

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, 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 the facts, make plain what you wish 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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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE TIGER STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

The people of this country are sleeping over a volcano, and do not know it. There is a determined effort now being put forth under the guise of temperance, education, and Sunday observance, by the combined churches, to change the government of this nation by combining Church and State. The secular press, so swift to publish news, is silent over this great iniquity. The stealthy hand of the Jesuit has seemingly bribed the vigilance of writers and publishers. The opening of the ball was made last May, by the introduction of a bill in the United States Senate, for the purpose of establishing a National Sunday Law. It was a nodding of public opinion, and as applicable only to those, like the army and navy and public offices controlled by the National government. It was presumed it would pass without comment. This proposed law is a curious specimen of priestly composition:

"Be it enacted, etc., That no person or corporation or their agent, servant or employe of any person or corporation, shall perform any secular work, labor or business to the disturbance of others, works of necessity, charity, mercy and humanity excepted; nor shall any person engaged in any play, game or amusement or recreation to the disturbance of others on the first day of the week commonly known as the Lord's day, or during any part thereof, in any Territory, District, vessel or place subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, nor shall it be lawful for any person or corporation to receive pay for labor or services performed or rendered in violation of this section."

Then, in the 5th section it provides that work on Sunday being unlawful, to pay for it is unlawful, and whenever such payment is made, "whether in advance or otherwise, the same may be recovered back by whoever shall first sue for the same." The informer is not only prosecutor, but receives the entire sum for his reward! Is the State to pay the costs of prosecution? What constitutes "disturbance of others?" If this bill become law, then driving for pleasure, walk in the fields or any amusement or recreation would be a disturbance of the strict Sunday observance, and would meet with dire punishment. Nothing would be allowable but attendance on church.

The Blair amendment followed this Sunday Law, as its complete expression. It is the fruitage of the efforts of an organization, or the combination of several organizations, to enforce religion by the power of the State. The organization most prominently before the public, and most blatant in its demands, is the self-styled National Reform Association, which has for its object making this nation an acknowledged Christian nation with God in its constitution. Its vagaries were at first ridiculed by the press and its members styled cranks, but the "reformers" persisted in their purpose, and as they had the sympathies of the Protestant Churches enlisted, they soon became to these churches what the Jesuits are to the Catholic. Insidiously, unscrupulously, with the soft, stealthy tiger step of crafty bigotry they have labored. To come to the front and openly avow their purpose would surely bring defeat, hence they have waited their opportunity, until in the Blair Educational Amendment, they found means to weight the measure with their pet scheme. Aside from all other considerations of this amendment, is the damnable ear-mark of bigotry, which is using it

as the thin cloak to the most highhanded attack ever made on the liberties of a free people. That this may be fully understood the article of amendment is here given:

SECTION 1. No State shall ever make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.

SEC. 2. Each State in this Union shall establish and maintain a system of free public schools adequate for the education of all children living therein, between the ages of six and sixteen years, inclusive, in the common branches of knowledge, and in virtue, morality, and the principles of the Christian religion. But no money raised by taxation imposed by law, or any moneys or other property or credit belonging to any municipal organization, or to any State, or to the United States, shall ever be appropriated, applied, or given to the use or purposes of any school, institution, corporation, or person, whereby instruction or training shall be given in the doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonies, or observances peculiar to any sect, denomination, organization, or society, being, claiming to be, religious in its character; nor shall such peculiar doctrines, tenets, belief, ceremonies, or observances, be taught or inculcated in the free public schools.

SEC. 3. To the end that each State, the United States, and all the people thereof, may have and preserve government republican in form and in substance, the United States shall guaranty to every State, and to the United States, the support and maintenance of such a system of free public schools as is hereto provided.

SEC. 4. That Congress shall enforce this article by legislation when necessary.

At first glance a most innocent innovation, for the purpose of reducing illiteracy, which is most to be feared in a republic, but read more carefully, the hand of the priest is more clearly discernible than that of the teacher. In order to cover the craft of its cunning, it makes the amendment a tissue of contradictions. First, it says no state shall make or maintain any law respecting an establishment of religion, and then it declares that "Each State in this Union" shall establish schools in which "Morality and the principles of the Christian religion" shall be taught, and "Congress shall enforce this article by legislation when necessary." Imagine for the time that this amendment becomes a law, what will be the inevitable result? "Morality" as used in the proposed law is only a phrase, without other meaning than as a part of religion. When the schools are established, the Christian religion must be taught in them directly and openly, as reading and spelling. The fanatics who are pushing this measure will see to it that the full intent of the law is complied with.

Then will arise the question: What is the Christian religion? Is it Congregationalism? Methodism? Episcopalianism? Universalism? Which one of the thousand diverse sects is the right one? Who shall decide the conflicting claims? Congress is the designated power; but congress has not the ability to decide such question, and at best could only call a delegation of priests from all denominations to agree on some common tenet, which would please all sects, and thus by a theocratic council frame a national creed, which it would force on the States. It is one of the most shrewd features of this amendment, that it takes religion out of the hands of the States, and after devising a scheme whereby a national religion may be framed, it closes by making it the duty of congress to enforce the law. The national creed would be the national religion and the Bible the text-book. Religious tests would be established. No one not a church member could obtain a position as teacher, and the first qualification for office would be church leadership.

That the animus of this proposed article, is not mistaken, that its far reaching effects are not overstated, one has but to read what the Protestant Jesuits have to say of themselves. They show poor diplomacy in thus unmasking themselves before the victory is won, but the prospect is so glorious they can not restrain themselves.

THEY WILL BULLDOZE CONGRESS.

John Alexander, one of the leaders of the movement, who has given \$500 a year only, will give \$500 a year until the law is enacted, says:

"Let us begin without delay the circulation of petitions, and let an opportunity be given to all parts of the country to make up a roll of petitions so great that it will require a procession of wheelbarrows to trundle the mighty mass into the presence of the representatives of the nation in the Houses of Congress."

Then he desires a mass convention of its friends at Washington when the bill comes up for discussion, "to accompany with its influence the petitions, and take such other action as may be deemed best to arouse the nation to a genuine enthusiasm in behalf of our National Christianity."

The Christian Statesman is jubilant over the prospect. It says the watchwords have been for twenty-five years, "Christianity, the Religion of the Nation, and The Bible, the text book of our Common Christianity and in all the Schools;" and now these ideas are actually pending before the Senate of the United States in the form of a joint resolution proposing their adoption as a part of the constitution of the United States. Here is a great opportunity. Shall we boldly and wisely improve it? Again it says: "Give all men to understand that this is a Christian nation, and believing that without Christianity we perish, we must maintain by all means our Christian character. Inscribe this character on our Constitution: Enforce upon all who come among us the laws of Christian morality."

There is, then, to be re-enacted the scenes of the worst days of priestcraft and bigotry! The conscience of men is to be subjected to

the iron rule of superstition and the Protestant Jesuits are to be the rulers of this nation! There is to be no tolerance of opposing forms of faith. Rev. Gault, secretary, says: "Our remedy for all these malefic influences is to have the Government simply set up the moral law, and recognize God's authority behind it, and lay its hand on any religion that does not conform to it."

THE INFIDEL MAY GO TO THE DEVIL!

Rev. Graham, vice-president, in an address said:

"If the opponents of the Bible do not like our Government and its Christian features, let them go to some wild desolate land and in the name of the devil and for the sake of the devil, subdue it, and set up a government of their own on infidel and atheistic ideas, and then if they can stand it, stay there till they die." The Reverend Priest should understand that this Government was founded by infidels, and its grand Constitution excluded the word Christian. It gave all men equal rights. Freedom to all, and the right of power to none. If any one is to move out, it should be those narrow bigots who are not at ease unless forcing others to their views. The infidel has no desire to found such a state. The experiment has been tried by the Christian Churches, and as they stand on the devil rather than God, Christianity at its highest! Instead of attempting by moral influences to convert the infidels, orders them out of the country and relegates them to the devil!

RIGHTS OF THE INFIDEL.

Before the National Reform Convention, New York, Feb. 26th, 1873, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, after defining the term Atheist as including Deists, Jews, Seventh-day Baptists, and all who doubt or are not in unison with the orthodox sects, said: "What are the rights of the Atheists? I would tolerate them as I would a poor lunatic, for in my view, his mind is scarcely sound. So long as he does not rave, so long as he is not dangerous I would tolerate him. I would tolerate him as I would a conspirator. The Atheist is a dangerous man."

Hearing such words carries one back to the middle ages, and creates doubt as to the age in which we live. Is it possible for a leading divine to stand before an intelligent audience in this 19th century and utter such words of blasting shame? The Atheist, that is the Agnostic, Spiritualist, Jew, Seventh-day Baptist, the Unitarian and the Universalist have no rights the orthodox church is bound to respect; they are all Atheists, dangerous, and to be tolerated as conspirators. If they "do not rave," that is speak and write their ideas, they are to be "tolerated," but if they do "rave," they must be treated like lunatics and conspirators. "Tolerate Atheism," continues Rev. Edwards, "there is nothing out of hell that would not tolerate as soon." The Atheist may live, as I said, but God helping us, the traits of his destructive creed shall not defile any of the institutions of this fair land!"

JOIN HANDS WITH CATHOLICS.

The Roman Catholic Church is the strongest religious element in the United States today, and has held aloof from this movement, but it now sees in it a opening wedge, by which the solidarity of our school system may be broken; any rate it will bring a change, and that church has always reaped advantage by conflict.

Pope Leo has commended his American subjects:

"All Catholics should do all in their power to cause the constitution of the States and legislation to be modeled on the principles of the true church."

To this the Christian Statesman responds: "Whenever they the Catholics are willing to co-operate in resisting the progress of political atheism, we will gladly join hands with them."

Why not? The Protestant Jesuits are doing just what the Society of Jesus has been doing since its establishment. Practising a scheme by which red handed Theocracy may crush the throat of civilization and stamp in the dust the liberty of conscience, and freedom within the limits of morality.

THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT ANOTHER PHASE.

The Prohibition movement is inseparably joined with the Society law observance, which is the prelude to the Blair amendment, and all its branches are working assiduously to that end.

A THEOCRACY.

The depth of this villainy has not been fathomed. Analyze closely, and the amendment shows more than is apparent on the surface: It has been most skillfully drawn for the purpose of deception. While it prohibits instruction in the dogmas of any sect, it enforces instruction in "the principles of the Christian religion." The professed purpose of the "reformers" is to place God at the head of the government; that is to make it a theocracy. There never was nor can there ever be a pure theocracy, which is a direct commandment of God. Always a man, a priest, stands at the head of the government, between it and God. He is the visible viceroy of the Almighty, declaring his will and purpose, endowed, necessarily with arbitrary irresponsible power, and that of the most dangerous character possible for a tyrant to possess. The days of the Inquisition came near to such a theocracy, and at the crimes and cruelty committed in God's name the world stood aghast.

There is danger of the most threatening character. The effort is not spasmodic, but determined, persistent, and indefatigable.

The question of religious freedom, or the intolerant blasting rule of the priest is before this nation, and its decision demanded. With the perfect organization of the church, Young Men's Christian Association, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and National reform clubs, congress will be besieged with petitions, and clamorous demands. Never was there greater need of organized liberalism than at the present hour.

## COINCIDENCES.

The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 483 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincidence may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not forgetting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.

—50—

Professor Max Muller, of King's College, London, reported the following in the *Athenaeum* for May 14, 1887. This led to quite a series of letters forming an interesting and valuable chapter on the subject of coincidences, which are here reproduced.

A friend of mine sent me the following inscription, copied from a tombstone in the Cloister church at Dobberan, in Mecklenburg. It is written in low German.

Hier ligger Ahike Ahike Pott,  
Dewahr mi levee Herre Gott,  
As ik di wul bewahren,  
Wann du warst Ahike Pott,  
Und ik wul levee Herre Gott  
Instead of translating it into English myself, I shall give at once an extract from George MacDonald's charming novel, "David Elginbrod," published in 1863.

"There's a grave stane, a verra auld ane—hoe auld I canna weel mak' out, though I gazed an' errand to Aberdeen to see't—an' the name upo' that gravestone is Martin Elginbrod's. But we 'ave na' it as I read it. Hier lie I, Martin Elginbrod's; Has mercy o' my soul, Lord God, As I wad do, were I Lord God, And ye were Martin Elginbrod's."

Whether there is or ever was such a tombstone at Aberdeen we need not inquire. The legitimate domain of a poet's fancy is very large. But what one would like to know is whether Mr. George MacDonald was ever at Dobberan and saw there the tombstone of Ahike Pott. Most people would feel inclined to say that he must somewhere have come across the real inscription, because the thought expressed in it seems too singular to have occurred to two people in exactly the same form, and yet that argument will not stand.

Michellet (History vol. v. p. 65.) tells us of a prayer offered before battle by a Gascon leader of free companies at the time of the Maid of Orleans; the prayer was:

"Sire Dieu, jete prie de faire pour La Hire ce que La Hire ferait pour toi, si tu étais capitaine et si La Hire était Dieu."

But this is not all. 3000 years ago the same, or at least very similar, thoughts occurred to the ancient poets of India. We read in the "Rig-Veda," VIII. 44, 23:

"If I, O Agni, wert thou, and thou wert I, then thy wishes should be fulfilled."

VIII. 14, 1:—"If I, Indra, were like thee, the only lord of wealth, he who praises me should not lack cows."

VIII. 19, 25:—"If Agni, thou wert a mortal and I were an immortal, I should not abandon thee to malediction or to wretchedness; my worshippers should not be miserable or distressed."

VII. 52, 18:—"If I were lord of as much as thou, I should support the sacred bard. I should not abandon him in misery."

Seeing how natural this sentiment seems to have been with the Vedic poets, I venture to translate another passage in the Rig-Veda I. 38, 5, which has been misinterpreted by both native and European scholars, in the following way:

"If you, storm-gods, were mortals, and he who praises you an immortal, then never should your praises be unwelcome, like a deer in pasture grass, nor should he go in the path of Yama (death)."

See Vedic Hymns, Vol. I, p. 87. Certainly La Hire did not know of the Rig-Veda, nor did Ahike Pott know of La Hire.

In these three cases I have no doubt that the same thought sprang up spontaneously. I am more doubtful in the case of "David Elginbrod." Mr. George MacDonald may have seen the same inscription which my friend Geheimerath Geffken copied at Dobberan, or it may have been copied and published in a book which fell into Mr. MacDonald's hands. It would be interesting to know, and I have no doubt that Mr. MacDonald, if the

should meet his eyes, would gladly let us know.

In the *Athenaeum* for May 28th, 1887, we find the following:

PAU, May 21st, 1887.

Being abroad, I have only just seen the very interesting letter of Prof. Max Muller in the *Athenaeum* of May 14th on "Coincidences." Perhaps you will allow me to supply another coincidence which seems to me of much the same character as his.

Many years ago I was told the story of an American backwoodsman, who, coming face to face with a "Grizzly," put up a prayer, if prayer it might be called—that "Providence need not help him, as long as providence did not help the bear." The story was supposed to be essentially illustrative of the "Wild West," its cool courage, self-reliance, and irreverence. Yet not long afterwards I came on the historical fact, that a general in one of Frederick the Great's wars, riding out in front of his troops before a battle, offered up what was, in substance, precisely the same prayer. The other day, again, in Alphonse Daudet's "Etudes et Paysages," I found told with inimitable grace and wit the story of the muscular Tourangeais cure, who, going on his donkey to carry the Holy Sacrament to a dying man, and finding himself obliged to fight an insolent carter, who refused to make way for him and his sacred burden, reverently placed "Le bon Dieu" under the May flowers in the hedge, and before administering a sound thrashing to the scolar exclaimed, "Mon Dieu, ne soyez ni pour ni contre; c'est tout ce que je vous demande." The very prayer of the German general and the American backwoodsman.

FLORENCE GAUTIER.

In the *Athenaeum* for June 11th, 1887, are three letters on the subject as follows:

GLENWOOD, VIRGINIA WATER, June 2, 1887.

I have been hoping that Mr. George MacDonald would reply to Prof. Max Muller's question as to the original of the epitaph upon Martin Elginbrod. As, however, he has not done so, I send a copy of an epitaph which, at least in one point, resembles it even more closely than that at Dobberan on the tomb of Ahike Pott. It is from one of those leaf-books in Latin intermingled with German, which were so common in Germany in the 17th and 18th centuries, and of which the "Nugae Venales," and the "Facetiae Ercellorum" are the best known. The title is a mixture of Latin and German, and commences: "Schola Curiositatis sive Antidotum Melancholiae." It is without date or place of printing, but is clearly of the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century. On page 93 is the following epitaph on Hans Haschebrod:

Hier ligt Hans Haschebrod,  
Gieb mir mein Lieber Gott  
Das ewige Leben,  
Gleichwie ich dies wollt haben.  
Wann du warst Hans Haschebrod,  
Und ich dein Lieber Herre Gott.  
It is probable that this German epitaph is to be found in other books of a similar character to the "Schola Curiositatis," and whatever may be the possibility of the thought expressed in it having occurred to two people in exactly the same form, it is, I think, hardly probable that the resemblance in the name can also have occurred. When I first read in 1863 what Prof. Max Muller justly calls "the charming novel 'David Elginbrod,'" I at once recognized the epitaph, and came to the conclusion that not only it borrowed from that in the "Schola Curiositatis," but that a part of the name of the hero was also taken from the same.

RICHARD C. CHRISTIE.

KINGS COLLEGE, LONDON.

It may be of interest to some of your readers to learn that there is a very old historical parallel to the "prayers for neutrality" mentioned by your correspondent Madame Gautier. In describing the magnificent battle array of the crusaders before Ptolemais in 1189, the historian Martin says: "On a dit qu'un des chefs, admirant la force et la résolution de cette grande armée, s'écria dans son enthousiasme: Quelle puissance pourrai nous résister? Dieu, soyez nous à la victoire et à nous." (History de Saladin, II, p. 183.) Far more precise is the battle prayer of the Prussian general to which your correspondent alludes. It was offered by the famous Duke of Dessau, popularly known as the "Alte Dessauer," before the battle of Kesselsdorf in 1745, in front of his forces, and runs thus in the original German, which would lose much of its native quaintness by being translated:

"Lieber Gott, Steh mir heute bei, oder, willst du mir diesmal nicht beistehen, so hilf wenigstens auch dem schurken von Feld nicht, sondern sieh wie's Kommet." With the exclamation, "In Gottes Namen 'March!' he then made a force à cœt on the enemy and won the battle.

From another equally irreverent prayer offered by "Old Dessauer" in trying circumstances we may safely infer that his battle prayer—which is by-the-by, also mentioned by Carlyle—is quite authentic, and certainly more pardonable with a worldly soldier than with a clergyman. I have here, I think, the most curious coincidence I have pointed out. If the has also been in the of America so."





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FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 16, 1889.

Spiritual Halls.

The Spiritualists of Washington are moving in the right direction. They see the necessity of having a place of meeting of their own, and are collecting means to erect a suitable building. The national capital is of necessity a cosmopolitan city, and is destined to become the center of religious and intellectual growth. All denominations are pushing to the front and demanding recognition. If there is any one place more than another where Spiritualism should appear at its highest and best, it is at the seat of government. There it becomes a light on the mountain top for all mankind to see, and the seething crowds coming and going, catch its reflection, and bear some of its brightness to their distant homes.

This subject brings up one of broader significance, and of common interest; that of halls and meeting places for liberalists and Spiritualists. If there is any class of people who should understand the inestimable value of a place of meeting consecrated to the purposes in view, it ought to be Spiritualists. They believe in the subtle conditions of magnetic force, and they have often seen the effects of disturbing influences, they are more than any other class, ignore them. Instead of holding a place exclusively for their meetings, where no conflicting influences disturb the spiritual forces, they often occupy some public hall, up two or more flights of stairs, saturated with the influences of minstrel shows, public dances, political meetings and like gatherings.

Why is this? Because, it is said that Spiritualists are not wealthy, and can afford no better place. The smaller hall is rarely filled, and why take a larger? True, as a rule, the active Spiritualist has none too much of this world's goods. The wealthy, when they become convinced of the truth that they converse with the departed, are so fully satisfied that they do not, as a rule, care to aid in the support of meetings or of the Spiritualist press. They become, as it were, paralyzed in the region of benevolence, and one of the gains they count in favor of their belief is that they no longer have to pay for the support of their church! If asked to attend Spiritualist meetings, the reply is that they "will not be seen in such a shabby hall. Oh, no!" Why not then help toward getting a better one? Will the better hall not be filled because the small one is not? The reverse is true, for the better the hall and the more easily accessible, the larger the audience, other things being equal. Mr. Hudson Tuttle, a leading lecturer and writer, not long since related the following experience:

"I was once," said he, "called to a thriving city to lecture. On the Sunday afternoon I walked along some of the beautiful streets, and at length finding myself at the magnificent portals of a church I entered. Passing through the grand vestibule, stepping on a soft carpet which like moss gave no sound, I was shown to a cushioned seat. I had leisure to glance over the exquisite appointments; the designs of the architect and painter. All was repose from the arched ceiling to the carpeted floor. All was hazy; no high discordant note, or color, or blazonry. Even the light from the stained-glass windows beamed as from beds of flowers, gleaming and breaking in the very poetry of change. The place was sacred for worship; had been used for no other purpose; same there were seemingly held these seats to the center of the church, surrounded with the worshippers.

ly were seated; the soft light fell over all; there was peaceful quiet and repose. What a pleasure to retreat from the restless antagonism of the world; to leave for the hour all care, and enter the sanctuary of a higher life! The air began to tremble with the low notes of the organ, and voices chanted in devotion. The prayer and the discourse were universal at common place,—pleasing because they awoke no antagonism. They uplifted, not by the words but by the magnetic force of place and audience with the pulpit for its radiating center.

"I dreamed of a similar structure devoted to liberal and spiritual culture—on which all the beauties of architecture and finish of art were lavished; but on its walls were no dying saints; over its altar no pale virgin mother, or son of man and God; no common place prayer or discourse or much valued dust. But the grace and beauty of angel life beamed from the walls, and from the arches of the ceiling were exquisite forms symbolizing Hope, Faith and Truth; and over the rostrum were ideals of science, philosophy, poetry and art. The organ rang forth the glad song of redemption from bigotry, superstition and ignorance; and the discourse was like a fresh breeze from the upper spheres of knowledge, filled with the inspirations of a new life. There the weary could rest and be refreshed in the magnetic spell of uncomprehended devotion. There they rested and were strengthened by a discourse on the right conduct of life here, instead of listening to dry platitudes on the beatitudes of the hereafter; and after the service they quietly went away refreshed, enlightened, stronger for life's duties and responsibilities.

"I arose as one awaking from a delicious dream. I walked down the aisle, the air vibrating with the triumphant tones of the organ, out into the open air, and wondered my way to the hall where I had an appointment, under the management of 'The First Spiritualist Society.' It was on the main business street, and I passed the narrow entrance without seeing it. I retraced my steps more carefully, and saw the exceedingly small bill-board which announced the lecture. Up a narrow flight of stairs, along a passage half filled with discarded packing boxes, then up another flight, and I came to the door of the hall. It was, when reached, a pleasant room and the platform had evidently received the care of women's tasteful hands. A bright ray, flowers on the table, some pictures on the wall gave it a cheerful home-like appearance; yet I could not repress comparison with the place I had recently left, and I mentally said: 'They who come here must receive a large measure of benefit from the lecture, for there is little else to come for. If there should be an alarm of fire, and this hall were filled with people, how could they escape from such a death trap. There would be small hope of escape through that winding passage and narrow stairs.'

"It was early, yet a small group had gathered in front and were in earnest discussion, loud in tone and personal in comment. After a time one of the disputants, with elbows thrust out and every line of his form as angular as his thoughts, thus expressed himself: 'Ye needn't discuss this question. What I know I know, and I know it's so.' What was it he knew beyond dispute? It was a phase of 'materialization' that common sense and all sane experience would pronounce highly improbable, indeed, impossible. After waiting an hour a fine audience gathered. The meeting opened with good music of the stirring kind, in melody and words. After the lecture a nervous individual arose to ask questions, a privilege which being granted, he proceeded to improve. A lecturer after his discourse may be pleased to meet doubts which arise in the minds of his hearers, and smooth over and make plain sharp or misunderstood passages; but usually he is in no condition to be cross-examined for an hour. Luckily, the second question brought another auditor to his feet with a spring, who not only answered but questioned the first questioner; and the two 'discussed' far beyond the appropriate time for adjournment. Whatever force the lecture might have had was broken and dissipated, and its good effects lost. The hearers, instead of dispersing with a feeling of brotherhood, were more 'individualized' and disintegrated than when they came."

We regret to say that the experience of Mr. Tuttle so graphically told, is not exceptional. It is a fair average type of spiritualist meetings. There are better and there are worse. We recall another experience of a lecturer which is in point. He had an appointment in a city which has maintained Spiritualist meetings and has had a lyceum and society for at least twenty years. He went to the hall with the gathering audience Sunday morning, to find the janitor and one of the active leaders busily engaged in scraping and sweeping sawdust, befoiled with tobacco from the floor. A political caucus had been held there the night before and a victor's nest was sweet to the room thus left! Once renovated, it was a pleasant room with the marks of taste on the rostrum and wall. The sawdust and dirt brought from the city slums could be removed, but no broom or antiseptic could sweep away or destroy the magnetic influences of that raibale of the previous night. Were the Spiritualists to be censured? Certainly not. They were not able to rent the hall except for Sunday, and the other six days of the week it was open to any one who applied. The result was, however, the same, whatever the intent. The gross magnetism of such a place may preponderate over refined spirit influences; and always the feeling of quiet devotion to truth, right,

and love which are above and beyond self, must yield to the antagonisms of the hour and narrowness of individualism.

It may be said by those with agnostic tendencies that this feeling of devotion ought not to be entertained, and that in Spiritualism and liberalism there is, not, and cannot be, any element of religion. True, there ought not to be a blind devotion to the old beliefs merely because of age, nor to the effie, nor to the voice of ignorance from the past; but there is a higher, purer devotion, arising out of spiritual contact with the sphere of purity and truth, which lifts the individual out of and above the burdens of time and place, and fills the entire being with the delightful consciousness of the possibilities of ideal excellence.

Religion as a mere observance of forms and subterfuge to create, and as a lip-confession of incomprehensible dogmas, may be an obstruction to advancement; but there is a religion, which is devotion to right and duty for their own sweet sakes, a religion which will not only endure for a time but is as immortal as the spirit itself. The smallest sects build their own churches, and consecrate them to worship. The hall of the Spiritualist should be consecrated to knowledge, and to religion,—which is devotion to the highest ideal. But such meeting places will not come, or coming will not be permanent, so long as the chaotic elements that hold nothing in common beyond the attraction of continued life and spirit manifestations attempt to combine. The difficulty is never to be remedied until by the law of natural selection those who aspire to the really spiritual shall separate themselves from materialistic and ungenial associations, and firmly resolve to combine in the interest of the higher phases of Spiritualism and their own spiritual growth. Speed the day when this movement shall become general.

The Foster's "Spirit" Photographs.

In reply to several solicitations for information as to the details of the "spirit" photographs, taken by Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Foster of this city, we have to say that for the present we must decline to devote the extended space necessary for a full exposition of the matter. As a special favor, however, we are willing to enlighten Brother S. E. W. Martin of the well known firm of Case & Martin, bookbinders, who, by the way, has not asked us to do so. Brother Martin has the felicity of owning a photograph taken at the Foster's face shop. It shows his benevolent countenance surrounded by the faces of something less than a dozen Indians who are supposed, so it is said, to constitute his "band." Now it will no doubt be a pleasure to Brother Martin to look at the originals of his photographed helpers. Leastwise under this supposition, as one incentive, a search has been made through several thousand old magazines, and with success. To the right of Brother Martin's face there is on the "spirit" picture the head of a young squaw. We have the pleasure of introducing her to Bro. Martin. She is from Marquette and she may be found in Harper's Magazine for August, 1882, page 339. She has been photographed with other sisters than Mr. Martin, but probably she is not an exclusive secret of a squaw. The photograph that shows this squaw on the right of Bro. Martin there are four tough looking braves whose acquaintance we have made. They may be found on pp. 524, 531, 534, of The Century for August, 1882—evidently August, 1882, was a good month for Indians. First, let us introduce the toughest looking old chap of the lot; he will be readily recognized; his name is Lal-in-ah-tai-la. His English name is Pedro Pino and he looks as though he had eaten nine pigs of other than Martin's make and now regrets it, but is too old and feeble to scalp the pie-maker who fooled him. Next we present Rev. Ki-asi, junior priest, order of the Bow, chap of the Saigars. He has evidently been partaking of a sour-apple pie made by some rival of Case & Martin, and his look lacks that far-away expression so becoming, as all know, to a junior priest. Now comes La-lo-wah-ti-wa, Governor of Zuni. His countenance shows that he surreptitiously appropriated the brandy which should have gone into Pedro's mince pie. He is evidently recovering from a severe attack of the jim jams, and is not quite sure that the snakes have all left his noxiousness. Lastly, and to close this séance, we introduce Lal-in-ah-tai-lan-kia, a priest of the temple, or medicine caciqwe. He has evidently, by mistake, taken some of his own medicine and is preparing regretfully for an early departure to the happy hunting ground.

The Presbyterian acquiesces in the evolution of the novel as a polemic agency: "For good or for evil the novel of the period has entered the province of theological controversy. Religious fiction hitherto has been used more prominently for the portrayal of religious character and experience in their subjective phases. Its motive has been in the personal characters of the story rather than in any creeds they professed. It has treated the practical and moral sides of Christian faith rather than the doctrinal or apologetic. And, as Dean Winkler has remarked, the influence of religion on life is one thing, the theology or the science of religion is another."

The Reverend Clark Wright, pastor of the Methodist Church of the Savior in Harlem, New York, is almost an exact reproduction in face, form, and manner of the late John A. Logan. The reverend gentleman was a soldier in the Ninth New York Regiment, and takes much interest in Grand Army matters.

A LAND BOOM EPISODE.

Carpenter and Coyote Discuss the Change of Name on a Redwood Shingle.

"Colby Street" was once the name of one of the paths marked out on paper as a "highway" on which to front the lots of that Mr. Owen who cobbles stones and sand which one Mr. Owen has named Summer Land. Alas! the sign of "Colby Street" no longer cheers the tired traveler as he wearily climbs the side hill and all althirst and anxious draws out his microscope preparatory to hunting for his supposititious real estate; "Olcott Street," rudely substituted on a redwood shingle, has been surreptitiously substituted, and the pilgrim is bewildered. He recalls that Owen has repeatedly vowed for Colby as a gentleman, a high-toned and reliable medium; that convincing arguments in the Golden Gate proved the innocence and purity of the man after the JOURNAL in August last had proved him an ex-convict, deadbeat, robber and swindler, and confirmed gambler. The lotlet hunter is evidently a carpenter, in whose imagination has materialized visions of the wealth he can acquire by being early on the ground with his kit, ready to erect bousets of such diminutive size as to fit the lotlets purchased by prospective dwellers on the arid side hill, whose only decoration is its name of Summer Land. Finding a "double lot" large enough to place his box of tools on, the would-be wealth-compelling carpenter drops his load and hunts around for another "double lot" on which to stretch himself and ponder over the uncertainties of life and especially of broken-winded politicians who essay the editorial dais of Spiritualism.

While thus ruminating on the uncertainties of life, a keen eyed coyote spies him from afar and approaches. Scrambling across the deep gully separating him from the redwood line of the saw-ped plane, Mr. Coyote utters that well known cry used in moments of astonishment or danger by the entire wolf family, including the biped variety which chiefly infests cities and is known as the "cabinets" wolf. Recognizing the signal as one he had before heard, Discouraged Carpenter turned upon his side and gazed at Cadaverous Coyote; each saw in the other a fellow sufferer, and this made them both wondrous kind. "Approach and fear not," said he of the chisel and the square, "I recognize in you the last descendant of the original ruler of this desert, the rightful heir of this waste of sand. Approach and tell me why you have been dispossessed of your hunting grounds; why your rabbit preserves and cacti groves have been invaded; and why, if avaricious man must rob you that he should add insult to injury by taking down the name of your brother from the hypothetical lamp post. Why does the name of the boss wolf no longer adorn your suppositions street?" For a moment the feelings of Coyote were too deep for utterance, but mastering his emotion he drew nearer. Throwing himself upon the adjoining lotlet with the recklessness of despair, stretching his hind legs clear across "Golden Gate Avenue," and resting his head on Whitney Avenue, with his starboard eye cast toward "Evans Street" and his port eye gazing upon "Banner Avenue" (see diagram of Spiritualist Colby and City of Summer Land for a better comprehension of his posture) he told a tale of woe.

As you see, friend Carpenter, slowly began Coyote, "I am an untutored child of the sand hills. Though my ancestors' rights were invaded, by Spanish Jesuits and later on by other trespassers, yet owing to the unfruitful nature of the soil and the absence of water, our adversaries got on but poorly and interfered but little with our game preserves. When the innovators stocked their stolen possessions with sheep we even found our condition improved, for by industry and our natural abilities we were enabled to appropriate a goodly share of the flocks to our own sustenance. But we rather overdid the business and in time so impoverished the waters that they cast about for a different breed of sheep, a two legged variety, which we overheard it said could be secured at any season by the sea and were not likely to be eaten by us. We, there was quite a number of us, then did not understand English very well,—having been bred for generations in a mongrel dialect of Spanish, Indian, and Coyote,—and did not know what was meant, but felt sure the change boded no good. Soon we saw a squad of men with chains, red flags, and a three-legged affair on which was mounted a long brass thing through which one of the men would look and then make signs with his hands. We retreated to the gulch and kept out of sight until the raid was over, and when we again ventured out all these little stakes and signs were stuck up, so thickly set you see that one can hardly walk without stumbling over them. One night I saw a tall, portly fellow come puffing up the hill side in company with a man who holds what your people call the legal title to this desert. I skulked up close enough to hear him explain how easily he could populate the land that had been staked off. He said he was bound to raise the wind somehow. As the wind always blows a gale here I thought he must be crazy, but I kept quiet. I soon found that it was he who was to bring the easily shorn and coyote-proof sheep, and that with them was to come a superior breed of wolves, looking so much more sheepish than the sheep that their true nature was seldom understood by their victims, even after they had been caught in preying exploits. Jayjay, for that was the name of the tall, portly, puffing stranger,—went on to say that the boss wolf—who went by the name of Colby—had such a sheepish mien and

so pure a bleat that he could deceive the oldest buck in the flock; and that it was wise to name a street after this expert fescer. "I have had some trouble," continued Jayjay, "in keeping Colby's reputation spotless on the Pacific coast because of a wicked persecutor east of the Mississippi, but I think I have succeeded in doing it and he will be an acquisition to our Spiritualist colony, as we will call it." As he uttered these last words he closed his left eye and gave a curious kind of a look, which I did not comprehend. "After that night things went on so far as I could see about as before," continued Coyote, "until one night I saw Jayjay come stumbling along up the hill with a new redwood shingle under his arm and a hammer in his hand. I was curious to know what it all meant, and so I hid behind that stone over there and watched. He came up to that post, pulled off the shingle which read 'Colby street,' and tacked up the new one which so perplexed you when you saw it. I heard Jayjay muttering to himself something about how he could not stand by Colby any longer for the Chronicle had found out about him. 'Indeed a detected wolf is neither pleasant nor profitable company, nor suited to the purposes of this my summer-land.'"

This story caused Carpenter to faint with grief; perceiving which, Coyote gently arose, emptied the canteen of his companion and quietly extracting a file from the tool-bag meandered off down toward the ocean, saying: "Though the boss wolf is disgraced, yet I have a file to sharpen my teeth with. I'll take new courage and try to live a while longer, hoping to see Jayjay duly punished for trying to stock Ortega-Rancho with a flock of sheep which can neither be shorn nor eaten by such as I, and are only prey for such as — the snishing winds as they sweep over the lonely hillsides."

The Same Old Moses!

WILMINGTON, DEL., Feb. 6th, 1889.

Is the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, the Editor of Noe Thought, and a lecturer, the same Moses Hull who fifteen years ago or more was somewhere in the Eastern States advocating freedom (and worse) of the west and most immoral kind; that free lovin that took the Religio-Philosophical Journal ten years or more to drive out of the ranks of Spiritualism, and which is even yet occasionally thrown in the teeth of Spiritualists?

Yes! the Moses who with brazen audacity avowed and defended his hideous practices in a communication published in Woodhall and Colby's Weekly for Aug. 23rd, 1873, and who has ever since been an outcast, is the same Moses now in Chicago. He is the same Moses with whom one Mattie Sawyer consorted for years before she assumed the name of Hull. His advent in Chicago after being starved out of Iowa was made possible by one Alfred Weldon, an admiring disciple. After coming here Moses was too poor in purse and credit to get out his paper, but finally Weldon loaned him fifteen dollars, it is said, to do it with. Mrs. Cora L. V. Scott-Hatch-Daniels-Tappan-Richmond assisted at the housewarming of Moses and Mattie, when the usual Indian pow-wow ensued; then the impetuous itinerants were supposed to be favorably launched upon Chicago. Moses' success here has not been great, and last Sunday evening he pooled with an illiterate charlatan, one J. Commodore Street, Pretender to Magic Powers, Bamboozler, and Forager General for the Z. Z. Z. This brace of huggermuggers held an advertising séance in Kimball Hall last Sunday night, each having been advertised to lecture there at the same hour. The result was what both had evidently expected; those old women of both sexes and the abnormally curious who seek to learn the uncanny secrets Street pretends to peddle, turned out to hear the Boston mountebank. The unabashed hand hypnotized by Moses was also on hand, and thus the little hall was well filled for once—there being no door fee. From announcements made it would appear as though Hull and Street had formed a "trust."

Colby Still in Danger.

It is with very great pleasure that we correct an editorial statement made some weeks ago to the effect that Mr. De Young, proprietor of the San Francisco Chronicle, had compromised with the Golden Gate's pet, W. R. Colby, by agreeing not to prosecute the robber for perjury. We were misled by a dispatch which we supposed was authorized by Mr. De Young. The following letter will explain the real status of the matter:

EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, W. H. DE YOUNG, Proprietor. SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28, 1888.

Permit me to thank you for your kindness shown toward the Chronicle during the Colby case, and for your valuable assistance in showing up the character of that adventurer. You are in error regarding the termination of his suit against me, however. I made no agreement whatever with him or his attorneys. He disappeared from the scene, and should he ever return where we can lay hands on him, we will with the greatest pleasure put him in charge of the humane wardens of our State prison, for perjury.

Yours Truly, M. H. DE YOUNG.

A number of Philadelphia women have formed a temporary organization, the object of which is the amelioration of the working woman's condition. If possible, the society hopes to organize a permanent working woman's society similar to the one in New York.

What is Socialism?

A correspondent who seems badly frightened at the sensational stories of the Chicago dailies, and fears the city is going to the cemetery...

Pickwickian Sinners.

Under the head of "Pickwickian Sinners," referring to those who do not attend church, a late number of the Lansing, Mich., Journal reports...

The Universalist Society at Lansing, Michigan, Rev. J. H. Palmer, minister, is evidently a progressive body...

We believe in one God, the Universal Father, in the Universal Brotherhood, in the immortality of the soul...

We believe that Jesus Christ is the most perfect revelation of the character of God that has yet been given to the world in the life of man.

We believe in universal and continual inspiration, and that the Old and New Testaments contain revelations of the character and purpose of God...

This creed is supplemented by the following quotations which express the sentiment of the society:

"Let nothing be more precious to thee than truth." - Lucetius. "Man can be sure that his rational nature is from God, than that any book is an expression of his will." - Channing.

The Watchman says it is the fault of Christians themselves that Sunday laws are not "Are Sunday excursions condemned? Christians are among the excursionists. Is Sunday railroading objected to? There are too many Christians among the passengers to make the complaint effective."

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Associated Spiritualists of South-western Michigan will hold their next Quarterly Meeting at Breedsville, March 2nd and 3rd.

Mrs. Eva Potter, of Wonowoc, Wis., desires information about Children's Lyceums. Any one who can enlighten her will please correspond with her.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," receives each week a check for \$1,000 as her royalty from the dramatization of her famous novel.

Mrs. Webber of Springtown, Ark., is the first woman licensed by the Methodist Church South. The innovation has caused quite a stir in that church.

G. H. Brooks' engagement terminated the last Sunday in January at Cincinnati. During this month he is engaged to lecture at Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Jeannette Halford, daughter of the president-elect's private secretary, is living a thoroughly rural life near Orlando, Florida.

John Jacob Astor has given a handsome four story building, with its lot of land, to the Children's Aid Society of New York as a memorial of his wife, who was deeply interested in this charitable institution.

Miss Nellie O'Donnell, the newly-elected Superintendent of Public Schools in Shelby County, Tennessee, is only 22 years of age.

Mrs. Ruth Jewell of North Linnington, Me., and Mrs. Cynthia Hathaway of Sarov, Mass., have just celebrated their hundredth anniversaries.

It is said that Stoddard county, Missouri, has a boy preacher only 9 years of age. He never went to school a day in his life and can neither read nor write.

Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, formerly of Boston and recently associate editor of the Open Court of Chicago, is to edit and control a department in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Mrs. Mona Caird, the famous author of the "Is Marriage a Failure" discussion, is described as a handsome brunette, tall and graceful, with fine eyes and a very sprightly expression.

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As Madame Blavatsky is quite generally credited in this country with having been a Russian spy, the clipping from the Fall Mail Gazette, in another column, will be read with interest, and its publication is only justice to Madame B.

Last Sunday night in New York, Father McGlynn pitched into the Catholic authorities again. The occasion of his attack was the difference in the way they acted toward Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and John McGuire, one of Father McGlynn's old parishioners.

Mr. B. F. Underwood has spent the month of January lecturing in Utah. He concluded his engagements in the Territory with a lecture on "Radicalism and Conservatism" in the Opera House, in this city, Sunday evening.

Henry Gerst, a well-to-do young German, went violently insane on the night of Feb. 5th, from the effects, his friends declare, of the influences of a Mrs. Woodworth, who is conducting a faith-cure revival and has a large congregation made peculiar by the large number of young women trance artists.

Mrs. Emma Althouse, the sleeping woman, of Ithaca, N. Y., awakened on the sixth inst., from her trance, having slept thirty-five days and a few hours.

The Woman's Tribune speaks as follows of "The Signs of the Times," an address delivered by Prof. Elliott Cones, and published in pamphlet form by his office.

An exchange contains the following: "A ghost has caused a divorce suit and broken up a once happy family in Blount county, Alabama.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt Feb. 15th in portions of England. Mr. Parnell will bring an action for libel against the London Times in the Irish courts.

The trouble with the terrors presented in the old theology," says the Christian Register, "was not only that they were so terrible but that they were fictitious."

Alexander Hoagland, the President of the Boys and Girls' National Home and Employment Association, presented the President-elect a petition last week in relation to Congressional action in behalf of the boy tramps of the United States.

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may provide at once for picking up and taking care of tramping boys. It is believed this subject will receive General Harrison's personal attention when the proper time comes.

The Woman's Tribune now published at Beatrice, Neb., with Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby as editor, has through the earnest solicitation of eastern friends established a branch office in Chicago, at number 143 La Salle Street, Room 70, where all business will be attended to without delay.

General News.

Massachusetts physicians are making war on the Christian Scientists. Julia Marthar, 55 years old, died of starvation in a miserable hotel at Providence, R. I., last Monday.

A slight shock of earthquake was felt Feb. 15th in portions of England. Mr. Parnell will bring an action for libel against the London Times in the Irish courts.

MERCANTILE.

New Orleans and Mobile.

February 15th to March 2nd the Chicago and Eastern Illinois R. R., Knoxville Route, will sell tickets to New Orleans and Mobile, La., for \$20.00, and to Mobile and return at \$25.00, which will be good until March 25th.

What it is. MAGEE'S EMULSION is not a patent nostrum. This is no secret about it. It is composed of Cod Liver Oil, Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Phosphates of Lime and Soda in equal parts, emulsified by machinery so thoroughly that it mixes with water, milk and other liquids if so preferred.

THE FINEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD!

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The foundation of all happiness is health. A man who has imperfect digestion may be a millionaire but he is the husband of an angel and the father of a half a dozen cherubs, and yet he is miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion.

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It is entirely eradicated from the system by its use. It is as easy to take as Maple Syrup or Honey, and can be retained by the most delicate stomachs without nausea.

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For Cotton, Silk and Wool. Send sample of fabric to be dyed to J. A. Magee & Co., Lawrence, Mass., for Cotton, Fast Pink for Wool and Silk. Price, 10 cents a box, 50 cents by mail. Age is wanted.

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A new method of compounding Tar. PURE GUM FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 32 stamps for Free Sample with Book. Sold by Druggists and by TAR-OLD CO., 75 Randolph St., Chicago. Price, 50c.

PROSPECTUS. The Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

Capital \$50,000. Adequate capital is essential to the highest success of any enterprise. In this capital we contribute by a considerable number rather than by one or a very few individuals, provided all are animated by a common purpose.

In the exposition of the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, of Spiritual Ethics, of Religion posited or defined by an Independent Intelligence, honest and judicially fair press is indispensable; by all odds the most powerful far-reaching and influential agent.

A first-class publishing house can be made the promoter of all the agencies necessary to carry forward a newspaper, magazines, books, branches for public experiment, missionary bureau, etc., etc.

To lay the foundation of what it is hoped will in time grow into a grand enterprise, a plan has been conceived by the Secretary of State of Illinois to organize the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE in Chicago.

The Commissioners have decided to publicly announce the objective and to solicit stock subscriptions from the JOURNAL'S readers. It is hoped that a considerable number will be found ready to take not less than twenty shares, or one thousand dollars each, and that a goodly number will subscribe for not less than ten shares each, while those who will be glad to subscribe for a single share, fifty dollars, will reach into the hundreds.

In the State of Illinois there is no liability on subscription to stock of a corporation, the amount of whose capital stock is fixed, as is the case in the present instance, until the whole amount is subscribed.

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Coincidences. (Continued from First Page.) Daudet has made use of it, he may at least lay claim to the merit of having skillfully interwoven an interesting historical incident in a work of fiction. C. A. BURKHARDT.

The epitaph on "Martin Elginbrod," is one which I have met with several times. I believe, in old collections of verses. My memory at present, however, only enables me to refer to one instance: Rawlinson MS., D. 377, in the Bodleian Library, one of Hearne's volumes. Here it occurs with the variation in name of "Klinbrode," among a few other Scottish epitaphs, but without any assignment of locality.

In the Athenaeum for June 25th, 1887, Prof. Max Muller contributes the following: ALL SOULS COLLEGE, Oxford, June 14th, '87. To write to the Athenaeum is not without its dangers. It brings you letters from every part of the world, many of them very useful, no doubt, but some require answers, and how is it possible in these days to answer all letters?

However, I ought at all events to have communicated to you before now the contents of some of the letters on Martin Elginbrod, and I should have done so had I not wished to consult first some books which I cannot get at Oxford. Thus Prof. Eschhold Kohler asked me to read the 17th letter in "Goethe's von Goethe's matter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia, herzogin-gabon, von C. A. H. Burckhardt." I possess the book myself, but have at present no access to my library. I want, therefore, to the Bodleian, but was informed that the resources of that library were too small to allow of the purchase of such a book; it ought to be bought by the Taylor Institution but there also the book was not. I therefore waited till I should be able to see Prof. Kohler's note on the subject, which is sure to be valuable. Thus it happened that I also kept back for the present Mr. Mac Donald's letter, for which some of your readers are naturally anxious, and which is in every respect most satisfactory. As it has been asked for I shall delay no longer. Mr. Mac Donald wrote to me on the 17th of May from Borden:—

"You have a right to know all I can tell you about the seeming coincidence—for seeing only I count it—between the German and English (or Scotch) epitaph you quote. My version of it was told me—written out for me I think—by Mr. Manby Smith, a man known in his day as a writer of tales. He assured me it was in a churchyard in Aberdeen, but I do not think he spoke from personal knowledge, and my own impression is that probably it is not to be found there. Anyhow it was the germ of the book to which you so kindly refer—my first novel. It seems plain to me that, whether it has been used as an epitaph or not in Scotland, which I must doubt, it is a translation from the German at Doberan, and for these reasons beyond the close correspondence in expression; the name had to be changed to make it rhyme with God instead of Gott, and in changing it the translator chose a name that not only corresponds rhythmically, but is almost in essence identical with it.

"The assonance, indeed, although not perfect in regard to the vowels, extends in a measure to the consonants. I am greatly obliged to you for bringing the thing to my notice, and rendering what in itself would have been of no consequence, of the greatest interest by your quotations from Michelet, and the 'Big-Veda' as well. They point to the human consciousness of a something altogether deeper than desert in our relation with the heart of the universe." This settles the matter of the question. But I need not say that similar epitaphs have in the meantime cropped up from several other quarters. I shall mention only one to-day. In Zug, in Switzerland, the following epitaph is said to be found on a carrier's tombstone:

Hier liegt der Zugler Bot; Ob, Heber Herr Gott, Grabhinde ewige Leben. West Du der Zugler Bot, Und ich der Herr Gott, So will ich Dir auch geben.

I have written to my correspondent asking him to find out whether the epitaph is really to be seen at Zug; but I have had no answer yet.

"Another correspondent tells me that in 'Reminiscences,' by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, the same of a very similar epitaph is mentioned as having been written by Hugh Hunt. I fear I shall have to encroach on your space once more, as soon as I have paid a visit to the British museum. F. MAX MULLER.

In the Athenaeum for July 30, 1887, concludes the interesting research as follows: OXFORD, July 21, 1887.

As I anticipated in my communication of June 14th, I find I have to write to you once more on Ahike Pott. The note to which Prof. Kohler referred is found on page 135 of 'Briefe von Goethe's matter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia, herzogin-gabon von C. A. H. Burckhardt,' in the first volume of 'Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft,' Wiesmar, 1875. Goethe's mother, Frau Rath, in writing very freely and openly to the Duchess of Wiemar, expresses her letter that November 3, 1779, with a little apology: 'When I write to my best princess I feel a little like Hans Schickelbrod with our dear Lord God. The inscription on the tomb of that good man has been put into beautiful verses by Mr. Hubner, the geographer.' Prof. Kohler, who is a real mine of information—and sound information—on all that is connected with folk lore, being consulted by the editor as to whereabouts of Hans Schickelbrod, sent him the following note: 'Evidently the Hans Schickelbrod mentioned by Frau Rath is one and the same person as Junker Hans Schickelbrod, of whom Wieland, in a letter to Meron of August 20th, 1784, speaks as follows: 'Do what you can, and what you like, and do—like Junker Hans Schickelbrod in his bargain with our Lord God—towards your neighbor, the editor, what you would be should do unto you, if you were the editor.' The two names 'Schickelbrod' and 'Schickelbrod' differ in a few letters only; one is probably a corruption of the other, unless both are disguises of a third unknown name. Junker Hans Schickelbrod's bargain alluded to by Wieland is very like a Law German tomb inscription in the church of Doberan, which has often been printed.

Among various communications which I continue to receive about this ubiquitous person, I shall only mention one more to—cutting from a paper called the Public probably of the last century, the following Scotch epitaph: 'John Hildebrod, wife God, Hildebrod, MILLER.

TWO STRANGE EPISODES.

In a recent number of the Tribune I read with great interest an article on mysterious disappearances. The article recalled an episode which many years ago came within the limits of my own observation. The story seems so improbable that I would never dream of writing it, mainly through a disinclination of being regarded as a fanatic, but for the fact that others had met with an equally strange experience.

One night I was walking along Dearborn street, Chicago, when I noticed a young man walking just ahead of me. It was nearly midnight, and the thoroughfare was almost deserted on that block where the figure lingered. Its appearance attracted my attention because of its irresolute motion. It paused and looked up dimly lighted stairways, and hesitated at street corners as if uncertain whether to turn or go on.

A man lost in a wilderness could not have run more uncertain of direction. I soon overtook the figure and not far from a street lamp it turned in a frightened way as my tread neared it. The face which suddenly confronted me and was as suddenly turned away was the face of a haggard, careworn young man, stamped with unrest and hunger.

Chicago is filled with such faces, and I walked on a few steps, when the face presently began to seem familiar to me. This impression grew upon me so strongly that I lessened my speed to think over it, and finally turned back that I might see the walker near a street lamp once more.

When I saw him fairly face to face I recognized him at once as an old schoolmate, whom I had known a few years before at Montclair, N. J. He said that after I had passed him he had recognized me and was on the point of speaking, but he felt so utterly poverty-stricken that his pride had prevented him for weeks from hunting up any of his old acquaintances, many of whom he knew lived in the city.

We were not long finding a restaurant, where he enjoyed the first real meal he had eaten in many days.

Here he told me of the misfortunes which had befallen his family.

His father had been comparatively rich in Montclair until he became impoverished by a series of disastrous speculations. Sickness and death trod on the heels of poverty, and all that was left of the family was George Brewster, the young man who sat opposite me at the restaurant table. He was literally alone in the world and wholly unacquainted with it.

I invited him to share my room with me on Halsted street, and we repaired thither immediately. On reaching it he expressed himself as literally worn out with tramping the streets in search of employment, and undressing went to bed.

I had some letters to write which should go in the early morning mail, and I felt to work upon them. As I was writing there was a knock at the door, and Mr. Fitzhugh Selby, who was a close friend of mine and who roomed in the same house, came in. He also had some letters to get off, and came to borrow some postage stamps and chat awhile.

My back was turned toward the bed as I sat at the table. I explained that I had found an old friend, whom I had invited to share my room, and as I spoke I motioned with my hand over my shoulder.

Selby glanced at Brewster, whose breathing indicated that he was asleep, and then, sat down at the table opposite me.

The breathing of the sleeper grew heavier and more regular as he drifted into a deep slumber.

Gradually the breathing ceased altogether, and this made me uneasy.

I stopped writing and Selby stopped talking, and then there was a silence in the room. There came no sound from the bed, and we could hear our watches tick.

Suddenly Selby rose up, and as he looked over my shoulder, there was an expression of absolute horror on his countenance. He walked hastily over to the bed, and as I turned he threw back the clothes—the bed was empty.

We stood staring in each other's faces speechless with astonishment. "I saw him here a few moments ago," said Selby.

We tore the bed to pieces, cast sheets and comforters to every direction, and dragged the mattress to the floor. Brewster had absolutely vanished from sight. We searched every nook and corner of the room over and over again.

Brewster's soiled clothes were as he had left them on the chair, and his empty shoes rested on the floor near the foot of the bed.

But the material form of Brewster had vanished utterly. In searching through the bedclothes we found the undershirt that he had worn when he retired.

It was still perceptibly warm from contact with his body. After an hour's endeavor to probe the mystery we did up Brewster's clothes in a bundle, and I not caring to occupy the spot which had so lately swallowed up Brewster, accepted an invitation from Selby to share his bed.

Next afternoon we again visited the room where the mysterious disappearance had taken place. The landlady had been there and made the bed as usual.

As we entered the room she walked along the hall and followed us in. Her face wore a puzzled look and we waited to hear her speak.

"There's something queer here," she said. "What's that?" "Somebody breathing here all the time." "We paused and listened, and all could hear the regular breathing of some one in the apartment.

"After I made the bed I heard the breathing this morning," continued the landlady. We told her our story, but she did not believe it; yet, as we stood and listened to the regular respirations of the unseen sleeper, it was plain to see that she was half inclined to.

There the breathing stopped, and she said she guessed it was some one in the next room, after all.

That day we settled with her for the next, and sought lodgings elsewhere. A few months afterwards the poor woman was committed to the asylum as insane. The Commissioners who investigated her case did not consider it in any way peculiar.

Her hallucination was that she heard someone breathing about her night and day. This kept her from sleeping, and in a few weeks she died. She was a widow lady named Harriet. The number of the street I have forgotten.

Fitzhugh Selby is still living in Milwaukee, and will concur in the statement made in this article. A case of B INCIDENT, occurred in Nemaha

County, Nebraska, over twenty years ago. I was living there at the time, but can only quote from memory regarding the extraordinary event.

There was a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners at the residence of Burrell Hoover, in the little town of Nemaha. The Chairman of the board called the meeting to order a few minutes to 8 o'clock in the evening, and was engaged in transacting the usual business when he suddenly fell from his chair and stiffened out on the floor.

Every effort was made to restore him, but without avail. A physician was sent for, who at first pronounced him dead, but afterwards examined the body more thoroughly and said he was disposed to call it a trance.

He was considerably puzzled, and another physician, who came about midnight, was equally at sea.

A burning candle placed under the sole of his foot raised a blister which yielded water when picked with a needle. This was considered a certain sign of life.

To all appearances, however, he lay as one dead, there being no pulse, no respiration, and the body cold. At 8 o'clock in the morning he opened his eyes and in a few moments was sitting up and conversing rationally with those about him.

He said that while sitting at the meeting a shock suddenly passed through his frame and he was perfectly unconscious of the fact that he had fallen to the floor.

A few moments later he found himself floating in midair over the deck of a ship in the Pacific ocean.

The ship was a merchantman bound for San Francisco and was then off the coast of South America.

Night came on as he watched the ship, which was crowding sail to escape from another ship in pursuit.

About midnight the pursuing ship, which was a pirate ship, came within range and opened fire.

The merchantman made a feeble defense and was soon captured. The pirates made fast, swarmed over the deck and cut down the crew. He vividly described the terrible scene when the pirates, by the glare of torches, captured the crew and cast the bodies overboard to the sharks. During the fight three of the crew slipped over the side of the vessel and made their escape in a small boat.

After murdering all on board the attacking crew plundered the vessel. They were until nearly morning transporting the valuable part of the cargo to their own vessel. They then fired the ship and made off to the southward.

This is only a rough draft of a statement made by him with great intoneness of detail and carefully written down for future reference.

He insisted that he had witnessed an actual occurrence, and that his statement would be verified as soon as the boat containing three of the crew reached South America.

For two weeks he dreamed of the efforts of the three men to reach land and each morning wrote a diary of what had happened.

He said that the sailors, pressed with hunger, bravely drew lots to see who should die to save the others.

The man who drew the fatal lot refused to submit to his fate and there was a death struggle in the boat. The man who was fighting for his life gave one of the others a death blow, and his living companion joined with him to cut up the body and eat it.

While engaged in this work they saw a sail in the horizon, and immediately cast the body overboard. The ship was heading for them, but changed its course, and at night-fall disappeared. Next day the two men, desperate with hunger, fought in the boat, and the one who had drawn the death-lot was again victorious and killed his companion. Again a sail loomed in sight, and he did not attempt to cast the body of his mate overboard until he was certain of being rescued.

The ship sighting his signal of distress made directly for the boat and rescued him. When he saw the ship lean to and answer his signal, he attempted to get rid of the body, but his strength was so exhausted with hunger and the two terrible battles for his life that he was unable to lift the body over the side of the boat, and it was found by the rescuing party. He was taken aboard the ship and landed in Valparaiso, from which point a full account was forwarded by telegraph to the New York Herald.

The paper reached Nevada, and that account was identical in substance with that written by the County Commissioner after he had recovered from his trance, and the date of the morning of the vessel was identical with the night of his falling to the floor at the Commissioners' meeting. I cannot recall the name of the man who was into this strange craze, but the facts as I have stated them, can be recalled by hundreds of people who live in Nevada City.—P. S. D., in Chicago Tribune.

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