

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE... DEVOTED TO... ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the Journal, are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short."

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teaching the fundamental truths which constitute philosophy. Finding already in our literature a series of volumes, the authorship of which extends from Plato and Aristotle to Cousin, Kant and Hamilton, I have submitted to the intellectual drudgery of reviewing these barren systems of speculation, seeking their real basis in truth or in the infirmities of the human mind, and weighing in the scales of common sense the dry and lifeless products of a vast amount of unprofitable and misguided thought.

All cultivators of spiritual science must have felt and realized the immense power of resistance in the educated classes against the introduction of the pregnant facts and soul-expanding knowledge of modern Spiritualism. They have seen with what cold-blooded indifference physicians, clergymen and scholars, who are supposed to represent the noblest culture of University education, will ignore with supercilious contempt and actually avoid witnessing the most important and revolutionary scientific facts that have ever been displayed on earth—facts of such astounding importance that one might be justified in traveling around the globe and in devoting his entire life to their pursuit, for the sake of one glimpse of the sublime reality that the dead may return, and that spirit may organize or create substantial matter, and thus solve the problems of universal life and creation, which have been heretofore insoluble mysteries.

This stolid indifference to truth is not natural to men of refined minds, or of an amiable, unselfish character. It is the artificial product of a delusive system of education in which speculative metaphysics has assumed to be philosophy, or in which, as in medical schools, physical science has assumed to be the science of life, to the exclusion of pneumatology and disregard of the sciences that illustrate the brain, the nervous system and the soul.

The metaphysical or subjective method practiced by metaphysical philosophers, from Plato to Hamilton, is the exact opposite of the scientific method. The latter begins in modest and reverential consciousness of human ignorance, consciousness of the boundless wisdom around us in the entire creation and of the absolute necessity of submitting with docility to the instruction of nature, which is but another name for the expression of the divine.

The scientific method has resulted in all the knowledge that has redeemed mankind from barbarism, and enriched the world with useful wealth-producing arts and sciences, which stand as barriers against famine, destitution and pestilence. The metaphysical method has resulted in the accumulation of volumes read by few except under the compulsion of University life, in the corruption of religion by utterly barren speculative theology, in the diversion of the literary classes from all proper study of mankind and the great problems of life, and the establishment so far as University influence extends, of the supercilious self-sufficiency which deems itself a supreme authority, because it is familiar with notions and speculations centuries behind the present status of intelligence, and based upon medieval ignorance.

Few are aware of the utter hollowness and falsity of metaphysical philosophizing, because under the patronage of the Universities it has acquired such a prestige as a dignified department of literature, that no modern popular writer has taken hold of the subject with the vigor and the analysis necessary in exposing its worthlessness. Every college-bred youth is taught to repeat the dictum that Plato and Aristotle were among the world's profoundest thinkers, and that Descartes, Leibnitz, Hegel and Kant were intellectual giants before whom we should bow in humble reverence.

It would not be a difficult task to show that of the entire score of famous authors of this metaphysical school, there is not one who gives us any deeper insight into nature—not one who was not grossly ignorant of the very essentials of philosophy—not one whose influence has not retarded human progress and whose writings are not still a hindrance so far as their influence extends.

Such a demonstration would, of course, require a volume, and cannot be possible within the limits of a newspaper essay. It may be possible, however, to specify a few of the follies and absurdities of the metaphysical school, from which the reader may judge as by a sample, the value of such literature. To begin with Plato, whom callow college boys are taught to consider almost divine, and whose writings make from a thousand to fifteen hundred pages according to the style of typography, there is not a modern writer of any reputation whose writings contain so little of any real value, so little that is interesting or one-half as much of folly and ignorance. Ignorance may be pardoned to one who wrote in an ignorant age, but folly and absurdity are unpardonable in any age, for they prove the absence of vigorous intellect, and the unfitness of the writer to be recognized as a teacher, or to have his manuscripts in print. That there are sensible and readable passages in Plato I do not deny, and that

some are fit to be quoted is equally true, for as Plato says in Phaedrus: "The worst of authors will say something that is to the point."

The leading and characteristic doctrine of Plato is the non-existence of matter—the existence of nothing but ideas—a dreamy folly upon which it would be a waste of time to argue. This notion he presents in the most positive manner. He says in the Republic, that if a carpenter makes a bed or a table he makes nothing real—nothing really exists but the idea of the bed or table, "and if any one maintain that the carpenter's work has a real existence he will be in error." But if the material on which the carpenter works is unreal, so must be also his tools, his arms, his whole person—in fact, by the ideal theory there is no carpenter at all, but only an idea of a carpenter in our own minds, and Plato's statement of his theory reminds us of a confused and contradictory dream. His very statement of his ideal theory is self-contradictory.

The primary idea of Platonism, that realities are fictitious or imaginary, and that imaginations or abstract conceptions of the mind are the only things that are true and real, led naturally to the conclusion that the only way to arrive at truth was to discontinue observation and retire into our own consciousness or imagination, where the mind comes into the possession of all truth. The soul he maintained was in full possession of all truth before it was incarnated in man; and he had a complex system of metempsychosis, in which he traced the incarnations of souls in various forms through periods of from one thousand to ten thousand years. His puerile mythological system describes the immortal Gods as driving up in chariots through the dome of the heavens to get upon the roof and look abroad at infinite truth as they stand or drive upon the revolving dome.

Such attempts at philosophy and psychology would be regarded to-day as an appropriate emanation from an insane asylum. If our charity leads us to regard these notions as due to the barbaric ignorance of the times, rather than the imbecility of the author, we cannot make such an apology for his utterances upon a mathematical question, upon which a Greek should have been as intelligent as a modern. Euclid's ideas of geometry were as clear and correct as those of the present age. But Plato is profoundly puzzled by the great mystery that one and one make two. A school boy who could not comprehend this one, I should consider idiotic as to his mathematical understanding, and probably a simpleton altogether. Let us see how Plato from the feebleness of his reasoning capacity, becomes confused and entangled by this simple proposition. He declares himself puzzled to understand the meaning of greater and less, and says: "I cannot satisfy myself that when one is added to one, the one to which the addition is made becomes two, or that the two units added together make two by reason of the addition. For I cannot understand how, when separated from the other, each of them was one and not two, and how when they are brought together, the mere juxtaposition of them can be the cause of their becoming two; nor can I understand how the division of one is the way to make two; for then a different cause would produce the same effect—as in the former instance the addition and juxtaposition of one to one was the cause of two, in this the separation and subtraction of one from the other would be the cause."

Such nonsense as this we find in modern times in the comical absurdities of Lord Dunsire or Mark Twain. The quotation I have given is not the whole of Plato's wisdom on this great question. He returns to the discussion in Phaedo, and finally settles the matter by deciding that the reason one and one make two is their duality; "the only cause of two is the participation in duality." Such stuff as this demonstrates the imbecility of Plato's reasoning capacity, and the same imbecility is discoverable in all his writings. Yet Plato is the idol of the Universities! His antiquated trash is crammed into the heads of helpless youth.

Aristotle, being a physician and student of nature, had a great deal more of common sense than Plato, but he too was singularly deficient in reasoning capacity, and the joint influence of these Greek authors combined with that of the priests seemed to arrest the progress of the human mind in Europe for more than a thousand years. As Lord Bacon said: "The wisdom of the Greeks was rhetorical, expended itself upon words, and had little to do with the search after truth."

Aristotle advanced out of some of the insanities of Plato by repudiating his dictum that ideas instead of things were the only real existences, but he fell into an equally fatal folly by attempting to construct a system of dialectics for the establishment of truth and becoming enamored of his invention. Like Plato, he substituted words for things, and concentrated the attention of his followers until modern times, upon the verbal instead of the real—upon subtleties and quibbles of little more value in the pursuit of truth than the imaginative dogmatism of Plato. In its practical results, the system of Aristotle became little more than an attempt to master knowledge by subtle speculation. His followers therefore became the most resolute opponents of original scientific investigation, and it was an Aristotelean professor named Horky, who refused to look through Galileo's telescope, and vindicated his refusal on Aristotelean grounds, in a curious letter which is still extant.

Hegel, the German transcendentalist, another of these famous "children of the mist" who substitute fog for sunshine, denounced the science of Newton, while he revered Aristotle as his great teacher; and we may estimate the intellectual power of the German transcendentalists by the fact that they found ample range for their intellectual powers within the Aristotelean system, the twin brother of the Platonic, and equally saturated with falsehood and absurdity.

The ten categories of all existence propounded by Aristotle stood until the dawn of modern science, as the highest effort of human wisdom, yet it would not be difficult nowadays to find a hundred thousand school boys who could propound a better statement. They were, 1, Substance; 2, Quantity; 3, Quality; 4, Relation; 5, Action; 6, Passion; 7, The Where; 8, The When; 9, Position in Space; 10, Possession. Such a set of universal categories exhibits a remarkable deficiency of analytic power and vigorous thought. As remarked by G. H. Lewes, it is both redundant and defective, "like a division of animals into men, quadrupeds, horses, asses and ponies." It compares with the accurate thinking of modern scientists as the compositions of a school boy with the productions of a man.

If we should attempt to summarize material existence it might be expressed by the categories, 1, Form; 2, Magnitude; 3, Number; 4, Force; 5, Motion; 6, Time; 7, Character or Tendency. But if we would embrace psychic existence, a complete psychology would be requisite. The seven categories might be reduced by omitting magnitude and number as involved in absolute form to four: 1, Absolute Form; 2, Force; 3, Motion; 4, Time; leaving character or potential tendency as a latent element.

Those who superstitiously call Aristotle the founder of inductive philosophy, forget that he was one of the chief sinners against its sacred principles, and received the severest censures of Lord Bacon. Tried by the ethical principles that should control scientific investigation, Plato was an example of total depravity and Aristotle a wilful sinner, who knew how to do better, but who was too thoroughly corrupted by listening to Plato, to recover the scientific spirit.

There is a curious antagonism among these four famous Greeks: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus. Socrates was born to be the evil genius of the other. The sturdy heroism, simplicity and love of utility in Socrates, the barefooted philosopher and spiritual medium, come to us through the distorting channel of the writings of Plato, robbed, perhaps, of much of their true merits, and bedizened with transcendental vagaries and an egoistic scorn of the useful. The mysticism of Plato was overturned by the more practical realism of Aristotle, who was not above keeping a drug store and studying the habits of animals. But the Platonic influence during seventeen years of pupillage, spoilt Aristotle for a scientist. The rationalism of Epicurus rejected the baseless assumptions of Aristotle and Plato, and cultivated the science of morals without the personal eccentricities of Socrates and the fanciful dialectics with which he was connected by Plato; for which rationalism he has been slandered by the priestly allies of the Greek mystics, whose insane theology harmonized only with insane metaphysics.

Passing over Aristotle's Logic, the publication of which was an intellectual calamity to the European race, two-thirds of his ideas of physical science were baseless delusions—for example that the world is a living animal with a soul—that there can be no such thing anywhere as a void space or vacuum—that bodies fall with a rapidity proportioned to their weight—that matter is arranged in spheres—that the earth is the centre of the universe—that the stars are beings worthy of adoration—that the rank of an animal in the scale of development is proportioned to its heat—that the brain is cold and bloodless, etc., etc.

Aristotle was an imbecile speculator, not a scientist. Feeble in reasoning and careless as to facts, he wondered why a stone thrown from the hand should continue in motion a while and then stop. Instead of experimenting or reasoning, he guessed that it was because the hand imparted motion to the air, the successive parts of which urge the stone onwards, and that each part of this medium continues to act for some while after it has been acted on, and the motion ceases when it comes to a particle which cannot act after it has ceased to be acted on.

I would not think proper to resurrect these antiquated puerilities, but for the fact that they constitute a large part of the "college feticch" which Charles Francis Adams has so well exposed in his discussion of Greek studies, and for the still better reason that they give an accurate measure of the grade of intelligence which belongs to the metaphysical school, to which the universities adhere.

Aristotle and Plato are the very Gods of the metaphysical multitude, which has been kept together by university teaching. Hegel and Hamilton are the high priests of the temple, whose influence resists progressive science as the Roman hierarchy resisted Galileo. They have exhausted the power of panegyric in speaking of Aristotle. "His seal is upon all the sciences (says Hamilton) and his speculations have mediately or immediately determined those of all subsequent thinkers." Hegel says: "He penetrated the whole universe of things and subjected its scattered wealth to intelligence, and to him the greater number of the philosophic sciences owe their origin and distinction"—an utterly baseless assertion.

In reality the greatest hindrance that modern science had to encounter three or four centuries ago, was the surviving influence of Aristotle's ignorant dogmatism; and the most pernicious hindrance to-day to the development of philosophy is the influence of the metaphysical class of authors who worship Aristotle and Plato, and who demonstrate their intellectual imbecility by their servile reverence of ancient folly.

Not one of the whole school from Plato to Hamilton ever had a glimmering conception of what philosophy really means, or of the necessary measures for its development by the acquisition of scientific knowledge, by the inductive development of comprehensive truths, by the exploration of material and spiritual worlds, and by the discovery of the laws of interaction between the primary super-natural sphere of causation and the secondary world of phenomena or effects. Against all such investigations their influence is still felt, not because of any potency or charm in their writings, but because they are imposed upon the college pupil while all that would enlighten him as to philosophy is carefully kept out of sight. Before a true philosophy can obtain the regal position that it deserves, the ancient fetich and its followers must be overthrown, and the sunshine of spiritual science admitted into the dim cloisters of literary superstition.

Mesmerism Under a New Name.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What's in a name? Among modern scientists and doctors everything depends thereon. Magnetic healing has been the subject of jest and the butt of ridicule from the beginning, but now under the name of massage it is gravely prescribed as a remedial agent of great efficacy. The old reliable, iron-clad Medical Record, always soundly orthodox in medicine, in the number for Dec. 6th, editorially endorses both massage and "hypnotism," the latter term being synonymous with mesmerism, and used in the article as such. What ridicule and fun the doctors had over Mesmer's lunacy? But now Dr. Beard's "Hypnotism" is a scientific term, and is most respectfully used.

Emilio Young, in his exhaustive work on "Normal and Pathological Sleep," has a chapter on "Mesmerism," recommending it as a curative agent, especially in hysteria. At a recent meeting of the French Association, mesmerism was recommended by many leading physicians, but the application made of it by Dr. Voisin was unique and suggestive. His patient was a female "debauched, coarse and lazy." She was susceptible to magnetism, and he kept her in the mesmeric sleep ten or twelve hours a day, and to its value as a curative agent he added moral education. During her sleep he suggested "ideas of obedience, of submission of decency, and exhorted her to useful labor." In this sleep she memorized whole pages of moral books. "A complete transformation was effected in several months."

What a new field opens here for the moral reformer! The calloused criminal who will not listen to moral suasion, deaf alike to entreaty and prayer, might be "hypnotized," and in that susceptible condition be taught the Lord's prayer and the cream of moral precepts, and thus "transformed" into a new being. Missionaries when sent out to enlighten the heathen with reference to prayer and unquestioning piety, ought also to employ the "hypnotizing" power, and if they can not convert the pagans while awake, they can put them to sleep and convert them before they allow them to awake!

Dr. Langley, in the wake of Dr. Beard, in the Science Monthly for October, has a lengthy article on this subject, and thus explains the cause of the phenomena: "The primary condition of mesmerism is an inhibition of a particular mode of activity of the cortex of the brain in consequence of which the will can no longer be effective. This inhibition may be brought about by nervous impulses coming from certain sensory nerves, as those of sight, touch, hearing, etc. It may also be brought about by impulses or changes arising in the cortex itself. The inhibited cortex, and probably also, inhibited lower centers of the brain, send out inhibitory impulses to all other parts of the central nervous system, so that the mesmerized male or female gradually passes into a state of torpor or even of complete anaesthesia. The phenomena of the excitable stage of mesmerism are approximately determined by the possibility of exciting any particular centre alone, without exciting at the same time other centres, by which its activity is normally controlled."

I am glad that scientists accept the fact, and speak with respect of mesmerism, and that Dr. Langley has given the subject prominence in the leading scientific publication of the world; but his explanation of the phenomena is simply a learned jargon, utterly meaningless, and concealing the barrenness of any clear ideas the writer entertains as to the causes or conditions of the phenomena. Of one thing I am made certain; that mesmerism will not again be sneered and ridiculed, but be received as a fertile province in the new psychology which unconsciously is taking the place of the old.

The beginning of the Christian era is not so very remote, after all. Theodore Parker once said that eighteen old men touching each other's hands carried us back to Christ.

False Philosophies in the Universities.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Oct. 25th, is a brief sketch of a lecture by S. Thomas before the Philosophical Society, in which is an extract from the Popular Science Monthly, which I reproduce as a text: "Are you metaphysicians quite sure you do not take words for ideas? To what increments of real knowledge can you lay claim? Have you done more than clothe old thoughts in new words? Have you not been engaged since the dawn of philosophy in doing much, accomplishing little? You disagree with one another. Shall we not in turn doubt you all? Did not Kant confess he could not master Spinoza, and declare Fichte's system untenable? Does not Schopenhauer repudiate Kant? Has not Mill said Hamilton's characteristic was that he seldom adhered to any philosophic statement that he adopted? Do not the panegyrics of Kant aver that he never understood the import of his own doctrines? Has not Berkeley admitted: 'We metaphysicians have first raised a dust and then complained we cannot see.' Of all misfortunes to philosophy, metaphysics run upon the subjective plan is the greatest."

There is so much well expressed truth in the foregoing quotation, and it is so far in advance of the educational systems of our Universities, in which logic and metaphysics still hold their ground, as stubbornly as the old theology holds its position in the churches, that I think it my duty to call attention to the subject, and show how completely the pretence of teaching philosophy in our Universities results in a prolongation of medieval folly and barbarian ignorance.

The entire course of metaphysical, subjective speculation from Plato to Sir William Hamilton has been a wretched and bewildering departure from the methods of common sense and the legitimate pursuit of science and philosophy. The imperial scorn with which it was denounced by Lord Bacon has not destroyed its hold upon the educated classes, for its influence still survives in the Concord School of Philosophy, in the Universities, and in the barren speculations of authors who have not been able to emancipate their minds from the perverting influence of their university education.

The immense progress of the physical sciences since the times of Galileo and Newton has been affected in defiance of the metaphysical influence, and has served to supersede and dethrone the leaders in metaphysics, who are now thrust aside from the path of intellectual progress, and have no real influence on scientific thought or the accumulation of knowledge, but who still keep up their side show of empty verbosity and ambitious pretence, which attracts neither statesmen, nor sociologists, nor scientists, but entraps the callow youth, because the metaphysical tent is still tolerated on the grounds of the University.

This subject is not foreign to the scope of a spiritual and philosophical journal, for whatever assumes to be the supreme wisdom is directly within the purview of those who are looking to the relations of the spiritual and material worlds, which occupy the central realm of philosophy and gives us the route of access to the supreme wisdom.

Devoid as I have been for about half a century to the supreme questions of life and human welfare, in accordance with the old Latin motto: "I am a man and consider nothing foreign to myself which concerns humanity," I have not neglected the claims of either worthy or unworthy aspirants to the honor of leading human thought and

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. From Puritanism to Spiritualism. 1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

SPIRITUALISM—THE INNER LIFE.

"Death causes as much alteration in the condition of the individual, as the bursting of the rose-bud causes in the condition and situation of the flower. It is only an event, a circumstance in the eternal life and experience of the human soul." —A. J. Davis.

In 1848-50 we were in Milwaukee a year or more. For some months I had editorial charge of the Daily Wisconsin in the absence of the editor, William E. Cramer. When he proposed that I should take his place for a time, I said to him: "The Wisconsin is a Democratic paper. I am not a democrat and cannot write in support of the party." His answer was: "There is no election pending. Make a good newspaper and let party matters go."

I saw the first locomotive that ever was brought to Wisconsin rolled from the vessel's deck onto the wharf and the near railway track, amidst the cheers of a gathered multitude. Our communication with the outside world was by steamers on Lake Michigan, or by stage. A part of the time we boarded in the family of Rev. Mr. Parsons, all the other boarders, some twenty or more, being teachers and scholars in a school for the higher education of women, in which Catharine Beecher took much interest, and of which Mrs. Parsons was the leading teacher. The social life of the family was very pleasant.

Miss Beecher spent a fortnight with us, and we were all interested and amused by her frank originality, and strengthened by her earnest devotedness. She had the noble idea of a consecration of life and efforts to worthy objects, and her aim was woman's education and elevation in the West.

One evening a large meeting of leading citizens was held in a church to hear her views on education and her plans for the solid establishment of her school. These she had carefully prepared in manuscript, and engaged a gentleman to read it to the audience. This he tried to do, but between the strange hand writing, poor lights and poor spectacles made sad stumbling and awkward blunders—Miss Beecher meanwhile suffering martyrdom as she sat silent with distressed face, and the hearers divided between the impulse to laugh at the reading and to pity her. To-day she would read her own address, and give it new sense and weight, as many then wished she had.

Frederica Bremer came to visit a colony of Swedes, working pioneers on new western lands, stopped in the city on her way, and made her home with us a few days. In the parlor and at table we saw her often—a sincere and unpretending woman, kind and cordial, with a slight foreign accent that gave added attractiveness to her musical voice. She was hardly of medium stature, and had the broad cheek-bones and large features of her people—a plain face, yet refined and animated; eloquent eyes, and hands especially beautiful. Her presence gave a sense of light and warmth and tenderness.

While in Milwaukee the "Hydesville rappings" made some noise in the newspapers, but we had more reliable reports from intimate friends and relatives. Benjamin and Sarah D. Fish, the parents of my wife in Rochester, New York, were among the earliest investigators. We could not doubt their integrity, and we knew their intelligence and freedom from weak credulity. Going back to Rochester more remarkable facts came to us. I did not doubt them, but waited for some explanation, thinking that competent investigators would solve the mystery. Their alleged spiritual origin I had no faith in. No thought or expectation of becoming a Spiritualist was in my mind, and surely no desire moved me that way. I simply waited to get a natural explanation of some curious and remarkable things which I did not care to spend time to examine. One day I met Stephen Shear, a Quaker from Waterloo, whom I knew well, and he said: "I've come here on purpose to investigate these rappings, and shall stay two weeks to find out just what they are."

Here was a sagacious man on whom I could rely, and it seemed as though the time had come when the marvel would be made plain. I said to him: "Let me see you before you go home," and we parted. Near the end of his fortnight we met again, and I asked: "Well, Stephen, have you found out what it is?" "No," said he, "I've seen and heard stranger things than ever, but I am further from finding it out than on the start." This surprised me, and I asked: "What do you think?" "I can't say yet," he replied, "but there's intelligence as well as power. I've had things told me that none present knew, or could know, and which were found true."

The Fox sisters were in the city a good deal, and in the families of friends whom I respected greatly. New wonders were revealed, and I waited for months in vain for their solution, until waiting grew wearisome. Then came the thought of my father's advice to prove all things carefully and fearlessly, and it seemed a duty to look at this. My friend Isaac Post said to me: "I want thee to come to our house to-morrow night. Last night we had a circle with Leah and Margaretta, and it was rapped out that thee must come to-morrow and would hear the raps." The next night I started out, on a cold December evening for a long walk to his home. Reaching there I found the two Fox sisters, the family and two or three others whom I knew, and we sat around the table. For an hour not a rap was heard, and no manifestation came of any kind. All were disappointed, the mediums indifferent, and we left the table. Isaac said: "Perhaps thee may get a message yet. Sometimes they come when we are not sitting at the table." I waited a while and then put on my overcoat to go, but was urged to stay a little longer. At last, with coat buttoned, and cap and gloves on, I stood with one hand on the door and said: "I must go for the walk is long. I am sorry, for your sake as well as for my own, that these spirits don't keep their promise." Just then Isaac said: "Listen!" and surely there came strange noises. From under a bureau in the far corner of the room the raps were heard, with that singular quality of sound indescribable yet marked, which distinguishes them from any rap by hand or implement. Three raps were repeated several times. I asked what to do, and was told to ask some

question. What I asked is out of mind, but answers came readily and correctly, and in such way as to show mental action independent of any one present, and intelligent personality distinct and separate from any in our bodily forms. Soon came a peculiar series of raps and I was told it meant good night and I would get no more. In vain I questioned farther, no response came and I started homeward.

It was very simple, but very wonderful. It seemed like a summons to look farther, bringing to mind the New Testament injunction: "Ask and ye shall receive, . . . knock and it shall be opened unto you." I was not perturbed or alarmed, and asked my questions as quietly as I would address a familiar friend. I knew the persons and the house, and felt that this was no work of theirs. One of the mediums was in a distant room, and the other sat quietly near me. I came to no hasty conclusion, but felt that here was matter for thought and facts to be looked at. Walking home it seemed as though I had caught gleams of white radiance from some supernatural region, yet it might be the glamour of some illusion, which "leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

I followed up this matter, and probably saw mediums fifty times in two years—usually the Fox sisters, then among the best. Answers by raps—three meaning "yes," one "no," and two "doubtful"—and also raps spelling out words by response to each letter as the alphabet was repeated, were the first means of communication—movements of ponderable bodies also taking place. I was once talking with Mrs. Leah Brown (now Mrs. Underhill of New York), the oldest of the Fox sisters, as she stood three feet or more from a door leading into the hall, when suddenly raps or knockings came on that door as violent as a man could make with a heavy axe. They seemed to come on the outside of the door, which rattled under the convulsions, she facing away from it as she stood near me in full daylight and no one being in the hall. I quickly opened the door, but all was quiet and there was not a mark on the paint or a dent on the wood, though we expected a moment before, that its heavy panels would be shattered.

For some time I thought that some subtle raps, by which the medium knew the thoughts and expectations of those present, would explain all. In this case the medium might honestly suppose it was a spirit, and the sitters share in that sincere, yet mistaken, conviction. This theory gratified me, for I could not think our own family and friends were leagued for any deceit. But no mind-reading could explain the facts, for messages came against the expectations and beyond the knowledge of both mediums and sitters. At the house of Benjamin Fish, in 1851, only our family and Isaac and Amy Post and Leah Fish present, we had an evening séance, sitting around a table. Amy asked: "Who is my guardian spirit?" and I wrote down the letters as spelled out rapidly by alphabetic raps. This far the message had come, letter by letter, t-h-y-g-r-a-n-d-f-a-t-h-e-r-e-n-r-b, when she said laughing, "The spirits don't know how to spell." The raps went on to t-h, when again she said: "This is nonsense, it can't mean anything," and so we all—medium and sitters—thought, and were about to break up, but I proposed we should see what it would end in. We again sat down, asked the raps to start again and go on, and the full message came: "Thy grandfather, curb thy inquisitiveness, is thee not well cared for?" This Mrs. Post and her husband did not expect, and the supposed misspelling of Kirby, her grandfather's name, and then the added letters t-h, making all blind nonsense, as she thought, destroyed all hope in her mind. Here was a message contrary to all expectation.

Experiences With Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having been requested to give to the public an account of what transpired on the occasion of my calls upon Henry Slade at the Langham Hotel during his recent stay in this city, I will endeavor to state the facts, leaving theories to take care of themselves.

I called three times, namely, on Dec. 15th, 21st and 25th. On each occasion the parlor in which we sat was well lighted during the entire séance, either by daylight or a three-jet gas chandelier fully lit. The table around which we seated ourselves was an old-fashioned breakfast table of the plainest pattern. This, as well as the other surroundings, were carefully examined, and were all thoroughly satisfied there was no mechanical or other devices to perpetrate any slightest of hand or assist a performance.

Certain phenomena occurred at the first sitting, which were repeated at the second and third; for which reason I will group them together under one head. Loud knockings were heard all around us on the table and chairs. Each of us felt hands stroke and pull us, but saw no person who did the same. A slate was snatched by some power under the table from the medium's hand at one side, immediately appearing at the other side of and above the table, dancing along the edge in full view; thence returning to the medium's hand. A large pencil placed on a slate held by him at the side of the table I saw moved through the air and thrown down before us. What moved it none of us could see. An accordion, the valve end of which the medium held in one hand under the table, played "Home, Sweet Home" and other airs. During the playing the instrument several times came out in full view. I could see the bellows and keys work, but could see nothing touching them; the medium holding the back end only, the same as he first grasped it. The playing, however, was uninterrupted. While we were looking at them, chairs fell over backward, which stood beyond the reach of all of us, Slade included. During all the time these things took place the medium had one hand resting on top of the table while his body and limbs remained almost motionless and in full view of the writer: it would have been a physical impossibility for him to have produced the movements with us watching him, without our knowing it. As to the reality of the occurrences we had the same evidences we have that a person speaks, that the snow falls, that a friend shakes our hand, viz., the senses of hearing, seeing and feeling. I could make oath to the one set of facts as freely and as positively as to the other.

Strange as the above may appear to some who look wise and say the whole thing is a trick, but who will not take the trouble to investigate for themselves, or explain to those who do investigate, it is as nothing compared with the slate writing produced on the several occasions, which I will proceed to note. On Dec. 15th, my father, H. B. Abbott, of Englewood, Ill., Mr. Slade and myself, were the only persons present. We began by my writing "Sarah B. Abbott" on a slate which I then turned over, so that the medium could

not see the name written. This was done in each case following, so that it will not be necessary to repeat. In fact, Mr. Slade cautioned us not to let him see the writing, as he said nothing would be produced if he did. In no instance where we so wrote a name, did or could the medium read it until after a communication was written, purporting to be from the person addressed. Mr. S. then placed the slate with a small bit of pencil on it, partly under the edge of the table, he sitting with his left side to, and his left hand upon, the table. Immediately we heard writing, and after a signal of three raps, the writing having ceased, the slate was withdrawn. Upon it was a message commencing "My Dear Son," signed "Sarah B. Abbott." My mother's name was the same as above, she having died nearly 26 years ago. My father and myself were total strangers to the medium, and had not indicated the relationship. The slate used was my own which I brought with me. Several other messages were written in the same manner, but I have not the space for details. We recognized two communications and their signatures as in the hand-writing of the purported signers. On Dec. 21st, I called with my wife. Mr. Slade was the only other person present. He began by saying there was some one present who had something to say to us, we having called for no one, nor written any name. He held on my left arm above the table two slates in his right hand. Between them a small piece of pencil was placed. Our hands joined, and immediately writing was heard. On its ceasing and three raps being given, I opened the slate and found the following: "How glad I am to be able to return to you with the glad tidings and great joy that death is not the end of life. Yes, we all shall meet again to part no more. Remember me to all my friends. I am, as ever, the same. T. C. SNOW."

The signature, that of a relative lately deceased, was a fac simile of his writing. My wife then wrote "Edwin Snow." Mr. Slade held the two slates which were my own in his right hand under the table, his left resting on the table, when an answer was written beginning, "My Dear Sister," signed "Edwin Snow." The relationship indicated was correct, although it had not been mentioned. I then wrote "Jas. E. and Homer B. Abbott" on my own slates and held them in my own hand above the table, Mr. Slade not touching them. On the inside was written: "DEAR BROTHER: Say to father not to let a report against this divine truth prevent him from his investigation. Tell him we shall meet him when he comes to his affectionate sons. JAS. E. and H. B. A."

Father was expected to be present, but did not come. My two deceased brothers were named as was written on the slate. Other writings were obtained which I must omit here. The two last mentioned were written on my own slates which I carried with me, never let go out of my sight or possession, and which I still have with the writing on.

Dec. 25th, father and myself again called. Writings were produced under conditions similar to the previous ones. Six slates were written nearly full, the communications being intelligent, responsive to our questions, and correctly signed. I have space to note but two. My father wrote "H. H. Woodruff" and turned the slate over to Mr. Slade could not see the name. While it was held in Mr. S.'s right hand at the edge, his left resting on top of the table there was written: "Say to all I still live and am happy. H. H. WOODRUFF, M. D."

The person addressed was in his life-time a physician. My father then wrote on his own slate which he brought with him. "Are my father and mother present?" Turning it over and placing another slate on top with a bit of pencil between he held the two slates in his left hand above the table in plain view, Mr. S. not touching them. Our right hands touched and we heard the scratching as the writing was done. On opening the slates we found written:

"My Dear ones, I am present and all the family. We are very much pleased because you are now investigating. Mary Ann and all of us feel sure we can make you feel us at home. Father E. A. and mother Sallie A. are also present and send love to all. Now, good-by. I am as ever your loving mother, S. B. ABBOTT."

The name signed was that of my mother (as before stated) and the initials were those of father's parents. Mr. Slade rested his fingers on the top of a chair-back, without grasping it, and the chair rose about three feet in the air in full view, no visible power moving the same.

As to the messages produced as above noted, I would say that the hand-writings were as various and different as the persons purporting to sign the same.

By reason of my stating the above I expect some will doubt my veracity, while others will intimate that my faculties are falling, for all of which I care but little. The facts still persist, within the reach of those who choose to verify them. In truth, the hardest thing to get rid of in this world is a cold, stubborn fact. In view of what occurred, as noted above, I am driven by the plainest logic to the conclusion that something was not on the slates; that that something was personal and intelligent and displayed an acquaintance with me, although invisible; that no fraud or deception was practiced. I might go further and offer an opinion as to what the cause of the phenomena was, but I started out to give facts only. Besides, I have a family to care for and several outstanding accounts to collect; and I do not desire to have my career cut short by an inquiry at the county court on the question of my mental soundness. If the latter inquiry should be instituted, I suppose the only evidence necessary, in the opinion of some, to make a conclusive case against me would be to offer this article, and prove the signature to be that of JAMES ABBOTT.

There is a Jewish penman in Vienna who writes 400 Hebrew letters on one grain of wheat. He has also written the Jewish prayer for the Imperial family on the narrow edge of an ordinary visiting card.

A French doctor states that the first Napoleon's pulse beat but forty five times a minute, whereas the average pulse of well men is given at sixty.

Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, is gradually crumbling away. Can't stand the climate.

Wonders will never cease. A printer up in Maine got religion, quit drinking and became a preacher.

Within gunshot of the New York City Hall 300 men work all night, or nearly all night, in the offices of morning newspapers.

American apples sell on the street stands in London at from eight cents to twelve cents apiece.

The Philadelphia Press thinks triplets should be baptized in the Trinitarian faith.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Vision That Cured Him.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

"You are the peevishest, most ill-contrived—the meanest tempered man I ever knew! You make the whole house wretched the minute you put your head in at the door, and everbody miserable about you."

Thus said Mrs. Aaron Dormer, at the moment her husband struck down his hat over his knitted brows with a savage jerk, and stamped his feet way out of their dwelling.

The two younger children were cowering in terror at the far corner of the room. The eldest had run into the yard out of the way. Dormer, at all times prone to quick outburst of irritable temper, had been especially out of humor and difficult to please on this, the glorious holiday, when only "peace on earth and good will to man" should prevail. As his wife put it: "He must have gotten out of bed wrong foot first, and so swept up the crookedness of his hateful temper against everything and everybody." And when the sound of his footsteps died away, she added: "Thank the Lord! we shall have a little peace now."

Strangely enough, at the very same moment, Dormer said to himself: "I shall be able to enjoy a trifle of peace now I have gotten away from the everlasting turmoil and aggravating racket."

A few moments later he added: "Confound it all! I do believe the whole kit of people had gone stark raving mad, for no matter where I go there's a row begins, and nothing but snarling and angry worry goes on while I stay."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Dormer had not the slightest idea that his own temper was in fault. He was suddenly hailed by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Where are you off to in such a hurry, Dormer?"

"To the devil!" was the short reply.

"All right," was the quick response. "Then if I was you I would pay a visit to this new spirit medium who has just come from some place in the South. They say she is the most wonderful clairvoyant in the country. If she can show such visions of spirit forms and scenes as is claimed, her place must be pretty close to Lucifer's dominions."

In a particularly rasping tone of voice, Dormer responded: "I don't care a nickel for all the spirits she can call up; but if she can show me the reason everybody I come near gets so confounded contrary and hard to get along with, I'll donate liberally to pay the cost."

Being assured that Mrs. Bardezo could tell him all he would wish to know, Dormer decided to give her a call, and soon after was seated in her presence.

"What is the special information you seek?" she asked.

"Show me what has transpired in my house to-day," Dormer flippantly demanded. Let me see what has made things so infernal hot and disagreeable, that it has been a little hell all day."

Placing a curiously-framed old-fashioned crystal on the table, at which she and her visitor where seated, the medium arranged their clasped hands so as to rest on the frame at either end, and bade Dormer look steadfastly into the glass. At first the crystal was quite opaque, and Dormer felt disposed to make light of the whole business as a piece of fortune-telling jugglery; but in a few seconds he gave a sudden start, and his eyes began to expand into expressions of surprise, astonishment and wonder, until finally his face became a picture of almost abject fear.

Spreading out as if from a thick grey mist, there came forth a distinct representation of the dining-room of his own dwelling, with all the furniture, even to the minutest belongings, and the family seated at breakfast in the exact position they had held that morning, at the very moment when he struck his knife-handle on the table in a savage burst of anger because the steak had been a little burned. He remembered that this began the wrangle of discontent and exasperating war of words which had lasted to the moment when he stamped his way from home. But the next moment there came something far more horrible, and which caused great drops of perspiration to start from his brow.

"No, no!" he gasped, "it can't be that I am like that" and his fingers began to clutch and quiver, as his tongue sought to master his parched lips.

From every part of his body, just as he had seen in pictures of a porcupine when enraged, great spines, like glistening prongs of steel projected outward in every direction; at one moment drawing back, then darting forth with inconceivable quick thrusts, as if to wound and destroy whatever could be reached; and, quivering and hissing from each keen-sharpened point, there was a forked tongue, as of a venomous snake, dropping ceaseless frothings of the most virulent poison, which burned and corroded the lacerated flesh wherever it was thrust. Still more horrible, these spear-like darts were plunged with savage rancor into the tender bosoms of his wife and children, with each ill-spoken word of anger or peevish discontent that fell from his lips. Nay, as his wrath boiled up to get fiercer bursts of rage, the spines would draw back to gain the fulcrum of still deeper plunges into the already torn and poisoned sores, until the children fairly shrank in dread, and his tortured wife, inoculated by his murderous condition, began to retaliate with spear-points as vengeful as his own.

This was the most horrible thing of all; that in the act of stabbing and tearing the hearts of others with the fiend-like spikes his body gave forth, a similar brood was spawned into venomous activity, which thrust, wounded and tortured, until every living soul within reach became impaled on their corroding points, and unspeakable misery and wretchedness fell on all around. With sharp force it began to dawn on the soul of Dormer, as he gazed on this fearful vision, that it was little wonder the love of his wife and children had fled from him, and that his very presence had grown to be a measure of pain and dread they would gladly avoid; and he could now understand how it came that the bitter words with which he stung his family never failed to inflict sharp suffering to himself, for he saw that in every case wherein the cruel spines drew back from their vengeful thrusts, the poison drops would be imbedded into his body with like dire effect. He was still silently gazing on the terrible vision, when a broad scroll seemed to unfold entirely across the glass, on which were inscribed the words:

"What has been?"

When a second scroll took the place of this, bearing the sentence:

"What will be?"

This was followed by the picture of himself as before, only that he now seemed to have grown old and feeble, and was seated

alone in a cheerless room, with the spines of an accursed temper extended to more than double their former length, so that none could come near to help or comfort him without being stabbed and wounded; and, still more terrible, that the points were gradually curving inward, their cruel snake fangs hissing in furious energy, in such a manner that each thrust became plunged into his own body, and the poisonous virus dropped into the gaping wounds. While he writhed and twisted in vain effort to gain relief from the unbearable torture, he sprang to his feet and uttered a loud cry:

"Lord, have mercy! It shall never come to that!"

It gave him unspeakable relief to find that it was still broad day light when he emerged into the street. As he wiped the perspiration from his face, he involuntarily gazed at himself, to see if the horrible spines of the vision were still sticking out of his body.

He almost ran towards home. He was hungry to start his life afresh. He felt that he must begin at once to make peace and happiness, where he had so far inflicted only pain and misery in the bosom of his own home. He saw his youngest boy at the street well, exerting the whole of his small strength to draw a pail of water. In times past he would have saluted the lad with a cuff, and the sharp demand to stir his idle bones a little faster. Now he hastened to his side, and said:

"Freddy, my dear boy! let me help you. That is too hard a task for a little shaver like you."

Freddy gave one startled look into the altered face of his father, as the pail-handle dropped from his nerveless grasp, and he stood utterly unable to understand that the soft tones of voice could possibly belong to the lips from which they fell, then darted away at the top of his speed.

"Oh, ma! ma!" he cried, in a voice of internal alarm; "Pa must be awful sick! I never heard him talk like that before!" When he explained what had occurred, Mrs. Dormer threw up her arms, and ejaculated:

"Lord of Liberty! he's got 'em! he's got 'em!"

"Got what, ma?" the eldest daughter queried.

"Oh, Lizzie!" the mother faintly responded, as she sank back into a chair. "Your pa has got the jama!"

In explanation it may be mentioned that Dormer had been considerably addicted to liquor drinking, and his wife had long draded that this would culminate in a fit of delirium tremens,—in vulgar parlance "jims-jams" shortened to "jams."

Apparently quite unaware of the intense excitement his change of speech and manner had created, Dormer came forward with the pail of water and carefully placed it in the kitchen. Then cleaning the mud from his boots so as not to soil the carpet, he gave a cheery greeting to his wife and daughter, and in such a soft, kindly voice as was a wondering treat to listen to, pleasantly adding:

"I'll be bound you're tired, my good dame. I'll just split you a lot of kindling for morning and bring in the coal while you are getting supper ready."

And straight to the shed he went and began to peg at the pine wood like a good fellow.

Mrs. Dormer was now nearly frightened out of her senses, as she gazed into the bewildered face of her daughter in speechless alarm and dread. Never in all her experience had she known her husband to look, speak and act like that. In a deep-drawn whisper she finally ejaculated:

"Oh, my goodness! he's mad!—stark staring mad!"

The next instant she wildly cried: "Lizzie! run for the doctor as hard as ever you can, and tell him your father's crazy!"

And with a bound she grasped Freddy and his smaller sister by the arms and hurried them to a place of safety in the house next door. But when the family physician examined Dormer, looked keenly into his face and freely chatted with him, learning of the terrible vision Mrs. Bardezo, the great clairvoyant had shown to him, and his firm resolution growing out of it, to try and turn over a new leaf, so as to spread the peace and harmony of love where before had been the curse of discordance and heart-stabbing quarrels, he said to the frightened wife and mother:

"Its all right, Mrs. Dormer. Thank your lucky stars for the crazy fit that has come to your husband. You'll find that he's got the blindest jama you ever heard of. Just humor him with the same sort of soft words and pleasant looks, and show him the old love that used to make your home bubble with happiness like a long summer's day, and you'll have one of the sweetest and most comfortable dwellings in the world!"

Mrs. Dormer followed the good doctor's advice. She resolutely pulled her own peevish, ravenous spines up by the roots and cast them away, and soon she was filled with joy in realizing such peace and affection as caused everything to blossom like a fragrant rose of rare beauty. A few weeks later she was heard to say in fervent gratitude:

"Thank the Lord for the happy chance that gave husband that attack of jama!"

And Dormer, as he smoked the pipe of peaceful comfort in his now happy home, would often say:

"Thank God! those ill-tempered spines are rooted out and sent to the devil, where they belong!"

Cleveland, Ohio.

Terra-Cotta for House-Fronts.

So far as my experience goes, the public generally are unaware of the real advantages and merits of terra-cotta for facing street fronts. When properly burned, it is absolutely impervious to smoke, and is unaffected by acid fumes of any description; it is about half the weight of the lightest building-stone, and its resistance, when burned in solid blocks in compression, is nearly one third greater than that of Portland stone; it is not absorbent—a great desideratum when damp has to be considered—it is easily molded into any shape, for strings, cornices, or window-sills and architraves, and can be easily modeled for figure or other enrichment. It can be got in good warm yellow or red color, and, when glazed, can be produced in almost any tones of soft browns, greens, reds, or yellows; and its strength, durability, and imperviousness to all the destructive influences of town atmospheres, to my mind, recommend it as the building material most adapted for facing street frontages.—From "The Architecture of Town-Houses," by R. W. Edis, in Popular Science Monthly for January.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN DEBILITY FROM OVERWORK. Dr. G. W. COLLINS, Tipton, Ind., says: "I used it in nervous debility brought on by overwork in warm weather, with good results."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (28 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.)

SPINNING.

Like the lilid spinner in the sun, I tread my ways; I know that all the threads will run Appointed days; I know each day will bring its task And, being blind, no more I ask. I do not know the use or name Of that I spin; I only know that some one came, And laid within My hand the thread, and said, "Since you Are blind, but one thing you can do!" Sometimes the threads so rough and fast And tangled fly, I know will storm as sweeping past And fear that I Shall fall but dare not try to find A safer place, since I am blind. I know not why, but I am sure That tint and place, In some great fabric to endure Fast time and race My threads will have so from the first, Though blind, I never felt accurst. I think, perhaps, this trust has sprang From one short word Said over me when I was young— "So young, I heard It, knowing not that God's name signed My brow, and sealed me his, though blind. But, whether this be seal or sign Within, without, It matters not. The bond divine I never doubt, I know he set me here, and still, And glad and blind, I wait His will. But listen, listen, day by day, To hear their tread Who bear the finished web away, And cut the thread, And bring God's message in the sun, "Then poor, blind spinner, work is done." —H. H. (Mrs. Jackson.)

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Tufts College, Mass., will admit women as soon as there are sufficient accommodations for them. Forty thousand women are in collegiate and scientific schools and colleges in the United States. Women and girls own nearly one-half of the deposits in the savings banks of Massachusetts, having to their credit \$117,932,339. Miss L. B. Humphrey, the artist, is preparing some studies from American child-life which are to be published by Prang. Miss Howell has charge of the library connected with the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, which contains several thousand volumes. The authorities of Ottawa have received the honorary testimonial of the Royal Humane Society of England, for Miss Emily J. O'Neill, as a reward for saving two men from drowning on July 27th last. The ladies of the British Association at Montreal have addressed a memorial to the Prime Minister of Canada, Sir John Macdonald, expressing their "high appreciation of the just and generous spirit which has actuated him in proposing a measure of political justice," and hoping that "his efforts to secure the enfranchisement of women may be speedily crowned with success." From reports we find that "Vassar College has graduated 596 students in the regular course. Since the year 1867, twenty-seven of these have died, and one hundred and eighty-eight married. The college has given the second degree in arts to twenty-one of its students on the completion of post-graduate courses. One received the second degree from Cornell; one the degree of LL. B. from Michigan University; one has held a fellowship at Johns Hopkins. Fifteen of the alumnae are practising physicians; three have filled professorships at Wellesley, Pennsylvania and Buchtel colleges. The list of occupations further includes two organists, three bookkeepers, two instructors in chemical laboratories, thirteen principals of schools, one clerk in the Census Bureau at Washington, two farmers, one insurance agent, two hundred and four teachers, three artists, one clerk in a law office, four librarians, one copyist, ten music teachers, two assistants in observatories, two journalists, three teachers of gymnastics, one missionary, two chemists, two public readers, three authors, and one assistant State superintendent of public instruction.

"In a recent article on 'The health of intellectual women,' says the Tribune, a 'writer in Harper's Bazar most conclusively shows that neither the pursuit of literature, science or art has the effect to diminish the vitality or shorten the life of woman. Of those who gave themselves to literary work, Hannah More attained the venerable age of eighty-eight, Joanna Baillie lived to see her eightieth year, Mary Russell Mitford remained until she was seventy, and Agnes Strickland until she was seventy-four. Mrs. S. C. Hall did not die until she was eighty; Madame de Sevigne lived until she was seventy; and George Sand until she was seventy-two. Mrs. Siddons was seventy before she departed, and Fanny Kemble still lives at seventy-three." Of scientific women, Mary Somerville survived until she was ninety-two, and Caroline Herschel until she was ninety-eight. Many more illustrious examples of longevity among actively intellectual women might be cited, but already there have been enough named to satisfy the most ambitious that they need not starve their mental power for the sake of their physical continuance."

The Woman's Department of the New Orleans Exposition, under the management of Julia Ward Howe, is slowly assuming shape and form. That it is not already arranged is no fault of the Woman's Management. Mrs. Howe did not accept her position until a very short time since, and the commissioners of some of the States were not appointed until within a month before the opening. This portion of the exposition must necessarily be very imperfect. The haste to gather exhibitions of woman's work, admits of little care in selection, and less in preparation. It would almost seem that it is better to have none at all than to have one which would misrepresent the industry and ability of half the population. But Mrs. Howe and her assistants are doing all that lie in their power, to make their department attractive and representative of woman's work. The representatives of eighty-eight papers and magazines on which women are at work, either as editors, correspondents or reporters, are invited to co-operate with the Bureau for Woman's Department, and to visit New Orleans for the purpose of reporting the exposition. There is a Press Room in the main building for the use of the women journalists, and doubtless, it will be occupied by worthy representatives from every portion of the country. Yet only a very few of those em-

ployed will find it possible to even wish they might participate in the exposition. All good Catholics and many good Protestants, are familiar with the noble, self-sacrificing life of the Nun of Kenmare. She has lately arrived in New York, hoping to secure a quarter of a million of dollars for a purpose which she explained to a reporter. Perhaps she may do so, but no woman outside of the Catholic Church could secure a tithe of that sum for a similar purpose. All householders who depend on the Irish for help, will wish her reasonable success. The interviewer says: "The Nun of Kenmare is an elderly woman with quiet, retiring manners and an animated face. She is the daughter of Protestant parents, and was a helpless invalid until she experienced a faith cure and was converted at Knock, where she subsequently founded a convent, and has since been widely known for her charities. Mother Clare is accompanied in her visit to this country by sister Evangelista.

"My great work has been," she said, "to educate poor girls so that they may become useful and respectable women. Much of the misery of homes, I am sure, comes from incompetent wives; and bad wives make bad husbands. Very few of the Irish girls that come to America know what kind of a life is before them, and not many of them are fitted for the work they have to do. What I want to accomplish is the education of girls into good housekeepers and the establishment of an institution for that purpose in Ireland."

The chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of Massachusetts, Carroll D. Wright, has given in his late report, the condition of the working women employed outside of domestic service. By it we learn that the number of women and girls so engaged numbers 20,000, of whom more than nine-tenths are single or widows. The greater portion of these are under twenty-three years of age, and more than half of the whole were at work before they were sixteen years old. Many of them work over nine hours daily, though that is against statute law, beside doing household work and sewing after and before hours. The yearly average of wages amounts to only a pitiful sum when we consider how high are the necessary items in a city life. There are room rent and board, clothes, washing, car fare, and the thousand things which demand money as their equivalent. It is no wonder, then, only one in ten save any thing out of their yearly wage, and that many come out of a twelvemonth in debt.

From the report we learn what may always be taken for granted, that a large per cent. of these toil for some one else. There are father and mother, brother and sister, and often an invalid or incompetent husband, to support wholly or in part. As in the departments in Washington, where most of the occupants are single women or widows, there is generally some one to work for. The burdens of life are always onerous to the capable or the willing. Where two are competent to work, three are willing to be, or must be supported. This is the case in every walk of life.

Work of the right kind, in congenial surroundings and not excessive, is good for us all. The idle person is the wretched one, always. "Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do." Much foolishness, amounting to absolute iniquity, is the result of nothing to do. Men of wealth become fox-hunters, gamblers, sporting men; women of the same grade have their frivolous meetings and questionable pursuits. They are driven to excesses by the very want of that labor which is wearing down to gaunt shadows, those unfortunate who are born to poverty, or who, once reduced, are unable to rise again.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

MYSTIC LONDON. By Rev. C. H. Davies, D. D. Pp. 331, 12 mo., paper, 25 cents. John W. Lovell Company, N. Y.

This book introduces the reader to scenes in the world's great metropolises which have escaped for various reasons the notice of those who have described the varied social life, and is hence like a new revelation. Aside from its interesting chapters on a great variety of subjects, wherein the author displays a quick understanding and a rare style, almost one-half the book is devoted to Spiritualism. The reverend author is no bigot, no dogmatist, and his investigation is set forth by himself, is unique, and as thorough as the "condition" of the medium. The British National Association of Spiritualists has said: "Now I plead guilty to being greatly interested in the subject of Spiritualism generally, and in the doings of this conference in particular. I cannot help thinking that clergymen and scientists ought to look into any set of opinions whose professors have attained the dimensions of this body. Their doctrines are spreading, and are spreading. Among the number among them such men as Alfred Wallace, Mr. Varley, Mr. Crookes, Mr. S. C. Hall, etc., and are extending their opinions among all classes, notably among the higher. I could even name clergymen of all denominations who hold spiritualistic views, but refrain lest it should seem invidious, though I cannot see why it should be incommensurate for the clergy to examine doctrines which profess to amplify rather than supplant those of revelation, any more than I can why scientists stand aloof from what professes to be a purely positive philosophy based upon the inductive method; so it is however. Spiritualism is heterodox at once in its religious and philosophical aspects. I suppose that is why it had such special attraction for me."

An amusing chapter is that wherein he describes a seance with a Roman Catholic priest, a medium; but his "control" insisted on being the devil, and in confirmation of this claim, would obey the exorcism. They first attended a circle of the Marshalls, then at their zenith. In the words of the author: "We arranged previously that he (the priest) should not sit at the table, but on one side, and give me a secret signal when he was silently pronouncing the exorcism. He did so; and all manifestations at once ceased, though we were in full converse with the invisibles before. Old Mrs. Marshall had to announce with much chagrin: 'The spirit is gone!'" This result to me, understanding the philosophy of Spiritualism, instead of confirming the priest's belief, shows only the power of a strong will to change the subtle conditions on which the communications depend. Alone with a single friend in his own study the author persuades the priest to hold a seance for the purpose of talking with the devil. We let him finish the story: "We had not a moment to wait. The table forthwith began to plunge and career about the room. At last it became comparatively quiet and I received in reply to a question as to who was present, the exceedingly objectionable name which Mr. Spurgeon has coupled with the whole subject. Some persons I know entertain a certain amount of respect, or at all events awe, for the intelligence in question. For myself I feel nothing of the kind, and therefore added: 'If you are what you profess to be, give some proof.' We were sitting with only the tips of our fingers on the table; but it forthwith rose up quite perpendicularly, and came down with a crash that completely shattered it to pieces."

The author (lastly remarks that "Mr. Spurgeon and his 'disciples' concede the whole of the spiritualistic position (by calling it the work of the devil),

They not only say that the effects are due to spiritual causes, but they also identify the producing spirit. I have never been able to get as far as that. I did not rest on this occasion at all as if I had been in contact with his holy Majesty. If I was, certainly my respect for that potentate is not increased, for I should have fancied he would have done something much bigger than in reply to my challenge, smash up a small card table."

His sittings with Florence, Cook, the Holmeses, Miss Showers and the notorious Eva Fay, are very amusing. Perhaps the most instructive chapter is that devoted to his private seances, his wife being the medium. He says: "My facts are not considered credulous for believing in his own wife, and nearly all these phenomena were produced through my wife's mediumship."

"It was almost, convinced by a mass of facts, seemingly overwhelming, for a 'set back' by disappointing seances in which he does not receive the evidence of spirit identity he expected. He admits all the facts, but holds as to the spiritual theory, 'not proven,' in which he at least appears inconsistent, and continues his arguments on both sides of the question, a style he seems to have at first assumed to be a new revelation, or at all events, a large extension of the old, and which, if its claims be substantiated, will quite modify our notions of what we now call faith. It proposes, in fact, to supply in matters we have been accustomed to take on trust, something so like demonstration, that I feel like it or not, to look into the thing."

These are, however, words of a clergyman, and in conclusion we must say that his investigations and conclusions are among the most conclusive and impartial, and while perhaps the reader will at times, if a Spiritualist, be displeased with his effort to argue on both sides, yet the reader himself will never be led astray, and unavoidably will be conducted to the right conclusion. HUNSON TUTTLE.

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA OR JUST A CAMP-IN. By C. C. Post. Chicago: J. E. Downey & Co. Price, \$1.50.

This is a history of a worthy man and his family who first took up a claim in Iowa and after living on it awhile, were driven off. They journeyed to California and met the same fate in several localities in the Golden State, until at last the father dies broken-hearted. The imperfection of the homestead laws and violation of the rights of the poor and trustful men, ignorant of the laws, by the rich and moneyed corporations, is well told. The story is very well written and calculated to draw upon the sympathy of the reader. The accident that happened to little Johnny, making him a cripple for life, is pictured vividly.

An injunction has been granted by Judge Charles H. Truax, Superior Court of the City of New York, restraining and enjoining Messrs. M. B. Pollard and Charles Moser from publishing, issuing, circulating or selling an edition of Dante's Inferno, translated by Cary, illustrated by Gustave Doré, which from size, form, color and illustrations upon the cover, size, color and form of case in which the same are offered for sale, arrangement of text and notes upon pages, and of illustrations, shall tend to mislead the public into the belief that in purchasing the defendant's book they are getting the said book as published by the plaintiff's (Cassell & Company) New York. In connection with above, Messrs. Cassell & Company announce that they are the only authorized publishers of Dante's Inferno and Purgatory and Paradise, and Milton's Paradise Lost, with all the illustrations from the original designs by Gustave Doré.

We have received from Fowler & Wells Co., New York, a new Phrenological Chart—a lithograph of a symbolic head. The relative location of each of the organs being shown by special designs, illustrating the function of each, the human mind. Many of these pictures are little more than artistic design and coloring in themselves, and will help the student to locate the faculties and to impress his mind with a correct idea of their prime functions. The chart also contains a printed key giving the accepted names of the different faculties; the whole picture is very ornamental, and must prove a feature of peculiar attraction wherever it is introduced, and for its design and finish being elsewhere procurable. It is mounted with rings for hanging on the wall, or it may be framed and will be appropriate for the home, office, library or school. The head itself is about 12 inches wide, beautifully lithographed in colors on heavy pt. paper about 19 by 24 inches. Price \$1.00. It is finished and offered as a special premium for subscribers to the Phrenological Journal for 1885.

The November Century is on the press for the fourth time. The first edition of the February number, containing Gen. Grant's "Shield," will be 175,000.

New Books Received. ALL IN A LIFETIME. A Romance. By Susan H. Wixon. Fall River, Mass.; published by the author. Price, \$1.50. VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE. For 1885. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick. Price, paper cover, 10 cents. THE GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF EMERSON. Lectures at the Concord School of Philosophy. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

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This pamphlet of 32 large pages, critically reviews the history of Jesus parallel with antecedent ages of antiquity, showing the gentle origin of Christianity. Price 10 cents. Sent postpaid by enclosing that amount to the author, M. B. CRAVEN, Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa.

THE LYCEUM STAGE. A collection of contributed, compiled and original RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, FAIRY PLAYS. (With full Music Notes), adapted for Lectures and School Exhibitions. By G. W. WHITEFIELD KRAMER. Price: Cloth, 50 cents; paper covers, 35 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in those circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 10, 1885.

TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded acquaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

Into the Church of Rome by the Back Door.

The following Associated Press telegram from New York, Dec. 27th, furnishes an interesting illustration of the history of the times: In the chapel of the Mission Holy Cross Protestant Episcopal Church on Sixteenth street, at a recent private celebration of holy communion in which the Bishop of Tennessee, Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, Rev. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignatius church, and Rev. John W. Shackelford, of the Church of the Redeemer, took part, Rev. James O. S. Huntington took on himself the vows of the Order of the Holy Cross. One clause of the profession runs as follows: "I desire for the love of Jesus to devote myself, body, soul and spirit, to the service of Almighty God in the religious life as a member of the Order of the Holy Cross, and to that end to take upon myself of my own free will the vows of religious poverty, chastity and obedience."

Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter received the profession and asked the following: Bishop—"Do you solemnly and forever surrender all you possess, or which you may hereafter become possessed, even to the least article of personal use or enjoyment in accordance with the vow of religious poverty?"

Novice—"I do." Bishop—"Will you diligently serve God for the remainder of your life in the virgin state, striving to follow the example of perfect purity of our virgin Lord in all your thoughts, words and deeds, as the vow of religious chastity demands?"

Novice—"I will, the Lord being my helper." Bishop—"Will you shape your life in accordance with the rule of life of the order of the Holy Cross, and will you give respectful obedience to all lawful commands of your superior, and all decisions of the chapter, submitting your will to their godly direction and administration, under the vow of religious obedience?"

Novice—"I will, by the grace of God." Communion service followed. The dress of the order consists of a black beretta and a long, dark, monkish-looking gown, confined at the waist by a black cord passed three times around the body. From a black string about the neck depends a black crucifix. The crucifix worn by Mr. Huntington was blessed on the altar when he joined the order. He passed through the novitiate two years. There are but two members of the order in America. They are Rev. Mr. Huntington and Rev. E. S. Dod. They live in plainly furnished houses in Thirteenth street. "Much of the time of the two members of the order," said a clergyman yesterday, "is spent in prayer. In fact prayer is their life, and it is their theory that the right way of living is a continual prayer. Much of their time is spent in doing good among the poor on the East side. The order was founded in England but this is not a branch of the English order of the Holy Cross."

It may be stated with all the certainty of a fixed law, that religious organizations must either advance or retrograde. If they are not constantly pushing onward to higher grounds, they inevitably fall gradually into the imbecility of dotage. Martin Luther came out of the falsehoods and puerile observances of the Roman Church; the mighty movement then inaugurated has grown through several centuries and it would not seem possible for a reversion to the dead forms of monasticism; yet here is an illustration of the renunciation of self-hood, manhood, liberty and everything the unpurged human heart holds dear, and the acceptance of the most reprehensible dogmas of Catholicism, such as Luther denounced in unmeasured language. The Pope will complacently smile at this long step taken

by the Protestants, and welcome it as an indication of the coming end. There is, then, to be a new order of monks in the heart of the most aristocratic of the Protestant churches; an order of monks that in every way exactly corresponds to the monks in the Mother Church. The members of the High Church section sympathize with the movement, and although the Low Church party express indignation, they are unable to avert the movement.

Think of men like Dr. Morgan Dix, Bishop Potter, Bishop Huntington, and others, occupying the highest positions, and educated in the full light of the present, consenting—aye, not only consenting, but accepting with alacrity a part in a ceremony at which any one loving true manhood and liberty ought to blush for very shame! The point of this farce is here, and is the key to the mighty, seething unrest of the Protestant religious world: The end of Protestantism, if it go ahead, reaching its logical conclusions, is disintegration, and absorption into the ranks of free thought. Its leaders are learning this truth. They feel themselves almost on the breakers. The advanced sects are too thoroughly prepared to turn back, and feel that the issue must be met, but the Episcopal, always Romish at heart, thinks to avert the coming dissolution by reviving the old forms and methods by which priestcraft held the ignorant world of the past in abeyance.

A noble, unselfish life; a life of self-sacrifice, of loving kindness, of charitable deeds, of assistance to the needy, of purity, and consecration to the behests of duty—such a life of all things in this world is most desirable; but it must spring out of the organization of the man himself, and not from vows made before the altar, at the beck of surpliced priests or mitred bishops. The saint of to-day works in the world, with the world and as a part of it. He puts on no "black beretta," or "long dark gown;" ties no cord around his waist, nor hangs a crucifix with a "black string" around his neck. He bows at no altar, and no priest is called to mouth the gibberish of forgotten times, and pour holy oil on his head. The present demands live men, and not mummies whose odor of sanctity is of the charnel house; whose wisdom is dust, and whose sense of duty is the fear inspired by imbecility.

Rational Medicine.

To physicians is entrusted the care of the many ills that flesh is heir to. They attend at birth; all through life they are called on for help whenever serious illness afflicts; they stand beside the bed of death to alleviate the pains of the departing; and they come into most intimate association with the life of the people whom they serve. The educated, manly physician soon comes to be looked upon as a friend of the family.

The importance of having physicians carefully educated for their work, is, in some degree, recognized everywhere. Schools of medicine are established and supported at large expense. Students at these schools are lectured in the established methods, and at the end of the course are granted diplomas which give them the rights of regular practitioners. All this is well so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough.

The larger part of our medical schools in all sections of the country are not careful as to the preparation their students receive before beginning the study of medicine. The schools will admit young men and women having the most incomplete preparation. They have very little thorough training, very little general culture. They have so little training that they are not at all prepared to profit by the lectures and the reading of the school curriculum. They cannot take in and digest the numerous lectures given by the professors; they are lost among the many books that are recommended to them. They are dazed rather than educated.

The course of instruction given is altogether too short and imperfect. It is too short for the few students that come to it well prepared; for the large number who come to it without previous training it is altogether inadequate. As a result the majority of the regular physicians of every school of medicine are ill-trained in general, and ill-prepared for their special work. They are narrow, and as a rule, bitterly sectarian in their devotion to their own petty school.

This narrowness of the average doctor is shown in the prejudices he always manifests towards any medical treatment that does not run in the old ruts. He sneers at it, he condemns it, he endeavors to ostracize it socially, and to murder it by legal enactment. His narrowness is sure to run in materialistic channels. All the more delicate, more subtle, more mental, more spiritual methods of treatment are quite beyond his grasp. His training unfits him for understanding them. He cannot practice them, hence to him they are but folly and superstition.

To us a few things are clear: First, that society needs educated physicians, men and women of the best native powers, and these powers disciplined by the most thorough training.

Secondly, that few, if any, of the established schools of medicine are giving us such physicians. The larger portion of their graduates have inferior powers to begin with, and these powers receive inferior training. The few able and well-trained men whom they send out are hampered by a narrow system.

Thirdly, that while we need carefully to keep and to use all the knowledge of anatomy, physiology, medicine and surgery which has thus far been attained, we need also to make a step forward, to come to a more rational system of medicine, to learn and to

practice the more subtle, but more powerful methods, of which we have indications in magnetism, mental cure, faith cure, psychomancy, sarcoonyomy, etc.

Fourthly, that we need not look to the old schools to examine and adopt these new and subtle methods. The old schools are too narrow, too much ruled by their old systems and traditions. If these new medical forces are to be systematized and rationally applied it must be done by Spiritualists.

Fifthly, there is great need to-day of a school of Rational Medicine, devoted to the honest study of the human body and mind, and of all methods by which body and mind may be brought into being with healthy endowments, and of all those rational methods by which body and mind, when ill, may most speedily be restored to their normal condition.

How are we to get this Rational Medicine? We certainly shall not get it if we do nothing. Good things do not come in that way. Those who have acquired, by experience and study, a knowledge of those subtle curative agencies which are to-day performing cures that formerly were thought miraculous, must be called on to reduce their systems to order and to teach them to able men and women who will practice them for the general good. This can best be done by a well-organized and well-equipped school of Rational Medicine where the ablest instructors shall give the best training to able students, and graduate them with well-trained minds to follow a rational system.

May we not hope that such a school will come ere long? There are to-day many wealthy Spiritualists who have seen those whom they love slaughtered by incompetent physicians who were themselves the slaves of irrational systems. Will not these wealthy Spiritualists come to the help of their fellow men by organizing and endowing a school of Rational Medicine? We could mention a dozen men now who are fitted to take professorships in such a school, men who would thoroughly train students for their great work, and graduate them with knowledge that would make them a power for good in any community. The money is needed to erect the buildings, to provide libraries and apparatus, to support a hospital for patients, and to pay the salaries of professors. When some of our generous men and women see that by endowing such a school they can do something to save others from the sorrow they themselves have suffered, the school will be established.

Covert the Crank.

The Philadelphia Press of December 8th, reports a sermon on Spiritualism by one Rev. W. R. Covert. Its reportorial tone descends to that of the Police Gazette in its coarse attempt to disparage Spiritualism without open assertion; but the Reverend Covert outdoes the reporter, and says he "has devoted many years to a war on Spiritualism;" yet who ever heard of him before? He has not been very successful or his warfare has been of the guerilla order. He began by saying:

"I propose, this morning, to take up a subject with which I am thoroughly familiar. I refer to Spiritualism, one of the greatest modern frauds. When I say that it is modern, I do not mean that it is new, for it has existed for all time, but its spread has been greater during the past twenty years than for several centuries. The old witches and necromancers were really Spiritualists. I can find no difference between their methods and those of a Philadelphia medium. The Witch of Endor was a medium, and not a particularly clever one, either. The conversation between Samuel and the Witch was merely an ordinary piece of ventriloquism."

In order to "expose" Spiritualism the Reverend Covert makes a poor sham and fraud of the most famous witch of the Bible, and thus destroys witchcraft altogether! What a new and strange interpretation of the Bible is this? If there is one thing more than another which that book supports, it is the existence of witches, and on the foundation of such support, thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings have been burned, hanged and tortured with unspeakable agony. It would be just as orthodox to deny the transfiguration, as the scene between Samuel and the Witch of Endor.

Covert continues: "Spiritualistic mediums are all liars and frauds. The belief has for its natural outcome infidelity, insanity and free-loveland. Most Spiritualists are monomaniacs. On other matters they may be sane, but when they come to discuss their hobby they get wildly excited, and the fire of madness burns in their eyes. If Spiritualism had only ignorant people for its followers, I should not be here to talk about it, but, unfortunately, men of splendid talents and positions have joined its army of dupes. Joseph Cook, of Boston, was taken in by the common slate trick, and wrote a book explaining the phenomenon on psychical grounds. Yet every one knows that the slate writing is a fraud. The slate is first written on by the medium, and the writing is covered over by thin plates of lead. This covering is then washed with a good deal of parade, the whole thing is put under the table, the thin covering removed, the medium scratches with his nail to produce the sound of a pencil, and then the writing is shown."

Truly, men of "splendid talents" have joined its ranks, so much so that not one of them has ever given the subject a fair investigation without becoming convinced. It would require several columns to give the names of the most eminent who have done so. The slate test is the only one the speaker attempts to explain, and any one who has had the least experience, knows his explanation is false—he probably knows it himself. The above are fair specimens of the sermon, which for inflated pretension and shameless assertion stands preminent.

Covert is densely ignorant of the subject, and supposing it opposed to Christianity, his rage is as furious as that of an irate bovine at a red cloth. In all his sermon there is not an unvarnished fact, not an experience, nothing but a tirade of invective and frothy opinion.

Mr. Wheeler, President of the Spiritual Temple Association, attended by a medium, was in the audience, and at the close

politely asked permission to be heard in defense for a moment, but was curtly refused. A spirit through the medium sent a challenge to Mr. Covert to discuss the subject in public. The latter thought he might accept, if the challenge was endorsed by the Philadelphia Spiritualists, but his acceptance was in no hearty way.

However, he was finally forced to meet the medium and an animated discussion followed. According to her friends the medium had altogether the best of the argument, which was listened to by adherents of both parties. As usual in such debates each side probably claims the victory.

The covert support in innumerable pulpits and the sweeping attacks upon it in others, show that the Church is awakening to a consciousness of the mighty strength of Spiritualism, which is rapidly obtaining recognition as a most potent power in the realm of thought. With more complete organization and effective equipment Spiritualism has a future before it unequalled by any movement of the past. The Coverts, the Talmages, the Cooks, will all be begging to be taken into the ark in good time.

Flavius Josephus Cook in the South.

The last time, prior to the present instance, we heard of this platform mountebank—better known under his stage name of Rev. Joseph Cook—was, when in an attempt to bulldoze a colored porter on the Northwestern Railway, he got the worst of it and the episode got into the papers. It appears he does not grow less pugnacious nor more truthful. A few Sundays ago he "preached" in the First Presbyterian Church at New Orleans. As usual he aired the same well worn wares that have so long served as filling for his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-Christian pretensions whereon he relies to beg the common man and create the impression that one of stupendous acquirements is speaking. His accustomed fling at Unitarians, Universalists, Free Religionists, Spiritualists and other liberal people, brought out a reply from Rev. Charles A. Allen, a Unitarian preacher of New Orleans, which was published in the Times-Democrat for December 24th. Mr. Allen in a very polished way convicts Cook of lying and misrepresentation. In so far as this conviction shall enlighten readers of the Times-Democrat it is work well done; but of course it will have no effect upon the Yankee peddler of intellectual pewter and brazen falsehood.

Space forbids the publication of Mr. Allen's letter in its entirety, though wholly appropriate to the JOURNAL's columns, and the following extracts must suffice:

You say that Ralph Waldo Emerson's influence is "malicious"—a man of whom the devout Methodist Father Taylor, said that he was the most Christ-like man he ever knew. Emerson's sweet, saintly spirit, and noble Christian spirit, has done more than any other single influence to purify and uplift our American civilization, literature and social life. His books inspire the best preaching of the age in every denomination, and are eagerly read by the wisest and most influential minds.

You say of Emerson that "he grew toward heaven at the end," meaning apparently that he became more like you in creed before he died. But you know perfectly well that this statement, when you made it in Boston, was publicly and emphatically contradicted by Emerson's family and friends, who intimated that the venerable saint had less and less respect for you in his last years. One is reminded of the Methodist Father Taylor's retort that he would rather go to hell with Emerson than have the company anywhere of certain modern Pharisees.

You group Unitarians with Free-lovers, and insinuate that they are no better. But you know perfectly well that no people in the North stand higher for personal character than the Unitarians, and that free-love has no more determined enemies than they.

A Wisconsin Healer.

"Bleed him! That is what I must do." Thus spoke a modern Esculapius some thirty years ago, more or less, as he felt the pulse and studied the strange symptoms of a little Canadian boy, son of a Methodist exhorter. Then followed bleeding, blistering and purging; but all to no avail, and the hopeful son of a pious father was in a fair way to be doctored out of the world, when fortunately his case came under the observation of some Quakers who at once declared it was "the spirit," and that the trances were not dangerous nor indicative of disease. To their timely intervention C. F. Harrington owes the extension of his lease of earth-life, and in later years hundreds owe restored health. As he grew toward manhood he wandered westward and finally found himself in the vicinity of Madison, Wisconsin. Here while working for a farmer—a Spiritualist—he first saw a medium and heard her speak in a trance state. He was soon made aware of his own mediumship, and was rapidly developed as a healing medium. Illiterate and poor he began his career as a healer; and so diffident, and skeptical of his own powers was he, when in his normal state he scarcely had the hardihood to acknowledge to inquiring strangers that he was Doctor Harrington of whose remarkable cures they had heard and of whom they were in search. His reputation gradually extended to neighboring cities and now after fifteen years' practice he is overwhelmed with calls, we are informed by his friends, and has acquired a comfortable competence. Our attention was first called to Mr. Harrington some weeks ago by one of his patients whom he had cured after the case had been given up by the leading "regular" physicians of Chicago. This gentleman, who is a prominent officer in a popular North Side church, brought Mr. H. to our office a few days since that we might talk with him in person and witness his entrancement. So far as a limited observation will warrant us in expressing an opinion we are free to say that Mr. Harrington evidences remarkable power in diagnosing disease—we had taken the precaution to have a patient at hand—and from the testimony of those known to us, it would appear that this healer is "true to name" and

can do all that is claimed for him, in most curable cases. He resides in Madison, Wisconsin, where he has been many years, but an effort is being made on the part of his influential Chicago patrons to induce his removal to this city.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Newman Weeks of Rutland, Vermont, well known to the Spiritualist public, has been very ill, but is slowly recovering.

Parties writing Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood should remember that his permanent address is Ripon, Wisconsin, and not Omro.

A correspondent writes: "Geo. H. Geer spoke to a well-filled house in Minneapolis-Minn., Dec. 26th. From Minnesota he goes to Michigan."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Scranton, Pa., December 21st and 25th. He may be addressed for the present, in care of P. O. box 123 Scranton, Pa.

We refer our readers to the article by Prof. Coates, under the head of "Psychical Research." The Professor is well known as a scientist.

Rev. E. P. Powell says he is a well-wisher of Spiritualism and don't want it confounded with cheap Materialism. See his article, 6th page, on "The Divining Rod a Humbug."

Dr. Buchanan's vigorous contribution on another page is sufficiently iconoclastic for the most radical, and will likely be provocative of thought.

Mrs. Maria M. King is, we are happy to learn, in better health, and it is to be hoped she will ere long be able to resume her contributions to the JOURNAL.

A. J. Swartz, editor of Mind-Cure, writes to us expressing his full sympathy with the movement to establish Psychical Research Societies. He thinks one should be founded in Chicago, and through its instrumentality the wheat be separated from the chaff.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter has returned to her home, 433 W. Lake Street, after an absence of some time, attending meetings in Milwaukee and elsewhere, and is prepared to receive calls professionally. Her mediumship is said by many who have witnessed it to be good.

A few weeks ago William McKnight, a prominent business-man, of Centralia, Ill., told his pastor that he would die early Christmas day. In seeming accordance with his prediction he calmly expired at 12:25 o'clock Christmas morning. He was buried with Masonic honors, a great crowd of people attending.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, of Fredonia, New York, and widely known over the country in connection with the Cassadaga Lake Camp, called at the JOURNAL office on Monday en route to Topeka, where they will remain for a month. They report the outlook for Cassadaga as most flattering.

Mrs. Charles Tracey of Kingsbridge, N. Y., recently gave birth to a healthy child that weighs exactly eleven ounces, and is but six inches long. The baby's body could be circled by a fourteen-year-old child's thumb and finger. The head, perfectly formed, is about the size of a crab apple. Its mouth is so small that it is unable to partake of its natural nourishment, and a small nipple, the size of a straw, attached to a small glass bottle, does duty in that particular.

The Philadelphia News gives an account of the ingenuity manifested by Dr. Albert G. F. Goersen, the wife poisoner and murderer, now in solitary confinement at Moyamensing. He has had an attack of religious fervor, and in order to carry spiritual consolation to the other prisoners, he utilized large black roaches with which the prison is overrun. These insects are from an inch and a quarter to two inches or more in length, and infest every cell in the prison. Goersen, who is of an inventive turn of mind, and at the same time a remarkable penman, saw in the roaches a medium through which it was possible to attain the desired object. To utilize the roaches became his hobby. Filled with this idea, he captured a large one, and, paring the wings, salvaged a tiny strip of tissue-paper and stuck it, by the aid of a paste ingeniously made from scraps of bread, on the insect's back. On the paper, written in minute characters, and with the skill for which Goersen was so much noted, were the words, small but legible:

"Although thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.  
"Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners."

He also placed messages on the backs of others of these pests. On one were the words:  
"Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners."

A fellow prisoner got hold of that message, and wrote in a scrawling hand the following thereon:  
"I am your true friend, Sam."

It seems that witch-doctors still flourish in Scotland. We are assured that "implicit belief in witchcraft is not infrequently associated with ostentatious professions of religion, self-righteousness and ardent Sabbatarianism." It is common, it appears, for witch-doctors to save fishing smacks, or give them immunity from the perils of the deep, which is done by spitting on the boat under the cover of darkness, inscribing cabalistic characters on it with a wand, and muttering Gaelic incantations. The witch-doctor is in great demand, too, for diseases of the eye. To effect a cure it is necessary that the professor of demology should receive his fees beforehand, and should not see the patient; he goes through a series of contortions and incantations at home. And all this witchcraft flourishes in religious and educated Scotland.



Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION OF VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Beyond.

BY NINA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little while that I crossed to that strange country, the Beyond; And yet not strange—for it has grown to be the home of those of whom I am so fond; They make it seem familiar and most dear, As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear, I think I see the gleaming strand; I know I feel that those who've gone from here Come near enough to touch my hand. I often think, but for our veiled eyes, We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth I shall journey out To that still dearer country of the dead, And join the lost ones so long dreamed about, I love this world; yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me, I know. I never stand about a Bier and see The seal of death set on some well-loved face, But that I think, "O more to welcome me When I shall cross the intervening space Between this land and that one over there; One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair?"

And so to me there is no sting to death, And so the grave has lost its victory; It is but crossing, with abated fear; And white, set face, a little strip of sea; To find the loved ones waiting on the shore, More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Christina at Work.

Spirit Control.

In an extended and varied experience with mediums, I have met but one case where a spirit, able to fully control and converse through a medium in my presence, has utterly failed to influence her at other times, although with the rest of her hand my presence makes but little difference. The medium in question is eighteen, in fair health and of a quiet but self-poised character. She was first entranced two years ago through mesmeric influence. As with all such cases, I sought to induce the independent trance condition and in three sittings accomplished that object. Thereafter she was not dependent upon an operator.

A year ago, however, she was brought to me partially under an influence that she had not been able to throw off for two days—her only mishap of that kind. After relieving her entirely she went under control, and for the first time the spirit referred to above, an entire stranger to us, communicated. He stated he had passed over at twenty-four, five years before, for no other reason, as he expressed it, except that he was "too lazy to draw another breath," and had made no provision toward the future. The medium of association with the active and intelligent band of the medium has worked wonders with him, and this with his native intelligence and earlier education bids fair to raise him to the front rank of spirit teachers. For months he sought to manifest only when I was present. A short time ago, however, desiring to take part in a séance in my absence, he undertook to control, and while every opportunity was afforded him by the hand, the medium being passive, he found himself wholly unable to manifest his presence, nor has he succeeded in doing so, except before me. He now asks me "Why?"

—N. A. CONKLIN.

ED. COMMENTS.—We think the difficulty of our correspondent lies in his conclusion that the medium had attained an independent trance. The fact that she was "brought to" him "partially under an influence she had not been able to throw off," and that he was able to relieve her, shows that she was not independent, and that he had great power over her. That immediately on her being entranced this spirit should manifest, shows that his was the imperfect influence she could not throw off. By this spirit's confession he was low and uncultured, and even now by the question he asks, has an imperfect understanding of the methods and true science of spirit communication. The guardian band might arrange conditions, for ought we know, enabling this spirit to communicate, but it is probably best for the medium that our correspondent by his presence furnish one of the essential conditions for the control, and continue this until the spirit more perfectly understands the intricate methods of communication. It is not well to trust too implicitly to the statement of such spirits of their wonderfully rapid progress. It may seem to them that they have gained floods of light, when in reality it is little more than an awakening from the lethargy of ignorance and selfishness. We should advise our friend not to urge this matter, but rather to encourage the spirit in the belief that only in his presence can communications be given.

Proof of a Reincarnator.

I have been listening to-day to the reading of some letters claimed to have been dictated by the spirits of those who were well known to the writer while living on earth, and given through a certain writing medium at Sunapee Lake, N. H. The name of the medium I did not learn. Luther Kendall, a prominent citizen of this place, now eighty-three years of age, a hale and hearty old man, has for some years been investigating the spiritual phenomena, and I think he has become a confirmed believer in its fundamental truths. While attending the convention at Sunapee, this writing medium having a room there, it was announced that he would answer any correspondence addressed to departed spirit friends. Accordingly Mr. Kendall went to his room, being a perfect stranger, and wrote questions concerning the truths of Spiritualism to seven of his friends, who had been bitterly opposed to it during their earth-life. Each party was addressed on the top of different sheets of paper, and then the paper doubled twice and sealed with mullage, space being left for the reply to the questions proposed to each individual spirit. The first question was to his deceased wife:

"My dear wife, have you now a conscious individual existence, and do you find Spiritualism to be true, and have you the same affection for me now you had when in the earth-life?"

The reply was: "Yes, dear Luther, I rejoice to say it is certainly true. I have a conscious existence, clearer and better than I ever dared to hope for. My affections for you are even greater than in earth-life. Your dear Betsey rejoices that you have given her this opportunity to communicate with you. From your own loving wife.—BETSEY KENDALL."

One was written to Wm. Felch, who was a prominent man, the father of this village, as he laid its foundation and built nearly half of its houses. His reply to the question, "Is Spiritualism true?" was: "Yes, thank God, it is true, and I am thankful for this opportunity to tell you so, my worthy friend Kendall!"

Mr. Felch was a Methodist while living. One question was written to P. W. Stearns, a violent opponent of Spiritualism when he found out that the spirits did not teach the doctrine of endless punishment. His reply was: "The facts can be expressed in one word, TRUTH." A reply was written to his aged mother, who, in her question, calls him her dear son Luther, and reiterates the same statement as the rest.

After hearing all these replies, confirming the doctrine of Spiritualism, Mr. Kendall asked me what I thought of their genuineness. I replied: "There is an intelligence connected with this phenomena, and it claims these communications to be from our departed friends. It requires less mental strain to admit its statement than to try to argue it down." FOLCHVILLE, VT. HONESTUS STEARNES.

The Divining Rod.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In Mr. Stebbins' article on the "Divining Rod" he says: "He brought in his dry twig. I always use a green twig. He speaks of one being a rod, and the rod turning; it did so, but there was no water above the surface of the ground. It might be construed that water above the ground might form the attraction. I always tell those for whom I locate a well, to be sure and report to me if they don't get water. Not a person has ever reported a failure. I had supposed that people here had got all the wells that were necessary, yet I have located five this season for men who live in sight of my house. I have located during the past year forty-three; this is more than I ever located in any season before. I have never sought any business of this kind; it comes to me. One place, twenty-five miles from home, I will mention. It is in an adjoining county. I found the people there suffering badly for the want of water. For three miles there were but two good wells. Some were drawing water a distance of three miles for their stock and household use. I located several wells. A man there had been to the expense of digging a cistern twenty feet deep and seven feet across, to hold surface water for his stock. I followed a vein across his well in locating a place where to dig. I had to go home, and in a few days I received a letter stating that the water was in my success. The citizens immediately commenced to dig another that I had located, going down one hundred feet; the water flowed three feet above the surface." LIVINGIA, Mich.

The Divining Rod a Humbug.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see in your columns a note from my respected friend, Giles B. Stebbins, criticising a passage in one of my discourses in which I decline to believe in the divining powers of my hired man. Quoting his conclusions, I do not see how thereby I become a Materialist, as he terms me, or why he thereby becomes a Spiritualist, as well as any man who thinks that harel, current or other twigs serve to connect psychic and physical phenomena, or in plainer English, to help us determine where water springs are. Nor do I see the advantage of loading down the real science of Spiritualism with such an innumerable set of worthless tests as it is made to shoulder. Whether those mentioned by my critic are valuable or not, it would not be courteous for me to pronounce. I only know they may be very true and have no bearing on the question. Any person well acquainted with land (and water), or any farmer or horticulturist, can inform Mr. Stebbins that the sections of country are rare where water cannot be found by digging in one spot as well as another. I am certain that by digging in any fifteen acres at a point designated, and turning sticks or with the rod, I could find a depth of about fifteen feet. This is true of miles square along this range of hills and in the valley below. The true test for the divining rods would be to find a spot where water could not be found. Such spots probably exist. If any one with this magnetic gift will visit me and point out such a spot, I will have the well dug at my expense if he be correct; provided he will not be coy as to get a supply of water by going down twenty feet. I am to much a well wisher of spiritual investigation to desire to see it confounded with very cheap materialism. CLINTON, N. Y. E. P. POWELL.

The Reason Why the Divining Rod Turns.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having lately read some articles in the JOURNAL, expressive of the views of the several writers concerning the mysterious working of a V shaped branch called the "divining" or "dowsing" rod, in finding water, and such views differing in the main from my settled convictions as to the cause of the "dipping" of the rod, I thought a few lines giving what, to me, seems a rational theory of this mystery, might possibly aid some in coming to a more rational conclusion. Several years ago I gave the subject some attention. I witnessed the working of the rod in the hands of one who professed to be able to find water in this way. Observing the manner in which he held the branch, I tried the experiment and found that when the rod was rightly grasped and held in a certain position, that it required but a slight movement of the hands to tip, and that, too, with a powerful force, so much so, that if the branch be held sufficiently tight it will actually twist in two in its seeming effort to go down.

I will endeavor briefly to illustrate how the experiment may be successfully tried by any person. It is claimed that only certain kinds of wood, such as hazel, current or peach, will work; but this is simply to haze or mist the performance. It matters not what wood is used. Select a V shaped branch about two feet in length, having the smaller ends about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Grasp the branch from the under side, so that the palms of the hands will be upwards, and the little fingers from you or toward the angle of your rod. Let two or three inches of the branch project back through the hands. Raise your hands to a level with your shoulders. Elevate the rod to an angle of about forty-five degrees. Let the palms of the hands be turned toward your face. Now as you press your hands firmly upon the rod, you will discover that you have curved the branch outward as it passes through the hands; this is essential to the performance. While in this position give the hands a slight turn, in a manner to make the thumb approach each other, and you will be surprised to find the force with which your "divining rod" will descend. The philosophy of the movement is apparent. The curve produced by the hands, you will notice, when in position, is an outward curve, or on the plane of the angle described by your branch. When you turn your hands, you attempt to bring this curve to a position perpendicular to such plane, which you cannot do, for the very effort to do so forces your rod downward.

The movement of the hands to cause the dipping of the rod is very slight, and with a little practice, may be done so as to escape the notice of those not initiated. RICHMOND, Mich. O. S. BURGESS.

Psychical Research.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to add a line of approval to the many good ones appearing in the JOURNAL, urging the formation of a Psychical Research Society. The phenomena that modern Spiritualism has brought to the world, should be formulated and classified in order to be efficient in developing the grandest fact of which the mind can conceive—namely, the continuity of existence. A society of this character would be instrumental in clearing away from the spiritual cause the rubbish that in his heaped mountain high upon it. By this purifying process the phenomena will be established on a basis that will attract the better class of minds. Undoubtedly we are standing on the threshold of a vast realm that is slowly but surely opening to the cultured mind. If there is a continued existence (of an individualized nature) for each one after the death of the body the fact can be established to any reasoning mind. We have circumferences in the field of our phenomena sufficient evidence to make plain this fact. We are beginning to live in a world of substantialities. The shadows that have clouded the intellectual life of man are passing away, and in freedom and with high resolve he is marching on to grasp even brighter gems from the realms of spiritual life. Every true Spiritualist covets investigation. We have nothing to sustain but the truth, consequently we are ready to cleave hands with all who love it even to the apex, where mind can annihilate time and space in intercommunication with those still in earth-life, and those that have passed from its bondage. That richly jeweled world is valued from the masses of minds. Let us disclose it, thus convincing the doubting ones of supremacy of mind over matter and that its powers will hold intact, when this body shall have fallen to formless ruin. N. M. STRONG, Fredericktown, Ohio.

A correspondent writes: The Reverend Mr. Barnett, formerly a Baptist, but now preaching for the Christian Church (Campbellite) at Winamac, Indiana, visited Mrs. Blade, independent slate-writing medium, while in Chicago. The writing was copious and perfectly convincing and written in a recognized hand. E. A. DAVIS writes: I like your paper very much, having been a reader of it during the last 15 years. I would be very much at a loss without it.

Turgeneff's Religious Opinions.

Letter in New York Tribune.

I saw him just before the terrible disease of which he died declared itself. He was easily excited and quite himself. But the eyes were attracted with brown rings, which, as the rest of the complexion was pale and fair, started me. I had recently suffered from bereavements caused by death. Turgeneff listened with avidity to what I had to tell him about the impressions, emotions, and train of thought these losses had caused. We both were quite emancipated from theological dogma. I had heard him spoken of as an athlete by different Russians of the old set, but his conversation on this occasion was profoundly religious. He made use of a curious expression: "Our reason," he said, "tends to draw us toward materialism. Our heart pulls us in another direction. For my part, with long experience of life I now don't reason at all." The human heart is a voice, and a great voice, of nature, and the cravings are indiscoverable which no reasoner, though he were a positivist, should disregard. We ought to take them as a revelation of things which are yet obscure. There is no religious cult which does not respond to these heart-cravings in a poetical and sympathetic manner. There is, therefore, believe, truth in every form of religious worship.

Unfortunately the priest will not admit this truth to be relative, and that the forces people who have thought and observed to quarrel with him and seek in themselves and in Nature for the laws of a religious faith. They get to the truth if they look for it in a philosophical spirit and without any feeling of resentment. But, being sociable, we are often oppressed by the isolation of our high standpoint. We often wish to come down into the valleys and kneel down in the churches there. My mind has long ceased to be orthodox. My heart recoils toward the Greek Church. I sometimes go to hear the offices at our church in the Rue Daru for the sake of the vibrations they give rise to in me. They make me feel as if many broken links in the chain of my existence were soldered together.

Should not have thus spoken to you if you had not been forced to look into the problems which the death of close friends and relations impose upon our attention. Legally I am no longer an exile; but as a Russia has grown up which is strange to me, I am morally one, unless when I am in a Russian church. It brings childhood, youth, and all my old associations back to me with clear distinctness, and enables me to all intents and purposes to live in the past in the churches there. My mind has long ceased to be orthodox. My heart recoils toward the Greek Church. I sometimes go to hear the offices at our church in the Rue Daru for the sake of the vibrations they give rise to in me. They make me feel as if many broken links in the chain of my existence were soldered together. Should not have thus spoken to you if you had not been forced to look into the problems which the death of close friends and relations impose upon our attention. Legally I am no longer an exile; but as a Russia has grown up which is strange to me, I am morally one, unless when I am in a Russian church. It brings childhood, youth, and all my old associations back to me with clear distinctness, and enables me to all intents and purposes to live in the past in the churches there. My mind has long ceased to be orthodox. My heart recoils toward the Greek Church. I sometimes go to hear the offices at our church in the Rue Daru for the sake of the vibrations they give rise to in me. They make me feel as if many broken links in the chain of my existence were soldered together. Should not have thus spoken to you if you had not been forced to look into the problems which the death of close friends and relations impose upon our attention. Legally I am no longer an exile; but as a Russia has grown up which is strange to me, I am morally one, unless when I am in a Russian church. It brings childhood, youth, and all my old associations back to me with clear distinctness, and enables me to all intents and purposes to live in the past in the churches there. My mind has long ceased to be orthodox. My heart recoils toward the Greek Church. I sometimes go to hear the offices at our church in the Rue Daru for the sake of the vibrations they give rise to in me. They make me feel as if many broken links in the chain of my existence were soldered together.

When I returned home I made an entry in a notebook on the conversation. It illustrates the candor of Turgeneff's mind and the breadth of his affections. P. PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At his home in Kokomo, Indiana, on the morning of the 23rd ultimo, Samuel Stratton, passed on to the spirit world. He was aged 75 years. His father was a native of the eastern part of this State and came of Quaker stock. His early education was thoroughly imbued with the faith of his parents; but, before reaching the age of manhood he had quite outgrown and discarded it, became a Materialist, and verged close upon Atheism. About that time Mesmerism made its advent, and he not only gave great thought in the subject, but also became under the hands of an operator, an exceedingly sensitive clairvoyant. His friends, becoming alarmed for his health, prevailed upon him to abandon the use of his powers in this direction; but the experience he thus obtained effectually dissipated his materialistic notions and paved the way for the investigation of Spiritualism, which made its advent soon afterwards. He was one of the first to be convinced of the truth of the spirit world, and for a number of a third of a century was prominently identified with every liberal and progressive movement. A man of large influence and sterling worth, he never attempted to proselyte others to his own way of thinking; but a life of such upright and unswerving allegiance to the truth could not fail to impress everyone who came in contact with it, that there was something more than a dead creed to give us inspiration; and many lives are ascribed to him their own spiritual emancipation. His malady was consumption, with which he was stricken down for more than a year before his naturally fine and powerful physique finally gave up the struggle. As the end drew near he was eager for the change and conversed upon it with a confidence and cheerfulness which was the astonishment of his friends. Let any one should attempt to make out that he had at the last renounced his well known ideas in regard to a future life, he drew up over his own signature, a confession of his faith, and set forth as some length his reasons therefor; and when the last day came he called all his friends to witness that he had joyfully died as he had lived—a Spiritualist. His brothers, and a wife, and several grand-children, besides other relatives and a host of friends, who sincerely mourn his loss. W. B. M.

Spiritualist Meeting in Milwaukee.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While I consider it my duty as well as a pleasure to keep the Spiritualists of the country posted as to the progress of the movement in this State, I shall not attempt to give a verbatim report of our meeting just held in Milwaukee. The elements seemed to conspire to defeat our expectations, for it rained incessantly from Friday P. M. until Sunday morning; nevertheless the attendance, which was fair at first, continued to increase till Sunday evening, when the hall was packed. The speakers were listened to with marked attention. J. E. Remsburg gave three lectures on the subject of the "Spirits of the Dead," showing the effects of priestcraft and the false claims of theology, giving facts and figures in proof of his statements. He was very gentlemanly in his treatment of the subject. A. B. French lectured Saturday evening on "Prehistoric America," and on Sunday evening closed the meeting with one of the grandest lectures I ever listened to. Subject: "Spiritualism Compared with Materialism." Prof. Lockwood spoke on "Spiritualism of Science," Sunday P. M.

There were mediums and delegates from all parts of the State as well as Mrs. A. Wilson-Porter and others from Chicago. The Cross Concert Troupe, consisting of father, three daughters and one son, furnished the music (mostly Prof. C. P. Longley's compositions) throughout the meeting. Ten city press gave good reports of the proceedings, for which a vote of thanks was given. Our next meeting will be held in Milwaukee the 27th, 28th and 29th of March, 1885. Friends in Wisconsin, I wish the address of every Spiritualist and Liberalist in the State before the above dates. Let each one send me the address of all they know. DR. J. O. PHILLIPS, Secy of Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, Omro, Wis.

Telepathy.

(The Evening Post, N. Y.)

In connection with the numerous well-authenticated circumstances which tend to prove that telepathy deserves the serious attention of science, the following incident may not be out of place. Several winters ago, there lived on the location a woman and her wife, who possessed of perhaps more than the average intelligence and education of the ordinary mixing classes. The sympathy between them was such that each seemed to thoroughly understand the thoughts of the other without the use of words, which they scarcely ever used except in the presence of others. When in separate rooms either could immediately tell what the other had written. At greater distances, scenes were subject to the moods of the other, but any deeper understanding was reached at the expense of great mental effort. In January, 1881, the man, who was chopping in the brush, severed an artery in his leg, and there not being any assistance at hand, he bled to death. At about the time that the wound must have been inflicted, the woman raised into a neighbor's house, declaring that her husband was dying; and though generally considered as being asleep, she all but directly to the scene of the accident. The woman has been insane ever since. If any one is anxious to learn more of this remarkable case, I shall be most happy to answer their inquiries in detail. GEORGE RUSSELL, M. D., Calumet, Mich., December 17.

The Spirit, Geo. W. Winslow.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I received your note informing me of the near expiration of my time for the JOURNAL. Later, I was thinking about renewing my subscription, when I felt Mr. Winslow's presence. I think he took the JOURNAL nearly all the time from its commencement until his death. He seems to feel as much interested in it now as a spirit as when on earth. He expressed a desire to communicate with you through my writing under his influence. I will enclose the communication. LOVINA S. WINSLOW, Kalamazoo, Mich.

THE MESSAGE.

MR. J. C. BUNDY.—Feeling interested in the teachings of the spiritual philosophy and in your efforts to draw the attention of those who have hitherto regarded the cause with indifference and although I cannot join in personal efforts in calling attention to it, it may not be out of place for me to express my views. Since 1851 I have been deeply interested in Spiritualism, psychology and kindred subjects. Until that time I had no proof of the life hereafter. I said that if our departed friends can communicate with us, that proves immortality of the soul. From that time on I have been a student of the various phases until I was convinced that those who communicated were spirits. A new world then was opened to me—a continued life. Instead of doubt and uncertainty with reference to the future I then had the proof of immortality. In 1878 when I tested the matter for myself I had no fears for the future. I felt assurance that a higher plane was opened for me; that those I loved dearly and mourned for so many years would be the first to greet me. It was even so; the change seemed perfectly natural. I recognized the new conditions, and yet the old life was perfectly familiar to me. I saw both the friends in spirit life and those from whom I had just parted; to them I felt an intense desire to convey some intelligence of myself. Could those on the material side of life understand this intense desire of the spirit? to give some manifestation by which it can be recognized in the family circle, the simple rap and tipping of the table would be regarded with interest. When I say that I am more interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism now than when in the material form, those that know me will say this means work; and it is a work for the elevation of humanity. His teachings are progressive ever seeking for the highest attainments of truth and living in accordance with his instructions. I like the JOURNAL for its fearless, investigating spirit; for its firmness and general attractiveness. It is the receptacle of the progressive thought of all time. GEO. W. WINSLOW.

A Clairvoyant Dream of a School-Boy.

Mr. J. H. Haas and Mr. Ferdinand Pusche—now an eminent physician at Vienna—were school-fellows. Mr. Haas was, at the time to which I refer, aged thirteen. They slept in the same room. The day before the school broke up, the two boys were conversing together regarding their plans for the holidays. The arrangement was that they should go together to the home of Haas's father. That night, however, young Haas dreamed that his brother-in-law—not his father—had sent his carriage for him, with a black or a brown horse, and with a coachman, whose name was Benedict. In the dream, the boys got into the coach and drove off to Gmunden. At a certain place, in the dream, they alighted, and descended a hill to see a waterfall. In his dream, the boys got into the coach and drove off to Gmunden. At a certain place, in the dream, they alighted, and descended a hill to see a waterfall. Benedict offered to give her a drive, all three mounted, and the coachman drove to the house of the brother-in-law, which young Haas had never in his waking hours seen.

About three o'clock on the day fixed for the boys leaving school, Pusche came running towards Haas, crying, "Look at your dream! here comes the carriage!" Soon it was announced to them that the brother-in-law of Haas had sent his carriage to fetch them to his house. Accordingly, much wondering, the boys got their luggage into the coach and started. At the river Traun the carriage stopped, and the boys got out and went to see the waterfall near Lambach. They then asked the coachman his name. "Benedict," he replied. Upon this Haas told the man that the night before he had seen him at this place with a peasant girl. Returned from looking at the waterfall, he beheld there was the coachman talking with a girl! "This young girl," said Benedict, "has got a bad foot—she will give her a lift." "Yes, yes," said young Haas, "that is the very girl I saw last night." At eight o'clock in the evening they arrived at the house of his brother-in-law at Gmunden, in Upper Austria. The persons, places, incidents, exactly accorded with those of the dream. This occurred on the 9th of August, 1858. Since Haas became a man Pusche has frequently reminded him of his singular dream.—Light, London.

Fun with Electricity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was a boy eight years old, sixty years ago. My father was a country doctor, and he had a student named Miner. In the "surgery" he had a "frictional electrical machine" which Miner "fooled" with a great deal. I was fond of him, and when he wanted me to help him in an experiment I readily consented. He placed four great bottles on the floor, then a board on top of them. Then he said: "Now, Henry, you stand perfectly still on this board while I hold these wires, and I will turn the crank to the machine till we get ready to do something else." I held the wire and a pleasant sensation began to creep over me. After a while I said: "Dr. M., come and take these wires away." "Yes, yes, I'll do so, but there is something on the end of your nose, Henry, that I'll brush off."

With that he put his finger near my nose and a stream of sparks flew therefrom with a crackling sound, and had tremendous shock which made me jump a longer distance than I ever did before. I fell flat on the floor. I ran to my mother and told her that I had been "struck by lightning." I never took another shock, but I helped Dr. Miner "fool" other boys, and men, too. It was lots of fun, for we lived among the "Vermont" Mountains and "shows" were very scarce. "UNCLE JERRY."

"As You Like It."

Geo. W. Davies says: "The weekly advent of the JOURNAL is as much looked forward to, with anticipation and pleasure and instruction, as are the yearly sessions of the camp meetings. The recent articles upon 'Mediums' Replies to Questions,' 'The Gospel of Jesus, Manhood,' by Charles Davenport, and the outburst of the editor upon the passing events in the circle of spiritualist thought, are strong meat to opening and growing minds, and entitle the JOURNAL to a place upon every home table where toleration of thoughts, and the ability of thinking in an unbiased manner upon the great questions of the day—are sought to be stimulated and encouraged. I owe to its columns much aid and assistance in my great struggle through life's troubles, and commend it to every one struggling with the problem of a troubled life."

Notes from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I left Grand Rapids Monday morning, and arrived here about 6:30 P. M. A company of twenty or so had been invited to meet me, among them Brother Giles B. Stebbins, the "Walking Encyclopedia," and a pleasant time was ours. At the close a plate was passed—not loaded with goodies, but empty and clean; and I returned with smiles on it, and to my great amazement, \$300.00 were collected for my benefit! Then Dr. Spinner planned a visit to Jackson, Wednesday evening, and I have agreed to stop there and so shall not arrive in Chicago before Thursday P. M., and go on to Kansas City on Friday. The interest at Grand Rapids is lively and growing, and the largest morning audience that ever greeted me there came out last Sunday; and the cordial greetings, kind words, good wishes, expressions of respect, and hopes for the future, so freely and earnestly manifested towards me, touched a deep, answering chord in my soul and braced me for the life-work I have chosen and the struggles that accompany my way. A choir of young singers has been organized for the occasion and they have been faithful in their work and added the cause much by their co-operation, giving us good soul-inspiring music. In connection with the sympathy with the band of faithful souls that move the spiritual life at Grand Rapids, and there are elements there that can develop a strong, useful, permanent society if united and guided by a faithful builder adapted to their needs and conditions. Mediums of different phases are developing there and the work goes on quietly. Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30, 1884.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Sheriff of the country are not complaining of hard times.

A Long Island man died the other day from grief from the loss of his favorite dog. England contributed \$5 toward the Garfield monument fund and France \$1,149. The Chinese in New York are contributing money to aid in carrying on the war against the French. William A. Wheeler, whom some readers will remember as a Vice President of the United States, is in poor health. The Ottoman Empire is about to take a census, and, oddly enough, proposes to let the job out to the lowest bidder. In the Falkland Islands they have every year 300 days of such weather as Chicago has enjoyed since the thaw set in. A Brooklyn car driver's mother died recently and left him a large sum of money; but the young man sticks to his car. When the first Atlantic cable was opened cablegrams cost \$100 for twenty words. Forty cents is now the rate. Butte, Montana, was "staked off" a year and a half ago. Now it is a city with daily newspaper, electric light, etc., and is called "The Silver Queen."

It is said that the skin of Campi, the Paris murderer, has been tanned, and will be used in binding the books and documents relating to his crime which were published. It is estimated that the total annual production of cigars in the United States in 1884 will be 3,000,000,000. This is nearly 250 a year for every male of twenty-one years. On Christmas Day Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, of New York, had 229 poor children at her house, and gave \$3,500 worth of presents, mostly clothing, made to her own order. A correspondent of the New York Sun thinks a determining effort will be made by syndicates of land grabbers to obliterate the Indian Territory during Cleveland's administration. The Great Eastern is 597 1/2 feet long and measures 13,915 tons gross. She has wheel and screw engines, the aggregate horse power of which is 13,000. No other vessel has as powerful engines. The King of Bavaria has a daily income of \$2,700; the King of Saxony, \$1,500; the King of Wurtemberg, \$1,300; the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, \$740; the Grand Duke of Sachsen-Weimar, \$600. Mr. Yan Phou Lee, a Celestial by nativity and sophomore by courtesy, has carried off the first prize in English composition in his class at Yale College, and some of the other boys were perfecting themselves in foot ball.

Annie Whittney, the American woman who has made a very good statue of Halet Marceau, is devoted to agriculture as well as art, and practically farms 175 acres in the New Hampshire White Mountain region. The Chinese soldiers' uniform consist of a blue tunic and as many more duds as he feels like getting inside of. A good many of them use their shoes for breast plates and stuff cotton in their ears to keep from being scared. Professor Felder, in Luzerne, Switzerland, discovered some two years ago a process by which he can keep milk perfectly fresh at least a fortnight. He collects milk in Paris fresh from the mountain districts of Luzerne. There is an eccentric old man named Patrick Kennedy at the Schenectady, N. Y., Poor House, who thinks he must receive his wages every Saturday night, and to satisfy him he is given a spoonful of castor oil, which he accepts as his salary. Nobody with a discernible amount of negro blood is admitted to the skating rink of Douglas, Mo., and a dark-complexioned Spaniard was compelled to produce documentary evidence of his nationality before the managers would believe him. The bright little son of a Senator evidently thought that the Senate was an hereditary institution; for, when asked what he intended to be on reaching majority, he nonchalantly answered: "Well, I'd like to be a hack driver, but I suppose I'll have to be a Senator."

A way has been discovered by which marble may be saturated with a certain paint so that it is possible to place a flower or a head upon a block of marble and then obtain as many slabs bearing the imprint as one sees fit to have the block sawed into. The process is called "Endolithy." In South America a shrub of the cactus family has been discovered whose flowers are visible only when the wind blows. The plant is about three feet in height, and on the stalk are a number of little lumps from which the flowers protrude when the wind blows upon them. The Free Methodist minister at Colorado Springs owns a couple twenty-three years old, and he challenges the country to show up her senior. This may not be the oldest cow living, but there are a great many people who believe they have seen pieces of older ones on their breakfast tables. Sarah Bernhard is said to be subject to sudden attacks of piety. One day recently she was surprised by her doctor in the act of prayer, with her attenuated hands clasped and her eyes uplifted as she piteously moaned, "Mon Dieu! She Jewells the fact that her son refused to become a clergyman. A North Carolina colored man recently found a loathsome working, containing \$40 in money and a diamond pin, and kept it intact three months, meanwhile searching everywhere for the owner. When at last he found her, it proved to be a lady of wealth, who opened her heart and rewarded the colored man's honesty with a gift of 25 cents. The volcano Kilawea, on the Island of Hawaii, is 14,000 ft. high and is said to be again showing a bad disposition. Five years ago last month it gave the town of Hile a free show, which it ended by running down the curtain of oblivion on the town. It was a mass of lava was half a mile in width, thirty to fifty feet in thickness, and buried Hile much as Vesuvius did Pompeii. There is a lady residing in Paris at present who is said to be preparing a genuine sensation for publication. It is to be a brochure, in which she attempts to prove that she is the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. She claims to be able to show that she was substituted in the place of the Crown Princess of Germany, with the connivance of some of the court habits and without the knowledge of the mother. In the Journal de Médecine de Paris a writer proposes that all large cities be supplied with fresh country air just as they are now with water. A large field in the country is to be surrounded with a high wall and planted with balsamic trees, to filter the air from dust. The air is then to be forced through pipes into every city house. The hygienist gravely calculates the expense, and provides for cooling the air in summer and heating it in winter. Mr. W. H. Pence, F. R. S., at a meeting of the Society of Arts in London recently called attention to the fact that electric lighting was flourishing in America much more than in England. Contrasting the brilliantly illuminated avenues of New York with the dull and dark streets of London he stated that on the evening of Oct. 21st he drove from the Windsor Hotel, New York to the Cunard wharf, a distance of about four miles, through streets entirely lighted by electricity. On the 10th of October he drove from Kuston station, London, to Waterloo, without seeing a single electric light.

The Wintun Indians of the Sacramento Valley believe in three worlds, and that each has its peculiar class of inhabitants. The sky is smoke, while to the majority of Indians it is ice, and a few think it quartz crystals. Mountains were made by the burrowing of the mole god. Light and darkness are maiden goddesses. Rocks and other inanimate things were once living, and some rocks now live and speak, this being the Wintun explanation of echoes. Whirlwinds are little spirits seeking water to drink. Diseases are caused by mythical animals.

Mr. Fawcett, the late universally regretted Postmaster-General of England, though deprived of sight, always had a crowd of shortsighted members around him in the house, to whom he would tell the names of those who were speaking as he knew all the members by their voices, even those who rarely took part in debate. When answering a question, too, he would quote from official documents as freely as though he was reading them. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who succeeds him in the office, is a son of Sir John Lefevre, a nephew of Lord Eversley, who was for so many years the popular Speaker of the House of Commons, and who, at the age of 91, retains his freshness unbroken by gout or years of toil.

Dead.

A valued correspondent who sends this poem says: "Why should not this poem be published once in a while. It is very sweet and tender to me. I would like to know the author?"

It Will Save Your Life.

Everybody knows the symptoms attending coughs and colds, but the dangerous character of these ailments is not so well understood.

Catarrh prevails in this country to an alarming extent. It is a troublesome and disgusting disease, usually induced by neglected colds, and, if allowed to become chronic, produces Bronchitis, and often terminates in Consumption.

Spitting of Blood.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me entirely. Mrs. R. Campbell, Woodville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled, for five years, with an affection of the throat and lungs, coughing severely the whole time."

It Cured Me

This troublesome complaint, when other remedies afforded no relief. Dr. P. Schley, Fredericktown, Md., writes: "In pulmonary cases, of an acute character, or of catarrhal origin, I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has effected many wonderful cures. Mrs. Mary K. Whitecomb, Hartford, Conn., writes: "Some years ago my mother had an obstinate cough, with severe pains in the chest, and several attacks of bleeding from the lungs."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

She did so, and by its use was restored to perfect health. Since her recovery the Pectoral has been her sole dependence for colds, coughs, and all similar troubles, which it has never failed to cure."

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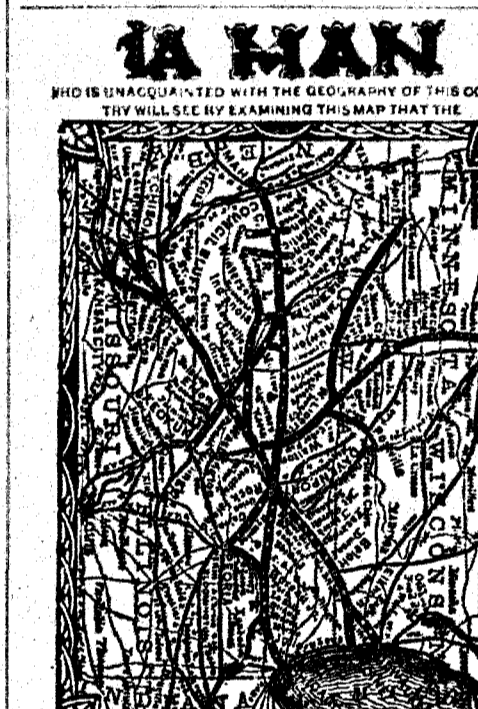


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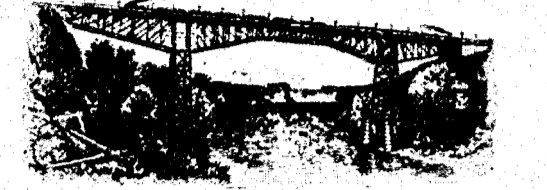
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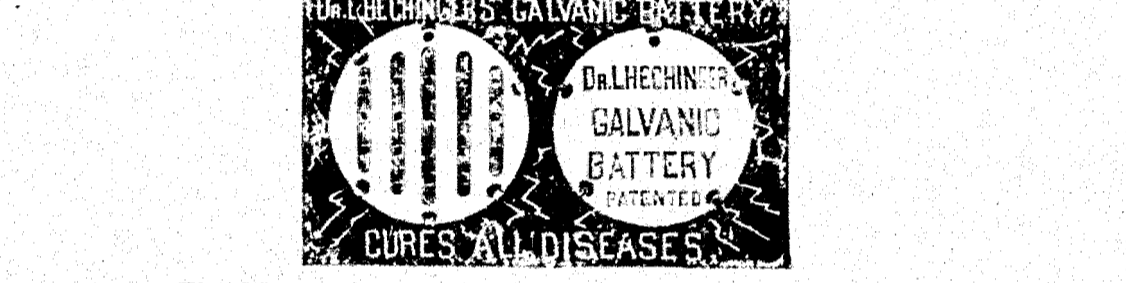
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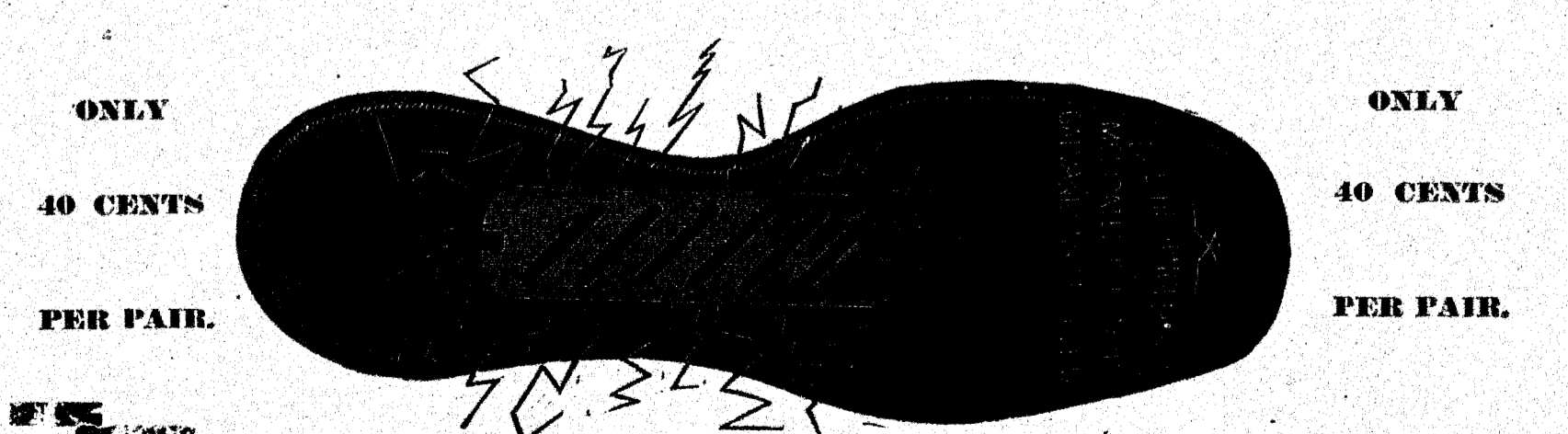
LIVER, BLOOD AND KIDNEYS.

STATE OF NEW YORK, MONROE COUNTY, ROCHESTER, N. Y. I, Peter Hoffman, do hereby state and certify that the Galvanic Batteries of Dr. L. Hechinger have cured me of Rheumatism and other diseases which prevented me from working for six months past.

We will Mail a Battery to any one Postpaid on Receipt of 50 cts.

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DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRO GALVANIC INSIDE SOLES.



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when for 40c you can keep them warm for a year. It is easier to prevent Colds and Coughs than to cure them. Electro Galvanic Inside Soles prevent all troubles arising from imperfect circulation of the Blood, and give life, vigor and warmth to the whole body.

ELECTRO GALVANIC HEALTH CO., 69 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Hoarseness Promptly Relieved.

The following letter to the proprietors of "Bronch's Bronchial Troches" explains itself: CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 12, 1884.

The Blood Would Run.

For five years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh. My nostrils were so sensitive I could not bear the least bit of dust; at times so bad the blood would run, and at night I could hardly breathe.

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved, for its early stages is curable.

He Knows It.

Hiram D. Maxfield, formerly of Silver Springs, R. I., has no doubt about the wonderful curative powers of Kidney-Wort. He was so afflicted with Kidney complaint that he could not stand on his feet from pain and weakness.

The Mormons continue their colonization of the territories surrounding Utah.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who to-day fill consumptive graves.

The average size of American families has decreased one-tenth since 1850.

The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotic drugs finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended.

The Bank of England now covers three acres of ground.

For cholera morbus, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, or to break up colds, fevers or inflammatory attacks, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed or Water Pepper. 50 cents. By druggists.

There are thirty-two miles of elevated railway in New York City.

The London Times is the largest daily paper published in the world.

Wolves are unpleasantly numerous in parts of Dakota.

BARNES' Patent Foot and Steam Power Machinery. Complete and perfect for all Workshop Business, Lathes for Wood or Metal, Cranking Saw, Scroll Saw, Press, Mortiser, Tenoners, etc.

DILLON BROS. NORMAL ILL. ISRAIAH DILLON AND SONS. LEVI DILLON AND SONS.

NORMAN HORSES (Formerly of firm of E. Dillon & Co.) NEW IMPORTATION Arrived in the condition June 15, 1884. Have a new large collection of choice animals.

Mrs. Reynolds's So-called Syro-Chaldaic Writing.

BY WM. KEMMETTE COLEMAN.

In the JOURNAL of Dec. 20th. received to-day, I find it stated that a Mrs. Reynolds of Troy, N. Y., has been for some years past producing a strange sort of hieroglyphic writing...

which sprang from the Phoenician about the 7th century B. C. The oldest forms of the Syriac alphabet date probably from one to three centuries B. C., and the parent forms of the Syro-Chaldaic from five to six centuries B. C.

If the language written by Mrs. R. is either Syriac or Syro-Chaldaic, it is a remarkable psychological phenomenon in itself, worthy of careful investigation.

Psychical Research.

The operations of the London Society for Psychical Research have already placed certain obscure phenomena in a novel light, and have excited widespread interest.

"Can Ghosts be Investigated?"

[To the Editor of Science.] SIR: The simplest, safest, and most complete reply to this question, asked by Professor Newcomb in Science, No. 97, is that thousands of the things called "ghosts" have been and are being investigated annually...

ments to any scientist, or to any other creditable person or body of persons who may wish to have them.

Among some of the "conditions" most essential to successful experiment in this difficult line of scientific research I will mention— 1. Freedom of the mind of the investigator...

The term "ghost" is objectionable enough in this connection, for obvious reasons, one of which is that "ghost" ordinarily means an alleged apparition of a dead person; in short, a "spirit" in the concrete.

Some persons, to my own most positive and unequivocal knowledge, have the power of causing a veridical phantom to issue from their own bodies...

Nevada is now known as the collapsed State. Near Indianapolis a pack of dogs attacked and killed a horse.

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