

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND 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 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 communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:  
In the following narrative is detailed the experience of a medium, Mrs. Cora Freeman, a young woman now undergoing her development at my home in Santa Monica, Cal. This trance or clairvoyant experience occurred about three weeks since, and was for the purpose, as set forth in the narrative, of seeing and describing, in part, the home now preparing for a member of our family.  
The medium, though so young, not yet 22 years of age, is already developing powers of a varied and high order. She is under the control of a powerful band of advanced spirits, to whose high work she has dedicated the remaining years of her life on earth, be they few or many. Her work for the past few weeks has been the making of pictures, both in crayon and oil, and of frames to suit them, and our humble little home is turned into a veritable "Spirit Picture Gallery." Her best work so far is the set piece entitled the "Gates Ajar," built in pebbles and shell work. I wish all the readers of the JOURNAL could see this marvellous production, begun and finished in six sittings of two hours each; done by this slender young woman, under control, with her eyes closed. But I must not weary my readers with my introduction. I will retire, for the present, and let the medium talk.  
H. C. TOWNER.  
Santa Monica, Cal.

## A VISIT TO THE SUMMER LAND.

As in my vision I saw and heard, so will I try to tell you. From the deep, dark border land of sleep, I stepped out into the enchanting light of eternal day. My feet pressed an undulating carpet of richest grass and flowers, and there began my journey onward. Before me lay a broad smooth avenue lined on either hand with choicest shrubs and flowers that gave out the sweetest fragrance. As I walked through what seemed a veritable Garden of Eden, at length I paused on the brink of a crystal stream, whose shallow waters rippling over their pebble-strewn beds, made sweet, bird-like melody. I crossed on a dainty structure, that one could hardly call a bridge, so frail and fairy-like did it seem, and traversing the now familiar path with the same beautiful surroundings, I came to a second stream much more broad and deep, where I found no bridge; but, moored upon the placid waters, lay what I at first sight supposed a gigantic swan, but which on closer inspection proved to be a beautiful, luxuriantly furnished boat. I admired it while my courage failed. I could not venture into that lovely, frail craft, so, keeping along the shore, I soon found another bridge, and crossed safely over.  
Now I began walking along a wide pavement of richest mosaics, and as I emerged from the thicker foliage into more open ground, I fairly held my breath with delight, for there loomed up before me almost within a stone's throw the home of my dear earth friend and her spirit mate. Standing in the midst of extensive grounds, with every environment that supernal love could suggest and supernal skill and energy execute, it was the very embodiment of a typical English country residence, on a scale of magnificence and grandeur beside which the proudest palaces of earthly monarchs were but child's play; a combination of the best effects of the Elizabethan and Queen Anne periods; with the great round tower, the multitude of gables and dormer windows, the balconies, the vast chimney stacks, the grand entrances, the long perspective of marble steps leading down to the very water's edge; an impression of the beautiful and sublime

in architecture is left upon the mind, that can not be easily forgotten.  
I did not seem to care to enter this wonderful spirit home, but turning to the left as I drew near, passed around to the rear, or, more properly speaking, a new front, where stretched away in pleasing perspective a vast wing, in itself a palace, battlemented in true medieval style, and rendering complete as glorious a picture of true comfort and elegance as even the Spirit-world itself might furnish.

For a little time I was lost in contemplation of this celestial abode of love and harmony. Then resuming my walk along a broad way shaded by stately oaks and beeches, I had not gone far when I saw before and on either hand two statues: to the left a lovely woman with drooping head and downcast mien; a beautiful picture of Sorrow in Parian Marble; opposite, and a few paces distant, the figure of a knight in full armor, who held a battle-axe aloft as if it were his cruel mission to strike the angelic being who bowed as meekly before him, with crystal drops of water issuing from her eyes. The sight saddened me. I hardly knew why, and I was about to pass on when I heard a light movement on the walk behind me, and beheld advancing toward me with easy graceful carriage, a being to whom the word "Man" in its present limited sense will hardly apply; a veritable demi-god; a divine Apollo, full of an ineffable graciousness, smiling brightly upon poor bewildered me, who stared as one in a dream at the ideal of angelic manhood in a conventional dress suit. His voice, full of a tender musical sweetness, reassured while it enchanted me.  
"You are looking at two of my fountains," was his salutation. "I see that the sight is displeasing to you. Let me give you a better impression."

So saying, he seemed to press a concealed spring, at the base of the manly figure, when lo! the statue, as if endowed with life, assumed a new attitude. The threatening expression was gone. The battle-axe was laid down, and in its stead the mailed hands held forth a beautiful vase, from which poured a jet of sparkling crystal spray. No less wonderful and pleasing was the transformation in the lovely woman. The seemingly lifeless figure was erect. All traces of sorrow were gone, and from every fold and petal of a bouquet of lilies and roses she held in her hands, sprang tiny streams of the same snowy spray.  
As I, enraptured, admired the magical scene, my companion spoke: "You have come to visit my spirit home that I am preparing and adorning for my beloved mate yet in the earth-life. Therefore by your leave I constitute myself your guide and master of ceremonies, with the hope, yes, the knowledge, that it will be as great a pleasure to you to see, as to me to show."

So saying, with a wave of his shapely hand he turned down another broad walk. I obediently followed. We now entered upon an extensive vista: down either side of the walk a double row of elegant columns supporting a trellised roof, and columns and roof over-run with a wild luxuriance of climbing vines whose rainbow-tinted flowers shed far and wide a delicious fragrance that fairly made the atmosphere heavy; at irregular intervals, soft easy chairs, divans, costly rugs of intricate pattern; great fountains, throwing high their silvery spray, their basins filled with gold and silver fish; musical instruments, and tables covered with books and papers; all this bewildering effect of luxury and convenience, my guide explained in a few almost careless words as we passed through.

"This is the Arbor," he said, in a very natural matter-of-fact way. "I will now show you where I keep my birds." As if reading my thoughts in my face, my guide replied: "Let no idea of bolts or bars disturb you. I draw my pets to me by a power stronger than bars or chains of iron or steel; by the power that rules the universe; by the irresistible power of love! but yonder is my birdcage!" And truly a singularly looking cage. Imagine an immense square, with a tall massive marble pillar at each corner; these four pillars supporting a lofty roof of light and graceful open iron work, and depending therefrom by long slender chains a multitude of small baskets filled with flowers of a thousand hues, swinging to and fro in the light breeze, making queer shadows on the smooth marble floor, while the effect was further heightened by the gilded lattice work at the sides, giving the whole structure much the appearance of a gigantic cage.

After a few moments pause that I might drink in the beauty of the scene, my guide said: "Now that you have seen the cage, let me show you the birds." He then began to whistle softly, softly and melodiously, and in a moment, as it seemed to me, the air was filled with living rainbows. "Here come the birds," he said. Were these birds? These living, darting flashes of blue, white, red, green and yellow lightning? All these colors and a myriad of resultant tints and combinations were flashing, sparkling and glowing as they dashed hither and thither in endless graceful lines and curves, rising and falling in troops and battalions, breaking into squares, triangles, stars and crescents, and a bewildering maze of undulations, so swiftly that the delighted eyes could hardly follow the kaleidoscopic-like lightning flashes of living light and color; and all the time the air was vibrant with the entrancing melody of their myriad happy voices,—a grand yet simple bird harmony, which without being in regular accord, yet had a certain thrilling unison.  
Suddenly, as if by magic, a simultaneous

movement was made, and in an instant every bird of that vast multitude was sitting serenely in a basket of flowers, as lightly as so many masses of down, swinging and swaying, their long tails pendant in the light summer breeze, and their delicate plumage like so many masses of floss silk; of a truth, "Birds of Paradise." All this glorious effect was produced by the simple power of love, that can make even the birds of the air come at its bidding.

My guide now said: "You have seen the extent of my grounds in this direction, though you have seen but a small portion of my estate. You had a view of the park as we came by the arbor. It is now necessary that we return, as your time is limited, so I will take you back by way of the amusements; and first we will visit the Fishery. It was not without a certain regret that I turned my back upon the enchanting bird-cage, and followed my guide by a way that commanded many fine, though distant, views of the park, whose varied beauties I had so much admired from many a point of vantage, from windows and doors, as we came through the arbor. Waterfalls, clumps and groves of ever living, ever blooming trees and shrubs; lakes and streams; beautiful vales where the timid, mild eyed deer browsed in eternal content, never disturbed by a thought of the hunter. All this I could see, but distantly now, as we came by a new and winding way to an extensive building hitherto unseen, constructed entirely of glass; sides, floor and roof were all of this translucent material, the roof being in beautifully variegated colors that produced many fantastic effects on the otherwise plain pavement. Scattered around the room were many articles of furniture: chairs, tables, sofas, all of solid, transparent, enduring glass, carved, turned and fretted in many and varied designs. But we lingered not long in this room, which seemed merely an ante-room to the main apartment itself, "The Fishery," as my guide called it, and truly the first room was but a waiting room to this magnificent apartment. Of vast extent and lofty height, it would have well served as an audience chamber for King Solomon himself, while the furniture and fittings were on the same princely scale; but the main feature of this room was an immense basin, of an irregular circular form, sunk below the floor level and filled with the purest sparkling water. It appeared very deep and shallow alternately, and there were many beautiful designs in rock-work and sub-marine grottoes, extending dimly, far back. I seated myself on one of the sofas near the side of the pool and watched while my guide went to an exquisite gem of a cupboard and took a small dish full of some pearly white substance, which he scattered upon the water, saying, "Now I am feeding my fish."

I could not repress a cry of delight as I witnessed the scene that followed. I had noticed here and there bright graceful forms, singly or in small groups, sporting at ease in the pellucid depths; but now the whole basin seemed alive with them, thousands of the lovely creatures, great and small; a dozen different varieties; their brilliant coloring vied with even the rainbow tints of the birds as they crowded forward,—many leaping clear from the water in their eagerness to secure the coveted morsels. In all this beautiful scene there was no hint of destructiveness; no show of fear or enmity. The little fish swam fearlessly among the larger ones, and like the birds the peaceful aquatic community acknowledged the same mighty power of love.

I could have lingered long watching the fascinating play of these lovely denizens of the watery sphere, but an impulse I could not resist was urging me on to the completion of my task. There was no impatient manifestation by my guide, however, as he smilingly led the way out through a large garden beset with countless varieties of flowers and flowering shrubs, all in full bloom, whose commingled fragrance had almost overpowered my senses with their subtle aroma. As we passed through the garden, in itself a princely estate, I noticed several grand mansions, charmingly situated among the flowers and shrubbery, that I took to be the residences of people of great wealth and importance until my guide, indicating them with a careless wave of his hand, said: "My summer houses." Summer houses indeed! More like enchanted castles. Onward we walked, or rather glided, for I was not conscious of any perceptible motion. We passed the summer houses, groups of statuary, fountains, bowers, grottoes and then came to what appeared to be a gigantic playground, and such indeed it was. Here were numerous tall swings; not clumsy poles and ropes, such as are used on the earth, but elegant columns, with silken chains depending, and light airy baskets attached. Some were hung from the branches of trees; others were horizontal; an improved sort of "merry-go-round"; and one was a beautiful *tete-a-tete* chair. Nothing seemed to be lacking to complete such a series of swinging and flying apparatus and other conveniences that would have sufficed for the delectation of a whole town full of children; and all as clean, neat, light, airy, and all so suggestive of the sweet stories I had read, of the fairies and their houses and play-grounds; and yet everything so real, it seemed as if I had stumbled by chance upon some particularly beautiful and blessed corner of my own earth, save that in all the length and breadth of the region I traversed, there was not one single sign, or hint, of anything like death or decay. Not a fallen leaf; not a dry twig; not a speck or stain; not a sign of dust or

mod! And yet, with all this perfection of order and neatness there was no suggestion of primness or angularity; all the corners were rounded; all curves easy, flowing and graceful; and, with the blue sky overhead, and the green grass, flowers and rippling water at our feet, and the glorious landscape all about us—all was so real and yet so dream-like, that, like the apostle of old, "whether in the body or out of it, I cannot tell."

But I must leave the swings, doing so with sensation of lingering regret that came over me as I left each successive stage in my journey behind, and realized that I was drawing near the termination of my celestial visit.

Proceeding on our course, with a vast extent of undulating landscape, with many a grand mansion and cozy little cottage on our left, and that mighty, charmingly irregular, and peerlessly graceful mass of architecture, the home of my guide, dominating the horizon on the right. By a smooth spacious flower-bordered driveway, we came to a very extensive, and at first sight a very confusing arrangement of tall poles and short poles, ladders and bars, silken ropes and cords innumerable, trapezes, hurdles for running and leaping, and all the concomitants of a perfect gymnasium.

As I looked upon the scene, order and harmony soon appeared, and the same divine beauty of construction and finish, even to the smallest detail, were conspicuous. Here a regiment of ambitious gymnasts might have disported themselves, while the surrounding amphitheater seemed capable of sustaining thousands of enthusiastic spectators; but gymnasts and spectators were both absent, and it is worthy of note that with the single exception of my guide I saw no person, man, woman or child, during my entire journey.

Of animal life there was plenty: horses, cattle, deer, and some of the finer varieties of dog; perfect in form and feature, roaming at will through these eternal parks and pastures, cared for and watched over by love divine, without fear or care. More beautiful by far than earthly imagination can conceive, they find here in this land of everlasting life and love a fitting compensation for their hardships, toil and suffering in the earthly life.

While I wondered somewhat at the utter absence of personal life, yet it did not occur to me to ask an explanation, nor did my guide offer any. But I have since learned that this incident of my visit to a higher sphere had its meaning. My mission there, was to take mental note of a particular place and its surroundings, and to be able to give an earth friend a fair idea of one phase of the future home prepared for her; and it was thought best that my mind be not distracted from the work by any such scenes as would inevitably ensue if I had met any of my dear ones before.

From the gymnasium, our course was through a small grove of magnificent elm trees; then turning obliquely toward the mansion, we soon came to a building fairly embowered in flowers and flowering vines, whose appearance within and without was much the same as that of the arbor, save in one important particular; and here occurred the most singular experience of my wonderful journey. Passing through the main part of the building, among a multitude of beautiful and interesting objects, amid such princely furnishings as no earthly mansion could boast of, my guide drew aside a fold of a silken portiere, and ushered me into a room whose particular arrangements struck me at once as among the most marvellous of the host of marvels I had already witnessed.

Ranged about, apart the length and breadth of the immense apartment, whose mirrored sides reflected the wonderful scene, somewhat after the style of an earthly restaurant, were a great many low tables of great variety of work and carving, and shining like polished glass,—each with its surrounding of easy chairs, and arranged in long rows with broad aisles between.

Depending from the lofty carved ceiling, over each row of tables, were a great number of silver and golden cords. From the lower end of each silver cord, depended a small tassel, while each golden cord was finished by a small hook. While inwardly wondering at the meaning of all this strange furniture, I followed the example of my guide, and seated myself with him at one of the tables. "We are now in the Fruit Bower," said he. "Would you like some fruit?" I immediately felt a strong desire to taste some peaches, and intimating my wish, my guide pulled lightly at one of the silver tassels. Instantly from the ceiling came the soft sweet note of a silver bell, and one of the golden hooks arose, as if the cord were wound up.

"Look, said my guide, and there appeared, hanging from the hook, a silver fligree work basket. How or when it came there, I cannot tell; but there it was, and in a moment more was on the table before me, and nestling there, a half dozen of such soft, creamy peaches of which poet never sung, or painter put on canvas.

It seemed almost like sacrilege, to eat such lovely luscious fruit. My guide, seeing my hesitation, said: "Do not scruple to taste them. They were brought to you for this purpose. They are a part of the ordinary fruit of this region. Did I not tell you that this is my Fruit Bower?" His words reassured me, and my walk had given me an appetite, and I did taste them. They literally melted in my mouth, and the dear sweet remembrance is with me like a benediction. Unlike earthly fruit, there was no waste, no

stain. The beautiful porcelain dish on which the fruit rested was as spotlessly clean after our repast as before; and the snow-white napkins had no spot or stain. There was no sense of fullness, such as follows an earthly meal. It appears that our systems absorbed the substance of the fruit entirely, giving a sweet sense of satisfaction that no earthly food could supply.

I tried to imagine the glorious scene when this great room should be filled with a gay assemblage of the divine people of this blissful sphere, men and women, who while on earth, had done their duty, whether in exalted or lowly station; who had, perchance, drunk to the very dregs the bitter cup of sorrow and affliction; who had endured, mayhap, poverty, disease, persecution, martyrdom, for the truth's sake, and who having fought the good fight, having kept the faith, were now enjoying their reward. What an array of the best minds that "Merrie England" had produced through the centuries might be gathered at these tables. What a "feast of reason and flow of soul" would be here. What jest! What anecdotes! The sounds of their innocent mirth and the hum of their conversation, would be mingled with the melodious notes of resplendent birds, as they came flashing into the room, through the open window arches, the great mirrors reflecting the perfect forms and faces, the brilliant dresses, the laces, and the jewels. But the room was empty, save for its furniture; and silent, save for the occasional songs of the birds:

Fitting, fitting, here and there,  
Singing, singing, everywhere.

I had fallen into a sort of reverie, which my guide, noticing, said: "Pardon me for disturbing you again, but your time is limited. I will now show my croquet grounds. This way, please." He led me out by another door, and the bright scene faded, from my sight, to be succeeded by another scene, less wonderful, as we wound our way down through a veritable "Bosky dell," and came to a large open space in the midst of ancient and venerable oak trees, very patriarchal in appearance, with the symbolic mistletoe clinging to them, "fondly as of yore." Of all the imaginable places for a croquet ground the most beautiful! It was a great rectangular space, with a smooth yielding pavement, something like asphalt, with all the paraphernalia of arches, stakes, balls, mallets,—all in their proper places, and only wanting the gray crowd of youths and maidens to complete the enchanting picture. The scene was enchanting; the broad irregular open space being set with the loveliest, sweetest flowers, and flowering shrubs; charming little bowers and summer-houses; exquisite figures and groups of statuary, and, in the center, the long wide rectangle, the croquet ground itself, with restful seats scattered invitingly around.

Under our feet was the velvet like green sward, so soft, fine and yielding, it seemed more like a carpet than living green grass. Roundabout were the mighty encircling forests of grand old oaks, beeches, elms, and maples, shutting us in from the world, except on one side, where an opening in the trees gave one a beautiful view of the blue dancing waters of a small lake, with here and there a sail-boat, like a white winged swan, bowling merrily on.

And over all brooded the deep blue sky, with its great golden sun shining mildly, not fiercely, like our earthly sun; and the air was heavy with the breath of the flowers, and vocal with the music of myriad feathered songsters, many of which sat on flower or shrub, and would hardly move out of our way. Do you wonder that I felt sad at the thought of leaving this blissful region, or that my heart was heavy as I realized that one more scene must terminate my visit?

My guide, noticing my sadness, said: "Do not grieve, little one. What you are now experiencing is but a foretaste of what you shall sometime certainly have, and you have yet a work to do, and it is necessary that you so perform the same, that before you came over here your earthly labor will have been finished, and you be ready to enter upon your reward. We will now visit the dancing hall."

Once more on the way, through the great forest, along the border of a silvery stream, through a bewildering maze of flower gardens, arbors, summer-houses and lovely little parks where deer and antelope were quietly resting, we passed one vast, open meadow, fenced in with a border of beautiful all colors, so graded as to form a beautiful pattern, where a large herd of magnificent horses were gathered. As we passed along, my guide spoke to them, and then what a commotion, prancing, galloping to and fro, tossing of manes and tails, that fairly swept the ground; arching of proud necks, and soft low whinnies, and the loving glances from the large, tender, gazelle-like eyes! Beautiful, noble horses, how I loved them! They could do every thing but speak; and surely, methinks, such dumb protestations of love needed no words to make them understood. Love is its own interpreter, whether in speech or only dumb show.

As we passed on, my guide said: "These are my hunters. I keep them for myself and friends when we want to go out riding. I conquer them and keep in subjection by the magic power of love, without which nothing can be done in this sphere." As he talked we were passing through one fairy scene after another till suddenly we emerged from a group of magnolia trees, in full bloom, and I found myself in front of the most unique, and in many respects the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)





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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 11, 1889.

## The Psychology of Spiritualism.

The *Popular Science Monthly* has been from the beginning consistent in its intense prejudice against Spiritualism. It is an advocate of the philosophy of muck, and has no good word nor a line of space for anything beyond the pale of physical science. Prof. Jastrow is welcomed to the April number of that magazine, for he comes with an article treating of Spiritualism in a manner congenial to the mind of the management. He is one of the governing council of the American Society for Psychical Research, and as such, it would be supposed his inclinations would be in the line of investigation of that society, and that he would manifest a fair and honest purpose. He vauntingly claims to be a scientist, yet he is a mere echo of the methods and conclusions of others, without even a pretense to original investigation. Quite unknown beyond the classes he instructs in college, he imagines he is a David able to go forth with a single pebble and slay the Goliath of Spiritualism which is invading the realm of materialism. It has been considered essential for a scientific man to know something about the subject of which he attempts to treat. Even writers of magazine articles are expected to inform themselves thoroughly before attempting to write for public instruction. Not so, Prof. Jastrow. Millions of people have investigated Spiritualism and been convinced of its truthfulness. Men of science having world-wide fame for original investigations, like Hare, Varley, Wallace, Butler, DeMorgan and Crookes, have given careful attention, patient research and honest consideration, and found that the more thorough they were, the more convincing the results. Prof. Jastrow has not given a moment's time to investigation, so far as can be learned from his paper. He has never held a seance with a medium, at least he does not mention the fact if he has done so. He knows nothing of psychic phenomena except what he has learned from the reports of the Seybert Commission and the published proceedings of the English Society; and yet he assails Spiritualism as a scientist! What would he say of the man who should attempt to write the natural history of a bird or beast he had never seen? The report of the Seybert Commission he receives as a finality; it is all the authority he asks for, and its conclusions are welcomed because like his own.

Henry Seybert, when he endowed a college professorship, that Spiritualism, in which he ardently believed, might be investigated, undoubtedly thought he was acting for the good of that cause, but as events have proved he could have done nothing more detrimental. As one of the members wisely inferred, it was a Gooseberry Pool committee, going through a farce of investigation. Prof. Jastrow quotes from that report the following remarkable sentence: "With every possible desire on the part of Spiritualists to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning marvelous phenomena, it is extremely difficult to do so." If the millions of Spiritualists are a race of liars and incompetents, Prof. Jastrow ought to be a shining example of truth and competency. Let us see. He says:

"Add to this the confession of the exposed medium, D. D. Home (as follows): 'The first seance I held after it became known to Rochester people that I was a medium, a gentleman from Chicago recognized his daughter Lizzie in me after I had covered my small mustache with a piece of flesh-colored cloth and reduced the size of my face with a shawl I had purposely hung up in the back of the cabinet.'"

There was never anything put in print more slanderously false than this statement. D. D. Home never was "exposed," and never "confessed." While he was the most wonderful of mediums, giving manifestations of spirit-power and presence in all forms, he never received a fee of any kind. His seances were held among the most noble of Europe. His warmest friends were nearest the thrones of France and Russia. Who has Prof. Jastrow in mind? He, too, appears to consider himself a "Gooseberry Fool!" He gives no authority, and hence is responsible for the wicked libel he so flippantly states. For once he departs from his rebash of the Seybert commission, and introduces Eglington (as a specimen of his "scientific accuracy," he spells the name Englington), the English Society for Psychical Research and the conclusions of Mrs. Sedgwick. The honesty of the latter cannot be doubted. She is, however, so completely under the influence of materialism that she is not willing to investigate spiritual phenomena by spiritual conditions, and refuses to accept them unless under the physical tests she imposes.

As a member of the American Society for Psychical Research, Professor Jastrow says: "With a revival of interest fostered by that society, the investigation of spiritualistic manifestations has been undertaken with more of a scientific appreciation of the problems therein involved; and within the last few years have appeared the results of several inquiries that deserve to register a turning point in the career of this mischievous superstition, and to hasten its abandonment by all sensible men." But it is not anything the Psychic Society has done, or intends to do; it is the work of the Seybert commission that has given the quietus to this "mischievous superstition!" It is a lucky event that Prof. Jastrow introduces himself as an example of a "scientific man," and his stale paper of hash as the ultimate of "scientific investigation." He further says that "there is a broad notion that anybody can go to a spiritual seance and give a reliable opinion as to whether what he or she has seen is conjuring or not.... The fact probably is, that most such claimants are about as competent to form a trustworthy opinion on such a subject as they are to pronounce upon the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript. The matter is as much a technical acquisition as is the diagnosing of a disease." Plainly, according to Joseph Jastrow, with the exception of a very few "trained scientists" nobody is able to observe accurately, or report honestly!

Hence the observations of the millions of common people who have been convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations, goes for nothing against the "trained powers of intellect" of one Jastrow! And yet, when we see the bigotry and unblushing ignorance this one "observer" manifests; the utter negation of original observation, and acceptance as authority of what in any other department of science would be received with at most a tolerant smile; the rebash and jumble of such questionable matter, with the assurance of its finality, we are prone to conclude that if this is the outcome of science, deliver us from it!

Ah, no! Science is knowledge, not blatant ignorance. Science is humble, painstaking, willing to be taught, free from prejudice. Prof. Jastrow knows little of the true scientific spirit, and is as unqualified to judge of psychic phenomena as are the common people to "pronounce on the genuineness of a Syriac manuscript."

He is, indeed, dimly conscious of his absurd position. After denouncing everything connected with mediumship as fraud and deception, he adds in a foot note: "It is often claimed that, while mercenary purposes can explain the existence of professional mediums, the manifestations of private mediums remain as the bulwark of faith. It is doubtless true that the method of investigating private manifestations must be a different one, and this yet remains to be done in a careful and scientific manner." If it is all fraud, what is the necessity of investigating the claims of private mediums? True, there are a hundred quietly doing their work, for every one publicly known. There is a task for the Jastrows more severe than exposing a few tricksters already denounced by Spiritualists. Beyond these manifestations of physical character, are those of the mental phase, which are of vastly greater value, and have never been disposed of. All the spiritual phenomena within the lines of clairvoyance, or mental illumination, receive not one word from the Seybert Commission or from any would-be exposers; not even from Jastrow, who as completely ignores this most important side of the great subject as though it did not exist.

Finally, in concluding these comments, which are already longer than the subject warrants, the query arises: Why does Prof. Jastrow belong to the Psychical Society? Why do honest, fair-minded men like Secretary Hodgson, Prof. James and M. J. Savage tolerate one who so misrepresents the objects of that society, and, above all, why is such a bigot on the Board of Management? Perhaps the Society thinks that with the greater purposes of arriving at the truth, and correlating the facts in the mysterious domain outlying the borders of materiality, there is necessity for such as Jastrow. We venture to gently hint to the Psychic Society that it cannot preserve its dignity as a scientific body with such membership. Bigotry, prejudice, unfairness, downright dishonesty of statement and travesty of argument may be tolerated, but ignorance, arrogant, blatant ignorance, carries with it its own condemnation.

We would say to such magazines as the *Popular Science Monthly*, you may find an echoing constituency for such articles, and the constantly repeated sneer at psychic phenomena, but you mistake the set of the undercurrent, which before you are aware will prove that what you now ignore are the vital facts of science. Be advised by men like Heber Newton, M. J. Savage, Sidney Dean and Prof. James and Dr. Cones.

## The Editor's Outing,

CONTINUED.

The Brooklyn home of Judge and Mrs. Dailey has been for years a sort of spiritualistic headquarters, a local bureau of information, a rallying center both for Spiritualists and those just beginning to be interested in Spiritualism; here ministers, lawyers and politicians, the rich and the poor, people from every station in life, have been attracted, either through personal acquaintance with the affable and active heads of the establishment, or by their wide-spread reputation for hospitality, philanthropy, and interest in the spiritualistic propaganda. As a matter of course, people with the reputation of the Daileys are shining marks for the lame and the lazy to lean upon; cranks, adventurers, promoters of wild-cat enterprises, solicitors for public and private charities, applicants for offices requiring either political, mercantile, social or professional influence, all these recognize in the Daileys their legitimate prey, and swoop down upon them singly, in couples, and in droves. Yet no one ever hears any complaint from either Mr. or Mrs. Dailey; the gross ingratitude of some does not make them cynical, neither does the greed and incompetency of others discourage them in their efforts to help. The history of their experiences for the past ten years would make a big volume, full of the pathos and humor that goes to make up this curious, struggling world. One with talent for novel writing could find rich material always within reach by securing permanent lodgment in the Dailey household, and listening to the tales of woe, of hope, and of varied experiences therein unfolded by those seeking sympathy, assistance, or appreciative listeners. How a lawyer with a large, exacting and rapidly increasing clientele can find so much time and energy to devote to gratuitous work is a mystery. But the task is telling upon him and if he don't restrict his efforts and conserve his vital forces he will some day find he has not only exhausted his reserves, but drawn so largely upon his capital of brawn and brain as to bring on a crisis, endangering his health and usefulness.

## MEMORY OF S. B. NICHOLS.

It is not always that a prophet is without honor in his own community, although it sometimes does not flower and he is not fully appreciated until after he has passed to spirit-life. A majority of the JOURNAL'S readers will remember Mr. S. B. Nichols who closed his career on earth in the early fall of 1886. An indefatigable worker in Spiritualism, his zeal knowing no fluctuation nor discouragement, with abnormally keen perceptions, a highly nervous temperament, excellent executive ability, impulsive, generous to a fault, a ready talker and writer, his greatness was never fully appreciated until his personality became a memory, instead of a present, ever active stimulus to those within the radius of his labors. In visiting Brooklyn since his departure I have frequently been deeply touched by the glowing words of appreciation and tender expressions of regard for Mr. Nichols, not only from those who were closely united with him in public work, but from many who differed with him and freely criticized his methods when he was here. During this last stay I found the memory of the good man still green as ever, and even a more exalted position given him by old acquaintances than ever before. In the distance his brusqueness, impetuosity, and aggressiveness are softened in memory, and his noble traits and splendid work grow brighter. Other than wife and children, no one can miss this man more than I; he was a tower of strength to the JOURNAL; and I feel he is still its faithful friend, doing what he can for it and the cause of rational Spiritualism. The influence of such men never dies out of the world.

Long Island may claim to be the stamping ground of the Beecher family. At East Hampton, near the eastern extremity of the island, Lyman Beecher, the great orator, profound scholar, and decidedly original character, began his career as a preacher at the age of twenty-three, and on a salary of \$300 a year. He lived to be the father of thirteen children, and three times married, and closed his mortal eyes in Brooklyn in 1863. Of his son Henry Ward, and his daughter Harriet, it were superfluous to speak here, all the world knows their history. Of the other children, scarcely less able, it may be said to have been their misfortune that so much genius belonged to one family as to lessen the brilliancy of those who otherwise would have shone as stars of first magnitude.

## EDWARD BEECHER, D. D.

nine years the senior of his brother Henry Ward, was born at East Hampton in 1804, and after an active life of more than four score years, some of them spent in Illinois, he is now living in Brooklyn with the wife of his youth whom he married sixty years ago next October. One evening during my visit, Mrs. Edward Beecher, her daughter and a friend, dined with me at Judge Dailey's and spent the evening. I was greatly interested in the sprightly and clear-headed little old lady. Dr. Beecher though 85 years old, is still active in the ministry, pastor of a congregation in a suburb of Brooklyn some seven miles out

of the city. Up to the very hour of my meeting the family at Judge Dailey's, Dr. Beecher had been a marvel of health and activity, frequently walking to and from his parish on the same day; his mental faculties acute and his interest in humanity and the work of the world unabated. The interest of the Beechers generally in Spiritualism is widely known, and on this evening Mrs. Edward Beecher conversed with me at length upon the subject. She is a thorough believer. During the evening she took on a somewhat saddened or anxious look; and speaking of herself and husband, said that if they lived until next October they should pass the sixtieth anniversary of their married life. After an interesting evening Mrs. Beecher took her leave, regretting that her husband had not been able to be present owing to his pastoral engagements, and expressing a great desire to have him meet me.

## DR. BEECHER UNDER THE WHEELS.

What was our sorrow and astonishment next morning to read in the city papers that the venerable Dr. Beecher, in getting off the car on his return home the evening before, had fallen under the wheels, had his leg crushed, been removed to the hospital and had an amputation performed. At the very time his wife was talking to me at Judge Dailey's and expressing her forebodings, her husband, not a mile distant, was passing through this shocking ordeal. But the old veteran was true grit; his wonderful vitality and splendid self-discipline were equal to the emergency. He did not become unconscious, told who he was; and was then taken to the hospital. Before his daughter could get to him, he had been put under the influence of an anesthetic and the crushed limb removed; but when she reached him he was himself again, declaring he felt very comfortable and would soon be ready to go home—he did not then know his limb had been amputated. Just before the dawn of day the daughter, weary and worn, reached home and mother again. The old lady had borne these hours of agonizing suspense with the fortitude characteristic of her strong nature. When she heard the report of her husband's condition, it seemed impossible to her that he could recover, and, forgetful of self, her first thought was of the suffering her dear companion might have to endure before the end should come; and turning to her daughter and a young friend, a member of the family, she exclaimed, "Girls let us kneel down and ask God to take father home!" and on their knees these young women listened to the venerable wife-mother as she poured out her supplications that her husband might be speedily taken to the Spirit-world without having to endure the suffering she felt might precede the near and unavoidable end. But Dr. Beecher's time hadn't come, and he knew it. Never did he lose heart or cheer; and the last news I have—though not late—he was getting on finely, and nature was dealing with him almost as kindly as if he were a boy in his teens, instead of a man who had seen generations come and go, empires rise and fall, the map of the world change, steam and electricity harnessed to the chariot of Progress, and still felt his mission on earth not quite complete.

I spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse and daughter, through the courtesy of Mrs. Dailey who invited them to dine, and meet me. Mr. Morse had just closed his Cleveland engagement and felt in "fine feather" over his success there, and the beautiful silk flag which was presented to him. At the rate Mr. Morse is receiving keepsakes he will be able to set up quite a museum of American productions when he again settles down in England; and it would not be a bad idea for societies to be thus represented in a collection open to English Spiritualists.

Among the Chicago people I met in New York was Mrs. A. V. H. Wakeman, a brilliant and hardworking journalist, who though only a few months in Gotham has already made her dent and established a footing. Walking down Sixth Avenue late one afternoon, thinking that I would greatly like to see my old friend M. L. Van Horn, and wondering if I would find this artist and original thinker in his den at so unseasonable an hour, I heard a familiar voice call my name; looking up I saw the very man I was thinking of. I told him so—and hope he believed I was telling the truth. He is looking well after his long European trip which seems to have been what he needed. Stopping for lunch one day at Nash's restaurant, on Park Place, I was astonished to be hailed before I got out of the room by more than a half dozen acquaintances; among others Geo. H. Jones, an original character, whose voice was for years a familiar sound in the old New York Conference which, under P. E. Farnsworth's fostering care, lived for a quarter of a century, and ended its existence soon after Bro. F. left this world. Jones's figure is also familiar to frequenters of Central Park drives, where he may be seen nearly every fine afternoon holding the ribbons over a team of "flyers." That is the way he keeps his head level and his health perfect.

There are others I would like to gossip about, and many, many more I wanted to call upon, but to one from Chicago's broad streets and lesser mental strain, New York is a fatiguing, bewildering place, with its "L" roads which one must climb from two to five stories to utilize, and with the energy of hundreds of thousands confined in limited space, all keyed up to the highest tension and bending to the work of money-getting and bread-winning as though desperation was the normal condition of its inhabitants, regardless of age, sex or condition. So I did not cover the ground I had hoped, nor quite

get the rest from the alternation which I needed. I am sure no friend will feel I intentionally neglected him, or her, and that all will agree that an editor has his limitations, both physical and psychical. Indeed, I realize those limitations sharply this Saturday morning, the fourth of May, in producing this manuscript for the printer immediately after two nearly sleepless nights on the cars and a day of hard work between, some account of which will appear synchronously with these notes. Next week, if nothing interferes to prevent, I will tell something of my visit in Philadelphia and at other points.

## "OCCULT TELEGRAPHY."

Rowley's Claim Still Doubtful—The Editor of the Journal Obligated to Modify His Previously Expressed Opinion.

Such has been our caution, patience and diligence in investigating the claims of mediums and persons claiming mediumistic and psychic power, that up to this time we have never been obliged to modify an editorial statement regarding either. Now, we have a most painful and humiliating duty to perform in publicly stating that in one instance there is overwhelming evidence going to show that we were most egregiously mistaken, and while laboring under that mistake misled our readers and a large number outside of the Spiritualist movement who had come to place great reliance on our decisions. After more than twenty years spent in study of psychic phenomena and manifestations claiming to be of spirit origin we have at last, to use a homely expression, put our foot in it all over, both feet, for the matter of that. Leastwise that is the way it looks now.

Our readers will recall that in December, 1887, we published an account of a visit to W. S. Rowley, the medium for "occult telegraphy" in Cleveland. For several years we had been hearing of this man and his steadily increasing development. We did not relax our usual caution, and were slow to accept the claim made of independent telegraphy,—in other words: the fact that a spirit could, independent of physical force or contact on the part of the medium, work a telegraphic instrument and send messages through it by the Morse alphabet or any other code of signals struck on the "sounder." We took pains to study the reputation of Mr. Rowley in his own community, for, while we hold, and always have, that the physical, objective phenomena of Spiritualism must verify themselves, yet the moral backing of a good character on the part of the medium has been considered as relieving the investigator of superfluous caution. We found this man stood well; had been connected with an evangelical society; had none of the common vices, and was generally respected. We therefore began our personal investigations of his claims, thoroughly impressed in his favor and believing him an honest man. He possessed none of the usual earmarks of a trickster. We observed as closely as a novice in the mechanical application of electricity could reasonably be expected to observe. But not content with our own judgment, we asked the assistance and advice of those whom we supposed were competent as electricians and telegraphers, and whose experiments with Rowley had been far more extensive than it were possible for us to make our own. We were obliged to confess that in giving our endorsement to Rowley's claim of being a medium for independent telegraphy, we banked too much on his reputation and on the expertness of our advisers, as will be seen before the exposition of the matter is closed; at least, so we now fear.

Having for the time become fully satisfied with the validity of Mr. Rowley's claim, we suggested to him and his then newly acquired partner in business, Dr. Whitney, that Prof. H. D. G. prepare a series of articles giving a purely scientific exposition of the stupendous phenomenon, as studied by him in a long series of experiments. Accordingly this was done; and the half dozen articles of two or three columns each which were expected, strung out into a dozen, more or less, containing a dreary surplussage of inconsequential matter on metaphysics, theology and philosophy. Reading them from week to week, we began to feel disturbed. The answers of "Dr. Wells" were usually so puerile, so devoid of those evidences of intellectual strength and training which would naturally belong to one who had been a skillful physician on earth; the paucity of thought, the inability to grasp what Prof. G. was saying, all this was truly painful. We began to feel that in many instances the replies were characteristic of Rowley's mind and method of expression, as observed by us. Yet we found a plausible way to account for this—well known to psychical students—without impeaching the claim for independent telegraphy; and we still held to our expressed opinion. And from that time up to the thirtieth of last month we have adhered to our previously published convictions; and we have defended Mr. Rowley in various quarters and been ready to back up his honesty. Though we must admit that various circumstances, trifling when taken singly, had led us to fear there might be a sad mistake somewhere, yet we could not think him guilty of intentional fraud.

While Prof. H. D. G.'s "From Here to Heaven by Telegraph" serial was running in the JOURNAL we received a letter of caution from our old and tried friend Dr. Eugene Crowell of New York, in which he said in substance that his spirit friends declared to him through his medium, Dr. Kenney, that they had repeatedly visited Mr. Rowley's place and were of the opinion that the claim of independent

graphy was fraudulent. We replied by saying that unless Dr. C.'s spirit friends could point out the fraud or give some clew leading to its discovery we could not act on their assertion, nor even credit it. Some months ago Dr. Crowell again wrote us of the matter; and when in New York in March last we had a long talk with him on the subject, each adhering to his position. We said to Dr. Crowell that what both wanted was the cold facts in the case. He remarked during the conversation that his spirit friends believed there was a secret wire somewhere, and that owing to the imperfect vision of spirits when not in the presence of a medium adapted to their particular use they had to work at a disadvantage in this case; but that if Dr. Kenney could be brought into Rowley's presence during an experiment they would be able to definitely and clearly decide. As will be seen in next week's JOURNAL, Dr. Crowell's spirit friends were practically correct as to one method of simulation that may be practiced with Rowley's machine. There is no secret wire, as we stoutly affirmed; but a secret manipulation of one of the legitimate, visible wires, is possible, and credible witnesses testify that they have seen Rowley thus work it.

In December, 1887, after our experiments with Rowley and Dr. Sapp—in which we easily detected the fraudulent practices of the latter, he being as yet a bungler—we stopped off on our way home to spend a day with Hudson Tuttle. To him we recounted our experiences with the two alleged mediums for spirit telegraphers. We told him of our experiments with the dial scale. Continuous readers may recall this account. With the instrument on the scale at Rowley's it weighed between one and two ounces less when a message was being ticked off than when silent, Rowley having his thumb and two fingers on a corner of the box. At Sapp's it weighed over two pounds more when operating than when the "sounder" was silent, and Sapp could only work it by pressing heavily upon the slate top. When Mr. Tuttle heard this he exclaimed: "That proves too much." From that day forward, Mr. Tuttle strove assiduously to fathom the occult problem; desirous, indeed, most anxious, that Rowley's claim might be verified, yet intuitively skeptical of its reality. We have said to him repeatedly that his intuition might answer as a working hypothesis, but did not amount to a demonstration, and that until it was clearly proven to us to be incorrect we must maintain the opinion that Rowley was a medium for independent telegraphy.

Putting Dr. Crowell's statements with Tuttle's intuitions, and adding some data which seemed to have significance, the product wrought an increasing doubt in our mind as to the claim of Rowley; and this, too, without harboring the thought that the man had intentionally and deliberately set about swindling the public. Therefore, after the last interview with Dr. Crowell, we determined to stop off at Cleveland on the way home and inaugurate an investigation more critical than any previous effort.

We knew Rowley's instrument could be used in an illegitimate way by pushing up a spring attached to the key until it would touch the top of the box. Rowley had explained this to us, when spoken to about it, saying that at first the "spirits" could not work unless it was there, but that as they acquired more power and dexterity he had been able to lower the spring something like half an inch, but that even now, Dec. 1887, he had to watch them, the "spirits," for sometimes when their "power" was weak they would push the spring up against the slate top without his knowing it. But we did not feel satisfied as to our proof that the aforesaid spring,—which has no reason for existing and no use, so far as known to electrical science,—could not be manipulated without attracting our attention; and furthermore that there might not also be other ways of working the machine. Arriving in Cleveland we sought out the manager of the W. U. Telegraph Company at that point and requested him to recommend a competent electrician and telegrapher who would make an investigation in a strictly scientific spirit, and give a truthful report of the results. The manager had as keen a personal interest in seeing the matter finally settled as we, and was actuated by as friendly motives to the medium, whom he has known for years. In response to our request he selected his chief operator, Mr. O. A. Gurley, as being in every way qualified to fill the requirements. After some conversation with Mr. Gurley, and finding him to be a "square" man and fully meeting our requisition we arranged to take him to see Rowley. We had previously had an interview with Rowley, early in the morning, and had told him frankly that in view of various statements coming to our notice we felt it necessary to again witness the phenomenon of independent telegraphy, for the purpose of fortifying if possible the opinion we had already expressed in the JOURNAL. With some little reluctance he consented to an appointment and was told we should bring some one with us. His appearance and demeanor struck us for the first time as not quite what it should be. He had a sort of hunted look, a wary air, a manner indicating dread of some expected or possible disaster. We could not help noticing this, but thought little of it at the time.

At the appointed hour on April 13th we repaired to Rowley's office accompanied by Mr. Gurley, whom we introduced as an acquaintance familiar with telegraphy. Rowley appeared greatly nettled and annoyed that further tests should be required; and it seemed to us as though he felt like peremptorily declining, and that he would have done so had there been the least ground for refusal. After a short session which he seemed anxious to abridge as sharply as could be done with decency, we left in company with Mr. Gurley. Dr. Whitney, Mr. Rowley's partner, had taken down the messages in writing as had been his custom before. We secured permission for Mr. Gurley to go again, before leaving. We left for Chicago that evening, stopping over a day at Hudson Tuttle's. After reaching home we received a letter from Mr. Gurley, saying he was making headway. Replying to him on April 16th, we closed with the following paragraph: "To settle the point at issue (as to independent telegraphy) will require the most delicate handling and discrimination, and needs to be followed by the investigator in a spirit of the utmost fairness, indeed in a truly scientific and judicial way. I hope you will follow the matter up as it is of great importance to the world." That Mr. Gurley acted strictly within the line of his instructions we fully believe. On Thursday afternoon of last week, after holding an extended conversation with Mr. Gurley over the wires, we promised to be in Cleveland the next morning. The result of that day's work was quite fully and very fairly and temperately reported in the Cleveland Leader, of Saturday last. The result with us has been to oblige us to recall our former endorsement of Mr. Rowley as a medium for independent spirit telegraphy. And we do this without denying that he is a medium. The Leader's reports will be published in next week's JOURNAL, and we think a careful perusal of them will satisfy our readers that Mr. Rowley must verify his claim by new and rigid tests in the presence of experts, or stand convicted of all that is charged by those who pronounce his claim of independent telegraphy unfounded.

We close with the following significant testimony. Dr. G. F. Whitney, Rowley's late partner, who was with him about a year and a half, knew nothing of what was on foot until after the fact. When seen by a Leader reporter on Saturday last he said: "Rowley is a medium, but the application of his power to that instrument is a deception. There is no such thing as independent telegraphy. . . . I wish to say that I went into this thing honestly, but recently my suspicions were aroused, and then I discovered Rowley's secret."

Mr. Rowley has been fairly and kindly treated, and if as honest as he says he is, and as wise as he should be, he will refrain from any manifestations of vindictiveness, and meet the issue in a frank and manly way. Extraordinary claims like his must be substantiated by repeated and extraordinary proofs. The only question at issue is: Can a spirit, or some force directed by intelligence, operate a telegraphic instrument independent of physical contact and muscular action on the part of Mr. Rowley?

"Conspiracy."

We regret exceedingly to see by the Cleveland Leader of Sunday last that Mr. Rowley resorts to that stale old cry, mouthed by every spiritualistic fraud, "conspiracy." In an interview with a representative of the Leader Mr. Rowley is reported as positively declaring that, "this whole thing is a conspiracy," and that his late partner, Dr. Whitney, "put Col. Bundy and Hudson Tuttle up to the idea of instituting an investigation." And furthermore "The whole scheme is prompted by spite and petty jealousy."

We can forgive Mr. Rowley for uttering these wild and utterly foundationless assertions; but we fear it will be a long time before he can forgive himself, and that he is only deepening the darkness and tightening the chains that make his life burdensome. As a matter of fact, up to last week, Friday, we had no knowledge of the dissolution of partnership between Dr. Whitney and Mr. Rowley; and the first intimation of it came from Mr. and Mrs. Rowley. We have never had one word, either oral or written, from Dr. Whitney in any way reflecting on Mr. Rowley. With the exception of the few minutes, on April 13th when Dr. Whitney was taking down Rowley's "spirit" message, we have not seen or heard from him in a year. Mr. Tuttle had no previous intimation that we were conducting an investigation; and he did not even know what we wanted of him last week until, in response to a telegram, he met us on May 3rd in Cleveland, when he was informed of what we were doing, and invited to lend us his assistance, in the interests of Spiritualism and of the public.

General Items.

Under the auspices of the Progressive Circle, Lyman C. Howe will lecture next Sunday evening at the Y. P. P. A. Hall, 104 22nd Street. Subject: "Practical Christianity."

The notorious rascal James A. Bliss, is now operating in Detroit. People who have any regard for their reputations and the sanctity of their homes will avoid him as they would the most loathsome disease.

Warren Hatchins writes as follows from Detroit, Mich.: "Mr. G. B. Stebbins gave us a beautiful discourse in the Unitarian church on Easter Sunday. The pulpit was beautifully decorated with flowers. He referred to Christ's appearance after death, and near the close of his discourse, he said these things happened more frequently since 1849; that he had seen his departed friends, and that strangers to him saw and described them also."

It is said that George Francis Train fasted for seventeen days.

On May first, Lyman C. Howe officiated at the funeral of Henry Brown, 156 Fremont st. this city. The remains were taken to Boston for interment.

We have received from Collins & Powell, real estate brokers, a pretty lithograph of the town of Whatcom, Washington Ter., a flourishing town on Bellingham Bay, Puget Sound. This country is attracting a great deal of attention at present, and now that Washington is a State, the interest will be greatly enhanced.

Mrs. Zerelda McCoy, the vice-president of the Woman's Suffrage Association, has engaged the Opera House in Tacoma, Wash. T., for ten successive Sunday afternoon meetings in the interest of enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Clara B. Colby and Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, have gone on to aid the cause by voice and pen.

The annual picnic and Sunday assembly of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, will be held at Cassadaga camp grounds, Chautauqua county, N. Y., June 8th and 9th. Speakers: Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Boston, and Dr. F. L. H. Willis of Rochester, N. Y. The Northwestern Band of Meadville, Penn., will furnish music.

The Religio-Philosophical Society of Grand Rapids, Mich., which has been organized for a year, held its first meeting in a public way last month, and was addressed by L. V. Moulton and Mary C. Lawson. The society has printed its constitution and by-laws, and the prospects for its future prosperity seem fair. Its place of meeting is at No. 44 Canal st.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has returned to Ravenna O., after passing a pleasant winter in different points in Michigan. She will make engagements for the coming year, east and west. Mrs. Hyzer's frail health will not permit continuous speaking through the year but she should be kept employed all that her strength will permit.

The Equal Suffrage Association of Englewood, Ill., will hold a convention at that place May, 28th. This is to be an anniversary meeting of this society, which has done effective work in the cause of Woman Suffrage. Rev. Anna Shaw, Rev. H. S. Taylor, C. S. Darrow and other able speakers are engaged.

Mr. Silas Bigelow writes from Florida commending Mr. Tuttle's new book in high terms. As Mr. B. is an old schoolmaster, and well up in the spiritual philosophy his endorsement has value. His views are refreshing after reading the opinion of the ignorant but apparently honest book reviewer of the Boston Herald.

The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Co. announce the following appointments, taking effect Wednesday, May 1st: Geo. H. Smith, Assistant General Ticket Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Geo. L. Rhodes, Assistant General Passenger Agent, headquarters, Chicago; Sam. F. Boyd, Assistant General Ticket and Passenger Agent, headquarters, Topeka, Kansas.

The Woman's Tribune, published at Beatrice, Neb., by Clara B. Colby, is a bright, newsy paper, and is well worthy of a generous support. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the able and venerable woman suffragist, is writing a series of reminiscences; the one in the present number is entitled "Church and Parsonage." Mrs. Colby herself is writing some interesting letters from Washington Territory, whither she has gone to lecture on woman suffrage. Other contributors are well known, among whom we find Laura DeForce Gordon, who will be remembered as a spiritual lecturer, now practicing law and working for woman suffrage. Mrs. Colby is sending the paper five weeks for ten cents, in order to get it before the people.

ATTENTION, THEOSOPHISTS!

A Little More "Light on the Path" for Your Benefit.

The Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: SIR:—In 1885 appeared a strange little book entitled: "Light on the Path: A treatise written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern Wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence. Written down by M. C. Fellow of the Theosophical Society. The author is Mabel Collins, until lately one of the editors of Lucifer. The book is a gem of pure spirituality and appears to me, as to many others, to symbolize much mystic truth. It has gone through numerous editions, and is used by faithful Theosophists much as orthodox sinners use their prayer-book. This happened mainly because "Light on the Path" was supposed to have been dictated to Mrs. Collins by "Koot Hoomi," or some other Hindu adept who held the Theosophical Society in the hollow of his mastery hand.

I liked the little book so much that I wrote Mrs. Collins a letter, praising it and asking her about its real source. She promptly replied, in her own handwriting, to the effect that "Light on the Path" was inspired or dictated from the source above indicated. This was about four years ago, since which time nothing passed between Mrs. Collins and myself until yesterday, when I unexpectedly received the following letter. I was not surprised at the new light it threw on the pathway of the Theosophical Society, for late developments respecting that singular result of Madame Blavatsky's now famous hoax left me nothing to wonder at. I cabled Mrs. Collins yesterday for permission to use her letter at my discretion. Her cablegram from London reached me this morning, saying, "Use my letter as you please. Mabel Collins." So here is the letter.

54 CLARENDON ROAD, HOLLAND PARK [LONDON] W., APRIL 18, 1889.

"DEAR SIR:—I feel I have a duty to write to you on a difficult and (to me) painful subject, and that I must not delay it any longer. You will remember writing to me to ask me who was the inspirer of "Light on the Path." If you had not yourself been acquainted with Madame Blavatsky I should despair of making you even understand my

conduct. Of course I ought to have answered the letter without showing it to any one else; but at that time I was both studying Madame Blavatsky and studying under her. I knew nothing then of the mysteries of the Theosophical Society, and I was puzzled why you should write to me in such a way. I took the letter to her; the result was that I wrote the answer at her dictation. I did not do this by her orders; I have done one or two things because she begged and implored me to do so; and that reason, so far as I can remember I wrote you that I had received "Light on the Path" from one of the Masters who guide Madame Blavatsky. I wish to ease my conscience now by saying that I wrote this from no knowledge of my own, and merely to please her; and that I now see I was very wrong in doing so. I ought further to state that "Light on the Path" was not to my knowledge inspired by any one; but that I saw it written on the walls of a place I visit spiritually, (which is described in "I wrote it and the Fruit")—there I read it and I wrote it down. I have myself never received proof of the existence of any Master; though I believe (as always) that the mahatmic force must exist.

"Yours faithfully, MABEL COLLINS."

Yes, Mabel, the "mahatmic force" does exist. It exists in every great soul like yours! There is no need of a word of mine further. It is Helen P. Blavatsky's turn to speak next.

ELLIOTT COUES.  
1726 N. St., Washington, D. C., May 3, 1889.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Departed to a higher life from Birmingham, Ohio, April 11, 1889, Mrs. Florence Heald. She was born in Hancock, N. Y., and nine years ago married Charles Heald and came to Birmingham where she has since resided, making for all of it with whom she became acquainted. She was of fine and delicate organization, and by nature a Spiritualist. By her request the funeral services were held in the parlour of her house, and Hudson Tuttle addressed a large assembly of friends and neighbors. She also selected the songs which Mrs. Emma Tuttle sang. Her family has lost a tender mother, a true wife, and loving friend; the angels have gained one who is fully prepared to enter into the joys of their life.

Passed to higher life from Westford, Mass., April 30th, Mrs. Helen Tower Fletcher, wife of Frank L. Fletcher, Esq., aged 44 years, and a devoted mother of many children. Pleasant people will bear Mrs. F. in kind remembrance.

THE HUMAN BREATH.

Professor Brown-Sequard has recently been making experiments to determine whether the human breath was capable of producing any poisonous effects. From the condensed watery vapor of the expired air he obtained a poisonous liquid, which, when injected under the skin of rabbits, produced almost immediate death. He ascertained that this liquid was an alkali, and not a microbe. The rabbits thus injected died without convulsions, the heart and large blood vessels being engorged with blood. Brown-Sequard considers it fully proved that the expired air, both of man and animals, contains a volatile poisonous principle which is much more deleterious than carbonic acid. One of the marked characteristics of this age is the concentration of humanity in large towns and larger cities, where they cluster in small rooms, and poorly constructed flats—developing unsanitary conditions, which insure a death rate of disease of that experienced where people breathe fresh air. Pure air cannot be obtained in city dwellings, but the air can be purified and rendered wholesome. The most effective device that has thus far been perfected for disinfecting and purifying the air of city homes is "The Sherman Vaporizer." The persistent little worker is charged with a "carbolic cresol" acid, the most wholesome, effective and pleasant germicide that has been discovered, which soon changes the poison infected air of room or dwelling, and renders it wholesome and invigorating. The vaporizer has been thoroughly tested for over two years in the East, and is now being introduced into western homes, lodge-rooms, factories, and school-rooms, by J. E. Woodhead, well known to the readers of the JOURNAL. We have tried it in the JOURNAL office and believe it to be all that is claimed for it. It is inexpensive, cannot get out of order, and cannot benefit every home into which it is introduced. Mr. Woodhead wishes to engage agents for the cities and towns of the West. Any of our readers desiring a probable and profitable occupation can address Mr. Woodhead at 463 West Randolph St., Chicago.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Price \$1. Worth \$5 a bottle.

It is un-American in the highest sense for our people to praise abroad so glibly when so many of them are profoundly ignorant of the wonderful beauties of their native land. As a matter of fact there are hundreds of thousands of American citizens who are thoroughly familiar with Switzerland; who have idled away weeks at Lucerne, done Chamouni, and attempted the Matterhorn, and yet have never feasted on the lovely beauty, the wild weird majesty of any one of the Colorado Peaks. "More than Alpine glory" rewards visitors along the South Park Division of the Union Pacific in Colorado. There is no scenery like it in the new world.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, In Consumption and Wasting Diseases, seems to possess remedial powers of great efficacy. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Makes pure blood and builds up and fortifies the system against further inroads by disease. Take no other.

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

"Mrs. Winslow's" Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I should be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Dr. D. P. Kayner can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultation and lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. Five small Brick Houses in Vermontville, Mich., will sell for low cash price, or exchange for Chicago property. Address J. HOWARD STANT, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

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De-lits to clean false teeth. Engineers to clean part of machines. Housemaids to scrub the marble floors. Painters to clean old surfaces. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Minsters to renovate old chandeliers. Chemists to remove some stains. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Confectioners to scour their pans. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Artists to clean their palettes. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Soldiers on brasses and white horses. Straw hats to scour old straw hats. Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.

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Rowley's Occult Telegraph.

DR. WELLS So well known to the readers of the JOURNAL through a series of papers entitled FROM HERE TO HEAVEN BY TELEGRAPH By Prof. H. D. G. and other articles appearing in its columns, is diagnosing and prescribing for diseases with marvellous skill and accuracy. The most difficult cases have been cured, and it is so very reliable that many leading physicians appeal to it in their obscure and difficult cases. Send for circular giving full instructions, etc. Terms \$5.00 and 40c postage for first complete diagnosis with medicines; \$2.00 after first time. Agents W. S. ROWLEY, 89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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Voices from the People. AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

MRS. F. O. HYZEK. 'Tis grand to soar to stellar heights And march upon the solar way, Though the calm splendors of the night And the rare glories of the day; But grander is the power far To hold the inmost of the soul, And read the heart of self-control, Than measuring a sun or star.

NEW YORK ITEMS. The New York Psychical Society—Easter—Miss DeBar—Reception—C. F. Livermore.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The New York Psychical Society continues its public meetings, with large attendance, every Tuesday evening, at 510 Sixth Avenue, between 30th and 31st Sts. The mediums circle engages the first hour or more, and experiences, philosophy, music, and sociability, the rest of the time. At each meeting, the president, among other appropriate comments, said: "It is difficult to serve and conserve the feelings and interests of Spiritualists. Yet, after a three months' experiment, we enter another term with much encouragement. While a few visitors have preferred to sit in the counsel wigwam, to watch and remark, others have been actively useful, cultivating good wishes and sociability, enjoying the music, speeches and circles, and advancing the rest for another quarter. It has been my aim to command the commendable, and to overlook a few slight signs of sins against the spirit of surest success. Not that we need repression now, but as a safeguard against a possibility, let us be careful. A perfect man is no longer perfect when he stoops to a Milton angel, who would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven. It is better to bury a body than to stir up the stinging. In no society, scientific, political or religious, is any one present enough to anticipate an effectual remedy for all individual faults, since nobody has yet obtained letters-patent from the only infallible. There is too much uncharitableness among the professors of right-living. "With some the main object of association is diversion, with others persuasion, control, and the maintenance of superior social position, at home or abroad, is just as catching as a bad disease. Infection and affection are both discernible on the face of the owner. As no one, not even a materialized angel from the higher heavens, is kaileidoscopic enough in talent and insight to discern fish souls, it is our constant duty to promote general good feeling, to pluck out any thorn in the flesh, heal the wound, and avoid its repetition, remembering that he is the best man, society, companion, and Spiritualist, who is spiritual in his nature, and knows how to control himself."

READING. Its Importance and Culture in Our Public Schools.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: An experience embracing a period of forty-six years as a teacher in eastern, middle and western states, has enabled the writer to witness many changes in the relative value attached to the different branches of an English education. Sixty years ago in many places geography had no maps to illustrate a subject rendered dry and uninteresting by this unphilosophical method. The book said Massachusetts was bounded north by Vermont and New Hampshire, east by the Atlantic Ocean, etc. It would have been about as intelligent to the pupil if it had been an imaginary country in Juppiter. About the year 1840 the branch took the lead in a common school education. Quarto geographies soon came into use; outline maps were published, and in ten years the walls of our school houses were lined with these large outline maps and pupils were required to describe states and countries by their forms as presented to the eye. The past twenty years has marked another great change. Now arithmetic takes the lead of all common studies. If a pupil is good in this branch his deficiencies in other studies are condoned. The great amount of time devoted to this branch, with the multiplicity of other studies, has crowded out reading, which is the most important branch of all, as much of our knowledge comes through this channel. A person can not read well unless he understands the subject, Charles Dickens, in his last visit to America, receding from company in Boston for two weeks in order to study and practice his own composition before he felt prepared to give his first reading before a Boston audience. His great success in this country showed the wisdom of this course. Mr. Dickens knew the value of good reading.

Story Told by a Haunted Teapot.

A story, so remarkable as to be scarcely worthy of credence, is related by the author of an unimpeachable veracity, was related to your correspondent a few days ago. The lady, who is a member of an old, aristocratic family, told me the story in the following terms: "I am the founder of the American branch of our branch from England, have brought a large quantity of silverware, already very old. Among the various articles was a teapot of curious workmanship and shape. In fact, the odd vessel may not have been a teapot, but it was called so. All of this I had packed up in a box, and was about to send it to a friend in the country, when I received a letter from her, saying that she had stolen and even sold, and yet, through some mysterious intervention, it has always made its way back to the possession of the family. But the most wonderful thing in connection with this teapot is that it never, since we possess any record of it, has been put to its ostensible use. The first I knew of this was when I was a girl of 16. My mother was giving a large tea party and while she was arranging her table she placed upon it the teapot we ordinarily use. "Mother," I exclaimed, "why don't you use that lovely old teapot which came from England?" She answered, "Alice, you are old enough now to hear the story of that teapot and I will tell you, for the thing will be very curious. The teapot was made by a man who lived in the country, and was remarkable for generations that no one has ever been able to use it. Place it on the table and, watch it as you will, it is invariably removed and returned to its case, by what or whom I do not know. "Well, I'll engage to find out," I said, "if you'll let me get it down." She gave her consent and I put the teapot on the table, taking my seat within reach of it. My mother went on with her work, leaving it to me to do the rest. I found the teapot very heavy and full of old pieces of silver. About five minutes passed, when I received a violent blow on the cheek, which caused me to turn indignantly to see my assailant. There was no one in the room. Hurt and bewildered, I looked at my hand, and found it bleeding. I called my mother and told her what had happened. "You see," she said, "it does not intend to be used. "But some years the teapot became my property, but I had such a horror of the diabolical thing that I kept it under lock and key for some time. At last one of my neighbors went to borrow a teapot of me on the occasion of a high tea. Thinking to find out the secret of its peculiar powers, he exercised his hand on the family's brew, but he did not get her my strange brew. In an hour or two my friend came running in. "My dear friend," she cried, "have you heard anything of your teapot? I fear it has been stolen. It had filled it and left it on the table, when I left the room, and when I returned I found it gone. The teapot was split and running from the cloth and the pot gone." We went to my closet together, and, though the door had been locked and the key in my pocket, there sat the teapot in the place I had put it in. I could see that she was incredulous and very much offended. I resolved now to have the thing melted down, but the fact of its being an heirloom caused me to reconsider my resolution. My husband, too, was very much interested in the thing, and he was destroying so remarkable an object. Overcoming the horror, and even terror, with which I regarded the thing, I brought it out one evening and my husband and I sat down to watch it. As we fixed our eyes on it we saw distinctly a pale, ghastly hand and foot protruding from under the handle and carry the teapot through the air to the closet. Once at rest on the shelf the hand relinquished its hold and vanished, and we brought the teapot back to the table, resuming our watch. Again the phantom hand seized the handle, and, having caught the teapot and clung to it. Then ensued a struggle between my husband and the invisible power that sought to remove the teapot from the room. For several moments, during which, my husband says, he seemed turning slowly to be the struggle went on, when the teapot, uncanny thing, was snatched from the living hand that held it, and, to our surprise, replaced on the table. We ran to it and saw a clear, colorless liquid gradually rise from some invisible spring and fill the teapot. We bent our heads over it, and, as we looked at it, we were through a window into such an apartment. There were three persons in the room, a man and two women. My knowledge of by-gone fashions was not sufficient for me to accurately determine the nationality and period of their dress, but from what I did know I judged it belonged to England, of perhaps the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Both women were beautiful, one in a dark, vivacious style, the other in a blonde English way. The man seemed to divide equally between the two in his attentions, which were courtly and what would not seem exaggerated and affected. The fair woman went to a table and took up my teapot! She poured out a cup of some liquid (whether it was tea or not I can not tell), and handed it to the dark woman, who, in turn, presented it to me. I accepted it, and she finally drank it. The fair woman made a gesture as if to prevent it, but was too late. She again filled the cup and gave it to the other woman, who drank it. As she did so, the man fell to the floor, evidently dying, the dark woman falling also on her knees beside him. She soon rose and turning to the murderer cursed her (I judged so by her silent gesture and the teapot to which she pointed). This done, she fell beside the man, and the next moment the liquid turned blood red, while a low, triumphant snarl was heard in the room. The lights burned blue and flickered so low that we could scarcely see the face of the other. A chill wind swept over us, and after it everything resumed its usual aspect, but the teapot once more empty and quite dry, sat in its accustomed place on the closest of the table. We went to it next day to have it melted down, but it wasn't forty-eight hours before my horror was back again. Yes, if you call I'll show it to you, for I have given up. I know I'm saddled with it for life.—Houston (Tex.) Correspondence Globe-Dem.

SEEN IN A DREAM. The Strange Story of a Milwaukee Man.

About a fortnight ago, H. Anderson, a young man of good appearance, came into the city office of the Wisconsin Central road, at the corner of Wisconsin street and Broadway, and asked for information concerning the steamship Danmark. He wore a troubled look and questioned for news of the vessel with such evident anxiety that the railroad agent, who had been interested and sought to draw from him some reason for his undigested uneasiness. This occurred before any tidings had been received of the disaster to the Danmark. Young Anderson, after some hesitation, told his story. A night or two before he had dreamed in his sleep of the Danmark. In his dream he saw the doomed ship tossed about on the high-rolling waves of mid-ocean. She was beaten here and there by raging winds and occasionally was hid from view as a mountainous wave swept over her bulk. After a little she commenced to fill, and the water rushed in settled down rapidly, apparently sinking almost to her gunwales. For a moment he lost sight of the steamship and his attention was next attracted by her little boats which, loaded with men and women, were being dashed about by the angry waves and seemingly on the point of sinking. A DREAM THAT CAME TRUE. At this point he awoke. He was not accustomed to having such dreams and this vision of his sleep so worked upon him that he became satisfied that he had, through some mysterious agency, seen an actual and real occurrence. Then he set about making inquiries for the Danmark. A day or so after he first inquired at the ticket office, news was received of the loss of the steamer. There are half-a-dozen witnesses of reliability to prove that young Anderson reported his strangely-true dream before any intelligence of the Danmark's fate was received. When Anderson saw the Danmark go down he realized at the same time that a woman who some day would probably have become his wife had perished. The young woman was Annie Grynlund, to whom Anderson has been engaged and whom he would have married had the ship in which she was coming from Norway arrived safely at her destination. ANDERSON'S PROMISED BRIDE. The young woman was one of two daughters, whose parents, both dead, had lived in Christiansen. About two and a half years ago she came to Milwaukee to live with her uncle, Lorenz Caspersen, who is a ship carpenter in the employ of Wolf & Davidson. She had a sister, Louise, who was then 18 years of age, was from her earliest years a pet of her elder sister, who was almost heartbroken at the thought of leaving her when she started out from Christiansen to America. She was accompanied by her sister Louise, who was to accompany her to Milwaukee and found a home in her uncle's family. As time wore on she made many acquaintances in the circle within which her sphere of life brought her. Among them was Anderson, who is also a native of Norway. A friendship sprang up between them, ripened into love and he became her accepted suitor. WENT TO HER OLD HOME. During all this time one thing weighed heavily upon Annie's heart; she could not become reconciled to being separated so widely from her sister and find any she determined to visit her old home at Christiansen and bring Louise to Milwaukee before changing her condition in life. With this end in view she took passage on a Thingvalla line steamer last fall for Christiansen, using a return ticket good for passage back over the same line. She arrived at her destination safely and after spending a few months with relatives and friends she and her sister made preparations to come to Milwaukee. During her stay in Norway she wrote frequently to the family of her uncle and to Anderson. On March 15 she wrote to Anderson and told him that they would come to the Danmark, which was to leave Christiansen about the 24th of the same month. Last Friday three letters were received by Caspersen from relatives in Christiansen, saying the girls had started back on their way to America. That they were among the passengers of the Danmark there is little doubt. Anderson who has spent several years in sailing the seas, is thoroughly familiar with the Thingvalla line boat, and does not hesitate to say that criminal carelessness was shown in permitting the Danmark to carry all the people that were crowded upon her. He says that she was about the size of the steamer W. H. Wolf and was provided with only six small boats, four of which were life boats. At the utmost she could not safely carry more than 300 passengers.—Milwaukee Sentinel, April 20, 1889.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Syracuse ice dealers have started an ice exchange. A London paper thinks that telephones are more generally used in Sweden than anywhere else in the world. It is estimated that 100,000,000 copies of the constitution of Japan have already been sold in that country. Of the "400 cream of society" of New York probably not twenty characters would stand a strict ancestral investigation. W. E. Mangham, of Zebulon, Ga., is eighty-five years old and never fired a pistol or carried one. He is considered a wonder in his native state. Levi Johnson, an eighty-four-year-old resident of Boston, Ga., who has been blind for fifteen years, suddenly received his sight the other day. In Japan no man lends money to a friend without taking his I O U for it, and thus he never loses a friend and makes an enemy over a verbal financial transaction. A dog that was sent out to find a child that had wandered from its mother's side, after it had tracked the little one several miles away in a dense thicket of sage brush. An expedition has started from Evansville, Ind., to explore Central America. The party is equipped with photographers and naturalists' supplies and has long general newspaper men to write up the country. America publishes more newspapers than all the rest of the world combined. Last year its 17,107 printed the enormous number of 2,959,556,500—enough to supply every soul on earth with two newspapers. Edgar Englewood, an expressman, shot Alexander Swanson, another expressman, in Oakland, California, with a Hawkeye shakel, said to be between 4,000 and 5,000 years old. It is a rare thing to see of the kind for which Joseph was sold into Egypt. This rare old coin, an heirloom, has been in Mr. Miller's family for several generations. It was brought from Jerusalem by one Herr Abram away back in the distant past. Mr. Miller values this little shakel at \$500. A remarkable case of a dog's fidelity is reported from Jefferson, Florida. The animal, called "Zolla," belonged to a physician, who died lately. He accompanied the funeral party to the cemetery, and, finding twice as many graves as he was to visit, he visited the grave, and several times has been seen sitting upon it, as though expecting the deceased to appear. A man, who resembled the doctor, reports that more than once "Zolla" has met him on the street, followed him home and sat for hours in front of his door. A queer bird was on exhibition recently at Quitman, Georgia. It was about the size of an old hen, had a goodly number of legs, considerably longer than its body, which enabled it to stand straight up. Its body feathers were speckled much like a quail's, only they were much more glossy and beautiful. Its bill was long and sharp like a crane's, and it had a white long and sharp beak. A beautiful ring of black and white polka dot feathers made a charming collar for its graceful neck and a nice set-off for its glossy, blue-black head. An old negro by the name of Lindsey, who was separated from his family during slavery times, has been traveling over the country for twenty-three years, searching for them. A few weeks ago he reached a town in Paris, France, and an afflicting reunion resulted. Through Allen, found Jim, porter on the Missouri and Kansas Railway. He then set out on foot to see his daughter Amanda, who is living at Denison. He is now spending a few days with her. The old man says he will devote the rest of his life to finding his wife. There resides in South Addison, Maine, a singular character, whose strange conduct for the past year is beginning to create a stir in the outside world. He is a man about thirty years old, of respectable connections. When young it is said he became a victim of religious excitement. Later on he became a reader of the Koran, and finally embraced the Mohammedan religion. Within the past year he has taken to a hermit life, and lives in a storehouse in a neighboring wood. In the center of his domicile, resting upon four posts, is a wooden box which serves as a bed. He is strict in his devotional exercises, praying three times each day. When at prayer he assumes a prostrate attitude, resting his head upon a stone. At sunrise, after rising from his bed, he washes his feet and hands and bows to the east, which custom is repeated at noon and sunset. He takes but two meals during the secular days, and from Saturday night until the following Monday he entirely abstains from food.

Lyman C. Howe on the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship."

On the last Sunday of Mr. Howe's engagement at Kimball Hall in this city he spoke as follows on the "Uses and Abuses of Mediumship." Mediumship is not limited to Spiritualism. It is an indispensable factor in all business and all scientific experiments. You never write a letter, read a book or listen to an oration or a song without exercising the function of mediumship. The spiritual medium may be a child, a woman, an inanimate object; but usually the human organism is directly or indirectly employed. Inanimate objects may be charged with psychic aura before they can be used as the agents for spiritual phenomena. This may be done in many ways and different degrees, and often without the knowledge of the person in whom the human sensitive, however, is the most perfect agent, and capable of the widest range and highest development. In the primitive stages mediumship is subject to many dangers and perversions; and the higher the capacity for utilizing an all-time uses and perfection, the wider the range of possible perversions, abuses and dangers. This law is not confined to mediumship, but applies to all life and every sphere. Where there is no capacity there can be no sin, if there were no mind to pervert, there could be no moral perversion. If there were no passions, impulses or affections in human nature, there could be no debauchery. No brute can descend so low in vice, degradation and crime as man—the "image of God." The capacity for sin measures the responsibility. All mediums are sensitive, but all sensitives are not necessarily mediums in the special sense here employed. Susceptibility not only makes possible the influx of truth from heaven; but it also opens the mind to the influx of error and earthly impressions, and the sphere of psychic impulses under which our lives are controlled. The uses of mediumship may be summed up in one word—education; and the abuses answer to the same. We often learn more wisdom from the study of folly than in the select pursuit of truth alone. By

On Prof. Buchanan's Views.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Professor Buchanan cannot see anything in the esoteric teachings coming from the brotherhood of adepts, but vagaries of a past age, exploded superstitions, and delusions of the present. He says: "The powers of the human spirit, in and out of the body, the double, and other marvels magnified by Hinduism are better understood in America than in India." This, as scientific and careful investigators of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, we most emphatically deny. We can claim a goodly array of brain men in the theosophic ranks; hard headed men, accustomed to exact thought and trained in the school of modern science. It is incomprehensible to us how Professor Buchanan could have written: "The noble word Theosophy has been degraded to a superstitious meaning." The careful student of our philosophy will render a just verdict; we protest emphatically against such sweeping dismissal of the merits of the eastern teaching. India is the mother-land of nations, the cradle of the human race. Myriads of her children at various epochs of the world's history have poured forth over the western world. What more reasonable than to suppose that the ancient Aryans did and should possess some knowledge of the great truths of nature? Theosophy has no dogmas; a member's religious belief or lack of belief is left solely to himself. True esoteric doctrines were taught by all great religious reformers as Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, and Christ. Mr. Sinnett's early work, "Esoteric Buddhism," should properly have been spelt "Buddhism." Buddhism, with two c's, is the religion promulgated by Gautama Buddha. It is entirely different from that which is taught from the book of the same name, which is a mere term. This has led to a very general misapprehension as to the origin of our philosophy. We repeat the thousandth time that Esoteric Buddhism, the Archæic Wisdom Religion, antedates all present known religions. The virtue of Buddhism is that it contains a greater number of truths than taught in the esoteric system than any extant religion, though their true interpretation (to the western mind), may be veiled by the corruptions of sacerdotalism as has invariably been the case in all religions. Professor Buchanan's statement that our system is but the "resurrection of intellectual semi-barbarism" we believe in reincarnation, which is one of the main points of our philosophy. Professor Buchanan would have his readers imply that this is a tenet of Hinduism; per excellence. We say it is universal, early held by the ancients, and what will surprise most people, we assert that it was most undeniably believed in by the early Christian Church. Many of the prominent fathers of the Church advocated the doctrine during the first five centuries. Origen commented favorably upon it; Synesius, Homæus, and Hilarius defended it valiantly. Seven adherents of Præcilla were killed in the fourth century for a belief in reincarnation. The Council of Constantinople held 551 A. D. took steps to suppress the doctrine. In the New Testament, to the question of the disciples concerning the man who was born blind, "Master, did this man sin or his parent?" Jesus answers, "Neither." This, on reflection, plainly shows that the theory of reincarnation was in vogue at that time. The Chaldeans, Persians and Egyptians expected it. The Kabala refers to it; the Jews held the same belief. Pythagoras, Plato and the Neo-Platonists taught the pre-existence of the soul, and reincarnation. The great Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno, supports the idea. Are these philosophers types of "intellectual semi-barbarism"? If Esoteric Buddhism is the "resurrection of intellectual semi-barbarism," the will of necessity stand isolated in his opinions. Truth is One, and some of the great thinkers of the world have reached identical conclusions, it would seem, though separated both by time and space. The disciples concerning the man who was born blind, "Master, did this man sin or his parent?" Jesus answers, "Neither." This, on reflection, plainly shows that the theory of reincarnation was in vogue at that time. The Chaldeans, Persians and Egyptians expected it. The Kabala refers to it; the Jews held the same belief. Pythagoras, Plato and the Neo-Platonists taught the pre-existence of the soul, and reincarnation. The great Italian philosopher, Giordano Bruno, supports the idea. Are these philosophers types of "intellectual semi-barbarism"? If Esoteric Buddhism is the "resurrection of intellectual semi-barbarism," the will of necessity stand isolated in his opinions. Truth is One, and some of the great thinkers of the world have reached identical conclusions, it would seem, though separated both by time and space. 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A Visit to the Summer Land.

most wonderful of all the structures I had yet seen: Fancy an immense floor for dancing, hundreds of paces in length and of proportionate width, and the whole surmounted by a lofty, dome-like roof, supported by four great columns, one at each corner.

I know nothing of architecture, so I can not tell you how this tremendous dome was made to rest so securely upon those four Corinthian pillars; but there it was, seemingly almost ready to float away, yet firm as the everlasting hills; built, apparently, of iron, with statues of surpassing beauty at the corners, and on the center of the dome, a grand figure of Terpsichore, heroic in size.

A raised platform, one step high, extended, with short intervals, around the entire floor, furnished with the usual complement of invitingly easy seats, and at the upper end of the floor, a grand stand for the musicians. Two hundred seats could find ample room at once on this celestial floor.

What glory it would be, I thought, to take my place on that heavenly floor, with my own true love by my side, and waltz, waltz away to such divine strains of music as would thrill the life out of a mortal frame with the very rapture of it.

Again diving my thoughts, my guide smiled and said:

"My little one, the happiness you wish for will most certainly be yours in the fullness of time. You have only to do your duty to the best of your ability. Live up to your very highest standard of purity and nobility. Let nothing come between you and the fulfillment of your sacred obligations. The end of your earthly activity will come soon enough, and your higher work and enjoyment will begin. You are now at the termination of your visit. I trust that my efforts to entertain and instruct you have been successful, and I hope that in the coming future, with my beloved mate, shall have the honor to entertain you and yours, in somewhat better style. Allow me to conduct you to the boundaries of my estate, where your homeward journey will begin."

Again the feeling of sadness came over me, and I gazed for a moment longingly upon the glorious scene, that marvelous creation, a heavenly floor for dancing; the encircling glory of trees, flowers, fountains, arbors and the purling musical streamlet; and the great mansion itself towering up against the eastern horizon, like a mountain of architecture, its multitudinous towers and statues standing out in bold relief against the blue sky beyond.

I now followed my guide, and after a short walk through new scenes of absorbing beauty and interest, I found myself before a lofty, massive gateway constructed of the purest white marble, and of such beauty and grandeur of design and execution as defies description. Here my guide halted, and said, "God be with you, little one." Even as he spoke, the scene grew indistinct. His handsome form was lost, while yet he smiled upon me. The deep gloom swallowed me up, and I awoke in the blackness of night upon my own couch.

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, 468 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to review and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes data of occurrence, name, address and names of witnesses of corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any coincident 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.

Nos. 78, 79 and 80 following were reported in the Portland, Me., Transcript of April 3rd, 1889.

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The last lecture in the Mechanics' Course, was delivered last Thursday evening by Mr. S. T. Pickard, his subject being "Dreams and Phantasms." It was a review of the volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living," published by the English Society for Psychical Research, and it set forth the claims of the new science of Telepathy, which was defined as the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind, otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense. Several thoroughly authenticated instances were given in which the deaths of friends, and intelligence of other events, were conveyed across seas and wide continents without the help of any ordinary means of communication. Usually, but not in all cases, the recipient of the intelligence is asleep, and the news comes to him in a dream. Occasionally, to waking eyes a vision comes, bringing intelligence or warning that is sent from distant friends in some crisis of their lives. A sixth sense was suggested,—a sense that may belong to all humanity, but is in most persons latent, or called into exercise very rarely. Two anecdotes, contributed by Caroline Dana Howe, of this city, were read. The first one bears directly upon the argument for the sixth sense. The other has no such bearing, and was cited only as a strange coincidence.

"When I was but a child, a very singular thing occurred in our family, which in recalling, seems as vivid to me as if it happened but yesterday. One-half of the house in which we lived, not far from the Boston and Maine depot, being left vacant, was immediately engaged by a man named Horace Skillings, one of the employees of the road, who was to move in the next day. Before daylight, on the morning he was to move in, my mother was awakened by my father's rising from bed. He seemed unwilling to say much when asked if he was sick, but my mother insisted upon knowing why he rose at that unusual hour. 'I have had a fearful dream,' he said, 'and can not shake off the impression it has made. I dreamt that I went down to the depot, and saw Horace Skillings literally crushed to pieces. I never had so terrible a dream in all my life, and I wish I could drive away the vision of that mangled, bleeding body. It is as real as if I saw him there with my waking senses.' So he went to his store on York St., near State, and opposite the hill looking down to the depot named. As he was unlocking the store door he involuntarily turned and looked down the hill.

A train had just come in. He saw an un-

usual crowd gathered there. He went down trembling, and there lay Mr. Skillings exactly as he had seen him in his dream, mangled, bleeding, dead. Child as I was, this impressed me fearfully from the first, and in later years scarcely less, as I heard it repeated by them often. I never ceased, or can cease, to wonder over the fulfillment of that morning's fearful dream. By what sense did that awful calamity reach him, my father, in his sleep? But there are those still living who can bear testimony to its occurrence.

—79—

I am glad I can supplement this with another record, mysterious and sweet, of a dream I heard twice over from the lips of a saintly lady whom many would remember among us, and whose son is being honored by us in our city. The lady, Mrs. W., lived near the upper portion of Congress Street at the time I, a small girl, first heard the story. She dreamed that she was walking along somewhere on an unfamiliar road, with many people around her. They turned into a field on which was a path leading down to a river. On one side she saw a huge rock with inscriptions flashing out in the sun, and on the other a fine grove of trees. In front of her the river and across the river a high hill crowned with verdure. A man came out of the grove singing, and with him a flock of snow-white lambs. He went down the bank—they followed, went into the river, and he washed them. The loveliness of the scenery, the freshness of the morning, and the exquisite whiteness of the lambs while being washed in the river, impressed her vividly for many days. But by and by this passed away mostly from memory, as dreams ever do.

Some three years after Mr. W.—and she were driving toward home from a visit to friends in the country, and concluded to take a new route, and call on friends in a certain village they had never seen. They were persuaded to stay over night there—the next day being Sunday, and attend church and afterward a baptism. Proceeding with the people for this purpose, Mrs. W.—became suddenly impressed with the familiarity of the scenes, knowing all the time that she had never been in that village before.

When they shortly turned into the field her surprise deepened. Where had she seen that path before? The lovely grove? The rock with the mica flashing out upon its surface? That hill covered with verdure across the river? She could only puzzle her brain without answer.

Then from the grove came forward a man, with several young people in their white robes following. They were singing. He led them down the bank to the river, and that moment it all came back to her—the remembrance of her dream. Here was the path, the grove, the rock, the hill, the river and here the white lambs being washed.

And this was what the saintly lady told us on the summer morning in that little garden on Walker Street, when I, a child, stood beside her among her beds of sweet pinks and "lady's delights."

—80—

Another anecdote, having a local flavor, was quoted as having been told the lecturer by the late Judge Goddard, of this city. The Judge had an older brother, the late Col. John Goddard, whose active life was full of adventure, and who occasionally found himself in perilous situations. Mrs. Goddard, his mother, in each crisis of his life, had a dream in which his danger was revealed to her, though she was not in the habit of dreaming about any other member of the family. On eight occasions she had such dreams in regard to her older son, said the Judge, and in each case, the event verified the vision. One morning, at the breakfast table, she told of a singular dream, in which she saw John struggling in the water, while his horse, also in the water, were striking at him with their fore feet, and preventing him from getting out. As John was in northern New Brunswick, and it was in midwinter, the family thought that for once Mrs. Goddard's dreaming was at fault. But after many days waiting a letter came from him, which told of a remarkable escape from imminent death. He was driving a pair of spirited horses across a frozen lake or river, as it proved, on the very night of the dream. The horses broke through the ice, and Mr. Goddard left the sleigh and went to their heads to assist them in recovering their footing upon the ice that remained solid. In their struggle they enlarged the hole in which they floundered, and finally he was precipitated into the water in front of them. For some time his efforts to get out of the water were frustrated by the strokes of the frantic fore feet of the frightened horses. Here was the very scene of the dream, as related, hundreds of miles away, at a Portland breakfast table, on the morning of the occurrence. Judge Goddard was then a young man, and he was personally cognizant of the fact that the dream was told days before the news of the event arrived.

—81—

A Chicago broker tells the following: "I am a business man, and have no time for anything outside of dollars, and cents, figures and real estate. I don't know what I believe outside of these things, but I will tell you what I know, and you may draw your own conclusions. Fifteen years ago I was living in Philadelphia. Among my friends was a young man of, thirty-two years of age, who conducted a successful mercantile business. I knew him at his home, and of all my acquaintances he was most to be envied. He had a lovely wife and three interesting children. Theirs was a home of continuous, unalloyed happiness. He came of a healthy, vigorous, long-lived stock, his paternal grand-parents, nearly ninety, being then alive, while his maternal grandfather had died but a year or two before at the age of ninety-six, leaving a wife who at this time was ninety-four years of age.

"He himself was the picture of perfect health, and he was one of the most sunny figures I ever saw. One day he called at my office and told me he wished to speak to me in private. I was thunderstruck at the change which had come over him. Three days before I had seen him as I have described him. Now his face was haggard and he appeared to be absorbed by an overpowering care. When we had entered my inner office and the door was closed, he regarded me earnestly a moment or two and then said, abruptly:

"I shall die next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock."

"Had a bullet struck me I could not have been more shocked. He then proceeded to tell me that the night before, Thursday, he had retired in usual health and spirits. He fell asleep and in a dream there came to him an indistinct form which in solemn words bade him prepare for death because at the time designated he should surely die. Thoroughly alarmed I interested his physician and other friends in his case. We exhausted every effort to distract his mind from the presentment that overhung him as the very pall of literal death.

"Day by day passed, and each twenty-four hours found him worse instead of better. He was not ill, but attended, or seemed to do so, to his usual business. Thursday evening he went home earlier than usual, and kissed his wife and children tenderly, passing up to his room, where he laid down, telling his wife he was tired.

"I should have said that she had been at his piteous entreaty kept in ignorance of the dream and its serious effect upon him. Hence, when a little later she bade him come to dinner he declined, alleging lack of appetite, she did not think strangely of it. When the meal was over and the wife had given her personal attention to the putting to bed of the children, she returned to her husband's bedroom, where she found him dead. It was ten minutes after 8, and the body was still warm."

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"I am not a pious man, indeed I rather incline to agnosticism," said a well known La-Salle Street business man. I say this by way of preface to the following: One day, when I was young, and short of funds, a friend of mine in the same condition of body and finances came to me in great distress, saying he had been in decidedly hard luck of late, and that if he did not get hold of \$300 that very day he would be forced to leave his family thrown out upon the street. He was well-nigh distracted.

"He was honest as the day is long, and my heart was touched at his affliction. He was a praying man and deeply spiritual. Upon my telling him regretfully that I had not the money, and did not know where to get it, he bade me be seated. He remained quiet for a few moments, whether praying or communing with himself I know not, when all of a sudden his face became radiant.

"It's all right," he declared. "The money will be forthcoming."

"He spoke with absolute confidence. An hour later a man wearing an express wagon who, as I thought, had all he could do to make a living, approached me on Clark Street over there, saying:

"A man in the suburbs owes me \$300. The money is not due for several months, but he has the money and wishes to stop interest. It struck me you might know some one who wishes to borrow the amount. If you do, I will take the money and accommodate him."

"Just think of it! the precise amount, and from a man who was the last of all my acquaintances whom I should have approached expecting to find the sum. Indeed, I did feel I knew one from whom I could borrow to save my friend from ruin. I named my friend, saying he wished precisely the amount named. The expressman started quickly, as soon as the name was called, as though he expected it, and said quickly:

"Why, he's the very man of all men, I'd like to have it. Thus was my friend helped out of the slough of despond. What was it whispered absolute confidence to my friend in my office? What led the borrower to wish to pay on that day, months ahead of time? And what induced the expressman to seek me out of all others when I was not a borrower of money? And what, finally, led him so readily to accommodate my friend, who was not possessor of adequate security for the loan?"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, A Fugacious Philosopher.

He defines Miracles, and Discusses Ghosts. Hints at Mysteries, and discourses upon Psychic Science.—A Picturesque Philosopher, who Amably Analyzes Current Wonders, and Talks Spiritualism, but Calls it Theosophy, and Interests some Three Hundred New Yorkers.

J. J. MORSE.

Dr. Elliot Coues is the personification of amiability. The humorist and the cynic blend in the well trained man of the world, and the result is a species of philosophic figure, who, one feels, makes haste to smile, lest he be compelled to weep. In full evening dress he looks as if he properly belonged to an English drawing-room; his manner of speech is much like that of a cultured English gentleman; the construction of what he says is the most American about him. As a talker he is quizzical without impertinence; satirical without being ungenerous; assertive without being dogmatic; an unpragmatic pragmatist! Such at least are the impressions left upon the writer after hearing the great apostle of Theosophy for the first time at Cartier's Hall, New York City, on the 24th day of April, in this year of Republican simplicity, and Harrisonian Chief Majesty.

The occasion was the delivery by the Doctor of an address upon "Modern Miracles," at the above named place, on the evening of the date stated. Cartier's Hall is an L shaped room, reached by a miraculously steep flight of stairs, which would be a splendid death trap in case of fire or panic. The hall is admirably adapted for public meetings, its low ceiling and cramped facilities making it almost a penance chamber. It should comfortably seat three hundred, and it was choked full. Ladies' fans supplied the air that was denied the perisperm throng by the construction of the place. The fair sex made about seventy per cent. of the auditory. The listeners were evidently interested, quite sympathetic, but at no time enthusiastic. The Doctor has a charming delivery, reads with the ease and skill of a well-trained elocutionist, makes his points like a master, and evokes a smile as much by the manner of telling his *jeu d'esprit*, as by the wit of the jest itself.

Our mentor assured us that the miraculous and the supernatural were unintentional terms to him, meaning nothing. Nature was the greatest, and perpetual, miracle of all. Things were only miraculous to those upon the plane of activity beneath. Natural law in the Spirit-world was an axiom. Law ruled everywhere; our ignorance of its methods was no evidence it did not. "I do not believe in miracles but I do believe in ghosts," said the doctor, and, added he, "many here this evening do also," at which a responsive shudder rippled over his listeners. Ghosts were projections of the astral bodies of the living, or the appearance of the astral shell after death. The astral bodies of living people were the more frequent appearances. The astral forms were perceived by our astral senses. Sometimes, when these astral forms flashed upon the astral eye, our astral bodies were started into action; our hair stood erect; we profusely perspired, fainted, and at times died, all because our astral elements had been, so to speak, jerked out of us. It was a natural possibility, though, this seeing of ghosts. It could be cultivated in all. It was beset with danger, though, and should only be prosecuted under adept care. The "commercial materializations" of Spiritual-

ism were a fraud. The "astral forms of the astral world never wore the tawdry tinsel of the medium's cabinet," a statement that fell in a vacuum of undiluted silence.

Psychic science was that branch of knowledge that Theosophy was glad to welcome. Its students and professors needed, however, to be awakened to a knowledge of their own astral nature and its power, otherwise their attempts would be but incomplete in results. Theosophical "initiates and adepts who were present could appreciate the tremendous dangers, difficulties and secrets surrounding the matter. But the fullness of all these things could only be found in the true Wisdom-Religion." Clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, astral projections, and prophesy, were among the facts of our genial mentor's psychic science. His explanations were, however, in each case, but a recapitulation of what the thinking Spiritualist has been aware of for many years. Clairaudience, termed the use of a "psychophone"—was the projection of a "magnetic line" from the "astral brain," which, "ever found its destined terminus, and impinging upon the astral brain of the percipient produced its result, in imparting the thought with which it was charged." Clairvoyance was images imprinted upon the astral brain of the percipient, by spirits who in the cases of prophetic vision could thus antedate occurrences because they standing upon a higher plane of view, could see approaching events before us. Instead of the after state being either unnatural or supernatural—so very different to this—it was we that were different then.

"Everything depends upon the point of view." Therefore the psychic scientist must come into a knowledge of the astral man if he desire to understand the facts of that man's nature. Theosophy had no quarrel with other religions, while it carefully guarded itself. No religion had a monopoly of truth, though all were ever seeking the new. In the inner ranks of Theosophy these secrets could best be studied; and in a pretty peroration Theosophy was made the center piece of some graceful periods of poetical pyrotechnics.

Had we listened to a disciple of Theosophy, and an honored one? Was all this in accord with Theosophy and working occultism, as has been insisted? or was the amiable Doctor slyly despoiling his Theosophic admirers with Spiritualism a la homeopathy, quietly smiling to himself the while? Blavatsky, O. Coot, Sinnett, Mabel Collins (Mrs. Cooke), Coues, why needest thou spell SPIRITUALISM—Theosophy, and needest thou spell THEOSOPHY, that will emulate the gnomes grown in a night, dying in the noon heat that followed? As you say, Doctor, "all depends upon the point of view," but a little, too, depends upon what determines the point of view. This constant iteration of mysticism, secrecy and danger, is unworthy of the times. God and nature have no secrets that honest, open effort cannot, or may not, bring to light. The valuable part of spiritual literature contains all our amiable professor exhibited to his hearers. Spiritualism has now ceased to be attractive to the fugacious philosophers of society, and the theosophic sun is above the sky line. The modern and the ancients are at least in touch on one point—they are ever seeking the new. Do they always find the new is true? Spiritualists, however, set an example to the Theosophists, for they were the first, making the road over which these Hindoo American parlor ascetics now take their satin slippers, evening dress-coated way. Honor to whom honor is due. On one point the writer is a Psychic-Science Theosophist, and that is in regard to the absolute necessity of differentiating the ante mortem phenomena of the embodied spirit from the post mortem phenomena of the disembodied spirit.

If the disciples of Theosophy would be content to let their exposures take on the ambleness, frankness, intelligence and practicality of their distinguished mentor, Elliott Coues, it would be well. It is an open question though, whether or not, despite his genial earnestness, the Doctor will, twenty years hence, find a place in Philosophy's Pantheon, or be "quietly inurned" in the sepulchre of oblivion, where rest the remains of the fugacious philosophers of the past.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Need of a Spring Medicine.

With a large majority of people some kind of a spring medicine is absolutely necessary, because when the season begins to change and the warmer days come on, the body feels the effect of the relaxation and cannot keep up even the appearance of health which the winter air of winter aided it to maintain. The impurities in the blood are so powerful that slumbering disease is awakened to action, and suddenly appears in some part of the body. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils, pimples, or some other blood disease manifests itself, or the blood becoming thin and an impoverished state, fails to supply the organs with needed strength, and a dangerous state of debility comes on; "that tired feeling" is experienced in its indescribable prostrating power.

In this condition thousands of people naturally turn to Hood's Sarsaparilla. By its use the blood is purified, and all impurities are expelled, and the vital fluid carries life and health to every organ. By the peculiar restoring and toning qualities of the medicine the tired feeling is overcome and the whole body given strength and vigor. The appetite is restored and sharpened, the nerves are toned, and the kidneys and liver invigorated.

Those who have never tried Hood's Sarsaparilla should do so this spring. It is a thoroughly honest and reliable preparation, purely vegetable, and contains no injurious ingredient whatever.

In this age of the world, there is hardly any one that does not appreciate the advantages offered by the Metropolitan Markets, that is, the larger assortment, the better quality, and the lower prices offered by the dealers in the great centers of trade. The changed condition in the tastes of mankind on this subject has been brought about by various causes. Probably the chief being the Government, through the post-office, offering advantages for sending merchandise by mail. The second, the Express Companies offering advantages of low rates and quick transit to any outlying district for packages of all kinds.

There is probably not a family among our many country readers who at one time or another have not felt the great need of taking advantage of the Metropolitan Markets; but with this desire immediately follows the knowledge of their inability to do so, because of their not having anyone to whom they can send to perform the commission for them, or, if they have such friends, they dislike to trouble them with the mission.

Again, how often has arisen the desire to have something different than the home market offers; something every one in town has not looked over and priced and become familiar with? How comfortable the feeling to know that in buying something new, everyone of your friends and acquaintances do not know the cost of it, and just where it was purchased.

How many to accomplish the above results would be glad to take advantage of the Chicago stores, for instance, if they knew how? It so happens that an Institution has been established in Chicago who are now ready and willing to make purchases of anything, and everything no matter how small or large, and this without any cost of commission to the purchaser.

It is our good fortune to be able to say that it possesses the three important requisites to the successful conducting of such a business: First, confidence that the would-be purchaser will be honestly dealt by. Second, that such purchases when

made will be satisfactory, and that goods will be used in making them, and last, but not least, promptness in fulfilling the commissions. The Favorite Co-operative Association, local, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, possess all these qualifications, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we recommend them to our readers. Their standing, as to reliability and responsibility is attested by a remarkable line of references which they offer and we honestly believe that any commission entrusted to them will be transacted to the entire satisfaction of all.

Advertisement for Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. Features include 'FULL WEIGHT PURE', 'MOST PERFECT MADE', and 'NEW YORK, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS'. Includes an image of the product tin.

Advertisement for KABO Corset. Features include 'No more bones to break and hurt the wearer', 'With new soft eyelet which never breaks', and 'BALL'S CORSETS Are Boned with KABO'. Includes an image of a corset.

Advertisement for Dr. Warner's Corsets. Features include 'Over 14 Millions Sold in this Country alone', 'The Best Fitting and Best Wearing Corset Ever Made', and 'SOLD EVERYWHERE'. Includes an image of a woman wearing a corset.

Advertisement for RIDGE'S FOOD. Features include 'THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS', 'Used everywhere. Not a mother but has her own supply of Ridge's Food', and 'OFFER A Genuine WAVERE'.

Advertisement for TOBACCO HABIT. Features include 'Quickly cured by using NORTON'S treatment for \$1.00', 'For sale by druggists generally or by mail', and '12,480 Eggs from 100 Hens'.