



CHARLES H. FOSTER.

The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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Charles H. Foster.

By Albert Morton.

The portrait of this celebrated medium is from a crayon copied from a photograph by Gurney, an account of whose conversion to Spiritualism, through W. H. Mumler, spirit photographer, appeared in the February number of this magazine. In the copy of the spirit photograph, by Mumler, appears the spirit of the popular actress, Ada Isaacs Menken, a friend of Foster's in earth-life. The lithograph is from a crayon copy, in which I have striven to give an accurate likeness of spirit and mortal, the only change is in strengthening the background for artistic purposes. The likeness of the spirit to pictures of the actress while living in the form is strong and unmistakable.

Among the many prominent mediums with whom I have been acquainted C. H. Foster stands pre-eminent for the accuracy of his clairvoyance, for the general usefulness of his varied gifts, and, *above all*, for his honesty and conscientiousness in all matters pertaining to the exercise of his mediumship.

My first experience with Foster illustrates his powers as a prophetic medium. In 1863, while a resident of Milwaukee, I was desirous of presenting the evidences of my faith to a skeptical lady friend in Boston, and arranged with another friend to have her visit mediums in that city. Among the mediums visited was Foster, near the close of a very satisfactory seance, after giving a description of my characteristics, he said to my skeptical friend, "This man will be your future husband, they will give you his initials," and, taking a pencil, he wrote the letters A. M. My friend said, "You have given the description and initials of my friend accurately, but it is not probable he will be my husband, for he is already married," to which Foster's only reply was, "I cannot help it; he will be your husband." She was also told she possessed medium powers. The result of the seance was, that the improbable statements in relation to her mediumship and marriage to me rather unsettled her dawning convictions as to the truth of Spiritualism, but a few years later she became my wife, and, during our sittings together, she developed as one of the finest mediums I have ever met in private life.

My first interview with Foster demon-

strated the fallacy of the statements in reference to "pricking the skin," or other practices of a deceptive nature, to produce the phenomena of stigmator.

Early in 1864 I, being at the time a stranger to him, called for a sitting and, after receiving many satisfactory tests and communications, Foster said, "Your aunt is here, and will give her name on my arm." Pushing up his left sleeve he bared his arm, which was entirely free from any marks. Making three downward passes over his arm with his right hand there shortly appeared, in bright scarlet letters, at least an inch in height, the name of a deceased aunt, Lois. The letters were slowly formed, under my close inspection, and as slowly faded away, leaving his fair skin as free from any unusual appearance as it was before the name appeared. I opine that the statement that Foster disliked to "talk shop," and shunned conversation on spiritual matters, must have originated with skeptics upon whom he did not care to expend his time and strength, for with me he always expressed the deepest interest in all matters pertaining to the subject of which he was so able an exponent. He has bitterly denounced the fraudulent practices of mediums to me, and condemned the credulity of their victims, but the statement that a person who was the associate and friend of H. W. Longfellow, Bulwer, Epes Sargent, Alice Carey, and many other of the most prominent writers, artists and actors in Europe and America, was a charlatan who did not believe in Spiritualism, indicates a mendacity on the part of the scribblers making such assertions quite in accordance with their gross ignorance of Spiritualism. The jackass can safely kick the dead lion, but those who appreciate the grand work of such mediums as Foster owe a duty to their religion to vindicate the memory of the noble workers and still the braying of the animals. *De mortuis nil nisi verum*, which, being very freely translated, means that none but cowardly sneaks will lie about the defenseless dead. The following extracts from articles published in the secular and spiritual papers will illustrate the good work done by the kind hearted, genial and honest medium, C. H. Foster.

Bronson Murray, a prominent business man, and firm spiritualist, who is highly esteemed by all his acquaintances, says in the *R. P. Journal*:—

In reply to letter of December 30th, about

its enclosed slip from *Pioneer Press*, concerning the life and death of Charles H. Foster, the widely known medium, I would state that, in my opinion, the writer of that article knows personally nothing whatever about Foster. He speaks positively thus:

"Slate writing and blood red manuscript on his arm were his specialties, and beyond those feats he attempted nothing beyond the most ordinary table tipping and chair whirling."

That statement is positive. A man who writes that, not only indicates, but assures the public that he knows the facts stated.

I cannot tell how many years I have known Mr. Foster; certainly and continuously from 1862 to the time of his attack of insanity and leaving New York, which may have been five years or so ago.

Now I never even saw a slate in his presence, much as I was with him, nor any so-called slate-writing performed in his presence or attempted to be. His methods were entirely different.

That part of the article is false. Slate-writing was not a specialty of his. The same is the case with "table tipping and chair whirling." It is false that either was "his specialty," or among the usual phenomena attending his seances. In the many times I was at them I never saw either. They belong to the class of Henry Slade's wonderful performances, and not Foster's at all. Blood red writing on the arm of Foster was certainly one of his "feats," and a wonderful feat it was.

The article in question states "this was done by pricking." Another falsehood, and a falsehood that has often been pricked. A person who, in Foster's presence, has seen that phenomenon, knows how impossible it was that it could be done in the manner asserted in the *Pioneer's* article, as by pricking the skin of his arm.

Mr. Foster was a gentleman in all his instincts. Courtesy and decorum marked his deportment. Few men have more polish than he had. His sensitiveness to any slight was marked, and his resentment against a charge of fraud was outspoken. He had his faults, I know. Some of them were very serious. I will not say that all that he claimed to be genuine manifestations were such. I do not know; but I do know that many things transpired in my presence with him which by me could only be accounted for on the basis of invisible intelligences producing visible effects. That in his social hours

he should have ridiculed the preposterous credulity of some persons, I am quite prepared to believe; but the man who writes for a paper concerning facts of which he has no knowledge, and states them as within his knowledge, is the great fraud of the age and one of such I consider the writer of the article in the *Pioneer Press* alluded to.

Extracts from "Mrs. De Long's strange story," in the *Alta California*, Jan. 16th 1886.

"While my father was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the Indians were located on a reservation consisting of 1,280 acres of land near Visalia, in Tulare county. The government rented this land of a man named Ridley, paying a rental of \$1,980 per annum for it. He claimed to own it. A subsequent examination by my father, however, showed that Ridley had never taken the land up, so father did so, informing the government that he would turn it over if the government would reimburse him for certain outlays that had been made. The government refused, and afterwards father took the land up in the name of my godfather, T. P. Madden, who at the time was associated with my father. It was understood that half of the property was my father's. Years passed away, and father died, and the matter was forgotten.

When my husband was appointed United States Minister to Japan, I accompanied him thither. I came home once and went back again. Upon our final return we stopped at the Occidental Hotel for a time. While there Mr. Foster arrived in this city. His coming created great excitement among professional people and in the social world. My husband, who, through the influence of ex-Congressman Daggett and others, had come to regard Spiritualism as a science, was greatly interested in Foster and his work as were many others. But Mr. De Long still called himself a skeptic. One evening a party was made up at the hotel to pay a visit to Foster. In the party were Judge Sunderland, Curtiss J. Hillyer, Mrs. Reese and Mrs. Barnes. They insisted that I should go along with them, but I persistently refused on this ground, that I cared nothing for Foster or his business, so they went off without me. Before they went, however, Mr. Hillyer begged me to write a couple of questions so that he might give them to Foster who certainly could not know who wrote them. They bothered me so much that I finally wrote out two questions—one addressed, mentally, to my mother, who was alive, and the other to my deceased sister. I inquired of the former, "Are you well, dear mother?" and of the latter, "Are you happy, dear Jennie?" The little coterie then departed for Foster's rooms at the Grand Hotel. None of the party saw what I had written.

Upon their return they told me what had occurred. When they entered Mr. Foster's parlors Mr. Hillyer told him they were all skeptics and had come to test his powers as a medium. They proposed to write a number of questions and leave them upon

his table, but they requested Foster to turn his back while they were writing them. The medium said he wanted to smoke and would retire into the hall while they were putting down their questions, so Foster went out of the room. When he returned he fumbled through the several bits of folded papers and drew out two of them which proved to be those I had written. "The writer of these questions," wrote Foster, "is not present, but I can say to her friends that her mother, who is alive, is well, and that her sister is as happy as she can be without her family in the spirit-land." Foster then said, "There is another spirit present who wishes to communicate with the person who wrote the questions, but I think it cannot write." As if indignant the arm of the medium was suddenly shaken, and in a moment after Foster wrote out "J. R. Vineyard," which was the name of my father. On their return to the hotel my friends insisted that I should go and see Foster that evening, but I steadily refused. A day or two later my husband came to me and said, "Ida, I have been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Colt and Dr. McAllister to go and see Foster, and I have accepted the invitation." I endeavored to persuade him from going, but he laughed and went off to find the party. On that occasion Foster said that there was a spirit who desired to see me on a very important matter. The next evening Mr. DeLong came to me and asked me to go with him to see Foster. "I am a little curious," he said, "to know if he really has a message from your father." I refused to go, and Mr. DeLong coaxed and pleaded, and finally said, "I'll give you a thousand dollars to spend as you please if you'll go." But I was obstinate and would not consent. Finally he appealed to my affections, and I yielded.

Arriving at Mr. Foster's parlors, he invited me to a seat. The moment I sat down I felt raps on the bottom of feet and along my arms. It made me uncomfortable, but Mr. Foster said that the room was full of spirits of friends who thought a great deal of me and who wished to communicate with me. He then said that there was a beautiful girl, a schoolmate of mine, who wanted to talk with me. The medium then wrote her communication. In it she asked if I did not remember the days when she and I were pupils of the Benicia Convent, when we used to go to the windows and listen to the music that used to be played on the passing steamers at that time. I could not recall my companion, and asked for her name, when Foster dashed it off on a piece of paper, and I then remembered her. He had previously given me a full description of my old schoolmate. After that he said there was a little child who wished to speak with me. When this so-called spirit made known her name, I recognized her as a niece whom I had named, and to whose credit I had placed a sum of money in the bank before my departure for Japan. Others desired to communicate with me, but I told Mr.

Foster that I had come to hear what my father had to say, and requested him to let me know that as soon as possible. He replied that the others would have to be heard first. After a while the medium informed me that my father was near me. He then wrote out a communication and gave it to me. It read something like this: "Ida, for your mother's sake and mine, if not for your own, see Mr. Madden and ask him to settle that matter about the Tulare lands. He understands what was agreed between us." I confess that this rather startled me, and that night after I returned home, I thought a good deal about it.

After this I had a good many conversations with my husband about the Tulare lands, and he advised me to act upon the suggestion of the alleged advice given in the message from my father, and see Mr. Madden. I did so, and when Mr. Madden's attention was called to the matter he cheerfully restored the property to my mother. That is all there is to tell, and I hope you will say that I do not believe that Mr. Madden intended to defraud the heirs of the land. I don't know whether anything would have been done toward getting possession of it if I had not gone to Mr. Foster's that evening. I am inclined to think not, however, and I am willing to admit that the alleged communication greatly influenced me at the time in the steps taken to obtain the property."

The result of the seance was that Mrs. De Long obtained possession of property valued at \$25,000.

The following is from the *New York Graphic*.

"One night a total stranger to Foster called at his rooms and said:

"Foster, I don't believe in your humbug. Now, you never saw or heard of me, and I will bet you twenty dollars that you can't tell my name; I do it to test you."

"T-w-e-n-t-y d-o-l-l-a-r-s," repeated Foster; "twenty dollars that I can't tell your name? Well, sir," putting his hand to his brow, "the spirit of your brother Clement tells me that your name is Alexander B. Corcorane."

Mr. Corcorane was astonished, and took out his money to pay the medium, who pushed it back with a laugh.

"One day," said Mr. Frank Carpenter, whom we met at Mr. Foster's yesterday—one day a Mrs. Whitney, an utter stranger, came into Foster's room with a lock of coarse hair in her hand. It looked like fine bristles. Holding it up, she asked the medium whose hair it was. Foster took it in his hand a moment, pressed it to his brow, and exclaimed:

"By the eternal, this is Andrew Jackson's hair."

It turned out that Mrs. Whitney's mother was an intimate friend of General Jackson, and that the bunch of bristles was really an heirloom from the head of old Hickory himself.

One day Alexander McClure, of Pennsylvania, came into the Continental Hotel with

Colonel John B. Forney. Mr. McClure was very sad, for he had received news that his son was drowned at sea.

"What do you think about it, Foster?" asked Colonel Forney.

"Why, sir, the boy is not drowned at all," replied Foster. "He's alive and well, and you'll have a letter from him in a day or two, and then he will come home."

Two days afterward McClure met Foster and said with tears of gratitude:

"Why, Foster, you were right. My boy is all safe. I had a letter from him to-day."

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Next to this gentleman sat another, a person well-known in political circles. Foster suddenly turned to him and said: "Wilcoxson—is that the way you pronounce it? His spirit is here." The gentleman spoken to said: "This is most singular. Wilcoxson is right. Where did he die?"

Said Foster: "The power is in my arm; I will write." He seized a pencil and wrote in a scarcely legible scrawl, very rapidly: "Died at Fordham." The gentleman shook his head. "Is it anything like Fordham?" asked Foster. "Suppose you write it, and on the other pieces of paper write the names of other towns." This was done, and the bits of paper were folded up and thrown on the table. The correct slip of paper was indicated immediately—the name being "London."

"This is, indeed, singular," said our friend. "I this morning received a dispatch by cable, announcing the death of that person yesterday in London."

"What is this power which you have, Mr. Foster?"

"I scarcely know. I have always had it. It's a psychic force of some kind, I suppose. All I know is that I receive an impression and words rise to my lips of themselves. I see these spirits and describe them. I get a sense of their wishes. How the gift comes, I do not know."

"Can you always manifest this power?"

"Not always, but nearly so. These sittings are very exhaustive to me. I cannot receive more than five or six parties in a day. If I attempt to do so, the result is a failure, either wholly or in part."

"Do you, then, believe in what is called Spiritualism?"

"Most unquestionably I do."

The *Light*, (London, Eng), says: "In Paris Mr. Foster was the object of distinguished attention. He was an invited guest and had frequent sittings with the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress and members of the Imperial household. Among his patrons and friends were the Duke and Duchess Persigny, Duke d'Aumale and others of the nobility. In Belgium he was equally favored, receiving from the late king Leopold a magnificent diamond pin as a token of his regard. In this country (England) he was the recipient of numberless personal and social favors. At one of his seances the Queen was present.

There existed a warm friendship between

Foster and Lord Bulwer Lytton, and the latter chose the medium as the model for the character of Margrave in "A Strange Story." Here arose another of the many instances which are in direct contradiction of the *canard* now being spread abroad since his death by certain ignorant or mendacious secular journalists, viz: that he did not even believe in his own powers. Mr. Foster refused at Knebworth to surrender his character as a spiritual instrument for the mere purpose of attaining a flattering popularity. On one occasion Bulwer advised Foster confidentially not to call himself a "Spiritualist," so that the name should not excite popular prejudice against him, but to give his "exhibitions" merely as "scientific phenomena;" but this advice was refused by the faithful medium, and Bulwer, being piqued that his counsel was not adopted, a dividing coolness arose between them."

In the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 26th, 1885, Luther Colby, the veteran editor and staunch friend of mediums, as good authority as we have among the ranks of spiritual workers, says:—

Charles H. Foster, whose name has occupied for many years a prominent place in the very front rank of the modern mediums by whose persistent efforts the claims of the New Dispensation have been emphasized and forced upon the attention of a doubting and skeptical age, has gone to his reward in the other and better country—passing from the form which could no longer afford adequate service to the indwelling spirit, on Dec. 15th, at the home of his aunt, 14 Williams street, Salem, Mass., after an earthly sojourn of 52 years, 2 months and 20 days. A stroke of paralysis which he received on the night before his death was the *avant courier* announcing the coming of the great change, which occurred on the next afternoon.

Mr. Foster was a Salem boy, having been born to the scenes of material existence on Turner street, that city—the late Joshua L. and Mary Foster being his parents, and himself their only child. The first notable evidence of his dawning medial powers occurred when he was a member of the Phillips School, and aged fourteen years—his attention being drawn to raps near his desk during the school sessions. Physical manifestations also began to make their appearance in his apartment at night—his parents on being called to his room by the unusual commotion, frequently finding the furniture scattered about in great disorder. Gradually these impromptu dark seances gave place to those manifestations of organized intelligence in the light for which Mr. Foster soon achieved a world-wide reputation.

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When very young, as men reckon years, Foster visited England, and at once created a profound sensation in all ranks of society by the remarkable demonstrations in his presence of the action of occult power. He was, during this visit, a guest of the late Lord

Bulwer Lytton, at Knebworth, and produced so profound an impression upon this great literary celebrity that he formed the type in that author's mind for the character of "Margrave," in his singular production entitled "A Strange Story."

While in England Mr. Foster gave evidence of an independence of character which created much astonishment in that land of precedents. One instance will, at this time, suffice to show the marked nature of this feeling and its exhibition. Mr. Coleman, an American banker, resident in London, being a Spiritualist and a believer in Mr. Foster's powers, was desirous to bring this gifted instrument as prominently as possible, during his stay, before the influential people of that great metropolis; therefore when a nobleman of high degree, who had just lost a son to whom he was devotedly attached, was led, through a mingled feeling of longing, loneliness, and self-conscious curiosity, to think of consulting a medium, Mr. Coleman hastened to recommend Mr. Foster to his attention. The gentleman called at the lodgings of Mr. F., and found him smoking, as was his wont, with great gusto, and showing no signs of desisting when his distinguished guest entered his apartment. Indignant at what he thought a want of proper respect for his rank, the visitor exclaimed in a rotund voice: "Fellow! put out that cigar!"

He was overcome with astonishment when Foster coolly informed him that he, F., was in his own room, for which he paid the rent, that he proposed to do what *he* pleased while there, and if his visitor objected he could retire at once. The nobleman hastily withdrew in high dudgeon, and, meeting Mr. Coleman subsequently, condemned with vehemence his action in recommending him to an "American boor." Mr. C. was rather disturbed at the conduct of the medium, but begged his distinguished friend to overlook the matter complained of, which he thought might be ascribed to an evanescent eccentricity exhibited by a psychic, and to visit Mr. F. again at some subsequent period, paying no attention to the inevitable tobacco-smoke, and making no reference to the former rencontre. Some time thereafter the nobleman took Mr. C.'s advice, and called on Foster, who knew him at once on entering, asked him to be seated, and proceeded to describe his spirit-son and give information and consolation which brought tears to the father's eyes, and caused him, when the medium half-playfully asked him at the conclusion of the seance, "Is smoking offensive to you, sir?" to reply in a gratitude which overrode all earthly considerations and conditions, "Not in the least, sir!"

This independence of character, which so early made itself manifest under such trying circumstances, stood Mr. Foster in good stead during his whole life-career, tending to give him a self-reliance and a determination to maintain the truth of what his guides or other spirits gave through him,

which made him pre-eminently a "skeptic's medium," *i. e.*, one fitted to go out into all the highways and byways of earth and give evidence of the verity of spirit communion no matter how bitter the social or theologic opposition he had to encounter, or how positive the personal magnetism sought to be brought to bear upon him by unbelieving patrons.

It is recorded on the authority of the late Epes Sargent, that on one occasion two skeptical gentlemen who were present and saw the mysterious red writing in process of appearing on his arm, seized hold of it to discover his trick, as they called it, and said: "We know nothing will come while we hold it." "What will you have?" said Foster. "Something that will be a test," said they. "Something that will fit our case;" and immediately, while they held his arm as in a vice, there appeared in large round characters the words "Two FOOLS."

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The following extract, from a letter written to us by Abbott Walker, Esq., is a succinct statement of the services which Mr. Foster has rendered:

"Charles H. Foster, just deceased, at fifty-two years of age, was one of the best test-mediums for over thirty years. In the early part of the spiritualistic movement he visited Havana, where he held seances, most of the communications being given through him in Spanish and French, of which languages he knew nothing. Later he went to Europe, and was met by many persons of distinction. He has visited many times the principal cities of this country, convincing more skeptics at the first sitting, probably, than any other medium in the world. He was almost always in working condition, being little affected by adverse surroundings. This man had a large heart, and gave with a liberal hand. His father once said to the writer; 'Charles has been a good son to mother and me.'"

Mr. Foster was our personal friend for many years; we have had multitudes of sittings with him during that time, in company often with the late Epes Sargent and various prominent Spiritualists of the country, and can but endorse on our part the very highest expressions of praise for his mediumship which have fallen under our notice as made by other parties.

About four years since Mr. Foster was attacked by a nervous difficulty, superinduced by a severe course of typhoid fever, which ended in the softening of the brain and consequent imbecility. He had been, during all the changing scenes of his exciting and chequered life, ever true to his aged parents, and had sought to make their lives comfortable in their declining days, and in his hour of affliction they in turn endeavored to soothe the ravages of disease and the sadness of mental decay.

Dr. G. B. Crane, of St. Helena, Cal., says: "In 1870, while in New York City, I received a letter from home (California,) which had been detained two weeks in St.

Louis. It was from the family physician of my daughter, Mrs. M. P., stating that she was fatally diseased by cancer. Without one thought of obtaining reliable information but desirous of seeing the man about whom I had heard so much, and being obliged to remain in the city till next day, I repaired to Foster's office, found him alone, but two ladies soon entered, to whom I agreed to give place on condition that I might witness their seance. While describing their friends which he professed to see, I inquired, "Do you see any of my friends?" Looking around with a vacant stare he replied, "No," but pausing a moment said, "Yes, there comes your wife, and she is so excited I doubt whether she can communicate."

"Can she tell me anything about home?"

"All well in California," was his reply.

"Then," said I, "that is not my wife, for I know it is not so."

In an excited way he added, "She says Mary is getting well and will be as well as ever in her life."

With my knowledge of the incurability of cancer, I continued: "I cannot believe it, but if she will give the date of death, I can believe it is my wife." Striking his hand down heavily on mine, which was resting on the table, he spoke with emphasis: "She says she will write it in letters of blood on my hand." Immediately I could discern faint, reddish marks on the back of his hand, which grew more and more distinct, till "Nov. 6, 1868" was unmistakably plain. The ladies standing near by, read it aloud before I spoke; indeed I avoided speaking, fearing I could not trust my eyes. I was simply amazed. I merrily inquired, "How did this man know I ever had a wife or daughter, and that her name was Mary, and that we hailed from California, as I had not given him the least possible clue?" We all saw the letters fade out in about one minute of time.

I came home. A physician from the city had pronounced the diagnosis erroneous, changed the treatment, rapid convalescence ensued, and in twelve months another grandson appeared.

The above is all of my own knowledge—every item true, or my senses cannot be trusted in anything.

The following is hearsay:

A distinguished M. C., an intimate friend, firmly believed mediumship a humbug and Spiritualism a delusion. When Foster was in Washington, with a number of others he called on him. "Col. B." said Foster, [no names had been announced,] "a lady came in with you who says she is your mother, and to verify that fact, will write her name on my arm, exposing it. The Colonel told me he was filled with blank amazement on seeing the name of his mother, knowing that no one in Washington knew it but himself, and while watching it fade away, Foster resumed, saying: "And there comes your law partner, Col. S., who says he has been but a few weeks in spirit-life."

"When I had become cool enough," continued Mr. B., "to test the Colonel's presence, I inquired what he did with a document he took from the office when he last left it?" adding, "I have ransacked the city in vain to find it." "Why," replied Foster, "I left it in drawer No. 18, in Judge M.'s office, and it is there now."

"I was about to start home, and when I reached our city, I went directly to that office, opened No. 18, and there lay the paper, and this is my first and last experience in Spiritualism. I confess the evidence of Col. S.'s mental presence was indisputable, but I concluded it rationale, like the search after God, so far transcended human capacity that I might as well let it alone."

In a memorial discourse given in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Dec. 20th 1885, the controls of W. J. Colville, bore the following testimony as to mediumship and character of Mr. Foster:—

"In the life of our departed brother, Charles H. Foster, we are brought face to face with an immense variety of almost incomprehensible contradictions. We find in him one who united the most singularly opposite elements in a single personality. He seems to have been perpetually swayed by the most widely divergent influences, some hurrying him on to ruin, others lifting him to loftiest heights of nobility and usefulness. He was indeed a singular man, far more unlike the ordinary than many concerning whom the most extended histories have been written. He was not an ordinary spirit-medium; there are few if any like him; few so sensitive as he. Taken all in all he was indeed a *rara avis*, a most interesting specimen of peculiarity; at once very positive and very negative, extremely self-willed and exceedingly pliant; swayed as easily as the æolian harp by subtle, unsuspected influences, and, at the same time, persistent even to obstinacy in having his own way. He could not be controlled by any ordinary means, and yet he was controlled by unseen powers with such remarkable facility that the tests given through his organism numbered among them many of the most convincing proofs of spirit-ministry granted to the present century.

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The secular as well as the spiritualistic press has spoken loudly in praise of Charles H. Foster's mediumship, not only since the passing from the earthly body, but at frequent intervals during his earthly life. He was a great traveler both by land and sea, especially by land. He visited almost every section of his native land; his fame spread, and his name became a household word from Maine to California, and in every part of Europe there were those who knew of him and had the privilege of attending his seances. In England the impression he made upon the nobility was very great, and it was the same in other countries which he visited. He was received everywhere; rank was forgotten, social barriers



MRS. J. M. MATHEWS

dissolved like ice before the mysterious power which accompanied him. The number of hearts he cheered and lives he blessed with revelations from the spirit-spheres is known only to those who can read the records of eternity. The good he did, the light he spread, was so great, so phenomenally bright, that when we dwell upon its dazzling beams at once annihilate the shadows, and he stands before us only as a man of such rare genius that in the contemplation of his resplendent gift we can see and remember nothing which could possibly cast a shade upon their lustre.

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After years of suffering, he recovered all he had lost of spiritual perception, and gained a sweetness and mellowness of character he had never possessed before. He was always good-hearted, generous, prodigal in giving; he was no miser hoarding up treasures to clog his spirit when the hour came for its release; he was a spendthrift, some would say, but a spendthrift is an angel in comparison with a miser. He earned money, a great deal of it, and he deserved all he got; he, however, did much gratuitous work, and was never hard on those whose material means forbade them paying him his fee. His was the life of a successful professional medium, one in which the sweets and bitters, flowers and thorns of life quickly alternate and freely abound. He lives in the memories and hearts of thousands; they cannot but remember that it is to him they owe their first glimpse of spiritual existence."

Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Laverna Mathews.

In central New York the subject of this sketch first saw the light of day. At an early age she was considered a good subject for mesmerism, and the family physician would come to her for a clairvoyant prescription whenever he had a doubtful case on hand. Some of these cases were quite remarkable and worthy of mention. A neighboring family had lost two children with scarlet fever; a third and only child was stricken down. Its throat was swollen so that it was unable to swallow. A prescription was given which saved its life.

In another instance, the child's throat was full of canker extending to the outer surface. The prescription in this instance was so simple, and yet so strange, that it is given here. One teaspoonful of starch mixed with one tablespoonful of hard wood ashes, applied externally, killed the canker and cured the child. In all cases the prescriptions were simple, and such as would not be likely to have been formed in the mind of the medium. Another case was that of a young lady supposed to be dying with consumption. Her mother and friends, with the physician, sat watching by her bedside expecting she could live but a few hours at most.

A clairvoyant examination was made and

she was declared to be "in no immediate danger,—that she would live for years." A prescription was given, and the result most gratifying. She was living in comparative health several years afterwards with the use of but one lung. This was before the raps at Hydesville sounded their bugle notes proclaiming immortality. Mrs. Mathews had been reared a Universalist, so when reading of those wonderful manifestations, she exclaimed: "How pleasing! How reasonable, that the same law that permits the spirit to depart from the body, will permit it to return, and with its magnetic power control other bodies susceptible to its influence."

Mrs. Mathews soon found that by placing herself in a certain passive condition she could induce this magnetic sleep without the aid of human hands, communications would be written and prescriptions given the same as before. Upon awakening to consciousness, she would have no recollection of what had occurred and when told of it, all seemed very strange.

About this time she visited her brother and family, then residing in Brenham, Texas. On the way there, while in Houston, she fell a victim to the dreaded scourge—yellow fever. Although alone and among strangers, she had the continued assurance of her angel guides that she would live. This assurance, coupled with a strong determination on her part, enabled her, when convalescent, to travel a distance of seventy-five miles over a road rendered almost impassable by heavy rains, though her physician, said she would never reach her destination alive.

Upon her arrival at the end of her journey her weight, which was 125 pounds when in health, was now 85 pounds; but the assurance given was verified. Spiritualism was at that time very little known in Brenham; yet those who witnessed the manifestations were convinced of their truthfulness. Although very successful diagnosing disease and making prescriptions therefor, she was never permitted to accept compensation for such services. Among her patients was a gentleman suffering from acute inflammation of the eyes. He had been under the physician's care for six weeks, growing worse all the time, and unable to sleep or bear the light, with eyes swollen almost to bursting. The first night after using Mrs. Mathew's prescription; he could sleep, and in a few days the inflammation was gone. Though it was a pleasure to relieve the sick and suffering, still she felt a dislike to the surrendering of her own individuality and could not be induced to do so except in the presence of her family.

In 1861 Mrs. Mathews made the perilous journey through Mexico from Matamoros to Mazatlan on the way to California. One incident which occurred during this trip will show how ever watchful the dear angels were of their charge. In the company was a Spaniard and his servant. They were in what was considered one of the most dan-

gerous portions of the road; human skulls were visible all along the way. The Spaniard said they must make all haste and not stop to rest or eat. They came to a place where there were two roads leading in different directions. Mrs. Mathews felt a sudden impulse to stop, and, springing from her horse, said she should do so, even if they all left her. They did not leave her; but during the pause they ascertained that the Spaniard had endeavored to bribe their guide to take the wrong road,—he desiring their company for his greater safety. Had they not stopped just where they did they would have been led into a trap which, undoubtedly, would have cost them their lives. So all along through that journey fraught with so much danger, they were conscious of the guiding presence of invisible ones, and never, for a moment doubted they should get through in safety. Mrs. Mathews and her sister, Mrs. F. M. B. Morse were the first white women who had ever passed over the trail and can say what few women can—that they crossed the continent on horseback. During this three month's journey enough incidents of interest occurred to fill a volume.

Mrs. Mathews says that from the time of her arrival in San Francisco until July 24th, 1876, her mediumship was like a sealed book. When—

After long and weary fasting,
After patient, earnest asking,
After nights and days of waiting,
Back they come, the silence breaking.
Come a dark-eyed, Indian maiden
From the distant fields of Aiden.

And while she talked almost incessantly her Indian speech, she would intermingle lines of poetry which were taken down by her husband, who was her amanuensis. During the years that followed, many tests were given and verified, and ever since, at almost any time, when strongly desiring it, a communication in verse will come from this unseen messenger.

It is with many misgivings as to our ability to faithfully delineate and record the noble services rendered the cause of Spiritualism by this dear woman, that we approach that portion of her history which relates to her public work in San Francisco which has been incessant and untiring for the last fifteen years. In the year 1870, the society known as "The First Spiritual Union," was organized. Mrs. Mathews was elected President, which office, with the exception of a few months, she has since filled; having been re-elected from year to year by the unanimous vote of the Society. For the first eight or ten years this was the only Spiritual Association in San Francisco. It occupied some of the best halls in the city, held meetings twice every Sunday, employed the best talent visiting this coast, among whom were C. Fanny Allyn, Addie L. Ballou, J. M. Peebles, Dr. Slade, Hon. Warren Chase, Thos. Gales Forster, and the beloved Mrs. E. L. Watson who was their regular speaker for over two

years, and on the occasion of her farewell lecture previous to starting for Australia, the large hall was crowded with her many warm friends who listened, for the last time, to her ministrations under the auspices of the First Spiritual Union. This Society also employed the best local talent obtainable, gave many benefits to those in distress, welcomed all within its fold. Here the mediums always found a cordial welcome and a free platform.

In 1872 it started a Children's Progressive Lyceum," of which Mrs. Mathews was Musical Conductor the first year. The next two years she was Guardian. She was then elected Conductor, which office she still holds, being re-elected yearly on account of her devotion to the work and the efficient manner in which it is conducted. As an instance of the high esteem in which she is held by the people, she was presented with a beautiful gold medal bearing the inscription: "Presented to Mrs. Laverna Mathews by the San Francisco Spiritualists for meritorious services."

On another occasion, at a meeting in her honor, Mr. C. M. Plumb spoke as follows: "Thinking of the devoted, untiring and unassuming work all these years of the esteemed friend, and Sister in Spirit in whose honor we are met to-night, I asked myself what must be the choicest source of pleasant reflection, what the safest ground for pure and lofty congratulation in looking back upon their labors? I find the answer here: That this has been a platform of peaceful persuasion, not warlike encounter; that this work has been for general enlightenment, not special or partial illumination—universally inclusive, not the upbuilding of one at the expense of another. Our friend may happily, thanks to the universal scope of Spiritualism, and the impersonal sphere of these labors, cherish no fear that any human being can justly say: "I was left out," your work was not for me. For here nobody is down, no one prostrate. Here all have the innings! No one is left out, not one disappointed, defeated or lost. I can imagine no more welcome reflection—no more gratifying assurance.

What a perpetual joy to offer this universal gospel of gladness from which none are excluded. It is this breadth—this inclusion, peaceful, comprehensive, humanitarian character of the work here done so quietly, so persistently and well—that commends it to all of us as the sublimest and best of human employments. It is no light thing to feel that no one can say he or she has ever been overlooked—left out, or denied." Upon Mrs. Watson's return from Australia she was engaged to continue the meetings which had been commenced under an independent management by Mrs. Richmond, at Metropolitan Temple. The First Spiritual Union then, for the first time, suspended its meetings and united in supporting the services at the Temple. Its Children's Lyceum meets at that place, and is one of the institutions the Spiritualists of

San Francisco may well be proud of. The following, which we clip from the *Golden Gate*, expresses its estimation of this grand work:

"The Children's Lyceum at the Temple is one of the good works handed down from the First Spiritual Union. It owes its life and efficiency, mainly, to that grand worker and noble-souled woman, Mrs. Laverna Mathews, who never tires in her faithful efforts in behalf of the children, for whom she has a mother's tender solicitude. Spiritualism with her is an ever-active, living principle—a divine reality. It embraces all intellectual and spiritual unfoldment—all graces and virtues of character. And not alone to the children is her work confined; her cultured mind and clear conception of truth render her a power in the dissemination of the light and knowledge of the spiritual philosophy among those of older growth. Our young people should not miss the grand opportunity for instruction afforded them by the Lyceum over which Mrs. Mathews presides. There are groups for all ages, from the little "we tots" upwards."

The following beautiful tribute, descriptive of the sweet home-life, in which the womanly graces of character are so clearly revealed, is from the pen of Mrs. Mathews' loved and valued friend, Mrs. E. L. Watson:

"My association with Mrs. Laverna Mathews, as President of the First Spiritual Union of San Francisco, marks one of the happiest periods of my public life. She was always at her post of duty, smiling, benignant, inspiring confidence, and giving encouragement and generous support in every way within her power.

She was a host within herself. If the choir failed to appear she filled their place with voice and instrument; if the speaker was sick, or otherwise a failure, she bridged the chasm with an original poem or happy thoughts in prose. The only criticism I ever heard of her in her public capacity was, that she was "too charitable"—a very rare fault in this world, and certainly one that "leans to virtue's side."

She has such veneration for mediumship that the angels' instruments are always sure of her hearty sympathy, and with her upon the rostrum I felt certain that one appreciative soul was intently listening and garnering up the good from all my faulty utterances.

But to know this little woman's worth one must see her in her home. That is the true test of character in man or woman. Any one can shine one day of the week in their best clothes, but it is how we look and live at home that tells the true story of our manhood and womanhood. And I know of no one who can better bear the light than Laverna Mathews.

Her house like her life is a quiet love-poem. Her hands have a magical touch, everything that greets the eye bespeaks the love of the beautiful, from the picture she

paints to the dainty culinary department. The house work seems to "do itself"—there is never any noise or dust, and when one sits at her table, one cannot tell which one to admire and enjoy most, the exquisite taste in the arrangement of everything or the delicate cookery which is the work of her own hands. There is an air of refinement about it all that makes one cease to wonder that angels visit mortals—and they have left evidences of having been in this dear woman's home. There is a sense of harmony in the air—partly accounted for by the fact that in all she is or does she has the hearty appreciation and co-operation of one of the best of husbands. Although she has no children of her own, she has not allowed her motherhood to shrivel for want of children's love: she draws them to her by the magnet of her gentle ways and tender heart, and as Conductor of the Children's Lyceum for many years has been and is doing a grand and noble work that will live after her. Unostentatious, making no professions, she moves along "the even tenor of her way" "a living fragrance and a bright, shining light."

Of our own personal relations with Mrs. Mathews we can say they have been very sweet and gratifying. When we arrived in San Francisco, "a stranger in a strange land," she was the first to bid us welcome. She made us feel at home, and in the dark days that followed, when we were "tried as it were by fire," the thought of her friendship was like a star of peace shining calmly above the dark and troubled waters upon which our barque was tossed. The memory of those days, when the tender pressure of her hand, her kiss of sympathy seemed like a holy benediction, can never be forgotten. Just how much it was to us then, she never knew; but in the great hereafter when the angel rolls the stone away from the sepulcher of human hearts and the "inner life" stands revealed, upon the pages of one heart's history will be inscribed the name—*Laverna Mathews*.—*She loved her sister woman.*

Sketch of Mr. J. M. Mathews.

The ancestors of John M. Mathews, came from Wales in the early part of the 18th century, and settled in Pennsylvania near Philadelphia.

From the earliest records his father's relations were Hardshell Baptists, and this creed entailed on all the generations that followed to this time. So imbedded were they in this creed, that it is almost a miracle that one of them should have broken the crust and departed from the faith. And it can only be accounted for on the ground that his mother's family were Quakers.

Naturally of a religious disposition he early became a church member. In the year 1850 he left home full of zeal, determined to carry his religion wherever he might go.

His first abiding place was Baltimore. Contact with people of more liberal thought had a tendency to broaden his religious views. During the year and a half that fol-

lowed he visited several of the Southern States where he found people more religious and less progressive.

Educated an Abolitionist he was earnest in his aversion to Slavery. But here he found the churches teaching that slavery was a Divine Institution. He now began to see the fallibility of the teachings of the Churches and to view mankind from a new standpoint. Then the journey to California in 1852 gave a new experience. In these early days all restraint was thrown aside, and each individual exhibited their real characters. Often it was found that the pious Church member had become the gambler and the reckless youth of the older States now had become the man of honor. Never was there a time so good to study human nature. Never was there a time when the masks of our civilization were so lifted and every body stood for just what they were worth.

The lesson learned was that human nature was not all bad, but naturally good.

That the conventional laws of Society has much to do in making men dishonest and selfish.

From the year 1853 to 1856 was a transitional period with him religiously. Though all was hurry and excitement in those early days, he still found time to think and investigate into the truthfulness of the old religious creeds.

The result of this could only lead in one direction, which was skepticism. But this was far from being satisfactory. Was this all of life? Would death end all our aspirations? If so, then life was indeed a failure.

In this unsatisfied and receptive condition of mind, the works of A. J. Davis and other spiritual books fell into his hands—this was in 1856. He read and was delighted. It seemed so natural and fitted so perfectly with his desires, that he felt like shouting for very joy, and said: "this is glorious—this is true—I know it." From that day to the present he has been a Spiritualist and has identified himself with them, and endeavored to disseminate the truths of the beautiful philosophy.

Mr. Mathews' public work in the Spiritual field in San Francisco has been side by side with his estimable wife, and, so perfectly have their labors been blended that in speaking of one the other is inseparably associated in the memory of their valued services. When the "First Spiritual Union" was organized Mr. Mathews was elected its Treasurer and Business Manager, and to his judicious oversight and patient, persistent labor much of the success which followed was due. Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman, who never praises undeservedly, or stoops to flattery, in speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews says:

"The faithful work performed by Mr. and Mrs. Mathews in furtherance of the best intents of their well-beloved Spiritualism merits the grateful appreciation of every well-wisher of the holy cause so ardently championed by these unflinching warrior-devotees (so to speak) enlisted for life in truth's mighty ar-

my. Wherever there is work to be done for Spiritualistic advancement, there in the forefront of every honest enterprise and endeavor will J. M. Mathews and his equally faithful life-companion be always found.

Long and earnestly have they toiled, and still they faint not, neither are they wearied. How few there are among the hosts of Spiritualists in our midst who have felt impressed to contribute one tith of the patient, persistent labor and assistance to our common cause that these noble workers have devoted to the sustentation of the precious truths of that heaven-born philosophy, the soul-nourishing influence of which irradiate from year to year their love-crowned lives. Long may they be spared to us here below! Their unselfish, untiring work in behalf of rational religion and the soul-culture of our little ones will urgently be needed for many a year yet. Difficult indeed would it be to fill their places. Would that many others could be inspired by their example to emulate their beneficent life-work in all its multiform and varied usefulness!"

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

A Lecture by Mrs. E. L. Watson, Delivered at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday Evening, January 31, 1886.

What God Hath Joined Together, Let no Man Put Asunder.

You are aware that within the last few years there has been a revision of this good book from which our text is taken. We think that it might be still further revised, and we trust you will allow us to do a little of that work to-night since we have no reason for supposing that the eminent gentlemen who have made this revision could lay any special claim to inspiration any more than we can. Hence we feel we have just as good a right to revise our text as they (applause), and we will make it to read, "What God hath put asunder let no man join together." (Applause.)

Nature makes no mistakes. The only infallible guide we know, is found in the constitution of the universe; in the right reading of the phenomena by which we are surrounded, a portion of which constitutes our own life.

The relation of the sexes involves the most important issues of human life. To rightly understand nature's desire in this matter is to obtain divine guidance, and to shake from human nature an awful incubus which has rested upon it for countless years.

The institution as it now exists has been rightly named by one of the world's best advocates of human liberty, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a "Man-marriage." While woman is as deeply concerned in the matter as man, she has never been consulted on the subject, and has never been allowed one word toward making or modifying the statutes relating to that institution.

It is self-evident, that Nature intended the male and the female to live together in

harmony, and by this relation of the man to the woman and the woman to the man, to keep humanity ever fresh upon earth's bosom and to eternize the purest affections of the human heart. It is plain that what on the part of nature is a necessity and a legitimate condition, can have no grain of vulgarity about it and must be held as pure and sacred. The relation of the sexes, the principle of sex, is as divine as the idea of God and immortality.

Since this relation involves, first, the happiness of the individual; secondly, the protection of the offspring; thirdly, the permanence of the State, it is of the highest importance that we should have right ideas upon the subject. Yet, strange to say, it has been treated with unpardonable lightness on the part of society at large, and it seems almost audacity on our part to discuss it publicly; nevertheless we are determined to do so in the plainest and simplest manner possible.

Herbert Spencer says that with our hairy ancestors the strongest male was enabled to capture the most beautiful female, and thus the "survival of the fittest" was secured. This principle of male strength, and the habit of enforcing the will and managing the domestic relation by main force, rather than by mutual agreement for the mutual happiness, has been handed down from generation to generation and survives unto this hour.

The institution of marriage starts out with a wrong proposition, and that is the inequality of human rights. Man arrogates to himself special prerogatives, and the Pauline doctrine is perpetuated, which declares "man was not made for the woman, but the woman for the man;" that "man did not come of the woman, but the woman of the man;" that "wives must submit themselves unto their husbands as unto the Lord, for the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church." We have had this doctrine preached to us for hundreds of years, and the result is an unjust relation existing between the sexes.

The basis of every true marriage is self-respect and respect of each other, the maintenance of individual liberty, the development and perfection of character, and an agreement of the positive and negative to unite in building up mutual happiness. All true marriage has for its keynote pure and constant love, which is only another name for individual adaptation, physical, moral and spiritual affinity—without these the two can never be divinely joined.

Nature (which is only another name for God), never joins in marriage two human beings who are constitutionally antagonistic to each other. If by any misapprehension of either they come together in the sexual relation and then follows the revelation of antagonism, they are in duty bound by the laws of God, whatever may be the laws of man, to separate. (Applause.)

Divergence of views is beautiful and only makes more perfect the harmony; but where actual and vital antagonisms exist in the marriage relation, they re-double their force in the next generation. It is a physiological fact that antagonisms are hereditary, and that family broils are conceived, born and perpetuated in unhappy marriages. This results in confusion in society. Just as soon as the individual is thrown from his equipoise he creates a tremor along the lines of communication which bind human beings together, and there are waves of disturbance that may reach hundreds of miles, and I have known them to reach around the world.

It is a precious privilege to speak the truth fearlessly, and that is what we shall do at this time. In regard to our present marriage institution, is it not true that woman is not sufficiently considered? A married woman is a nonentity before the law; she sinks her individuality in her husband; she does not own or dare to claim her own person; her earnings are her husband's, also her dowry in many States; her children are her husband's, and his opinions must be her's if she would live in peace. This is not right. (Applause.) This relation should be mutual, not only in one particular but from the marriage kiss to the pushing out of the birdlings from the nest and sending them on their individual and independent way; every interest should become one, and absolute respect preserved as the basis and support of the divine affections. Each should feel that not only tacitly, but before the law, they still exist as individualities, yet harmoniously blended in all interests, so that the rights of one cannot be infringed upon without injuring the other. From this harmonious action the music of the marriage life would flow continually.

When we take into consideration how little we really know; that here and there we pick up a fragment of truth, and now and then catch a glimpse of the moral law, the majesty of which few as yet are able to comprehend, let me ask why two beings, striving to do their best, who come together from mistaken judgment, not being fully acquainted with each other's habits and characteristics—when they make this discovery and see that life is one cruel blank if they continue the relation, that it is planted thick with thorns, what reason in logic, what reason in ethics, what reason under God's shining heavens is there for compelling these two beings to torture each other the rest of their mortal lives. (Great applause.)

I know of none. But you say they should remain together for the sake of the children. That is one of the very reasons why they should be disunited. A happy home, with the rosy cheeked little ones, their dancing feet, laughing eyes and prattling lips, with two united hearts making the perfect whole; the home planted thick with the flowers of affection is the vestibule of heaven, if not the very holy of holies of

human life. But that other place, where two lives are stinging each other; where the children hear discordant words; where there are frowns instead of smiles, coldness and indifference instead of intense love and anxiety to please and bless—that place cannot be called a home. That place where the faces naturally turn away from each other and eyes evade glances, where the hands never clasp with love's cordiality and the lips never kiss, save in a paroxysm of passion, that place is the nearest to hell, if it is not the very heart of hell. (Applause.)

As the relation of the sexes lies at the very root of being and is of vast importance to the present hour, involving the happiness of generations to come, the first thing we will do to make things better than they are is to be more cautious about marrying; we are going to study it scientifically, and straightway we will discover that a young girl under twenty years of age is physiologically, psychologically, spiritually and morally unfit for that relation. We will not tell her to make ready for marriage by looking her prettiest, and showing off a few accomplishments, but we will say to her, "Life is real; life is earnest." The aim of life is not marriage; that is beautiful and is to be one of God's blessings to you by and by, which will bring you pearls of joy; spiritual amethysts and diamonds; love is going to be life's luxury, but now make ready to do some noble, brave, good work. Doing that you will be beautiful. Then you will not attract the dude, the man of the world, the fortune hunter, but the noble of the opposite sex who will join hands with you in this covenant from which shall spring immortal life as well as immortal love.

In the next place get acquainted before you marry. A great many engage in matrimony who know almost absolutely nothing of their prospective husbands and wives; they put on their sweetest looks and dance like the ephemera in a sunbeam of joy, and then unite in this sacred relation blindly, not knowing or thinking about the consequences.

Marriage seems to have simply become a fashion of the world. We want it to become something more than this. Do you say that the ecclesiastics have rendered it secure, and that when the bride is led to the altar and the words of the priest are said, it thereby becomes a sacrament. Not a bit of it! If nature has not joined them, though the priest has pronounced them one, they are two nevertheless.

This leads us to the heart of the question. Let us do away with marriage as a mere fashion. Let us recognize that a married woman is equal to a married man, and if they set sail upon this sea of matrimony with five cents, and in a few years accumulate a fortune, let half of that be counted the wife's. In this respect you are better off in California than in some of the States east of the Rocky Mountains. Let it be remembered that happiness, joy and independence also belongs to the woman, and

that she is something more to her husband than a mere convenient appendage. Under the present institution it is quite common for men to pay more courtesies to their cooks and chambermaids than to their wives; in thousands of instances the servants are the aristocracy of the domestic circle. They can dress better, have longer purses and live more independent than half of the wives in this country. What is the reason? "Simply because 'the woman was made for the man, and not man for the woman.'" Now, in our opinion they were made for each other, and there can be no question of superiority between husband and wife. True marriage has justice for its basis, and unless this be the case, and it is domed with the principle and law of love, it is null and void before God's law. And here would come in the command "What God has put asunder let no man join together." (Applause.)

You may feel that we are treating the subject in a very radical manner, but we believe that the revolution which this idea of marriage would bring about would do more for the redemption of the world than the death of all the Christs that have been nailed to cross or drank the poisoned draughts thrust upon them by the hands of prejudice and ignorance. Why? Because under present conditions it keeps all the sons of God busy in both worlds to keep us out of hell here and hereafter! If it is so hard to regenerate, let us see what can be done by a good generation. See to it that you are joined by the law of harmony and mutual love; see that you are physiologically adapted to each other and psychologically blended, and then we will have no idiots and imbeciles to be provided for by the State, but Raphaels, Michael Angelos, Mozarts, Beethovens, Christs, Buddhas, and beings like Socrates will walk with us in our common, every-day life, and every mother's bosom shall nurse the world's redeemer, and every father's heart shall rejoice in a fresh and noble humanity springing forth from a pure love.

It is a significant fact that child-murder has become so common that the ecclesiastics—the last men on earth to touch a social evil—have found it necessary to cry out against it. How are you going to overcome the desire for murder in the heart of a mother who has no rights as a wife? Who is wronged, in ways that cannot be spoken, wronged a thousand times more cruelly than he who was nailed upon the cross and had the spear thrust into his side. In the name of our common interests how can we hope to have children welcomed until we see maternity protected and life at its very fountains guarded from the lawlessness of man's lusts? Never will the day of redemption dawn until woman stands before the law equal to man; until woman is something more than a doll or a household drudge. There are thousands of men who think if they dress their wives well, allow them a liberal sum for "pin money" and permit



J. M. MATHEWS

them to ride in their carriages, they have done for them all that could be expected. But we answer, husbands have not fulfilled their whole duty when they have clothed their wives in velvets and adorned them with diamonds, if they disregard their individual rights and trample upon the sacred desires of the heart. Such men insult and degrade their wives.

This is a great subject, and we can only make a few suggestions in the time allotted us to speak. We repeat, we must have better acquaintance before marriage. We must view the matter in a more serious light than has been the habit of the world and study it in all its bearings, prayerfully and tenderly. As we have said, the harmonious relation of the sexes results in individual happiness, protection of the offspring and permanence of the State. Happy homes insure prosperity at large. A country where evil is disfranchised instead of legalized, and which regards the virtue of its young men just as necessary as the virtue of its young women, and establishes the marriage relation upon a scientific and philosophical as well as ethical basis cannot possibly be otherwise than prosperous. When the heart is happy it is not plotting mischief; when our homes are made the theater of all the blessed joys, the fountain and sources of all the divine graces, we shall not hesitate to let our young girls go from our presence for fear they may be in danger of meeting a wild beast dressed in broadcloth. We shall not fear for any interests of the nation, for lo! pure feeling; sympathy and all noble aspirations are quickened in the happy home.

Looking at it in this light we must consider it a grievous mistake for two people to come together who cannot agree. In regard to the law of divorce, the best interest of all concerned should be taken into consideration, and it should be just as easy for a woman to obtain a divorce as for a man. It should not be necessary in any State of this glorious Union for either to commit a crime in order to sever this tie. (Applause.)

I do not mean that there should be a separation on account of trivial antagonisms or differences—no, a thousand times no! Do not misunderstand me, (for once Mr. Reporter I am glad you are present!) but if you have tried it thoroughly and find that it is impossible to live together amicably, if, after a number of years of earnest endeavor to soften the asperities and round off the angles of disagreement you fail, then I say get apart, for then you may know that God did not join you together, and that man ought not to. This life is too short and the world too wide for two human beings who constantly antagonize each other to be forced to live under the same roof. It is not good for this generation, and certainly not for the next.

When you feel that you cannot possibly agree and it is only misery to continue the relation, go to work amicably and build up

from the ruins new conditions for each other and for the children. Bring the children into the council chamber and let them hear your reasons for this action, and let them remain with the parent they revere the most. Then be friends; do not believe because you could not live together that you must necessarily hate each other. You can be brothers and sisters and perhaps enjoy that relation tenderly and sweetly, if you cannot be husbands and wives.

In separating do not, as is often the case, show hatred, fling dirt at each other, and declare there is no good in either, for this is unmanly and unwomanly. Always try to keep uppermost the angel side of life. Let us look at the subject rationally, and by and by you will cast your vote for a common sense marriage institution, for individual liberty, for a higher moral standard in this relation. I declare unto you that as it now exists it is oftentimes a sink of iniquity, a cloak for lechery, and a shield for degrading conduct. In the sight of God and the angel world a crime against your physiological being, whether committed under the shield of the marriage relation, or illegitimately, according to the statutes of men, is all the same and you must answer for it; your nature will feel the wound and will show the scar for ages yet to come.

Now, as Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, "what is man's glory is woman's shame."

This is a wrong, for which society stands answerable before God and nature.

Think of this subject carefully, and as you go from this place, do not say that I have advocated sexual license, or have uttered one word that would lower by the breadth of a hair the moral standard of the race; be assured it is the evils and not the virtues of existing institutions that we attack.

No man has a right to enter the marriage relation who is not prepared to take care of his prospective offspring. The duty of parents to children is a thousand times more imperative than that of child to parent. You are responsible for your child's existence; if you make it a curse you ought to suffer, and you will. You have no right to call into being a life of misery.

Let me distinctly state that in an unhappy marriage, divorce is not the first remedy. There should be the most earnest endeavor to make home happy and to make more noble the life in all respects; there should be such forbearance for each other's faults as will gradually build up harmony. I believe that very often the beginning of unhappiness in the marriage relation is owing to carelessness; the neglect of those little delicate attentions, those courteous acts, one toward another, and that tenderness of bearing, which are the sweet and beautiful fragrance of the matrimonial relation. With your lover, you never forget to be polite; you never feel it to be a cross to yield your desires one to the other, but, on the contrary, you do it with a smile, and, oh! "with the greatest pleasure." But between husband and wife "it does not matter so much, for

everything is "fixed." Remember there is nothing fixed in nature; everything is on the move and the two who are not growing together are growing apart day by day. If one is careful and tender, and full of aspiration and desire to make life more gracious and beautiful; the other careless, cold and indifferent, by and by there is going to be a separation, whether published to the world or not. Divorce should not be considered a disgrace; no one should be compelled to commit a crime in order to be legally divorced, any more than a man should be compelled to steal from his partner in business in order to obtain a dissolution of partnership. Let it be strictly just and then it will be honorable. It ought to be a disgrace to continue the relation when a thorough trial proves that happiness is impossible. Such conditions are perilous to the moral nature.

Have courage enough to face a false opinion and to stand true to your own selfhood; have courage enough to be pure whatever the world may say. There are thousands of people who are living together in utter estrangement; bitter antagonisms undermine the health, and men and women who, otherwise related, would be virtuous and happy become sour and pestilential members of society. They are "highly respectable," no one thinks of saying there is wrong there, or would add, "if there is, it is their own business." It is not their own business; it is for the interest of society and of coming generations that these people either settle their differences, love each other and become peaceable in their households, or that they dissolve partnership and leave each other to do their best in another sphere of life.

In this plain speaking I may offend some of my hearers, but I would rather offend by stating facts than please by catering to falsehood. I have spoken to-night with my eye fixed upon a brighter and nobler future for man and woman. (Applause.)

"It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when our heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may these patient angels hover around us, watching for the spell which is soon forgotten."—*Charles Dickens*.

"We are not to doubt about those beautiful poems being not human, but divine, and the work, not of men, but of gods; and that poets are nothing else but interpreters of the Gods (or spirits as we now call them) possessed by whatever spirit they may happen to be."—*Plato*.

SPIRITUALISM AND ORTHODOXY CONTRASTED.

An Address Delivered by Mrs. J. Schlesinger before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, San Francisco, Sunday, February 28th, 1886.

We are often asked the question "What are the superior benefits or blessings conferred by Spiritualism upon its adherents, over those resulting from other and older religious beliefs?"

First, We reply—Spiritualism is *not* a *belief*; it is knowledge—the first positive knowledge mankind has received of the continued, conscious existence of the spirit after the dissolution of the body, and its power to communicate intelligently with mortals. This fact has been abundantly demonstrated to the satisfaction of millions of intelligent people within the last thirty-nine years. A great many *theories* have been advanced and palmed upon an ignorant, credulous world by designing men, as divine revelations from a God who was also a creature of their own imaginations, reflecting only that degree of intelligence and goodness manifested by his creators. These theories have found believers in all ages, and among all people to whom they have been taught, and so great has been their influence over the minds of men that empires, kingdoms and all forms of government have been swayed and controlled by them.

To judge properly and impartially of the merits of any system of religion we must study and note the effect of its teachings upon humanity.

What does history record of the effects of church dogmatism upon governments and individuals in earlier ages, and what is the result of our own observations at the present time? Its early historical record is one of bloodshed and crime—of the usurpation of the power of governments and the rights of the people. The church was not willing to leave the punishment of those who dared to disobey her edicts to God, but invented all manner of cruel instruments of torture with which to enforce obedience, until, wherever on the green earth the banner of the cross was unfurled, it waved over the graves of murdered heretics and its folds were sprinkled with their blood. Lecky says of that time, "The Church of Rome shed more innocent blood than any other institution that ever existed among mankind. Its cruelties were not perpetrated in the brief paroxysms of a reign of terror, or by the hands of obscure sectaries, but were inflicted by a triumphant church, with every circumstance of solemnity and deliberation. Its victims were usually burnt alive after their constancy had been tried by the most excruciating agonies that minds fertile in torture could devise." So fearful were the scenes enacted, that the wheels of progress were blocked, civilization retarded and a thick darkness shrouded the world for centuries. The effect of church rule has ever been the enslavement of *rea-*

son. It has been subjugated to a blind faith in creeds until, like dumb, driven cattle, men have obeyed the dictum of their ecclesiastical masters, who still hold their sway over millions of people by means of their most dangerous, crafty, yet ever potential argument—"thus saith the Lord." Slowly but surely has the light of truth been dawning upon the world. The intellect of man so long subordinated and imprisoned, began to unfold its divine potentialities, and the time came when, notwithstanding the anathemas of Pope and priests, such men as Voltare, Hume, Volney, and later on, immortal Thomas Paine, dared to give utterance to the grand truths which, while they rung the death-knell of superstition, were the joy-bells proclaiming mental liberty. Thus was the way prepared for the reception of a new and later truth in the world, which, in its magnitude and beneficence eclipses anything the mind of man has ever conceived of, bringing hope, comfort and joy to humanity, through this, the crowning gift of the ages—*Modern Spiritualism*.

Since the advent of this grand truth, there has been a rapid and wholesome growth of liberal thought. Men and women have received higher and broader conceptions of the duties and responsibilities of life, and are beginning to shake off the dust—sweep down the cobwebs of many centuries growth and open the windows of their souls that the light may stream in, and *in that light* they discern the dark forms of ignorance and bigotry, born of priestly rule and teaching, fading and melting away. We have seen the direful effects of the subjugation of reason to a blind, intolerent faith in creeds, in the religious wars of the past, whereby Europe became one vast battlefield, and all manner of crimes were committed in the name of God and the Holy Church. Today we do not see the smoke of battle, or hear the cries of anguish from tortured victims, but we see, still brooding over us the clouds of superstition, and hear, from every pulpit in the land, thunderbolts of wrath hurled at the man or woman who dares to *think*, and through *thinking aright* become free. Among the free-thinkers thus denounced, hated and despised by the Christian churches, are those calling themselves Spiritualists; and, as the time was, not many years ago when the word *abolitionist* was especially abhorred by these same churches and is now claimed as a title of honor by those who fought for universal freedom, so shall the time come when Spiritualist shall be spoken with reverent tongue as the grand liberator of the human race from Spiritual bondage.

It is only by observing the contrast between day and night that we are enabled, fully to appreciate the glorious sunshine, the sweet songs of birds, the beautiful flowers, the glowing landscape, the picture of loveliness that everywhere greets the eye when earth is bathed in all the golden glory of a perfect day, as compared with the

shadows of night, when darkness has spread her sable pall over land and sea, and hidden from our admiring gaze the beautiful vision of the day. So with the physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual condition of mankind. It is by contrasting vice and virtue, ignorance and education, truth and falsehood, disease and health, that we are enabled to decide what is best calculated to advance and secure the attainment of the greatest good possible to be realized by all. Every thoughtful person knows that the theological teachings of the past and present have failed to bring into our lives the actualization of benefits which should accrue from any system to which has been, and still is, devoted so great an outlay of time and means wrung from the needy and oppressed for its support, as is devoted to the maintenance of Christian churches. Look at the thousands of magnificent churches, costing millions of dollars, exempt from taxation, closed six days out of seven, built for the purpose of gratifying the vanity of priests and awing their followers into obedience through an ostentatious display of wealth and power. God's houses—sacred temples—they are called. What a travesty upon Omnipotence. God's houses—in which are luxurious carpets, soft-cushioned pews, warmth and beauty—closed—locked while His little ones are freezing in attics and cellars and dying outside.

And, when within these temples are heard the grand anthems of praise from the worshippers, without are heard the plaintive moans of distress, from hungry, naked little children, the appeals for succor from the aged and helpless, the curses and imprecations of the depraved and vicious, the bacchanalian shouts and revelry of the desperate and abandoned, all mingling and ascending in one mournful chorus to the listening ears of angels who sadly behold in all this woe and degradation the triumph of ignorance and superstition over the reason and intelligence of man. We would like to see the temples converted into *educational homes* where the children of the government could be properly clothed, fed and educated to lives of usefulness and honor, instead of allowing them to grow up in wretched homes of poverty, where they become skilled in vice, and finally go out to prey on society, filling asylums, almshouses and prisons with paupers and criminals, thus becoming a tax and burden upon the government far greater than would be required to adopt them as its wards at first and educate them accordingly.

Is it not time for intelligent people to investigate candidly the teachings of Spiritualism and see if it does not offer them something better to live and labor for—something that will right some of the monstrous wrongs now existing in the world, and give them more rational views of life here and hereafter, than any other religion has yet offered them? Let us contrast its teachings with those of orthodoxy and see which holds the greater promise for humanity.

Spiritualism teaches progression and uni-

versal salvation for all mankind, not through a "vicarious atonement" but through individual effort and the divinity within which will ultimately lift every human being from the depths of ignorance and sin, and place their feet firmly upon the mountain heights of wisdom, where the sweet inspirations of angel souls will ever help them to "come up higher" through all the ages of eternity.

Orthodoxy teaches that mankind must accept a tradition two thousand years old, written we know not where, when, nor by whom, of a man called Jesus, and claimed to be the Son of God, who had sent him into this world to suffer and die as a sacrifice for the sins of the people, that all who believed in him should have everlasting life, and those who did not believe should be doomed to suffer excruciating torture in a lake of fire and brimstone for ever and ever. This tradition does not state what is to be the future condition of the many, many thousands who had lived, loved and died, ages before the bible was written.

Spiritualism teaches that there is no forgiveness of sin; that we must abide the consequences of our acts be they good or evil, and if evil make restitution to those we have wronged, before we can hope to find peace or happiness. Orthodoxy teaches that "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as wool" through the atoning blood of Jesus. No matter to what depths of infamy a man may have descended—though his hands be stained with the blood of his fellow-man, if, as the time approaches when he is to suffer the penalty of the law, a terrible fear and dread of future punishment in that place "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched" takes possession of him, he calls in the services of a priest who performs the ceremonies required by the church—the sinner is baptized, partakes of the Holy Sacrament, receives absolution, *then swings from the gallows into glory*, there to enjoy the companionship of God and his angels, play upon a golden harp, arrayed in shining garments of righteousness, walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, singing praises to the Lamb forever and ever; while the poor victim he sent into eternity without time for this preparation must suffer the torments of the damned throughout the vast cycles of unending time. Oh! Consistency, thou art a jewel, but thou dost not adorn the crown of Orthodoxy.

Spiritualism advocates the perfect freedom and equality of all, irrespective of race, color or sex.

Orthodoxy says: Servants obey your masters, wives obey your husbands in all things, for the husband is head of the wife even as Christ is head of the Church; and this infamous command is being reiterated from the pulpits of orthodox churches to-day, thereby helping to rivet the chains which have so long bound and fettered womankind making her the victim of man's caprice and passion, instead of his equal and true helpmate.

It was stated by a gentleman upon this

platform last Sunday afternoon that Spiritualism had builded no orphan asylums, supported no charitable institutions etc., while Christianity had done all these things. To that brother we would say, remember Spiritualism is not quite 39 years old yet—it is but an infant just beginning to stand alone—wait—wait—until it has been preached to the world 1886 years as Christianity has been, *then*, methinks, *as now*, it will foster, no charitable institutions, for its exalted teachings will have leveled all distinctions of caste—and there will be no more poor.

Jails, asylums and prisons will cast no dark shadows upon the beautiful earth, for long ere that time arrives, enlightened, spiritualized men and women will have ceased to beget criminals. There will be no need of orphan asylums, for love shall have become a vital, living principle in the life of every human being, and our neighbor's child will be as tenderly cared for as our own. No little, tender hearts will go starving and famished for love, for it will be everywhere manifested, even unto the lowest of all created things.

Unto thee, oh, Spiritualism, the faces of humanity are longingly and expectantly turned to-day. In the light which thou bringest, they are beginning to discern the errors of the past, and, quickened with thy loving inspirations, they are turning their steps towards the mountain heights of wisdom and truth. Through the teachings of these dear ones whose feet have trod the immortal shores and return with their garnered sheaves of knowledge to scatter the seeds of truth broadcast upon the earth, many have broken the shackles which ignorance had bound upon them and are now laboring in harmony with the great invisible hosts, to bring to all of earth's children some glimpse of that better way, that higher and diviner life, when injustice shall no longer triumph over justice, when the strong shall no longer oppress the weak, when the nations of the earth shall learn war no more; when each sovereign human being shall become obedient unto the higher law of the spirit, instead of the law of brute force which now rules the world. Then shall there be no more master and slave for all shall be free. Then shall the rights of little children be respected as being equal to those of larger growth. At present there are none so much abused, none so little understood, none whose rights are so thoughtlessly trampled upon, as those little helpless ones whose very helplessness should be a constant appeal to all the tenderness and love the human heart is capable of feeling. Then shall men and women understand the true meaning of parenthood and not ignorantly and thoughtless project upon the rough sea of life a frail little craft without the compass and chart of a sound mind in a sound body, to enable it successfully to battle with the winds and waves which must sweep over it. Then shall a free and enlightened womanhood throw off the fetters of unjust, man-made laws, and those

other fetters which fashion has imposed upon her, whereby the feet which should ever be free to speed upon errands of mercy and love, are now shackled and bound, and the beautiful form which nature models so exquisitely, is dwarfed and compressed into ungainly deformity, ultimately resulting in disease, and premature death. When motherhood shall be considered a divine prerogative, and the choicest blessing nature confers, instead of a curse, to be dreaded and avoided if possible. When woman shall stand up, free and unshackled, a peerless queen, the perfect equal and true helpmate of her kingly brother. When man—grand, brave, true man, shall deal justly with the weak and helpless, carrying them in his strong arms, tenderly, lovingly.

Then shall our dear departed ones no longer feel the shadow of death resting upon them, veiling their faces from those they love, but recognized and remembered as still belonging to the household, of which they are a part, they will walk joyfully beside us, counseling and advising in times of perplexity, soothing and comforting when the waves of adversity break over us; and when we stand upon the borders of that unseen land, they will be there to greet us with words of welcome and songs of rejoicing.

Oh, Angels, haste to usher in that golden morning,
Towards which we turn to-day, expectant, longing,
When superstition from the world shall vanish,
And Truth's bright rays the darkness banish.
When free and equal man and woman
Grow more divine and less of human;
When from each heart spontaneous springing
Shall joyous songs come sweetly ringing,
Saying to each, thou art my brother,
Come, let us live to bless each other.
On that blest morn, methinks the Angels
Will sing anew their glad evangel,
And "peace on Earth, good-will to men,"
Will echo through the Heavens again.
For lo! the Christ of love and wisdom
Is born in every human bosom.

The Girls in the Lead.

A good many observing men and women will notice that of the twenty-seven young people who will carry home Syracuse High School diplomas twenty-four are girls. Inquiry will show that the girls have had the lead in the High School these many years by a very large majority, although in the earlier history of the school males were numerically of some account.

A good deacon in one of our city churches meandered along one of the docks yesterday and noticing a crowd of boys fishing, he commenced to reprove them for breaking the sabbath. In the middle of his harangue he stopped suddenly to ejaculate: "Look out, bub, you've got a bite!" to a small boy whose attention had been distracted from his line. Human nature was too strong for him—*Saginaw News*.

A Woman's Thoughts About Women.

No. 2.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Yes, and that means woman too. We have been considering whether or not there should be, or is, by nature, such a difference as appears between man and woman, and next we will note their influence on each other in society.

If the difference was made less in reality and what there is, less conspicuous, the result would be a weakening of the sexual motive for seeking each other's company, which would be a blessing to the race; for society, as it is now arranged, is one vast market-place where one sex goes to buy and the other to be bought; consequently there is deception on both sides which results in quarrels and divorces, or, a new race of liars grow up to be thieves in the lowest classes, forgers and defaulters in the commercial, sanctimonious hypocrites in the religious, or scheming wire pullers in the political world. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and also "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles."

If social life commences in deception, the consequences of falsehood will follow. If a marriage results from blind impulse, unguided by reason, ten to one the fruits will be children inclined to one form or another of sensual excess.

To check this, let, the young be taught from earliest childhood to associate as friends, comrades, fellow workers, without being teased about their sweethearts, made to redden with self-conscious blushes whenever they show any little attention which should be rendered as from one child to another, without any sly smiling or nudging of elbows, which degenerates into sensual leers in after time.

In my Ideal Society I would have every woman as pure as possible in deed and thought, and require the same of the men they associate with as equals. What is wrong for a woman, is wrong for a man, and no amount of custom can make it right. Shall a man who has plotted months, perhaps years, for the destruction of an innocent girl, be patted on the shoulder for his smartness, and go sneaking around the world for more victims, and those victims be pointed at, shut out from all forgiveness, and driven to deeper sin?

One sex cannot be elevated or debased for many generations without drawing the other after it. We differ only in degree, and when we would destroy a sister woman for her errors, let us wait for the one who is without sin to cast the first stone.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human."

To understand this matter well, we must study woman from man's standpoint as well

as our own; listen to what they say, read what they write of us, and then judge for ourselves how much is true, how much is honestly meant, but untrue, and how the truth will affect us. How rapturously they talk of us sometimes! Listen to this from Ruskin:

"And, whether consciously or not, women must be, in many a heart, enthroned. There is no putting by that crown, queens they must always be—queens to their lovers, queens to their husbands and sons, queens of higher mystery to the world outside, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless scepter of womanhood."

Good words, these; fine, well rounded sentences, and the sentiment is intoxicatingly delightful, but where is anything practical? Many a woman feels as though she was wanted to be queen of the stomach instead of the heart, (well, they *are* close to-gether) to reign over the furniture of the cook-stove more than anything else, which is all right in its proper time and in fair proportion, but terribly tiresome when it excludes everything else. Would she appreciate those fine sentences if written while she was waiting for a stick of wood to keep the bread from running over, and after it had spoilt would he not curse her for a poor bread maker, instead of calling her queen?

Many a child has thought he was flying when he was only falling. It is all right to have perfect ideals, like those Mrs. Watson so eloquently pictures, set up high to glance at often, if they do not blind our eyes with their brightness, but we cannot reach so great a height by flying or climbing, until we have shaken off some of the clogging earth-mud that weighs us down.

But read on: "It is of no moment as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost importance that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger."

I think it is of more importance that she should be able to judge of that stranger, as to whether he is an angel to be entertained, or a devil to be cast out. Again: "It is of no moment to her own worth and dignity, that she should be acquainted with this science or that, but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment." What does he mean by that? How is she to follow a path of scientific attainment without getting slightly acquainted, and if she need not get acquainted, why follow?

Afterward comes something better. "We hear of the mission and the rights of woman as if these could ever be separated from the mission and the rights of man; as if she and her lord (?) were creatures of an independent kind and irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong, and not less wrong, perhaps even more foolishly wrong, is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and

servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the presence of his fortitude. This is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man—as if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!" The italics are mine, for I conclude that the best part of it. The man is unconsciously owning that we are right in what we are trying to be and do for ourselves, but I deny that woman was made to help man any more than man was made to help woman.

He says, "You bring your girls up as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments and then complain of their frivolity." True, but you men help in the false education. When there is health in a woman there is always beauty." Skin deep, painted beauty has too much prominence in the thoughts of both men and women. Good girls do not know, and bad ones do not care, that men linger near those with beautiful face and round, bare arms because they are a physical stimulant.

Girls, do all you can to keep yourselves healthy, dress neatly, appropriately, even handsomely if you can; but not for the purpose of seating yourselves in the show window of society to attract customers as the squaw wears her red trowsers, to show that she is in the market. Notice the unconscious grace of birds, which is that of natural, healthy motion, and is as prominent in a bird dressed in black or brown as in one of the most brilliant plumage. (Just here no one need mention the peacock, for it is only the male that struts, and that during the breeding season. Pride in regard to their beauty has nothing to do with it.) Study character, learn to interpret signs and judge the inner man by outward manifestation; trace every action to its motive and know that his principles are strong and firm before you allow him an intimate friendship. Never fail to give a cheering word of help to those who are down and trying to get up; but above and beyond all things never marry a bad man to reform him, for nine times out of ten you will fail and the curse of wrong doing will follow you in misery to yourself and vicious tendencies in your children. Have opinions, motives, aims of your own, not allowing yourselves to be mirrors exactly reflecting any one's mind. Marriage is not a girl's natural destiny any more than a boy's, and she should not be educated to think so. A writer lately advocated giving only one name to a girl because after she married she had so many, especially if she wished to keep her father's. I am not sure more than one is of any use, but a girl has as good a right to more as a boy, and besides there is no proof that she will marry. Giving up her own surname for another's is merely a matter of custom and convenience, not of duty, right or religious obligation.

In short, girls, consider yourselves individuals, persons, and prepare yourselves to perform all the duties, meet all the obliga-

tions and shoulder all the responsibilities of human beings, and the time will soon be past when such a ridiculous question can be brought up as was discussed in Minnesota lately at a meeting concerning a cemetery: whether or not a woman is a *legal person*. The Attorney General decided that the opposition had no ground to stand on, "unless those who hold that women are not persons should contend that they were angels, and hence would never require burial."

LUPA.

An Infamous Law that Works no Good but Harm.

"If a law be found upon the statute books of any nation that only works evil and not good, let the same be abrogated at once."—*Galen*.

The doctrine of this extract is sound to the core. Why, therefore, do not legislators of different civilized governments act in harmony with the spirit of this sage quoted above?

One of our American citizens was incarcerated in England and made to pay heavily in consequence of a vile set of wretches trumping up one of the old, obsolete statutes and enforcing it against him. It was an act touching the subject of vagrancy which had no more reference to our American friend and brother, Dr. Henry Slade, than it has to 20,000 American ladies and gentlemen who earn a livelihood by the exercise of ultramundane gifts. So, too, in Connecticut, a bad, envious, spiteful man can give his neighbor great trouble and involve him in expense for "kissing his own wife on Sundays," for they have just such an infamous law on their statute books as this. But it is our duty and our pleasure to call the attention of our coming legislature to the nature and injustice of the present law regulating the practice of medicine. Or rather let the *people*, the *electors*, agitate, think and talk this matter over. Make inquiries among yourselves as to the injustice that may and does come to many people in view of the *wording* of the present law. And in order that you may be aided to arrive at a just conclusion, let us help you by way of suggestions, and our first suggestion is that you carefully keep this and other numbers of the CARRIER DOVE that may contain carefully written articles either editorial or correspondential on this great, important and grand question. These articles will aid you.

I. The law that pretends to regulate medical practice in this State is an *abridgement* of our individual rights. To obtain these our fore-fathers fought, bled and died, and our fore-mothers bore great and heavy burdens. Shall we allow the ingratitude and cupidity of money-loving men to defraud and wrong us out of this boon guaranteed to us in the "Bill of Rights," and won at such a cost of blood and treasure? But you may say "Wherein does this medical law do anything of the sort?"

Look a moment and we will show you. At this time for example, reader, you are suffering with some dreadful disease, and will soon die unless you are cured. But you have had the services for weeks of an allopathic doctor. He has a diploma, it may be, issued by "the old Jefferson." He has his State license and of these he boasts. But he fails to cure you. The disease—cancer it may be, is gnawing away at your very vitals and giving you those dreadful cutting, stinging, lancinating pains too common in cancer and hurrying you to the grave. You dismiss your allopath and call a homeopath. You give him a fair chance and he fails. Then you call an eclectic; but he fails. And you are at the end of the string. You must die. There is no help, for these three schools are all that can practice in this State. If any one else should attempt to cure you, he or she will be arrested for a misdemeanor, thrust into jail to await a trial, and if he is proven guilty of having cured your cancer, he is fined, not less than \$50 nor more than \$500 and imprisoned in the county jail not more than 365 nor less than 30 days. Now this is a fact. Look at it, turn it over, examine it and you will say that "the possibility of such a thing is an *infamous outrage* upon my rights." So it is; but such is this law. We know, at this blessed moment, just such a case as this. A man in every way worthy and well qualified—holding a diploma—a half dozen of them, but it does not please any of these medical boards to honor his diplomas, because he is not of the schools of practice recognized by these boards and they are restricted by the law, and can do none other than to dishonor him and his diplomas and his long and successful life in doing good. He has cured a case of cancer that no one else could cure, and a case of diabetes that no one else could cure. And this man has been warned to either quit the country or go to jail and pay a fine. And for what? For curing diseases without a State license under the laws of the State, which State license, Jesus of Nazareth could not get, should he come from the New Jerusalem and heal the sick or offer to practice the healing art. Now fellow citizens let us have this law repealed or modified so that your rights and mine shall not be abridged. This is the first of a series of articles that will appear in this magazine, with the hope and prayer that a law as vile as the present will no longer disgrace our Statute books.

DR. T. B. TAYLOR.

THE OAKLAND CARRIER DOVE (psychic and spiritualistic) assumed in January the form of a handsome, illustrated, covered quarto. An article on "Tobacco," by "W. N. S.," (presumably the former editor of the *Watchman*,) though not long, is loaded down with valuable facts of which no consumer should be ignorant.—*Western Watchman*.

Spirit Message to Dr. Schlesinger.

The following communication and poem was given through the mediumship of Mrs. H. C. Wilson, in response to a letter written by Dr. Schlesinger:—

DEAR FRIEND AND CO-WORKER:—We have been invited to answer your letter and with great pleasure we comply. Its tone shows us that you have been stung to the heart by undeveloped influences in earthly environments.

You are not the first who have suffered, nor will you be the last. All these trials tend to burnish and brighten the soul.

You have made a noble effort, and have accomplished much. You have been the willing instrument through which many valuable germs have been planted in the hearts of earnest seekers after truth.

All through past ages the records of man testify to the fact that men, staunch and true, have suffered and died that the children of earth might enjoy the freedom of the present hour.

Well, *you* my brother, with *your* understanding of spiritual truth, wonderful power of demonstration and the active example, and exalted inspiration of your noble wife ever before you, will you falter and faint? Nay, not so. *We* feel that you will gird on your armor of courage, be ever ready to do and dare *all* things for humanity's sake. Yea, even suffer martyrdom to the death if, need be, that the path may be made plain for those who follow in your footsteps.

Even *one* soul fed, *one* heart made glad, *one* life rounded out into beautiful proportions by knowledge imparted through your instrumentality, will ornament and beautify the home of the soul throughout all eternity.

Oh! let ignorance cry "humbug," a clearer vision of spiritual truth cries "joy joy is mine." I will never rest until I reach the topmost round in the ladder of progress there to unfurl in the breeze my banner on which is inscribed these words:

"Death to ignorance, which is darkness, Eternal Life to knowledge, which is light."

—*Guide Charles*.

Be strong, be brave, be true,
You and we have a work to do,
All the martyrs of the mighty past,
Loving sympathy o'er us have cast,
To aid us in our work of love,
Sending messengers from above
To cheer us on our upward way,
Turning darkest night to brightest day.
Then why should we repine and fret?
They labor ever, nor e'er regret
But with endeavor pure and high
They never falter, forever try.
Then dear brother, strive anew,
Ever remember we are *with* you,
Our word to you has ne'er been broken,
Accept these lines as a small token
Of the tender love for you we hold,
Brighter far than purest gold.

—*Nellie*.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine devoted to
Spiritualism and Reform.

EDITED BY — — — MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, }
MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, } ** Publishers.

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854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Press of FONDA & CO., 379 Tenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

MARCH 1886.

Announcement.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that our highly esteemed friend Dr. Albert Morton, of San Francisco, whose valued services have been of such great assistance to us since commencing the Biographies in the DOVE, has kindly offered to assume editorial charge of that department, and will hereafter prepare the "sketches" which will appear in future Nos. of our magazine. Those who have written, or are preparing their biographies, will please submit them to Mr. Morton before sending them to us for publication. It is our purpose to present in a suitable form for preservation, sketches and well executed portraits of those whose unselfish labors in the cause of Spiritualism entitles them to a place of honor in the remembrance of all lovers of truth. Mr. Morton, happily, possesses almost unlimited resources from which to gather material for this department and we feel sure that the dear angel guides who have had this work in charge since its first little beginning have selected and delegated Mr. Morton to do this work.

Recognizing this fact and our own appreciation of his sterling virtues as a man, we most gladly welcome him as a co-worker with us in our earnest endeavor to spread the truth through the columns of the CARRIER DOVE.

Mr. Albert Morton's address is 210 Stockton St. San Francisco, Cal.

The Monster Evil.

In Boston there is still existing a law against smoking in the streets, though not strictly enforced. It is a pity the law does not prevail throughout the land. If there is one place besides one's home where smoking should not be allowed, it is the streets of cities and towns. Half the moving throng of our public walks are women, children and infants. The air they breathe is laden with nicotine poison, that to most women is sickening to faintness, and what must it be to delicate and helpless little ones? What is worse, is the fact that there are met but few men who hesitate to puff their vile fumes into one's face.—*Golden Gate.*

Thank you Bro. Owen for calling public attention to one of the greatest nuisances, and one more deserving the attention of the "City Fathers," Board of Health, etc. than any of the evils presented for their consideration and abolition. We never cross the ferry from Oakland to San Francisco without mentally estimating the number of *real gentlemen* on board. This is easily done; for, in the crowd upon the deck when arriving at the landing, one is sure to be almost stifled with the smoke from numerous cigars which gentlemen? unceremoniously puff into the faces of ladies and children regardless of the discomfort or annoyance it may occasion. Many times when returning home from a busy day it "the City," faint and weary, have we been made thoroughly ill from the effects of the poison thus inhaled, and so for our *disgust*—why there are no words in the English language that could fully express it. Talk about intemperance and the evils of drinking—they are certainly deplorable but no more so than is the use of tobacco. This is an evil which is slowly and insidiously working its way into the vitals of the people. It is undermining the health, stultifying the moral faculties, and sowing the seeds of insanity and horrible death among the youth of the land. Go into the streets and see the thin, sallow-looking boys from six years of age to sixteen with the vile cigarettes in their mouths! What kind of husbands and fathers will they make a few years later? Many of them will never live to become men. The vital forces of life will have become so impaired, that they will become the easy prey of disease, and consequently death. Those who live will have shattered constitutions, weak mentality, inability to cope with adverse circumstances or meet successfully any of the demands or emergencies of life. Can anything be done to

prevent the ruin of our boys? Must mothers toil and suffer to rear children only to see them slain at last by the twin monsters—alcohol and tobacco?

To My Correspondents.

In reply to many letters requesting the services of Mrs. Morton and myself in our capacities as mediums free of charge—in fact, generally without stamps for return postage—I will say that while we duly appreciate the confidence and kindly feeling manifested towards us by strangers we are not so far removed from mundane cares as to be able to devote our time and strength for the benefit of others without sufficient material compensation to provide for our necessities. We will make our charges for mediumistic services to correspond to the means of inquirers and patients, but cannot take further burdens upon ourselves, and keep in proper conditions for our work. Rest assured that spirit-mediums, with few exceptions, are charitable in the use of their gifts, and generally have all the gratuitous work brought to them which it is possible for them to do, and many suffer and sink under their burdens. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is no less a truth now than in the days of the Nazarine Medium.

ALBERT MORTON.

Testimonial.

MRS. M. J. HENDEE—DEAR MADAM:—This is to certify that my boy, after a prolonged illness of intermittent fever, and a physician in constant attendance for three weeks, was troubled with extreme coldness of the limbs and inability to use them, until after meeting, accidentally, at the house of a friend, Mrs. Hendee, who at once told me of the peculiar effect of the disease, and treated him, through me by inspiration, and said that I would find him improved upon my return home, and such was the case, for from that evening his improvement was gradual, but sure. He is now stronger in his limbs than any time since his birth.

MRS. W. PAIGE.

OAKLAND, Feb. 4th, 1886,

The *Spiritual Messenger* is a weekly journal devoted to Spiritualism. It is an interesting paper, and we wish for it an abundant success. Published at 288 West Madison street, Chicago.

F. J. YORK, Editor.

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Life As It Is in the World Beyond.

"Life As It Is in the World Beyond" is a little pamphlet which carries out the motto found upon the leaf whatever is true is rational. It gives a rational view of life in the spirit world and presents some new and startling features showing to us that our wonderful inventions are only the reflections of those existing in the world beyond. It contains many points of interest and should be read by all seekers for truth and knowledge of that land that we know so little about and towards which we are all journeying. This book will be sent by mail, post-paid to any address for 50 cents. For sale at THE CARRIER DOVE office, 854½ Broadway, Oakland.

Passed on.

Mrs. Vicena Maynard Morrell passed from this world to the immortal, from her home No. 113 Third Street, San Francisco, Cal., on the 6th day of February 1886, after a lingering illness.

She was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and was 60 years of age. She was better known to the public as "Madame Maynard" using that as her business name. She was a fine Physcometric reader, test and business medium for the last twenty years. Much of the time has been spent on this coast. Her funeral was attended by the Mediums and Spiritualists who have known her for so many years in her public work. M.

Attention, Invalids!

A liberal offer by a reliable medium who has practiced medicine under Spirit guidance the past 20 years:

Send lock of hair, name and age and 3 2-cent stamps, and I will send you a correct clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease. Hair must be full length, with roots attached. Magnetic remedies put up under spirit control \$2.00 per month. Clairvoyant advice on business \$1.00. Address,

DR. J. C. MCKINSTZ,
28 Waverly Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee will speak at Grand Army Hall, cor. 18th and Broadway, Oakland Sunday evening, March 7th. Subject—"How do We Build," by request.

"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Editorial Notes.

We are in receipt of a fine cabinet photograph of Capt. B. B. Sharp, of San Francisco, representing him explaining his wonderful invention: "Sharp's Reflecting Anglemeter." This instrument he claims will penetrate the thickest fog or darkest cloud, discover the object of its search and measure its altitude direct. In addition to this, by use of the Anglemeter a light along the coast can be discovered whereby collisions of vessels may be avoided. Capt. Sharp is the author of several important works upon navigation. He also conducts a School of Navigation at 32 Steuart Street, where everything pertaining to practical seamanship is thoroughly taught. The beautiful poem on another page—"The Angels Guard our storm-rode Barque" is but one of many by this gifted writer.

We are in receipt of an imperial photograph of Dr. Benjamin Rush—the likeness being one in a series of portraits of eminent spiritual workers, on both sides of life, which the artist Albert Morton, of 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal., is now preparing. He has already completed portraits of Prof. Denton, Dr. Gardner, and P. B. Randolph, and proposes to work next upon a picture of the late Charles H. Foster. These portraits when completed will be photographed (as was that of Dr. Rush) and placed on the market, of which due notice will be given hereafter.—*Banner of Light*, Feb. 13th 1886.

Helen Williams complains, in *The Woman's World*, that the Woman Suffrage journals do not recognize her work in the same cause, and attributes their neglect to the spirit of Orthodoxy prevailing among them. We do not claim to be tintured in the slightest degree in that way, and, yet, we have never seen the CARRIER DOVE mentioned in *The Woman's World*. We have many times quoted from that paper and given it favorable editorial mention, but none of these editorial courtesies have been reciprocated, and we claim to be a Woman Suffragist also. When women editors neglect to help each other, what can they expect of the other sex?

The New Thought, published by Moses Hull & Co., at Maquoketa, Iowa, is to be enlarged. It begins its third volume, April

10, with a new dress and 200 square inches more of reading matter than it now has, and yet the price is to be kept down to \$1.50 per year. *The New Thought* has steadily improved during the past two years and has become a necessity as a Western organ of Liberalism and Spiritualism. The first number of the new volume will be sent free to any one who will send for it prior to April 1, or it will be sent three months on trial for 25c.

We are permitted to give an extract from a private letter to Mr. Morton from Luther Colby, Editor of the *Banner of Light*, in relation to the portrait of C. H. Foster, from Mr. Morton's crayon, which we publish in this number of the CARRIER DOVE:

"Foster's picture received to-day. It is very good. Mr. Day, my assistant, says it is the best he has ever seen of Foster."

Mr. Morton says he felt the presence of Mr. Foster while working upon his portrait, and was assured by his guides that it is an accurate portrait of the medium *as he now is*, freed from the shackles of a diseased body.

At present writing, 5 P. M., March 1st, the clouds which have been drifting lazily about all day, concluded to concentrate their forces and see what could be done. The result is, that the sun, which had been shining all day, was suddenly obscured, and we were treated to a regular old fashioned, "down East" shower, with a little pattering of tiny hail against the windowpanes, minus, however, the thunder and lightening. California climate may, in time, become so thoroughly the counterpart of the Eastern that those will follow.

We are under obligations to Dr. Joseph Simms, Physiognomist, for copies of twelve valuable lectures upon scientific subjects, some of which will be reproduced entire, in future numbers of the CARRIER DOVE, also two articles: "Reverence" and "Physiognomy" which appear in this issue. We consider Dr. Simms one of our most valued correspondents, and hope that our readers will have the pleasure of hearing from him often during his travels in Europe, through the medium of the CARRIER DOVE.

Remember you can have THE CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate* for \$4; THE CARRIER DOVE and *Spiritual Offering* for \$4; THE CARRIER DOVE and *Watchman* for \$2.75.

Notices of Exchanges.

The Liberal has been enlarged to an eight-page paper, and is deserving of the liberal patronage of Spiritualists and Freethinkers everywhere. The following extract from an editorial in a recent number shows something of the vicissitudes to be encountered by pioneers in the cause of mental freedom from the bondage of superstition:

The Liberal was started as a monthly at Lamar, the capital of this county, October, 1879, and was from the start devoted to freethought and the interest of humanity in general. It was a bold and noble undertaking in the editor, Mr. G. H. Walser, here in this county where priestcraft held a much stronger grip on poor suffering humanity than in the older and freer States. But one main object actuated him: to free men and women from superstition, to advance general intelligence, to build up and harmonize society and, to use his own words, "that happiness may be the rule and misery the exception to life." Like all other similar efforts, it met with bitter opposition and uncalled for hostility from those he was endeavoring to educate and enlighten. But like our friend Bennett, he knows no such word as fail, and so has gone on for six years with a firm and fixed purpose, spending his money and his time freely, trying to teach the people that the atonement, and endless hell, an angry God, etc., as taught by our Christian friends, was incompatible with the happiness and well being of the race. In January and February, 1881, the paper was issued semi-monthly, and in March of that year it was removed to the new town of Liberal and changed to a weekly, and has been issued as such since, with the exception of a few months last summer and autumn. It has passed through many storms, and its editor, like Garrison, was mobbed in Liberal in the summer of 1882, by men who are to be pited for their ignorance and who were devout admirers of their Jesus, the humble Nazarene, so called.

We have now a cylinder press running, and commence volume six, with this number, on better paper and eight pages instead of four, with no increase in price. Soon as practical we shall add new type and other improvements, hoping to make it please the most fastidious taste. This, as all our friends know, costs money and we urge our friends to use their efforts to extend our circulation and so help to build up a town without churches, which are always blocking the wheels of progress.

G. H. WALSER, Editor.

LIBERAL, Barton county, Missouri. Price \$1.50 per year.

The Free Thinker's Magazine, for February, contains much valuable reading, all expressing the best thoughts and advanced ideas of some of the most prominent reform-

ers of the present time. The leading articles in this number are: "The Design Argument," by B. F. Underwood; "Elizur Wright," by Robt. G. Ingersoll; "An Address No. 2," by A. B. Bradford; "The Marriage Question," C. W. Stewart; "Women," by Juliet H. Severance; "A Freethinker," Editorial.

Other short articles, poems, etc., make an exceedingly interesting magazine.

Price, \$1.00 yearly.

H. L. GREEN,

Salamanca, N. Y.

We are pleased to welcome *Mind and Matter* among our exchanges once more. We trust its temporary suspension did not interfere with its material prospects, as it evidently did not affect it otherwise. May it continue uninterruptedly to visit our sanctum, and gladden the hearts of humanity everywhere with messages of truth. Published at 713 Sansom street, Philadelphia. Terms, \$2.00 per year.

J. M. ROBERTS, Editor.

The Rostrum, comes to us fresh, bright and sound as before the fire which destroyed its publisher's home. It certainly did not even scorch the *timber of which the Rostrum is built*, for the same broad, liberal platform remains. Those wishing to help on the good cause had better subscribe for it.

Price, 1.00 yearly.

A. C. COTTON, Publisher,

Vineland, N. J.

Good Words for the Carrier Dove.

"THE CARRIER DOVE" has made its appearance as an illustrated Spiritual monthly magazine. It is printed on fine heavy paper; each page containing three columns—in all twenty-four pages. The January number is a beautiful production. On the first page of the cover is a group of beautiful angels, and we are pleased to notice that they have no wings, as do Christian angels, but, like the Christian angels, they all appear to be women and girls. Why is it that we never see any men angels? In this number is a picture of the platform in the Metropolitan Temple of San Francisco, where Mrs. Watson speaks. If the picture is a true representation of it, it must be the most gorgeous platform on the continent. Opposite this picture is a very good likeness of Elizabeth Lowe Watson. In this number is also a likeness of Dr. Albert Morton, Mrs. Dr. Morton, also S. N. Aspinwall, surrounded with what purports to be spirit likenesses. Two more spirit portraits appear on the twentieth page. This is a very attractive publication, and we should think

would be very popular with the Spiritualists generally. The magazine is ably edited by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and published by the editor and Dr. L. Schlesinger at 854 Broadway, Oakland, California. Price 2 cents single copy, \$2 50 per year.

The above review of our January number appeared in "The Freethinkers Magazine" for February. Our worthy contemporary is pleased to see that our angels do not have wings, as do Christian angels, but, like them, he says, "they are all women and girls," and asks "why is it that we never see any men angels?" We cannot answer, unless it be that none have passed over yet, consequently cannot return. Angelhood is generally considered as something belonging exclusively to the women of the race; we never hear anything said about the necessity of men angels, it really is not expected of them. It is a masculine prerogative to be bad, and a feminine one to be good—hence women angels. We assure our friend the picture of the platform in Metropolitan Temple is an exact representation as it was photographed March 31, 1885. The floral decorations were very beautiful and add much to the attractiveness of the platform, which, though not at all "gorgeous," is very broad, and will accommodate even Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, whom it was our privilege to listen to when speaking upon that same "gorgeous" platform eighteen months ago.

The meeting held in Washington Hall last Sunday evening, under a new management, as we noticed in our last issue, in place of Mrs. Foye, we are pleased to be able to say was a grand success, both as to speaking and tests given by the mediums for the evenings, Mrs. J. J. Whitney and Dr. Schlesinger. The latter carries consternation to the minds of skeptics—and especially to that class of people calling themselves materialists and disbelievers in any future existence of life after the body is once dead, and as to the former no medium on this coast is doing a more successful work.—*Golden Gate*.

THE CARRIER DOVE appears in its January number in an enlarged form, as an illustrated spiritual monthly of twenty-four large octavo pages, with a cover bearing a very appropriately designed title-page. Biographical sketches and portraits of Mrs. E. L. Watson and Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Albert Morton are given, which with other engravings and an interesting miscellany of reading matter constitute an attraction that should enlist for it an extended patronage and an assurance of success. It is edited by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and published 854 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.—*Banner of Light*.



C. H. FOSTER

WITH SPIRIT OF ADA ISAACS MENKEN
SPIRIT PHOTO BY MUMLER.

We are in receipt of the February number of THE CARRIER DOVE, of Oakland, Cal. It is the first copy of it we have seen since it was issued in its present, very attractive form. We congratulate the proprietors and editor, on this most creditably into the domain of magazine journalism. Apart from its artistic and literary merits, it is calculated to meet a much needed work in Spiritualism, and merits the cordial and earnest support of all the friends of spiritualism. Mr. Charles R. Miller made a not dissimilar effort in combining his *Psychometric Circular and Spirit Art Journal* to accomplish the same ends; but the time was not ripe for it, and the city of Brooklyn was not the place to secure the success of such an enterprise. THE CARRIER DOVE starts under more promising auspices in its new and beautiful form, and we feel it will succeed, because it deserves to succeed. That two such enterprises as the launching of THE CARRIER DOVE in its enlarged and permanent form, and the establishing of so expensive a paper as the *Golden Gate* side by side on the Pacific Coast, shows a vitality in the spiritualistic cause, in that for Western region, which makes our Eastern movements seem dead and listless. It is to be hoped that a little of this Western vim and purpose will reach us at the East ere long, and the movement forward become general. Friends, lend us a hand to arouse the sleepers and get them to work in earnest.—*Mind and Matter*.

THE CARRIER DOVE, for February, contains a fine portrait of our pioneer medium, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, with a sketch of her life and mediumistic experience; also a portrait and sketch of the life-work of that gifted religio-philosophical writer and scholar, William Emmette Coleman of this city. It contains also a portrait of Dr. Benjamin Rush, with a biographical sketch, by Albert Morton; also a full-page likeness of Mrs. Mumler, widow of the spirit artist, with the spirit form of Dr. Rush in the background, stand with his hand resting upon her head, just as the picture was taken by her husband. THE CARRIER DOVE is a grand magazine of spiritual truths.—*Golden Gate*.

We know the CARRIER DOVE is always willing to speak a kind word for the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and pleased, in its columns, to invite the Spiritualists visit-

ing San Francisco to come in on Sunday at half-past 12 to the Metropolitan Temple on Fifth street and see what is going on there for an hour and a half—singing, calisthenics, words of wisdom, recitations and marching. A short time is given for conversation. An adult group for strangers and friends is one of its pleasant features. Mrs. Mathews, Conductor, and Mrs. Mitchnor, Guardian, are ever ready to welcome the friends from abroad or from the city. Come in and see what the children can do. A FRIEND.

The February number of THE CARRIER DOVE commences with the mediumistic experience of Mrs. M. J. Hendee, and a good likeness of the pioneer public medium of San Francisco. Biographical sketch of Wm. E. Coleman, Dr. Benjamin Rush. "The Next Step and How to Take It," "A Good Time to Quit," "Work for the Charitable," and plenty more of very excellent reading matter, also several illustrations of merit. This is a good magazine and well worth the cost of publication, 25 cents. Office, of THE CARRIER DOVE Company, 854½ Broadway, Oakland.—*The Morning Times, Oakland*.

H. C. McClure, of Copper City, Shasta county, writes: "I am well pleased with the principles and conduct of the *Golden Gate*, and think it is destined to accomplish a great deal of good for humanity. California has reason to be proud of her spiritual publication. THE CARRIER DOVE has just come to me—a perfect gem of beauty in its new form. I wish you a grand success in your noble work for the practical reform and elevation of the human race."

THE CARRIER DOVE comes to our table enlarged to magazine form, and has a commendable appearance. It is worthy of saving and binding. The lithograph likeness of Mrs. E. L. Watson gracing its first page and the biographical sketch following does justice to that word renowned medium.—*The Rostrum*.

THE CARRIER DOVE, published at Oakland, Cal., has been changed into an illustrated monthly. The January issue is a model of neatness and interest. The illustrations are superb and useful. We hail this monthly as a bright promise in spiritual literature.—*Light for Thinkers*.

We take pleasure of calling attention to THE CARRIER DOVE, a spiritual journal of high literary merit, published at Oakland, California. Its earnestness and zeal in the cause of spiritualism should commend it to spiritualists everywhere. Send to the publisher for a sample copy.—*Light in the West*.

The CARRIER DOVE, Oakland, California, for January, came to our table in an enlarged and illustrated form. The cover presents a very attractive appearance and the paper and printing are in the best style of the art. It contains a fine portrait and biographical sketch of the mediumistic experience of Mrs. E. L. Watson, the celebrated lecturer who has done a good work, both on the Atlantic and Pacific Coast, in freeing the minds of hundreds of people from popular but erroneous creeds. It also contains portraits and sketches of Dr. and Mrs. Albert Morton, and our old friend, S. N. Aspinwall, formerly of Towanda, Pa. The latter was photographed by W. M. Keller, Spirit Artist at Lake Pleasant, Mass., last summer, and on the plate which Mr. A. saw developed under his vigilant eyes, appeared the spirit faces of his daughter, her youngest child, and their guide. Mr. Aspinwall, when I knew him some years ago, was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church; a genial, pleasant gentleman and good citizen in spite of the dismal and soul-crushing dogma of Calvinism. It is with pleasure that we note the fact that a new philosophy—not a religious belief—but a demonstrated science has enveloped him in her natural, beautiful and artistic arms. May he go on free and untrammelled from all kinds of superstition, and teach the truths so long dear to me, to a long suffering and benighted people.

The February number is also at hand. Among other portraits that of the spirit of Dr. Benjamin Rush and Mrs. W. H. Mumler, which alone are worth the price of the number, 25 cents. C.

We are pleased to insert the following testimonials regarding the communications which have been published in the CARRIER DOVE through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney:

Mr. Anderson, of San Jose, called upon us recently and stated that he recognized the message in the January Dove as being from his daughter Libbie. We have two other acknowledgements which will appear in

April. This, coming from the far East, is very gratifying.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Feb. 21, 1886.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,

DEAR FRIEND:—I have received the CARRIER DOVE for February, 1886, containing a message to me from Ann Renney, (my sister,) giving an account of her death by fire, which occurred some fifty-three years ago. The message is correct in every particular. I am the last of my race, that I know of in the world, except one niece. The message makes me think of the lines, "For somewhere I know on the unseen shore, They watch and wait and beckon for me."

With many thanks and love for yourself and husband and dear little Mattie, I remain ever your affection friend,

WM. RENNEY.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: — Enclosed I hand you post office order for \$2.50 for one year's subscription to your paper from January to the end of this year. I received the January and February numbers to-day, and must frankly admit that it is the best spiritual paper I ever read. I have upwards of 100 volumes on spiritualism, but none please me so much as your DOVE. Circumstances permitting, I hope to have the honor and pleasure of seeing you this Summer.

Very fraternally,

JOSEPH MAILLE.

COPPER CITY, Shasta County,)
FEBRUARY 14,)

DEAR FRIEND: I received the first number of the CARRIER DOVE since its transition to a most beautiful and excellent magazine.

I cannot find words to express my admiration of it, so will only say that if it cost ten dollars instead of \$2.50, I would not do without it, although every dollar I get comes from hard labor.

I am a Pioneer California miner. I crossed the plains with an ox team in '49 and have been on the Pacific Coast ever since. The Gods or Providence that rules our destinies would never allow me to acquire enough to go back to the Old Folks at Home, and the old folks despairing of meeting the wanderer again in mortal life have passed on to the higher life, from whence they frequently return to me here in my mountain home and make me sensible of their presence and watchful care.

I send you by Wells Fargo & Co., \$2.50

for subscription for the CARRIER DOVE commencing with the February number. I prophecy for it a grand success. It is the only illustrated spiritual publication that I know of and I think it is just what is needed to present spiritualism in a way that will attract the attention of many careless ones.

With best respects, I am very truly yours,
for Truth, Justice and Charity,

H. C. McCLURE.

Editorship.

Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quality of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like bunches of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meagre and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a newspaper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections, than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, dignity; and its propriety.—*Courier Journal*.

There is to be an effort made towards organizing a permanent Spiritual Association in Oakland. The Grand Army hall has been secured, and will be dedicated on the 7th inst. We hope all who are interested will now make a strenuous effort in the right direction. Mr. Carter and Mrs. Hendee are doing all they can, and their efforts should be seconded by those who desire our faith to be recognized as a power for good in the community, through a well organized, systematic, united effort. There is a fine prospect for liberal donations to an incorporated body. Shall we have our own hall or not?

Come to Grand Army Hall, corner Broadway and 13th street, Sunday, at 2 P. M.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the card of Dr. R. Brown & Co. in another column of our monthly. One of the members of this firm claims to have the wonderful faculty of diagnosing

diseases without asking a single question and another member the still more wonderful faculty of diagnosing disease correctly and infallibly, at the distance of a thousand miles, by holding in the palm of the hand a lock of hair clipped from the head of a patient and sent in a letter. The hair should not be handled by other persons, and should be accompanied by the fee and a note giving age, sex and one leading system, or if no system is given and the patient cares more for a "test" than a cure a fee of five dollars instead of two must accompany the application.

A Legal Shame.

All intelligent persons are aware that an honest and efficient administration can never exist unless the best men are chosen to fill the places of trust. They must be men of the best brains, men of principle, of good moral character; only such can be trusted. These can only be elected by the best elements of the voting class, the most responsible citizens, the tax-payers, heads of families, those who have the best interests of the home, the family and society at heart. Is it unwomanly for woman to desire to protect the home, the family and society? If not, then should they secure this. Is it not a shame and a great wrong on their part if they neglect their duty and neglect to use every means in their power to secure the right to elect the public guardians of morality and home safety?

Is it not a shame for men, and a great wrong on their part, if they refuse to give women the power to aid in securing good government by working directly for it through the only means by which it can be secured?—through the ballot?"

If women are not interested in city government, they are not fit to be mothers. If men are not willing they should be interested, they are unfit to be fathers.—*Mattilda Hindman*.

PHYSIOGNOMY—Each human face, like a faithful book-keeper, accurately records the transactions of a life. After the face, the hand is the most faithful representative of character, each shape and line symbolizes some fancy or power sternly ingrained in the mind of its possessor.

JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.

The newspapers and their outfits in the United States, are valued at \$96,500,560.

There's Nothing New Under the Sun.

Yes, it seemed to me, when gazing round
The narrow circling bound of my horizons' brim,
My vision caught some object heretofore unbound,
And called it mine, when, lo, the echo of my
boastful tone,

Roused many other voices, saying, like my own,
"See, I have found the same, it is not yours alone?"

With philosophic eye, I watched the moves of
social life,
And said, I've found the cause of all this grief and
crime;

I've found the cure for all this needless strife,
And will proclaim it for the good of coming time;
But, with a scornful or a pitying smile,
They said we've known of that a long and weary
while."

I thought, with new and great inventions, to as-
tound
The whole creative world, and gain both wealth and
fame.

When opening a book at random, there I found
The same thing labeled with some ancient name.

The shadowy, reproachful eyes, I almost see,
Seeming to ask, why claim that which belongs to
me?

I mounted to the realm of art and sought
To paint a picture that within itself should hold
An idea ne'er expressed before—a thought
That, in itself and its outworking, should be new,
not old,

When, as I laid the pencil down, I learned
Another brain and hand the prize had earned.

Almost despairing then, I said, I'll sing a song,
Which, sweeter than all other songs shall be,
And when the voices of the mighty throng
Are sounding it, then they shall point to me.

The song succeeded, but because I had the art
To say that which before was in each heart.

Oh, now, I said, I have the riddle solved;
The reason for these puzzling things is plain:

The universe on me has not revolved;
Life was not planned for my especial gain.

Material and spirit life were given to all,
For one to rise unduly, some must fall.

The powers above are working for the whole,
And not to gratify the pride of one;

When e'er they've found a quick responsive soul,
Within that soul, a work for good begun.

For one to rise so far beyond the rest,
Would rouse their envy, and his pride would not be
best.

And, yet, this wise conclusion was not new,
For centuries ago the Hebrew King

Declared, "Beneath the sun, there's nothing new.
For ages, then, perhaps, the truth had been

A well-known fact. The earthly tides both ebb
and flow,

And so the spirit floods both come and go.

What's known to us, was known sometime be-
fore,

And may be lost and found again by thousands
more."

LUPA.

Letter from George P. Colby.

VICTORIA, B. C.

February, 15th, 1886.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE:—Since my
arrival here there has been an awakening of
interest in the cause of Spiritualism, such
as has not been felt hitherto. It seems to
have taken deeper root, and the people are
now anxious to obtain practical benefits
from our grand Philosophy. To meet this
demand, we have succeeded in organizing a
society with a view to sustaining local work
for lecturers and mediums. The organiza-
tion bids fair to assume respectable propor-
tions as to numbers and usefulness in the
near future.

A few zealous souls have leavened the
lump and we trust good results will fol-
low. They are also ripe for organization at
Nanaimo, a place on the east coast of the
Island about 85 miles north of here. I have
given two courses of lectures there 5 upon
my first visit and 3 upon my last visit. We
had good audiences throughout, especially
at the last visit, the house being crowded
with eager listeners.

It is the intention of the friends in these
two places to co-operate, Victoria having
three Sundays in the month, Nanaimo tak-
ing the remaining portion of time. Thus
between them, supporting a speaker, until
the societies are strong enough financially,
to employ one in each place, which will
doubtless be in the near future. Should
this arrangement prove a success here, it will
no doubt lead to like organized effort
throughout the Puget Sound region.

What is needed is an enthusiastic worker
who is a good organizer, to make a tour of
this section, and indeed of the entire Pacific
coast, and organize societies. Laying the
country off in districts, or circuits, ascertain-
ing the kind of workers needed in each of
these districts and as near as possible supply
the demand.

Once get local work established, and we
may then hope for some practical benefits
to arise from the Gospel of Spiritualism.
This section had not been visited in the in-
terest of Spiritualism for several years until
my tour of it last season, at which time I
visited all the prominent points on the
Sound, also several places in Eastern W. T.
and Oregon, some of which had never been
visited by a speaker. I have found the deep
interest which prevailed among the people
at that time has not abated, in fact, has in-
creased, and the "Macedonian cry" comes
from every city, town and hamlet, "come
over and help us." The people are tired of
theological husks, and are anxiously watch-
ing and waiting to see what Spiritualism has
in store for them.

We want more energetic speakers and
well developed mediums to take the field
on this coast. And to those who are will-
ing to take off their "plug hat and kids"
and work I know of no better field. The
people are prepared for something substan-

tial in the way of facts and logic. Gradu-
ally they are getting off the phenomenal
plane on to one of spiritual culture and
self-development. The trouble with most
Spiritualists is, they have been forced to be-
lieve, by the uncontrovertible evidence
which the phenomena presents, and knowing
nothing of the philosophy they do not com-
prehend it.

The result is they backslide equal to a
Methodist, and some one has to go around
every three months with a new stock of
wonders to keep them in working order.
Another thing is needed, Spiritualists whose
pockets have been converted, as well
as their heads, who subscribe for and read
the periodicals published in the interest of
our Philosophy. I once heard a man say
he used to give \$200 or \$300 a year when
he belonged to the church, but he had been
a Spiritualist twenty years and it had
never cost him a cent. I told him
I would not give him a cent for his home-
stead right in Kingdom come if that was all
he could boast Spiritualism had done
for him. We want societies with well
sustained speakers to minister to them; we
want halls of our own to meet in; we want
libraries; we want lyceums in which to
train our children, But we cannot have
these until our Spiritualism gets more than
tongue deep with us, and that is as deep as
it goes with many. If we had a hell as hot
and deep as our Christian friends have, and
Spiritualism had a patent on a system of in-
surance against fire in the next world, we
would no doubt find less lethargy in the
ranks.

But I suppose the good time will come
after awhile when we shall all see our duty
and do it. Spiritualism is rapidly clearing
the mental sky of the clouds and mists of
superstition, and when the clear sweet light
of this sublime doctrine has penetrated the
atmosphere of humanity it will no doubt
waken to activity, the dormant energies of
our Spiritual being. We shall then reap the
fruits of our present sowing. It may not
be ours to garner it in this life, but we shall
continue to send out the DOVE till it returns
with the olive branch by which we shall
know the waters of superstition, have re-
ceded and the face of the earth is being
bathed in the flood-tide of light from the sun
of Truth. May the angels hasten the dawn-
ing of that day, the halo of which, we but
now catch the fore-gleams.

GEO. P. COLBY.

Mrs. Codd, suing for divorce in Brooklyn,
from her second husband, testifies that be-
fore seeking legal advice she tried to effect a
reconciliation, but he placed five pages of
closely written legal cap before her and said
that if she would follow the rules he had
prescribed for her government he would con-
sider the question of reconciliation.

The February number of *Hall's Journal
of Health* just received. It will be noticed
another time.

The Haunted House.

DEAR MR. ASPINWALL:—According to the promise made by me, while in your city, I will try to give you a sketch of my experience in a "haunted house."

It occurred, in the year of 1874, and the house was in Louisville, Ky. Our family, at that time, consisting of my mother, two brothers, a sister and myself, and we lived in the house from sometime in May, until the next February.

The house, a frame, of two-stories, opened on the street, but there was a large back yard and a narrow side yard, opening on the street, but separated from it by a high fence and gate, which was always bolted on the inside, so that no one could enter from the outside until the gate was opened from the inside.

The house had a store front, opening into a large square room, and a small doorway which opened on the street at the foot of the stairs which came down into this room. Back of this room was another, but smaller room, with a door leading out on to a porch which ran along the dining-room and kitchen, the second room being our sitting-room and parlor combined.

Up stairs was two rooms, opening off from the square landing-way. The front room was very large, with three windows, all facing the street. The back room was a good sized, square room, with a door leading out to an outside stairway that ran down to the yard within a few feet of the gate.

My brothers' business was such as to keep them away during the night, though one of them, as a rule, got in anywhere from two until four in the morning.

My mother, sister and self slept in the back-room up stairs—sister and I occupying a double bed, and my mother a single bed. A lamp was kept burning all night, though turned down low. My mother had got so used to the light that she could not sleep without it. My father having been an invalid for a couple of years, who had died during the January preceding. During his illness she kept a lamp always burning on his account.

I cannot tell you just when nor how the first manifestations occurred, but it was not long after we had moved into the house that my mother—a very fearless woman—was aroused one night by sounds as of many people talking, laughing and moving around. After listening, she found the sounds proceeded from the sitting-room. Rising, she took the lamp and went hastily down, the sounds increasing as she neared the room. She threw the door open, but instantly there was dead silence, and the room was dark and empty. A little startled she shut the door and started back; just as she reached the stairs there was a suppressed laugh, or titter, behind her. She asked who was there, and the laugh was repeated. She then hurried up stairs, feeling sure some one was secreted in the house. When my brother came in, a few hours afterward,

they made a thorough search, but found nothing.

From that on until some time in November (I think), there was scarcely a day or night passed, without some manifestation occurring, though it was rare for anything to occur during the day. But I distinctly remember one occurrence. During the mid-summer, one bright sunny day, early in the afternoon, I was upstairs alone, in our bed-room, dressing to go out; several times I had occasion to get something from my trunk, which I closed in a hurry which caused a loud sound, in fact, I supposed I "banged it too." After I was dressed I went down to the sitting room where my mother and sister were sewing. Presently my mother looked up surprised, and asked whom I had left upstairs. I replied, "No, one!" They both looked a little surprised and mother said, "Why there is some one, just listen." I listened and heard the sound of some one passing to and fro, and then the trunk was closed with a "bang." I declared there was no one there, and my sister laughed and said, "It must be our ghost." But the sounds were so decided and it being daylight, I said it could not be, and directed my sister to run up the outside stairs, while I ran up the inside way. We met in the room, but there was not a soul there, although we all heard the trunk lid "bang" down, before we could get into the room.

My mother who believed in Spiritualism, though she did not know much about it, often asked who it was, and if she could do anything for the spirit, but the only answer was the invariable suppressed, giggling laugh, which from annoying, after awhile angered my mother, and she would order the spirit, which she got to calling "that fool," to leave the room. One night, she was awakened by the cover being suddenly jerked over her face and held for a second or two; she sprang out of the bed and it was some time before she got over the strange feeling it gave her. The elder of my brothers could not be induced to believe that it was a spirit, and said he would settle it. After this last manifestation, he brought a dog home with him, a large fierce dog that was trained to watch baggage and express matter. After my mother had fed him a few times, he would follow and obey her, as he did my brother, and after a few days he was left to remain over night with us. We made him a bed on the floor, at the foot of mother's bed, and ordered him to "watch it." In the middle of the night we were awakened by a most terrific howl from the dog. Sister and I sprang up in our bed, just in time to see the dog spring up beside my mother; he was a picture of abject terror. Just as mother sprang up the dog crouched back, and yelped just as though he had been struck. His gaze seem fixed on some object at the side of the bed, of which he seemed in mortal dread. Mother was very angry and ordered "it" to leave the room, and scolded "it" soundly. The dog would not leave the bed, but whined

like he was hurt the rest of the night. All day he was restless and wanted to get out of the yard. Brother was going to leave him again, at night, but he howled and barked so, that he had to go back and let him out.

It was almost a nightly occurrence for my sister and I to be awakened by mother scolding the intruder, and ordering it to leave the room. We could hear it patter out, like bare feet over the floor, and down the stairs; sometimes it would go to another part of the room, but mother would detect the deception and tell it where it was, and say that she would throw something at it if it didn't go right down stairs. There would be the sound of running feet, and the s tittering, always as though half suppressed.

One night I lay awake with the tooth-ache; the hall, or stair door which we usually left open, was that night closed. It would stand open only at a right angle with the wall, farther than that, a chair had to be placed against it. As I lay there looking at it, it suddenly swung slowly open without the knob turning, or any sound whatever, and did not stop until it was stopped by the wall. That was enough for me, I jerked the sheet over my face and shut my eyes tight and fell asleep soon, for my tooth-ache was gone. Once a young lady cousin was going to remain over night with us. She had heard something of our ghost and was pretty shy about staying; but we said we three girls would sleep together, which we did, putting her in the middle. Mother took the lamp and went down stairs for something and we lay there chatting, when there was a loud, sharp knock on the head-board. Our cousin was very much frightened, but we made her believe it was some of our mischief.

We ourselves did not mind it much; we soon got used to it. It never came near the bed in which we—my sister and I slept, always seeming to prefer the corner of the room where my mother slept. We ourselves never saw anything, but others did: a strange woman was seen at the front window and a gentleman friend passing on the other side bowed; a day or so later he enquired who that lady was, with me. I was entirely alone at the time, no one else being at home yet he was most positive in the assertion that a lady sat at the next window from me. Afterwards several people, besides neighbors on the opposite side of the street, saw the same woman—the descriptions all agreeing.

In our sleeping room, the chimney set out into the room and was more on one side of the room. From it to the opposite wall, we had a curtain hung and behind, on pegs in the wall, we had our wash dresses hung, as they were less liable to be "mussed." One morning my sister was the last one to leave the room; after breakfast I went up to make the beds. To my surprise and anger, the curtain was pushed back and there lay—at the side of my bed—all our dresses in a big heap, the thin white dresses at the bottom and the calicoes on top. I supposed

it was my sister's work and went down and told my mother of it, but my sister was indignant that we should accuse her of such a thing as there was no one else in the house, we concluded that it must be the work of "our ghost."

About the last thing that occurred of any importance was in the Autumn. Mother was awakened one night by a smothered feeling—as though some weight was holding her down. As she opened her eyes, her gaze fell on the opposite wall; a black shadow was rising slowly, but gradually, and as it rose it showed the outline of a female figure. She said it was like an old time silhouette; the long old-fashioned waist, broad collar, and big sleeves and wavy hair. It was not a profile, but was facing her. It slowly rose until it was midway of the ceiling, when my mother, almost overcome by the feeling of oppression and wonder, was seized by a feeling of fear, she sprang up crying—"Back, back! I've had enough of this. I forbid you to come nearer in the name of all that's high, holy and low." She said more but I don't remember it now; but the shadow instantly receded, and that mocking silly titter was heard.

Well, with my brothers we dug the cellar (a small one) all over, hunting for *bones*, but found nothing. There was a great many more queer things happened, but I have given you the "queerest."

One evening in November, it was quite cool, and one of my brothers, at dusk, went up and built a fire in our bedroom grate. It smoked and would not draw; he said there must be something in the chimney, and took a crooked stick and went to punching and poking at it. He had drawn the stick down and was going to try to look up, when a bundle came tumbling down, unrolling as it came. There was a colored woolen sock, a lot of discolored, spotted cloths, and a package of letters and papers tied together, a few letters on top and below, large, legal looking envelopes and papers. My brother thrust his hands in the flame and tried to rescue the papers, but only succeeded in burning his hand.

I have given you a pretty full account of "our ghost," and one to which myself, mother and sister, can and would, if necessary, take our most solemn oath.

Your Friend,
WINEFORD V. ASPINWALL.

Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, who acts as chairman of the Spiritual meetings at Metropolitan Temple, is a dealer in men's furnishing goods and custom shirt maker at 150 Eddy street, and employs white labor exclusively.

His work at the Temple is gratuitous, and any orders or trade our friends can give him will be well bestowed. See his ad. in another column.

Responsibilities of Wealth.

By John Allyn.

The possession of wealth implies the obligation to use the surplus thereof to benefit mankind. Those who have wealth have also been blessed with powers of sagacity, endurance and opportunities which enable them to acquire and hold their means; but independent of these considerations, the bare fact of the possession of wealth or other means of blessing our fellow men, implies the obligation to use our means as stewards to bless others. It was a maxim with the Romans that the gods cannot help those who will not help themselves. How to dispose of means so as to benefit our fellow beings—when we come to consider the subject at close range,—is not so easy as might seem. The writer said to a wealthy spiritualist who was evidently on the home stretch, had we not better do good with our means while it is within our control? he answered "yes if we knew what would do good."

He has since passed to the majority to consider the matter when his means have passed from his hands.

In this age of great material prosperity many fortunes have been accumulated—some by parties who are under no just obligations to relatives to give their means, others only a part.

James Lick, and Leland Stanford have set noble examples; but all should not follow one beaten track, but according to their inspirations strike out new paths—for in this the greatest good has come to the children of earth. To aid the benevolent in the solution of the above problem, the following plan is presented:

Let the estate be given by gift or by will to a competent board of trustees of say three or five persons to dispose of in trust for the following objects:

Let the estate be divided into four parts.

1—One part to be applied to a College of Original Investigation of spiritual matters that the boundaries of our knowledge may be enlarged and spiritual laws and forces better defined. This should be applied mainly to the expenses of mediums and rooms; as it is presumed that investigators could be found willing to devote their services gratuitously.

2—Let one part be applied to aiding our spiritual periodicals especially to furnish copies to the appreciative poor and to reading rooms.

3—Let one part be applied to aid such societies as are struggling to provide themselves with a permanent hall for spiritual meetings.

4—Last but by no means least, let one part be applied to aid the Children's Progressive Lyceum—naming the state, city or county where the benefaction is to be expended. Probably it would be well to have this invested in a permanent fund the annual income of which should be apportioned ac-

ording to the attendance the preceding year in each Lyceum.

If the wealthy spiritualists would do their duty, or what appears to be such, during the present century the hoary superstition of antiquity would give way before the rising light of scientific spiritualism. We would have a religion adapted to our age, our country and our needs; whose root would be firmly grounded in American soil—instead of a religion based on a conglomerate mixture of oriental myths, and heathen mythologies, cemented by the fruitless metaphysical speculations of the dark ages—a system that nobody believes but those whose minds have been crammed and distorted from the harmony of nature, by false religious teaching in childhood.

Some may object that Spiritualism is not sufficiently demonstrated to be the foundation of religion. Such forget that the main principles of Spiritualism—to wit: the continued existence of man is infinitely better demonstrated than any one doctrine of Christianity—most of which are utterly incapable of proof. Religious teachers have been aware of this and have always urged the importance of faith as their primary doctrine.

Where She Wished to be Buried.

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made the request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dreams; nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, conning over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away to take her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the newspapers. There, she said, was to be found peace surpassing all understanding—a depth of quiet slumber, on which neither the sound of the buoyant foot of youth, nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

Spiritualism is Democratic. It has no renowned leadership and will never have a king. The crowning glory of its religion is that it has no darkness to shadow its perpetual light—no Hell to travesty its Heaven—no lost to offset the saved—no prostrate to contrast the erect. It promises nothing to one it does not pledge to all; it recognizes nothing in one it does not prefigure and admit in all. By its transcendent views of the future it levels the narrow distinctions of the present, and by its lofty recognition of the sublime invisible it proves how trifling is the visible; and by its affirmation of the unity of humanity it lifts us above considerations of race, time and conditions. It teaches us that no permanent good can come from *partial* victory—from a success that *means* defeat—mastership which *implies* slavery. Hand in hand, side by side, rich and poor, bond and free, white and colored, good and bad, we stand together in the order of creation and the destiny of the Spirit.

C. M. PLUMB.

*From that time on we never heard another sound from "our ghost."

A Wise Ruling.

The three schools of medicine—Allopath, Homeopath and Eclectic—who, unwilling to trust to their merits, seek, by legislation, to secure a monopoly of the medical practice in this State, shutting out all other system, have run against a snag, in San Jose, in the shape of a level-headed Justice of the Peace named Buckner.

A suit was brought against a magnetic healer named Ried, to mulct him in damages for practicing the curative art without having first procured a certificate from some society representing some one of the above mentioned schools. The Justice held, substantially, that the act under which the action was brought was, from its reading, evidently intended to prevent persons from practicing any of said systems without first procuring a diploma from one of the State societies representing the same. That is, for instance, that no one claiming to be an allopathic physician shall be allowed to practice as such without a certificate from the State society of that school, etc. But that a person advertising himself as a magnetic healer, and practicing that system, does not come within the meaning of the law; hence, he ordered the defendant's discharge.

We commend the wisdom of this ruling. It is certainly founded on common sense. Any system of healing that cannot stand upon its merits, but requires to be bolstered up by special legislation, must have a weak spot somewhere.

And then it is an outrage upon individual rights to deny to any one the privilege of choice in the matter of selecting the mode of treatment whereby he would be healed. While we have no objection to the regular schools hedging themselves in and preventing imposters from practicing their methods; yet, we shall ever insist that said regulars have no right to dictate in methods of healing outside of their practice. The law, as it stands on our statute books, is a sort of "baby act," that no physician with a grain of self-respect would ever plead in his behalf.—*Golden Gate.*

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

We have attended several of the meetings at Washington Hall, San Francisco, under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, and are pleased to notice the large attendance and general interest manifested in the exercises. On Monday, February 28th, the the ordination of Mr. S. Aspinwall as a minister of the gospel of Spiritualism took place. The services were performed by President H. C. Wilson and were very beautiful and impressive. During this service several mediums present clairvoyantly saw the angel participants perform their part in the ceremonies. These several statements coincided in almost every particular, four of whom distinctly saw

and described the spirit placing a crown upon the head of Mr. Aspinwall. Mrs. J. J. Whitney heard the name, "William, the Conqueror," as belonging to this spirit, she also saw and described a little boy who gave his name. Mr. Aspinwall stated that the boy was his son; and that his mother possessed a parchment record tracing his genealogy back to "William, the Conqueror."

The subject for consideration and discussion was Spiritualism and Orthodoxy Contrasted upon which original essays were read by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, Mrs. J. M. Mason, of Oakland; and Miss Martha J. Wright, of Reno, Nev. Mrs. M. S. Fish recited a poem and Mrs. Eggert Aitken, Mrs. Miller and Dr. Schlesinger gave tests.

The singing and instrumental music by Mrs. Miner was very fine. We understand the society proposes to build a hall during the present year. The library owned by this society is the largest collection of Spiritualistic and reform books on the Pacific Coast. It is open every Sunday from 2 to 4 P. M.

Reverence.

In this selfish, hurry-skurry, money-getting age the young are quite apt to become sneering, rude and impertinent in their treatment of aged persons; especially when the early associations and training were superficial, thereby failing to implant in the youthful mind legitimate regard for the feelings and property of fellow man—ultimating in broils, riots, thievery and sundry crimes. Therefore it cannot be difficult to understand that judicious home culture pre-eminently excels all other education in erecting milestones along the highway of life for guidance to peaceful, honest and respectable deportment through mature years.

To strengthen reverence, never permit yourself to speak irreverently of old age; cultivate respect towards all superiors; read books written by respectful authors, and associate with persons of good moral character. "*Verbum sat sapienti.*" Travel and visit the mountains crowned with everlasting snow elevated in sublime purity towards heaven; stand by the thundering cataracts and become inspired by their deep but elevated diapason; traverse rocky ravines where old Sol can never penetrate the mysterious shade; emerge into the valleys, quiet and soft, where the god of day first bids his gentle and reluctant adieu, wend your way silently along the meandering stream beneath the impressive shadow of the dark forest; calmly observe in earnest contemplation the roseate and golden hues and soul inspiring tints flung across the prairie, landscape or mountain barriers that kiss the sky.

JOSEPH SIMMS, M. D.,
The Physiognomist.

The CARRIER DOVE for April will contain the portrait and biographical sketch of D. D. Home, the world-renowned medium.

Labor and Wait.

How much we have to learn before we are good citizens of this or any other world! Had we not better spend more of our time studying, observing, thinking, and less in rapturous exclamations concerning the glories of spirit life, the green lawns, beautiful flowers and "angel loved ones?" I sometimes wonder how it would affect us, and then if we were half as anxious to receive words of affection and advice from relatives and acquaintances before they leave the body as after that event, and why they are any more angles at one time than another. Do we not sometimes spend too much nervous strength in emotion and too little in doing; and would it not be better to clasp the fact of demonstrated in mortality close to our souls, and, stimulated by its inspiring wormth, work for the best good of all in this life, and the next; for good is good in either, and improving one improves the other.

There is nothing gained by sitting in circles and crying about our angel loved ones any more than by a church man's praying, unless these exercises nerve us to,

"Be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Wait; yes, some of us have learned what it is to wait. Years ago, when affliction threatened me, I wrote this in my journal: Only those who have learned by sad experience can know the full meaning of the little word wait: To those the long, weary weeks stretch themselves out, each morning ushering in a fresh hope, to sink, each night, deeper, nearer to despair, this is the wait. Again, when a dearly loved little brother was taken from us, I say, I have learned a new meaning of the word wait. To watch the agony of a dear one, agony which can end only in death, prolonged till the heart prays for the angel to come and ease the suffering; this is to wait.

Life is full of waiting. Blessed are we if we can find the work our nature craves, so that with our whole heart we can labor while we wait, S. D.

SACRAMENTO, February 19, 7886.

Passed to the shores of spirit life, January 3d, Christopher McGinnis, aged seventy years. Brother and sister McGinnis were converted from the Catholic church by the unexpected development of sister McGinnis as a medium in this city, over thirty years ago. For many years she did a good work here both in private and public services, and many there are who received their first light through the mediumship vested in her. They have ever lived consistent spiritualists and respected citizens, as the large assembly who convened to attend his mortal remains to their last resting place, on the 5th of January will attest.

MRS. P. W. STEPHENS,

Spiritualism.

A Discourse Delivered by Mrs. J. M. Mason at Washington Hall, S. F., Feb. 28, 1886.

Spiritualism is a vast subject, indeed there are none so vast, because within the word Spiritualism is comprised every other subject worthy of thought or investigation.

It holds within its wide sheltering arms every want of the human family. It is a father to the fatherless, a friend to the friendless and a mother to those bowed down with sorrows the church has failed to allay.

But, my friends, do we of to-day comprehend one tenth part of all there is in Spiritualism? We are in the A B C's as yet, and if we would rise higher we can only do so by close study into nature's laws, and by searching out the capabilities lying dormant within ourselves, nor can another's experience aid us in the search. For in human life there is much waste foliage which cannot be forcibly beaten off, but which will silently disappear when the life is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, which stimulates inward growth. The Arabian Achemist, Abipili, says: "I admonish thee, whoever thou art, that desireth to dive into the innermost parts of nature. If that thou seeketh thou findeth not within thyself seek not to find it without thee."

Whatever ideal the mind can conceive of is possible for us to attain to, it would be impossible to entertain rational ideas beyond our attainments. Nature only brings these things about in her own good time. All the talking, all the arguing you can bring to bear, all the phenomenal tests that could be given would not convince a person of the truth of Spiritualism one minute sooner than the person was ready to receive it, or had attained to a Spiritual or inward growth necessary to the acceptance of the truth.

There are seeds having a shell so tough that unaided human strength is insufficient to break them. Yet as soon as they are placed in the warm bosom of mother earth and feel nature's kindly touch open of themselves and the freed germ comes forth and sends the tiny green tendrils up to meet the genial rays of the sun. All the men in creation could not force the song from a little bird, but give it its own free will and your sense of hearing will be charmed by the sweetest of music. You can train and mould the physical child, or rather the senses of the physical child, but over the soul or spirit you have no control whatever; the powers given it before its birth into earth life can only be brought out through the law that gives it life and sustains that life. It remains for those who have an advanced knowledge of nature's laws to throw out ideas that will aid in awakening the inner sense of those who are ready to grow in the spiritual light.

What a wonderful thing is the mind of man. Look at the locomotive, the steamboat, the printing press, telegraph, telephone and electric light; they are ideas

which must first have an origin in the brain of man before they can become tangible to the outward senses. Supposing you were to look for the first time upon a certain piece of machinery, the only one having a physical existence, and after you had thoroughly examined it it should be destroyed, the real machine could not be destroyed for you would still retain it as an idea in your mind, proving that the things of this life are only the shadows of the real things. The mind of man is capable of still greater achievements than has ever been given. We are living to-day in an atmosphere pregnant with new thoughts, new ideas which are constantly coming to the front, and like Hamlet's ghost will not down but force themselves into an outward expression.

And so with the thoughts we entertain one toward another, they are just as tangible. If we throw a rock or other missile at a person we hurt or bruise the physical body, just so will an evil thought projected toward another wound the inner or real self.

To a sensitive, a thought, be it good or ill is as plainly felt as a blow given through physical means there are, no doubt, many present who have experienced these thrusts for there are few mediums who are not constantly being struck in this way by the thoughts of others, and as it is only through our mediums that intercourse between the two worlds is kept open, how necessary that we shield them as much as possible from the inharmony of earth life.

You would not expect to get any thing like a correct telegraphic message through an instrument that was not kept in perfect order; and think not to receive communications from those you love if you enter the presence of the medium with thoughts you would not give utterance to were they standing by your side clothed in their fleshly garments, for such thoughts place a barrier between you and your spirit friends; they shrink from coming in contact with, and attract into your atmosphere earth bound spirits and the result will be instead of a message fraught with words of encouragement and love you will get, what you would richly deserve, lies and false advice. If you feel you cannot trust a medium, seek one you have confidence in. If you are a skeptic seek the medium with an honesty of purpose and great shall be your reward.

What is death? A sweet relief from care,
A flight untrammelled by the woes of earth,
A silent flitting through the summer air
To heaven's gate. A heavenly birth;
There is no barrier to curb the flight
Of the freed soul to the land of light.

It is sweet rest, repose from every thing
That frets the heart or give us fears to dread,
Tis brought by one whose shining wing
A quiet brings, and hovering o'er our head,
Shows to our inner eye
And truer self, we never die.

It is calm peace, when weary hearts lay down
Their fleshy forms for robes of white,

And taking up the star decked crown
All radiant with translucent light,
For him whose triumphs earned a living wreath;
Tis such reward illumines the hero's death.

Tis not long slumbers, or eternal sleep
Down deep beneath the sodden mold,
They do not sleep beneath the Ocean deep
Whose bodies float so wet and cold,
But by your side they loving vigils keep
When senses wake, or eyes are closed in sleep.

And in glad progress the enfranchised soul
Still lives, and labors in the land of light,
With saints and heroes marching to the goal
Onward and upward still the way of right,
Faithful to duty, true to love and law,
This is the glowing heaven the prophets saw.

In this bright land where weary souls retire
Are bowers filled with perfect peace,
In which to gain the strength they most require,
And from the ills of earth find sweet release.
Here is the spot where perfect souls can be
From sin, and shame, and sorrow free.

Ask not the prophet skilled in mystic lore
Nor the astronomer who reads the sky;
Down deep within yourself is found the door
Which at your touch will open, if you try,
And give the light all mortals crave
Of knowledge of the life beyond the grave.

San Francisco, Cal., March 5, 1886.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: I was so glad, to hear, that you were still to brood the CARRIER DOVE, with your woman heart, giving to it your best and highest thoughts of justice, truth and love, and that you were not "vacate the chair to a man."

You dear woman, fill it too acceptably to your many friends and readers, to yield it so long as strength lasts and angels' guide.

Your work was indeed heaven appointed, and will grow and bear golden fruitage, upon which human hearts can feed and feel refreshed.

God speed the day, when every woman may awaken to a recognition of her own divine possibilities, and may she go forth doing battle against wrong of every kind. Vices which now enslave the human mind and dethrone reason, and dim the bright lusture of the intellect; sit like an incubus upon humanity, needing woman's heart, voice and pen, to defend the right against the mighty wrong which now inflict us.

May your pen touched by the fire of inspiration, light the torch of truth that shall burn, and blaze into a light that shall illumine every highway of life where walk human feet, that they faint and stumble not, but press forward to victory. May every seed you sow, be watered from the river of purity, until it shall bud and blossom into fragrant flowers upon the desert wastes of life, wafting back to your soul, brave woman, rich perfumes of love and joy.

Go on, dear woman, I glory in your success, for it means success, for every brave woman works for home and love.

Faithfully Yours,
HENRIETTE E. ROBINSON.

Children's Department.



Oh! sweet as the breath of a morning in spring,
Are the beautiful messages the dear children bring;
To the troubled in spirit they speak holy calm,
And into the hearts that are bruised they pour balm.

This department of the CARRIER DOVE will always contain something for the children from those in spirit life; and will be edited by Little Spirit Matie, daughter of Mrs. Schlesinger, the communications being written through the mediumship of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Alice White.

My love to all. We think it such a privilege to write through this medium. When I came to Spirit World I had been sick with such a cough, and when my spirit left the form, Oh, I did want to let my loved ones know I was not lost to them, but was all well.

I tried to speak but no one seemed to hear what I said until I came to a circle and controlled this medium.

I have a beautiful home here. I always loved music and here have every opportunity to gratify that love, and have made rapid progress. It is only recently that I could make my darling husband know I was near him and that he could converse with me.

I was unfamiliar with the teachings of Spiritualism, having been taught in childhood the faith of my ancestors, to which I adhered through life.

I think if people could only understand that the change they call death is only an effort of Nature to rid the spirit of the old form, it would cease to terrify as now. We find it quite difficult to get sufficient control of a medium to answer questions at first.

I am anxious, by this method to speak, so that I may give to the world a foretaste of the joys in store for those who seek the truth.

When I entered spirit life I found it all clear and beautiful; if there are any dark places I have never seen them.

My brother is not with me but I can go to him. He took his own life which was very wrong.

Charley Brown wants to write.

William Johnson wants to write to his brother Thomas.

I would like to say much more but will have to wait until some other time.

My Name is

ALICE WHITE.

This is a privilege I have long desired, to let my dear ones know I have found the truth.

While in the body I did not think man

could return to those in the form, but as soon my spirit left the body I knew I was only transformed to perfect manhood.

My father, Thomas Hull and my mother, were by my side looking radiant and bright. I knew then that my sister Jennie was right, that father did come to her.

I have met many spirits who are trying to communicate with their friends. I want Jennie to know I watch over Minnie while she sleeps and will guard her footsteps when awake.

My name is

CHARLES HULL.

Lizzie Miller wants her mama to know she is with papa and Aunt Phebe and two grandmas.

MATIE.

Spirit Message to Mrs. J. Schlesinger.

Given through Mrs. Morton while entranced, March 5th, 1886.

"TO OUR DEAR SISTER IN THE BODY, AND CO-WORKER: Take courage and press on in the grand work you have begun. We are with you and daily surround you with our influence. We long to see you standing where your soul aspires to stand—a plane on which you can cheer the hearts, and the minds of the sorrowing, and those who need words of cheer and guidance. Work on in good faith, and know this, that we will sustain you. While climbing up the steep way our arms of love will sustain you, until your feet are firmly fixed upon the summit."

"MARGARET FULLER."

The Angels Guard Our Storm-Rode Bark.

When on ocean's wave, in midnight hour,
Cruel tempests o'er our bark doth lower,
While thunders roar and lightnings crash,
And threatening seas around us dash
Above the storm, a voice we mark;
We know the angels guard our bark.

Angelic forms, with arms outspread,
To guard us from a watery bed,
Bidding all dangers from us flee,
And screen us from the ruthless sea;
Louder than storm, a voice, now hark,
The angels watch our struggling bark.

What are the angels doing there?
Why have they left their home so fair.
On the wild billows now to roam?
Is this the place they call their home,
Roving around 'mid tempest dark?
Yes; they are there to guard our bark.

For when at sea in calm or storm
Their presence are on pinions borne,
Watching forever by our side,
To know that nothing ill betide;
The angry tempest can but bark,
The angel's love protects our bark.

Capt. B. B. S.

Prose and Poetry at Funerals.

They had the poor woman in a fifty-dollar coffin. The beautiful bunch of white roses in the one hand that was exposed did not conceal the marks of toil on her fingers, the calloused places, the distended joints, and the rough skin. Her iron-gray hair was neatly brushed down on the sides of her wrinkled forehead, and the black silk gown, folded so gracefully about her, was full of luster, new, and evidently expensive. There were ten hacks for friends of the family, and the hearse was driven by a man in livery, and eight costly plumes on top.

"How natural she looked, and what a lovely funeral," said a woman who had known the family.

"How unnatural she looked, and what an inhuman thing that funeral was," said a male cynic who accompanied her.

"Why?"

"Because. There was a good woman, a hard-working wife and mother who never had a ride in a hack, whose fingers never pressed a flower, and who never wore silk. She didn't have any time and didn't have money. Now look at her. Flowers rare and sweet in her dead hands, lots of carriages following her hearse, and a costly shroud for a body which in life was deemed none too good for a thirty-cent worsted. A queer world this, which ignores fashion in life and falls a blind votary to it in death."

She lay in her lonely coffin,

With her withered fingers pressed
Over the fair, full roses

They had placed upon her breast;

And the head, that ached no longer,

And the pitiful, haggard face,

They had pillowed with gleaming satin,

Had shaded with costly lace.

Then I said—and my heart was heavy,

Recalling her life forlorn—

"Let none lay a rose on my bosom

Who have planted my life with thorn."

Sol.

The Secrets of Success in Life.

A Lecture by J. Simms, M. D., of New York.

The desire of material wealth is sufficiently laudable, and an honest strife in this direction has a tendency to bring into action the manliest parts of human nature. But it should be in mind that higher prizes than even worldly wealth are to be found in the lottery of life. The inestimable privilege of being able, in the quiet of declining years, to look back upon a life untarnished by meanness, deceit or dishonorable dealing; and, above all, the inward approval of a conscience void of self-accusation, are rewards of far higher value than those which accrue from material wealth. The intrinsic worth of the former is not their only recommendation; for a faithful allegiance to the path of honor rarely fails to draw into its train a fair share of the good things of this

life. The pathway of youth is beset with numerous snares; and it is desirable to place here and there beacon-lights of guidance for the inexperienced travelers about to commence their perilous journey. The advancing army of youth requires pioneers to remove obstacles, and point out hidden dangers and probable ambuscades. The first maxim which should be earnestly inculcated upon youth is—

BE HONEST AND TRUTHFUL IN DEALING WITH OTHERS AND WITH YOURSELVES.—Society is so saturated with hypocrisy and deceit that we are constantly hearing blatant falsehoods perpetrated, or witnessing unblushing lies enacted, while no little acuteness is required to escape being cheated and swindled. Libraries are inundated with fiction, while truth is huddled into corners or thrust ignominiously into the streets. The world is crowded with Gnathos displaying counterfeit badges of honesty; and were Diogenes to revisit the earth with his lantern, he would speedily return whence he had come, more sick at heart than ever. We sometimes fancy we can discern the dawn of virtue on the social, trading, and political horizons of the world; but the fond delusion vanishes, and, as of old, knavery and deceit remain staring from the faces of mankind. When I was delivering a course of lectures in Boston, U. S., one of the audience presented the photograph of a man for my inspection. "A born thief," I pronounced; "when he has the chance that man will always steal." I afterwards found he was in jail, where he had often been before, and always for theft. To a physiognomist the human face is a book; and to be credited with honesty it is absolutely necessary to have the thing itself. It is to be deplored that there are so many who make mere pretensions to honesty and virtue; but to the credit of human nature be it said, there are high-souled people who would be reduced to beggary, and forfeit life itself, rather than stoop to dishonesty or meanness. M. Portius Cato, the famous Roman statesman, was remarkable in his administration of justice for the unbending steadfastness with which he pursued the path of duty. When his fair fame was asspersed, he chose his bitterest enemy, Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, to sit in judgment upon him; and his magnanimity had its reward, when, for very shame's sake, he was declared innocent of the foul charges which aimed at his destruction. Grecian history affords a fine instance of moral worth in Aristides. Julius Drusus offered a large sum of money to any one who would contrive to make every room in his house so transparent that his actions would be patent to all the world. Such men must have been burning and shining lights amidst the general darkness, however; for we find that Asclepidorus could discover in Syria only three men of unblemished honor and truth. These were Dominus the philosopher, Iliapius of Antioch, and Mares of Laodicea.

Among those brilliant names of more modern times, whose fame will grow brighter with the lapse of time, we may cite Thomas Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, whose allegiance to truth cost him his life; Tyndal, John Knox, Lafayette, Washington, Jefferson, Wellington, Jackson, and Lincoln. Nothing will more rapidly loosen a man's hold upon prosperity than such behavior on his part as leads to his being accounted unreliable in his dealings. Let, therefore, the foundation of your life-structure be a fearless love of truth, honesty and justice, with an implacable hatred of deceit, chicanery and meanness.

HOW TO SELECT A VOCATION. If you would avoid the risk of inaugurating your business career by an irreparable blunder, seek the counsel of a professional physiognomist. He alone, with absolute scientific accuracy, can indicate the particular walk in which you can be certain of the greatest amount of success and prosperity. The structure of your frame is probably made up of inequalities in point of development; and a profession should be chosen in which the strongest points of your mental and bodily organization would be most brought into play. All men have some of their faculties but feebly developed, and the fatal mistake is often fallen into of adopting a profession demanding great exertion from those very parts which are deficient in strength. The deplorable consequences are failures in business, and often shattered constitutions and premature graves.

BE INDUSTRIOUS EVER.—Industry will do much to supply the place of the great talent which perhaps you do not possess. The most abjectly miserable are those who are doomed to wilful or enforced inactivity. Idleness is a canker worm, eating and gnawing its way into the vitals; and, if not expelled, it will shatter to atoms the most dearly cherished dreams of your existence. Galen has said that idleness is "*maximum animi nocumentum.*" The body that is luxuriously fed and kept in idleness is but a forcing house of disease. The lounging dog becomes mangy; and undoubtedly man deteriorates in obedience to the same physical law. To the Sybarites it was torture to look upon any exhibition of industry, and they even banished from their dominions all artificers who could not carry on their callings under cover and without noise. Probably the most inveterate votary of idleness of whom we have any authentic record was Romanus, the grandson of Romanus Laucapenus. He could hardly be prevailed upon to allow himself to be dressed in the morning; and he endured tortures during the day least he should not be suffered to sleep in his clothes at night, and thereby avoid the distasteful exercise of getting himself undressed. He passed his waking time in swinish pleasures, which could be indulged in consistently with his predilections for sloth. Another notable specimen of this besotted class was Altadas,

or, as Julian called him, the African Sethos, eleventh king of the Assyrians. This individual voted business foolishness, and abandoned himself to sloth and the society of courtezans. We have every reason to congratulate ourselves on the vast improvement that has taken place in regal and imperial morality in more modern times. Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, and Peter the Great, were not precisely saints in every respect; but, as active and industrious workers, they were immeasurably elevated above those besotted magnates of ancient times. King William, of Prussia, also, is an instance in our own day of the better developed aptitude for work which prevails amongst crowned heads. Industry is the only safeguard against poverty and vice. It endows men with usefulness and prosperity, while to women it is a crown of happiness and virtue. Do not fancy you can succeed in any worthy enterprise without the most untiring industry; and remember that the more the time of vigorous exertion is extended, and the more the hours of idleness are curtailed, the nearer is the desired consummation. The broad gulf between industry and sloth is the chasm which separates the banker from the beggar—genial prosperity from unmitigated wretchedness and ruin.

HOW BEST TO UTILIZE SPARE HOURS. There is no infatuation so perilous as that of a young man habitually, on being released from his work, betaking himself to the public house—there to lounge away, worse than unprofitably, the time which has been allotted to him for rest and improvement. The unfortunate youth who acquires habits of this kind has need to wrench the hankering from his bosom without delay, for that way leads to destruction. Procure and read such books as "Ledyard's Travels in Africa," "Humboldt's Cosmos," "Lyell's Geology," Owen's works on Zoology, the works of Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, Stuart Mill and other standard writers. Time devoted to the reading of books of this class is an investment at compound interest, secured by a bond and mortgage on the soul of the investor.

LET THE COMPANY YOU KEEP BE GOOD.—It is an old proverb, and a true one—"Like draws to like." Ducks congregate and sport in the water together, and crows lift their unmusical voices in concert. Take heed, therefore, of the companionship you seek to cultivate; for to an absolute certainty, whether innocent or guilty, the quality of your companions will rule the opinion which is formed of you by the world. Police officers are well aware of the tendency of like drawing to like; and a favorite mode of finding a criminal is by discovering the kind of retreat he is likely to seek. Man gradually requires much of the characteristics of the associations, be they good or bad, with which he is brought immediately in contact. It is especially incumbent on young men who may change the sphere of their labors

to act with caution in forming new companionships. A false step may prove fatal to the growth of the good seed which has taken root; and it is better to wait patiently until time and experience have lent their aids for a decision.

HAVE ONE AIM IN LIFE.—It is a truism that he who aims at nothing will generally hit his mark. The objectless saunterer, uncaring whether he is going, is more apt to tumble into mischief than his friend who is decided as to his intentions before he leaves his dwelling. If the captain of a ship forgets that he is to reach a stated port, and pays no heed to the course, he is likely to have a sorrowful awakening from the lethargy when his ship runs upon the rocks. A sportsman who fires off his fowling piece at random is less likely to kill birds than to bag a brother sportsman or a dog. And so it is with the young man who lounges through life displaying fitful efforts of energy without a definite aim. To avoid a useless existence, you must carefully select the chief object for which you are to strive. Follow this up with all your energy, and you will surely reach your goal crowned with honor and success.

MANTAIN AN APPROPRIATE BEARING TO RICH AND POOR.—There is no individual so contemptible as the despicable sycophant who habitually cringes and truckles to wealth, and turns his back upon honest indigence and poverty. Carefully avoid conduct of this kind; let your intercourse with rich men be untainted with servility, and the assumption of offensive patronage. In your friendships be discriminating, so as to avoid discreditable entanglements. There are people who delight in announcing in trumpet tones the great love and friendship they entertain for their neighbors; but truly the exhibition of their friendly feelings adopt a singular channel for its display. If persons of this class have any little bit of scandal, the discussion of which is calculated to afford you the deepest pain, they will be sure, under the cloak of consolation, to drive the iron into your soul. Real friendship is a very different thing. It abounds in true sympathy and delicacy of touch, and would suffer infinitely more than you would, were a tender part to be accidentally probed. Damon and Pythias are typical friends, the one having offered his life for the other. Epaminondas fought over the prostrate body of his friend Pelopidos until he was covered with wounds, and history gives numerous examples of friendships, touching in their complete abnegation of self. Yet, however admirable a thing is real and sincere friendship, young men ought to guard against cultivating indiscriminate intimacies which are generally very differently constituted; and those who are the most cautious in acquiring friendships realise more happiness when they are once formed, and are least likely to experience a warning of the feeling. Friends ought to be selected as

the judicious reader choose his books—not on account of handsome or respectable exteriors, but of the sterling qualities within. When you have once formed a friendship, be slow to bring it to a close, and do not be ready to take umbrage or offence at little peddling rumor that reaches your ears. Above all, adhere to your friends in the time of their adversity, as nothing cuts so deep as heartless desertion on the first approach of misfortune.

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