

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

Complete

TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

VOL. XXXIX.

CAGO, JANUARY 2, 1886.

No. 19

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FULL FORM MATERIALIZATION.

BY DR. J. FREDERIC BABCOCK.

"The path, and who hath shown it, and which is the faithful guide? The heaven, and who hath known it? For steep is the mountain side. For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only—death."

"Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the dreamer awake? Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the mirror break? Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and made From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?"

"Is there naught in the heaven above whence the hail and the lava are hurled. But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling world? The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence and sleep. With the dice and the sounds of lamenting, and voices of women who weep."

—From "Meditations of a Hindu Prince and Skeptic."

Is the materialization of spirit forms, as is so frequently asserted and ostensibly practiced, true? Do the so-called dead come back and by the process known as materialization actually resume their former bodies, or rather duplicate them, so that it is their own individual personality that we see, and hear, and touch? I make no reference whatever now to personification, transfiguration, or any other manifestation kindred to them in character; neither do I care to discuss them in any way. Those who fancy such forms of manifestation are, of course, at perfect liberty to gratify their belief and fan their faith to them without criticism. I am now writing upon the topic of "full form materialization," pure and simple. Is it true as applied, and in the character asserted, to Spiritualism? We are informed, over and over again, that it is, and the assertions are accompanied with an abundance of detail that, to the casual reader within our ranks, is accepted as proof beyond a reasonable doubt. The thoughtful, careful, and honest investigator, however, and weighs the value of all this detail; he dissects it and usually finds it, when subjected to the light, the most senseless drivel. Writers of more or less prominence in spiritualistic circles, such as Nelson Cross and T. B. Hazard, for instance, and whose articles as penned by themselves have rendered their stupendous credulity conspicuous to the most stolid and thick-headed reader, have almost exhausted the subject in prolific affirmations of the reality of the phenomena, and the absolute certainty of the genuineness of every so-called "full form materialization" which they have ever witnessed, notwithstanding the fact that several of them have subsequently been proven fraudulent and vile beyond expression; they have imposed no tests, made no examinations, or otherwise observed the assumed manifestations with such care as to be worthy of the name of investigation, and I so assert after a careful perusal of their own record. They have been content with the most cursory examinations; examinations of such a character as the clumsiest impostor would scarcely consider it worth his while to take the most ordinary precautions to forestall. Notwithstanding which these gentlemen, and others like them, assume the very grave responsibility of announcing to the world that "full form materialization" is true. Is it so? At the present time has it ever been proven so in this country? I do not make any attempt to controvert the assertion that it may be possible for our departed friends to accomplish and demonstrate this latest and grandest exhibition of their power, but that it is at present proven, or that they have, as yet, done so under reasonable tests and proper scrutiny, I deny.

No full form materializing medium that I have ever heard of, or met, will permit the investigation essential to a proof. Mention the subject of test to them and you will immediately discover that "personal dignity" will at once assume a prominent place in their conversation. If there are any genuine public teachers or illustrators of so grand and important a truth—if such it be—as full form materialization, their own intelligence should counsel that it is imperatively incumbent upon them to tender absolutely unqualified proof of their assertions, for, if they possess an intelligence worthy of the name they

cannot expect prejudice and ignorance upon such a subject to give way except under compulsion; except under methods of inquiry followed by answers which will meet the exigencies of the case. Why, then, prate of "personal dignity," when immortality is hanging in the balance, when by foregoing it—this "personal dignity"—you can respond triumphantly to the ceaseless wailings of the working man or the weeping woman, hungering, starving for ever so little that shall assure them of a life, an eternity, beyond the grave, and whose answer is only—death. Who among such so-called mediums have ever tendered adequate proof of their assertions? and when their investigators, after having been refused all other opportunity for investigation, have imperatively demanded their right to a true solution of the question, and have resorted to force, have they not invariably—there has been no exception—proven beyond all legitimate question that the particular "materialization" which came under such investigation, was fraudulent, when previous to such demonstration—and, only too frequently afterward, rob, thus aiding and abetting imposture—many a victim has been willing to stake his all upon its genuineness?

Is it not a trifle singular, too, in view of full form materialization being a fact, that there has never been an instance of "grabbing" where a thoroughly alive person did not turn up, with the gas, in the firm grasp of somebody as the result? Does any person know of an attempt at "grabbing" where the "grabber" failed to find something substantial in his hands if he held on? I have never seen an instance otherwise reported, and when the infernal fraud stands forth unmasked in all its nakedness, then follows the inevitable hue-and-cry of "violated conditions," and what are these "conditions"? Why, as simple and free from guile as the alphabet itself, viz.: Darkness, the utmost quiet, keep your feet on the floor, don't converse, and keep your seat under all circumstances unless called for. In other words, permit yourselves to be shackled to your chair, with a gag in your mouth; believe everything that may be told you, and you will find ample proof that "full form materialization" is undoubtedly true. Why, the veriest impostor—if openly acknowledged—could require nothing more; and upon no more substantial a basis than this ask a skeptical world to believe that the dead come back again. These "conditions" they term "favorable surroundings," and I venture to say that no person will have the temerity to dispute them; but allow the smallest disposition to make an investigation crop out, and "unfavorable surroundings" are established at once, and if this spirit of investigation is persisted in until it ultimately develops the so-called medium in your tenacious grasp as the result of endeavoring to embrace a "full form spirit materialization," then occurs the "instantaneous rushing of the medium into the form of the spirit" and the theories of "wicked spirits," "transfiguration," "transformation," "personification," and every other "ation"—many times including "damnation"—are rung in all their changes though previous to the exposure no other claim was made, no other representation tendered, than "full form materialization" unadulterated. What unfathomable credulity they must count upon in their vicims to make their unholy venture successful. Alas! how many are found to "fill the bill" and so justifying them in their expectations.

I maintain that all persons who possess the asserted powers of so-called "transfiguration" and "personification," but who represent them to all comers as demonstrations of "materialization" when they know that they are not, are equally guilty of fraud and imposture as though they had no mediumistic ability whatever, and are deserving of precisely the same disgrace and punishment. A mediumship which cannot bear the test of mortal senses is not worth the having, and I further assert that there is no genuine mediumship which will not eagerly court such. But who knows of a full form materialization medium who will offer—nay, insist upon—a rigid examination of their surroundings and their own persons prior to their exhibition, and yet the veriest dolt would suppose that any honest medium could do no less, but I seem to hear the remark, "How do you dispose of the recognitions which are so frequent?" and in reply I would simply say that the exposure of the fraud and imposture thus far made, sufficiently answers the question since they simply prove that the "recognitions" which were so prominent a feature of their previous "favorable surroundings" were not to be relied upon, thus demonstrating that these human ghouls recognize no sanctity in a grave—making the most tender and touching memories their plaything and their sport.

I further venture to make the prediction, based upon past experience, that there is no so-called full form materialization medium in the United States who will permit me or my representative—after two sittings at their ordinary sances—to make such an investigation into the truth of their assertions as are suggested to others below. And were I such a medium, I should regard it as contemptible to talk of personal dignity, or consent any innocuous, or be affronted because of honest suspicion, before I had submitted myself and my belongings, and my premises to the most rigid scrutiny that intelligent skepticism could propose.

To those who are fitted for such an investigation as representative men, men whose re-

port would be regarded as trustworthy in other matters, I would say: Go to any prominent full form materialization mediums in this country and ask their submission to this sort of an investigation. First: two sittings at their regularly conducted sances; this for the purpose of becoming acquainted with their particular method of procedure and acquiring a familiar impression of their cabinet room surroundings.

Second: Just previous to your third and final sitting, examine carefully all the rooms lower than their cabinet room, together with those adjoining; measure the thickness of various floors and dividing partitions; station one of your number in the room beneath and in every adjoining apartment, there to remain in the light while the sance continues, and finally see to it that the bodies of your mediums undergo the strictest scrutiny at the hands of a skeptical committee, composed of ladies or gentlemen, as the case may require, never permitting the mediums thereafter to be out of your sight under any pretense whatever, until each one may enter the cabinet, when the party's clothing, in its various pieces, should be united by frail, fine thread, and the mediums tied to the chair in which they sit, with the same material. When making your investigations always bear in mind that those "mediums" who are fraudulent are cunning, and hence have occupied plenty of time, study, and ingenuity in making everything appear plausible, therefore do not confine your suspicions nor curtail them—where the mediums own or occupy their apartments permanently—but give them the freest play and the widest range. Critically examine everything and omit nothing because it appears remote from your object, since the omission may prove to be exactly what you are searching for to render any possible fraud apparent.

Is there anything in the above proposals which an honest, upright full form materialization medium should shrink from? Is there anything in them to violate reasonable "conditions" or to make "unfavorable surroundings" in the eyes of a sincere person? Are they not such as any worthy straightforward medium would require in view of all the fraud which has thus far been exposed, but more especially in view of demonstrating to all the world the truth or falsity of asserted full form materialization? Does any reader know of any such mediums who have subjected themselves to any such an exhaustive investigation, as to the truth or falsity of their momentous assertions, by a competent body of investigators largely composed of honest and unprejudicial skepticism? When such an organization find such mediums who will develop their materialized form under such tests then and then only can the fact of full form materializations be said to have been proven; and whenever you approach a materialization medium in a serious and kindly way with such a committee of investigation as I have proposed and are met with a flood of indignation, and assertions of "personal dignity" and the information that your opinion, pro or con, is not in the least necessary or desirable, you may be certain that you have the ear marks of a great fraud right before you, and I should advise you to act accordingly. Another fraud formula may usually be found in the séance room itself which consists of a little preparatory speech by the conductor of the ceremonies and which is about as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—for such we hope you are—you have gathered here this evening to witness full form spirit materialization, but before proceeding further we desire to say to you that we make no assertions as to the nature of what may occur here this evening. You are here to judge for yourselves. We believe that if any forms are seen here this evening—and we cannot promise anything—they are spirit materializations; but remember that you are alone your own judge and you must decide the matter for yourselves. We promise nothing, we make no assertions, but if you are not satisfied with this you now have an opportunity to retire. If you remain, however, you must honorably agree to abide by our 'conditions,' which are very simple, being absolute quiet—no conversation—your feet must be kept on the floor, and yourselves in your seats, save as you may be called to the cabinet. We simply require that you shall act as ladies and gentlemen." The following threat is not infrequently added: "If there are any 'grabbers' here to-night we can assure them of a warm reception in the event of their making themselves manifest."

Such is the usual preliminary announcement so far as my experience extends as well as the common assertions of my informants. I inquire of my readers, is not fraud patent in every line of it? Their own consciousness of jugglery seems to render it incumbent upon them to make this announcement in order that as impostors the law cannot reach them, as was the case of the Whitney materialization frauds at present in full blast in Boston, I am told, but who were exposed as impostors here in Bangor in the clearest and most unmistakable manner. Were full form materialization mediums genuinely possessed of such marvelous and wonderful power—were they dealing with actual facts, not one of them would rest until the world announced its belief in the same. Their own consciousness of the great problem solved, "if a man die, shall he live again"—of the actual return of a once dead friend—stop and consider what that involves—would render them unceasing in their endeavors to impart their own knowledge to their fellow beings without money and without price, would

render their own lives pure and upright, and their cabinet a very holy of holies. Can any sensible man then imagine any more idiotic drivel than their frequent proclamation that full form materialization is "no one's business but their own." No one's business but their own, forsooth, when the problem which it would solve has been that of all the world for countless ages; of many a mother weeping for her first-born; of many a heart-broken father, sister, or brother mourning for those gone on before; and of many a coward loth to die. God forbid that I should say aught antagonistic to bona fide full form materialization mediums, if such their be, for with all His blessings to mankind the renewal of our relations with those who are dead and gone, if for ever so brief a period, would be the greatest and the most grateful ever vouchsafed to a sinful world, but that there is any such materialization of spirit forms I maintain has never yet been proven as the result of any investigation worthy the name. Bangor, Maine.

NOTES ON CALIFORNIA.

The Signs of the Times.

BY E. WHIPPLE.

Alongside a super-excellent nature here, one meets with a human nature that is fraught with more sorrow, struggle and disappointments than can be found perhaps anywhere else on the globe. The longer I stay here the more am I in love with the climate and scenery of California. The varied resources and grand aspects in this state give the first essentials of an earthly paradise. But nowhere are the works of an inverted society more conspicuous than here, and nowhere are the consequences of that inversion more apparent than in this beautiful state of California. All the places of fine resort are monopolized by money changers, who exact a big fee from the tourist. The great bulk of the fertile land is in large holdings, and the owners demand ruinous prices of would-be purchasers. By far the greatest majority of small holdings, where the purchaser has attempted to make a home, are encumbered with that "cursed thing"—the mortgage, while the money-lender is usually inexorable. All the highways and railways in California swarm with an army of tramps, the majority of whom are unable to get work. There are 20,000 men in this city to-day unable to procure employment, and several thousand of these have families that are destitute. "Not a day passes," says the manager of an employment office in this city, "but at least a thousand men visit this office in search of work, and are willing to receive for salary whatever is offered—in fact, wages are not taken into account at all. Several large establishments here have been compelled to hang placards on their doors bearing the inscription, 'No help wanted.' The use of such a notice has become an absolute necessity with many large firms. Judge Maguire said, in the San Francisco Chronicle, of 8th inst.:

"Laborers seeking employment are so numerous along the country roads that the people are obliged to refuse to give them food, and they live, as best they can, upon grapes, fruit, wheat and raw vegetables, obtaining even these by theft. * * * The natural resources of California are ample to support in comfort a population of 30,000,000 of people, and all existing distress is the result of excluding the people from those resources." Again, thousands come to this city from various parts of the east, animated with the desire to become suddenly rich without labor, and invest their all in mining stock. As a matter of course they lose all and become stranded; and a man might as well find himself in Fiji among cannibals, as in California without money. The Stock Exchange in San Francisco is nothing better than a gambling hell, where a few millionaires move the dice and draw in the unwary victims who are sacrificed by thousands every year. No one pities; no one comes to the victim's rescue. A few more struggles without result and the man is either taken to the asylum or he ends his earthly career by suicide. From the Chronicle of Nov. 7th, I take the following:

CROWDED INSANE ASYLUMS. "Both institutions in the state—at Napa and Stockton—are excessively crowded. At Napa the officials are compelled to make up beds for many inmates in the hall-ways. The commitments from this city are continually on the increase. Ending June 20, 1884, there were 401, to June 20th, 1885, 447, and since July 1st of the present year the commitments have numbered 173—an average equal to 500 per year. So inadequate are the present accommodations of the asylum for this constantly increasing army of insane persons, that it is feared that the proposed new asylum will be filled as soon as it is opened."

It has been long apparent to me, that the final outcome of a social and political state that is essentially selfish must be self-destruction. Parallel with the increased facilities for obtaining a living we see great masses of men and women being pressed to the wall. The cry of starving millions ascends to heaven in the midst of plenty, while a "corner" is being made in corn or wheat that the income of the fat speculator may be increased a few thousands. The labor saving appliances of the nineteenth century, by which the necessities and luxuries of life are so rapidly accumulated, welded in self-interest as they are, instead of being made to serve a beneficent end for the elevation of

the masses, are, as a matter of fact, converted into instrumentalities to increase their woes. When a machine is devised, capable of accomplishing the labor previously performed by one hundred men, the capitalist secures a monopoly of the machine, retains ten men to operate it, and turns the ninety men loose to become wandering tramps and criminals.

This is the inevitable outcome of material improvements when wielded by an inverted society. It is the assertion of the law of "struggle for existence and survival of the fittest"—but the fittest here means brute strength and cunning, where moral equity and divine human sympathy are laughed at as sentimental notions that have no necessary connection with sound business principles. I would not imply that capitalists alone are in the spirit of selfishness, while the masses are in the spirit of brotherhood. Neither are the laborer, as soon as he can command the resources, begins to oppress the weak for self-gain. The opposition of the laboring class upon this coast to the Chinese, is proof that the laboring man is not in the attitude to make common cause with the laboring man everywhere. His efforts do not contemplate interests above or beyond the clan or race to which he belongs. Hence we are all participants in a bad system. The fundamental principles from which our social and political activities spring are the inversion of true social order; and that order cannot be evolved until both the environment and the spirit and motives which influence our actions towards each other are changed. The condition of growth in the old is to appropriate, like the animal, to self. The condition of growth in the new is to give in service to others. The wider the field in which we can diffuse our thoughts, the larger we become intellectually, and the wider the range of our sympathies—provided we are surrounded by reciprocating objects—the greater is the growth of the soul.

While Herbert Spencer is writing essays on the "Evolution of Society," he himself takes breath occasionally to lament the looseness of public morals, the alarming increase of adulteration, fraud, crime, insanity and general misery. And this is what we must call "evolution" and the growing tendencies toward brotherhood. My God! When I reflect that beggary, crime and insanity increase in the ratio of the facilities for acquiring a means of living, while nature continues bountiful I know there must be a self-destructive principle at work whose outcome will be a revolution as wide as the distribution of nations upon the planet. The thunders and the hail must be preparing to rain destruction upon this world-wide Sodom. Indeed, I believe that things will be changed by instrumentalities which are now beyond the grasp of the mortal; that the solution will come in a way entirely different from what men are generally expecting.

A great change is evidently impending in the world, which will be the summing up of all preceding cycles on earth. All past cycles must now give an account of their "stewardship" and balance their accounts with the new age that is dawning. The angel reapers have put their sickles in the ripe grain. The harvest fields are in view. The "stone" cut from the mountains is descending, and it will grind to powder the kingdoms of iron and clay that are linked with fraud and injustice. The change will not be one of dynasties, or exchange of tyrants, but it will be a change that will sweep from the face of the earth all unjust rule and all unjust rulers, and in their stead will inaugurate an integral and constructive order, and establish a people who will be devoted to the arts of peace and the promotion of real brotherhood. Now we have only the inversion of brotherhood.

It is not my prediction that this change will be accomplished in a few years, neither do I expect that it will finally flower out by a gradual process of evolution of the existing average humanity. A series of events must needs succeed each other in an orderly sequence, in accordance with the natural laws, and yet as the issue of the wise councils of the interplanetary congresses. I interpret that as a part preparation for the breaking up of the old state of things, the rival governments will contend with each other for supremacy. Then a "forerunner" must come and unite the powers that tend toward democracy, as a preliminary to their final overthrow. America will be tried in the furnace heats. In a few years—from seven to ten years perhaps—she will enter upon her "third peril," and have a close struggle for national existence with the catholic power and governments of the east. Emerging from this struggle, with her cities destroyed and her life chastened with great suffering, she will be the first among a series of nations to enter into the new constructive order.

I watch the signs of the times with great solicitude, and while I am pained daily by the suffering that exists in the world and by the suffering that must ensue while the changes are going forward, I do not interpret as a man in despair, but I behold in all these signs and in all this suffering a speedy fulfillment of the conditions of the old, and a sure prophecy of the approach of the new. Many now living will doubtless be witnesses to the death throes of the old, and a few now living will also participate, in their old age, in the home-rest which the new will achieve in a few favored centers upon the planet. And the time is not far distant when peace and brotherhood will be universal on the earth.

San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. VEGA AND VICINITY.

"The Harp of Orpheus."

BY J. G. JACKSON.

May we not look to the stars for Christmas inspiration, for Christmas contemplation, and for the wreathing of flowers culled from the poetry of science? Vega is the arbitrary name of one of the most brightly beautiful fixed stars in our northern hemisphere, and is chosen as a sample star of the first magnitude, almost always visible in the latitude of Chicago, and the whole of the United States at some hour of the night, and in some well-defined position as respects our earthly point of reference.

Washington, our seat of government, being near latitude thirty-nine degrees, will, like other places on that belt, see Vega in or near the zenith in the early autumn evenings crossing the meridian of each place at the same hour, local time.

Chicago, your boasted metropolitan city, where the good JOURNAL sees its birth, is near the forty-second parallel, and our sample star must needs pass over the hats of her citizens about three degrees south of the zenith; and so with all other wild people on that parallel, the world round, Vega, of course, is one of the "fixed-stars," and I have paused on these dry details to enforce the realization, that fixedness and daily seeming motion are not anomalous. Compared with each other, as respects their relative positions, and as seen by every eye less critical than that of the cultured astronomer, the fixed-stars remain for ages!

"As silent, as still and as changeless as death."

It is only we, the denizens of Mother Earth, who go wheeling on our annual circuit, presenting daily our faces to all the meridians of the skies, as well as successively projecting our Father, the Sun, once during each year into juxtaposition with every meridian, that so complicates the positions on the stellar vault, relatively to the sun and earth, as to puzzle those who only casually observe and make them marvel that aught so shifting with the seasons, so changeable in their positions on the brow of night, should ever be termed "fixed" or viewed as stationary.

But a little thought will teach us all, as it has taught the amateurs of science, that our own unsteady footstool is the cause of the varied appearances that so perplex us.

To always find Vega, then, let us add: in April and May, about nine o'clock in the evening, when the Great Bear and the pointers appear above the Pole-star, Vega is low down and rising in the north-east. At the same hour during July and August, with the "Bear" to the westward of the Pole-star, she is rising correspondingly higher in the north-east, and in October and November (Bear low in the north) our gem of the night is near to the zenith.

And now, on Christmas Eve, with thousands of distant suns, sparkling, perhaps, over glittering wastes of snow, quit ye for a minute, oh! favored ones, your warm firesides of social cheer and feasting, and bow to her in the north-west as she rides her descending silvery ear half way down the ether vault. There, at the same season, has she calmly glittered, ages before "the morning stars sang together"—yes, coeval with the times when the "hands of Orion" were welded, or the "sweet influences of the Pleiades" shed abroad upon the earth.

There the "wise men of the East" saw and admired her beams, and by her placid loveliness were cheered the lonely night-watches of the Chaldean shepherd.

Yes! bow and ask of her: "Oh! queen of stars, tell us, we pray thee, in the abounding glory of a sun (as science reveals) far more mighty than our own, hast thou in thy train of planetary worlds one globe so ripened by thy glorious rays, under the laws of the Infinite Presence, that molds both thee and us—hast thou one whereon knowledge so prevails and divine law is so revered, that the Fiend of Intemperance finds no prey—and 'man's inhumanity to man' ceases to make 'countless thousands mourn'?"

And you, ye outcast, this night, perhaps, suffering with cold and hunger, should you chance to note the calm glitter of this silver star, let us pray you—be you wronged or wronging, sinners or sinned against—let those ever steady rays chide you into the right on the one hand, or comfort you with the assurance on the other, that no law exists more certain than the law of compensation, and that yours shall ultimately be, oh! afflicted ones, the more abounding and eternal weight of joy and gladness of heart.

Pardon me, dear readers of the JOURNAL, for this poor illustration, that we may always find in the study of the stars a quiet and ceaseless inspiration—an exaltation of mind, whose tendency is toward the love of the good, the true, the beautiful and the abiding. They who dwell often under the influence of this inspiration, learning of the vastness, the steadiness, and the harmony ever prevailing in the heavens, become lifted measurably above all narrow and inharmonious things, while the mythical fables of the past and the hurtful dogmas and inventions of ignorant men, still lingering, vanish from their minds like the chaff from the "shelling-hill." But the pen has run away with my prudence. I had thought of adding more of the particulars concerning this beautiful sample star. It is the lucida, the brightest member of the constellation Lyra—the Harp.

Mythology teaches that this is the harp of Orpheus translated to the skies. He who was so skilled in music that when visiting Tartarus (the land of the dead) to recall his wife, Eurydice, his strains had power to quiet the terrible guardian dog, Cerberus, to suspend the torments of that fabulous region and charm even the infernal deities themselves. He accordingly prevailed upon Proserpine, the Queen, to surrender Eurydice on condition that he would not look at her until out of their dominions. But alas!

"For near the confines of ethereal light, And longing for the glimmering of a night, The unwary lover cast a look behind, Forgetful of the law, not master of his mind, Straight all his hopes exhausted in empty smoke; And his long tolls were forfeit for a look."

This much of the mythical for the entertainment of the curious. What now does science reveal concerning our sample star? That her distance from us is immense goes without question; but so awfully distant is she as to be yet beyond accurate measurement. It is put down in the books at eight-hundred years of light passage at the rate of 190,000 miles per second, and this is more probably an under than an over estimate. This vast distance is about equivalent to a railroad journey of twenty-eight millions of years at the rate of one thousand miles per day of ceaseless running, and is far more than the mind can grasp.

According to intelligent estimates our sun, at the distance of Vega, would not shine nearly so bright as she, and his great inferiority to her becomes a rational conclusion.

The very formation of a sun involves, according to the best received theories of development, the throwing off of attendant bodies as illustrated in our own home planetary system. As to how many cooled and ripened planets Vega may hold under the command of her immense power of gravity, to be warmed and fertilized by her genial rays into the development of life, animal and spiritual, no one can tell; but one single attendant of her is known to almost every telescopic—an attendant that must itself be a secondary sun to appear visible so far. The writer of this missive has seen two, and others with larger telescopes have glimpsed more, less distant ones. So it amounts to certainty that this sample star is a mighty center of abounding life, an appropriate illustration that all other stars are suns, in a measure similarly endowed, and ordained for the same grand uses.

Vega is well worthy of remark in another sense. The imaginary axis of old Earth is very slowly rocking, like a dying top, and consequently our celestial "Pole" is describing a circle in the heavens around the pole of the ecliptic. In about twelve thousand years (A. D. 13,885), on Christmas eve our present polar point, having passed away from what is now the pole-star, will have reached the vicinity of Vega—and she will have become the guide of the mariner upon the ocean, the caravan driver upon the desert. A few words now concerning the vicinity of Vega:

Near by, in the same constellation, appear to the unaided eye two comparatively small stars, most likely far beyond her of whom we have been treating. One of them, the telescope reveals to be a "double star," of which there are many in the Heavens, forming stellar systems wherein the members revolve, each around their common centre of gravity, in very long periods; indicating that while appearing as one to the naked eye, they are really very far asunder. The inhabitants of the planetary worlds that must needs attend each of these double suns, of course enjoy the light and beauty of two suns in constantly varying positions and splendor.

The other of the two smaller stars near Vega, is revolved by the telescope into a double pair, or, as it is termed, a quadruple star. The individuals of each pair revolve around each other, as above, one pair of them in about 2,000 years; the other in about 1,000 years; while, strange to say, the pairs themselves, each as a united couple, appear to be describing orbits around the common centre of gravity of the whole, once in "something less than a million years." How almost infinitely distant must that system be from us, when the orbit of its revolution of one million years appears to our eyes as but a point!

There is the ringed nebula and other marvels in the vicinity of the constellation Lyra; but I have said enough. The sky is full of marvels when the glare of sunlight is shrouded by the body of the earth, and the darkness of night opens to us the glory and the infinitude of the Heavens.

Let us, dear readers of the JOURNAL, remember our birthright, and that the mental and spiritual power that can grasp and contemplate these infinitudes, must needs itself be indestructible. Let us turn to them when ever tempted to aught that is unworthy of us, and gather thence our inspiration and our strength.

Let us be more and more impressed with the thought that this infinitude of worlds is inhabited by creatures of a similar order to ourselves, endowed with the capacity of unending growth and abilities for the attuning of ever unfolding harmonies and uses.

Our business in this world is to subdue and to order it in perfect accord with the Divine harmony.

A grand onward, yet abiding sample and expression of Divine order, is open to our eyes in the Heavens above. When we pass to the inner life we shall perceive it yet more and more grandly.

"Ye are born of the star beams, Oh! children of God."

HEREDITY OF THE MEMORY.

H. D. VALIN, M. D.

Certainly one of the most valuable contributions to the science of the mind is the treatise on "Heredity," by Th. Ribot, in which all forms of inheritance are reduced to definite laws; and a flood of light is thrown on phenomena of mental heredity which were formerly relegated to the limbo of superstitions. This author looks upon memory as "an incipient habit," in which I fully agree, and as habits are most commonly transmitted by inheritance we should expect memories also to be transmitted in many cases. The same argument is applicable to memory which is thus applied to the intellect by the same author.

"Intellect is a function whose organ is the brain; the brain is transmissible, as is every other organ, the stomach, the lungs, and the heart; the function is transmissible with the organ; therefore intellect is transmissible with the brain." However, Ribot comes to the conclusion that "when we search history or medical treatises for facts to establish the heredity of the memory in its individual form, we meet with little success." Indeed he fails of mentioning a single case of such inheritance, and only gives instances where the power for remembering (not the memories themselves) has been transmitted. I will, therefore, contribute one example of the inheritance from parent to child of a memory of language.

E. D. is a little girl aged fifteen months. She is bright and healthy although rather delicate. She has blue eyes and auburn hair, but her hair was long and black at birth. Her father is a French Canadian, and has black hair and blue eyes, while her mother is an American of German descent. E. D. has inherited most of the features of her father, even some anomaly in the motions of the lips, the same shape of the nose, a peculiar way of fixing the eyes, and of joining the hands; his peculiar mode of laughing; besides pronounced tastes for half a dozen articles of diet which her father likes and her mother dislikes. Again, from the time she was six months of age, she has always turned away any toy, dolls and the like, for a book, the father being an ardent student. These are all common points of observation with which many fathers and mothers are quite familiar, and as Ribot shows, heredity from father to daughter, or mother to son, is the most frequent, but we now arrive at the main facts of the case.

This little girl has heard but two languages spoken to her, German and English by both parents and the servant; the first word she ever spoke was *monna* when five months old. Her first words of assent and dissent were *oui* and *non* when eight months of age, and she does not yet know *yes* or *no*, though she seems to have forgotten *oui*. When a

year old she was presented with a poodle dog named *Venus*, which she called *Nanan*. About the same age she used freely the words *dog* and *paw*.

I could cite more such words, each of which she used occasionally and always appropriately for several weeks, but ultimately forgot. Now, these six words are French, and the very ones that her father is likely to have exclusively used when a babe. The *u* of the last word was sounded as in French, of course, and so were the nasal sounds of *non* and *Nanan*, a feat impossible for her mother to accomplish. The first and last of the words quoted should be spelled *maman* and *plus*, but the pronunciation, when spelled as above, gives the French Canadian dialect as spoken by that little girl, and their meaning is: *Mamma*, *yes*, *no*, *candy*, *good*, and *no more*. *Nanan* must have been suggested by *Venus*, but it is, all the same, one of the very first words a French child talks.

She said *papa* when seven months of age, but that word is French as well as German and English. Her first German words, of which language she hears the most, were *haben* and *nehmen*, which she first said when eight months old, and now that she is starting to talk German a little, she says *gib mich*, instead of *haben* for let me have. She also first said *essen*, to eat; but that was more probably a combination of English with German than low German. Any one that is not already greatly prejudiced will be hereby convinced that the heredity of the memory of language is a fact, and this solves the problem, is language more easily learned by one whose ancestors spoke that language in the affirmative. For, in the above instance, the child who started talking French when less than six months old, and can hardly talk a few words of German now that she is fifteen, would certainly have learned the former language, which she thus knew from inheritance, far sooner than German or English. For those who would call my veracity in doubt, I am ready to produce two witnesses to the above facts which all came under my observation.

A case like this is of a nature to throw some light on the formation of languages. The modern schools of biology are inclined to the belief that language was primitively an imitation of sounds which conveyed as good a representation of natural sounds as picture-writing did of objects and events ("Tyler's Anthropology," Language.) It is most probable that our earliest ancestors could only utter a few imitative sounds, but that these being transmitted, in some degree, by inheritance, enabled each successive generation to acquire more imitative sounds until articulate language became possible. And this must have contributed the most to the evolution of language among those races, like the American Indian or our Aryan ancestors, who had no fixed system of writing.

The inheritance of memory has been observed in the case of birds. Witness the often recorded fact that when telegraph wires are first erected in a country, a great many birds kill themselves by flying against the wires which they do not perceive, but those birds that survive, having been witnesses of these deaths, take better care to distinguish these wires and transmit to their descendants this "incipient habit," their power of observation, so that in the course of one or two years it is extremely rare for the progeny of these birds to fly against these same wires. This might receive a different explanation, but not one more to conform with the facts. At any rate the same fact in man is no longer to be questioned. Indeed far stranger instances of inherited memories have been observed in man, though the only author that I know of who mentions the subject is Chauncey Wright (Philosophical Discussions), who says of those dreams of strange places and events that often recur to one in his sleep, with the intimation of being familiar though never seen in a wakeful state—that they are inherited memories. Some writers are spoken of in the "Scientific American" (1875-1879), as believing in the transmission to the child *in utero* of some impressions made on the mother at the time. I know of personal observations which may prove of interest to my readers.

I reported, a couple of years ago before the Chicago Medical Society, the case of a child who was born with a very crooked nose, which anomaly was ascribed by the mother to the fearful impression made on her some time before by the sight of a man whose nose was half destroyed by a cancer; and medical literature and tradition abound in such instances, but I wish to speak from personal experience of one such strange case of mental heredity.

My mother was brought up and educated in a most romantic country village, which she revisited a few months before I was born. The first time that I visited it I remembered vividly having been there before. In fact I could tell at that time what next would follow in the scenery, and I argued with my relatives who were denying my former knowledge of that place; my mother having died when I was about nine months old, and I had not had any description of it from any one, nor conversed with any one in regard to the village scenery. For many years I wondered over the fact, at that time, inexplicable. It was twelve years old when this incident happened, and, as I was possessed of a good memory for places, I never could doubt that this was a plain case of the heredity of memory.

The next instance of the kind that I came across was one in the family of Mr. J. E. Lanou, a very intelligent and well informed man, with whom I resided while attending college in Burlington, Vt. Here a little girl had inherited so good a memory of an uncle, whose funeral had been attended by her mother, not long before this little girl's birth, that she could give a full description of him, and she knew his picture at once the first time that she ever saw it. The fourth case I heard of was one communicated to me by the manager of *Mind in Nature*, and is too valuable and interesting to be long left unreported by him.

Of the preceding only the first instance is a plain case of hereditary memory; the second and third cases seem of the same nature to me, but they may be cases of maternal impressions. Though analogous cases are often met with which are ascribed to certain disposition on the part of the mother having influenced the progeny before birth, most such cases are to be referred to peculiarities of character inherent not in the parents alone, but even in the grand-parents and transmissible by heredity.

Nevertheless, few physicians would deny maternal impressions in totality. Indeed, just as puppies, having a cat for foster-mother, have been known to wash cat fashion, their faces with their paws; just as a child brought up by strange parents takes often a great deal after them in its habits and features; so the influence of a mother over her progeny *in utero* may well extend to higher phenomena, yet, for the relation is much closer and more direct. Such heredity is a sort of link between true heredity and the influence of education. In fact it is most

probable that a mother thinks for her child as well as she eats for it. The communication between the two need not be nervous, for it is protoplasmic, and protoplasm is endowed with the properties of all tissues; and such cases are not easily excluded from the laws of heredity, though here necessarily unilateral.—*Mind in Nature*.

Experiments in Psychological Research.*

Finding myself in a closely crowded circle of noisy and discordant people, and as usual in such an assembly, nothing personal falling to my share, I became after two hours of patient waiting, exceedingly weary. At length, I intended to withdraw quietly and brave the odium of disarranging the proceedings. A voice, however, spoke to my unuttered thoughts, "Stand up and it will rest you." As a turbulent guitar was at the time furiously circling around, just above our heads, I hesitated somewhat to put myself in its way. Nevertheless, being reassured by the voice, I silently stood up, and when the instrument came to my neighbor on the right, it tapped her on the head, and rising up, passed over me, ruffling my hair, and descended to the person on my left. This was repeated three times. No human adroitness could have compassed this feat in the profound darkness. The voice had kept faith with me.

On several occasions a large and strong hand grasped mine, and a man's voice apparently, talked to me as a moral philosopher, sometimes as a humorist, and occasionally sung very loudly in a deep bass voice. No degree of suspicion could refer the grasp of this hand, to the medium's soft and plump fingers. If not phenomenal it was the work of a confederate. To exclude the possibility of any such being present, or of any children being introduced, some friends invited Mrs. Lord to spend a week with them. She came alone two hundred miles, and no one was present at the séances, but those vitally interested in knowing the exact truth. Yet there was my genial friend, as strong, as wise and as musical as ever, and there too, were children with hands, wrists and arms no larger than babies.

Long ago when I was very young, a valuable picture was missing from my father's house. Forty years afterwards I recognized the picture and succeeded in purchasing it. Taking it home and cleaning off the accumulated dust, I satisfied myself beyond any possible doubt as to the identity of the picture. In a séance that I attended, a voice purporting to come from the gentleman at whose death my father had inherited the picture, and for whom I had been named, stated that he was present, and on my asking for some evidence of this besides his bare word, went into the history of this painting he had once owned, who had given it to him, the manner, and through whom it had come to me, with the names of relatives in whose possession it had been, some of them dead for nearly a century.

A miniature had been in my possession for many years, and I had generally kept it sealed up, from an apprehension that it might fade. Having buttoned it up under my coat, I attended a séance, and after the light was extinguished, handed it to another person to give to the medium. She immediately exclaimed that a square box had been placed in her hands, but soon added that it was the picture of a beautiful young lady, not a photograph, with dark hair wound around her head in heavy masses; that she was about twenty years old at the time of painting (here a voice interrupted, giving the age as twenty-three); that the picture had come across the ocean (in fact it had crossed several times) and from the many Quakers she saw around, must have been painted in Philadelphia. She then gave the relationship to me, and the Christian name of the original. These particulars were exact and within my own knowledge, except the age, presumably, however, correct, as since ascertained from old family letters.

The preceding instances were generally within my own knowledge. It was a vital point to ascertain if that was a constant factor in a successful result, or if these correct communications came from an exterior intelligence governed by its own knowledge. For this purpose special experiments were arranged.

PRECONCERTED EXPERIMENTS.

The following instances attempt to determine if the intelligence possesses any knowledge that can only be in the scope of the mentality it assumes to be, and to obtain proof if possible that a subjective vision of a form presents the same appearance to the psychic, through her cerebral memory, in the presence of another investigator. The study of the visions of the psychic, in connection with the visible and audible effects accompanying them, will no doubt help us in determining their nature. I subjoin an instance which occurred, in illustration of my meaning.

A lady was being mesmerized for insomnia at her own house. Being on terms of intimacy with the family, I constantly visited at the place. On one occasion when the invalid was asleep, I saw another lady approaching the house, who was said to be a rapping medium. I called her in. On reëntering the room, the somnambule was conversing, as she often did, with what appeared to be a vision of her mother. I asked her if her mother could reach my senses, by moving an object or by rapping. She replied in the affirmative after asking the vision, "Where do you see your mother now?" "Near the picture of General Monk."

"Ask her to rap on it."

The rappings at once came on the picture, sharp and loud swaying it two or three inches at each blow. Under such circumstances we cannot look upon a force which produces effects at a distance of fifteen feet from the nearest person, as a cerebral hallucination. On every occasion when I visited Mrs. Lord's circles, at intervals sometimes of five years, an intelligence purported to be present, giving the same name, and preserving not only the same tone of voice, but the same character of speech and action. It is constant in my experience, that when an individuality is once assumed, it is preserved with great faithfulness. I procured the photograph of the person whose name was so constantly spoken, and placed it with a dozen others of the same sex and apparent age. Attending another circle, as soon as the light was extinguished, I secretly drew from my pocket the package of photographs, laid it on my knees, and when the intelligence announced itself, mentally requested it to pick out its own likeness.

The pictures were moved about, as if being examined, and one of them was held up, which I marked No. 1. Later in the evening I made the same request twice, and marked the card or cards held up 2 and 3. After the gas was lighted I found my figures 1, 2, and 3

* Some experiments in Psychological Research, principally through Mrs. Maud E. Lord, from an unpublished work, entitled "Human Imponderables." A Psychological Study. By J. D. Featherstonhaugh.

on the same card. It was the right one, and each time had been held up, with the back towards me, thus escaping any injury from my pencil, to my very great satisfaction. This experiment was repeated with like success.

The medium did not know I was trying an experiment, and had never seen the picture or the original. In the darkness I could not distinguish between the photographs, and did not touch them when they were held up, except with the point of my pencil. This result forces on us the gravest question, and we cannot in common fairness try to shun it. Does the intelligence select in the intense darkness, each time the same picture, and the right one, by the recognition of its own likeness, as it invariably asserts, or is there any other reasonable cause for such a result?

I had accustomed the medium to the frequent repetition of a vision, and so constantly drew her attention to it, that she stated she perfectly remembered its appearance, and could select its likeness from any number of photographs. Placing ten pictures in her hand, I stood in such a position, that whilst viewing her proceedings I concealed my face. She discarded the first three or four, and without looking further, and refusing to do so when I urged her, gave me the right photograph of the vision she saw and described. Here, too, we must ask, how a person can identify, through her natural eye sight, a picture she had never before seen, of one she had never beheld in life, except as she insisted from a resemblance to the vision she experienced?

The following experiments were also intended, to determine, if possible, whether the visions of the psychic were due, in any degree, to a reality objective to her, although invisible to others. Mrs. Lord, so exceedingly short sighted, that she is practically blind beyond the distance of a few inches had described to me with remarkable accuracy a vision of striking grace and beauty, which I took pains to impress on her memory. She had also seen a photograph, which she at once recognized from the likeness to her vision.

Two years afterwards I saw her address in a paper published at a distant place, where I was altogether a stranger. I so arranged as to reach the place after dark, and at once went to the séance unknown to the medium or any other person present. The door stood open, as the night was warm, and the circle was nearly formed. There was a feeble light in the back room, not nearly sufficient for the recognition of a face in the front. Being thoroughly disguised, I slipped in quietly and took a seat. The medium shortly entered, the doors were shut and we were in absolute darkness. When my turn came, with no possible reason to associate me with any vision, the medium stated, after some moments of perplexity and exclamations of impossibility "that she felt sure she had seen this spirit before, but could not understand what attracted it on the present occasion, or what it had to do with the gentlemen present; it had never come before except when a certain person was there, and then only with great diffidence and timidity. There must be some mistake." A voice apparently in the air, speaking simultaneously, assured her that she was not mistaken, that she had formerly seen this spirit and its photograph.

As I did not assent to any of the medium's descriptions (which were perfectly correct) she naturally lost patience with a sitter so unfair and obstinate, and giving me a parting shot by asking me if I was an "exposer," passed on to my next neighbor. Some moments afterwards whilst she was conversing with another person, a heavy hand was laid on my head and a man's voice spoke to me of some home matters, playfully adding that it would expose my pretenses. Almost immediately a whispering was heard on the opposite side of the room, behind the medium's back, where there was more quiet, telling a gentleman sitting there, a stranger to me and the others, to announce aloud, "that the spirit's name was M.—B.—" which he accordingly did. (This was the name.)

How He Found the Error.

A Bookkeeper's Strange Experience on a Sunday Morning.

The head bookkeeper of one of the largest sewing-machine manufacturing companies in this city refuses to believe in occult philosophy, and is unable to account for an experience that he had some time ago. "In balancing my books," he said yesterday, "there appeared an error of \$5, insignificant enough in itself, but to a bookkeeper, as big as \$500 or \$5,000. Having five assistants, I set one of them at work to find out the mistake. He failed to discover it, and after three days I put another man on its track, then a third, a fourth, and at last, after a week, a fifth. They were all capable men, and searched diligently for the missing \$5, but were unable to find it. They worked together all the next week, but accomplished nothing. The figures stood as before, \$5 out of balance, and I then set to work myself. Night and day we pored over the big books, but still discovered no change. The matter began to annoy me exceedingly, for never before had I known such an experience.

"The third Sunday after the search was begun I got up late, after a sleepless night, and started out walking for exercise. My mind was on my books and I paid no attention to the direction I took. My surprise, therefore, was genuine when I found myself at the door of the company's office in Union Square, for I certainly had not intended to go there. Mechanically I put my hand in my pocket, drew out the key, opened the door, and went in. As if in a dream I walked directly to the office, where I turned the combination and unlocked the safe. There were the books, a dozen of them in a row. I did not consider for one moment which to pick up. It was by no act of volition on my part that my hand moved toward a certain one, and drew it from the safe. Placing it on the desk I opened it, my eye ran along the column of figures, and there before me, plain as day, was the missing \$5. I made a note of the page, put the book back in the safe, and went home. It was then noon. I lay down and fell into a deep sleep, from which I did not wake until nine o'clock Monday morning. After a hearty breakfast I hastened to the office, feeling like a new man. It seemed as if a burden had fallen from me and I was walking on air. But when I reached the door I drew back. Had I been dreaming? No. There was the memorandum in my hand. Tremblingly I opened the book, and sure enough, there was the error. I never told how I found it. I did not want to be laughed at, and then I was never certain that I was not dreaming that Sunday morning.—*New York Tribune*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

VALUABLE MEDICINE. Dr. W. H. PARMLEY, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our medicinal agents."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (168 West 29th Street, New York.)

BEYOND.

We must not doubt, or fear or dread that love for life is only given. And, that the calm and sainted dead will meet estranged and cold, in heaven.

Love were poor and vain indeed, based on so harsh and stern a creed. True, that this earth must pass away, with all the starry worlds of light.

For in that radiant home can shine alone the immortal and divine. Earth's lovelier things, her pride, her fame, her science, learning, wealth and power.

Slowly grows that through long ages came or fruits of some convulsive hour. Whose very memory must decay.—Heaven is too pure for such as they.

They are complete; their work is done. So let them sleep in endless rest. Love's life is only here begun, nor is, nor can be, fully blest.

It has no room to spread its wings amid this crowd of meaner things. Just for the very shadow thrown upon its sweetness here below. The cross that it must bear alone, and bloody baptism of woe.

Crowned and completed through its pain, we know that it shall rise again! So if its flames burn pure and bright, here where our air is dark and dense.

And nothing in this world of night lives with a living so intense; When it shall reach its home at length—how bright its light how strong its strength!

And while the vain, weak loves of earth (for such have counterfeits abound).— Shall perish with what gave them birth,—their graves are green and fresh, around.

No funeral song shall need to rise, for the true love that never dies. If, in my heart I now could fear that, risen again we should not know.

What was our life of life when here,—the hearts we loved so much below,— I would arise this very day and cast so poor a thing away.

But Love's no such soulless creed; living, perfected, it shall rise Transfigured in the light of God and giving glory to the skies.

And that which makes this life so sweet, shall render Heaven's joy complete. Adeline A. Proctor.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Jennie Lind will sing in public next summer for the first time in twenty-two years. Her appearance will be for a charitable purpose.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Saxon is doing a most effective temperance work in Texas. Her eloquence always carries her audiences with her.

Marie J. C. Becket has been elected an associate of the London Society for Psychical Research.

Miss Sallie Vick Hill of Macon, Miss., carried off the first honors at the State University at Oxford this year.

In Louisiana women may serve on school committees, but if the woman holding an office is married her husband must share it with her in all legal actions, in fact becomes the officer himself.

Mrs. Clara A. Young, who lives in Custer county, Nebraska, on a ranch twenty miles from town and forty from a railroad, edits a column weekly in the Republican, a paper published at Broken Bow.

Dr. Jennie McCowan declares that the first successful movement in the United States, in the direction of State sanitation, was instituted by a lady in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Sarah J. Noessel of Benavides, Texas, has invented a milk pan with a ventilated cover which also serves as a milk strainer, and with a tubular spout for the purpose of drawing the milk from the cream at the bottom of the pan instead of skimming it in the usual way. The cover also serves as a mould for curd cheese.

The Sun says that some interesting statistics of the world's population have just been published, by which it appears that women have a greater tenacity of life than men. Among insects the male perishes at a relatively earlier period. Female quadrupeds have more endurance than males. In the human race, despite the intellectual and physical strength of the man, the woman endures longest and will bear pain to which the strongest man succumbs. Zymotic diseases are more fatal to males, and more male children die than female. The proportion dying suddenly is one woman to seven men. One thousand and eighty men in the United States in 1870 committed suicide, to two hundred and eighty-five women. Intemperance, apoplexy, gout, affections of the heart and liver, are more fatal to males than females. Pulmonary consumption is more deadly to the latter. All old countries not disturbed by emigration, have a majority of females. Royal families show more daughters than sons. The Hebrew woman is exceptionally long lived, the colored man exceptionally short. The married state is favorable to prolongation of life among women.

Miss Kate Sanborn has made a collection of excellent examples of satire, epigram, and sprightly sayings contributed to literature by women, with the title, "The Wit of Women." She has also another volume, called, "The Vanity and Insanity of Genius."

We are informed that the former pension agent, extracts from whose essay on Labor, lately appeared in these columns, Miss Ada C. Sweet, is to have the entire business management of a new electric invention in New York City, which secures an even temperature in rooms by means of an electric pneumatic apparatus that automatically shuts off or turns on heat, as the case requires. Miss Sweet has a larger salary than the pension office gave her, and is free from the annoyance of constant political maneuvering on the part of other persons to get her place.

At the late annual meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Association in Kansas, Mother Bickerdyke was called upon. Though unused to speaking in public, this good old soul, whom 30,000 soldiers call "Mother," talked in the following style:

"In the late rebellion women did about half the work. They sent their husbands and sons to the front; they filled the sanitary boxes; they nursed the wounded; they visited the hospitals and fields of battle. Let a pure, chaste woman go into camp and it makes a mark right off. . . . Our sons need love and sympathy as well as our daughters, and our daughters as much as our sons. We want our boys and girls raised to respect and esteem each other. Confidence and trust in each other will make us wiser and better people.

"When the good women went to the front it cut a bigger swath among the hangers-on than the rebels mowed down of our men at Ft. Donaldson. Where was Mary Safford, then a young, delicate woman? Did she not stand at the dissecting table without flinching? Many ladies died at their posts. . . . Women run the laundries and the distilleries. Gen. Sherman will tell you women did more to feed the sealaws away than the military did. And we have had some fighting to do since the war. We have been fighting intemperance. . . . I have graduated in the 'Tombs of New York, where I was in the missions for seven years and I know that the majority of people who drink are of the higher classes."

The Tribune gave this account of the wife of the President of Hayti, at the time of her late visit to this country:

"Madame Salomon, the French wife of the black President of the Black Republic of Hayti, has exerted great influence on his career. Professor John M. Langston, late United States Minister to Hayti, related in her presence the other day, while she was here on her way home from Paris, the story of a speech made by her at a banquet in Port au Prince, which illustrates her force of character and power. The banquet was given to President Salomon by the business and commercial men of the Haytian metropolis to refute the reports spread by his enemies that the moneyed interests of his country were opposed to his administration. There was also talk that his rule meant French rule. Madame Salomon was toasted, and the President briefly returned thanks for her. As he closed, to everybody's surprise, Madame Salomon herself rose up, as she said to the banqueters, wholly against custom, to say for herself how much she thanked them for their courtesy. She went on speaking for ten minutes, while she said in substance that, though a Frenchwoman by birth, she was Haytian by marriage, and that in her marriage to a black man she considered herself married to the whole race, identified with it in every respect, and bound by every tie to devote her life to Hayti and the black people. Her speech raised a round of applause, and brought a support to the President that strengthened him immensely and at once. . . . Indeed, Professor Langston says, it put an end to all the cabals then existing in opposition to Salomon. Madame Salomon said to me in perfect English, but with great feeling: 'Something within me prompted me to speak. I could not have resisted if I would. But I trembled as I stood up, so that I thought I should fall, and when I sat down my hand shook like a leaf in a gale.'"

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The American Traveller contains this excellent summary of this remarkable woman: "She was indefatigable in industry. On the staff of the London Daily News she wrote 1,618 editorials, all on broad and vital subjects; she contributed nearly one hundred letters to the New York Anti Slavery Standard; she wrote some two hundred papers for Once a Week. Her private letters are counted by thousands, and she has published more than thirty books."

Harriet Martineau was born in 1802 and died in 1876. She was thirty-two years of age when she came to America, and passed two years in studying its political life and sociology. Her personal friends included Emerson, Rev. Dr. Furness, Garrison, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Judge Story, Margaret Fuller, Ellis Gray Loring, Maria Chapman, Elizabeth Peabody. "Her identification with the abolition party resulted in social ostracism. During the war of the rebellion she took an active part in defending the North. No cause for liberty or justice or human rights ever failed to meet from her a response."

"It is by these heroic virtues that the character of Miss Martineau must be judged. She had truth rather than tenderness; justice rather than personal sympathy, moral standards rather than spiritual ideals. She was an accurate thinker, but always stopped short of any intuitive divination. Her literary tendencies were concrete and practical, rather than abstract and imaginative. Her efforts in fiction are scarcely above mediocrity, while, in a paper in the Westminster Review, on 'The Martyr Age of the United States,' she touched high water mark. To the reformer, all purely artistic, literary and social interests must be subservient to the one great interest of all—that of acting directly on the moral sense of the people. To that end Harriet Martineau was fitted, and in that was the supreme work of her life. It is useless to find fault with such a character for what it is not; to expect from a woman of this nature the poetic sensibility, the delicacy and insight, and the spiritual ideals of life. The positive nature stakes out its path and brings to bear a directive power on persons and events. It has no range of affinities with the subtler influences and possible inspirations of the immaterial world. To Harriet Martineau all revelation and supernaturalism was a dead letter. She saw the visible, she worked with the material, she touched the tangible, but she had little toleration for the higher world, not less real because invisible, whose existence had no reality to her. The great defect in her character was the absence of faith; her great virtue was a strict sense of the sacred rights of every human soul."

Magazines for December not Before Mentioned.

THE HOMERIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) The several departments are up to their usual standard of excellence this month. The editorial section is full of varied topics of current interest, and the year closes with a carefully prepared index for this volume.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. (Waco, Tex.) Contents: Current Theology; Why Should We Avoid the Plain Truth? Practical Ethics; Loss and Gain; A Generous Letter; Orthodox Thunder; The Curse of Immorality; The American Secular Union, etc.

THE PLATONIST. (Thos. M. Johnson, Osceola Mo.) This exponent of philosophic truth has for the month of August, just issued, the following table of contents: Boethius, translation; The Trismegisti; Life of Plotinus; Elements of Theology; Iamblichos; The Tarot.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Alexander Wilder, M. D., Orange, N. J.) Contents: With Charity to All; The Chinese and Their Philosophy; The American Akademie.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The contents of this issue will be of interest to young readers, and the illustrations add much to the attractiveness of it.

JOHNSTON'S JOURNAL. (New York.) The November and December numbers of this monthly are before us and we find much of useful and instructive reading therein.

A million dollars, it is said, will weigh 1 1/2 tons in gold, 25 tons in subsidiary silver coin, 26 1/2 tons in standard silver coin, and 100 tons in nickels.

New Books Received.

- TELL YOUR WIFE. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.
ETHICAL CULTURE. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.
THE THOUGHT OF GOD, in Hymns and Poems. By F. L. Homer and W. C. Garnett. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.
OUTLINE OF CHRISTIAN HISTORY. A. D. 50-1550. By Joseph Henry Allen. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, cloth, red edge, 75 cents.
FIVE MINUTES RECITATIONS. Selected and adapted by Walter K. Forbes. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, 50 cents.
THE DAWNING. A Novel. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.

A cigar-smoking doctor says that when other smokers ask him for a light he offers them a box of matches, but never his cigar. "Gentlemen suppose," said he, "that I do this because my own cigar is not well lighted. The real reason is that I wish to avoid the risk of contagion from any one disease out of the dozen or more which may be transmitted by putting into the mouth an article infected persons have handled."

The New England Farmer says that farmers there have settled down to the conviction that the silo is a valuable auxiliary to the stock farmer, enabling him to become a little more independent than formerly of unfavorable weather for curing and preserving the crops grown. The Massachusetts farmer who cultivates forty-five acres has fodder enough on hand to winter fifty head of cattle, and will sell his best hay at \$20 a ton.

The fruit trees in Santa Barbara are being dug up and English walnuts planted in their stead.

The Art Age is the only art journal that gives special attention to the best work of professional American artists. Besides other illustrations, it issues regularly an exquisite Forbes Photogravure, suitable for framing. Twenty-five cents a copy. Turnure and Gillies Brothers, publishers, 75 Fulton street, New York.

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3rd. It contains the result of the life time study, practice and labor of one of the most noted writers of the country, and his labors have been largely supplemented.

4th. The remedies recommended are generally simple, efficient, and ordinarily such as are easily obtained.

5th. The work can be RELIED ON.

6th. Those who have it may economize; expenses may be avoided, and time saved, in any emergency.

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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 2, 1886.

The Signs of the Times.

A new departure has taken place in a number of Protestant Episcopal churches of New York City. The holding of mission services in twenty-two edifices at one time, for the purpose of a revival of religious interest is something which is looked upon with divided feelings by laity and clergy.

The inspiration for such a movement was brought from England by the Rev. W. H. M. Aitken, who is trying to engraft upon the American church the methods of the church of the mother country. That clergyman is described as a large, full-bearded man, and like Moody and Sankey seems endowed with great magnetic power. In fact, we may regard his effort as a kind of revivalism similar to theirs, and differing from it principally as the standard and polity of the Episcopal and Methodist churches differ.

Mr. Aitken has worked as "missioner," with marked success for the past three years, in the large business centers of England, and has, without doubt, created some interest in New York. How much is due to mere curiosity, at the innovation within the staid Episcopalian pulpit, and how much to a new influx of spiritual power, remains to be seen. He has an able assistant in the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George, notable as the church in which Dr. Tyng ministered during so many years, as well as in other men of perhaps equal note. His chief assistant, Rev. Mr. Stevens, came with him from abroad.

One or the other of these two clergymen have held daily services in Trinity church, at the head of Wall street, and the large structure has been nearly filled with business men of the first position in the community. There are three or four services daily in the other churches which have been set apart for this purpose. In the uptown churches special efforts have been made to gather in the poor, or those who have not been in the habit of attending places of worship on Sunday.

In these churches, the rector gives the entire charge of the service to the missioner, sometimes himself taking a mission in another parish. Among those from a distance are Bishop Tuttle of Utah, a clergyman from Quebec, one from Baltimore, and others from towns nearer the city. Several Englishmen have also come over since they were first established.

The Rev. B. F. DeCosta has explained at length, some of the reasons of the new movement, in a sermon from which we extract the following:

"A remarkable change has taken place in the spirit of the church. If the men of the last century could return they would view the situation with surprise. The position of the church is, upon the whole, somewhat surprising to those who have been wont to view everything from a traditional point of view. The truth is that deadness and stagnation are a thing of the past, and the church to-day is one of the most important factors of society and is assuming a position of leadership in the most important forms. One by one new movements are being introduced. The coming movement which has attracted so much public attention is one of these, and there is no movement of more importance than one of this kind. Some even may ask, 'What is a mission?' This is a broad theme—a movement like this extending into many departments and affecting many interests. The mission means vastly more than an increased religious interest. It lies beyond the establishment of the feeble in the faith. It is a meeting which covers not only the moral and spiritual but the temporal interests of the people. First, it means nullification of religious truth. Otherwise how can we explain the fact that those who stood apart for long years are united? It is a mission that burles together all parties and all creeds. In the olden time it made no difference in what tongue the word of God was preached; it was received with a common interpretation. We have only to take away the names of dead high churchmen, low churchmen, advanced churchmen, common-place and aesthetic churchmen and we all stand together on the same level. It means unification of movement and a true beginning of solid preparation for the work. If those who go about the city with an excitement will come to the meeting, it will come to the wrong place. Religion is not a movement. The ocean is not an ocean because huge waves are rolled up in a storm. The mission is not because there is a large class of refined people, who have ceased to be, or never have been church-goers. We want to reach all of these people. Another reason is the large number of formal communicants, who attend regularly to their church duties, but do so in a purely formal manner. The irreligion of the young men of our well-to-do families is another reason why this mission should be started. Then the evils in the life of men and women in fashionable society furnish another reason for its advancement. Fashion is their goddess; but we want to smite the goddess a death-dealing blow. The feeble recognition on the part of masters and mistresses of the need of church attendance by their servants, resulting largely from a want of care for spiritual welfare of servants, is also a need for its establishment. An increase of charity, a reaching out after a larger amount of Christian brotherhood requires the advancement of this mission, and thus the committee in charge has placed that upon the list of reasons. The huddling of the two classes, rich and poor, by themselves in churches is another evil that we want to abolish. The rich man is only to be found up town; the poor in the churches downtown. What we want to do is to establish free churches up-town, down-town, east and west, so that the rich and poor can come together, the Lord being the Father of them all. What we want in the church is more of Christian brotherhood, a carrying out of the creed."

To a looker-on, it would seem this clergyman is more smitten with a sense of the deadness of spiritual life among communicants, than he would have his hearers believe. Evidently the Protestant Episcopal Church is in need of a new and profound inspiration; one which shall trouble the waters that seem but a stagnant pool. It also seems as if the aim of the missioners was toward a larger and broader religious faith. There is no hint of theological dogma, no thundering of wrath and damnation. Mr. Aitken's first sermon in Trinity, was on the topic, "Is Life Worth Living?" His reasoning was purely ethical and spiritual, as distinguished from theological. There is also significance in this desire for unity expressed in the extract we quote. It certainly indicates a great change in the attitude of the ministry under consideration, and one which is exceedingly significant.

Charles H. Foster.

We announced last week the death of that remarkable medium, Charles H. Foster. From the various accounts of his career as a medium, we glean the following from the New York Tribune. A former friend of Mr. Foster gives in that paper some interesting reminiscences of the medium. On one occasion Charles B. Thorne, the actor, Foster and the reporter were sitting in the medium's luxuriously furnished apartments in Twenty-sixth street one rainy Sunday evening in December, about twelve years ago. Sunday night was dull then, which fact Foster, a thorough cosmopolitan, was deploring, insisting particularly that the theaters should be open. This point Thorne was strenuously opposing, affirming that independent of the morality of things, actors, like the remainder of the world, were entitled to one day's rest out of seven. Suddenly they heard a vigorous ring at the door bell. They were startled a little on account of the strength and violence of the ring.

"Don't bother," said Foster cheerily, "I've given orders to admit no one. Like an actor (here he smiled at Thorne), I suppose I have the right to one day of rest."

Even as he spoke a tall powerful middle-aged man of a most unmistakable seafaring aspect, strode into the room. It was plain that he had pushed by the servant. The manner of the man was disturbed and a little wild. "Which of you is Mr. Foster?" said he, surveying us anxiously. "My name is Foster," said the medium courteously. "Take a seat. What can I do for you?" The stranger dropped into a seat, the steam arising from his clothes. Although it was raining, he carried no umbrella, and after mopping his brow with a huge silk, colored handkerchief, began: "I'm awfully bothered in my mind, and I've come all the way from New Bedford to see you. I want you to tell me something. The ship Osprey sailed from this port—"

"Hold," said Foster, "don't say anything more. I know what you want to know."

The tone of his voice was utterly unlike him, abrupt and agitated. He was staring steadfastly, not at the visitor but over his head into vacancy. This lasted only a moment, as suddenly shaking off the trance, for such it seemed to be, he seized a pencil, and scribbling hurriedly upon a sheet of paper, handed it to the stranger without saying a word. The man took it, read it, and springing to his feet with a terrible cry, "My God, I know it!" rushed from the room.

Those present heard the banging of the heavy door and the sound of the rapid footsteps as they echoed by the windows and down the street. One of the company stooped and picked up the sheet of paper, which had fluttered from his hand to the floor. On it were these words:

"Malvina—Drowned at sea October 23." The hand writing was not Foster's, with which both Thorne and the reporter were thoroughly familiar.

It appears from the Boston Globe that Mr. Foster had been married twice, his second wife being Miss Eva Bassett, of Boston. She died about five years ago, as did their only child. Foster had a severe attack of brain fever, caused by the loss of his family and fortune, and this resulted in a softening of the brain and insanity that caused his death. He had traveled all over the United States and Cuba, and in every place he visited money poured into his coffers like water, and as freely flowed out, leaving nothing behind.

While Mr. Foster was a mesmeric subject he was noticed by the late Judge Otis P. Lord, who took much interest in his development. Thomas Gould Appleton, Rev. Mr. Mountford, Harry Edwards, the noted naturalist, and many other literary and scientific men, were deeply interested in his strange

manifestations. When traveling he called at Salt Lake City and stopped with Brigham Young, who later sent him his photograph.

At one time when in New York, a gentleman called into his rooms and asked: "Is this Mr. Foster?"

Removing his cigar from his mouth, Mr. Foster replied: "Yes, sir."

"Do you give sances?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, throw away that cigar," was the response.

"I believe this is my room, sir, and if you don't like the cigar, you can leave; but if you do, you will not hear anything about your little Mary. It is that you are so anxious about."

The gentleman dropped into his seat, and the cigar had no further terror for him.

Dr. Babcock on Materialization.

On another page will be found a contribution from our esteemed friend, Dr. Babcock, on the much mooted subject of full-form materialization. Dr. Babcock's experiences and conclusions are those of a large number who have attempted in the best of spirit and with faith in the claims of those selling the right to a sight, to satisfy themselves by actual observation of "materialized" spirit forms. We do not wonder at his chagrin and disappointment when at last he reached the conclusions enunciated in his article.

While the Doctor speaks justly, and hence truthfully from his own standpoint of experience, he is too sweeping in his inferences, if not in direct statement. That there are bona fide spirit phenomena such as are classed under the head of "full-form materialization" we have no manner of doubt. These have been observed under conditions admitting of no scientific objection, in the presence of Prof. Wm. Crookes, J. S. Farmer (editor of Light), and others in England, Dr. Eugene Crowell, Dr. N. B. Wolfe, E. Gerry Brown, Prof. Elliot Cones and some others in America. The editor of the JOURNAL has seen and recognized forms that were materialized to the waist; and this in a well lighted room, with no cabinet in use and while he was holding the medium. No opportunity for delusion or deception existed.

Dr. Babcock's suggestions as to test conditions are open to serious objection, because of the incompetency of most people to thoroughly do the work he assigns to them; and this objection is made still more forcible by the fact that there are very few who do not feel perfectly competent for the task, and in the blind confidence of their ability are easily deceived. Materializations can be had without the use of a cabinet or any of the conditions permitting fraud or delusion, and with the medium in view during the entire sance. Manifestations otherwise obtained may be of value to the immediate observers, but are of little consequence as matters for the public to rely on, with rare exceptions. The prolific pen and active imagination of a Hazard, a Cross, or a Wetherbee will never strengthen the cause of Spiritualism nor add to the sum of spiritual science.

A Five Year-old Preacher.

A correspondent of the Cartersville (Ga.) American, relates a curious incident that occurred recently while he was in Adairsville, and which struck him as very unusual and strange. Quite a party of gentlemen were sitting around the stove in Bibb & Elrod's store when a little boy about five years old entered. He was a quiet-looking little fellow and there was a peculiar expression on his face. "Can't you preach for us, Claude?" asked one of the party. It seemed that he was used to that and without any hesitation he placed a chair for a pulpit, took two little books that were handed him and pulled off his hat for business. Before saying a word he knelt by his chair in secret prayer for a moment. He then arose and after looking carefully through one of the little books he announced the number of his hymn, gave it out in language that was lisping and hard to understand, and then sang it through all alone. He then knelt again by his chair and prayed—this time aloud—but in words that no one could understand. He took a text from one of his books, and for eight or ten minutes he preached with much earnestness and spirit. The little audience was profoundly quiet and not a smile flitted over any face.

To the correspondent it was a peculiarly solemn scene. There was a strange light in the little fellow's eyes and a peculiar glow on his face as he preached. He was scarcely as high as the chair behind which he stood, and yet he was composed and easy in his manner. His child voice rang out in a way that still the crowd of loafers into a solemn and almost painful silence. Those present could not catch the meaning of his baby words that were so broken and lisping, but they could see the flash of his black eyes and feel the power of his presence. When his sermon was done he sang a song, took up a collection (receipts 15 cents) announced service for the evening and went out as quietly as he came. It is said the scene was no uncommon one, and that he sometimes moves his audience to tears.

Alva Banks, a young man who lives at Pleasantville, N. Y., has just been refreshed by a nice nap of five days and five nights. The odd case of Mr. Banks is of pathological interest, because he has slept so twice before. It is said that he suffered from inflammation of the covering of the brain while getting over that most undignified of ailments, the mumps, ten years ago, at which time he first fell into the long sleep. Ordinarily Banks is fresh, sprightly, and chipper.

THE NEW YEAR.

The prospects of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as the New Year is ushered in, were never brighter or more flattering. The good work it has accomplished throughout the ranks of Spiritualism, as well as among a certain class of non-Spiritualists who are anxiously seeking the truth, is manifested on all sides. The spiritual sky of the New Year seems clearer and more serene, and the Cause generally has assumed a higher standpoint, and the prospects are far brighter than ever before. Under these circumstances, as we wish our readers a Happy New Year, let us all hope that Spiritualism may continue to rapidly advance, each one clinging tenaciously to all that is pure and soul-exalting, but discarding everything that tends to corrupt the morals of the people or render Spiritualism objectionable.

Slowly Convalescing.

In reply to numerous inquiries the JOURNAL has to say that Mr. Bundy is slowly gaining in health and strength. He is still very weak, but able to walk from an eighth to a quarter of a mile daily. His physicians think he will not be able to resume his office work for some time, and that as soon as he is able to bear the journey, ought to seek a milder climate where he can be more in the open air. He has no organic disease, and is suffering only from extreme exhaustion, the result of years of over exertion and care.

A Family He had Never Seen.

The Cincinnati, Ohio, Sun states that several years ago a resident of one of the suburbs of that city had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died. A young German girl whom the unfortunate man had never seen was very attentive to his wife in her last illness, and after her death did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little children as comfortable as possible. Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Two children were the result of this union. During his years of blindness the sightless man never lost hopes that some day he might again look upon the beauties of Nature and the loved ones around him. A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful, and he from whom the light had been shut out so many years saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy. A friend, who was at once recognized, came in, leading a lady by the hand. "Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow. "No, I do not." "That is your wife." And then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of pathetic beauty ensued. The two little children were also brought in to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Frank Baxter is lecturing in Boston, Mass.

J. J. Morse has been lecturing at Dover, N. H., and Norwich, Ct.

Adelaide Rudolph, a niece of Mrs. Garfield has been elected Latin professor of the Kansas University.

Pope Leo is said to have an income of \$1,500,000 annually, and it is stated on the authority of Monsignor Capel that the Pope's personal expenses are limited to \$250 a day.

Some of the medical papers say that a great deal of quiet tipting, especially among women, is carried on by means of the quasi-medicament called "beef, iron and wine."

Mrs. L. Pet Anderson, the medium, has left San Francisco for a while, and is now located with her kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goobe, Bullionville, Nevada, where letters will reach her.

Chicago rejoices in the possession of a regularly chartered Mental Science University. The kind of mental science to be taught is made clear by the fact that the President is the editor of the Mind Cure Journal of this city.

The "students' number" of the Progress Medical, describing the status of medical education in thirty countries containing medical schools, makes it appear that the requirements for a medical degree are lower in the United States than in any of the places named.

The British Museum has now a department devoted entirely to newspapers, which is a great convenience. The number of readers by special ticket has now increased so largely that although only adults are admitted, more room will soon have to be provided or the admission limited.

Doctors say that women should be cautious how they call to offer sympathy to neighbors having sick children. Women's clothing offers inducements to fugitive bacteria, and several instances have been recorded lately in which contagious diseases are known to have been brought about by germs carried into the household in the folds of heavy woolen fabrics.

During the recent visit in Boston of the Rev. Mr. Haweis a reception was given to him at a private house. One of the lions of literary Boston was among the persons introduced to him. In the conversation that ensued the English visitor naively remarked: "I am so sorry that I did not get to visit Boston before your great men were all dead."

When an English preacher goes into politics he goes in strong. The Rev. G. A. Denison of Taunton says: "I have known Mr Gladstone for forty-five years, but I would not trust him with a brass farthing."

M. Chambery, a young French actor who had created a stage sensation by his mimicry of Sarah Bernhardt, was set upon and beaten to insensibility by one of the actress champions.

Dr. J. K. Bailey during December spoke at Jamesburg and Lakewood, N. J.; Prospect Plains, N. Y., and Spruce Creek, Pa. He lately paid a visit to the home of our contributor, J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, Del.

When the King of the New Zealand Maoris was in England he promised to work for temperance reform among his people. He seems to have kept his word, for it is now announced that more than 11,000 of his subjects wear the blue ribbon of teetotalism.

These parting words of Canon Farrar need to be heeded: "If Christianity is to hold her own, Christianity must beware of stagnant doctrines and dead theologues. Theology must learn to change her mind voluntarily and by her own insight, and not be forced to do so only when the strangling grasp of science or criticism is at her throat."

It is well known that Japanese artisans sit invariably upon platforms or upon the floor, their legs crossed under them. When attempts were made in the Japanese village in New York to introduce chairs and tables the Japanese workmen complained that it tired them to sit on chairs, and the old custom was continued.

A leading Chinese merchant in San Francisco gives the names of the Chinese Six Companies and the number of Chinamen in California in round numbers as follows: Ning Yung Company, 80,000 Chinamen; Tung Wo, 33,000; Sam Yup, 35,000; Kong Chow, 40,000; Hop Wo, 55,000; Yen Wo, 10,000; total, 253,000.

An excursion of four hundred people, on its way to California, stopped at El Paso, Texas, one day last week. Nearly every one immediately crossed to El Paso del Norte, on the Mexican side, to witness the bull fights in progress at a festival. They were chiefly Boston people, and explained that they went out of purely scientific curiosity; but the Mexicans, who observed their enthusiasm, think otherwise.

A bee's working tools comprise a variety equal to that of the average mechanic. The feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symmetrical rows, is only to be seen with the microscope. With this brush of fairy delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, received all the gleanings the insect carries to the hive.

The Weston (Va.) Republican says: "Dr. Slade is still here engaged in astonishing the natives with spiritual manifestations. Many seem convinced with his demonstrations as a medium; and claim that they can and do hold direct communications with deceased friends, while others still doubt, and believe that the phenomena can be accounted for independent of those who have faced the unknown. As the Doctor is a man of extraordinary powers physically, and probably otherwise, we would prefer withholding our opinion until he moves hence."

A Washington letter to the Cleveland Leader says: "Dr. Mary Walker, wearing her Grand Army badge and claiming the rights and privileges which are accorded to an old soldier, called upon Commissioner Black at the Pension Office to see that official about some matter or other in which she was interested, but he refused to listen to her on the plea that he was too busy. She persisted, however, and the Commissioner, to get rid of her, sent for the Superintendent of the building and had her put out. She protested against being treated so ungenerously, but it did no good; her strength was not equal to that of the superintendent."

An electric boy is reported at Youngstown, Ohio—Frank Burnett. A special to the Cincinnati Enquirer says: "On his approach chairs and tables dance and heavy articles totter that his natural strength could not move. The lad is unable to explain his unnatural power, and has always enjoyed good health. The tests made thus far show the lad to be able to do more than he has claimed. It is probable medical experts will examine him to ascertain if possible the secret of his power." He is described as being fifteen years old and slight of build, and lives with his mother.

The Iowa courts have made an important decision regarding the civil rights of colored people. A negro who was refused admission some time ago to a place of amusement, because of his color appealed to the law. When the Circuit Court held that it did not appear from the averments that plaintiff had any legal right to enter the place of amusement. The Supreme Court affirms this ruling and says: "The act complained of by the plaintiff was the withdrawal by the defendants, as to him, of the offer which they made to admit him, or to contract with him for admission. They had the right to do this, as to him or any other member of the public. This right is not based upon the fact that he belongs to a particular race, but arises from the consideration that neither he nor any other person could demand as a right, under the law that the privilege of entering the place be accorded to him."

J. D. Hagaman Explains.

J. C. BUNDY—DEAR SIR: I must confess that the JOURNAL is the only Liberal and Spiritual paper out of the many that I can conscientiously endorse...

My work at Ottumwa, Iowa, was photographing some of the paraphernalia I have been able to capture from mediums while using them...

I shall endeavor to batter at the walls of fraud and deception in my feeble way, and those who feel afraid of the cause being injured thereby should remember that the truths of Spiritualism have lived through the tyrannical ages of the past...

I shall give an entertainment at the Assembly Hall, this place, Sunday night, Dec. 13th. Use this in any shape, if you choose. Respectfully yours for the truth, J. D. HAGAMAN.

HAGAMAN'S ADVERTISEMENT. ILLUSTRATED LECTURE OF PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM, or the Mysteries of Mediumship Unveiled by Dr. J. D. Hagaman. Exhibiting and illustrating the various Modes, Phases, and Physical Manifestations of so-called "Spirit-Power"...

On the 16th ult., the editor caused a letter to be written to Mr. H., in which the latter's assertion as to the amount of fraud was characterized as "too sweeping" for a general statement.

WESTON, MICH., Dec. 20th, 1885. JOHN C. BUNDY—DEAR SIR: Yours of the 16th, at hand. I do not think I am far from right when I state that 90 per cent. of the physical manifestations, materialization, etc., are fraudulent.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

Adirondack Murray says that while a Yale student he lived four months on a diet which cost him 66 cents a week—Indian meal and water, not enough meal and too much water.

General News.

Mr. Gladstone's correspondence amounts to 3,000 letters per month.—The management of the Italian railways has finally decided to receive velocipedes as part of travelers' luggage.—The late Lord Dudley's famous Rapiel, "The Three Graces," has been sold for \$25,000 to his Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale.—The Buckstone, a well-known Druidical rock in the Wye Valley, which was overthrown in June last, has been placed in its former position.

A letter awaiting a claimant in the West Point (Ga.) Post Office is thus addressed: "To my Papa, in West Point, Georgia, America." The missive came from Hanover, Germany, and is supposed to have been written by a small child.—The Prefecture of the Seine has accepted the tender of a builder for the construction of the Pere la Chaise Cemetery of a crematory. This is the first time that an apparatus for cremation has been ordered by an administrative body.—Austrian newspapers report that six of the American medical students at Vienna not only offered to Serbia their gratuitous aid in attending the wounded, but actually left for the front, and six others held themselves ready to start.—The Echo des Alpes publishes a summary of the fatal accidents that have occurred since 1859 in climbing the Swiss Alps.

SEALD LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1027 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Mr. CHARLES DAWBARN will lecture for the Southwestern Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 4th. Mr. Dawbarn would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such societies as may be convenient to his route, either by day or returning. Address him at 433 West 23rd St., New York City.

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Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York. Church of New Spiritual Dispensation, 414 Adelphi St., West Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Mediums' Meeting, 1230 P. M. Ladies Aid Society meets every Friday evening, 7:30 P. M. at the corner of Myrtle and Broadway streets, New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at their club, 123 West 43rd St., New York.

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A French paper, Le Courrier des Louvres, has just appeared in London.

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We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Bread Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do us they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Free Press, June 15, 1885.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap, best and beautiful. Glycerin-Coral-Renovar, best. Corns, Bunions, etc. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, etc. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, etc.

Business Notices. HUDSON TIT 'LE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. At 7:30 P. M. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O.; P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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