

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

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#### Mesmerism: What it is and What we May do with it.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F.A.S.

Mesmerism is the generic term used to designate certain peculiar mental and nervous conditions in men and women, which have been and can be artificially induced by certain processes. Anton Mesmer, a physician in Vienna, was the first to induce this peculiar psychic and physiological state in patients who resorted to him. At the period in which he lived, medical men knew much less about the brain structure and nervous system than they do now. The strange effects produced by him have associated similar phenomena with his name; hence the name "mesmerism." Mesmerism has entered upon its scientific age, and whatever accurate observation, patient inquiry, cautious and thoughtful experiment can do to perfect it, will be done.

I believe I know something about the subject. I have studied it for years, and in my time have witnessed and produced many strange things, which have led me to think more reverently of the Infinite and His laws of being, more thoughtfully of man (made a little lower than the angels), whom I find endowed with wondrous gifts and powers. These qualifications are now and then fitfully seen in coma, trance, sleep-walking, second-sight, natural telepathy, and in those artificially induced states (animal magnetism, hypnosis or artificial somnambulism) in which we may note mind transference, thought-reading, clairvoyance, psychometry, together with faith-healing, mind cure, and in other peculiar mental phases which have not as yet been sufficiently observed to be correctly classified.

It has been questioned by many able and thoughtful persons (from the days of Van Helmont to Mesmer and up to the present moment) if there is a subtle force or fluid called "Animal Magnetism," which is supposed to be an important agent in these operations or experiments. I think so, and careful and repeated experiments have led me to this conclusion. There is such a force, an influence, an emanation of a psychic or odyle character, assuredly exercised and directed in these phenomena. This subtle force bears a similar relation to the transmission of thought as light either to vision, sound waves to hearing, or odoriferous atoms to olfactory consciousness. We cannot conceive of light, sound, or odor traveling and impinging themselves on the sensuous receptacles of our being without the agency of appropriate media. Neither can we think of health or thought-transference without the means of communication. What we have said about luminiferous ether, sound waves, odoriferous atoms have been admitted in physics.

When we speak of brain waves, the vibrations of which are the media along which the pulsations of soul influence soul or mind (near or apart), we do not assert that this must be the case. We, however, accept such a conception for the more intelligible expressions and conveyance of our ideas.

Mind cannot act upon mind directly, but only through appropriate channels or media—these may be physical, mental-physical, or psychological. Thought must be propelled from the greater to the less relatively. Thus the earnest, thoughtful, and positive mind influences, and the passive, sensitive mind is affected by the influence. The first formulates and projects thought, the latter instantly reflects that thought and becomes conscious of it. Thus when the Prince Im-

perial died from assegai thrusts in Zululand, his mother, in England, felt the intensity of his thoughts at that time, felt the savage lance pierce her own side, and knew, or felt at that moment she was left childless. The intense thought of the dying youth penetrated the passive and receptive brain of his mother at the minute and hour of his death although they were miles apart. This is now a historic fact. It serves to illustrate what I wish to convey. Admitting, then, such a medium for the conveyance of thought in ordinary life, as distinguished from mesmeric processes, it is possible to conceive of such a specific force being employed in the latter. Proceeding from the magnet is an imperceptible force called magnetism. It is of such a subtle and penetrating character that it can attract, repel, or deflect the needle of a compass through several inches of intervening substance—stone or wood, it matters little. Thus, we say, when a person is attractive he has a magnetic manner, he is a magnetic speaker, or physician. The expression may be wrong, yet they convey a meaning which other language would fail to do. The magnet has its polarity—its positive and negative poles, its attractive and repellant forces. If we find from experiment that the application of the magnet induces certain temporary physiological changes in the cerebral structure of persons called "sensitives," and influences, perverts, or deflects the mind, and that this can be proved, or has been proved by investigators of standing, what shall we say? Again, if it should be proved that identical results have been induced by the human hand, directed in like manner by intelligence, shall we not conclude that there must be something analogous in the force emanating from the hand and the magnet which can induce similar phenomena?

Well, this force, this special influence, has been called "Animal Magnetism." Some writers speak of it as "Organic" and "Human Magnetism."

Reichenbach, an eminent German savant, thought he had detected such an imperceptible force, which he termed "odyle," or "od" force. This force, although it varied in character, proceeded alike from inorganic and organic substances.

Dr. Liebau has recently expressed the opinion, founded on nearly twenty-five years of research, that there is such a special influence exercised by the operator upon the subject or patient, and he terms it "Zoo-Magnetism." More recently, such writers as Mr. Gurney, Mr. Myers, and Professor Barrett, distinguished men of science who have carefully investigated this subject, have shown themselves inclined to accept this view.

In fact, nearly all writers directly or indirectly admit the existence of such a force. I do not say all mesmeric operations are affected by it. We must distinguish between self-induced and otherwise induced conditions, between those in which no influence is transmitted or necessary, and those states in which the transference is a necessity.

Dr. George Wyld, a physician of great repute in these matters, now living in London, says: "I regard mesmerism as the action of mind on mind, as in the 'willing' game; but is there such a thing as mesmeric aura (animal magnetism)? Sensitives, i. e., mesmeric subjects, often say that they see lights of various colors emanating from mesmerists, and also that they discriminate their sensations, as imparted by the fingers of the operators, as cold, or hot, pleasant or disagreeable, according to the quality of the magnetism of the distinctive operators; and for myself I have often experienced, when mesmerizing, pricking sensations as of something streaming from the tips of my fingers."

"I believe, then, there is a 'mesmeric aura,' but I am still inclined to believe that it is not this aura chiefly which heals diseases; I rather believe that it is the will, the desire, the sympathy, the love which heals, and that the vibrations, so to speak, of the emotions are conveyed to the sensitives by a magnetic current, this magnetized aura being the product of nutrition, as emanating from the human body. Hence the sensation of blood depletion (great exhaustion experienced by many mesmerists when they effect cures)."

The same learned gentleman, having paid marked attention to all new cases recorded in hospital practice on the continent, and trumpeted abroad under the newly revived name of hypnotism, is forced to confess, however varied the phenomena described in distinctive phraseology: "The experienced mesmerist has not added therefore one new fact to his repertory." And with this I cordially agree.

The question remains: Why are some people so pleasant and attractive, or repellant and repelling at first sight, although they may have been before unknown to us? Are they surrounded by an aura, an "imperceptible" atmosphere in keeping with their true character? It is quite possible; if not, why not? Animals and plants possess it, why not man?

Captain Burton, F. R. G. S., in a lecture given by him, said: "Who amongst you can not quote cases of men being strongly affected by the presence of some animals? You have all heard of Henry III. and of the Duke of Schomberg, who could not sit in a room where there was a cat. A notable instance of this occurred in my own family—a brave soldier who had fought through many a campaign, yet turned pale and faint in the feline presence. He neither saw, smelt, heard, felt, nor tasted the cat; the fact of it being there was enough."

General Roberts, one of the bravest of living British generals, has in a marked degree

his striking likes and dislikes for individuals and animals, and possesses the same intense dislike—for an uneasiness creeps over him—when a cat is present. He cannot be deceived in the matter. The moment Miss Pussy enters the room, no matter how silently or how slyly, General Frederick Roberts will at once become conscious of her presence.

I may point out in further contention for this specific force, that some men are much more successful than others in operating, experimenting, and in curing disease. We would naturally think that the most talented and highly educated surgeons and physicians would be the most successful. But that is not so. That mesmeric power is aided by knowledge will not be doubted. But its possession and effective use does not depend upon scholastic or academic training. The most successful operator and healer of modern times was, in my opinion, a sea captain—viz., Captain Hudson, of Swansea. He verily made the lame to walk and the blind to see. Mesmerically speaking, he was an embodiment of magnetic force. Humanly speaking, he was a large-hearted, good-natured, sympathetic man, who was always willing and ready to do all the good he could. There was health in his smile and "healing" in his hands. Poor man, had he been living now he would declare a virtue went out of him in every instance where a great cure was performed.

Joseph Ashman, "Psychopathic Healer," to whom, in *Mystic London*, the Rev. Maurice Davis, D. D., so graphically refers, possessed great healing powers. His cures were as remarkable as his culture was defective. He was a veritable well of sympathy, and took a positive delight in curing disease. Such a man could not live long in the intense and enthusiastic exercise of his powers. I knew him. I have always noted that physicians and ministers, and others of his temperament, possess somewhat similar healing powers.

While admitting that magnetism or aura is the vehicle of the will, and purpose of the positive operator on the one hand and the negative subject on the other, it must be remembered there are other factors—superior health, will-power, force of character, natural intelligence, etc., on the part of the operator—certain conditions of sensitiveness, natural or artificial receptivity, faith and possibly inferiority on the part of the subject—secondary conditions by no means to be overlooked or despised. The would-be operator having convinced himself of the reality of this odyle or mesmeric aura and its possible direction by the will, and also that both it and the will can be developed by exercise, he should proceed to the task of self-culture in these particulars. In doing so he will contribute to his own well-being in more senses than one, and will start upon his investigations at the right end—the beginning itself.

Mesmerism is a dangerous force to work with, especially where experiments have been entered upon in a thoughtless spirit of inquisitiveness. Both operators and subjects have been seriously deteriorated in manhood and in soul, and evils have been wrought out of which sad life-stories could be written stranger than fiction.

Let the experimenter proceed with all due caution, animated by high principles, pure and honest motives, full of sympathy and anxiety to alleviate suffering and cure disease as the one something worthy of attempt; and secondly, as an aid to investigate mind, and thus find in mesmeric conditions the key to Psyche, or the gateway to the soul and things spiritual.

In conclusion, let none proceed to investigate the subject unless they can give time, patience, and thoughtfulness to the research, and possess above all a thorough or conscious control over their own passions; tempers, and impulses. For why should they who have no mastery over themselves—this is a serious matter—undertake to impress their influence and direct others?

#### Apparitions: Objective or Subjective?

Mr. F. B. Doveton in the April number of the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* expresses the conviction "that all bona fide apparitions of the dead are disembodied souls.... that they occupy space and move from spot to spot.... can touch us sometimes.... can displace furniture and produce real noises," etc. In the same number of that publication, its editor, Mr. F. W. H. Myers presents his views in an article the most of which is given below. It shows the skeptical spirit and cautious manner in which the investigations of the Society are being conducted, and with which the different theories respecting apparitions are being discussed. As such, at least, it will be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL.

Now, let me point out that veridical dreams are a frequent form of "bona fide apparition." A man asleep, or between sleeping and waking, sees the form (say) of a friend dripping with water, and learns afterwards that that friend was drowned at or about the time of the vision.

It is clear that Mr. Doveton does not insist on distinctions between what we have classed as Phantasms of the living or of the dead; and obviously in such a discussion the whole range of phantasmal appearances must be taken together.

Well, then, is the dream-figure a disembodied soul? Does it occupy space? Can it displace furniture? And if, as sometimes happens, it persists for a short time into waking moments, does it thereby acquire substantiality?

Or take an apparition of a man undoubtedly dead, seen by a man undoubtedly awake; say General Barter's vision of Lieutenant B. held on to his pony by two eyes. Were the pony and the eyes disembodied souls? And if so, how did the disembodied soul of Lieutenant B. secure their attendance?

The familiar objection, as to the ghosts of clothes—powerless as against a theory which regards the ghost as a picture—is fatal to the view that the ghost is necessarily "atomic" and "material to spirit sense." Is the matter of his ghostly clothes extracted (as some advocates of the objective reality of ghosts suggest) from his real clothes? And if so, what happens to him when his real clothes have perished on the dust-heap? Has the Cavalier ghost kept his best ruffles and jackboots safe somewhere in Limbo? Or to turn to a case where we can trace the actual facts more closely, when M. S. H. B., lying asleep in bed, appeared phantasmally in evening dress to the Miss V's, did his disembodied soul extract the necessary rudiments of attire from the white tie and tail-coat reposing in his wardrobe?

If now we try to look at the questions involved a little more closely, we shall find it no easy matter to place our phantasms under even the widest and most general of recognized categories. Our standard classes of real or supposed entities have been framed under the influence of preconceptions which this new evidence deeply disturbs.

Let us take the distinction between "objective" and "subjective," as defined (for instance) by Sir William Hamilton. "Objective," he says, "means that which belongs to or proceeds from the object known, and not from the subject-knowing; what exists in nature, in contrast to what exists merely in the thought of the individual."

Now take a case where Miss X. sees in a reflecting surface a picture representing Mrs. N. in a bath chair. Miss X. considers it very improbable that Mrs. N. should have employed that vehicle; but it turns out that at or shortly before the time of the vision Mrs. N. was in fact in a bath-chair. This is an actual instance of a kind of telepathic or clairvoyant vision of which we have printed a good many examples. Now, are we to call this crystal picture an objective or a subjective thing?

Let us start from the case of ordinary vision. The thing directly recognized is an impression on the retina, and the object perceived is an interpretation of sense indications. The image does not "exist in nature" except on the retina of the observer. Now consider the perception of an image in a mirror; here again there is no real object where the image is seen, only rays of light reflected on the retina in the same way as in direct vision. Now turn to the hallucinatory image; say the image of an imaginary dog, whose presence is suggested by the hypnotist. Does this image correspond to any physical effect upon the retina? We cannot answer this question decisively; but at any rate it is not due to rays of light reflected from any external object similar to the image.

Now let us take a crystal picture, representing (as some of Miss X's have seemed to represent) an actual scene, going on elsewhere at the time. Is there here any impression on the retina? If so, how was it produced there? Has the fact any optical cause, or is it the pure effect of self-suggestion? On the one hand, though some of these crystal-vision have been apparently magnified by the interposition of a lens, their appearance in the crystal is not deducible from optical laws. On the other hand, where they are veridical they cannot be called merely subjective. The agency which has caused their presence is unknown; but if that agency should some day become familiar, we may come to consider the image produced by crystal vision as on the same level of objectivity with an ordinary visual image. It may be objective without being optical.

It may be said that the crystal-vision is unshared, and therefore subjective. But we do not know for certain that it is always unshared. And there are plenty of sensory impressions which are unshared in the sense that only one species of animals can receive them. If we had only one bloodhound his impressions of scent would be unshared, but they would be objective nevertheless. A captive female moth will be perceptible to males of her own species for an indefinite distance, but to no other organisms. And whether crystal-vision be ever common to two persons or no, we have, at any rate, cases of phantasms which several persons together see or hear. A sight or sound of this kind is difficult to classify as either subjective or objective in the common sense of those terms. The ordinary contrast between subjective and objective, in short, fails when we are dealing with a communication of knowledge without the agency of the recognized organs of sense. That is an unknown process which we cannot as yet insert into our old-fashioned predicaments.

We certainly have no right to call the phantasmal figure material simply because it is seen by several persons. This mere fact of collective vision cannot assure us that the figure possesses inertia, or a constant weight or that it extrudes air or anything else, from the place of its apparent presence. The figure, no doubt, sometimes appears to produce effects on the material world which would

#### A CITY AND A SOUL.

##### A Story of Chicago.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

#### CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

When early summer came and the city parks began to give promise of their later loveliness, it pleased Meyer greatly to take long strolls in them on Sunday morning with Justin for a companion; Mr. Vane sometimes joined them, for he had, through his boarder, become interested in the young man. At first Justin's Puritan conscience rebelled against accepting these tempting invitations, but as he could not help acknowledging that his best thought and his higher moral nature were often appealed to during these walks with his inspiring and instructive friend than generally when he attended church, he soon quieted these qualms of conscience.

At that time (1885) the labor troubles all over the country, but especially in Chicago, were culminating toward the later outbreaks. Strikes and rumors of strikes were common subjects of conversation. In the parks on pleasant Sunday mornings could be seen groups of working men talking animatedly, or listening to some inept orator or statesman. To Justin all this was new. The labor question had never been brought home to him as now, when he was compelled to meet daily so many idle men whose brows were black with angry brooding over their enforced idleness, while their families suffered, when they were both able and willing to work; or when the plaints of these men met him in the people's column of the daily papers and were passionately echoed by his friend Meyer.

One day in June they were in Douglas Park together. In an open space secluded by trees and low branched shrubbery from the main park, a young man scarcely older than Justin himself was excitedly haranguing a small crowd of working men.

"Why stand ye here idle, brothers," he cried, "yes, why? That is the question you must ask yourselves. Why are there a million men able and anxious to work, standing idle, whose wives sit at home in tears while their children cry for bread? Everywhere manufactories are stopping. Political economists tell us there has been overproduction! Yes, there has been overproduction of wealth for the capitalists, of poverty for the toilers, because of long hours and cheap labor, and this has continued so long that capitalists cry out in this way when their profits grow less, and so they stop their work leaving us to starve until they can, by producing scarcity, force prices up again. They grow rich on the life blood of the working men. Look at the fine boulevards of this city lined with the costly mansions of our masters, while our only glimpse of comfort and sweetness is in the long tramps to these parks! Our homes are far from park and boulevard. We are slaves, craven slaves, for we have the power in our hands if we will but use it to make these capitalists tremble!—If we act with one accord—as we must when the hour is near—we can take from these robbers of men what is our own. These aristocratic thieves have possessed themselves under the sanction of what they call law, of our property, the product of our long days of labor. The tears of our wives, the cries of our little ones, call upon us to assert ourselves and to dispossess the robbers of their booty, allowing them to retain only their rightful share of property as men among men. All must belong to all in equal portion. Some of you shake your heads—You fear there may be bloodshed, that lives may be lost in the struggle; but what if there be? There was never yet a victory over wrong gained without bloodshed and what man of us with red blood in his veins to lose, cares for life without liberty. I do not. Down with all tyrants and hurrah for liberty and anarchy!"

"I don't like such talk as that," said Justin as they walked slowly away; "it is one sided, unjust and violent and can lead only to evil."

"How much do you know about this subject, Dorman? What has been your real experience? How thoroughly have you gone into the study; you, when these things they call law and government (twin despots) have only within a year allowed your existence to be recognized, a nonentity for twenty-one years, then in one hour a man? It hurts me, boy, that you seem so unsympathetic with your kind, that the festering sore of civilization can be uncovered before your eyes without causing you to wince or arousing your indignation?"

Justin recognized a note of dissatisfaction in his friend's voice. He hardly understood wherein he had offended, but he was anxious to placate and pacify Meyer, so he replied, and with honesty, "I know nothing about it, Mr. Meyer. I am just showing you how that talk strikes one like me. After all what have you or I to do in the matter? I don't see that we can either help or hinder. Neither of us is burdened with wealth. I get ten dollars a week. My uncle takes in his hundreds in fees every week. I am not at all envious of him any more than I suppose he was envious of the men for whom he worked when he was young. I am sure I don't see that it is any of my business or yours to change the order of things."

"Good God, man," cried Meyer passionately, "why is it not your business? Are you not a man and is the world's business controlled by any but men? Is not this world

man's world? And do you not perceive that these hard conditions are as liable to affect you, or if not you, your descendants, as they are liable to affect any other human being? Who is going to help us out of this middle if every man declares it is none of his business? Whose particular business is it, then?"

Justin's looks expressed the surprise he felt at Meyer's intense earnestness in the matter. Meyer, perceiving this, said in a quieter tone:

"You think I speak too strongly; that is because these subjects are all new to you. In your pleasant country home you saw little poverty, none such as you can find in this crowded city nor have you been brought face to face with the worst misery here, as I often was when a reporter of —. Back of all the suicides, thefts, prostitution and murders which I was called upon to take note of, were grinding poverty and uncare for misery. Men and women, good and bad, educated and uneducated, rough and refined, huddled together for lack of means to pay rent. Why hell has nothing equal to it! Dant's purgatory would be heaven to the lives that thousands of human beings are compelled to live in this city. And yet the hearts of the rich are hardened. They are ready to grasp the last cent of the poor if they can only make shift to show that law allows them to do so. Take a walk on such streets as South Clark, Taylor, Fourth or Pacific avenue and view the tumble down houses and filthy basements, and learn the price of the rents the miserable people have to pay for a bare roof to cover them, many of them owned by rich absentees, and by heartless citizens who never visit them in person. If you don't begin to feel when you have seen human beings living as these do, that it is a part of every man's business to find some way of rectifying these wrongs, then you are not the man I take you to be."

They walked on in silence for a while—Justin silent from a sense of humiliation that he had given the misery of his fellow beings so little thought. "But surely," he said at length, "there must be some way out of the difficulty other than that indicated by the rampant demagogue we just heard. The day has passed for righting wrongs by violence. We are too far advanced in civilization for any real good to be effected save by peaceable measures, by legislation, by —."

"Legislation," he scornfully repeated Meyer, "there it is again, always legislation. Why the real trouble is legislation. There never has been any reform which has not consisted in overthrowing laws made by legislation. It is these laws that enslave the people, that force chains for them."

There was a strange exalted look in Meyer's eyes which somehow worried Justin. He attempted to change the conversation with but indifferent success. The two soon parted. Justin went home with his mind directed into new channels of thought.

After that his evening walks were taken in directions different from what they had been. He sought out the unpleasant, dirty, and crowded streets instead of the boulevards and parks. The books he consulted evenings, bore for the most part on social problems; his eyes took on a deeper earnestness, his voice a graver tone. He was beginning to view the world in its larger aspects, in a more serious spirit, to feel his responsibilities as a man. If life looked less rose-colored, there was yet a new sense of joy in living through recognition of being called to take part in the world's work; of the possibilities of being of service to his fellowmen.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### AN AFTERNOON IN LINCOLN PARK.

But for the new direction his thoughts and studies had taken, Justin might have felt a little lonely during the summer months. His uncle's family had gone early in the season to Oconomowoc, where they owned a cottage. Mr. Fairfield remained in the city most of the time, but joined his family once a week. Laura and Constance were spending vacation in Michigan woods seeking renewed strength, and subjects for the latter's brush. The Meyers were at Milwaukee on a visit to Pauline's relations. Even Jolly Mrs. Vane had been away a month; Vane and Justin meanwhile taking their meals at restaurants, dirty, and crowded streets instead of the boulevards and parks. The books he consulted evenings, bore for the most part on social problems; his eyes took on a deeper earnestness, his voice a graver tone. He was beginning to view the world in its larger aspects, in a more serious spirit, to feel his responsibilities as a man. If life looked less rose-colored, there was yet a new sense of joy in living through recognition of being called to take part in the world's work; of the possibilities of being of service to his fellowmen.

Although there was a fiction that "everybody" was away on vacation, Justin did not discover any perceptible lessening of the number of people in the city—in fact it seemed to him from the appearance of the principal streets that "everybody" was in the city; for the outdoor life sought by all filled the cable cars and horse cars to overflowing every Sunday, and made the parks pictures of animation and color, crowded the lake front with fishermen and spectators, darkened the docks with pleasure boats, and the streets which Justin most frequented of late brought human wretchedness into plain view; on the doorsteps and sidewalks where congregated the poor to get a breath of heat-laden "fresh air" and a little of "heaven's sun light," altered through clouds of smoke; dirty, half-clad children dancing and shouting in childhood's thoughtless defiance of fate; listless-eyed youth, brazen-faced women, shriveled old age, unskempt men in rags smoking blackened pipes; senseless, crafty, scowling, bloated, diseased, discouraged, despairing, desperate faces meeting one everywhere—all these things were there in greater numbers and variety than at any other season, on their "summer vacation," thronging the sidewalks, filling the windows and doorways, sitting on curbing, boxes, and window-ledges, in the streets nearest the hovels and rookeries which they called homes.

Nevertheless when September came, Justin was conscious of a quickening of his own with that of the public pulse, as he perceived the symptoms of an added vigor in business. Vacation was over and "everybody" was returned or returning to his wonted place in life.

One Sunday Justin decided to spend the afternoon in Lincoln Park. Floyd was to have accompanied him but it was learned that there was to be an open air meeting on the Lake Front where A. R. Parsons and August Spies were to speak, and he was directed to make a report of the speeches. The day was a perfect one in every respect, clear, bright and warm, the sunshine all the softer and brighter because it was Sunday, and most of the smoke-belching chimneys of the manufacturing were at rest. A brisk, yet balmy breeze from the lake gave a sense of renewed life to the thousands strolling through the beautiful spacious grounds.

In spite of the loveliness of the day, Justin felt a vague sense of discontent and unrest, for which he could not have given any reason. He wandered from one point to another

without feeling his usual interest, whether watching from some picturesque bridge the merry couples and groups enjoying the pleasure of rowing on the mimic lake in the park, or looking at the gambols of the cubs in the bear pits, the antics of the monkeys in their cages or the graceful movements of the swan sailing by.

Soon he sauntered to a shaded rustic bench and took out a copy of the Chicago Sunday Times which he had bought on the way. An editorial article on the labor troubles, which was directly in the line of his recent thought, engaged his attention so deeply that he did not observe two ladies who entering the quiet nook where he was ensconced, were about to pass by when the taller one, giving him a hasty glance, suddenly paused, then turning with a mischievous smile, touched him lightly on the shoulder with her parasol. Justin looked up, as one in a dream, and beheld Laura and Constance before him. So like a dream was it that he did not at first speak—simply stared.

"Thus we three meet again," cried Laura, "oddy enough. Mr. Dorman were just speaking of you. It must have been your nearness which caused us to think of you."

Justin was awake now. Sincere pleasure at seeing them again shone in his eyes and thrilled in his voice as he arose to greet them.

"I think I must have a guardian angel," he said. "This is the first time I have been here for two months. I made arrangements with a friend to meet me here to-day, but he was called in another direction and I concluded to come alone, but I haven't enjoyed it in the least. My conscience ordered me to another part of the city, but I see it was all right now. Will you not sit down ladies?"

The girls seated themselves on the bench vacated by Justin. He threw himself upon the grass at their feet.

"Did you know the Meyers have returned," asked Constance? "They came back a week ago, about the time we returned. Mrs. Meyer is worrying about him. He seems different somehow, as Laura and I noticed when we called, and since then she has spoken to us about it. She fears he has been overworked."

"Overworked," exclaimed Laura scornfully, "if any one is overworked it is that dear simple Pauline."

"Well Laura you know she cannot help her worshipful lovingness. She does idealize him, too much, it is true," returned Constance, "but 'tis her nature to," remember—but this is a digression. She fears his mind is in a feverish state Mr. Dorman, and she said yesterday that she thought of sending for you to come over to-day to chat with him, for he has taken a real liking for you, and it might have a good effect; but his mind dwells continually on the labor questions. I suggest if you call that you try to direct his thoughts into other channels."

Justin looked grave. "I don't know then that I ought to go near him if that is the case," he said with a half laugh. "It was Mr. Meyer who awakened me to the fact of my being to some extent my brother's keeper. Life seems to me a much more serious affair of late than it ever did before. To think of having lived twenty-one years of blissful selfishness in this hard, old world without once questioning myself as to the rights of other men or my own duties! You don't know what a sinner I feel myself to be. And now how can I go to our good friend and minister to a mind diseased moral morphine—optimistic opiates? Indeed I cannot," and Justin sprang to his feet and paced nervously back and forth with an absent look in his troubled eyes.

Constance did not speak but her color came and went fitfully, and she turned upon him a long, questioning, searching look.

Laura broke the silence by saying: "Come let us reason together. It does my soul good, Mr. Dorman, to hear a young man talk like that. Do sit down and tell us all about it. We'll play this is an 'experience' meeting; you know I, too, may have qualms of conscience because of duties left undone. I may be my sister's 'keeper' without knowing it, or knowing it may have selfishly failed to accept the trust confided to me."

She spoke, dropping her usual light tone, very gravely. Constance turning suddenly to her and catching the hand nearest her, pressed it lovingly to her lips, saying: "O Laura—it is I who am the guilty one, not you. You have at least been my faithful keeper and my salvation, while I have been merely a selfish girl, accepting all you have so generously offered, and doing nothing myself for any one. Do give us your experience Mr. Dorman."

Thereupon Justin, glad of such sympathetic hearing, told his experience of the last two months in studying the condition and needs of workmen and explained schemes for their improvement and his hopes for the future. Into his thought the girls entered heartily and offered him some timely suggestions. Then he accompanied them round the park, and he was surprised at the delight he took in everything.

It was nearly five o'clock when thoroughly tired, the three sat down upon a bench close to the Lake Shore Drive to rest their limbs, and to rest too their eyes, by a sight of the broad expanse of water, before returning home. Carriages filled with the elite of the city, whirled constantly by. One family carriage drew near. Justin recognized in it Ferdinand and Flossie. Flossie's quick eyes had detected Justin at some distance, and she had insisted that the carriage must stop as she had something particularly important to say to her cousin, of whom she was very fond. Ferdinand did not object and ordered the coachman to stop. Flossie sprang out and her brother followed. Justin on the whole enjoyed the situation, for he knew it would raise him in the estimation of his cousins to be seen in the company of two such lovely women as Constance and Laura, while he was pleased to have Constance see with her own eyes the kind of folks to whom he was related. Flossie ran up to Justin and kissed him with much impressment.

"O, cousin Justin," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to have met you. Do come up and see us soon." Then she whispered loud enough for Constance and Laura standing by to hear: "Are these ladies your friends? Please introduce me. They look nice." There was a way of escaping even if he had wished, which certainly he did not, an introduction of his companions to Ferdinand.

Ferd, who was first introduced to Constance was looking so intently at the fair and graceful girl that he scarcely caught the second name spoken, but conscious of the introduction to Laura he turned to acknowledge it with a low bow. She stood tall, erect, self-possessed, calm to outward appearance and with smiling, serene eyes, which met his full gaze undauntedly, as she quickly bowed with a little air of conscious superiority characteristic of her. Ferdinand was about to utter some commonplace, suitable to the occasion, when suddenly, to Justin's perplexity, he excitedly stepped back a pace or two and looking at her in a dazed way, said: "Why—why it is Laura—Laura Delmarthe!"

—When did you return to Chicago? and where have you been all these years? and why have I not heard from you?"

"One question at a time Mr. Fairfield," said Laura. "I have been in Chicago the last four years. I was in New York with friends, previous to that, fitting myself to become what I now am—a teacher," and as I had no reason to believe that any of my former friends remembered me, I being as you may judge, a very busy woman, I have had little time or inclination to resume old acquaintances. Besides I am not at all the same person whom my earlier friends knew. I was a thoughtless girl then, I am a woman now, with my living to earn and my own way to make in the world. Mother is dead you know."

Ferdinand looked at her more quietly now and very earnestly. "I did not know that and am very sorry for it," he said. "There are a thousand things I wish to ask you. Where are you living? You will let me call, surely. I feel now as though in a dream. By the way you have not—or have you—changed your name? You are still Miss Delmarthe?" "I am still Miss Delmarthe," she said quietly. She took out her card-case and pencil and turning to Constance asked: "What evenings are we disengaged? This young lady Mr. Fairfield is my *alter ego*; her mother was my friend and my mother's friend, and at her home my mother died. So whoever comes to call on me, calls on Miss Garrow also." She wrote the date. Constance suggested and gave him the card.

The onlookers during this short conversation were doing some vigorous thinking. Constance alone was in the secret of the former state of affairs, and she looked on in a perturbation of mind which showed itself in the frowns that knit her brow, in the varying color that came and went as she looked from Laura to him whom she regarded as her friend's recreant lover, and in the proud smile which flitted over her lips as she noted Laura's coolness.

Flossie was also in a "state of mind." She wondered what Ferdinand's sudden interest in these two strange ladies meant. She was quite sure one of them must be Justin's lady love, but she couldn't quite determine which, and she was wild with curiosity to know.

Justin stood by with a quiet face, but inwardly he was in a state of bewilderment. Why should Miss Delmarthe have concealed from him the fact of her acquaintance with his handsome cousin? Why should Ferdinand be so excited at meeting Laura? Why should she treat him so much more coolly than she treated even Justin himself? Why did Constance look so cross through it all?

"I hope Mr. and Mrs. Fairfield are well," Laura went on, then turning to Flossie she inquired, "Is this little rascal the pretty baby I used to be fond of?"

"Precious!" here interposed Flossie, "what did you ever know papa and mamma? and did you know me when I was a baby? Was I pretty then? and do you think me pretty now? I'm Flossie you know—Florence Frederika—mamma chose our names—all of us, my dear brothers and sisters, and Ferdinand's—because they were alterations, not alterations—that's not it either—oh I know, alterations of Fairfield. All our names begin with F, except papa's and mamma's. I guess their folks didn't think of it in time." Laura smiled at the little chatterbox rattled on.

"Yes I did see you often when you were a baby, Flossie," she answered at last, "but I got an opportunity, and I am sorry to disappoint your vanity; but you are not so lovely now as you were then for you were little more than a year old, and in my eyes the most beautiful little creature in the world. If you had continued like that, you know, somebody must inevitably have stolen you away; so be thankful that you are only moderately good looking now."

Flossie's eyes danced. "I'm glad you told me that," she said, "so I can tell mamma next time she calls me her ugly duckling."

"Come, Flossie, we must go now," said her brother. "Remember," turning to Laura, "I am going to call on you though you don't seem very anxious that I should do so *au revoir*."

"Delmarthe," interrupted Constance, "Oh is that your name? then I have heard mamma speak of you; wasn't it your father who—" "Come, Flossie," said her brother, sternly. "Wait, one more question," she persisted. "How came you to know my cousin Justin, and are you his girl? If you are I shan't like you a bit; for I'm going to marry him myself; he's a Fairfield and so am I."

"No, I am not your cousin's 'girl,' I am only a fellow student. We study German together," Laura explained.

Ferdinand looked at his cousin with new interest as he bade him good by.

When the carriage was out of sight, Miss Delmarthe turned to Justin, saying, "I suppose you are surprised at this meeting."

"I don't understand," murmured Justin. "I didn't know before that you knew my uncle's family. You have never mentioned it, nor have I ever heard them speak of you, though that is not strange since I am seldom there."

Constance came to the breach instantly. "O, Miss Delmarthe is full of all sorts of shadowy mysteries," she said, attempting to smile, but Justin felt the subdued tremor of her voice. "She chooses to surprise her friends once in a while. I never like to cheat her out of any of these little mysteries; and you must not either for they are awfully Laura, although apparently absorbed in thought, looked up as Constance stopped. "Constance," she said with a firm ring in her voice, "I'm going to destroy your pretty fiction. I will tell Mr. Dorman the truth."

"Miss Delmarthe," Justin exclaimed hurriedly, "pray don't tell me anything. It is none of my business. Let us walk on; there is a lovely cluster of flower beds just round that corner" and he turned in that direction. "No," declared Laura, "we will not go until I have told you just why I have not claimed acquaintance with your uncle's family."

"If you really wish Mr. Dorman to know, Laura," pleaded Constance, "let me tell him some other time."

"No, you romance too much; the truth is, Mr. Dorman from the time I was twelve until I was seventeen, my family—I was the only child—and the Fairfields were near neighbors and very intimate. My father," she slightly paused here, "was accounted a very wealthy man and a leader on the Board of Trade; he speculated and lost everything—his own money and that of others. One morning he was found dead. The papers said he committed suicide. I suppose he did. My mother and I left Chicago and took refuge with Miss Garrow's mother in the East, remaining there till my mother's death. She was mamma's cousin. Four years ago I had a good position offered me which I could not well afford to refuse. But you can see now why I have avoided renew-

ing any former acquaintances. I have not told my story before to any one. Constance here knew it of course. I tell it to you now only because I prefer you should hear it from my lips instead of learning it from the Fairfields who will now be sure to ask you about me."

Though she said all this in a dry, tearless manner, with her haughty head more than usually erect, and gazing steadily into Justin's face as she talked, Constance had stolen to her side, thrown her arm around her with her head half-resting on her shoulder, and from this vantage ground watched the expression of Justin's face a little defiantly. Justin listened in some confusion. He tried to speak once or twice, but failed; then as Laura paused, he suddenly turned his back upon her and walked away. Constance's lip began to curl, her brows contracted, her cheeks flushed; in a moment or two he retraced his steps. His eyes were filled with tears, and his voice husky as he half-whispered, "How brave you are! how very brave to tell me this and rise so grandly above your trouble! I did not know women had such courage. Oh! it is good to know what other people are capable of; it gives one courage and makes life worth living."

Constance looked at him with sympathetic approval, while Laura's voice softened and took on its usual tone of badinage as she asked, "Then you don't mean to throw me out of the list of your friends now that you know my story?"

"Miss Delmarthe, do you suppose there is anything that would tempt me to give up an acquaintance I prize so highly? I don't believe," she exclaimed with sudden fervor "that you ladies can ever guess what a grand help it is to a young fellow like me to know such good, earnest, thinking women as you are."

"Moderate your transports, young man," said Laura lightly, "or we may be tempted to exhibit to you the darker shades of our character. You should see me in my school, scolding my assistants, or Constance with her drawing class, impatient with stupid brains and clumsy fingers, in order to upst your ideal of us."

That was an afternoon which marked an epoch in Justin's life. In the silence of his room that night he was awed by the possibilities opening to him. Hitherto he had blindly followed whithersoever fate led. He felt now that he must have some definite aim and purpose in life and be the master of his own destiny. "If I could only be a conscientious lawyer," he thought, "I could help so much. I wonder whether the way will ever be opened to me?"

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritual World, Its Existence and Nature.

C. H. A. BIERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

When you light a candle, where does the light come from? From the fire, or the match, you answer. Very well. I ask again: How did the light or fire get into the match? Apparently it was not there till you struck it against some hard substance. When you blow out the candle, where does the light go? Can you answer these questions? And about the fire, where did the flame come from? You will probably answer that primarily it came from God. No doubt, God created it. But from what sphere, or space if you like, did it come, the moment you called it into existence by striking the match? One ancient tradition tells us that fire first fell from the heavens; and that it therefore is a curse to us as much as a blessing. Still another tradition, coming from High Asia, from the Himalaya mountains, the original home, as some say, of our ancestors, the Sons of Japheth. It tells us that while some early Aryan rubbed two pieces of wood against one another for the purpose of making a hole in the one, suddenly a small flame leaked out from the wood. It also tells that that flame was kept alive by continued rubbing, and ever afterwards served as a God, who came to man from the great unknown, and that all fire hails from it.

Dropping the idea of fire as a God, where did the flame come from, when it first appeared? Was it in the wood, which was rubbed? Apparently not. We, you and I, have never seen it there. Both you and I have held pieces of dry wood in our hands, yet never discovered that they contained fire. To be sure, we have seen wood burn, when put into a flame, but that is something entirely different. Where did the flame then come from? It seems it came by means of the wood and from a somewhere, mysterious, hidden, yet closely connected with our world—events with the very world we live in.

Now let me ask another question. Where do your thoughts come from? You will not dare answer with the materialists, that your brain matter—be it gray or white—produces them. Do you say: God gives me thoughts? Well, what about the evil thoughts of yours? Does God give them too? If you try to answer my question by saying that God created you so, that you could think—both good and evil thoughts—you only beg the question. Surely God created you so that you could think thoughts—but where do the thoughts come from, which you think? That's the question. You will not evade it by saying that thoughts are really nothing, that they come from nowhere. You know too well, that thoughts are realities, and deeds are but thoughts realized. Well then, what about the answer? Don't you think that the answer may be that thoughts, at least their forms, come from that same world whence come the light and the flame, that world where they go to, when extinguished? We think they do, yes, in the spirit, we know they do, for we have seen it. And we know, too, that our thoughts are laid aside in that world, when of no more use; for we use thoughts very much like clothes, and lay them aside, when they no more express our life. This, at least, is the case with the rational people, people, who grow mentally and spiritually. Not only are thoughts laid aside, but they, being acts, leave indelible impressions upon the "stuff" of that world, while being used. Real thoughts leave impressions as much as the foot does in the soil. Of this we may speak at another time.

If these questions about the locality, whence come light, flames and thoughts, appear difficult, perhaps some other questions relating to certain activities in nature, will help to clear up the mystery. For the present leaving out of consideration all abnormal cases and freaks of nature, we ask: How comes it that your finger nails, for instance, keep growing in the fashion they do? How is it, that the nails know how to grow out in a gentle curve over the tip of the finger? How is it, that they do not change color or grow straight into the air? When you cut a piece of flesh out of your hand, you notice that nature repairs the loss in harmony with the general plan of your hand. How is that? Evidently nature works with a conscious

purpose and after a plan or pattern that seems to underlie your organism. Whence strike the roots? Whence this activity? Where the solution of our former question?

Don't you think the causes for this may be in that same invisible world spoken of before, invisible, yet so closely interwoven with this present world that it so readily can manifest itself in it, as we have seen? We believe it to be so and many wise men of the past have thought so. They have taught us that there is for the body a "scheme," a fixed form or pattern, after which it is fashioned and after which the material portions collect and arrange themselves so far as external obstacles permit it. This "scheme" or impalpable form is the real body and we say with the old sages that it lives, moves and has its being in that inner world, spoken of before. It is made of "stuff" drawn from it.

Again, you have heard of those, who by accident have lost a limb; now they do retain the feeling of that lost limb exactly as if they had not lost it. In other words, those maimed, have still, what seems to them, their lost limbs. How this real presence? They say they have their limbs, yet they have them not. They seem to be in two worlds at one time, a material one, and another one, as real as that—no matter what it may be called. This is mysterious, and we might be disposed to doubt the veracity of the speakers, were such cases not fully proved and authenticated. It is mysterious, but no more so than the coming and going of the light of the candle, spoken of before, which you, as if by magic, call from the unknown, and send back to the unknown.

The cause of this appearance is to be sought in the presence of what we from analogy must call the inner, or spiritual body.

In this connection let me mention an interesting feature of this question. A man may have lost his foot and yet declare that the toes ache. How so? Modern physiology will go round the question by saying that it all lies in the nerves; that the pain is really in a nerve center and not in the terminus of the nerve. But the sufferer, who ought to know, and who imagines he still has his lost limb, declares the pain to be in that limb. However, leaving the invalid and the physiologist to quarrel about pain in nerve centers or in terminal nerves, it seems that here on a purely physiological basis, we have a proof of the possibility of eternal sufferings, as well as, also a proof of the pleasures, the blessed ones may expect; pleasures and suffering of a purely natural order. Hence, there is probably more truth in the reality of joy in heaven and suffering in hell, than most people will admit. Such seems to be the logic of a spiritual body.

We might continue for a long time to raise similar questions and suggest answers, which all prove the reality and presence of the spiritual world. We might introduce the somnambulists, the psychometers, mind readers and so forth. But enough. No one can deny that nature exists under different conditions, now visible and tangible, now invisible and intangible, and, from the illustrations used, it has been seen, how readily she changes from one condition to another without being essentially affected. The one condition we call the outer the other we call the inner, the spiritual world. We presume then that we all agree to the existence of such a world, whatever we may call it.

Let us now say something about the nature of this world. This invisible, yet so present world, is a real world. If the light, which we call out from it, when we strike fire, is real, and we say it is, it certainly must be as real in that condition in which it was before we called it; how else could it be real, when called out? Is there any difference in reality of a person in one room, and the reality of that same person called into another room? There is none, and can be none. As little difference can there be between the seen and the unseen light. The apparent difference lies in your eyes and mine; it does not lie in the light. Mark that! It is of the utmost importance in order to understand all these matters. Nature is one throughout, but she takes on different forms according to circumstances, when projected through our eyes and understanding.

That world is the real one. We think so because it contains the germs and seeds of the things of this world. In Gen. II. 5. it is said distinctly that "God made every plant of the field before it was in the earth," viz: before it appeared on earth. Where did He make them and keep them? In that mysterious world, which we are speaking about; whence they come and where they also go, where they die. We may therefore say that that world is the great storehouse for that which is to be and that which has been. That it contains that which has existed, we can prove, at least, to some extent. Hand to a good psychometer some natural object that has a human history connected with it, say a sword or a piece of marble from a temple or a king's palace, and the psychometer will tell you a part or most of that history that has come to pass before that stone and impressed itself upon it; and when you go to inquire, you will find the statements true. It has been proved to scientific precision. How do we explain it? Very simply. The psychometer enters by means of, let us say, his "gift," that other world, connected with the stone and readily describes what he sees and hears.

Certainly, that world must be real, or this could not be done. A truly real world is, for it records not only the indifferent, but the good and the bad too. No crime can go undetected, and you cannot bribe that world either. This leads us to think that the probably is more truth in the old tradition of a doomsday book, than many are willing to recognize now.

To describe where that world is, is perhaps more difficult than any of our former tasks. Let us try, however. When you, standing on this continent, strike a match, you get a light. When a hermit on the Himalaya mountains strikes a flint, he also gets a flame and a light. The same happens the Same as with the poles. In other words, any one dwelling in any part of the globe has access to that unseen world which we speak of. Its doors are where ever we are, and where ever nature stretches her realms, that world is too. Nature is every where, that world is every where. But is it in or outside nature? you ask. Please tell us, where are the ins and outs of nature and creation, and we shall answer your question. But in as much as we have recognized the reality of such a world and its presence everywhere, we may perhaps say that that world is neither in, nor out of nature and creation, but is a peculiar condition of nature, a condition which things can assume in virtue of created ability. In other words, that unseen world is not to be located either here nor there. It does not exist in one part of our world and not also in another. Neither does it exist in isolation in any region of space between this and any other planet. The presumption is, that it exists interwoven with the substances of every other planet as it does with our own.

and it is also presumptive that it exists in the same way in all interplanetary space. The truth is, probably, that that world is only another condition of this, or, if you like it, that this world is only another condition of that. A process of transmutation brings things from one world to the other.

But what do we understand now by transmutation? It is this. Think of water, steam, snow, and ice. These are four different conditions of one and the same substance, as you know. Exactly as these four may transmute into one another so may all other substances in creation, and according to their state, they exist either in the one world or the other, either in this material or in yonder spiritual world.

The existence of the spiritual world, its nature and laws ought to be a grave subject for everybody. The question of spiritual bodies and the condition of immortality will be much clearer to our comprehension, when we know something about that world.

## Woman's Department.

### Recompense.

Straight through my heart this fact to-day  
By Truth's own hand is driven:  
God never takes things away  
But something else is given.

I did not know in earlier years  
This law of love and kindness;  
But without hope, through bitter tears,  
I mourned in sorrow's blindness.

And ever following each regret  
For some departed treasure,  
My sad, repining heart was met  
With unexpected pleasure.

I thought—it only happened so—  
But time the truth has taught me:  
No least thing from my life can go,  
But something else is brought me.

It is the law, complete, sublime,  
And now, with faith unshaken,  
In patience I bide my time,  
When any joy is taken.

No matter if the crushing blow  
May for the moment come;  
Still back of it waits Love, I know:  
With some new gift to crown me.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mrs. Harriette R. Shattuck has organized a class in parliamentary law, which meets every Thursday at 3 P. M., at Ballou Hall, in Boston. Members are practiced in presiding, and in all affairs of a business meeting.

Ella C. Taylor, in *Star Clipper*: When a man starts out in life, he masters one trade or profession, and makes his living practicing it. He becomes a lawyer, doctor, carpenter, mechanic, or printer, and his work is confined to that branch of labor. When a woman marries a man and becomes "queen of his household," she takes the position of a veritable "jack-of-all-trades." She becomes a laundress, masters fine ironing, conducts palatable dishes, sweeps and dusts, runs a dairy, and raises chickens for the spring market. Occasionally she tries painting, paper-hanging, and artistic house decoration. Very often she introduces carpentry by repairing the back sidewalk and hanging the front gate. She is a dressmaker and milliner combined. She also does a good deal of mending in odd moments. In the summer time she runs a small establishment for the canning of small fruits and vegetables. At all times she acts the part of nursery maid and family doctor. Often she tries book-keeping by helping the head of the family with his accounts, for him. She has even been known to put up stoves without losing her temper—an accomplishment unattainable by men. In the evening she turns assistant teacher for the village school by helping the children with their lessons for the next day. When at last she finds time for a few moments' rest before retiring for the night, her husband heaves a martyr-like sigh and wishes he was a woman, with nothing to do but to sit around all day and mind the baby. This is her reward.

A recent opinion rendered by the Virginia Court of Appeals shows that the law recognizes a graded valuation of wives. The complainant had sued for damages for the loss of his wife, who had been accidentally killed through the negligence of the defendants. On the trial evidence tending to show that the deceased had been a superior wife was offered, and, presumably influenced by this, the jury gave the complainant a verdict for six thousand dollars. The defendants objected to proof as to the character of the wife, and carried the issue to the highest court of the State. That tribunal holds that such evidence was perfectly proper as a means of estimating the damage suffered by the husband. "If the character and conduct of the wife will cause but little sorrow, suffering and mental anguish to the husband, then the fair and just proportion of the damages to be awarded by the jury will be measured accordingly." But on the contrary, the Court adds: "If the wife be loving, tender and dutiful to her husband; thrifty, industrious, economical and prudent—as the evidence in this case proved Mrs. McConnell to be—then her price is far above rubies, and the loss of such a wife, of such a helpmeet, of such influence, of such a blessed and potent ministry and companionship is a proper element of damages to be considered by the jury in fixing the solatium to be awarded to the husband for tearing her from his heart and home."

From the *Woman's Tribune*: Protestant churches are making a great mistake in asking for any government aid or immunities on the plea that Catholics receive favors or on any plea at all. Rather should they unite to demand that no denomination shall receive any recognition or relief. Mrs. Lathrop at the late National Conference in Washington of those who seek to engraft religious principles on civil government, is reported to have upbraided the Protestant church for allowing recognition in politics. In a demanding recognition in politics. In a demand for being able to make a united demand, and to mass their forces. The individual freedom of conscience, the open organization, and the diversity of sects, among Protestants indicate that their true policy is to insist that the government shall neither repress nor foster. The pushing of either Catholics or Protestants for political recognition is dangerous and subversive not only of republican ideas but of the principles of the founder of Christianity. If Protestants would hold their own property should be taxed the same as that of any other corporation, and that no sectarian school or institution should receive government aid or patronage.

A New York correspondent says that he saw a woman in the reporters stand reporting a

horse race, and the report she wrote, he says, was good work and suggested anew how much women are now doing that only a short time ago was done by men alone. This young woman had an article of five columns length in a conspicuous New York newspaper on Sunday with reference to the horses that ran in the Suburban and the jockeys that rode them. The same newspaper devoted nearly half its space that day to special articles written by women. When a woman has the gift of writing combined with the gift of newspaper sense, and by that I mean the judgment that tells her what to write and what to omit, she is quite as valuable to a big newspaper as a man, for she brings to the newspaper a freshness of observation and an originality that are refreshing. She can obtain a certain line of information, too, that man secures with great difficulty. All the big newspapers now employ several women, because their work is of real value, but sending a woman to a horse race is absolutely a new departure.

The admission of Wyoming as a state under a constitution embodying the broadest views on woman suffrage has aroused a good deal of interest among the active Chicago women, and they intend to make a strong effort at the next constitutional convention to insert in the Illinois constitution the essential provisions of the Wyoming bill, allowing women to vote for all offices and to hold any office within the gift of the people. A prominent suffragist of Chicago says: "The methods of politicians are forcing women to pronounce in favor of suffrage for the sex. I know hundreds of women, formerly passive on the question, who have been converted to the suffrage idea because of the manner employed by politicians. Also we have a great deal of work to do in relief and charities, and we feel that we may be able to do it more efficiently if we have the franchise." During the address a remark of significance was made: "A knowledge of political geography by women is necessary in order that they may do relief and charitable work without friction of overlapping. There are 600 societies of ladies in Chicago interested in various charities and reforms, and we hold that whatever line of public service is undertaken should be in accordance with political geography and not in conformity with church association in order that confusion may be prevented."

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the last representative of the Greeley family in Chappaqua, has the undivided adoration of every Chappaquan. Her figure is somewhat above medium height and well developed. She has soft brown hazel eyes, a radiant oval face, and a voice of great sweetness. She passes most of her days in walking, reading, looking after her farm, and in doing what she can to make life happier for the working people in the village. Once or twice every Sunday she tramps two and a half miles to St. John's Episcopal Church in Pleasantville. Sunday afternoons she meets her Sunday afternoon Club, and talks to the members on instructive and religious subjects. She frequently entertains the families of the village workingmen in the big stone barn which her father built. Miss Greeley's barn parties are the social events of all seasons among the poorer people of Chappaqua, and they take much pleasure in telling of the fine dances and suppers they have enjoyed under her roof. Miss Greeley wears no jewelry and dresses plainly.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

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

FIFTY YEARS on the Mississippi or Gould's History of Navigation. By E. W. Gould. St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Co. 1889. pp. 750.

Capt. Gould has had fifty years of experience in the construction and running of lines of river steamers. He commanded magnificent boats which plied upon Western waters before the railways made inroads upon their passenger traffic, and his large knowledge of river navigation eminently qualifies him for explaining the increase and decline of transportation, on the Mississippi and other rivers, giving portraits of the best known river navigators, and for describing the character and peculiarities of Western boatmen, and scenes and incidents of Western life, connected with the river business. The work contains a history of the introduction of steam as a propelling power on oceans, lakes and rivers, and of the first steamboats on the Hudson, Delaware and Ohio rivers, as well as the first used in steam navigation on the rivers of the West, with descriptions of the part such navigation performed in the development of the West and the Southwest. The character and speed of boats at different periods are given, and facts in regard to floods in the Mississippi Valley for a hundred and fifty years. The historical narratives are interspersed with interesting philosophical reflections and valuable practical suggestions. The style is strong and clear, and the sketches are often humorous. The book is very readable and to steamboatmen and river editors it will prove invaluable.

Capt. Gould dedicates his work "to the memory of those who, after struggling for years to overcome the embarrassments and dangers incident to the life of a boatman, have been wrecked on the shoals of time, and wafted into a haven of rest on the shores of the beautiful river, where they await the arrival of their friends and contemporaries, who are still contending with the adversities of this life before crossing the river that ferries but one way."

HEAVEN REVISED. A Narrative of Personal Experiences after the change called Death. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey, author of "What Women Should Know," "Relation of the Sexes," "No Sex in Education," etc. Chicago: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House. 1889, second edition, pp. 101. Price, 25 cents.

Mrs. Duffey says in the preface of this work "I did not think out my narrative; I did not plan or plot. I could not have known less of what was to be written had I been writing at the dictation of another. . . . I believe that I wrote through unseen assistance, but I hesitate to ask others to endorse this belief. . . . The reader must decide for himself. If he be a believer in spirit inspiration, he will accept my own belief, and think that 'Heaven Revised' was written inspirationally. If he be a skeptic and hesitates to do this, he will only be sharing the doubts and questionings which sometimes possess myself."

The narrative is well written and is interesting.

for offering any fuel to Ibsen's unfinished but dramatic work, by saying that she should have left it untouched but for the currency given to Walter Besant's false interpretation of the characters of both Nora and Helmer. In this poetic sequel Mrs. Cheney indicates a possible reconciliation between Nora and her husband brought about by a recognition through hard experience of their true relations to life and to each other. The work is dedicated to the New England Hospital for women and children, and the profits of its sale are to go to that institution.

NEW AMAZONIA. A foretaste of the future. By Mrs. George Corbett. London: Tower Publishing Co., 91 Minorities, E. C., pp. 146.

The author of this bright volume is very evidently an ardent Farnellite, an English woman with Irish sympathies, and an eloquent advocate of Woman's Rights; for the version of the Utopian dream which she here presents shows us Ireland as she is to be in the year 2472 under the reign of a cultivated and improved race of women, developed through obedience to scientific laws and cultivation of inventive genius.

The readers of "New Amazonia" who have read "Looking Backward," will be reminded of that work in many parts of this, but with essential difference of treatment of the various questions discussed. Indeed, in many respects Mrs. Corbett's dream is more reasonable than Bellamy's. And a greater number of social problems are given possible solutions. She takes occasion through the views of the historians of that future period to scathe England for her present position on the Irish question, and makes them show up Charles Parnell under the name of "Carolus Patriotes" as the greatest hero of these times. The story is cleverly written, brimming with ideas, and breezy in style.

Magazines for May not before mentioned.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) Transatlantic Trifles by Sire Julian Goldsmith, Bart. M. P., shows us peculiarities and customs of Americans seen through a foreign eye. An article, profusely illustrated has for its subject, Albert Durer. For cause: Mrs. Corbett's dream is more reasonable than Bellamy's. And a greater number of social problems are given possible solutions.

The Path. (New York.) A variety of articles upon theosophy and kindred subjects appear this month.

The Spiritualist's Lyceum Magazine. (Oldham, England.) Quite a variety of articles devoted to the teachings and principles of the Lyceum are found in the May issue of this monthly.

The Gleaner. (San Francisco, Cal.) The object of the Gleaner is to present methods whereby women may be able to attain financial independence through their own efforts.

### New Books Received.

The Lady of the Lake. By Sir Walter Scott. Stereographed in the advanced Corresponding Style of Standard Photography, by Andrew J. Graham. New York.

How to Preserve Health. By Louis Barkan, M. D. New York: American News Co. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's View. By C. H. Blackburn. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. Paper cover, price, 50 cents.

The following from F. F. Lovell & Company, New York:  
A Magnetic Man, by E. S. Van Zile: The Perfect Way, by Edward Maitland and Anna (Bonus) Kingsford; Sybil, by Ouida. Paper covers, price, each 50 cents.  
A Girl of the Period, by L. T. Meade; Dinna Forget, by John Strange Winter. Paper covers, each, 30 cents.

Fruits and How to Use Them. By Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells Company; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

### Curious Prophecies.

In August, 1857, the Bavarian *Allgemeine Zeitung* printed a remarkable prophecy which had been made by an old hermit many years before.

In it the rise of Napoleon III. was clearly outlined, as were also the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars and the commune of Paris. He told how the death of Pope Pius would occur in 1878 or 1877, and how it would be followed by a Russo-Turkish war—being but slightly wrong in either prediction.

He said that Germany would have three emperors in one year before the end of the century, which was verified to the letter. He missed it one, at least, in the number of United States presidents that were to die by assassination, which was remarkably close, to say the least.

He said that when the twentieth century opened Manhattan island and the whole of New York City would be submerged into the waters of the Hudson and East Rivers and the bay; Cuba would break in two, and the west half and the city of Havana find a watery resting place.

Florida and Lower California are to break loose from the mainland, and carry their load of human misery to the bottom of the sea. The twenty-fifth is to be the last of the United States presidents, and Ireland is to be a kingdom, and England a republic by the end of the century.

The United States are to be divided, and San Francisco, Salt Lake City, New Orleans, St. Louis, Washington, and Boston are to be made capitals.

The end of the century will not find either Italy or France upon the maps, and Berlin will have been totally destroyed by an earthquake.

### A Knowing Dog.

Dr. Justin Emerson tells this story about a dog, the property of a friend of his, Dr. Hurd, of Pontiac. The dog is a brown spaniel. It followed a member of the family to prayer meeting and behaved well until a woman got up and began to speak, when he growled. Every time a woman told her experience that dog showed his disapproval, but when a man was exhorting he kept still and manifested no uneasiness. When it came time to close the meeting the minister requested the people to sing the benediction, and the dog immediately sat up, hung his paws and looked around with the most tickled expression of countenance, as if he was quite ready to go. It made everybody laugh, even the minister. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Andrew D. White will take The Antiquity of Man and Egyptology as the subject of a chapter in the "Warfare of Science" series, to appear in the June *Popular Science Monthly*. His account of how Egyptian chronology was cramped and twisted to make it agree with the belief that the first man was created just 4,004 years before Christ, shows an intellectual servility in the past that can hardly be realized at the present day.

The concluding chapters on Justice, which are to form a part of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy, will be printed in the *Popular Science*

Monthly for June. In these chapters the sentiment of justice and the idea of justice are carefully analyzed.

The Tariff question will be discussed by Edward Atkinson in an article entitled "Comparative Taxation," in the June *Century*.

How to Magnetize by Victor Wilson is an able work published many years ago and reprinted simply because the public demanded it. Price, 25 cents.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, consisting of the life and work of Dr. Justus Kerner and William Howitt, and an extended account of the Seances of Prevorat, while under the care and attention of Dr. Kerner. Price, \$2.50, postage 10 cents, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

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## Influence of Mind on the Body.

The influence of the mind on the body none doubt. A question of interest to many is to what extent can the structural parts and organic conditions be changed by mental influence? Every physician and every experienced nurse know the value of a patient's faith in the medicine given. "A simple prediction, without any remedial measure, will," says Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist, "sometimes work its own fulfillment. Thus Sir James Paget tells of a case in which he strongly impressed a woman having a sluggish, non-malignant tumor in the breast, that this tumor would disappear within a month or six weeks; and so it did. He perceived the patient's nature to be one on which the assurance would act favorably, and no one could more earnestly and effectively enforce it." The same writer says that a fixed belief on the part of a patient that he is the victim of a mortal disease, or that a particular method of treatment will prove unsuccessful, seems in many cases to have been the real occasion of the fatal result. Very likely faith in the curative agency of the pool of Bethesda helped those who resorted to it. Now when it is known that this pool is fed by an intermittent spring, one can understand why the moving of the water was ascribed to the occasional appearance of an angel.

Some years ago a Belgian peasant girl exhibited the phenomenon of "stigmatization." She bled periodically, without any wounds, from the forehead and side, and from the hands and feet—parts which were pierced in Jesus when he was crucified. By Catholics it was declared to be a miracle; by Protestants it was denounced as a religious fraud. The testimony of numerous witnesses, including physicians who were on guard against any deception, seemed to leave no ground for doubt as to the reality of the phenomenon. It was neither a miracle nor an imposture. It was a natural local effect, the cause of which was the prolonged and strong concentration of the attention, with faith in the results, while under the influence of powerful religious emotion.

The subject was dominated by one thought "the Saviour's Passion," on which her mind, closed to the outer world, dwelt continually, with periodical "ecstasy," followed by exhaustion. "Her current of thought and feeling in this state," says Dr. Carpenter, "uniformly ran in the direction of the Saviour's Passion, the whole scene of which seemed to pass before her mind, as might be judged from her expressive actions, and a strong evidence of the reality of the condition was afforded by the fact that, according to the testimony of the medical witnesses, each fit terminated in a state of extreme physical prostration, which could not have been simulated—the pulse being scarcely perceptible, the breathing slow and feeble, and the whole surface bedewed with a cold perspiration.

Now the transudation of blood through the orifices of the perspiratory ducts under strong emotional excitement, being a well authenticated physiological fact, there seems to me nothing in the least degree improbable in the narrative; on the contrary anyone who accepts the charming away of warts, and the cure of more serious maladies, as results of a strongly excited expectant attention, will regard the stigmatization of an ecstasie as the natural result of the intense concentration of her thought and feelings on a subject that obviously had a peculiar attraction for them."

Under the influence of great grief the hair has been known to change its color in a few hours. This indicates that intense emotion may produce marked changes in the physical system. What is the limit of these changes? The unverified statements of wonders preformed by professional "Christian scientists," "mental healers," "metaphysicians," and "mind-cure," physicians are not of much scientific value, but there is a modicum of truth in these claims respecting cures by means of mental influence, and experienced and skillful physicians know the therapeutic value of this influence in treating disease as is illustrated, for instance, in their sometimes giving patients who need no medicine, but think they do, bread pills. In such cases imagination and "faith" do the work, and they have more to do with the recovery of patients generally than is commonly believed. The majority of people think it necessary whenever they are sick, to "take some medicine," but physicians know that this notion is, to a large extent, the result of popular ignorance to which they accommodate themselves in their professional practice.

Is it possible for a person to receive benefit (or injury) from the mental influence of another, except so far as the operator can produce effects by awakening ideas and exciting feelings in the individual operated upon? Can mind act upon mind without speech, or touch or any recognizable sign? If it can, is conscious passivity on the part of the subject a necessary condition? How much truth is there in the statements regarding "mind reading?" The experiments of Prof. M. Pierre Janet and Prof. Charles Richet, among others, in hypnotism and clairvoyance, and those of Prof. Sidgwick, President of the Society for Psychical Research, London, in thought-transference (not to mention experiments and experiences familiar to thousands of Spiritualists) prove that under certain conditions the mind can discern beyond the range of the senses and read the thoughts of other minds. Some of Bishop's wonderful feats satisfied careful investigators of the same phenomena.

Prof. William James, of Harvard College, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*, in a paper on "The Hidden Self," says: "I know a non-hysterical woman who, in her trance, knows facts which altogether transcend her possible normal consciousness, facts about the lives of people whom she never saw or heard of before. I am well aware of all the liabilities to which this statement exposes me, and I make it deliberately having practically no doubt whatever as to its truth."

A multitude of testimonies to the same effect might be adduced. Referring to Janet's record of observation made at Havre on certain hysterical somnambulists, a work of five hundred pages entitled "De l'Automatisme Psychologique," Prof. James says: "It often happens that scattered facts of a certain kind float around for a long time, but that nothing scientific or solid comes of them until some man writes just enough of a book to give them a possible body and meaning. Then they shoot together, as it were, from all directions, and that book becomes a rapid accumulation of new knowledge."

## Lesson of the Suspended Slates.

On the eighth page may be found an exposition which will not be pleasant reading to any right-minded person, whether Spiritualist or otherwise; but however unpleasant, it certainly is instructive. We confess to having halted for weeks, before doing what seemed an imperative duty—halted, not through any lack of courage, but in the hope that in some other way the end might be accomplished and the interests of Spiritualism equally well served. It does seem as though the time had come when camp-meeting managers might see their way clear to make conditions and rules concerning the plying of the vocation of mediumship on their grounds; and that these great summer resorts should no longer be regarded by tricksters as grand preserves where game may be easily bagged, and where even the bungling novice in spiritualistic jugglery may feel assured of freedom in securing a living while perfecting himself in his "art." The case under consideration is a most aggravating one. These "Bangs Sisters" had been thoroughly exposed as persistent dealers in fraud; they had been caught in the act, their trick-cabinet exposed, and the women with their paraphernalia bundled off to the police station, prior to their advent at Cassadaga. Yet after all this, they were apparently received at the camp on the same footing with mediums of stainless reputation, and accorded every facility to pluck the visiting throng. Cassadaga is no worse in this respect than the other large camps. It is high time a reform was inaugurated. Common sense, propriety, decency, justice and fair dealing all demand that no person claiming to be a medium, and who has been detected in fraudulent practices, or whose reputation is not above suspicion, shall be allowed to practice their calling on the grounds. Like dealers in distilled spirits, they should not be allowed

within a mile of a camp, and not even that near; indeed, there is no proper place for such people outside a spiritual reformatory or county workhouse.

Suppose these tricksters do have some medial power; suppose they have a great deal! Then and by that much are they the more dangerous to the camp and to Spiritualism. Suppose that some of this premeditated deception is the work of spirits not in mortal form, but influencing these sensitives to deceive and rob their victims—and this is held by some to be the case—is this any reason why such work should be tolerated? Not at all! It is freely granted that all spirits are not good; that bad and mischievous spirits may manifest as readily as good ones—conditions being favorable; but in all this there is no sound reason why there should be no restrictions imposed, no police power exercised? Shall anyone desiring to be relieved of those responsibilities incumbent upon respectable people, secure immunity and license by invoking and accepting help from the realm of diabolism? Spiritualists, managers of camps, lecturers, reputable mediums, can you hesitate a moment in answering these questions and in answering them as the JOURNAL does? No! Then let your future course be consistent with your convictions!

In the particular case under consideration, mal-observation on the part of the observer and trickery on the part of the medium seem proven. An experienced Spiritualist who was at Cassadaga last summer, and who saw the original slate containing the illustrated rhyme of which Mr. Richmond speaks, after seeing the duplicate made from memory, given on the eighth page, says: "I am satisfied that Mr. R. has been victimized; but, drunk or sober, I do not think the tool of May Bangs places himself in a very enviable position before the public, if he has any reputation to lose. Of course, Mr. Richmond, as the caustic and popular reviewer of the 'Seybert Commissioners' Report,' and the author of the article in the 'Arena,' is in an equally sorry plight as a popular scientific expounder of the Philosophy of Spiritualism."

We care little about the position Graham assumes in the public mind. He made a fool of himself, and must suffer for it. He seems now to regret it all, and to be striving to redeem himself; and in so far as he proves worthy, we shall ever be glad to lend him a helping hand and to encourage him in his effort to re-establish himself in respectable society. As to Mr. Richmond, he can hardly feel more keenly than we do the unpleasantness of the situation; but it can scarcely be more disagreeable for him than was our own position when we felt obliged, by investigations set on foot by myself, to stand up before the world and acknowledge that we had been deceived by Rowley, the alleged occult telegrapher. Possibly, our love of approbation is less than Mr. Richmond's, but we trust that his moral courage is equal to our own. He is a gentleman whom we highly esteem, and whom we believe is entitled to the esteem of the public. If he shall come to realize his fallibility, it may result in making him a stronger man, a greater force in working out the tremendous problems now vexing the world than otherwise he would have been. We have no desire to laugh at him, and we don't believe any person whose good opinion is valuable will think any the less of him as a man because he was deceived by a brace of swindlers.

Some ten years ago we published "Hints to Investigators and Mediums." These "Hints" were the result of the combined wisdom of such experienced observers and mediums as Epes Sargent, W. Stainton-Moses, Wm. Denton, G. B. Stebbins, E. V. Wilson, Mrs. Maud Lord, Mrs. R. C. Simpson, D. D. Home, Maria M. King, Mrs. J. E. Potter, Mrs. Hollis-Billing and others, whose aid we secured in improving the first draft made by myself, and whose endorsement of them as a whole was given after revision. There were thirteen hints. The tenth reads thus:

"When you have had one successful seance, before publishing it to the world as conclusive, try another, and still another, varying the conditions, if possible, but not making them less stringent."

We commend this hint to Mr. Richmond and all other investigators and writers upon spirit manifestations.

## Genius and Insanity.

The late Emory Storrs was a brilliant orator, an able lawyer and a man of genius. He had one fatal vice, a passion for drink. His wife had also a mania but of a different kind—acquisitiveness and secretiveness in regard to money brought on probably by years of habitual effort to make up for the husband's thriftlessness, and constant dread, that in their old age they would be reduced to poverty and distress. Mrs. Storrs' sudden death some time ago brought to light the fact that she had money and notes to the amount of \$60,000. She had claimed to be and the public believed that the widow of the great lawyer was, on the verge of want. All this money was left in the hands of trustees for the maintenance of an only son who had, without his father's intellectual gifts his father's appetite for strong drink, and who was as improvident and wasteful as his mother was acquisitive and saving. The other day this son was sent to the Insane Asylum of the State of New York. Had George Storrs received discipline and training in early youth which his moral weakness made all-important for him, and had he been put to some simple trade at which he could work, instead of being allowed to grow up in idleness and then to make the pretence of studying for a profession for which he lacked the intellectual qualifications, he might have

overcome the curse of a drunkard's appetite, and lived a useful, even though an inconspicuous life. This case illustrates the fact—which leads some people to deny altogether intellectual and moral heredity—that the lower qualities are more generally inherited than the higher ones, which appear, disappear and reappear in a curious manner. The instances are numerous in which sons of men of genius have been either idiotic or insane. It has been seriously claimed that genius itself is a species of insanity. The ancestral history of Emory Storrs might be an instructive as well as an interesting study. How far back may be traceable the causes of young Storrs' madness, and how far is he morally responsible for it? A correct answer to these questions might show that the average view of human nature and of the springs of human action is extremely superficial.

## The Journal's Attitude.

There are no persons more favorable to a close, scientific investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism than intelligent, honest Spiritualists, and none more ready to assist in the exposure of the fraud practised in the name of Spiritualism. This class of Spiritualists the JOURNAL has represented to the best of its ability. It has had to contend, on the one hand, with wholesale, indiscriminating denial of the genuineness of all phenomena purporting to be spiritual, and on the other, with credulous and indiscriminating acceptance as genuine of everything claimed to come from the spirits. The paper has long had the enmity and bitter opposition of all the tricksters and frauds of the country who in the name of Spiritualism, have for money pretended to be mediums for messages or manifestations of departed spirits, and many well-meaning, Spiritualists have been disposed to criticize the JOURNAL for its too exacting requirements of mediums before endorsing their claims or recommending them to public confidence.

At times it almost seemed that the truth in spiritual phenomena would have to wait a long time for general recognition owing to the enormous amount of spurious phenomena, purporting to be spiritual, which investigators everywhere encountered, and the examination of which only strengthened their hostility to Spiritualism. But of late there are indications of readiness on the part of increasingly large numbers to make the distinction, the importance of which has been so often urged in these columns, between spiritual phenomena that can be proven to be real, and so-called spiritual phenomena, which, although accepted by many as genuine, can be proved to be fraudulent. The wisdom of the course pursued by the JOURNAL has been sufficiently vindicated and its position is now appreciated and approved by many who once thought the attitude of the paper in some respects, impolitic and injurious to "the cause."

## The Public Schools and Excess of Dress.

One reason for the popularity of the Convent schools is a regulation which most of them have that pupils shall wear a simple uniform dress, with no jewelry throughout the school year. The children of the poor and of the rich are, in this respect, put on an equality. Let the common schools take a lesson from Convent schools.

Last year 14,000 children in Chicago, attended no school regularly. A large number gave as a cause, poverty or illness; many were truant. It is certain that the non-attendance was due, to a considerable extent, to the excess of dress, which humiliated those children whose parents were unable to give them fine clothes, jewelry, ornaments, and pocket money. Children are sensitive, and the directors of the public schools should consider this fact, and encourage, in the schools the principle of Democratic government and a public opinion which will supersede the necessity of any official rules in this matter. The Chicago Herald has some sensible words on the subject: As the week approaches for the annual closing exercise in the public schools excitement goes to a fever heat over the dress that will be worn on the "last day." There is no limit to its excess, except the credit of the foolish parents. The children of the poor beg for costumes of a sort fit to match those of the well-to-do. Debt is incurred in a large proportion of the graduates' families for the folly and immorality of overdressing daughters to make a show, not of their learning, but of their apparel, to a few visitors and the school. A rule by the executive that no dress should be worn the closing day that had not previously been worn during the school year would have a wholesome influence, and would set the tide of sentiment in the right direction for the future. The public schools would be more popular were they more Democratic.

## The Copyright Bill.

Mr. Hopkins of Illinois, was prominent in opposition to the Copyright bill. He spoke against the bill on constitutional grounds just the same as, a few years ago, slavery was defended in Congress on "constitutional grounds," and just as the small politician is always using the National Constitution as a fortress for his pet wrong. Mr. Hopkins quoted this from the Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited terms to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries." One of the declared objects of the Constitution is "to establish justice." This object cannot be

promoted by literary piracy. But according to the Illinois representative the men who framed the Constitution were not influenced by any considerations of justice to authors in providing for the spread of intelligence among the people. Mr. Hopkins' statement that the enactment of the Copyright bill would increase the price of books should be regarded morally as on a par with the slaveholders' assertion a few years ago, that the abolition of slavery would increase the price of labor, and the cost of raising cotton. What if it did? The negro was entitled to his freedom and fair pay for his work, and authors are entitled to the protection of their rights in the productions of their brains.

## Publisher's Desk.

This is the last issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the form which it has worn since 1865. It has become a household friend in thousands of homes scattered the wide world around, and its weekly appearance has been looked for with pleasure by thousands; by thousands whose longings for further light as to the future life led them to the paper as a trustworthy guide to a sure and satisfying knowledge that their dear ones still lived and loved, and, while traveling the eternal road a little in advance of those in mortal form were yet able and willing to turn back at times to lift the veil of sorrow, bind up the broken heart as give cheer and hope to the forlorn and suffering, the doubting and the weak; by other thousands the JOURNAL has been greeted as the staunch exponent and defender of a saving philosophy, an ethics based on psychical science, a rational religion toward which all the world is tending and which is bound to become universal. In these twenty-five years the JOURNAL's form has grown to seem that of a friend to those broken in spirit, to those seeking clearer light on the great problems of life, to those desiring the betterment of this world as well as some knowledge of the next. It has come to be a terror to evil doers and the Nemesis of the charlatan and trickster. Hence it may not be without a fleeting pang of regretful sentiment that my subscribers will join with me in bidding the old form a respectful adieu.

To change the form and general appearance of a long-established paper is a matter not to be lightly decided, and hence I have been for more than a year considering the question. As my readers will remember I took a census of opinion sometime ago and the vote to change to the form in which the JOURNAL will appear next week was practically unanimous—only one dissenting vote being recorded. In its new shape it will be more easily preserved; and a binder will be offered synchronously with the first issue, in which the paper may be filed each week by those who desire to keep it. The facilities for arrangement and classification of matter will be greatly increased and the paper will take rank among the most artistically made up papers in the country. The amount of patient care, the large expense and the labor involved in making the change in order to have everything perfect and that there may be no hiatus or hitch cannot be understood or appreciated by others than those who have had the same experience.

I shall be pleased to send specimen copies to all who wish to inspect the paper; and I will also send to any old subscriber as many copies as he, or she, can judiciously place among friends and acquaintances; requests for these should be sent in immediately, or lists of addresses where the papers are to be mailed from this office. I shall not object if subscribers insist on paying for these extra copies or donating something to aid in disseminating a knowledge of the paper. A great newspaper with all the auxiliary work which has gradually grown up around the JOURNAL cannot be successfully carried forward without large expenditures. I am sure the JOURNAL has a host of readers who if they could but realize the vast amount of unpaid labor, missionary work, and charitable effort done through this office would be filled with enthusiasm and an irresistible impulse to generously and continuously assist both with money, time, and influence.

I will send the JOURNAL twelve weeks on trial to any address for fifty cents; or, I will send it for one year to five addresses for \$10, provided the names accompanied by the amount are received at one time.

The JOURNAL has a host of friends and admirers; they are wholly among the rational, intelligent, moral, truth-loving class. Will not these friends, one and all, now dedicate some portion of their time to advancing the interests of true Spiritualism, a Spiritualism which makes for good in this world and prepares the believer for the next; a Spiritualism broad and all-embracing in its definition; a Spiritualism as superior to spiritism in its life-giving, soul-saving, love-inspiring and ennobling qualities as it is possible to conceive; a Spiritualism so great and grand in its scope as to cover all interests both human and divine, and which seeks to enfold in its generous embrace all struggling souls regardless of belief or condition in life, and to guide them toward the "Church of the Spirit."

That in the continued publication of the JOURNAL I shall ever consider my duty and responsibilities to Spiritualism as the philosophy of life, and that I shall always guard the public interests in preference to my own,—where the two may seem from a worldly standpoint to conflict—needs, I think, no reaffirmation. While I shall give less space to the iconoclastic feature which has been so necessary in the past I will hold the JOURNAL

NAL as nearly as possible to a strictly scientific course in the treatment of the phenomena of Spiritualism; and I shall accentuate and magnify the work of construction for the purpose and to the end that the JOURNAL may be an important factor in advancing the world to higher ground along the lines of psychical science, ethics, religion and sociology—which cover nearly all that affects the welfare of mankind.

I am quite well aware that as publisher I have embodied in the foregoing some things that might more properly be said by me as editor, but where both offices are filled by a single individual it is not easy to differentiate the lines; though I am sometimes weak enough to wish that when I am performing the role of publisher I could forget that I am also editor. But whether I address you as publisher or editor I bespeak your confidence, good will and earnest co-operation, and point to my record in justification of my request and as a guaranty of the future.

#### Reply to a Complaint.

On the sixth page is printed an extract from a letter criticizing the JOURNAL for its attacks upon Roman Catholicism. The JOURNAL must say in defence that it does not attack any religion as a whole, and never in merely a wanton or iconoclastic spirit, never without pointing out the error or evil, which is the object of the assault. From this duty the JOURNAL, as a reform paper, cannot shrink. It is just as ready to criticize any of the Protestant forms of Christianity when their attitude in regard to social and moral movements, and the advanced thought of the age is obstructive of progress. The hostility of the Roman Catholic hierarchy to the American public school system is condemned but so is the position of the Lutheran ministry in regard to what is known as the Bennett law in Wisconsin; so are the efforts of Protestants to keep King James' version of the Bible in the public schools, to secure restrictive legislation in regard to Sabbath observance, to make the National Constitution an evangelical document, and to obtain governmental aid for schemes the ulterior purpose of which is theological.

If the strictures of the JOURNAL are unjust—and it would be presumptuous to assume that they never are,—the columns of the paper are, subject to limitation of space and other reasonable conditions, open for correction in the interests of truth and fair dealing.

W. E. Reid, of Grand Rapids, was sentenced on the 16th to one year's hard labor in the Detroit house of correction. This in consequence of the verdict some weeks ago, finding him guilty of using the U. S. mails for fraudulent purposes in plying his business of answering sealed letters by alleged spirit help. Ever since his indictment, a year ago and more, up to last week, his lawyers and defense committee have heralded to the world that "Spiritualism is on trial in the person of Dr. W. E. Reid." A few weeks since, the JOURNAL showed up the foolishness of this cry. But Mr. Moulton, of the defense, persisted in using it, even after the last trial. It seems, however, he has now changed his mind; it is a pity he could not have seen the point earlier. He will make an equally serious blunder if he endeavors to plead, as he is reported likely to, that Reid's "religion is affected."

Rev. Edward C. Towne, who always has some crazy notion in his head, lately gave a lecture in New York endeavoring to explain how the dark-skinned race can be made white. He outlined a method of treating mothers by which the coloring matter would be removed from the true skin under the epidermis. The offspring that lived he said would be white, though most of them would die. This is a way of settling the race question which has not occurred to men of science or to statesmen.

No organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past ten years than the sick-benefit, funeral-aid, death-benefit, and other kindred societies. As they are generally confined to those who are in the humbler walks of life, the good they have done is incalculable, carrying substantial aid to thousands of stricken families and inspiring those who are fortunate enough in being members with a courage which might not exist in their hearts without them. The members of these organizations will be glad to learn that Hon. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the Eleventh Census, will endeavor to secure the statistics of the noble work these associations are doing, and it is safe to say that no other branch of the census will be more interesting. The business of gathering the data has been placed in charge of Mr. Charles A. Jenney, special agent of the insurance division, 58 William street, New York City, and all associations throughout the United States, whether incorporated or private, should assist by sending to him the address of their principal officers.

Dr. Maurice in the *Globe Democrat*: At least we can not escape a few established facts: (1) physical manifestations do occur that can not be explained by ordinary laws of nature; (2) psychical manifestations occur that must be classified as telephonic and clairvoyant; (3) there are communications, not only in waking hours but in dreams, of facts that indicate positive intelligent purpose.

Says Prof. George Howland, Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools: "I have about made up my mind that children should be treated more like reflective human beings and less like Thanksgiving turkeys. To

fill to the neck with stuffing is one thing, to truly educate entirely another. Another great fault in the prevailing system is that it has not the power of making children self-helpful. Proper educational methods should inculcate a certain amount of self-reliance and native ingenuity. A parrot may be taught to talk quite well, but, at the best, he talks only at random."

Says the *Golden Gate*: Spiritualism is a philosophy, for only through it can a knowledge of the laws of psychology be obtained and aided by its clear, white light we are enabled to gain clearer perceptions of the ethics of human conditions—our moral duties toward ourselves and others, and our relations to the spirits who have passed to the supernal world, towards which we are all ascending in accordance with the harmonious action of the laws of spiritual evolution. Spiritualism is a religion, for only through its elevating influences, through the unfolding of our spiritual faculties, are we enabled to gain any knowledge of the existence of a divine Over-Soul, and to realize that we are all emanations from that omnipotent omnipresent fountain. If, as has been said, "the unevangelical astronomer is mad," in not being imbued with feelings of awe and reverence for the sublime power which causes the "stars to sing together in unison," can we class among Spiritualists those who are interested only in the mere externals of the subject, in the kinder-garten of phenomena? or those who have no reverence for a supreme power, wisdom and love which overrules the universe; those who have no belief in any power higher than that of poor, weak humanity?

Victoria says that Inspector Byrnes made an abject apology for his statements about her and her sister Jennie; but Inspector Byrnes denies this, and says that he is ready to meet the whole combination of Yankee audacity and British bravery in court. The combination says it will not go into court, for justice is not to be found there. It appeals to the press, from which it is pretty sure to get more justice than it wants, if it persists in its sensational methods of seeking notoriety.

It is the *Voice*, a strongly Christian journal devoted to the cause of temperance, and not an "infidel" sheet that says this: "Can it be wondered at that the savages of Africa are embracing the Mohammedan religion rather than the Christian? A native chief of the Congo region who had been taught by missionaries to read and write sent the following note to Archbishop Benton of the Church of England:

"Great and Good Chief of the Tribe of Christ, greeting: The humblest of your servants kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to send to his fellow-servants more Gospel and less rum. In the bonds of Christ, UGALLA."

The notorious adventuress Ann Odella Diss De Bar is in prison in Rome awaiting trial on the charge of swindling the Hotel Bristol, where she had registered as "Mrs. M. A. Holland of London" and had fared sumptuously for several days. According to the dispatches she went to the Eternal City with big game in view and was as busy as a beaver there trying to entangle distinguished Catholic priests.

The question is often asked "Which is the oldest book in the world?" The popular reply is, "The Bible." But this is not true. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says: "The oldest book extant is believed to be the 'Book of the Precepts of Prince Ptah-hotep,' the oldest composition in existence. It is better known as the 'Prisse Papyrus,' and is preserved in the National Library of France at Paris. This book is of the age of Hessa Taktara, the last king but one of the fifth dynasty (Memphis) who flourished about 3750 B. C. The author Ptah-hotep, was a member of the royal family. It is a sort of handbook for young people, a treatise on practical morality, somewhat in the style and tone of the writings of Confucius. In some places the writings call to mind the wisdom of Solomon. Filial obedience is inculcated at the basis of all good order. There were probably other documents written in the hieratic characters of greater antiquity than the Prisse Papyrus, but this alone remains as the most important monument of that distant epoch."

The liberal attitude of the young German Emperor toward workmen and the May-day agitation, have led a number of Berlin manufacturers and representatives of various industries at Chemnitz to form an employers' protective union, which is to be developed into a league embracing all the industrial centres of the empire. They see that the government is not likely to be so thoroughly identified with the interests of the classes against the masses as it was when Bismarck had control.

Says the *Christian Register*: "In the face of severe and painful conditions of social environment, it is no sufficient answer to say that nothing must be attempted because nothing can be done, and that natural laws are unalterably opposed to all modification. A more thorough study of social relations may at length show that man has more liberty in this direction than he is aware of, and that there are higher laws of love and duty which need to be sought out and applied to social redemption. Society is not a mechanism: it is a growth. In certain elements, it is plastic; and a fervid love of humanity may melt and fuse conditions which to the cold view of the intellect seem rigid and insoluble." Well said. Men must work to-

gether for the improvement of social and industrial conditions. Those who say: "Let the struggle go on, nature will take care of those fit to survive," do not realize that men have attained to moral conditions, and that future progress must be by moral methods. There can be no human advancement without human effort in the direction of justice and right. Indifference to existing evils implies moral imbecility; acquiescence in them would sooner or later result in moral and spiritual death. What is needed is more of the enthusiasm of humanity, and a deeper sense of obligation in all to work for the common weal.

Rev. James Kerr had an appointment to preach at a church in the country in Alabama. He was warned that a creek he had to cross was swollen and the ford dangerous. He answered that he was going to do the Lord's work; the Lord would take care of him. Half way across the stream his horse and buggy were washed down in the deep water and his wife and himself were drowned. He did not expect that the Lord would take care of him in that way else he might have been less certain as to whose work he was doing.

Oliver Wendall Holmes writes to a friend: "I am writing this with my own hand, but I expect before very long to put most of my correspondence in the hands of my secretary, as I feel myself utterly unable to answer the letters and read the books sent me. My sight is getting imperfect, and the fatigue of writing is wearing upon me; and although it will cost me an effort, I feel that, in justice to myself, I must throw off the load, which at 'threescore and twenty' is too much for my old shoulders."

Lesigne, a Frenchman, has written a book in which he endeavors to show that Jeanne d'Arc was not much of a hero, that she performed no important acts, that her main business was carrying banners, that she was not burned at the stake, but got married and died a natural death.

By the heavy rains the outlying districts in the Southwestern part of Chicago, were converted into a vast sheet of water. One of the occupants of a flat in the basement of which there was water to the depth of three or four feet, missed her baby and became alarmed. Asking some of the other children in the house about it, she was answered, "baby is little Moses." Not understanding, she asked where, and the little tot showed her down into the basement, where the horrified mother found her cherub serenely floating about in a huge wash-tub stuffed full of straw, where its little brother had placed it in playing the act of Moses in the bulrushes, while a little girl from a neighbor's played Pharaoh's daughter. The laundry for the flat is down there, and the children had taken advantage of it to put skepites to the blush by demonstrating the feasibility of the preservation of Moses as set forth in Genesis.

Mrs. Emma Taylor, of Johnson's Creek, Niagara Co., N. Y., writes that a meeting was held in that place at the home of Abraham and Emma Taylor on May 11th in response to an application for ordination to the Spiritualist Society organized there in 1867. The society is composed of about sixty members who are among the most intelligent and responsible citizens of the town. The letter says:

"The society is legally chartered under the laws of this State with the full authority of all religious bodies to ordain and send forth ministers to preach the gospel of peace and progress as taught by the spiritual philosophy. Mrs. Cornelia Gardner and Mrs. Emma Taylor were so ordained Sept. 1st, 1878. Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, officiated. After reading the application of Mrs. Robinson and testimonials of character from responsible citizens of Lockport, the certificate of ordination and right hand of fellowship were given to Mrs. Emma Taylor. The charge to the people and society was very impressively given by Mrs. Gardner who gave the history of woman's work in the world's history, closing with an appeal to all to live up to their highest convictions of right, and to the mediums to be true to themselves. Mrs. Robinson followed with a tender expression of thanks to the society for the favor bestowed. The service closed by singing and benediction by Mrs. Gardner. An interesting service was given by Mrs. Robinson in the evening to the young people. This closed one of the most instructive and profitable meetings ever held in Niagara county. Better than all, another will follow in a few weeks, and so the good seeds of truth will be sown."

(Continued from First Page.)

#### APPARITIONS: OBJECTIVE OR SUBJECTIVE.

require the exertion of force, if not the presence of matter. But before discussing these real or apparent effects, we must consider one perplexing characteristic which (I believe) is frequently found in every class of phantasmal visions. Veridical visions are not always—not even generally—correct transcripts of any fact which is passing elsewhere. They signify such facts, but they do not usually reproduce them. Nor is their deflection from reality comparable with any kind of optical distortion,—as though they had to make their way through some refracting medium. It is a symbolical deflection; it consists in the introduction of features which, while not in themselves accurate transcripts of fact, do yet produce an impression of the purport or meaning of actual facts. I see my drowned friend (suppose) dripping with water. But he is not in fact dripping, for he is immersed in the sea.

It is plain that such a modification of the actual reality as this must have a psychical and not an optical cause. It resembles the familiar symbolism of dreams,—as for instance when a displacement of the bedclothes makes us dream that we are at an evening party in insufficient costume. Pictures thus modified have plainly passed through some mind; their deflections from literal fact are in some intelligent, even if not intentional. By what mind they are modified we cannot

here discuss; we may merely admit that a symbolical figure seen by several observers may be objective, but is not optical. Similarly a symbolical noise—and few of our auditory phantasms reproduce a sound being uttered elsewhere—heard by several observers, may be in some sense objective, but is not acoustic.

Keeping this in mind, let us consider the cases where a phantasmal figure appears to exert some influence, not permanently registerable, on the material world,—as for instance to open a door and shut it again. Mr. Gurney used to remark that in all our first-hand narratives, whenever a ghost opened a door he did shut it again:—meaning, of course, that such apparent physical effects of the phantom's presence were in all cases merely phantasmal, as much a part of the dream-imagery as was the water dripping from the phantom of the drowning man. Once or twice, indeed, it has happened; that such movements have been almost demonstrably unreal; as where a handle has been seen to move which could not move;—which was so jammed that to shake it was impossible. In such a case the apparent movement seems analogous to those phantasmal sounds which simulate the noise caused by some specific movement (as the rattling of windows), which is visibly not taking place.

Before our ghost can claim materiality, he ought to show a registrable optical presence by affecting the sensitised plate, or a registrable acoustic presence by affecting the phonograph, or a constant weight or inertia by affecting the balance or other mechanical contrivances. Nor is this last kind of test an easy one; since the balance may be affected (as in Mr. Crookes' experiments with D. D. Home) by some unknown exertion of force, not by the presence of gravitating particles. But, on the other hand, it is of course possible that the material "real" and "immaterial," with the best definitions which we can at present give to them, may be quite inadequate to describe what our ghost really is. The mode of his existence may transcend our mathematical formulae as completely as it transcends our sensory experience. The impenetrability of matter, which seems our ultimate sensory fact, may be as relative and contingent a property as color itself. There is nothing to show that all consciousness existing in the universe can recognise a ruby as impenetrable any more than all consciousness existing on earth can recognize it as red. Our mathematics speak of matter as possibly a modification of the ether; but the ether itself, which to us at present seems primary and universal, may be a complex, contingent, limited manifestation of a system of laws wholly beyond our cognisances.

In the case, therefore, of a phantasmal sight or sound perceived by more than one person, we cannot safely say more than simply that an action is going on which is of a nature to affect more than one organism. The action—vibration or whatever else it may be—may possibly require the molecular world for its propagation or transmission. Or this phantasmogentic activity may involve modifications of the ether, independent of the molecular world. Or it may be absolutely independent of ether and of molecules—of everything which our mathematics can hope to grasp.

What we have to do, in fact, is not to refer these new phenomena to our existing formulae, but to try to build up in time truer formulae from the observation of these new phenomena themselves. It should never be forgotten that the most trifling of our telephonic experiments if the conditions are satisfactory probably implies a profoundly different employment of natural forces from that in any class of experiment hitherto known to science.

There is yet another perplexity which affects all classes of phantasms—namely: their relation to time. It is pretty clear that even when these phantasms represent a person or scene accurately they are sometimes after the event,—an added difficulty, of course, in the way of the supposition that they have anything like a material existence. And there is even some evidence that the phantasm may present itself before the event, in which case our previous experience would be transcended indeed!

But, in fact, the upshot of all these considerations is that our existing categories afford us little or no help in classifying these phantasmal phenomena. We cannot first try to refer phantasms to material objects, or the like, and then infer from that general term that the phantasm possesses any specific qualities—as impenetrability, spatial location, or the like—which are commonly connoted by the wider term. We must simply for the present take each veridical phantasm on its own merits, and ask a number of separate questions about it,—most of which we shall usually have to leave unanswered. Does it exert force? Does it possess inertia? Has it a constant weight? Does it to any extent obey optical or acoustic laws? Is it perceptible individually? or collectively? (i. e., by some, and not all of the persons present), or collectively by all persons within reach? Is it a symbolical or an accurate transcript of fact? and is the fact which it represents past, present, or future?

Until we can answer these questions rather better than at present, it will be safer to choose our designation for these phantasms with reference to the negative quality which we know to be theirs,—namely, that they are not that which at the first blush they appear to our senses to be. This fact, and nothing more, we affirm when we call them hallucinations. And if we style them veridical or falsidical, according as they help us to truth or delude us with falsehood, we shall still be describing them purely in terms of our own experience, without pretending to a theory of their true nature. This frank confession of ignorance will at least leave us unfettered,—ready to adopt any truer classification of our phenomena to which further observation may point. In the meantime something is gained if, having started with the preconception that "all which is not A is B," we have come to the conclusion that our own subject-matter is neither A nor B, but X.

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## HON. A. B. RICHMOND AT CASSADAGA.

His Experience with the Bangs Combination, with an Explanation by One Who was Behind the Scenes.—The Putative Husband of May Bangs Declares Himself the Author of the Illustrated Rhymes Ostensibly Obtained by "Independent Slate-Writing."

In 1888 Hon. A. B. Richmond, of Meadville, Penn., published a book, entitled: *What I saw at Cassadaga Lake: A Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report*. Taking for a text the well-known lines of Shakespeare, "Glen—I can call spirits from the vasty deep,"

"Hec—Why, so can I, or so can any man," But will they come when you do call them?" the skillful word-wielder begins his introduction thus: "A curiosity like that manifested in Hotspur's question to Glendower, induced me to visit Cassadaga Lake in August last (1887). Will they come when you do call them? I had heard a great number of honest and intelligent men and women say that they would, but I did not believe it. In fact I was not sure there was a 'vasty deep,' or any spirits to come when called; and so I visited the lake in a frame of mind very unfavorable to conversion. My experience in the occult world of magic, my knowledge of the manner in which certain deceptions were produced, my success in exposing the jugglery feats of itinerating mountebanks who call themselves 'spiritual mediums,' gave me great confidence in my own detective skill; and when to all this was superadded the vast amount of useful knowledge I had derived from a careful perusal of the report of the 'Seybert Commission' I felt confident that I could not be deceived by pretended ghost or medium; and as I entered the camp-ground, and saw the great number of visitors there assembled, I smiled a complacent kind of a 'Seybert Commission' smile at the weakness and credulity of my fellow men."

"What fools these mortals be!" remarked the sage Puck, as he contemplated the vagaries of mankind; this thought of the fairy philosopher passed through my mind as I entered the arched gateway of the beautiful grounds of Cassadaga Lake.

"And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray," was my reflection as I made my exit therefrom.

Then with all the skill of a trained advocate re-enforced by fine command of language, an active imagination, wide reading, and wonderful power of satire, irony and ridicule the adept in criminal pleadings proceeds through 244 pages to flay the "Seybert Commission," reduce its flesh and blood to gases, hang its skin on the fence to dry and set its grinning skeleton upon the spiritualistic rostrum to be laughed at. As an example of artistic slaughtering the work is a masterpiece. The following year, Mr. Richmond having again attended at Cassadaga and whetted his weapons afresh, with the aid of the commercial grinders who frequent the camps, went for the defunct "Commission" once more. He took the skeleton off the boards and manipulated it with all the celerity and dexterity of a magician; and when he once more set up the grinning thing it was even more mirth-provoking than before.

Now we have no sympathy with the methods of the "Seybert Commission." Our letter books will show that we persistently and forcibly pointed out to a leading member of that Commission the puerility of its work and predicted its farcical ending. But we seriously doubt if the rapier and scalpel of Mr. Richmond have benefited Spiritualism one iota, however much his work may have tickled some people. The phenomena of Spiritualism are matters for cool, calm, scientific consideration; and this we have no doubt

Mr. Richmond will grant. That he does concede this is clear from two lines in an ably prepared paper contributed by him to the *Arena* for March, entitled: "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" In that masterful and most interesting essay, Mr. Richmond treats the subject in a learned and impressive way and proceeds to accentuate his logic with examples of his experiences at Cassadaga in August 1889. It is with his closing experience that we now have to deal. After relating a marvellous slate-writing exhibit in which the words were "written alternately, in three colors, red, yellow, and blue, as if done with artists' crayons," Mr. Richmond proceeds as follows:

"The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended, she being seated at least ten feet from them; she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: 'Anyone that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write.' We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of two hundred and fifty words. The poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it, have no doubt but that the 'intelligent force' was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact, which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The 'force' was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity. Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so. I have only a round unvarnished tale delivered. That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so."

In January last we were called upon by a man we had never before seen, who introduced himself as H. H. Graham, the person whom "May Bangs" alleged to be her husband and from whom she was seeking divorce. Being familiar with the record of the "Bangs Sisters," and having detected and successfully exposed their fraudulent materialization show we were naturally interested in listening to the revelations of a man who had been on intimate and confidential terms for a long time with these shrewd tricksters. He appeared frank and candid, did not attempt to conceal his own foolishness, and gave details of many of the tricks perpetrated in the Bangs establishment and elsewhere. Our previous knowledge made it impossible for him to falsify to any great extent without detection—though he was not aware of this—but in the whole interview nothing was said by him calculated to shake our confidence in his veracity. We feel sure his statements were intended to be truthful and that in the main they were accurate. Among other things in illustration of the audacity and trickery of the Bangs combination, he told a story of how Mr. Richmond was imposed upon at Cassadaga last year with a

slate which he (Graham) had prepared merely as a joke and with no thought that it would be used. "I believe I can repeat the rhymes now," said Graham; "you may not be aware of Mr. Richmond's mannerisms and mental characteristics, but those acquainted with him know they are very marked. The rhymes were intended to hit him off, but one must know him in order fully to appreciate their hidden meaning." Thereupon Graham, with now and then a moment's hesitation, proceeded to render the lines in a most dramatic and amusing manner; explaining the significance of the several "drives" as he went along. When in March we read Mr. Richmond's article in the *Arena*, although it does not name the medium, we at once recognized the incident heretofore quoted therefrom as being the one Graham had related to us in January. We sent for Graham and asked him to reproduce as nearly as possible from memory a duplicate of the slate. He complied with the demand and we gave in this issue a photo-electrotype copy of it, together with Graham's written statement which he stands ready to make oath to before any court in the country. Some days after completing the task Graham called to say he thought there was one stanza he had omitted in the duplicate: that he could not as yet recall more than the two last lines but felt sure he would get it all, and nearly as originally written. Later on he brought in the following, saying it was as near as he could recall the original:

Then know ye all men by these Presents I give,  
The soul once born must forever live;  
It cannot die nor give up hope,  
For he is nurtured here at the end of a rope.

## GRAHAM'S STATEMENT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

At your request I now put in writing an account I gave you in January last concerning an experience in slate-writing which Hon. A. B. Richmond had with one of the Bangs Sisters at Cassadaga last summer. I am the more willing to do this now that Mr. Richmond has publicly, through a widely circulated magazine, called for an explanation. The rhyme was written and the figures drawn by me under the following circumstances.

I was at the camp with May Bangs. I was drinking heavily, and under the influence of liquor. It was generally understood that Mr. Richmond was to publish a book, and he was then seeking experiences in "independent slate-writing," the records of which were to be incorporated in his volume. May Bangs wanted to go into the book as the star medium for slate-writing. She wanted to utilize my skill and versatility in drawing and composition to further her trick. I refused to be a party to the fraud; as I had always refused to take part in these deceptions or to give my assent that May Bangs, my alleged wife, while bearing my name should do so. But at a time when I was more intoxicated than usual I prepared a slate such as is described by Mr. Richmond; composing the rhymes and drawing the figures as a joke to be enjoyed with May Bangs, and with no intention or expectation that she would use it. She was always making fun of Mr. Richmond; and what I put on the slate was so much in keeping with her criticisms on that gentleman and so full of irony that I never for a moment dreamed she would attempt to palm it off on him as a genuine manifestation of spirit writing. Imagine, therefore, my surprise to learn she had used it on him in spite of its insulting nature.

I think Mr. Richmond will be fully satisfied I was the author of that "wonderful manifestation," as he knows I never saw the slate after it was in his possession; and no doubt he knows there are no copies of it extant. Therefore, while I do not claim that my illustrated rhyme is an exact reproduction of that on Mr. Richmond's slate, I feel sure he must recognize it as being done by the same hand; only the one is done with ink on paper by a sober man, while the other was done on a slate with a pencil by a man under the control of spirit "Permen"—in other words, whisky.

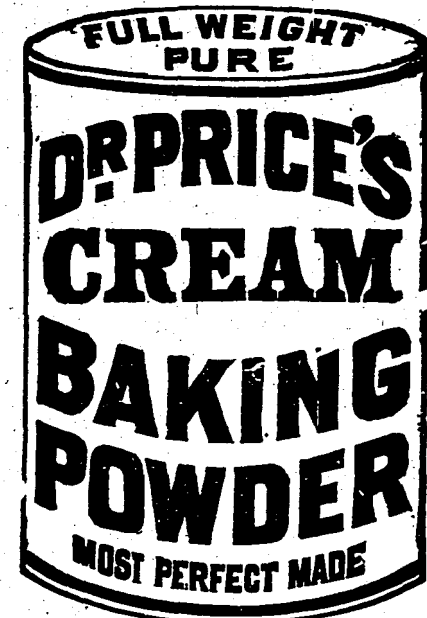
I do not intend this explanation as any reflection on Mr. Richmond; on the contrary I wish to emphatically say, I believe him honest, sincere and careful, and anxious to pub-

lish nothing in relation to the facts of Spiritualism that is untrue. If he should desire further information as to the Bangs method, I can show him how slate-writing is done, how forms are materialized, lights produced in dark circles, and various "tricks of the trade," which, despite his skill as a prestidigitator, he has, apparently, not yet learned. March, 1890. H. H. GRAHAM. (Sober).

We do not vouch for the truthfulness of Mr. Graham nor for the accuracy of his reproduction; and we cannot here set forth the voluminous evidence which seems to corroborate his statements. But knowing as we do the skill and audacity of the Bangs Sisters in playing their vocation of deception, and knowing that they have repeatedly deceived people fully as able to cope with them as is Mr. Richmond, we credit Graham's statement. For reasons of his own Graham does not mix up the name of "Lizzie Bangs" with that of her younger sister May. It may be that Lizzie was the visible "medium" who posed in Mr. Richmond's presence, but it does not matter; the two women work together whenever either needs a confederate.

We have no desire to humiliate Mr. Richmond by making him public laughing stock. We have the most kindly feeling, personally, for the gentleman. He has earnestly requested "the solving of the mystery on a scientific basis." We have taken him at his word. In pursuance of our life-long course we have endeavored to throw some light upon the "round, unvarnished tale" of Mr. Richmond. Whether we have succeeded, time will tell. Our faith in the verity of the fundamental claims of Spiritualism is so strong, our confidence in the knowledge we have acquired of spirit phenomena is so great, that we feel fully armed for the support of the cause to which we have given twenty-five of the best years of life. He who has settled for himself the great question of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation to mortals, and settled it in the affirmative, has assumed responsibilities from which he cannot shrink and be a man. He must be doubly critical and careful as to all that claims to sustain his belief and position; and this, not for his own sake but for that of the cause to which he owes allegiance and for that of the public to which he owes duties which can neither be ignored nor evaded with impunity.

In order to give the public a better idea of the causes leading up to the present attitude toward each other of "May Bangs" and Graham, a brief statement may be necessary. Graham's wife and child, to whom it is said he was devotedly attached, died; this calamity drove him partially insane, and he took to drink. While in this condition he came in contact with "May Bangs"; and in the end, as he claims, she became his mistress. She avers there was a form of marriage in New York City, but seems unable to substantiate it, and Graham denies it. Then it appears there was, later on, a marriage ceremony at Racine, Wis. Graham claims that at this ceremony he was drunk and probably drugged. Finally he peremptorily declined to have anything further to do with her or to recognize her as his wife, whereupon she brought suit for divorce. After various episodes the case is now pending. Graham has filed a cross-bill alleging all manner of evil things against the woman—who, by the way, was a divorced woman when Graham first met her. Graham is a man of some property; and so far as we are able to learn was an industrious, honorable business man and a devoted husband and father, temperate in his habits and respected by the circle in which he moved prior to his intimacy with "May Bangs." We have no defence to make for the man; we only desire to give the public data which, were it withheld, might possibly be considered disingenuous on our part.



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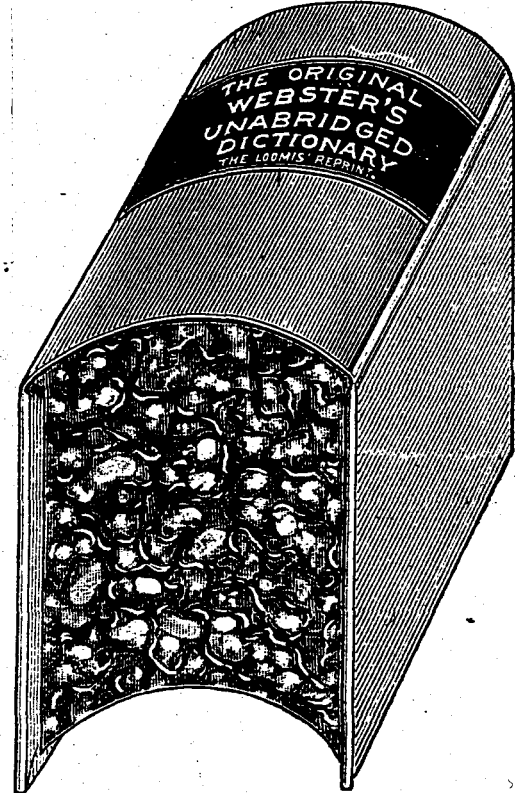
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The Great Gehovah in his awful ray,  
Does you know what I need not say,  
The Children of Israel found the Deep Sea Dry,  
Gehovah was smothered by a whale Oh Fie Oh Fie.

Shall reason Die and such tales Live?  
Do we not know He really did Give?  
A Thousand Blessings that are lying around,  
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