

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, MAY 23, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 52.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There is food for reflection in this item copied from the *New York Press*: A contemporary ridicules the Anarchists because "they wear a badge shaped like a gallows in memory of the five executed in Chicago, whom they regard as martyrs." Yes, and for 1,800 years Christian churches have been surmounted by a cross-shaped badge, and millions of men and women have worn the same in memory of the great martyr of Calvary. Never ridicule sentiment.

A dispatch from New York says that Dr. Heber Newton is likely to be the next alleged heretic about whose head the waves of theological controversy will thunder. Some of the most eminent Episcopal clergymen in New York have united in a petition to Bishop Potter praying that certain reported utterances of Dr. Newton's alleged to be contrary to the doctrines and creed of the church shall be investigated. These utterances are in substance a disbelief in the miraculous origin of Jesus Christ and in the actual resurrection of Christ's body from the dead. It is thought that the petition will result in a trial.

The following toast, it is said, was given by the president of a women's association in England, at a recent banquet: The Gentlemen—Bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, awaken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property and outmanoeuvre us in everything. This would be a dreary world without them. In fact I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without them this world would soon pine and wither, and the last female would have to put up the shutters. I do not envy her that job.

Rev. J. H. Crooker, in a sermon at Madison, Wis., last Sunday spoke in favor of opening the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday, and based his argument on the fact that Sunday was practically the only day the great laboring element would have to witness the exhibition. He said that these classes will receive more true religion from witnessing the display of the products of all nations than they could possibly get by attending church. The European Sunday had been lied about in this country, and he thought that the infusing of a more liberal spirit into Americans on the Sunday question would be a great gain to the American people. His remarks were timely and sensible.

Edmund Russell, a Theosophist and Delsartean, has been giving lectures in Chicago telling the ladies about the color and style of dress, bonnet, shoes, hose etc., they should wear. The papers poke fun at the dudish fellow, but ladies go to hear him and he probably makes more money by giving such lectures than he would in any useful avocation. The *News* of this city says: Many thanks, Mr. Edmund Russell, we are now capable of listening with edification to a series of fine discourses on Shrimp-pink Complexions and Blue Boudoirs, The Moral Effects

Borrowed Neckties, The Renaissance of the Russet Leather Shoe, The Man Whose Striped Pants Turned into Barber Poles and Trousers in Relation to Browning and the Divine Afflatus. The more Culture the better. Sock it to us.

Something of a sensation was produced at Rochester, Penn., on the 10th inst., by Rev. A. J. Bonsall, pastor of the Baptist church there, who in expounding his views, declared that there was nothing positive as to the authorship of the books of the Bible; that he did not believe St. Paul was inspired; that he did not believe Christ, when on earth, was conscious of being God; that the Bible should be put in a crucible and the dross expunged. When he had finished, Aaron Wilson, one of the congregation, arose and said while he believed the pastor to be honest, he could not permit his family to listen to such doctrine. The pastor then rose and said he saw no other way out of the trouble than to resign. Dr. A. T. Schallenberger arose in his place and said he agreed with the minister. The meeting was dismissed with no other action. The minister, it is said, has a strong following which proposes to stand with him. Heated controversy and church trouble are anticipated.

According to an exchange an editor of one of the large daily papers of Chicago, who in his youth breathed the air of New England, and with its invigorating draughts imbibed her strictest Puritan tenets, gave it as his conception of the present religious status of Chicago's churches that they were merely social and financial clubs. This was not adverse criticism, as he thought the present in this respect an improvement on the past. And Rev. S. J. Canfield, of the St. Paul's Universalist church, according to the same authority, says that that the motive for church attendance formerly was mainly to prepare for a happy existence in the life beyond, while now it is very largely to ensure pleasant surroundings for the life that now is. All this is doubtless true, as is also the statement by the *World's Advance Thought*: The average preacher has so little spiritual faith that he acquiesces in everything the wealthy portion of his congregation indorses.

There is a sheet published in Montana called the *Madisonian*. Somebody has mailed us a copy of the paper containing an editorial note, the writer of which must be a case of mental and moral atavism or reversional heredity, for he represents the thought and spirit not of to-day but of the middle ages. The editorial remarks are as follows: "We understand that there is a circle of Spiritualists operating on the east side of the upper Madison valley, of which two or three persons, who have always been looked upon as fairly well educated and intelligent people, are the leaders. These parties must have either gone crazy, or are dishonest, and the good people of that neighborhood should find out which it is, and either send them to a lunatic asylum, or to some other place where they could not work upon the fears of the superstitious and weak minded, or poison the minds of the young." It might be well for some Spiritualist or liberally-minded person to call upon this Montana editor and see if it is so.

form of the ancestral type mentally or physically, becomes a part of the individual constitution and cannot be easily overcome.

Baron Carl du Prel (Munich) in *Nord und Sud*.—"One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We shall find: (1) That the hypothesis of prepared slates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double slate is securely locked, leaving only room inside for the tiny morsel of slate-pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the morsel of slate or lead-pencil. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, since the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write, and understand the language of human beings, frequently such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly resembles a human being, as well in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are therefore although invisible of human nature or <sup>in use when</sup> to fight against <sup>the</sup> opposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human forms. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. . . . Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions.

Darwin, the great naturalist, said: "In the course of my life I have known but three cases of intentionally false statements in science." But false statements, intentionally false statements, in theology are so common that nobody is surprised when they are discovered, and misstatements and misrepresentations, not due to deliberate intention, but to prejudice, bigotry, the habit of inaccurate thinking and writing, to narrowness and ignorance, from a large part of theological literature and a portion of the contents of most of the sectarian papers that appear from week to week. The following from the *Catholic Review* is given in illustration: "Mr. Hamerton, who has written an article for the *Contemporary*, on 'A Basis of Positive Morality,' after considerable discussion, comes to the conclusion that there is no basis of positive morality. That conclusion will just suit the Free Religionists and anti-Christians of every stripe. They don't want any positive morality. They would indeed be glad to have a code which should make other people moral, especially in their dealings with themselves; a code that would restrain others from taking advantage of them, either in their domestic, their business or their social relations. But as for themselves they prefer to have no such restraint." Among intelligent, fair-minded people, whatever their religious belief or disbelief, such statements as the above requires no answer. They alone are sufficient to indicate that there is something essentially wrong in the education of men who, as representatives of sectarianism, write in so reckless a manner.

## SELECT PROTECT AND EDUCATE THEM.

To bring to the sorrowing and heartbroken a knowledge that their beloved still live, to demonstrate the continuity of existence and hold ajar the gates of the psychical realm for the scientific researcher is indeed a great and noble mission; one fraught with grave responsibilities, small worldly reward and, alas, constant and severe temptations. The instrument of such a mission needs to be exceptionally pure and of noble purpose, aided by a disciplined, intelligently cultivated will. Though there are many conscientious ones, the ideal public medium is far from realization. It is the solemn and imperative duty of Spiritualists to hasten the day when this ideal shall be actualized and personified in every community, if there are to be public mediums.

From whence come and who compose the main body of professional mediums? Here is in brief a pedigree which will fit many of them. In some obscure home where luxuries are never found and even the necessities of life are only obtained by the greatest exertion and most rigid economy, there lives a sensitive who through some known or unknown impelling cause begins to exhibit signs of spirit control or in whose presence spirits are able to manifest—at first in feeble, awkward ways, growing stronger and more versatile as the medium's development proceeds and they become accustomed to her personality and surroundings. The members of the family are excited over the, to them, marvelous manifestations; they talk about them with neighbors and chance callers. Forthwith curiosity is excited, the medium is importuned to "allow the spirits to come"; her too yielding nature cannot withstand these requests even when to comply means the neglect of her daily avocations. Her fame spreads beyond the limited circle of personal acquaintances, and soon strangers begin to flock to her home at all hours, both seasonable and unreasonable. At last, from sheer necessity, in many cases, the medium is obliged to charge a fee to those who come to the household.

She is no better than the average woman of her station. Naturally well-meaning, but probably illiterate and without a cultivated and discriminating moral sense, she becomes the victim of circumstance. Importunate seekers ply her for "tests" and with demands which if reasonable under proper conditions become unreasonable in her jaded state, with psychical powers constantly overtaxed and reacting upon the physical and moral. Foolish people either honestly or for their own ends feed her vanity; the simple needs of her old state no longer answer. Her love of attention and notoriety grows apace. Ignorant of danger she goes on making overdrafts on her psychical powers and weakening her mediumship. Callers tell her of some striking phase exhibited by another medium and wonder if she cannot have the same. Ah, here comes a great temptation. She in her ignorance does not see why she should not have the coveted phase; it may be her familiar spirits are ignorant and none too conscientious; and so things go on. The medium steadily but imperceptibly to herself drifts away from her old life and interests; new wants spring up and must be gratified; new acquaintances, often from the so-called higher circles of society, feed her imagination with pictures of a life of luxury and ease. Perchance she visits some of these elegant homes of an evening to display her medial powers. She mistakes the attention received and forgets—or does not know—that the unusual consideration and familiarity shown are not on her own account at all, but are tendered to secure an extra fine mediumistic exhibit. She is visited and cajoled by those above her station and is flattered by the attention. Her old home and family often grow burdensome and distasteful.

Through years of active professional work she has given her life to these test-hunters and medium-sappers and only learns when too late that all they care for is her medial power, and that this once gone she will get little attention at their hands. What is the most natural thing for her to do under these circumstances? What but to substitute for her waning mediumship some artful simulation of another phase

or by finesse keep her standing with those who have glutted themselves in her séance room in times gone by. She feels that in working upon the credulity, avarice and passions of her patrons she is at least no worse than those who seek to utilize her supposed powers; and she squares herself with her conscience if by chance she feels a twinge, by pleading necessity. In her present condition she is the concreted essence of the unholy purposes, low aims and ignoble efforts of her long-time clientele. Her séance room has been, as it were, a cistern into which her patrons have dumped moral putridity and uncanny desires. She, knowing no moral disinfectant and, indeed, not conscious of the subtle poison, has breathed it so long that a healthy moral atmosphere is painful and she pines for the poisoned room and its habitués as does the Chinaman for his opium joint. Look at her, pity her, help her if possible, for she is the creature of your own handiwork, you selfish seekers of pelf, you curiosity-hunters, you psychical debauchees, you Christian hypocrites who have regularly sneaked into her door by night in hopes to wrest from the invisible world secrets whereby to forward your worldly aims and enable you to pose with greater éclat as Christian philanthropists. We know you, and though you be legion we can call off your names in large numbers.

This picture is not overdrawn, indeed it might be made far more vividly realistic with dramatic details, but a truthful, sharply-outlined sketch is enough. Now what is the remedy? Is it not plain that if a higher order of public mediums is demanded, a different method of development and treatment is imperative? When sensitives displaying mediumistic powers are selected with care, trained and fitted mentally and physically for their vocation, and relieved from anxiety as to their support; when honest mediums are encouraged to remain honest; when charlatans and tricky mediums are tabooed; when the faithful medium does not have to enter the lists with the unfaithful in the race; in a word, when Spiritualists and seekers with any large degree of unanimity act wisely, considerately and helpfully, then will there arise a class of public mediums radiant in the glory of honesty and spirituality. Their faces shall reflect some of the wondrous spiritual beauty of the higher spheres, and blessed will it be to enter the séance room and commune with loved ones and discourse with the wise who, encouraged by the new dispensation to approach the mortal sphere, will come freighted with the wisdom of the ages and glowing with divine love for humanity.

## ACCURACY AND FAIRNESS.

Than Spiritualists no people have greater cause to protest against the misrepresentations and wild exaggerations of opponents. Ignorance and partizan bigotry have worked hand in hand to plant thorns in the pathway of those affirming continuity of life and spirit manifestation. Yet all this is quite natural and, experience teaches, inevitable. Spiritualists from their high altitude should, to be consistent with their professions and superior knowledge, look with charity and pity upon their revilers; and instead of giving a Roland for an Oliver ought with infinite forbearance, patience, tact, judicial fairness and skill, to endeavor to enlighten and gain over even their opponents. All loose and wild statements should be religiously eschewed; and when necessary to portray the attitude or acts of these opposers let it be done with vigorous perspicuity but with fairness and accuracy, thus setting an example. An example which shall not only exemplify the superiority of the philosophy and ethics of Spiritualism but which on the practical, business side of affairs will appeal to the innate sense of justice inherent with intelligent people. The proneness to buncombe, to make one's self popular with one's people, to utter charges which are not only unfounded but whose silliness and total want of truthfulness are discoverable on the most cursory examination, to cover one's declarations with a heavy varnish of

exhibitions on the part of professing Spiritualists in palliation of such offenses against truth and consistency it may be said that the psychological influence of old habits of thought and speech, of prevalent customs, of partizan spirit is too strong for fallible mortals to always successfully guard against. Yet unless one struggles to get out from under the domination of these influences and to seek close acquaintance with the sphere of love and wisdom, which embraces truth and justice, one will never be able to establish a rightful claim to the name of Spiritualist.

In THE JOURNAL of last week, Mr. F. P. Ainsworth, of Massachusetts, narrates an experience of a sealed-letter reading, and in so far as proving that the purport of the letter was given him through the medium, the testimony would have been good evidence had he not forgotten to state whether on later investigation he found that the contents of the letter really did have reference to "materialization"; but it is a fair presumption that he did confirm this, and hence no advantage should be taken of his loose statement of the case. Farther along, however, Mr. A. makes a statement which is both erroneous and unjust, though we acquit him of any conscious intent to misrepresent or be unfair. Mr. A. says:

Men are tried and condemned to death or to state's prison, in all our courts, upon evidence no more positive and convincing than that upon which Spiritualism rests all its claims and teachings, yet when mediums are brought before juries of intelligent men they are solemnly notified that all the combined testimony of the world, could it be brought before them, would be wholly rejected as to the essential facts involved in the materialization of spirits, and at the same time judge and jury would unite to condemn and execute vengeance upon any who should question the testimony of the Bible to the same facts.

Mr. A. in his first assertion fails to realize that courts are for the trial of matters relating to mundane affairs and that evidence competent in such courts is only such as relates to matters within their jurisdiction. The implication of Mr. A. that mediums have failed to secure a fair trial when brought before the courts is, in the way he implies, untrue. It is not necessary for a jurymen to believe in materialization to make him competent to weigh the evidence of witnesses who declare they have discovered the trick of the cabinet and display to the court the cheap and crudely made paraphernalia captured on the accused while personating a spirit. Never in a single instance has Spiritualism been on trial, the assertions of tricksters, their editorial backers, confederates and dupes to the contrary notwithstanding. We invite Mr. A. to refute our statement if he can; we also ask him to refer us to any evidence or case which affords him reasonable warrant to say that "At the same time judge and jury would unite to condemn and execute vengeance upon any who should question the testimony of the Bible to the same facts."

Who are these dreadful judges against whom Mr. A. inveighs in such strong terms? The judges of courts throughout the civilized world are as a class noted for their probity, intelligence, judicial ability and fairness, and a goodly number of them are Spiritualists. Why libel a class of men who, as a body possess the confidence of the world as does no other? Who are the men composing juries? Are they not as a rule honorable citizens, the neighbors or fellow-townsmen of Mr. A. or some other Spiritualist; men who one would readily appeal to in an emergency outside of court? Can such men be transformed into bitter, dishonest, unreasonable enemies the moment they enter the jury box and are sworn to honestly consider the testimony and render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence? We take it that Mr. Ainsworth is an amiable man, an obliging neighbor, and one who would scorn to speak ill of any individual in particular, except on the most positive proof. Then why make such rash statements? In this matter Mr. A. is a type of a class all too numerous, whose prejudices and judgments are swayed by false and garbled accounts in Spiritualist papers and by the unsuspected machinations of those whose venal interests are served by cultivating the impressions under

which Mr. A. was inspired to make the sweeping statement quoted above.

#### CREDIT TO WHOM IT IS DUE.

The New York *Independent* of May 7th contains a number of articles by well-known women, on "The Enlargement of Woman's Sphere." Lucy Stone commences her article as follows: "The direct movement for the advancement of women in this country began about fifty years ago, when the sisters Grimke and Abby Kelly first pleaded publicly for the freedom of the slave." It would be more correct to say, with due appreciation of the work of the women named, that the work began more than sixty years ago, as early as 1828, when Frances Wright, the wealthy, gifted, cultivated and fearless woman, began her public career as a lecturer in this country. In 1830 she lectured in Philadelphia, and was accompanied to the platform of the Arch-street Theatre by a body-guard of Quaker ladies, her strong anti-slavery views having won for her this honor. Elizabeth Oakes Smith says: "I arrived at the city of New York at the close of the year 1839, and the great topic of conversation was this remarkable woman, who was most certainly the pioneer woman in the field of the lecture room. Noyes, in his "History of American Socialism," says of Frances Wright: "Our impression is that not only was she the leading woman of the communistic movement of that period, but that she had a very important agency in starting two other movements, which have had far greater success and are at this moment strong in public favor, viz., anti-slavery and woman's rights. She was indeed the pioneer of the strong-minded women." Col. John W. Forney, in his "Recollections," says: "I shall always remember the effect produced by the lectures of this indefatigable and gifted woman as she traveled through Pennsylvania years ago. Controverted and attacked by the clergy and the press, she maintained an undaunted front and persevered to the last. That she was a woman of great mind is established by the number of her followers, including some of the best intellects of the country, and by the repeated publication and very general reading of her tracts and essays." Mrs. Trollope, referring to the sensation that her appearance on the platform produced, says: "That a lady of fortune, family and education, whose youth had been passed in the most refined circles of private life, should present herself as a public lecturer, would naturally create surprise anywhere. But in America, where women are guarded by a sevenfold shield of habitual insignificance, it caused an effect that can hardly be described. I shared the surprise, but not the wonder. I knew her extraordinary gift of eloquence, her almost unequalled command of words, and the wonderful power of her rich and thrilling voice. My expectation fell short of the splendor, the brilliancy, the eloquence of this extraordinary orator." These extracts—taken from the sketch and description of Frances Wright, contained in Mrs. Sara A. Underwood's "Heroines of Freethought"—are sufficient to indicate her great influence in starting a movement for which she is rarely given credit.

Another woman who attracted attention by her lectures in favor of woman's rights and against slavery in this country more than fifty years ago is Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, still living at an advanced age in England. In 1837 she spoke in New York and solicited names to a petition to the legislature to give married women the right to hold real estate in their own names.

In the same number of the *Independent* which contains the article commented on above, is also one by Miss Frances Willard, which mentions a number of early temperance reformers. There was one not referred to by her, and whose services rarely receive acknowledgement from writers on temperance to-day. He was a freethinker who excited the opposition of the clergy of his time by vigorous criticism of their theology. That man was Judge Thomas Herttell, of the Marine Court in the City of New York. As early as 1818 he published a work entitled "An Expose of the Causes of Intemperate Drinking and the Means by which it may be Obviated." This work is a bold and

thorough discussion of the causes and evils of intemperance and a strong plea for abstinence from every kind of stimulating beverage. In 1846, (Aug. 18th) the New York *Tribune* said: "The clearness with which Judge Herttell traced the effects of intemperance to their causes, and the boldness with which he interrogated the time-honored customs of the day appear to us to entitle him, in the absence of any other competitor, to the honor claimed in his behalf."

The "American Temperance Union," formed in Boston in 1826, was not prepared to accept the views which had been advanced by Judge Herttell, for while it required abstinence from distilled spirits, it allowed the use of wines, cider and malt liquor; and the Temperance Society of Moreau and Northumberland (Saratoga county, N. Y.) to which Miss Willard alludes, permitted the use of wine at public dinners. The *National Philanthropist* first published in Boston, in 1826, and edited by William Lloyd Garrison, advocated total abstinence as the basis of the temperance reform. In 1827 the Bennington (Vt.) *Journal of the Times* was published and took the same ground with the *Philanthropist*. In 1833 the principle of total abstinence from all that intoxicates was presented at a national gathering of the friends of temperance, held in Philadelphia. A motion to adopt it was voted down. It was not until 1836, at an annual meeting of the "American Temperance Union," held at Saratoga Springs, that the doctrine of total abstinence was adopted by the temperance organizations in this country. Many of the early advocates of the temperance movement, including Matthew Carey, were strongly in favor of the culture of the grape and the use of pure wine as a preventive of the evil.

#### MRS. CORDELIA A. DYE.

No man in Chicago is better known by the older inhabitants, nor more respected than Prof. Nathan Dye; and Mrs. Dye was equally well known. It has been our pleasure to have this aged couple in our home frequently; and no better examples of true spiritualists need be asked for than they. We are now called upon to chronicle the transition of Mrs. Dye. No words of ours can equal the truthful and eloquent tribute of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Dye, a lady also widely known for her philanthropic and reform work, we therefore quote her:

Many read with sorrow the notice of the death of Cordelia A. Dye, for she was greatly beloved. The pure, tender soul has gone to its reward, and could she speak to those who mourn this might be her message: "I am free; pain dominates no more the body that held and hindered my spirit; I am with those who lovingly teach me in the ways of this beautiful new life; rejoice with and for me."

Mrs. Dye was an invalid for some time and a great sufferer during the last weeks of her illness, but so patient and uncomplaining that she endeared herself to nurse and attendants, whose acquaintance only began in this time of suffering. Those who knew Mrs. Dye in the earlier days will remember her interest in our great sanitary fair, how she labored for soldier boys with a double ache at her heart, having friends among the boys in gray as in blue. Her voice was oftentimes heard in psalm of praise, in song of victory, in funeral dirge during the years of the great struggle. When our martyred President's body was lying in state a swift message to this sweet singer joined her voice to those who chanted mournfully by that sacred bier.

A happier time the old friends will recall with grateful affection in the year she gave to the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," of which she was leader. No effort was spared that could render more satisfying that beneficent work; her co-laborers cannot speak too highly of her generous, untiring kindness to all connected with that labor of love for the little ones. Her quick discernment of motive, nice discrimination and quick sense of justice were all invaluable in the training of the young minds intrusted so largely to her guidance.

Once, after an entertainment given by the children, as she folded and put away the white gown, the dainty slippers and other appendages of the pretty toilet worn the previous evening, she remarked: "I would like to have my body robed in these—at the last." So the white robe was brought forth, and the pale figure made ready for the last services, while flowers, those she most loved, were placed all about her.

Other wishes were fulfilled when a kind friend

accompanied her remains to an eastern crematory and arranged later for their final resting place beside her beloved and honored father.

Mrs. Dye was for many years a member and constant attendant at Professor Swing's church. It was a disappointment to her family and friends that his absence from the city prevented her pastor from conducting the funeral services, but his place was filled by a young clergyman who ministered most acceptably on that occasion.

The nearness of the seen and the unseen worlds was to her an established fact; that souls embodied could under favoring conditions listen to the voice beyond the veil she knew; that the burdens of life were lightened by "ministering spirits" she recognized; she felt their constant presence—the touch of their gentle hands—their loving care guiding her tired feet as she neared the "covered bridge that opens into light."

She said to me a little while before the release came: "I think I am almost through." Glad for her, and longing to send a loving word to one in that better country, I said, gently: "Carry my love to him and say that I am doing the very best that I can." She understood and accepted the message for one we both loved in the long ago.

Professor Thomas Davidson does not find much that is creditable in American literature. An almost universal lack of patriotism, a snobbish reverence for aristocracy, the growing ostentation of the wealthy, and the increasing passion of the American girl for international marriages are among the evil results the cause of which the essayist discerns in the absence of a purely American school of letters. Professor Davidson's jeremiad leads the *Chicago Times* to remark that by literature he means fiction and poetry alone, for with the shining names of Motley, Prescott, Parkman, and John Fiske before his eyes he could scarcely have included American historians in his sweeping declaration that "the majority of our literary men and women are persons of very ordinary intelligence and education." It may be true that the writer's characterization applies to a majority made up of scribblers whose names appear upon the covers of romances which merit the name of being decidedly cheap and nasty. But not the majority that sets the standard. Mr. Davidson employs with obvious self-satisfaction the title "professor" before his name. The mere fact that the great majority of users of that much-abused prefix are persons of very ordinary intelligence and education, and that vast numbers of them are professors of the liberal arts of ballooning, horse-breaking, jugglery, or the trimming of corns does not necessarily detract from the dignity of the title when rightfully worn. It may be admitted that the great majority of romances displayed on the newsdealers' counters are worthless trash without thereby conceding that American literature has been debauched and that there is no health in it.

A dispatch from Memphis, Tenn., says: The horrible act of Thomas Delaney last year, when he slashed himself with a razor while laboring under an hallucination that he had a millstone in his bowels, is remembered by many. Delaney's home was on Manassas street. Sometime after the infliction of the wounds Delaney died. His wife died before him. He had been the financier of the family, and had placed over \$1,000 in bank. Some time before her mother's death Mrs. Delaney's daughter missed a diamond ring. A few days ago the young lady began to discuss the missing ring and other things with a friend. The two began to wonder if the mother had placed all of the money in the bank. While they were talking a ghostly hand passed across the window and seemed to point to the bed. They agreed to make a search, and a mattress used by the mother was ripped open. Seven hundred dollars in \$10 bills were found along with the ring.

Ex-Minister E. H. Phelps was greatly surprised one evening in London by an English nobleman, who said to him: "Is it not very remarkable that Mr. Webb who was a great American statesman and or should have compiled a leading dictionary of the fish language, and also have been hanged for murder? The man did not know any better."



## REMINISCENCES.

By Mrs. J. M. STAATS.

## CHAPTER I.

## DREAMS, VISIONS AND STRANGE MANIFESTATIONS.

As it is my intention to begin at the earliest period of my experience with the phenomena known as modern Spiritualism, I am obliged to narrate home and family matters connected with events which are surrounded with the strangest and most remarkable circumstances of my long and earnest investigation. I say investigation from the fact that when one is not fully satisfied with hearing, seeing and feeling, proof is still sought for with which to forever set at rest doubts and fears, that remain to darken the soul and shade reason. Fragments of early education, respected because of age; traditions venerated by those whom we have considered wise and just—who have served their time and day, believing, yet not knowing, nor indeed asking, "If a man die shall he live again?" It is safe to say, if one is at all in earnest, that they have an inexhaustible subject before them, one which began in the beginning, and is without end.

In the fall of 1850, my husband decided, as a fine opportunity offered, to go to California, to try in that then new Eldorado for success and a home. The inducement was such as seldom falls to the lot of one, and it appeared the tide in his affairs that would lead to fortune. He was to return at the expiration of the year to take my son, then a lad of seven, and myself back with him. All was arranged with great certainty, and the stress laid upon the one short year of absence seemed to all save myself as a drop in the tide of time, compared with the long future, in which his life would be enjoyed. Friends

the fair prospects which, when talked of, assumed a rosy hue, so that any objection to the venture from my fear of disappointment was regarded as too weak and silly to be noticed. It was unwomanly to oppose and selfish to discourage as the deprivations were entirely on his side; so, by constantly repeated assurance of the flight of one short year I tried to brave and stifle the presentiment ever present, that we were to part forever. All arrangements for my future comfort, pleasure or pastime fell upon my ears as a dull-sounding impossibility, never to be realized. I seemed to know as plainly as do I now that we should never meet again. It is not my habit to look on the dark side of things, or think of what may happen, and surely one does not prefer gloom and sadness to the brighter gleam which hope held in such luring certainties above me. However, it was a fixed act, the curtain had fallen, and it was impossible for me to look beyond its somber folds.

The steamer *New World*, built by the late William H. Brown, was the first steamer launched with machinery placed and in motion as soon as she floated; he was also the first steamer making the passage to San Francisco through the Straits of Magellan; and I doubt even now if ever two beings left home and friends under finer auspices than did my husband and mother on the above named steamer. The *New World* left New York on the morning of February 10th, 1851; the only word from those who had gone was a note by pilot boat saying, "We are off—God bless you—Good-bye."

My husband left me with a private family where we had boarded a long time. The place was very home-like and enjoyable, yet as day by day went slowly on I came more fully to realize the fact that I was alone. Think, reason or philosophize as I would I found it impossible to build up even the faintest or most castles, wherein hope could shadow a future; though one may become accustomed to a certain line of thought and allow what is called morbidness to drive out wholesome reason, believe me there is a wide difference between a sickly, nervous and the positive reality, which some power out-

side and without one's will places irrevocably upon one. It certainly was not my wish to make myself miserable, but so positive was the fact that I should never see my husband again that it began to appear strange that my friends did not share my belief.

Over a month had passed without hearing a word from the steamer, a fact which was not uncommon at that time, as there were fewer vessels in the South American trade than at present. On the night of March 16th I retired as usual, leaving a dimly lighted lamp burning, making it sufficiently light to see every object in the room distinctly. Being in the possession of excellent health I very soon fell asleep. I was awakened by a presence in my room, and upon looking up saw a figure which I at once recognized as my husband. As the doors leading to my room were securely locked, of course my first thought was to ask how he had entered. Raising up to get out of the bed, I said, "What is the matter, why don't you speak to me?" I reached out to take his hand, when he turned his side face, pointed to his cheek, which was as yellow as saffron, and glided backward through the closet door; keeping his eyes fixed upon me, the expression of which without being unnatural was peculiarly sad. As this experience was wholly new to me, my first effort was to find out if I had slept, and if so how long, and not being fully satisfied relative to the door fastening I at once took up my lamp to make search if it were possible for anyone to have played a joke at my expense. I found both doors locked and bolted just as I had left them. I turned to look at the clock which was on the point of striking 1 A. M., showing that I had slept two hours. Sleep for the remainder of the night departed. Thoughts rushed upon me, asking every manner of question which I could not answer.

It was not a dream, for I was wide awake, and strange as it seemed I was not the least frightened, although naturally timid. I still remember the quiet feeling which seemed to possess me, making me to see the vision perfectly clear and distinct, impressing it upon my memory so indelibly that I often marvel that it was so long ago. The lady with whom we boarded was an excellent woman, orthodox and on Bible foundation through and through. She could believe that in the good early Bible times that "old men could dream dreams, and young men could see visions." The Lord was nearer to his children then; the evil one had more power now, and the very elect were in constant danger. Mr. Stevens, her husband, was a free thinker; it was possible that if I narrated my experience of the night to him, he might look upon it with a degree of interest, even if he offered no explanation.

At breakfast the following morning I found it impossible to eat, was urged to do so without avail, when Mrs. Stevens, looking at me very intently, asked what was the matter with me, whether I was ill. I replying in the negative, she followed up her solicitations by assuring me that something was wrong. Then her husband joined her, asking if I did not wish something not on the table? Seeing them annoyed, I finally ventured to say that I had not slept, on account of having a very realistic dream—I did not dare to say vision—which had left a bad impression upon me. "Nonsense," said Mrs. Stevens, "there is nothing in a dream—they always go by contraries." Her husband suggested that I relate my dream. This afforded me some relief for I felt it like a grief, which if shared might lessen the weight which became more and more depressing. Accordingly I narrated my dream, all the time knowing it was not a dream. Mr. S. listened with interest and upon my concluding to my great satisfaction emphatically remarked that it was very remarkable and certainly not a dream, for I was awake—my landlady assured me that it must be a silly woman who would allow her appetite to be affected by a dream; no doubt I had eaten orange peel or purchased yellow ribbons which accounted for my husband's face being of that color. We shall see later on.

Before the departure of my husband and brother I had secured daguerrotypes of them done by Brady. I took care to have the likenesses hermetically sealed so that to fade would be impossible. They

were excellent pictures and of course highly prized. It was now the first of April, and as yet no intelligence from the steamer. On the opening of navigation, it was my plan to meet my father and mother at an older sister's home up the Hudson, to which place I went, arriving in the early morning. After breakfast my sister was shown the pictures, which were commented upon by the family and pronounced very fine. They were placed with others upon the parlor center table, where they were easily reached to show them to our parents, who were to arrive, as they did, by the afternoon boat. In a family reunion like ours, when two had gone so far from home, there was much to talk about,—what message had been left etc., etc. Thinking then of the pictures I stepped into the parlor, took them off the table where they were left, and, slipping behind mother's chair with an arm on either side of her, opened the case in a very good position for light, directly in front of her. "What did you expect me to see?" said mother, "there is nothing here." Turning the case for a better light, to my surprise there was nothing to be seen but a blank white plate. Taking up the other case, I said, "perhaps this is plainer." Alas no, both presented a shadowless plate, without the slightest trace of an impress of any sort or kind. Becoming a little nervous, I brought other pictures from the same table which were found in good order, although they were not so carefully protected from light and air. We closed the cases, returned them to the table not venturing to open them until the next morning when, perchance, a better light might reproduce them; then, too, some one perhaps had purposely removed the pictures to enjoy a joke. Not so, however, as upon examination the next morning, we found them sealed with unbroken straps of paper, the pictures perfect, and every way satisfactory. Robert Dale Owen has given a brief account of this incident in his "Debatable Land," furnished him by my mother.

## CHAPTER II.

## NEWS OF THE STEAMER; SEQUEL TO MY VISION.

After a few days we returned to New York, where it was our intention to remain during the year previous to departing for the Pacific shore. As a home was to be arranged, time went very rapidly, and, as I had no more bad dreams or strange visions, I began to believe that the faded out pictures might possibly be due to some condition of the atmosphere; wonder I did not call it electricity and be content with that lucid explanation. True there were intrusive thoughts and very peculiar impressions, which forced themselves upon me when surroundings were in no way calculated to call them up; all my efforts looking to the things of to-morrow were as if some unknown power was striving against me, endeavoring to stop and defeat every plan and purpose. The year which was to pass appeared to end an existence that death did not terminate, and yet one in which hope was dead.

It is not my nature to mope and be cast down by events which I have not the power to control; nor did I slacken energies which belonged to those whose happiness formed a large portion of my own.

Once settled, to my regret I found it impossible to keep either the vision or experience had with the daguerrotypes out of my mind. The excitement of settling home was over, and each day appeared a repetition of the former, and the sad, changed appearance of my husband as seen in my dream became more and more real. I was foolish to look upon the dark side of a silly dream, and one kindly disposed friend, who had looked into a dream book, assured me that to dream you saw a person looking yellow was a sure sign of great riches; a good omen, she said, and a true one in my case, as my husband had gone to the land of gold. I was not, however, destined to remain very long in ignorance; a friend, thinking that I might not have seen the *New York Daily Herald* as early as it reached her, came with it, pointing out to me the first news of the steamer *New World*, the terrible import of which was to the effect that the vessel had put into Pernambuco for needed re-

pairs, at which place the yellow fever was raging with great violence. Taking all possible precaution and remaining a very short time, the New World ran down to Rio Janerio, where she was obliged to remain sometime, for the reason that more than half her crew were stricken down with the scourge. Almost the first victim was my husband, who was taken ill on the thirteenth of March and died on the morning of the sixteenth, the night of which date I saw him in my room, or had my strange vision. My brother died on the following day.

So passed away from earth life two mortals, who had left home and friends only a few short weeks before, full of hope and courage.

It is needless to say, that in my husband's death I saw the solution of my vision, which I now know was a vision, as well as explanation of the positive impression that we had parted forever. What remained of the world's pleasures, hope, or happiness, let those who have suffered the like tell as they can,—I cannot. The desolation which comes when the iron first enters the soul is beyond the power of mortal to imagine or describe. Then follows an age when one's former self seems a stranger to the being which then occupies your body, not knowing why or how you exist, forced to eat and drink, but not caring for either; all things are changed. The bridge has fallen, the end of the road you were traveling has come, and one at such time has no desire to search for another. Hope hath departed and joy cometh not with the morning.

Although ever ready and willing to condole with such of my friends as have been called to part with those nearly and dearly allied to them, I cannot resist saying here, how vain the consolation of the living, and how totally inadequate the consolation which the church offers. Such for instance as that God is a jealous God, he will have our hearts. I had loved my good, noble husband too much. My husband had been taken from the wrath to come, and although my affliction seemed very great, it would work out for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

One is certainly very much to be pitied if so unfortunately constituted as not to be able to return the love of an honorable and loving husband; indeed a right-minded woman should ask for no greater glory than being the wife of one who has, in every respect, made himself worthy of her devotion. When the wrath to come is shown one, perhaps one may understand what disaster one has escaped; until such provision is obtained, it looks very much like casting suspicion on the innocent and just without the slightest cause or provocation. Indeed, my sad experience taught me that the custom of Arabs is far better than that which was offered me. The Arabs walk away silent and alone to commune with *Allah*; none intrude upon them, having respect for their faith; they hold their grief too sacred to be shared with any save their Supreme Being, in whom they find solace and peace.

#### APPARITIONS, OR SPIRIT FORMS.

By M. L. HOLBROOK, M. D.

A few weeks since an article of mine on "Spirit Materialization" was published in this paper, the purport of which was that such phenomena do not take place. From letters and other communication received I infer that this article has set a good many Spiritualists to thinking. There was nothing however in it intended to oppose belief in the occasional appearance of etherialized forms, which do not require the collection and organization of matter of any kind as we understand it. Apparitions are not materialized spirits, with a solid body that can be handled, weighed or seized as the latter can. What they are made of, or what are the laws by which they are enabled to appear, so far no one positively knows. Whether they are subjective or objective has not yet been definitely settled, though what knowledge we have goes to show that sometimes they are real objects and sometimes, perhaps most frequently, mere creations of our own brains, having no objective existence whatever. Indeed, this is what is

jective and objective. The latter are real, the former not. The important point is to be able to know when they are one and when the other.

That apparitions, whether real or not, have been believed in in all ages and among all peoples is a fact well established by historical evidence; those who have doubts on this subject can satisfy themselves by reading the Old and New Testaments, both of which contain abundant evidence of a belief in apparitions. I will leave the historical part of the subject and confine myself to more modern evidence. The first time that I ever heard of an apparition was when a little boy, an uncle of mine by marriage was in the woods falling trees to clear land, it being in a new Western state. Accidentally a tree fell on him and he was suddenly killed. Being alone, no one knew of it, but as near as could be calculated, he or his spirit walked into his own home at the time the accident occurred and so vivid was his presence that his wife got up to give him a chair and two others saw him at the same time. He vanished almost immediately, and not long after his dead body was found in the woods. So long ago was this that none of the persons are now living, and so I can give no corroborative evidence, but if the Society for Psychical Research, which is now collecting such cases and getting corroborative evidence of the truthfulness establish the fact that such phenomena do happen, then these uncorroborated cases will have a certain value, and may be accepted as probably true.

The next case was related to me by a patient of mine, indeed about the first patient I ever had, a very beautiful and cultured lady living near Boston. I presume she is not living now, for this was in 1863, but if she is and this meets her eye, I beg her to communicate with me. This lady, not a Spiritualist, had a sensitive nervous system and seemed sometimes to have intercourse with a world of spirits. When a little girl she told me she had playmates as real to her as anything could be, but no one else could see them. It made her very unhappy, because her parents believing it a delusion scolded her so she kept from them so far as she could her knowledge of their presence, but the gift did not altogether depart with her childhood. When her husband died, they could not find his will, but he came back visibly to her and told her where it was, and correctly too. He also told her that a pistol in a drawer of her room was loaded and begged her to have it discharged as otherwise it might be a source of danger. She found the pistol was loaded, though she had not known it. But one of her most remarkable experiences was this: she used to visit the collection of paintings known as the Jarvis collection of old masters, now I believe a part of the art museum of Yale college, but then on exhibition in Boston. One day, she sat looking at a very old picture and studying it with great interest. A gentleman whom she described as very strangely dressed and who looked as if he belonged to a former age, came and spoke to her about the picture, told her much about it that seemed new to her, indeed he seemed to know all about it as if he had made it himself. After a while he went away, leaving a very pleasant but vivid impression. She was so interested with this interview with a strange man that she asked another gentleman present who he was, but none had seen him but herself. Describing him to an artist present, he said, "My God, you have seen the painter of the picture!" At that time there was no psychical society to demand that all this should be investigated and so the story cannot be more fully corroborated—but I never doubted her truthfulness and sincerity. The question arises, may not all these appearances have been subjective. That is the important question. They may have been, but if these phenomena are ever real or objective, these may have been so. The appearance of her husband informing her where to find the will, is very good evidence of it. The appearance of the artist of a former century may possibly be explained in other ways—possibly not.

Personally, I have never in my waking hours seen an apparition. Once in my sleep I did see what seemed to be one. I will relate it simply for what it

seen them to be bold enough to do the same. It is about time for all of us to outgrow the fear we have of being laughed at for narrating experiences of this sort. If real, we should be proud of them.

In 1866 my father-in-law died. He was very fond of me and we had always been good friends, but he was orthodox in his religion and I was not. He knew that I had some faith, though not very much, in Spiritualism, but we never discussed it. He was a clergyman. A few months after he died I was sleeping in my room alone, and some time after midnight I thought I felt as if I was dying. I struggled against it and awoke. I said to myself, "I guess this is nightmare," and went to sleep again. The next night, and so on for several nights in succession, the same thing occurred at about the same hour, and finally it seemed to me that I actually did die, in spite of all my struggling to avoid it—and I was enabled, or so it seemed to me, to look into the Spirit-world. There stood my father-in-law as vivid as I ever saw him, and he said, "I have been trying to show myself to you for several nights, now I have succeeded. I shall trouble you no more." I never had the experience after that. The peculiarity of the vision was its great vividness, its seeming reality. I rarely dream, and soon forget my dreams, but this one still stands out in bold relief almost as bright to my memory as at its occurrence. I was, I must confess, a little ashamed to tell of it at the time, and did not, and did not even write it out, for which I have always been sorry. I told the story to Mr. Hodgson and other members of the Psychical Research Society, and treasure it in my memory as possibly real, partly because of the occurrence continuing for several nights until all was accomplished that was attempted. If it had occurred but once I should, I presume, have forgotten it. If apparitions are possible in our waking moments they ought to be still more so when we are asleep, at least so it seems to me, for then we are relaxed and the mind not occupied with other things. I will give one more case to show that these visitations do not always come in the same way and are not infrequently reliable. The case was related to me since writing the above, by P. and was experienced by his friend, Mrs. R., about two years since. Mr. R. had died about that time. He was a learned man and a contributor to scientific literature, and is mentioned in several recent biographical dictionaries, but I am not allowed to publish his name at present. A few weeks after Mr. R.'s death there was great uneasiness in the family because so many papers, needed to settle the estate and collect a claim against the Canadian Government, could not be found. During this time Mrs. R. had the following experience: While lying in her bed, as she believes not asleep, she felt a hand placed on her shoulder, as her husband had often done in his lifetime, and a voice said to her, "You will find the papers in a tin can under a pile of books on the floor in the corner of a certain room. You will find over it, or near it, a book belonging to the parliamentary library, which should be returned." In the morning Mrs. R. told her experience to her daughter, who laughed at her for her superstition and opposed looking, but still they did look, found the pile of books, the one belonging to the library, and under all a tin can in which the missing papers were found. The papers enabled her to collect a claim against the government. In this case she did not see the apparition, but felt the hand and heard the voice. Prof. — has promised me faithfully to try and get this experience written out by Mrs. R., with all corroboratory evidence, in order to make it more valuable. Whether he will succeed or not I cannot say, as Mrs. R. fears her friends, if it becomes generally known, will think she is in league with the devil.

I have given these uncorroborated stories, most of which are in the experience of persons known to me and in whom I have confidence.

In a future paper I shall give a few which are of the same nature, but have been more fully stated by the parties themselves, and rest upon evidence more convincing. These latter will show how we ought to verify such experiences.

## A BOOK THAT SETTLES THE QUESTION.

BY MARIE A SHIPLEY.

A proud nation is this, now sending its invitations to all civilized countries to pay it a visit on its first great anniversary, but one of obscure origin withal, knowing as little of its ancestors as a kidnapped child, and insisting quite as stubbornly upon having the whole world credit the romantic little fiction connected therewith. It is seldom that a book appears possessed of such power as to mark an epoch, but such a book is "The Genesis of the United States," by Alexander Brown. Whatever untoward causes may retard the advent of the American novelist, the American historian has appeared, with both the will and the power to set things right and to restore the faculty of accurate perception as regards the events of the past, to a dazed and infatuated public long filled with delusions by such writers as Prescott, Washington Irving, George Bancroft, Arthur Gilman, and others. As in all these other books, Spain fills a large space in this one, the only difference being that in the case of these others Spain's statement as to the origin of our nation is credited, while in the present work Spain's malignant designs are shown up by means of a series of Spanish State papers never intended to meet American or English eyes, and which reveal all the fraud of her transactions on the Atlantic coast of North America, dating from the year on which the World's Fair projectors reckon the anniversary they are so eager to celebrate.

While the question of our early life as a nation remained unsettled, and especially when so many able scholars of all nationalities had done so much to throw doubt upon the popular version of its discovery and founding, it scarcely became the Government of the United States to decide the matter arbitrarily, in open defiance of the historical facts already known, by sanctioning a World's Fair to be held in commemoration of an event that was proven never to have occurred; as little did it become the Secretary of State to make vast financial schemes with the Latin-American States, based on this false assumption, and to draft a plan for an historical exhibition in which Christopher Columbus was to figure as the chief personage, and the court of Ferdinand and Isabella should be the scene of action. Such an ambitious piece of realism should only be carried out on a basis of reality. Historical facts are dangerous things to tamper with. There is a Nemesis that stands close by the side of the scorned and outraged truth, and renders her invincible.

Mr. Brown is fully aware of the stern task before him, and of the errors that fill the minds of all his countrymen. He says in his preface: "All people of the earth admire our greatness; and yet, as I have said, our knowledge of these men and of their work has been derived almost entirely from the evidence of their opponents. I have tried to correct this great national and historical wrong. Necessarily very much is still wanting in the historical portion of my work; but I believe the true character of our founders is sufficiently shown in the biography (which thus throws much of the needed additional light on the history), and I think that a correct idea of our first foundation, which was *de nihilo ad quid*, will be arrived at, if the reader will take the pains to consider the whole work from preface to finish, before forming a fixed opinion." He states that he has been earnestly laboring since July, 1876, but as the work progressed he "became more and more convinced that it was a patriotic duty which should be performed at all hazards." This vast effort of his, "in behalf of the true source of our historic life, in behalf of justice to our founders," will compel consideration from every candid mind, and cannot but convince all rational ones. No Spanish delusion can possibly remain after a perusal of it. The book does indeed "disclose the contest between England and Spain for the possession of the soil now occupied by the United States of America." Had Spain any right to the possession of the soil? The author shows conclusively that she had not. "As a nation," he asserts, "we trace back our discoveries of John Cabot. We do not trace back our claims; the claims of Spain and the bulls of the

Pope were based upon his discoveries. Had England continued to acknowledge those claims, this nation would not now be in existence."

As for the part Columbus played in "leading civilization to these shores," as the phrase goes, this part is so small as to find no mention in the book, save in so far as the briefest of biographies is concerned: "Columbus, Christopher, born about 1445. Saw land in the West Indies, October 12-21, 1492. Died, 1506." Isabella of Castile has no place at all in it; on the contrary, the author states that "under Elizabeth the embryo took shape, and her reign must be studied closely as the direct introduction to our beginning." If ever two women, two queens were antitheses, playing directly opposite roles, those two women were. Isabella joined forces with the Pope for the destruction of her subjects. "Elizabeth," to quote a trenchant paragraph, "at once took issue with the Pope, in her first Parliament (1559), a bill was passed which vested in the crown of England the supremacy claimed by the Pope of Rome, the mass was abolished, and the Protestant religion re-established." Isabella's power for evil during her own reign, however, can be traced out in the following mention of an event that occurred on our own continent: "In 1574, most of the Englishmen set on shore in Mexico, by Hawkins, in October, 1568, were sentenced by the Holy Office, and these men were the performers at the celebration of the first Auto-da-fé in the New World. Sixty-eight were punished with stripes and imprisonment in the galleys, and three were burnt to ashes." Englishmen were thus burned at the stake in Mexico, after Virginia began to be settled by their countrymen. This was to bring the inquisition unpleasantly close.

"The Genesis of the United States" is especially devoted to the period between 1605 and 1616. "This was the period of 'the first foundation.' It found many Englishmen ready and resolved to secure, for themselves and for their religion, 'a lot or portion of in the New World,' regardless of the claims of Spain and Rome; it witnessed the granting of the first public charters in England, and the planting of the first public colonies in Virginia; it saw the greatest difficulties overcome and it closed with the irrevocable establishment of the English race on American soil. It was the crucial period of English occupancy of North America; if the enterprise had then resulted in failure the United States would not now be in existence." This is a pretty plain and authoritative statement of the case. Why then does this nation, through a great public celebration, ascribe its existence to Spain, the very nation that labored most sedulously to destroy it? The only possible answer is that ignorance of the facts causes Americans to commit this blunder. The author traces this ignorance to the common source of all the disasters that have befallen the English race and their descendants on this continent from the time of the Cabots to the present; he states that "because of the insufficiency and inaccuracy of the only available sources of information, this period has hitherto been most imperfectly understood." Looking to Spain for information concerning the founding of our nation, and placing implicit credence on the Spanish and Roman accounts of the first events of our history, people have been deluded and misled on every point. Why were the records thus falsified, and what powerful motive impelled Spain to thus dupe all the inhabitants of the United States? Mr. Brown lays bare the motive: "Their (the Spaniard's) sovereign aimed not only at the restoration of the Roman Catholic empire in Europe, but also at the creation of a new Roman empire in America, which was held (and could only be held) as the exclusive property of the Spanish crown under the Bulls of the Popes of Rome. For forty years the New World had been an important factor in the great struggle then waging between Protestantism and Romanism." The whole contest had been to obtain possession of the North American continent for the future and perpetual seat of empire of the Romish hierarchy. Alexander VI., with his famous Bull, issued on the strength of Columbus's discovery of the West India Islands, was trying to spread a very

in the shape of continents, if there were any; but the Spaniards did not know that there was a continent to the north of those islands until the Cabots proclaimed the fact. Then Spain wanted it, and made a few feeble attempts to plant colonies there, the one in Florida, for instance, which became the scene of the frightful massacre. In South America there was a series of invasions and bloody conquests, all of which were closely observed by the English nation, and culminated in a resolve. As the author describes it: "The idea that the dangerous and increasing power of Spain and Rome in America should be checked had been growing in England ever since the arrival there, in 1565, of the Huguenots who escaped massacre by the Spaniards in Florida; it had produced several enterprises of a private character; but in 1605 it took a national turn, and very many Englishmen were determined to consummate the idea by securing for their country and for their religion 'a lot or portion of the New World,' regardless of the claims of Spain and of the Bulls of the Popes."

At the time of the Cabot discovery the Bull of Alexander VI. was so serious an obstacle that the charter granted by Henry VII. did not extend south of 44° north latitude, "and thus the English were confined in the New World to a region too cold and desolate to encourage settlement." By skilfully weaving bits of documentary evidence into his narrative the author shows how the English resolve matured, and through what agencies the designs of Spanish selfishness were baffled. "Henry VIII.'s contentions with the Popes of Rome were instrumental in establishing the Church of England, in creating a disregard for the Papal Bulls relating to America, and, finally, in establishing English colonies in America."

The next great step was in the reign of Edward VI. "He began to establish Protestantism in England and to look out for new lands, regardless of the Bulls of the Popes of Rome. He recalled Sebastian Cabot from Spain, and under his leadership that great association was formed in England called 'The Myserie and Companie of the Merchant Adventurers for the Discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and Places Unknown.' It was to a certain extent a reissuance to a company of the Cabot charter of 1496; but this charter did not regard the bounds as fixed by the Pope as the Cabot charter did. Discoveries were not confined to north, east, and west of England.—Edward VI. died July 6, 1553, and was succeeded by Queen Mary, who re-established Romanism in England. She married Philip II. of Spain, July 25, 1554 and July 6, 1555, Philip and Mary granted a second charter to the Merchant Adventurers, confining them to the north, northeast, and northwestward of England, thus respecting the Spanish claims more fully than the Cabot grant of 1496 had done." Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, soon changed this state of things, and virtually started into being this nation that rewards her courage and enterprising spirit by trying to erect a statue to Isabella of Castile, as the co-discoverer with Columbus of the new continent. Isabella stood in high favor at Rome, while with Elizabeth it was quite the reverse: "The Popes of Rome had never acknowledged Elizabeth as the Queen of England, and Sixtus V. had made over England to Philip II. of Spain, as the rightful heir to his deceased wife, Mary of England. For several years that king had been preparing to take possession of his English dominion, and in May, 1588, his preparations were completed." That is to say, he intended, by means of the Armada, to take possession of his English dominion as the preliminary move toward annihilating the English colonies in America and reinstating Spain in her assumed possessions there.

There is no student of American or English history so dull as not to know what England did with the Armada. But little did the most intelligent ones know, until Mr. Brown unearthed the Spanish documents, that it has been the dream of every sovereign of that land to carry to fruition Philip IV.'s experiment, by sending an Armada to America instead of England, that would sweep the English colonies from the Atlantic coast. In the archives of Simancas he has found an epistle in (Philip III.) to Don Pedro de

Zuniga, his ambassador in London, from which the following is an extract: "And I commanded you to report what was being done in this matter, so that we could prepare whatever might be proper to prevent it, and in the meantime to keep me informed to the best of your ability as to whatever you are able to find out about this matter—and this to be done with the special care which the case calls for—and considering that this land is a discovery and a part of the Indies of Castile, so close to them—and considering the inconvenience to us, which would follow the occupation of these regions by the English, for many reasons which have to be contemplated—especially if they establish their errors and their sects there (as it must be expected that they would do if the opportunity was given to them), it has appeared right to prevent these plans and purposes of the English by all available means."

But it is so evident that "these plans and purposes of the English" on our shores were not prevented, and that no Spanish conquest was ever effected here either by Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella, Alexander VI., Philip II., or even the illustrious letter-writer quoted by Mr. Brown, that it is a piece of folly for this nation to commemorate, with a World's Columbian Fair, achievements that were never performed save in the vivid Spanish imagination.

### THE INCOMING AGE—III.

By M. C. C. CHURCH.

With the exception of Swedenborg, probably no writer has done so much in giving the true ground for our modern scientists to stand upon as Hegel. In the first seventy-five pages of his "Introduction to the Study of History," he has shown how the "idea," or word, or reason has inwoven itself into the experience of the race—as represented in the family, the church and finally in the state. It is a masterpiece of reasoning, founded, too, upon fact. One, in studying it, is surprised to find how fully he meets all of our modern modes of thinking as to the "Divine Immanence" and the crass conclusions of thinkers who have not risen above the plane of Theodore Parker and his Unitarian followers. God according to Hegel is not only immanent in humanity but he is seen as law in history as in so-called nature. Man is his manifestation and through man he fashions the form by which he is known objectively. This form is history—evolved in cyclic periods as the family, the clan, the state and the church. Here he is manifested as spirit, as freedom, as law; and to appearance as man's own life objectified as his own. In a word, "Free Necessity," as Spinoza puts it.

This spirit, in the attainments of its freedom—its self-consciousness in and through man, pivots its outgoing life in great representative men—men who take up into themselves the central truth or thought of an epoch. In one age, as in Brahma, the oneness of the all. In another, as in Zoroaster, the Persian dualism. In another, Buddha, the individualism of man. In another, Krishna, the idealism of the creative word. In another, Moses, the ethical or moral law. In another, Jesus, the union of God and man. In another, Mohammed, monotheism. In this age, the eclairsissement of the spirit—freedom regulated by law—as the outcome of all the past cyclic periods of humanity; so that now the one Supreme, through the consciousness of the race, is self-conscious spirit dwelling in man and mirrored in history—birthing our common nature—which is its form—into the glorious reality of the God-man, stripped of the "appearances" which have so long veiled his presence from our objective view. In this process—in this outworking of the Divine in the human, the nature of the God-head is revealed in the monogamic marriage, the family, the state, the church, and in the new social order—where art, industry, association, brotherhood are joined with the one irrevocable law—Truth in ultimates as free necessity. Man has been the representative only in all this movement. He is therefore the central miracle of the universe. Nothing in his

involution the all; and through him evolution will reveal the all-spirit—the union of God and man in one self-conscious whole. Such is the present developed condition of history—resting upon fact and realized by all who know and think. From this starting point the "Incoming Age" begins to show forth the glints and gleams of the dawning sun. Righteousness, peace and brotherhood are the bases upon which it rests. Its superstructure will shelter all nations and tongues. The earth will embrace the heavens in an eternal marriage union, and God will be known—as he has not been known in all the past—the self-conscious life of all human and angelic existence.

In the last forty odd years Spiritualism has been the main factor in preparing the ground for the Incoming Age. In its diversity of aspect it has revealed the divine working on all planes of life. It has demonstrated the continued conscious existence of the human spirit beyond the grave. It has spanned the river Lethe with the bridge of a new hope. It has opened up the possibilities of man's spiritual nature. It has quickened into life its deadened energies—deadened by the materialism of our current thought. It has proclaimed brotherhood as the basis of a new order upon the earth. It has swept away our churchian faith. And yet with all this it has left the earth barren of results as to any central thought for the evolution of pure truth. Like the past inheritances of the race it has lived in the "appearances" of truth rather than in its reality. In some respects it has made the darkness more dense by not lifting the veil which hides the sun of angelic ministration. That central sun must give forth its rays of light and life before we can begin to reap the vast harvest, the seed of which was sown in the ground of modern Spiritualism.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

### NO VIOLATIONS OF NATURE'S LAWS.

The whole tendency of thought to-day is toward a conviction in the integrity of nature and the inviolableness of natural law. This is illustrated by the Easter sermon of the Rev. A. R. Keiffer, of the Grace Episcopal church, Colorado Springs, Colorado, from which the following is an extract:

Did Jesus Christ really rise from the dead and manifest himself to his disciples? The stories we hear of any man are credible or incredible, according to our knowledge of his character. If Stanley should ever start on a search for the north pole, and after a while word should come from him that he had discovered it, we would not doubt—for our knowledge of the fact that he had penetrated Central Africa prepares us to believe in his success in any further explorations. There is nothing too difficult to believe concerning the success in that line of the great explorer.

Or, should we hear that Edison had succeeded in storing the heat of the sun so that it could be utilized in our dwellings and manufacturing establishments; or, that he had invented means by which we could see the face of a friend, with whom we converse, a thousand miles away, through the telephone, we would have no reason to doubt the story, for we know of the miracles that Edison has already wrought. I call them miracles, because the miracles of the Bible are not "violations of the laws of nature." In that sense there can be no such things as miracles. But the word translated "miracle," simply means "a wonder." A "miracle-worker" is one who by his knowledge of natural laws—a knowledge received from God—is able to do things which others cannot do, one who is able to use the higher laws of which other men are ignorant. If miracles are otherwise defined, "they never happened."

While at the house of a friend here, a few days ago, I heard a man in Washington, D. D., tell me that the United States marine band would now play the march from Lohengrin and immediately I heard that band, two thousand miles distant, play that and twenty more pieces as distinctly as though the instruments were in that very room! "Absurd!" you say. "Sound could not possibly travel that far." I grant it. "The statement is as incredible as any of the stories of Baron Munchausen." It certainly would have been a few years ago. Those who never heard of Edison and his wonderful phonograph might well say, it is a physical impossibility for sound to be transmitted, in undiminished volume, that distance, and to ask credence for my statement is to demand belief in a violation of the laws of nature.

But those who know that Edison has succeeded in capturing the tones of the human voice

little wax tablets, which, set to revolving by an electric battery, gives out, whenever desired, the tones again in their full volume, know that what I have said is an indisputable fact, that Edison has discovered and employs laws of nature of which the whole world was in ignorance twenty years ago. The power of God in that man is "wonderful." We would hesitate to doubt any claim that he might make in his special sphere.

Whenever we find a man in whom dwells the divine power to wield the laws of nature and make them do his bidding, we have an example of what God intended every man to be, according to his capacity, namely, a master and ruler of nature. The perfect man—man in the image of God—would necessarily be the Lord of nature, familiar with its laws and able to wield them at his pleasure.

I am sure you see the point I would make. Does anyone say "how strange are the miracles of Christ! How impossible that he should turn water into wine, or command the winds to be still and there would be a calm! how incredible that he should touch the sick and lame, the blind and deaf and they should be healed!" Not at all strange. The strangeness would be if his voice and touch had not produced wonders—strange if the perfect man's power were not greater than that of the imperfect. Those miracles are precisely what we should reasonably expect the perfect man—man in the image of God—to do. To control the winds and all the elements of nature is undoubtedly a power that belongs to humanity in its perfect state. Sickness, lameness, blindness—even death itself, as it now is, are unnatural. Certainly they belong not to nature in its highest development. I believe they are contrary to the laws of nature and obnoxious to the will of God—hence have no right to exist in this world. They are to grow less and less, and finally disappear, as man grows into the divine knowledge of, and the ability to use, the laws of the universe.

The power of God shown in Jesus Christ is the power that belongs rightfully to human nature, and shall some day be manifested in the race. Man is a son of God and Jesus Christ was a son of God, the type of the fullness of God which shall be eventually realized in the race. Who dare say that this son of God could not have done many things which are "miracles" to us, only because of our ignorance of the higher laws of nature? Who dare say that a human life which attained its greatest development—that one who has attained to the highest power of thinking himself, could not have done the works, attributed in the New Testament to Jesus Christ. All depends upon the question "Who was he?" If he was what he claimed to be, and what the church teaches he was, it is incredible that he should not have done those mighty works. If he were a man "in whom dwelt the spirit of God without measure," the laws of nature must have been under his control and he could use them at his divine human pleasure. And nature was glad to recognize as its rightful Lord and Master, the one man, who was the type and prophecy of what humanity shall some day be.

If imperfect men—men who are inspired of God according to their comparatively small measure, can in our day work such startling miracles, what shall not the perfect man, inspired to the largest capacity of human nature, be able to do? It is no trouble for me to believe, nay, rather, the conclusion is irresistible that—as the Apostle says "it was not possible for him even to be holden of death." What we know of him makes his resurrection a manifestation to his disciples perfectly credible.

A prisoner in the county jail at Minneapolis told a visitor lately that one night shortly after he had been shut within the prison walls he had been awakened out of a deep slumber by a strange feeling of dread, and when he opened his eyes they were greeted by a reflection of pale blue light that appeared to come in through the grating of the door. Turning in that direction he saw faintly outlined against the blackness of the corridor a shadowy figure of a woman which seemed to sway backward and forward. As he looked he was filled with terror and every muscle strained with suspense. The pale face of the figure was staring down the passage and then slowly passed from view and was replaced by the figure of a young man apparently little more than a boy in years. The face of the youth was pale and unearthly and the eyes were set in a cold, vacant stare. The hair of the figure, the man affirmed, was red and the brows so thin and sparse that they were scarcely visible. As he looked the other figure approached again and he could see that the form was shaken with sobs, the sound of which he plainly heard. The two figures remained in the same position for some time and finally moved off in opposite directions up and down the passage. The watcher was so filled with fear that he could utter a sound, though he tried to cry out. Since he had been seen twice



## ONE HEART'S ENOUGH FOR ME.

One heart's enough for me—  
One heart to love, adore—  
One heart's enough for me;  
Oh, who could wish for more?  
The birds that soar above,  
And sing their songs on high,  
Ask but for one to love,  
And therefore should not I?

One pair of eyes to gaze  
One pair of sparkling blue,  
In which sweet love betrays  
Her form of fairest hue;  
One pair of glowing cheeks,  
Fresh as the rose and fair,  
Where crimson blush bespeaks  
The health that's native there.

One pair of hands to twine  
Love's flowers fair and gay,  
And form a wreath divine,  
Which never can decay;  
And this is all I ask,  
One gentle form and fair—  
Beneath whose smiles to bask,  
And learn love's sweetness there.

—AUGUSTE MIGNON.

What are the stock objections to the granting of political rights to the mothers, wives and sisters of men? asks the *New York Press*. Foremost is the cry that it would ruin the home by taking woman away from her "proper sphere." But just exactly that same argument used to be urged on the same grounds against giving woman a collegiate education. It would make "blue stockings" of them and unfit them to darn stockings and otherwise attend to domestic duties. Yet only lately the tremendously significant fact has been brought to light that of the graduates of the oldest woman's college in the country, Vassar College, a greater proportion have married than of women in the country not liberally educated, while not one single Vassar alumna was ever divorced from her husband. The next common objection is that it would be a dangerous and unwise thing for women to face the publicity of politics. Well, all these other things that they are doing now, but once were forbidden to do, involve just as much publicity as politics would. Was not the Washington convention public? Would it have been any more public if the women had met to nominate a president rather than to discuss the progress and problems of their sex? The third most familiar argument is that women do not want to vote. Ah! that is precisely what used to be said about all the other rights that have come to them and they have so eagerly taken and so splendidly used in the past fifty years. The comprehensive, and, as many thought, conclusive formula was: "Women have all the rights they want." But they did not have the right practically to be liberally educated, to practice medicine, to open art studios, to take place in journalism, to enter an arena of science, to lead in moral reform, to exert a public influence on the decision of social questions, to own and manage property, to enter every honest business of profession, or even to possess, on equal terms with male parents, their own children. The unflinching experience of half a century shows that whenever a door of larger opportunity has been unlocked to woman she has quickly opened it and stepped across the threshold. How, then, can it be confidently said that political enfranchisement constitutes an exception to a rule that, whenever put to the test, has been found to be, in the matter tested, without exception?

In reply to the question, "What is the happiest time in a woman's life?" Mrs. Grover Cleveland says: Replies to your query must depend largely upon each individual woman. She who is a great artist wedded to her art will find her happiest time in the achievement of some great artistic triumph. She who aspires to reign as a society queen will find her happiest time when she is generally recognized as having made some notable social success. She to whose character religious enthusiasm is the key note will find her happiest moment in devoting herself to church work. He in whom the romantic element predominates may find her chief happiness in while the woman given up to domestic duties and hers in the domestic life.

time in each woman's life must depend upon her personal traits and characteristics.

Mrs. Sallie Joy White, of the *Boston Herald*, at a meeting of the New England Press Association, said that twenty-one years ago the number of women engaged in newspaper work was much smaller than now, yet their achievements were fully as great as those of any women to-day. Grace Greenwood was a power on the *New York press*. Lucia Calhoun Rundle was furnishing daily leaders to the *New York Tribune*. Mary Olemmer was writing the Washington letters which made her name a power among the men of the country. Ellen MacKay Hutchison was filling the position of literary editor on a leading *New York daily*, and even before then Margaret Fuller had filled an editorial position on the *Tribune*, and Lydia Maria Child had done regular newspaper work in *New York*.

Miss Adelaide Johnson, says the *Washington Post*, vice-president of Wimodaugh-sis, has completed a model in clay of a life-size bust of Susan B. Anthony, and yesterday a plaster cast of it was made. The head has an easy, graceful pose, and the likeness is excellent, the mouth being in the position of just about to utter some sage remark. Miss Johnson will also model the bust of Elizabeth Cady Stanton as soon as the latter shall arrive here in June. Later in the summer Miss Johnson will carry the casts to Rome, where she will place the busts in marble in the studio of Fabi Albini, under whom she studied. The two busts will be at the World's Fair, and later will be placed in the Capitol here.

Upon the women of this country a large part of the glory of the patent centennial celebration has been cast, says a writer in the *Chicago Times*. Within the last century they have entered, for the first time in the history of the world, as competitors with men in the field of original contrivance. So rapidly have their steps in this direction accelerated that in the last two years and a half they have secured from the government exclusive rights in 500 machines and other devices sprung from their own wits. No longer can it be said that the female of our species never invents anything. To-day, 3,000 of her inventions are recorded in the patent office at Washington, covering all the arts and industries known to the human race.

The number of ladies who are now at home on Sunday, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, has been multiplied a hundredfold this year. It used to be a rare thing for any one to receive on that day, and an evening reception was an unheard-of thing. Now, however, there are half a dozen Sunday receptions, and half the women in New York are at home to callers on Sunday afternoon. With many men it is the only day they can make calls; and now that evening calls are things of the past and rank with New Year's Day calls. Sunday calling is bound to increase even more and more as the necessity for calls increases day by day.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, for many years the energetic and indefatigable editor of the *New Northwest*, the only paper on the Pacific Coast devoted to equal rights for women, will henceforth edit an equal suffrage department in the *West Shore* of Portland, Ore. The department shows all Mrs. Duniway's old editorial vigor. The *West Shore* is a handsome and well-printed periodical, and is the only illustrated weekly devoted to Western subjects and events of current interest. It should receive a goodly accession to its subscription list in consequence of this new department, to make room for which it has enlarged its size by four pages.—*Woman's Journal*.

T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazar* says this in regard to the servant question: It is a curious fact that there is nothing which is so wholly unanimous as the desire that other people's daughters should be cooks and chambermaids. We never think of it as a thing desirable, or perhaps supposable, for our own; and this fact seems to damage most of our argument for others. Artemus Ward was willing to send his wife's relations to the war, but we are not inclined to contribute even these to the kitchen, for we should hold, right or wrong, that it was "menial service." Now,

ourselves and our relatives, why should we speak severely of those who draw the line at just that point for themselves and their own relatives? The whole difficulty of this much-vexed question seems to lie precisely there.

Miss Sarah J. Eddy, and her sister Mrs. Amy Eddy Harris, of Providence, R. I., recently made a valuable gift to the Free Kindergarten Association of that city. It includes the use of several rooms on Eden street, fully equipped for kindergarten purposes, with \$1,000 for the running expenses of the present year. Miss Eddy founded this kindergarten nearly a year ago, and she and her sister have thus far supported and superintended it. The children trained in it are from very humble and destitute homes. The founders have furnished the little ones daily with a free lunch.—*Woman's Journal*.

## "LIGHT OF EGYPT" FREE TO FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The author has authorized THE JOURNAL to distribute one hundred copies of "The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars" among free public libraries. Application must be made for the book, and naming the library and enclosing fifteen cents to prepay postage. The work is a large 12 mo. of about 300 pages, printed from large type on fine paper and beautifully illustrated; for further particulars see description in the advertising columns of this paper. The book has been the subject of wide comment. Those who oppose on a priori grounds its central claim are vigorous in their criticisms, those who have no well-defined preconceived opinions and those who favor the doctrines advanced are equally robust in their commendations. Whatever its merits, it is a book likely to be freely called for when catalogued in public libraries.

Applications for the book can only be received from librarians or some officer of the library for which the book is desired. Readers of THE JOURNAL interested in having the work in their respective free public libraries should see to it that the application is made through the proper channel. The reasons for these conditions must be readily apparent on reflection.

Some of the good people of Brooklyn and New York who rate themselves as intelligent, including the Everett Hall enthusiasts who swallowed the Davis-Martin sealed letter fake, will yet want to kick themselves off the big bridge. Those who are now tumbling over one another to witness the materializations and other tricks of W. S. Davis, and declaring he is "a good medium," will not be satisfied with going off the bridge but will insist on drowning themselves to escape the humiliation that awaits them. Of course it is to be expected that such mossbacked imbeciles as Lawyer Benn will swallow all the camels bearing the spiritualistic brand, but THE JOURNAL dislikes to believe that there are many Bennis even within the bailiwick of the pseudo-psychical scientist, Henry J. Newton.

Among the many evidences of the good work being done by Mrs. Adaline Eldred of 2138 Michigan Boulevard, which have come to us, is a letter from a very intelligent and competent witness in Missouri, a lady who has surmounted obstacles before which most men would succumb. She writes that Mrs. Eldred gave her a very correct psychometric reading, spoke of her being mediumistic, and then diagnosed her physical ailments which regular physicians had failed to do. The lady adds she is greatly improved in health under Mrs. Eldred's advice and is exceedingly grateful.

"Professor" W. F. Peck is in a peck of trouble. Mrs. H. S. Lake refuses to longer fill the place of wife for him and he seeks

ton, before whom Peck's plea was heard, has decided that there was no valid marriage and dismissed the case. Peck now appeals to the Supreme Court to have the Vic Woodhull style of marriage declared valid, so that he may have grounds for a divorce. THE JOURNAL at this point rises to inquire what has become of Peck's first wife, who got a divorce from him in California, with alimony. It would be interesting to know how much "Prof." Peck has contributed to raise and educate the children by that marriage.

Hon. Joseph G. Patton, in renewing his subscription to THE JOURNAL, writes: I peruse the golden pages of THE JOURNAL with increased pleasure and profit. I am greatly pleased with the course it has so uniformly pursued in the past, and so acceptably to its great army of readers. I rejoice that it continues to maintain its high standard of excellence and sharp discrimination between the false and the true in our philosophy, and has the courage of its convictions at all times and under all circumstances. In thus expressing my admiration for your gallant defense of our religion, I am but echoing the sentiments of thousands of Spiritualists throughout the land.

Just as we go to press, a little bird flutters into our sanctum, perches upon our paper weight, and warbles in our editorial ear an item of interesting news: That the teaching mantle of the late Blavatsky is very likely to be brought to Chicago, and most appropriately spread upon the mediumistic shoulders of our theosophico-spiritualistic brother, W. P. Phelon, M. D. Our office cat getting too near the little bird frightened it away before its song was ended, but we hope it will return now that the aforesaid cat has gone on a mission to India and will not be back for a week.

Judge Dailey's bill, intended to suppress fraudulent materialization, and introduced in the Illinois legislature at our solicitation by Gen. Thomas, passed the Senate on Thursday of last week. There is little doubt but that it will also pass the House and become a law. The only danger is that in the stress of business so near the close of the session it may get crowded out; but this is hardly probable.

Among other things that have been lost in the confusion incident to the reconstruction of the large building in which THE JOURNAL'S offices are located, is a package containing all our copies of THE JOURNAL dated June 14, 1890, being number 3, vol. 1, new series. Any subscriber who can without inconvenience send a copy will be gratefully remembered.

H. Wagner, M. D., Denver, Col., writes: your correspondent's article in THE JOURNAL of April 18th, on "Judicial Astrology," is to the point and certainly can not be successfully contradicted by any man of science, as your contributor can demonstrate all he claims for astrology.

Geo. P. Colby, better known in the west than in the east, is lecturing for the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists in New York City this month, and giving excellent satisfaction, we hear. Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, the settled speaker of the society, returns to her charge in June.

The semi-annual exposure of C. E. Winans has again taken place, this time in the suburbs of Indianapolis, where he was personating a materialized spirit in the usual stereotyped manner. He was compelled to refund the fees and ordered to leave the city.

Dr. J. Russell Taber of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: Enclosed please find P.O. order for



two years' subscription to your valuable paper. I have taken it now for several years and I find it grows stronger, purer in tone and more intellectually healthful every year.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis, Mich., will hold its third anniversary June 12th, 13th and 14th Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, Joel Tiffany, of Chicago, and Abram Smith, of Sturgis, will be the speakers.



SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR: It is now a long time since I broke the silence through the columns of your most highly esteemed journal. Well-nigh eight months have passed away since I took leave of my American friends. It will be a most enjoyable day, sometime in July, when it will be my pleasure to grasp the hands of many of my loyal brethren across the water. I embark for the United States on Wednesday, July 1st, and hope to land in New York about the 7th. It may be interesting to some of your readers to hear something of our work and its progress in England, and perhaps one cannot do better than give a birds-eye view of the movement as it impresses me.

There are comparatively few physical mediums now before the public as professionals. Williams & Husk still continue to hold their sances, and according to the testimony of some, give evidences of their genuine mediumship which are beyond doubt. I visited them in January last, and although I did not detect fraud the manifestations were not beyond question. A few days afterward they were exosed or supposed to be. Mrs. Mellon, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, gives no public sances now owing to illness in her family. Mrs. Hall, of Gateshead, occasionally sits for materialization. Willie Eglinton, a wonderful medium, has retired from the field. Mr. Taylor, a remarkable table medium, still goes from place to place. In his presence a table with two or three men upon it will rise bodily from the ground. David Duguid seems to be very quiet just now. Many have received through his mediumship the most astounding manifestations. He is the best medium for spirit painting I ever knew. When his hands are tied and the room in total or nearly total darkness, paintings are produced in an almost inconceivably short time. He never received money for his mediumship and is a faithful member of the Scotch Kirk. The Yorkshire Spiritualists have recently been startled by the advent among them of one Dr. Charles Wentforth, who states that he has an ample competency, and therefore needs no compensation for his mediumship. He gives independent slate-writing and the pellet test. I have not witnessed his demonstrations, and can therefore affirm nothing. There is much private investigation, but a large amount of it lacks thoroughness.

There is a growing demand among us for these phases of mediumship, and that call is responded to by hosts of partially developed mediums. The cause never suffers from good psychometry or clairvoyance, but the intelligent portion of our people soon become disgusted with the current exhibitions. Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. Green and Victor Wilds are reported as giving satisfaction, both as lecturers and test mediums. In many places our meetings amount to but little else than fortune-telling gatherings.

Surprising how much has grown during years. The inferior tests is more common here than in America where some have "archives" of phases could be traced to the sances; and truthfully the world is not less

cause. It is to be regretted that she intends leaving the platform at the end of the present year. May her mantle fall upon the shoulders of some worthy sister who will wear it as gracefully as she has, but we fear her loss will be long and greatly felt. Our much beloved brother, J. J. Morse, bears the standard aloft and wins the applause of all lovers of valor. As a speaker and man, he commands respect from friend and foe.

Mr. E. W. Wallis and wife both labor successfully in the cause, Mr. W. having gained a national reputation as a debater. Mrs. W. is most highly esteemed wherever she ministers. There are many acceptable local speakers who are doing a very praiseworthy work and for whose indefatigable labors the cause owes a lasting debt of gratitude.

In England to-day there are thousands of lyceum scholars. Nearly every society has its lyceum. The children are most enthusiastic in their appreciation of their institute. I have visited many of the meetings, and spoken to the children, and we had splendid times together. Bless their sweet faces and dear hearts, I love them with all my soul! I wish our American people would take this practical hint from our English cousins and go to work with a will and form and sustain the progressive lyceum system. In it is the hope of the future for our cause.

In organization, we are far from united action as our American Spiritualists are. True, there is to be a national federation in July, but I fear, though there will be a large gathering, there will be but little headway made toward organization. Our people universally feel very indifferent about centralization, and no doubt there is some underlying cause for this feeling—a deep-seated cause. There is an instinctive fear of concretion. There is a love of plasticity, and what we gain in concretion we must lose in plasticity. The history of the past in many ways points to the fact that the more perfect the organization the less spiritual the church has become. It is the problem of to-day to so organize as to retain needful mouldability to progressive thought and sentiment.

There is a disposition on the part of many societies to build halls in which to hold our Sunday services. Liverpool has a very nice and commodious hall, called Dalby Hall. Walsall has erected a splendid building called the Central Hall, and it rents most readily, on account of its magnificent accommodations, and central position. Oldham, near Manchester, has a temple which is a credit to the Spiritualists of the neighborhood. Sowerby Bridge was among the first, if not the first to build their own place of worship. Other places are to have their own halls. Halifax, Baccup, Batley, and other societies contemplate building shortly.

There are three weekly papers, and one monthly, devoted to Spiritualism and reform. *The Medium and Daybreak*, conducted by James Burns, London. *Light*, edited by M. A. Oxon, also published in London. *The Two Worlds*, conducted by Mrs. E. H. Britten and E. W. Wallis. *The Lyceum Banner*, edited and published by J. J. Morse. All these are doing their work and to thousands of readers every week they carry the gospel of modern Spiritualism where the voice of the platform advocate is seldom or never heard.

Truth is immortal and cannot die; error is mortal and cannot live. The noble words spoken, the bright truths penned, the principles demonstrated, and the spirit abroad in the air must produce a lasting effect upon our civilization. Spiritualism is breathed in the atmosphere, pervades the poetry and prose literature of our age, and falls unconsciously from the lips of the orator. Lo, it is everywhere!

Since landing last September I have averaged lecturing about twenty-five times a month, so I have not been idle. This work must stand or fall upon its own merit. My labors have been divided chiefly between Yorkshire, Lancashire and the Midlands. Other parts of England have been visited occasionally. May the seed sown bring forth rich fruit is the earnest prayer of yours most faithfully,

WALTER HOWELL.  
MANCHESTER, ENG., April 25, 1891.

JUDICIAL ASTRONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of April 18th appears an article headed "The Science of the Stars," by the author of "The Light of Egypt." The attractive title at once drew my attention; but how soon was I back and disappointed. In his sentence the author dropped the height of one of the most

which is just now in this very decade making another of its grand leaps forward into infinitude—yes! dropped to the level of that old empiricism and rejected fad of pretended science, "Judicial Astrology." Who is this "author of 'The Light of Egypt'" that talks so much like our versatile and ambiguous friend, Prof. Coues?

We have never learned that Dr. Coues was the avowed writer of that work; but the latter seems to know so much about "Mr. J. G. Jackson's ignorance," and has dropped so readily right down from the stars on to him, that it might be the gentleman himself. And yet how can that be? This present author is avowedly an astrologist, while Dr. Coues has repeatedly denied being one of that guild.

By what right of common courtesy does the "author of 'The Light of Egypt'" make such a direct personal attack upon your humble correspondent, and assume for him school-born pre-conceptions against astrology? There is not in the nation probably a person who builds less upon mere preconceived notions or who will yield more cheerfully to scientific demonstration. But he wants demonstration, not empiricism.

"Author" admits the " manifold errors" and the "many false trappings and drapery" which surround astrology—the "vast piles of superstitious nonsense and mystical rubbish" with which its "fair form was draped during the dark ages." I think much of such drapery still remains, and that the true study of the stars and the perfected knowledge of the human soul in all its wonderful endowments of psychic life will strip the dead body of "judicial astrology" to a naked skeleton, hanging in the sunlight of truth, gibbeted by science as a sample of human ignorance, superstition and duplicity. With what face can he solicit your readers, as he has, to ask themselves: "Does Mr. Jackson understand anything whatever of the subject he publicly condemns?" Mr. Jackson does not remember having written much at large upon the special science of astrology, and readers can only judge the merits or demerits of his public condemnation thereof by recalling whether on other subjects publicly treated he is in the habit of condemning without knowledge. Lacking familiarity with the antecedents of the "author" aforesaid, how can he ask us to accept his dictum that astrology "stands forth as the one great divi."

Allow Mr. Jackson to make his own pronouncement. Let the "author of 'The Light of Egypt'" favor him with a copy of his work, and he will review it, taking as much or little room in THE JOURNAL as the editor will allow, and will bring out its good points and discuss those which he condemns as connected with astrology, in a courteous and honorable spirit and in the love of truth.

Both the author of the work and the readers of THE JOURNAL can then form a judgment how little or how much this correspondent is acquainted with the subject he has condemned. J. G. JACKSON.  
HOCKESSIN, DEL.

A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

TO THE EDITOR: C. G. Luttman, of Neenah, Wis., is a sound-headed, cool, practical business man, given neither to crankiness nor hallucinations. He is interested with the management of an important manufacturing interest whose annual business runs far into the thousands. As a soldier in the late war he went through the dangers and hardships which "try men's souls," and was found equal to the occasion.

Some years since, an accident among the machinery necessitated the amputation of his right arm. While the "stump" was yet healing he one day suddenly experienced a severe cramping sensation in the fingers which had been amputated. So intense was the pain that he sent for his surgeon. On the arrival of the latter, he at first tried to reason and then to ridicule Mr. Luttman out of the idea that he had pain in a hand which the surgeon said he no longer possessed; as it was amputated.

On going to his office the next day the surgeon examined the amputated hand, which he had preserved in alcohol. He had placed it in a wide-mouthed jar and in crowding it therein had cramped the fingers into an unnatural position. Of all this Mr. Luttman was ignorant. The surgeon smilingly withdrew the hand and then returned it to the jar of alcohol with the fingers in a natural and easy posture. He noted the exact time of day at which he did this. On next calling to see the patient he found him free from pain. The cramp was gone. The surgeon

about what time the pain left him. "about — o'clock," replied Mr. Lut. "The very hour," exclaimed the surgeon. In great surprise he then told his patient what he had done. It was Mr. Luttman to be surprised. And many we comments, conjectures and reasonings both on the remarkable incident.

Mr. Luttman tells me that he is satisfied that the reasonable explanation that he still possesses the spirit of that hand, and that this fact enabled him to experience the cramping pain and cure on the liberation of his hand from cramped position, though the whole circumstance was unknown to him at time.

If any one doubt the truth of this narrative, he can verify it by writing to Mr. G. Luttman, Neenah, Wis., who gave permission to publish it.

C. W. COOK

PARKLAND SPIRITUALIST'S NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

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**HARD TO SUIT.**

Oh, who's the man that comes in late;  
And stroll's about awhile,  
And right in the midst of the thrilling scene,  
Goes stumbling down the aisle;  
And laughs aloud when others weep,  
And scowls when others smile?

And who's the man that bellows forth,  
So every one can hear:  
"Well this's about the rummest seat  
I've had in a dismal year!  
For when I go to see a show  
I want to be somewhere near."

And who's the man who sits and yawns,  
Throughout the livelong play:  
And says: "What a bore the whole thing is!  
I wish I'd staid away.  
The acting is bad enough to turn  
A child of seven gray."

And who's this man? You very well know;  
If a play you've been to see;  
For he's always there, and he's always mad,  
Whatever way things may be.  
And he kicks one long perennial kick—  
The man who gets in free.

—BOSTON COURIER.

**SEPARATION.**

Do you remember the oldtime place  
In an oldtime town by the restless sea?  
You remember the faces sweet and true,  
Now hidden forever from you and me?

Do you remember the hopes we had?  
The plans we made and prayers we said?  
How we set the song to the sweetest note,  
And how bright was the page of life we read?

The prayers I prayed are unanswered yet;  
The music is set to a minor tune,  
And the page I thought was so plain to read  
Is covered over with mystic rune.

Well, go your way! I will journey mine;  
But I pray you think at some set of sun  
Of the oldtime love in the oldtime place,  
Of the hope and the joy forever done.

—ANNA U. BENDEL IN BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

He said, as they in converse spent  
The time, to me the truth is clear  
That 'tis a man's environment  
That shapes his conduct here.

He clasped her close; she did not say  
A word, but sighed in deep content,  
And felt 'twas hard to break away  
From her environment.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness,  
another has not. One has reputation—another has  
not. One has confidence, born of success—another  
has only "hopes."

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are alike. They are not. Let the years of uninter-  
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and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Gold-  
en Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-  
scription on the side of the comparison to which they  
belong. And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor  
hardly a country in the world, whether its people  
realize it or not, but have men and women in them  
that're happier because of their discovery and their  
effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness.  
And then think whether you can afford to make the  
trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give  
your money back, as they do, if they do not benefit  
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thinkers and students.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Books noticed under this head are for sale and ordered through the office of THE RELIGIOUS LITERARY JOURNAL.

Cyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition. A reference book of facts, statistics, general information on all phases of the temperance question, the temperance and the prohibition agitation. Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. pp. 50.

Cyclopedia has evidently been prepared with much care and labor and thoroughly meets the requirements of the topic—historical, moral, fiscal, statistical, legislative, geographical, scientific, etc.—being fully treated. The tone is dispassionate as is essential in a cyclopaedia. The object is to give information plainness and attractiveness. Yet facts and conclusions are not negligently presented in an appropriate manner. The tendency is favorable to the radical view of abstinence and prohibition ideas. Opinions are candidly stated and nothing in the method of argument can be considered objectionable. The prominent merit of this cyclopaedia is its thoroughness with which the facts are presented. In such articles as "Bible Wines," "Constitutional Prohibition," "The Drink Traffic," "Effects of High License," "Internal Regulation," "Light Liquors," "The Traffic," "Local Option," "Medication," "Non-Partnership," "Prohibition," "Personal Liberty of the United States Government and Traffic," the reader will find every patient labor and a superabundance of ability. Numerous temperance prohibition specialists of eminence have contributed signed articles on these are such well-known temperance advocates as Dr. V. Richardson, Dr. Felix L. F. R. Lees, and Dr. Howard Crosby. The editors have shown especial care in exact references to original sources of vital facts, figures and quotations. This element of the book is of great value for its purposes.

Young Men. By Rev. Wm. Weaver. New York: Fowler & Wells. 1891. pp. 218. \$1.00. Dr. Sumner wrote a book for young men. Now he writes again, essays that will interest and grandchildren of his first books published by the firm that issues this volume, which is full of helpful thought for youth.

Man Immortal, an allegorical poem. By Wm. Stitt Taylor. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co. 1891. pp. 277. \$3.00. (A. C. McClurg & Co., 117-121 Wabash avenue, Chicago).

The burden of this writer's verse is the immortality of man, but the poetry, although there are passages that possess some merit, is not of a high order.

The Pearl of Practice is the title of a book of quaint medical prescriptions, printed in London over two hundred years ago. Some extracts from which are embodied in an article by Miss Elizabeth Robinson, to appear in the June Popular Science Monthly. After reading the list of ingredients in some of these unsavory messes no one need wonder about the origin of the saying, "The remedy is worse than the disease."

MAGAZINES.

Our Little Ones for May contains "The Gondolas of Venice," by Frank H. Stauffer; "A Doll Overboard," by Frank J. Bonnelle, and other admirable sketches with illustrations for children.—The Kindergarten for May contains chapter XIII. of Froebel's System, by Baroness von Marenholtz-Bulow; "Life of a Butterfly," by Kate Hawley Hennessey; "What Happens After the Flower Fades?" by Edward G. Howe, and "Mother Talks—Nature an Element in Education" are among the other articles.—The Homiletic Review for May opens with an able article by Prof. W. C. Wilkinson upon "Canon Liddon," which is to be followed by a second in June. Dr. McCosh follows with a well-considered paper on "Federation of the Churches." Rev. Cambron M. Coburn continues his instructive series of theological articles, taking up



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A MAD POET

A mad poet rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to clean out the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grot of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

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The difficulty has been not to find what to say, but to decline what to omit. It is believed that a healthful regimen has been described; a constructive, parturatory and preventive training, rather than a course of remedies, medications and drugs.

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TULARE, Cal., April 27, 1891.

Rev. A. B. Whitman. MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter received, and carefully read, making inquiry about the "Turnbull Colony" land.

At that time I was unacquainted with said Colony land, but since then I have visited the land in company with General Turnbull himself, who made the visit very pleasant and interesting. He took special pains to show me over the tract, and gave me thorough knowledge of the land as possible.

The Colony land is situated ten miles directly west of Tipton, a small station on the S. P. R. R., ten miles south of Tulare. The land lies most beautifully sloping to the S.W. and W., about five feet to the mile, almost as even as a floor. A rich, dark, sandy loam of a composite nature, made from the washings from the mountains, disintegrated rocks and vegetable matter, in general quite deep and in some instances the rich soil extends many feet below the surface, throughout which innumerable shells are deposited, as this was formerly a part of the bed of Lake Tulare, from which the water receded years ago. A more beautiful tract of land it would be difficult to find. A river fed by mountain streams in which the water runs almost the entire year, passes through the entire tract from N.E. corner to S.E. corner of the tract, affording the finest irrigation supply for every part of the land. But should the river fail, there is still left a resource far better. This tract is located in the artesian belt and one well would supply sufficient water to irrigate a whole section of land. An exceedingly interesting and valuable feature connected with these wells is the emission of large quantities of the very best gas, which if controlled and secured would make the best of fuel and illumination for the entire Colony.

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Now, as to the General himself, I believe most thoroughly that he can be relied upon in these contracts, that he is fully able to and will fulfill his part of the contract.

Any assistance I can render you at any time I shall be glad to give. Yours most fraternally, (Signed) J. H. STORMS, Pastor Baptist Church, Tulare, Cal.

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A sweet little baby brother Had come to live with Flo. And she wanted it brought to the table That it might eat and grow. "It must wait for a while," said grandma In answer to her plea, "For a little thing that hasn't teeth Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?" Asked Flo in great surprise. "Oh, my! but isn't it funny? No teeth—but nose and eyes? I guess [after thinking gravely] They must have been fordot. Can't we buy him some, like grandpa? I'd like to know why not!"

That afternoon to the corner, With paper and pen and ink, Went Flo, saying: "Don't talk to me; If you do it'll stop my think! I'm writing a letter, grandma, To send away to-night; And 'cause its very 'portant I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished— A wonderful thing to see— And directed to "God in heaven." "Please read it over to me," said little Flo to her grandma, "To see if it's right, you know," and here is the letter written To God by little Flo:

"Dear God—The baby you brought us Is awful nice and sweet, But 'cause you forgot his toofles The poor little thing can't eat. That's why I'm writing this letter A-purpose to let you know. Please come and finish the baby. That's all. From LITTLE FLO. ANONYMOUS.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

ing out the rusty garden rake, Hunt up the hoe and spade, or spring is here, and it is time 'o have the garden made. ur wife will lean upon the fence nd watch you while you work.

rd, man, you won't break your back you may fear you may. p to lean upon your spade— hat your wife will say.

you've got the garden dug ll out of sight, hire a gardener r right. —SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

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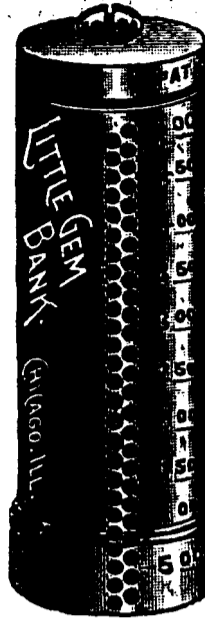
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we are moved. During this time my chief clerk, with all the knowledge of detail which comes with seventeen years' faithful service, has been absent, called away suddenly by illness in the family. I tell these matters to explain the delay in answering letters and inquiries. With newly fitted-up offices and a long lease I begin to feel that I shall soon be ready to welcome callers once more with old-time hospitality; and I can say, too, that "business will continue at the same old stand," for I have only moved across the hall and not out of the building. Remember THE JOURNAL office is still at 92 LaSalle street, northwest corner of Washington, and directly west of the city hall.

Now this moving business is not only wearing, but expensive. As Chicago grows larger and THE JOURNAL'S influence widens, the cost of conducting the establishment increases in proportion. There is a considerable number of subscribers to whom I want to appeal in the most moving manner possible. They owe me money which they can pay with only a tithe of the exertion which I have expended in giving them the very best paper I could make. I don't ask for charity, only for justice and the observance of mercantile honor. I ask these friends only to do their duty and to do it with cheerfulness and alacrity. I also ask all subscribers to put fresh impetus into their efforts to enlarge THE JOURNAL'S usefulness and extend its circulation. I am very grateful to the goodly number who are ever on the alert to secure new subscribers and send me matter for publication. The reminiscences of Mrs. Staats which begin in this number ought to bring a thousand new subscribers and to inspire others to contribute from their rich stores of experience such material as will interest, instruct and help to make history. Of course you are all coming to see me in 1893 and incidentally to attend the greatest exposition the world has ever held and to see the city which is destined to be the largest on the globe. When you come you will want to find THE JOURNAL waxing mightier than ever; so begin now and do your part in bringing all this about. Let us all keep moving, and in the right line.

**MEDIUMS IN CHICAGO.**

In reply to an inquirer we would say that we keep a list of mediums in THE JOURNAL office, whom we know or have reason to believe are honest, reputable and fairly well developed. To this list we are always glad to make additions, and stand ready at all times to investigate the merits of those desiring it. Without making sweeping, unqualified assertions of success or failure on any part

**DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder**

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

**DONALD KENNEDY**  
Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA**

**BREAKFAST.**  
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.  
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**Ho For California.**

I am giving the greatest inducements ever offered, to rich and poor alike. You can get a lot of land and have it paid for by your own money until in a few years you have more money than you can use.



**Physicians Couldn't Cure Him.**  
SEDAHSVILLE, Hamilton Co., O., June, 1889.  
One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried it unsuccessfully for 3 months to relieve me of nervous debility.  
W. HUENNEFELD.

Best of All.

CHICAGO, May, 1888.

I consider it my duty to recommend to all sufferers of nervous diseases Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son, now 15 years of age, was suffering for 4 years from epilepsy to such an extent that no remedy seemed to even relieve the attacks, but after using only 5 bottles of Koenig's Nerve Tonic he had but one slight attack. I make this statement out of gratitude and with the desire to make this best of all remedies better known.

T. STEIN, 321 2nd St.

It is a great pleasure to the undersigned to whom the above circumstances are well known, to certify to the truth of the facts as stated above.  
L. KLING,  
Pastor of Lutheran Evang. Salem Church.

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

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

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

THE LIFE OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR!  
**Herndon's Lincoln.**

The true story of a great life is the history of our country's soul—revelations of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY