

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE DEVIL.
NUMBER 2.

In the early days of the oil business, John D. Rockefeller, H. N. Flagler and Samuel Andrews ran a small refinery in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Rockefeller was the bookkeeper of the concern and attended to its financial matters, presumably small, as things then were. Like all the other oil refiners in the country they had their ups and downs in the field of competition—made money at short intervals and lost it when margins fell below the cost of manufacture. Being shrewd observers of the trend of the general business—which was constantly downward—in the severe struggle of the "survival of the fittest," they saw the end. In these days the railroads were in the same struggle; and shippers, who could furnish large amounts of business were favored above their smaller competitors. Rockefeller was not slow to see the point of this advantage, and with his characteristic foresight called together a few of his trusted competitors in the oil refining business, and made a "pool" of their refined product. With this in hand they applied to the head of the Vanderbilt system of railroads for the advantage their large shipments (in those days) entitled them to. The arrangement with this system for transportation to the sea-board and to the northwest, was very satisfactory—so satisfactory that other refiners soon joined the "pool." Then commenced the competition of the "Trunk Line" railroads for this trade. These shrewd refiners, led by Rockefeller, saw their advantage. By means of the rebates they received they were enabled to drive out of the market most of the other refiners, and with these enhancing rebates the "fat of the land" flowed into their coffers. Of course this state of things could not last. The railroads had a conference, and arrangements were entered into to check the exactions of these "small refining autocrats." Rockefeller was equal to the emergency, and he, too, called a halt and held a conference of his associates, in which conference it was agreed that they were confronted with a problem which required better organization and more capital to meet the exigency. How to unify their forces was the question. Rockefeller's fertile brain soon saw a way out.

To make their plans a success required the co-operation of the refining interest, the railroads, and the producers of oil. To make this unit in a corporation that would conserve all these interests was something to be secured. This was found in an old charter passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, giving unlimited powers to a then canal company, called the "South Improvement Company." The refiners and railroads (in the pool) agreed upon terms; the Standard Combination organized on a capital of \$1,000,000 for carrying out the refiners' part of the programme. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gleye." The producers rebelled; but few would have anything to do with the scheme. To their vision it portended disaster to their interests. Indignation meetings were held all over the oil field wherever a half-dozen producers could meet together. The newspapers were full of "Whereases" and "Resolutions," denouncing the railroads and threatening the refiners who were in the pool, with lynching, and John D. Rockefeller with hanging. In the face of such a storm, of course the scheme was abandoned and the producer left to take care of himself, which he has done with nothing to show for his stubbornness. After almost twenty years has intervened a few

of the survivors now see that had they been "wise in their day and generation," they would have shared in the benefits then offered them by Rockefeller in his "South Improvement" scheme. But ignorance never learns until it is too late; and brute force always defeats its own ends. The producers sweeter in poverty; Rockefeller and his associates live to amass large fortunes, see the success of their plans, and stand to-day the recognized autocrats in the re-organization of the commerce of the world, respected and honored by their equals.

This little episode had its lesson. It showed Rockefeller and his associates that their good offices, like all other efforts in the same direction, are never appreciated, and that it is utterly useless to attempt the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes until capital has a firm footing—uncontrolled by the law of competition.

The refiners and railroads retired—disappointed. The problem was in process of solution, however. Rockefeller, the silent, stubborn man, our "Modern Devil," called his associates together and proposed to organize the oil-refining business on the principle of the organization of the American Republic;—"E Pluribus Unum" being its motto,—in idea at least. He proposed that the "Standard Oil Co." of Cleveland, in which he held a controlling share of stock, should be the "General Government," and the refining companies located at Pittsburgh, Titusville, Oil City, Parkersburg, (West Va.), Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, should be the "States." That the stock of each refining company, going into the new union, should be exchangeable for stock in the parent concern so that the parent company, the Standard, should own half the stock in each subordinate company; and each subordinate company should hold an equal amount in the parent company, thus preserving the autonomy of each smaller company, but in subordination to the central authority, of which John D. Rockefeller was chief.

Thus organized and equipped the concern was a unit for all offensive purposes; and as such unit it was prepared to co-operate with the railroads as suggested in the South Improvement scheme. The organization, as now practically run, was completed about the year 1874. The world knows its history since,—the grandest business success of modern times. It has one sound business maxim, which it has followed with inflexible severity: to buy for cash and sell for cash. It asks for no credit, and gives none. Added to this, its system of reports closes each day's business on the day following. It moves with precision in all its methods, and knows no favorites. It is as exacting with its friends as with its foes. It is as cold in its calculations as the silver or gold dollar which is the measure of its policy. It stands unique in the history of the world as the evolution of the thought which is to readjust the commerce, trade and industries of the peoples. John D. Rockefeller is to these modern days what Columbus was to the ancient civilization. Future ages will do justice to his genius, courage and persistent purpose. No higher honor could be assigned him than that by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, "The Modern Devil."

We have attempted an outline only of the evolution of this standard fact as it stands before the world, challenging its admiration as a financial factor in the movement of the times. We enter not into its alleged crimes and abuses of power; nor do we claim for it any exemption from that criticism, which has been the main cause of its success. A movement on so large a scale can not help making mistakes. As one of its trusted managers once said to the writer, "We can not control it; it controls us; we can only attempt to direct its force the best we can so as to reduce the working of its machinery to the minimum of hazard."

It is the province of nature to mould the form of every divine idea projected into her womb for evolution. This she does by the law of "the survival of the fittest." In her domain there is no morality. She accepts the evil as well as the good for her purposes. She knows no distinctions between saints and sinners. When her work is done in elaborating the form, she then leaves man to work out the end involved in the idea. The Standard Idea being a fact in the practical working of its relations to the race, its managers are individually responsible for the part they play in the drama of civilization. If they violate the laws of equity and right they must suffer the penalty. We believe that the man whose mind conceived the plan, together with his associates, recognizes this responsibility, and that they are doing all they can to bring to consumers, at the least cost, the best refined product possible, so serving the world with a light unequalled except by the sun.
Parkersburg, West Va.

Early Experiences with the Fox Sisters.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Mrs. Leah Underhill's letter in the JOURNAL of the 9th is evidence, if any were needed, of the noble character of the woman, which her friends have always known she possessed. It is to be regretted that so few of the earlier investigators who courageously stood by her, are left to swell the cloud of witnesses as to her integrity, honor and perseverance, through many years of trial and discomfort, unparalleled in the annals of battling for the establishment of an old truth in a new guise. Mr. E. W. Capron deserves great credit for his unwavering testimony in her behalf.

It would be difficult to obliterate from my memory the first sitting I had with the Fox sisters, an account of which I will give, regardless of the fact that a learned M. D. has discovered the secret of the rapping toes. My visit to the séance was over thirty-five years ago, a long time to remember, and perhaps the narrative would be faulty were it not that I have day and date in my journal of spirit investigation. Like hundreds of others then seeking the source of spirit rappings, I was sure that no keener or more careful investigator than myself had ever sat at the table on which the raps were showered, and I determined to discover and denounce the humbug. Armed with unbelief and full of the righteous courage for which I had earnestly prayed, I presented myself, together with a friend, more positive and unbelieveing, if possible, than myself, at the home of the rappers, West 26th St., where we rang for admission. The evening was set apart for a private circle, but as two persons had not arrived, we were allowed to take their places. I confess to a feeling of wonderment and surprise at seeing about twenty or more very intelligent ladies and gentlemen in attendance, not one of whom I had ever seen before. My friend and I being entire strangers to the company, of course no introduction was offered. Leah asked the spirits to seat us as they desired, which was done by raps, when, to my great gratification, I was placed between her and Katie, a fact which I fancied would afford great advantages in my efforts at detection. When all were seated the rapping commenced on every inch of the long hard wood extension table, and so strong were the sounds, so loud and constant, that I had almost forgotten to place my foot upon the medium's toes, when directly in front of me came the tremendous thud, as if the table had received so many blows from a mallet. Mrs. Fox, mother of the girls, seeing my confusion, said, "It is some one for you; ask a mental question." I replied I would rather not. Leah began calling the alphabet with great rapidity, a strange gentleman taking the letters signalled by the raps, which, when done, read as follows:

"We came here with you to convince you of our presence, Henry and Frank." By this time I had collected myself sufficiently to ask mentally, "Will you give relationship and where you died." Again in the same way was written: "Henry, husband; Frank, brother, at Rio Janeiro." This was correct, and then, without desire on my part, there came another communication:

"Freddie is ill, is coming home; nothing serious.—Henry."
Freddie was our only child and was at a boarding-school nearly two hundred miles distant, and as far as I knew, in perfect health. Several things, equally startling, were given me, and in no way connected with my thoughts; in fact wholly unknown to me, hence out of the reach of mind-reading. My chair was lifted, turned from the table, and then placed back again, all four legs coming down squarely. This was a great trick of my brother, to show and develop his muscle, of which he was very proud. Other very remarkable evidences were given to the party. One gentleman, inclined to oral questioning, remarked that he saw no profit which could accrue from the raps, whereupon the following message was written:

"My son, we come to prove immortality, a truth which in your preaching has been of no avail, because you, in your heart, said you could find no proof of it."
The questioner, I learned, was a Methodist clergyman, who became a very earnest believer in spirit intercourse; his name was Benning.

My message was correct. My son came home in a few days, was ill, and although not seriously, he needed my care. No one could have seen the quiet dignity of Mrs. Fox when under the most disagreeable surroundings, she heard her daughters charged with trickery and fraud, and feel that she was a party to it. The simplicity and purity of her motherly affection and solicitude for her daughters were something, if seen, not to be forgotten. The sacrifice which she had made and was making, few have made, or will ever make in the course of their lives. "If," said she, "Spiritualism teaches naught else, it is worth time and long investigation to prove the soul immortal and its future one of continued progress; and if my children, against my will, have been chosen instruments for the promulgation of such a great truth, my prayer to God is for their preservation and safety." Dear mother Fox, if for naught else, your kindly care, simple trust and earnest faith through so many years of dark trial, strife and confusion, should entitle you to recognition and remembrance at the coming anniversary of the day when you took up the cross.

Margaretta and Katie were present a part of the evening. Doctor Kane was announced when Margaretta left the circle. Katie was weary; I did not wonder. Unfortunate girls, one cannot but wonder at their strange career, and I, for one, pity them; while I blame those who have placed them into deeper degradation. Never were women so placed before the public as were they; never had women so strange a path. History, ancient or modern, sacred or profane, furnishes no parallel. Those who could have protected and, perchance, saved, were crowded out by the morbid curiosity seeker, who would extract their last wholesome drop of vitality, then cry out humbug. They were tossed from one hungry crowd to another; few, if any, daring to own they were honest investigators. Who knows what the effect of constant control and contact with the count-

less invisible influences which surround mediums? Who so wise as to regulate the stream, in quantity or quality, which has been pouring through these mortal channels, in answer to longing hearts in the body? Surely investigators have great need of enlightenment in regard to the treatment and care of mediums.

I do not know enough of the Divine Father to judge his great humanity; nor can I add another pang to the hearts of the brothers and sister by openly denouncing two unfortunate women, whose yea or nay, in their present condition, is of little value. Let us remember we are all human, and say, with Robert Burns:

"At the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it.
What's done, we scarcely can compute,
But know not what's resisted."
J. M. STAATS.

A PSYCHICAL CASE.

Societies for psychical investigation are the fashion of our age. The London society was soon followed by the New York and the Boston and Chicago associations for the purpose of testing every phase of psychical phenomena. A large number of our smaller towns, also, are doing something in the same line. Boston's most noted experimenting has been with mind-readers, in which several of her best known clergymen and lawyers were engaged. Reports of these societies are published yearly, and it is plain that some progress has been made. But the possibility of fraud and the ease of credulity are such that it is very nearly impossible to come to clear and established convictions on the different branches of the subject. All data coalesce and bear in two directions to answer the questions: (1) What is the distinct power of the psyche, soul, or mind, over the body and other physical surroundings? (2) Is there a continued existence of the psyche as such after the death of the body? and, if so, can it communicate with the psyche or soul in the flesh? I believe we may set it down as a common agreement of all the most trained investigators that there is such a power to the psyche as telepathy, or an ability to recognize facts outside of and beyond direct vision, hearing and contact. Instances of this power have become so multiplied and demonstrable that the societies for research are practically united in asserting its existence. The subject of haunted houses has been given a serious hearing, and I believe it is not at all as common for investigators of a scientific training to put the topic by with a sneer. I have a friend who is of the highest intelligence, and for many years minister of a prominent church in a large city, who informs me that he certainly did live for a time in a house that was full of phenomena not attributable to known physical causes. He was obliged after one year to vacate the house purely because the nerve strain was too severe. "But you know," he said, "how people look on such things, and even suspect your sanity if you confess to having experienced anything of the sort. I do not wish to be considered crazy, therefore I say as little as convenient about the matter." But there is furthermore the difficulty of separating the false from the true; for stories of haunted houses are favorites with blood-curdlers of all sorts and can be multiplied without limit. Now a haunted house may not be so horrible an affair at all. The simple question must be settled if the unseen world and the seen are in such juxtaposition or interrelation that the unseen can affect the seen. If so nothing is more probable than efforts on the part of spiritual beings to identify themselves with their old homes. However, the subject is at least one of the most weird that psychical societies can busy themselves with.

On the contrary, the dream realm is above all an attractive field of study. It is one in which we all pass much of our time; and if I am not mistaken, not a person of quick intelligence lives who has not had dream experiences that border closely on revelations. A case came under my own observation recently for which I will vouch in every letter as to its accuracy. A very intimate friend and patient was attacked with insomnia, preceded by headaches and colic. There seemed to be no cause for the disturbing ailment but overwork of the brain. But rest did no good. He would lie wide awake throughout the whole night. Whatever could be done according to the most enlightened methods of dealing with such cases was done, but without effect. He became emaciated to an astonishing degree, and much depressed in spirits. There was not a trouble or care to be discovered that led to any of the symptoms presented. Aggravated inflammation of the mucous membranes set in and he began to complain of burning sensations in his mouth, and there were days when vomiting was frequent, with loss of appetite. One morning at my accustomed visit he met me with: "Doctor, I had a dream last night that someone makes a queer impression on me, and I can not get rid of it. I dreamed that I stood just inside the door of a room where I had gone for a medical prescription. X, the carpenter, sat there at a desk. I said: 'So you sometimes act as a physician as well as carpenter?' He turned to me from his desk and handed me a sheet of paper, across which was written the word arsenic. There the dream was ended. Is it possible I am being poisoned?" There certainly were some symptoms that might be attributed to arsen-

ical poisoning, but we had not thought of anything of the sort, nor spoken of it. The man's bed was in his library, surrounded by a thousand volumes of books. We discussed the possible danger from the books, and concluded it was not worth considering. There was no wall-paper to consider and we soon dropped the subject, with some sportive remarks about dreams. I confess, however, that his account of the dream made a strong impression on me, and could I have found an arsenical cause should have been ready to attribute to that his disease. So impossible, however, did it seem that arsenic was at the bottom of the case that I gave it no further thought. On the contrary, my patient did, and as he afterwards told me, was made very uneasy by his dream. It was at least ten days if not two weeks from the date of the dream and there was no improvement in his case, or at least no permanent gain. One morning he greeted me with a cry of joy. "I have found the devil at the bottom of this trouble, and it is arsenic." He then related how, encouraged and feeble, he rose from his chair the day previous and flung himself on his bed. Seeing his chair still rocking as he had left it, his mind was drawn to it, and, rising from his reclining position, the whole solution was flashed on him. The previous summer he had desired a lawn chair which he saw at a dealer's, but it was painted blue, and he said:

"If you will paint it a suitable color for a lawn chair I will take it." The dealer responded:

"I have only some cheap arsenic paint here and will put on a coat and charge you half a dollar extra."

When the winter drew on he had taken this easy chair into his study and all winter it had stood over the furnace register. Here my patient had eased himself when tired, and all the more when sick. For weeks he had spent much time in that arsenic painted chair. Over the register it had volatilized the arsenic until his system was fully charged with the poison. The sicker he grew the more he betook himself to the arms of the terrible death-giver. Another month or two probably have made a fatal case. Now, will you tell me what was the dream that warned him? If it had not come literally true we might have let it go with a laugh; but it was a fact that was written on that sheet of paper or was seen to be so written in a dream. Was it a spirit friend trying to save his life? He has been always courteous toward Spiritualists, but far from a believer. But after the fact came out he quietly said: "I am not as skeptical as I was; I will surely investigate this great subject." Is it possible that the mind, being most unduly exalted by the poison, was able to enter into a diagnosis of its own state as arseniated? This may be supposed possible, but it is not possible to suppose any hyper-exaltation of the brain functions to have been able to correlate its condition with the word arsenic. It might, we shall allow, recognize its poisoned condition, but how also relate its condition to a word? Before the dream, my friend assures me, that not one thought had referred to poison. No one had suggested it. The symptoms were all easily attributable to other causes—at least up to that date. "What do you make of it, doctor?" he asked. I answer by asking of my readers what do you make of it? I am not a Spiritualist. I am not even a member of a psychical society. Like my friend, I have been intensely skeptical. I would rather lose a good deal of truth than become a credulous swallower. But here is a startling fact which I can vouch for. It is not a manufactured story. Nothing has been added to it or abated from it—not one jot. I have related it in its simplicity. But a fact of an unknown and unexpected sort—a fact very improbable—was made known to my friend in a dream. It was an intelligent fact, conveyed to the intelligence. It was not a mere coincidence, for if so, then any fact of science made known, and afterward verified, may be set down as a coincidence. No one would, under other circumstances, set down such a communication as a coincidence. If a living person had done what the man in the dream did,—that is, saying to us that it was a case of arsenical poisoning—we should give him the credit of stating an intelligent fact. Was it a spirit communication? If so, how should a spirit know the facts better than living persons? Here we come to a question that I am not inclined to press and am not inclined to try to answer. If they, the disembodied, are in some way capable of some communication with us, their relations to things clearly are different from ours. I do not wish a host of dreamers to rise up around me or a regiment of cerebral-ly unsound expounders to undertake my enlightenment. I see the case clearly. Can you add to it others positively verifiable and equally demonstrative?

The chair was immediately thrown out of doors; and one by one my friend's symptoms departed. He is now in a condition of comparative health and gaining day by day. In discussing the case from a psychical standpoint, I am not warranted in dwelling on the criminality of using arseniated paints and similar compounds. I believe many lives are lost thereby yearly, while the cause is not in the least suspected. But have I not left out one link of the evidence? Was it really the chair that caused the difficulty? Of this I have not a particle of doubt; but do not rely on my own judgment. My wish to make the case clear and beyond question led me to request another physician of a different school to diagnose the case and investigate. We are agreed that the case was or

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY A. J. KING.

1. My father belonged to no Church; was a Universalist in faith. My mother was a member of the Baptist Church. She died when I was but six years old; yet I have never forgotten how she taught me to pray. I belonged to the Baptist Church about twelve years, from 1849 to 1861.

2. I have believed in the return and communion of spirits with men since 1850.

3. My attention had been called to the "Rochester Knockings" through the newspapers from their occurrence at Hydesville in the Fox family in 1848, and afterwards in nearly every village and hamlet in the State of New York, where I had resided till in the fall of 1850, when I had the satisfaction of witnessing the manifestations in my own home. The subject was of great interest to me, and instead of dismissing the matter as improbable deception, the work of frauds and dishonest triflers, it seemed to me to be very similar to the phenomena of early Christian times, and as handed down to us by tradition in all countries as well as recorded by profane and sacred history. I was prepared to give it a candid and careful investigation, and was most anxious to do so. Such was the state of my mind when in the fall of 1850 there came to board with a young woman acquaintance and friend of my wife, who had taken a small private school in our village to teach for the winter. Her name was Caroline. She was slight in build, rather tall and of a nervous temperament, in fair health, and possessed barely sufficient education to teach a primary school. She was about twenty five years of age, and a member of the Baptist Church. Her home was in a neighboring village where the "manifestations" had occurred, and she had witnessed some of them there among her acquaintances. After she had been at our house several weeks, one Sunday afternoon, my wife, Maria, her niece, a little girl of some ten years, Caroline and myself, were sitting conversing in our sitting room when the subject of spirit manifestation came up. I then learned for the first time that Caroline had had some experience in séances, and I anxiously inquired what they did to induce the manifestation. She told me nothing was required but to sit "passively" requesting the spirits to manifest themselves, and if there were any present who were mediumistic, the spirits would "tap," "tip a table," "write," or otherwise manifest their presence. It at once occurred to me that from all I had been able to learn on the subject, she was peculiarly well adapted by organization and temperament to be a medium, and I at once suggested that we try the experiment, and, perhaps, we might get some manifestation as well as others. All consented to this, and we sat quietly around the room when we happened to be with our hands lying in our laps. I requested: "If there is any spirit present, please make it manifest by moving one or more of our right hands." After sitting quietly and passively for, perhaps fifteen minutes, I noticed a slight tremor in Caroline's right hand. I then made a mental request, that if it was a spirit moving her hand that it take her hand to her ear. The hand increased in agitation, and soon rose from her lap, shaking violently, and went directly to her ear and then went shaking back to her lap. I was dumfounded. Could it be possible that I was in the presence of a spirit who could know and answer my secret thoughts? After a short time I rallied from my astonishment, and thought, perhaps, I had psychologized her, and that it was my will that controlled her hand. I determined to not exert my will on her and be passive myself as possible. Her hand kept going at a fearful rate, and not knowing what else to do, I went to my secretary standing in the room and took out some paper and a pencil and placed them on a small cherry table some two feet back and to the right of Caroline, and said nothing aloud, but mentally requested, that if it was a spirit shaking her hand it would write something. She at once seemed drawn by some outside force to the table, and tried to pick up the pencil, but her hand was shaking so rapidly that the pencil was thrown a considerable distance. I picked it up and with some difficulty placed it in her hand. It was surprising how that pencil went through that hand! Between, behind and before the fingers it went, in a manner that would have done credit to a Japanese circus performer, for some time, and then flew across the room. I picked it up and replaced it in her hand, and then she began pounding the table with such violence that I finally became alarmed for the safety of her hand and requested the spirit to leave her. Instantly, all influence ceased to show itself. She opened her eyes and rubbed them and yawned like one just waking from sleep. I inquired if she knew what she had been doing? she replied: "No." "What have I asked her if she felt pain anywhere?" She said, "No." I then drew her attention to her hand, and she said that was all right. She felt no soreness or lameness in that. I examined it and discovered nothing unusual about it. The table was badly scarred where the pencil had penetrated it. I told her how she had pounded, and fearing she would injure her hand had requested the spirit to leave her; but, if no harm was done her, I was anxious for the spirit to proceed; but hoped it would be less violent in its manifestations. At once her hand began gyrating, but no more violent pounding took place. She made circles and straight marks on the paper and in an hour or two I thought the medium must be tired, and asked for a rest, which was granted. In the evening we resumed our sitting, and Caroline very soon went under control of a power not her own, which seemed to be trying to control the muscles of her hand and fingers so as to write, and before we broke up her hand had scrawled out the name of Maria's father, and marked his age when he died, of which she knew nothing; neither did I know his age, and Maria assured us she was not thinking of him till his name was given. Thus the idea that any of us influenced her hand was speedily dispelled. After this, we devoted our evenings largely to séances, and she soon wrote readily and without much agitation, going at once into unconscious trance, and with her eyes shut tight would follow the

lines with her writing and go over it when done and cross each T, and dot each I, and make any corrections necessary as read by one with their eyes open. She wrote what none of us knew, and in various languages of which she knew nothing. To illustrate: I will give two instances. One Sunday, Maria, Caroline, and I had returned from attending our (Baptist) Church. Maria and the little girl were in the kitchen getting dinner and Caroline and I were sitting in the sitting-room, when she told me a spirit had tried to influence her at Church, and it was with great difficulty she had kept her hand quiet and prevented a scene there. She blamed the spirit for trying to expose her mediumship and thus bringing her to notice and disgrace. I suggested it might be some one who had very urgent communication to make, and felt justified in drawing her attention then, and thought she ought to give the spirit a chance to communicate at once, and immediately got paper and pencil for her. She at once went into a trance, and wrote in French. She nor I could read it. It seemed like French, and on calling Maria in, who could read French, she read to us the name of one none of us had ever heard, who said he was born in Paris in a certain year, and died in New York city in a certain other year; that he was addicted to the opium habit and could not break himself of it, and at last resolved to commit suicide, which he did by taking laudanum; hoping and expecting thereby to escape from his troubles; but he had failed to do so. He believed in death, but he still lived and was not free from the damning influence of the drug. Now that he had told this to man in the flesh, he felt better.

On another occasion she wrote a communication in Latin, and signed it "Mark Anthony," giving the circumstances of his death. At this séance, contrary to the general rule, Caroline had consented to allow three strangers to her, but friends of mine, to be present. One of these was a learned Judge, who has most of the time since then occupied a place upon the bench of the Supreme Court or Court of Appeals of the State of New York; the others were an aged Baptist minister and his wife. Caroline had consented to their being present only after their pledges of strict secrecy. The Judge read the communication and pronounced it good Latin; but all of us who had any knowledge of his history, thought one of the facts stated by him was incorrect, or not in accordance with authentic history. The medium was unfamiliar with ancient history, and had never heard of Mark Anthony. The next day I investigated the matter by referring to history and found we were all mistaken and the writing was correct.

The Judge got communications from his brother and little girl that entirely satisfied him that it was they who communicated to him. In the honesty of his heart, he championed, in a public assembly, soon after the new and unpopular cause of spirit return, to the astonishment of his friends. A number of them at once got together and went to him in a body, and represented to him that such championship or confession of faith even, would be suicidal to all his aspirations for official place, and enjoined upon him to never mention the subject with approval again. They convinced him it was his duty to enjoy his faith in secret. Who shall prove that their advice was not good, considering the prejudices of the people? Lincoln could not have been President, had it been generally known that he was a Spiritualist. In our Church were two ministers, our pastor and the one above referred to. I was anxious that they should know of the phenomena and I desired their opinions on the subject. I first went to our Pastor and broke it very cautiously to him, but gave him to understand I had seen the manifestation as above related, but did not divulge the place or who was the medium. He at once pronounced it the work of the devil, and advised me to have nothing to do with it. I told him the communications were highly moral and instructive, seemed to demonstrate a future life, and corresponded with much we read of in the Bible, and especially in the time of Christ, and I thought the Church should take advantage of it for its own upbuilding, that if the devil had gone to teaching such things, he was a different being from what I had supposed him to be. He said he appeared as an angel of light and would deceive, if possible the very elect, as was prophesied in the scriptures as coming to pass in the last days. He did not want to see any of the manifestations.

The old minister, not then in business, jumped at the opportunity to investigate the phenomena, and the one séance above described satisfied him and his wife; and they, following the instructions then given them, both soon became mediums, and it was their greatest joy through all the remainder of their lives on earth to see and converse with their spirit friends. In the spring, Caroline went back to her native village and married a Methodist minister, and I never heard more of her mediumship. We moved to Illinois in 1852, among strangers, and kept our standing in the Baptist Church, till we went to California in 1862, but never forgot our experience, or doubted the communion of spirits with those in the flesh, under favorable circumstances.

Hammon, New Jersey.

A WINTER MORNING'S WALK.

REV. SOLON LAUER.

"I have had a most rare vision."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Having occasion to wait an hour for a train at the country station L—, I determined to spend the time in a ramble over the fields. The morning was biting cold, and the ground covered with snow to the depth of several inches. But as there was a thick crust over the snow, the result of a recent thaw and succeeding freeze, walking was easy, and the cold air served to stimulate the vital forces. There were but few houses along the road on which I started out, and I was at once in the country, surrounded by open fields. When I had gone perhaps half a mile, I climbed the road side fence, and made my way across the fields to a small stream, whose bank was fringed with trees. As I walked along, my imagination seemed to be unusually active. The currents of my mental life, unlike the currents of nature's life now locked fast by the winter's frost, seemed to flow freely, and all the forces of my soul were active and astir. In fact, my whole person seemed to be one single organ of perception and reflection, drinking in and assimilating the scene that lay about me. To my quickened fancy the fields were not covered with snow and ice. Beneath the mantle of death I seemed to see the spirits of immortal flowers. The grass was withered beneath the snow, but beneath the grass itself was a field of living spirits, which, when the returning warmth of spring should quicken it, would straightway push forth into the world of matter, and take upon itself again a verdant robe. I seemed to be walking among grasses and flowers; and so keen was my spiritual perception that I could almost smell the perfume of violets about my feet. My ears, tingling with the sharp wind that swept over the barren fields, could catch no vibration of air save that produced by the distant puffing of a locomotive, the occasional crowing of a cock, or the cackling of barnyard fowls; but the inner ear of my spirit seemed entranced with the song of birds, and all the merry sounds of spring. As I came to the edge of the stream, the dark waters flowing between their snowy banks seemed to sing of ending grasses and daisies, and birds that come to rest and bathe. The cakes of ice floating on the surface seemed to be water lilies, and I could almost catch the delicate perfume of their petals. I walked on, following the course of the winding stream. Now and then reality broke rudely in upon my dream, as my foot sank through a thin sheet of ice into a pool of water beneath. But in the main my illusion remained, and I lived for a time in the atmosphere and scenery of summer.

The vision that I saw beneath the barren covering of snow, the flowers and grasses of spring, seemed to me akin to the perception which pierces the cold and barren shell of imperfect human nature, and sees within the soul the germs and buds of a hidden spiritual life of good and virtue. It was the vision of the prophet and the seer, only on a lower plane. It was spirit recognizing spirit through the veil of intervening matter. What was this snow, this ice, that hid the flowers from outer sight? A vapor, condensed by cold out of the transparent air. What was this soil that covered the roots of the grasses, and hid from our eyes the germs of life that would burst at the call of the vernal sun? This, too, was but a vapor, condensed by cold out of the primeval fire mists. Deeper than snow, lower than soil, the roots of these flowers that I saw were fixed in Spirit. Under the currents of water flowed currents of the Infinite Life. Remove the snow and the ice, let the sun again turn them to vapor; remove the soil and the clay, let the furnace fires of Nature melt them again into fiery mist; yet there will remain the sea of Spirit, bearing on its bosom the manifold forms of life. Upon it will float the violet and the daisy. Above it will soar the lark and the blue bird. Over it will flit the sunshine and shadow, and sweep the breezes from spicy groves. The world of matter is but a veil hanging between our eyes and God. The soul awakened to divine perception pierces its wavering fold, and catches a vision of the reality that lives behind.

But I cannot describe the visions of that winter morning walk. I can only say with Bottom, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": "I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream—past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream."

I returned to the station with slow and meditative steps, doubly convinced that, in the words of Prospero in "The Tempest":

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind."

A Trip Through the South.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Realizing that your correspondence and communication for the JOURNAL savors so largely of logic, psychics, physiology and other subjects that "carry weight in life," that I feel a sort of paralysis creeping over me as I assume the attitude of a correspondent, for reason that the soil of my puritanical solemnity was too thin to produce a crop, and besides it had never been watered with the tears of the damned to a degree to enrich it (I speak from a Jonathan Edwards standpoint), and life is too short on the river side of threescore and three to begin now, so I leave it for the more rationally inclined to discuss, and take up the line of passing events and tell you what I saw below the line, in the "black belt." Our party consists of three, and we had endured the rigors of a Chicago winter until it had become burdensome, and we resolved to unbuckle every strap and just let ourselves loose onto the solid south, regardless of consequences. We fixed upon Friday as a lucky day and if ever there was a time when it was good to leave the Garden City for the everglades, that was the day. The clouds were just doing their best to make up for the little snow of the winter, as we left the city limits, but ere long it changed to sleet, then rain, and lastly mist, till the fog settled down upon us and obscured our way, so we had only one alternative, to die by the rails and trust to luck, or freight ahead of us, however, had failed to "lift" in time and had gone into the ditch, which when discovered by our fellow passengers, made me think we had struck a bonanza mine. Five hours delay; we entered Louisville at 12 o'clock.

Two days in Louisville sufficed as our entrance into the "slave belt," and Monday found us outside of the city of "Navy Plug," "Old Judge," etc. Being Sunday I took occasion, however, to attend a spiritual lecture.

In the 185 miles to Nashville we passed through a typical slave region gone to seed. Picanninies, coons, and Dinahs in profusion, and "varment" were visible at every station, while the old time windowless cabins dotted the landscape,—which seemed to carry out Judge Taney's theory that "the black man has no rights that white men are bound to respect," a theory which he left behind him, and has learned to be different.

Nashville—city of one hundred thousand souls! Souls? Yes, I think that's what they call it; still if we accept the slaveholder's theory that "niggers" have no souls, we must abate the number one half, for it is estimated that one half of the population are blacks. A day spent in looking over the town impels us to record an ancient, slow-going specimen of a southern city, the Vanderbilt University taking first place in the list of interesting points, and for liberality of spread, it does credit to a man of small means. Vast grounds, a liberal display of buildings and fine landscape gardening are its prominent features; but the last thought has expression in the erection of a fine building devoted to mechanical education upon which my interest centered as the only useful study within the enclosure. I noticed a tomb or an enclosure surrounding the remains of a departed Bishop, conspicuous within the grounds, and I wondered how that the Commodore and Bishop have leisure from railroading and theology,—where money getting and pious adoration cut no figure, if they are not holding a perpetual indignation meeting over lost opportunities, and beating a continuous tattoo upon the headboard of Wall Street and Methodist (North and South), for they have had a visit to the celebrated "Bell Meade" stock farm, six miles out of the city, by carriage, we found interesting, being admirers of the noble animal, although my fancy does not

run to racing stock, especially runners, but as to trotters,—well, if you should be attacked with enlargement of the heart, and with malice aforethought, conceal a 2:30 trotter in my stable, and properly apologize,—well, try it. I'm not cruel, and I know editors are just doing those things for jokes, and I like jokes, especially practical ones.

Our next resting point was Montgomery, the city of unsavory rebel legislation. 7:30 brought us within its limits, where we found most excellent quarters at the New Windsor. I find I had misjudged the eating accommodations of the South, for we have met the best of hotels, and it seems the Northern spirit has caught on quite firmly, and, through the direct way to his affections, the stomach, is winning his love. I visited the capitol, where Jeff sat and guided the tub of Confederacy, through the waters of slavery into the sea of oblivion. From the dome we looked over the slow old town of 30,000 inhabitants, with nothing of interest to hold the eye, save a monument now half completed, to the Confederate dead soldiers which will be very beautiful when finished.

The city of Birmingham through which we passed before reaching Montgomery is a striking exception to the rule in the South. The "Magic City" it is called, and truly so it seems to be, for I learn that it is the outcome of northern skill and push; a city now estimated at 75,000 inhabitants, mostly from three years growth. Stakes mark lines of avenues for five miles out of the city, and property is higher there than in New York city or Chicago. Its combination of ore, coal, and other necessities for iron making, are superior to any place in the world.

Ocean Springs, our present and last point before reaching New Orleans, is the winter resort for northern, and summer resort for southern people. It is located on the golf, and its guests are mostly at present from the north-west. There was one invalid party from Troy, New York, but Chicago, St. Paul, Muskegon, Grand Rapids and St. Louis make up most of the list. Splendid fishing and hunting, a good hotel, at seven to ten dollars per week for board, and pleasant guests are the inducements offered here. An Illinoisan has just purchased 26,000 acres of land near the town at \$50 per acre, and has now growing all of the small fruits, melons, pears, quinces, persimmons, grapes, and much other garden produce, including twelve acres of peas, which it is hoped may help the price in our market to a nearer purchasing point. Old slaveholders are beginning to acknowledge the value of Northern energy and capital, and the South, now that slavery is extinct, has a future to be desired.

Ocean Springs, Mississippi. A. F. C.

A PHANTOM PLOWMAN.

Tuskaloosa Has a Haunted House.

A Weird Tale of Love and Tragedy.

HYPNOTIZED BY THE PHONOGRAPH.

In the northwest corner of Lower Merion township, Montgomery county, Pa., a terrible hubbub has been raised by a phantom farmer, who is nightly seen plowing in a field. The apparition was first discovered about three weeks ago by a farm hand who was returning late from courting a pretty maid. Emerging from a wooded pathway that skirted an old forest for miles, this rustic was startled to hear a sepulchral voice commanding a team to halt. He looked in vain about the place for a moment or two, and was about moving on again when the same sound fell on his ear. A shiver crept down his spinal column as he heard the creaking of a harness, and this terror was far from being allayed by the whinny of a horse almost directly before him. At that moment the new moon stole over the neighboring tree tops, and in its misty light the rural swain plainly saw the phantom farmer. It was clearly outlined against the dark background and its two hands held in steady grasp the projecting handles of a plow. Before it marched a pair of spirited horses, dimly outlined in the misty light, their heads erect and their eyes flashing fire as they moved hastily along. The young man waited another moment to refresh himself, and was about to take to his heels when plowman, horses and plow suddenly vanished. Then he, too, fled in wild alarm.

At Silas Brown's corner grocery on the night succeeding this, the young man, Albert Cooper by name, told this startling story. Brown, like many of the loungers in the store, smiled incredulously, and advised Cooper to "reform." A discussion arose, in which hot words were made that Cooper was drawing the long bow.

The upshot of the matter was that the crowd adjourned to the alleged scene of the ghost's operations to verify or disprove Cooper's tale.

They had not long to wait. Without the noises that had warned Cooper the night before, the phantom farmer appeared before the eyes of the seven men who sat upon the fence, or, to be more accurate, who almost fell from it in terror. His long white hair and beard streamed in the passing wind. No hat was on his head nor could any portion of his face be seen except the glistening eyes. These shot out from a height of more than seven feet from the ground, indicating that the spectral granger was taller than the average of human kind. About his body, which could not well be traced, there was a phosphorescent glow which dazzled the eyes of the terrified spectators and shone far ahead of the steadily moving horses. The plow he leaned on seemed of skeleton frame, but it steamed off the soil, moist earth as easily as a steamer turns the river waves. On he came, the horses seeming to exhale fire, their heads erect and arching, and footholds as firm and clear as any the watchers ever heard. At the corner of the field they turned obediently at a word from their spectral driver, and again passed before the affrighted spectators, who thereupon fled in haste.

On the following morning a crowd of rustics determined to go to the field and see whether any trace of the farmer could be found. As they came in sight of the inclosure one of the number exclaimed in astonishment: "I'll be darned if the thing doesn't plow, sure enough." He was right. One half of the field had been plowed over, evidently by no notice. The furrows were not quite so broad as those made by an ordinary plowman, but they were less ragged and more deep, and were as straight as the most experienced eye could make them. A day or two after the same group went out to view the fields again, and this time they found that the phantom had finished his work. The owner of the field was one of the number, and he took a solemn oath that he had not turned a sod in the inclosure.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Tuskaloosa has a haunted house! There can be no doubt about it, as the fact is vouchered for by a lady of the highest social position,

and of the utmost intelligence. Her respondent will refrain from giving as that would no doubt displease the people who underwent the startling experience set forth below. The house in question is one of the many princely old mansions that thit city possesses, which are monuments of antiq- uity days, when gay Tuscaloosa was the State capital, and the home of wealthy planters who, leaving their plantations in charge of overseers, came here to dwell and mingle in the gaieties of the social life of the capital. Many are the stories that are told of those good old days, when beautiful and accomplished belles and elegant beaux from every portion of the State gathered in this fair city which was the recognized social center.

The incident which I am about to relate occurred several weeks since, and but few people know anything of it. Preparations were being made for the marriage of one of the young ladies of the household, the time was drawing near and but two days would elapse ere the dawn of the wedding day. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening. The bride-elect came tripping down the stairway, singing a merry snatch song. She proceeded at once to the drawing room, opened the door and looked in and observed a lady dressed in white, standing at the further end, whom she supposed was her Aunt ——. Advancing down the room she spoke to her, but received no response. By this time she was within a few feet of the lady, and she repeated her remark, when suddenly, to her unutterable horror and consternation, the figure vanished as completely as though swallowed by the earth. With a scream of terror the young lady fled from the room and rushed to an adjoining room, where her mother and others were, she fainted dead away. When she was sufficiently recovered she told her experience. A search of the premises was made, but no light could be thrown on the identity of the ghostly visitant. It has since developed that others have seen the apparition, and it always appears dressed in white, as seen by the young lady.—*Herald, Birmingham, Ala.*

A WEIRD TALE.

Some time ago the wife of a wine merchant living in a large town in the Gironde was found dead in bed. A letter by her side explained the circumstances of her death. She had said, taken poison, being tired of life. The tragedy created a profound sensation in town, where both husband and wife were well known. The loss was all the greater for the husband, who was overwhelmed with commiseration. The wife was buried, the husband's distress not being in any appreciable degree modified by the circumstance that a large rent list that had formed her income came into his hands. At the end of the year he had so far recovered from the blow as to contemplate a fresh marriage with a young widow who would bring another income.

All was ready for the wedding, when it was interrupted by the arrest of the intended bridegroom on the charge of murdering his first wife. The weird story came out in court from the lips of the woman who had nursed madame's three children, and was still in her service at the time of her death. On the night of the tragedy she, entering the room, had seen monsieur in the act of mesmerizing his wife. Attracted by a vague fear, she had listened at the door, had heard the husband dictate to the wife the letter which was found by her bedside, and heard him command her to take poison which he had prepared. She had kept silent till her tongue was loosened by the fresh outrage contemplated to her dead mistress by the new marriage.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

Dr. Pinel, of Paris, is said to have succeeded in hypnotizing several subjects by means of the phonograph. All the commands given through this channel were, he declares, as readily obeyed as those which he uttered directly, and "suggestions" of every possible sort were as effectually communicated through the medium of the machine as if made viva voce. The conclusion which he deduces from his experiments is that the received theory of a magnetic current passing from the operator to the subject is entirely baseless, and that the real cause of the phenomena of hypnotism is nervous derangement on the part of those subject to them.—*New York Telegram.*

An Impracticable Proposition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have delayed a notice of your very racy editorial with the above heading, in the JOURNAL of Feb. 23rd, in order to procure the book you so highly commended, entitled "The Virtues and their Reasons." I have just finished its examination. It is a good book and is full of good reading, but it is not a manual suited to moral instruction in common schools. Lawyer Bierbower's book is a step in the right direction and ought to have a wide circulation, but will never be used to any great extent as a school manual. But a word with you, my dear friend. The first thing that strikes a judicial mind in your editorial is the fact that you boldly pronounce my proposition to secure a manual of moral instruction in our common school to which nobody can reasonably object, impracticable, and then soon after as positively assert that "such a work as Dr. Westbrook has in mind is already extant!" You then proceed to give a first class "notice" of Mr. Bierbower's book, leaving the sagacious reader to suspect that your real object was not so much to criticize me as to puff my brother lawyer! All right. I can stand it. But I, too, am a lawyer, and shall probably never get over the professional habit of "jawing back!" Your want of faith in the success of my proposition, I think, arises from the unjustifiable assumption that the committee or judges to pass upon the proposed prize manual must represent Catholics and Protestants, and all the evangelical sects, as well as Jews and Freethinkers, and that they must all agree and approve the principles of the proposed manual. Nothing could be further from my thought. My words in describing the work desired were: "Showing how the purest principles of morality can be taught in schools without teaching such religious doctrines as could justly be offensive to Catholics or Protestants, orthodox or other Christians, not excluding Jews and Free-thinkers." Now I respectfully submit that there is a wide difference between a scheme of moral instruction, to which no sect or party could reasonably object as offensive, and a scheme which should harmonize the conflicting views of extremists of all classes, so as to receive their approval. The fact is that the Government of these United States is founded on the secular principle, pure and simple, and State schools must necessarily be conducted on the secular principle, so as not to give just cause of complaint to religious sectaries, or to citizens who have no religious prepossessions whatever. That

the public school question can only be settled on the secular principle, I deem a forgone conclusion. That a manual of moral instruction suited to our free, unsectarian, secular schools is greatly needed, none can safely deny. That a book on morals can be written that cannot be justly offensive to Catholics or Protestants, believers or unbelievers in the Christian religion, my brother lawyer of Chicago has demonstrated, and my friend Col. Bundy has tacitly admitted, and in due time, a manual of moral instruction for schools, specially arranged for the aid and guidance of teachers, rather than for the reading and study of pupils will make its appearance, and will be sure to be hailed with joyful greetings by all true patriots, however sectarian and bigoted may howl! Secular schools or no state schools is the practical alternative, and the people will promptly meet it at the proper time.

H. B. WESTBROOK. Philadelphia, March 9th, 1889. We do not care to prolong this discussion. "Sageacious" people who read the JOURNAL know well that we do not "puff" anybody, if by that is meant unwarranted or unseasonable commendation. Dr. Westbrook arrogates the right to decide what may or may not be "justly offensive to Catholics or Protestants." Our only point is that Catholics and Protestants will not voluntarily grant him any such prerogative—that is all.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

SOME WOMEN OPPONENTS OF SUFFRAGE. It has always seemed to me so against nature and reason for any woman to oppose the political enfranchisement of her sex, that I have pondered much over the possible underlying reasons that have led some women to rush into print with a rebash of the often-refuted, worn-out masculine arguments against woman suffrage, through which they have gained a temporary notoriety! And really, the only answer my mental queries have received from my reason is the echo of the word "notoriety."

Women like Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, Julia Fletcher (Geo. Fleming), Mrs. D. T. Whitney, Kate Gannett Wells, Clara Leonard, and Miss M. A. Hardaker, all intellectually superior women of brilliant talent, who individually often gave the lie to their own definitions of "woman's sphere," by appearing unabashed before the public in various capacities; have persisted in degrading as unwomanly and unbecoming any attempt of their sex to participate in the governmental affairs which vitally concern the well being of that sex. These remonstrants, while declaring with Mrs. Leonard that woman's place is in the background, in the home, whence she should be content to "sway and govern men," not directly, through the honest expression of her opinion, but "by those gentle influences designed by the Creator to soften and subdue man's ruder nature," have not hesitated to accept for themselves public positions from which even some men would shrink.

One would naturally suppose that a woman opposed, on the ground of its weakness, to the idea of her sex taking so simple a part in politics as the silent expression of a political wish or opinion through the instrumentality of the ballot, that "Weapons which come down as still As snowflakes fall upon the sod, Yet execute the freeman's will, As lightning does the will of God," would at least hesitate about accepting for herself any public position, or making any public expression in print or on the platform, of her personal opinions on any subject whatever, and especially on so political a subject as that of the ballot. Yet when we inquire into the history of those women whose utterances against the political enfranchisement of their sex is on record, we are surprised to find that personally they have rather sought for than evaded the publicity they profess to think so prejudicial to "all the sweet womanly virtues."

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the English remonstrant who is now between sixty and seventy years of age, who is the author of many brilliant novels, some of them, such as "Under Which Lord?" and other works of decidedly radical tendencies, and who did not hesitate to stand fire as the writer of "The Girl of the Period" articles, nor fear to enter into polemical contest with Gladstone himself, is surely not the right woman to advise women generally to keep in their spheres, and out of politics. I may say further, that she is described to me by one who knows her, as "a fine high-bred woman, in excellent health, large, assertive, and not at all sentimental or spirituelle." It was added that she and her husband, W. J. Linton, also a writer of note, get along most harmoniously when farthest apart, and they generally manage to keep in this harmonious condition. Another who opposes woman's suffrage in the reviews and magazines, is the eccentric author of "Kismet," "The Truth About Clement Kerr," and other works. Miss Julia Fletcher, whose pen name is a masculine one, "Geo. Fleming." She is, I think, the daughter of Rev. J. C. Fletcher formerly U. S. Minister to Brazil, and a traveller, author and lecturer of some note. Miss Fletcher has lived abroad most of her life, and while preaching to her sister women about the limitations of sex, seems herself willing to pose in unique roles before the public eye, and to try her own power and possibilities in various new directions.

Kate Gannett Wells of Boston, is one of the most active and virulent of the opponents of suffrage for her sex, mainly on the ground that women's home duties necessarily take all their time, so that they have no time to discuss or understand political questions. Yet Mrs. Wells herself, although a good wife and mother, is said to be a member of fourteen different societies, holding office in many of them and attending most of the meetings, besides finding time to write articles against woman suffrage, to attend all the "hearings" given the "remonstrants" by the Massachusetts Legislature, write novels, and prepare and deliver lectures before the public on many subjects. Certainly, she is not speaking for herself when she pleads woman's home duties as an obstacle in the way of the elective franchise. And now that she is a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, appointed thereto by a governor who believes in woman suffrage, any further remonstrance from her against the assumption by women of political duties will come with very bad grace, indeed.

The readers of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's encouraging stories for girls in which she extols all brave and daring ventures on their part, and teaches them lessons of self-respect and self-dependence would never dream that she herself, a prominent person (before the reading public, at least), could be brought to

publicly protest against a "like liberty for all" women, as she takes for herself, the liberty of thinking and acting for themselves, or expressing their thought by the act of voting.

Mrs. Clara T. Leonard, of Massachusetts, one of the fairest and soundest reasoners on the wrong side of the woman question, grows specially pathetic when showing the good influence of woman in the home and how divine and heavenly is her mission of wife and mother, which, according to Mrs. Leonard's written and spoken theory, must preclude all participation by this ideal woman in public work, especially politics. But like the other remonstrants, Mrs. Leonard didn't include herself in speaking of her sex, for even while she wrote thus, in addition to the "divine influence" she was exerting in her home, she was writing articles against woman's suffrage, sending remonstrances to the State Legislature, doing excellent work as a member of the State Board of Charities, visiting pauper institutions and making out full reports of their condition, and she even had such supreme faith in her own judgment as an individual—though "yet a woman"—that she dared engage in a public discussion in regard to one of these institutions with the Supreme Executive of the State, disagreeing with the governor himself. Husbands, sons, and brothers, according to her theory, could best represent the average woman of Massachusetts, but she asked no male relative to represent her in her controversy with Gov. Ben. Butler in the Tewksbury affair.

Miss M. A. Hardaker, whose strong, well-written articles on "Brain and Sex" arguing against the intellectual equality of women with men, published in the North American Review, and Popular Science Monthly, aroused much earnest discussion of the question, was a woman who personally never doubted her own intellectual equality with any man, nor had she any need to. Diametrically opposed on almost every subject, as she and I were, yet for two or three years before her death, we were intimate friends; though I must own that the friendship for me was the outcome of her earlier friendship for "the man of the house." She was in herself a refutation of all her libels on womanhood. There was nothing coarse grained about her, much that was brave, noble, self-dependent, even lovable. But she asked no favors, feared nothing, and scorned too much.

A slight, frail figure, weighing about one hundred pounds, a small, pale face, with square-set, receding jaws, dark-blue, beautiful, expressive eyes, an irradiating smile, a thrilling voice, an argumentative, judicial, self-possessed manner, a sweet coldness of tone—that was the woman who aroused hundreds of other women to anger. She aroused me to anger, too, while still I admired, loved—and was sorry for her. She did not love women—she was a favorite of men by reason of her frankly expressed admiration of them simply as men, though she greatly preferred intellectual men as her friends. But she dearly loved controversy; that was one of the claims I had upon her. I would not listen silently to her attacks, and I would not come to understand the mischievous gleam in the deep-blue eyes as she uttered some heresy about women, then hid her smiling face in mock deprecation in her small hands, as if to ward off my wrath after she had hurled her bomb. Sometimes her familiar tap was heard at our door at a late hour, as she was returning from some meeting or lecture which she was to write up for the next morning's Transcript before she went to bed. How often after describing to us her evening's experiences, she would quote in sweet, slow, scornful tones, Carlyle's words: "Fifty millions of people—mostly fools." A bright, independent, fearless little woman—quite the bravest woman I ever knew, brave even in the face of death, who won her way alone without money or influential friends. She was a student at Meadville Academy, a graduate and teacher at Rutgers, N. Y. Female College. She was given the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D., from two colleges. She earned money to carry her to Germany, where she taught for two years and studied German. She was a self-taught artist, and after her return to America, wrote art criticisms for several journals. She was first reporter, then editorial writer on the Boston Daily Transcript, a position which she held till the hour of her death. She was one of the founders of the Parker Memorial Science Class of Boston, Mass., where we first met her. She was an enthusiastic lover of Browning, Goethe, Bismarck, Haecel, Huxley and Darwin. The only woman I could bring her to acknowledge as being at all worth study, was "George Eliot." She wrote some of the most intellectual and brilliant editorials on her favorite subjects which ever appeared in the Transcript. I knew her unique and clear style so well that I always recognized her unsigned editorials, and generally spoke of them, but if I did not, she questioned me as to whether I had noticed them or not, for her self-appreciation was commensurate with her depreciation of most other women. In short she was in herself a refutation of her theories on the woman question, even to her interest in politics. I quite well remember meeting her immediately after Benj. F. Butler had been elected Governor of Massachusetts, an election to which she was much opposed. She began talking of it at once, seeming quite sure of my sympathy. "I just feel like sitting down and crying!" she said. "I am ashamed of Massachusetts; are not you?" The opportunity offered proved too strong for me. "I don't know what you mean," I said. "Don't you know that you have proved in the Popular Science Monthly, that women's brains weigh less than men's; that the smaller the person the less they eat and the less they know—and you must have a small brain." "The consensus of the competent" is against you, the brains of the community, the majority of the male voters, have put this man in, and having read your articles, I am constrained to believe that it is none of your or my business." She looked at me dubiously a moment; then she smiled, but made no reply.

The time is coming when "remonstrants" will be of the past, but history demands some little record of this transitional stage of the woman's movement and I have made this record in the hope that it will make some things clearer than they otherwise would be in relation to the phase of remonstrant petitions.

A STUDY OF MAN.

The Way to Health.

The volume with this title, just published by Robt. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, is philosophical in its nature, and is not a book that can be hastily read or judged. Its author, Dr. J. D. Buck, of this city, has no doubt labored on it for years. He has given in it the essence of mature experience and reflection, and also of that deeper insight of which every mind has a share, however difficult it may be to interpret and express. Many philosophical ideas are advanced concerning health and disease. "All evil passions and unworthy thought," the author says, "vitiate the bodily secretions, and in time mold the tissues so that re-

currance is automatic. If health in its broadest sense is harmony, then that harmony concerns body and mind, no less than body and vitality. Whenever intelligent human beings shall take as their motto to keep their minds clear as to keep their bodies clear, whenever they shall realize that even perfect health, noble powers, and splendid opportunities are but the beginning of real life on earth, then only will man have entered his birthright, and begun to improve himself. The mind as well as the body, and no less to the body politic. Everything possible is done to increase the predisposition to disease in the young by encouraging precocity and disregarding malformation. The best service of the best physician consists in teaching people how not to be sick. What man most needs is a knowledge of his own nature, and of the laws of nature that conduce to health of body and health of mind. There is no end of new remedies and new methods of compromise with disease, but there is far too little attention paid to the promotion and preservation of health, and toward this end, the mental conditions, habits of thought and ideals in life have quite as much to do as any mere bodily function. We need less of mind cure, and far more of mind health; we need higher ideals in life, pursued with more zeal; we need no concentration of energies on more noble purposes; we need mental exaltation that shall be able to see beyond self, and that shall be supported by health of body, and thus be capable of unwearying exercise, and not unsettle the reason, nor exhaust the heart's power. Dr. Buck has produced in this volume a remarkable review of advanced knowledge on the nature and destiny of human life. In biology, psychology and physiology it is a condensed treatise, able and useful to the general reader, and it is elevated and no one could read, or even be perused, without enlightened views without special instruction and general benefit.—Commercial Gazette, Cincinnati.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

SKETCHES OF THE SCIENTIFIC DISPENSATION OF A NEW RELIGION. By Singleton W. Davis, San Diego, Cal.

This 64 page pamphlet is above the common order. The author discusses the questions arising in the relation of a new religion to the old, in an able manner, and with praiseworthy tolerance. If, as he claims he composed the work, standing at the case, setting it in type, without first writing it certainly is a remarkable composition. He says a revolution is in progress; the combat between science and superstition is on, and the audience on the field of that which is knowable, and religion as a part of the knowable belongs to them. Wisdom is the redeemer, righteousness the savior. He thinks the evidence of immortality not yet scientifically demonstrative, but that it will be believed. Morality is the basis of religion, which is subject to the general law of evolution.

THE SAFE SIDE. A theistic refutation of the Divinity of Christ. By Richard M. Mitchell, Chicago: R. M. Mitchell, 6141 Stewart avenue, 1887, pp. 35.

Mr. Mitchell is a firm believer in God, in rational religion and in the immortality of the soul, but in the divinity of Christ he has no belief, and against this dogma he writes intelligently, earnestly and with considerable learning and ability. "The attention of Christians," he says "ought to be arrested by the solemn fact that the first step in worshipping Christ consists in defaming God. It cannot be shown how Christ is a savior without representing God to have made a partial failure. The united voice of Christian nations throughout the world is crying out that God was circumvented by an independent and inferior power, constitutes the greatest insult that man has ever offered to his Creator, and that insult has borne its natural fruit and been the greatest calamity that has ever befallen man."

The volume contains two chapters, the titles of which, such as "Guiding Nature of the Mental Faculties," "The Reasoning and Religious Faculties," "The Christian Religion," "Cause of the Confusion," "The Teachings of Christ," "Josephus," "St. Paul," "The Fourth Gospel," "Immortality," etc., give an idea of the scope of the work, remembering that it is written from a theistic and anti-Christian standpoint. The reasoning is clear and logical, the style direct and forcible, and the conclusions of a man whose opinion has been given carefully and patiently thought to religious subjects. Such thought is always entitled to respectful consideration whether we can always concur in it or not; and stamped with the author's individual peculiarities of expression and combination, such thought is often valuable to readers even though it has been presented as Mr. Mitchell's views in the main, certainly have been by other writers.

BEYOND THE GRAVE. A Dream. By John Franklin Clark. 34 pp. New York: American News Co., 65 cents.

This drama is written mostly in blank verse, and its scenes are laid partly on earth and partly in the "first supermundane sphere of earth." In the first scene the poet Edgar A. Poe is murdered in the streets of Baltimore. The murderer sees the angel of death, and the murderer himself. In succeeding scenes we are shown the condition and experience of the poet and his murderer in the spirit country. Poe is greeted by Tasso and Sappho, his spirit-father and mother and is reunited to his "Lost Lenore." The removal of the murderer, who is ministered unto by Aaron Burr, who is called a "gentle loving man," and who is forgiven by Poe, is depicted in strong colors. The drama concludes with the inspirational poem by Miss Lizzie Doten, in which Poe bids farewell to earth.

New Books Received.

What the Angels Came to Teach. The Spiritual Philosophy Condensed into a Nutshell. By Dean Clarke.

Creation of the World; a short essay on the Life of Christ. New York: Fowler & Wells.

From Purdy Publishing Co., Chicago, the following: My Progress in Christian Science. By Eleve. Price, 25 cents.

Life is Worth Living. By Eleve. Price, 25 cents. Truths that I have Treasured. By Susan Wood Burnham. Price, 50 cents.

Condensed Thoughts about Christian Science. By Dr. William H. Holcombe. Price, 25 cents.

Peripetetic Theory of Physical Existence and its Sequel preliminary to Cosmology and Philosophy proper. By George Stearns. Hudson, Mass.: Published by the author. Price, \$2.00.

Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee. A study in the evolution of the wages system. By Nicholas Rains Gilman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.75.

Spiritual Evidence. By Frank Sweet. Kirksville, Mo.: Published by the author. Price, 25 cents.

Essays, Religious, Social, Political. By David Atwood Wesson. With a Biographical Sketch by O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$1.25.

The Stalwarts; or Who Were to Blame? A novel portraying Fifty Years of American History. By Frances Maria Norton, the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau. Chicago: Published by the author. Price, \$1.50.

Henderson's American Farmer's Manual for this season is out and contains a comprehensive and useful list of grasses, plants, cereals and root crops together with a great deal of useful information on agricultural subjects. It will be mailed free to any address by Peter Henderson & Co., New York City.



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 30, 1889.

Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Mediumism.

To those who regard Spiritualism as a branch of natural science to be pursued after the common sense methods of research, the advice of Herr Lucian Pusch, in Light of Dec. 22, 1888, will indeed be a warning, though not in the sense intended by him or his translator from the Neue Spirituelle Blatter.

In this instance "silence gives consent," is taken by the medium in a literal sense. It may be said that mediums find too much credulity in place of the opposite phase of the mental disposition.

Herr Pusch holds some extraordinary views on the subject of magnetism. He says: "Persons who only look for table-tilting have no idea of the importance of the magnetic chain of hands upon the table, and that the latter is necessary to establish a magnetic connection between human beings and the vegetable world; that is between human magnetism and that of plants; therefore, for magnetizing a table, as it is of wood, a piece of wood may be laid from one table to another and held; by which means the magnetic fluid necessary to the material manifestations of the spirits is set free to act upon the nerves of the mediums."

In the above quotation there does not appear to be the faintest recognition of the fact that the nervous system of the medium is the gateway between the two worlds, if for a moment we allow ourselves to regard them as separate. It may be said with every indication of truth that the animal magnetic or polar stuff originating from the medium, and possibly the sitters in the circle also, is the vehicle for the manifestation of the will of the spirit in terms of material energy; but to say that the magnetism comes from elsewhere, and acting on the nerves of the medium enables the spirits to manifest themselves, is simply to invert the order of nature and prevent any scientific investigation of the subject from the side of physiology.

Herr Pusch has changed his views regarding the use of hypnotism in the development of mediums; he now believes that "mediums may be developed by magnetizing as well as by table sittings." He advises caution in the use of hypnotism as injurious to the eyes, a statement which may pass without

contradiction since on occasions the accommodation of the eye is affected by straining and hard gazing during the process. But what is implied when it is said that "hypnotism is similar to magnetism"? No attempt is made by Herr Pusch to trace this similarity.

Magnetism involves the presence and operation of polar force; hypnotism the existence or production of a special kind of nervous sleep.

The term development is used to cover the establishment of the sensitive state in an orderly and coherent manner, whereby distinctive psychological laws can individually manifest themselves, without mutual interference and apparent contradiction. Now, whether this characteristic condition be brought about most easily and satisfactorily by hypnotism or mesmerism or by patiently waiting for results in a spirit circle, is a matter which is determined by the individual case itself and is, therefore, but understood after its actual occurrence. There is no doubt but that hypnotism in the hands of those who understand it is a most certain method of establishing fixed conditions of the nervous system which are necessary to the manifestation of all the results of suggestion from the ordinary side of impression, but how far what is known to the physiological expert as the hypnotic state resembles the condition of the medium through whom an extramundane intelligence is expressing itself, is in the present stage of our knowledge a matter of speculation grounded on analogy.

It would appear as a true and logical inference that the function of the medium is, in its essential features, that of the translation of impressions, which the sensitive state enables him to select from the heterogeneous mass of psychical impacts which are constantly assailing the nervous organism, supposing we are surrounded by spirits. The resonator is used in acoustic studies to pick out from a confused babel of sounds, the note to which it itself vibrates, being specially prepared for the purpose, and, therefore, exclusive of other notes. So it is in a measure with mediums. We must never forget that spirit is only known by its manifestations, and that, therefore, we can never expect to obtain from a man now dead, as the saying is, whom we once knew on earth, more than we got from him then—but rather less—and that was only the signs of the presence of a spirit; therefore, when we say that the medium is a translator into the language which we can understand, of special signs, which he is capable of appreciating, we do not in any way derogate from the dignity of spirit communions by attempting to place it side by side and in the front rank with true psychological processes, which we do to a greater or less extent understand.

When we say that the results of hypnotism are produced by suggestion, we imply by that term the condition which starts the physical chain of events which culminates in a certain mental state or physical act. Here, though the suggestion comes from without, the physical forces are provided by the vital economy of the subject upon whom the suggestion acts. When, on the other hand, the subject is in mesmeric or magnetic rapport with the operator, the latter may do the thinking, feeling, or willing, and the physical forces of the medium's organism are guided through the pre-established harmony of the two nervous systems, so as to have the same result as those of the operator, without the conscious picture which the spoken word offers to be filled in by the hypnotized subject.

The suggestion in the first instance effects what is due to the rapport in the second. The compound being in the second case in which one part is active and the other passive, is the strict analogue of that condition which obtains in the hypnotic state when that interpenetrating unity which is the basis of personality or individuality is thrown into abeyance, leaving the pseudo real, i.e., that which is believed to be real and true, at the mercy of any artificial or fortuitous physical combinations determined by the suggestion, however outré or impossible. Spiritualism loses nothing by taking its proper place as a science and adapting to its requirements the methods of the better understood departments of natural knowledge. A spirit being to all intents and purposes a man, acts upon a man on earth in some way analogous to that in which men on earth act upon one another. If we call the action through rapport and the old-fashioned mesmerism hetero-magnetism, and the action through suggestion or self-manipulation, auto-magnetism, we can provisionally call the action of a spirit upon a mortal psycho-magnetism, being guided to this classification by the light of analogy, leaving it entirely an open question, as beyond our present capacity, how one spirit acts upon another outside the limitations of earth life.

Experience shows us that mediums, who are presumably acted upon by spirits, behave as if what we have provisionally termed psycho-magnetism partook at one time of the nature of auto-mesmerism or hypnotism, the spirit acting by suggestion, while at another time the influence corresponded to hetero-magnetism or mesmerism, the spirit acting by influx. The mental condition of the medium during manifestations is the best guide as to which category the spirit influence should be referred to. A certain amount of confirmation of the accuracy of these views is furnished by the consideration of the extreme case, in which mediums of the highest type are impressed to the performance of remarkable acts or the exposition of new truths without any recognition of the slight-

est interference with their own identity. This type of mediumship, which, with genius, seems most difficult to bring within the range of a general theory, according to the above explanation would correspond to the most normal form of suggestion.

We thus see that mesmerism, hypnotism and mediumism are included under one general class, and that magnetism is the physical expression of the law of polarity, under which form spirit always manifests its activity, and to which form the instrumentation of animal intelligence is obliged to conform.

The above remarks may be taken as an indirect argument, from analogy, in favor of the spiritual hypothesis.

Shall Religion be Taught in the Public Schools?

The "God in-the-Constitution" movement was at first ridiculed as an effort of cranks, who would have small following, and the intelligence of the American people was relied on to prevent any harmful growth of the so-called "reform." But it has been proved that however intelligent certain classes may be, the larger class is too ignorant or indolent to think, and are blindly led; or, if informed, they are swayed by superstition fostered by their education. This movement has entered the political field through sumptuary legislation; not that its leaders cared so much for the temperance cause, but it furnished a means for requiring the observance of Sunday. If they could close the saloons on Sunday, it would give them a precedent and the day might then be hedged in other directions. They express great pity and the deepest commiseration for the working men, and demand a day of rest for them. A day of rest is excellent and necessary for the health and continued life of the working man, but he ought to be allowed liberty to enjoy himself on that day as he pleases. The "reformers" would give him no Sunday paper; they would close public libraries and places of amusement; they would make it a crime for him to go to the sea shore or into the forest; they would compel him to attend church or remain idly at home. If he attend church, there will be no seat offered him among those who have grown wealthy by his toil. The working men are too well informed to be deceived by this zeal, which thus conceals its insidious attack on the liberty of conscience.

The "reformers" have grown strong, and if those who rest in popular intelligence and supinely trust in that confidence, will take in the whole situation, they will find sufficient cause for alarm. It is not an effort of religious fanatics in this country alone, but a well organized, determined and persistent effort, which is being pushed in all Christian countries. It matured in the secret sessions of the Evangelical Alliance, and sprang into active life fostered by the clergy everywhere. The same urgency in enforcing Sunday observance and making the nation obedient to God is seen in England as well as in the United States. Even in far off Australia, there has been formed a National Scripture-Education League which has opened an aggressive warfare on the liberal tendencies of the people of these colonies. This League makes the same demand that is made in this country by the "reformers," it wants God conspicuously recognized by the law of the land. It is fearful he will be forgotten or dishonored. It wants the Bible made a textbook in the schools, where religion must be taught, and it demands laws compelling the observance of Sunday. With an insolence paralleled by our own theorists, it proposes to make a test question for candidates at the coming election; and it does so by the most insidious wording of its manifesto, only equaled in priestly cunning by the Blair Bill. Precisely as here, temperance, education and pretended zeal for morality are made to cover the stealthy attack on liberty of conscience. The cry goes forth that our system of education is godless, christless, and the souls of the children are lost for want of religious instruction. If it be objected that religion is imperfect, the reply is made that it is better to have an imperfect system than none at all. What system shall it be?

The Evangelical sects, while pressing this scheme of aggrandizement, do not fathom the motives of Catholicism which urges them on. Why do the Catholics desire the Protestant Bible and Protestant religion in the public schools? They will not allow their children to attend, and after paying their tax for the maintenance of such schools, support their own.

In far-seeing diplomacy, history records the fact that Rome stands at the head, and none of her cunning has been lost. Well do the Catholics know that when the barrier is once broken down, and religion introduced into the schools, the momentous question will arise, "What religion?" Then there will be a conflict which can only end by a division of the spoils. We cannot fashion a National Religion. The diverse Protestant sects cannot be blended. Even the Evangelical Churches cannot be united, and the Unitarians, Free Religionists and Universalists on the one hand, and the Catholics on the other, can never be amalgamated. There will be a struggle for supremacy, and a division which will be the destruction of our system of public schools.

The JOURNAL says to the Protestant theorists who are howling against our "godless" schools: Have a care, else the whole structure fall in pieces. If you want the bible introduced, so be it, but allow other sacred books to be read also: The Zend Avesta, the Vedas, and the writings of Confucius, that

by comparison the best of each may be selected. With Jehovah, place Ammon and Osiris, Appollo and Janus, and select the most ennobling. We shall then have as an outgrowth, a comparative religion, better than the elements which give it birth, by the breadth and depth of the intelligence of the present age. Then shall there be no religious instruction in the public schools? That depends on what is meant by religion. If religion means Bible reading and exposition, the enforcement of the belief that this book is the infallible word of God, and that salvation depends on acceptance, the JOURNAL most emphatically declares that there should not be. But such a conception of religion is as out of place in the present day as an Egyptian mummy would be if seated at a feast.

The JOURNAL would have religion taught in the schools; that moral sense awakened which is devotion to the right and the true, which reads God's word on the bending arch of the sky and the rugged mountains overlooking the sea; which reads the highest commands of all in lives consecrated to duty, and bearing the burdens imposed by necessity of time and place. Let the pupils be taught that to be just, honorable, true of heart, unselfish, and loving is as essential to education as the knowledge of mathematics. Such morality should be assimilated and made a part of character, because essential to right living, and not because of any expected gain in another life or because commanded in a book.

Suggestive Experiment.

There has been reported to the Christian Metaphysician for March two interesting experiments. It objects from the account given that the object was to test whether seed life and plant life generally were responsive to mental and magnetic treatments. One of the operators was desirous of showing profane farmers that their thoughts did affect their crops. This experiment suggests a rich, but slightly explored field for thoughtful investigation. It has moral if not therapeutic value. It shows man still "his dominion" over the lower orders of life and hints at his royal power.

The first experiment was the planting of one hundred oats in each of two boxes, all conditions being exactly equal. This was done on February 1st. Box No. 1 was encouraged, and No. 2 was discouraged.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Box No. 1, Box No. 2. Rows show growth of sprouts over time from Feb 7th to Feb 16th.

and to the end of the experiment (several days) no more came in the box which was "discouraged." The stalks in the encouraged were taller and stronger. Second experiment was with three boxes of wheat. No. 1 was encouraged; No. 2 left to its natural growth; No. 3 was discouraged; all other conditions identical.

Fifth day a few sprouts appeared in No. 1 none in the others; seventh day No. 1, 41; No. 2, 30; No. 3, 24. Eighth day No. 1 had 81 sprouts, in No. 2, 42; No. 3, 45. The tallest sprouts in No. 1 were double the height of any in either the others. Ninth day, No. 1, 110; No. 2, 55; No. 3, 56. After that time comparison was made by measuring. It was noticed that on cloudy days Nos. 2 and 3 always grew faster than wheat in No. 1, but on sunny days No. 1 always grew fastest. After several days of sunshine No. 1 averaged three-quarters of an inch higher than No. 2, and one and a half inches taller than No. 3, showing that the encouraging and discouraging efforts had the same potency. The wheat crop was much too heavy for the earth in the little boxes and could not get far to ward maturity, but it spoke its word in its short life, and "a word to the wise..."

In conclusion the Metaphysician says: "In view of these results with inanimate life, what power may our thoughts have over the 'birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the beasts of the forest?' Who can doubt that 'as a man thinketh in his heart so is he?' Thoughts change the face of earth and move the forces of heaven. "Right thought and spiritual understanding are the monarchs of finite causation. Yea, the softest breathings of the tiniest babe may sweeten and glorify the moral atmosphere of a nation."

The Devil.—No. 2.

Elsewhere we publish the second article on the "Devil." His evolution as presented is growing in interest. We are glad, at least, to get an insight into the organization of the Standard Oil Combination. It presents features which will command the interest of thoughtful minds, whether they accept the conclusions yet to be developed by this correspondent, or not. He has fearlessly launched into a field which is yet to be marked for good or evil. We are merely an interested looker-on; that is all, until we know more of the facts. That the Standard Oil Company is a power, a fearful power, all know. That it has accomplished results, as the world goes, is equally true. That it has marked out a principle, which is unique in application, is also true. But here we must stop until better informed.

Gerald Massey's daughter, aged 19, passed to spirit life March 3rd. At the time of her death Mr. Massey was expecting to go on a lecturing tour throughout the country, but this bereavement compelled him to cancel his many engagements and return home at once.

Spiritual Relations.

In her Impressions et Souvenirs George Sand says: "There are times when I escape from myself, when I live in the plant, when I exist in the grass, bird, nodding tree, cloud, running water, horizon, color, and the most changeable undefined shifting of sensations or forms—times when I run, or fly, or swim, or drink the dew, or open myself out into the sunshine, or sleep under the leaves, or soar with the lark, or crawl with the lizard, or shine with the star or the glow-worm. In a word, when I live in the center of existence and feel all things as a development or dilation of my own being."

Her fine-strung and responsive soul vibrated to every chord of nature, felt all life, sympathized with all experience, and went out so far that it might almost be said to "extend through all extent." Feeling so much, her wealth of expression was great, and hence came beauty and power as a word-painter of life and character. Something of all that she felt in these high moods was in her, as we are all microcosmic. The soul is the universe, holds and reflects all as the dew drop does the sun. Souls like hers are more delicate and more fully developed, hence feel more and go out further. Thus she seemed to herself "to live in the center of existence." Not alone the world of nature around us, but the Spirit-world is open to such souls; the angels are near them, even if they know it not. Inspiration and mediumship are theirs. George Eliot said: "In my best moods a something not myself seems to write." Tides of spiritual life from supernal intelligences swept through her, uplifting and enlarging her thought and life.

An Extraordinary Dream.

The Gazette, Janesville, Wis., relates the following: "A girl at Hackney, aged 19, with her two brothers and a younger sister, were left in charge of the house while their parents attended a funeral in the country. In the evening the girl's sweetheart called. As she was alarmed at noises which she fancied she heard, he stayed at the house all night to reassure her. During the night he dreamed that he saw the girl walk past him, beckoning him to follow. He awoke, and becoming alarmed went into the passage. Having dressed, he went to the door of the girl's room and knocked. Receiving no answer, he then woke the others. On the bedroom door being opened the girl was found lying on the floor with blood issuing from her mouth. From a doctor's examination it would seem that the girl died at about the time that her sweetheart dreamed she beckoned him."

"A Psychological Case."

On another page appears an interesting case embodied in an article under the above heading, copied from the Globe Democrat. An eastern friend well known as an able essayist and journalist, in calling our attention to it says: "It is literally true, and of myself. I have at last one positive datum incontrovertible, of an intelligence interfering through a dream. It saved my life." Were we to give his name it would be familiar to college men and literary people generally.

It appears from Chambers' Journal that the medical art in China is mysterious and empirical. The medical profession is regulated by rules almost the opposite of those which prevail in England. In China the doctor receives a fixed salary as his patient is in good health. If the patient falls ill the doctor's pay is stopped until a cure is effected. In England a sick person usually tries to assist the doctor by explaining the symptoms of the case. In China this would be considered an insult to the doctor. The doctor may feel the patient's pulse, examine the skin, and look at his tongue, but he may ask no questions. He is then expected to diagnose the disease from which the sick man is ailing and to prescribe a remedy. The medicine prescribed is usually cheap and nasty; but some drugs are high priced; and there are certain precious stones which are believed to be of wonderful efficacy in curing diseases. One of these expensive prescriptions consists of costly ingredients. White and red coral, rubies or jacinth, pearls, emery, musk, with one or two earths in special quantities, are crushed into powder, and rolled into pills with gum and rose water, and coated with goldleaf. This unique medicine is reported to be an infallible cure for small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and all diseases which arise from blood poisoning and break out in cutaneous eruptions. The strengthening properties of the preparation are said to be quite remarkable. The Jesuits who flourished in China in the early part of the present imperial dynasty, affirm that they have seen men snatched from the last convulsions of death by its judicious use.

"Hunter" relates the following in the Sentinel, Milwaukee, Wis.: "I was interested in reading in Saturday's Sentinel the account of a strange dream which, though similar is still perhaps no more remarkable than one I myself experienced. I am a hunter and have a faithful dog named Bruno. One night last fall I dreamed that I was starting out on a hunt, but that Bruno refused to go with me, whereupon I, in sudden anger, shot the poor fellow through the head. Early next morning I shouldered my gun intending to go on a hunt and called the dog as usual. Imagine my surprise when he would not come but crouched down whining as if afraid, and raised one paw as though to protect his head. Then it all flashed upon me. Bruno and I had dreamed the same thing."

The Existence of a God.

"I question whether or not it is possible for man and the human intellect ever to stand without the possibility of a doubt with reference to God. I never saw an argument tending to prove the existence of God that did not need another argument to uphold the first. Reason tries to show God and fails. It is the heart that perceives God, but doubt will ever remain on the part of the understanding."

These words, says the Tribune, were uttered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas from the pulpit of the People's Church last Sunday morning as the climax of a profound line of reasoning. They created a decided sensation in the congregation. The place was crowded to the doors, the balconies were filled to overflowing, and in the auditorium there was barely standing room. The popular pastor was at his best. He had selected an inspiring text as his theme, and an immense congregation was present to encourage him. Once or twice during the course of his sermon, while developing philosophical lines of argument, he had treaded on ground perilously near the skeptical, and had uttered words pregnant with free thought doctrines; but not until he delivered the words quoted had he flung out so bold and radical a statement. It was in all respects a most remarkable sermon, one which will doubtless call forth numerous criticisms from the clergy.

Dr. Thomas's text was taken from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, where the Apostle says:

"Which things we speak, not in the words in which man's wisdom teacheth but which the spirit teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

"Dr. Thomas began by calling attention to the fact that for centuries the movement of the human mind had been mainly outward, hence the progress of the world had been along the lines of great discoveries and inventions and creation of industries. The perceptive or outward looking powers of the mind were called into action more than the reflective. Man had thought away from himself rather than about himself, hence material knowledge had been emphasized more than the spiritual. But from this outward reach the thought of man was returning and the methods of this return movement were seen in several directions. The great activity in material studies had found a new field and impetus in the physiology and chemistry of the body of man; in the appearance of several forms of ancient thought, as in Theosophy, Christian Science, and the occult mysticism of India. But there was still another indication in the less gross and material interpretation put on the doctrines of religion.

"What means this great return movement?" went on Dr. Thomas. "What means this great wave of spiritual change? It exists, none dare dispute the fact, and it must be taken into account. Fifty years ago it would have been considered gross infidelity, shock ing skepticism, to put any other than a literal interpretation on the resurrection of the body. Intelligent men believed as strongly as they believed in their own existence that the resurrection of man meant the coming together again of man's body, bone, and flesh. But to-day one would have to look far and wide for a man who believes that this gross body laid in the grave will come up again. The same is true of the present understanding of hell and future punishment. Not one of our modern ministers believes that this literally resurrected man is to be cast into a material hell of fire, with a clang ing of chains, everlasting misery, and sufferings infinite. These same ministers are already declaring that they never held such a belief. The time is doubtless coming also when they'll deny that such a belief was ever thought of."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Bundy has gone East for a brief vacation. He spent last Sunday in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Young Peoples' Spiritual Society holds its Third Masque of the season at Lincoln Hall, 272-4 Thirty-first St., Tuesday evening, March 26th.

Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton will remove to 482 Washington Boulevard, April 1st, where she will be glad to see her friends. She will hold meetings, Thursday and Sunday evenings.

Goldwin Smith has a two column letter in the London Times declaring, with his accustomed vigor, that Canada will be ruined unless she obtains commercial reciprocity with the United States.

Miss E. A. Southworth, who has been made Assistant Mycologist at Washington, is said to be the first woman to receive an appointment to a scientific post at Washington. Her speciality is fungoid growths.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has given \$25 to the fund for the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Texas, because of "General Grant's kindly feelings toward the Southern people, though they were once his enemies."

Rev. J. H. Palmer of Lansing, Michigan, gave us a call en route to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he preached in the Universalist Church last Sunday. Mr. Palmer is one of the progressive earnest preachers of the day.

Ex-Secretary of State Bayard will shortly return from Washington with his family to his old home, Delaware place, in West Wilmington, Delaware. He will retire from public life altogether and confine himself to his law practice.

Vicksburg, Mich. Spiritualists and Religious Association would have all mediums who are going to attend the camp meeting at Frazer's Grove, August 8 to September 2, and desire to have their names put on the bills, to respond at once. Address Mrs. Emily P. Denning, Se'y, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Julia Ward Howe Birth-day Book, arranged and edited by Laura E. Richards, is one of the prettiest of its class. It has a portrait of Mrs. Howe, and is otherwise illustrated. Mrs. Richards is a daughter of Mrs. Howe and peculiarly fitted to select the choicest of her mother's writings. It is daintily gotten out by Lee & Shepard of Boston; A. C. McClurg's & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.00.

The Herald of New Britain, Conn., says: "Miss Kittie Manning, only daughter of Fred Manning, a farmer of Halsey Valley, Tioga county, N. Y., apparently died on Friday, March 1, after an illness of four weeks, from heart disease, but she has not yet been buried. The corpse lies upon a couch in the parlor, very life-like in appearance, with the lips and cheeks red and the body showing other indications that a spark of life may possibly still remain. On Wednesday last a number of the neighbors and friends gathered at the house, and short funeral services were held, during which the prostrate girl upon the couch seemed as one sleeping."

"Mediums and Mediumship" was the subject of Miss Emma J. Nickerson's morning address in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., and in the evening she spoke on "Art and Artists." In the evening the lecture was prefaced by the reading of a poem on "Genius," and closed by improvising some beautiful poems. Mrs. Case sang several spiritual selections. Miss Nickerson is engaged as regular speaker for the First Spiritual Society in Springfield, Mass., for the months of March, April and May. She will also lecture at New London, Conn., March 31st; Watervliet and Lynn, Mass., April 1st and 21st. She can be addressed for engagements after the above dates, at 167 Spring street, Springfield, Mass.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Ella A. Dole of 51 N. Sheldon St., is obliged to give up her ministrations to the public for the present, on account of throat trouble. We hope this needed rest will fully restore her in a short time, as she is one of the excellent mediums that we can ill afford to lose. Mrs. Dole has been before the public for some years, and has always been a medium that we have had no hesitation in recommending to both the investigator and the sorrowing heart that needs consolation and evidence of the continuity of life and return of the loved one. Thousands have gone from the séance-room uplifted and with a new purpose in life. We hope to soon be able to announce that Mrs. Dole has returned to her work with renewed energy and strength.

SEPARATION OF INSANE PATIENTS.

Need of Another Asylum in the State of Illinois.

The following communication copied from the Chicago Tribune of the 19th touches upon a matter of vital interest to all, not only in Illinois but everywhere. The writer speaks like one who has given the subject serious and intelligent study. On every hand may be heard the most imperative reasons for separating the insane criminal class from other insane people. Let it be done at once in the interests of the State, and of humanity. We should be glad to hear from Dr. Kilbourne, the efficient superintendent of the Elgin Insane Asylum; also Dr. Jocelyn who is in charge of Dr. Patterson's private asylum at Batavia, upon this subject. Dr. Dewey of the Kankakee, Ill., asylum has expressed himself as in hearty sympathy with the new bill, and thought it should become a law:

In Illinois as in other States the prison preceded the insane asylum by many years. Convicts when they became insane could only be disposed of by putting them away in some corner of the penitentiary. As the contractor could make nothing out of their labor they were allowed to rot away unheeded. When provision was first made for the crazy convicts of Alton or Joliet were transferred to what was unthinkingly supposed to be the best place for them. That custom has been followed ever since, in the face of growing protests, till there are now in Illinois insane asylums sixty-five inmates who were sent there from the State prisons. In addition to these there are forty-five who, being tried for various crimes, were found to have been crazy at the time of committing them. There are also 140 persons, chiefly of the criminal class, who have been found to have homicidal or dangerous tendencies. Thus the population of an asylum is as diversified as that of a great city. There are delicate and refined men and women whose madness is as gentle as themselves. There are old and trained criminals—thieves, murderers, and robbers, evil of mind and foul of speech. In the city, however, these classes keep apart. In the asylum they are forced into daily contact with one another, a contact which does not better the insane criminals, but shocks or corrupts the decent people who have to associate with them.

The criminal when insane remains essentially what he was, except that his madness deprives him of much of his power to hide his evil traits. He has proved to be the most demoralizing of elements in the asylum. His habits shock the innocent men and women who are confined with him. He is perpetually plotting an escape, and often succeeds, sometimes leaving alone, sometimes taking others with him. Thus freed he roams the country with his evil instincts unabated, and stripped merely of that prudence which once taught him that murder was something to be resorted to only at the last extremity. It is impossible to guard an asylum as vigilantly as Joliet is watched; hence there is no time when there are not one or more of those blood-thirsty madmen, to whom fear and pity are alike unknown, wandering over the State.

This is the danger which the present sys-

tem entails on outsiders. That is a little thing, however, compared with the outrage on the rights of the non-criminal insane. Some, in discussing this matter, have spoken of the demands of sympathy. It is better to discard that, and speak of the demands of justice. Justice requires that the insane who have become the wards of the State shall be decently clothed, fed and housed, and that where their condition is such that cure is possible nothing should be left undone to heal them. The justice which dictates this demands that the virtuous and the moral insane, whose minds though clouded are still pure, shall not be forced to consort daily with foul-mouthed brutes, the mere sight of whom is defiling. As well might the cases of infectious disease in a hospital be carefully distributed among the other wards. It has been attempted to pen up these criminals and isolate them from the others, but the attempt has always proved a failure.

The time has come at last when it is possible to end this shameful and repulsive herding together of the insane without meeting the opposition of the economists and those who are blind to the rights of others. It is generally admitted that Illinois must have another insane asylum. The number of madmen in the State is so great as to demand it. It is more than probable that the present General Assembly would under any circumstances make an appropriation therefor. Consequently the Legislature can do no wiser, more humane thing than to pass the bill introduced early in the session by Mr. Ireland, providing for the erection and management of an asylum especially designed for insane criminals, with a capacity of 300 patients. When it is built those for whom it is designed will be removed there from the institutions where they now are and their vacant places will be filled by those now stowed away in county almshouses or suffered to roam at large.

It has been suggested that these criminal insane be housed within the walls of the penitentiary, where they can get what doctoring they need and at the same time be well guarded. The fatal objection to that is that it has been tried and found wanting. The outcry against the union of the innocent and guilty insane forced New York to provide shelter for the latter at a penal institution. That has just been given up, for it was found that the only way to deal with these madmen, if they were not to be chained up in cells, was to set them to working the ground. They can be trusted at agriculture and nothing else. It does them good. Hence the asylum must have land about it and the prison idea must be abandoned.

Can any legislator doubt the propriety of passing this bill? If he has doubts let him visit any insane asylum and have those doubts dispelled. The insane are unable to petition. They have no votes to make them influential. They can not demand their rights. Therefore it is all the more the duty of the Legislature to see that they are not deprived of them, and that an abominable system, discarded by States which are not so backward as Illinois, be not introduced here. They are more thoughtful of the rights of others and better informed as to the question under discussion, shall be abandoned here.

GENERAL NEWS:

George Baxter was fined \$100 and costs at Keokuk, Iowa, for violating the postal laws.—L. D. Bright of Winamac, Ind., was arrested on a charge of sending obscene writings through the mails.—The San Francisco Turn Verein has decided to send a team to the prize contest of the American Turnerbund in Cincinnati next June.—Everett Thrasher of Atwood Ill., was held in \$500 bail on a charge of shooting six times at and wounding James Fitzpatrick.—Mailing Clerk Mahan of the Denver (Iowa) postoffice was caught in the act of robbing the mails and plaid under arrest.—Jesse Reese, a negro, stabbed and killed George Morris, a negro, at Cairo, Ill., in a quarrel about a woman. Reese is at large.—J. H. Heinenkamp, a well-to-do farmer of Mount Vernon, Ind., was accidentally pushed out of a wagon by a drunken man and killed.

Passed to Spirit-Lite.

Passed to spirit life, Elitha Carter, on the morning of March 16th, from the residence of his son, near Walnut, Grayford Co., Kansas. Born in Palmyra, Ontario Co., N. Y., August 28th, 1814, and was nearly 75 years of age, but had been a resident of Kansas over 20 years. He was a consistent and faithful member of the M. E. Church, and his friends and relatives who had preceded him.

On Thursday, March 10th, 1889, Mrs. Dr. J. F. Carter of Lama, N. Y., passed triumphantly away in the 76th year of her age. She was the loved wife of Dr. J. F. Carter, one of the best physicians in the country, and the prime mover in the origin of the Cassadaga Camp Meetings. In the room where her spirit took its flight her body was born into this world. At that same time her other Thomas soul was born; and there, too, her father and mother were translated born again. Mrs. Carter has been a firm Spiritualist for 42 years, and in that time saw her friends and children before, waiting to receive her. When barely able to articulate a word she pointed upward, and with a triumphant smile called her dear departed daughter's name; and passed peacefully away. She was a woman of rare qualities and endowments, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. Spiritualism was her light and joy through the varying scenes of this life and her comfort and strength at the hour of death. It is now to live by and it is blessed to die by. It is the light of life and the glory of death, as attested by thousands who, like Mrs. Carter, pass away in triumph leaving a smile of joy upon the lips of clay that shall never speak again. L. M. C. HOWE, Fredonia, N. Y.

Our readers should notice the Advertisement of J. L. Childs, Seedsman and Florist, Floral Park, N. Y., in this issue.

Mr. C. is one of the largest Seedsman in the country (or the world), and those who entrust their order to him are sure to be satisfied. His catalogue for the year is one of the most beautiful ever issued. The new Candle Cactus which he advertises is said to be a most curious and beautiful novelty.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla was the first successful blood medicine ever offered to the public. This preparation is still held in the highest public estimation both at home and abroad. Its miraculous cures and immense sales show this. Ask your druggist for it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Children and Pulmonary Troubles.

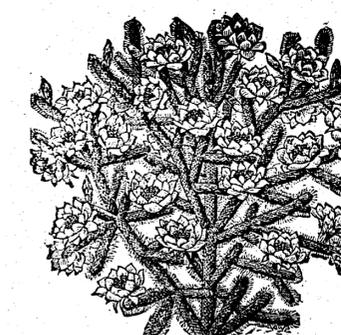
Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary troubles, and general debility, and have been astonished at the good results, and as a remedy for children with Rickets or Marasmus, it is unequalled."

Free to the Poor.

"Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic," advertised in another column, is given in all cases free to patients too poor to pay for same. A valuable treatise on nervous troubles is sent upon application, which contains the very highest testimonials of the tonic's merits, and if any one can prove that any one of these is not strictly bona fide, the company agrees to give \$100 to the nearest Orphan Asylum.

One of the most instructive books in its line, and one that should be read by every one who has a little patch of ground, is "Poultney for Profit," a book published by Daniel Ambrose, Chicago, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Twenty-five cents will secure the book, and will give as many dollars' instruction to any one who possesses it.

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



CANDLE CACTUS, SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

perme filling the air for a long distance. It grows and blooms freely all summer. For 60 cents we will mail one packet seed each of above five grand new flowers, together with our catalogue and another elegant novelty free. Our large catalogue, magnificently illustrated, with colored plates of Cactus, electric sorts and fine plants, is sent free on request. We offer all sorts of FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, RARE FRUITS, etc., including many rare and beautiful varieties. We will mail the following on receipt of price: 8 First Season Strawberries for 50c, best of all and fruits first year. 12 Moonflowers, White, Blue and Pink for..... 50 12 Extra Choice Mixed Gladiolus..... 25 25 Grand Pansy or Double Daisy Plants..... 60 25 Resurrection Plants (Very Curious)..... 25 25 Grand Pansy or Double Daisy Plants..... 60 50 Varieties Cactus Seed, mixed, per packet..... 25 25 Fruit and Vegetable Collection..... 25 flowering bulbs and 10 packets choice seeds for only 50 cents, post paid. WRITE AT ONCE AS THESE OFFERS WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN. Address: JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., New York.

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A STUDY OF MAN AND THE WAY TO HEALTH. BY J. D. BUCK, M. D.

The object of this work is to show that there is a modulus to nature and a divinity in man, and that the two are in essence one, and that therefore God and nature are not at cross-purposes. In pursuing the subject from its physical side only the barest outlines of physics and physiology have been attempted, sufficient, however, to show the method suggested and the line of investigation to be pursued. The writer has been for many years deeply interested in all that relates to human nature, or that penetrates in any way to the human suffering and increase the sum of human happiness. He has no peculiar views that he desires to impress on any one, but he believes that a somewhat different use of facts and materials already in our possession will give a deeper insight into human nature, and will secure far more satisfactory results than are usually attained. This treatise may be epitomized as follows: The cosmic form in which all things are created, and in which all things are a universal quality. Evolution and evolution express the two-fold process of the one law of development, corresponding to the two planes of being, the subjective and the objective. Consciousness is the central fact of being. Experience is the only method of knowing; therefore to know is to become. The Modulus of Nature, that is, the pattern after which she every where builds, and the method to which she continually conforms, is an Ideal or Archetypal Man. The Perfected Man is the anthropomorphic God, a living, present Christ in every human soul. Two natures meet on the human plane and are focalized in man. These are the animal ego, and the higher self; the one an inheritance from low-life, the other an overshadowing from the next higher plane. The animal principle is selfishness; the divine principle is altruism. However defective in other respects human nature may be, all human endeavor must finally be measured by the principle of the subjective, and must stand or fall by the measure in which it inspires and uplifts humanity.

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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

EMILY WARD—EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The Detroit Tribune has a long report of the eightieth birthday of Emily Ward of that city, a woman of large heart and mind, of great strength of character and beautiful kindness, widely known and much beloved, a sister of the late E. B. Ward.

From the report we find that some 150 persons invited kindred and friends, visited her home Saturday afternoon, March 16th, from four to eight o'clock, greatly enjoying heart-felt talk, hand shaking and conversation with Miss Ward, who sat in her large chair during the time.

The strong-souled nurse, whose words of cheer gave hope to many a pioneer. When pain and sickness brought sad gloom To the log cabin's plain bare room.

Up the far Straits of Mackinaw, In years long past the sailor saw, On the lone shore, through the dark night, The lighthouse lamp blaze clear and bright.

Each day a maid, litesome and strong, With free step climbed the ladders long To trim that lamp, that its fair light Might guide to safety in the night.

Love lent her wings to mount, to fly In wedded pairs that tower high, While her good foot, on the ground, Less fleet of foot sure safety found.

The household tasks were fair and free, Her steps had "virgin liberty." Bona fide and choice, though large and high, The lake, the trees, the overhanging sky.

The daily tasks, where teachers meet, The inner light burned pure and sweet, Its radiance wider than the glow From that tall tower on earth below.

The Indian fainting at the door Gained health from herbs in her full store; Each spring with grateful reverence meet, His maple-sugar, at the feet.

Of the "White Squaw" he gladly laid, And went back to his forest shade— Whatever be the outward hue The grateful heart is ever true.

Sisters were wedded, babes were born, The mothers' hands grew pale and worn; Death came—a sacred sweet release, Sure rest from toil and God's own peace.

One mother-heart had room for all, The orphaned kindred could not fall Out of the reach of fostering care, Of home, of comfort, guidance, prayer.

The kinship of great souls is wide, Could all heart-lugger be denied? No, others not of kindred race By the broad hearthstone found warm place.

Thus twenty children all had share In wise restraint, in fostering care, And their fair babes, in safety bright Beside the St. Clair's waters delight, Filled one dear home with love and light.

A generous brother, with true heart, In all these cares bore useful part, And ever to his sister brought His plans and aims for her wise thought.

And now to this warm, ample home, Through hospitable doors we come, Kindred and friends, on this good day Our best and truest words to say.

Eighty years old "Aunt Emily," "Grandma," with reverent hearts we see The ripened wisdom of those years: Words are but poor, and our glad tears

Must tell how deep our joy, how high Our hope, how strong our sympathy, May every added year on earth be blest, And the great years of heavenly work be best!

Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: While I was living in Tipton, I was on intimate terms with a Mrs. Lena Stover, an educated woman, who became much interested in the spiritual faith, and I left no stone unturned that should help to make her free. We often sat together to receive spirit communications, and she became a medium. One day we received a message from a spirit giving his name as Phillip Stover. The message was addressed to Mr. Stover; was written down, and the spirit leaving an appointment, went his way. I then inquired if she knew the spirit. She replied, "Mr. S. had an uncle, that through the mail, that she would inquire concerning him. The next time we met she informed me that the uncle was still living, but would ask the spirit of his relationship. She did so, and in reply to her question, "What relation was you to Mr. Stover?" he answered, "I was his father." "Was this true," I asked. She did not know, and again said she would ask Mr. Stover, but upon inquiring of him, he could not tell, as he knew little of his family history; but Mrs. Stover being interested, wrote to Uncle Phillip Stover to learn the truth of the matter, but unfortunately used language that convinced him she was a Spiritualist. He would not answer, but the following summer Mr. S. had occasion to visit the home of his youth and learn from a son of the old gentleman (as he himself would not unbend) that all the spirit had given was true. The grand name was Phillip Stover. The family particulars, names of his children, and date of coming from Germany to America were correct. Other members of the Stover family came to us from the spirit life, of whom we had never then heard. Mr. S. was told that there had been such persons in his family, especially he mentioned that one was the first wife of Uncle Phillip. Mr. S. expressed wonder that his uncle could ask a blessing each meal and hold family prayer and yet scorn so great a miracle. F. EMILY COOPER.

Politeness of Royalty.

The groundings of this world are always pleased when the gods bow in recognition. For that reason, the following correspondence will have an interest for many: 580 Burlington St., Chicago, Ill., Feb. 8th, 1889. To H. J. ROY-CURTIS, QUEEN VICTORIA.—Permit me to present to you, through the mail, a copy of my unpretentious volume of poems, entitled "Angel Whisperings for the Searcher After Truth." As a plain American woman, I present it to you, not as a sovereign, but as the true woman and mother, who has felt the hand of bereavement and the weight of sorrow which cause the heart to seek for kindly sympathy, and to feel the need of the strengthening support of an inspiring hope. With highest esteem, H. J. ROY-CURTIS. On the 11th of March, a letter, containing the following, was delivered by the postman: General Sir Henry Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen, to thank Mrs. Roy-Curtis for her letter of the 8th inst. and for the accompanying volume. Buckingham Palace, Feb. 25th, 1889.

Contradictory Communications.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The article in your issue of March 2nd, on "Contradictory Spirit Communications" brought vividly to my mind the perplexities I have experienced in trying to explain similar occurrences. If on reading any book or essay I find a new and startling theory advanced, it is a rule with me to investigate, if I can, the capacity and character of the author before giving much credence to the subject. If I find a want of capability to treat the subject intelligently or inclination to falsehood, or exaggeration, or too much ambition for personal fame, then I am inclined to reject; but if on the other hand, I find capability, character and opportunities sufficient to treat the matter honestly and intelligently, then I accept and trust in so far as to devote myself to further investigation. So with spirit communications, I must know as far as I can the ability and character of the medium, and the character and intellectuality of the medium. If these are all good I accept and trust in it. If not good, or even mediocre, I receive it for what it is worth, and no more, and place no further reliance on it than my reason and judgment will allow. I receive everything pertaining to Spiritualism as if it were cast into one heterogeneous mass—I might say wastebasket: soul, spirit, spirit life, spirit individually, condition, etc., all without defining or classification. In one sense this may be true. When we speak of nature's laws we include everything in nature, man, beast, vegetation, earth, water, etc.; but the conditions and functions of each differ; and if we wish to properly understand each in all its bearings we must distinguish between its different functions, and it seems to me to be necessary to the larger development of Spiritualism, that more care should be given to defining and classifying in proper terms its different phases.

Again, it should be boldly and unhesitatingly asserted that spirits are not faithful; that they are not honest, and that they are not truthful. That depends on their ability and desire to search for and obtain the truth, and their fidelity in not making any statements until qualified to do so. Again, public and trance speakers do not always use the proper words in their delivery, and are often careless or not fully understanding the import of the words they use. To illustrate: In listening lately to the experiences of one who has been on the spiritual platform for nearly or quite twenty years, he made this statement, "I was once in a public speaker's office, and often supplied the musical part of the entertainment for other lecturers. One evening after the lecturer had commenced I retired to the ante-room, and while sitting there alone in deep thought a man entered and took charge of me, and he proceeded to tell me of his life in the room and annoyed at his impudence in coming in without permission. After I had looked at him for a moment or two in great surprise, he spoke to me. I instantly raised both hands to hush his speaking, fearing that it would disturb the lecturer; but the lecturer, who was in the room, nor the audience can hear what I have to say to you." He then proceeded, and gave me a message he wished delivered to his two brothers, their wives and one sister who were in the audience. The message was delivered as verified as can be. Now, my object in referring to this is to call attention to the point that the spirit "spoke" to him, and in "speaking" to him gave his message. If the spirit had actually spoken the air would have been set in vibration and the audience could have heard his words; but the fact is the spirit did not speak, nor the audience hear; but the spirit did impress the medium with his thoughts and form, which undoubtedly seemed real to him, but was not real; and here the distinction should be made between the terms, speaking, seeing, hearing and impressing. The inference to be drawn from this experience as related by the medium, is that the spirit spoke about, or talked, as men generally talk, which was not so, and so conveys a wrong impression as to what spirits can and cannot do. Such statements have a tendency to keep intelligent people from investigating because of consideration, hence the truth is discarded because of incorrect speaking. I wish to add a word regarding the proper use of words, or their proper meaning when applied to different subjects. From the article which drew out these thoughts I quote as follows: "Doctor Eugene Crowell says spirits eat and drink." "Doctor Wells says, by telegraph, 'For heaven's sake why should we eat?'" A brief definition of "eat," is to feed, to take food, to devour, to consume. Learn from natural history that there is floating on the ocean off the coast of Greenland a sort of jelly which, by the aid of a microscope, has been decided to be animalcula; and its mode of eating, or digesting is as follows: It spreads itself flat on the water and gathers on its surface something that seems to be food, and when it has gathered sufficient it folds itself into a roll, and after rolling a few times, unrolls itself, when it is discovered that the substance which had been gathered on its surface has disappeared. It is concluded that this is its manner of gathering and digesting its food. Now this may be called eating, but perhaps a more fitting word would be a better word. Spirits may have a fond suit to their condition, and a mode of eating, digesting or consuming; but it very probably differs from the common boarding house hash and vulgar manner of eating. J. CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Notes from Elmira, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: During the month of February, we had a special dispensation of good things in the way of spiritual gifts and knowledge among us. G. W. Kates and wife were engaged by the Society for Ethical Culture to lecture, and it is safe to say they pleased all who had the pleasure of hearing them. Mrs. Kates is certainly a grand medium. A subject is given, and she improvises and sings it. Her tests and character readings could not but convince the most skeptical, as she was an utter stranger. She is worthy of all the praises bestowed on her. We also had the pleasure of hearing G. H. Brooks, who was engaged by the First Spiritual Church of Elmira, to lecture during the month, but on his arrival he found the Society in a state of turmoil and strife caused by dissension and division; but he was equal to the emergency even if the conditions did not harmonize with him. The following Sunday Mr. Brooks took for a subject, "Is Spiritualism of the Devil?" He handled it without gloves, speaking to a large and attentive audience. A member of the Society took exceptions, claiming that the teachings of Jesus were not being taught as Mr. Brooks substituted therefor the Great Positive Mind, the Infinite Spirit of the Universe; but he passed safely through the fire of criticism. The lecture he gave before the Society for Ethical Culture at its earnest solicitation, and he was very favorably impressed. I deem it just to say that his grand thoughts have quickened many minds. This Society tendered him its sincere thanks, and presented him with a set of resolutions, commending him to Spiritualist Societies, as an earnest and able worker for Truth. S. J. MARTIN, Elmira, N. Y.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

Chance has led to the discovery of a cure for hydrophobia. In Ayacucho, Peru, a man was bitten by a mad dog, and shortly after the dreaded disease developed. In his madness the man rushed from the house, and falling among a lot of "peuca" plants, some of the juice of these plants entered his mouth and he was cured. A moment of reason seems to have followed, during which he seized some of the leaves, broke them, and drank of the milky and glutinous sap with which they are generally saturated. When his friends found him he was senseless, with the "peuca" or "magney" leaves clutched in his hand. He was carried to his home, and soon regained his health. Experience has long since taught the Indians that "peuca" juice or sap invariably acts as a cure upon dogs suffering from hydrophobia.

Does His Work While Asleep.

Joseph Robinson, twelve years of age, living with his father four miles south of St. Joseph, Mo., is afflicted with neuritis. Only two cases of the kind have been known to medical science. The boy sleeps while standing, and walks in his sleep. While in a hypnotic state he performs the daily routine of work to which he has become accustomed, and is perfectly under the influence of the person talking to him. While being operated upon in this city to-day a needle was stuck in his arm, but he did not give the least evidence of having experienced pain. Local physicians in consultation to-day thought the case curable.—Etc.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Wiggins' Reverie.

CON. BRANSON.

Wiggins was uneasy; he sat in his dingy prison, misnamed "the office," with heels upon the top of an unpaired stool, his nose pointing warily at the cobweb ceiling. A large chair pipe in his mouth from which thin blue white smoke wreathed and curled and arranged itself in dense strata, as if to protect the bats and spiders from that formidable mouthpiece. The sun had just struggled down behind huge mountains of fog over the far off hills in Western England, where merry farmers had watched him, as he put on the last roll of fleecy clouds for a nightcap, and then with a nod and pleasant broad smile, quickly drew himself down out of sight far away over the vastness of old ocean. Spectres marred faces at one another from the dusty corners of the office, but he was beginning to push and climb and steal silently through menacing fog giants and mimic ships that floated over head in the silent twilight. The fire burned low in the grate, and cast over the room its only light. 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Note from Mrs. Sarah Graves.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: W. E. Reid is the President of the Local Society here. He makes a good one. He is a good medium. A new office was made in the organization, that of chaplain, and the writer was elected as life member. Now I open the meetings with an invocation, but not after the orthodox style, hardly see what draws the crowd to our meetings, unless it be the short speeches, singing, and tests. There are meetings held also at the little hall where we first started our every Wednesday Evening; it is said that they are good and spiritual. S. G.

"Heaven Revised."

A hundred page pamphlet just issued by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Author, Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This is a narrative of personal experience after the death of a spirit that returns and gives it graphically, through the above named lady. It is just the thing for a neophyte to read who desires to know something of the beyond, being one of the most common sense productions we have ever seen in spiritual literature for many a day. Price 25 cents.—The Better Way.

"Heaven Revised," by Mrs. E. B. Duffey, Chicago Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. This is an exposition of spiritual philosophy, from the pen of one who is thoroughly imbued with the new light of spiritual truth, and whose life is nothing in the work that can offend the most fastidious critic of the orthodox school. The author in her revision of heaven, has certainly taken a common sense view of the situation, and in charming language paints a lovely picture of the hereafter. If true nothing can be more timely than this revelation; if not true, all liberal minds will feel grateful for the effort to paint the future life less somber and more reasonable than the old idea of either hell fire or eternal pain-punishment. Altogether, it is well worth careful reading by all candid minds.—The National View.

The Atlanta Constitution contrasts northern and southern benefactions for educational purposes. Within a certain number of private donations to schools and colleges in the North go over \$26,000,000. In the same time in the South barely \$300,000. More money has been spent by northern men for collegiate education for negroes in Atlanta than any six southern states are giving for collegiate education to white boys. The northern Methodist church alone is spending more money in the south for higher education than all the southern states combined give to their colleges.

Gen. Schofield, head of the United States army, will be the chief marshal of the military parade at the Washington Centennial in New York next month.

Senator Stanford of California has sent his check for \$5,000 to the committee in Boston engaged in raising a fund of \$100,000 for Mrs. Philip H. Sheridan widow of the late General.

Prof. Poe of Bridgeport, Conn., has devised a pair of artificial lungs with which to restore life in cases of drowning or asphyxiation. He has already drowned and resuscitated a pet rabbit several times.

Miss Miriam Samuel has been made a Bachelor of Arts by the University of Bombay. She is the daughter of a Persian merchant settled in Bombay, and has obtained her position at the university solely through private instruction.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The New York World of February 9th, says: "The question as to how much of what they pretend to know doctors really know is a very interesting one."

"They possess exceptionally great facilities for humbugging, and the presumption is that they are not proof in most cases, at all times at least, against temptation to make use of them. Their profession comes as near being an esoteric one as any that is acknowledged to be respectable. But the revelation as to their views in the Robinson arsenical poisoning cases in Boston is startling."

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"The above criticism is fully warranted by the startling ignorance shown by the attending physicians in the Somerville cases. It can be applied saying that human life is too often sacrificed to the ignorance and bigotry of the profession."

Too often it happens that fatal results follow an improper course of treatment—the physician treats the patient for consumption, general debility, for nervous disorders, what the real disease which is slowly destroying the kidneys and filling the system with a poison quite as deadly as arsenic, is altogether overlooked or does not attract attention until too late. Physician too often treat the symptoms of disease instead of the disease itself.

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Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets. If a man die, shall he live again? A lecture delivered in San Francisco, June 1887, price 5 cents, and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

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A Psychological Case

(Continued from First Page.)

of arsenical poisoning; and that the cause was the volatilization of arsenic from the chair. The patient was poorly mixed and easily rubbed off. The chair was close by, and often directly over a register, through which the heat came with much force.

The whole subject of dreams needs careful investigation on the part of psychological societies, and is likely to receive it. The brain while out of the rigid control of the rational faculty is subject to impressions of outside influences, as we well know. A train of perceptions and concepts of a dream sort follow the lightest physical interference. Is not, therefore, the mind in sleep much more likely to be influenced by a foreign spiritual force? If we can allow the existence of spirits out of the body, it will not at all tax us to grant their deep interest in us. Suppose now that an invisible friend saw the danger of my patient and understood the cause, would he not try to impress his mind during his sleep? This corresponds to the theory of benevolence and fits to the Christian doctrine of guardian angels. It certainly presses on me as quite probable that honest psychical study will reveal to us certain general laws of this sort, and possibly establish in due time regular and well-understood communication between the two worlds. Our present difficulty is with the fraud, charlatanism, and rascality that deal with and complex the subject. A topic that ought to be the most interesting and attractive of all topics, involving more chances for human amelioration than all others, is now debased into a question of lies and jugglery. I confess that in contributing one demonstrated fact to the fund of data, I do it with the firm belief that we shall, ere long, see our way out of the slough of lies and humbugs. I can conceive no more hopeful outlook for a race of beings that longs for and hopes for immortality than at last in this scientific age, by scientific means, to get beyond the period of mere hope and belief and establish convictions on positive certainty. We want a positive solution of the question asked 3,000 years ago, "If a man die shall he live again?" Our religion and civilization are permeated with a half belief and half skepticism. We have mostly only a theory of immortality; and the most devoted are tortured with doubts. The highest obligation rests on us to escape from this intellectual uncertainty. We can not fall back any longer on revelations of the past. If these things are true they are demonstrable. No one should be above the spirit of honest investigation, as no one should put credit in one statement or phenomenon not open to absolute test of the most rigid sort.

M. MAURICE, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

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 revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any 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.

The law which governs the mystery of coincidences has never been satisfactorily explained, and will probably never be solved mathematically. Still the fact remains that against all probability—it would almost seem possibility, in some cases—those most singular occurrences known as coincidences occur in almost everybody's experience. A recent writer says: "As a general proposition, the law of coincidences is that when two phenomena always coincide they are either connected as 'cause and effect' or are the result of a common cause. But if they do not always coincide, neither of these is proved. They may be the effects of separate causes working in their respective planes." Another philosopher chops the subject by claiming that there is, after all, nothing remarkable about coincidences—that the world is so small that odd happenings jostle each other at every turning; the remarkable thing would be that of living any length of time without a coincidence.

However this may be, it is not the object to here explain the causes of coincidences—which word, by the way, it is stated, was first used in the sense of similarity of occurrences by Daniel Webster in 1826, in his discourse of the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston—but merely to give a few of the most interesting, chiefly political and literary, from various sources.

Some of the coincidences connected with our late Presidents are exceedingly curious. The following, though not, perhaps particularly remarkable, is worthy of mention and is not without its moral:

In a little village some twelve miles distant from Cleveland, Ohio, there lived, some thirty years ago, two very attractive girls. To one of these ex-President Hayes became a suitor, but the parents of the young lady vigorously opposed the courtship on the ground that young Hayes was poor, and gave evidence of hardly sufficient ability to warrant risking their daughter's future. The match was broken off and the lady is to-day married and well known in Cleveland society. The other young lady had received many attentions from young Garfield, and was quite disposed to reciprocate them. Her parents, however, objected to their intimacy, giving as a reason for their opposition the poverty of Garfield and the anything but bright prospects of his future. The chief coincidence of these courtships consists in the fact that Bedford, where both these young ladies lived, contained at the time less than 500 inhabitants, and both refused two future Presidents of the United States because of their poverty.

Coincidences relating to the lamented Garfield are particularly numerous. One of the earliest related is that on the day of his nomination for the presidency, and at almost the very moment of absolute time that the nomination was made—allowing for the difference in longitude between Washington and Chicago—a magnificent bald eagle was

discovered above Franklin Park, which fronts the residence at that time occupied by Gen. Garfield and family when in Washington. The eagle, after circling round the park several times, suddenly swooped down, and alighted on the Garfield mansion. Mr. Rose, who had been for some years stenographer for Gen. Garfield, was at that time temporarily occupying the dwelling. The occurrence was first noticed by one of his children, who was playing in the yard, and who ran in to call the attention of the family to the striking spectacle. Before the eagle rose from its strange perch, a dozen people had noticed and commented upon it. An old Roman would have seen in this an augury of the most inspiring character. To Americans it was at least a singular coincidence.

It will be remembered as a peculiar coincidence by many people that on the evening of the day on which President Garfield was shot a strange band of light—probably caused by electricity, but unlike anything often seen—appeared in the sky. It took the form of a sword to many observers, and seemed both broad and solid. This belt extended across the zenith in a direction from southeast to northwest. The phenomenon was commented on by numbers who witnessed it, and the fact of its occurring so near the time when the President received his death-wound made a deep impression. It is singular that a similar appearance also marked the day of the removal of Garfield from Washington to Long Branch.

The result of the last presidential election gives an added interest to the odd coincidence discovered several years ago, that the letter "n" appears in the name of every President who has been elected and served a full term, with the single exception of President Hayes, whose manner of election doubtless accounts for the discrepancy, as his opponent's name possessed the fortunate letter. To go a step further, it is a no less curious fact that every man so elected had the first letter of the alphabet in his name, and to this rule President Hayes was no exception. The full significance of these letters may therefore be interpreted as "acceptable nominees."

One of the most common coincidences, and one that has become a form of superstition with some people, is the frequency with which a book may be opened at a verse or paragraph, which seems perfectly applicable to the mood or circumstances of the person trying the experiment. Probably, like all other games of chance, any one purposely trying it will find a certain ratio governing its success; and it is, therefore, only when it is accidentally brought about that it becomes a perfect coincidence. One of the best illustrations of this kind is related by Bishop Cox, who states that the late venerable Dr. W. of Baltimore, once told him of a reproach he received which struck his devout soul provisionally. Sitting in his library he had fallen into a moment's doze, when the servant entered, evidently to announce a visitor. Starting from his nap with instinctive feeling of chagrin to be found idle, he half unconsciously grasped a book that lay by his side, not even observing what it was. When the servant left him he glanced into the little manual in which he had mechanically inserted his forefinger, and found it resting on these words:

"Never change thy employment for the sudden coming of another to thee; but, if modestly permitted, appear to him that visits thee the same that thou wert to do and thyself in thy privacy; if thou wert sleeping—snatch not up a book to seem studious—nor ailer anything to make him believe thee better employed than thou wert."

A somewhat odd coincidence is related in regard to one of Dickens's most entertaining characters. A traveler, stopping at a little village near Dover in Kent, had his attention attracted by a broad-shouldered, genial Englishman, in every line of whose rufous face the word "jolly" was patent. Hearing him addressed as "Tapley," a mischievous impulse, too strong to be resisted, urged our traveler to address him and inquire if his name was Mark Tapley. His surprise may be imagined, when in the richest of South England tones, the answer came forth: "The same, at your service, sir." What made the coincidence still more striking was the fact that that man had actually been in America, and was overheard condemning the country with true British fervor.

Several years ago, and simultaneously with the appearance of Tennyson's "Harold," a volume was brought out by Lippincott, of Philadelphia, written by William Leighton, Jr., a young glassmaker of Wheeling, W. Va., bearing the title of "The Sons of Godwin," and having for its events and characters the same as those employed by Tennyson in his poem. The coincidence was the most remarkable that has ever been known in literary annals. Mr. Leighton's work attracted peculiar attention and some critics went so far as to say that portions of it were not inferior in strength and expression to the best passages of the drama of the laureate.

A similar story is told in connection with Mr. Howells' "Dr. Breen's Practice," which was first published as a serial in the Atlantic Monthly. It seems that a Boston lady contributed to the magazine, after "Dr. Breen's Practice" was put in type, a short story that so much resembled that of Mr. Howells' that he felt it necessary to call upon the lady and explain the situation of affairs in order that no charge of plagiarism might be preferred against him. He showed her the proof-sheets of his story, and perfectly satisfied her that the similarity was another of those strange coincidences which have from time to time occurred in the literary world.

Another coincidence of a literary nature may be of some interest at this time. It is stated on good authority that Mrs. Burnett—whose recent dramatization of her charming story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has aroused so much interest—received, not long since, a letter from the real "last Lord Fauntleroy," as he styles himself, in which that nobleman, after giving a description of himself, says that he is an unmarried gentleman, the last of his line, and asked how it was that the authoress pitched on that name of all others. He concludes by extending to Mrs. Burnett a cordial invitation to visit the Fauntleroy estate in England.

A curious literary coincidence of a different character is connected with one of W. Clark Russell's famous sea stories, entitled "Jack's Courtship." In this novel a fine description is given of the sudden appearance of a large meteor at sea that paled the light of the moon and stars, and approaching nearer the vessel suddenly exploded, leaving naught but a luminous trail of smoke. A short time after the appearance of the story the newspapers reported the arrival in New York harbor of the Strathmore, whose captain gave a vivid description of a most brilliant

meteor seen at sea a few nights before. The coincidence consists in the fact that the vessel mentioned in Mr. Russell's book was also named the "Strathmore," and that a fictitious occurrence should be so soon afterward duplicated on board a ship of the same name. It is to be hoped that the parallel will proceed no farther, and that the real "Strathmore" will not meet the fate that overtook the novelist's fictitious bark.

Longfellow in his Journal for December 7th, 1872, says:

Read Nichols' Hannibal,—an historical drama; then, looking over the Publisher's circular, I saw, in Longman's list, Hannibal in Italy, an historical drama, by W. Forsythe. I have often noticed this kind of duality in literary work. Are thoughts and themes in the air, like an epidemic? Benedict, of London, and Paine, of Cambridge, have both just completed oratorios of St. Peter.

Some peculiar literary coincidences in relation to the two Napoleons may not be out of place in this connection. The first is a curious effect in the combination of numbers, which is said to have been sent from Paris to a friend in this country. The votes for Louis Napoleon in December, 1852, were:

For Against.
1113736 113000

By placing these figures, as written, in front of a mirror, and writing the three ciphers at the end, the reflection may be easily made to read "22mpereur."

Louis Napoleon affected hereditary superstition, and it is stated that the discovery of this coincidence confirmed him in the belief that he had always entertained of the exalted destiny for which Providence reserved him.

This coincidence is well matched by one referring to Napoleon I. as follows: The name of Napoleon, when written in Greek characters, will form seven distinct and very applicable words by simply dropping the first letter of each word in succession, thus:

Napoleon, apoleon, poleon, oleon, leon, eon, on.

These words, arranged in Greek sentence and translated, mean:

Napoleon, the lion of the people, was the destroyer of whole cities.

The Frankforter Journal of September 21, 1870, remarked that among other superstitions peculiar to the Napoleons is that of regarding the letter "M" as ominous either of good or evil. The editor was sufficiently interested in the subject to make the following compilation, with a view of showing that the Emperors of France had good reason for considering that letter a red or a black one, according to circumstances:

"Marsden was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon I. at the Military College. Marengo was the first great battle won by Gen. Bonaparte, and Melas made room for him in Italy. Mortier was one of his best generals; Moreau betrayed him; Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise shared his highest fortunes; Moscow was the abyss of ruin into which he fell. Metternich vanquished him in the field of diplomacy. Six marshals (Massena, Mortier, Marmont, Macdonald, Murat, Moncey), and twenty-six generals of division under Napoleon I., had the letter 'M' for their initials."

"Maret, Duke of Bassano, was his most trusted counsellor. His first battle was that of Montenotte, his last Mont St. Jean, as the French term Waterloo. He won the battles of Millestrom, Mondovi, Montmirail and Mouterau; then came the storming of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemy's capital and Moscow the last into which he marched victorious. He lost Egypt through Menou, and employed Mollis to take Pius VII. prisoner. Mallet conspired against him; Murat was the first to desert him, then Marmont. Three of his Ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mallieu; his first chamberlain was Montesquieu. His last halting place was Malmaison. He surrendered to Capt. Maitland of the Bellerophon and his companions in St. Helena were Montholon and his valet, Marchand."

"If we turn to the career of his nephew, Napoleon III., we find the same letter no less prominent, and it is said that the captive of Wilhelmshobe attached even greater importance to its mystic influences than did his uncle. The Empress was Countess Montijo; his greatest friend was Morny. The taking of Malakoff and Mamelonvert were the exploits of the Crimean war, peculiarly French. He planned his first battle of the Italian campaign at Marengo, although it was not fought until after the engagement of Montebello and Magenta. At Mahon, for important service in this battle, was named the Duke of Magenta, as Pellissier had for a similar merit received the title of Duke of Malakoff. Napoleon III. then made his entry into Milan and drove the Austrians out of Marignano."

"After the fearful battle on the Mincio of Solferino he turned back before the walls of Mantua. Thus up to 1850, since when the letter M would seem to have been ominous of evil. Passing over Mexico and Maximilian, we see how vain have been his hopes, founded on three M's of the present war—Marshal McMahon, Count Montauban and the mitrailleuse! Mayence was to have been the base for the future operations of the French army, but, pushed back at first to the Moselle, its doom was sealed on the Meuse, at Sedan. Lastly we have to notice the fall of Metz; and all these late disasters are owing to another M, which is inimical to Napoleon III. and that is a capital M—Moltke."

WITCHCRAFT IN CONNECTICUT.

An Indictment of One of the Cases Nearly 200 Years Old.

Many years before witchcraft hovered over the State of Massachusetts in the vicinity of Salem, where summary disposals of the most barbarous kinds ran riot, before nutmegs were ever manufactured from wood or cabbage leaves ingeniously metamorphosed into tobacco, Connecticut harbored agents of Satan, who harried alike men, women, and children. Historians have suppressed it, aged and honored families have denied it, but nevertheless it is so. Resuscitated from the dark and dusty garret of the old Wyllis mansion, the owner of which was the Colonial Secretary, are the proofs, and they comprise a package, big and fat, musty and worn, labeled "Witchcraft Trials." The tribunal before which the cases were tried was the only Court of Oyer and Terminer ever organized in this State, and the following is a true indictment and report of one of the cases:

At a special court of Oyer and Terminer held at Saybrook, Sept. 19, 1692. Present—Robert Treat, Esq., Governour; John Allyn, Secretary; Mr. Andrew Leet, Captain John Burr, Mr. William Pitkin, Captain Moses Mansfield, (comprising the court.)

The Grand Jurors impanelled were Joseph Bayard, Samuel Ward, Edward Hayward, Peter Ferris Jones, Waterbury, John Bowers, Samuel Sherman, Samuel Galpin, Ebenezer Booth, John Platt, Christopher Comstock, William Reed, who presented a bill of indictment against Mercy Disborough in the words following, to wit:

(OFFYFE)
A bill exhibited against Mercy Disborough, of Campo, in Saybrook, in the county of Saybrook, in the Colony of Connecticut.

Mercy Disborough, wife of Thomas Disborough, of Campo, in Saybrook, thou art here indicted by the name of Mercy Disborough, that not having the fear of God before thine eyes, thou hast had familiarity with Satan, the grand enemy of God and man, and that by his instigation and help thou hast in a preternatural way afflicted and don harm to the bodies and estates of sundry of their Majesties' subjects, or to some of them, contrary to the peace of our sovereign Lord and Ladie, the King and Queen, their crown and dignity, and that on the 25th of April of their Majesties' reigns, and at sundry other times, for which by the laws of God and this colony thou deservest to dye.

JOHN ALLYN, Secretary.

Fayrefield, 16th Sept. 1692.

The indictment having been read, the prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty," and referred herself to tryal by God and her country, which country was the jury after written.

Mr. John Wakeman, aged 32 years, and Samuel Squire, made oath that they saw Mercy Disborough put into the water and that she swam upon the water. This done in court, Sept. 15, 1692.

Test, JOHN ALLYN, Secretary.

The testimony of Abram Adams and Johnathan Squire also is, that when Mercy Disborough and Elizabeth Clawson were bound hand and foot, and put into the water, they swam like a cork; and one labored to press them into the water, and they buoyed up like cork.

Sworn in court, Sept. 15, 1692.

Attest, JOHN ALLYN, Secretary.

There were some 200 witnesses who gave testimony in these two cases, (Elizabeth Clawson having been also indicted and tried at the same time as Mercy,) and some of the testimony is of a very vivid and imaginative kind, a goodly lot of which could not bear the light of day. The Clawson woman escaped and, owing to legal errors, a new trial was secured for Mercy, and she was again convicted, but never executed. Not so, however, with the Godfrey family, also residents of Fairfield. They were tried, convicted, and hanged, according to the papers, while another witch was burned, it is said, in Hartford.

Thirty years prior to these remarkable cases two women named Greensmith and Barnes were executed at "Gallows Hill," both charged with witchcraft. The Greensmith woman, imbued with the fanciful superstition so prevalent, made a confession under the noose in which she admitted her acquaintance with his highness, the devil, and gloriied in her familiarity with him. This proves beyond any doubt that the goodly little State of Connecticut was no freer from the rancorous evil of witchcraft than her sister State of Massachusetts. Her people, however, were more fortunate in keeping the secret than their adjoining neighbors, but there is no longer any use of making a denial of what stands proved.—Norwich, Ct., correspondence of the New York Times.

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