

RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Wiggins, the exploded weather prophet, did not blow away in any of his predicted cyclones. He is still upon earth and is writing a novel. "Raising the Wind" will be its suggestive title.

Prof. Lester F. Ward of the United States Geological Survey, a well known Washington scientist, has fallen under the ban of the Russian official censorship. An edition of 12,000 copies of a Russian translation by Nikolaev of the first volume of Prof. Ward's "Dynamic Sociology" has been burned by order of the imperial council of ministers.

Under the McKinley tariff, according to a recent decision of the general board of appraisers at New York, on imported images of "the Savior of mankind" made of certain material, must be paid a tariff of 45 per cent. These images form no part of that religion which is to be had without money and without price.

The Salvation Army's new form of marriage ceremony contains the provision that marriage shall not interfere with the army work of either of the married persons, but if they increase and multiply according to Bible injunction, the infant Salvationists will kick that provision higher than Gilderoy's kite. The Salvation Army cannot reconstruct human nature.

The New York papers which have been indicted for violating the law prohibiting the publication of the details of electrical executions will endeavor to justify their action by appealing to the amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which prohibits Congress from making any law "abridging the freedom of the press," and section 8, article 1 of the Constitution of the State of New York, which declares that "no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of the press."

A theatre manager said the other day: Sullivan is directly responsible for the overwhelming influx of longshoremen, counter-jumpers, salesladies, horsemen and farmers into the theatrical business. Every manager in New York is overwhelmed with applicants, and after talking with them for a certain length of time the conversation invariably reverts to the remarks which Mr. Sullivan made in San Francisco, and which has apparently sunk deep into the hearts of the people. An admirer stopped Sullivan in the street and said: "John, when are you going to fight again?" Sullivan looked at his inquirer thoughtfully for a moment and said: "Never. Fightin' is work, but actin's dead easy. That's what it is. Dead easy."

Michael Conley died in Dubuque, Ia., a short time ago, says the New York World. His body was taken to the morgue and the clothes he had on were thrown aside. When his daughter in Chickasaw county heard of his death she fell in a swoon. She dreamed she saw the clothes he wore when dying and received from him a message, saying that he had sewed up a

roll of bills in his shirt. On recovering consciousness she demanded that some one go to Dubuque and get the clothes. In order to quiet her mind her brother visited that city, received the clothes from the coroner and found the money sewed in the shirt with a piece of his sister's red dress; exactly as she had described, though she had known nothing about the patch or the money.

Mrs. Mills, wife of James Mills of San Francisco, who is a geologist of some reputation has left her beautiful home and deserted her hitherto happy family to join the converts of the pious pretender and charlatan, Cyrus R. Teed. Mrs. Mills, who is a lady of about 55, was seen at the San Francisco headquarters of Teed by a representative of the press to whom she said: "I did not take this step in the belief that I would add to my present happiness. This state of celibacy is but a preparation for our future life, when the Christ-man will dwell upon the earth. It is not a penance, but a duty we owe to ourselves. We must live in absolute purity to be prepared for the time which is at hand. The Bible tells us that the second coming of Christ shall be announced by a man whose name shall be Elias, and we believe Dr. Teed to be that Elias. We believe that in two years he will be dematerialized, soon to reappear in the form of a man-woman, having the attributes of both sexes. He will live on earth and spiritually produce the sons of God, who will inherit the earth." It is said that nothing can shake Mrs. Mills' faith in Teed, as a messiah. Mr. Mills says: "It is a fever that must run its course, and will all come right in the end. It is apparent to me that Teed is working the old confidence game of Harris, who so successfully duped the Oliphants out of thousands of dollars, and after thirty years of proselyting has become a millionaire." How far should this fraud Teed be allowed to go in his duplicity and systematic business of preying upon the credulous, undisturbed by the law. Are lying and swindling in the name of religion any better than ordinary lying and swindling without religious pretension.

A dispatch from Muncie, Ind., published in the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette says: "Over one thousand believers in Spiritualism are in camp at the new grounds near Chesterfield, west of Muncie, and the affair is proving such a grand success that the project to erect a spiritual college is again being worked, and this time to completion. There is but one institution of this character, and that is at Oneida, N. Y. The Indiana Association of Spiritualists, which is the strongest in the West, has had for a long time under consideration the building of a college where the young men and women of this section may receive mental training and be made thoroughly acquainted with the laws and theory of Spiritualism. Dr. West-erfield, President of the Indiana Association, states that the matter of raising the endowment for the establishment of a college is now under way. A number of wealthy Spiritualists over the entire country have signified their willingness to give liberally to the college. Carroll Bonnenberg has not only donated the ground for the college site, but has headed the subscription with \$1,500 cash. It is the intention

to begin the buildings this fall. The location is a beautiful one, and being so close to the Spiritualists' headquarters, and the heart of the great Indiana gas belt, it will undoubtedly prove a success." There is evidently some mistake in the reference to the "institution" at Oneida. There is no Spiritualist college, no college conducted by Spiritualists and in which the truths of modern Spiritualism are taught in the United States. Nor is such a college needed. The establishment of such an institution would mean merely one more poorly equipped sectarian institution added to the already too large number existing. Spiritualism is making its influence felt everywhere, in the churches as well as outside of them, in the college and in the shop, among men of learning and among the unlettered, and it is contributing to modify creeds and to abate the sectarian spirit. Apart from the fact of spirit life and spirit intercourse there is no unanimity of belief among Spiritualists as such, and there is no need of an institution to teach these fundamental facts.

A Catholic priest of South Meriden, Conn., Father Moore, forbade some young women of his congregation keeping company with Protestant young men, threatening to expel them from the church if they persisted in doing so. To one of these young women the priest has refused communion, she having said that neither Father Moore nor any other man should stop her from keeping company with whom she pleased. Some of the girls have promised to comply with the priest's demand. Father Moore is reported as saying: I have been looking over the marriages in this place and Yalesville for a number of years past and I have found records of twenty-three "mixed" marriages. By "mixed" I mean the union of Roman Catholic and Protestant people. Such unions tend to degenerate the faith on both sides and as a result generally end in infidelity. Of the twenty-three marriages I referred to not a child of any of them attends a church of any description. The rules of the church are decidedly against such unions, and I see that at a recent gathering of Protestant ministers in New York they passed resolutions to the same effect or did something similar to put a stop to these so-called "mixed" marriages. The Roman Catholic church permits no such marriage unless under special dispensation and a written statement from the Protestant to allow the Catholic to follow the teachings of our church. Jacob Boehme says: "The Anti-christ is they who claim that God (good-will) is dwelling outside of this world, so that they may (with their evil-will) rule in it as gods." It is pretty evident that the Roman Catholic priests and priests proper in general, are Anti-christ; for Boehme's description applies to them and they neither teach the doctrines nor inculcate the spirit of Christ. From the standpoint of a priest whatever tends to break down the barriers of sectarianism is to be opposed. Whatever in his opinion tends to perpetuate sectarianism and his authority over one class of worshipers is to be encouraged. Fortunately in this age of intellectual activity and liberality the course of the Meriden priest is such that it will lessen his influence and make his authority of small account over those who have breathed the American atmosphere a few years.

SPIRIT, THE ESSENCE OF ALL THINGS.

The doctrine that man is a spirit is very ancient, as old probably as reflective thought. Any one who has dropped a sounding line into the depths of his own consciousness or exercised much retrospection must find it difficult to think of himself as only a combination of material elements. The early philosophers upon subjecting the world of sense to the scrutiny of thought, pronounced it an appearance, solid-seeming as it looks and feels. They saw that to persons differently endowed in the matter of senses, or with an additional sense it would be no longer the world which it seems to be to us, constituted as we are at present, but quite another affair. In one of his lectures Felix Adler says, that in course of time, even the scientific materialists concede, "intellectual organs may be developed as far transcending ours as ours transcend those of the wallowing reptile of antediluvian times. To such an intelligence, many secrets might be revealed which are hidden from us, many clouds dispelled which shroud our vision, and depths of wisdom unbarred which to us are sealed. The human intellect is crippled and matter and force are the two crutches with which it walks in the pursuit of knowledge. But it is possible to conceive of an intelligence which shall be not crippled, but perfect; which shall not stoop, but walk erect. Such an intelligence would also cast these crutches from it, and move with a freedom and celerity toward the ends of knowledge which is to us unimaginable." That may be thought of which cannot be imagined, cannot be perceived as an image, cannot be pictured as a form. The creation of something out of nothing can be thought of, but it cannot be represented in thought and it is therefore unpicturable.

The doctrine that man is essentially a spirit, that all force or power is in the last analysis spiritual, was believed by the wisest thinkers of antiquity and accords with the best scientific thought of to-day. Light is strictly a spiritual fact of consciousness, for the vibrating ether is not itself luminous. There is no fragrance in a rose except as the mind by its unifying powers perceives it, and there is no musical quality in the waves of the air, save as the mind through hearing constructs it. The fragrant and musical qualities are both mental, not material.

As Lewes says "Nature, in her insentient solitude, is eternal darkness and eternal silence." This proposition is incontestable in the present age of a dynamical philosophy of matter. Matter is the pliant garment of spirit which is constantly woven "in the roaring loom of Time." As the mountains, the cloud-bearing Alps and Andes, are in geological perspective attenuated into undulating vapor and fire-mist, so the science and philosophy of this century idealize matter into a vibratory force or power, so to speak, of which what is seen and felt as matter is but a phenomenon. The essence of all things is spirit, which is therefore a word of the sublimest import. Death, so-called, which John Stuart Mill defines to be a mere cessation of the stimulus of the sensible world, clothes us with a more subtle, pervasive and beautiful corporeity. To "the land of souls" as Byron called it we all migrate sooner or latter. The migration is a change of corporeal costume, rather than a long journey to a distant land.

In the light of modern psychology and psychical science the human body is literally a breathing house, as Coleridge calls it, not made with hands, but slowly adapted to the temporal and temporary use of the spirit or inner man, who peers through its eyes as windows, makes the hands the executive organs of his will, the tongue the exponent of his thoughts, and ears and nostrils the avenues of distinct classes of sensations, pleasurable or otherwise. Brain, lungs, stomach and heart are all organs of spirit, each with a special significance and function. The brain is as supreme in position as it is in function, it being the capital or crown of the corporeal shaft, and the chosen seat, with its intricate nerve labyrinths of the mind which is enthroned in it as in a citadel. The Swedenborgian psycho-physiologist, Wilkinson, likens the lungs to a balloon tethered in the chest. "The

breathing lungs," he says, "are the barometer that indicates the peace or the power or the storm of the soul; the heart is the animal man himself; hearing is a new-born palace of the air, whose shakes are music and whose winds are speech. And the eye, round like the world and rolling on its axis, communes afresh with the whole possessions of light, and sees all, from the sun to the landscape, in the glass of that glory which is an image of the truth."

The atoms of chemistry are not the primary atoms of philosophy, and matter is not the underlying reality and basis of phenomena. That is spirit, that which feels and thinks and loves.

STATISTICS OF IMMIGRATION.

Ex-Senator Ingalls in a lecture at Madison, Wisconsin, recently said: "I read the other day that there were something like 15,000,000 foreign-born citizens now in America. The most of them are desirable additions to our citizenship. They are welcome to break bread and take salt with us at the banquet of liberty. But there is a large element among them that would make good strangers, in my opinion—very good strangers. I saw not a great while ago in St. Louis, in the Union depot there, a cargo of men and women that were the dregs of the civilization of the educated nations of Europe, not one of whom could speak the English language. They didn't man by man and woman by woman, have clothing enough among them to wad a double-barreled shotgun with. They were under the control of men that were leading them as sheep are led by the shepherd, and yet in six months every one of these men would have the right to say what taxes should be imposed upon my property, if they settled in Kansas, and what manner of man should be chosen governor and representative in Congress, and judge to interpret and administer the law. If it were not for the fear of arousing the antagonism of those who desire to propitiate the foreign vote I should say that the naturalization period might be profitably extended." The remarks of the eloquent Kansan are very suggestive.

Major Brock, chief of the bureau of statistics of the treasury department, has made the immigration to the United States the subject of a special report which is soon to be published. The facts are of sufficient interest to warrant their presentation here in a condensed form.

No official record was made of the influx of foreign population to this country before 1820, but the immigration from the close of the revolutionary war to that time is estimated at 225,000. The arrivals of immigrants from 1821 to 1890 have reached 15,641,688. The proportion of arrivals from Europe has increased from 68.89 per cent. of the whole immigration in the period from 1821 to 1830 to 91.67 per cent. in the years from 1881 to 1890.

The following figures give the arrivals of each nationality during the entire period from 1820 to 1890: Germany, 4,551,719; Ireland, 3,501,688; England, 2,460,034; British North American possessions, 1,029,083; Norway and Sweden, 943,330; Austria-Hungary, 464,435; Italy, 414,513; France, 340,162; Russia and Poland, 356,353; Scotland, 329,192; China, 292,578; Switzerland, 174,333; Denmark, 146,237; all other countries, 606,006.

The only leading countries from which arrivals have fallen off during the past ten years are France and China. The year of the largest immigration yet reported was that ended June 30, 1882, when the arrivals were 788,992.

The immigration from Italy to the United States was 15,401 for the fiscal year 1881 and has steadily increased until 1890, when it was 52,003, and the present year ending June 30, 1891, when the total for ten months has reached 51,153, as against 34,310 for the corresponding months of 1890. The immigration from Hungary, Russia and Poland also shows a rapid increase.

Of the arrivals during the ten years from 1881 to 1890, 3,205,911 (or 61.1 per cent.) were males and 2,040,702 (or 38.9 per cent.) were females. The greatest proportion of females has come from Ireland;

the smallest percentage of females from Italy and Hungary.

The classification of the character of the immigration during the last decade shows that only 26,257 males were of the professional classes, 414,552 were skilled laborers, 1,833,325 were of miscellaneous occupations, 73,327 made no statement in regard to occupation and 759,450 were without occupation. Of the 2,040,702 females 1,724,454 were without occupation.

The professional class—which embraces musicians, teachers, clergymen, artists, lawyers, physicians, etc.—is a very inconsiderable proportion, or, .051 per cent. of the whole. Those of skilled occupations, which class embraces forty or more different occupations, and those who have acquired trades by careful training and experience, such as blacksmiths, carpenters, coopers, iron workers, machinists, printers, gardeners, dress-makers, miners, tailors, etc., also make up a very small proportion of the total immigration. They, in fact, represent but 10.30 per cent. of the whole number of immigrants. The two classes, professional and skilled occupations, combined, make 10.35 per cent. of the whole body of immigrants.

EMERSON ON IMMORTALITY.

We once heard Ralph Waldo Emerson lecture on Immortality. The lecture was a summing up of the results of human wisdom on the great problem of human destiny. He quoted ancient and modern authors from Plato to Goethe. The ancient Egyptians, he said, lived constantly with the idea of death before them. With them, the chief end of life was to be well buried; the strength of race was spent in excavating catacombs, and erecting pyramids, and their priesthood was a senate of sextons. The Greeks on the contrary, discarded the gloomy ideas of death, and believed in an active, joyous life. Christianity, taking its hue from the barbarous minds who first received it, consecrated burial places with holy water, in which only the faithful were to be interred. The superiority of the new theology over the old is seen in the change which has taken place in our places of sepulchre; the gloomy graveyards superseded by beautiful cemeteries, beneath whose leafy colonnades we now bury our dead. Sixty years ago, under the influence of Calvinism, and the Catholic idea of Purgatory, death was held up to the young as something dreadful; the books read were Young's "Night Thoughts," Watts's Hymns, and works "On Death." The young were taught that they were born to die. A change has now come over our way of thinking of this matter and it is seen that death is a natural event, to be met with firmness. A great man has had placed on his tomb the words, "Think on Living." This is the true philosophy. Sufficient for to-day the duty of to-day. The way to prepare for death is to perform well the duty of the hour.

The first element of natural faith in the immortality of the soul, is our delight in that which is permanent. We delight in immense periods of time, in rocks, mountains, and whatever has stability and permanency. We are interested in nothing that ends. The idea of a candle a mile long does not move us, but a self-feeding inextinguishable lamp, enkindles the imagination.

Secondly, this love of permanence corresponds with the wants of our nature. It proves that there is something in us that must have longer time for its development than earth can give. Most men are insolvent; they have failed to fulfill the promise of their youth. Few great authors or artists consider their work equal to their ideals. The Creator having given us this consciousness of undeveloped powers will give further space in which to develop them—immortality is space in which to fulfill your idea.

Another argument for immortality is our intellectual activity. The work of the intellect, unlike that of the hands, is never done. The result of all human knowledge is only to know how much more there is yet to be known. And the most cogent argument for immortality is our appetite for all knowledge. God would not have implanted this within our breast if he

had not intended to give us space for its gratification. The argument for immortality of the soul with Mr. Emerson was a conclusion, an inference, not a demonstration, and he thought man's dissatisfaction with any other conclusion blazng evidence of his immortality. Such in substance according to our notes and recollections, was the thought presented in Emerson's lecture given in a New England village many years ago.

MME. BLAVATSKY'S SUCCESSOR.

It is now announced that Marie, Countess of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar, will succeed the late Mme Blavatsky as leader of the Theosophical Society, in Europe. Lady Caithness has long been known as a Spiritualist, having years ago during the lifetime of her husband, when she resided in New York, become deeply interested in and an investigator of Spiritualism. She is a gifted and accomplished woman but not free from some conceits and vagaries which lessen her influence, such as the belief confided to her friends that Marie Stuart had reincarnated herself in her (Lady Caithness') body. For twenty years this widow of one of the most blue-blooded Earls of the British peerage has disregarded the conventionalities of aristocratic society and has been one of the most talked about women in England. She has a large fortune and an income of more than \$100,000 a year. She is a pleasing writer and has published several works. In appearance she is described as of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes and always richly dressed—quite a contrast to her Cossack predecessor.

The impecunious and variegated theosophic cabal desires nothing so much as a rich woman whose regular stipend they can secure in exchange for fulsome flattery and prolific production of theosophical jargon which they neither understand themselves or expect any one else will. Intellectual virility and moral fibre are not wanted in the esoteric ring of the so-called theosophical society. Pretense, pounds and pence are what "go" and "fetch." With all her superstitions, mental aberrations, ambitions and vanity, Lady Caithness is a refined and cultured woman with a spiritual nature, whose soul will revolt at the Blavatskian coarseness and duplicity with which the theosophical troupe of actors and dupes are saturated, with here and there a marked exception, if ever she comes to realize the true status of her sycophants. Of course, extraordinary precautions will be taken to have her see only that which those who are bent on depleting her treasury know will be pleasing to her. If she but summons resolution and instead of standing in front of the Blavatsky cabinet will go behind she will find how the actors work their tricks. The latest dispatches say that there is likely to be a contest over the leadership of the theosophical society. No doubt the scheming Irishman who was Blavatsky's tool will fight hard for the sceptre, either for himself or one he can control.

This is weather in which the dogs suffer much, and, for the most part, needlessly, says the *Chicago Inter Ocean*. They are thirsty, and drinking fountains are few. They are hot, they perspire through the tongue, and ignorant and nervous people imagine the dripping sweat to be foam of madness. The hotter the weather the greater their desire to loll their tongues to the breeze, but a refinement of cruelty demands that they shall be muzzled during the very months in which muzzling is most irritating to them. Any doctor will testify that nervous irritation is more likely to lead to insanity than any other physical condition, yet we subject the dog to nervous irritation in the hope of preventing insanity. That canine madness is a condition induced with difficulty, and rarely induced at all, is proven conclusively by the fact that the torture of muzzling fails to make it common. But even the muzzled beast is not allowed to roam unmolested. The dog catcher pursues him with his cruel noose, and even a license tag does not always protect him from the hideous torture of the lasso. The dog catcher often is a dog thief. . . . The cruel vice of dog poisoning is alarmingly frequent. Would, drug-

gists make confession they could name hundreds of reputable persons, church members, humanitarians by profession, who regularly purchase poison for the sole purpose of dropping it where dogs will be likely to eat it. They do not design to poison any particular dog, they simply are victims of dog-hatred; they themselves are insane in belief that every dog is a body of latent insanity that may develop at any moment into fierce madness, and they think that they are doing good work whenever they poison a dog of any kind. Any one who has witnessed the patient suffering, the pleading and forgiving look of a dog that has come home to die of poison that has been administered to it on the street can not but feel indignation toward the insanely cruel human being who put the fatal dose in the beast's way. "Why," say imploring eyes, of the sufferer, "why, am I thus tortured? I have done no one harm. I have licked the hands of little children. I have wagged my tail when the baby in the perambulator passed, and he has crowed his pleased acknowledgment of my salute. I have been dangerous only to the vicious. Why am I tormented by this burning thirst? Who has poisoned me?" The fellow who wantonly poisons a dog is to be watched when he administers medicine to a relative whose life is insured, or food to a person whose death would benefit him. The descent of Avernus is swift.

The *Springfield Republican* says that when an avowed agnostic has personal experience of so-called psychic phenomena, a record of such experience is worth reading, "especially if the observer be considered honest, intelligent and critical." That journal then says in regard to Mrs. Underwood's paper published in the *Arena* for August: Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, who tells her story in the August *Arena*, is the wife of B. F. Underwood, well known as a writer and lecturer of the extreme radical school in theology, and these experiences of his wife were also observed and participated in by this radical agnostic. Mrs. Underwood is the "medium" through which these phenomena appear, and they consist principally in messages written by her hand without conscious effort or knowledge of what she is about to write or is writing. The communications differed, showing marked individuality in penmanship as well as contents, and all purported to come from persons formerly on the earth, but now dwelling amid widely different surroundings. The matter of these messages include stories of past events, some of which could be verified by the Underwoods and some of which were false; identification of individuals by recalling forgotten events in the common experience of Mr. Underwood and the communicating influence; and poems with a decidedly Browning flavor, which Mrs. Underwood is sure she did not compose; not to mention some amusing masqueradings of inferiors under great names. One of these verses is worth copying; Mrs. Underwood's hand wrote "One Word More," and then these lines:

Round goes the world as song birds go,
There comes an age of overthrow—
Strange dreams come true, yet still we dream
Of deeper depths in life's swift stream.

This is in brief Mrs. Underwood's story, without including the vision of a face she saw while bending over a dying friend. It will be seen that all such experiences run on the same lines, and none of them has any satisfying quality.

Col. John R. Thompson, of the office of Secretary of the Senate, as related by Edward Wright Brady in the *Washington Post* recently said: I don't think I was ever superstitious about anything until recently. Of course you recollect the late Col. Thomas A. Morrow, one of the most whole-souled of men? Well, he used to be in our office frequently when Congress was in session. He learned that I had a weakness for canes, that they were in a manner my "fad." One day Col. Morrow said he had a very old stick at home which he would present to me, adding that he thought it would be an interesting addition to my collection. Not long after that Col. Morrow brought

the cane. Before handing it to me he said: "Thompson, I have changed my mind about giving you this cane. It has a strange history. I can trace it back to 1803, and it has had twenty owners since that time. The strange part of it is that each time the stick changed owners by gift the person who gave it away died within two weeks after. I am just superstitious enough not to give you the cane, but I will sell it to you for five cents." I felt incredulous, of course, as to any occult power the cane might possess, but to satisfy the colonel I fished out a nickel and bought and paid for the stick, he receiving the money as a necessary part of the transaction. Thus a legal consideration had been given and received for the cane. Col. Morrow died within two weeks of that day. Is it surprising that I am now a little superstitious and eye that cane askance?

Two characteristics mark the age. One is a restless curiosity to study the hidden pathways of being, to illuminate darkness, penetrate mysteries. It is the age of microscope, telescope, and spectroscope. The eager quest of the scientific spirit is seen in natural history, physiology, literature, and religious and political history. Tradition can set no limits to the pursuit of truth, and no one now dares to brand this earnest curiosity as irreverence or infidelity. But another spirit is equally manifest. It is the frank confession of the limitations of human knowledge, the impossibility of clearing up the mysteries which lie beyond the domain of our knowledge. There is an agnosticism in philosophy and theology which stands out in strong contrast to the theological dogmatism which had mapped and published the whole plan of the universe. Of the two, agnosticism is more modest and cautious. Both of these characteristics, the earnest search for truth and the patient acknowledgment of human limitations, are necessary; but, for the pursuit of truth, faith is necessary to impel our curiosity, and hope is necessary to turn our doubt and ignorance into trust and expectation. Agnosticism as an intellectual trait may be but one aspect of modesty and candor; but, as an emotional trait, it is negative and hesitant, and need to be reenforced by the sentiments of hope and faith.—*Christian Register*.

The summer schools this year, which have increased in numbers, activity, and area of study, are a striking illustration of the restless, eager determination of young Americans to acquire knowledge as fast as possible on the largest possible variety of subjects, says the *Chicago Tribune*. It is not many years since the famous Concord School of Philosophy was the only summer school in the country. Since that has disappeared, partly owing to the old age and infirmities of its regular attendants and partly because the rising generation has no use for philosophies of the Concord sort, a successor has been started which shoots lower than the Alcott standard and is known as the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics. This, however, is largely a school of theories and speculations, which, though not as transcendental as those which used to be taught at Concord, are nevertheless a little too airy and elevated for the masses. The scholars are found at the Plymouth school in considerable numbers, but the successful summer schools have been those based upon the Chautauquan idea. As they cover everything from A to izzard in the way of knowledge, and combine diversion with intellectual effort they have been specially attractive to the great crowd of young men and young women who wish to enjoy a pleasant outing with the possibilities of becoming erudite.

Rev. G. A. Sabin, says in the *Universalist*: "We have nothing to expect from Calvinism nor Unitarianism. One is error, the other is death. Universalism must enlighten and save the world." The *Christian Register* quotes the above to illustrate that this writer wrests even from Unitarians their distinction for self-complacency. There are, it should be remembered, two kinds of Universalism, that which is progressive and that which is fossilized.

THE OPEN COURT

TO HELL AND BACK IN A FORTNIGHT.

[On his return from the annual convention of the National Editorial Association at St. Paul and trip to Yellowstone Park the editor, who seldom has a moment's leisure, found himself overwhelmed with work and therefore the more readily accepted the offer of his friend, Curtis, who always accompanies him in his outings, to write up the trip. A condition of the offer, to which the editor had to agree, was that his friend should not be dictated to as to style or subject-matter; consequently the editor does not hold himself responsible either morally or legally.—ED. JOURNAL.]

We have been to hell—THE JOURNAL editor, his wife and daughter and I, together with one hundred and fifty other editors and editorial appendages and accessories. Naughty Gothamites and Pharisaical Bostonese declare that we of Chicago need not go away from home to find Lucifer's domain, but then everybody knows how to take those green-eyed cavillers. Yes, I have always believed that if there was a hell it must be in this country. Everybody now knows that the Garden of Eden was here; and have not Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon proven by their finds in Central America that civilization on this continent antedates that of Egypt? Has not this intrepid pair of explorers proven that the Sphinx and other Eastern wonders were borrowed ideas, the originals existing in America, and why should not the truly, truly and only original hell be here, too? It is here! Somewhat dilapidated, to be sure, but still a good working orthodox hell. Our party has been there; it is a comfortable, entertaining place and we like it. We are reasonable; and although all regret we could not have seen it at its best, yet our sorrow is mitigated by the thought that had we visited it then, there were no newspapers to print the story and no editors to corroborate one another's accounts. I can give you, curious reader, the exact location of this supposed-to-be mythical but very real place. It is in Wyoming, north of latitude 44 and west of longitude 110. The current belief out there is that to its location is due the fact that women there first secured unrestricted suffrage. Duplicates would have been started in other states of the Union by General Susan B. Anthony had not Uncle Sam interfered and forbidden the removal of any part of the original. It is not now called by its good old name but is known as

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

A very good sized pleasure ground it is, too, being fifty-five miles wide and sixty-five miles long, containing 3,575 square miles—nearly three times as large as the state of Rhode Island. It is exactly 1,470 miles from Chicago by railroad—thus will be seen at a glance the error of Chicago's would-be rivals in asserting its proximity to the World's Fair City and the future center of the business, intellectual and religious world.

Here are some of the very appropriate names of places in the Park viewed or visited by the editors—many of them ex-devils, (whilom printer's devils): Devil's Kitchen, Devil's Slide, Devil's Punch Bowl, Devil's Bath tub, Hell's Half Acre, Hoodoo Mountains, and Goblin Land; and His Satanic Majesty's Thumb, pointing upward and attracting attention to the numerous sulphurous hot-water pools beyond, is one of the notable objects first seen when dashing up to the Mammoth Springs Hotel piazza behind the spirited six-horse teams which convey visitors from the railroad station at Cinnabar seven miles away. (By the way, I wonder how many visitors—even editors—know that cinnabar is sulphuret of mercury).

Yellowstone Park—the modern name—contains a greater number of natural wonders than can be found in an equal area elsewhere on the globe. Though half as large as the state of Massachusetts it makes but a small spot in the great state of Wyoming, which is as large as all New England with New Jersey thrown in and room still left for nearly a score of states the size of Rhode Island. Large as is the Park it is too small, and efforts are making to induce Congress to enlarge its area twenty miles on the east and the same distance on the south, thereby embracing

not only the summer haunts of the game that inhabit the present Park in winter but giving necessary protection to the forests at the headwaters of the largest rivers in the United States.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that the theological myth of a burning lake of brimstone had its origin in this region; for here are numberless boiling cauldrons of sulphureted water, thousands of pits—called paint pots, where masses of scorching-hot clay mixed with sulphur and other mineral substances seethe and sputter unceasingly, regardless of wind or weather, season or lapse of time. From vents in canyon rocks and mountain sides superheated sulphureted steam fries the surface and discharges upon the outer air suffocating fumes of sulphurous anhydride. From the ten-thousand-degree-heated subterranean furnaces are heard terror-inspiring growls and fierce rumblings, as though a million devils had rebelled and in one awful mob were struggling toward the upper world for light and air and betterment of their condition. The rumbling grows nearer, a huge pool redoubles its perturbation and spasmodically spirts angry jets of scalding water; the pool visibly increases in volume as it rolls and surges and hisses, suddenly, and fiercely as though fired from hell's biggest catapult a huge jet of water and steam shoots above the main body; up, up, up it goes, fifty, one hundred, two hundred and now and then two hundred and fifty feet; here for a minute it seems to stand like a pillar of wrath or a token of the hell-mob's terrible power; then, like all other exacerbations, it exhausts its force; the roar slackens, the volume of water lessens, the propelling force weakens. Slowly and reluctantly, with many attempts to recoup its strength it obeys the inevitable; sinks back to earth, and resumes its normal state of fretful unrest, only to gather force for another outbreak. Thus goes on the interminable exhibit of nature in this wild region.

Thousands of these boiling springs are to be found in the Park. Geysers abound, some of them surpassing all others in the world. From a single rent is a never-ceasing flow of steam representing power enough to move the heaviest railroad train at the rate of a mile a minute could it only be utilized. Here and there on the hill and mountain sides and on the formations caused by the overflow of springs are streaks and patches of sulphur seemingly as pure as the flowers of sulphur of commerce. Of the Geysers the most remarkable are: the Bee Hive which at irregular intervals of from ten to thirty hours spouts for eight minutes, and throws a column two hundred feet high. The Castle which is active once in from ten to thirty hours only throws one hundred and fifty feet, but the volume is immense, accompanied by a deafening roar and great quantities of steam. Old Faithful is probably the greatest favorite as it can be depended upon to show its best effort once in sixty-five minutes regardless of the outer world's seasons or temperature; and as it throws the scalding water one hundred and fifty feet high for four minutes it is in the front rank. I shall not weary the reader by longer dwelling on these marvelous exhibitions of nature's resources. Awe-inspiring as are the geysers they are but a part of the wonders of this wonderland *par excellence*. Prismatic Lake, Morning Glory Spring, Artemisia Spring, Emerald Pool and other water scenes need to be seen; no language can do them justice; but these sights and the vast group to which they belong are only a part of what is offered. To those who have time, inclination and endurance the Hoodoo Region or Goblin Land, so I was assured, offers a weirdly wild region for exploration, and this is only one of many sections of the Park that will in the near future be accessible to all travelers.

GREAT FALLS AND CANYON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

To me, and I believe to most visitors, the falls and canyon of the Yellowstone offer the grandest as well as the most pleasing sights, though not so unique as, and devoid of the dread-inspiring characteristics of, the spouting, sulphureted symposium. To get out of the infernal regions which, by the way, are at an average altitude of 7,000 feet, and to reach a spot

where we could with one sweep of vision view the indescribably beautiful canyon and the great fall which drops the water of the Yellowstone three hundred and sixty feet at a single bound was, indeed, like being suddenly transported from regions uncanny to Paradise. Here one can sit and see the river fifteen hundred feet below, running like a band of silver among the variegated rocks; and up the backward-sloping walls of the canyon the eye feasts on coloring so magnificently rich that no artist's brush and no language of mortals can do it justice. Here at an altitude of 8,000 feet cool breezes from snow clad mountains visible in the distance fan the brow of the tired but enraptured beholder as he gazes upon the wondrous handiwork of God and sees the eagle hovering over its young safely ensconced in the nest upon the top of a crag a thousand feet above the water. Here one may get close to the Great Spirit, and in the gratitude of one's heart give such silent thanks as never before, that one lives and is a part of God's stupendous work.

Nowhere does one more fully realize the possibilities of human achievement and the incongruities which the rapid strides of endeavor and invention have wrought within the lifetime of middle-aged people, than in Yellowstone Park. The hotel at Yellowstone Canyon, like others in the Park, is heated with steam and lighted by electricity; and it has all the appointments and accessories of a metropolitan establishment. On the evening of our arrival I saw, as did others, a beautiful wild deer within three hundred yards of the hotel. It pricked up its ears, as we passed within an hundred yards, and looked at us without fear. By telepathy I got this message from the beauty: "I am not at all scared; I am quite aware that Uncle Sam has forbidden shooting in this Park; I and my kind have learned where we are safe, and we propose to remain and raise our families right here on this reservation. If you will kill off the few remaining mountain lions and disperse the gnats that annoy us, we will give you a sight of us often, and induce the elk and buffalo to do the same." On the same evening and no farther from the hotel, Mr. Page, Secretary of the National Editorial Association, saw a bear which exhibited the same indifference to human company. An hour later this same bear frightened three young ladies of the party nearly into hysterics. They were about to cross a bridge when they caught sight of the old settler leisurely making his way toward them from the other side. As this feature of the trip had not been promulgated officially by Secretary Page, nor exploited in the guide book, the young women were filled with mortal fear and stood not upon the order of their going, but "got," in the expressive vernacular of this region. The next day five elk were seen near the stage road. Buffalo are rarely seen unless one goes off the regular route, but occasionally they are glimpsed; and at the Mammoth Springs Hotel are the remains of two Concord coaches wrecked at different times by being in the way of the ungainly beasts in their blind rushes—when they turn out for nothing and do not stop at a precipice. It is estimated that about one hundred and fifty buffalo are now within the limits of the Park, and the scouts and guards know where to find them.

ACCOMMODATIONS AND FACILITIES.

The hotels in the Park are within easy stages of one another, and well kept. Prices are less than one might anticipate, and no more than at first-class houses in the great cities, although here everything they consume has to be brought from the Pacific Coast—eight hundred miles away, or from points in the East varying from 1,000 to 3,000 miles. The facilities for transportation are nearly faultless. There were one hundred and fifty-five in our party, and the stage company not only made us all perfectly comfortable, but took care of an equal number more, comprising the usual run of visitors at this season. Mr. Wakefield, the head of the transportation department, is a general. His great energy, executive ability, and, above all, his kindness of heart through which he endears himself to his employees and to all with whom he comes in contact, fit him for the very responsible position he fills. Without

such a man, there would be little pleasure in traveling in the Park; indeed, it would have to remain a *terra incognita* to thousands of those who are now annually making the round with comparative ease and comfort.

STAGE DRIVERS.

There is a current belief in the East that western stage drivers are a wicked lot, that profanity and recklessness abound among them, and that they delight in frightening and shocking proper people from Yankee-land and other less cultivated regions of the outside world. This notion, like many other full grown myths, is at once disabled when a person of ordinary sense and a modicum of tact and consideration engages it at close quarters. Like Editor Bundy, for whom I am doing this work, I was born in the West about fifty years ago, before the days of railroads. My earliest recollections are of the Concord stage coach and the awe-compelling and greatly-to-be-envied driver who sat upon the box, cracking his long whip and handling his four or six horses with the skill and grace of a master. I've cultivated an intimate acquaintance with him, as opportunity offered, from those infantile days until now, and I freely confess, I would sooner take his chances of a ranche in Paradise than a certificate of entry from many of the deacons and preachers—with all due respect to these worthies. He isn't a saint by a long shot, but he is apt to be a hero—in embryo or full grown according to his opportunities. He treats his animals with kindness, understands human as well as horse nature, will risk his life any time for his passengers, is long suffering and patient even when the inquisitorial idiot tortures him with silly questions by the hour, or the hysterical woman shrieks for the thousandth time, "be careful, driver!" or essays to instruct him in horsemanship. The stage drivers in Yellowstone Park have before now been slandered by priggish or puritanical "tenderfeet" in order to make their tales more taking with eastern readers. I am sure our entire party has nothing but praise and good feeling for the twenty stalwart fellows who drove the decidedly mirthsome and always-on-the-alert editorial aggregation for four days. The stories they told would make the fortune of some of the high pressure publishing houses that send out sensational paper-covered books as "second-class" matter in order to beat the U. S. postal department and save a large sum annually by the sharp practice—much to the disgust of newspaper publishers for whom only was the low rate of postage originally established.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Saint Paul of old, was if history may be relied on, a wide awake all-around hustler, dominating all and everything within the circle of his activity. The devotion, ability and energy of the man are still potent forces of the world. There is in one of the northern tier of states a modern wonder, a municipality which within a generation has grown great, rich, powerful, aggressive and ambitious. Its name is Saint Paul and it partakes of all the strong and noble qualities of the character whose name it bears; but has a far broader and more liberal spirit; it is abreast of the times in religion and ethics, as well as in commerce and sociology. Saint Paul holds the key to the greatest Park in the world. Until a foothold was obtained in Chicago not long ago, it was one of the termini, and the principal one, of the gigantic system known as the Northern-Pacific railroad by which alone can Yellowstone Park be directly and easily reached. Everybody knows how to reach Saint Paul, and once there, Pullman palace cars are in waiting to transport the traveller across the splendid states of Minnesota and North Dakota, through the greatest wheat producing region of the world, passing the Bad Lands—which are not so bad—on into imperially endowed Montana, where at Glendive the railroad strikes the valley of the Yellowstone and over a steady grade makes up that splendid river toward its source amid the picturesque canyons of the Rockies to Livingston, a thriving and beautifully located little city. At Livingston tourists are transferred to a branch which carries them fifty-five miles to Cinnabar where commodious coaches are in waiting to transport passengers by a

splendid road to Mammoth Springs hotel within the boundaries of the Park and at an elevation of 6,270 feet above the sea. A hundred miles away, as one approaches, the snow covered peaks of the Rocky Mountains break upon the vision and thrill the visitor with awe and eager desire for nearer inspection. It should be said before leaving this theme that the happiness and comfort of the editorial party were greatly augmented by the attentive care of Mr. B. N. Austin, assistant general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific. One should see this wonderland of his own country and other wonderlands of which America is so prolific before going abroad in search of sights.

SEVENTH NATIONAL EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

This convention which continued from July 14 to 17 inclusive in Saint Paul was the largest and most interesting ever held by the association. Over four hundred delegates took part in the proceedings and the editorial party so royally welcomed by the citizens of Saint Paul numbered over one thousand. The press of all sections of the country was represented, every state and territory. The papers and discussions were of great value to the profession. There can be no doubt that these annual gatherings of men and women who wield such potent influence are of immeasurable value to the public at large, through the individual benefits secured to each participant by the interchange of ideas and experiences. It is not within my province to go into details of matters of more interest to the editorial profession than to THE JOURNAL'S readers. It is enough to say that through these annual convocations of people representing the best and most progressive thought of all parts of this nation there must of necessity be evolved a greater and ever increasing spirit of fraternity. Nothing is so well calculated to kill out sectional prejudices and lead to closer community of interests, to a lofty patriotism and a broad and generous humanitarian spirit as is this National Editorial Association with its yearly meetings and steadily growing bonds of respect and brotherly love.

President E. W. Stephens of Columbia, Mo., burst upon the consciousness of the convention like a revelation. His dignified demeanor, great tact, deep knowledge of human nature, amiability combined with decision, fine executive ability, and the evidence of unlimited power in reserve impressed everybody. Had it not been unconstitutional he would have been forced to serve another year by unanimous acclaim. Hon. W. S. Cappellar, of Mansfield, Ohio, was elected president for the ensuing year. He is said to be a man of ability, and he needs to be, as it will be a difficult task to follow after Mr. Stephens. Mr. J. M. Page, of Jerseyville, Illinois, was reelected secretary. No one else was mentioned; for all felt that this, the most laborious and trying position in the association, could not be so well filled by any other member. To Mr. Page's ability and industry is due in large degree the splendid success of the seventh convention.

On their way to St. Paul delegates and their families to the number of several hundred spent Sunday in Chicago, where they were taken in hand by the Bureau of Promotion and Publicity of the World's Fair, assisted by the Press Club of Chicago. Carriages and tally-ho coaches carried the visitors to the site of the Fair at Jackson Park, and in the evening the Press Club gave a reception at their rooms in honor of the guests. On Monday morning the Chicago & North-Western Railway furnished a special train of Pullman cars to transport those who had rendezvoused in Chicago. Assistant General Passenger Agent Kniskern was in charge, and no crowned head or presidential ruler ever rode in greater state or received more lavish attention than did this body of modest editorial workers. At Milwaukee, Waukesha and Madison, they were the recipients of special courtesies from citizens and officials.

HOW SAINT PAUL DID IT.

I have traveled considerably, as in duty bound, with my particular editor, and have seen generous displays of courtesy in all parts of the country; but I have never seen such lavish outlays of goodwill and prodigal offerings of attention as were showered upon the editorial guests by the people

of Saint Paul. Space cruelly limits adequate mention. Suffice it to say that the generous people of that glorious city simply gave up possession of the place, turning it over to their guests. With the public and private expenditures made on account of the visit of the association Saint Paul must have let go of not less than \$40,000 in cash, and millions in kindly acts and feeling. That the citizens of Saint Paul and the material interests of that phenomenal center of wealth, enterprise and intelligence will always have a warm place in the hearts of the editors and their kin is assured.

I was just preparing to add another column to this account believing that injustice would be done if I stopped short of that, when the terrified countenance and despairing wail of the editor as he caught sight of the pile of manuscript caused me to weaken; and to gasp, "this is all." CURTIS.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Great Northern Railway, known also as "The Manitoba," is entitled to the thanks of the editorial party for an excursion to and a steamboat ride around Lake Minnetonka as well as for a banquet at the Hotel Lafayette, at which over a thousand sat down. Mr. F. I. Whitney, the General Passenger Agent of this road is an old Chicago man. He offered the association a train over his road and did all and more than even the most importunate editor could demand.

In the great reservation of Yellowstone Park, which is wholly under national control, the national colors were nowhere seen except over the tent of Larry Matthews, a witty and patriotic Irishman who had charge of the lunch station at the head of Hayden's Valley. The absence of the flag, even at military headquarters, had been a fruitful cause of comment in the party, and by none more severely criticised than by the many editors from the Southern States. When the stars and stripes were seen floating over Larry's canvas the patriotic enthusiasm of the company broke forth, and Hayden's Valley and the recesses of Mary's Mountain reverberated with the echoes of "America" as the song floated away from hundreds of throats. The attention of General Noble who, as Secretary of Interior, has control of the park, is earnestly called to this unpatriotic and unpardonable indifference to the emblem of liberty, equality and fraternity, the flag of our country; the country through whose bounty the Park is kept for its people, and which pays the military officers in charge, and demands of them their whole duty.

The Association will no doubt be invited to hold its convention in Chicago in 1893. In view of this a World's Columbian Exposition Committee of five, John C. Bundy, chairman, was appointed.

Minneapolis cordially extended the freedom of the city to the editors, but only a few were able to avail themselves of the courtesy, owing to previous arrangements.

The energetic and hospitable people of Livingston did everything possible to entertain the editorial party during the few hours stay in that prospectively great city.

LIFE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.—SPIRITUALISM, ETC.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

We have had at different times fragmentary and quite imperfect glimpses of the views of this gifted woman on Spiritualism, but in the volume before me are the fullest and most fair statements that have been, or probably ever will be given in any connected method or manner. This life of Mrs. Stowe, "compiled from her letters and journals," and endorsed and authorized by herself, is the work of her son, Charles Edward Stowe. It is all valuable, but the parts which relate to Spiritualism will especially interest the readers of THE JOURNAL. On this, as in other matters, her biographer aims to be frank and fair,—he tells the truth in the warm light of filial affection.

Her friendship for George Elliot was deep and earnest. In a letter to the gifted Englishwoman, from

Florida in 1872,, she wrote: "I want to introduce to you a friend of mine, a most noble man, Robert Dale Owen. Years ago I visited him in Naples (Italy) and found him directing his attention to the phenomena of Spiritism. I regard him as one of the few men capable of entering into an inquiry of this kind without an utter drowning of common sense. His books are worth a fair reading." To me they present a great deal that is intensely interesting and curious; although I do not admit all his deductions; with every abatement there remains a residuum of fact which I think both curious and useful. . . . In regard to all this class of subjects I am of the opinion of Goethe, that 'it is just as absurd to deny the facts of Spiritism now as it was in the Middle Ages to ascribe them to the devil.' . . . Do invisible spirits speak in any wise—wise or foolish?—is the question. I do not know of any reason why there may not be as many 'foolish virgins' in the future state as in this. As I am a believer in the Bible and in Christianity, I don't need these things as confirmations, and they are not likely to be a religion to me. . . . I think we shall, some day, find a law by which all these facts will fall into their places."

In these extracts we find strong interest yet an imperfect comprehension of the great subject. In a later treatise are these words, "Ah, were it true! Were it indeed so that the wall between the material and the spiritual is growing thin, and a new dispensation germinating in which communion with the departed blest shall be among the privileges and possibilities of this, our mortal state! . . . But, first, the stone must be rolled away by an unquestionable angel, whose countenance is as the lightning, who executes no doubtful juggle by pale moonlight, but rolls back the stone in fair open morning, and sits upon it. . . . No such angel have we seen. . . . The very instinct of a sacred sorrow seems to forbid that our beautiful and glorified ones should stoop lower than ever to the medium of their cast off bodies, to juggle and rap, and squeak, and perform mountebank tricks with tables and chairs, to recite harmless truisms. . . . Is there then no satisfaction for this craving of the soul? There is One who says: 'I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive forever more.'"

All this is in a doubting mood, ignoring the higher aspects of spirit-presence, forgetting, too, her own sensible suggestion that there were "foolish virgins" in the life beyond who might come back. Granting all she says of Christ's high view of the immortal life there is the most perfect unity between that view and the faith, confirmed by knowledge, which Spiritism has brought to many gifted and exalted souls.

In a higher and more illuminated mood is a letter to her husband, from Florence, at an earlier date. She wrote: "What you said of your spiritual experiences in feeling the presence of our dear Henry with you, and above all the vibration of that mysterious guitar, was very pleasant to me." She then speaks of a Mrs. E., "a very pious, interesting and accomplished woman, without doubt what the Spiritualists would call a very powerful medium, who has had a history much like yours in regard to spiritual manifestations," and says: "I find, when with her, that I receive very strong impressions from the spiritual world; so that I am often sustained and comforted, as if I had been near to Henry and other departed friends. I cannot, however, think that Henry strikes the guitar. It must be Eliza. Her spirit has ever seemed to cling to that mode of manifestation. If you would keep the guitar in your sleeping room you would no doubt hear from it oftener."

Here her spiritual nature is stirred to its depths, her mother-heart recognizes her child's presence, even in the tinkling of a guitar, and "very strong impressions from the spiritual world" are borne in upon her. In that supreme hour she was a Spiritualist, at other times her doubts were sincerely expressed, yet she gained much light. The biographer says: "Much as has been said in regard to Spiritism in these pages, the subject has, by no means, the prominence that it really possessed in the studies and conversations of Professor and Mrs. Stowe. He had very remarkable psychological development, and the exceptional ex-

periences of his early life were sources of conversation of unfailing interest and study to both." He was "the visionary boy" in Oldtown Folks, and some of his "exceptional experiences" are given in this volume. In one of her charming letters Mrs. Stowe says of her husband: "My poor rabbi!—he sends you some Arabic, which I fear you cannot read; in *diablerie* he is up to his ears in knowledge, having read all things in all tongues, from the Talmud down."

It must not be supposed that this book is mostly on Spiritism, as but some fifty of its five hundred fair pages are thus filled. From her early childhood-memories of her mother's "strong, restful, yet sympathetic nature," the reader is led through charming and most instructive narrations of the home-life of the remarkable Beecher family, sketches of its other members, the early and later thoughts and experiences of the gifted Harriet at home and in school, her happy marriage, the toils and poverty in outward things of a western life rich in interior experiences, her literary work crowned with success in Uncle Tom's Cabin and her admirable stories of New England life, and her later life of fame modestly accepted. Her correspondence with school mates and with members of her family, and in after years with a noble company of the good and the gifted in many lands, is delightful and of high value. Thus does this valuable biography show the wealth of inherited character, and the influences and motives which shaped and guided a long life rich in good words and deeds. Houghton, Mifflin & Company have made the book handsome and substantial, as it surely should be.

REMINISCENCES.

By MRS. J. M. STAATS.
CHAPTER XI.

FREE LOVE AND AFFINITY.

Like unto all new philosophies, or theories which come even in the most remote way in juxtaposition with any preconceived religious or other ideas founded on the Bible, Spiritism has had its battle. Nor is it to be wondered at when we look with honest eye and heart at the many disagreeable things which have grown and spread their poisons broadcast upon Spiritism. It is a well known fact that the body of investigators in spirit intercourse in Europe and America long ago numbered millions, hence it would be passing strange if in such a large body of men and women, one did not discover moral blemishes over which the spiritual nature was without control.

No sooner had the Harmonial Philosophy become a solid center, around which clustered the brightest and best proofs of immortality and progress, than the shameful doctrine of free love began to grow and flourish; free love a frightful misnomer, meaning free lust and licentiousness without even the decency of Mormonism. Its many attempts to drag Spiritism into its slime and filth have met with defeat in every quarter, and it no longer disturbs or retards the progress of a system which of all others stands opposed to its practices and purposes. Surely society would be startled if one-tenth knew the extent and growth of causes which are so constantly becoming excuses for divorce. I regret to say that in the main those seeking my advice on the divorce question were church members, some of whom avowed themselves on the verge of suicide or insanity if compelled to longer dwell with an inharmonious wife, which inharmonious had not been discovered until some spirit in the body had convinced him that his wife was not his affinity. As a rule, I made short work of these cases, advising them to seek and lay their grievances before their pastors and not to go to mediums. One man informed me that it was ignorance and selfishness on my part that would not allow his friends to control me, so sure was he that they would approve of his course, he having found his affinity the wife of another man, and both being desirous of throwing off all claims of family, betaking themselves to each other, and leaving their children to bear the scandal, and care for themselves as best they could. It was they claimed, the higher law of attraction which they must obey, and any obstacle, it mattered not what, they were to throw aside as of no earthly account. It would have been im-

possible to stop this pair, who shamefully disgraced themselves and two highly respectable families as well; albeit every known effort was made to reason them out of their vile purpose. I cite this one as most remarkable from the fact that both husband and wife who were wronged by this act met and counselled with their deluded partners, beseeching them in some way if possible to avoid the scandal and wait until the spell might be broken and common sense and decency allowed to return. This with several cases in Boston and other large cities greatly retarded the spread of Spiritism; from the fact that opposers regarded it as belonging to and the offspring of it. To say that such a condition of affairs is or was due to the fact that a man or a woman had become convinced of the presence of a spirit friend from whom they received intelligent and incontrovertible proof of life beyond death and the grave, is certainly absurd; if one is in the presence of those whom he has loved and trusted, surely the baser nature is seldom tempted to sin and disgrace.

Again it is equally absurd to select Spiritualists as a body alone guilty of derelictions of duty, and of sins which are becoming shockingly frequent in the church fold at large. A committee being appointed to wait upon Mr. Staats and myself to find as they said where "we stood" on the "marriage question," sought us ostensibly to see if we endorsed free love and affinity. After the spokesman, a fine talker, had dilated on the importance of the "proper marriage relation" he drifted into his theme. I fear that we were slightly impolite and hasty, for no sooner had we detected the drift of his remarks than we begged to assure him that he had said quite enough, and would oblige us by placing us on record as believing free love and affinity vile and devilish; meantime we regarded those who practiced or promulgated the doctrine, guilty beyond all hope of recognition in decent society, men who were unworthy the name, feeding appetites and passions even lower than the brute's. The leading disciple regarded me as harsh; yet had charity to hope I would develop sufficiently to meet them on their "platform," and thereby be enabled to see the subject from their more elevated standpoint. These "blights" exist in every society whether Spiritualist or Evangelical. No doubt all find, through the law of attraction, authority from kindred spirits—whether in or out of the body—who have and exert the same power over evil propensities, and it is safe to believe in greater force on account of their greater number. It certainly is due to the large body of intelligent Christian Spiritualists to assert that the pernicious doctrines find no affiliation with them, and they are shaken off as soon as the fact of their presence is known amongst them. No stream, however pure the fountain, ever burst from pent up springs, on its way to the great ocean, without bearing on its surface all sorts of riff-raff, mud and waste. No one will doubt the importance of the marriage relation, yet we are compelled to doubt the presence of as safe a spirit guide with those who seek the aid of spirits in the selection of companions, as had the servant of Abraham who was directed by the Lord to find a wife for Isaac, in "Rebekah at the well." We know too little of ourselves, to decide what qualities are most desirable for advancement and happiness in those we select for life companions. Men and women, I fear, seldom ask what they have to give in exchange for that which they demand. Time and circumstances create causes beyond the power of spirit or mortal to foresee or change. While the law of elective affinity may exert a greater natural power that we have yet dreamed of I believe that affection is built upon respect, that confidence and trust are reared in congeniality and sympathy. Love is not a burning flame to-day and to-morrow ashes—it is a light which beams forever and aye because it is God and of Him, eternal. It exalts the soul and gives to men and woman that completeness of life and character without which humanity's aims and aspirations have neither impetus nor motor.

CHAPTER XII.

THOMAS L. HARRIS—HIS CONNECTION WITH SPIRITUALISM.

As many accounts of Thomas L. Harris have at

various times appeared in the public papers, it is probable that any thing said of him may not be regarded as new. However his earlier career, beginning in New York City, is not without interest from the fact that many of his early admirers are still identified with the more intelligent members of the first society of Spiritualists. Mr. Harris was a natural poet, one of the most flowery and eloquent of inspirational speakers. Having been a preacher in the Universalist church, Spiritualism opened for him a broader field wherein to give from the spontaneity of his poetic nature, inspirations which flowed without stint or limit. Having occupied the desk at "Dodworth's Hall" on Broadway where he divided honors with Dr. Ambler, also a Universalist clergyman, between the two, as might be expected, sprang up a rivalry which culminated in a division of the society. Mr. Harris and his followers seceded, and established themselves in the chapel of the university building, Washington Square; leaving the first society at Dodworth's Hall to live on such spiritual food as could be obtained through speakers less flowery, but in all respects probably quite as wholesome.

Mr. Harris had a wonderful power over his audiences. Possessed of sympathy and magnetism, he carried them to heights over which by speech and gesture, he would rhetorically and eloquently soar, until, with open mouthed and breathless awe, his hearers would feel themselves transported into the divine presence of the Christ, of whom, greatly to his credit, he never for a moment allowed his people to lose sight. Not alone did he aim at this result but he assured them that T. L. Harris, and he only, could carry them into the sacred precincts of the gentle Nazarene; he it was who could direct every step of the uncertain way; he alone could render depraved humanity safe guidance through the many hells so graphically described by Swedenborg. He possessed the faculty of hitting every sin and every temptation, however hidden, and calling them by name and placing them in fearful array before the possessor. Bold and truthful he could adapt the finest phraseology to the coarsest sin. What wonder that the fame of such a man went abroad in the land! Why marvel at his power to draw the strong as well as the weak and weary to him?

While he evidently had in view the formation of a new sect, which was to be made up from scraps gathered from Swedenborg fitted into detached portions of Spiritualism, many careful observers discovered a strong tendency on his part to follow the example of the Romish church. This fact becoming more pronounced in the positive line marked out to his followers they became more and more completely controlled by his potent magnetism. These he compelled to undergo the most humiliating and absurd penances, abstaining in many instances from the actual necessities of life. My information was from a lady, a member of his household at Wassaic. The most menial service was exacted from ladies and gentlemen, many of which were too gross to publish or repeat. The chosen outside the home fold, were to wear Bibles or Testaments in their bosoms, opened at chapters selected by Mr. Harris when in a state of spiritual exaltation. All contact with relatives and friends, however near or dear, was forbidden; marriage engagements not meeting with his sanction were broken off, and no physicians, under any circumstances, could visit a member unless Mr. Harris endorsed their spiritual character and standing. Indeed, all the events of life must be submitted to his inner sight and dictation. The inner breathing could be developed by his process of training, and the grand trinity of the affectional, spiritual, and conjugal would come into that oneness from which a regenerated progeny would spring. Meanwhile such a perfectness completed would not only foreshadow the dawn of the millenium, but would establish for the redeemed ecstasies on earth, known only to the highest angel of the spheres! This wondrous development and mode of mortifying the flesh has scarcely been equaled save by Matthias the prophet, whom older readers will remember as having a brief season up the Hudson—not less than fifty years ago. In 1854 Mr. Harris

published his poem known as "A Lyric of the Morning Land"—a very remarkable book quite beyond my power of description. Its theme, scenes, and entire subject matter—if the word matter may be used—being laid after a celestial manner, and belonging wholly to the aerial regions, renders it rather too dainty for mundane criticism. Mr. Harris gives its history as follows:

"This poem is a Love Child of the skies;
'Twas bred in Heaven with breath like bridal blooms;
Sweet May dew fed its lips; it oped its eyes
Where Hesper's nuptial sphere with love perfumes
The vault of ether, and from Heaven down led,
Seven months within a mortal's breast 'twas fed;
And when the summer came, and while the skies
Bent lovingly as over Paradise,
When the last rose was breathing life away,
Like beauteous maiden on her dying day,
It sprang to outward shape; unformed by art,
Full fledged it left its nest within the heart,
And sung melodious in external airs.
As the same rose-tree many roses bears;
As the same eye hath many smiles of light;
And the same bosom many a sweet delight;
And the same lute a manifold refrain;
And many drops one golden shower of rain;
So the same Heaven from whence this child came down,
Peopled by deathless ones of old renown,
Hath many poems mightier and more grand
Than this fair Infant from their Morning Land."

The external history of this poem, from its conception to its final delivery, is as follows:

"On the 1st of January, 1854, at the hour of noon, the archetypal ideas were internally wrought by spiritual agency into the inmost mind of the medium, he at that time having passed into a spiritual or interior condition. From that time till the fourth of August, fed by continual influxes of celestial life these archetypal ideas internally unfolded within his interior or spiritual self; until at length, having attained to their maturity, they descended into the externals of the mind, uttered themselves in speech, and were transcribed as spoken by the medium, he, by spiritual agencies being temporarily elevated to the spiritual degree of the mind for that purpose, and the external form being rendered quiet by a process which is analogous to physical death. The poem was dictated at intervals during parts of about fourteen days, the actual time occupied by its delivery being about thirty hours."

The "History," "Preface," "Prelude," and "Finale" of the poem, together with this appended note, in the same manner were uttered and transcribed. It is due to the external author, or medium, to add that in his external waking condition he had not the most remote knowledge or conception of any part of the poem till it was unfolded from the interiors of his mind and spoken in the manner described. The reader interested in the psychical phenomena attending its delivery, and the philosophical question connected therewith, is referred, for a statement of the condition of the medium during its utterance, to a luminous essay and statement from the pen of S. B. Brittan, which may be found in the introduction to the "Epic of the Starry Heavens," a poem communicated in the same manner and through the same agency.

In 1859 Mr. Harris visited Europe, assuring his followers that large fields for his peculiar tillage were awaiting him; he would be gone four years, and in his absence in body, he should hold them by the help of the Lord in spirit, the strength of which was unquestioned. He was absent less than two years; of what his special harvest abroad amounted to I am ignorant. While in London he published "Regina, a song of many days." His poetry is all of the same ethereal nature, allegorical, visionary and transcendental, hence necessarily ephemeral. Not however without beauty and startling ideas, which to understand one must have a knowledge of the medium through whom such strange melodies were poured.

After the disclosures of discipline at Wassaic, Mr. Harris established his community at Brockton-on-Erie, at which place the Hon. Laurence Oliphant became a devotee. In a conversation with Mr. Oliphant, that gentleman assured me that he determined to go

through with all and every discipline prescribed by Mr. Harris, from the fact that he saw in a strict adherence to said demands not only a perfect purification, from all evil, but a complete victory over the body and its temptations forever. In fact the mortal was to become wholly under control of the spiritual body, and the kingdom of heaven reached here below. Mr. Oliphant was certainly earnest and faithful in his narration; what came to him later or whether he attained the expected goal, he alone knew.

For a long time Spiritualism bore all the odium of Mr. Harris' remarkable career, which was not without irregularities in business affairs, after the manner of the material world. His votaries were sought and his strongest efforts exerted where the largest amount of money was to be obtained. Recent public disclosures have shown much to his discredit in this direction. However, Mr. Harris long since disclaimed all connection with Spiritualism, and warned his people of the danger of contact with Spiritualists, whom he claimed were open to the attacks of evil spirits, without his knowledge to repel them.

Mr. Harris' ruling passion was love of power, to lead and to allow none to question, to command and be obeyed. The day for such tyranny as applied to thought and reason having long since passed away, one cannot but acknowledge that Mr. Harris must have been a man possessed of extraordinary magnetic ability to draw and hold so many intelligent minds of both sexes into his charmed circle. His church was named the "Church of the Good Shepherd." The communion plate handsomely engraven bore the inscription, and is now in the hands of one of his church, who believed explicitly in him. Mr. Harris started a bank at Amenia, Dutchess county, N. Y., with capital stock of \$100,000, when in reality there was but \$75,000, the bulk of which was furnished by the late Laurence Oliphant. What became of the funds or bank of the Good Shepherd, would be a difficult matter to state. His attempts at business were all very strangely conducted, and whatever monies were placed in his hands for the purpose of aiding his doctrine it was a known fact that said funds were never appropriated for purposes promised by him. His schemes for publishing, where a large sum of money was used for plates, etc., were failures, in which well-meaning, honorable men were made his dupes. No one seemed to question; if any knew the facts they either withheld them because of fear of ridicule, or in the vain hope that Mr. Harris might some day fulfill one of the many great promises he had made. Some of the more determined lady members of his society had the temerity to call upon him out on the Pacific coast, where Mr. Harris gave them to understand that the tie that once bound soul to soul had long since broken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEGAL ANTIQUITIES.

In an old volume published in 1715, containing the "Acts and Laws passed by the General Court or Assembly of His Majesty's Colony of Connecticut in New England," are the following extraordinary provisions:—

"If any child or children above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their natural father or mother, he or they shall be put to death; unless it can be sufficiently testified that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent, in the education of such children, or so provoked them by extreme and cruel correction, that they have been forced thereunto, to preserve themselves from death or maiming."

"If any man have a stubborn or rebellious son, of sufficient understanding and years, viz., sixteen years of age, who will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, he will not hearken unto them; then may his father or mother, being his natural parents, lay hold on him, and bring him to the magistrates assembled in court, and testify unto them, that their son is stubborn and rebellious, and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes, such a son shall be put to death."

"If any man or woman, after legal conviction, shall have, or worship any other God, but the Lord God, he or she shall be put to death."



HER YEAR IN HEAVEN.

It is a year ago to-day, we said,
Since she was numbered with the dead;
A year that we have been alone
Remembering her slightest tone,
And listening vainly for the fall
Of her light feet along the hall;
A year that we have daily seen
Her vacant chair. Yet, all serene
The summer days move grandly by
In pomp of royal pageantry;
The purple midnight gemmed with stars,
The sunset with its glories bright,
The lake beneath the moon's calm light;
With all these charms around us spread,
We pity her for being dead.

We laid the form we cherished so
Out where the fair, mock daisies blow,
And planted heart's-ease o'er her breast,
The symbol of her peaceful rest;
And wrote the name so often said
On gleaming marble at her head:
And sun and moon and cloud and star
Aternately her watchers are.

And yet we say she is not there,
But has her being elsewhere,
So far remote from mortal eyes
We know not where her heaven lies,
And, ah, the silence! echoing back
But our own cries! We see no track
To the fair skies, no faintest trace
That leads to her new dwelling place.

We ask each other, day by day,
How fares she since she went away?
What does she do at noon, at eve,
To-day, to-morrow? Does she grieve
That we her pleasures may not share?
Or has she dearer comrades there?
Or does she wait—seeing the end—
With patience infinite, and send
Us loving thoughts across the space
That hides from us her happy face.
And, knowing that we love her still,
Yield trustingly to God's wise will?
Perchance her raptures are so sweet
Twelve months have passed with pinions fleet:
And she has had so blest a year,
She pities us for being here.

It is generally supposed that the age when steel-clad gentlemen tilted with long spears in honor of their Dulcinea was the golden age of "first-class" ladies, says the *New York Ledger*; but on looking closely into the household annals of the days of chivalry, we discover that the "queens of love and beauty" for whom so many mid-ribs were transpierced and caputs cloven worked rather harder than modern domestics. Now and then they sat in state in galleries hung with brodered tapestry, and saw cavaliers wearing their scarfs and mittens let daylight into other cavaliers who disputed the potency of their charms; but those gratifying spectacles were luxuries too expensive and dangerous to be common, and the ordinary routine of a "lady's" life in the chivalric era was at once monotonous and laborious. The stately countess of the olden time spun and carded and wove as industriously as any of her handmaidens; served out bread to the poor on "loaf days," at the castle gate; shaped and helped to make her husband's and children's clothing and her own (for in those days tailors and dressmakers were few and far between); supervised the larder and the dairy; carried the ponderous keys of the establishment, and, in short, played to perfection the careful housewife in the stronghold of her lord, while he rode about the country with crutal axe at his saddle-bow and a long ash skewer at his stirrup-leather in a chronic state of wolfishness, and ready to do battle for any cause or no cause at all with whomsoever it might or might not concern. In point of fact, the aristocratic dames and demoiselles of old were mere drudges and dowdies as compared with the female patricians of this our day and generation. Nay, even our housemaids and cooks have more leisure and take the world more easily than did the duchesses and countesses of the Iron Age. Modern chivalry accords to ladies all the privileges they ought to desire, and such liberties as the "tyrant sex" does not voluntarily concede them generally take the liberty to take. Never at any former period in the history of man was he so entirely under the thumb of women as he is now.

I greatly admire the English woman for her utter refusal to worry or be worried, and the consequence is that she looks

young at fifty, writes Edward W. Bok in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for August. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day. By this I do not mean that she procrastinates: she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill-health and early old age. She is a frequent bather, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else, though the breakfast may be an hour late. She sleeps nine hours, and takes a nap during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours; they are for rest. She eats heartily, but the most digestible food. In the most modest home, no matter how little there may be on the table, there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a mouthful of good food, and go partly hungry, than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist: regulates her expenses carefully, and is a true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes, just as it is vice versa; at the same time, there are things which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

A writer in the Contributors' Club of the August *Atlantic*, in a paper on "A Swiss Boarding-School," says of Swiss school-girls:—French and music being the chief ends of each girl's sojourn, there was no grind of college preparation. Nobody was studying for an examination. This prevented a certain strenuousness of tone and intensity of excitement which are apt to exist with us in the more earnest schools. On the other hand, there was in the girls themselves none of that intellectual interest which we find among bright American girls who are pursuing classical studies together. They had among themselves no such eagerness of conversation; they did not appear to discuss the problems of life or to feel personally answerable for their solution; and as compared with a set either of clever or of fashionable girls they seemed very young for their years, though in some instances very bright, and in an interesting way. If the school had not the stamp of a college preparatory, neither had it the character of our fashionable institutions for young ladies. Careful attention was paid to instruction in manners and little niceties of social usage. The necessity for a woman of being womanly was frankly dwelt upon, and taken for granted as a basis of action; but a trivial or petty view of things was strongly discouraged, and the whole tone of the household was that of a rare simplicity and unworldliness.

This might properly be called the age of silk. Fabrics of silk rival those of cotton in cheapness and quantity, says the *New York Tribune*. The poorest housemaid may wear a dress finer than that Justinian refused to his queen. Adulterations are rife in all silken goods, and yet, as a matter of fact, pure silk may be bought as cheap as the adulterations. Paradoxical as this statement seems, it is demonstrated every day. The public has become so used to the extra gloss put on silk by various artificial modes of treating it and to the added weight given it by metallic dyes that they usually prefer it to the pure silk. In spite of the protest of honorable merchants who assure their customers that they cannot recommend the high lustrous goods, in nine cases out of ten the pure silk is left on the counter and the adulterated silk at the same price is purchased. There are silks in market at \$3 a yard which will tear like paper across the grain. It goes without saying that such silk is treated by some artificial method which has destroyed its strength or is not made wholly of the web of the worm.

President Diaz has a wife who stands in Mexico much as Mrs. Cleveland does in the United States. She is a beauty of the brunette type, finely educated and very charming in her manners. She is simple and unostentatious, and is always doing kind things for the people. She is a daughter of the Hon. Romero Rubic, and she presides with much grace over the president's palace in Mexico City and over his grand rooms in the castle at Chapultepec.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has been before the public as a writer for a quarter of a century, beginning with verse and combining later the practical work of a critic and journalist. Her poems are full of tender sentiment and

her stories are bright and well told. She has done excellent work in the field of book-reviewing, but it is for her wise and progressive work as editor of the *Bazar* that she is best known. Of her profession as a journalist she once said: "I would not exchange it with all its drudgery for any other position of which I can dream. Everything about it suits me. More, perhaps, than anything else I value the opportunity it gives me to say helpful words to the struggling of my own sex."

It is remarkable that nearly 30 per cent. of the total female population is employed in remunerative occupations. In the last decade the percentage was only 21.33 per cent. of the whole. Out of the eleven classes of occupations women have increased comparatively in nine—viz.: Government service, professional and domestic service, trade, agriculture, fisheries, manufactures, and as apprentices, while they have decreased comparatively as laborers and in personal service. In 1875 there were nineteen branches of industry in which women were not employed; in 1885 the number was reduced to seven.

The prevailing tone of a family is sometimes reflected in the conceptions of the children. A lady, hearing a little girl repeating the form of prayers she had learned, told her to ask, as she would of a father, and in her own words, for what she needed most. The child knelt, and, after a few moments' reflection, implored earnestly: "Oh, Lord, please make us all very stylish!"—*Kate Field's Washington*.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

TO THE EDITOR: Now that I am approaching the end of my sojourn on earth, I purpose to give the residuum of my life-long thought as it regards "the sad mystery of life."

I perceive that evolution is true, in the broad sense that ignorance is always the antecedent of knowledge; that vice is, likewise, the antecedent of virtue. We are not now touching the evolution of animal forms of life, but simply concerning ourselves with man as he is at present, morally and intellectually; for, after all, the mind is all there is of anybody.

A blind force cannot operate so as to give a uniform "stream of tendency;" progress is the result of law, inexorable as gravitation. If we look at the surface of the earth, we see elevations and depressions, mountains and valleys. So, too, if we look at the world of mind, we see the same diversity, the lower stratum and the higher. The energies of the earthquake heave up the hills and the mountains; and at the same time, depress the common level. The forces that make one man, kill another. This antithesis is also in the gospel of Christ. It is "the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death." But there is nothing fortuitous in all this, nothing accidental; on the contrary, the whole universe, in detail, is controlled by law. That which men call evil is a mighty factor in the sum of those giant energies that move the world forward from savagery to civilization, from selfishness to altruism. It was self-preservation, not generous self-denial, that caused "our hairy ancestors" to unite in communities; and yet selfishness epitomizes all evil, of whatsoever kind.

Millions of men, under the burden of our common clay, have gone out of existence eternally, because unfit to live; but their lives were not absolutely useless to surviving humanity. The most loathsome man teaches a lesson. The law of attraction and repulsion are nearly equal, if not quite so. A drunken brute may, by his example, render a temperance lecture unnecessary.

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

But useful as evil is, as a negative force, it must be got rid of, or there will be no redemption for humanity. We must, by striving, rise above the level of our brute nature, or sink into oblivion with extinct forms of life, whose environment literally crushed them out of existence.

Might is no longer right, as it was in the reign of physical forces, but the reverse is true. Right, now, is might. A lady's tear is mightier than a bully's fist. Not the man with the lion's strength shall "inherit" the new earth, but the meek, the gentle, the loving. The millionaire, whose selfishness has grown to mammoth proportions, is a monstrosity who cannot survive in the kingdom of love. He will pass away as the mastodon, because of the new environment. Love itself is merciless to that which it cannot assimilate. Slowly but

surely alien matter must be eliminated from an organism that is on the way to altruism. As a great ulcer comes upon the natural body, so bloated bondholders appear upon the diseased body of humanity. It is abnormal to have a capacity only for money getting, just as it was abnormal for Barnum's calf to have six legs, with two of them useless. What a man really needs he should have; but an excess is an absurdity, a curse. Egotism is a phase of selfishness; and it is a remarkable fact that the meaner the man the more colossal is the estimate he puts upon himself. In the present stage of evolution, the love of our neighbor is simply impossible, except as we love him in a degree subordinate to ourselves. We cannot love him as we love ourselves. Self will always take precedence in any affair of division where "the lion's share" is to be determined. This principle is so firmly rooted in our common nature, that it will take a thousand reincarnations to cure it. No heaven here, or hereafter, is possible when the fiend of selfishness is dominant. Snow does not fall from tropical skies; and the spotless mantle of Christ's righteousness will never descend to a swaggerer, an egotist, or a rich man dressed "in purple and fine linen." Dives is the impersonation of a selfish and wicked world. Lazarus represents the toilers, who are poor. Salvation awaits the one, damnation the other! Let no man doubt that God is able to punish the scoundrel, after conscience and material fire become unavailable. There is a terrible adumbration in the parable of the "Rich Man," a lurid intimation of what hell is; and it is not impossible, after all, that hell may be real. One thing is certain, if the Bible be true, no rich man can go to a pure, unselfish world. The eternal fitness of things forbids the idea. His destination is hell, if there be truth in scripture, or trustworthiness in human reason. The devotion which Christ requires is one of self-sacrifice; and no man who is incapable of laying down his life can gain the better one. "He that loses his animal life shall gain the life which is eternal; but he who refuses to die now, will surely die eternally hereafter." God loves the sinner just as the law of gravitation loves him. Violate any law of nature, and love and mercy interpose no hand to save you. So it will be in the hereafter. The laws of nature are the laws of God, inscribed, not upon stone, not upon any local tablet, but upon the face of creation!

Evolution works in us, and for us; but we must cooperate with these beneficent forces, or they will destroy us. No extraneous power, like an elevator, will lift us above the brute; we must go upstairs, step at a time. The love that saves us is our own love, not a mere reflection from "the sun of righteousness," for in that case it might be as cold as that of the moon. We must be, not lukewarm, but hot. The word of truth must burn in us, as the invisible Christ walks by our side. Our state must be positive, not negative, not half-hearted, not vacillating. It were better to go back to the world than to follow Christ at a great distance, and deny him at the cockcrow of infidelity.

Everything precious is purchased at the cost of self-sacrifice; and the greater the treasure the more we must give for it. Nothing is gratuitous in the vast universe. To climb to distinction among men is Herculean labor; to be a Christian involves the same invincible courage and labor. A priest can no more make you better than the man in the moon. Development means exercise, not less in the mental and moral world than in the physical. To be strong and robust spiritually, all the latent energies of soul and body must be "at concert pitch," must be as violin strings, at their highest tension.

What we can do for ourselves no power will do for us. We must believe and act for ourselves, and be saved in the same way. The day, nor the night, will ever be a minute longer; and the blowing of a ram's horn will give you no more time to prepare for death and judgment, than you already have. You cannot wear the mantle of Christ's righteousness as you might wear the cloak of some one else. You must have a righteousness of your own; and unless it exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you will be damned. Salvation is a gift, but it was never meant to supersede the necessity of faith and works. For the man who lies upon his back, and neither plows nor plants, the earth refuses her increase. The soil may be rich as the love and mercy of God, but starvation clutches the lazy man as damnation will clutch him, notwithstanding Christ died for the lazy the same as for the industrious.

R. E. NEEDL.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

TO THE EDITOR: I have been asked some questions which I copy and send you with my answers:

Question 1.—As a reasoning being, with an individuality of your own, do you not think you are entitled to information as to the object and purpose of the powers that are using or affecting your system? If they are on a higher intellectual plane than yours, should they not give evidence of it to you in some verifiable propositions which involve what is beyond your present knowledge?

Answer.—That is exactly what I thought and not only suggested, but demanded of these wonderful sky-folks; but their response could hardly be tortured into a compliment, closing with a vigorous request that I should attend to and mind my own business. They have "bossed" the whole job from the start, and evidently propose to thus manage matters to the end. I fought against the whole affair (which appeared to me at first to be altogether alarming, if not diabolical) for several weeks, in all ways possible or imaginable; but I might as well have held a pugilistic encounter with the wind!

Finally I got reconciled, and then, in a hearty, cool-headed way, infatuated. I stopped dictating or importuning and said, "Go ahead, Mr. Angels' Farmer Reynolds will stand by you to the end." Thereupon I was heavily shaken and vigorously annoyed, but little more. Our relations began to be philosophical and cordial; I being assured that a prolonged, electrical proceeding was necessary, but that overwhelming proofs, to the world, would come anon.

Thus I am observing, hoping, waiting. What else can a mortal do?

Question 2.—"Please state when you first began to have these experiences, and what were your physical condition and occupation at the time and a year preceding?"

Answer.—The first startling manifestations of these sky-folks occurred two years ago last May, while I was on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan looking over the mining regions. They powerfully and suddenly began to talk at and electrify me then and have constantly thus beseged me ever since. My earliest experiences were published in the Grand Rapids *Democrat* but I have no copy at hand. Suffice it that they were as marvelous and incredible as the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Had any other man recorded such events, I should have branded him as a colossal liar! I was a lawyer and journalist at the time, as now.

Question 3.—"If you have talked with a first-class physician in regard to your experience, what was his judgment as to the cause of the phenomenon?"

Answer.—I have consulted a score of them—this during the early stages of the manifestations—and they were mostly "dumbfounded." None suggested medicine; and but one "an asylum for cranks"—and he has since gone to Wauwautosa or Pontiac, I forgot which. It is wholly different from the "false seeing" and "false hearing" phase of lunacy. All the august professors and doctors declare that, thus making the major problem to be whether I am a monumental liar? On this question I modestly take the negative. My word for it, brothers and sisters, all I have written is truth!

Question 4.—"Is there any abatement of your ability to do sustained thinking or intellectual work generally?"

Answer.—Not a whit. I am tough as a bear, and never work less than twelve hours a day, either in the city or at my Belmont home. And—for I must boast of it—this knowledge of a "hereafter" makes me the happiest man that ever lived!

Finally, there has been no preaching or poetizing feature to this enigmatical affair. It appears to be wholly scientific, not religious or theological. A band of spirits seems to be constantly around me, and as often as every hour in the day, wisely and merrily chat with me—nobody else hearing; but I hear, substantially as through Edison's phonograph, the communion constantly becoming stronger and easier. They also give me the grandest and most marvelous of visions, every day and night.

But so far, they hold back all knowledge of "heaven," and wholly refuse public "tests," saying that my ambition, curiosity and utter ignorance are the strongest

levers they have to work with. And I am more than satisfied to wait—in short I have to be!

Now, this, (and my other articles,) generally cover the situation. I talk with few on the subject, being much engaged, and write little; we must all wait, hope and take the outcome.

J. MASON REYNOLDS

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND THEN ON THAT."

TO THE EDITOR: A commercial traveler for an Eastern house came into my store a few days ago. He was a very pleasant gentleman, about forty-five years of age, a native of Vermont, and after conversing with him awhile, I found him to be a man of fine sense, who, though strictly orthodox, was evidently imbued with a spirit of liberality that was refreshing to observe in one of his class. He took up a Spiritualist publication that was lying on the counter and after glancing at it said, "I live right in the midst of a community of Spiritualists, and I tell you their religion is no good. I have lived in a Christian community until about two years ago, and it shocks me how these Spiritualists live."

"Bad lot, are they?" I suggested.

"Bad lot," he replied. "I tell you I would not give a cent for a religion that does not make people better."

"Why," I asked, "what do they do that is so bad?"

"Do? They work on Sunday in any little emergency, and if they don't work they go picnicking or boat-riding, and would go hunting or fishing if the law wasn't so strict, and I don't believe there is a dozen Bibles in the whole community. They seldom ever go to church, and let their children romp and play just as they please on Sunday."

"Do they seem to be honest?"

"Oh, yes, they are honest, and pay their debts, and a kinder-hearted people I never saw. They would lend anything they have got; and seem very neighborly, but they are so irreverent; they seem as if they have not the fear of God before their eyes at all."

"Do they tattle, back-bite, tell lies, or try to raise a fuss; think themselves above others or ostracize persons who don't believe as they do?" I said.

"No," he replied, "I never saw people more free from anything of that kind than they are. In fact, they don't seem to trouble themselves in the least about any one's religious belief. I don't believe they ever, even, warn their own children of the wrath to come."

"How do their children compare with those of Christian families you have known?"

"Well, as I say, they have apparently never been taught anything with regard to a hereafter, and just go romping and singing and dancing along, Sunday and every day, and don't know it is any harm, and of course they are bound to be merry. My children have caught the infection, and my wife says if we don't get out of the neighborhood she will be unable to hold them in much longer. She wrote me yesterday that the children called through the fence last Sunday to our little girl to come and play. Emma told them that it was Sunday, and that it was wicked because it was the Lord's day. The children said all days were the Lord's, and were given us to enjoy. My wife heard them and went out and drove them away and told our little girl when she saw them coming after this she must come straight in the house and shut the door, and she said she would, but afterward repeated what they had said to our other little girl and boy, and said she thought the children were right. So you see I will be compelled to get a lay-off and move away, or have my children ruined. These people are so kind-hearted and pleasant I don't like to move either; but it is my duty to raise my children in a Christian community, even if it is not quite so pleasant otherwise."

"Why not so pleasant otherwise?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "where I lived before was altogether a Christian community. There was hardly a family but that belonged to some church; and if anybody moved in, the leading ladies of one or the other of the churches called on them at once, and if they were not members of one or the other of the leading denominations and could not be induced to join, they were soon obliged to pull up and get out. They said they couldn't afford to have a lot of infidels in their midst and they soon found themselves treated like the Jews treated the Samaritans."

"And were these Christian denominations kind to each other?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he replied, "you know how it is in all Christian communities; there is always more or less jealousy and rivalry among them, and this would cause back-bittings and quarrels and misrepresentations. The Presbyterians, you know, don't like the Methodists, and the Baptists don't agree any too well with either, and the Catholics think everybody else wrong, so they don't agree only in one thing, and that is in hating infidels and Spiritualists, as they are bound to do for the sake of their children, for it wouldn't do to have them grow up Godless and Christless, as they would if allowed to associate with these children and imbibe their heretical ideas. Yes, I must get my house to let me off, and move back to where I came from."

I heard him through, and then said, "Look on this picture and then on that. You say that the Christian community among whom you have lived have Bibles, attend church, keep the Sabbath, pray and teach their children to do so; but you admit that they ostracize those who do not believe as they do, that they back-bite, start and promulgate stories that are untrue, quarrel with other churches, etc., while these others are good neighbors, honest, kind-hearted and truthful, mind their own business, enjoy themselves, and allow their children to play and enjoy themselves, and don't frighten them about a hell or an angry God, thus making moral cowards of them. Now, which religion is the best?" (I leave each to say for him or herself.)

S. T. SUDDICK.

QUEEN CITY CAMP.

TO THE EDITOR: To turn from this scene of enchanting and sylvan beauty to the desk is somewhat of a task; yet I want to tell the readers of THE JOURNAL something about the Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.

Last summer a small party, of which your correspondent was one, came from New York for a few days' visit. We remained during the entire meeting and engaged rooms for this year. And now it seems a more delightful spot to us than it did a year ago. Nature has done everything for the place. The scenery is superb. The walks and drives would suit the most exacting lover of nature, and her moods are ever varying. Ravines, cliffs, forests, rocks, smiling meadows, graceful and undulating mountain vistas, comprising the ranges of the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks, are only the settings of the silvery Lake Champlain the charm of which has not yet been worthily sung.

Turn we to the camp which held its first public sessions on August 2nd and closes on September 6th. Suffice it to say that the atmosphere is as morally clean, pure and wholesome as it is physically, and that is saying everything. Furthermore, the management is harmonious and able. The opening lecture on Sunday, fitting the occasion, was given by Mrs. Abbie Crossett, followed in the afternoon by F. A. Wiggins, who closed by giving tests while in a state of trance. On Tuesday Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock spoke before an interested audience at the romantic auditorium in the grove upon the bank of the lake and within sight of the noble vista melting into the distant western shore. She finished with psychometrical readings in which she is so successful, after which Mr. Wiggins gave tests as usual. The latter gentleman has greatly improved during the last year and has lately become eminent as an answerer, while in an unconscious trance, of sealed letters. Yesterday he lectured before giving tests. To-morrow we shall have Frank Baxter whose wonderful delineations attract a crowd, and he and A. E. Tisdale, the remarkable blind medium, hold the fort during the next few days.

Dr. Henry Slade is here and will remain in camp during the entire season. His mediumship in all directions is as powerful as ever. It has been repeatedly proved in a variety of ways. He has instituted a series of parlor sances, beginning with a piquant familiar talk while entranced and ending with psychometric delineations of character and with prophecies and readings of the past. For these sances an entrance fee of only ten cents will be charged. He will also give several lectures on his travels in various parts of the globe while exercising his mediumship. There are also on the ground several first-class mediums and notable healers. The New York gentleman who owns the high cliff near the grounds of the camp and overlooking a magnificent view, is opening paths and roads through the rocky fastness of the

forest, to which all well-behaved persons have access. They are as wild as though made in the heart of the wilderness, yet within half a mile of these grounds.

Parties from New York, Boston and Montreal are fast availing themselves of the privileges and beauties of this attractive place. Upon those who stay here a few weeks it exerts an irresistible fascination. It seems a consecrated spot, where nothing can come which is not uplifted, helped and healed.

BURLINGTON, VT.

NEMO.

CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR: In the issue of THE JOURNAL of the 25th inst., J. D. Featherstonhaugh, speaking of the phenomenal facts of Spiritualism, says: "The sooner the fight against these facts is abandoned the sooner will we arrive at a just understanding of them." In this I think he is sadly at fault. It has been said, and justly too, perhaps, that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." The more determined and relentless the fight waged against any truth, the better for that truth, for the reason that opposition to any cause stirs the energies of its devotees, and they become only the more active and effective in its defense, and truth has nothing to fear in the presence of critical investigation. The facts of history will, I think, fully justify this view of the matter. If Jesus had not been crucified the probability is that the world, of to-day, would have known little or nothing of him.

In the same issue of THE JOURNAL I find S. Bigelow criticising W. Whitworth for denominating a humane or benevolent act "Practical Christianity," and saying: "The whole history of Christianity from its first organization as a distinct system of religion, has been one of war, brutality, selfishness, repression, oppression, and bloodshed." To thoroughly refute this assumption I have only to direct the attention of its author to the facts disclosed in the history of the early and practical disciples of the man Jesus,—"called Christ,"—and recorded in the first chapter of the book of the "Acts of the Apostles."

It is a little strange that men, taking part in the investigations that inhere in the advanced thought of to-day and classing themselves as "liberals," cannot discriminate between the spirit that dictates to men to do unto others as they would be done by and which taking possession of the multitude would induce them to have all things in common and make distribution of their effects to every man according as he might need, so that none should lack for anything, and that mockery, in its name, that has resulted in the "war, brutality, selfishness, repression, oppression and bloodshed" that has characterized those organizations which so justly come under the law of the sentence that Jesus pronounced upon certain persons about him, saying, "Ye indeed draw nigh unto me with your lips, but your heart is far from me." "By their fruits ye shall know them."

GONZALES, TEXAS.

J. B. CONE.

BOOKS AND PAPERS SOLICITED.

TO THE EDITOR: The Spiritualists and and free thinkers of this city, having organized a Sunday school or lyceum, solicit books, including hymn books, papers, and in fact every thing pertaining to the advancement and instruction, or essential to building up a school or lyceum of this nature. There are but few members and they are financially poor. However, we have organized, fully determined to work faithfully for the success of true religion in Guthrie; hence, we solicit, and will most thankfully receive all assistance that our brothers and sisters in unison with us in the states may kindly contribute.

(Mrs.) G. W. TOWNSEND, Sec.
GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA TER.

"Can you recall more than a single instance of a man of letters marrying a literary wife?" asked a Chicago writer the other day. "Browning" Yes. I know another instance which comes pretty near it. I do not think the fact is generally known, but James Whitcomb Riley, in the earlier days of his literary career, was a most ardent admirer of Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, and a favored suitor for her hand. Both the young people were poor, however, and neither had attained a national reputation at that time, although both had written some very charming specimens of verse. I do not know whether Ella ever intended to marry the young Hoosier poet or not, but I do know that young Riley was nearly heartbroken when their cordial relations were sundered."—*Chicago Mail*.

THE DIRGE OF THE SEASIDE BELLE.

There are no young men at the beaches this summer.—CURRENT ITEM. The Atlantic Ocean is a tolerable ocean; Perhaps a tolerable sea; And the waves on the beach are good enough waves—

"IN AFTER DAYS."

In after days, when grasses high, O'er top the tomb where I shall lie, Though well or ill the world adjust My slender claim to honored dust, I shall not question nor reply.

—AUSTIN DOBSON.

Dr. Butler, of this city, tells of a Sunday-school boy who was being interrogated on the scriptures. "What animal in the Bible once spoke?" The boy hesitated, then replied, "A whale."

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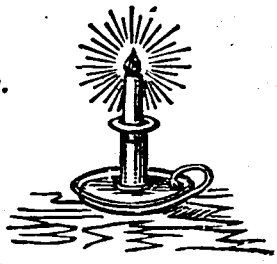
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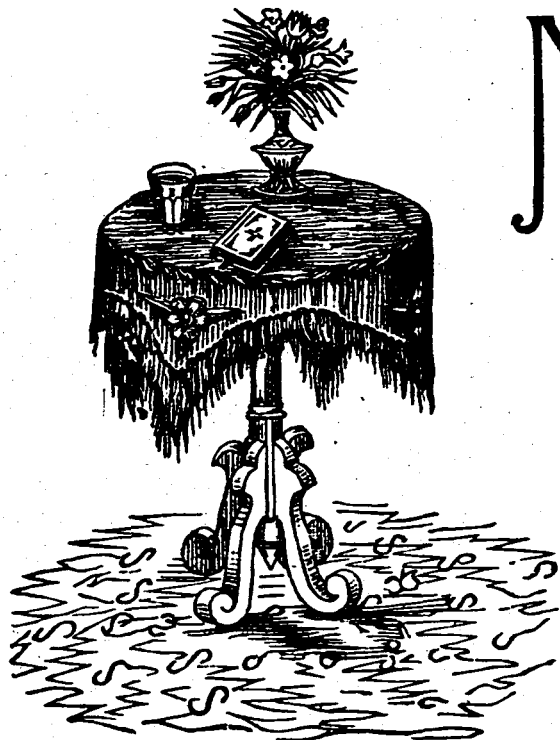
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J. FENIMORE COOPER AND SPIRITS.

The statement by one of the "Fox girls," of Rochester rappings fame, declaring that all the spirit sounds and noises were caused by the cracking of her toe joints, leads me to give an account of a remarkable séance with these three girls at the time they paid their first visit to New York.

It was in 1850 that the Fox girls came to New York, astounding reports having preceded them of the noisy visitation of the spirits which had literally compelled them to leave their home.

He was an unbeliever in regard to the "rappings," not only so far as any spiritual influences prevailed, but with respect to the production of the sounds themselves, which he pronounced "all trick."

The invitation was accepted. At the appointed hour the following gentlemen met in Dr. Griswold's apartments: J. Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, W. C. Bryant, the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. E. E. Marcy, John Bigelow and myself.

A half hour passed and the spirits made no sign. The girls were repeatedly asked how soon they would begin to demonstrate. They replied gravely that the spirits were not under their control; that they had intimated they would be present—that was all they could say.

At length raps began to be heard, sounding like slight shocks from an electric battery. Questions were at once in order, and Dr. Francis took the floor. His interrogatories were leading ones, and at the end of a few minutes he resigned in favor of Dr. Hawkes, the Fox girls getting the best of it.

I was seated next to Mr. Cooper, and I perceived that he exhibited much impatience while the questioning was going on. When Dr. Hawkes finished, Cooper exclaimed, "Let me have hold of them."

"Some years ago I lost a near relative. Was it a male or female?" "A female."

"By a natural death or otherwise?" "Otherwise."

"Please rap the number of years since the person died."

The rappings began. We all listened attentively, counting the number. As it ran from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, we began to hold our breath.

I had watched Cooper narrowly. As the raps proceeded he became deadly pale. At the conclusion all eyes were turned on him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "when I was about two years old my sister was killed by being thrown from her horse. The years since then have been correctly rapped."

I saw that Cooper was profoundly affected. This did not, however, stop the proceedings. Mr. Bancroft suggested that the rappings be transferred to the door, he being on one side and Bryant on the other.

J. Fenimore Cooper died about eighteen months after this occurrence. Two or three years later I was dining with Mr. Phinney of the book firm of Ivison & Phinney, and a near connection of Mr. Cooper's.

I believed I could account for it, and I repeated to him what I have now recorded here.—Richard B. Kimball in New York Times.

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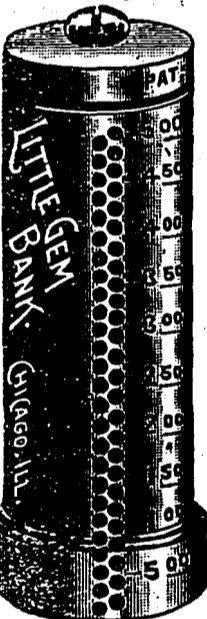
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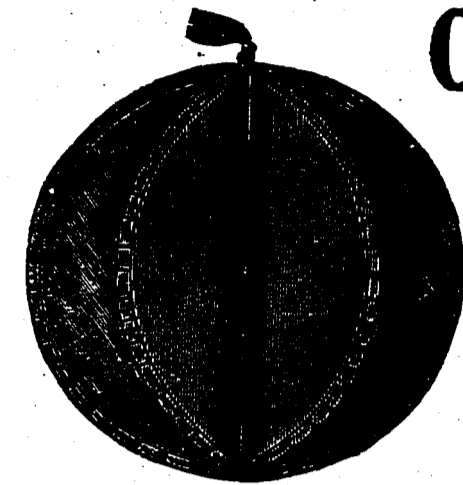
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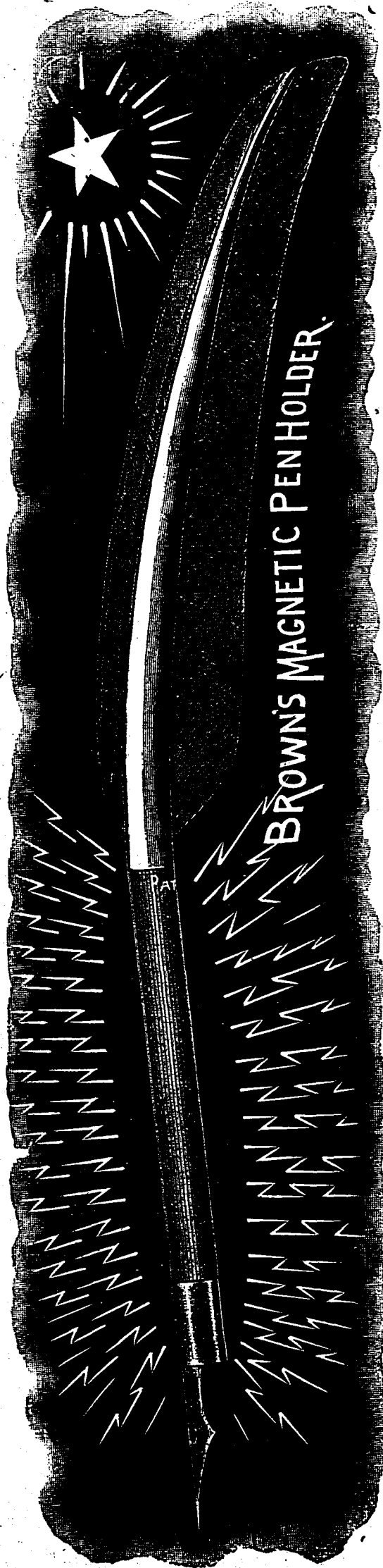
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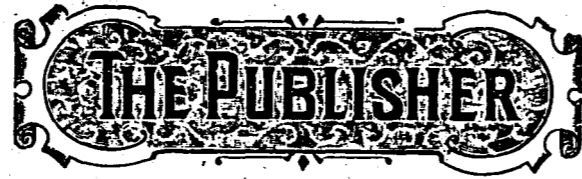
CONTENTS.

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