

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

We regret to learn of the decease of Mahadeva Vishnu Kané, of Bombay, India. This learned Hindu scholar was among those invited upon the Advisory Council of the Congress, and his appointment was about to be made when the news of his death reached us.

ACCORDING to an article that has been going the rounds of the press in England, Professor Lombroso sees nothing inadmissible in the supposition that, with hysterical or hypnotic subjects, the exciting of certain centres should produce a transmission of force. He admits that the external sensitiveness has left the body, without, however, being destroyed. In this assertion he is supported by Colonel de Rochas d'Aiglun, Administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique. That gentleman, struck by the fact that the sensitiveness of a magnetized subject disappears from the skin, has sought to discover to what place it is transported. He has, he says, found it all round at a very short distance from the body. The magnetized subject feels nothing when a person pinches him or her, but if anyone pinches in the air at a few centimètres from the skin, the subject feels pain. Though this zone of sensitiveness is generally close to the body, the Colonel has found it with certain subjects at a distance of several yards from it.

MRS. MARY FROST ORMSBY, of New York City, founder of Frances Cleveland clubs, litterateur and advocate of international peace unions, has sued the women who are best known as Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin for \$1,084, which she alleges the two sisters owe her. Mrs. Ormsby alleges that while they were in this country in the spring of 1891 they conceived the idea of founding a home for literary women who had met with misfortune. It is alleged that they signed a contract with Mrs. Ormsby by which she, in consideration of a salary of \$125 per month, agreed to act as the representative in America of the two sisters. After paying her one month's salary, it is alleged, the sisters ceased to remit. Mrs. Ormsby put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, who has brought suit to recover for Mrs. Ormsby the back pay. A summons was served on the women when they were in this country three months ago. Mrs. Ormsby is a member of Sorosis, and is a niece of General D. M. Frost, of St. Louis. Her advocacy of philanthropic and humanitarian ideas has made her prominent throughout the country. She recently went to Rome as the head of the American delegation to the International Peace Congress.

It is a little more than 300 years ago, says Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews, since a British ship, which was called The Jesus, sailed from an English port under the command of Sir John Hawkins to commence the African slave trade on the West Coast of Africa. For more than 200 years the slave trade was regarded as a reputable calling for Christian men to follow. There is much that justifies us in thanking God and taking courage when we think how short a

time it is since the Christian conscience learned to regard "the sum of villainies" as other than a legitimate calling for a Christian. But how was that great iniquity overthrown? How was this triumph achieved which forms a landmark in the history of our race? It was because here and there some earnest men and women, regardless of abuse, misrepresentation, and ridicule, and often at very great pecuniary loss, stood up and said: "Come weal, come woe, this iniquity shall perish." That brave protest maintained resolutely year after year told at length. To-day we have it recognized even by the greatest ruffian who walks your streets, that a man who is a murderer, that a man who flogs women, that a man who is a wrecker, that a man who is a thief, and a man who is a slave-owner has no right to sit in the British House of Commons to make laws for a free people.

MR. E. W. HOWE, editor of the Atchison (Kan.) Globe and author of the interesting novel, "The Story of a Country Town," writes in the Forum about "Provincial Characteristics of Western Life." Young towns, he says, like young men, are constantly trying experiments, only to discover that the old way is so much better than any other that they are at last compelled to come back to it. Much has been said as to what is the greatest pity; I think it is that young men and young towns do not accept the lessons of their elders without the punishment of experience. Most Western country towns are guilty of all sorts of mistakes, because few of them have reached years of discretion. However wise a man may be in his individual capacity, and however wise he may have been as a resident of an older community, as a citizen of a new town he votes bonds with the recklessness that characterizes young men in giving notes, forgetting that pay-day will inevitably roll around and that they will probably not be prepared to pay. Many of the great fortunes in the East were gifts from communities in the West. The people conspire for months to get control of their valuables, in order that they may give them away. If there is a valuable franchise in a Western country town, the people usually manage to give it away, the recipients being men who have probably been victims themselves in some new community.

THE New York Press observes that the phenomena of hypnotism possesses great attraction for writers of fiction. This is true. In many of the novels of the day, like Mr. Crawford's "Witch of Prague," and Marie Corelli's "Soul of Lilith," the whole plot turns on hypnotic phenomena and most of the story is occupied with descriptions of those phenomena and their results. In proof that there is nothing new under the sun, the Press declares that hypnotism under other names has long been known. Undoubtedly. Substitute for hypnotism the word mesmerism, for "hypnotic influence" the term "mesmeric or magnetic fluid," and you shall find in Count Cagliostro and many another a more wonderful hypnotizer than now is known to exist, and in the novels of the elder Dumas more marvelous and witching tales of maidens kept alive for use as clairvoyants of old men—centuries old—who renewed their youth through the aid of mesmerism or hypnotism and of the Elixir of Life than in any modern story; and added to this, thrown

in without extra charge as it were, no end of historical information, court intrigue, love, war, jealousy, secret societies, Rosicrucians, duels, abductions and mysteries of every kind. Only a generation that knows not its Dumas could see anything new in hypnotism except the name. As for the force, whatever it is, its secret is as unknown now as in the time of Cagliostro or Solomon.

An article on W. Stainton Moses in Light for September 10th, concludes as follows: During this period, from 1870 to 1888, his activity in all matters connected with Spiritualism was marvelous. How long before he was actual editor, he wrote continuously for Light, how he founded the London Spiritualist Alliance, what he did in the early days of the Society for Psychical Research, cannot be told in this brief article. There is, indeed, no need to tell. It is perhaps not too much to say that he gradually raised Spiritualism in England from what was fast becoming a debasing superstition to a position in which it has become a prime factor in the intellectual and moral activity of the age. He recognized that it was either all or nothing, and he knew that it was all. Of his numerous contributions to the literature of Spiritualism it would be long to speak here, but one, "Spirit Teachings," cannot be passed over in silence. Whatever discussions may be indulged in over the intrinsic authorship of the book, whether it was the outcome of the "uprush" at all. He did his work, and different developments may now be required. Yet always, in its profoundest meaning, we know that he "being dead, yet speaketh."

THE city physician believes that he has definitely traced the sources of the recent typhoid fever epidemic, and the chain of evidence is so strong that the conclusions seems entirely warranted, says the Springfield Republican. Scientists have been successful in defining the causes of typhoid fever more clearly than those of most diseases, and intelligent physicians now look immediately for the source when it appears in epidemic form. These steps followed in this case, as described elsewhere, are most interesting, and are the results of shrewd detective work in which the State officials rendered valuable assistance. The milk clew was early fixed upon, and then it was found that all the patients were supplied by three men. These dealers, it was discovered, secured a special supply at one time from one dairy farm. There it was found a case of typhoid fever existed last spring. The refuse in a vault was spread afterward on a field near a well in which the milk was cooled. There was abundant opportunity to carry the disease germs to the loose top of the well on which men from the field walked. With the cutting off of this milk supply the epidemic ended, and thus the conclusion seems convincing. The fact that city people, who are supposed to be exposed to special danger from disease, should suffer from the products of the country, draws a lesson to which farmers should give heed. The sanitary conditions of the average farmhouse are far inferior to the city building, and even where cleanliness exists in the country there may be gross ignorance of the laws of health or the workings of disease.

## POVERTY AND CRIME.

In view of present social phenomena, observers are anxiously asking the question, Must the growth of a community in wealth, population, and mechanical contrivances for saving labor, in science, art, and literature, and in material power and splendor of all kinds, always be accompanied by the dark shadow of a correspondingly increasing poverty and crime? Must a multiplying wealthy class always be offset by a multiplying poor and dangerous class? Once we had no gigantic cities with long streets and avenues of palatial residences, the abodes of business prosperity. But neither had we at the period in question any need of gigantic and costly prisons and almshouses and reformatories such as now cast their gloomy shadows over our soil. Once there were few millionaires among us, but at the same time there was no squalid poverty; but there was a comfortably situated average population, tilling their own acres and engaged in mechanical employments on their own private account. But all this is changed now. With increase of wealth and knowledge and mechanical power has come increase of poverty and crime. In the language of the author of "Progress and Poverty," "the 'tramp' comes with the locomotive; and almshouses and prisons are as surely the marks of 'material progress' as are costly dwellings, rich warehouses, and magnificent churches. Upon streets lighted with gas and patrolled by uniformed policemen, beggars wait for the passer-by; and in the shadow of college and library and museum are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied." It is now seen and felt that political equality, from which so much was expected at the close of the eighteenth century, cannot prevent the growth of a social inequality as glaring and dangerous as ever was known under the most despotic personal sway. In point of fact, unless the citizen of a republic or popular government is both intelligent and moderately well-to-do, he can have but little personal independence.

The great imperative social problem of the day is how to attain to an equitable distribution of poverty and of the constantly increasing product of human labor. The production of wealth now is on such a gigantic scale as renders the product of any past age trivial and of no account in comparison. Why should not this enormous and constantly augmenting production inure to the mass of the people, so as to place the many in good circumstances instead of merely enriching the few? Christianity, if it is anything definite, is at its very core a communistic religion, which always has bidden its wealthy adherents to divide their goods with their poor or poorer fellow religionists, and although Pauline Christianity was, down to the middle of this century, a bulwark of slavery, and used as a shield by the slaveholders of our own Southern States, the communisms and socialisms and nihilisms which are menacing most of the European governments are undoubtedly latent in the logia, or genuine utterances and teachings, of the founder of Christianity. So that the revolution and the revolutionary classes in Europe are more Christian in reality than are the established churches and priesthoods. But in the world of to-day, it is useless to eulogize poverty or to preach a religion of poverty, such as primitive Christianity was, which originated in a soft climate that required little or no provision for the morrow. Modern science and invention have subjected nature and the forces and riches of nature to the will of man to such an extent as to make it possible to eradicate or greatly lessen poverty, and inaugurate an era of intelligence and comfort and material well-being for all men. How much longer, then, shall we have the spectacle of a needlessly rich class on the one hand and an outrageously poor, brutal, and criminal class on the other, marring the social aspect even of the foremost countries in the area of civilization? The endless feuds of patricians and plebeians in the ancient democracies, which were really no democracies at all in the modern sense of the word, finally wrought their ruin. But the democracies of to-day, particularly our own American democracy, has

no business to be the nursery of such glaring, social inequalities as are even now cropping out everywhere within our borders. To be truly self-governing, a people must be both intelligent and well-to-do. Populations that have never known any other condition than one of poverty and ignorance need to pass a long novitiate to be fitted for institutions like ours. It is Europe which embarrasses us, and keeps us from rapidly reaching an ideal democratic condition.

Consider the number of ships filled with immigrants, the arrival of which has been announced since the appearance of cholera in Hamburg and the fear of its immediate presence in this country. And consider the mental and moral quality of most of the immigrants. The stream of immigration to our shores is constant and with such accessions to the ranks of American citizenship how can high political and social conditions be realized? Improvement must be in the people themselves, but how far such an influx of unenlightened population must go to neutralize the natural and cultivated tendencies toward progress!

## BIBLIOMANCY AMONG PAGANS AND CHRISTIANS.

The ancients had, among other rites of divination, one which consisted in opening at random a book and from the first sentence which met the eye, or from the sentence which began one of the two opened pages, divining the future or giving answer to doubts of the understanding. Annali dello Spiritisme in referring to this rite mentions that the volume first used was Homer's Iliad and Virgil's Æneid, and says in substance:

Publius Elius Adrianus, (Hadrian) a Spaniard born in Rome, dear to the Emperor Trajan inasmuch as he had married his grandniece, desiring very much to succeed him on the imperial throne consulted fate on his projects, opened his Virgil and these lines having reference to Numa in the VIth Book of the Æneid met his sight: Quis procul etc. "Who is he who afar off comes distinguished by the olive branch bearing the sacred utensils? I recognize the hoary hair and beard of a Roman king who will be the first to found a city governed by laws, though brought into a great empire from the small Cures and a poor land." And he saw thereby pronounced as a prophecy that he should hold the scepter and obtain the fame of a law-giver. In fact no sooner did Trajan die than the army saluted him emperor at Antioch and likewise later, through the distinguished jurist Salvius Julianus he caused to be compiled the Edictum Perpetuum, which remained the fountain of the excellent Roman law in the Code of Theodosius and became the foundation of the Pandects.

This particularity of bibliomantic prophecy is well attested for us by Spazianus his biographer in the "Scriptores Historeæ Augustæ."

The historian Julius Capitolinus relates, that, interrogating in this way the Æneid, Clodius Albinus had a true response with the lines:

Hic rem Romanam, magne turbante tumultu.

Sistet equus, sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem.

—When in the midst of a formidable insurrection he supports the Roman State and subdues the rebellious Carthaginians and the Gauls.

And the historian Lampridicus relates to us two other examples respecting Alexander Severus, who at one time inquiring in regard to his own destiny received the fateful answer: "Te manet imperium coeli terræque marisque."—The empire of sky and land and sea awaits thee.

And another that, thinking of applying himself to art rather than affairs of state he was dissuaded from it by the following:

Excudent alii spirantia æra . . . . .

Tu regere imperie popules, Romane, memento, from the 847th line of Book VI of the Æneid.—Let others mould the breathing brass. To rule the nations with imperial sway be thy care O, Roman!

But this practice of divining did not cease with paganism, inasmuch as the Christians continued it changing the names (sortes sanctorum) and interrogating the poems of Homer and Virgil as well as the Sacred Scriptures.

Saint Augustine notices and reprehends it, one of councils of the church discussed and condemned it, but it seems with little effect, inasmuch as in Gregory of Tours (Hist. Franch.) in Book IV, v. 6, may be read: "Three books of the clerk being placed on the altar, that is the Prophecies, Apostles and Gospels, they prayed God to show Christianus what should happen to him. The book of the Prophets being opened they discovered: "I take away his affliction" and further in Book V., v. 49. Having entered into the oratory sorrowful and dejected, I take the book of the Psalms of David in which is written: "He led them out in hope and they feared not."

## A STRANGE CASE.

Mr. F. W. Hillyers in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychological Research for July gives a narrative of the remarkable experience of Dr. Wiltse, of the St. Louis Medical Journal, Dr. Wiltse himself being the authority for the statement, as follows:

"When in full possession of all his faculties, he appeared to come to the moment of death in the last stage of typhus fever. He was in complete possession of his faculties, and he discussed with his family the arguments in favor of immortality. His voice failed and his strength weakened, and, as a last effort, he stiffened his legs, and lay for four hours as dead, the church bell being rung for his death. A needle was thrust into various portions of his body from the feet to the hips without having any effect. He was pulseless for a long time, and for nearly half an hour he appeared absolutely dead. While his body was lying in this death-like trance, his soul was disengaging itself from its earthly tabernacle. Dr. Wiltse, describing his own experience, says that he woke up out of unconsciousness into a state of conscious existence, and discovered that the soul was in the body, but not of it. He says: "With all the interest of a physician, I beheld the wonders of my bodily anatomy, intimately interwoven with which, even tissue for tissue, was I, the living soul of that dead body. I learned that the epidermis was the outside boundary of the ultimate tissues, so to speak, of the soul. I realized my condition, and reasoned calmly thus: "I have died, as men term death, and yet I am as much a man as ever. I am about to get out of the body." I watched the interesting process of the separation of soul and body."

Dr. Wiltse says that when he came to consciousness he was lying in bed. He soon recovered and related to those about him his wonderful experience which, however, he did not write out till eight weeks later. The doctor attending him said that the breath was extinct, so far as could be observed, and every symptom of death was present. "I supposed at one time," says the physician, "that he was actually dead, as fully as I ever supposed any one to be dead." It is a strange case indeed.

## RELIGION AMONG THE NEGROES.

Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll contributes to the Forum an interesting and suggestive article on "Religious Progress of the Negro." After noting that the negroes are naturally a religious people, he offers statistics which indicate the strength of the negro's devotion to religion. "We have in the United States," he says, "according to the last census, about seven million four hundred and seventy thousand negroes. Of this colored population, six million eight hundred and eighty-nine thousand are to be found in the old slave territory—sixteen States, including West Virginia, with the District of Columbia and Oklahoma." Since the war the churches have been active in behalf of the negroes; and that their efforts have been successful is shown by the numbers of negroes belonging to the various denominations, which Dr. Carroll gives as follows: Colored Baptists, 1,230,000; Colored Methodists, 1,186,000; Colored Catholics, 121,000; Colored Presbyterians, 31,500; Colored Disciples, 31,000; Colored Congregationalists, 6,125; Colored Episcopalians, 4,900—all of these making a total of 2,610,525 Christians. The effects of the work of the churches on the negroes is very marked and may be

summed up as follows: It has taught them that religion is inseparable from morality, a distinction which in the past they often failed clearly to perceive; that voodooism and all other superstitions are a degradation to themselves and a disgrace to religion, and it has inspired them with a desire to profit by the advantages of civilization. "The negro," says Dr. Carroll, "understands what way he must take to reach the heights of superiority, and he is eagerly seizing upon the educational advantages offered him. His isolation from higher influences and models is more apparent than real, we must conclude, when we learn that a million and a quarter of negroes were in school in the South in 1889. Education tends to make isolation impossible."

#### SPIRIT WRITING.

To my thinking it is wonderful, says Mrs. A. J. Penny in *Light*, that so many things are announced in spiritualistic periodicals as marvels needing elucidation, which more than a century ago Swedenborg has recorded with many an illuminating comment. How can anyone really interested in Spirit-life leave his works unstudied, and how can those who study them fail to see that without séances or any inquiring associates he was cognizant of many of the inexplicable facts which now excite curiosity? For example, spirit writing. "I have already said and shown," he wrote in 1748, "that spirits who are the souls of those who are dead as to the body, whilst they are with man, stand at his back thinking that they are altogether men, and if they were permitted, they could through the man who speaks with them, but not through others, be as though they were entirely in the world, and, indeed, in a manner so manifest, that they could communicate their thoughts by words through another man, and even by letters. For they have sometimes, and indeed often, directed my hand when writing, as though it were entirely their own, so that they thought that it was they themselves who were writing, which is so true, that I can declare it with certainty, and if they were permitted they would write in their own peculiar style, but this is not permitted."—[*Spiritual Diary*, 557.]

#### NATIONALISM.

In expounding Nationalism, it is necessary to disabuse the minds of many readers of many notions which the current of time may have drifted into their thoughts, and tell what Nationalism is not, says Rabbi Solomon Schindler in an able article in the *New England Magazine*. To begin with, Nationalism is not an endeavor to upset the existing order of things with one turn; it is the endeavor to evolve a new order of things in a quiet, logical, and legitimate manner. Nationalism is not the shibboleth of a secret society of a few disgruntled persons who wish to bring the rest of humanity down to their own level, because they cannot lift themselves up to theirs; it is an irresistible current into which the rising tide of civilization is carrying the whole human race. Nationalism is not a Utopia which has its existence merely in the fertile imagination of a novel writer; its finishing touches are neither the big city umbrella nor the sermon by telephone. Nationalism is not alone the possibility, it is the reality, of the future, the logical consequence of the inventions of the nineteenth century. Its details can as little be apprehended by us as could the details of our cars propelled by steam or electricity be apprehended by people who lived a hundred years ago. Neither is Nationalism a philosophy, such as were in their times Stoicism or Epicureanism. It is more than that,—it is a faith, a hope, a religion."

#### NATURAL SELECTION AND CRIME.

In combating crime the line of effort should be along those paths indicated by nature, writes Prof. E. S. Morse in the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is a curious commentary on man's intelligence that, while exercising the selective function on his domestic stock by careful feeding, proper housing, and judicious crossing, and for his plants selecting the best seed,

etc., while ruthlessly destroying the noxious weeds, yet when he comes to his own kind he fancies that different laws operate with him, or, swayed by sentiment, looks for different methods to cope with crime. He exterminates the noxious weed, kills his vicious dog, puts under restraint the maniac until cured; no definite terms of banishment will do in these cases, yet he formulates laws in which there is apportioned a definite number of days or years for definite offenses against society! Colossal organizations, with lavish appropriations, are in the field for the purpose of suppressing crime and pauperism. Until within a few years this great army has been officered by the church, and plans of campaign have been mapped by it. Slowly the public intelligence is awakening to the fact that these methods have been ridiculously inadequate, as proof exists that crime and pauperism are steadily increasing. The law of indefinite terms of imprisonment for criminals committed for a third offense has been the wisest prison law ever passed, for, by such a law, criminals are the longer prevented from the chance of perpetuating their evil traits; and yet in Massachusetts there are misguided sentimentalists who oppose the enactment of this law.

A YOUNG French chemist, M. Henri Courtonne, is credited with a new discovery, for which we have been looking to Mr. Edison. Sound being transmissible by telephone, Mr. Courtonne argued by a rigorous analogy that light might be transmitted, too. As the telephone consists of a transmitter, a wire and a receiver, so there was reason to believe that these three organs might be adapted for transmitting light vibrations, and for this purpose the transmitter and receiver should be prepared chemically for receiving and giving out light instead of sound vibrations. This was done by substituting sensitized photographic plates for the ordinary telephone plate. One of the plates was placed in front of an aperture, through which an image was cast, and this image has been forwarded by wire and has been seen at the other end. The first apparatus was very imperfect, and M. Courtonne, having heard that Mr. Edison was on the track of a similar discovery, resolved to publish his experiments, a description of which he, however, sent in a sealed letter to the Academy in 1889. This letter is only to be opened at the sender's request. The *Figaro* says that the consequences of the telephotography cannot be overestimated. To-morrow, it says, you will see in Paris the image of a man smoking in St. Petersburg.

WHAT is the secret of the profound interest which "Darwinism" has excited in the minds and hearts of more persons than dare to confess their doubts and hopes? It is because it restores "Nature" to its place as a true divine manifestation. It is that it removes the traditional curse from that helpless infant lying in its mother's arms. It is that it lifts from the shoulders of man the responsibility for the fact of death. It is that, if it is true, woman can no longer be taunted with having brought down on herself the pangs which make her sex a martyrdom. If development is the general law of the race, if we have grown by natural evolution out of the cave-man, and even less human forms of life, we have everything to hope from the future. That the question can be discussed without offence shows that we are entering on a new era, a revival greater than that of letters, the revival of humanity.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE *Watchman*, a Baptist paper of Boston, is afraid that Christianity will not prosper while so many churches adopt the methods of the world, says the *Summerland*. In bemoaning the condition of the churches it says: "There are churches in almost every community of any size that are hardly more than religious clubs, as in almost every such community there are pulpits that have been converted into platforms for the discussion of about every conceivable subject that can 'catch' the popular ear. Success is estimated by the state of the church treasury and the members that fill the pews. Devices of various kinds,

and sometimes of a very questionable character, are resorted to to attract the outside myriads. The reasons given for so doing are that if the world will not come to the church, the church must go to the world; but none the less does such a policy mean the secularization of religion and the abandonment, partially at least, of its proper sphere and work. And, what is more, it means, soon or late, failure to achieve the end in view. The more that the church resembles the world, the less will the world care for it." If the world will not come to the church the only thing the church can do is to follow the world. It has been tagging after the world, two centuries in the rear, for the last fifteen hundred years and their present attempt to get a little closer to the van of progress fits such souls as the *Watchman* represents, with the same fear that filled the hearts of Columbus' sailors—that they will reach the edge of the universe and fall off.

In Wales sermons are too cheap. The preachers are an underpaid class, says the *Liverpool Mercury*. The very best known ministers in Wales will deliver five or six sermons for £10. From this sum traveling expenses must be deducted. Under these circumstances ministers might well retaliate by preaching short sermons. But unfortunately Welshmen expect a long sermon—and they generally get it. The Sunday evening services generally last two hours. Now there can be little doubt that a service lasting two hours on a summer evening is considered too long by working men and women who have been hard at work six days running. If our chapels are to retain their hold, especially in English towns, the services must be made shorter. I have seen an advertisement from which it appeared that in one nonconformist chapel the services are "brief, bright, brotherly." But that was not in Wales. In Wales religious services are too often long, obscure and relentlessly theological. I know of one nonconformist minister in Flintshire who seldom preaches for more than twenty minutes. But he is, alas, a rare exception. When his example is followed the chapels will be better attended.

THE emperor of Austria, says an exchange, has directed that his subjects cease to talk about the cholera. It is easy to see how a panic might prove of industrial injury in a country so intimately associated with the independent German state where the ravages of the Asiatic scourge are most serious, but even under a government entirely paternal such a command would be futile unless accompanied by visible steps of prevention, and these, it is understood, the emperor has undertaken, and regards himself competent to protect his people and intends to do it. It is impossible in Austria, or anywhere else, to suppress thinking, if it may be possible to check talking, though monarchs often undertake to divert the minds of their subjects in times of some supreme menace. Confidence that measures of security have been taken will abate, to a large extent, apprehension, but in a community like that of St. Paul, where the authorities refuse to take such action, the people will not only not cease to talk but the alarm which the Australian emperor fears will have its effect. To prevent damage to industries and panicky feeling there must be assurance that nothing is left undone which leaves an open door to danger. Until such a course is taken the more people talk about so serious a matter as the cholera the better. If industries suffer it will be upon the responsibility of those who refuse to protect the people in their sanitary rights.

O! Thou Eternal One! Whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight,  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore.  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:  
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;  
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

—DERZHAVIN.

### WILLIAM WINTER ON GEORGE W. CURTIS—AN ABSURD ASSERTION.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

The New York Tribune publishes a poem on George W. Curtis by William Winter, from which an extract will show its thought and quality:

"Weave the shroud and spread the pall!  
Night and silence cover all.

Howsoever we deplore,  
They who go return no more.

Never from that unknown track  
Floats one answering whisper back.

Nature, vacant, will not heed  
Lips that grieve or hearts that bleed.

Wherefore now should mourning word  
Or the tearful dirge be heard?

How shall words our grief abate?—  
Call him noble; call him great;

Say that Faith, now gaunt and grim,  
Once was fair because of him;

Say that Goodness, round his way,  
Made one everlasting day;

Say that Beauty's heavenly flame  
Bourgeoned wheresoe'er he came;

What is this, but to declare  
Life's bereavement, Love's despair?

What is this, but just to say  
All we love is torn away?

Weave the shroud and spread the pall!  
Night and silence cover all."

These are fine words set in harmonious measure, but one is chilled in reading them. There is no help or comfort, no "spirit within the wheels." Life is lacking and hope is dead. Poetic genius is ever spiritual, glowing with light and life, giving strength, and helping abiding faith. No inner light shines through these polished verses.

We are told that "they who go return no more," and "never one answering whisper comes back." As a statement of the writer's own limited experience and personal conclusion this is well, and its honest utterance commands respect, however much it may chill the glow of his verse; but why assume that his experience is that of the human race? Why ignore history? To assert that what is unknown to him is unknown to all others is a strange presumption indeed!

A great "cloud of witnesses" from every age and race, among them living witnesses in our own day, the illustrious and gifted as well as the simple and sincere, will testify that they who go do return, and the intuitive faith of the ages in the reality of the future life agrees with their experiences.

A single incident and in my own life,—one of thousands of like facts occurring the world over every year.

Forty-one years ago, with only a family gathering, and three others whom we knew, and a medlum whom we all knew and who came as a friend without fee or ward, the names and ages of my parents and sister were given to me, by raps spelling out words, my questions, vocal, mental, or written being answered with equal readiness and correctness.

After a half hour the messages were weak, and, without any question or expectation by any one, came this message, "Wait, dear child, until we repair our telegraph." After brief silence and quiet came, with fresh vigor, this to me: "Giles, I want you to weigh the importance of these things; you will soon know more." I asked my sister, "Can you touch me?" and the ready answer came: "If I had the power you could not ask me but once." At the close came the

farewell signal, and the unexpected words, "But not farewell, dear son, forever." Messages of which I made no record came to others. This was one of the first of many like experiences, and should any one ask me, "Do you really believe that your father, and others of your family, still live?" I should answer: "I not only believe, but I know that I know." The wide world round a multitude with like experiences would make like answer.

For me to assume that what I know or believe all the world knows and believes would be absurd. It is equally absurd for another person to assume, and virtually assert, "What I do not know or believe nobody else does, or even did, know or believe."

Not to detract from the respect due to the real merits of William Winter, but because plain speech must be used against a style of assertion altogether too common, is this frank criticism made.

### RELICS OF BARBARISM.

By LELLA B. HEWES.

The following observations form a portion of Col. Ingersoll's famous discourse entitled "Skulls."

"Where did that doctrine of hell come from? I will tell you. From that fellow in the dugout. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the wild beasts. Yes, I tell you, he got it from the wild beasts, from the glittering eye of the serpent, from the coiling and twisting snakes with their fanged mouths, and it came from the bark, howl and growl of wild beasts. It was born of a laugh of the hyena, the depraved chatter of malicious apes!"

Admitting as a self-evident fact, the "total depravity," and "endless punishment" fallacies began with the mistaken ideas and crude impulses of savage life, is it not also possible to admit that certain other creeds and doctrines absurd enough in themselves, may have been born of the observation of natural phenomena by our savage ancestors? that these creeds and doctrines, may have grown into all their present monstrosity and repulsive ugliness, as the simple result of the savage himself endeavoring to explain and account for said phenomena in a manner satisfactory to himself? He could not wait until experience should render him more familiar with facts, until a higher development of brain should enable him to correctly arrive at the cause and origin of the flood, the storm, the volcanic eruption, the earthquake, the pestilence, the famine, and a thousand and one occurrences and unexpected "fatalities," which puzzled the simple soul of the savage beyond all relief, save that afforded by the assumption of a "miracle," or the immediate "creation" of a god or goddess, in "the image and likeness" of humanity, in some one of its phases of development, under various conditions and environments.

There is certainly food for thought in the suggestion that, if we ought not to go back to the savage for our knowledge of music, our education in art, if we need not depend on the ancestral barbarian for instruction in science, or for his assistance in aught else that constitutes civilization, we surely need not go back to the savage for our religion! We ought rather, it seems to the progressive thinker, to analyze what to-day we have accepted and acquired, in the line of intellectual development in any direction, and see, if possible, just how much of it we have outgrown, just how much is incongruous and unnecessary to our present mode of life,—just how large, in other words, is our inheritance from the savage, and how much it is really worth to us, at its best.

The only truths possessed by any religion are those which are demonstrated as such, by the test of man's experience, and the researches of science. We should be glad that the savage made the tomtom, since without that beginning, there would have been no violin. We find a close analysis of the rudest superstition not without its uses to mankind in general, as long as its investigation reveals historic links that, but for its existence, might have perished from the memory of the barbarian.

He held but faintly the tidings brought down from ancestral tradition, concealed by, or rather revealed

through, the gathering dust of successive beliefs, changed and modified, softened and attenuated, adulterated like Josh Billings' "pizen," as the nature of the savage, all his mental being, underwent one change after another, one improvement after another, as his circumstances altered and his experience enlarged. Amid the wrecks and rubbish of centuries, lie the relics of beliefs and dogmas, once sacred and long-cherished, and fondly dwelt upon by memory and poetic fancy, idealized by association, and made necessary (?) to man's life by custom and habit. Suppose we take up any one of these creeds, doctrines, philosophies, and ask ourselves the question, "where did this come from?" Not, "Has this been precious in the eyes of our ancestors?" or, "Have we been commanded to revere this?" or even "Has it become a habit with me to revere this?" Simply let us ask, "How did we come to accept this creed, or revere this doctrine in the first place?" Later on, we may find it worth while to inquire whether or not the time is not past when it may be consistent for us to revere in any degree, this or that relic of the past, or whether indeed it is really worth while, for us to hand down beliefs and theories to future generations, insisting that a later race of human beings shall tenaciously adhere to views and customs not sacred in themselves but of value because they are a legacy from us, we having gotten into the habit of thinking that neither we nor other people could do without them.

### LEGEND REGARDING MOZART'S LAST WORK.

The last work of the renowned Mozart was his "Mass for the Dead, the Requiem." The way in which this masterpiece came into existence is very peculiar, according to C. Wittig in *Psychische Studien*. Mozart was sitting quite sad in his arm-chair, when a coach drove up before the door of his house, stopped, and a stranger was announced who wanted to speak with him. An unknown man of advanced years, in appearance, of a respectable position in life came in with the words: "I come with a request from a very respectable man to you." "From whom?" asked Mozart. "He will not give his name." "Well, since then the name has nothing to do with the matter, what does the unknown want of me?" "A mass for the dead from you. He has lost a dear young lady friend whose memory shall be forever kept green and to the honor of whom he wishes this mass for the dead to be yearly performed." At this request Mozart felt as if affected by some electric shock; it may be that his physical condition or the idea of a mass for the dead especially, or the mystery with which this request was made to him, or the form and demeanor of the stranger, or all this together, took a very peculiar possession of him. "I will undertake the work," said he. "Do it thoroughly con amore," answered the stranger, "you are working for a man thoroughly acquainted with the art." "So much the better for me," said Mozart. "How soon do you think you will have it finished?" "In four weeks." "And how much do you esteem your work worth?" "A hundred ducats." "Very well," said the stranger—meanwhile he counted out on the table the hundred ducats, "at the end of four weeks I shall come again to see you." The stranger went away. Mozart stood some time musing deeply, then ran immediately to his writing-desk and began as if inspired to write on his composition; so absorbed was he that his wife, Constanze, was anxious lest such an excited condition added to an already failing condition of health should be the death of him. She begged him therefore to work moderately, but in vain; he thought unceasingly about it and worked long into the night very often. Once as she pressed him to be less zealous in his work, he replied with animation: "I am composing this for myself, this Requiem, and must hasten to have it ready for my burial." He really felt himself smitten sore with disease and the work lingered longer than he wished. Meanwhile the required four weeks had passed away and the stranger appeared to take away the composition. "I have not kept my word, I could not," cried out Mozart to him, "my work is not yet ready." "A good thing demands

time," said the stranger, "how long do you think still to be occupied with the work?" "Four weeks more. Your request has awakened much interest in me, and so I have become more absorbed in it than at the beginning I had thought to be." "In that case," continued the stranger, "the fee does not fully pay you," and immediately counted out fifty ducats on the table. "But I pray you not to keep from me the secret, from whom you have come," said Mozart. "The name has no concern in the case," was the reply of the unknown, "in four weeks I will come back again." Then he went out of the house. Mozart stood perplexed and finally called his servant and told him to follow the stranger and notice where he turned in. After half an hour the servant came back with the news that he was not able to come up with the stranger immediately, that he had seen him from a distance, but on the market place in the throng of people there he had lost trace of him. Mozart, who during the first four weeks had often had attacks of dizziness and fainting, was now more frequently attacked with them; he now felt that these were forebodings of death and that the stranger had been sent him as from Heaven, to give him, under the idea of his art, a hint that death was approaching. He worked with the more diligence and love, since he regarded it as a work which he now should think destined for a memorial of himself. He finished this master-piece even before the end of the second limit imposed by him. An hour before his death a score of it was made and the leaves he handled. After his death the stranger did not announce himself to the heirs.

The Conversations Lexicon intimates that the mysterious stranger was a certain Count Walseck on Stuppach, who loved to surround himself with mystery and have regarded as his own, compositions which he had obtained from artists, and that he had ordered this in remembrance of his deceased wife and later represented it as his composition. Myer's Conversations Lexicon declares the lady for whose death the requiem was composed was Countess Waldperg.

The messenger is again said to have come from the music-loving King William II., who had recently lost, not a wife, but grieved deeply over the loss of a natural son who was quite dear to him and for whom he erected a monument in the Dorrotheen-staedtischen Church.

Wittig asks if neither the two Counts nor King William II., was the person from whom the messenger came to order the composition of the master-piece, to what "Mahatma" out of the circles of the Spirits of Freemasons among whom Mozart was reckoned most zealous and for whom the "Zauberflöte" (The Magic Flute) was composed, just then finished, is it to be attributed. However it be, this "Mahatma" was the messenger of Death.

#### THE CASE OF MRS. MAYBRICK.

GAIL HAMILTON in the North American Review for September in an appeal to the Queen for Mrs. Maybrick says: "Mrs. Maybrick, of eminent family, but poor and an American, convicted under a judge then probably, and soon after certainly, stricken with mental disease, so that he was forced by public opinion to resign from the bench; convicted on a trial so imperfect that a council of English lawyers and members of Parliament certify to its insufficiency, and the Secretary of State reverses its verdict; languishing in life-long imprisonment under a charge of attempt to murder, for which she was never indicted, tried, or convicted except by the Home Secretary in the seclusion of his own department, and under the implication of adultery, for which she was never indicted or tried, and which was never proved beyond the assertion that it is 'known to the Home Secretary,' and which, if proved, is not punishable under the English law with imprisonment for life; this American woman is immured in Woking Prison, and, to the agonized entreaties of her mother, to the tender urgency of the wife of the President of the United States, to the respectful petition of the most eminent men of this country, the English government, in a time of profound peace, makes answer: The convict is an adult-

ress who attempted to poison her husband. She shall die in her prison! We cannot yet believe that this voice is the voice of Victoria—the gentle, friendly, yet just and commanding voice that won our hearts in all the din and tumult of war. I intrust this letter to the public as the lover flings his note over the garden wall that guards his lady's bower, hoping that some kind breeze may waft it to the beloved feet; and we may find our Queen again." The strong points in Mrs. Maybrick's case are: Evidence of the highest medical and scientific authority that Mr. Maybrick's symptoms were not compatible with arsenical poison; absence of proof that Mrs. Maybrick administered or attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to kill; an unwarranted charge to the jury by a judge believed at the time to be mentally diseased, and who since the trial has been removed from the bench because of insanity; and, finally, the action of the English Home Secretary, who, after an exhaustive review of the case, commuted Mrs. Maybrick's sentence of death to imprisonment for life because there was "a reasonable doubt" whether her husband died of arsenical poisoning. A court of appeal, upon the verification of these facts, would not hesitate for a moment in ordering a review of the case; but England, with all her boasted perfection of justice, has no such tribunal. A bill is now pending in Parliament to establish such a court, but it cannot have retrospective operation. Lord Salisbury has not shown himself to advantage in this case. Let us hope that Gladstone's return to power, with a new Home Secretary, will bring fruition to the hopes of the many persons who have espoused the cause of Mrs. Maybrick and made so noble a struggle to win what they believe to be simple justice.

#### "THE MAGICAL HAND."

BY MARY HULETT YOUNG.

##### CHAPTER I.

Yes! how beautiful she was that summer; the cultured and truly accomplished daughter of the Hon. Anselm Ray.

Her complexion was that spotless, faultless carrara, so rarely, yet sometimes seen, beside which bloneness can only be common place. Then her eyes—there was no marble in them. Thrilling, wonderful eyes they were full of soul and thought and sadness,—yes sadness, not of the life—thought sadness, the result of a cassandra gift to see on past the smiling, shining present to a dust-soiled, fate-marred future, on past the surface to the dark depths of being—yet, how beautiful she was!

They were traveling *sans souci*, lingering to enjoy that which pleased them. They made no attempt in horrid costume to climb the Matterhorn nor Monte Rosa; but stayed long at a picturesque chalet to hear the muffled voice of the mountain torrent from the depth of its rocky gorge, and to learn a purer evening prayer than that of childhood beneath the stars that shone down so near on the mountain tops.

A few sons and daughters of Judge Ray's most esteemed friends composed the party, but when they walked the beautifully-gloved hand of Helena Ray was ever near her father's arm, and the young collegians would as soon have offered marked attentions to snow-crested Blanc as to Hon. Anselm Ray's daughter. Thus it befell that, never having offered their service and never having found it declined, these young gentlemen, as well as the ladies of the party, had no fault to find with their fair country woman, but on the contrary all were proud of her rare beauty and liked well to hear wherever they went and in all the languages they understood, "The beautiful American! Superb! Superb!"

Sometimes these young people amused themselves by counting the similar expressions daily heard, and by playfully delivering the written aggregate to their subject in the evening.

After a day when the record of adulation had been long and of more than usual variety Miss Ray proposed to her father for the next morning a drive to Heidelberg.

"Do not let us neglect the fine old ruin," she said,

"because all the world has been there,—and can we not go by ourselves, as if we were only riding at home?"

After thinking a moment her father answered:

"We can arrange all as you wish, with one exception. A gentleman was introduced to me to-day while we lingered at Darmstadt, with whom I am so well pleased that I have exacted a promise from him to spend to-morrow with me, wherever I shall spend it."

Helena looked at her father with some surprise and said,

"A stranger! Never seen till to-day?"

"I have seen him constantly. He has been everywhere we have been this summer, and he is even here in this out-of-the-way place we have chosen. He is not one of those men who intrude their acquaintance and conversation—they are too valuable."

"And he must go with us?"

"Indeed he must, Helena."

"If his company is agreeable to you I must make no objection to his presence, but I hope—he will not feel called to pay me any compliments."

"At what time can you be ready in the morning?"

"Early, very early."

When Miss Ray had retired to her own apartment, she sat for a long time motionless and in silence, then began slowly to undo the fastening of her hair in an absent way, still thinking. As she does not think aloud her musing must be given in paraphrase.

"All these people think me beautiful do they? I wish it were something new to hear of. I have been told this old story with nearly every day of my life since early remembrance,—am I better or happier for it? Who loves me? Except my parents, not one. It is my coldness, my reserve, is it? It is fate. I could not have my life other than it is if I would. To a certain point or line, I know that I attract,—but that point reached, I just as inevitably repel as a magnet reversed."

"Do not reverse the magnet," broke in a thought-language so sudden and definite that she half started as if some one had audibly spoken.

"Do not reverse the magnet. Is it not true that, at the point where repulsion begins, you, Helena Ray have yourself grown weary of being loved, and have taken no care to conceal the fact?"

"It may be so," she mused, "and so it must remain. A fate is a fate, whatever cause may make it present in the life of the fated."

"This complexion of mine in a few more years may be changed to the smoky dullness which is the common veiling of humanity,—then beauty will vanish, and this fatal gift of repulsion will remain. Ah!"

The following morning a rare and exquisite model of noble womanhood was standing before the large modern mirror of a curious old room nearly fifteen miles from Heidelberg in a pleasant nook of the Odenwald. Her stature was just less than the height where queenliness and elegance take leave of willowy tallness. The face with its wonderful dark eyes was lofty, pure, witching—let me not attempt to describe it!

Despite her sombre musing of the evening before, Helena Ray, as she drew on her glove, gazed with a grave and genuine admiration at the graceful creature of the mirror with a far-away feeling as if the reflection were another and not herself. At last a smile broke over the fine features on which she gazed making them far more richly beautiful, and with a sudden sense of her own absurdity she said aloud, "It I, after all, and I shall be I, for one day at least!" Her face had not lost its rippling light when she reached the piazza where her party waited for the ready approaching carriages.

The foreboding of the fair Helena with regard to her dazzling complexion—if it had not passed away before—might have been dispelled by one look at her handsome sire who came forward to meet her and who, despite his fifty years, had hardly less the faultless Carrara in the noble facade of his forehead than herself. They stood, father and daughter for a moment together, and none present were so unconscious as they of the marked superiority of their mutual likeness.

The stranger was duly introduced as Dr. Hargrave St. John, but whether his title was clerical, philosophical, or as a disciple of Hippocrates, remained obscure.

Judge Ray handed his wife and daughter to their places, and took his own seat beside his guest. Helena was placed opposite her father, and, as conversation grew animated, was able without annoying nearness to receive the impression of the new individuality who had crossed her way.

Hargrave St. John was certainly not too young, and just as certainly he was not more than thirty-two, or thirty-five at most. The fine massive forehead, and in truth the whole face was more Greek than Roman; but all inventory of face and form were out of place with him. One felt in gazing on the broad, erect shoulders and the firmly chiseled mouth that he was one of the men the world needs everywhere, and that nowhere would he disappoint the trust he had assumed to fulfil. His resources of reading and knowledge on all subjects and objects were inexhaustible, yet were employed with a refinement and reserve which ever left the ear listening when he ceased to speak and eager to listen in the future.

#### AT HEIDELBERG.

It was nearly noon when they gained the main terrace of Heidelberg. The young collegians, less sparing of the speed and strength of their horses, had arrived two hours before, had satiated their curiosity with "roofless walls and empty arches," and with the same want of something which made another collegian of still later day see "nothing in Kenilworth he could not find in a brick-kiln," they turned to the ministry of the serviteur, brought with them, who was spreading a repast of cold meats and delicacies under some trees near the castle. The newly-arrived were formally summoned, and all praised the skillful serviteur.

Miss Ray, eager to begin her survey of the fine old ruin was soon missed from the improvised dining-hall.

She stood near the verge of the broad main terrace taking in all the eye might cover around and afar, with silent memory of the strange mutations which these hills and valleys of the Rhineland witnessed through centuries of the storied past.

"A fine and impressive scene, as God and man have left it!" said a quiet voice beside her. Miss Ray did not reply, and the voice continued.

"There is an inexpressible pathos I believe in every human life could we know it all, within and without, as we search our own life-mystery. Not to speak of the princely builders and occupants of this noble palace in its splendor,—the Roman soldiers and the old fierce Goths who once thronged these valleys had each his history, his joy, his hope, his love, his death-hour. It is the thought of 'human hearts perished' that hushes to silence in scenes like this."

Helena raised her eyes to those of the speaker, and, held by the magic of kindred thought, those two pairs of eyes looked steadily a moment into each other for the first time.

"I am familiar with Heidelberg, Miss Ray, may I be so fortunate as to guide you where I most love to ramble among these terraced and shaded places?"

The young collegians and their lady friends, sisters or cousins, exchanged looks as they saw the fastidious Miss Ray move slowly forward her arm resting, as it seemed, on the arm of an escort who was not her father.

The fine open brows of the Hon. Anselm Ray contracted. He drew his blonde wife to him and said, "Is not this premature, Gwendolen?"

"You brought him with us, and must know better than I."

"Ah yes, that was all right. His standing is above question. He is a Ph. D., an F. R. S. L., an F. R. A. S., and besides, he is the author, though Helena does not know it, of that very book she had read so much since its late publication,—but he need not claim her to himself in this fashion." The father felt that a being, stronger nature than his own, had come between him and his daughter,—and come to stay.

"Take my arm, Gwen, I think we will give him to know that he is moderately observed."

Hargrave St. John and Helena walked slowly along a terraced way overhung with lightly waving branches through which the sunlight and breeze made dancing shadows around them and over them. At one side was a descent of precipitous steepness, at the other the wooded steeps toward the rear of the ruined castle.

St. John skilfully adapted his subjects for conversation to the meaning he had found in the beautiful deep eyes that turned to him in willing attention as they stood together at the verge of the main terrace; and for the first time in his life was fully resolved to please a lady—the one beside him.

He had quickly divined that he would be safe in alluding to books and subjects above and beyond the range of the average thought and reading, and with an exquisite unquestioned pleasure he ventured to call forth to light, or rather to language, some of the genuine but deeply-hidden treasures of his own mind and soul being. His companion listened with a subdued wonder that no one had ever know what to say to her before,—a wonder that the books and things which had for her the fullest charm were for the first time the appreciated pleasures of another mind; and when, in reply to a remark of hers, the almost excited tones of St. John repeated a passage from one of her favorite poets—a quotation that with its music and its depth of meaning had haunted her memory for days, a rich smile of unrestrained, unalloyed delight illuminated her whole face, changing its marble beauty to a transparent medium for expressing all noble thoughts that the spirit of man will worship.

St. John looked at her meditatively, and he was far too shrewd a reader of the mind and face to misunderstand her smile. After a moment he said gravely, "Beautiful as you are, Miss Ray, I had not dreamed you could smile like that. Promise me to smile so often—once each day at least—it is a revelation." But the smile had vanished. He continued, still gravely,

"A face that can express so much as yours has no right to conceal its possibilities."

"Do you know, Dr. St. John," said Miss Ray, and she too spoke gravely, "that I half made it a condition of your coming with us to-day that you should pay me no compliment? Still, the forbidden compliment has become so nearly—fault-finding that I forgive it. Surely I should esteem myself a favored one among mortals if a 'Mentor' were mine, ever ready to point out the faults of which there must be many; but of which I am never told. Would you be stern and true to the duty of such an office—would you accept it?" Helena Ray was in earnest, she really craved criticism, fault-finding, was weary of praises.

"I will accept anything which gives me the right to be near you," St. John replied, "But do not ask me to find fault. Smile, only smile, and the all-important step for life-amendment in your case will have been taken."

"I shall demand a rigorous Mentor as the condition of friendship," said Helena.

Judge Ray with his wife, who had been slowly approaching now joined them, and the four with some laughing effort and some aid from shrubs and branches, climbed up a crooked pathway to gain the rear of the castle.

A few minutes sufficed to restore Hargrave St. John to the favor of Helena's parents. He seemed endowed with intuitive knowledge of the thought and feeling of others, and unflinchingly met them with a fitting word or action. No excessive attention to Helena could be even imagined for the remaining hour of their rambles. In truth each individual of the small party seemed for a time in dreamy silence abandoned to the charm of the pleasant summer day and the impressive scenes around them; and when at last they descended through the roofless but majestic ruin, and by the way of the terrace to the carriages once more, it only appeared the most natural thing in the world that the guest of the day should hand Miss Ray to her seat.

A flush as unusual as mysterious flew over the white-

rose cheek of the stately maiden, and as they drove onward she turned her attention to the carriage window and the far-off towering granite hills of the Odenwald in a resolute purpose to be entirely composed. St. John had not pressed her hand, had not kept it in his a moment beyond the strictest propriety, yet that large soft palm of his had made its presence strangely felt despite the close glove of hers, and the quick-questioning electric current of heart to heart—of the strong proud-willed man to the beautiful dreamy-calm woman was not to be doubted nor misunderstood.

During the return drive Helena Ray did not speak, dared not speak lest by her voice she should betray the unaccountable tremor that would linger along her nerves—it was like the spell of an enchanter—what could it mean?

St. John skilfully drew all attention from her silence—with a little misgiving and self-reproach.

"She is less strong physically than I thought," was placed in his mental note-book.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE DEATH OF COL. JOHN C. BUNDY.

From Light (London.)

Spiritualism has sustained a severe loss by the removal from his external activities of John C. Bundy. He did a work in America—that nursery of thought—which can be appreciated only by one who, like myself, has followed it week by week for many years.

He was a cordial co-operator with every truth-lover. Like the rest of us he had his own views of truth. I never found them much in conflict with mine. We may both of us have been very wrong, but it remains that we were in accord. How much of that which has disgraced Spiritualism he routed out of it I cannot now tell. All honor to his name and all respect to his work. I cannot now say more of a man that I was proud to call my friend. A worthier hand does that. Dr. Elliott Coues knew him well, worked with him in close accord, and gives me the privilege of presenting to my readers one of the most touching memoirs I have ever recorded. Work, work, work is the burden of life. It kills us, but though—

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,  
His soul goes marching on.

Dr. Coues writes thus:

I have already informed you by cable of the deplorable and irreparable loss which the cause of spiritual truth has just sustained in the transition of the editor of the THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Col. Bundy passed on at 1:35 in the morning of August 6th, after long suffering, bravely borne. We were hopeful of his recovery till some hours before it became evident that he must yield in the unequal contest. I am as yet without particulars of the sad event, but am fully informed to the date of the latest mail which could reach me from Chicago in this remote place.

My friend was for years a sadly overworked man. His nature was intense, and he threw himself with all the forceful passion of his disposition into whatever he undertook. His devotion to his life's work for what he believed to be the truth was absolute. He was his own merciless taskmaster. He spared neither foe nor himself. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was his second self, and only those who know the whole history of that paper can appreciate the difficulties he overcame and the obstacles he surmounted to make it what he did—the representative of the highest and best Spiritualism in America. Latterly Bundy threw himself heart and soul into the Psychical Science Congress, in which he saw a great means to a still greater end.

Notwithstanding overmuch toil and trouble, Col. Bundy's health seemed fairly good, and his energy inexhaustible during the several years we sustained intimate and confidential relations, till the breakdown came some months ago. He used to complain now and then of blinding headaches, which, to my medical eye, augured ill, as they were hemicranial; but warnings, if not unheeded, were at any rate of no actual effect in inducing him to desist. When I passed through Chicago in September, 1891, bankrupt myself from the grippe and just what else I was always giving Bundy good advice about, he seemed a fairly well man and in position to retaliate on me. His good, ringing letters followed my wanderings for some time on the Pacific till they were interrupted, I think in January or February of this year, and then I heard that he had been down with the universal pest. Returning to Chicago in March, I was constantly with him for six weeks, while our plans for the Psychical Science Congress matured and the official machinery of the organization was set fairly in mo-

tion. He was at his usual avocations, but I often found him on the sofa in his office, instead of at his desk, with his noble, devoted wife standing guard against needless intrusion. Shortly afterwards Col. and Mrs. Bundy joined an excursion of the American Editorial Association to the Pacific coast, and we all hoped much from this temporary release from the exacting duties of editorship. But this hope was elusive. In the first letter I had from him on his return he said: "I am a very sick man," in a tone—if I may say "tone" of written words—I had never heard before; and a brief scrawl or two finished word from him direct. I think the last one accompanied proofs he sent me of my article in the *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* of July, in which I had something to say of yourself. It was characteristically to the point: "Hurry up these proofs for next week, Coues!" Then silence—will it ever be broken?

I gather from Mrs. Bundy's letters, during the painful weeks of her devoted vigils, that Col. Bundy contracted a violent pleurisy, which resulted in pulmonary abscess and consequent fatal septicæmia. The last-named alarming symptoms seem not to have developed till very shortly before the end came; and though the case was grave from the beginning, we had much to hope for from his constitutional strength and indomitable will power, and even discussed what we should do with him as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to be moved.

Humanly speaking, I can see no mercy, no justice, no reason, no necessity, no fitness whatever, in the removal of Col. Bundy from worldly activities, on the part of any higher power there may be in control of the destinies of men. Others besides myself who watched the painful struggle were half persuaded that he must live to complete a full-rounded career of eminent usefulness and honor; there seemed to be too much for him still to do and dare in the cause he loved; there seemed to be due to him, too, a larger measure of the fruit of works than he had received. Short-sighted I may be—but I am neither resigned nor reconciled, nor have I any compromise with intelligent powers—if any such there be—who have not intervened to avert this evil thing. Those spiritual forces which should have triumphed are defeated in the death of this man. There is no man in America who might not have been removed with less untoward result in the great issues he served so bravely and so effectively. Another may take, but no one will fill, the place he made his own. No common soldier has fallen in the ranks; this one was his own standard-bearer! What Spiritualism in England would be without Stainton-Moses—which the fates forefend!—that is the same cause now in America without John C. Bundy.

This is no biographical sketch—merely the spontaneous tribute of a friend in great grief. I have nothing to say of Col. Bundy's early life, of his patriotic services in the civil war, or even of the causes which combined to make him a Spiritualist with an abiding faith in the pivotal point of his belief. But there are some points in his character as I knew it that may be touched upon. The elements were very much mixed, indeed, in his composition. Perhaps he was not wilfully misrepresented as often as he was simply misunderstood. In fact, I doubt that he understood himself very well. He was a bundle of contradictions, with all that that implies—something more than the usual defect of qualities which we all have. A child might lead him now—horses could not hold him then. He generally obeyed his intuitions, but kept a sharp eye on them withal, and oftener allowed them to deter from than impel to action. Here I am reminded of the influence ascribed to the daemon of the old Greek philosopher. Not that Bundy was much of a philosopher, in the scholastic sense of the term. Such philosophy as he had was eminently worldly, practical and easy-going—a sharp glance, a shrug of the shoulders and a quick retort would cover it. He was an enthusiast, but with the check-rein. He was of the stuff that goes to make a fanatic, but does not go very far when diluted with such sound common sense and shrewd worldly wisdom as Bundy brought and paid for in the course of his experiences. If his ideals, aspirations and ambitions were humanly beyond the possibilities of realization, nevertheless he pursued them, and shot higher than one could who aimed lower. "Genius," says some one "is patience." "Genius is the length of time a man can sit at his desk," says another; if either of these definitions be correct, Bundy had genius; and that quality, moulded by his environment, unhappily more imperative than I wish his circumstances had been, made him what he was.

Every strong character has enemies. Strength is a challenge, as weakness is an appeal, to the world; and strength is never more persistently challenged than when it includes an element of subtlety. Bundy not only had enemies galore—natural and necessary enemies, which he ought to have had, and which I honor him for having earned—but also, I fear, sometimes made enemies of some who would have been his friends had his attitude towards them been a little

different. His spirit was ardent; this quickened his temper, and his anger was more easily aroused than quieted. The world knows more, perhaps, of his aggressiveness and of his uncompromising hostilities than of those greater qualities to be presently named. But we may remember that there are times to fashion weapons and times to turn them into ploughshares; soldiers must sometimes uphold the Cross. Bundy was the best fighter I ever knew. The man who had Bundy at his back might fall, but he knew it would be a fight to the finish after that. There was not a white feather in all his plumage, and no enemy ever saw his back. He died as he lived, face to the foe. The Lord hates a coward. He must have loved Bundy.

After Bundy's splendid courage—his absolute fearlessness—comes his transparent truthfulness and honesty. He might concede much to our common infirmities, our follies, or even our fleshly vices; but dishonesty and untruthfulness he neither tolerated nor condoned. He wanted the truth always, and all of it, and nothing else; compromise was impossible in this regard; he was even unequal to those innocent fictions which most persons consider indispensable lubricants of life's machinery. Here was a rock of offense against which he often stumbled. He would not deviate by a hair; and much that has been set down as "aggressiveness" was simply such straightforwardness; for then, if anything stood in the way, something had to give way, and it was seldom Bundy. He hated shams and pretences; he despised presumptions and hollowness; he detested hypocrisies and everything that set up to be something it was not. He knew, too, that these things are in the world only as they are represented in person, and I doubt that he ever loved the sinner of the sin that he hated. It was first punish, then pray for evil-doers—and if the latter operation took as good effect as the former generally did, then justice and mercy would be alike subserved.

It was just his unflinching and unswerving course towards his own ideals of right, and his inability to blink at anything he thought wrong, that strewed the flints in his pathway. The editor of what is distinctively a "class" paper, dependent for its support upon subscription, and the very apple of his own eye as a means to the ends of which his whole life was a sacrifice, he never stopped to dicker with a question of expediency, or policy, or self-interest; when a matter of right and wrong came in question; he never stopped to consider which side his bread was buttered; and when he dropped a piece it was generally with the buttered side downward. He did it open-eyed, too, knowing exactly what he was about and what the consequences would be. He did it from conviction, as a matter of duty; he had moral principles, strong convictions and a keen conscience: what to these were subscribers more or fewer? What is stronger than such a sense of duty? What is higher or broader or truer than such a policy, impolitic though it appear in the slowness of the grinding of the mills of the gods?

Singular as it may seem after what has preceded, I think Col. Bundy was one of the best judges of men and women I ever knew. I came to place almost implicit confidence in his opinion of the character of persons with whom we had to do, mutually or respectively. He was rarely deceived. He often fortified my own judgments: when we differed I usually felt less confident, and generally found him nearer right than myself. In the whole course of my acquaintance with his paper, I never knew it to be more than once clearly mistaken in its editorial estimate of a person, or in its statement of an occurrence; and that error was instantly detected, acknowledged and exposed with a manly candor which I wish were more common. The reliability of *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* has been for years of the very highest that a paper can hope for—not by any means that we must believe everything printed in it, but that Col. Bundy's own statement of fact is almost invariably correct, and his own judgments at a very high rate of accuracy in discrimination. I have often had occasion to admire the dogged perseverance with which he would follow up a clue, not less noiselessly than relentlessly, giving no hint of what he was about till he had the facts in his grasp and the proof of them to show. Then he spoke out; and then it was that those wincing that the truth galled, till their writings were painfully in evidence and their outcry discordantly resonant.

This gave *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* much of its really great strength, in the estimation of all fair-minded persons, and made its editor a terror to evil-doers of the class to which the paper appealed. It may be said with entire truth that every fraudulent medium in America feared Bundy more than they did God Almighty; for *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* is a weekly, and God's visitations are at less frequent intervals.

Many circumstances have combined to present Col. Bundy to the world full-armed and with couched lance. Few know the amiability and gentleness and real sweetness that adorned his character in private

and made such warm, staunch friends of those who were admitted to his intimacy. Like all men of intensity, his sympathies were as active as his antipathies, and his affections as strong as his animosities. No one with an eye for physiognomy could look at his delicate, dimpled chin, of almost feminine mould, without seeing something in contrast almost startling with the quickest and most flashing eye imaginable. Here was the fire and force that the world knows; there the softness, even weakness. There is a rare pathos in the way such contrarieties react upon each other in collision with the way of the world. Only those who know the working of the inmost man can appreciate at what cost and with what pain the continual struggle goes on in the privacy of the soul between warmth of heart and steely coolness of head when one determines to do, from a sense of duty, those things which one shrinks instinctively through fear of giving pain. Bundy took himself very seriously indeed. Aside from any right and reasonable personal ambitions, he believed that he had a great work to do in the world, and determined to do it. The world will judge the measure of success he achieved; but only his friends know at what price. Bundy was at heart a modest man, diffident and often distrustful to those very powers he continually put to the utmost test. He felt acutely the full weight of those responsibilities he had assumed; and I know that at times with him, as with most of us, a sense of helplessness, of human weakness, fallibility and impotence in the face of the unfathomable mysteries of life and death, was sorely oppressive. But he never flinched, and shirked nothing; and he died as he lived, true to his convictions.

It is too soon to venture any estimation of the full results of Col. Bundy's life and works. It takes time for the fruit of works to mature. The movement of which Col. Bundy was a factor must go on till we can look back and view it in proper historical perspective. Large as his share in affairs have been, I know that he expected little reward for his labor in this life. But I cannot close this inadequate though very sincere tribute to my friend without a word concerning the Psychological Science Congress, now promising such great results.

To Col. Bundy, and to him alone, is due the credit of originating this Congress and giving it its initial movement. He first broached the subject to me more than a year ago. I heartily fell in with his intentions, though too ill at the time to take any steps whatever to the end we had in view. He meanwhile moved in the matter, had the committee appointed, and the outlines of our plan of operations were drawn on consultation last September. The matter then laid over till last March and April, when committee meetings were held in Chicago and the project practically matured. If most of the work, and certainly more credit than I deserve in comparison with Col. Bundy, has since fallen to my share, that is simply because he was already a stricken man, whom death was quick to claim. In all that this Congress may grow to be Col. Bundy's name cannot be too warmly remembered or too highly honored. I have already taken the requisite official action in view of his removal by death from the committee, that, as he would wish, no interruption or delay may occur in the progress of the work.

ELLIOTT COUES.

Cranberry, North Carolina, U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1892.

#### THE INVISIBLE.

When science could not account for the pull of the sun on the earth, or the passing of light from sun to earth, on any theory based on the known structure of the universe, what did she do, asks Prof. Gunning? She hypothesized another form of matter and called it "cosmic ether." On this ether she employed her highest powers of analysis. Peirce has shown that it is a million times as elastic as steel. Thomson has shown that a cubic mile of this ether would weigh only one thousand millionth of a pound. Herschel has shown that an amount equal in weight to a cubic inch of air would press outward with a force equal to seventeen billion pounds. It pervades all things. It fills all space. It is an infinite, tremulous ocean, which islands the constellations as the Pacific islands a reef, and through every cubic inch of space it holds the potency of a force equal to seventeen billion pounds. To account for the universe as revealed to the touch, the ear, and the eye, science must hypothesize such an unseen universe. One of the imperial thinkers of the race, forerunning the demonstrations of science, asserted the existence of an invisible material universe, and said, "I am much inclined to assert the existence of invisible beings in this universe, and to classify my own soul among them." This was Kant. Now science stands as to man where she stood as to the physical universe before the demonstration of this finer realm of matter. The universe with its display of forces could not be explained by its tangible, visible, audible body. No more can man be explained by his tangible and visible body.

## HOW MARY GREW.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

With wisdom far beyond her years,  
And graver than her wondering peers,  
So strong, so mild, combining still  
The tender heart and queenly will,  
To conscience and to duty true,  
So up from childhood, Mary Grew!

Then in her gracious womanhood  
She gave her days to doing good.  
She dared the scornful laugh of men,  
The hounding mob, the slanderer's pen,  
She did the work she found to do,  
A Christian heroine, Mary Grew!

The freed slave thanks her; blessing comes  
To her from women's weary homes.  
The wronged and erring find in her  
Their censor mild and comforter.  
The world were safe if but a few  
Could grow in grace as Mary Grew!

So, New Year's Eve, I sit and say,  
By this low wood-fire, ashen gray;  
Just wishing, as the night shuts down,  
That I could hear in Boston town,  
In pleasant Chestnut avenue,  
From her own lips how Mary Grew!

And hear her graceful hostess tell  
The silver-voiced oracle,  
Who lately through her parlors spoke  
As through Dodona's sacred oak,  
A wiser truth than any told  
By Sappho's lips of ruddy gold—  
The way to make the world anew  
Is just to grow—as Mary Grew!

An esteemed contemporary, replying to a correspondent who asked a question regarding the activities of Vice-President Morton, declares that the best Vice Presidents, like the best women, are those of whom the public hears the least. The Press had occasion not long ago to point out the untruth, or half truth, of various proverbs, says the N. Y. Press. This airy persiflage about women of whom the public hears should by no means be taken seriously. In the list of women known to fame are such names as these: From classic times, Andromache, Penelope, Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; from mediæval or modern history, Queen Isabella, Beatrice, Lady Jane Gray, Joan of Arc; among philanthropists and rescuers, Elizabeth Frye, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Ida Lewis; among women eminent for scholarship, Elizabeth Carter, Miss Maria Mitchell, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Mary Putnam Jacoby. Can anybody call the roll of great poets and not name Mrs. Browning; of great novelists, and omit George Eliot (Marian Evans), Charlotte Brontë and Harriet Beecher Stowe; of distinguished artists, and fail to mention Rosa Bonheur and Harriet Hosmer? Are not these all women of whom the public hears great deal, hears most in proportion as it is enlightened? Does anybody presume to say that they are not or were not in their day among the "best women?" The notion that it is somehow discreditable for a woman to be talked about has no other basis of truth than such a notion would have in the case of a man. All depends on the kind of talk and the kind of talkers. The woman whose name is on everybody's tongue may be one whose womanliness has gained her a place in everybody's heart. To deny to women the right to achieve and enjoy an honorable fame is senseless. It is to rob them of one of the greatest incentives to and rewards for noble endeavor. The disposition to do this is a relic of barbarism or semi-barbarism, of the time when women who wrote books did not dare to let their real authorship be known, of the time or clime when or where it was deemed a shame to a woman to be seen on the street without a hood over her face, but no shame to her husband at home to beat her for not cooking his dinner to suit him.

But before I write further let me give you a few words about the Countess, says a correspondent. She is to my mind quite as interesting a character as Tolstol himself, and did she keep a diary I imagine it would rank in its interesting stories with that of Jane Walsh, the wife of that other philosophic genius, Thomas Carlyle. She has for thirty years been the better half of Tolstol's great soul, and she is to-day the balance wheel which, as far as possible,

holds him in check and which keeps him and the family from the poverty of the peasants. A good wife and a loving mother, she it was that prevented Tolstol selling all he had and giving his property to the poor, and she it is who to-day manages the estates, attends to the education of the children, takes care of all the details of her husband's affairs and his house, and at the same time cheerfully and uncomplainingly softens the hard road which he would lay out for himself and his family. The Countess impresses you at first meeting as a woman of remarkable strength of character. She is tall, well formed and fine looking, and though she has a son twenty-nine years old her cheeks are still rosy and the gray has hardly begun to show itself in her luxurious dark hair. Her eyes are dark, bright and full of intelligence and her face is full of kind feeling. She is a clever conversationalist and she speaks English fluently with a slight Russian accent. She is a womanly woman in every sense of the word, and the ideals of womanhood as embodied in Tolstol's best characters are taken from her. Tolstol's love for her and her love for him during their thirty years of married life have never been questioned, and his studies of women have been made like Ruben's paintings, with his wife for his model.

A PETITION signed by 7,000 women of Prussia has been presented to the Prussian Legislature recently, and another one signed by 40,000 German women, has been sent to the Reichstag, both asking for the medical education of women in the universities. These petitions were advocated by representatives of all the political parties, and both have gone to the government, and hope is entertained by the petitioners that a law will be made giving the women what is asked for. The women framing these petitions were clever; they asked that any woman preparing herself privately for the preliminary examinations which precede medical studies at the universities might be received and examined as an ex-terminus in the gymnasia. A petition asking for gymnasia for girls has been rejected. Prof. Hermann Grimm, the philologist, has published an article in a German magazine advocating the admission of women to equal rights with men in the German universities. He treats the subject like a philosopher, and attributes to their present unjust exclusion the inability of German girls to take the place in science and literature which rightfully they should hold.

A BERLIN society called "The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands," has some terrors that none but the nerviest dare incur. It is for the regulation of morals, and has detectives collect evidence of delinquencies. The offender is then held up by the society, and a sword of Damocles is suspended above him, so to speak, by a hair from his wronged wife's head. He frequently turns over a new leaf with a bang.

FRAU FLYGARE-CARLEN, the deceased authoress has left the whole of her property to charitable institutions. The university of Upsala is to receive 10,000 kronen; the same sum is to be devoted to poor students; poor fishermen from her home are to receive the interest of 10,000 kronen every year, and 20,000 kronen are to go to found scholarship in the Latin school at Skars.

JEAN INGELow is the daughter of a banker of Lincolnshire and was one of a family of eleven children. She wrote her first poems on the window-shutters, closing them away out of sight when completed. Her brother was the first to secure the publication of her poems, and four editions of a thousand each were sold the first year. Twenty-six editions of the same volume have since been published.

A PLAYFUL apology for not attending a meeting of the Radical Club, at which his old friend Mary Grew, the beautiful Philadelphia preacher, read a paper upon "Essential Christianity." The allusion in the last line but two is to the fact that at the meeting of the club preceding that for which this poem was written a paper on Sappho had been read by Col. T. W. Higginson.

IN view of the opening of the liberal arts classes in the University of Edinburg to women students, the Association for the University Education of Women has made a bright little house not far from the university its headquarters. One room is to

be fitted up as a library. To it the large collection of valuable books belonging to the association will be transferred and placed at the disposal of all women students attending the university or the medical schools. Although the arts students will have free access to the university library, it is considered advisable that in addition a central meeting place for rest and study should be provided for them outside. When the necessary funds are forthcoming it is expected that this center will develop into a dormitory under the name of Maaden Hall, where non-resident students in Edinburg may live.

MR. H. L. GREEN the editor of the Freethinker's Magazine attended the Spiritual Camp Meeting at Lilly Dale, N. Y., and this is what he has to say of it in his magazine: The Lilly Dale Spiritualist camp grounds of Chautauqua Co., N. Y., is a most beautiful summer resort. We—which includes in this instance, our "better half"—enjoyed a four days' visit there during the recent Spiritual camp meeting. "Spirits" and "Spiritual Manifestations," "Slate Writing" and "Materializations" were the principal subjects of interest there, but we were glad to learn that this mundane sphere is not wholly ignored, and certain days are set apart to discuss practical reforms, such as "Woman's Rights," "Capital and Labor," "Temperance," etc. This we consider a marked improvement, and we should be glad to see our Spiritual friends make still further advancement in the same direction. Why not make their platform broad enough to include among their regular speakers representatives of every phrase of thought? This is what the real orthodox Chautauqua camp-meeting is beginning to do, and the Spiritualists surely should endeavor to keep in advance of their Christian neighbors. The time is coming in the not distant future when names will mean but little—that the only questions with real reformers will be: What is true? What will best advance the interests of humanity? We found the Spiritualists at Lilly Dale very good, social people, but we must say many of them are somewhat sectarian. Their creed is: "Do you believe in spiritual communion through our mediums?" If yes, then you are taken into full communion. If no, or if you express doubts, then you are not so cordially welcomed, much the same as a Methodist camp-meeting in that respect. Of course our Spiritual friends do not realize this fact—they mean to be liberal, but it is so hard for any class of people to be liberal enough to feel as kindly toward disbelievers in their views as believers. We all inherit from our orthodox ancestors much of this exclusiveness. Spiritualists and Materialists are not as a general thing wholly exempt from it. If they were, Liberalism would be advancing much faster than at present. But we like Lilly Dale and the people who gather there and hope next year to spend more time there, and we would advise all classes of Liberals to annually visit this interesting camp-meeting. It is one of the most delightful places in this country.

IN an article on the transition of Mr. Bundy the Carrier Dove says: "At the present time his death seems a calamity to the cause owing to the important position he occupied as one of its representatives at the coming World's Fair. Through the indefatigable efforts of Col. Bundy more than to that of any other one individual are Spiritualists indebted for the recognition afforded them by the Fair Commissioners. He was Chairman of the Committee appointed to superintend its presentation and discussion, and had already secured the aid and cooperation of scientific gentlemen in the work. We hope his mantle may fall upon worthy shoulders, and that the work he has so successfully

inaugurated may be carried out as it was designed it should be. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved wife and daughter; and we trust that the dear one who has left them may be enabled to return and communicate with them in their hours of loneliness and sorrow; and that they may be comforted with the knowledge of his continued presence in the home until the desolation which has come into their lives shall be changed to peaceful content, and they shall perceive through the darkness the light of his love beaming steadfastly upon them."

THE Critic says: When Gulliver made his voyage to Laputa, some centuries ago, he found there many learned and skilled astronomers, employing telescopes of extraordinary power. "They have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars," he wrote, "whereas the largest of ours does not contain above one-third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half: so that the squares of their periodical times are very nearly in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the center of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies."

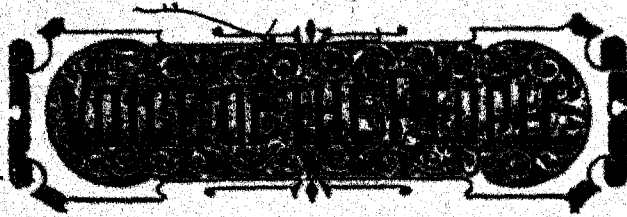
It is not good for a man to be bowed, and broken and wearied and soured at the start. People who out of mistaken views of duty bring children up on hard lines often put into their very blood a chill that is never conquered by its native glow. I think it was Sir Charles Lyell who told of a rich man who apologized for giving at first a poor subscription to a good cause by saying that in early life he had been very poor, and had never got the chill of poverty out of his bones. There are men who find it hard to love anything, or to be enthusiastic about anything, or to find much delight in anything, simply because they missed the gate Beautiful when they were young.—John Page Hopps.

IN an article on Lyceum lecturing the New York Press says: Mr. Ingersoll and Dr. Talmage are about the only men of distinction left now whose work in the Lyceum field can in any degree be compared to that formerly done by Mr. George William Curtis and his coadjutors.

SAYS the Universalist Monthly, issued at Newark, N. J., and edited by Rev. W. S. Crowe:

Col. John C. Bundy, editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has passed on to the higher life. His death is a loss to American civilization. He was a pure and devoted husband, a good father, a noble friend, a conscientious citizen, a brave soldier, a tireless student, an indefatigable worker, a scientific Spiritualist. He hated shams and frauds. He did not labor to support a theory or maintain an "attitude" or bolster a tradition. He loved the truth, and boldly asserted the facts as facts were demonstrated to his mind by the most careful and candid experiment. No greater blessing could come to the Christian churches than for their leaders to be actuated by the principles which he practiced. Patient with the doubting, generous with the scoffing, clear in his own statements, resting his cause alone on such facts as he was always ready to submit for the keenest scrutiny; too great of heart to get angry; too sure of his ground ever to indulge special pleading; too optimistic to harbor a trace of bitterness in his championship of optimism. He has done more than any other one man in America to honor the word Spiritualism. Whether or not we believe his doctrine, there are millions of us, (still more or less skeptical) who profoundly believe in him and deeply mourn his loss.





## THE MIDDLE WAY.

TO THE EDITOR: While heartily sympathizing with the general views expressed by Mr. M. C. Seecey, in THE JOURNAL of September 17th, on the relations between capital and labor, I cannot help thinking that exception should be taken to his remark that "there can never be harmony between labor and capital." These two economic factors are absolutely essential to each other, and therefore the opinion that they must stand towards each other in inharmonious relations cannot be correct. While conciliation and arbitration are good, (and ought, in fact, to be insisted on by the governing authorities, under present conditions) the relations between the capitalist and the workman should be placed on such a basis that, in due time, they will become unnecessary. This can be accomplished however, only by a system of organization in which capital and labor, instead of being separately organized and standing in opposition to each other, shall be treated as cooperative elements, the one affective and the other effective, with co-extensive duties and rights, to be ascertained by the application of recognized economic principles. There is much wisdom in the remarks of Baron Alfonso Rothschild published in the Paris Figaro, and reproduced a few days ago in The Tribune newspaper, although he appears to take much too optimistic a view of the present situation. He says:

"I do not believe in the so-called labor movement. I am confident that the workmen, generally speaking, are satisfied with their condition, and have neither cause nor desire to complain. They are, I am convinced, indifferent to socialism. To be sure, some agitators make plenty of noise, but that amounts to nothing; they do not influence the honest and reasonable workmen. In considering the so-called labor movement it is necessary, however, to distinguish sharply good from bad workmen. Only the idle good-for-nothings desire the eight-hour day. Serious men, fathers of families work as long as they think necessary for their own and their children's needs. There is too much loose talk nowadays about the danger of so much capital in the hands of a few men. This is all rubbish. Some men are richer, others are poorer; to-morrow this is all changed by vicissitudes which nobody can control. It is money which circulates that fructifies and money circulates with the same risk to all. It is money which one lends in confidence for so-called good things which do not always turn out to be good. All that applies to the great as well as the small venturer. Frighten and threaten capital and it vanishes. Capital is like water. Grasp it violently and it slips through your fingers; treat it gently, dig a canal in which to lead it, and it runs wherever you will. Capital is a country's fortune. It represents the energy, intelligence, thrift, and labor of the people. Capital is labor. Apart from unhappy exceptions, which seems to be unavoidable, each shares in the capital according to his intelligence, energy and work accomplished. If a workman be discontented with his share he may strike. It is unjust to compare a man with capital and intelligence, organization faculties, invention, and knowledge, with any gross, brutal workman who applies to his work only the unintelligent work of his hands."

There cannot be the slightest doubt that, whether it be said that "capital is labor," or that "labor is capital," both of which statements express the same idea, labor and capital are practically the same thing. Not only, therefore, ought the recompense for their employment to be governed by the same principle—and here I differ from Baron Rothschild—but every person interested, whether in respect of capital or labor, ought to have a share in the property of the concern. In fact, every commercial enterprise should be a partnership, of which the capitalist and the workmen should alike be members, as in the large cooperative associations of which so many are to be met with in the Old World. Where there is a will there is a way; and the time must come when, if society is not to suffer an economic earthquake, its commercial policy must be reorganized on that line; so that every man may have

an incentive to put his heart in his work, as well as his brain.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

## NOTES OF A SUPPOSED TELEPLASTIC PHENOMENON.

TO THE EDITOR: In July, 1887, I attended a séance in an old log house about three miles from Kansas City, Mo. There were present, Mrs. Ely, a Quaker, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Baker, of Westport, and a man and his wife whose names I do not remember. The medium, Mrs. Roselle, was a poor and very ignorant woman, formerly wife and widow of one of Jesse James' gang, but at the time of the séance wife of a common laborer, an old man as ignorant as herself. She had three children, the eldest not above twelve or fourteen years old, and the family were very poor, often without the necessities of life.

When we (Mr. and Mrs. Baker and myself) arrived the medium and her family were sitting outside of the house on a bench, and we joined them. Presently Mrs. Ely and the other man and woman arrived and we repaired to the inside of the house—a very hot place on a July night in Missouri.

The small kerosene lamp, the only one the family possessed, was lighted, and I was invited to view the cabinet. The house was divided into two rooms, and in a corner of the inner one a small closet had been partitioned off with boards by the Elys. A black cambric curtain draped the entrance and inside was a wooden chair. There was only room inside for the one chair. The cabinet walls were the rough logs of which the house was built and the boards of the partition. I saw the medium, a small slender woman in the scanty dress the heat rendered necessary, seated in the chair: the curtains closed and the guests seated themselves in an irregular semi-circle facing the cabinet. My position was in front of and not more than seven or eight feet from the curtain.

The lamp was put on a bracket, the light made dim, but not so dim but that I could distinguish the faces about me and the guests began to sing. During the entire séance the "spirits" expressed a preference for the most rollicking melodies, the words being of no importance. Mrs. Ely, who is something of a medium, stood at the end of the circle nearest the cabinet, singing vigorously with a tuneless voice, and making rhythmical movements with her hands. Presently the curtain parted at the bottom and a pale, silvery mist began to form. The curtain opened and closed several times, showing each time a more and more substantial figure, soft, silvery white, but irregular in outline. At length the curtain opened fully and the figure of a child apparently about two years old emerged and stood at least two feet from the cabinet. The outlines were blurred, the features indistinct, the whole appearance snowy white, soft like cotton wool and glistening like moonlight on snow. Balls of light—apparently of the same material and structure—played about the feet of the figure. During the formation of the figure voices were heard from the cabinet, the coarse voices of men which cursed and swore, the giggling laughter of a girl, the slender treble of childhood, mingling together so that I could not be certain whether more than one voice spoke at the same moment. A voice from the cabinet informed us that the child was present for the Stout lady, but I could not fix on any dead child at the moment which the apparition might be supposed to represent. So I welcomed it in a general way and after a few moments, it drew nearer the cabinet, pale, wavered and disappeared within the curtains which opened to receive it. The singing continued outside, the noise and confusion of voices increased in the cabinet and presently the curtains parted a little way at the bottom as before and the silvery, misty appearance was again produced. Gradually it took on the outlines of a female figure and finally it stood fully revealed in the door of the cabinet—a tall, slender young woman with dark eyes and hair, clothed all in the silvery, misty substance out of which the child's figure seemed to have been entirely made. This figure was considerable taller than the medium, well proportioned, young and graceful.

The two strangers recognized it as their daughter and the man, invited by a voice from the cabinet, went to the side of the figure and conversed with it in whispers. He sat next me in the circle and when he returned to his seat his features were working into strong emotion. He signed to his wife to go up to the cabinet, which she

did, but as she could not restrain her tears the figure wavered and disappeared inside the cabinet. The woman succeeded in controlling her emotion and after a few moments the figure reappeared. I do not think any words were exchanged and the woman soon retired to her seat in tears. The father and mother both affirmed that the figure was a perfect counterfeit of their daughter if it were not her very self, and the father said the conversation convinced him that it was indeed and in truth the daughter who had passed on a few months before. As she lingered in the door of the cabinet the curtain began to close at the top, the figure grew misty and transparent and was finally only a heap of light mist at the bottom of the curtain, which grew less and less as the opening in the curtain gradually closed to the floor, when it disappeared.

One other figure was presented, this too a tall, slender young woman, with light hair. This figure was recognized as having materialized before. I do not remember any particulars about it, only that it resembled in general outlines the one which preceded it, and that it retreated into the cabinet and reappeared several times.

When the séance closed the curtains were opened by Mrs. Ely and I saw the medium sitting in the chair, partially conscious. She was very much prostrated and bathed in a cold perspiration.

(Mrs.) LUCY L. STOUT.

This article was sent to THE JOURNAL by Professor Elliott Coues with the following remarks:

"The above account has been prepared at my request and handed to me for publication by Mrs. Stout, with permission to use her name. I have of course no opinion to express concerning the occurrence, beyond vouching for the entire good faith and good sense of the writer, who tells simply what she saw and refrains from any expression of her own opinion. Mrs. Stout is a lady well known in her home in Detroit, Michigan."—ED. JOURNAL.

## MEDIUMSHIP AND PSYCHICS.

TO THE EDITOR: It is interesting and significant that phenomena familiar and not uncommon in some circles thirty-five years ago,—should to-day become the study of scholars and scientists, and come to the front as new and remarkable experience.

In 1857 the manifestation of writing mediumship as it was then styled, was brought to my notice. I say brought in the literal sense, for I was a helpless, and as pronounced by doctors, hopeless invalid, unable to move my body in any manner or stand on feet if lifted and set upon them.

An old gentleman friend who had become interested in Spiritualism, had called upon me to persuade me to try a clairvoyant or healer, he being confident such means might prove restorative.

I had sent a lock of hair to a clairvoyant remote from my home, and had not yet received a reply to my missive asking for diagnosis and prescription. One evening a friend called who related what a writing medium had prophesied in a written communication, and its fulfillment within a day or two. The facts and circumstances of the case which were well known to my husband and myself, as well as each of the three parties involved, aroused the curiosity of my husband who had not up to that time paid any attention to the subject of spirit communication or phenomena, as all the unaccountable demonstrations were then called.

Soon after this the writing medium above referred to, who was an acquaintance and one time near neighbor of ours, called, and my husband asked if he could write at any time, and was willing to give a sitting. He said he had always had some kind of movement of his hand, and though not always writing of consequence came, usually there was some kind of production on the slate.

Immediately on seating himself at table to a well cleaned slate which my husband had found and prepared, his arm was violently exercised. The movements were those of a person writing but with a rapidity quite beyond the capacity of a mortal body. After the slate had been filled two or three times with lines and dots and scattered single letters, and occasionally a word, the movement became more deliberate and a sentence was correctly finished. It was indicated (I can't now recollect whether by writing or some gesture; for this man was a personating as well as writing medium) that we were to open the communication. The first question I asked was whether the medium I had written to would cure or help me? "No." "Should

I recover and be able to walk?" "Yes." "Who would help me?" "God's messenger." These answers being written before I could finish the question. Three times in different form I pled the question who was to help me, but only those two words were given each time, "God's messenger." I will state right here that a few weeks after this prophecy a healer came to our town who raised me and my recovery was finally complete as to power of locomotion and general health. Soon, by caressing gesture it was indicated to my husband that some one desired to communicate with him. To his query if it was "father" a hearty response came by gestures and by greeting in writing. Several questions had been answered when my husband asked, "Do you find the Spirit-world and life what you had supposed from religious teaching? Is there a heaven and a hell?" "No." "Can you give us any idea about it?" he asked. Quick as a flash it was written, "See this staff." [Five straight parallel lines with the word "Progression" written across diagonally, Ed.]

My husband was a teacher of vocal music which made this symbol particularly apt. But it is impossible to convey by narration an idea of the mechanical exhibition in the writing. The staff was dashed off with lightning rapidity, yet the lines were straight, the spaces uniform.

The medium was evidently as interested and surprised by the productions of the pencil as were any on-lookers. This was my first but not last acquaintance with automatic writing.

A lady friend of an opposite temperament to that of this man was subject for some years to the impulse which when obeyed resulted in writing that was sometimes a communication to herself or to some other person, and sometimes in form of an essay, usually upon some topic which had exercised her mind.

These communications were not usually signed by a name. Sometimes they were satisfactory answers to questions, and sometimes statements and predictions, which often proved correct. So little at that time had the general mind any interest in or conception of the psychical powers and possibilities of embodied spirits, the conclusion was almost unanimous that the manifestations were from the realm of the disembodied.

Often an indifferent mind would query, "Cui bono?" Often a scoffer would denounce mediums and manifestations.

To-day the perfect wisdom which first furnished object lessons, is manifested in a wide-spread movement of mind that is searching the deep and hidden powers of the human soul.

A conscious recognition by the individual soul of its innate and uncreate powers, is of inconceivable importance to human advancement.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

## ELEMENTS OF POWER.

TO THE EDITOR: I find in an essay by Emerson, this: "There are men, who, by their sympathetic attractions, carry nations with them and lead the activity of the human race, and if there be such a tie that, wherever the mind of man goes, nature will accompany him, perhaps there are men whose magnetisms are of that force to draw material and elemental powers, and where they appear, immense instrumentalities organize around them."

Life is a search after power; and this is an element with which the world is so saturated,—there is no chink or crevice in which it is not lodged,—that no honest seeking goes unrewarded. A man should prize events and possessions as the ore in which this fine mineral is found, and he can well afford to let events and possessions, and the breath of the body, go, if their value has been added to him in the shape of power."

Herein seems to me to be contained not only much of the philosophy of this life, but of the communication between this life and what we name the next. But we shall know here, as well as there, that it is one continuous and consistent existence.

C. F. S.

THERE lives at Oak Hill, Texas, a blind girl who, from a few acres of land, cultivated by herself, has cleared about £40 each season for several years by growing vegetables. She began with no capital on the unfenced piece of uncultivated land. There is now a neat fence about her domain, and a well and pump in the center. In addition she has paid for a piano and a hack to take her vegetables to market twenty miles from her home.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

*Dora Darling.* The Daughter of the Regiment. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Lee & Shepard, No. 20, Good Company Series; pp. 370. Paper, 50 cents. Illustrated.

A vivacious story which narrates the adventures of a little Southern girl accompanied by a faithful negro on her way to Eastern relatives during war times. They fall into the hands of Confederate and Union troops alternately and she is at last adopted by the regiment to which belongs a young Union officer whom she had assisted to escape in her Southern home, where he had been taken prisoner. Her negro servant finds a place as cook with the same regiment. Scenes of the war on the battle field, in hospital, on the march and in camp are depicted in a lively and interesting way while true to history in details. A good deal of comedy is interwoven with the tragedy of war, to make the work entertaining as well as instructive.

*The Peoples Party Shot and Shell.* By T. A. Bland. Chicago: C. H. Kerr, 175 Dearborn street. Price ten cents.

This little work is designed to show that the old political parties are worse than dead, that their names are simply being used by self-seekers, while the platform of principles of the Peoples Party is sound, sensible, scientific, and practical. Without venturing on any judgment here of the soundness of the views expressed of the measures proposed by the new party, it may be truthfully be said that Mr. Bland's indictment of the old parties is certainly vigorous and telling. His statement of the proposed new measures, and the outline of argument in their favor are comprehensive and clear. The pamphlet is well worth reading.

*Columbus and Beatriz.* A novel. By Constance Goddard Du Bois, author of "Martha Corey, a Tale of the Salem Witchcraft." Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Co., pp. 297. Cloth, price \$1.00.

This story is founded on the fact that in his will Columbus mentioned Beatriz Enriquez, the mother of his son Fernando recommending her to the care of his heir, and many have therefore concluded since he did not there name her as his wife that his relations to her were illicit. The author being an admirer of the great world discoverer, desirous to save his memory from such stain upon it, weaves in this historic romance a very plausible theory as to the legal union and honorable relations of her hero and heroine, and the lofty motives which led Columbus apparently to ignore her as his wife. The character of Beatriz as here portrayed is a very noble and self-sacrificing one. The story is true in the main to history. Spanish life and scenery are charmingly depicted and the work aside from its timely character is an interesting addition to fiction.

MAGAZINES.

A valuable number is The Popular Science Monthly for October. Dr. Henry Ling Taylor contributes the opening article, on "American Childhood from a Medical Standpoint," in which he points out the unwholesome mental and physical influences that surround American children, especially in cities. There is a timely article on "Specifics for the Cure of Inebriety," by Dr. T. D. Crothers, who tells what the signs are by which a great quackery may be distinguished. A notably interesting article is that on "The Evolution of Dancing," by Lee J. Vance, which is accompanied by ten spirited illustrations. In "Language and Brain Disease," Dr. H. T. Pershing shows how loss of speech from brain disease throws light upon the process of obtaining the mastery of a language. Dr. R. W. Shufeldt has an attractive illustrated article entitled "A Comparative Study of some Indian Homes." In the Editor's Table, "The Claims of Science," as recently stated by Prof. Pearson, are vigorously emphasized.—The September number of the World's Columbian Exposition Illustrated, contains full-page portraits of two prominent Exposition officials, namely: Hon. James W. Haines, national commissioner from Nevada, who was prominently connected with the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and Hon. Thomas Smith, national commissioner from New Jersey and member of the Board of Control. The leading ar-

icle is entitled, "The Bible, the Sabbath, the Exposition and the Constitution of the United States." It is an investigation of the question "Is the Bible authority for closing the World's Columbian Exposition 'on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday'?" A negative reply is given very pointedly yet exhaustively. The article is bound to create discussion, but the arguments are conclusive. Price, 25 cents. J. B. Campbell, publisher, 159 and 161 Adams street, Chicago.—A Literary and Art weekly paper of educational value. The articles are all clear cut in thought, concise in style and of high literary and art merit. The names of some of its contributors are Josephine C. Locke, Elizabeth Harrison, Dr. Kate Mitchell, of London, Denton J. Snider, Thomas M. Johnson, the Plato scholar and Frederick Newton Williams, an art teacher in the Chicago Manual Training School. The Parthenon, 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, Ill., publishes the sermons of Rev. H. W. Thomas.—The Cup Bearer is a fine magazine for boys and girls. The September number presents a half tone of Nina Lillian Morgan, author of "A Slumber Song," etc. The "Croon" by Florence E. D. Muzzy is original and artistic. The editor, Helen Van-Anderson, tells something of the wonders of big Chicago. The departments of Kindergarten, Letter Chat, Mothers' Corner, Good Books, etc., should be read in every family. \$1.00 a year; 358 Burling street, Chicago.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, who wrote "The Anglomaniacs," has finished another novel of New York society, the first chapters of which will appear in the November Century Magazine. It is called "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." It is to be very fully illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, who is said to have done some of his best work for this novel.

"Where is My Dog? or the future life of animals" in press by Fowler & Wells Co., New York, from the pen of Rev. Chas. J. Adams, a well-known Episcopal clergyman, is a work that is likely to attract a good deal of attention.

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**Scrofula In the Neck.** The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.: "My little boy Willie, now six years old, two years ago had a scrofula bunch under one ear which the doctor lanced and it discharged for some time. We then began giving him Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore healed up. His cure is due to HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger." HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

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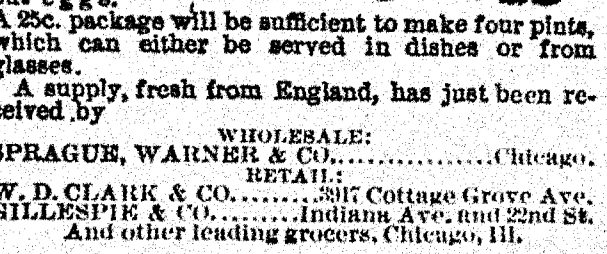
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**IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY TEMPLE.**

BY H. W. FARNSWORTH.

When many years had passed with measured tread,  
And burdens bravely borne had been laid down;  
When pain had done his silent work and fled,  
Death came, a welcome friend, with victor's crown,  
And gently set the imprisoned spirit free;  
Lifting the veil that kept her loved from view:—  
This mortal put on immortality,  
And bade her house of clay a long adieu.

O joy for her when she the summons heard,  
And thrilled through every fibre of her soul;  
As though by strains of sweetest music stirred,  
She was responsive to that strong control  
And o'er the silent river swiftly sped,  
By Love's sustaining power onward borne:—  
We will remember that she is not dead,  
But born again! We may not, will not mourn.

Think what a noble legacy she leaves!  
Richer by far than lands or hoarded gold,  
More precious far to each one who receives  
Than the more fleeting treasures earth can hold.  
Her long, unselfish and most useful life,  
Her brave example, ever true and just:  
Faithful as friend, as daughter, mother, wife,—  
On God relying with unflinching trust.

Her dauntless courage, and undying faith,  
That like a star shone 'mid afflictions dire,  
That brightened ever on her upward path,  
And taught her to the highest to aspire,  
Ready to serve with willing heart and hand;—  
Her great heart e'er with human love o'erflowed,  
When blessing others must itself expand  
Enriched in love by all it had bestowed.

She longed to go, yet waited patiently,  
As waits the golden grain until harvest time,  
O Power Divine! that bore her gloriously  
Out of the shadows into light sublime,  
Unbroken Thou hast left Love's golden chain  
That through the boundless universe extends;  
By this strong chain all may to heaven attain,  
By this God's blessing e'er to all descends.

The worn-out casket we consign to earth:  
She needs it not in that transcendent sphere,  
Where she in glory had her second birth,  
Where those awaited her who loved her here.  
We will not say farewell, she loves those yet,  
Who to her heart have ever been most dear:  
She will not in her happiness forget  
Those she has left among the shadows here.

Let no one weep, but in her joy rejoice,  
That she at length has reached the long-sought goal;  
And let triumphant songs attune the voice,  
And thoughts of victory sustain the soul.

\*Widow of Mr. Jabez Temple, and mother of Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham. Mrs. Temple was born into the higher life July 21, 1802.

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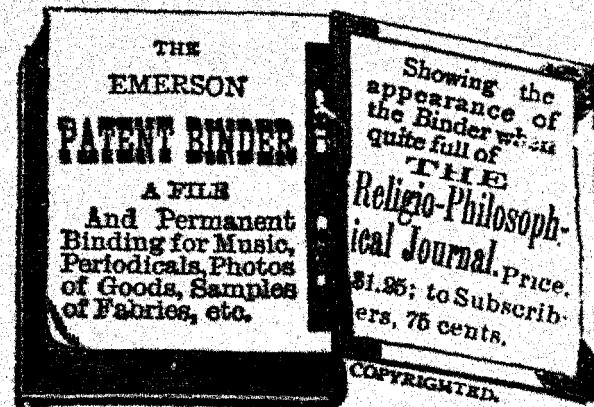
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—EXCHANGE.

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There is no death; 'Tis but a change Wrought in nature's laboratory. But passing on from mundane spheres To higher glory.

There is no death; 'Tis setting free From clay's incumbering fetters. Where spirit grows in wisdom's ways Far better.

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Another time I wrote again, A couplet formed, 'twas crisp and terse. Some lively imp possessed my brain, And swiftly penned a comic verse. Yet ended it with sad refrain. What sportive soul thus caught and led My laggard pen in breathless speed? This facile guide, tho' quick or dead, Be whom he may, I humbly plead To drop his mantle on my head.

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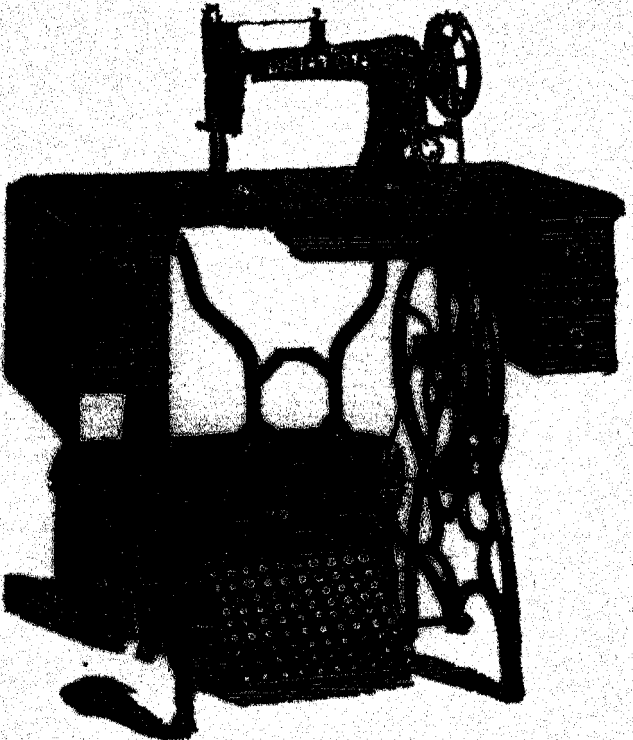
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THE spectacle at Washington on September 20th was one of extraordinary and somewhat melancholy interest. Despite the memories of glory in the salvation of the country as one country, that were brought up by this march over the path of the Grand Review, there were other memories of loss and the inexorable robberies of time, which has made the young men of that day old and removed the old and honored from among us. Not one of the great chieftains of the war for the Union remains. Only two years ago, when the extended ranks of the veterans passed down Commonwealth avenue in Boston, there stood old Tecumseh Sherman, hat off, and at the sight of his high gray head every pulse thrilled. Now he has followed Sheridan and Grant to the shades. How many more of the great figures one thinks of as this word is said! Hancock the superb, Logan the magnificent, the dashing Custer, Fighting Joe Hooker, "Little Mac,"—how many they are that have gone, how few they that remain. Of those that were eminent in command or on the field, there were at the Washington parade only Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States, walking in the ranks with his Grand Army post; brave Oliver H. Howard, with his one empty sleeve; Slocum and Sickles, and Palmer—these and the unique figure of Benjamin F. Butler were all whom the people would recall as famous figures of the war. And these are nearly all that survive. Gen. Harrison, the President, whom sad duties keep away from his fellow-soldiers, is almost the only one besides. The victorious armies that marched in the triumphs of Caesars through the streets of Rome were soldiers first and last, and they bore in their midst captives in chains and spoils of the enemy. The 50,000 men who marched in ranks Tuesday are our fellow citizens, not soldiers. The great fact of the unity of the nation inspired that Grand Review and those who witnessed it; and when it was over, its constituent individuals, each his own man again, dissolved into the great mass of their countrymen.

DAVID BRUCE, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose transition we mentioned last week was in many respects a remarkable man. Of his interest in Spiritualism the readers THE JOURNAL know from his contributions during several years. From an article in a New York daily the following additional facts are taken: David Bruce was a New Yorker by birth, and of Scotch parentage. His father, whose name he bore, was a printer by trade, and in 1815 started a press room in this city. Young David attended school on Little Green street. On leaving school he began business with his father, continuing with him for several years. They issued the first copy of the Bible ever printed in this country, Mr. Bruce reading the proof sheets. In those early days type was made by hand and Mr. Bruce conceived the idea that the work could be done more expeditiously by machinery. While the young man was carefully considering the idea that had come to him his parents removed to White Plains, N. J. In 1838, after much patient work, young Bruce got out various patents that covered a machine turned by hand, which would turn out eighty or ninety types a minute. Then he made an improvement and invented a type-casting machine that could be worked by steam. Mr. Bruce had always insisted that he was defrauded out of the rights to the more perfect machine, which, it is claimed, is used to-day with some slight improvement. Mr. Bruce started a type foundry at First and South Eighth streets, Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., forty years ago. He later engaged in the die cutting business. In 1820 Mr. Bruce married Miss Eliza Grey, who died in 1832, leaving no children. He

married again and two sons and six daughters survive him. Many years ago Mr. Bruce and Walt Whitman started a newspaper in Williamsburg, which, however, lived only one day. He had been in failing health since he received a stroke of paralysis in July. He was in his eighty-first year.

DR. PASTEUR believes that inoculation will prove as efficacious in preventing cholera as it is in the treatment of smallpox. He hopes it is stated to induce the king of Siam to furnish him with a number of condemned criminals to operate on. He will inoculate them and then inject virulent cholera germs into their intestines. Such an experiment, if it proved successful, would work vast benefit to the human race, but it would doubtless be regarded as cruel by many tender hearted people, in whom the scientific instinct has not been sufficiently developed. To avoid this, and to give the poor devils of criminals some interest in the proceedings, the king of Siam might pardon all who survived the treatment. In fact, this would be necessary to give the experiment full value. All physicians agree that nervousness must be avoided by cholera patients. Dr. Pasteur's Siamese patients, unless given some chance for their lives, would be likely to be a trifle nervous.

AMONG the numerous strange manifestations of spirit return perhaps none are more wonderful than the development of artistic power in mediums who have no natural taste in themselves in that direction, many drawings being finely and artistically done automatically through such mediums. Stranger still is it that such drawings are often representative of things unfamiliar to artists generally, while yet bearing evidence of wonderful design and execution. When the unseen artists are asked what these beautiful scrolls are meant to represent, the reply given through automatic writing has been, "These things are of the Spirit-world and are nameless to you." Such are the drawings through the mediumship of the wife of a Congregationalist minister, a specimen of which is given in an advertisement on this page.

"Upon one of Whitfield's arrivals from England," says Franklin in his Memoirs, "he wrote to me that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but he knew not where he should lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benzet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was, 'You know my house: if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome.' He replied that, if I made that offer for Christ's sake, I should not miss of a reward. And I returned, 'Don't let me be mistaken: it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake.' One of our common acquaintance jocosely remarked that, knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favor, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders and place it in Heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth."

JAMES T. R. GREEN, Des Moines, Iowa, writes:

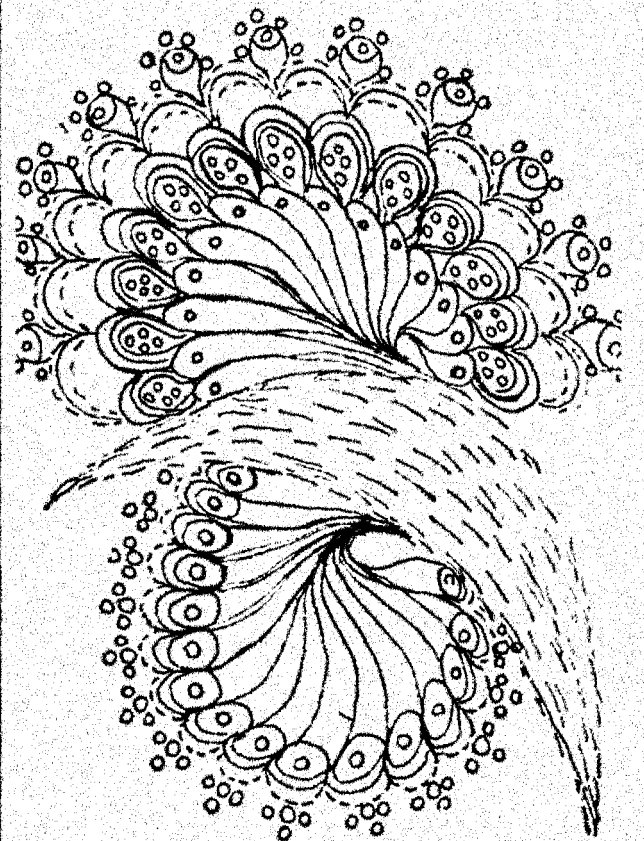
"If it will not disturb harmonious relations, I do wish some of your correspondents would kindly explain the term 'subjective phenomenon.' What does it mean in common, ordinary, every day English—or American. One naturally wishes to be scientific, and not use words rashly, with the little girl in the funny paper we should pray, 'O Lord, let us be stylish.' So please let us know what it really means."

By the term subjective phenomena is commonly meant phenomena which occur in the subject, in the individual, as the phenomena of thought for instance, in distinction to phenomena which are objective or external to the individual, as the phe-

nomena of sunrise, sunset, falling rain drops, etc.

IN a republic it is unsafe and unwise to educate a class or sex with the idea that they are superior to another class or sex. It is unsound to educate the boy to look upon his sister as an inferior and dependent. The results of the last thirty years in co-education and the higher education of women, whether from a physical or an intellectual point of view, brand this relic of barbarism as beneath the consideration of the wise and enlightened educators and statesmen of to-day.

DR. ELLIOTT COOKS will have returned to his home by the time the present number of THE JOURNAL appears. His address will therefore be as usual, "Washington, D. C."



Three sheets of these extraordinary and beautiful Spirit Drawings are now in print. They are 11x12 inches and covered with an endless variety of beautiful designs, of which the above is a small, imperfect specimen. They were drawn through the mediumship of the wife of a Congregational minister, and she never had a lesson in drawing, nor the least taste that way. She was 45 years old when she made the first attempt, and has drawn more than 30 sheets. More will be printed if the sale of these three warrants it.

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