

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE lectures of Leon Denis in various cities in France on Spiritualism and various topics having relation to it are creating considerable interest, the secular press giving very extended notices of them.

At Liege a Hypnotic institute is soon to be established by Dr. Ernoult, who has been a student at Nancy attached to the clinic of Dr. Bernheim, who has encouraged his pupil in his venture. He has also the encouragement of Professor Del-Bouneuf, of Liege.

A DISPATCH from Anderson, just after the disastrous fire and flood in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, says that William Stover, a negro preacher of that place a month ago went into a trance and foretold the destruction of cities in the Pennsylvania oil regions. He locked up and still confined on account of alleged

Nothing more was thought of the matter until the terrible disaster, when the prophetic words of the old negro were recalled.

ACCORDING to Le Messenger of May 1st, the number of cremations in Paris is increasing from year to year. In 1890 there were in Paris 3,741, and there has been a necessity to increase the Columbarium at Pere-Lachaise. There are in Italy twenty-four crematories; in England two; in Germany there were three established in 1891. The 1,000th cremation occurred at Gotha in January last. In short, there are crematories in Switzerland, Sweden, in a number of the cities of the United States, in Buono Ayres, etc. At Tokio, Japan, there are on an average thirty cremations every day.

MR. SHERMAN'S recent speech in the United States Senate on the silver question reveals a change in the Senator's attitude toward the silver law of 1890 which he had formerly come to regard as something very wise and good, but which he now distrusts since it has not, while increasing the silver issue, improved the price of silver. But he would not have the law repealed without the substitution for it of some other plan for utilizing silver. He became strong in his expressions of favor to the bimetallic policy for this country. And he concluded that, acting for itself, this country should change the ratio between gold and silver, and, making it accord with the market ratio, throw the mints open to the free coinage of both metals. This new position of Senator Sherman will attract wide attention.

ONE of the important questions with which the next legislature should and probably will deal is the disposition of dependent children and children guilty of minor offenses, says the Chicago Mail. In Chicago it has long been the custom to send juvenile offenders to the Bridewell or to some sectarian school, both of which methods have been demonstrated to be illegal. To commit a minor to the Bridewell for non-payment of a fine is unwarranted in law. And the constitution positively forbids the payment of public money to the aid of sectarian schools, and it is to such schools as

receive public money that juvenile offenders are sent. Notwithstanding a decision in the Supreme court to the contrary, the Cook county board has each year appropriated money for sectarian schools, the amount this year being \$45,000. This is probably the last appropriation for this purpose the board will make, as a case long pending in the Supreme court is being pressed for a final injunction against the county officers to prevent paying of public money to sectarian institutions. The time is come when the state should assume control of dependent children and provide for them a public manual training school. The matter has been neglected too long. For a state so prosperous and wealthy as Illinois to allow its unfortunate youths to be cared for by private enterprise or subjected to the character-destroying surroundings of the Bridewell is nothing short of criminal.

HERBERT SPENCER writes to Dr. Lewis G. James: I have just received from Mrs. Bisbee of Dorchester, Mass., a letter with inclosures concerning her work, and I have replied to it to-day as follows: "In efforts towards ethical culture there is constantly overlooked the one effort more important than all others—the effort to suppress militancy. Abundant proof exists that with war came all the vices and with peace come all the virtues. Make this the primary thesis of all your teaching and you will do more than in any other way." I send you this copied letter with a view of suggesting that you should make this truth, which I have in various places illustrated, and am illustrating still more conclusively in a forthcoming volume, the primary thesis of your teachings in the Brooklyn Ethical Association. The suppression of international antagonisms is the one reform which will bring all other moral reforms.

THE action of the House of Representatives in voting to close the government exhibit at the World's Fair on Sundays should be promptly reversed by the Senate, says the New York Press. The Columbian Exposition will be probably the greatest educational display of modern times. It is an affair in which the masses of the people are vitally interested and in the management of which their wishes and interests should be consulted. No sensible persons doubt that on a popular vote the majority in favor of keeping the Fair open on the workingman's day of leisure would be overwhelming. It might be well, in order to do away with unnecessary labor on the part of attendants, to stop the running of machinery on Sunday. But all the departments of art and natural history, the departments in which are stored the curious and valuable products of foreign climes, the sections in which a study of the exhibits made is an education, should be kept open for the benefit of the hundreds of thousands whom necessity forces to toil six days out of seven. The same argument that demands the opening of the great museum of the metropolis on Sunday applies with still more force to the opening of the Chicago Exposition on that day. For the museums here are permanent; their treasures not only remain with us, but constantly increase from year to year. But the grand display of the Fair is transient. It will only endure for a few months before being scattered to the four corners of the earth.

The need is all the greater for taking the full possible advantage of it while it lasts. Keeping a the non-mechanical exhibits at the Fair open on Sunday is not an act of benevolence, but of justice. The working men and working women who cannot leave their work on week days have the right to insist that they shall not be deprived of the benefits of culture and enlightenment which the Fair will afford. The Senate should take a firm stand for the rights of the masses in this respect.

"How these brethren love one another," was a common remark in the early ages of Christianity. How these brethren hate one another would be more appropriate as a statement of the attitude of some of the Christian sect towards others in later times. This is illustrated by missionary troubles in East Africa. According to an official report published in the Catholic Missionary Review, Paris, the Catholic kingdom of Uganda was destroyed, and the king, bishops, and seventeen missionaries were driven out by Protestant natives supported by British agents. The Protestants, armed with rifles given them by Captain Lugard, bombarded the Catholic mission and set fire to it, the doctor and a Catholic chief being killed. The missionaries and a remnant of the Catholic natives were forced to take refuge in the English fort. The king, when leaving Uganda, was attacked by boats carrying a Maxim gun, and fled, with one of the bishops, while the brothers dispersed in different directions.

ASIDE from the memorable Johnstown flood which occurred three years ago this month, the awful calamity which a few days ago overtook the towns along Oil creek in Northwestern Pennsylvania is the most destructive of life of any which has befallen any state of the Union. As in the case of the Johnstown flood, the first reports conveyed no adequate idea of the extent of the losses to life and property; and the full measure of loss of life, if it shall ever be known, promises to considerably exceed the early estimates. But where at Johnstown the hundreds of victims were swallowed up in the flood, in this case they suffered the greater agony in most cases of being burned alive. The primary cause was the sudden expansion of Oil creek into a roaring and wide-sweeping flood. Not the lightning but the water, apparently, broke down the oil tanks along the banks and spread over the surface of the flood a thick layer of inflammable oil and benzine. Sparks or coals from railroad engines set fire to the oil, and fire at once enveloped all in the embrace of the overflowing waters. But at least one great cause of the quick expansion of Oil creek was the breaking of a dam way up in the mountains, and some reports are that two dams gave way, sending the contents of reservoirs suddenly down upon the villages below, as in the case of the Johnstown disaster. How those dams came thus to have been neglected and who is responsible for them is not stated. But after a thousand or more lives had been lost in the Conemaugh valley from like neglect, it is passing strange that another such awful example should be needed in that state to teach the necessity of looking after artificial accumulations of water above the above inhabited valleys. But the chief concern for the moment is help for the sufferers.



## THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Frederic Parker in 1856 wrote in his private journal follows: "It seems now more likely that Spiritualism will become the religion of America than in 1840 that Christianity would become the religion of the Roman Empire, or in 1856 that Mohammedanism would be that of the Arabian population. 1. It has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto. 2. It is throughout democratic, with no hierarchy, but inspiration open to all. 3. It does not claim to be a finality; it is not a *punctum*, but a *punctum fluens*. 4. It admits all the truths of morality and religion in all the world's sects." In 1873, in an address before the Free Religious Association, O. B. Frothingham, said: "Spiritualism is rapidly becoming a distinct religion. It is all of a piece. There are different schools of it—a school of necromancy and a school that is devoted to truth. It has different philosophies—a philosophy which legitimates passion, sanctifies appetite and encourages the low kind of individualism that seeks development through the generous indulgence of what it calls nature, and a philosophy of which lays stress on the moral and spiritual tuition, and indulges the brightest hopes for man on the ground of culture and charity. The lower school, though loud and vehement, is rapidly sinking in esteem and declining in influence. The higher is gaining in strength and dignity. The older Spiritualism grows, the calmer and more intellectual it becomes. The clearer its view, the loftier its range of aspirations. As scholars, thinkers, teachers come to profess it, it takes on a noble character and exerts a wide influence through the upper classes of society. Its existence as a fact in the religious world and a fact of vast moment is unquestionable." Mr. Frothingham goes on to show that Spiritualism, while it takes a new departure and follows a new path, while it rejects the popular scheme of redemption and has a horror of priestcraft, teaches the essential truths of religion—the divine rule of the world, the immortality of the soul, the supremacy of moral law and the oneness of the race. Its progress is in the churches as well as outside of them. For multitudes it has broken down the wall of separation between this world and the next. It has revealed the fact that peace between heaven and earth is not something to be effected, but something established in the constitution of things and that communication between is possible. Special authoritative revelations are not recognized, creeds and confession take their place with other party manifestoes, and mediation is dispensed with as being outworn machinery that cumbers the engine room; and the priest is an impertinence. "Spiritualism lets the soul of man out of a cage. The freed bird, unaccustomed by long confinement to the use of its wings, flutters feebly at first and perhaps drops helpless to the ground. The air and space bewilder it, but the wings in a little time will recover their strength and then the creature will revel in the width that appalls it and fly toward the sun it fears."

Since Mr. Frothingham delivered the address here referred to and quoted from, the "lower school" of Spiritualism, though not extinct has ceased to have any recognized representation or influence in the world of thought. Its most prominent exponents have come out publicly and repudiated the "low kind of individualism" which their advocacy made prominent, and they have sought unsuccessfully to secure reinstatement by protests and denials respecting their championship of animalism. Now the distinction between the higher and lower phases and expressions of Spiritualism has come to be pretty well defined and understood. Mediumship it is seen does not necessarily imply spirituality, and a true Spiritualist is not one in virtue of his credulity and his unquestioning acceptance of improbable or unverified statements in regard to the doings of spirits.

Meanwhile Spiritualism is now finding expression in literature; its phenomena is being made a subject of study by men who are leading authorities in the scientific world; it is modifying popular theological conceptions and making its influence felt among think-

ers of every school of thought, and among multitudes in every class of society. Spiritualism in its highest and best form will some day be the religion of the civilized world.

## TRADE IN VOTES.

More votes were bought at the last Presidential election, according to the Springfield Republican, than at any previous election in American history. The horror of the fact was so generally felt that public sentiment since then has forced the enactment of secret ballot laws in about thirty-five states. This revolution in election laws is expected to make the coming Presidential election freer from corruption than any we have had. That the effect will be purifying to a degree seems certain, yet the vote buyer will seek to pursue his dastardly calling in spite of law or public sentiment, if the opportunity is offered. After the recent state election in Rhode Island, when the largest vote in the history of the commonwealth was cast, the Providence Journal estimated the venal vote as somewhat in excess of 4,500 out of a total of over 60,000. Rhode Island has a secret ballot law which is fairly satisfactory to the friends of ballot reform, yet it does not appear, according to this local authority, that the vote traffic was more than partially broken up. If that is true of Rhode Island, what is to be expected this fall in Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, three of the doubtful states, each of which has a poor and inefficient secret ballot law? Indiana, the home of "soap" in 1880 and "blocks of five" in 1888, is now better prepared than either of the other three states, belonging to the doubtful list, to cope with the betrayers of popular government, for her new election law is about as strong as any in the country with respect to the secrecy of the ballot. We may be sure that in Indiana the coming election will be much purer and by far more truly expressive of the popular will than hitherto has been the case. But one cannot be so optimistic concerning New York, Connecticut and New Jersey.

If, as certain ones assert, there are between 50,000 and 75,000 purchasable voters in New York state, and at least 17,000 in Connecticut, not to mention New Jersey, what are we to expect in this campaign? Will money talk in the old, brazen way, and will boodle sit enthroned in the high temple of popular government?

## THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE.\*

That Professor Whitney has lost nothing of his critical acumen, is evident from a perusal of his latest literary production. We say "literary" purposely, because, although it contains many valuable hints on the science of language, yet as it is a criticism of what the author declares to be literature and not science, it cannot rise higher than its source. As literature, Professor Whitney speaks highly of Professor Max Müller's work, "The Science of Language," but he declares that its author is most curiously deficient in the logical faculty, and that it is "unsound in every part, most of all in its fundamental doctrines, but in varying degree from the bottom to the top." His opinion of the work is expressed in the title he suggests for it: "Facts and fancies in regard to language and other related subjects."

We have here a grave indictment, considering the eminent position as a philologist Professor Max Müller occupies, and the source from which it proceeds. It might be thought that the charge is influenced by personal feeling, especially considering the manner in which it is sometimes urged; but we can well understand that Professor Whitney may consider it his duty, apart from personal considerations, to support his argument by sarcasm, for the purpose of combating views which he considers not only erroneous but, owing to the source from which they emanate, calculated to do much harm by their misleading tendency. If he requires any justification it is to be found in "the uncandor and misrepresentation," by which the "principal bones of contention" between him and

Professor Max Müller were gathered, and the attribution to him of the worst personal motives, of which Professor Whitney complains.

The chief grounds of Professor Whitney's criticism are summarized by himself, and they are certainly formidable, if they can be sustained, as on the whole they appear to be. They are, the affirming on transparently false grounds, language to be a physical science, and language an existence which man had no part in making and changing; the misunderstanding of dialectic growth; the regarding of families of language as exceptional; the creation of a 'Turanian' barathum arranged to catch all little-known varieties of speech; the teaching in one case of antecedent unity of dialect, and its denial in another; the holding that a word is killed by the least mispronunciation; the explaining of conventional as meaning 'voted by a convention'; viewing thought and its expression as inseparable, and even identical; the ascribing of the origin of language, apparently to an instinctive ding-dong of the tongue. Here is a list of objections, any one of which, if well established, ought to be sufficient to discredit a writer of less notoriety than Professor Max Müller, although the fact that Professor Whitney has several times in the North American Review and elsewhere drawn attention to them, does not appear to have affected the credit of the Oxford Professor of Sanskrit with the general public. Probably this is due to the fact, as the author states, that Professor Müller "has a special gift for interesting statement and illustration, for lending a charm to the subjects he discusses," and that he "carries captive the judgment of his hearers and of many of his readers." With reference to the particular objections urged by Professor Whitney, it should be noted, as indeed the author points out in the body of his criticism, that Professor Müller has abandoned the old "Turanian family" which he before invented. Of the other objections, the most generally interesting are the origin of language and its relation to

As to the former point, Professor Whitney affirms truly that words are only external and conventional signs for conceptions, and that they were called out by the exigencies of primitive human intercourse, the beginnings of speech being "the successful results of the attempt to arrive at mutually intelligible signs." He adds that "whatever was most plainly suggestive of an intended meaning was put to use, and it is simply because such suggestion is found especially in imitative utterances, whether interjectional or onomatopoeic, that these must be acknowledged as the initiators of speech." But this does not permit an explanation of the origin of language, whatever application it may have to the development of speech as an "institution." The question is how man and not animals were able to develop such an institution. The answer must be applicable to all other human institutions, and it is probably to be found in the fact that men and not animals can recognize certain special relations, and that consequently men only can think in the sense of reflection.

As bearing on this point reference may be made to Professor Whitney's statement that "many even of the lower animals distinguish white and black, and know each when they see it, as clearly as we do ourselves." Many good thinkers will dissent from Professor Whitney's criticism of Professor Müller on this point, although the latter does not appear to distinguish properly between reflection and consciousness. Probably Professor Müller means, as the fact is, that animals are conscious of objects as colored, but not of the colors themselves. It is on the faculty of analysis, which enables such qualities to be isolated so as to become objects of thought, that language depends. When therefore Professor Whitney asserts it to be an exaggeration to affirm that no thought is possible without language, does he not show something of the same kind of confusion that Professor Müller exhibited in his "Science of Thought," when he neglected to distinguish sufficiently between thinking by images and thinking by symbols, the latter alone being thought in the philosophic sense. Therefore there is not so much absurdity as Professor Whitney affirms in supposing thought and language to be identical, using

\*Max Müller and the Science of Language: A Criticism. By William Dwight Whitney. New York: D. Appleton, 1892.



this phrase in the logical sense in which the subjective and the objective are identified in the mental act. Nor is it true that the infinite diversity of language is of itself a sufficient refutation of its identity, or even of its close and inseparable union with thought. The argument is that language is necessary to thought, and not any special form of language, which considered as the instrument of thought, may vary just as different men may do similar work with differently formed tools so long as they have the same general structure.

On this question of the identity of language and thought is perhaps the weakest part of Professor Whitney's criticism, which is otherwise very just, although it will probably have little influence in dispelling the "atmosphere of adulation" which has so long been the environment of Professor Max Müller, or in weakening his "tyrannical sway" in British public opinion. It will at least justify the author's own position, and prove that his defense against the counter-attack on him, rests "on not the just intent alone, but the real substantial justice" of his criticism.

#### CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is urged that Chicago "is not quite ready to make, without outside help, an adequate World's Fair"; and that of course is true, as it would also be true of New York and of Scituate, says Edwin D. Mead in his Editors' Table in the May New England Magazine. The presumption is that in such an undertaking she will need and will have the generous assistance of every city in the land. If Boston, or any other single city, should ungraciously withhold her important contributions, it would probably affect the success of the Fair very little; but it would affect the reputation of that city very much. Many believed that New York would have been the better place for this World's Fair. But New York, never to our thinking showing herself the equal of Chicago in public spirit, allowed her birthright to be sold amid the jealousies and quarrels of republican and democratic bosses. It is but a just punishment that Chicago, with an unbroken front and what seems to us a most energetic public spirit, secured the prize which will enable her to figure before the civilized world for the next two years as our capital. The energy, and comprehensiveness, and wisdom, and good taste, with which the men of Chicago have completed their preliminary organization and are pushing their great work, are exemplary and amazing. Whatever trifles may properly be criticised—as where in so stupendous an enterprise may they not be—in the main, Chicago is managing this matter in a true and great way, showing just that spirit and capacity and aim which the captious critics denied her. The reason why New York lost the Fair was because she has not eyes that see beyond the Alleghany Mountains. We all of us in the East live too much in the things this side of the Alleghany Mountains. Many of us, even in Boston, need to learn that no watches west of the Hudson river are any longer set by Park street clock. We need to learn that we are provincial, and offensive, and ludicrous, when we fail to know and to show that we know that the great West is throbbing with vigorous intellectual life and great intellectual ambitions.

#### OLD AGE.

One of the leading English magazines some months ago contained an article on old age, written by an old man, who pointed out what he conceived to be a popular error, viz., that with old age comes loss of the sense of taste. He claims that the palate of old people is more judicious if not keener than it was; that old folks know what is the difference between good and bad in what they eat and drink. Perception of fitness in food being to a great extent a result of experience, the young cannot have acquired it; they live and learn in this matter as well as in others. Digestion is not always what it was, but where this has been preserved, the palate ought to be a finer instrument the more it is used, but it has to be used honestly, and then it will last like an old razor, which cuts the better the older it

is. This writer says that it is only a naturally developed faculty of taste which exposes some old men to the charge of being gourmands. They know what they are about without being in the least greedy; they utilize a cultivated instinct and are all the better for the choice of what they like best.

This writer thinks too that there grows with old age a perception of humor. Though old folks may not laugh loudly, nor see the wit of everything which entertains the young, yet they are able sometimes to appreciate a position with the flavor of perceptive appetite which is unborn till much has been learned about the true nature of the absurd, ridiculous, or grotesque, the goodnatured perception of an absurdity being an acquired gift as is the disposition to treat many pretentious demands with a smile.

This old man maintains further that there is with many in old age a sense of undiminished vitality quite apart from that of limb and lung, which has a special value as the close of earthly life approaches. The desire for immortality which fills the hearts of millions is felt more profoundly and the hope is a source of added consolation.

In the article referred to talk about second childhood is resented in this style: "We sometimes hear people talk about second childhood as if childhood was a time in which eyes were dim and the hearing dull. There is indeed no true comparison between the two ends of life. That which was familiar to the one does not reappear or produce itself in the other. It will be time to talk of senile infancy when we hear on old man call a horse a 'gee-goe' or a locomotive a 'puff-puff.' Old men may be silly enough, but unless the stage of utter physical inability be reached, the resemblance between the beginning and the end is imaginary. In most cases it is offered by those in the middle of life, who are thus as far as possible removed from the experience of either."

#### PSYCHICAL CONGRESS SCIENCE NOTES.

Among the multitude of Congresses projected by the accomplished President of the Auxiliary, there is perhaps not one more far-reaching in its human interests or appealing more strongly to our common human nature, than that which regards the phenomena of life and death from the standpoint of the psychical researcher. It touches all alike in that all are under like psychical laws; yet each one of us differently, in that the same general principles are specifically modified in their application to individual cases. Persons in every actual walk in life, of whatever inherited tendencies and acquired cast of character, may be found to agree that Psychical Science is a true science, whose principles and phenomena can be and have been subject to investigation by the scientific method. In one sense every such person is a psychical researcher, who only needs to have the subject fairly presented to him to become actively interested. In their correspondence thus far the Executive Committee have found a magic wand to wield—the very word "psychics" has proven "a name to conjure with." The idea of this Congress is contagious; it takes with a subtle potency and energies with marked effect. It is a living force whose action, if occasionally arousing counteraction, proceeds from cause to result along lines of orderly evolution. One of the high officials of the Exposition, a wide-awake man of the world, absorbed in the most practical, perhaps prosaic and certainly multifarious duties on the material side of the World's Fair, is not on these accounts unappreciative of the honorable claims of the Psychical Science Congress. His letter speaks for itself:—

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,  
WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,  
CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., JUNE 1, 1892.

"DR. ELLIOTT COUES, VICE-CHAIRMAN,"

"DEAR SIR: Replying to your valued favor of the 28th ultimo, tendering me membership in the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress, I can assure you that I appreciate the honor intended, but as I have about all the distinction I am entitled to in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition, and as I am one of those who believe that

these honors should be distributed to deserving people throughout the world, I would much prefer to see you appoint some one else in my place on this Council. My duties are of such an onerous character, and will be so much more so during the Exposition, that I could hardly give the Council the attention that it so eminently deserves. Without being a member of your Council, I can assure you it will give me great pleasure to aid you just as earnestly and enthusiastically as though I were a member."

Very truly yours,  
JOHN T. DICKINSON,  
Secretary."

Those of us who have confronted the spectres of fear, and doubt that haunt the threshold of the "sacred science"—those who have felt the sense of weariness, of loneliness, of helplessness at times in their research for divine truth, will recognize a fellow-pilgrim in the writer of the following letter. He is a Baptist clergyman who long since outgrew his pulpit; a scholarly man, earnest in seeking truth, eloquent in proclaiming such as he might find; a manly man, candid and courageous. Let him not be cast down: Socrates and Emerson have stood where he is now.

—, Mass., 3d June, 1892.

"... I have an interest in the work proposed by your Congress—of course I have. But in the presence of these problems I am:

An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry."

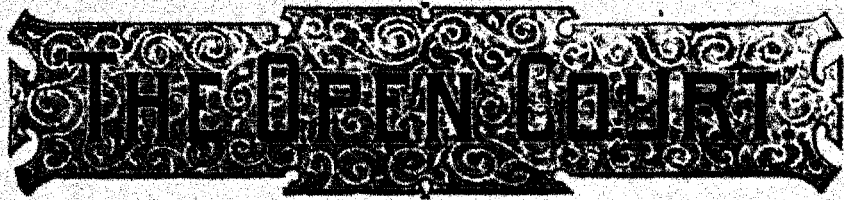
Perhaps I am not right in saying even that, and would be nearer truthful if I said that I have wearied of questioning the Sphinx, and am hardly crying at all. Yet I do rejoice that others are more persistent, and shall welcome all the light that comes to them and that they may reflect. ..."

"Most sincerely,

It cannot be denied that the modern abolition movement received very little sympathy from the church and clergy of this country as a whole. It is a pregnant and striking fact that American slavery was never afraid of American religion. The solemn meeting could be held in safety in the neighborhood of a slave auction. Neither had any quarrel with the other. They were, in fact, upon friendly terms, for men were sold to build churches, and babies to buy bibles, and women to support missionaries; and few refused the price of blood when it was offered at the treasury of the sanctuary. In fact, a man so careful and so religious as was the late James G. Birney, himself a repentant slaveholder, and who at great sacrifice emancipated his slaves, was compelled to admit that the American church was the bulwark of American slavery. It opposed the anti-slavery movement by silence, and by holding aloof from it, at the North, and by open and direct advocacy of slavery at the South. Books were, however, written, printed, and circulated by many eminent divines, both North and South, to prove slavery to be, like the church itself, a divine institution, and denouncing all opposition to it as infidelity.—FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

In a notice of the Psychical Science Congress the Evolutionist says: "Despite the large amount of charlatanism and delusion that has entered into the exposition, investigation and explanation of these phenomena heretofore, there is certainly a residuum of remarkable and well-attested facts which have not yet been scientifically explained or accounted for. We cannot doubt that a vast field of knowledge will be opened up by the scientific study of these phenomena, in a region hitherto unknown to science, and fruitful with beneficent results to the human race. The intelligence and probity of the gentlemen whose names are printed as members of the Committee and Advisory Council are such as to guarantee the high character of the proceedings of the Congress." Our contemporary asks "Why not have a congress of evolutionists also?" Sure enough, why not.





### TOOTH THERAPY OR ANIMAL CURE.

Professor Ravux, of the Academie de Lausanne contributes an article to *Journal du Magnetisme* on the above subject, in which several instances of the absorption of disease by animals are mentioned.

M. Dumas, clerk in an advocates office, at Chambery rue de Bogne, was attacked with articular rheumatism. He had a griffin dog, three years old, which he compelled to sleep beside him every time he was attacked; for it seemed to him that the body of the animal applied to the diseased region relieved the pain. This dog, ordinarily very affectionate, then gave evident signs of crossness, and if he succeeded in escaping this ordeal, took refuge in the darkest corner of the room.

During November, 1887, the attacks were more violent than usual. For a whole night he kept his dog in his bed, held by force against the paroxysms of pain; the next day the pains had disappeared but the dog was taken sick, uttered plaintive cries, and finally died in convulsions.

An ecclesiastic, thirty years of age, of a nervous bilious temperament, was in agony under the influence of an acute fever which had resisted drug treatment. The sick man had been saturated with quinine and could not bear to open his mouth to swallow any more doses of it. He had lost speech and power of action, and the physician thought he would die, when a cat, taking advantage of a moment at which the dying man had been left alone, got up on the bed, stretched himself at full length on his body and took a long nap there. Chased away by the sick-nurse he returned to his charge for several days. The first nap had produced an abundant perspiration, followed by an appreciable diminution of the fever. During the second the perspiration became extraordinary, and the patient was compelled to change his linen several times. The crisis of the cure was reached and the patient recovered the use of his senses and of his speech. He was saved. The cat which had proved such a good doctor disappeared. It was found dead at the bottom of the garden, hair roughed up and limbs contracted. It had paid with its life the cure of its master. This therapeutic success was related and attested in a meeting of the Society (at Lausanne) by the person who had been cured.

A sick nurse at Lausanne relates that he recently cured a lady who was suffering a rheumatic pain in the knee by making her hold a large cat on the affected part for two or three days. At the first application the animal gave signs of uneasiness and tried to escape. It was still more difficult to keep it on the diseased knee during the two following days, and the next time the cat was no more to be found in the house. It had gone into a yard to die of the disease from which it had delivered the lady.

Professor Ravux relates his successful treatment of a rheumatic recrudescence of forty years standing. This old reminder of the mistral of Montpellier, reproduction of which was sometimes long and painful, was reduced to silence by the application of a vigorous young cat to the cortical region at first for twelve minutes and the second time for eight minutes only. The second application was unavoidably abridged by reason of the signs of discontent and lively impatience the animal produced, feeling it was getting no good out of this diseased neck. The healer cat has cherished a grudge against its master, but his health has not been affected.

A magnetic doctor of Geneva cites the case of a peasant of Languedoc, who caused his rheumatism to pass into the muscles of his dogs, the greater part of which died of the disease removed from their master. The fact was so well known and so striking, the ingenious invalid was surnamed in the country *lou-crotchi*—dog-killer.

The grandfather of a sick nurse at Lausanne was cured of a long standing pain in his side by making sleep by his side a small dog, which became sick and soon died. A lady of Lausanne caused the disappearance for some time of a very severe, frequent headache by the application of her dog's body to her forehead. Doctor Bomefoy, known as the zealous apostle of vegetarianism in France, relieved himself of a pain in his shoulder by keeping there a tame crow. He felt each time a considerable warmth on the painful spot, and the crow finally left him. His master searched for him for several days and found him dead in the basin of a fountain, where he had doubtless gone to assuage the fever he had contracted.

The author goes on to remark that persons who have at their disposal pigeons, chickens, geese, turkeys, swans and birds of large size ought to try in this unexplored domain, medical experiments which would cost them only a little patience and which might largely recompense them for their pains. Several nurse women might employ with success cats for warming pans instead of steaming kettles. Why not invent living warming boots taking the place of dead skins with feathers and down? It has been known for a long time that there have been therapeutic influences obtained by prolonged sojourn in cow stables. Hippocrates has mentioned them, and the savant Krapf, of Florence, obtained by this means results which far surpassed his expectations. Remarkable cures were obtained by an American doctor by means of contact of sick with the neck and head of an animal. A physician of Lausanne mentions a case of unexpected cure obtained by a stay of two years in a cow stable. It had reference to a friend of Bichat, Dr. Loiseau, who, on the advice of a physician of Montpellier, slept for two years in a stable and cured himself of an alarming progressive debility, and obtained a vitality which enabled him to reach his 90th year.

"The air exhaled by animals," says an experimenter,—"this air investigated by Crookes in his essays on 'Radiant Light,'—is a powerful antiseptic which destroys microbes at a certain pressure obtained through the heat of animals, as already the great Ambroise Paré had suspected." In the winter station, Davos, in Switzerland, this treatment is employed with success for diseases of the respiratory organs and probably also for *anæmi à anæmiobiosis*. At last a rich resident of Berlin, in 1888, constructed a large establishment with a view of applying this treatment to persons attacked with tuberculosis. THE JOURNAL requests all who have had any experiences like those enumerated to report to it, or to Professor Ravux, at Lausanne, Switzerland, who signs himself a member of several societies, doctor of philosophy, etc.

### HAVE WE TOO MUCH UNPRODUCTIVE SILVER?

In the May Forum, this question is discussed in a very able and exhaustive manner by the Hon. Michael D. Harter. The following paragraph gives the clue to his argument: "Still another question is coming forward with much force, and demanding consideration; that is, whether or not we have not now far too much money locked up in the shape of unproductive silver. The hundreds of millions of dollars of silver at Washington are absolutely producing nothing, and their accumulation is 'bearing' the market price of silver, and promises in the comparatively near future to put it down to 85 or 87 cents per ounce. Already sensible people feel that if this silver had been allowed to seek its natural market, as wheat and corn and cotton do, we should have had in its place articles of value which would now be producing wealth and enlarging in a thousand ways our profitable productions. There is a large class of thinkers who are disposed to condemn in the strongest terms the continuous piling up in an unproductive and mischievous manner actual wealth which, if made available, would employ thousands and tens of thousands of working-men in profitable enterprises at remunerative wages. Our exports for the past twelve months have exceeded our imports about \$160,000,000, and gold ought to be

pouring in on that account. On the contrary, it is rushing out every week to Europe. European confidence is so shaken that not only have European capitalists stopped making their customary investments here, but are also rapidly realizing on past investments, fearing that if they defer they will soon be obliged to accept for a dollar that which will bring them but 70 cents."

It has seemed to us that this whole silver discussion is a very simple one when the true interests of the people are consulted and not the interests merely of the bankers and money lenders who by the demonetization of silver can do their own business on the scarcer metal and remand silver to its depreciated place to pay, at a loss, the ordinary obligations of the masses. As the result of our insane policy capital is being withdrawn from the country and no gold to settle the balance of our \$160,000,000 exports, is coming in. If this sort of policy is continued we shall have, as Senator Vilas says, in another article in the same magazine and on the same subject, "a financial revolution, in short, unparalleled in the legislation of civilized states.

Gen. Butler, years ago, when he was a member of Congress, made a speech which was probably one of the clearest presentations of the principle which underlies all currency that has been made. Its basis was a system elaborated years before the war by Kellogg in his work on the currency. It was Kellogg's system which suggested the currency of New York, which had been in successful existence prior to the late civil war. It was the basis too of our present National currency.

The principle of Kellogg, as after him Butler, was: that all money is representative value and not value itself, that there could be no money unless there were value behind it. Gold and silver when coined are nothing more than the printed bank note or greenback—certifying its value; in the one case, gold and silver, is cognizable to the touch and sight as of so much value in hand. They are value as well as the representative of value. This sort of money is the money of barbarism. It is the symbol of selfishness, of greed. In this small compass one can carry his fortune on his back or when attacked, as he was liable to be in the barbarous ages of the past, one could hide it or bury it. The shylocks of the world have ever guarded this form of currency or money with a jealous eye; hence they have always been in favor of a gold standard to the exclusion of silver and paper credits. Mr. Chase at the commencement of the rebellion dissipated this delusion.

The tenure of the National banks is of certain limitation. As our debt decreases their prerogatives will be invaded and if matters continue withdrawn. The circulation of the banks withdrawn, gold and silver certificates will take the place of this circulation. These certificates will represent value—value stored in the treasury vaults of the United States. Then bi-metalism, in its true sense, will come to the fore and place our currency under the absolute control of the National government where it is to be placed. With this reserve constantly increasing in the form of bullion and the sterling credit of the government at all times to rely upon, the greenback can be issued to cover emergencies under such limitation of law as may be demanded on occasion.

The government's credit is value and the greenback has always rested upon it, notwithstanding the derision of the croakers. The mistake of the greenbacker was that he wanted only one currency, and that based upon the credit of the Nation. These people ignored gold and silver and the National Bank paper as money, and thus came to grief. The business world is rapidly evolving to the end of the present currency cycle, and it may dissolve with a financial crash, unheard of in the history of the world, but out of it all will come such a currency as THE JOURNAL has suggested. Thoughtful men, practical business men, are coming the ways and means to meet the issue, and many have come to the conclusion here indicated.

Let gold and silver bullion be the basis of our currency, represented by gold and silver certificates,



with such coinage as may be necessary for the ordinary transactions of the National government and the people, and the issuance on extraordinary occasions of a limited amount of greenbacks, based on the credit of the government (which credit is value) and we shall have no more trouble. Bill of exchange and bank checks will do the rest. The government will have control of the currency and can thus regulate its value. The discussion now commenced of international coinage is a wise one, and if it can be brought about it will be the first practical step looking to the confederations of the nations, at least the English speaking people, who lead the civilization of the race.

#### SINGLE TAX.

By J. T. DODGE.

Your contributor, Mr. A. H. Colton has said one thing of the first importance: that "the single tax on land is a misnomer." For some weeks I have desired to call attention to that fact.

When he adds: "the single tax is not a tax on land, but upon the rental value of land," he helps to obscure the fundamental idea which justifies the single tax theorists in their proposed reform.

That fundamental idea is that all land is the common property of all the people. One man has as good a right as another to live in the world, to breathe its air, to drink its water and to cultivate its ground. No one has a natural right to compel another to pay him for the privilege of breathing, or drinking or occupying space.

The use of the ground however differs from the use of the air. The air comes to us freely wherever we are and is not on that account less abundant for the use of another. When we cultivate the ground our cultivation excludes our neighbor from the small patch we use. Out of this circumstance has grown the principle of private ownership of land and the practice of paying ground rent. This is illustrated in the history of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The land was regarded as the common property of the colony. The town, another name for the colony, voted to individuals certain allotments of land and for many years held the remainder in common.

They do not appear to have attempted to obtain a ground rent for it, but allowed each inhabitant to realize his share in the use of the common land by pasturing a fair proportion of cattle thereon. With the lapse of time the rights of individuals to the use of this common land became too obscure and the commons were at length allowed to pass into private ownership. It was a long time, however, before the evils of our present system became conspicuous. With the growth of population they became intensified and land speculation and land monopoly are now great and crying evils. By means of our present system of private ownership the man of brains and a little money or the man of money and a little brains can obtain the control of a small or large area in some growing city and can become a capitalist, and perhaps a millionaire, almost entirely as a result of other peoples' work. Population increases, business grows, rents advance. This owner who has brains and ability to improve his land in a manner suited to circumstances, draws an income made up of two elements, ground rent and rent of improvements. In a place like Chicago, the element of ground rent has advanced enormously and the rich thereby become richer and the poor poorer. This element of ground rent enters into the expenses of every merchant, every manufacturer and every business man in the city. Each of these recovers this expense out of his customers and the ultimate burden of it rests upon those who pay rent but do not receive it.

Most men are satisfied and are compelled to be satisfied, with pay for what they do, but the land holding class, especially in cities, not only receive a rent for the houses they build but an ever increasing rent of the ground due to the increasing population of the city. This ever increasing ground rent is the weak point in our Christian civilization. The poor are more and more at the mercy of the rich and such is the case in all civilized countries.

The columns of a journal like this are not the place to discuss this feature at great length. It is safe to assume that most of its readers are prepared to admit that our present system of private ownership of land is attended with many and serious evils. While assuming for the time the truth of the above statement, I do not thereby assume that the remedy is plain and simple and that the ills of society are certain to be mitigated by an attempt to adopt the theory of Henry George or any other humanitarian. Great difficulties lie in the way of the change from our present to any other system. Second, the system of lease hold has shown some of its peculiar difficulties especially in older countries.

A very grave difficulty confronts the single tax theorists at the outset. How shall the state extinguish private ownership?

Two ways suggest themselves. One, and the honest way, if immediate change is desired, is to purchase the fee of the soil, issuing therefor state securities which shall be a lien upon all private property of whatever kind. But the benefit of converting private ownership into state ownership with so vast a scheme of tax-gathering is too problematical to justify such a radical reconstruction of society.

Another method would be to commence at once to impose upon all land a tax based upon its supposed rental value, exclusive of the rental value of its improvements. That is to say, to impose at once a tax equal to the ground rent. This of course is only confiscation, pure and simple, of land value and could never take place until all state and national constitutions were radically changed, and the word *not* stricken out of the provision "Private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation."

Nor could any scheme by which one kind of private property should be discriminated against in bearing public burdens ever meet the approval of honest and just men.

One method suggests itself however, which cannot be charged with violating private rights. The unborn have no rights. Rights accrue and begin only with the individual life. Under our laws every living child has certain rights, certain legal rights. These legal rights are supposed to be founded on good morals and a wise discretion. Under our present laws every child is the natural heir of the property of the parents, except so far as the parent in the exercise of a sound mind sees fit otherwise to dispose of a reasonable part of it. Were the law to be so changed that after some given date no child born thereafter could inherit real estate, and that all real estate, improvements excepted, should escheat to the state except where inherited under present law, the system of state ownership would thereby be inaugurated and in the lapse of the longest life would be fully completed. All children born after the given date would be on an equality. Rich and poor would alike inherit only so much interest in land as belonged to them as members of society. This change would be based on the theory that all members of society have an equal natural right to the soil. If that proposition is true then no injustice would be done by the change, but to say that any one now born should be deprived of his right of inheritance would be to justify confiscation of a right already accrued. To illustrate: suppose you hold in your hand a watch. You may do with it as you like, sell it, keep it or give it away. Were you to present it to Mr. Brown his right to it would then have accrued and you could not recall it. This method suggested for bringing about the proposed change in land ownership may be objected to on the ground of its being too slow. It is true that it is slow, but it may prove fast enough to tax all the resources of government to conduct properly the business of the state ownership. The land would fall into the hands of the state in a gradual manner. The many intricate and difficult questions would therefore not all press for solution at once. It would be well to have it so. To some extent the same questions have already been solved by local and municipal governments. Certain lands in Chicago were, not long ago, held in trust for the school fund.

They were rented for a term of years with a pro-

vision for re-adjusting the ground rent. If this business can be done on a small scale there is no apparent reason why it might not be done on a larger one. Large tracts in London are held on leases of ninety-nine years thus showing that land may be occupied by those who own only the improvements and pay annually a ground rent. Agricultural lands in England are held for long periods by those who pay a ground rent.

It may be conceded perhaps that the change of ownership may be brought about if the public will have sufficient patience, but it is not clear that the change would not be attended by some very grave evils.

Is it certain that we have a government pure enough to be intrusted with so great a power over individuals? The establishment of the first terms of rent may be comparatively easy, but when a given piece of property has been held a long period and its value for one cause or another has changed, have we officials wise enough and just enough to do exact justice to those in possession? Or suppose death takes away a tenant whose skill and ability made the property well worth the rent he paid, and the business declines, then the rent becomes oppressive and brings ruin. Public agencies are too slow for such emergencies.

Another evil always attends tenant rights. The character of the buildings in a city will be profoundly affected by the limitation of ownership. In going through London one can easily detect the districts of leasehold property. The buildings are far inferior to those where the improvements were built by the owner of the fee. Some of the possible evils of state ownership are merely hinted at. The consequences could not fail to be very far reaching and deserve the most deliberate study.

#### HIS THUMB.

By JEFF. W. WAYWICK.

Oh, that fatal thumb mark! It seems almost I a dream. But, as the sequel will show, it is a pathetic, happy reality. Now I am an old, gray-headed man, with infirm and feeble step, bending beneath the weight of four score years. These years have been crowded with sorrows and conflicts, struggles and triumphs, incident to this mystic life. I have no near living kindred, save a married daughter, only child, the very image of her sainted mother, and a bright, rosy checked grand-son of seventeen summers. My dear wife has long since been sleeping in the silent city of the dead. And even now, after the lapse of so many, many years, the sight of the vacant chair and her unused room with its many treasures and little keepsakes, casts over me a gloom of sadness. My daughter and grand-son since the death of the husband and father, have been sharing the hospitality of my home. My mind is perfectly clear and serene; I am at peace with God, and all mankind; therefore, can give a clear, concise, and truthful account of events connected with my earlier life, and which eventually led up to my first great victory—how I was lifted from the slough of utter dependency and placed on the royal road to prosperity. I, Roy D., was born October 6, 18— in Alleghany county, N. Y., a few miles south of Belmont, the county seat. I believe that my boyhood days were guided by as good moral and religious training as falls to the lot of most boys. I remember that the family altar was never neglected—I distinctly remember the pleasant Sunday school in the district schoolhouse, and the final "good-bye, and God bless you," uttered by my mother, when I bid farewell forever to home and its dear inmates. With much pride, I say that my parents were pious, God-fearing people, having identified themselves with the Methodist church in early youth. Their religion, unlike much of the religion, (so-called) of to-day, was of the good old chimney corner style; it sustained and comforted them in hours of sorest affliction. The children were three in number; an older brother, myself, and a little sister who died in infancy. I remained on my father's farm until twenty-two years of age, having had a rather easy time of it till my seventeenth year. At this period, father died from over-exertion in rescuing brother James from a perilous position, he having foolishly attempted to ride across a swollen



stream astride a floating log—said log refusing to be ridden. Then, for me, life's sad warfare began in earnest. For the first time in my life, I realized the great fact, that it was myself, not another, who had to work out my salvation. It was a plain case of "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish." And to tell the truth, at least for several years, it was more "sink" than "swim;" with sometimes a rather frail desire to "live," and a somewhat robust desire to "die," finally terminating with a firm resolve to "survive." During the first three years following my father's death, I helped my brother cultivate the old farm; in the meantime attending the winter term of the district school. The next two years I taught two terms of nine months each, in the village school. By this time I had raked together six hundred dollars of my own earning, and shortly after received seven hundred and thirty-two dollars as my share of the family estate. With this (to me) enormous sum of money, thirteen hundred and thirty-two dollars in a leather wallet carefully wrapped and tied with a tow string, I felt about as important as a Vanderbilt, a Gould or a Sage. But then at this juncture, I had not sailed many leagues on the great voyage of life. It is well that the All-wise Creator has kindly veiled the future, and that we are only permitted to know and realize what it has in store for us as we advance step by step along the tortuous pathway of life. My education was irregular and incomplete; and for this reason, I resolved to supply the missing links ere it was too late. After a considerable turning and twisting of the proposed plan, I finally decided, all things considered, that New York City should be the objective point. There I believed the educational advantages were such as would insure a successful carrying out of the project. And, accordingly, thither I went carefully guarding my leather wallet, so neatly wrapped and tied with a tow string. After an uneventful, but rather tiresome journey, I landed safely in the great metropolis on all Fools' day. I felt as lonely and dejected as though I were in the midst of the Sahara desert. I timidly ventured down on Broadway, that famous thoroughfare; and oh, the scene that met my rustic vision. How devoutly I wished that I were back home again. That nondescript host annoyed me. Alone, friendless, and a stranger in the great city, I could not repress a rising sigh—my mind wandered back to mother and home. As I thus stood lost in reverie, a big, brusque looking policeman approached, and in a peremptory voice ordered me to "move on." I obeyed the order without protest. I moved quite rapidly for about a quarter of a mile—I did not exactly run, but I am yet laboring under the impression that I spoiled a good walk. When once more I came to a standstill, instinctively, I felt for my leather wallet so neatly wrapped and tied with a tow string. The wallet was tangible. But this foolish act only betrayed to the inevitable pickpocket, the presence of my treasure. However, I sustained no loss. I was approached by a well dressed man, of affable demeanor and oily tongue, who proposed to act in the capacity of a guide, so that I might thereby be enabled to see the 'lion and things.' I indignantly spurned the proposition, as I had long since learned to distinguish the difference between a ravenous wolf and a docile sheep, even though the former were clothed in the garb of the latter. I remember reading something in the Bible about ("black") sheep, the lion, the lamb, etc. And I also remember that the Savior was set upon by a pack of thieves. By and by, I came to a confectioner's shop. The shop certainly contained a fine display of candies—every kind and style imaginable. At last, I spied some fine coils of taffy. Now, if there was anything in this world for which I had an uncontrollable weakness, it was taffy. As a child, I dearly loved it, when I grew older I fairly doted upon it; but unfortunately owing to the leanness of the family purse we were only able to get a limited taste twice a year. I bought a couple of coils of the taffy, and finding a comparatively secluded spot, sat down and eagerly devoured both coils. Then sauntering about for sometime, I secured a night's lodging and went directly to bed, feeling supremely happy. After dreaming all sorts of things about taffy,

I suddenly awoke near midnight, suffering the most excruciating pain in the region of my stomach. My first thoughts were that I had an attack of Asiatic cholera. But after a few minutes serious reflection, I thought of the taffy. It was the work of the dearly beloved taffy. I was sick two weeks, the doctor's bill was \$25; and ever since, I and taffy have been sworn enemies. By the time I had fully recovered from my sickness, the leather wallet so neatly wrapped and tied with a tow string, was just thirty-five dollars lighter than when I first entered the great city. I immediately entered an academy and by great diligence received a good academical education. I had long thought that I should like to be a lawyer, although it had been the dream of boyish days to become a great detective. But, under the circumstances, I deemed it best to choose the law as a profession. After considerable search and disappointment, I finally became a student in the law office of Charles O'Connor, afterward the eminent jurist, but then in the incipency of his great fame. I remained in the office two years, receiving much valuable instruction; my tutor then was a marvel of learning. In fact, Charles O'Connor was the most versatile person it was ever my fortune to meet. My studies completed, I was immediately admitted to the bar, and in a few days thereafter, hung my shingle as "Attorney and Counsellor at Law." It is scarcely necessary to state that my office was not thronged with clients; but for all that, I did really admire the shingle bearing my name and profession, as it gently swayed to and fro in the breeze. Of course I had abundant time for meditation—it was all meditation, no clients, no pay. How well I remember the weary waiting. After the lapse of six months my patience was utterly exhausted, and I was about as sick as on the evening that I ate too freely of the coveted taffy. Being fully satisfied that it would be useless to remain here any longer, I determined to shake the dust of the metropolis from my feet and go to Chicago. Fortunately, I had but little business to settle up, and in two days time was on the road to the future metropolis of the West. My mother had died two years after I left home, and brother James had shipped aboard a vessel bound for the South Sea islands, and was never heard from afterwards. And of course the old home-place no longer had any charms for me. I reached Chicago in due time, and at once proceeded to look up a suitable location. After looking about for several days, I was still undecided as to the best place to open a law office. At last I found a building in a very desirable part of the city, but unfortunately, it was not for rent. I had already begun to entertain serious doubts as to the reliability of my profession immediately yielding money, of which I stood in great need. The leather wallet, so neatly wrapped and tied with a tow string, now resembling Job's proverbial turkey. And once again, it was "sink or swim." So I concluded to make one great effort to swim over the present difficulty. Once more I found myself alone, friendless, and a stranger in a great city. Experience, and contact with the ways of the world, however, had given me a vast deal more confidence in self, than I possessed on entering New York city.

After strolling about the city several hours, I approached a group of men who seemed to be earnestly engaged in conversation. I stopped for a moment in order to catch the trend of subject. I soon learned that a detective agency had recently been established, and that Allen Pinkerton was its instigator and chief. So I at once resolved to apply to the big souled Scotchman for a position in the service. And right here it may be proper to state that, from childhood I had been a diligent student of human nature. I possessed as it were, a sort of natural instinct or intuitive knowledge, which enabled me to read character. When a boy, back in my native state, I had squandered hours at a time noting the multiform visages as seen in the surging crowd. The images became firmly stamped on memory's tablet. That the face is a true index to the thoughts and character is a truism which cannot be gainsaid; it is a basic principle in the sciences of phrenology, physiognomy, etc., and therefore, logical in its conclusions. Constant thought, good or bad,

bears its unmistakable impress on the countenance. Some may partially succeed in concealing this great fact, but practiced eye will readily detect the semi-deception. For years, I had made the study of phrenology, physiognomy, psychomoney and palmistry, a specialty. So, that to reduce the theory to practice, was as easy as solving a problem in differential calculus, and generally about as accurate.

When I applied to the chief for a position on the detective force, I believed that I came more than ordinarily prepared. At least, Mr. Pinkerton so decided, after firing at me a series of searching questions. He at once employed me—that is, on probation, and in four days assigned me to my post of duty. At the end of six months I was placed on regular duty, and within eighteen months from date of my application, was detailed to ferret out a delicate and dangerous case. This case related to a notorious "crook," who had murdered and robbed a prominent business man in Germantown, Pa. After a long and tedious search, I located my man, (at least, I thought I had) in Rio Grande City, Texas. He was the most wary criminal that I ever attempted to shadow. Possessed of great natural ability as a physiognomist, he spurned for a long time all advances on my part of friendship or confidential relation. He was associated with a band of the toughest looking greasers that I had ever seen. After a three weeks vigil, the "crook" became restless, and it was evident that he knew he was being shadowed. So early one morning he boarded a vessel going up the river as far as Eagle Pass, and from thence to Little Rock, Ark. I hurriedly changed my disguise, taking passage on the boat and trains that carried him through the long journey. On reaching Little Rock my "man" sauntered leisurely about the city perhaps three hours and then proceeded at once to a low "dive" in the southeast part. It was not long before I discovered that he possessed an enormous appetite for strogg drink. Had it not been for this weakness he doubtless would not have been identified for years. He was also an expert at card playing—in fact, the most expert manipulator that perhaps ever shuffled and cut a deck of cards. Of course from the moment I saw my "man" I felt confident that he was a criminal—some one who was cleverly evading the law. But I did not know whether or not he was the Germantown murderer and thief. This fact I discovered one day while he was on one of his protracted "sprees." I drew him somewhat into my confidence and then plied him with a few cunningly devised questions. On referring to the Germantown affair, I discovered that the question went directly "home," for he said with much agitation, "Which, where, in Pennsylvania? I was there, no, I have never been east of the Mississippi in my life."

I knew now to a certainty that he was the notorious "crook" for whom I had been searching so long. With the aid of a policeman I immediately arrested and hand-cuffed him—then searched him. He had two .45-caliber (Colt's pattern) revolvers and a large wicked looking bowie-knife; also a belt containing \$1,200; the original amount stolen being five thousand dollars, he having used eight hundred. He fought like a demon and in about fifteen minutes had exhausted his vocabulary of vile epithets, and then accepted the situation in a philosophical way. I took the prisoner back to Germantown, the scene of the horrible tragedy and turned him over to the civil authorities. He was immediately identified as the murderer and was speedily brought to trial, suffering the extreme penalty of the law for his brutal crime.

I was handsomely rewarded for the part I played in the affair, and returned to Chicago. The leather wallet, so neatly wrapped and tied with a tow string, was filled to overflowing. I began to feel that prosperity was near at hand; and yet, I could not banish the thought that it might prove a delusion, and that once more I would find myself stranded. My fondest hopes had so often been blighted by frowning misfortune that I hardly dared to entertain a hopeful thought. But, at the same time, I began to have serious doubts as to the feasibility of the course I had been pursuing. The plain fact had already dawned upon my mind that I had belonged to the



"floating" population long enough, and that the best and safest plan was to seek a favorable location, settle permanently, and there fight it out to the best of my ability, let the consequences be what they would.

Consequently, I severed my connection with the Detective Corps and turned my face toward St. Louis, determined to make that place my permanent home. In my wanderings through the West I visited St. Louis, and was favorably impressed with the city. It was not without a pang of sorrow that I bade farewell to detective life, for my relations with the chief had always been unusually pleasant. And it was with profound sorrow that I read of his death a few years ago. To-day, I revere his memory—Allen Pinkerton was a good and great man.

I reached St. Louis about the 1st of May, and without any preliminary vacillating, opened a law office in a very desirable part of the city. Once more the shingle bearing my name and profession was swaying to and fro on the balmy breeze. I waited and looked for the coming of clients. Oftentimes I devoutly prayed for the proverbial patience of Job; I verily believe that if there was ever a person on the face of the earth who needed a double supply of this rare article, I surely was the legal claimant. The first six months I earned three good sized fees—that was not much, yet it was a trifle better than nothing, as it sufficed to keep soul and body together. Thus I waited and worked and existed for a year, barely earning enough to keep the wolf from the door. My office rent for the last quarter was due, and no money with which to pay it. Already I had received formal notice to either pay the amount due or vacate the room within ten days. This singular stroke of fate at once placed me between two fiercely burning fires. The "wolf" was nearing the door. Did the darkly gathering cloud have a silver lining—behind the cloud was the sun shining still. If so, I failed to distinguish even a glimmering ray of hope. I was driven to the very verge of blank despair, when I mechanically picked up a daily paper from among my morning's mail. After scanning the local departments a few minutes, my attention was suddenly arrested by the following notice:

REWARD—\$10,000 REWARD.

A reward of Twenty Thousand Dollars is hereby offered for the arrest of the person or persons who murdered John P. L—, Banker, on Tuesday night, June the 8, 18—, J. L—, & S. L—.

Six days before the above notice was published, I had read an account of the affair, but scarcely gave it more than a passing thought. However, I saw the dead banker a few hours after death had intervened. From the horrible manner in which the body was mutilated, I knew that the work had been done by a novice—the subtle hand of the experienced "thug" was conspicuous for its absence.

On reading the notice, I was almost overcome with excitement; the opportunity thus offered seemed too good to be true. I quickly resolved to make a desperate effort to unravel the mystery, capture the murderer, and reap the reward. This was the golden opportunity—visions of poverty and hope long deferred, visions of affluence and a happy future, floated dreamily before my eyes. The tension on my nerves was so great, for the time being, that, in order to study and quiet them, I was obliged to swallow a glass of wine. But this crucial moment was the first time the poisonous cup ever touched my lips; and God being my helper, it shall be the last time. I went to the police headquarters to ascertain all the particulars of the tragedy, and especially the location where the sad affair occurred; also, to ascertain who, if anybody, was suspected or had been arrested; and if detectives had as yet been employed, or were there any who were simply working for the reward. From this visit I gleaned considerable information; I also learned that a man, a resident of the city, had been arrested on rather weak circumstantial evidence, and was then

languishing behind prison bars. At least, the information was sufficiently strong to justify me in selling my law library, also all my books on the sciences. This forced sale was made in order to secure money to defray expenses while searching for the criminal or criminals, and pay my quarterly office rent.

After adjusting my business affairs, I visited the "suspect" confined in prison. On entering the prison, I beheld a medium sized man of rather pleasing appearance. His face revealed more than ordinary intelligence; forehead high and intellectual; veneration, extremely large and well developed; destructiveness, exceedingly small and easily subdued; conscientiousness was what phrenologists would term superlatively superb. Of course, no man can know the inmost secrets of the human heart, for the Bible saith that the heart is deceitful, and above all things, desperately wicked. Nevertheless, after talking with the prisoner more than an hour, I firmly believed him entirely innocent—partially the victim of some old feud. Upon inquiry, I was informed that he was a prominent business man, and had always been considered as an honest, law-abiding citizen. For some reason, known only to himself and a few intimate friends, the prisoner refused to accept the proffered bail.

In my interview with the prisoner, I learned that two brothers of German descent, blacksmiths, had been over zealous in their efforts to fasten upon him the murder of the banker. To this story I attached but little importance, as every community contains a few persons who invariably overreach themselves in such cases. I searched the city from fore to aft, but discovered no clue to the murderer. The city was teeming with idle rumors concerning the affair, but nothing definite could be learned. Almost every one had some vague theory, but to me these theories were valueless. I visited many towns and cities in the south and southwest, but failed to discover even the remotest clue. At this critical period it seemed as if the reward was farther away than at the beginning of the almost hopeless search. Were my prospects and hopes to be blighted and dashed to the ground, as they had often been before? It seemed as if a relentless and cruel fate had persistently pursued me ever since the memorable first day of April, when I landed in New York City. But I had long since discovered that repining and looking on the dark side of life, availed nothing. And then above all things, I heartily detested a chronic grumbler; and to become one myself, why, the very idea was ridiculous. So I mentally resolved to renew and continue the dismal search to the end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COLORS OF WATER.

The following is taken from an article by Dr. Carl Vogt, in the Popular Science Monthly for June:

"Is it not true, grandpa, that water has no color?"  
"Yes, dear child, it is blue, but so little so that you can not see it."

"Can you see that it is blue?"  
"No; but still it is blue. Look at this."

I took a little ultramarine on the end of the brush and mixed it with the water. "Does it look blue now?"

"No; I see nothing."

"Nor I. But you saw how I put a little blue color in it with the brush."

"Yes, but there was not enough of it. Put more in."

I silently took the glass and set it on a piece of white paper in the bright sunshine. "Now look from above down into it."

"It is blue!" said the little one, clapping her hands, "but only a very little."

"Look at it from the other side, when the sun is shining into it. Is it not a little bit red, like the bell-flowers which you picked yesterday?"

"That is wonderful," said the little one. "It is blue from above, a little bit red in the sun, and when we look at it from this side of the room we see nothing!"

"Think about it a little. The glass is as broad as my finger is long. But it is at least three times as high as my finger. When you look at it from the

side, you see only a fingers' length of water; but when you look down into it, you see through three fingers' length of water—three times as much. You see it blue from the side, and three times as blue from above, don't you?"

"Is that really true?" said the little one, as she measures with her finger. She nodded that she was satisfied.

"Now imagine that the water is as deep as the height of the church-steeple, and deeper—that it reaches from here up into Salvan and down to Vernayaz. Then you would see the water from above it all blue."

"Is the lake, then, really so deep?"

"Yes, and deeper."

I will not continue the conversation any longer. It went on with various simple experiments, beginning with differently colored stones, which I let drop into the water, and then placed on the white, then with setting the glass with its weakly bluish contents on differently colored papers, and ended with my trying to make the children perceive how the colors changed when they were seen through the whole depths of the glass. I will not say that the little ones were brought to a full comprehension of the matter; but they stuck fast to the assertion that water is blue, of an infinitely weak blue, and that the blue color can not be seen till one looks into a certain depth of it.

THE RETREAT OF THEOLOGY IN THE GALILEO CASE.

In 1870 a Roman Catholic clergyman in England, the Rev. Mr. Roberts, evidently thinking that the time had come to tell the truth, published a book entitled, "The Pontifical Decrees Against the Earth's Movement." In this were exhibited the incontrovertible evidences that the papacy had committed itself and its infallibility fully against the movement of the earth. The Rev. Mr. Roberts showed from the original record that Pope Paul V., in 1616, had presided over the tribunal condemning the doctrine of the earth's movement, and ordering Galileo to give up the opinion. He showed that Pope Urban VIII., in 1633, pressed on, directed, and promulgated the final condemnation, making himself in all these ways responsible for it. And, finally, he showed that Pope Alexander VII., in 1664, by his bull, "Speculatores domus Israel," attached to the index, condemning "all books which affirm the motion of the earth," had absolutely pledged the papal infallibility against the earth's movement. He also confessed that under the rules laid down by the highest authorities in the church, and especially by Sixtus V. and Pius IX., there was no escape from this conclusion.

Various theologians attempted to evade the force of the argument. Some, like Dr. Ward and Bouix, took refuge in verbal niceties; some, like Dr. Jeremiah Murphy, comforted themselves with declamation. The only result was that in 1885 came another edition of the Rev. Mr. Robert's work, even more cogent than the first; and, besides this, an essay by that eminent Catholic, St. George Mivart, acknowledging the Rev. Mr. Robert's position to be impregnable, and declaring virtually that the Almighty allowed Pope and church to fall into complete error regarding the Copernican theory, in order to teach them that science lies outside their province, and that the true priesthood of scientific truth rests with scientific investigators alone.

In spite, then, of all casuistry and special pleading, this sturdy honesty ended the controversy among Catholics themselves, so far as fair-minded men are concerned.—DR. ANDREW D. WHITE.

In the town of Patten, Me., a place distant from tidewater over ninety miles, there is a great curiosity known as the "turtle's nest," says an exchange. For fifty-two years a turtle has come annually to the nest to deposit her eggs. Over half a century ago she selected her nest, then in an open field, but now in a yard in front of a residence. A relative of the owner of the house branded the date, 1841, upon the turtle's back and it can be plainly traced now. She comes about the same date each year, and her first few days are passed in inspecting the ancient nest, the yard and surroundings. Later she digs a hole in the ground and there deposits her eggs. This year she left forty-two eggs, but as many were carried away and the others often disturbed, only about a dozen of the eggs hatched out. The owner of the house has ten of the turtles, none more than twice the size of a postage stamp. The old turtle always departs after laying the eggs, the warm sand and sun serving as an incubator. This turtle has been seen at the Draw Deadwater, on the Mattawamkeag river, fully fifty miles away from the nest. Her weight varies from thirty to thirty-five pounds, and it is said she was as large when branded as she is now. Each June she comes to Patten and is always welcomed by old and young.





## DOWN IN PISA.

Hear what happened down in Pisa  
To a little girl called Lisa!  
When one day in the sunshine golden  
Past the leaning tower eiden  
Thinking, blinking very slowly,  
Walking, talking rather faster,  
Came a pretty, pleasing poet;  
Came a poet—poetaster;  
Yes, I add, nor doubt disaster,  
He was but a poetaster!

Long his locks, just like his verses;  
Slim his face as poets' purses;  
Lisa's garden gate is swinging,  
In he steps to hear her singing,  
Singing low her simple fancies,  
Laughing, chaffing with a flower,  
Little Lisa down in Pisa  
Whiles away a pleasant hour;

And I put it in your power  
Here to know her song that hour:

"Come all ye posies  
Lift up your noses  
And smell my roses  
That blow to-day;

"Come, little daisy,  
Pray don't be lazy,  
You must be crazy  
To hide away!"

Though he scarcely cared to show it,  
Lisa's singsong pleased the poet.  
"Hem! No doubt," he merely said then,  
"You make songs from your own head, then?"  
Gravely responded Lisa; "No, sir;  
From my head I never take them,  
When I sing my little rhymings,  
It is from my heart I make them.  
Songs! It's from my soul I shake them;  
My small brain could never make them!"

On these words the poet pondered  
Often after, as he wandered  
Far away from Lisa's bower,  
Far from Pisa and the tower,  
Yet, I question, if he ever,  
Just by taking her as master,  
Learned to be a perfect poet,  
Ceased to be a poetaster,  
For a poet's something vaster  
Than a poor mere poetaster.

—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

Those persons who have understood that the present action of Yale in opening its doors to women established coeducation in the conservative university should read the article on the subject contributed to the June Forum by President Timothy Dwight. After a vigorous review of the obstacles which have opposed the higher education of women in this country, he explains that the graduate courses at Yale have been opened to both sexes, and is careful to add that by this action "the university does not propose to introduce changes in the undergraduate life, or to institute any new system which will, in any sense, establish what is called coeducation." Just what Yale has done, President Dwight explains as follows: "The authorities of this university have not attempted, in connection with their action, to decide the question of the best possible method of carrying forward undergraduates' education for the two sexes under all circumstances. They have observed and considered the existing facts, and in view of them have taken what they believe to be a desirable course for all the highest interests in the case. The decision to which they have come is to open the graduate or, as they are frequently called, the post-graduate courses of study leading to the degree of doctor of philosophy to candidates of both sexes. These candidates are to be graduates of colleges, or in exceptional cases, by special permission, other persons of liberal education. The number of such exceptional cases in the past has been very small, the whole body of students in these courses, substantially, being college graduates. No others have been admitted whose progress and attainments have not been ascertained to be abundantly sufficient to qualify them for pursuing the studies, and also for pursuing them on equal terms with their associates who have obtained the bachelor's degree. The young women, accordingly, who will be received will be of an age and at a stage of development and progress which are beyond the undergraduate period. They will be, like the young men of the graduate department, persons who are giving themselves to special studies

much after the same manner as professional students who devote themselves to the work of the professional schools."

How Chinese women were expected to behave themselves 2,000 years ago is set forth in an ancient Chinese work in 315 chapters, of which samples have been translated into English by Miss A. C. Safford. According to this voluminous manual the first duty of a Chinese wife in those primitive times was to "revere her husband as heaven." If his life is in danger she must not hesitate to die for him. Among the many little stories told in the book is one of a peasant who, during a severe famine, was seized one day by some starving soldiers, who intended to make a meal of him. His wife pleaded for him. "My husband is very lean," she said; "he will scarcely be a mouthful for you. I am fleshy and of dark complexion, and they say that the flesh of such persons is excellent eating." The hungry soldiers, we are told, were convinced by this sound argument, and ate her instead of her husband. As to deportment, "in the presence of her parents or parents-in-law, a woman may not sneeze or cough, neither scratch, yawn or lol about when tired, nor may she presume to stare at them. She should wear a happy face and a mild, pleasant deportment in serving them, in order to soothe them." The wife of a certain Liu Kung-ten comes in for a large share of praise simply because "for three years after her marriage nobody had ever seen her smile."

If your picture is bad or disagreeable, says an art dealer, writing in *The Household*, then it cannot go too far out of sight; but why should not a good picture hang opposite the eyes of a person who stands before it, and not away above his head? Nearly all pictures are hung sloping outward from the bottom to top—and this is necessary in the case of oil paintings—but an etching often looks best when hung perpendicularly and flat against the wall. When two pictures containing figures are hung in juxtaposition, care should be taken that these figures should not be made to commit the rudeness of turning their backs on each other. A minor consideration, but one which cannot always be regarded, is that the shadows in a picture should turn from the windows of the room where it hangs. Thus, if the shadows in the pictures fall toward the right, it would be well, if possible, to hang it where the light in the room comes from the left. Another obvious rule is that, while a large and bold subject may look well hung at a height or at a distance from the spectator, a very small picture, or one containing minute figures, will be quite lost unless placed where it can be seen without difficulty.

There died at St. Francis' Hospital in Jersey City, on June 1st, Middy Morgan, the most remarkable newspaper woman in the world, says the *Catholic Review*. Miss Morgan was born in Cork in 1828. The eldest of a large family, she was obliged to care for the farm on the death of her father, a country squire. Here began her knowledge of horses and cattle. While visiting Rome her daring horseback riding attracted Victor Emmanuel who secured her to buy horses for him. She succeeded so well on this commission that the King presented her with a watch studded with diamonds. She came to America in 1869 and wrote an account of a horse race at Saratoga that placed her at once in the lead among the sporting reporters of the country and she remained such until her death. Miss Morgan being six feet two inches tall, ungainly in her walk and dress was long pointed out as one of the oddities of New York. Frugal in the extreme, she accumulated a fortune of \$100,000. On her deathbed, among the good Sisters of St. Francis, cattle, horses and money possessed her mind entirely and she died without the consolation of religion of any kind.

In an article on the present position of the royalist party in France, a correspondent of the *London Times* states that it is precisely because French women are kept aloof from the ballot-box and have no votes at the elections that they exert all their influence and intelligence in inducing their husbands to vote as they wish, and that this influence is brought to bear upon the men not merely in the country districts, and in the villages, but also in Paris and all the large towns, where the influence of women is sensibly felt at the time of the general elections. He then goes on to say

that it is owing to the practice of the confessional that the Roman Catholic priest has retained unquestionable influence over the female members of his flock, and that, when he exerts it in favor of any political cause or any form of government, the result of the elections is very appreciably affected. It is obvious that this statement can be used either for or against the extension of the suffrage to women.

A little three-year-old, whose father, two grand fathers and a great-grand father are physicians, was entertaining herself one day by playing doctor to her dolls. The nurse kept the young physician going on a round of calls from doll to doll, and writing prescriptions in her babyish hieroglyphics. At last the weary little body climbed into an arm-chair and lay back for a moment's rest. The nurse, fearing least the slightest diversion should turn the active little brain toward something that would demand more of her attention, sought to reawaken interest in the dolls by a very urgent telephonic summons. The little doctor straightened up at the tinging of the imaginary bell, and resting her elbow on the arm of the chair and making a receiver of her dimpled hand asked what was wanted. She was informed that Jenny Purdy needed her services at once. With a sigh of impatience she gathered her little body together as if for a plunge out of the big chair; then a look of intelligence passed over her face, and she settled back with this pithy message: "Tell Miss Purdy de doctor tan't come; he's busy sittin' in his office."—*Youth's Companion*.

A plan has been mooted in the London county council for getting over the judicial prohibition against women becoming members of that body. The proposal is that a certain number of ladies should be appointed as voluntary commissioners to assist the council in its work. At least one lady would be appointed for each of the asylums in the charge of the council, and it would be her duty to act as inspector of the female department of the asylum. In order to make her report and any suggestion arising out of it, she would probably be invited to attend as a visitor at the meetings of the asylum committee of the council. That is as far as the scheme goes at present, but it is obviously capable of extension, and there is reason to believe that several county councilors are proposing to adapt the same scheme to other committees.

## ROBBERY OF THE LABORER.

TO THE EDITOR: To the ideas and dictum of Mr. Edward Atkinson as set forth in *The Journal* June 4th, under the head of "Prosperity of the Laborer," I offer my emphatic protest. The short article contains more misleading assumptions and absolute falsehood than I have seen within so small a space in a long time. Mr. Atkinson is one of the school of capital claquers, who can steal away nine-tenths of a laborer's earnings, then demonstrate by slick manipulation of figures how easily he can sustain life on bean soup and fried liver out of the other tenth. The laborer's grievance is not a question whether the "general rate of wages is higher, or the cost of living lower, than was ever before known;" but, how much of the wealth he produces is stolen away from him, who are the persons who steal it, what are the processes by which the robbery is accomplished, and the best way to stop the plunder from going on. That is the labor problem in a nutshell.

There is no test so good as experience. I came to this country fifty years ago, a plain workman. During the greater portion of that period I have wrought at the bench as a skilled mechanic. Had I gone into the grab game of speculative gambling, or money lending, I could easily have become a millionaire long ago. I feel thankful to God that I kept on in the honest role of earning all I gained, because, to attain millions I must inevitably have wrung it in unearned production from the hardy earned production of others. In the mere matter of wage earnings there is little of difference between then and now. In cost of living it is greatly more now than then. The greatest cost to a workman is rent. A house and lot I rented in Cincinnati in 1833 for five dollars a month, cannot be had for less than twenty dollars to-day. A lot could be bought so cheap that it was comparatively an easy matter to secure a homestead. Taxes were so low as to be scarcely worth mentioning. To-day

every foot of city property is so manipulated by real estate speculators, that only by getting miles away into the outskirts, paying ten times the real value of the land, can a laborer secure a cottage home by the time the best of his life is gone. There is absolutely no opening into business, because every avenue to profit has been seized upon by villainous trusts and money combines that hold the entire business of the country in a grasp of iron.

In this limited article I can only point out a few of the plundering methods by which the laborer is robbed of his earnings. First, the infamous plundering of the laborer by means of land monopoly. Here in Cleveland was a tract of land secured for a few hundred dollars. A portion was given to a railway company for the planting of their shops thereon, and lots sold to workmen at a cheap rate. The rest was allowed to lie in garden and waste common, while the proprietor sat back at his ease, paying mere nominal tax charges; year after year as the city grew and prospered, the people, by their thrift and improvements, enhancing the value of the cheap purchase till he swelled into a millionaire. And mark, though he never raised a hand to help the city's progress, and kept his land in large part in idle common at a tax rate not worth mentioning, the moment a laborer bought a small patch and put up a little hut, right away the full levy of the very highest rate of assessment was thrust onto his weak shoulders.

In like manner every roof of the city has been manipulated along this infamous robber method of building up millionaires at the cost of crushed workmen. Not a farm for miles in the outskirts that is not laid off into "allotments" for the homes of laborers at ten to twenty times the cost of purchase given by the vampire horde of land speculators, add to this the Shylock greed of loan and building associations, levying six per cent interest on a ten years purchase on the entire amount loaned to the last payment given.

O, yes, the laborer is so prosperous he fairly revels in wealth; but somehow, if he saved every dollar he earned through fifty years of life and lived on air he would not be within sighting distance of a hundred thousand dollars, much less become a millionaire. It is your banker who gets the use of the people's money at one and one-half per cent to loan back to the people for ten to thirty, who revels in prosperity.

"We cannot grow in this world's goods without economy," is Mr. Atkinson's smooth platitude. What of economy was practised to grow into the wealth that is being plundered from the whole nation by the anthracite coal combine? At what point does the economy come in that has more than doubled the cost of railway property in watered stock, and goes right on robbing the people in freight and passenger rates to pay dividends on this fictitious value? Similarly with telegraph lines, telephone and gas stocks. It is one intact system of plunder of the producing masses from end to end. It is an utter impossibility for a workman to earn more than a bare subsistence by honest labor. No amount of economy can lift him out of the rut of his enthralled condition. The nefarious operation of class legislation in favor of wealth possessors has brought about such restriction in the volume of money, and so manipulated the methods of business, that the nation has become one huge pawnshop, forcing every industry and commercial pursuit to be carried on credit, whose interest drag sucks the chief heft of the profits into the coffers of banks and other money lenders.

Every dollar of this terrible load of rent and interest is ultimately wrung from the earnings of farmer and city laborer. The landlord puts it in his rent, the wholesale dealer on to the cost given to the retailer, and he into the price charged to the laboring buyer. The farmer and workman carries the whole grievous load. According to the late census report, the average earnings of the whole people of Ohio is but \$1.02 a day. What amount of economy can amass wealth from such a meager source?

But the amassment of wealth is not what is wanted. Large accumulations of wealth in few hands is a curse to any nation. Neither is economy that robs life of its manfulness and satisfying enjoyment desirable. The simple matter of equity every man and woman has a right to demand; is the full fruition of all they earn.

W. WINTWORTH.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.





**TAKEN IN SPIRIT.**

TO THE EDITOR: In my first letter to you I said that it was told me by the leader of that noble band of spirits, that I should be taken in spirit whenever I had something to see and learn that would be in some way connected with the work I was to do under their control and direction. Accordingly I was blessed to be taken in spirit to the Spirit-world many times and to different spheres or worlds inhabited by men and women made perfect, also to different places on our own plane of existence. My visits to the Spirit-world though in spirit seemed so real. I could on such occasions, converse with the citizens of those worlds, on different subjects and look over cities and homes to learn how they lived, learned, thought and enjoyed heaven's wealth and constantly added to their general, grand world outfit.

At different times I was taken to a grand hall which they called the Hall of Congress. It was so real to me that now as I write, it is before me, for I not only saw it, but had some peculiar experiences there that stamped themselves upon my mind never to be forgotten. For instance, those noble lords who were seated around that hall, all arose and saluted my guide and myself as we entered. They were all dressed alike in official garb (I have always observed that spirits wear a particular dress for particular offices.) Their difference to one another and their perfect bearing as they arose one after another to give their opinions on the problems placed before the session by a mighty lord seated on a dais of great elegance. They spoke one in one way and another in another way and then adjourned, to take up the arguments again at some other time, as I understood it, for I was permitted to witness their sessions several times and gained this understanding, that the issues in question were to be enacted through mental instrumentality by them and transacted on earth according to prophetic statements. They grew eloquent and positive in their arguments pro and con, so that I in my simplicity gazed and wondered much about these proceedings, but was then unable to comprehend the great importance of their arguments, for they were in regard to scientific demonstrations that should take place on earth at a certain time and place. Even then twenty years ago and two years later when I had these experiences I was at each time taken in spirit to Chicago; in person I have never been there. The grand Auditorium rose before in that city, though of course it was only lately built, and it was marked as the congress hall on earth in which the issues enacted should be argued and demonstrations take place to prove them true. The western metropolis was so full of people and the spirits said there the eagles would gather; there the battle of Gog and Magog would be fought perhaps in heated arguments and dashing pen strokes, eclipsed by demonstrations to sever truth from error and reconcile many differences and things so long at war with each other.

In the last year I have had much more shown me in regard to this, all of which will be literally carried out at the Columbian Exposition. I saw that congress in session at Chicago, in spirit twenty years ago and of late again. Many of the learned men who will take part were represented with many books piled before them showing that they were well read. All of the speakers or mediums who will have something to do or say were shown in these visions years ago and again of late. Somehow I saw them just as they are in reality and not as they outwardly appear and I marvelled, for reality and appearance differed greatly in some, and I was pleased that the examiners, for as such those men were represented to me, seemed to see through these outer covers and discerned reality as I did, yet by a different method. I had a part to do and did it in quite a humble way after seeing and hearing so much display. I am convinced by what I have learned from these observations and instructions from my guides relative to these things, that there will be lively yet grand times between competitors on the important issues of the hour; but as I see all parties are acted upon differently so that all issues may be argued upon from all standpoints and the right will win. It was then and is now the most pleasing feature of all

to me, that all laborers are directed by the Divine Mind and Will. Those who plan and erect those buildings are, God's servants; He needed them to work out His will in that way and others in other ways; hence, all are mediums, but not all are governed alike, yet each one's service is needed and if they are true, well rewarded. All are mediums in accordance with their organic attachment to the inner life and source of mind supply.

(Mrs.) M. KLANE.

VAN WEIT, O.

**EXPERIMENTS.**

TO THE EDITOR: I send you some facts which occurred last night at a select meeting of medical students, physicians and my pupils. Drs. R. Osgood Mason, of West 50th street, and Frederick Bierhoff, of West 126th street, who with Mr. J. Stines, attorney-at-law, were selected and acted as a test committee. After a series of ordinary experiments were exhibited by me and my pupils, two sensitives were presented to the committee for the test experiments which consisted in a repetition of those already reported and, now subjected to the scrutiny of these qualified physicians who pronounced the experiments marvels of photographic thought transference. The additional wonders which surprised these scientific critics were suggested by Dr. R. Osgood Mason.

Two photographs were secretly handed to Dr. McCarthy. He was told without showing either, to gaze upon the first and get the sensitive who was in a trance with eyes closed, to state what he, the doctor, was looking at. About a half a minute after this direction was given the sensitive replied, "You are looking upon a photograph of Mrs. McCarthy," which was correct. Then after a moment's rest Mr. McCarthy asked, "Upon what am I now looking?" The answer came, "You have changed the photograph and I now see that it is a portrait of yourself."

These experiments were repeated several times in various ways, but always with the same success. A few skeptics acknowledge that the experiments were conducted in a manner that excluded the possibility of fraud, and most of the people present expressed wonder and amazement at what they witnessed.

These experiments are now being exhibited every Thursday evening at the Academy of Mesmerism and Hypnotism, 316 West 59th street, New York City, with explanation of their character and the modus operandi of their presentation by me and my sensitives and pupils.

CHARLES P. MCCARTHY.

**SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.**

TO THE EDITOR: All the world wants to know the truth about spiritual philosophy. And this being so in the natural order, this knowledge will be made manifest in due time. No demand, no matter how seemingly extravagant to the human intellect, when reaching a point where there is manifest a widespread and earnest desire, but what developments follows close upon its track. So will it be to the end of time. Nature has so constructed the human mind as to make its longings only the forerunner of its accomplishment of the fact. The seeming wonders of to-day are the common practices of to-morrow. Evidences multiply almost hourly of the fact that spirit communion has developed as a force in the economy of nature, and the world-longing is to be fulfilled in the more perfect manifestations of its helpful work.

Why do we say this, and, are we conscious of its truth? We say it because there exists to-day, more than ever this universal longing for more light and this longing is but the precursor of the more perfect manifestation. The world moves not in circles of thought, but radiates in lines nearly parallel with the growing and unfolding of design generated from the great eternal centre. Radiates in parallel lines we say; yes, for to move in a circle only brings around to the starting point, while to move on parallels is ever ending and always in advance lines. Mankind may be deeply obscured from these facts, but none the less are they true. Nature in her every analogy points to this as one of her unvarying laws.

If this be true why should we wonder at this new development of the powers of mind action? Why not recognize the fact as logical and as the result of advanced conditions, making way for still further progress?

Mysterious as these things are which the world now calls phenomena and which it is slow to accept as realities, still, their existence cannot be denied. As well say

that our senses prove us false in any other direction as in this.

We marvel at the advance science is making in the discovery of the true philosophy of material manifestations and laud its achievements, but when it enters the arena of mind and asserts that herein there is apparent subtle but powerful and guiding forces, the learned mind seeks to discredit the evidences of the senses and elude the logic of correspondence which would trace its source to its legitimate fountain head.

The tangibility of material things compensates in no adequate measure for the non-recognition of that which can be demonstrated with equal correctness upon lines of demonstration full and conclusive. The logic of spiritual essence needs no demonstration, for it is born of the universal prevalence of acknowledged fact. Only when more fully brought to a practical bearing upon men's lives and character, do we find the tendency to deny its reality and disregard its teachings. With the physical demonstrations made manifest by those who seek to destroy the higher thought of spiritual communion we have but little sympathy. While we acknowledge the fact that such demonstrations are born of the same natural forces that supply the more refined and perfected conditions, yet they minister not to the more exalted and more needful culture of the world.

What mankind wants to-day is a philosophy of the soul, not a philosophy of the mind or intellect. The simple analogies of nature give the key which will unlock the door through which stream the guiding rays of light that lead to more perfect understanding. These lines followed in the same honest spirit of investigation, untrammelled by the accumulated prejudices of past materialistic ages, will bring the true knowledge of the higher and more essential conditions.

B. K.

**INTERESTING EXPERIENCE—IV.**

[CONCLUDED.]

A neighbor of mine whom I will simply call E., because she is not a Spiritualist and would rather not have her name given, told me on two different occasions of an apparition she had seen. The first time she was about fourteen years old. She heard her father coming upstairs in the night when the rest were all asleep. He came to the bed where she and her sister lay and looked at her; she said she spoke to him, but he did not answer her; then he turned to the bed where her brother slept and looked at him, and disappeared. She was frightened and shook her sister who asked, "What are you doing?" and went back to sleep. She asked her father about it, but he said he had not been up. She was puzzled and frightened over it, but nothing came of it. About a year later her father died and she saw nothing more until a year or two after her marriage. One night when her husband was down town, she was tired and laid down at the foot of the bed; suddenly the door opened and her father came in. He stood looking at her. As soon as she could control her surprise she said, "Pa," and he disappeared.

(Mrs.) S. H. CAMPBELL.

MACON CITY, Mo.

**INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.**

TO THE EDITOR: While your article "Unseen Influences," page 19 of the issue of June 4th, will doubtless attract many comments I will add my mite.

A weekly "circle" had been held during the summer at the house of a friend whose two daughters were actresses. One, taking the road earlier than the other, requested us to think of her at the next sitting. Being clairvoyant she hoped to be able to see plainer if we did so. In turn other clairvoyants with us might be better able to observe the surroundings of the absent one. Eight o'clock came; half past eight, and as the first hour was closing without a word we were about to resume our usual course of investigation, when, as the clock struck nine, our clairvoyant suddenly exclaimed pointing to a vacant (?) chair, "There is Stella now." The mother became alarmed fearing her daughter—appearing in spirit—had been killed. From a general knowledge of such appearances, I was enabled to allay her fears and shortly the "appearance" faded from clairvoyant sight without a word of communication. Holding, as I do, that phenomena can always be reproduced if the correct explanation can be had and the conditions repeated, I first sought all the light possible as to this occurrence and have since been able to obtain similar results at will. The first city the company that Stella was with "struck"

was St. Louis and at the time was just an hour later, her eight o'clock was our nine. It was then that she sent forth a strong longing to be with us. No other effort, no manipulation; but simply the projection of a strong thought toward us. Taking one of our clairvoyants, who is an excellent mesmeric subject as well, I allowed her to become thoroughly en rapport with me and then retired to another room entirely out of sight. I then assumed an unusual position and signaled for a description to be given, no third party being present. She gave the correct location and position I occupied. I changed position, still keeping my interest and attention confined to the room I was in; again a correct description was given. Then, dropping into a chair I concentrated my whole thought to the supposition that I was in the chair by her side in the other room. She saw me instantly and almost screamed at seeing me appear so suddenly at her side; and it was not until I as suddenly withdrew my thought that she fully realized I was still absent from the room. The phenomena were repeated under varying conditions and in various places with uniform results. A startling variation was to have her place her hands to cover my face which would remain hidden by them as long as I remained passive, but I could at will, by projecting my thought, force my face to appear to have passed through the hands and take position between them and her face. The spirit guides when appealed to, could not explain the phenomena on the basis of known physical laws, but intimated that these were the facts from which we could deduce such laws as would come within our comprehension. There were no common terms by which we of earth could interpret the spiritual principles involved.

N. A. CONKLIN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

**THE POT OF VIOLETS.**

By ALICE ROBBINS.

"Can you carry it, darling?"  
"Ess, me tarry it! me tarry it!"  
Such a mite of a blue-eyed darling as it was! All white and gold, for the curling, shining tresses fell around the dimpled shoulders, while the wee fingers, soft and delicate as flowery petals, spread over the pot of violets which the pleasant faced huckster put within their grasp. With a sigh of rapture the beautiful child toddled on never lifting her blue eyes from the precious burden. The fair young mother smiled. Mingled love and pride brightened her face as she paid the price of the violets and followed the baby footsteps. Surely a little child shall lead them, I don't care where you find it, in lowly cot or kingly palace, or clad in the rags of utter beggary. Never moved happier mother or lovelier child through the streets of the beautiful city of Washington.

A grimy news-boy followed them with halting footsteps. Now and then he called out his paper, but his eyes were fastened upon the child as if by some fascination he could not control. Eyes as blue as hers, lips as red, but the face so fair when clean, knew no touch of loving hands. He was an orphan, cared for on sufferance and the dainty baby in her snow-white garments had laid quick siege to his heart. Something he saw there of what childhood ought to be and he was not. Did some dim sense of wrong overshadow him, wrong done to him because of his helplessness? Did he remember the kiss of loving lips? The touch of tender hands?

"Look out there! For God's sake stop her!"

The thunder of hoofs. One shrill shriek. A crowd! Cries of pity and horror! Opening of doors and windows, multitudinous questionings and a mangled child under the wheels, its golden curls dabbled in the mire. That was all—no, not all. The news-boy had sought to save the child and happily had thrown her where the wheels could not harm her, but his life had been the forfeit.

Did you ever see a mother hold a child to her breast when some great danger that threatened it had suddenly been averted? If not, you have never seen what action can portray, what depths, what heights, what absolute passion of mother love! Well that was how the mother held her white-robed darling speechless and tearless.

The pot of violets in the freshness and sanctity of its beauty, stood within reach by the curb and over it unseen by mortal eyes, in the pristine freshness of immortal childhood, bent the angel-spirit of the boy who had been early robbed of his heritage, and who was glad with the gladness of the angels that all he had lost was restored, even to the white robes of his sinless infancy.



BOOK REVIEWS.

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

His Bold Experiment. By Henry Frank: The Minerva Publishing Co., New York, 1892; pp. 279. Price, 50 cents.

Under a thin veil of fiction Mr. Frank discusses the "Woman Question." It embodies some of his most radical thoughts on this question. The scene of the novel is laid in Kansas. The year 1875 is the date of its opening. The hero of the novel is a clergyman who became converted, joined the Methodist Church, and under the enthusiasm of his new awakening wanted to "save" the world. This part is a repetition of the old story—disappointment with the church's want of spirituality; its hypocrisy and its love of money. The young parson who was earnest, sincere and who labored for the true interests of his flock, soon found that his faithfulness was repaid by criticism, scandal and the usual gossip of small towns. He married a woman totally unsuited to him and his work; light, frivolous and no helpmate. She was attracted elsewhere and soon fell under a cloud. The husband knew nothing of her intrigues. This came to his knowledge through rumor after one of his exhortations of his congregation for their short comings. When the discovery was made the husband took his wife into his confidence; she confessed her sins and gave the usual reasons in such cases and after a time they were united again. All this sets the parson to thinking on the true relation of the sexes. That relation should be between one man and one woman. The wife should have absolute control over the marital relation, to decide as to separation or divorce, leaving the question of property to be adjusted by the courts, when mutual agreement cannot be attained. This is the pivotal point of the book.

Mr. Frank may not be aware of the fact, but the elder Henry James, in his "Substance and Shadow," published over thirty years ago, took the same position and gave the strongest argument in its favor.

Mr. Frank's dissection of the ecclesiastical polity of the Methodist church is virile and clean—none but a preacher, who had felt its power and perversity, could have photographed it so well.

Mr. Frank will possibly be misunderstood by the careless reader when summing up his problem. The wife of the clergymen, whose unselfish character he portrays, fell through her illicit love with the most despicable character in the book. The contrast of this love with the love to her husband, when repentance had done its work, is the crown of Mr. Frank's portrayal of what the "fallen woman" may become. Evidently the lesson Mr. Frank means to illustrate is that woman rises through suffering, that through suffering she is born out of weakness into strength.

The Crucifixion Viewed From a Jewish Standpoint. By Dr. E. G. Hirsch. Chicago and Cincinnati: The Bloch Publishing Co., 1892, pp. 49. Paper, 25 cents.

This little work is a lecture which was given before the Chicago Institute for Morals, Religion and Letters. The learned author argues that the responsibility for the death of Jesus must forever rest on the Roman authorities and not on the Jews. "For his death" (we quote the concluding words) "none other must be held accountable than Pilate, the typical Roman, who was Roman cruelty incarnate, and Roman selfishness triumphant. The Jews did not crucify Christ." The essay is well worth reading.

MAGAZINES.

The Freethinkers' Magazine for June has for its frontispiece a very good likeness of Miss Susan H. Wixon. "The Sunday—Past, Present and Future," by Clara M. Bisbee; "The Religion of Evolution a Philosophy of Life," by J. Leon Benwell, and "In the Police Court," a story by Miss Wixon, are among the contributions of this number. H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y.—The June number of Romance contains sixteen original and selected stories of remarkably high and even merit—stories of America, England, France, Spain, Russia, India, and the high seas. The balance between grave and gay, the wild and the reasonable, is admirably maintained.—In the June number of Current Literature will be found reference to many agitating topics, such as the approaching end of the great telephone monopoly, the Chinese exclusion act, the failure of anarchy, the rise of a brilliant

American society, etc.—The June number of Lippincott's Magazine is wide awake to Western interests. It has an article on Hon. J. J. Ingalls, "Westward the Course of Empire;" "The Great American Desert," by W. F. G. Shanks, and "The Struggle for the West," by Professor J. B. McMaster.

H. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y., has issued a new edition of "The Bruno Monument," a fine engraving 10x12 inches, for framing; put up in pasteboard tubes for mailing. The price is reduced from 20 cents to 12 cents per copy.

INDIVIDUALITY.

BY MARY HULLETT YOUNG.

I cannot see with others' eyes  
The thing I scorn, the thing I love;  
Must bring to me its own replies,  
From far below, from far above.  
I cannot hear with others' ears,  
The music tones of master sway  
Must be what, calmly listening, hears  
One willing organ formed from clay.  
I cannot think another's thought,  
The silent meanings of the soul  
Must be what heaven and earth have taught  
From Him who says and rules the whole.  
I cannot love as others love,  
A shrine I have for worship made,—  
From far below, from far above,  
One Sovereign there can be obeyed.  
I cannot strive as others strive,  
With plans that may be good or ill,—  
My work, if done, ere I contrive,  
Must claim perforce my thought and will.  
I cannot join the crowded race,  
For gold or chaplet fame may wear,—  
God, who created, knows my place,  
And soon or late will lead me there.

To the Duke of Grafton, Junius wrote: "If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart it would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed, under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their conditions if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favorite principles and makes the same man treacherous without art and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design."

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Mrs. W. R. Francis

Is the wife of one of the best known pharmacists in New Haven, doing business at 141 Dixwell Ave., and ex-president of the Connecticut Pharmaceutical Association. He says: "My wife was for several years in bad health, due to a complication of disorders. Friends persuaded her to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; she took 6 or 8 bottles and is certainly a great deal better since, in every way."

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—BY— PROF. ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.,

Member of the National Academy of Sciences of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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The Woman Question. The Naros, or Cycle of six Hundred Years. The International Congress of Women. The Opinions of a Scientist. "Substantially True as Alleged" Phenomenal Spiritualism. Experiments with a Table. Test Conditions. The One thing indispensable. The Spiritualistic or the Theosophic Explanation! Animal Magnetism and its dangers. The Great Power of the Magnetiser. Magnetism the Pass Key to Psychic Science. The Biogen Theory. The Astral Body. The Better Way! Natural Magic. The Outlook. And an invaluable stimulant and guide to the NOVICE IN THE STUDY OF THE OCCULT as well as a most

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### BACK HOME.

Back home once more. Lord, ain't I glad!  
The city allus makes me mad,  
With its unpityin' rush and roar,  
With luek aye beek'nin' us before,  
With hard times closin' up behind,  
Till one don't scarcely know his mind,  
'Cept that he's weary, weak and sick  
Of such an everlastin' kick.

Back home, a sayin' to myself,  
"Old boy, you're out of the race for help;  
Right here—bi gosh!—you'll jest set down,  
And wait for fortune's smile or frown,  
Believin' happiness wild come  
As quick to you, through patience dumb.  
As when you fret, both day and night,  
For things you never get to, quite."

Back home, where nothin' seems to change,  
'Cept when the cattle have the mange,  
Or when the weevil smuts the grain,  
Or all the weather runs to rain.  
Yet even bad luck creeps easy here,  
Old friends remain, old faces cheer;  
Betide what will, in this we're blest,  
We allus can set down and rest.

Back home again to dream and play,  
You bet your life I'm goin' to stay!  
Like a tired child so glad to be  
Once more upon its mother's knee,  
I heave a sigh of huge content,  
And laugh o'er my follies spent,  
Knowin'—whate'er be sent by fate—  
In the long run it pays to wait.

—BROWNE PERRIMAN IN YANKEE BLADE.

### THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

The pedagogue among his pupils had  
A maiden fair.  
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,  
And turned to his saucy glance full oft?  
And when his tiresome Latin put her out  
Her pretty lips were all too prone to pout:  
He longed to kiss them—love had made him mad—  
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school,  
The hour was late:  
But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:  
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride!  
Already hast thou marked, nor need I tell,  
That I have loved thee long and passing well:  
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;  
Let's conjugate!"

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair,  
"That would be fine;  
But 'tis impossible, for, as thou know'st,  
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.  
The first declension now absorbs my thought:  
The verb I have not yet at all been taught,  
I cannot conjugate; all I may dare  
Is to decline!"

### THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not:  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.  
Nay, not with cannon or battle-shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is that battle-field!  
No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But, on! these battles! they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

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"The New Church Independent" for 1892.  
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—BY—  
**GILES B. STEBBINS,**  
Editor and Compiler of "Chapters from the Bible the Ages," and "Poems of the Life Beyond"; Author of "After Dogmatic Theology, What?" etc., etc.

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**THE BORDER LAND.**

In the twilight hour, soft shadows came,  
And flitted to and fro,  
But I heard no word, nor heard a name  
Of friends I used to know!

Yet their presence seemed so very near,  
I waited for some sign,  
Or some sound to tell me, they were here,  
Those long-lost friends of mine!

And I sat and waited all alone,  
Whilst silence closed around,  
Till its heart was beating next my own—  
Till earthly sights were drowned!

Forth from depths there came then, unto me,  
Dear voices speaking plain,  
Old-time voices—such as used to be,  
Before life's days of pain!

"Truth is joy," they said, "and God is truth,  
And grief and tears pass by!  
Life is love, and love is endless youth,  
The youth that cannot die!"

"Death is birth," they said, "higher birth,  
That sets the spirit free!  
Souls will stand for souls' own worth,  
Through all eternity!"

Gently thus they spake in tender tones—  
Swept away the earthly ills,  
Lit with light earth's sorrow-stricken homes—  
Crowned them with the peace that stills!

Deep within my soul, the truth I felt,  
I knew my loved ones near,  
Reverent, with thankful heart, I knelt,  
Death's mystery was clear!

Close is the border-land to me,  
And shining is its shore—  
Peopled with the precious forms I see,  
Of loved ones gone before!

—ELLA DARE.

**NO KISS.**

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,  
To a pretty little tune,  
Holding up her dainty mouth,  
Sweet as roses born in June.  
Will was ten years old that day,  
And he pulled her golden curls  
Teasingly, and answer made:  
"I'm too old; I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite  
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,  
Gazing fondly in her eyes,  
Praying, "Won't you kiss me sweet?"  
"Rite is seventeen to-day;  
With her birthday ring she toys  
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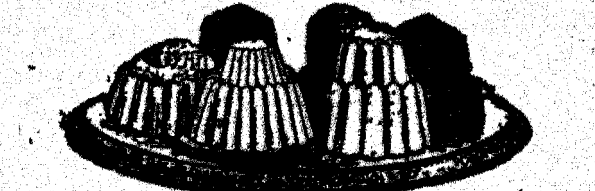
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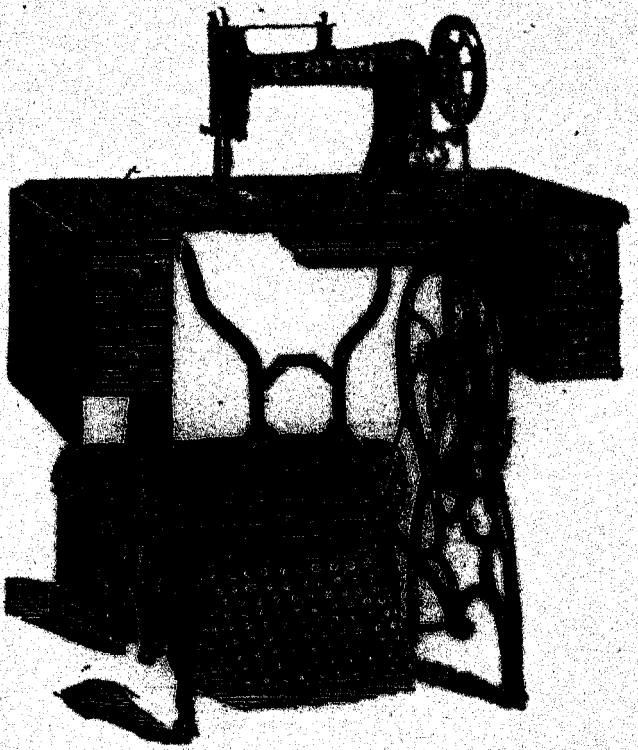
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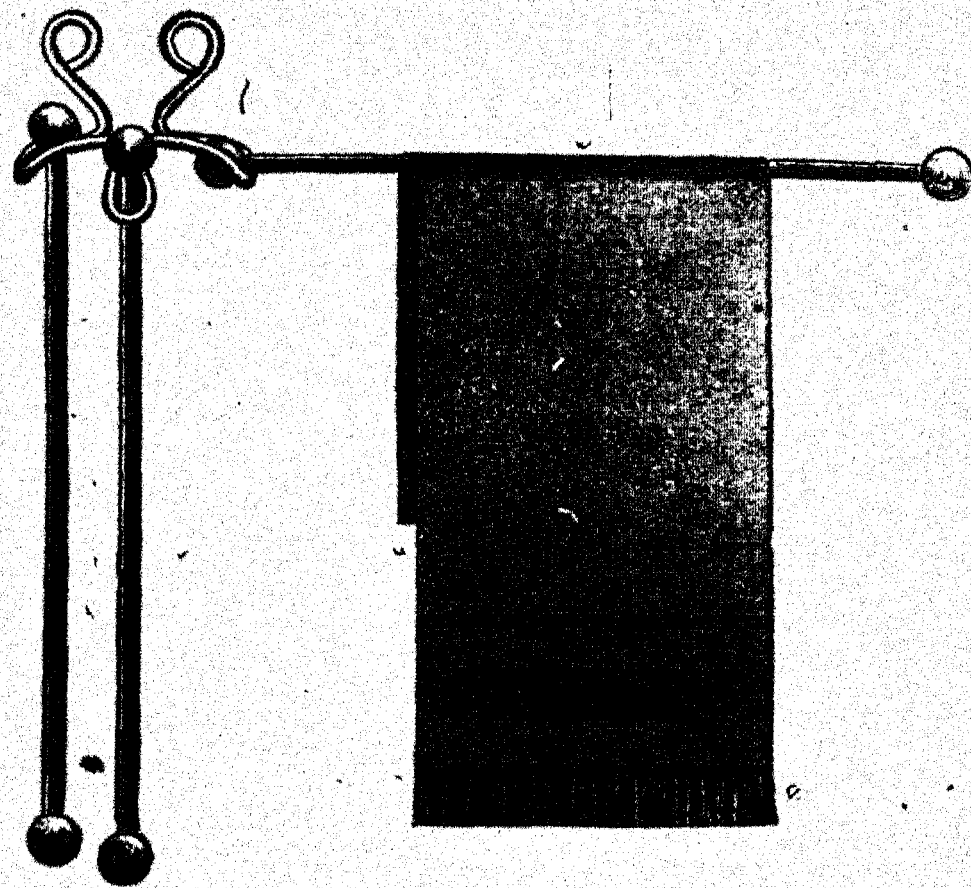
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C. LEIGH HUNT WALLACE in a letter to Light says: Dr. B. W. Richardson's recent lecture, which tended to show that every dream was to be accounted for upon a physiological basis, was certainly very interesting, but I once had a dream which seems somewhat unaccountable, when its sequel is studied even by the light of the doctor's teaching. I will relate it in as few words as possible. Up late one Saturday night, tired the next afternoon, fell asleep for the limited duration of about two minutes. Awoke trembling from head to foot, for I had seen in my momentary dream my little girl of eight months drowned in her bath. So vivid was the dream and such an effect had its apparent reality had upon me, that I astounded my husband and young lady secretary, Miss Simpson, by going off into a fit of screaming hysterics. Monday morning a friend called, and I left my bedroom to see him, leaving Miss Simpson in the room with my just bathed and dressed little girl. Miss Simpson was shortly after called downstairs, but when half-way down she remembered my dream, and returned hurriedly to the bedroom, there to find that our little one had fallen in the bath. Hearing Miss Simpson exclaim, "Oh, my God!" and her quick step across the room, I left my visitor without

ceremony and joined her. At that moment she had the child in her arms, already black in the face, and dripping wet. I have need to be grateful to physiology for granting me that dream, for if Miss Simpson had not remembered it just exactly when she did, our little one would have been drowned. Perhaps it was only coincidental. Then I am grateful to the inventor of coincidences, for by their machinery I have saved both my own life and that of others on more than one occasion."

THE truly religious man, amid all the ills of time, keeps a serene forehead, and entertains a peaceful heart. Thus going out and coming in, amid all the trials of the city, the agony of the plague, the horrors of the Thirty Tyrants, the fierce democracy abroad, the fiercer ills at home, the saint, the sage of Athens, was still the same. Such a one can endure hardness, can stand alone and be content—a rock amid the waves, lonely, but not moved. Around him the few or many may scream their screams, or cry their clamors, calumniate or blaspheme. What is it all to him but the cawing of the sea-bird about that solitary and deep-rooted stone? So swarms of summer flies and spiteful wasps may assail the branches of an oak which lifts its head, storm-tryed and old, above the hills. They move a leaf, or bend a twig, by their united weight. Their noise, flitful and malicious, elsewhere might frighten the sheep in the meadows. Here it becomes a placid hum. It joins the wild whisper of the leaves. It swells the breezy music of the tree, but makes it bear no acorn less.—Theodore Parker.

GOING to a medium," says Rev. M. C. Peters, of New York, "is going through a moral, social and spiritual nitro-glycerine factory, one visit to which may blow your immortal soul into shapeless ruin." That one visit to a medium often blows the pulp dust out of the visitor's eyes and turns orthodox theology topside bottom, is a matter of common knowledge. That the sort of soul built by orthodox pulpiters is being blown into shapeless ruin, as is infant damnation and other diabolical inventions of theologians, by Spiritualism and the universal spirit of the age, is patent to Rev. Peters and all other observers. This is what ails the whole Peter Funk army. People will persist in breaking away from the bondage of old creeds, in spite of the pleadings and threats of Peters, Talmage & Co.

REFERRING to the case of Dr. Briggs the Better Way says: This attempt, however, of even so large and influential a body as the Presbyterian Church, to stifle thought, free and full examination and speech, and to prevent the working of laws which are inherent in the individual, in society, and in the race, will fail. Conservatism may fight progress because of its love of the old and effete, but alone, or in combination, it cannot fight against God and succeed. God is in all the laws of his universe, man's evolution included, and the professed Church of God, in this instance, is fighting or attempting to resist its own supreme deity. The issue is not uncertain as the footsteps of history are strewn with the vanquished who, in their day, were wiser and stronger than these creedal fossils of to-day, who assume to dictate with authority what and how men shall think and believe.

AGAIN Professor Lombroso, who having decided that women are insensible to pain, declares in a book, which he has published in connection with Sig. Ferraro, that the disproportion of female to male criminals is accounted for by the inferior intelligence of their sex. Does the eminent psychiatrist mean that intelligence begets crime, and

that the more a human being knows the greater the chances of his being a criminal? Does he mean that inferior intelligence and virtue go together? Would his remedy for crime be closing of public schools and other avenues of intellectual growth? Where is his data on which he bases the inferior intelligence of women? From a cursory study of Professor Lombroso's writings it appears to us he is too swift in generalizations, building them on too narrow and imperfect foundations.

THE current issue of The Weekly Bulletin of Newspaper and Periodical Literature, published at 5 Somerset street, Boston, is twice its usual size, containing a classified index of 1,300 articles from recent numbers of the periodical press. The Bulletin catalogues the important articles in the monthly magazines and the leading daily and weekly papers of the United States and Canada, including THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Its value to readers, writers, and students is sufficiently indicated by its title, and, although still in its first volume, its success as evidenced by the current issue is a surprise to no one acquainted with its plan and purpose.

THE article of Lombroso on his experiments with Eusapia Palladino, at Naples, recently, has created a lively discussion in the Spiritualist periodicals of the continent. Commander Duffhol has a rather biting criticism in La Revue Spirite for May; Le Messager commends highly Dr. Ermacora's brochure of which a translation recently appeared in THE JOURNAL. Du Prel in The Sphinx for May also alludes to Lombroso's position, but in terms of commendation of his frankness in view of his declaration in his work on "Genius and Insanity," that table tipping was a stupid humbug.

IT is current that theosophical circles in England are in a cave of gloom over a report that Annie Besant is about to become reconciled to her Church-of-England husband, Rev. Frank Besant. It would not be strange were the report of the reconciliation to prove true. To a woman of Madam Besant's great intellectual ability the emptiness of theosophical pretenses is sure to be apparent in time. Where the rebound may land such a nature is hard to forecast. But reconciliation with her husband would not of course necessarily imply a return to her early orthodox faith.

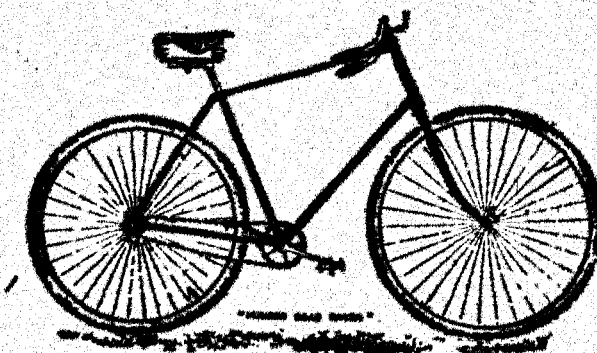
ACCORDING to Le Messager, of April 15th, after two hearings before "le tribunal correctionnel," Philip Bloche, a shoemaker, was condemned at Havre, France, to pay a fine of ten francs for exercising his powers of healing. Several witnesses testified to cures performed by him. A Miss Wolfe, among others who had been attacked by paralysis, testified that after consultation with Dr. Charcot and having been under his care for some time without any success, came to Havre and was completely cured by Bloche.

THE June meeting under the grand old oak on Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson's ranche, Sunny Brae, took place on the first Sunday of June. Five hundred people, embracing Spiritualists, members of various Protestant sects, Roman Catholics and Freethinkers were present. A San Francisco correspondent writes that the affair was a splendid success and the outpouring of the spirit most marked. THE JOURNAL awaits the report of proceedings including Mrs. Watson's address.

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