

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY  
VOTED TO  
ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE  
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## BEWITCHED OR WHAT?

The Most Extraordinary Occurrence of the Nineteenth Century.

A Narrative that Carries the Mind Back to Medieval Times.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The JOURNAL has frequently favored us with interesting incidents of spiritual character, the personal experiences of some of its readers, volunteered for general benefit. Undoubtedly such recitals have recalled similar ones, often of so sacredly private a nature, as to cause one to hesitate in approaching a generally unsympathetic public with one's own experience. Yet, after all, should it not be one's duty to acquaint others with such lessons from spirit friends? Will not many thus also profit, or, at least, become enlivened to spiritual things? It is solely in this spirit that I venture to add my mite, having, as additional motive, my eagerness to secure the reader's opinion on what then befell me, an enigma as puzzling to me this day as it was fourteen years ago. I am still "at large" for a solution. To none, but the nearest members of my family, have these occurrences ever been related; and for obvious reasons. Let this recital on my part excuse the late hour I publish this to my fellow-readers of the JOURNAL. The manner in which this recital is worded, needs excuse; but I am compelled to curtail my story, too fully aware of the value of these columns to be unnecessarily annexed by one of my ilk. But once for all, I wish it emphatically understood that I here relate facts, or, at least, what appear such to me, and I assure the reader that I am never easily duped, by others or myself. Of course, I hold myself subject to your judgment, soliciting such as a favor.

### THE EVIL EYE.

In 1872, I was located (in medical practice) within thirty miles of Chicago, on a farm, among farmers—plain, honest people and the best of neighbors. My circuit covered an extensive area, rendering my wife's company on these long, otherwise monotonous rides almost a necessity. Thus, one afternoon, we were nearing the farm of a Mrs. J., situated on the highway, opposite an unpainted, deserted church, a gloomy enough neighborhood. Mrs. J.'s son was then under my care with a fractured thigh, having but just recovered from a similar accident to his left forearm. The direct cause of these consecutive fractures was universally laid to the worthy dame herself, or to her "evil eye," although she was known by all to have been at home and miles distant when both accidents occurred. Let me explain.

Mrs. J., or better known to old and young, as the "evil-eyed witch," was by everybody shunned, because of her supposed ability to bewitch any and all by her disliked. I found everybody in actual terror of this woman. My explanation was, that most of these uncanny stories were due to her peculiar physique, remarkable indeed. Carrying her right shoulder, a la Richard the Third, she, as if in mock reverence, bent her "off" knee in a jerky manner, stumbling more than walking, and muttered unintelligible words in croaky voice to herself, or perhaps to some invisible presence. Her lips, as thin and expressionless as if cut in sole-leather, were never without motion. From her emanated that weird, witch-like, non-sympathetic, icy-cold magnetism, all for bad and none for good. Yes, she looked a witch, soaked in evil, and, as traditions have it, as if besmeared with Devil's Ointment, prepared in unholy confab on the "Block's Berg," from such clergymen's fat, as had served the devil in heaven's livery while on earth! Her optics would have been the pride of such a diabolic devil-fish as Vic-

tor Hugo describes in "The Toilers of the Sea," and, taken all in all, this woman certainly looked a witch! She was the best-shunned woman near and far, amply abused in her absence, while amply and carefully appreciated when present. Young and old did homage to "the evil-eyed one."

### THE BEWITCHED PIGS.

Previously, I myself had witnessed the wholesale slaughter of a litter of pigs, by this "witch," the property of her next neighbor, a Mr. K., under peculiar circumstances. During a professional call at Mr. K.'s, on leaving the house, I had occasion to praise the healthy appearance of a litter of pigs, a few weeks old. To my astonishment, Mr. K., an unusually intelligent farmer, solemnly asserted that "these very ones will certainly die ere sunset, for the witch had evil-eyed them!" Disgusted with such stupidity I let loose on him a harangue contra-superstition, and gave vent to such scientific horror with what he had uttered as I best knew, but without shaking his belief in Madame J.'s "powers" an iota. The next day's sun rose to his victory, my defeat, and the dead pigs, all of which, as related by Mr. K., "took their little tails into their little mouths, near sunset the day prior, and twisting about, faster and faster, had dropped dead." What killed the pigs I do not know; but that they were dead, in answer to the "witch's" mysterious summons, I do not.

### THE FRACTURED THIGH AND MYSTERIOUS WORMS.

But let us return to our story, and relate what befell us at the "witch's" on that memorable evening. Her son, Fred, lived with her, together with his sweet, little wife, who at all times looked as if frightened, having a well-pronounced "scary look." I hitched the horses outside of Mrs. J.'s property, and, asking Fred's young wife to take Mrs. Hoffman in kind charge, entered the house, a rickety cottage, whose timbers appeared ever ready to fall apart, but somehow clung together, about as mysteriously as will two drunken sots, homeward bound from an eve's carousal. Although I had passed dozens of times through the long and narrow shed, serving as main entrance to the living-room, I never could overcome a vague reluctance to remain longer than barely necessary to hasten, *in tempo accelerato*, to the room mentioned, where Fred was securely bandaged, lamenting his compulsory idleness. Yet I never made mention of this uncanny sensation while hurrying through this shed, chiding myself for entertaining such "nonsense." On that day I actually suffered while passing through the shed, and was relieved when once in Fred's room, the "large room" of a farm-house. But I was doomed to every possible misery a physician only can fully appreciate. Fred hailed me with ill-suppressed impatience, showing agony of mind as well as of body, upbraiding me for "deserting" him, etc. Let me here remark that I had bandaged his leg, some five days prior, in plaster of paris, to keep aloof outside inquisitive interference, and that there had been no untoward symptoms, nothing to foretell any trouble whatever all this time. But that day Fred impatiently greeted me with: "Doctor, I beg you come to me, quick! Mother and I have had a rumpus, and ever since I am in agony. Something is the matter with my broken thigh, for I feel a crawling all over it, under the bandages. Mother has cursed the leg, invoking evil spirits to annoy it with worms!" In reply, I simply felt of Fred's pulse, believing him under febrile excitement. I found his pulse normal, skin moist and cool; my sole attention was now turned to the fractured limb. Naturally, I dressed, gangrene, and set to chiseling his thigh from out its plaster of paris encasement. I doubt whether the sudden disappearance of that very limb, then and there, would have more confounded me, than the horrible sight before me, when the bandage fell from the limb! There, in all their slimy, winding, hellishness, crawled over and about the thigh and then the bedding, white worms, from one to two inches long, and about the thickness of a goosequill, one as if outwitting the other in appearing most infernally ugly! These "worms" were not such as I had before seen in hospitals during hot weather, where wounds had to be neglected from various causes. It must also be remembered that this was a simple fracture, not even the slightest scratch accompanying it. Only the Evil One could have created such worms! But, of course, he didn't. Yet, who did? There they were, to my utter bewilderment. I had not yet regained my usual quiet,—that mental equilibrium so soon acquired by physicians—when a low, mocking laugh behind me announced Mrs. J. She seemed the only one to enjoy the situation, but soon accosted me with: "Don't be alarmed, Doctor. This is nowise your doing, nowise your fault. I wish Freddy to respect his mammy more, and not call her names. I regret causing you this extra trouble, but—" gone she was, skulking out, via that gloomy shed! My eyes followed her as she passed out of sight, back to her work on the farm, when a veritable shout of surprise from Fred returned my attention to my patient. Fred pointed to his injured limb, where not a worm nor trace thereof could be seen! Mrs. J. had not as much as entered the room, but had remained standing in the doorway. Her position even obstructed all contents of the bed from ordinary eyesight. Yet, gone they were, every single "worm," leaving the limb clean and ready for my surgical duties! Where did they come from? Where had they gone to? What, indeed, had they been?

### THE DEVILTRIES LAID TO THE OLD WOMAN.

Collecting my scattered senses the best I could, I re-bandaged the leg, while Fred unbosomed himself of his many troubles, airing his long pent-up feelings, ridding himself of a recital of the strangest occurrences in "black magic" perhaps ever recounted to mortal. Besides other deviltries even the recent death of a brother was believed the work of servile devils, for three months prior it was prognosticated by the "witch" exactly as it occurred. It would carry us too far from our theme, to recount these weird, and often satanic doings laid to this woman by Fred. Some coincided with similar stories plentifully afloat in that neighborhood. I may reveal some of these in some future issue of the JOURNAL.

Fred fearfully referred to his nice little wife, who was rapidly fading amidst such depressing surroundings, shamefully maltreated by the old hag. Finished with my bandaging, and preparing to depart, I advised Fred to leave his mother, and take his wife with him to Chicago, there to manfully work, and in peace and happiness support her, as in duty bound. I also met his other remarks with pity and scorn, doing my best to enter into his benighted pate if even but never so small a ray of the "gorgeous light of this enlightened century," hoping to thereby remove this "medieval nonsense." But all my well-meant advice proved futile, for Fred implored me to keep my counsel and to not further arouse his mother's ire. "For," as he added, "she hears every word you say." Pointing to the fact of her being too far off (some 500 feet, on the farm), to hear even us shout aloud, Fred corrected himself, with: "She feels what you think, in some strange manner, which I know positively to have been the case from my childhood up." At that time, entirely unacquainted with occult possibilities, I let fly at him my undisguised disgust; and, after reviewing for his benefit all he had said, in cutting ridicule (as I then firmly believed him fully deserving), I left his presence, thanking God I was not as these people, and joined my wife, awaiting me in the garden fronting the house. We were soon seated in our comfortable phaeton, getting ready to leave, I all the time thankful for the superstition-destroying rays that science, by a not to be over-estimated chance, had enscathed into my thought-box! Never had proud aristocrat more thoroughly despised the low-born, than I, on that eve, those "benighted medieval plebeians!"

### THE BEWITCHED PONIES.

While about to start my ponies, ever-ready little pets, Mrs. J., with all of the devil in her eyes she could possibly therein cram, slid up to and circled around our team. This later procedure proved her "Devil's Good-night," and introductory to as bad a night as God ever permits His Satanic Majesty to torment defenceless man with! Attempting to start, I found, to my utter dismay, that every encouraging word, not even the whip's convincing lash, could induce the horses to stir, though ever willing and never balky. All attempts proving futile, I was about to despair, when the old hag waved her bony hand at us (apparently in high glee), screaming: "You may be learned, Doctor, and certainly know more than I do. But I can do more than you can ever explain. Hence, next time don't give advice to my family unasked. It is often dangerous to blow where it burns you not." And, with an energetic wave of her sinewy hand, while retracing her steps around our phaeton, she finished her tirade, shouting: "Go on, go on, Doctor; this very night you will be in greater danger than this!"

Onwards the ponies sped, apparently relieved and glad to have the distance betwixt them and the "witch's" increased. By this time evening had set in, and we hastened on, yearning for "Home, sweet home."

### THE PONIES AND BUGGY RAISED FROM THE GROUND.

Such is the blessing of a good wife, that soon, under the quieting influence of Mrs. H., I had forgotten, for that time, the above occurrences. We were chatting of the many things that a young couple have to talk of in future plans, of our contemplated return to Chicago, where my home had always been, when, without the slightest warning of any kind, the ponies suddenly stopped short, standing stock-still, all the while trembling violently, as if shaken by some outside force! Even then our thoughts did not recur to the "witch," and her final threat. Suspecting nothing untoward, I jokingly diagnosed "Ague" to be the motor in question, and assumed a grief-stricken appearance at the enormous proportionate amount of quinine our ponies would require, when the jocular within us became rapidly annihilated by additional diableries. The horses, buggy and contents, all of it and of us, were unmistakably raised from the ground, and remaining thus aloof, were violently shaken, in the veriest Swedish movement-cure manner! Here was a new predicament which naturally centered whatever of thoughts were left me in one great wish to protect and save my wife by inducing her to leave the phaeton. But, true as woman, she refused to desert me.

### THE APPEARANCE OF DWARFS.

While excitedly arguing the point with her I chanced to look downward toward the wheels. The sight that there met my optics added none to my valor, for at each wheel I plainly discerned a dwarfish, human-like "something," real as life, of short and strong build, lifting with all its might, evidently the cause of the severe shaking up we were still undergoing. All efforts at making the

horses stir proved without avail, and in my despair and braving the consequences, I jumped from the phaeton to personally examine into matters. The "something" at each wheel had vanished, at least I saw them no more. But I found the ponies and the wheels still some half foot from the ground suspended in the air. I repeatedly passed my hands under the horses' feet and the wheels, scarcely believing what my senses of sight and touch now plainly demonstrated! I then attempted to turn a wheel, but though suspended aloft in air I could not stir it the least bit. After a hurried consultation with my wife, whose bravery under such trying circumstances was certainly remarkable, I returned to my seat in the phaeton, having gained her consent to desert the buggy and team at once, I promising to also leave it to its fate. In stepping out her dress caught on something in the buggy, placing her directly in between the wheels, while suddenly the horses turned in her direction, to all appearances certain to crush her between wheels, the latter almost touching when thus brought together! I remember her piercing shriek, but cannot recall aught else, save that now the ponies sped on! How was my wife saved from being crushed to death? Neither my wife nor I can explain the above, and both of us are without even a surmise. But we positively know that she was caught in between the wheels while they met, without lasting consequence.

### PONIES AND BUGGY FLOATING ACROSS A RAVINE.

Onward I sped up a steep road, both sides of which bordered with deep ravines cut by the rains of many years. These ravines were at least twenty to twenty-five feet deep. It was as if some intelligent force deliberately headed the horses toward and over the right hand ravine, and though the buggy and the ponies touched the ground while on the road we now floated across this deep ravine and thus returned without touching its bottom! I attempted to alight but was unable to stir, and fortunately so. My wife finally caught up with us, and it seemed as if her presence remedied matters, at least I could now lead the horses by a halter to the nearest farmhouse, some half-mile distant. All spooks then vanished. Slowly progressing, it had become quite dark ere we arrived at the farm. My wife was now seized with great dread lest something evil should befall me at the farmer's, urging me to pass by and on. But what could I do? Rapping several times at the rear door, without recognition, and about to try once more, the door was suddenly flung open without warning, revealing the farmer, Mr. F., with gun pointed at me and evidently about to fire! A shriek of Mrs. H., and the farmer's own wife, simultaneously, recalled the folly to his senses, and as if combatting with some unseen influence, he threw the gun far from him, himself sinking exhausted to the floor, his blanched cheeks evidencing the inner turmoil that shook his powerful frame. When we had sufficiently recovered from our surprise, Mr. F. related how some hours before he had actually been forced to take down that old gun, from a hook where it had been forgotten for many years, to clean and load it, and finally to point it at me with every intent to kill me. He had not recognized me, though we were old acquaintances, till my wife's shriek saved him from murder. And thus "the witch" had verified her threat, that I would "be in greater danger than that very night."

Mr. and Mrs. F., as if to ridicule us for our "superstitious fears," proposed to drive our team to my home that very night. We had kept from them all mention of the more occult aspect to our adventures, merely stating that our ponies were balky, etc., but when they were ready to start, armed with a large lantern, a sudden whirl of wind, from every direction, would extinguish the light; and in the ensuing darkness the same manifestations would occur that had confounded us! They were a tenacious couple and tried it again and again, hitching the ponies to a heavy box-wagon, such as are found on farms, but such was sure to be the devilry following, that this worthy couple now peremptorily refused to harbor us and our team for the night. "You are both possessed of the devil," would be their invariable answer to our requests to at least keep our team over night. Finally I prevailed on him to call on a neighbor who, ignorant of the trouble, was found willing to take the horses with him. Nothing further occurred than that we had to walk home, our hearts and heads laboring with conflicting emotions!

### THE MORNING OBSERVATION.

The next morn our team was promptly returned, and we at once started for the scene of our last night's seance with hobgoblins. Mr. F. and wife corroborated what had fallen on us there. But we had more satisfactory evidence! We could plainly see the tracks of horses' feet and of the wheels on the road; and where the team had turned to and fro, over the ravine, and back again! Plainly these tracks led to the ravine's edge, continuing on the other side. Equally plain were the returning tracks, but the closest examination could not reveal the least mark at the bottom of that ravine, unrefutably proving that we had really floated both ways over the ravine. Indeed, had we not, and had we fallen into said ravine, we could not have left it without human aid, the coming day.

I here rest my case with my kind readers. Will they please aid me in unravelling this mystery? I candidly admit it to be beyond my cap or ken. If aught of the JOURNAL'S many readers can offer a solution to this, my plain, unvarnished tale of stubborn facts,

and will do so through these columns, it will be welcomed by me, and I trust by others also.

Perhaps some one of my readers, of more mercenary make-up, will ask: "But how about your fee? Did you ever re-visit the witch's house to collect?" To him will I gladly and in best of faith make over a judgment I later procured from a North Division Justice (at Chicago), which judgment I have been unable to collect, no one relishing to present the same to "the witch." Nor do I care to press my suit. But I make this condition:—the party desirous of pocketing the \$150, together with compound interest since 1874, must present his claim to "the witch" in person.  
J. C. HOFFMAN, M. D.  
Jefferson, Wis.

## SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The phenomena connected with Spiritualism are but the alphabet upon which the philosophy is founded. Sir John Herschel once said "that we should keep our eyes open to those things which in the ordinary course of nature ought not to happen, for they are the clues which lead to new discoveries." So these raps, table movements and slate writings are the clues which have opened the doors to a new discovery in the history of man's relation to the universe in which he lives. For two thousand years we have been bound down to a crude and irrational theology, originating among a semi-barbarous and ignorant people who lived on the eastern shores of Asia. This theology is not adapted to the educated civilization of the nineteenth century. Its dogmas and tenets cannot be reconciled with human reason, and its teachings as to man's life and destiny are in violation of every principle of justice, human and divine. All of the finer feelings and affections of our nature rebel at the thought of an infinite punishment for a finite life of sin. We reason that a punishment ought only to be for the purpose of reform, and only proportioned to the crime committed, and that no amount of sin compressed into one short life of seventy years, can deserve an eternity of torture.

We further reason that a scheme or plan by which at least ninety-one hundredths of all the people who ever were or will be born on this globe are destined by the fiat of the Supreme Power to an eternal life of misery, has a fault in its construction somewhere. Nor can we understand how it is that one may commit the grossest crimes, the most hideous sins, and then shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of an innocent person, and thus escape the just penalty of wrong doing. These incongruities drove men into doubt, from doubt to infidelity, and from infidelity to materialism.

Then Spiritualism came with its attempt to solve the grand mystery of existence. It is, perhaps, only one of the many loop-holes through which man has sought to escape from the dilemmas of dogmatic theology, but it has a reasonable appearance and presents a reasonable solution. Darwin, supplemented by Wallace, has fairly demonstrated the theory of evolution; the development of all natural things from a lower to a higher order of existence. This theory applies only to the physical life of the planet. The basic law of Spiritualism is the adoption and extension of this law of evolution to the spiritual life of man. Thus, while theology teaches that man's fate is determined in this life, and fixed at his death, at which event he becomes either an angel or a devil, Spiritualism says that death is no barrier to man's further progress and development; that after this change he passes into another and higher state of existence; that he does not become either an angel or a devil, but that he remains himself, with all of his affections, his traits and characteristics. He has wider opportunities and broader fields in which to acquire knowledge, and he simply goes on living and learning forever. This is the rational and natural result of the law of evolution. There seems to be no reason, and we believe none can be given, why if this law of evolution be true as applied to physical life, it should not also be true and applicable to the spiritual life.

In this philosophy the eternity of punishment is denied. There is no more of a hell hereafter than there is here. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement is fallacious. Every man must bear the consequences of his own wrong doing, and must work out his own salvation. No one else can save him. Positively this philosophy teaches that in order to be good you must do right, live right, act right and die right; that you cannot make a good man out of a merely repentant bad one; that honesty is not the best policy—that it is not policy at all, but men should be honest because it is right, and not because it is politic. It enjoins morality and temperance. It is the living foe of slavery and alcohol. It promotes charity and toleration for all differences. It teaches that the good of the race is the prime object of life, and that true happiness consists in the doing of those things which make others happy, and this is the rational philosophy of Spiritualism.

That part of Spiritualism which claims to prove the existence of the human spirit as an intelligence separate from and living after the death of the body, and the power of this spirit under certain conditions to communicate with living persons, and its ability to identify itself, is a scientific religion, for it has a firm foundation in established facts.

While the old theology is a purely deductive system, Spiritualism on the contrary is  
(Continued on Fourth Page.)

ORIENTAL THEOSOPHY.

A Message from the "Brooding East."

[New York Tribune.]

THE VIEWS OF BABU MOHINI CHATTERJEE.

Babu Mohini Chatterjee is a Hindoo gentleman who for three years past has resided in Europe, occupying himself in advancing the public comprehension of the objects of study comprised under the general head of Oriental Theosophy.

In the course of an extended conversation with Mr. Mohini the following views and opinions were elicited, and are here set down in the belief that the readers of the Tribune will be somewhat interested in ideas which, apart from all consideration of credibility, are likely to have the recommendation of novelty for the majority, while they represent a current of thought, a stream of tendency, as the Germans would say, deserving serious examination as a sign of the times.

Mr. Mohini in effect said: I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but I do not like to call myself a Theosophist, because that seems to imply the possession of absolute knowledge of the truth, whereas I am merely a seeker. To understand my position you must be acquainted with some of the beliefs I hold. It appears to me that the time is approaching when the East will be called upon once more to furnish a religious ideal to the West.

I consider that the relation between the East and the West through the presence of the English in India is one of the most important factors in the future evolution of mankind. It is not that the English have themselves recognized their opportunities. On the contrary, they have been blind to them. But it is not necessary that the bee who fertilizes a distant tract with the pollen he gathers from the flowers in his quest for honey, should realize what other purpose he is subserving than the satisfaction of his instinctive impulses.

Once before a great material power conquered the East, only to find the source of its own subjugation in the event. The English poet, Matthew Arnold, has beautifully described that great triumph of spirit over matter which resulted in the birth of the present religion of Christendom. You must not think that because I am an Oriental I am hostile to Christianity. If what I conceive to be my mission has any significance, it lies in the endeavor to help forward the restoration of true Christianity to the West.

Do not imagine, however, that I regard Christianity as in any sense entitled to exclusive preference. I reverence it because I hold that there is but one Eternal Verity; and that all religions are expressions of it. It is in India that the source and fountain-head of the world's creeds is to be found.

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every human being is born to essay is not the conquest of external circumstances or of his fellow men. It is comprised in the old Greek axiom "Know Thyself." If Christendom had realized this, and had not been misled by the promptings of materialism, the millennium would not have seemed so fanciful and vain a dream as it appears to-day.

The discontent which takes the form of socialism is the natural result of a view of life which gives supreme importance to externals. Christianity and the Indian religions alike teach the very contrary to this. Inequality in social condition is in the West the chief cause of popular restlessness. I do not believe, however, in the doctrines of equality upheld by the socialists. There is not, and never can be, equality between human beings in their view.

But in India socialism is impossible. We are all poor there, but it is because we do not desire to be rich. Humanity is so constituted that as a rule men obtain that which they strive for most earnestly. In the West material possessions are sought; in the East spiritual enlightenment. The result is that the West has riches and the East ideas.

The Theosophical Society has been misconceived considerably, and this is partly due to a mistake—at least I think it so—in the initial movement. In order to interest the West great stress was laid on the minor phenomena of occult science. It was thought that the presentation of these wonders would convince thinking men that the subject deserved attention.

Of course such an attempt as I have outlined to bring together the East and the West, and to modify the materialism of the former with the Spiritualism of the latter, must be a work of time. I am led to hope that it will ultimately succeed because I am taught by the masters whose humble disciple I am that the progress of the race is ever upward and onward, and because a continuance of materialistic civilization on its present lines must if unchecked end in disaster and retrogression.

The possibility of uniting the East and West in the acceptance of the Universal Religion appears to me so fraught with great results that it is a duty to further it. The first step toward such an accord must be the clearing away of misapprehension on both sides, and the demonstration of the real identity of all genuine religion.

tian the rejection of any Gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic accretions which have deformed and overlaid the doctrines of the Founder, you may conclude that my outlook is not so fantastic and extravagant as without this explanation it might appear. It deserves to be noted, also, that the indications of Western preparedness to take new ideas from India are more numerous than you would suppose.

To understand the Indian religion there must be a capacity to perceive spiritual truth of some kind, but the materialist philosophy of the age appears to lack this capacity. Nirvana and Moksha seem to the earth-bound vision synonyms for annihilation. This is because they are the symbols of a form of existence so far transcending human experience that only the illuminated spirit can realize, and even it but dimly, the subtle refinement of life involved.

One English scholar, Professor Max Muller, has, it is true, very handsomely acknowledged the debt Europe owes to the East, and I wish his book, "What India Can Teach Us," could be generally read. That is a fair beginning of a liberal movement which I hope will spread wider the present efforts to break down the barriers between the two regions and enrich the West with the spiritual treasures of the East.

I am a member of the Brahma Somaj, as well as a member of the Theosophical Society. My ancestor, Rammohun Roy, was conspicuously associated with the movement. Its influence has declined of late years, but the spirit which informed it was truly divine.

MY BABY.

A Story for Mothers.

I was a young mother—very young—only nineteen. My baby, my little Ray, was a birthday gift, born the day I was eighteen, and his beauty was my delight—my rosy baby Ray!

I have never since seen any thing so incomparably beautiful as my boy. Fancy the face of a cherub, big bright eyes, sparkling and laughing, a magnificently formed head, covered with golden curls, a complexion of the blended lily and rose, a pretty, proud little mouth, always ready for a kiss, and a neck and shoulders exquisitely turned and polished.

Not whiter were the snowy wings Of the sacred dove that, flashing in the sun, Soared heavenward exulting to the light.

"Don't love him too much," said the wise-a-cres, now and then, "because if you do you will lose him."

Every fond young mother knows with what delight the pretty garments are fashioned with which to wrap the baby in when he is taken out for his daily airing.

Ah! those words should have been cherished as "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and then my life would not have been darkened or my home saddened for all these hopeless years.

Is there a prettier sight than a dainty baby-carriage, with its wraps of fairy-like embroidery, its delicate tints of color, and its pearl of pearls, roses under lace, sparkle of fringed eyes, lips like opening buds, tiny waxen hands, radiant flashes of smiles or little breathless cooings?

I saw once on a crowded street, a very rich woman in her carriage. Diamonds flashed under the wraps that were thrown over neck and shoulders, and from the lobes of her delicate ears. A plain, worried looking woman, in a plaid wrapper, thinking her own sad thoughts, planning, perhaps, how to get the rent that was almost due, or fill the empty market basket at home, pushed the plain little hand-car that had only a snow-white pillow for its adornment, but on that pillow rested a year-old child, whose sweet face was a rest to look upon.

The rich and beautiful lady caught a glimpse of that face, and instantly ordered the carriage to be stopped. I was not near enough to hear what she said to the weary looking mother, but I knew by some magical sort of kinship that her eyes were full of fears. Away down in her heart lay a buried love, perchance, and she saw a little grave somewhere, under whose green cover a face as rare as that of the poor woman's baby, slept, never to be awakened by the voice of love or song.

One day, a cloudless October day, a lady friend called for me to fulfill a promise I had made her, to go to one of the principal shops in Washington, bargain hunting. She had brought her carriage round, and I was just ready to go out with baby and his nurse Nanny, a good natured girl, who had always seemed devoted to him.

"I wonder if I had better leave Ray at home?" I queried by myself.

"Always," was my answer—"when I am with her. I make it a rule never to let baby go out without me."

"I wouldn't be such a slave!" was the quick response. "Hav'n't you a good nurse?"

"My nurse takes almost the entire charge of my children. If you cosset him so, your boy never will be a man!"

"I don't know about that," she replied. "Nanny, you'll be very careful," I said, anxiously, as I smoothed out the ribbons, and pulled at the laces from the midst of which the cherub face looked out.

"Of course it couldn't be," I said to myself, again and again, as I made way through the crowds who were chatting and swaying. Should I ever reach the place? People looked after me; somebody spoke to me, but I could not pause to see whether it was stranger or friend.

"God help me!" I cried in agony, as I found the child would not answer to my look or speech.

Just then Nanny came along, her cheeks flushed and her laugh loud. By her side was a young German lad, who had often come to the house with bread. When she saw me, she started and lost color.

"Nanny, you've killed my boy!" I cried, almost beside myself, as I caught his limp form from the cushions. "Take the carriage home," and regardless of the crowd gathering about me, I ran hither and thither, right

and left, blind with tears, distracted with fright, I could not have found the carriage but for my friend, who sprang out and led me to it.

"What in heaven's name has happened?" she asked, as she came into the seat, after me.

"Why linger upon these sad reminiscences? We had doctors from far and near, but they never did my baby any good. The most learned of them failed when they knew the facts. Years passed—ten, fifteen—let me see—yes, to-day is the dreadful 9th of October—and my baby still lives. Limbs about the size of a man; hands beautiful, hair still golden and hanging in long curls on the bosom, eyes blue and always wonder-wide—only a baby, and fifteen years old!"

Nanny, poor girl, has suffered all her life long. She has children of her own now; and she never meets me but she asks humbly if I have forgiven her. O yes, I have forgiven her, but myself, never! She was led away for a few moments, thinking the baby was asleep in a sheltered place, but some one moved the carriage where I found it, some thoughtless hand. I was the only one to blame after all the warnings I had had, to leave my baby to the care of hirelings!

"I have thought often, when shrinking from the ordeal of making my sorrow public," said the sad mother, from whom, as I sat by the bedside of her boy, I learned these facts—"that if I could have the ear of every mother in the land, I would beg them never to lose sight of their darlings. Only the other day one of my neighbors left her beautiful boy, three years old, in the kitchen, alone, while she went upstairs to make the beds. To-day a little white corpse lies in the room you can see from here, and the mother has lost her reason, all from a moment's neglect. In that moment the boy lighted a match; in ten minutes he was burned to death."

And so I have jotted down this true story. May the warning I have striven to outline, not be unheeded. To every mother I would say—

Deem it thy truest pleasure ever to watch The swift uncoiling of all infant dreams; The first unfolding of the mind to catch, Nor give the babe to rest in heedless arms. Remember, life's to him a wonder-wide, And he a marvel of God's highest art, And if thou'lt give him more than a guide, Let no less duty bar him from thy heart, But of thy soul, thy love, thy time, make him a part.

ALICE ROBBINS.

The Late Professor Butlerof.

Our readers will remember that this distinguished scientist passed away on the 17th of August of this year, but owing to the difficulty of translation were unable to give any particulars of the career of the deceased gentleman. We are indebted to the *Sphinx* for the following information concerning him:

At one of the last meetings of the Society of Natural Science at Berlin, when Professor Polek, in his address, spoke of the latest labors of the Russian chemist Butlerof, and expressed a hope that they would long be continued, the greater number of those present were ignorant of the fact that Butlerof had ceased to live. Prof. V. Meyer communicated the intelligence to the assembly that their distinguished colleague had departed this life a few days previously, and on a motion of the former speaker, the meeting was postponed out of respect to the deceased. Thus did his comrades in science honor a man who, apart from the priceless services he rendered to chemistry, did important work for the present century, for he not only recognized the fact that deep reasons lie at the root of the present spiritual movement which he undertook to inquire into, but he recognized that the previous modes of inquiry into supernatural facts were not altogether free from error.

Alexander von Butlerof was born on the 6th of September, 1825, at Tschistopol, in the government of Kasan; at Kasan he studied chemistry, and at a later period gave lectures upon it in that place. He spent 1857 and 1858 in foreign parts, principally in Paris, was called in 1863 to St. Petersburg as a professor, and since that time he conducted there the studies of the more advanced scholars. In this capacity he succeeded in winning the love and esteem of his pupils, and without neglecting his multifarious duties he found time and energy to devote to the study of supernatural facts. All honor to his memory!—Light, London.

In recently published recollections of Lyman Beecher it is told that while walking home one night with a big book under his arm a skunk suddenly crossed his path. He threw the book at it, and when he reached home they had to fumigate him and bury his clothes. A few weeks after the catastrophe, one of his sons came rushing into his father's presence with a pamphlet in his hand, saying excitedly: "Look here, father, what this scallawag has written about you. You must answer him." "Pooh! pooh!" said the old Doctor. "I'll have nothing to do with him. I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk lately, and I got the worst of it."

A ten-year-old boy of Marion, Ind., has become insane, and physicians say that it is solely due to tobacco, which he has used since he was five years old.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 20th Street, New York.]

TO H. M. P.

Only a word of greeting From the heart of the passing year; With the love-felt memories thronging Of the absent, shined and dear. In the midnight solemn stillness, The peaceful soul at rest, May know of the life immortal, Of the Truth its dreaming bliss.

husband built with his own hands the strange little house in which she lives for her to enter as a bride in the spring of the year 1799, and that since that date she has never lived in any other. It is a curious one-story edifice, built of rough undressed stone. Mrs. Calhoun has been the mother of sixteen children, all of whom reached maturity, but only five are now living.

HOW TO WIN.

The following noble words are the key-note of Frances E. Willard's new book, "How to Win," with an introduction by Rosa Elizabeth Cleveland. They define the limitations of self-culture:

"Thus far I have been trying to impress upon you the reasons why you should cultivate individually and independence in word or deed. I have claimed that each one of you has a 'call' to some specific work indicated by God's gifts to you of brain or heart or hand. But I would not have you only, or indeed chiefly, concerned with the evolution of your powers for your own sake. If you acquire, let it be that you may dispense; if you achieve, that others may sun themselves in the kind glow of your prosperity. The people who spend all their strength in absorbing are failures and parasites. It is alike the business of the sun and of the soul to radiate every particle of light that they contain.

FROM MANY SOURCES.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper of Paris, has been investigating the fate of American girls who go to Italy to learn to sing, hoping to succeed on the Italian stage. Of the hundreds that she has known during the last twelve years, only three have been successful—Marie Van Zandt, Emma Nevada and Ella Russell. Of the rest, some few are making a precarious living. Others have gone home tired out.

A young lady of seventeen studying at one of our large co-educational universities, has chosen the course of mechanical arts, and takes shop practice, studies machinery and its necessary accompaniments of science and mathematics, and in all branches acquires herself to the satisfaction of her teacher. Her object in pursuing a course considered usually fit only for the masculine intellect, is to enable her to assist her father in his large manufactory at Rochester.

Theresa Kelley, now superintendent of a book-binders in Cleveland, O., during the war entered the hospitals as a nurse. Her services were so valuable that she was sent to the front and received a commission as Orderly Sergeant from the Fifth Ohio Infantry. Here is the only case on record.

Miss Alice R. Jordan, the young lady who took the degree of LL. B., at Yale College last June is the first and only lady who ever graduated from that institution, and but twenty-three years old. Two years ago she was admitted to practice in the Circuit Courts and lately was admitted to practice in the Superior Court, Michigan is her native State.

During the severe November storm on Lake Erie, the steam barge, C. N. Pratt, when about fifteen miles out from Detroit, disabled her wheel and was obliged to cut loose from her consort, the schooner Victor of Windsor. Left to herself in a raging sea which frequently swept over the deck, the condition of the Victor and her crew of half a dozen was desperate.

Capt. Lannox's daughter, Minnie, eighteen years of age, was the only woman aboard. Realizing the imminent danger of the vessel, she donned a tarpaunt suit and for thirty-six hours, until the storm subsided, worked with the crew. She helped to haul in the towline, took her turn at the wheel, and did the work of the hardest sailor without flinching. The schooner finally reached port safely and the heroic young girl, although exhausted from exposure, was no more so than the men.

The Pioneer Press says that "Rev. Ann Shaw is not only a minister, but a doctor of divinity. Many anecdotes are told of her which illustrate clear grit. In the early days in Mich. she had occasion to preach at a remote lumbering settlement. She was obliged to go a part of the distance by wagon. In a lonely, unfrequented part of the route, far from human habitation, the driver, who was a low, brutal fellow, began to talk in a way he shouldn't. Miss Shaw stood it for nearly half an hour, and finally, when she was convinced of the man's motives, she suddenly drew a formidable derringer from the folds of her garments, and said very quietly, "You low, contemptible brute; utter another word of that sort, and I'll shoot you like a dog." The threat was sufficient. The man read determination in the lines of the "preacher woman's" face, and did not utter a syllable the rest of the trip. He helped get a large congregation for her at the settlement, "because," he said, "I liked her grit."

A Washington correspondent writes: "A Miss Johnson was on Friday appointed clerk to the House Committee on the Library, of which Mr. Singletary, of Mississippi, is chairman. This is the first instance on record of a woman being employed in the Capitol, though the departments, as every body knows, are full of them. Another interesting circumstance in connection with this case is that Miss Johnson was sworn into office by her mother, who is a notary public of the District.

The Tribune has learned from London Life that the German Empress Augusta has for many years been under a "massage" treatment. It is given to her by an old woman of the Silesian peasantry, now more than seventy years of age, who is never allowed to be long away from the court, travels with the Empress, has her entree everywhere, assists at all the court ceremonies from some quiet corner, and is allowed to bring her daughter to the palace to see her, rather than that she should absent herself, for a journey to her native place. "Die Massense" is quite a power, and her brisk repartee and racy liveliness make her a most agreeable companion despite her rusticity.

A correspondent of the Herald has visited the oldest inhabitant probably of the State of New York. He says: "There is now living about two miles from Centerville, Ulster county, a woman named Jane Calhoun, who has reached the remarkable age of one hundred and six years, having been born on the 3rd of November, 1780. She was born, married and has lived all her life in the district, and her age has been verified beyond question. The old lady tells with pride that her

If heaven crumbled and stars fell like rain, Making seas mist and melting the rocky plain, My voice would not be hushed: If the inner firmament, which makes the dome Of the human head an infinite sky, Reason's high home, Should grow opaque with nimbus clouds and horrid storms, Of wild, discordant thoughts and insane forms, Still in the jarring mind some light would linger, by His ways, Who, in babes' mouths wakes praise; But if my love were gone, if I felt not the pang Of tenderness, nor over in me rang The peals of human sorrow,—I were dead where Life doth start. Come, Friend, I'll hold thee closer to my heart! My love of thee Is life in me.

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. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

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The colored pastors of Florida have initiated a boycott against the railroads. At a meeting held a few days ago it was asserted that colored people were compelled to pay first-class fare for worse than second-class accommodation; that young white men passed through the colored cars cursing and drinking, regardless of the presence of women, and that even the bishops of the church had no immunity from disrespectful treatment. It was resolved that the colored people should cease all visits and enterprises, as well as camp meetings, which would make it necessary for them to patronize railroads.

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the Religio-Philosophical Journal, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

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 15, 1887.

A Notable Association.

Forty-five years ago a community was founded a few miles from the city of Boston, which counted among its members or friends some of the foremost intellects and truest souls in all New England. George Ripley, the leader, had just left the Unitarian pulpit, announcing himself a Transcendentalist, and had given his adhesion to larger movements than the Christian church represented. To use the language of Mr. Frothingham, "he had faith in the soul and the soul's prophesy of good; he saw that the prophesy was unheeded; that society rested on principles which the soul abhorred; that between the visions of the spiritual philosophy and the bitter realities of vice, misery and sin, in human life, there was an unappeasable conflict; and he was resolved to do what one man might to create a new earth in preparation for a new heaven."

United with Mr. Ripley and his excellent wife were such men as Charles A. Dana, now editor of the New York Sun; Orestes Brownson; J. S. Dwight, the musical director who first gave Boston eminence in this respect; Christopher P. Cranch, artist, musician, poet and preacher; the beloved Rev. Adin Ballou, who, differing with the others in regard to practical workings afterward established himself at Hopedale, Mass.; George W. Curtis, the elegant and long-time editor of Harper's "Easy Chair," and others of hardly less note. Among sympathizers and visitors were that faithful lover of spiritual laws, Emerson, Theodore Parker, who owed so much to the influence of Ripley; A. Bronson Alcott, the mystic; the Channings, uncle and nephew; Margaret Fuller, the wisest sibyl of the age; Hawthorne, the subjective author, and a multitude of others, moved as by one common impulse.

Convinced alike of the miseries of actual life, the injustice of avarice and the selfishness of competition, these socialists of Brook Farm were bent upon establishing a new social order. Its foundations were respect for the dignity of man and sympathy with his aspirations. All kinds and degrees of intellectual culture received welcome; the doors were open to every sect and nationality. Thither flocked the advanced thinkers of the country, pre-eminent in quality if not in numbers.

The meals were taken in "common," groups taking turn in serving the others. Two hundred acres of sterile land made agriculture the leading pursuit, but a workshop was afterward built and mechanics carried on their occupations; all engaged in their choice of work, receiving wages according to the number of hours in which they were engaged. The learned leader blacked boots, milked and cleaned out the stable as well as the hardest and crudest youths. Delicate women presided at the wash-tub and then found recuperation by reading Fourier or studying Greek.

In six or seven years the experiment was at an end. Want of practical knowledge, poor land, accumulating debts, produced discouragement and defeat. The members of Brook Farm community dispersed, carrying with them the memory of the highest and happiest life they had ever known, the form whereof remains unto this day.

Of the first three or four years of Brook Farm life, Mrs. Georgina B. Kirby has given a graphic running history in a book just published, entitled, "Years of Experience." English and Scotch by birth and possessed of independence and originality of character, Miss Bruce naturally gravitated to the Community a few years after coming to this country and while yet young. "The very air seemed to hold more exhilarating qualities than any I had breathed before," she declares. Able scholars, fine theorists, noble

philanthropists, were ready to help and encourage. Every day was a romance and a surprise. The earth was soon to blossom as a rose; goodness and greatness were sure to grow common, and life would be at once uplifted to a higher level. "Not one person at Brook Farm," she continues, "used tobacco or any stimulants whatever.... All the newest and most beautiful thoughts of the time seemed to find us out, and thus we kept in rapport with the noblest of all lands and quite secure from petty feelings."

As events proved they planted before the earth was ready. The gardener does not set out delicate roots till the sun shines warm and steadily and the weather is settled. Yet the fructifying and generous influences of the Brook Farm movement produced rare effects upon character and gave rich promise of happier years. Margaret Fuller wrote of it: "I have entire faith in the principle of association, as indicating movements inevitable to the coming age,.... but I should begin prepared for fifty or a hundred years of failure."

The author of these interesting reminiscences which give the inner life of the association, became after leaving it, the assistant of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, who had just been appointed by Judge Edmonds, matron of the Sing Sing prison. No more remarkable story can be rehearsed than that of the ascendancy of that remarkable woman over the prisoners under her charge. In mental and moral as well as physical well-being they experienced a regeneration which lasted, in some cases, during life. They were treated as human beings,—not brutes. But that is another phase of experience of which more anon.

Periods of Inspiration.

Nothing is better recognized by modern thinkers, than the periodicity of great spiritual movements. As certainly as spring succeeds winter, eras of quickening follow long seasons of apathy. Historical study is necessary to bring this law into the prominence which it deserves, though it is patent to even a cursory observer.

A marked illustration is that period which culminated in the 15th century in Europe. A great wave then swept over the planet, awakening dormant energies that found expression in a variety of forms. Literature, art, science, invention and discovery began to awaken and stir from their long sleep and put forth their strength. The spiritual nature of man gained force enough to push through the almost impenetrable crust of intolerant ignorance. Even Draper who discovers little beside intellectual power, declares that "synchronously with the intellectual there was a moral influence coming into play. The two were in harmony.... The moral impulse acted under several different forms."

About the year 1440 the art of printing was invented, and the diffusion of knowledge for the first time became possible. A little later, Lorenzo the magnificent, noble patron of art, science and literature, illuminated the continental horizon. In 1446 Perugino appeared to found the Umbrian school of painting, and to develop the genius of Raphael, the glorious forerunner of that splendid school of Italian art the like of which the world has not yet paralleled. The same year that witnessed the birth of Raphael, saw the advent of the rebellious monk Luther, to whose courage and honesty the world owes so much. Nine years later Columbus, moved by the mighty unrest beating at the heart of nature, sailed away to find a New World, greater than his wildest dreams had ever pictured. Six years after Vasco di Gama doubled the Cape, and two-score years afterward Magellan circumnavigated the globe,—the greatest of human undertakings. An epoch so brilliant the world had never known.

So much, and more which there is not space to mention, for the latter half of the 15th century. In the 18th occurred another notable period, in which "the rights of the masses against classes," to borrow a phrase of Gladstone, was the inspiration of the hour in England, France and America—Voltaire, Rousseau and Mirabeau in France and noteworthy leaders of the American Revolution were its chief exponents.

All signs show that another significant era is at hand—nay, that our planet already approaches the perihelion of its cycle. Inventions and discoveries multiply daily. Revelations of the Spirit-world through man's unfolding powers are startling scientists and puzzling philosophers. Side by side discoveries are made in the seen and unseen universe, the one as well proven as the other, though by different instruments. If many experiments are chaotic, visionary, fruitless, not less are they undertaken in the search after the true, the good and the beautiful. How many times does the apple tree put forth blossoms that bear no fruitage?

Among attempts at reform in modes of living, are trials of the community system, like that of Brook Farm among a hundred others. Many are based on religious ideas, and, like the Shakers, work out great spiritual development for individuals. Others are yet in the process of formation and will prove educational, even if they go down like Brook Farm, which morally deserved success. Pioneers in thought are seldom practical in its application to affairs, and worldly shrewdness finds better interest for capital. But the unrest deepens, and society waits still for some pattern divine enough to satisfy its ardent longings; substantial enough to meet physical necessities.

Rev. Mr. Eastman of Benton Harbor, an Episcopalian, suspended his meeting Dec. 19th, in order that his congregation might attend Mr. Howe's lectures.

"The Spiritual Christ"—David Swing.

One of the results of the late gathering in this city of clergymen and other evangelical helpers and believers in the second coming of Christ, is a sermon by Prof. Swing on The Spiritual Christ—a discourse notable for what is not said as well as for what is said. It opens as follows:

When the doors were shut came Jesus and stood in the midst, John xx: 19. When deeply religious clergymen are looking forward to a coming and a sojourn of Christ upon earth, many who are not of their school cannot but catch from their convention the spirit of inquiry and wonderment. It is not given to mortals to know the future of the soul, but it is permitted all of us to inquire and wonder and hope.

Some time since we coupled Robert Ingersoll and a Methodist clergyman as looking at this matter from different standpoints, and yet agreeing in the same assertion with which this discourse opens. Now we have a trio,—the materialistic free thinker, the Methodist, and the Central Music Hall preacher, all saying: "It is not given to mortals to know the future of the soul." Impartial justice demands that we say to Prof. Swing, as was said to the others: "Please speak for yourself, and not ignore the knowledge of millions." There are millions of Spiritualists, from whom could be gathered scores of audiences equal in quality to the Central Music Hall gatherings, who feel that they know something of that future. Is it not rather cool to ignore this cloud of living witnesses? It is true that they claim no large range of exact knowledge, and wait for the day when they shall know more, but something they do know,—too much to have any clergyman of good sense and large soul pass in silence their careful research and conclusions.

Of men on earth we really know little; their outer life we see, but only glimpses of their inner life are open to us. True it is that

"Thought is deeper than all speech, feeling is deeper than all thought."

Yet no sane man would say that it is not given to mortals to know each other; something is known, too, of those in the life beyond. A fact of which it is a duty to remind the preacher.

After some excellent descriptions of the dignity and gravity of the change called death, Prof. Swing says:

The statement in the text that after his death Christ came back to his friends and took his place in the room while the door was shut, brings before us the most cardinal idea of Christianity—that of a subsequent life. It does not urge with the old schoolmen that a spirit can have no attributes of an earthly body, no measure of length, breadth, or thickness. It implies by a spiritual being some rational life amazingly different from these earthly forms, but it does not affirm that a spirit is the total negation of the qualities of matter. It considers the final quality of matter and mind as unthinkably or unknowable, and uses the term spirit to express a life which is not trammelled by any such coarse material as composes man's body upon this globe.... But this spiritualization of one mind solves the whole problem, whether soul can occupy a finer body than the human tenement.

These are pleasant and fine words, but quite speculative and shadowy. The text tells a plain and simple fact—that Christ, fangible and visible in bodily form as when on earth, really came and stayed with his friends, "stood in their midst" in the room for a short time.

Was Jesus a man, or a miraculous being? Prof. Swing, we suppose, thinks him a man, noble yet human. Was this recorded fact a miracle, or a natural occurrence? Prof. Swing is not supposed to believe in miracles, in suspensions of eternal and divine laws.

"The man Christ Jesus" then was materialized in a natural way, just as many men and women have been before and since his day. History is full of such narrations, quite as well attested, verified by more witnesses, than this gospel materialization. Living witnesses, whose word on any other matter no one would question, can come forward to testify of cases even more convincing than this.

Why pass by all these? Why treat this case as standing alone, peculiar and exceptional? Why comment on it in such a way that the hearers might think it a miracle? If this one appearance of Christ "solves the whole problem whether soul can occupy a finer body than the human tenement," would not many like appearances, in many lands and ages, make that problem sure beyond a doubt?

The perfect millennium in this world, which the Adventists look for is treated of in this rational way:

Our planet possesses a mission of its own, definite enough and great enough to justify its coming from God. It gives us all an opportunity to make the beginning of a spiritual life. It is the scene of a great progress, and is capable of reaching a much grander height.

The civilization of man has come like a morning in the summer, which opens slowly from a faint glow in the east and a few chirps of birds to a full sunrise and a whole chorus in the tree. Earth is fully justified by its dawn of human greatness, even should perfection not follow in this world. It is great and adequate in such a little planet to start so well such a gigantic entity as the human soul. But if the Palestine which gave birth to a Jesus—the Palestine whose home-life gave Him a good childhood, whose scenes of beauty filled His mind with poetry, with illustrations whose philosophy and literature helped Him compose the sermon upon the mount, if this Palestine could not be His complete and final home, it was still a good Palestine, thus to produce and cherish one destined and worthy to wear forever such a glory-crown. If the planet could not keep Him beyond thirty-three years, it must be credited with the greatness of those years. Thus regarding the myriads of humanity, our little globe can not hope to make itself into a heavenly world for its children now here or to come. It can prepare man for happiness it cannot furnish, for a spirituality it cannot sustain, for an immortality it cannot itself possess nor bestow. Our globe is good only for its allotted task, good for man's cradle.

With such a task on its hands, that of carrying man in his infancy, this world is worthy of honor and love, but it contains no fitness whatever for the empire of a spiritual King. It is not the world for a spiritual Christ or his spiritual children.

What may be the nature of that higher life beyond earth, to which so many look and in which is to come the triumph of man, is not given to mortals to learn. Nor can society learn whether it is far away or in a borderland of this existence. The universe is so large, and this is so small a globe in the countless host, that the spirit land may be far off. All the probabilities point to a material world; only, one where the mind will be less in bondage to material things, to a life-long labor for food and drink, and life-long anxiety over the health of the body in which the mind dwells.

This is the spiritual philosophy. The gift-

ed preacher speculates as to the probability of a material world finer than this gross earth. We hope he has or may gain some light in that direction from the writings of gifted spiritual seers of our day. Possibly the time may come when he and others like him will recognize some help to be had from facts and experiences in Chicago as well as in Jerusalem, in solving the great problems of life here and hereafter.

We should be glad to have the polished preacher tell us frankly what sort of evidence he would require to convince him that those who once walked lovingly by his side in mortal form are able to manifest their continuity of existence; or if he has no personal interest in the matter, what will persuade him as a religious teacher, of the certainty of a future life and the ability of those once in mortal form to demonstrate their individual identity.

Prof. Swing has regular hearers whom he knows and whose judgment and veracity in matters of this world he respects, who are Spiritualists and who can testify of their own knowledge that "when the doors were shut a spirit came and stood in the midst." He seems to credit the evidence of much less intelligent people, whose story, told nearly two thousand years ago, comes to him through channels none too trustworthy. Why is not the testimony of members of his own congregation entitled to, at least, equal consideration and public mention?

Anti-Christian Literature.

At a late Monday morning minister's meeting in this city, Rev. J. H. Alling read a paper to the Methodists on "The Egoistic Skepticism of Modern Literature," asserting that there is a large and growing anti-Christian literature in our midst, the immense power of the daily and weekly newspapers is prostituted to serve error, and the modern novel is material and infidel in its tendencies. Among the injurious writers of the day he put Holmes, Renan, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, Dickens and George Elliot, yet he thinks Christian teachings will win at last, grave as the peril is.

One grave sin the newspaper is continually committing in the eyes of this and other pulpites, is the dissemination of scientific knowledge, and a code of ethics based on other than orthodox religious assumptions but far better calculated to elevate the world than is the plan that leads either to a Harp or a Hell. The less general intelligence the more complete the priestly sway, hence the newspaper is an enemy to be feared and denounced by Alling and his cult.

What the dickens ails the preacher to black ball Charles Dickens as infidel? The gospel of fraternal love glows on the pages of that writer; neither does he advocate theological heresies. Not to uphold the old dogmas, must be infidelity in this minister's mind. Dean Stanley said Theodore Parker had done as much to uplift religious thought as any man in America. Does Stanley, an English Episcopal dignitary, approve of infidels in this way? No word of Dr. Holmes can be pointed out inculcating anything but the best morals and ethics, and he has rare beauty of spiritual insight. Give us a legion of cheery infidels, healthy in soul and body like Dr. Holmes, and the world will be the better for them.

The sun will shine and the glow of spring will come, and "religion pure and undefiled" will gain, notwithstanding this attack of theological biliousness which has come upon Rev. Mr. Alling.

Telepathic Possibilities.

Rev. H. M. Simmons the able and progressive minister of the First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis gave his hearers a discourse lately in which he touched upon telepathy in the following suggestive way:

There may come a time when mind reading may be common enough, and all thought revealed, and the publication of mental secrets may be a help rather than injury to society and the individual. It may be disagreeable, however, for the merchant to have the character of his sugar known; the doctor may be averse to the analysis of his own pills or having his impressions of his own prescriptions known to all, while the preacher may be embarrassed about his real doctrine. There should be no secrets in religion or anywhere else, and Charles Sumner was probably right when he declared that the genius of our institutions requires publicity. It would have a tendency to check the bad and encourage the good; by a harmless revelation of all secrets from matter up to mind, lies may be abolished, wrongs found out and faith increased in all spiritual things.

E. J. Brown of Portia, Ark., was in this city a few days ago, and consulted Mrs. Blade, the slate-writing medium. He received the following communications:

Glad to meet you. Tell Alvin we were there [Mrs. Porter's seance] willing to talk, but had not the power. JOHN S. BROWN. ANDREW BROWN.

You did not mind the loss of that horse. ANDREW. John S. Brown is the father of the Mr. Brown seeking spiritual light through the mediumship of Mrs. Blade, and Andrew Brown was his brother. Mrs. Blade did not know the initials of either of them, nor did she know that he had lately lost a horse, referred to by Andrew in the communication he gave, or that he had a brother Alvin. The tests were very satisfactory to the recipient.

Although Mr. W. Irving Bishop avows that his mind-reading feats are in no way connected with so-called spiritualistic phenomena, Prof. Joseph B. Buchanan, M. D., in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, insists that Mr. Bishop is "no philosopher," doesn't comprehend himself, and "his assertion is of no importance when we know that he has done things heretofore which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." The Observer is not at all dogmatic, but this argument strikes him as a marvellously bold attempt to cultivate violets on a thistle.—New York Graphic.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe spent a day in the city last week on his way to Kansas City.

A wag in the daily press professes to be informed that the scaffold is being prepared on "Gallows Hill," (of witchcraft memory) Salem, whereon to hang the Andover Professors if they are found guilty!

Mr. R. B. Blowers of Woodland, Cal., has been in the city the past two weeks, in charge of the Central California Citrus Fair. Mr. Blowers is an old and successful fruit grower, and believes that Central California has advantages over other sections of that State.

Under the title, "Bewitched or What?" Dr. Hoffman tells in this number a story which no reader will credit in its entirety, yet the JOURNAL is assured in the most solemn manner by the writer, that it is literally true. Dr. Hoffman is a highly educated and reputable gentleman, whose testimony as to ordinary matters and in his profession could not be impeached. The JOURNAL offers no opinion on, or explanation of, this remarkable tale.

R. A. Thompson of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "Owing to the extremely bad weather during December, the audiences at the hall of the First Association were not quite so large, but those that came were amply repaid for their trouble, by hearing the grand lectures from Mrs. Paul of Vermont. During the month of January, we will have Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis of Brooklyn, N. Y., to speak for us. We will commence our camp meeting at Parkland, June 1st, this year."

Light says that the English press is more respectful to Spiritualism, almost all the leading newspapers speaking of it with more fairness and as a matter not to be ridiculed. The same change has been long and slowly going on here in the secular journals. The orthodox religious newspapers are silent or contemptuous, with few exceptions; the Universalist journals reserved and quiet; the Unitarian press more fraternal, and scientific publications simply contemptuous, their pride as blind as their folly.

Under the title—translated—"The Dawn of a New Day," the JOURNAL's valued contributor and subscriber, Lady Cathness, publishes a new review in Paris. Under the professional auspices of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Lady Cathness claims as her "guardian angel," the world may expect something strange and sensational. She claims to belong to the "Star Circle," which, during this dispensation, rules the destiny of the world. An interview with the Countess appears in another column.

The Nation, of New York, says: "Those who recall the great public interest awakened by the visit to this country of Prof. Huxley and Tyndall, can but feel surprised that their fellow-scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, is receiving less attention—that his presence in this country is, indeed, hardly known away from Boston, where he has lately delivered a very acceptable course of 'Lowell lectures.' The author of so many popular works of travel, possessing a high degree of interest and authority, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the doctrine of natural selection, should not, in consequence of a modesty which he equally shares with Darwin, fail of a hearty welcome wherever he goes."

Charles A. Story, 2332 Vernon Ave., this city, has invented a new system of spelling, which is securing a great deal of attention among prominent men. Rev. H. W. Thomas cordially endorses the system, and in a note to the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, says: "I am so profoundly impressed with the need of some reform in spelling; and, after a careful examination of the method of Major Charles A. Story, of this city, am so thoroughly convinced of its excellence and value to the millions of children in our land, that I beg your careful attention and consideration of the bill that is now entrusted to your judgment for testing and trying the same, and earnestly hope that it may receive your hearty approval."

A leading writer on ethics and philosophy in a private letter to the editor says: "A relative of mine, a bright, well educated man has always looked with a sort of pity on any one who believed in a future life. I gave his wife a psychograph; after several trials, she informed me it was a failure. I told her she had hardly given it fair trial. The next day she invited a young lady visitor to join in another trial. The result of this experiment was marvellous, as were those of further trials. Some communications received are of great interest, and her husband is entirely convinced; his attitude wholly changed. This experience, coming under my own observation, gives me great confidence in the psychograph as an aid in developing mediumship and opening communication with spirit friends. I presume in some cases there will be no results, this from want of medial power in some instances, and in others, from a lack of persistent, patient effort. But on the whole I am sure you would be safe in strongly recommending the little instrument."

Religious intolerance does not appear to be quite so rife in New Zealand as it is in England. A little while ago Mr. Bradlaugh was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons. In New Zealand they have an avowed free-thinker for their Premier, and what is still more surprising, this self-same free-thinking Premier has recently had bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and Robert Stout, the clever Dunedin lawyer and painstaking politician, will henceforward be known in New Zealand history as Sir Robert Stout. Sir Robert is a Spiritualist. He is represented as a thoroughly

straightforward and honest man, and he has had his reward in a continuous stream of success and honor.

"The young woman who carries blue-eyed pancies, Black Hamburg grapes and things to caged scamps, has a good deal to answer for," says a contemporary.

The Banner of Light states that an interesting group of six ladies and ten gentlemen met at Mrs. H. V. Ross's seance room in Boston on the afternoon of Dec. 27th.

"Certain Heredity and Psychical Phenomena in Inebriety," is the learned title of a paper in the Alienist and Neurologist.

The Index of December 23rd, contains an indignant letter from the Brahman Gopal Vanyak Joshee, describing the abominable treatment to which his wife and himself were subjected en route from England to India.

From York county, Penn., comes a story of "buried alive." After a brief illness and supposed death, the last rites were administered.

might be through pure spiritual impression. When the average citizen understands spiritual philosophy, he will vote Charles F. Wingate's suggestion into a law.

R. Heber Newton was ill last Sunday and unable to preach, consequently a hiatus occurs in the series of splendid discourses on Woman which have been regularly put in type in the JOURNAL office the day following their delivery.

College of Therapeutics—Boston—and Science of Sarcognomy.

The following declaration of sentiments unanimously adopted and signed by the gentlemen and ladies attending the seventh session, shows how satisfactory are Prof. Buchanan's demonstrations of the new sciences that he is presenting.

The undersigned attendants upon the seventh session of the College of Therapeutics have been delighted with the profound and wonderful instruction received, and as it is the duty of all who become acquainted with new truths of great importance to the world, to assist in their diffusion, we offer our free and grateful testimony in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the lectures and experiments of Prof. Buchanan have not only clearly taught but absolutely demonstrated the science of Sarcognomy, by experiments in which we were personally engaged, and in which we cannot possibly have been mistaken.

Resolved, That we regard Sarcognomy as the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual, and as the basis of the only possible scientific system of Electro-Therapeutics, the system which we have seen demonstrated in all its details by Prof. Buchanan, producing results which we could not have believed without witnessing the demonstration.

Resolved, That Therapeutic Sarcognomy is a system of science of the highest importance alike to the magnetic healer, to the electro-therapist and to the medical practitioner, giving great advantages to those who thoroughly understand it, and destined to carry the fame of its discoverer to the remotest future ages.

It is proper that I should say a word in reference to the character of Sarcognomy, the truth and value of which have been recognized by all students of the subject, including some of the ablest American physicians.

The resolutions of my most recent class in Boston are the same in spirit as have been expressed during forty years, and will be expressed again by my students in May, 1887. They not only know the truth of the science but recognize Sarcognomy as "the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual," and their testimony was based on their own personal experience. To the students of Sarcognomy this is a familiar idea, but to others some explanation may be necessary.

What are the greatest discoveries in Physiology? Common opinion would mention as the foremost the action of the heart in circulating the blood,—a discovery not originated but consummated by Harvey; and yet the discovery is so simple and obvious a nature that we wonder now not so much at the ability manifested in the discovery, as at the stupidity which permitted it to remain so long unknown, and even to be denied and ridiculed when published. Harvey's work on the generation of animals entitled him to a higher rank as a pioneer in science than his theory of the circulation.

A far greater discovery was that of Dr. Gall, which embraced not only the anatomy but the functions of the brain as a mental organ—a discovery twenty times as great, whether we consider the superior importance of the brain or the greater investigating genius necessary to the discovery. It easily ranks at the head of the physiological discoveries of the past centuries.

Next comes the discovery of the motor and sensory roots of the spinal nerves by Majendie and Bell, which did not, as commonly supposed, include the motor and sensory of the spinal cord. This was a small discovery compared to Gall's, but not inferior to Harvey's discovery of the cardiac function.

A fourth discovery, perhaps of equal rank, was the discovery by Harvey's cotemporary, Aselli, of the lacteals that absorb the chyle. A fifth discovery or discoveries of importance was that of the corpuscles of the blood and the Malpighian bodies of the kidneys by Malpighi.

A sixth discovery considered more important and occupying a larger space in medical literature is the cell doctrine of Schwann, a doctrine still under discussion and by no means a finality.

Anatomical science has few first-class discoveries. Anatomy has been a growth of observation and description—not discovery. Vesalius and Eustachius may be considered the fathers of modern anatomy, and the name of the latter is immortalized by the Eustachian tube, which he first recognized and described. But the Fallopian tubes named after Fallopius were not his discovery. They had been described long before by Herophilus and others. Eustachius was nearly two centuries ahead of his age in anatomy, and should be gratefully remembered as a struggling scientist. His valuable anatomical works, which he was too poor to publish, were published one hundred and forty years after his death by Lancisi.

From this brief glance at the discoveries of Eustachius, Harvey, Aselli, Malpighi, Gall, Majendie, and Schwann, it is apparent that but one physiological discovery on record is sufficiently important in its nature and scope to be compared with Sarcognomy, which comprehends the relations of soul, brain and body. What is their relative value? Gall's discovery embraced about one-half of the psychic functions of the brain, with nothing of its physiological functions. Sarcognomy, on the contrary, embraces the entire mass of cerebral functions and connects them with corresponding functions in the body. It presents in one complete view the psychic powers of the soul operating in the brain and extending their influence into the body, and on

the other hand, the physiological powers of the body, operating through the brain, and by definite intelligible laws, acting upon the soul—a vast system of science, based on anatomical facts, but evolved by experiment, to which no single volume could do justice. Its medical applications alone, concisely presented in thirty lectures, would make a volume of four hundred pages.

It is not like the phrenological system of Gall, a mental doctrine only, but combining psychology, physiology and pathology, goes to the foundations of medical science, of health, disease and cure, as well as the foundations of all spiritual science, and originates new systems of magnetic and electric practice. It is manifest, therefore, that no biological discovery now on record occupies more than a fraction of the vast area occupied by Sarcognomy, and being a demonstration of science in the opinion of all who are acquainted with it, it needs only sufficient time to circulate the works upon the subject now in preparation (the first edition of "Therapeutic Sarcognomy" having been speedily exhausted) and sufficient time to overcome the mental inertia and moral torpor that hinder all progress and even against the million times repeated facts of spiritual science. The warfare against all new truth will be continued until the people demand that our colleges, the castles of antiquated error, shall conform to the spirit of progressive science. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

The Position of Ministers of the Gospel.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The position of the churches at present is most anomalous. Creeds and set forms of observances, thought essential to salvation by our fathers, have become outgrown by a swift progress, not in the direction they led, but in the more thorough understanding of the world of causes and effects—the world where knowledge is supreme. These creeds and dogmatic doctrines have made no growth. They are conservative forces of blind resistance. They are inflexible of necessity, and to doubt them is to destroy. They are outgrown, almost obsolete, yet remain recorded in the books of the churches, unreviewed and unrevivable. The new convert does not subscribe to them. The minister is careful not to read certain obnoxious passages, which our fathers thought of vital importance. Ministers carefully eschew doctrinal discussion, and no longer bow the knees of hellfire to a white heat, nor parade the devil, nor talk of eternal damnation. They feel that the firm hold their predecessors had on the laity has loosened, and the prestige of their office is gone. They are no longer revered as anointed revelators of God's will. They are moral and intellectual teachers, and if strong enough, gifted leaders, perhaps, but their office has been outgrown. The want they once supplied no longer exists. The phase of civilization which called for the ministerial office is swiftly passing. The form, the semblance as a shadow is retained, the reality is gone. Hence the minister of the gospel has a difficult task before him. If fresh from a theological school he has been kept apart from the living present, and steeped in antique ideas until he is a part of the past, and when he enters the pulpit he is an anachronism, out of place and time. The world has been rushing ahead, and he is a century behind. If of ordinary mould, he is confused by the antagonism of the beliefs drilled into him at college, and the practical thoughts of the day, but he blindly goes on preaching as his professors taught him to preach, and lets the world go its way. He is a model preacher; his sermons are made sermons; his orthodoxy passes unquestioned. He is dry and uninteresting; but few think a sermon can be otherwise; listening is a sort of penance. It is a burden for him to speak, and a cross for his audience to listen, but a part of church work which is borne because custom has made it the thing to do.

Should, however, the preacher be cast of finer material, should he think for himself, and be quickened by the fresh thoughts of living men, and reasoning, break through the shackles of his creed, then, indeed, he deserves our sympathy. On the one hand, he has spent years preparing for his profession; by it he gains support for himself and family; honors, emoluments, friends, influence, all the heart holds dear, entice him to the ranks of orthodox faith, which is unquestioning. On the other hand is the independence of free thought, the aspiration after the highest truth, and the urgency of conscience to be true to innermost convictions. He is far ahead of his creed, and thinks himself in advance of his church members. Here he mistakes, for he conceals and hedges before a laity, more radical than himself. They have outgrown their creed, and hail with rejoicing his bravest utterances. If he continues to grow, the synod or conference, made up of the ordinary men, will suppress him; if he continues to preach, there is the strange spectacle of a church listening to a preacher they do not believe, preaching doctrines he does not believe himself.

It is difficult to fully appreciate or comprehend the perplexities of a minister thus situated. He well knows that nine-tenths of all the ministers of his denomination stand on this ragged edge, and in their hearts rejoice when one of their number dares say a brave and honest word, and that the other tenth are of no account, yet he just as well know that every one of them will denounce him with frowning countenance before their respective churches, and call him before the primate's synod, or conference, laboring to prove him a heretic in order to make clear their iron orthodoxy. He has labored all his life to gain a standing with these ministers, and become a teacher in his church. His social life is with them. His support and that of his family is gained by his popularity with the lay members. His educational bias and prejudices are all on one side. On the other is honesty, to what he knows is true, integrity to abide by the new light which conflicts and overthrows nearly all he has thus far in life regarded as of momentous worth. The position is a grave one and merits profound sympathy. If a really strong man, he may like Beecher, Swing, Thomas, and a few others, carry his church with him up to independent ground, but he must possess more than ordinary tact and knowledge of human nature. If he fall in these qualities he loses everything but his self-respect, and becomes an unrecognized minister without the possibility of having a church to preside over.

Hence it is that the incentives which move most men are strong to hold the minister in their bonds, and make it the most difficult of all things for him to be honest. The laity are equally dishonest. They are in fear of each other, as the preacher is in fear of them. On some occasion of love feast or conference, when all may arise and relate experience, if instead of moulting the parrot story of their grandfathers, all would tell the truth as to just how they felt and believed, from the

humblest member to the minister, there would be such a revival as would shatter the old castle of belief like a card-house, and make all things new.

As it is, with fear and trembling the minister must stand before his church, and assert what he knows it is impossible to believe; must frown on, and denounce the fresh thoughts he knows every one cannot but believe; must pretend to abhor what he knows in the end will be accepted as divine truth; must make himself a sham, a mountebank and a cheat, a whitened sepulchre, not of dead men's bones, but of dead ideas. Let us not denounce, nor sneer, but give unmeasured pity, and spread the mantle of charity. Let us do what we can to bring pulpits and pew to a better mutual understanding, supplying to each, in the meantime, that knowledge of spirit life for which they long have blindly sought. Berlin Heights, Ohio.

General News.

Six influential gentlemen connected with the Citizens' League of Chicago, spent several hours in a fruitless attempt to convince Mayor Harrison that it is his duty to revoke the licenses of notorious dives.—A divorce from his fifth wife was recently procured by John Rand, of Osakis, Minnesota, now in his seventy-fourth year. By advertising in a Boston newspaper he has since secured a helpmeet.—The steamer Lydian Monarch is unable to sail from Jersey City for London for lack of bonds for \$200,000 to cover a libel by a stevedore.—The Sultan is about to send to Rome a diamond ring for the Pops and decorations for the cardinals.—The Postmaster General recommends the repayment of \$15,335 to the postmaster at Minneapolis, that amount having been stolen from him.—The real estate transfers in Chicago last week aggregated \$1,348,995.—The warden of the New Jersey Penitentiary frustrated a plot by the convicts to kill the keepers and free themselves. It appears that jeweler's saws were smuggled into the prison in bars of soap and plugs of tobacco, and that several iron bars were sawed through.—In the depot at Albert Lea, Minnesota, a young and handsome woman who fell on the track fifteen feet from an incoming train was clutched by a bus-driver and squeezed against the platform in such manner as to leave her unharmed.—Thomas P. May, once a wealthy planter of Louisiana, and at the outbreak of the war a Union man, is said to be dying in London.—The city court at New Haven fined two railway superintendents \$50 each for blacklisting a laborer.—British naval pensioners have been ordered to select the ships on which they prefer to serve or the ports where they would like to be employed.—David Johnson, a member of the North Chicago corps of the Salvation Army, has been arrested for the perpetration of seven burglaries.—The clearings of the Chicago banks for the past week were \$63,127,735, an increase of nearly \$7,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1886.—The railways and highways of England have been rendered impassable by snow at many points in the midland counties.—The machine shops of the Ohio Southern Road, at Springfield, valued at \$140,000, were destroyed by fire.—The First Congregational Church in Chicago is nightly crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the revival sermons of Mr. Moody.—Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is seriously ill from pleurisy, at his home at Orange, New Jersey.—An official search of the house in Philadelphia wherein was found the corpses of two well-known misers, Joseph Perry and Richard Price, developed \$130,000, mainly tied up in dirty rags.—The German ship Elizabeth was wrecked off the coast of Virginia, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry. Fifteen men were lost from the vessel, besides five of the life-saving crew.—J. Rollin Squire, lately Comptroller of New York, declares himself unable to pay an \$1,800 note which he indorsed for his father.—The Rock Island Road has nearly completed arrangements for the use of the Kansas Pacific track from Topeka to Kansas City.

Philadelphia has started out another of those long-lived phenomenal "boy-preachers." He is now said to be 16. If he follows the example of Harrison he will remain a boy until the gray hairs come.

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Lady Cathness Enters the Journalistic Arena.

Interview with a Brilliant Woman of the World—A Devotee to Psychology and Mysticism—Remarkable Account of a Visit from Her Guiding Spirit, Mary Queen of Scots—Her Enthusiastic Advocacy of the New Religion.

Baroness Salvador's Paris Letter in New York World: I had often met Lady Cathness in society, always wearing diamonds that a queen might have envied; always surrounded by hosts of friends; but now I cannot understand why I never suspected her to be more than a charming woman of the world, never thought her mentally superior to hosts of agreeable friends and multitudes of brilliant mondaines.

"When did you first think of publishing a review?"

"Months ago I fought against the idea. In the evening the difficulties appeared insurmountable; in the morning nothing seemed more simple. At last I decided, and my path was made clear before me. Theosophists are Buddhists; above all I am Christian. I have an inspiration. Come in the room where I write and I will show you my guardian angel, Mary Queen of Scots."

Lady Cathness led me to an immense, superbly-furnished room, and on the writing-table I saw a picture painted on ivory, a picture of the martyr Queen, more beautiful than any I had ever seen before.

"She often comes to me. Sometimes I only feel her presence; sometimes she is visible."

Naturally I was much interested and asked Lady Cathness for an explanation.

"Do you believe in the return of a spirit upon the earth? If not, you can hardly comprehend what I would say."

"Not a believer in name, but one who knows that only a thin veil separates us from the world of spirits."

"You know, perhaps, that we have a sixth sense called spirituality, a sense that slumbers, but a sense that it is our duty to awaken and develop. In the narrow path marked for us, we can only advance, step by step; to us the things we see at first do not seem possible, but our watchword is always 'forward'."

"When did you first discover the bond between you and Queen Mary?"

"Years ago. She makes herself known in various ways; and many times from her I have received oral communications which I have immediately put on paper. Although I am not the only one to whom Mary of Scotland appears, still she calls me her 'dearest of all.' Once she said to me: 'Ah, my beloved Mary, do not believe in my purity as you do. Because I was light-hearted, gay, and ardent many thought that I forgot God and forfeited my eternal happiness for the vain pleasures of a day. They never dreamed of my devotion to my young husband during his illness.' My most wonderful interview with Queen Mary took place at midnight in the chapel of Holyrood, where Lord Cathness is buried."

"Will you tell me about this interview?"

"It was in 1874. I was in Edinburgh, on my way to Cathness Castle, in the north of Holyrood. A friend was to accompany me; how I overcame her fears would require too long a time to relate. With a lantern and matches we took our places in a cab, and on the box was a faithful servant. When the carriage stopped the gate leading to the ruined chapel was opened, we entered; when the gate was shut, and we were in the sepulchral gloom, my friend was seized with a sudden terror, and insisted that I enter the chapel without her. How glad I was, for I wanted to be alone with my beloved Mary. Never had the chapel seemed to me so beautiful and the silence was solemnity itself. No longer were the altars illuminated by torches and candles, but the stars of heaven shed their light from above and there was no roof to separate me from their splendor. Where was once the high altar of Holyrood are now found broken tombstones, and kneeling upon one of these I prayed. Suddenly I said: 'Where now are Darnley, Rizzio? Where art thou, my beloved Mary?' 'Here, with you,' said a voice beside me, and turning my head I saw a vague form like a cloud, which gradually took a tangible appearance. 'I have kept my word,' she spoke to me in language whose beauty I could not transcribe. She said that spirits belonging to all periods of history are organized in society under the form of a star. This association, called Star Circle, was founded at the time of the appearance of modern Spiritualism, and has been developed since. During the period of the new dispensation the star rules the destiny of the world. Later Queen Mary told me that the real title of this circle is Circle of Christ. Since then I have received a diagram in the form of a star with six points and six rays, which exhibits in a wonderful manner this perfect philosophy."

"Sometimes I have met persons who were unconsciously members of this circle and I recognize them by seeing the star suspended above their heads or marked on their foreheads. While I was reflecting on what Queen Mary had told me of the circle, she said to me: 'More than twenty years ago you were chosen to be a part of this Circle of Christ, chosen because you have a well-balanced nature, which allows you to understand all sides of truth. The Eternal said to you: 'Come higher, for I need thee, thou shalt drink of living waters,' and from that hour truth was communicated to you rapidly as you could receive it. Now, the time has come when I can ask you if you are willing to promise an entire consecration to the service of God.' Then I knelt upon the tomb, made my vow of consecration, and before it was finished I received a warm kiss upon my forehead. Mary continued: 'As my earthly representative, I charge thee to keep the banner of truth pure. We have placed upon thy shoulders the mantle of truth and

on thy forehead a seal. Aspiration is inspiration. Without aspiration there can be no growth. Inspiration comes from God. Our breath is an aspiration, and inspiration answers it. Each one of our acts should be a prayer, and each act has a result. Thou art a vessel chosen of God, and the star we have placed on thy forehead will speak to all who approach thee and will tell them not to enter thy sphere with impure hands and heart."

"Then Mary gave me minute details as to where I might find some of her jewels, among them a ring she was anxious I should possess. En passant, I may say that I own many jewels once the property of Mary of Scotland."

"All that Queen Mary told me I do not remember, but detached sentences come to me from time to time. Here is one: 'Use the Bible with respect,' she said, 'to be guided and instructed thereby. Read even with more respect the great Bible of Nature. Thou, my child, hast a mind capable of seizing the truths destined to inspire all nations and to make them free; and these events are taking place to-day. Mary, my beloved one, the faith that you have embraced possesses the rarest jewels the world has ever seen. Add something great to its literature. Be courageous, and remain in the high place which has been given you by the Star Circle. You may go on and never arrive at the end of your progress and your development, for the Father, whose perfection you should imitate, will inspire you and be your divine model. Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.'"

"Then she left me and all was silent. I hastened to rejoin my friend, who was alarmed in the greatest degree. The next morning I called my maid, seated myself before the dressing-table, looked in the mirror, and upon my forehead saw a round bright spot, which seemed like a red seal. That was the impression made by Mary's kiss, and I was willing the mark should remain always. It was the proof of her visit to me. As I gazed it disappeared, but with my spiritual eyes I always see the seal upon my forehead."

"And afterwards did Queen Mary appear as she promised?"

"Yes; rapidly as I could absorb the truths, they were given to me to understand. Each day I feel my soul expanding and passing to a new state, peace is mine, new horizons of grandeur and perfection open before me, and my happiness is complete. So intense is the light, so wonderful the joy of my life that nothing known by me until this day can compare with it. Art, society, nothing has ever given me such delight: 'The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding,' a foretaste of heaven, because 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' As Mary said to me, I live in the present without looking back to the past or forward to the future, and I know I shall inherit eternal life, because I am already in that life."

Never have I been so impressed. I have heard the greatest divines of the Catholic and Protestant churches give the reason for their faith; but this fearless woman, standing almost alone as the exponent of a doctrine ridiculed by some, misunderstood by others, deserves admiration for her bravery, respect for her sincerity."

Lady Cathness gave me a poem dictated to her by Queen Mary, a few lines of which I quote:

Truth embodied bears all sin away,  
Fear not to die, for death an angel is;  
And thou must meet with death in many ways  
Ere the finality of life begins to be a consciousness,  
Which shall increase for aye.

Psychometry and Thought Transference.\*

A new tractate upon "Psychometry and Thought Transference" comes to us from the press of the Theosophist at Adyar, Madras. The Introduction by Col. Henry S. Olcott, the President-founder of the Theosophical Society, embellishes the work, which is otherwise anonymous. Col. Olcott subscribes heartily to all that is claimed for psychometry, insisting that it is one of the Siddhis or powers exhibited by the Yogis of India. "Thought Transference," it is hardly necessary to say, is another term for "mind reading." The treatise before us gives an outline of the surmises by physical scientists, and then proceeds to the doctrine of the Theosophical Society, the existence of the akas (akasa), tenuous cosmic ether, infinite as the original cosmic matter and resulting from motion in that matter. "The Astral Light" or "astral fluid" is a different form of that ether, and is perceptive to a highly-trained physical sense. It also exists universally. It forms the "aura" around the brain and spinal cord of human beings, and the nerve-aura attending the fluid of the nerves, tubes and nerve-cells. In this astral fluid everything is registered—every shadow, every thought, every event. "Each particle of the existing matter," says Babbage, "must be a register of all that has happened."

The Egyptians placed the eternal idea pervading the universe in the ether, or the will going forth and becoming force and matter. The authors of the *unseen universe* say, that from ether have come all things and to it all things will return; that the images of all things are indelibly impressed upon it; and that it is the store house of the germs or of the remains of all visible forms, and even ideas. This pamphlet also declares that "the basis of all occult science is: That there is but one essence, and that all things—concrete matter in its various manifestations, force, thought and what is called 'spirit'—are but different forms of this cosmic matter; the difference consisting in the distance separating the molecules, and in their arrangement."

Thought transference is explained concisely as follows:

- 1. The thought or image is conceived in the mind of the operator.
2. It passes into the nerve-fluid, interpenetrating and surrounding the brain with its aura, the nerve-aura.
3. Here it is met by the will, or odyllic fluid which is generated about the solar plexus, the life-centre of the body, and a reaction takes place.
4. This results in an image being formed in the astral aura surrounding the agent's head.
5. This image is transmitted in the form of waves through the astral fluid to the astral aura of the percipient.
6. It is conducted thence through his nerve-aura and nerve-fluid to the sensorium.
7. Having reached this focus it is registered in terms of ordinary consciousness as an image.

The completeness of this operation is more or less perfect according to the strength or weakness of will in the operator, and the "magnetic sympathy" existing between the two.

The rest of the pamphlet is devoted to

\* Psychometry and Thought Transference, with Practical Hints for Experiments. By N. H. F. T. S. And an Introduction by Henry S. Olcott, P. T. S. Adyar, Madras, India: The Proprietors of the Theosophist, London: George Redway, 15 York St., Covent Garden. 1886.

demonstrations, examples, illustrations, directions and instructions.

The explanation here given appears to accord very exactly with what is really known of human physiology and psychic matters. It recognizes distinctly the three-fold nature of man; the *sensuous* or physical, the *psychical*, which has its physical focus at the semi-lunar ganglion of the solar plexus in the epigastrium, and the *noetic* or spiritual which centers at the top-brain above the brow. Mind or spirit, however, is not confined or circumscribed in any sense of absolute fixity to the body, not even to the brain itself. Like all spiritual substance it permeates much more than the physical structure of one individual. As many gases may be included in the same volume, neither crowding away the other, so many minds and spirits may interpenetrate each other; and if they are in the proper rapport or sympathy they may participate in each other's moods, thoughts, and even beliefs and sentiments. What one knows or supposes, the others may perceive and even accept as their own—to the extent even of supposing themselves to have had the concept originally. We are inspired and prompted by denizens of the invisible region as well as by those about us who have a dominating or even an insinuating influence upon us. Sometimes it makes itself externally conscious as a revelation, manifestation or specific communication; sometimes we seem to perceive and know all as of ourselves.

I have often imagined that by carrying out this matter far enough, the art might be acquired of objectifying mental percepts and so evolving a new method of telegraphy. A person in one place witnessing or becoming cognizant of events might thus transfer the perception of what he had observed into the mind of another individual at a distance but in rapport with him. The possibility of this seems to be demonstrated by the examples which we hear and know of, in which persons have made their voices perceived under analogous circumstances, or even produced the ebb of their bodies so as to be seen like objects immediately before the eyes. Again, scientific discoveries have been made by different individuals almost simultaneously when they, perhaps, knew nothing of each other; great movements in thought and religion originate at the same time in places distant from each other.

The Oriental people have apparently such an arcane mode of action which the Arabs call it *Khabar* (c. f. Kabeiri, Hebr-on) or occult knowing.

Lord Carnarvon, in his *History of the Doves* declares that during the Sikh war of 1845-6 there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory, forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and that in the late India mutiny the information of General Windham's repulse at Cawpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras and the Maoris of New Zealand in a manner truly astonishing. During the Crimean war the *Khabar* at the bazaars of Jerusalem anticipated the ordinary channels of information by many days, and with a striking accuracy. John Calvin, the French Reformer, while lying one day in bed, ill of the gout, heard in this mysterious manner a sound of drums and the conflict of arms. It afterward transpired that at that very time a battle was going on in Northern France between the Gussans and the Protestants. I myself heard Bayard Taylor in a lecture state that when he was traveling in Japan, the leading men of that country received information in some peculiar way, of the battles and other events of the war then raging between the United States and Mexico.

Perhaps such an art, however, would be a perversion of the function of the spiritual faculties, an employing of them for selfish and unhalloved purposes, and so would come under the abuse of *Goetia*. There is wisdom which only the wise may speak of to each other. Hence, while disposed to give cordial welcome to all that may really be learned of these matters, hesitating only at deception and charlatany I feel more impelled to keep silence than to speak. Still, it is true that we human beings are not mere masses of corporeal matter, but "such stuff as dreams are made of," and in genuine dreaming is embraced the sublimest knowing.

A. WILDER.  
For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Reminiscences of a Fine Medium.  
BY A. A. HEALY.

It is now more than three years since Mr. A. H. Phillips ceased to be a public medium. Those who knew him when in the full exercise of his gifts will not soon forget the manifestations of spirit power that occurred in his presence. In one respect he was unique among mediums—he was never even charged, so far as I know, with fraud or deception. Investigators, full of suspicion, used to come to him for sittings, and such was the transparent honesty of the man, so clear and satisfactory the manner in which the independent writing came, such intelligence and striking tests were given in writing through his hand, so anxious was he to meet and satisfy each man's particular form of doubt, so willing always to try any suggested experiment, that the investigators, when honest, went away, if not convinced, still without any fault to find with the medium. Moreover, and this is of great importance in a public medium, Mr. Phillips' personal habits were entirely correct. He was always gentlemanly in conduct, and refined in his conversation. In truth, so highly do I value the services he rendered the cause, that I believe fifty such mediums, publicly sitting, would compel the attention of the world to the phenomena of Spiritualism. For, however valuable and comforting materialization and other forms of dark séance may be to believers, the independent writing and various other phenomena, such as came in the light with Mr. Phillips, are far better calculated to attract the attention and carry conviction to the minds of intelligent unbelievers.

The career of Mr. Phillips as a medium in New York extended over about five years. During these years he gave sésances at the camp meetings at Lake Placid, and occasionally made brief visits to Boston and Philadelphia. Independent writing, the so-called "pellet test," loud raps, and communications written through his hand, were the characteristics of the sésances. At one period, physical manifestations, such as the moving of objects, sometimes occurred. But these Mr. Phillips discouraged. He seemed to take no pride in them, and did not regard them as of high value. He said that he much preferred that the power be used for intelligent communications. Although in this matter the judgment of Mr. Phillips was unquestionably correct, yet these physical manifestations were sometimes of great interest. Upon one occasion, the late Dr. Geo. M. Beard, the writer on hypnotism and allied subjects, and who was an opponent of Spiritualism, called with two friends upon Mr. Phillips for a sésance. Dr. Beard was un-

known to Mr. Phillips, and his identity was not revealed until after the sitting. When the four had seated themselves around the table, the medium wrote the name of Dr. Beard's father upon a slip of paper, and threw it to the centre of the table. One of the gentlemen took it up, read it, and handed it to Dr. Beard, whereupon the latter insisted that his friend had informed the medium who he was. Both the friend of Dr. Beard and Mr. Phillips indignantly denied that they had been parties to such deception. Dr. Beard obstinately declined to accept their statements as true. At that moment, a large picture, hanging upon the wall, swung out several inches, making a loud noise, and vibrating for several seconds. All present heard the noise and distinctly saw the moving picture. Dr. Beard, after a pause, simply remarked: "Optical illusion!" The Doctor probably regarded this occurrence as a confirmation of an absurd theory which I have been informed he held; namely, that the evidence of the senses is not reliable unless scientifically trained and under scientific conditions. But I think most readers will be inclined to say with Mr. Phillips: "That man is, intellectually, not honest."

One day, I took a skeptic of positive character and strong prejudice to Mr. Phillips' room for a sitting. After the same was over, and while we were standing near the table, Mr. Phillips trying hard to convince my friend of the genuineness of the rapping that was even then taking place, suddenly a number of small articles were swept from the table by unseen power, and rattled upon the floor. It was as if some spirit presence had impudently said: "Well, will you believe this?" and then given the more striking demonstration.

But, as I have intimated, such things were unusual at Mr. Phillips' sésance. The independent writing between slates, always without pencil of any kind, was the most interesting and suggestive feature of them, and it was this that people generally went to him to see. I have myself, frequently, when with him put two clean slates together, held them in my own hands, and while so holding them, heard and felt a slight ticking and vibration, and then found an intelligible communication written upon one of the slates. During the whole process Mr. Phillips sat quietly at the opposite side of a table five feet in width, and did not touch the slates from beginning to end. Now in a case like this, where I had had the positive and consenting evidence of three senses, I should be ashamed to doubt the genuineness of the phenomena, or to admit that I have not sufficient mental clearness and force to say, "I know that writing was done by unseen power." Besides the writing on slates, I have had, through Mr. Phillips independent writing upon a blank page of a small memorandum book that I had been accustomed to carry in my pocket.

The "pellet test" was also an interesting feature of Mr. Phillips' sésances. He would ask the siter to write, each upon a slip of paper, five fictitious names and the name of a deceased person, then roll them into pellets and place them on the table. This done, the medium would select, either by raps or by impression, from the six pellets so placed, the one containing the deceased person's name, and before it had been opened he would write that name upon paper. Of course he had seen none of the names written in the first instance. Mr. Phillips had great success with this experiment; and, although he would occasionally fail in selecting the right pellet, I never knew him, among many trials, to fail once in writing correctly the name on the selected pellet, before the latter had been opened. It was with this test that Mr. Phillips brought confusion upon Stuart Cumberland. That reputable person from England made a tour among the mediums of New York to "expose" them, and thus advertise his own public performances. He induced a reporter of the *N. Y. Times* and one from the *Herald* to accompany him to the apartments of Mr. Phillips. Cumberland by loud talking and rude behavior endeavored so to disturb and irritate the medium as to preclude any manifestations. But Mr. Phillips quietly invited one of the reporters to enter his sésance room alone and prepare the pellets as above described. When this had been done, Mr. Phillips entered the room, correctly selected the pellet containing the name of the deceased person, and wrote the name written therein before it had been opened. He was equally successful with the other reporter. Consequently, the following morning a report highly favorable to Mr. Phillips appeared in both journals, conspicuously placed, and saying that notwithstanding all that the would-be exposé could say or do, the medium had exhibited a power entirely different from any that Cumberland had exhibited in New York, and far more remarkable.

The work done by Mr. Phillips as a medium, though his term of service was comparatively short, was of very great value to the cause. He came like a meteor, illumined the spiritual heavens, and like a meteor departed. Where he is now, or if he be still in the flesh, I know not. But I have a great desire for information concerning him. I have heard various rumors, but had no authentic intelligence. And if any reader of these lines knows ought of Mr. Phillips' history during the past two years and a half, or of his present whereabouts, I should esteem it a favor if he would communicate with me in a letter addressed in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

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