race. Charles Sumner declared emphatically that "no question was ever settled until it was settled right." All influences which prevent crime, in however petty beginnings, or lessen on the part of the individual any tendency, however slight, toward error and evil, are a help at once to the best and worst classes of our common humanity. The observation, "So long as the liberty of the meanest individual is at stake, my liberty is at stake," should live in the memory of all conscientious human beings. Whatever assistance the individual can give toward the enforcement of a proper public sentiment should be recognized as a duty by the individual. Such duty should never be shirked or avoided. Law is the warning uttered, the signal given, "Danger! Look out!" It is the line of demarcation. It is the deserved reprimand for, the merited consequence of, our individual actions. It is the "Go and sin no more" of the Master! Legal formalities of themselves

are mere dead letters, blank scrolls, empty and unmeaning records. Without the soul of public sentiment animating them, they are corpses and should be burned or buried. Is it your duty to convince your neighbor that he is in the wrong? It is never your duty to quarrel with him! You call unto your aid law, the divine Themis, hand-maid of the gods, dweller in the heavens, ruler of the world, the central fact of the visible and invisible universe, not arbitrary, but suggestive, not backed by blind passion, brute force and tyranny, but upheld by intelligence and reason!

HOOPESTON, ILL.

TRUE STORIES OF STRANGE EVENTS.

Under the title of "My Supernatural Autobiography," Julian Hawthorne relates some strange and interesting events as follows:

When I was a boy of twelve or thirteen, I used to sit and watch a hand holding a pencil, moving to and fro over a sheet of paper. The place was suitable for ghosts and all who were familiar with it declared it to be haunted. It was an ancient Italian villa, or castle, perched on a hill of the town Apennines, overlooking a wide valley with a historic river winding through it. There was a tower at one end of it, in which a political captive had been imprisoned more than 200 years before. An owl now occupies the gloomy chamber in which he used to languish; but after sunset it would flap noiselessly round the battlements of the tower, emitting its soft, long-drawn cry. Bats there were also in abundance. And several times, as I lay on the tiled roof up aloft, watching the great comet that arched across the horizon of the valley, I have heard my name called in the air, just over the parapet. There was a clean drop there of seventy feet to the ground.

In the body of the edifice there was a sort of cell, or oratory, massively constructed of stone, with groined ceiling. This was the special abiding place of the ghost. One night, my sister, having occasion to go there, set the candle on the mantel-piece. As she was stooping over a chest in the corner, she noticed her shadow glide along the wall. Turning, she saw that the candle had been placed on the table, several yards from its former position. But no one except herself was in that part of the house.

An immense place it was, with upwards of forty large rooms. As there were only five of us in the family, we each had a suite of five or six apartments. My bed-room was at the end of the west wing; five rooms opening into one another, intervened between that one and a huge reception hall in the center of the building. Often, in the dark of the night, I have waked up, and heard some one pacing to and fro in these rooms, and the rustle of a long skirt sweeping on the bare wooden floors. I used to suppose it was my mother: and it was not until some years later that I discovered that it was either my imagination—or something else. As to that I can only say that none of us children had the least fear of ghosts, or knew that anybody feared them. We had never been frightened by injudicious means.

However, to go back to that hand. It was a white, well-shaped woman's hand, with long, slender fingers and a turquoise ring on one finger. I must not make a mystery of this. It was the hand of a fair young American lady who, years after, leaped or fell from a steamboat in Long Island sound, and so vanished from this world. But at the time I write of she was a woman of happy disposition and singular intelligence, and was a graduate of a famous Western college. Greek and the Calculus was as familiar to her as figs and grapes were to me. Either her education, or a natural basis of mind, once rendered her rather skeptical in her views; nowadays she might have been called an agnostic. Nevertheless she possessed (though she herself despised and ridiculed it) that still unexplained power or susceptibility that we have agreed to call mediumistic. She was a "writing medium."

It was the era of the Fox Sisters, and of Home. Spiritualism has not lost its novelty. Science has delivered no verdict, and nobody knows whether to believe or not. But there was an English lady living near us, whose poetry was read by all England and America, who was a believer, and often discoursed with earnestness on the subject; and one day she said; "If we only had a medium!" Whereupon, this American girl-graduate that I speak of, out of the kindness of her heart, but with some reluctance, intimated that she believed that she had some little faculty in that way. . . . but that she could not, herself, place the least credence in the supernatural origin of the phenomena.

To make a long story short—for who could resist the urging of that little brown-eyed woman of genius who was a lyric in herself?—our medium consented to an experiment; and for a couple of weeks thereafter, while seven or eight of us sat round the table in the great Italian hall, the pencil in her white hand would be driven along the paper, now under one unseen im-

pulse, now under another, she regarding it with a look half apprehensive, half incredulous; but all of us hugely interested. Our deceased friends and relatives announced themselves one after another, and expressed sentiments of unimpeachable morality and virtuous exhortation—just what anyone would have expected of such good and respectable persons; and the thing was becoming a trifle monotonous, and the medium was writing that more useful ways of employing one's leisure might be found; when, all of a sudden

Draw up closer, the story begins here. Her hand which had been moving methodically along under the direction of the spirit of my maternal grandfather and had just written the words, "we study causes" was suddenly and violently seized upon as it were by a new and turbulent influence almost knocking the pencil out of her fingers and hurrying it onward in a quite original handwriting, uncouth and heedless and moreover incorrect in orthography. The medium started and looked troubled; a wave of interest ran around the circle; she bent forward and spoke out the words; "I must speak with Mr. Hawthorne, I want his sympathy."

My father laughed. He had deprecated and made fun of the whole business from the beginning. But with the courtesy of a man of the world, and an ex-consul of the United States, he consented to listen to a communication which seemed to convey such urgency. Who was the vehement petitioner?

In the course of the next half hour we had as much of her history as she ever confided to us. Her name was Mary Rondel. She was born in Boston a hundred years before. She had died there, in pain and misery, while still a young woman. Her troubles had their source in a certain member of our own family, with whom she had been intimately acquainted. She was not happy even yet, and Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy she must and would have.

But how shall I indicate the weird, curious and yet pathetic impression that was produced, not more by the matter than by the manner of her communications? Mary Rondel was bitterly in earnest; she would be heard; she upset the propriety of all our other spiritual friends; it was in vain that they attempted to assure us that she was a bad, improper, untruthful, ill-conditioned creature. In the midst of their pious homilies she would swoop down, snatch the pencil, and send it staggering in violent evolutions along the page; her language was anything but conventional; nay, it sometimes became indiscreet, if not scandalous. Occasionally our refined little medium would protest and remove her hand from the table. But no sooner did she resume, then Mary was at it again. She would not be denied. She was a temperament, a will, a person. Of all our long procession of communicants, she alone showed an unmistakable and vivid individuality. We would have known her had we met her on the street. She had been waiting in the dark void of the unseen world, for the better part of a century, for an opportunity to speak and declare herself, and she was not going to let it go unimproved. And yet the poor creature knew not what to say—only that she admired Mr. Hawthorne's sympathy. But what good it was to do her, or by what right she demanded it, we were not informed.

He assured her that he would not and did not sympathize with her, hoping, thereby, to pacify her and so get rid of her. But no—she clung to us all the tighter. Having at length found a sympathizer, she would henceforth cling to him. It soon became impossible to get communications from anybody except Mary Rondel; and, since the atmosphere she brought with her was clearly unheavenly, the sances were finally abandoned; and that was the end of Mary, so far as we were concerned.

Now, the sequel was strange, we returned to America two or three years later, and four years after that father died. Some venerable maiden cousins of ours sent us, some months subsequently, a box of old books and papers that had belonged to our family in the last century. Among the books was a dilapidated copy of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," bearing date 1586. On the fly-leaves were the autographs of a number of our ancestors, from the first emigrant down to Daniel Hawthorne, who, history says, commanded a privateer during the Revolution. And on the broad margin at the bottom of the tenth page was inscribed, in faded brown ink, a woman's name, "Mary Rondel." It is before me as I write, an ill-formed name, but showing character.

After some reflection, I remembered the circumstances under which I had seen that name before. Searching further into the book, I came upon the love sonnets and stanzas in the latter part of the volume; but several of these had been marked round with a pen, and such glosses written in the margin as "Pray, mistress, read this;" or "Read this as if I myself spake it." Some of these writings were in the chirography of Daniel Hawthorne; others, in another hand. I surmised that the book had once been read, jointly, by two lovers, who had taken this indirect means of intimating their sentiments.

The longer I meditated upon the matter, the more

interested I became. At last I wrote a letter to those old maiden cousins, and, without saying anything about the spiritual experience in the Italian villa, I enquired whether they were cognizant of any family traditions connected with a person called Mary Rondel. Here is their reply:

"Dear Cousin A Miss Mary Rondel, of Boston, knew one of your uncles, Daniel Hawthorne, about 1775. The story will not interest you, it is not creditable to either party. It ended unfortunately; there had been some talk of a marriage, but their relations were broken off, and I am unable to say what became of the young woman. Your uncle afterwards fitted out a privateer," etc., etc.

No; I don't pretend to explain it. I simply give you the facts. Take off the shade from the lamp. That is enough for one evening.

MARVELOUS THOUGHT READING.

"Psychognosis" is the title which M. Guibal has adopted for a new and certainly very remarkable development of what is familiar to us under the name of the thought-reading process, says the London *Daily News*. The method adopted by M. Guibal may be briefly described, stating, by way of introduction, that on Saturday afternoon he submitted it to the severest and closest test to which it could be subjected at the hands of an audience composed mainly of press men and members of the medical profession, among whom was Dr. Bond, of Westminster Hospital.

Miss Greville, M. Guibal's medium, is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, clad in flowing white robes. After mesmerizing his subject M. Guibal collected from his audience a dozen or so pieces of paper, on which they had written their several requests.

Then the séance began. M. Guibal never uttered a word. At a motion of his hand Miss Greville, whose eyes were undoubtedly closed, rose from her seat, descended the steps from the stage to the audience, and unhesitatingly made her way to a gentleman in the front row of the stalls, and, taking a piece of paper and pencil from his hands, wrote the figures 65. She next, simply guided by M. Guibal's hand, though sometimes he was behind her and sometimes in front, but never close to her, went to a gentleman and took off his hat. Finding her way to another gentleman she felt his pulse. From another she took an umbrella and gave three taps on the ground with it. She next took a pocketbook and selected a particular article, and from a cardcase belonging to another gentleman she extracted three cards and gave them to him. A well known journalist had submitted a difficult task, which was to take his watch and chain and place it in Capt. Molesworth's pocket.

This was done without any hesitation. Other things were set her to do upon the stage, all of which were performed to the absolute satisfaction of those who had demanded them. Throughout the whole séance there was no faltering or hesitation, no rushing about with the hand of the medium tightly pressed to the forehead by another person, and then, after a number of mistakes, hitting by hook or by crook, upon the right thing at last. The accuracy of each divination was as astonishing as the readiness with which it was accomplished.

There was no questioning the bona fides of the audience. They were mostly all known to each other, and, though they went in no unfriendly spirit of criticism, they did their best to test M. Guibal's ability. The requests of the audience were only known to those who wrote them and to M. Guibal himself, and and they were not announced until each demand had been satisfied.

CAN ANIMALS SEE SPIRITS?

We have printed some evidence on this topic, and now add a letter which has just appeared in *Rod and Gun*, March 14th. The evidence is very strong that dumb animals are conscious of the presence of "ghosts" and are painfully affected thereby. For instance, Owasso (Slade's familiar) made himself painfully evident to the consciousness of a cat whom he declared beforehand his intention of frightening. Such records will be welcome, if duly authenticated, in these pages.

SIR.—There is reason to believe that they can. At any rate, I have a very remarkable fact to state.

There is in Devonshire a large, rambling old house, which has long had the reputation of being haunted. Family after family tried to make it their home. One after another they gave it up for the same cause—frequent spectral ongoings in one of the corridors. Sometimes the ghost was seen by one member of the household while it was invisible to others close by; sometimes mysterious sounds showed the ghost to be about while he was not visible to any of the watchers. The family who last occupied the house thought that a good fierce dog might settle the problem—on the supposition that the ghost was a human trickster.

Therefore a sanguinary bulldog was called in. On the first night of the dog's residence the spectral rat-

tlings were heard. The watchers went to the corridor, taking the detective with him. The dog needed little hounding on. True to the instincts of his tribe, he rushed foremost to the scene, barking savagely; the watchers followed!

Suddenly, when halfway through the corridor, the dog stopped, and gazed in terror upwards. His tail dropped between his legs; and after staring for a moment into the air, he slunk slowly, shivering, away. He had seen the ghost. The curious part of the episode was that on that particular occasion the spectre was invisible to the human eye.

This story was told to me in the United Universities Club the other day by a friend with whom I had been talking over certain strange tales about dogs that had appeared in *Rod and Gun*. He himself knew the family in whose occupancy of the house the strange incident had occurred, intimately. He assured me that he could no more doubt their tale than he could doubt any human statement; and added that the late Mr. Darwin considered the matter of such importance that it made even him refrain from taking it for granted that all stories of apparitions were unfounded in fact.

The great Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, wrote an elaborate essay in order to show that, while many stories of apparitions are so well authenticated as to be incapable of challenge, spectres have never any objective existence, but are mere projections from subjective apprehension. His theory was that there is telepathic communication, on occasions of extremity, between the minds of two persons closely associated by the ties of affection—that, for example, the spirit of a dying man yearningly thinking of his wife is able to communicate his extremity to her spirit, howsoever far away she may be—and that, preternaturally becoming conscious of what is happening, the mind of the person communicated with, reversing the ordinary process of cognition, affects the eye, which, in its turn, projects a vision of the actual facts—"visualises" the scene, as the learned bishop phrased it.

This explanation of the undoubted phenomena of apparitions seemed exceedingly reasonable. It accounted for apparitions by reference to natural functions of the human soul and intellect—by calling attention to a sense which had never before been observed, or at least defined. But if this strange story from Devonshire is to be accepted as true, Dr. Fraser's theory must be held disproved; for the bishop's theory implied that only the person mainly concerned—only the person to whom the telepathic communication was made—could be conscious of the apparition.—*W., in Light, Pall Mall, London.*

FANNY KEMBLE'S GHOST STORIES.

"A curious circumstance, which only came to my knowledge several years after my residence in this house in Rittenhouse Square seems to me to possess sufficiently the qualities of a good ghost story to be worth preserving. The house was so constructed that a room half-way between the ground floor and the story immediately above it, commanded the flight of stairs leading to the latter, and the whole landing or passage on which the room, on that floor opened.

"These rooms were my bed and dressing rooms, the drawing rooms and dining room being under them on the ground floor. One evening my maid was sitting in the room, from which she could see the whole of the staircase and upper landing; she saw the door of my bed room open and an elderly woman, in a flannel dressing gown, with a bonnet on her head and a candle in her hand, come out, walk the whole length of the passage and return again into the bed room, shutting the door after her. My maid knew that I was in the drawing room below in my usual black velvet evening dress; moreover, the person she had seen bore no resemblance either in figure or face to me, or to any member of my household, which consisted of three young servant women besides herself and a negro man servant.

"My maid was a remarkably courageous and reasonable person, and though very much startled (for she went directly up-stairs and found no one in the rooms) she kept her counsel, and mentioned the circumstance to nobody, though, as she told me afterward, she was so afraid lest I should have a similar visitation that she was strongly tempted to ask Dr. W.'s advice as to the propriety of mentioning her experience to me. She refrained from doing so, however, and some time after, as she was sitting in the dusk in the same room, the man servant came in to light the gas and made her start, observing which, he said: 'Why, lorst, Miss Ellen, you jump as if you had seen a ghost.'

"In spite of her late experience, Ellen very gravely replied: 'Nonsense, William; how can you talk such stuff! You don't believe in such things as ghosts, do you?' 'Well,' he said, 'I don't know just so sure what to say to that, seeing it's well known there was a ghost in this house.' 'Pshaw!' said Ellen; 'whose ghost?' 'Well, poor Mrs. R.'s ghost, its very well known, walks about this house, and no great wonder, either, seeing how miserably she lived and died here.

To Ellen's persistent expressions of contemptuous incredulity, he went on: 'Well, Miss Ellen, all I can say is, several girls (i. e., maid servants) have left the house on account of it; and there the conversation ended. Some days after this, Ellen coming into the drawing-room to speak to me, stopped abruptly at the door, and stood there, having suddenly recognized in a portrait immediately opposite to it, and which was that of the dead mistress of the house, the face of the person she had seen come out of my bed room. I think this is a very tidy ghost story; and I am bound to add, as a proper commentary on it, that I have never inhabited a house which affected me with such intolerable melancholy gloominess as this, without any assignable reason whatever, either in its situation or any of its conditions.'

This certainly is a "very tidy ghost story," but the one which follows is more puzzling, having about it an inconsequence rare even in supernatural narratives, and yet being vouched for, as will be seen, by several persons. This, it may be observed, occurred in the Scottish Highlands:

"Corrybrough, my friend's pleasant home in the Highlands, was a moorland sheep farm and grouse-shooting property. The house stood within its own grounds, at a distance from any other dwelling, entirely isolated, with no habitations in its neighborhood but those of the people employed on the land which circumstances I mention as rendering curious in some degree the incident I am about to relate, of the singular character of which I can give no plausible, rational explanation. I was expected on a visit there on a certain day of a certain month and week (the date I have now forgotten). The persons staying in the house were friends and acquaintances of mine, as well as of the 'laird's,' and had all been looking for my arrival in the course of the day. When, however, the hour for retiring for the night had been somewhat overpassed in the protracted hope of my still-possible advent, and everybody had given me up and betaken themselves to their bed rooms, a sudden sound of wheels on the gravel drive, the loud opening of a carriage door, and letting down of steps, with a sudden violent ringing of the door-bell, drew every one forth again to their doors with exclamations of 'Oh, there she is; she's come at last.' My friend and host ran down to open the door to me himself, which he did, to find before him only the emptiness, stillness and darkness of the night—neither carriage nor arriving guest—nothing and nobody, so he retired to his room and went to bed. The next day I arrived, but though able to account satisfactorily for my delay in doing so, was quite unable to account for my sham arrival of the previous night, with sound of wheels, horses' hoofs, opening of the carriage door, letting down of steps and loud ringing of the house bell, all of which premonitory symptoms were heard by half a dozen people in their respective rooms in different parts of the house, which makes an unsatisfactory sort of ghost story."—*Fanny Kemble in "Further Record."*

INSPIRED BY A TRANCE.

An oil-painting with a remarkable story attached to it was completed yesterday by J. Evan Eccles, says a dispatch from Chester, Pa., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. It represents the face of a saintly-looking man, with a beard, in front of whom are placed two large hearts. On the left of the picture an angel is seen hovering. On the face of the hearts, which are done in dark brown tints, are a large eye, a blazing star, a spot which appears to be bleeding, while flying doves encircle them. This fantasy, which looks like the vagaries of a mediæval monk, had its inspiration from a trance which Gottlieb Aupperle, who makes a living as a dyer, claims to have passed through last week. After getting in normal condition again, he produced the strange sights he witnessed roughly on paper, and from that amateur effort the painting has been done. Mr. Aupperle has lived here for many years, and is well known for having peculiar views on religion, which one time, some years ago, caused trouble between him and a former pastor of the Madison Street Methodist Episcopal Church. But in all business matters he is a perfectly sober and rational citizen. He is the head of an interesting family, one of his daughters, Miss Lydia Aupperle, being a teacher in the Madison M. E. Sunday-school now.

According to his own story, he began to feel strange sensations of a pleasurable nature about ten days ago. He could not sleep, and spent his days and nights groaning, because while happy he was overpowered by what he saw, and this statement is verified by his family. In a short time after being taken in this fashion visions of a great eye were manifested to him, and in an ecstasy of joy he beheld an angel of mercy constantly by him. He also claims to have seen a bleeding side. He says it would take a week to recount the strange scenes through which he passed, and is firmly convinced a manifestation from on high has been miraculously accorded him. The painting is to be photographed and used in a lecture shortly to be delivered on this strange case by a prominent speaker, whose name he will not divulge at present,

but whom he expects to accompany and recount his experience. The physicians who were called in by his relatives treated him for nervous prostration, but they and other prominent people are greatly interested in the earnest and emphatic manner in which he tries to convince them of the truth of what he saw as embodied in the picture made to his order.



HER PERFECT LOVER.

"I had a lover once," she sighed:
"Yes, just before I married you,
Who listened when I spoke, and tried
To answer all my questions too.

"So courteous and so kind—so good!
He'd never think a man could be
As thoughtless, and, indeed, as rude
As you so often are to me.

"The jewel of my love once won,
He used to swear, could ne'er grow dim;
He would not dream that any one
Could whistle when I spoke to him!

"If he had faults he kept them hid.
I should have married him? Yes, true;
And that's exactly what I did.
My perfect lover, sir, was—you!"

—MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

It has been predicted that after one or two experiences of women voting in Kansas at the polls the novelty of the thing would disappear and with it women's interest in municipal politics. This prediction has not been fulfilled. On the contrary women's interest in politics and activity at the polls have increased with each election. The registration of women at the present election exceeded any former registration. At Topeka the registration lists were augmented by about 400 new names of women. At Wichita the increase was about 300, at Leavenworth 250, and at Atchison 200. The number of negroes that voted in this city was notable. They marched to the polls with as much pride as their white sisters and exercised their rights of suffrage with a satisfaction peculiar to their race. Dispatches from other of the large cities of Kansas indicate that the vote of the women, compared to the registration, was proportionate to the male vote. Most of the women had their tickets prepared at home or at places of meeting, and their presence at the polls was only long enough to permit them to deposit their ballots. Only a few female candidates appeared on any of the tickets, and these few were up for election for no office higher than membership on the school board. The women began voting early and continued to keep up their percentage all along. When the registration books closed ten days ago 1,026 women had taken out certificates, while 7,751 men had registered. Up to noon to-day, however, in seven precincts the woman vote constituted over one-third of the entire ballot cast. Every hack and carriage of the livery companies of the city was engaged by the men on the tickets. A large number of private carriages were also pressed into service. The women were called for at their homes and driven to the polls. The women who voted this morning were seldom accompanied by husband, father, brother or sweetheart, the prevailing manner being for four women to come together in a hack.

The following little sketch of the "coming woman" is from the *Boston Transcript*. "A pretty blonde girl in a blue gown came down Beacon street the other day with a formidable-looking document in her hand. A friend who encountered her asked:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to City Hall, sir," she said.

"What to do there, my pretty maid?"

"To pay for my poll," she smiling said."

"Her friend went with her. Her formidable-looking document set forth her name and residence. 'I believe in patriotism,' said the girl of the blonde poll that was shortly to be taxed, 'and I was twenty-one the other day, so I thought I'd lose no time in being registered.' It was worth while to go to City Hall with her. She was beckoned to a corner by an uplifted finger; she handed her document over a rail. 'Hold up your hand,' said the official, who took her name, and she bowed with solemnity as the oath was administered. She was

told that she must pay her tax later, and she was quickly in the street again with her friend. One of the women at a table near the door had given her a circular and told her that eight thousand women of Boston have registered to vote on school questions. 'We girls must be assessed every time,' said the blonde votary of patriotism. 'Then you don't do it because you think it's your duty?' 'Why, no; I like to. I'm twenty-one, you know,'—with a joyful smile. She was plainly rejoiced in reaching her majority. Well, why not, since she mends her small brother's clothes, and paints charmingly, and combines domestic and artistic virtues with her civic ones?"

Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston, the young woman who won the \$1,000 prize for the best design for a woman's building for the World's Fair was born in Chili, her mother being a native and her father a Bostonian; She graduated from the Boston high school and later from the School of Technology. She is the only woman who has a diploma from that institution. She has since taught mechanical drawing in the Eliot Industrial school in Boston. She had no advice or help in her design and confided to no one that she was competing for a prize. Her work was done at night after her daily school duties. Miss Lois L. Howe, the lady who won the second prize, is also a student of the School of Technology, and a resident of Cambridge, but is employed in Boston as a draughtsman in the office of Messrs. Allen & Koanway, architects. Miss Howe had studied four years at the Museum of Fine Arts before taking the two-years' special course in architecture at the Technology, and Miss Laura Hayes of Chicago took third prize. It was very difficult for the committee to choose between these drawings, they were all so excellent, and displayed so much talent. It is evident that women may study architecture; the only wonder is that they have not done so long since.

Olive Thorne Miller has within the last four months posted from her home in Brooklyn no less than 20,000 printed slips asking the women of New York not to wear birds or their plumage. The request is simply and earnestly made, no reply being called for, and as a mark of good faith signed with the autograph of that gentle woman, who is the friend of the little creatures, in feathers and fur.

THE GREAT TRANSITION.

With startling frequency the last call comes to one and another of the veteran Spiritualists. The true Spiritualist is ever ready for it, with neither undue eagerness nor yet with fear and repining does he anticipate the momentous event,—momentous to him, however slight the ripple upon the great ocean of life.

MR. JOHN PIRNIE.

Tuesday morning, March 31st, Mr. John Pirnie, husband of Mrs. Sarah F. Pirnie, the medium, was stricken with apoplexy and passed away on the next morning. His wife was with him and all was done that could be, but the call had come. We knew and greatly respected Mr. Pirnie. He was a man of rare good sense; strong, self-reliant, yet modest and retiring. He lived a noble life and acted well his part. In a private note from Mrs. Pirnie she alludes to her bereavement thus: "Dr. Thomas conducted the funeral service and spoke lovingly to us, his wife and children, at 3 o'clock p. m. on his sixty-ninth birthday; and at 7 o'clock the same afternoon our daughters started with the remains to lay them in the family plot in Michigan. After forty-seven years of married life my tribute is: An honest, just man; tender and loving with wife and children, and true to his many friends." We can add nothing to this tribute; nothing is needed.

Mrs. Pirnie is not in good health and has gone to her daughter's home in Cleveland—1230 Slater Avenue—where she will remain for the present. It gives us pleasure to testify to the good Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie have done in this city. Mrs. Pirnie was highly esteemed as a woman as well as a medium and healer. She would be wel-

comed back to Chicago by a host of friends, and we hope she may conclude to return.

MR. VINE GRIFFIN CRANE.

At the ripe age of eighty-one years. Paralysis seized Mr. Crane; after four days his release came. He left this life from his home at Montevideo, Minnesota, on March 22nd. Mr. Crane was a man who always made his mark wherever he lived and in whatever he was engaged. The Montevideo people showed their respect by closing all places of business during the funeral service, at the request of the president of the village council. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., also of Geo. H. Thomas Post No. 9, G. A. R., and was buried with the rites of the Odd Fellows, and military honors. Rev. Mr. Jenkins, a Baptist minister officiated. The services had to be held in the county court house as no church building was large enough to hold the people. Mrs. Crane says in a letter to us. "In his youth Mr. Crane was a church member, but later he outgrew his early theological views and embraced the spiritual philosophy which he ever after advocated; and was an active worker in the cause. Years ago he selected two pieces of music, "Over the River" and "Shall We Know Each Other There," to be sung at his funeral. The music and words created a profound impression, never before having been heard in our town. . . . I am lonely now in my old age—73 years—but feel my husband's presence and it comforts me. He was a Spiritualist for thirty-five years."

MRS. NANNIE WATSON.

Some weeks ago the bells of heaven rang out joyful peals, we feel sure, over the advent of a long suffering spirit. Those who read Dr. Watson's periodical, *The American Spiritual Magazine*, published in 1875-6-7, will recall the deeply religious messages which came through the instrumentality of "Our Home Medium," as the editor styled her. Mrs. Nannie Watson, a sister-in-law of Dr. Samuel Watson was the medium. Reared a Methodist, she retained a strong love for those of that sect, and felt that the road Wesley marked out, and with which she was familiar, was one she could travel with the certainty of coming in touch with the world of spirit and into the glorious realm of divine love. We made her personal acquaintance in 1879, and came to have sincere regard for her head and heart. Mediumship was to her a sacred gift, and its exercise a matter of grave responsibility. Circumstances and delicate health restricted her sphere, but she was an unselfish toiler, and, with all her heavy burdens, always carried sweetness and light wherever she went. Reduced to straightened circumstances, with none of kin to nurse and care for her, she never lost heart, and was a source of spiritual strength to the loving friends who tenderly ministered to her as the days of earthly life drew to their close. She is now with her beloved. She is happy.

WILLIAM H. RYNUS.

Another dear personal friend has joined the great majority. No one could know Mr. Rynus and not love the genial gentleman. We leave it for his long-time friend and fellow-townsmen, Judge Dailey, to speak of him. Under date of April 9th Judge Dailey mailed the following letter, which did not reach us until Monday, the 13th, for some reason:

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL: One more of the noble men who have helped to construct that rising fabric, the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, has been removed and called by the Master Builder from the labors of earth to a grander temple, not made with human hands.

William H. Rynus, of this city, after a protracted illness, passed to the spirit world last Monday morning, leaving an affectionate wife and family of children to mourn their immediate bereavement. He

was a quiet, observing man, always having the courage of his convictions, but being of a kindly, charitable nature, he was never offensive when presenting his own views to those with whom he differed. He had few, if any enemies, but hosts of friends. He was one of the older members of the New England Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, and one of its directors. He had a cottage close by that of the late S. B. Nichols, with whom he maintained warm fraternal relations.

I had the pleasure of visiting him during his last illness. He spoke of his unflinching confidence in the truths of Spiritualism, and of the future awaiting him, should his illness prove fatal, and of the nature of the funeral service he desired, should the end come. A good man has gone, and his presence will be greatly missed, and most by those who knew him best.

A. H. DAILEY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A REMARKABLE INDIANA REVIVAL.

According to a dispatch to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a remarkable revival of religion is in progress at a little country church, known as Mount Ebal, located in the southwest part of this county, and it is creating so much excitement that, notwithstanding the very bad roads, the people gather every night from miles around, where they are "slain by the power," as the revivalists term the influence they exert over the people. The "slaying by the power" comes in the form of a trance, and for hours at a time men and women will lay perfectly unconscious of the surroundings. A *Globe-Democrat* reporter spent last night at this remarkable meeting, and found the exciting rumors not the least exaggerated.

The revival began about a month ago, and is being conducted by three lay evangelists, the youngest of whom is about 25, while the oldest is perhaps 40. At first the meetings were small, but as the interest grew, the crowds increased, and now hundreds are unable to gain admittance. Last night the people began to arrive as early as 5 o'clock, and by lamplight the room was crowded. The exercises opened by the hymn "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood," which was followed by four other familiar selections. During the singing the ladies appeared and took their places in the pulpit. From that time a feeling of the deepest interest prevailed, and it was soon evident that the women exercised a strange influence over the audience. The oldest of the exhorters commenced humming "We Are Passing Away," during which she held her hand trembling aloft and emphasized her singing with numerous motions. While this performance was in progress several persons of all ages, as though under the influence of the leader, began to tremble and quiver in body and limb. One little girl was especially noticeable as she trembled like a leaf, and when asked quietly why she did so, replied that it was beyond her power to control herself. At this period a song, "Will it Pay," was sung by the evangelists, followed by a short sermon. Then the youngest woman began to pray, when a young lady, about 19, fell as if dead. She was laid out on a seat. Heavy perspiration covered her head, and her hands were cold. She was apparently unconscious for almost an hour. In different parts of the room, and especially in front, the men and women were trembling and evidently as unable to control their physical action as if attacked by an ague chill. A man fell to the floor and was as motionless as a corpse, while to his left was a woman lying as if in a trance, only that she gave vent to her feelings by frequent clapping of the hands, which were cold and bloodless. All this time affairs were reaching a climax. The leaders called for prayers, when thirty-five persons fell upon their knees. This was not later than 8 o'clock, and from this time until 11 the time was almost wholly occupied in prayer. At one time sixteen persons were lying at full length on the floor or on benches in a trance. The evangelists called it "slain by the power," and in a few cases persons lay motionless for two hours. Some would go into a trance a number of times during the evening. During the meetings young people have gone out of mere curiosity, and before leaving the house were "slain by the power" and converted. The women claim to represent no church, but are preaching the religion of Christ.

The people where the meetings are in

progress are of the average intelligence, and that these women should create such a sensation among that class of citizens is something remarkable. The women announce that they intend staying until summer, when a tent can be used to accommodate the people.



THE ROMISH HIERARCHY.

TO THE EDITOR: The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of March, 20th speaks editorially somewhat disparagingly of the action of the Italian government, as reported, in making "laws for the suppression of religious guilds and fraternities which have existed for centuries." It characterizes the action of Italy as "worthy of the Dark Ages."

It seems to the writer that the present work of the Italians is the result of an intense reaction, which must inevitably have followed the long ages of hierarchical tyranny and wrong, exercised by the Romish church. It was in the Dark Ages that, according to Gibbon, royalty became but as a vassal to that church, and the bull of a pope was superior in government to the edict of a king. It was in the Dark Ages that, according to like authentic history, Pope Honorius, in a paroxysm of rage, called Christendom to arms, to prosecute by military force "the obstinate pagans of Prussia," as he termed them,—at which time towns were swept from existence, communities were massacred, blood flowed in reeking torrents, and all the havoc and horrors of which war is pregnant were protracted for fifty-six years," before even a small remnant of those strong-souled so-called pagans accepted baptism rather than total extinction, and consented that "the Lord Jesus should reign as King."

The age was dark in A. D. 1483—little more than 400 years ago—since which date in Spain alone 31,912 earnest-minded heretics were burned at the stake, by the order of that "religious guild," so to speak,—the inquisitors of the Romish church, and not until A. D. 1808 was that guild suppressed. The age was still dark A. D. 1600, when Giordano Bruno, an eminent philosopher—a better and wiser man than any pope that ever held sway—was burned at Rome in the same place where his monument now stands, in sight of the Vatican, an honor to his glorious manhood, and a credit to those brave Italian patriots who erected it. Well do those same patriots know from the recorded experiences of fifteen centuries with what persistent effort of determined propagandism the Romish church grinds its "cunningly devised traditional myths and fables" into the souls and habits of the masses of her ignorant votaries. Is it not wise in them now, while they may, to curtail that church's methods of again acquiring hurtful power in their country? Ay! more than this, would it not be well for us, in our boasted "land of the free and home of the brave," to learn wisdom from the experiences of Italy and of all other lands wherein that church has had control. Has not darkness and tyranny, religious and political, always followed in her train?

Should we not be getting our eyes opened to the evident longing of that same hierarchy to attain to a controlling interest in this government, and see that the intention of the pope, which, the *Inquirer* avows, is to assist emigration to America, in the line of the above named purpose, shall as far as possible be rendered nugatory? Is it not enough to awaken the attention of every true patriot, when we observe the arrogant, overbearing presumption with which that ancient church lately seized upon one of our greatest heroes, lying unconscious in the embrace of death, and dishonored his memory by striving, through their superstitious formulas, to tie him to their antiquated hierarchy—him of whom it has so recently been shown conclusively—by his own words published in your able paper—that he plainly refused during life to be counted amongst them. Shame and dishonor should ever rest upon any church that could fraudulently attempt such a wrong.

I have numbered through life many friends and intimate business acquaintances among the members of the Catholic church, and would much regret doing any one of them injustice. They have been good and kind brothers and sisters of the human race, better than the teachings and

traditions of their church could be expected to make them; yet I cannot resist the feeling that no man or woman that is subject to a foreign potentate in the manner that the Jesuits claim all Catholic members are subject to the pope at Rome, can ever be thoroughly reliable citizens of the United States of America. The old traditional dicta, "no faith to be kept with heretics," and "all personal honor to be held subject to the order of the church authorities," have necessarily tended to beget hereditarily a deceptive and unreliable character, that has, methinks, become manifest in many ways among the votaries of that church. Ingenuous expression of thought amongst them has ceased to be the rule and has become the exception.

I put no trust in any public expression of a diplomatic pope, as a pointer towards what will be the real action of the church of which he is the head, or as an indication of his real intentions. I had no faith in the public expressions of the dignitaries of said church, made at Washington some months ago, that they had no political designs against our institutions. It would be better to interpret them by the rule of contraries.

When they openly declare that our secular free schools are "godless," and move as fast as they can in establishing parochial schools, it is not hard to judge what they are after. They have discovered that secular schools are an antidote to the poisons of Catholic mummery and superstition, and that the latter cannot thrive with the former.

Every lesson in reading and writing furnishes means for enlarging the rational powers of the mind and lessening the danger of becoming a prey to superstition and ignorance. Every exercise in arithmetic accustoms the mind to accuracy and respect for truth in the absolute. An intelligent gentleman of mature years remarked lately that he never knew a skilled mathematician that was not honest. Mathematics begets an honest habit of thought. General Sherman knew well that scientific schools are not "godless" in the true sense of that term, when he closed his address at Princeton College, in 1878, by saying, as you have stated in THE JOURNAL: "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 moles and bounds, is not divine, but is mere priestcraft."

Without the other proof, as it was amply given by you, who, after reading the above words, could believe General Sherman to be a communicant in the Romish church?

A FREE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

TO THE EDITOR: The Society at this place held anniversary exercises appropriate to the occasion of the anniversary of the advent of "Modern Spiritualism," on Saturday evening and Sunday all day, March 30th and 31st.

Although the severe storm in the early part of the week blocked both the roads and the railroads, preventing many visitors from a distance from attending, still the exercises passed off pleasantly, and good audiences assembled to listen to the lecture, Sunday, by Rev. Jas. De Buchananne, upon "The Second Coming of Christ." The speaker asked the audience to distinguish between the man Jesus as an historical character and the Christ principle controlling him, claiming that the Christ principle had come to earth many times—in Buddha, in Confucius in Zoroaster and in Jesus, that these progressive revelations of the Divine Entity came to the race just when the race had developed to a point where it could understand them: that the only coming that the Christ ever predicted was a spiritual coming of the same divine principle to enlighten the world in spiritual law and spiritual progression; that the race had outgrown physical incarnations of the Christ, but that it was no less a real "coming" of Christ when the first knowledge of the existence of a channel of communication between the two worlds, thus bringing life and immortality to life, was revealed anew to the world some forty odd years ago, at the birth of so-called Modern Spiritualism. The speaker urged that the old date for Christmas should be changed with all its ceremonies, to the anniversary in March, which commemorates the spiritual coming of the Christ. The lecture was

listened to with marked attention, and was one of the best efforts of the talented lecturer. The Society voted to have a regular Christmas festival on the next anniversary in March, and to celebrate that day instead of the 25th of December, as the spiritual Christmas, hoping that other societies would do likewise. Would it not be a good idea for all spiritual organizations to adopt that custom as more in keeping with our system of belief? The lecture was followed by a banquet, at which a large company of Spiritualists sat down and spent a happy hour in informally discussing the growth and future bright prospects of our philosophy of Truth and Reason. Delphos is a good place for Spiritualists to live in. L. T.

DELPHOS, KAN.

"WHAT CAUSED THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS."

TO THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of March 14th, is a short paragraph by Mr. Karl Crolly. It is implied, upon the authority of a certain Prof. Meyer, of Berlin, that our solar system is revolving around a great central sun, in an orbit of presumed eccentricity—as all planets seem to have more or less—thus producing cycles of long yet undefined length, throughout which our sun's family experiences many vicissitudes of heat and cold. By these long, but yet indeterminate, cycles, it is implied that the great geological periods through which mother earth has evidently passed, may be explained.

The idea is a taking and very sublime one, but what are the evidences of its truth? Your correspondent, as is the way of some writers, speaks positively thus: "Our solar system, however, turns around a central sun." We would like to ask him when and by whom this was proven? As an old-fashioned astronomer, this correspondent, who possibly may not have been able to keep up with modern discoveries—as he surely has not kept square with all modern fancies—think that the proof has not yet appeared.

For some years Mädler, a noted astronomer, claimed as a grand theory that the whole stellar universe was revolving around the star Aleyone of the Pleiades. "But," says Newcomb, "not the slightest weight has ever been given it by reliable astronomers, who have always seen it to be an entirely baseless speculation." Let the proof be given and we will all be most glad to adopt a theory so grand and far-reaching as the revolution of our mighty sun and his system, around some still more grand and mighty centre of power and life.

It seems to be admitted generally, as the result of long and careful observations of the fixed stars—as we call them—that our sun is moving, probably with great velocity, in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and of course we are going with him, as attached by the ties of gravity to his triumphal car of progress. But whether our track be straight, or curved around some such distant controlling centre, who knows? There are difficulties in the way of determining, too tedious here to enumerate. I will only repeat again: if any astronomer or set of astronomers have found the proofs, let them be published at large, by all means. J. G. J.

FROM STOWE, VT.

TO THE EDITOR: Through the efforts of the "Ladies' Aid Society" we have had with us for three months Mr. A. E. Tisdale, of Springfield, Mass. His engagement closes next Sunday. He has given a lecture every Sunday afternoon and evening during the time. The evening lectures have been of a scientific character. To say that we are satisfied with his work does not half express our feelings. We are more than pleased. Mr. Tisdale's guides are of a very high order of intelligence, and his lectures have shown great depth of thought. Last Sunday, March 29th, being our anniversary, his subject was, "Spiritualism. What is it? And What has it Come into the World for?" All pronounced it a masterpiece of eloquence. We have had intelligent audiences at every session. The people, especially those of liberal thought, have shown a marked interest in our meetings, and we feel sure that the beautiful truths they have heard have given them a favorable opinion of what real Spiritualism is. Many who were strangers to it have expressed regrets that our meetings must close so soon. I feel confident that any society securing the services of Mr. Tisdale will feel that they have been richly paid. K. F. S.

STOWE, VT.



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A subscriber writes: THE JOURNAL is a welcome visitor. I am myself a member of an independent church, where my views are known, but having to a great extent the support of our pastor, I can express myself freely on questions coming up for discussion. Having no chance to associate with people of my faith, I think I can do more for our cause in this way than by staying at home. I have openly renounced the creed, thus giving the members no chance of accusing me of secretly undermining their organization, and also leaving them the right of expelling me from their church. I was thirteen years old when my parents wanted me to join the church. I obeyed their order, and since that time have been a member of said church, and if not expelled for my unbelief, will stay there and work according to the light given me until I can find a chance to unite with a society of Spiritualists, or such that would come nearer to my way of worshipping.

One of my best friends denies me the right of the name of Spiritualist on the ground of my being still a member of the church. Could not this question be discussed in THE JOURNAL?

J. G. Jackson, Hockessin, Del., writes: I feel like thanking you for the publication of that able paper by Sara A. Underwood, which appeared in last issue of THE JOURNAL (April 4th). It is so rich in the expression of sentiments calculated to provoke thought and action of a character most needed by this seeking, yet much befogged generation. I trust all your readers will note and weigh every part of it. Prof. Coues' spicy allusions to the late "soul-matching" efforts of the Romish church officials, in two notable instances, are also worthy of special note. Our lamented Sherman doubtless had as much "horror of counterfeit in his soul and contempt for hypocrites on his lips" as Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and would have so indicated if the unseasonable time chosen by the bigoted propagandists and greedy ghouls of the church, for their insulting ceremony, had allowed him opportunity to express his feelings.

William Foote, Kaolin, Pa., in a letter renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL, says: With advancing years my faith increases rather than diminishes in the grand truths of Spiritualism. But, oh! what a fearful mass of godless superstition and prejudice one finds in the world on this subject. No one knows the truth of this better than the editor who undertakes to manage a paper conducted in the best interests of the cause. To be at all successful, he has at once to teach fundamental principles, furnish facts to illustrate them, and combat ignorant, jealous and selfish bigots, who will neither give nor take quarter. Courage, my good man, courage; win you must, for your cause is just. And your many friends—myself of the number—will still approve and applaud.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

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

Knowledge, A Weekly Magazine Supplementing all Cyclopedias. Vol. 1 June to December 1890. New York: John B. Alden, 1890. pp. 586. Price, 50 cts.

This volume, a unique publication, contains cyclopedic matter correcting and amplifying the matter published in the regular volumes of cyclopedias up to the requirements of the present day. Some 1,200 subjects of the character of those usually treated in cyclopedias, but which as yet have not generally found their way into any cyclopedia whatever, are treated in this volume: thus it is a supplement to all existing cyclopedias. A valuable feature of "Knowledge" is its biographical notices of men and women who rise into prominence from day to day. The regular cyclopedia tells of the affairs and the people of yesterday, last year, of five or ten years past; "Knowledge" tells the story of the people who are living and working now, and of the movements of our own time. The regular cyclopedia is a ledger, with accounts fully posted, and balances struck; "Knowledge" is a veritable 'day-book,' in which is entered the account-current of mankind; and it is always open for new entries. One would look in vain in the regular cyclopedias for a notice of such topics as 'Farmers' Alliance,' and nationalism or for notices of the newest states of the Union; but "Knowledge" conveys clear, concise, plainly worded expositions of all such matters.

Money. By Emile Zola; translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston, 1891. pp 435.

This is one of Zola's characteristic stories, full of repulsive realism. Reading some of the scenes and persons he describes is like coming in contact with an unsightly and bad smelling heap of compost. The meaning of the story is that money is the god of vice and crime, that it is the muck-heap which the humanity of to-morrow will be buried under. The moral of the story is neither instructive nor healthful reading. It had better have been translated into English. Such nauseous stuff helps nobody while it panders to prurient and depraved tastes.

The April number of The Freethinker's Magazine is an unusually attractive number. The opening article is the first of a series of contributions on the life and character of Charles Bradlaugh, by George Jacob Holyoake.—The Unitarian for April contains a number of readable articles by representative writers.—The Home-Maker for April opens with "Thomas Carlyle's Home and Home Life," an illustrated article by Mary de Morgan, and is followed with a number of others, which together afford a fine intellectual feast.—The Eclectic Magazine for April contains an attractive variety. Among the articles is "Life and Labors of Schliemann," by Kar. Blind, and "The Advantages of Poverty," by the millionaire, Andrew Carnegie.—The Quarterly Register of Current History is a new publication, the purpose of which is to bring together at intervals of three months such matters appearing in the daily papers as may be valuable for permanent preservation. The first number contains a review of the entire year of 1890. A very useful periodical.—The April Kindergarten contains a letter by Friedrich Froebel, dated Feb. 6, 1845, and personal reminiscences of Frau Louise Froebel, by Marie Heinemann.—The Manifesto, Canterbury, N. H., for April continues its interesting paper on "The Kentucky Revival," by Richard M'Nemar. "By Way of Combination," by Wm M. Bryant, and "A Chaplain of the Revolution," by Carlton A. Staples, are leading papers in April Unitarian Review.



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And the purple of nightfall prophesied
The hyssop to Him, and to us the loss,
The crown which the Magi brought to her
It made a vision of brows that bleed:
And the censor, with spikenard and balm and myrrh
It lay on the wall like the sponge and reed.
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To whom I'll quaff while midnight's sounding.
I have it! Friends—
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Come, blushes spare,
I know she's fair.
Her every action pure and tender;
With eyes so true,
Whate'er the hue,
The hearts can naught save homage render.
Her word controls
Our secret souls,
Though vows of love we've often broken,
She's ever fond—
Her life's a bond,
A loving, living, breathing token.
Come weal, come woe,
Full well we know
Her heart is ever warm and trusty.
Boys! to your feet,
Due honor mete
'hail our toast, long, loud and lusty!
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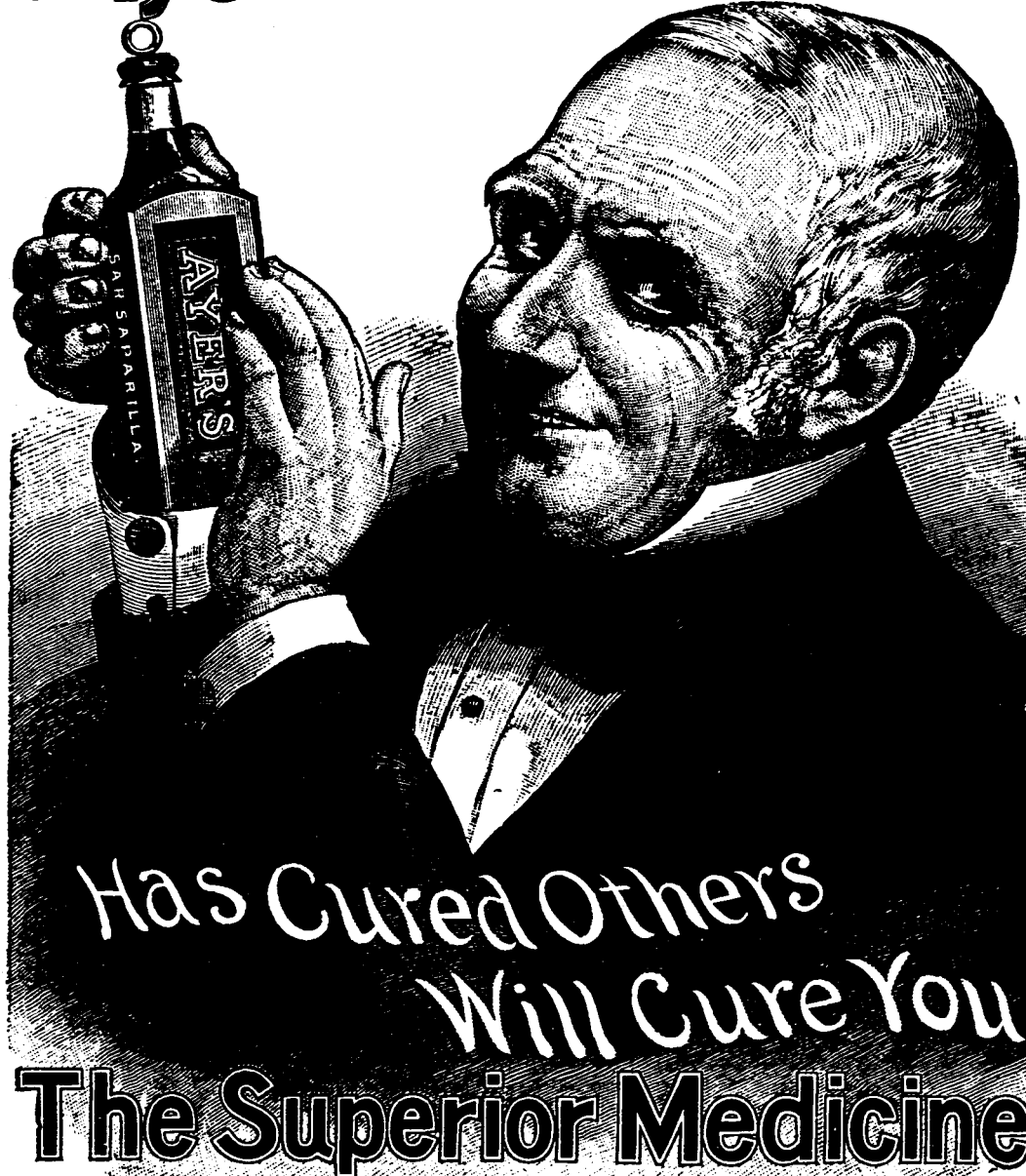
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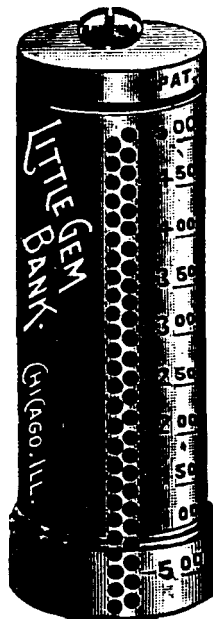
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In the Cincinnati post-office recently, in the general deposit of mail gathered at noon, was a much-thumbed and tear-stained postal card, says the Boston *Postal Record*. The writing upon it was in a child's hand, trembling and uncertain. The address was: "My dear mama in heaven." The letter was as follows:

home.
Dear mama—I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you, the time seems so long you said I could come to you. Mrs. Clarke is kind to me but she is not like you. you sho this to God and send for me sure, my arm hurts me so and you sed it would be well in heaven. i send you a kiss. from me, little DORA.

Cold indeed must be the heart that does not moisten the eye that looks upon that touching and pathetic letter with its baby love and unquestioning faith—an illustration of the love between child and mother that passeth understanding. The whole world of pathos is in the child's cry: "Mrs. Clarke is kind to me, but she is not like you." No, little one, nobody could be to you what your mother was.

Those familiar with the daily lives and sentiments of the laboring classes know what a stumbling-block to their faith is pious penuriousness, the charity that begins and ends at home. They can not reconcile godliness and greed. For most other forms of human weakness there is tolerance, even at times compassion; but for the man who acknowledges our common fatherhood and brotherhood, with his hands tightly closed upon his purse-string, there is a fierce contempt, "curses not loud, but deep." It may safely be affirmed that one sanctimonious miserly millionaire in a community works more deadly harm to Christianity than a dozen isolated cases of burglary or drunkenness. In Europe, we are told by competent authorities, the desperation of the poor is fast driving men into atheism. My distinguished townsman, Professor Ely, in a most suggestive lecture, inquires into the alienation of wage-workers from Christianity, proving that in most denominations such alienation undoubtedly exists.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

TRANSIENTS.

Dear ghosts, whose softly trailing robes we hear,
Yet see not—wide we set the household door,
That your beloved foot-falls, as of yore,
May seek the old familiar hearth-light's cheer.

So dark! So cold! The winter wind blows shrill,
Haste in, dear ghosts, that we may bar it out,
Nor stand in such pathetic, lingering doubt,
The old love waits you—ah, the old love still!

Here are your places in the broken chain—
Dear lips un-kissed—dear hands we may not hold—
Dear feet, love-led across the dim, white wold
To share the old remembered life again.

When you go forth into the wailing night
Back to your lonely graves, bear with you hence
Our chrism of tears—poor, tardy penitence
For careless deeds our grief would fain set right.

Aye, let those tears—dropped crystals in the snow—
Be jewel gleams to guide you home again
To your old places in the broken chain,
Silent—unseen—within the hearth-light's glow!
—HELEN T. CLARK.

"Have you said yes to Charlie yet, Maud?"
"Not yet!"
"But you probably will?"
"Well I must confess he brings a great deal of pressure to bear upon me when he calls."

John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many. He was a man of superior mind, in many respects and far in advance of his time, as will be found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

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Heaven and Hell, as describe 1 by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

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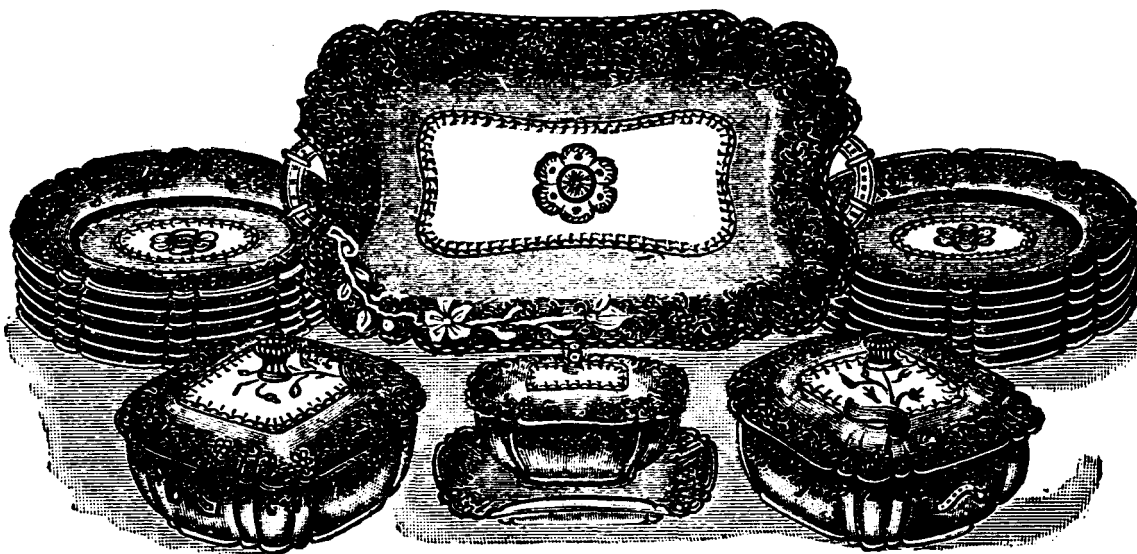
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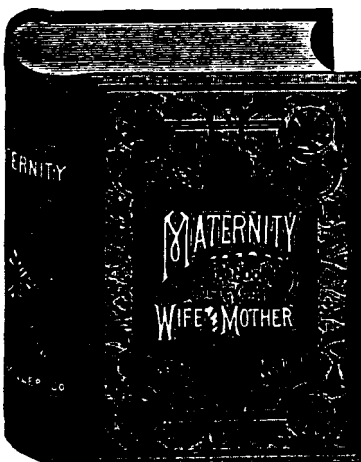
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Several complaints have been received of late of the non-arrival of THE JOURNAL. In all such cases the notification should be filed not more than two days after the date the paper ought to have arrived. This will enable us better to fix the responsibility. Owing to the jealousy of Chicago and the wrangling of politicians, the post-office in this city is never fully manned, and the tremendous pressure upon it, caused by the recent elections, has tended to cause delays and miscarriages. Party politics and sectional rivalries will not interfere with efficient service to the people, when the people insist on it so emphatically and persistently that their public servants realize that they are servants, and not masters.

J. C. Tyler, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes: "I like your moderate and dispassionate attitude in discussing questions which, however strong may be your convictions in regard to them, are still held as axiomatic by most people, and absurd by many. I am not a Spiritualist, and can have no opinion of the merits of the case, but I had no opportunity to judge, but I am much interested in the investigations of these questions, as carried on by the Society for Psychical Research and others. Let me be allowed a suggestion as one outside the pale," but anxious to arrive at the truth? It seems to me that an occasional article, setting forth the central ideas

of the modern, advanced Spiritualistic thought, and the basis upon which it rests, would be of great value to many such as I, who are unable to learn of these things by intercourse with those who claim to know."

The Union City, Michigan, *Register*, announces a fourth course of lectures at the Opera House in that city on the evenings of April 18, 19 and 20, by B. F. Underwood and says: The subject assigned for the first discourse is, "The Real Foundation of Individual and Social Morality." Sunday evening the gentleman will touch upon a subject which has been attracting not a little attention here of late, viz., "Unitarianism in its Historical and Religious Aspects." For Monday evening the speaker takes for his subject, "Influence of Christianity Upon Civilization." Mr. Underwood has many friends and admirers here and his addresses are free from invective and stand their claims for attention upon their own merits—their cogency of reasoning; and the gentleman's views are pregnant with evidence of strong personal belief in the thoughts advanced.

An Indianapolis, Ind., correspondent writes: "We expect to start a Denton Spiritual Association here to hold circles, have lectures and distribute and sell Mr. Denton's books and pamphlets. He has promised through four different mediums to help us and continue as far as he can his work here, from the other side of life. I will send you notice with regard to place and time of meeting when we are ready to commence. We expect to start with Maud Lord Drake.

Mrs. Kate F. Stafford, of Stowe, Vt., writes: "I am very much pleased with the paper, although I do not expect to agree with you on all points, yet there is room in the world for all honest opinions."

OBITUARY.

Greene M. Horton, son of Mr. T. M. Horton, passed to Spirit-life, February 11, 1891, at Senatobia, Miss.

William Carpenter, an aged Spiritualist, passed to the higher life on April 7, from his home at Upper Montclair, New Jersey, after an illness of some months, which he bore with great patience.

The senior member of the firm of Funk & Wagnalls, Rev. Dr. Funk, has instituted a libel suit for \$100,000 against the New York *Evening Post*, which, according to a circular statement issued by Funk & Wagnalls, has represented with "criminal dishonesty and malice" that that firm is advertising a mutilated and stolen edition of Prof. Bryce's "American Commonwealth." "We have always," the circular says, "held as very valuable and sacred the liberty of the press to freely discuss and criticize public affairs, business methods, and, when necessary, individuals. But this liberty may so degenerate into persistent, hurtful, willful falsehood, malignant spite and persecution as to break down the sanctity that should hedge an editor, and make it the duty of good citizenship to bring to bear the remedial power of the law.

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