

The Carrier Dove.

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

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The Fox Sisters.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE ORIGIN OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THE FOX FAMILY AT HYDESVILLE, N. Y.

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In casting a retrospective glance over the history of one of the greatest movements the world has ever known—one fraught with so much of interest to the human race, revealing to mankind secrets which have hitherto puzzled the most eminent scholars, theologians and scientists, concerning the fact of continued life after the change called death, and of the state or condition of those who have experienced the change, we are struck with the magnitude of the movement which in thirty-nine years, has attained such gigantic proportions. Born in humility and obscurity, persecuted and maligned in its infancy and youth, doubted, ridiculed, and derided on every hand, it has, nevertheless, steadily grown into public favor and acceptance, until, at the end of this brief period it has over many millions of adherents. It has crept silently into the pages of popular books, magazines and newspapers throughout the land, and unconsciously has the public mind been educated and moulded into conformity therewith. True, it has not yet entirely overcome all bigotry and superstition, the outgrowth of an ignorant past; but that it has had a decided counteracting and liberalizing effect cannot be denied. The pulpits everywhere, under the magical influence of the inspiration of the present, are voicing its truths; and either silently ignoring the errors of the past, or boldly proclaiming their worthlessness to meet the demands of the growing intelligence of mankind. Much remains to be done in this direction before the complete breaking of the shackles of ignorance, which have for centuries enslaved and degraded humanity. But the prognostications of seers indicate a new era of development for the race, an era which had its beginning with the tiny raps at Hydesville, and will culminate only in the distant cycles of the future, far beyond the reach of mortal vision, or conception. A brief outline of the origin and growth of the light of the nineteenth century—modern Spiritualism

—cannot be amiss upon this, its thirty-ninth anniversary. In a book entitled "The Missing Link," written by A. Leah Underhill, one of the "Fox sisters," it is stated that the raps which had been heard for some time in the house at Hydesville grew to be so annoying that at last the neighbors were called in to witness the manifestations, and decide upon their origin and meaning. Upon the eventful night of March 31st, 1848, from which our anniversary dates, the family, consisting of John Fox, his wife, Margaret Fox, and their two daughters, Margaretta and Catherine, or "Cathie," as her mother called her, had retired early in the evening, hoping to have a good night's rest, free from the disturbing noises which had so annoyed them for several weeks previous. They had no sooner retired, however, than the rapping began, and the children (who slept in the same room with their parents, having been brought in on account of their fear when occupying a room alone) imitated the sounds by snapping their fingers and clapping their hands. Cathie, the youngest, said: "Mr. Splitfoot, do as I do," clapping her hands. The sound instantly followed her with the same number of raps. Then Margaretta said, "Now do just as I do; count one, two, three, four," striking one hand against the other, which was immediately imitated, as before, by the raps. Mrs. Fox then began to ask questions, and obtained answers by the raps. She asked the spirits to rap out her children's ages, which was done correctly each time. Mr. Fox was so much astonished at this that he went out and invited a neighbor to come in, who, in turn, went out after others, until a large company had assembled. By asking questions which could be answered by yes and no (two raps signifying no, and three raps yes) it was ascertained that a peddler had been murdered in that house some years before and his body buried in the cellar, and the name of the murderer given. This created a great excitement, and the next day hundreds of people visited the house. The excitement increased, and it was found impossible for the family to remain there longer. They went to the residence of a married son, David Fox, living about two miles distant, until their own house, which was

not yet completed should be ready for occupancy. The raps followed them, and it was soon discovered that the two little girls were the mediums. The eldest sister, A. Leah Underhill (then Mrs. Fish), was residing in Rochester, and hearing of the strange occurrences at Hydesville, determined to visit her parents and ascertain what it all meant. Arriving at Hydesville, she found the "haunted house" deserted, and learned that the family were living with her brother David. She found her mother almost ill from the effects of the trying scenes through which they had been called to pass. After remaining two weeks, during which time remarkable manifestations occurred, Mrs. Fish returned home taking the younger sister, Katie, with her, as the mother thought that by separating the family the disturbance would cease. In this they were disappointed, as the raps followed them on their journey home, and on arriving there they found it impossible to sleep nights, the disturbance was so great. Articles of furniture were moved, doors opened and shut, the sound of persons walking about was distinctly heard, the beds upon which they were sleeping would be raised from the floor and dropped down again, until they were obliged to take the bedding and lay it on the floor. Many other wonderful and startling things occurred, until it was thought best to send for Mrs. Fox, as the little daughter was almost ill through fright. She immediately left for Rochester, taking the other daughter, Margaretta, with her. Upon their arrival a family council was held, but nothing could be decided upon but to await events *and pray for protection*. The manifestations increased in power until, feeling that they could no longer bear it alone, they consulted with Isaac and Amy Post, who were much amused at what was told them, and believed the family were "suffering under some psychological delusion." But when they witnessed the same things in their own home they became interested, and invited some friends to witness the manifestations also. Though the family begged that everything should be kept a profound secret, they soon found that it was not so kept. The spirits were determined that the truth should be given to the world, and

these were the instruments through which it was to be given. They directed that private circles should be held at different houses, and they would manifest for promiscuous companies. The first meeting was held at the residence of Isaac and Amy Post, the spirits directing whom to invite. They were all prominent persons—lawyers, doctors and editors. Among the number was Frederick Douglas, editor of *The North Star*. After several very satisfactory meetings, at which the spirits demonstrated their ability to rap sufficiently loud to be heard in a large hall, they instructed the mediums to give public seances in a large hall. Corinthian Hall, then the largest in Rochester, was designated. It was engaged and the meeting was advertised for the evening of November 14, 1848. At the meeting, an investigating committee of five prominent skeptical gentlemen was appointed, to make a report at the next meeting. Contrary to the expectations and wishes of the audience assembled, the report of the committee was in favor of the mediums, and another committee was appointed to make the next report. The report of this committee was also favorable, as no solution could be given of the method by which the raps were produced. The excitement was at this time intense, and there was talk of mobbing both mediums and committee. At the third meeting, those who expressed most dissatisfaction with the previous investigations were appointed, and formed what was called the "Infidel Committee." They met at the rooms of Dr. Gates, in the Rochester House. Three ladies were appointed, who took the mediums into a private room and had them disrobe and put on garments that had been selected for the purpose. They were then conducted into the presence of the committee, composed of five gentlemen who were determined to "fathom the fraud." After waiting some time and no manifestations of importance occurring, the girls were told they could "go home and get their dinners," and perhaps then the "ghosts" would be more sociable. Then Leah said: "No, we shall not stir from this room until the time for this investigation shall expire, which will be at 6 o'clock P. M." The following is what occurred, as related by Mrs. Underhill:

"Some of the Committee exclaimed, 'Good for the Rapper! That looks like business. Ladies and gentlemen, let us have dinner in this room. We will give the girls fair play.' A sumptuous dinner was prepared and brought in to us, and all took seats at the table. They taunted us in every way. Sometimes we felt ourselves forsaken, and disposed to give up in despair. Our friends were locked out, and not permitted to come into the room; but we could hear their faithful footsteps outside the door, in the hall of the hotel—Isaac and Amy Post, Mr. and Mrs. Pierpont, George Willets and

others. My young sister Maggie was by my side, bathed in tears. Dr. Gates was carving. I was struggling with a choking emotion, and could not taste food. The party were joking and funning at our expense, when, suddenly the great table began to tremble, and raised first one end and then the other, with loud creaking sounds, like a ship struggling in a heavy gale, until it was finally suspended above our heads. For a moment all were silent and looked at each other with astonishment. The waiters fled in every direction. Instantly the scene was changed. The ladies threw their arms around us, one after another, and it was their turn to cry. They said to us: 'Oh, you poor girls, how you have been abused! Oh, how sorry we are for you; after all, it is true!' The gentlemen without accord said, 'Girls, you have gained a victory. We will stand by you to the last.' Let it be understood that this Committee of ladies and gentlemen took us to the parlors of the Rochester House, which could be divided into two rooms by closing the folding-doors. After dinner the gentlemen of the Committee insulated the table by putting glass under the legs, procured two sacks of feathers, and advised the ladies how to conduct the investigation. They then closed the doors and retired, leaving us and the lady members of the Committee alone. By this time the Committee had become kindly disposed towards us. They suggested to us that we should stand upon the sacks of feathers on the table, with our dresses tied tight above our ankles. We complied with all their suggestions cheerfully. Immediately the sounds were heard on the table, floor and walls. The ladies instantly opened the doors, and the gentlemen came in and witnessed the manifestations themselves."

At the conclusion of this investigation the Committee received a note warning them that if they went to the hall that evening with a report in favor of the girls, they would be mobbed. The friends of the mediums also urged them to remain at home, but the spirits said, "Go, you will not be harmed." Accordingly, at the appointed hour, they went and found a rowdy element in the audience, who would have stopped at nothing short of violence had not the police been notified of the anticipated trouble, and been present in sufficient numbers to quell the disturbance which was commenced by the explosion of torpedoes in every part of the hall. The mob was quickly dispersed and the mediums publicly vindicated. Thus was inaugurated the public work of these chosen ones, and conducted at the risk of their lives many times, before the ignorant, bigoted masses could be convinced that they were not in league with his Satanic Majesty and that they would be doing God's service by killing them. In a brief sketch like this, it is impossible to give but few of the interesting events in the lives of these world-renowned mediums. The pioneers in the ranks of Spiritualism are, many of them, personally acquainted with the subjects of this article, and have, like them, suffered persecution for doing the bidding of the angels; therefore, it is not for them that this record is given, but for those who

are at present investigating this great truth, and for those recently convinced who are unfamiliar with the origin of the movement.

After the successful termination of the Rochester meeting, the mediums were informed that they must go forth and give the truth to the world. Accordingly arrangements were made for a series of public meetings in Albany. The "Fox Family," as they were called, consisted of Mrs. Fox and the three daughters—Leah (Mrs. Fish), Margaretta and Katie. They were accompanied by Calvin Brown, an adopted son of Mrs. Fox, who was the ladies' escort. Their success, both in public and private seances, was remarkable. Their rooms were thronged with the more intelligent portion of the community, among whom were lawyers, actors, college professors, ministers, editors and honest infidels, judges, etc. They were deluged with letters of invitation to visit other places by those who wished to investigate; but having made arrangements to go from Albany direct to New York, they could not deviate from the course marked out for them. At the urgent solicitations of friends they were induced to spend a few days in Troy before visiting New York. Their success here, as elsewhere, was highly gratifying. The first appearance of the "Fox Family" in New York was in June, 1850. Horace Greely was their first caller. He announced their arrival in the *Tribune* and published their rules of order. Their seance-room at the hotel was a large parlor, containing a long table with thirty seats. The public parlors served as ante-rooms, in which visitors waited their turns to be admitted to the seance-room. Three public seances were given daily, from 10 to 12 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M., and 8 to 10 P. M. These meetings would lengthen out until there was scarcely time given the mediums for eating and sleeping, the evening sessions frequently extending until midnight, and private sittings often being given before breakfast. Many times were these mediums compelled to submit to the most crucial test conditions in order to satisfy the extremely skeptical that the manifestations were not the result of trickery. It is gratifying to note that in all such instances mediumship triumphed. During their first visit of three months at the great metropolis, thousands of people visited them and received their first demonstrated proofs of a future life. "A special investigation by a large committee of the first men of New York, in scientific and literary, as well as social distinction," took place at the residence of Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. Among the company present were: J. Fenimore Cooper, the novelist; Mr. George Bancroft, the historian; Rev. Dr. Hawks, Dr.

J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, Mr. N. P. Willis, Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant, the poet, and Mr. Bigelow of the *Evening Post*, Mr. Richard B. Kimball, Mr. H. Tuckerman, and General Lyman. Mr. Ripley, one of the editors of the *Tribune*, made a report of the proceedings, which any one can read by looking over the files of that paper for 1850, the sum of which was that the seance proved a very interesting and satisfactory one to the committee and friends. Mr. Cooper, upon his death bed, a little over a year afterward, sent them the following message: "Tell the Fox family I bless them. I have been made happy through them. They have prepared me for this hour."

In September it was decided to return to Rochester for rest and recreation after the months of unceasing labor in New York. Before doing so they were invited by their warm friends, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley, to spend a fortnight at their hospitable home in Nineteenth street. After the return of the family to Rochester, Horace Greeley published a lengthy statement in the *Tribune* of the result of their visit to New York, vouching for the perfect integrity and honesty of the mediums, but making no attempt to explain the nature of their manifestations.

We can briefly but sketch the busy lives of the sisters after entering into the work appointed them by their invisible guardians. Their visits to various cities, while many times marked with great trials and difficulties of which the mediums of the present time have little conception, were usually successions of triumphs over the bigotry and ignorance of their enemies who attempted to explain the manifestations in many improbable and impossible ways such as the "toe and knee-joint theory," electrical vibrations," etc. Among the number who most successfully distinguished themselves as consummate ignoramus were three learned professors of the University of Buffalo. These gentlemen—Austin Flint, M. D., Charles A. Lee, M. D., C. B. Coventry, M. D.,—published an article in *The Commercial Advertiser*, of February 18, 1851, in which they explained in a most elaborate and scientific manner, (which must have been extremely gratifying to the public) the process by which the three Fox girls had been so successfully humbugging the people for three years. Their scientific explanation was something really wonderful and reflects great credit upon the trio of astute M. D's. It consisted in advancing the theory that the raps were produced by a partial dislocation of the knee-joints which produced a loud noise and the return of the bone to its place occasioned another sound which, being continued, were the rappings which had so deceived thousands of people who, not being as

learned as they, had failed to discover the source of the mysterious sounds. This startling announcement was reproduced in the *Buffalo Medical Journal* and led to a thorough investigation in which the utter absurdity and impossibility of the theory was fully demonstrated and the honesty of the mediums proven beyond all cavil or doubt. In 1852, at the urgent solicitations of friends, the mediums located permanently in New York. Here they met many of the most brilliant minds of that great city and formed strong and lasting friendships. Alice and Phoebe Cary, Horace Greeley and Mrs. Greeley, Judge Edmunds, Rev. John Pierpont, and Professor Mapes were among their many warm friends.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give in this article the personal biographies of these celebrated mediums, as data for such work is not at hand; neither would it serve the object of this sketch, which pertains more to the early events in the history of modern Spiritualism than to the lives of the actors in the first great drama which ushered in a new era of spiritual unfoldment upon the planet. The portraits here presented, represent the mediums after having been before the public many years, and not as the little girls they were when first commencing the work assigned them by the spirit world.

Mrs. A. M. Wood is the inventor of "Woodite," a preparation of India rubber to be used as a protection for war ships and life-saving purposes. Among the inventions of Mrs. Wood, on view October 6, 1886, at Dartford, England, was a model of a double reversible lifeboat, for which the merit is claimed that it is unsinkable; while if it capsizes, as both sides are made alike, the only difference is that the bottom boat is uppermost. There was also displayed a model of a single lifeboat provided with a central tube to serve as a compressed air reservoir for propelling the boat. Further, it is contended that a covering of woodite on boats and piers would prevent much injury from collisions.

Miss Anna Hallowell has received the honor of an appointment to the Philadelphia Board of Education, New York having set the fashion by similar appointments for Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge. It is now the turn of Boston, Chicago, Baltimore, and the rest of the cities.

Mrs. Mary Nash Agnew, the wife of Dr. C. R. Agnew, the oculist, and Miss Grace H. Dodge, have been appointed commissioners of common schools in New York city, to hold office for three years from January 1, 1887.

The Home Sentiment.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY DR. W. W. MCKAIG BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS AT WASHINGTON HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1887.

It is a beautiful law of nature that all life seeks organization. Were you to drop an acorn in a goodly soil it would not sleep there long. The hidden germ of vitality, that no chemistry can find, would soon begin to silently build itself into an outward shape. The life-force gathers from the air, soil, sunshine and shower, congenial elements which it transforms into vegetable fibers and textures, and with invisible pulleys hoists tons of matter hundreds of feet into the air. We may see this organic force at work on a higher plane. An idea drops into the world from the brain of some gifted thinker. It has no hands to dig, no feet to walk, no wings to fly; but there is vitality in it, and though long neglected or contemptuously scorned and kicked about the world, the time will come when it will begin to stir with growth and develop into a school of art, science, politics or religion. Thus, in all ages, the instinct of humanity, the sense of mutual dependence has tended as naturally to orb man into society as atoms are globed into worlds. If the general desire is the protection of life, liberty, property, health and reputation, it will gradually build itself into some form of government. If it is spiritual edification and comfort that is sought, it will shape itself into a religious society or church. If the impelling influence is in the direction of relief, charity or fraternity, it will clothe itself in the form of a benevolent society, fraternal order, guild or club. But if the inspiring influence should be love and the need of companionship, it may be the foundation of a home.

Perhaps no better theme can claim our present study than home. Its sweet influence is earliest in memory and the most lasting and fragrant in hope. It may be well to pick this flower to pieces to see if we can find the secret of its rosy charm. Simple as it seems, we shall find it a rather complex idea. Its tributaries, like a great river, cover a continent. Like the sun, a group of planets circle around that star we call home, warmed into life by its beams and swept along by its potent traction through summer and winter months.

To begin on the circumference, home sustains intimate and powerful relations to the State. It is the primitive seed from which grows that majestic tree. It is one of the strangest marvels of history that such a peerless genius as Plato, in defining his ideal republic, declared against the home-building instinct by as-

serting that all citizens belonged not to any family, but to the State, and that all children should be taken from their parents and educated in one vast building at the public expense; that the terms father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister should be merged and lost in the word citizen. This idea has been revived and greatly expanded in the writing of Fourier, St. Simon, Proudhon, and other leading communistic writers of the present century, but they all overlook the fact that the germ of the State is the family. Break up the hallowed bond of home-life, or even loosen a little its beautiful coherency and unity, and you shatter at one blow humanity into selfish and brutal isolations. It is true this blessing may sometimes be sadly abused and the roof-tree may cover the most starved, desolate and wretched lives. Perhaps there is no misery more keen and agonizing than that of hearts mismatched or sadly out of tune. But would you therefore break up the institution and set every one adrift on some vague conceit of freedom? That would be knocking the ship to pieces because some of the passengers were seasick. In such a State as ancient Sparta, where the nation lived solely for war and athletic sports, the Platonic and communistic idea might not be wholly insane; but where a nation lives to protect life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the acquisition of property, the experience of the ages has taught that its greatness and prosperity have come from the number and intelligence of its homes. It is the homeless rabble, tramps and vagrants who have always been opposed to law and social order. It has always been the men who had homes to defend and bless who have fought the bravest against the encroachments of tyranny and to secure liberty. It was the thought of the dear ones in the cottage on the hillside or in the valley, the modest house in the village or more gairish edifice in the city that has ever most ardently fired the soldier's heart in the day of battle.

In olden times the homeless, made such by despotism, ignorance or idleness, were an incendiary class ready at the slightest provocation to fly into riots and mobs. But an intelligent freedom has in our land for a hundred years been removing the chains of ignorance, superstition and idleness, and gathering into homes millions that in other ages and lands had nothing worth living for, and were ready for fire, pillage and blood at the voice of any reckless leader. And thus you see how home passes out of the odorous realm of song and poetry and becomes the most effective standing army of the State. The appeal that is made to a people in the day of national trouble, to protect home, the life, liberty and

honor of the loved ones that nestle in the heart, has more inspiration than comes from martial drums and banners. It was this sentiment that inspired the poet to sing:

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
Though rough and swarth your hands may be,
Such hands are sap-veins that provide
The life-blood of the nation's tree.

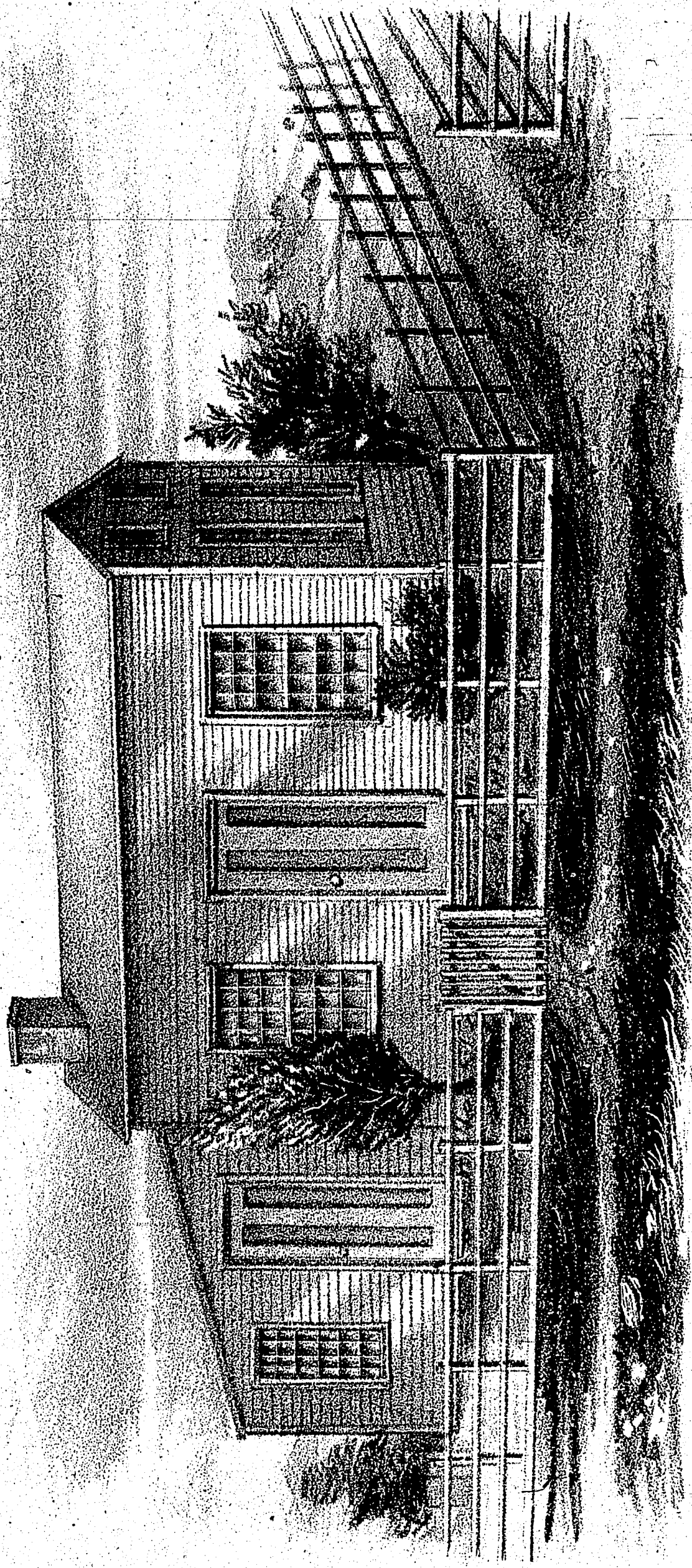
There's honor in the toiling part
That finds us in the furrowed fields;
It stamps a crest upon the heart,
Worth more than all your quartered shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song,
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the brave and strong
Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

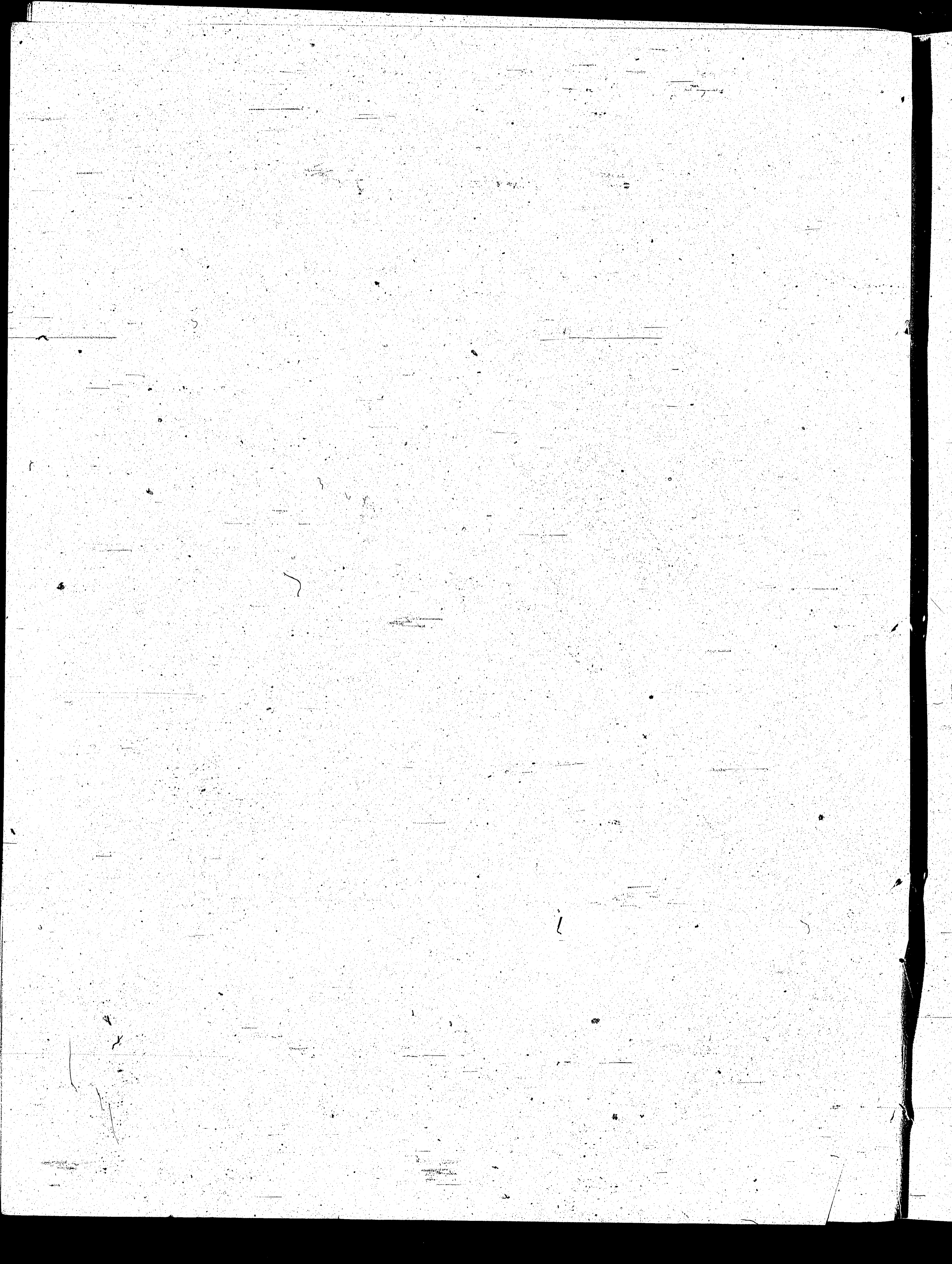
But the light of this star shines upon industry and gives it a noble meaning. The great world of industrial activity does not gravitate around trade and money as the chief aim of man, half as much as some people think. To win a home is the main impelling motive. Very nearly all this busy conflict of trade we hear roaring along the street, toiling at forge or anvil; that digs, plows or reaps; that sails ships or drives cars, comes from hearts of men who are in pursuit of home. The young men or old men who will come out to-morrow morning and open the doors and windows of gain and traffic, or with hard hands and firm steps hie away to shop or field, will do so at the command of that heart idol, called home. It is safe to assume that the great majority of the toiling, trading, scheming multitude are impelled to their work by the love of the home that is, or that they hope to possess. How beautiful is the agency that sends us all forth each day to our task, and makes that task pleasant, because it is done for the welfare of others. There is no pleasure in the work of a slave, for he toils to build up the home of another; but, on the other hand, how sweet the toil of freemen, the result of whose labors flow towards the home of to-day or to-morrow. The cottage with its few acres around it, its little orchard or vineyard is the poor man's savings bank, where every extra penny may take blossom into a tree or flower. It is right here you find the secret charm of many of the fraternal orders that have come to bless our day. They are born of the love of home. They come as a shape of religion when all other agencies can no longer help. Their beauty is seen, like the rainbow when painted on the cloud of sickness and sorrow. We have the legend that the hyacinth first sprang from the blood of a beautiful youth who had been accidentally killed, but be that as it may, there is something sadly consoling to the poor man in the thought that, when the heart is still, the strong arm drops lifeless, and wife and children

are wrapt in silence and grief, the sweet flower of protection watered by the tears and sympathy of a whole brotherhood, will grow upon his grave and make fragrant his home. Thus the idea of home stimulates industry and frugality. It gives to labor a noble incentive. It turns into music what would otherwise be a weary drudgery. And it does not require enormous toil and vast accumulations to make a home. It is strange how every good thing may be perverted. Men may go crazy over religion and prayer. They may go crazy after books and music. The morbid desire for fine horses or cattle may become so great that the earth is only a big pasture field, and every thought has the odor of the turf or stable. In like manner the love of home is often degraded into a place for making a display. The house must outshine all others in the splendor of its architecture and the richness of its furniture, carpets and pictures. But, after all, the home that has ever charmed the human heart is really one of the most plastic and accommodating sentiments. It shapes itself to the size of the income. If that be large it may take shape as a marble front on the avenue, with ample grounds ornamented with statuary and fountains. But if that be small, it still may be a nest-like cottage clad in vines and fragrance and full of love and peace. Indeed, happiness is a plant that may grow and thrive on any soil. We make the world we live in. The heart is the lamp of life. If that burn brightly, all will be bright it shines upon. Then there is no logic or rhetoric that can show that the men and women of wealth on the average have lighter hearts, clearer brains, sweeter sleep or more domestic felicity than those of smaller means. On the contrary, nearly all those who have written the sweetest songs about home, love, joy and contentment, have gone among the multitude to seek for their inspiration. The visions of life which Homer and Virgil saw, and afterwards Chaucer, Cowper and Burns, Longfellow and Whittier, and a hundred other poetic dreamers, were pictures of lovely homes, not hill-top glimpses of wealth and station. All the touching pathos of Gray's "Elegy" swelled up his heart while musing in a church yard that held only common dust. It was not amid the splendors of courts and palaces that Saint Pierre found the rich colors in which he decorated those two happy children of nature, Paul and Virginia. The soul makes its own little ambrosial kingdom, and that is the true home where the heart rests. Love will make even deserts blossom as the rose, and solitary places break forth into singing.

We may add again that home is the



THE HOUSE AT HYDESVILLE



chief school of moral and intellectual energy. It not only stimulates industry, reaches out and touches the State by allying itself with social order, but it touches the brain and heart with an inspiration, quickening and unfolding vitality which no other agency can warm so fully into life. The impulse towards industry caused by the desire to be somebody, to be the center of a family, the builders of a home, stirs the intellect into a growth it would hardly find elsewhere. We say of a man recently married that he is settled in life, that he is no longer drifting aimlessly about the world. From that moment he has something to live for, and responsibilities are placed upon him that give an aim and purpose to life. Habits of economy and self-denial crystalize around that purpose. Now who can fail to see that all this is a finely educating process? What enthusiasm to noble efforts come from home! You can each remember when a child that what you called being good was merely an effort to please your parents, and the secret incentive of your success at school was the hope of winning their praise. Parental smiles and approval were the sweet sunlight in which every faculty budded and bloomed. We are all a great deal older now; some of us begin to show the saddle-marks of time, but none of us have outgrown that feeling. It is said that Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office with a number of gentlemen when the telegram came that he had been nominated for the Presidency. In the midst of the congratulations he arose and said: "Gentlemen, you must excuse me a moment, there are others who will be glad to hear this news," and with the bit of paper in his fingers he hurried to his home. And so it has always been, that the greatest incentive to effort has come from the meritorious approval of those we love, and the sweetest thrill of joy is to share our triumph with them. Some great minds have come from the closet or garret, but they were exceptional cases. And even they will be found wanting in delicacy of finish and fineness of social qualities. It is related in scholarly tradition that Sir Isaac Newton never courted but one woman and that when well along in years. He was utterly lacking in gumption enough to entertain her, and after a long pause of silence, when his thoughts were most likely wool-gathering on another planet, he unconsciously seized her delicate tapered fingers to clean out his dirty pipe. Had he wedded in early life and known the pleasures of a family, and going to market, his greatness would have been embellished with more practical commonsense. It is much more pleasant to watch Melancthon rock the cradle and at the same time translate

the Greek testament. Almost all who have made a figure in the world have come, not from the hermits care, monkish seclusion or the bachelors' den, but from the fireside of home. It took the inspiration of a father's care and a mother's love, the tender solicitude of wife and children, the cares of a domestic life, it took all these and kindred subtle influences to rear the ever-green chaplet of the world's saints, sages and heroes. There is sweet pathos in the picture of Lord Beaconsfield walking bare-headed in the rain as he followed to the grave the remains of the woman who had so greatly and silently helped to advance his ambition; or that of John Stuart Mill going in his old age to Avignon, in the south of France, to spend his remaining years near the grave of the woman whose wifely love and devotion he said was the inspiration of all his great works. And we shall miss the secret spring and charm in the humbler walks of life if we leave out the influences of home. When the father goes forth in the morning the thought of his loved ones goes with him, and the smile that is to welcome him as he crosses the threshold when the day's work is over, the merry voices at the gate, the glad, dimpled faces at the window, the sweet caresses of his little ones as they gather around him during the quiet evening hours, all their gentle influences dwell in his heart all-day long as a latent inspiration to be honest and temperate, and to cherish habits of economy, that he may be a blessing to his home. Do not think this is a one-sided picture, for what is true of the man is equally true of the woman, and home is the heart-flower of two accordant natures. And so we find that home is the finest school of moral and intellectual power. In isolation the heart grows narrow, cold and selfish. There is no poetry in the day, no song in the night, no lasting and enjoyable incentive to labor. Let the snarling cynic say what he may, the most completely developed and finely modulated characters are not made in this way. It is in the home that is, or the home that dwells in blissful anticipation that the heart and brain find the brightest and most enduring stimulation to noble effort. And yet this beautiful virtue, like all other good things, has its parasites. The fascination of the club and our boarding-house and restaurant modes of life, are apt to be as dangerous to the purity and integrity of home, as fruit pests to the orchard and vine. Only the other day I read of a prominent and worthy man, lately deceased, who was a Mason, Odd Fellow and a member of the Grand Army, United Workmen, American Legion of Honor, at least two clubs and a company of light infantry, and it was added, several other societies. Now

think of the time it must take for a man who has caught the fraternal measles to that extent, to fill his obligations to so many orders. A woman would be justified in getting a divorce from such a man, on the grounds of abandonment. Go slow brethren, we cannot belong to everything that is good. A man should take some time to visit with his wife and get acquainted with his children, who certainly have the paramount claim.

And then, again, what a priceless treasury of rich and varied experience has been garnered up in that word home. It contains the best part of your life. There, for instance, is stored away as a fragrant place keeper in memory the picture of that little Garden of Eden where you were born, that was roofed with a father's kindly providence and lighted with the watchful care, gentleness, hope, patience and warmth of a mother's love. What sweet, sad thoughts leap from every heart as we recall that early home, the memories of parents living or passed over, forms bending under the weight of years or sleeping in the silent acres of the dead; memories of dear faces long vanished from the earth or widely removed, who once helped to fill our early years with joy and gladness. However long you may live, or far away you may wander on the face of the earth, the image of that early home will go with you and ever be bright and beautiful. It may have been a lonely home, a home of want, and toil and struggle, but there are sweet reminiscences lingering about it which have an unfading charm for you. And there, too, is your present home that has burgeoned from your own heart, the blessed paradise of husband, wife and children. What a treasure of enjoyment you have found in it, coming from the pleasant solicitude which has watched in the patience of hope and mutual love over the dawn of thought, the sunrise of consciousness, the unfolding powers of an endless life. What dear memories are frescoed upon its walls! Memories of kind friends who have helped by their agreeable visits and social interchanges to lighten the burdens of toil and care; memories of the birth cry and death gasp, memories of festive days and funeral days; memories of joy and happiness for the good deeds you have done, the kind words you have spoken, the sorrows you have helped to lighten and rainbow with hope. And there, too, are the memories of the hot tears you have shed over the wrong you have done, the ugly tempers, irritable and uncharitable feelings you may have indulged; memories that are as the silent, deep blue sky

O'er which serene and stormy days
With sway alternate go.

But we are all so strangely constiuted

that we never fully realize the value of a blessing until called to part with it. It is then that the angel that has been dwelling with us shows its wing, and we discover what we have lost. It sometimes happens that business or failing health makes it a duty to leave home, and for long months go to the springs or take a trip to a foreign land. As we contemplate the journey, we imagine what a pleasant time we will have in visiting new scenes and making new acquaintances; but as the cars begin to move, or the wheels of the steamship to revolve, and friends and loved ones wave good-bye, the heart almost dies within. One of the most touching passages Bret Hart ever wrote is a description of San Francisco on steamer day in the early times, and the multitude of anxious men standing in a long row before the postoffice for long hours in the rain and bleak wind. All their toils, perils and hardships were instantly forgotten at the sight of a letter post-marked from home, while strong men turned sadly away and dropped a silent tear. A few loving words, a picture, a lock of hair, the baby's kiss tossed across the continent was more to those hardy pioneers than the prophet's cruse of oil that never fails. And thus has the world ever thought and sung:

Come home!

Come to the hearthstone of thy early days;
Come to the ark like the o'er-wearied dove;
Come to the sunlight of the heart's warm rays;
Come to the fireside circle of thy love;
Brother, come home!

Come home!

It is not home without thee; the lone seat.
Is still unclaimed where thou was wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee;
Brother, come home!

And here is one reason why it has always been so hard to make the visits of death pleasant and inviting. The preachers tell what a delightful place heaven is; that there is no sin, no tears, no sorrow there, but did you ever hear of one in sound mind, and surrounded with a happy family, who was in a hurry to go there? Death is always a surprise; though coming in old age, in life's late afternoon, or at the close of a long and wasting sickness, when we had ample time to prepare—still, when we realized the fact that a loved one had passed away, and the home circle was broken up, we started as out of a horrid dream. Some of you may remember when the whisper ran round the room that the baby was dead, that a little life had ended ere it had left the sunlight and shadow of babyhood. The sweet eyes closed as they oft had closed in slumber upon the mother's breast, but this time the light had gone not to return, and the tender lids will not open again. That death makes no

stir in the community, scarcely starts a ripter in the neighborhood, for it was only a little one, that had achieved no place in the world. Only in the home circle where the wonderment of its coming had not gone from the clustering flock do sorrowful tears flow, and in the mother's heart, in which the little blossom had shed its sweetest fragrance, there is a void this world can never fill.

And it is right here that Spiritualism has shed its benignant beams upon the world. The one bitter drop in the cup of sorrow long had been the apparently impenetrable uncertainty that hung over a future world or the dread of an endless hell. No thoughtful preacher ever stood beside the coffin to speak a few consoling words to the members of a bereaved family who did not feel that his religion was greatly lacking in the element of consolation. For all he knew, the spirit that so recently animated this dust had gone out into the midnight of the lost forever. What evidence had he that there was even a heavenly home for the good? A mere hope of immortality, or a belief that one rose from the dead nineteen centuries ago, is a poor thing to cling to when the light flies from the eye, the smile withers upon the cheek, the voice perishes upon the lips, and the blood freezes in the veins. But now all this gloom and uncertainty have passed away, for there is daybreak all along the mountain tops. Upon the cold northern sky of the ancient terror and despair an auroral display is going on, and as the many-colored banners and streamers are waved to and fro by unseen hands, the human heart throbs in sympathy with every flicker and coruscation. It is said that when darkness settles on the Adriatic Sea, and fishermen are far away out of sight upon the waters, that their wives and children, just before putting out the lights in their humble cottages, go down to the shore, and in their clear, sweet voices sing the first lines of the Ave Maria. Then they listen eagerly, and soon across the sea are borne to their ears the deep tones of those they love, singing the strains that follow, and then they know that all is well. And so in the home-life of thousands these passing days, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, lovers and sweethearts throw the tender tones of a dearer song through the mist along the river, and back comes the echo from the loved ones on the other shore, and its sacred words are—"Home, Sweet Home!"

Mrs. Annie D. Clopper is among the most extensive breeders of fine horses in the State of Colorado. She is said to superintend her farm with the knowledge and care that might be the envy of many men in a like vocation.

TOBACCO.

ITS DISCOVERY, NATURE AND UNIVERSAL USE—THE DISEASES IT PRODUCES—THE INCIPIENT STAGES OF INSANITY ARISING FROM ITS USE—EFFECTS ON THE SOCIAL MANNERS OF ITS DEVOTEES—THE STRIKING IDIOSYNCRASIES OF CHARACTER MANIFESTED BY SMOKERS, CHEWERS AND SNUFFERS—OPINIONS OF EMINENT MEN ON TOBACCO—THE WHOLE SUBJECT, SHOWING THE SLOW SAPPING OF THE VITAL ENERGIES AND OF THE NOBLER QUALITIES OF THE MIND IN ALL THE NATIONS ADDICTED TO THE USE OF THIS ACCURSED, DEADLY, INSIDIOUS POISON-PLANT.

BY DR. JOSEPH SIMMS, THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

[The following, on Tobacco, should be in the hands of every pupil in every school where the English language is spoken.—ED. DOVE.]

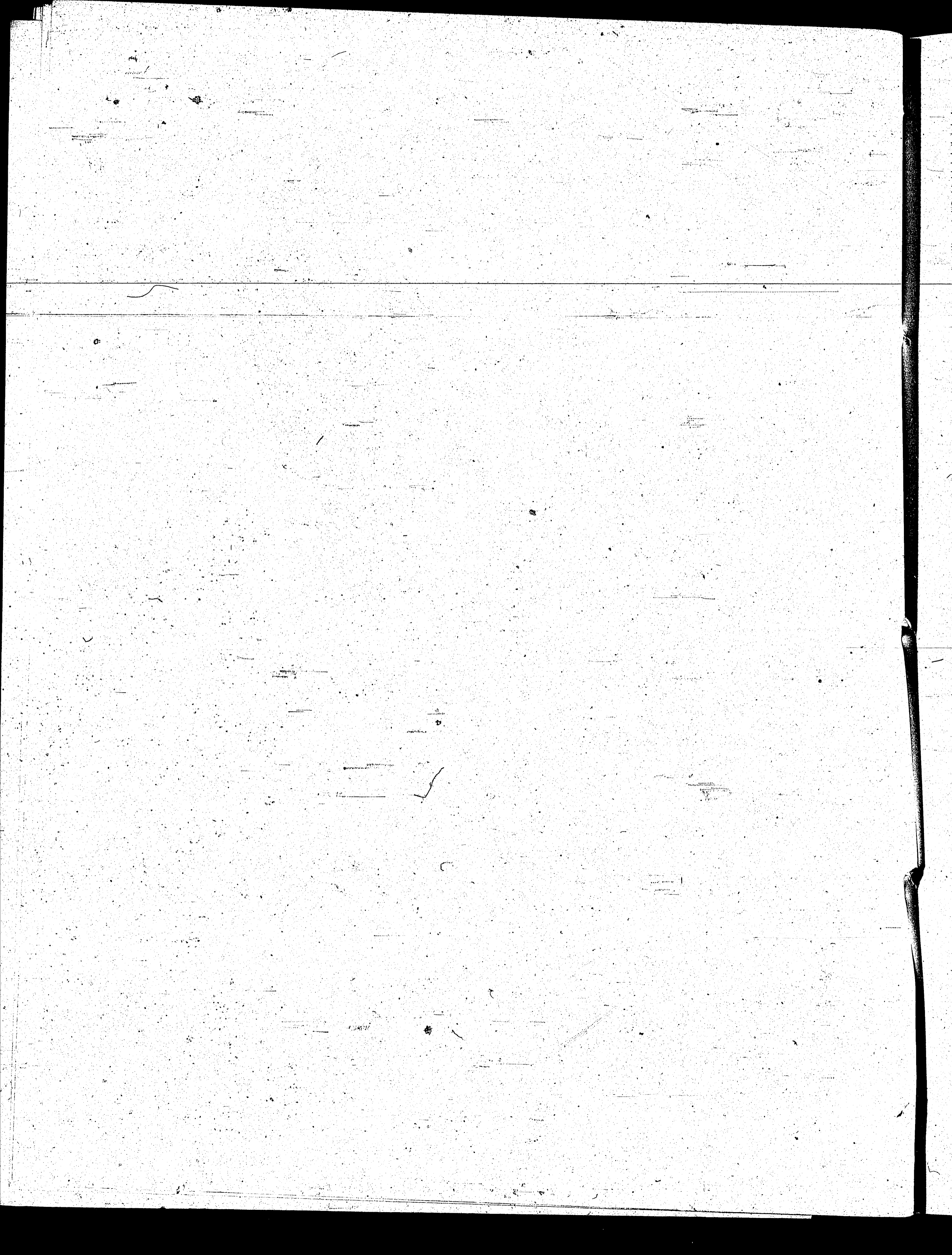
ARTICLE III.

Tobacco, called *tabac* by the French, received its name from *Tabaco* (or *Tabasco*) a province of Yucatan in Spanish America, whence, probably, the plant was first brought to Europe by the earliest navigators under Columbus, Cortez, Drake and others. Its botanic name is *Nicotiana Tabacum*, and its nature is narcotic, emetic and cathartic. Indian tobacco is the *Labalia Inflata*, and mountain tobacco the *Arnica Montana*. Both species are intensely poisonous.

To those who believe with Ben Jonson's Bobadilla that "Tobacco is the most sovereign and pretious herbe that ever the earth tendered to the use of man," the proposition that a monument should be raised to the memory of the man who introduced and taught the use of tobacco to his fellow mortals must be heartily responded to. Every great movement has its commemoration in these times, indicating the admiration and gratitude of our race for the discoverers and inventors of the multifarious appliances of every kind that have proved so helpful in promoting the civilization of the world. This movement has had its commemoration heralded by committees and subscription lists and may be terminated by sculpture which a more enlightened posterity may consign to the Aldershot of the period, as has been done with the equestrian monument of the famous Wellington. But the world-wide fraternity of smokers has hitherto been represented by nothing more artistic than those ornate Turks, Highlanders, Indians and Negroes, which protrude themselves as wholly impossible angels from shop doors, but which are fast disappearing with barbers' poles and basins, and the rest of the gay trade symbols of other days. The proposal to erect a statue to Sir Walter Raleigh at Roanoke Island—the first landing place of the Anglo-Saxons in North America, in 1584—on the assumption that he was the first to introduce the "glorious weed," tobacco, to the civilized world had everything to recommend it *except historic accuracy*. We



A. LEAH UNDERHILL



know that the part played by Sir Walter was quite secondary. Tobacco was known in Europe and was credited with marvelous powers before his time. Still it is not easy to assign precise names and dates to its first importation. We know, however, that Maister John Nicot introduced tobacco in France, from Portugal, in 1560, while Raleigh was a mere boy; and it is related that Sir John Hawkins brought it to England on his return from his second voyage to the West Indies in 1565. But the credit (or *discredit*) of the practice of smoking seems to be due to the members of the Virginia colony under the governorship of Ralph Lane, who, after a year's residence, were shipped home again by Drake, in 1586. Sir Walter Raleigh certainly smoked; but his share in the matter seems to have consisted chiefly in furnishing the nation with a brilliant example, and thus encouraging the practice. When Raleigh indulged in his "pipe of silver," as became a man with the wealth of a new world to draw upon, it was only natural that other men should set up their homely walnut shells, briar roots and straws, and throw their shillings, franks and dollars into the scales to weigh against the costly luxury. It is in this respect alone that Raleigh can claim prominence; and even then it is not certain that the legendary has been wholly eliminated.

But there is another aspect in which the question appeals to smokers apart from the dubiety attaching to Raleigh's claim. Even if he were the first to make the use of tobacco popular in the civilized world, was the fragrant weed which he used the same commodity in which smokers now find pleasure? There is about this fact a melancholy uncertainty of far more importance to personal comfort than that as to the originator of the practice of using tobacco. The case of a cigar manufacturer may be cited who, for several years, successfully opposed the attempt to force upon him the legal penalty for unlawfully selling Havana cigars; he admitted the sales, but gained his case by satisfactorily proving that he had never on any occasion used tobacco leaf at all! Let us hope that in Britain they have improved upon the state of things in 1853, when, according to a Parliamentary return, a large proportion of the so-called tobacco consisted of rhubarb, dock, cabbage, lettuce, coltsfoot, chicory and other plants ingeniously compounded with saw-dust, tar-oil, sugar-alum, saltpeter, fuller's earth, treacle, gum, liquorice, and such stuff. Hence it must be evident that the name of the introducer of modern tobacco is legion, and that it is possible for a man to smoke himself into his grave without ever partaking of the plant to the essential quali-

ties of which Maister John Nicot gave his name when he introduced it into Paris in 1560, having learned its use in Portugal while he resided there as Ambassador of the King of France.

At the same time, if all the miraculous virtues ascribed to the genuine tobacco plant were correct, "a statue of solid gold soaring heavenward," as suggested by one enthusiast, would poorly set forth all the indebtedness of the race to the introducer of the panacea, tobacco, in all its forms. No quack ever advertised a more effective list of benefits to set forth the omnipotence of his drugs. The Indians believe that its ashes cast into the air or water pacified their gods, allayed the storms, and made the fish bite. The European of three hundred years ago regarded it not only as suitable "to decorate gardens," but an infallible salve, (when boiled with wax, resin, and turpentine of Venice) for all kinds of wounds and sores. Just as, at a later date, he ate tea, so by some curious perversity he sipped decoctions of tobacco leaf; and there is recorded the case of a man who, suffering from asthma, drank a distillation of the fragrant plant and was cured. "In the absence of food one might subsist on it for any length of time." "It was a lotion for the eyes, cured the megrim* and the toothache, was good for any grief, dolor, or imposthume;" and generally speaking, possessed "a stiffening and soddening nature."

A belief in it, too, as a stimulus to profundity of thought is of very long standing. A sort of Delphic virtue was supposed inherent in it, so that the smoker with his pipe bore a close relationship to the Pythia, intoxicated with the vapors that exhaled from the cleft in the rock below the tripod. Indeed, the accounts of the use of tobacco smoke by the Indian priests read like perverted descriptions of the ancient Eastern oracles. In Europe this feeling regarding it took shape in the laudation of it as a cerebral tonic. The brains being "cold and wet," it naturally followed, according to the logic and philosophy of the period, that a dry and hot thing would be good for them. Something of like faith in the powers to assist cogitation has survived the theory that it evaporated the humors of the brain by some direct heating process, and that smokers dwell with peculiar tenderness upon the great men who have been addicted to the practice and who clearly could not have become eminent upon any other terms. Dr. Johnson held that, "while requiring but little exertion, it yet preserved the mind from vacuity," and consequently Dr. Johnson occupied a prominent place in the smokers' calendar of saints. Hobbes,

*Megrim (French, *migraine*) a neuralgic pain in the side of the head, generally periodic.

with twelve pipes a day, is a standing instance. Locke thought it "a necessary, like bread," and Robert Hall went into the pulpit "redolent of the weed." Among scholars, there is the noteworthy example of the ingenious Dutch historian (1612-1653) Boxhorn, who, because he could not work without smoking, and yet needed both his hands, wore a hat with huge slouching brim, through a hole in which the pipe protruded. Dr. Parr, too, smoked incessantly; Porson sinned in this, as in all other respects, and Buckle, the historian, could not accept an invitation unless he was permitted to smoke. Charles Lamb's pathetic picture of himself (when he himself was forbidden to indulge) as sitting among smokers in order to catch collateral sweets of "the only manly scent," is well known. Thackeray was restless without his cigar; Lord Beaconsfield premeditated "extemporary" points with the aid of one, and Lord Lytton asserted that "the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." Kingsley, in his lectures on health, refrained from discussing the subject; Carlyle's pipe is historic, and as regards Lord Tennyson, the Laureate, it was long ago said of him by Cooper, in the "Family Feud," "Do not all our poets pale their fires before him? What wonder? He smokes and keeps his pipe in." Robert Stephenson was a prodigious smoker, and Napoleon the Great, though he was never known to smoke, snuffed immoderately. The list might easily be extended, though it is still open to an opponent to ponder some of Tennyson's dramas and later poems, Carlyle's temper, Kingsley's fleeting success, Buckle's broken work, with the failings of the rest of these weed worshipers, and sum up his conclusions in the pithy words of an old writer: "*So much do they fill themselves with this black smoke that they lose their reason. See what a wicked and pestiferous passion from the Devil this must be.*"

We hail now the insidious foe that has for some time been hovering in the rear of this formidable army of devotees to the mind-sapping weed. This foe is steadily marshaling and training his forces to cut off stragglers and welcome deserters from the great host of smokers, snuffers and chewers of the health-destroying Nicotine. Let us consider for a moment the formidable strength and activity of this foe, as they are set forth in the statistics of the English Anti-Tobacco Society, whose base of operations is in Manchester. Its publications, either sold or given gratuitously since its foundation, reached the admirable total in 1884 of 1,143,648, of which 13,763 pamphlets and 126,161 leaflets were scattered broadcast during the previous year. Upon the members of this army has descended the royal

mantle of James I. of England, the redoubtable author of "*The Counterblast*," and the spirit of those early opponents who published such works as are entitled "*The Venomous Qualities of Tobacco*," "*Work for Chimney Sweepers, a Warning to Tobacconists*," or "*Tobacco Battered and Pipes Scattered by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mount Helicon*." At one time, in Persia and Turkey, smoking was a crime with no less penalty than death attached to it. At Berne, offenders in respect to it were tried by a special tribunal, and it was regarded as only inferior to adultery. In Russia the offender's nose was confiscated, and by decree of Pope Urban VIII. anyone taking snuff or chewing tobacco in church was solemnly cursed, both in this world and the world to come. It is certainly a sad falling off from this state of things to be compelled to confine such righteous zeal to endeavors to restrict the use of tobacco among youths or to persuade inveterate adults with anti-tobacco leaflets.

No very important step possibly will be made towards the settlement of the long-pending controversy as to whether the use of tobacco is destructive of muscular energy, and injurious to health generally, by the circumstance that in a cricket match not long since the smokers were beaten by a team whose members did not smoke. The doctrine of averages is sure to vindicate itself in cricket, as in every thing else, and in some future time the smokers may bowl out the non-smokers. In the matter of tobacco smoking, the difficulty of arriving at any conclusion as to whether the practice is injurious to health, or the contrary, is almost insurmountable. Some medical men condemn indulgence in even the smallest quantity of nicotine, while others of equal eminence see no harm in pipes and cigars. Tobacco is declared to be a narcotic; yet we know that many statesmen, men of letters, artists and engineers habitually smoke at times when the severest calls are made upon their mental activity. Some of the profoundest thinkers and workers of modern times, as we have seen, have been prodigious smokers, while the great Napoleon I., though he was never known to smoke, snuffed like a Highlander. For a moment, let us notice two very curious aspects of the tobacco question. There are few more significant illustrations of the social as well as the geographical insularity of the British Isles than the fact that until a few years ago it was considered by the vast majority of the middle classes in those islands positively disreputable to smoke in public or in the daytime. Equally as curious is the circumstance that, as a rule, the dissenting community are non-smokers. To

this rule, however, there are obviously exceptions, of which Mr. John Bright, Mr. Charles Spurgeon and the late Robert Hall may be mentioned as distinguished examples; but, to all appearance, the great body of non-conformists are tacit abstainers from the fragrant weed, if not its strenuous opponents. From these categories, of course, we exclude the ingenuous youth of all denominations. One of the most favorite pastimes of the growing lad is to smoke, or, at least, to try to smoke, in defiance of all sage advice, as well as the wishes of his parents.

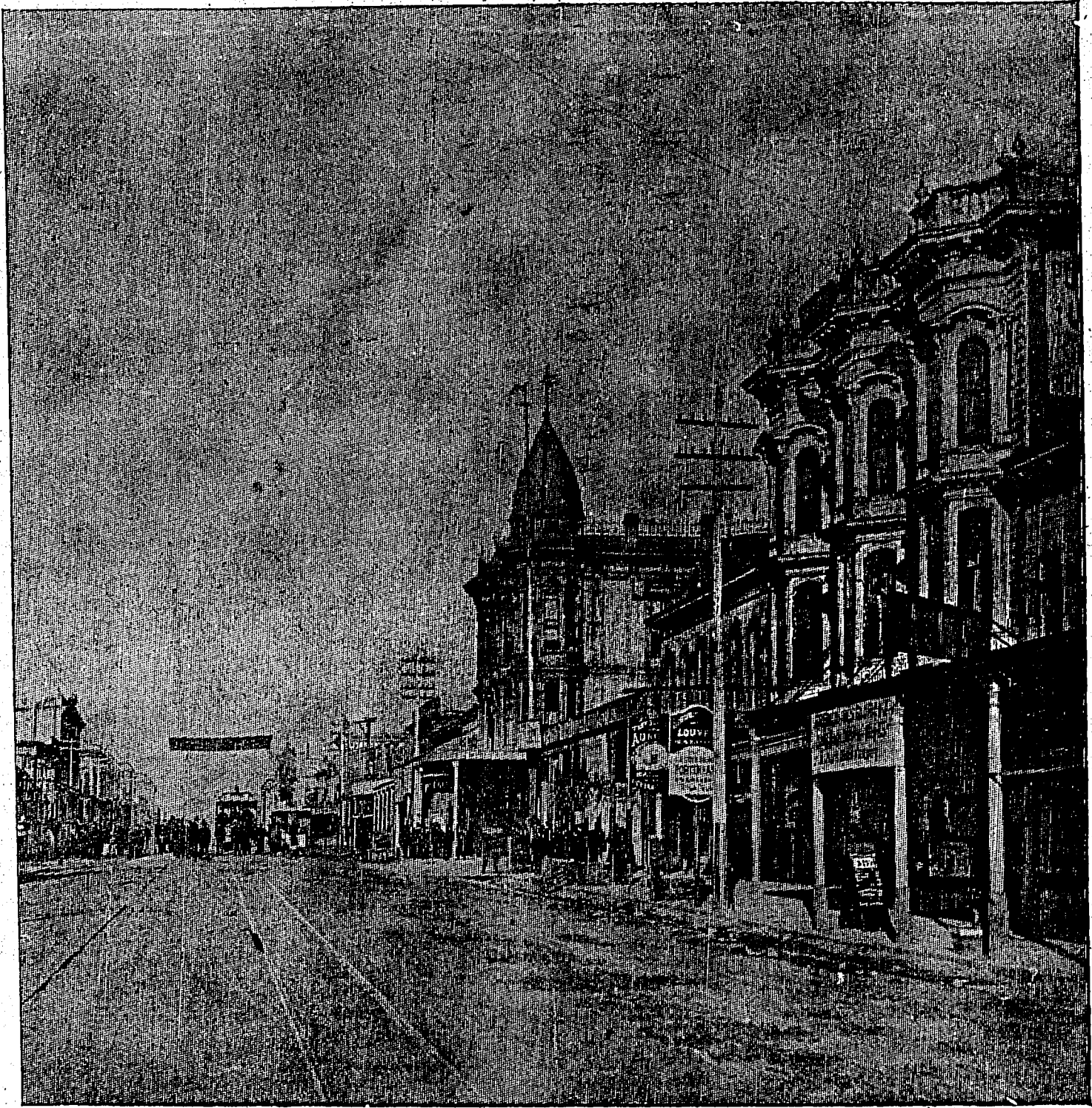
While the practice of smoking, in spite of parental vigilance, the warnings of a large proportion of the faculty, and the well-meant efforts of anti-tobacco associations, has made gigantic strides in Great Britain, a corresponding development of the usage has taken place in the United States of America, where, according to some interesting statistics recently published, there were manufactured, in the year 1883, no fewer than 3,007,494,037 cigars, besides 640,000,000 of cigarettes, yielding to the revenue a total of nearly \$18,000,000 in taxation. As for the cigars, the bulk of these products are of the kind known as "domestics," and albeit made of genuine tobacco, are not so skillfully manufactured as, with a few exceptions, to suit the taste of the European, the Cuban, or the South American smoker. In the United States, again, the affluent, in the face of a protective tariff of the most afflictive order, demand the choicest of Havana cigars. A modest "Londres" of an approved Havana brand is held in New York or Boston, or in Chicago, to be cheap at twenty-five cents, or one shilling sterling, while in San Francisco, as much as fifty or seventy-five cents will be given without much murmuring for a "Regalia Britannica." Let it be remembered, however, that California continues to turn out every year large quantities of home-made cigars, mostly manufactured by Chinese operatives, and that at New Orleans, cigars of admirable quality are fabricated and command a ready sale, even among amateurs of the "Vielto de Abajo." All things considered, however, the American "domestic" is not a prime article; but the revenue raised by the imposts laid upon it and cigarettes by no means represents the whole of the benefits which accrued to the Federal exchequer from the national fondness for nicotine. The immense German population of the Atlantic, Middle and Western States smoke "all the time," as some Americans phrase it; still occasionally indulging in cigars, they are in the main, unchangeable to the pipe of Fatherland, be the medium a meerschaum or a pipe with a porcelain bowl. There

still remain the vast array of Americans who chew tobacco. This abominable practice would seem to be gradually declining, but it must be still in use to an enormous degree among the working classes, especially among those whose work lies in traveling by land or by water, and those who, during their hours of labor, being precluded from smoking pipes or cigars, find solace in the unostentatious "quid." Regarding the consumption of snuff, statistics are unfortunately silent. The unseemly habit of "snuff-dipping"—that is the habit of rubbing the gums with a small piece of wool or wood dipped in snuff, once so prevalent among the low whites of the South, and not confined to the rougher sex—is thought to have died out with slavery and the civil war; and though the snuff-box and its contents may not have completely vanished from the vest pockets of reputable members of society in America, there is as little snuffing actually practiced in the States as there is in France or Britain. Altogether, the Government in 1883 took toll on the tobacco production of the Great Republic to the amount of \$42,000,000; and this enormous revenue has accrued notwithstanding a considerable reduction in the internal duties levied on cigars. In 1882 these duties were six dollars a thousand, but from May, 1883, they have been only three dollars per thousand. On the reduction of the impost, dealers, as well as manufacturers, were allowed to claim a rebate of half the previous duty. More than 40,000 claimed the reduction, and the aggregate of their claims amounted to \$3,375,000, or £675,000 sterling.

It is in the article of cigarettes, however, that the expansion of the American home trade in manufactured tobacco has been most remarkable. Ten years ago only 8,000,000 of cigarettes were manufactured in the States, and even this insignificant aggregate was an increase of more than 300 per cent above the number manufactured in any former year. But in 1883 the total number of cigarettes manufactured had risen to the astounding figure of 640,000,000. Of this number only 40,000,000 were exported, so that the enormous quantity of 600,000,000 remained for home consumption. It would be difficult to apportion these 600,000,000 of cigarettes among the classes most likely to smoke them; for, although the "Senoras" and "Senoritas" of Mexico, of Central and South America, and of the Spanish Main are habitual patrons of the "papelito," and are not even averse to indulgence in a fragrant "puro," or full-bodied cigar; and, though in the Southern States of the Union the negroes frequently smoke, yet the white female population

are universally abstainers from the weed. As a rule, American ladies are fiercely intolerant of smoking, which, if carried on in their presence, is considered an outrage on decorum. It is much more difficult to smoke in peace and comfort in an American railway train than in an English one; and in the majority of the hotels there is no more commodious smoking-room than the bar or the vestibule of the hotel itself. An immense proportion of the population of the United States must be set down as non-consumers of cigarettes, or indeed, of tobacco in any shape or form. Inquiry is baffled as to the number of American citizens who contrive to consume 600,000,000 of cigarettes in the course of a year, simply because it is impossible to ascertain at what age the American boy begins to smoke. It may be that his stomach up to the age of eight or ten is not quite strong enough to endure with fortitude the fumes of a "domestic" made of genuine tobacco; and he may even reach the comparatively mature age of ten without being able to appreciate the noble refinement of a "plug of terbacker." Still statisticians, sociologists and psychologists might be equally puzzled to determine the precise period of life when the American small boy makes up his mind to become President of the United States, or to "run" a bank, or a circus, or a religion, and to smoke meanwhile so many cigarettes per diem. Such diversion may occur to him as naturally as that of letting off fireworks on the Fourth of July, or discharging toy cannon on the same joyful anniversary at the risk of blowing off his neighbor's legs and arms. In any case it would seem that the American youth is the principal patron and consumer of cigarettes, and that he should be so is a circumstance which might offer some comfort to the hater of smoking, since in cheap cigarettes there is a minimum of tobacco to an intolerable quantity of paper. In process of time, indeed, if he has not already accomplished it, some astute manufacturer might manage to eliminate the weed altogether, replacing it by some innocuous herbaceous preparation of an anti-bronchitic and anti-asthmatic nature; while a carefully medicated pellicle might be substituted for the paper envelope of the cigarette. As it is, there is reason to believe that much of the paper smoked by the devotees of cheap cigarettes is not rag-made paper at all, but an ambiguous product of which the fumes inhaled are as quite as deleterious as that of tobacco itself.

"Betting is a pernicious practice; I hope they will stop it." "But they can't do it." "Can't do it! I'll bet you fifty dollars they can."—*Chicago News*.



BROADWAY, OAKLAND, FROM SIXTH STREET IN 1887.

The City of Oakland.

[From the Special Edition of the *Oakland Enquirer*.]

The claim is made for Oakland by its people that it has the finest climate of any important town in the United States. Other places may have a single season of health or comfort that makes them a temporary paradise to the exile from the lands of northern frost or southern fire, but Oakland is delightful the year round. Oakland is so situated that she is sheltered from the dreary winds and sand storms which are so prevalent in San Francisco during the summer months, and feels the influence of the trade winds just enough to temper the heat of the sun which in Los Angeles and other portions of the State, both north and south of her, sends the thermometer up among the nineties, and keeps it there for weeks at a time. It is rarely, indeed, in Oakland that the thermometer exceeds seventy-five degrees in the middle of the summer, and then it does not remain there longer than a couple of days, and in the winter the freezing point is as rarely attained.

The air during the months of November, December and January will be just keen enough to send the blood coursing through the veins with renewed activity;

there are no heavy frosts, and snow is almost as rare as at harvest time. Indeed, a fall of snow is regarded as a special dispensation of Providence, ordained for the purpose of recalling the early lives of those who were born in the Eastern States, and is looked upon as a pleasant visitor, for its stay is one of the most limited character. The last fall of snow occurred (prior to that of February, of this year,) four years ago. It commenced one Sunday morning, and lasted about four hours, during which time nearly the entire population turned out, and young and old went in for an old-fashioned game of snowball; but before night fell every trace of it had vanished.

No European city shows so low a death rate as Oakland. The extraordinary healthfulness of Oakland, as shown by its low death rate, and its freedom from epidemic and zymotic diseases, is an attraction, which, when combined with its social and business advantages, ought to prove powerful in drawing hither the best classes of population.

THE FUTURE.

The manufacturing interests are already a very important item in the industrial status of Oakland, and they are ably sustained by men of abundant

means to carry them forward to still greater importance. The manufactories, numerous as they are, present but a meager list compared with what the list will be at the end of the next ten years. New settlers are locating in the city and her suburbs at such a rapid rate that increased means for passenger transit are becoming an absolute necessity. Even at the rate of the present addition to the population, by immigration only, during the past few years, it has been estimated that in the next five years the city will have extended from the bay to the foothills, and from the water front on the south to Berkeley on the north. These foothills will be lined with villas and handsome residences, commanding magnificent views of the city and bay; while new manufactories will be established with still greater capital than is now employed, adding to the production of merchandise and bringing a vast population of operatives as residents. Street railroads are branching out in every direction, affording to suburban dwellers easy access from the city to their somewhat distant homes. A narrow gauge cable road has been constructed on San Pablo avenue, and others are contemplated. With every improvement in suburban transportation the city takes a new start in growth.

Oakland is a well-built city. The variety of design and correct taste showing domestic architecture have been remarkable. Handsomer villas and more exquisite cottages could nowhere be found, and a ride through the best residence streets is a perpetual feast of color and form for the educated eye.

NATIVE AND ACCLIMATED TREES.

Among California's glories are her famed "big trees." While these are not in the vicinity of Oakland, yet our trees are worthy of passing mention. We have not, in Alameda county, any trees thirty-three feet in diameter, on whose stump four cotillion sets have danced at one time, as in the Calaveras grove; nor can we boast the "Grizzly Giant," the most notable tree in Mariposa groves, 260 feet high and 100 feet in circumference; but a thorough traveler says of the country round about Oakland: "Nowhere in the wide world is to be found a more superbly wooded place; here is to be found in profusion the majestic primeval oak, ornamenting alike street, square, garden or lawn; here the graceful poplar rears its slender and leafy shaft, beautifying our avenues; here arises the giant eucalyptus or Australian gum tree, its tower-

ing perpendicular branches furnishing shade and adding to our hygienic advantages; here the ornate acacia, with its feathery branches and yellow blossoms, ever entertains the eye; here the pepper, the cypress and the weeping willow hang their graceful foliage as though in perpetual mourning for the dead. The locust and cottonwood with its silvery leaf reminds us of the childhood days in the bleak, far-away East. Every variety of pine and cedar greet the eye and are deftly formed into all manners of shapes of living green cones, arches, summer-houses and fences."

The tropics also send representatives to our favored clime, and orange, lime and lemon trees give forth their beauty and fragrance, and perfect their fruit in this city. The magnolia, with its delicious perfume and magnificent bloom is seen in nearly every yard. The fig tree, too, and the palm, and many other exotics from

idly filled by those struggling amid the desolating winters of the East with all the climatic disadvantages conspiring to render them uncomfortable and encircle them with barriers which here are unknown? There is yet room for many thousands. California is over 800 miles long and 200 miles wide, a territory out of which you could carve Massachusetts twenty times, and yet it has a comparatively small population. She eagerly invites the man of capital, of brain, of muscle to come to assist in developing her wondrous resources, and at the same time build up a home in an earthly paradise. Oakland herself has vast areas yet available for homes, and the country behind her to support a city of a million inhabitants. Only forty-five minutes from San Francisco, she already combines all the advantages of a city of 400,000 people and yet has all the luxuries and beauties of suburban homes.

How many other cities of America can boast equal advantages?

FLORAL BEAUTIES OF OAKLAND GARDENS AT ALL SEASONS.

Any description of Oakland would be most lamentably deficient without mention of her floral attractions. If our pen were but potent enough to form in your brain a photograph or painting of the gardens of Oakland! But what would even a picture be? Can the child, seeing a portrait of Central Park, New York, or Lincoln Park, Chicago, or Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, even with all their wealth of coloring, realize the beauty of the original? Ah! no, never till we feel the thrill which such artistic beauty sends from heart to finger tips, do

we see these things, and so we feel that never till our readers personally visit Oakland can they in any but the faintest degree comprehend its beauties in plant and shrub and flower.

The surprise characteristic of every Eastern visitor at the wonderful plant development is well expressed in the following language of Rev. John Todd, D.D., of Massachusetts: "There (the East) the elder is a bush; here I have seen it a tree whose trunk is a foot in diameter. There the lemon verbena is a flower-pot plant; here it is a bush nine feet high. There the mustard seed yields a small plant; here it is a tree often seventeen feet high. There you will see a single oleander beautifying a single parlor; here you will find a hundred clumps in full blossom in a single yard and what looks like a shower of roses. There we make the Ethiopian calla bloom in the



AN OAKLAND LIVE OAK TREE.

all parts of the world find perfection of sun and air in this locality. All kinds of fruit trees make the city and its suburbs one vast orchard of bloom and beauty and odor in the spring time, and yield golden, luscious fruit for every table in summer and autumn. Fruit trees begin to bear here several seasons in advance of their Eastern cousins, and the profusion is a world-wide surprise.

As to small fruits, strawberries are in the market all the year round, and currants, raspberries, gooseberries and all other species of berries, too numerous to mention, grow luxuriantly and to surprising size. Our markets are, summer and winter, filled with fresh vegetables and fruits, and are a marvel to Eastern people, who scarcely taste fresh fruits and vegetables from November till June. Is it strange we wish to tell of our many blessings, that our borders may be rap-

conservatory; here it blossoms in every cemetery at the head of every grave." Nor is half the truth told. Such callas! they were never seen of such wondrous size and beauty anywhere save in California gardens. The leaves like wax and the great white flower twice the size of the Eastern variety, and such a wealth of bloom! Oftentimes the paths and yards will be snowy with a sea of these waxen petals.

AN IMPORTED LILY.

Perhaps nothing will better illustrate the point than the following witty story told by Colonel Woodward, an eye witness: "Two maiden ladies, teachers from a Massachusetts city, started in mid-winter for a California trip, taking with them a dear treasure in the shape of a little flower-pot containing a calla lily in bloom. It was much admired by the other passengers through the snowclad hills and cold winds of the trip, and the ladies felt themselves and their lily the "observed of all observers" until they reached California soil, when, arising in the morning, they saw from their car window hundreds of giant callas with such bloom as their astonished eyes had never beheld. A look of amazement gave way to one of chagrin as they looked at their pet, and without saying a word one opened a window and the other dropped the lily out."

At Easter-tide they are seen in their glory, and the churches fairly revel in their pure white beauty at the sacred festival. Other varieties are common, including the superb Eastern tiger lily and lilies of the valley with their tiny bells. Fuchsias, of fifty-three varieties and wonderful size both of the plant and flower, are seen abundantly. Scarlet with purple and white centers, variegated, golden, vermilion-colored, salmon and pink, nearly all double bloom, they are a constant wonder and delight to the lover of flowers. Many of the fuchsia trees grow twenty feet high, climbing up the side of a house, and will be loaded to breaking with their masses of color.

As for geraniums, we will hardly be believed when we assert we have sixty varieties, and to try to describe them is an impossibility. The bushes grow to an enormous height, and so fast do they spread and so luxuriantly do they flower that fences are often made of them, and hedges are common overflowing with their beautiful scarlet glow. But why speak of scarlet when we have every shade of crimson, rose, pink, white, cherry, carmine, bronze and variegated. The Lady Washingtons are specially fine, being shaded in red, pink, lavender and other colors, with very dark shades of the same color in the center, making

a fine contrast.

OAKLAND ROSES.

But the pride of the florist is the roses, and we know the senseless type and passionless paper cannot begin to convey anything of their wonderful beauty, while, alas! printer's ink has none of their subtle perfumes. Among the eighty varieties which can be mentioned the fine yellow climbing Safrano, the beautiful rose-colored Bon Silene, the creamy white Devoniensis, salmon-colored Gloire de Dijon, the famous deep yellow Marechal Niel, the exquisite pink heart of La France, the brilliant red General Jacqueminot, the bright cherry Jules Margotten, the large rose pink La Reine, the dark crimson Black Prince, the deep Persian yellow—ah, one's pen falters before the long array, but we must not omit the tuberose with its snow-white petals and rich deep perfume, as intoxicating as the orange bloom fragrance, and to which the Chinese lilies approach.

Then the superb camellias, in red and white and pink, seem to make more ravishingly fair the beauty of the fair maiden or dame who garnishes with them her opera or ball toilet.

Our modest violets, which now in January are selling at ten cents a hundred, which in New York would cost three dollars, lose none of their sweet woodland freshness, suggestive of early memories of our childish spring excursions, because they are so common. Then their remote cousins, the pansies, in every shade of purple and gold and three times the ordinary size! They are indeed hearts-ease.

The heliotrope, with its sweet-scented breath, and modest but lavish flowering in deep purple and pale lavender, grows in great bushes, whose trunk is the size of a man's arm, and whose branches sweep the second-story window. Carnation pinks in profusion, and reaching almost an incredible size, bring odor and beauty to the invalid's room.

As for trailing vines, nowhere in the world are they seen in greater perfection. English ivy, with its dark green leaf, covers whole fences and trees; smilax, a glossy, delicate little vine, and myrtle, with its trailing tendrils; jessamine and honeysuckle, and all kinds of climbing roses, make our windows and fences and trellises perfect bowers of green. Besides the numberless others, as hyacinths, tulips, daphnes, daisies, marguerites, marigolds, chrysanthemums and all varieties of begonia, does not your imagination fail and your eye tire in seeing such luxuriance of bloom?

Now imagine a beautifully kept lawn with a superb magnolia, palms, orange trees, pine trees interspersed by large shrubs, and among and through them

all these flowers so faintly described, and you have in your imagination a slight idea of the beauty in winter of an average Oakland garden. Is it not indeed a fairyland?

Round about the city prison is a park whereon the prisoners behind iron bars may feast their eyes, rivalling a wealthy gentleman's choicest lawn in the East.

TREES IN OAKLAND—GRACE GREENWOOD.

Oakland.—The beautiful family of acacias, most graceful of tropic shade trees, in almost countless varieties, are yellow with the profusion of their flowers, everywhere presenting a most pleasing contrast to the dark green of those rugged and venerable native live-oaks which good taste has left standing at random along all streets, in every public park and private lawn, their massive trunks now often mantled with English ivy. Back of the compactly-rounded heads of the ancient live-oaks, the tall and slender eucalyptus hangs its lithe and leafy branches, while intermediately are ranged the dark, stalwart ranks of vigorous pine and cypress. Set off by such a background—various palms, in groups perhaps overshadowing a moist rockery, planted with delicate and graceful ferns, present a scene altogether tropical in its richness.

OAKLAND'S FLOWERS—GRACE GREENWOOD.

Oakland, the city over the bay, that ought to have been San Francisco, a heavenly spot, where the sand and the wind trouble not, and earthquakes do not break through and make afraid, as here, is beautiful at all times and seasons, but is now enchanting. Such roses as grow there in marvellous variety and profusion are a foretaste of paradise. By the way, I do not believe that any writer has done full justice to the roses of California in their loveliness, their beauteousness, their absolute perfection. There are the tenderest, the most aerial hues, the most transporting tints of sunrise and sunset, born again in flowers. Next to the roses in beauty are, to me, the scarlet geraniums growing in great clumps and long hedges, blazing up out of the green like flowering flame. Then there is the calla lily, fresh and cool and pure, growing also in wonderful profusion.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

JUSTICE is the freedom of those who are equal. Injustice is the freedom of those who are unequal.

[For the CARRIER DOVE.]

The Author of "The Gates Ajar."

BY W. N. SLOOM.

While Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was writing her best book there were moments when the gates of her own soul stood ajar, and through the partly opened portals she caught glimpses of the life beyond, but being unable like a true seer to clearly see and adequately describe the "Summer Land," she drew poor pictures, colored by Christian prejudice and narrowed to the limits of Christian conception. Though her views of the after-life were lamentably imperfect, and her ideas crude, conflicting and unsatisfactory, yet so anxious were many of the members of the church for evidence of continued existence that her book was welcomed by thousands who were struggling to get a little light through the dreary darkness that hovers over the Christian grave. She gave to her readers a glimmer of truth—a very small dose, greatly diluted—yet it was so much better than her associates in the church had been accustomed to receive (fed as they usually are on the dry husks of theology), that she was hailed almost as a deliverer from the thralldom of a dead faith. She has been called a Spiritualist, and, no doubt, the delicacy of her sensitive nerves has been sometimes shocked by the assurance of Spiritualists that she would be welcome to their ranks when a little further advanced. To cut off all hope of her advancement in this direction, or to disabuse the public mind of the idea that she ever had any sympathy with modern Spiritualism, she has recently written a letter for publication by a syndicate of Eastern dailies, in which, after an unmeaning sentence, she says: "It may be worth while to say precisely here that the writer of these columns is not a Spiritualist." In view of the nature of the preceding sentence, it is gratifying to know that Miss Phelps is not a Spiritualist, otherwise there would be additional reason for the charge sometimes made that the literature of Spiritualism is defaced by specimens of unmitigated bosh. The sentence is as follows: "Every effort to put forth a new truth, or a new expression of truth, finds itself, by the fact of the effort, exposed to coincident intellectual exactions upon itself." If the reader will take the trouble to analyze that sentence, it will readily be perceived how much more of sound there is in it than of sense. But it is not worth while to criticise a writer's style, when errors of statement so abound as they do in this remarkable effusion of the author of "Gates Ajar," which she declares is written "from the point of view taken by one who looks upon so oblique a subject squarely from the outside." She pro-

ceeds to prove that she is on "the outside," by an exposure of her utter ignorance of the nature and extent of Modern Spiritualism, the character of its adherents, and the higher modes of spirit manifestation.

The following is a specimen of Miss Phelps' mode of viewing Spiritualism "from the outside:"

"Now—from the outside view—what is it that you who constitute the sect of Spiritualists offer to the world and the wisdom thereof as proof of the stupendous truths which you claim to command? You invite into some dingy or tawdry district of the nearest town, up flights of dubious stairs, at the foot of which a guest sensitive to the conveniences of life may well pause and ponder on the reputability of his errand, to the seance rooms of your celebrated medium."

She then proceeds to describe how this "celebrated medium" plies the visitor with questions, worms out facts of personal history, and deludes the seeker after Spiritual knowledge into the belief that the same information, returned in different language, is from a loved relative in the spirit world. Her description is applicable only to the lowest type of fortune-telling, and Miss Phelps, as if conscious that her picture will be rejected as an interview with a genuine medium, is forced to admit that names and facts unknown to the medium are sometimes given, "heaven knows how," she says, and adds: "Thousands of intelligent 'investigators' can testify to these facts; they are beyond dispute, whatever they mean, if they mean enough to be worth dispute." This shows the frame of mind in which Miss Phelps, as an investigator, would go to the seance room—ready to affect contempt for what she does not understand, and to dispute that which she cannot pass off with a sneer. People generally find what they seek; and it is no wonder that an insincere person finds insincerity and fraud in the seance room. And here is a specimen of what she says of the Spiritual circle:

"If she persuade you to her 'circle,' what have you? Still mystery and folly clinging hand to hand. You sit, with the gas down, among a motley group, such as you would personally encounter nowhere else, unless on an excursion steamboat. In the presence of strange men and women, such, perhaps, as you would not select to inquire your way of in the streets, the most sacred events of your life are handled like the riddles of a guessing game."

Is Miss Phelps so ignorant of Spiritualism as not to know that for more than twenty years promiscuous circles of the sort described have been condemned by all intelligent Spiritualists? Does she not know that harmony is the great essential for a successful seance, and that harmony in a heterogeneous gathering of strangers is not to be expected? If the investigator is honest and earnest, let him seek for evidence in his own family or among intimate and trusted friends.

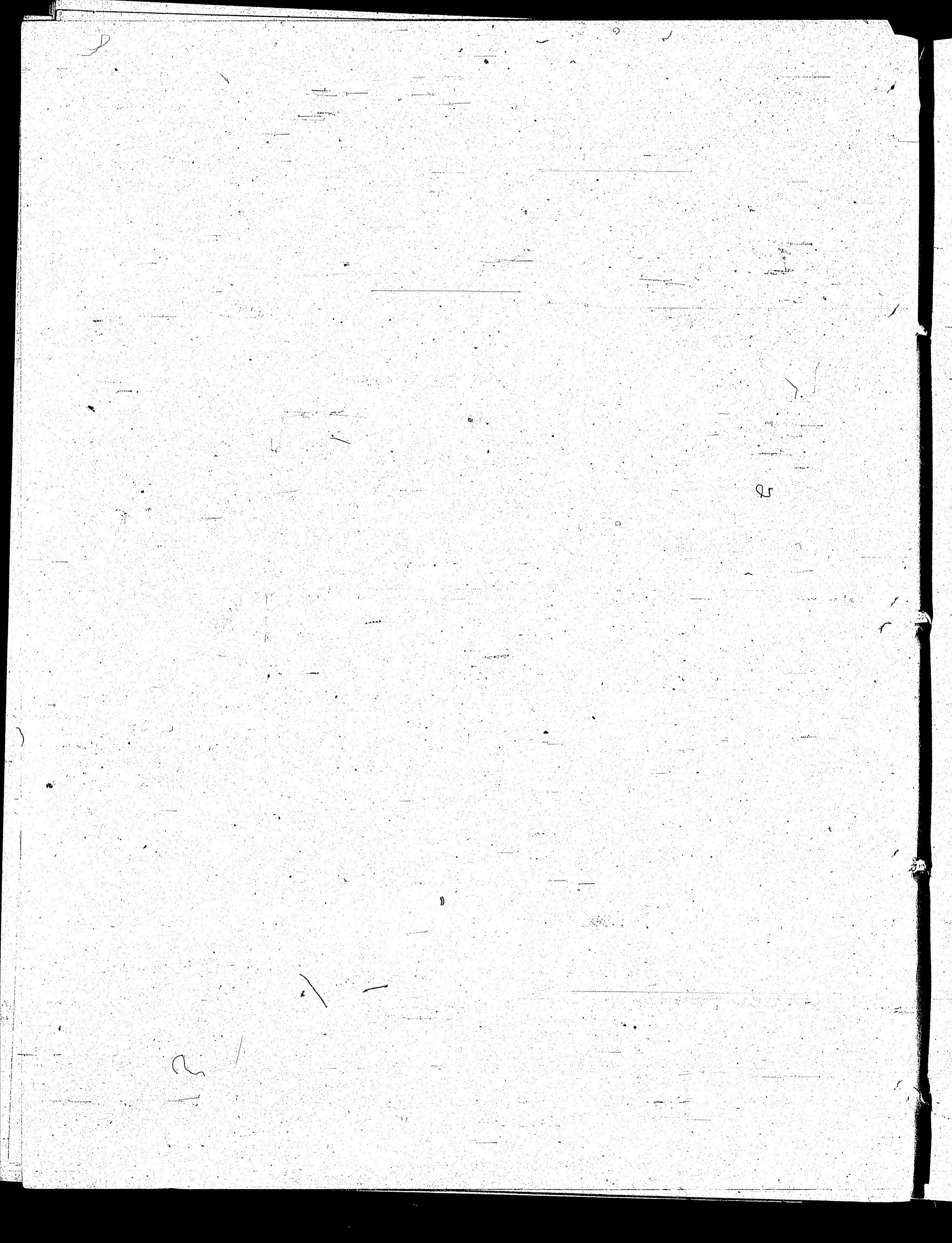
Let him go with a mind open to receive the truth; let him seek in all sincerity, and he will not fail to find. But Miss Phelps asks: Suppose you do become a graduate of the spiritual circle, what, after all, do you achieve? "Are you a better man? Are you a wiser woman? Is life more lofty? Is death more dignified? Is your heart more pure? Is your struggle with sin more manly?" These questions are pertinent, and every true Spiritualist can answer them in the affirmative. There are, however, many seekers after phenomena who are almost destitute of spirituality. The good a person gets out of Spiritualism is in proportion to his aspirations and his capacity to receive. And when Miss Phelps asks, "What have you found? What have you learned?" it may be answered, we have learned that people on the "other side" are very much like people here. They are not transformed into saints or devils in the twinkling of an eye, as Miss Phelps has been taught by her church, and it is not reasonable to expect to be instructed by returning spirits as if they were superior beings. Some of them are, and if they find a medium capable of transmitting their ideas in purity, they can instruct and lead us into a higher, purer life, but most mediums are not fitted for a high order of spirit communication, and we might as well expect to get clear water through a foul channel as to look for elevated thought through the lowest form of mediumship. Miss Phelps farther asks:

"What precious thing did your dearest dead breathe to you across the dining-room table of a scarcely reputable stranger? What did she say that was worth unsealing the awful lips of the sepulchre? For what did she set the laws of death at defiance? To say that she loved you, forsooth? Did you need a tranced medium of dubious respectability to tell you that? That she remembered you, was present with you, guided you; indeed, that she waited for your arrival in the summer land? If the grave has not made an end of her would platitudes like these prove it? If love has forced its mighty way at last above the coffin-lid and through the sod, and secured by whatever sleight of celestial telephony some transmitter for its tenderness—are such the results on which its precious privilege would be spent?"

What would this caviler have? Does she expect from that world accounts of spirit life that she can fully comprehend? Are there any terms in which such information can be expressed? Or is it possible for us, in a material state, to clearly comprehend the spiritual—a condition so widely different from our own? Even seers, who have beheld some of the scenes of the summer land, cannot through the medium of language convey any adequate idea of spirit life. They can only reach our minds through the avenues of knowledge which we possess, and as we have had little or no spiritual experience, and possess no



KATIE FOX JENCKEN



means of comparison, it is impossible for us to clearly comprehend spirit existence. Such expressions as "the awful lips of the sepulcher," "setting the laws of death at defiance," and "love forcing its way through the sod" show that Miss Phelps is more than ordinarily incapable of comprehending spiritual things. When the soul has left the body the residue is the same as any other mass of dead matter, and although we (properly perhaps) cherish a sentiment of regard for all that has ever belonged to a loved one, yet, rightly considered, there is nothing "awful" about the sepulcher more than any other heap of soil, and it is questionable if what is deemed a "natural feeling of respect" is really anything more than a superstition born of a false theology. The idea that those we love lie buried under the sod is grossly materialistic, and it is no wonder that a person holding to such an idea finds it impossible to conceive of the nature of spirit. The only wonder is that such a person can be the same who wrote "The Gates Ajar."

Miss Phelps appears anxious to have Spiritualists present their proofs for scientific investigation, and says:

"When a committee of learned men representing the American Psychical Research Society, Harvard college, etc., calls by circular, for cases of mediumistic powers which may be subjected to honorable and scholarly examination, and only ten in the whole country respond—is it any wonder that the public indulge in a significant smile not altogether reverential to Spiritualism."

Miss Phelps might better have asked is it any wonder that the intelligent part of the public indulge in a significant smile not very complimentary to the so-called scientists? Here is a body of men who profess to be searching for facts, which, in the very nature of things, can only be given under certain conditions in harmony with the laws that govern the presentation of such facts, and they, ignoring these conditions, say to those who are familiar with the subject, "Bring on your proofs; we are the men to decide as to their value; come out of your darkened rooms; leave your carefully constructed cabinets; come to the laboratory of men of science and submit to our conditions." The idea is quite as absurd as it would be to demand of a photographer to prove his art by developing a negative in the broad light of the sun, or to require an electrician to illustrate the wonders of electrical science without any of the requisites necessary to produce electrical manifestations. The conditions necessary for the production of Spiritual phenomena are far more subtle and evanescent than those required for the presentation of material effects by ordinary material agencies. The proposition itself is enough to show the utter unfitness of this Scientific

Psychical Research Committee for the task they propose in this way to accomplish. Every intelligent medium knows (or should know) that the very presence of such positive dogmatic people would interfere with the exhibition of psychical phenomena, and in all probability would act as a positive bar to all spiritual manifestations. How many times has this not already been proved by the acts of ignorant determined-to-expose-fraud fellows, who have invaded the public circle room to obtain positive proof of that which they had already settled in their own minds as a fixed fact. The wonder is not that only ten mediums responded to the invitation of this committee, but that any were willing to expose themselves to the adverse influences necessarily attendant upon an "investigation" conducted by such men and in such manner.

Miss Phelps intimates that belief in spirit intercourse is confined mainly to ignorant people, and asks: "Are scholars and scientists so dehumanized that they should refuse to receive the most precious treasure possible to knowledge, if they could get the proof of it?" So-called scientists, as a rule, confine their investigations to material things. The spiritual does not come within the limit of their researches, and even the moral and intellectual is considered by them only in connection with matter—the physical organization—which is assumed to be the source of all mental and moral manifestations. The spiritual is ignored by them. One of the most noted scientists of the world has declared that for a priori reasons he will not consider such a subject, his idea being that, reasoning from cause to effect, it is impossible, in his opinion, that any material effect can be produced by an immaterial—a spiritual—cause. Denying the existence of spiritual things, he will not stultify himself by consenting to an investigation. Another noted scientist, who does not deem it incumbent upon him even to deny the possibility of spirit existence, contents himself with saying the subject does not interest him. He is one of the many "scientists" who think it more important to count the legs of a beetle, and give the creature a Latin name, than it is to ascertain whether man really has a soul. Such are the most unfit of all men to investigate Spiritualism, because of the difficulty of divesting themselves of preconceived opinions. Even such, however, might succeed if they would investigate each for himself, apart from his learned companions, but as these foolish wise men usually decide to prosecute their exposure of spiritualism" in squads, the result is what any student of mental phenomena might predict, an utter failure to expose anything but their own

assinity. There is, however, another class of scientists who neither close their eyes to facts (for a priori reasons), nor affect an indifference towards the grandest subject that can engage the attention of man; and it is remarkable that *every one of the scientists of this class*, who have pursued the investigation under favorable circumstances (apart from their fellows), *have become convinced of the spirit origin of these occult manifestations.*

On this branch of the subject Miss Phelps further says:

"The time has come for mystery to work hand-in-hand with scientific study, or to lay aside its claim to scientific respect. The time has come for this enormous mass of trickery and truth, of vulgarity and reality, to adjust itself to the standard of integrity or to drop its demands upon the trust of honorable people. Believers in Spiritualistic faith, you have your chance. It is the best you ever had, or the best you are likely to get. Use it, or you abuse it; it is almost too good a one to be abused. Classes of minds not hitherto occupied with your facts, classes of society foreign to your faith, are moving to meet you on the great chess-board where the visible and invisible fight out the game of belief for the age. It is an earnest age, and means to believe something, but means to know the reason why. It has a right to the reason why, in the holy name of common sense, and whatever sets aside this right with incoherence, fraud, and folly, deserves to lose this chance."

Spiritualists are not anxious for any "chance" to propagate what they know to be a fact. If there are any people who deny that the earth revolves, those who know the fact (although they may feel pity for the benighted) need not trouble themselves at all about the denial. The fact exists just the same, and the sun will continue to rise and set as it has for untold ages. When people who scout at Spiritualism become fitted to receive the truth they will get it, and until they do become receptive of the truth it is useless to offer it to them.

It is very kind in Miss Phelps to advise Spiritualists for their good, as she thinks she is doing in the following:

"Come out into the upper air—step into the sunlight—from your dens and fens. Faith is not nonsense. Inspiration is not hysteria. Spiritual power is not jugglery. Immortal promise is not a trick. It is possible for belief in the unseen to be respectable, and for religious hope to have an education. Now is your time. Leave your alleys and corridors, your hiding places and markets of truth. Abandon your tricks and your cabinets. Turn up your gas. Let the blazing light upon your claims. Give us sunshine on your processes and mid-day on your results."

It may be as well to remind Miss Phelps that this is a free country, and no one is compelled to go into the "dens and the fens." But if Spiritualism is not respectable, it is quite as much so as was Christianity in the time of Christ, and had Miss Phelps lived at that time, though she might not have been a Pharisee, she probably would have turned with scorn from the lowly Nazarene,

who, so far from being respectable, was a miserable tramp, a houseless, homeless wanderer around the shores of Galilee, the consort of abandoned women and the associate of publicans and sinners. He was not "respectable," neither was Mary Magdalene, nor "that other Mary" who so loved him that she washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair; nor her sister Martha, who was loved by Jesus, and administered to his necessities. They were a scaly lot, take them all together, and quite as disreputable as some of the mediums it has been Miss Phelps' fortune to visit, yet from whose touch she instinctively shrank. Jesus, born in a manger, cradled in poverty, schooled in obscurity, derided of men and persecuted by those he sought to serve, still fulfilled his mission as the best and purest of mediums, and like him, the mediums of to-day will go on fulfilling their destiny, leaving the world to receive or reject as it will.

Miss Phelps continues her kind advice, saying:

"Turn off your paid mediums who sell the preciousness they presume to possess for fifty dollars a day. Purify your altars—they need it. To admit a medium to your fellowship on whose life rests the stain of known moral errors is as ruinous to your faith as it were for the Christian Church to keep evil men behind its pulpits."

No one has authority to "turn off paid mediums." They follow their calling independent of any spiritual organization, and many of them do excellent work, earning all that is given to them. Spiritualists might retaliate by saying: "Turn off your hired clergy; they receive pay without equivalent service; they get their living by false pretences; they assume to teach what they do not know, and most of them are arrant hypocrites who follow their profession because it is 'respectable' and pecuniarily profitable." As to the comparative purity of mediums and ministers, the advantage is greatly in favor of the former. The use of the word "were" instead of *is* in the last sentence of the foregoing quotation is equivalent to a denial that the Christian church knowingly keeps evil men in its pulpits although it is a well-known fact that from the dastardly acts of the lying hypocrite Beecher, down through all the grades of ministerial immorality, the crimes of the clergy are concealed and covered over by every means possible, while the shortcomings of mediums are exaggerated by enemies and denounced by spiritualists themselves, who best know how inconsistent immorality is with the purity of our principles and the beauty of our sublime faith.

The following is the concluding paragraph of Miss Phelps anti-spiritual manifesto:

"It is one of the complaints of spiritualism

that large numbers of spiritualists do not acknowledge themselves. Why not? Make it respectable to be a spiritualist and you will have no skulkers. Make it pure and reasonable and righteous. Make it unmercenary, unworldly, honest, open, reverent. Bring your dark secrets to the laboratory and the study. Bring your bright hopes to the house of God and the hour of prayer. Give us something that scholars and devout women can take hold of. Give us the proofs that science is listening for and human life is hungering and thirsting for. Give us the proofs. Never were we more ready to receive them; never had you such an advantage at which to offer them. Give us your proofs from your facts by your arguments, that the soul of man is immortal, and that death does not separate him from the beloved whom it hurls from his arms."

This seems to be a sort of general summing up of the indictment against Spiritualism, although it is given in the form of advice, after the manner of a judge who has tried the case and found the accused guilty. To these repeated charges (charges rather by implication than by assertion) it is hardly worth while to reply. "The proofs" Miss Phelps calls for can be found by every earnest seeker without waiting for them to be brought by another. Every soul must work out its own salvation. You need not say you are ready to receive. Put yourself in a position to receive, and the truth will come to you. Cultivate the spiritual part of your nature, and greater knowledge of the Spiritual will be attained by you. Let others do as they will, or as they can; look you to your own soul. Help others, if you can, but do not fail to help yourself by keeping your mental faculties open to welcome the truth, and your Spiritual nature receptive to influx from the divine.

In answer to the request, "bring your bright hopes to the house of God and the hour of prayer," it may be well to remind our adviser that to the true Spiritualist all houses are houses of God, and all hours, hours of prayer. Every place where dwells a human soul is a sacred place, and every aspiration is a prayer. The tiniest plant that turns its face to the morning sun, seeking for that which will give it greater strength, prays, in its degree, as truly as does the surpliced priest who asks blessings for his fellowman; and the suppliant plant, the dome of whose temple is the overarching sky, has a place quite as sacred in the universe of God as he whose prayers are uttered in cathedrals solemnly consecrated to the service of the Most High.

The first license ever granted to a woman to run a steam-engine was obtained not long since by Miss Mary S. Brennan, of Cincinnati. She has long been a student of mechanics and a frequenter of the boiler-room, and would be delighted to devote her whole time to boilers and machinery.

Progress in Spiritualism.

Over twenty years ago, when I first read D. D. Home's "Incidents in My Life," I was greatly astonished and pleased, but a recent perusal caused deeper feelings, mingled with renewed admiration and awe at the rapid progress Spiritualism has made in our midst. Twenty years ago nothing short of astonishing physical demonstrations and the most crucial tests could reach the masses. Public opinion demanded extraordinary feats of mediumship, surpassing those of jugglery, to awaken even a passing interest in the subject; and even when forced to admit the possibility of spirit return as the most feasible way of accounting for the demonstrations, yet many would say, "Well, what use can such phenomena be to us? Who wants their dead to tip the table or rap on walls?" Even now some say the same, but most are advanced beyond such death-like oblivion of the desire for communion with their dear ones gone before. But few were endowed with the physical conditions necessary for spirit control, of the type then needed to awaken and arouse interest, and those few were mostly obscure, illiterate and poor in health and purse. Their organizations were such as to make them feel keenly the rebuffs and cry of dishonesty cast upon them, and but few brave enough to face family foes, as well as the world's abuse, by acknowledging so unpopular a power, or belief, even, unless controlled in extraordinary ways. John the Baptist like, they seemed necessary—if unwilling—to go before to prepare the way for the advancing philosophy of Spiritualism—the new era of thought and truth, which was to make all men free in religious beliefs; free to believe any creed, free to join any church organization, or free to belong to none, and yet be respected and worthy of being considered God's children; free to proclaim honest convictions of right for each heart. When all men are mutual believers in the facts of spirit return, believers in God's wisdom in such return, believers in our duty to desire such communion with dear ones gone before, then will mankind be able and willing to be spiritually charitable towards one another in their religious beliefs.

The life of Daniel Douglas Home (erroneously spelled *Hume* sometimes) was singularly strange and eventful. Born of Scotch parents in 1833; when one year old he was adopted by an aunt, and in his ninth year brought to America, where his early manhood was passed. The gift of mediumship seemed to be in part inherited. He was greatly helped by his own earnest, faithful belief in the God-given gift, accepting it as a part of

his inherited organism, an endowment to be used for the good of others and his own elevation. The first several years of mediumship were passed in New York and other cities, where his seances were attended by some of the most intelligent men of that day, who were convinced of the truth of spirit communion and manifestations through his instrumentality. At this time the principal manifestations were of a physical character—messages given through raps on walls and tables, together with movements of table and trance conditions of Mr. Home. In March, 1855, he went to Europe for his health, and in the same year visited Florence, Naples, Rome and Paris, where he was the guest of titled personages, and was the means of convincing many scientific and intelligent men and women of the truth and beauty of spirit power. During all this time his mediumship was a *free gift* to all who desired to witness it, as it was given him freely. He was a singularly pure, earnest and honest believer in God's power and goodness to him, and considering his mediumistic powers given him for certain missionary work, and in no wise to be *bought* or *sold*, nor to be slightly used for gain. This seems to be one reason for his retaining and continuing with increasing power his wonderful manifestations. In August, 1858, he was married at St. Petersburg, to a Russian lady of rank, M. Alexandre Dumas officiating as godfather at the marriage, and the Emperor of Russia sending two Aides-de-Camp to represent him and act as groomsmen.

The Emperor also manifested his good wishes and friendship, by presenting Mr. Home with a magnificent diamond ring of great value. One child, a son, was born to them, who gave promise of inheriting his father's marvelous gift of mediumship. Three years after his birth, the happy young mother and wife was taken up higher, where she continued to be equally as happy a spirit as when on earth, and able to administer comfort and joy to child, husband and friends as of yore. Between the years 1856 to 1864 his manifestations took the form of *materializations*, as well as noises, moving of furniture, playing the accordeon, and of Mr. Home being lifted from his chair, and floated about the room. Hands were seen in full light, and accordeon was played on by seen and unseen hands, while being carried through the air. Large tables and other articles were lifted bodily from the floor several feet, and chairs and other furniture moved about the floor, while all were seated quietly at the table with their hands upon its surface. I merely give a glance at the details. The book is well worth reading by every Spiritualist, and

then *loaned* to *unbelievers*. Two points appear to me significant, and of importance to all spiritualists and mediums of to-day. One the simple and child-like faith Mr. Home exhibited in giving his time, preference to other pleasures, even his health itself, for this one great absorbing duty of his life—his "great mission" he called it—willing to suffer pain, poverty and misrepresentation for the *truth's sake!* In thus obeying God's will humbly and trustfully, he gained greater power and happiness, and even wealth beside. Truly are the same gifts given to-day, and *greater*, having advanced to the *intellectual plane* of demonstration. Our speakers have the holy mission entrusted to them of guiding, into realms of truth, not only those who listen, but to those "on mountain tops!" All eyes bend in the direction of spiritualism now. Scarce an individual can be met who has not *heard* of its wonders, and now is an auspicious time to teach its glorious truths; to prove that all have *gifts* of mediumship—some one kind, some another. And it is a duty all owe their belief, their God, mankind and themselves to so develop such gifts, that they shall increase an hundred fold, instead of *hiding* them, through fear of public opinion and blind ignorance. Verily, the spirit of man cannot stand still! It must go either forward or backward. Then "ye of little faith," behold your responsibility that you may prove not recreant to duty, nor unfaithful to your trust!

MRS. L. J. T. HERRING.

LOS GATOS.

SOME dozen or more years ago, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave to the world a charming little volume entitled "Gates Ajar," the chief merit of which was its deep spiritual meanings and significance. Although written as a fiction, it was, nevertheless, full of the teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism. From that time to this, the gifted authoress has been made to feel the lash of evangelical disapproval, until now, lacking longer the courage of her convictions, she writes an article for the press on "Sense in Spiritualism," in which she endeavors to undo much of the good of her former work. Mrs. Phelps is but human, and is deserving of more pity than censure.—*Golden Gate*.

De Garmo—"And how do you stand on evolution, Miss Brewster? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?"

Miss Brewster—"Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me, Mr. De Garmo, is where woman came from."—*Columbia Spectator*.

Gratitude.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY MRS. J. SCHLESINGER AT THE RECEPTION TENDERED MR. H. C. WILSON BY THE SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS AT WASHINGTON HALL, SAN FRANCISCO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1887. PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SOCIETY.

If there is one virtue to be cherished above another—one sentiment most worthy of cultivation and expression, it is that of grateful appreciation and recognition of noble, unselfish work for others' good. In times of peril and war, when heroes are wanted—brave, noble souls who will sacrifice home, friends, yea, even life itself, for the protection and safety of others, then does this feeling of gratitude find largest expression. Then the multitudes crown the heroes with laurel wreaths, while titles of honor and positions of trust are awarded them. The victorious general who has led armies to battle and conquest receives the nation's gratitude; wherever he goes cities are decorated in his honor, and his journey from State to State witnesses one grand ovation, the tribute of the grateful multitudes to whom he has been a benefactor; and for the heroes who fall, a nation's tears are shed. She erects monuments to their memory, and immortalizes them in the pages of history. Each year, when the springtime brings its wealth of fragrant blossoms, she sends her sons and daughters laden with tributes of love and remembrance to strew their graves with flowers, and recalls to mind their valorous deeds in glowing words, in poetry and song.

This is well; but, friends, we say unto you, there are other wars waged than those of national conflict; there are other battles fought than those with sword and gun; there are other heroes deserving the full meed of praise than the victorious generals; there are other martyrs who perish for the sacred cause of human liberty than those who fall amid the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry and the shouts of frenzied men upon fields of carnage and death. This other conflict now being waged is between the opposing forces of Truth and Error. The weapons used are not those of carnal warfare. The soldiers fighting under Truth's banner use the "sword of the spirit," which is kind, loving, helpful words, noble deeds and pure, unselfish lives. These are far more effectual in demolishing the old walls of superstitious strongholds than all the armaments of the world combined.

Their battle cry is also "Freedom!" but it is set to the sweet music of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Their enemies are the mighty hosts of Error, whose weapons are pride, lust, intemperance, greed of gain, tyranny and injustice, old-time creeds, dogmas and super-

stitutions from which have sprung the multitudinous wrongs we are called upon to combat on every hand.

In this warfare are struggles with *self*, for the overcoming of inherited or acquired passions and propensities, which, if left unrestrained, would run riot like swine in a beautiful garden, destroying individual usefulness, and with it all the sweet hopes and promises of a grand and noble manhood and womanhood; blighting the lives of dearly loved ones as surely as the hot breath of the simoon would poison and blight the tender buds and flowers; and the *heroes* are they that overcome; they who, alone and single-handed, have battled and conquered, when no eyes but those of the ever-present angels have witnessed the conflict; when no ears have heard their prayers for aid and strength save the ever-listening ones of faithful spirit guardians, who are always ready to reach out snowy hands of helpfulness, and whisper words of hope and encouragement in such hours of struggle with the forces of evil. Though no laurel chaplets crown the brows of these victors, though the adulation of the multitude should never be their reward, yet there is an inner peace which passeth understanding, a consciousness of affiliation and companionship with angels, which surpasses all outward demonstrations of appreciation by men, as the full effulgence of the noonday sun surpasses the first faint gleams of morning. They stand upon heights the multitude cannot perceive, victorious, self-crowned, royal men and women, who, knowing their own struggles, have great, compassionate hearts, full of tender pity and sympathy for their weaker brothers and sisters, who, when beset with like temptations, have fallen in the conflict, weak, helpless victims of their appetites and lusts. There are generals who are bravely striving to marshal their forces and aid those on the spirit side in their efforts to bless and elevate the denizens of earth. They are to be found wherever work for humanity is to be done. They are the leaders in all reforms—the pioneers in the cause of universal liberty; they are the heralds on the mountain-tops proclaiming the birth of a new day; they are the organizers, directors and administrators of all public efforts for the advancement and spiritualization of mankind; they are the torch-bearers whose light is scientific truth which reveals to mankind his right relations to material and spiritual things. Among this number of brave workers is one in your midst, whom it gives us pleasure to note holds a secure place in the affections of his people, as the demonstrations of this afternoon and evening indicate. Your worthy president is deserving of this

grateful tribute from those whom he has so long and faithfully served in the relation of an elder brother. To his faithfulness, his zeal and indomitable perseverance you are indebted for many of the blessings and privileges you now enjoy as a well-organized, well-conducted society. You are indebted to him for something more—something that has proved of inestimable value to you, and which has been maintained against persistent and almost bitter opposition from those who did not see beyond the outward and present results into the inner and future good which would result to you individually and collectively from adopting and maintaining, as you have done, a *free platform*—a platform upon which even the weakest one among you can stand and voice their conception of truth, no matter how small and insignificant it may seem to those great master minds, whose larger capacity and range has enabled them to soar higher and drink deeper from the great fountain of all truth. It is by giving utterance to your best thoughts and convictions that you grow into higher conceptions of spiritual things, and thus a continual development is yours. It is now considered the best method of educating a child to draw out its ideas, develop its originality and powers of expression, not by talking *to*, but by talking *with* it. So with you of larger growth, the exchange of ideas upon a free platform, even the friction sometimes occasioned by the different views of speakers all tend towards growth, expansion and greater liberality. People are too apt to get into set grooves of thought, narrow and limited, when there is nothing to stimulate them to broaden out, climb higher, dig deeper and search more earnestly for the pearls of truth scattered all along the highway of life, but passed unnoticed by the careless and indifferent.

For the earnest efforts of your President to make this society what its name indicates—progressive and *spiritual*—he is deserving of your deepest gratitude, your earnest co-operation, your cordial, generous support, and kindly appreciation; and the word of the spirit world to you is this: Uphold the hands of the workers; let them not faint by the wayside for the cup of cold water you should have given. Sustain them with your sympathy, your love, your kind words of encouragement; join hands with them and the angels, and so march on toward the higher life and victory.

No man ever does a thing without first thinking about it. Thought is the forerunner of action. Control your thoughts, and your actions will take care of themselves.

Christian Science—Conversion.

Christian science, metaphysics, mental science, the same thing by different names, seems to be the absorbing topic, or craze, at the present time among a certain class of minds. They are too completely magnetized by its advocates to stop and examine its claims, and thousands of dollars are paid out to learn this "science" which is no new thing, but has been the agency by which priests and tyrants have held the race in subjection in the ages of the past.

About the best illustration we have seen of this concentration of mind to magnetize negative subjects is found in Hon. John R. Kelso's "Spiritualism Sustained," where he gives the following

RECEIPT FOR CONVERSION:

"In order to expedite the work of conversion the candidates should be kept in the center of the greatest excitement, and the crowd around them should be packed as closely as possible. If practicable, this crowd should be composed entirely of believers. The presence of an infidel will tend to retard, if not to prevent the success of the experiment. It is very difficult for a man to become converted in the back part of the church, on the outside of a crowd of people. This is especially the case if there be unbelievers and scoffers about him, and if he be near an open door or window, where the fresh air drives away the moist, magnetic atmosphere of the room, on which his conversion principally depends.

"During the progress of this experiment the leader of the meeting, or some other good magnetizer, should, as often as is convenient, approach the candidates, clasp their hands, gently slap their backs, etc. In this way the advantages of special manipulation may be added to those of a dense, magnetic crowd. All good revivalists understand these things, and act accordingly. As to the bodily position of the candidates, I would recommend the old Methodist plan, which I have, myself, practiced with great success, of having them all kneel together at what is called a mourner's bench, or anxious seat. By this position we prevent their attention being called off by what is going on around them, and thus we secure the condition most favorable to their conversion.

"Besides all these things, the candidates, if possible, should be induced to observe a strict fast from the moment they engage in the experiment till their conversion is completed. By the pernicious habit of allowing them to eat heartily during the recess of the meetings their conversion is always greatly retarded and frequently entirely prevented. It would be almost an utter im-

possibility to convert a man whose stomach is crammed with undigested bacon, beans, cabbage, cucumbers, sausages, buttermilk, corn-bread, etc. If the candidates eat at all, it should be very sparingly of rice, sweet milk, half-cooked eggs, and other similar articles, and during the entire experiment they should abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks.

"By strictly observing all these directions you ought to be able to convert children and nervous women in about three days. Even the toughest old sinners ought to succumb to this course of treatment within a week."

The same law prevails in the above that is the central force in mind cure, or mental science, while different methods are used, such as are adapted to the grade of mental development, but always with the end in view of making the subject negative to the will of the magnetizer. It matters not by what name it is called, it is but an intelligent control of a natural law, and is the method by which Christianity has always won its triumphs. It is this mind power acting upon the minds of its subjects, controlling them to furnish the material conditions needed to give prestige to the church.

"What," says one, "do you claim that those who carry on revivals intelligently control this natural law?"

No, but there are those on the spirit side of life who do, men, orders of the priesthood, who used this law while upon earth to subject the masses to their control, and who love power now—love to drink up the magnetic life of their negative subjects as well as when they were here. It is doubtful if few, even if any, of our Protestant revivalists act intelligently. They are simply mediums for those who do; but Catholic priests are educated to understand what, in the old pagan priesthood, was called too sacred, too holy, for the multitude.

"Christian Science." Suppose we examine some of the methods by which the masses are made negative. If a man comes to us, and orders us to do a certain thing, say our neighbor, we do not consider that we are obliged to obey. Indeed, we are very apt to assume a positive attitude and refuse; but if he comes to us in the name of the Government, we regard the matter in an entirely different light. We become negative at once, for you know that we cannot compete with a power like that. It makes no difference if the evidence that he brings of his authority is forged, so long as we believe it to be genuine, the effect is the same as if it were.

The priest comes to his subjects in the name of God. They believe there is such a being, a personality who issues com-

mands, and they listen to what he says. They may question if his credentials are genuine, but they have no means of knowing and so are negative, become the subjects of his magnetic power—of the combined mind-power of those who work with him—and are made to see and feel what it is willed that they should, to go through the horrors of conviction into the joy of conversion under the action of exactly the same law by means of which a public psychologist makes his subject think that a broom is a beautiful young lady and the next moment that she is black, as I have seen done.

"Oh, yes," says the materialist, "that is all there is to conversion; mediumship, or anything of the kind."

Perhaps, but mark you; that psychologist could not have made the young man believe the broom was a beautiful young lady if there was no such thing. The cheat did not consist in making the subject believe in something that had no existence, but in passing off the wrong thing as the real.

The cheat of the priesthood does not consist in the fact that there is no universal ruling power, but he presents a false image of that power, personifies the infinite, in imagination only, as to have a real *infinite* personification is as impossible as it would be to have a finite infinitude; and yet it is a *real* power. So of the Spiritual development, called by the Church conversion. Such growth even till we thrill with spirit magnetism, hear and see spirit voices, is a reality, but the abnormal quickening of this faculty is not for the health of either body or spirit, hence "revivals" are a moral and spiritual curse, *as a whole*, though there may be instances of seeming, or perhaps real benefit.

Now the point we wish to reach is this: The same law holds good of what is called "Mind Cure" as of conversion. It is the current of magnetic and spiritual force that is formed, or directed upon the patient by the concentrated action of mind, and in revival meetings if the object were healing, instead of conversion, the result would be healing. It matters not what is used to concentrate this action of mind, so that it is done, the effect is the same.

"Mind Cure," the term suggests mind kill, and Christians know how to use that. When they found that they could not subdue the grand soul of Theodore Parker, the Christians of Boston prayed their God to remove him; in other words, to kill him, and who can blame them? I cannot. They believed the man was teaching doctrines that endangered the eternal happiness of their loved ones—might be the means of lost souls wailing eternally. Was not such a belief enough to concentrate all the force of their minds

against him, and what was the result?

His mind was too positive for them to reach, but his body sank under the pressure. Those who understand the power of mind, long ago conceded this. Sometimes those mind currents cannot reach their object direct, but control some negative person to use their physical power to the end sought, be it good or bad—to bless or to curse. Intelligent thinkers know both Lincoln and Garfield were destroyed through this law. Booth and Guiteau were mediums for the hatred which desired their removal. "Christian science," this; intelligent control of natural law by invisible as well as visible agents.

Science, without the Christian prefix, as applied to the laws of mind and spirit control, will yet wrest the weapon from the hands of tyrants. They are very busy just now on both sides of the line—these lovers of personal power over the masses—in diverting the minds of the people from the real issues of the hour, but they will not always succeed.

The *penetration* of mind will soon discover the springs of the injustice which everywhere prevails, and then the cry of "God, or good is everywhere, and evil can have no real existence," will not avail to avert the *concentration* of mind against usury, consolidated capital and the monopolistic control of public necessities, as well as against all church assumptions, and thus we shall have a Mind Cure that will make its mark upon the ages.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

A Clairvoyant Vision.

At the Court of Appeals room Sunday night, when Dr. Mills was giving platform tests, a spirit named George Warner presented himself and said: "My brother Charles is here, and is sorry he isn't able to show himself." The first Sunday of this month Dr. Mills described for a Troy society, and after the meeting Charles Warner, a stranger to him, congratulated the Doctor on some remarkable tests he had given him, adding, "Do you see any one around me now?" "Yes, I see George Warner," was the prompt reply. "Why, that's my brother. Do you see anything more around me?" Dr. Mills says he then saw a black background, and a coffin standing by the side of the spirit, and also heard a voice say, "Don't tell him." He did not disclose what he saw, but told Mr. Gardner, with whom he was stopping, that he saw something very significant which he did not feel at liberty to narrate. Charles Warner was taken ill shortly afterwards and died. He was a well-known citizen of Troy.—*Saratoga Eagle*.

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER III.

"They leave their bright home
In the mansions above,
And breathe o'er our spirits
Some message of love."

Ethel abstained from further questioning, for the one word, "Beware," had in truth, much significance both to her and Eva, in view of the conversation of the preceding afternoon.

But the other members of the circle questioned the raps, both mentally and orally, expressing themselves satisfied with the replies.

During this time, the abnormally passive doctor, who had acquired the art of being absent in spirit, while present in the body, became inspired—whether consciously or not, the darkness could not reveal—and gave the following brief message:

"This is a material age; the theology is material.

There is too little love in theology; it would enforce authority. But it is an age, also, of liberalism; there is, therefore, a reaction from the teachings of prevalent theologies. Numbers of the most advanced intellects, finding no proofs of immortality, or a future life in nature, and having no opportunity of testing the facts of Spiritualism, have become materialists. We shall, however, continue to bring these proofs, by rappings, by table-tippings, by magnetic control, by messages through mediums, by slate-writings, and possibly by new methods."

The name was asked for by one of the gentlemen, and given as "Judge Edmunds."

Then, in another, more sonorous voice and sterner manner, Dr. Fell continued to speak under a control who claimed to have written so-called "infidel works," and, turning to Ethel, whose mind had been secretly exercised in regard to the profane way her good father had, at times, of speaking of his satanic majesty, admonished her "that a word more or less mattered little, and if she would remember this it would save her much needless anxiety."

Passing from this state of inspiration to one of clairvoyance, he said:

"I see, upon the head of this young lady, an evergreen wreath—intensely green—and above the forehead is a white rose, partially unfolded, thus indicating that her spiritual nature is about to develope. It is very beautiful, wreath and flower, and I am charged to counsel her to consider this symbol; that it is a token of some gift to which she has, hitherto, paid inadequate attention, and that, by sitting in this circle regularly, and by herself often, at the twilight hour,

the muses will come to her, if not the "immortal nine," at least a trio, to awaken, by their kindly magnetism, the partially dormant faculties of a very fine brain organism and bodily temperament."

With this inspiring compliment to Eva, the doctor passed his supple fingers across the broad, perceptive expanse of his brow, to remove the vision that lingered, and throw off the influence about him, while, with a gentle parting pressure of Eva's hand, he relinquished it, saying, oracularly, "We shall get nothing more to-night," and arose from his chair.

Ethel relit the lamp, and the company dispersed to their homes with all the quiet and awed feeling, so often taken for devotion, that frequenters of prayer meetings ascribe to the unseen presence but plainly felt influence of some ministering spirit whom they presume to have been their "Master," Jesus of Nazareth, forgetting in their blind following of self-elected "leaders of the blind" that He abjured his disciples to "Call no man master:" a command which, if genuinely taught, might have freed them, from that day till the present time, from earthly rulers; and thus they might have stood in their nobility, nature's noblemen and women.

But the "Fathers" saw no subterfuge save that of proclaiming "Him" unlike other men, in very similitude Divine, in order to enforce the authority that their natural human hearts desired to exercise as leaders in their respective religious organizations.

No reformer has ever been prophet, saint or savior in his day, "being without honor," not only in his "own country," but in his own time. And it is only when materialities, like a garment, have dropped from him, and mankind have perceived only the spirituality of his life, teachings and services, that they are disposed to canonize or deify him.

When Ethel and Eva had retired to their rooms, a strange reserve kept them mute for a time, yet not without something of a mutual understanding between them, for Eva had occasionally witnessed Ethel's look of tender reproach when her father had hastily, but not at all petulantly, more as a note of surprise, exclaimed, "The d—l;" and Ethel was well aware of Eva's poetic talent, which she had infrequently chided her for not cultivating, when some auspicious occasion had called forth a sample. *Occasions* Eva had believed to be her sole inspirers; not understanding, therefore not counting upon the loss of individuality in a moment of enthusiasm or exaltation—occasions, truly, when unseen influences may have the fairest field, if not

for favor, at least for manifestation in the desired direction.

However, it was chiefly upon the word "beware" that they were meditating; though Eva, turning from the more momentous subject, finally remembered to inquire:

"By the way, whom do you claim for your mentor and friend, to-night, who so considerably relieved your tender conscience of the vast burthen of my dear uncle's shocking profanity?"

"I suppose," was the reply, "that it was Thomas Paine; indeed, one would readily imagine that those bundles of *Boston Investigators* in the closet might assist in conjuring his presence this evening. Certainly, it seemed to be his tone and manner."

"Ah!" said Eva, "the dread infidel! The much-detracted Thomas, discourteously termed 'Tom,' elder twin brother of Robert, yeleft 'Bob,' whose dire 'Mistakes of Moses' have been making B— ring this last winter in utter amazement at their audacity."

"Yes," assented Ethel, "but probably you do but speak from hearsay, not from personal knowledge."

"True, ears polite and aristocratic must never be open to mistakes, especially of those in authority. How, then, it occurs to me, can you judge of the tone and manner of Thomas Paine? At your service, coz," retorted Eva, with a graceful courtesy, in her bowing night-wrapper, influenced, doubtless, by that 'mocking demon' to conceal her disturbed state of mind under an assumed lightness of manner.

"By the tone and style of his writings," replied her coz; "it requires little imagination to conceive of the one by the other. I had, previously, a conception of his verbal delivery of his weighty thoughts, and recognized it as corresponding."

"Well," returned Eva, "your doctor must have been impressed by your mind as well, else how should he know aught of 'my gift,' as he termed my poor rhyming faculty, or have you, in an unguarded moment, divulged the profoundest secret of my soul?" she said again with mock solemnity, but in fact with real concern.

"Not a word have I breathed of it, and if you fancy, dear child, that he has pilfered your secret by reading my mind, sound him any way you choose, to your own satisfaction. He would scarce remember a word, or as of a dream, if at all. But I forget how unreal it must all seem to you."

"Quite real enough for my comfort to-night," vouchsafed she; "how it will appear by morning light, behold, the morrow shall bring forth," and she turned upon her pillow, resolute to ignore cir-

cles, raps, messages, doctors, etc., but *there*, pictured to her imagination, was still, "above all—even the ominous "Beware!"—that intensely green wreath, as of bay or laurel, with its one adornment of a pure white unfolding rose; and she would have been less than the woman her girlish maturity promised if she had not thrilled in remembrance of the vivid vision.

CHAPTER IV.

"They come, on the wings of the morning they come."

They not only come on the wings of the morning, but they have "all hours for their own," like life as well as death, in this sublunary sphere; infant souls in multitudes making their advent in it every hour of the twenty-four, and other multitudes of souls from this probationary state, in various stages of progression, which to the purblind eyes of mortals quite too often seem like retrogression, making their exit.

Said a young man, skeptical of orthodox creeds:

"It is comforting, isn't it, to think that there is another world, where the mistakes of this can be corrected?"

And his ardor was cooled, his hope benumbed, his enthusiasm dashed by the reply:

"How can we expect there will be progress in another life, when there has been none in this? when from the cradle to the grave there has been accumulative vice and crime?"

And the young seeker after truth, unversed in modern spiritual philosophy, but by inheritance and orthodox training imbued with the dark beliefs of past ages, had no answer to that ever-recurring, ever-perplexing question.

But he might have questioned in reply:

"How can the moth fly when it has been but a groveling earth-worm; and how are the wings of the butterfly adorned with crimson velvet and gold-dust, when in its first existence it was but a loathsome grub? And if,

While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return,

why may they not do so after casting off this mortal coil?" Even Paul says:

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power."

Paul seemed at times to be exalted above the shadows of his previous creeds, and to be overshadowed by the true light of spiritual revelation.

The young man should have been unversed in these texts, but undoubtedly, to him, as to many others, "much reading

was a weariness of the flesh."

As usual in Eva's happy existence, the slumber of youth and health was profound until the dusk of morning dawn, when she suddenly sprang up in bed, bewildered, with the word "beware" as audible to her inner consciousness, as had ever vocal sound been to her outer hearing.

"Nonsense," she exclaimed, when fairly awake; "I must have been dreaming, or it was but the sudden return of memory."

But she arose and went thoughtfully, not to say soberly, about her toilet, pondering, at heart, upon that one word. Now, although gay and light of manner, Eva was possessed of a determined and independent spirit, as her interview with her cousin the afternoon of her arrival may have revealed; and, by the time she was ready to descend to breakfast, she said resolutely to herself:

"I will know the meaning of that, or I am not I."

The family, used to early hours, were at the table waiting her appearance, her uncle engaged with his newspaper, and the sisters in plans for the day's house-keeping arrangements.

As she bade them a bright good-morning, her uncle asked, in a humorous tone, and with a quizzical look:

"Well, my dear, did you call up any witches last evening worse than yourself?"

Eva was a great favorite with her uncle, who looked forward every summer to the light of her countenance and the blithesomeness of her presence to complete the season, as confidently as he did to the sunshine to grow and perfect his fruits and grains. And although permitting Ethel her own way in her investigations, never joined the circles, not having quite the interest or the patience for such procedures.

He gazed into Eva's face intently, as if there alone to read the true reply; but who so successful in concealing emotions as a cultured and resolute woman, who does not wish to reveal them. So she replied, with a decided little nod:

"We shall see, uncle, we shall see."

"Ah!" he said, in the very words of the day previous, "it is to be a draw game, is it, between you and the weird doctor?"

He had heard sufficient at different times, while reading in the adjoining room of an evening, to have a tolerably clear comprehension of who was the officiating medium of the little assembly; and had not been an indifferent observer of Dr. Fell in his various outgoings and incomings, but had privately remarked to his eldest daughter, that "he looked like too smart a man to have anything to do with such funny business!"

Eva seemed slightly amazed at the

last question, so complete an echo of her own mind, and turned that look upon Ethel, while she replied, nonchalantly:

"If any game, as you term it, is upon the boards, well, you know me, uncle, and whether I often allow myself to be beaten."

Since her mother's death Ethel had lost all interest in games, and had turned her father over to Eva for that amusement. At chess or chequers he was usually beaten twice every three games, but always took his defeat good humoredly, ascribing his lack of "luck" to "want of practice."

There was no further reference made to the preceding evening, until, the household affairs attended to, Ethel was at liberty to join Eva in a morning ramble to the grove mentioned. There, beneath sylvan shade, with its hallowed influences, was broached the topic that had been nearest their hearts all the morning.

"What is to be done, Eva," said Ethel, about that warning?"

"Tell me what it means, first, please," in a tone as if that were quite possible.

"It means, I think, the same as my own misgivings of yesterday."

"Misgivings I have none," said Eva, who, perhaps, was less tenderly conscientious than her cousin, adding, a little petulantly, "Am I a chit of a girl, that I cannot be trusted where you trust yourself?"

"Trusted, as far as you are personally concerned, of course. The warning was, undoubtedly the briefest possible way of reminding you to look well to that armor of which we were speaking, if you wish to retain your individual liberty and self-possession, for when the powers above us desire to accomplish certain ends, they are no respecter of persons, but avail themselves of such agencies as they are able to command."

"What do you imagine they can possibly want of me? Why cannot I be left to sing my little songs, like the humming-bird, buzzing so airily and brightly from flower to flower?"

"Because you are neither a humming-bird or a butterfly, its seems likely that the time has arrived for a change to come over the spirit of your hitherto dreamy existence."

"It has seemed quite real, and I do not desire any especial change, only new interests; but you are aware that I have never been ambitious of fame. Probably," Eva added, "because I consider myself but a house-sparrow, singing from the shadow and the shelter of the friendly eaves in city or country."

"Neither do I desire any change for you, dear Eva, but it will come, despite us, if circumstances are propitious."

"There will have to be changes, if ever I win the foreshadowed laurel wreath,"

commented Eva, "changes from an idle girl to an industrious one, from a humming-bird to a honey bee—

"Who improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day,
From every opening flower."

gaily sang she.

"Ah," exclaimed Ethel, "the charm works, so soon; who can be invincible? It will ever be as a beacon of hope to lead you on."

"Then why should I be warned? really it is still incomprehensible."

"The single, impressive note of warning, and the pretty picture of encouragement come together, as do good and evil in every path of life."

"I know you too well, Ethel, to suppose for one moment that you would suffer the presence of a person in whom you had not confidence," alluding to Dr. Fell.

"Confidence in his good intentions, yes; but you do not understand, and I, only partially, what it is to be surrounded by a host of influences, seen and unseen. Either a very brave or reckless person, possibly an equal amount of both venturesomeness and courage is required for the assuming of such responsibilities, such risks; and all who witness the daring experiments of one who becomes a medium of communication between two worlds should give only words of hope and signals of sympathy and cheer."

This was a long speech for the reticent Ethel to make, and Eva turned upon her a look of amazement, exclaiming—

"Upon my word you are a staunch friend of Dr. Fell!"

"Of all well disposed mediums," she replied, "who, as a class, though impressive, impulsive, quick to act, usually incautious, responsive to the lightest touch of unseen hands, are also generous and kindly to a fault, as evidenced in devoting themselves to the service of the spirit world for mortals, benefit."

"Then where is the difficulty in my case? You do not imagine that I wish to become one?"

"Your wishes may have very little to do with it, under certain conditions; for instance, that of circles where the magnetism is of such a nature as to affect you; and Dr. Fell, though professedly but a clairvoyant magnetic healer, through the spirit-power controlling him, is a developer of mediumship as well.

"Then how is it that you escape, dear coz?" said Eva, who seemed bent upon understanding the philosophy of the whole matter.

"Indeed, I do not know. I believe my dear mother is my guardian, and that she wishes me to remain in the family. Imagine their loneliness without me."

"And imagine the consternation of my

mamma at any such possibility as that at which you hint. Have I no guardian angel like yourself?"

"Time will tell," said Ethel; "at your age I knew nothing, dreamed nothing of these matters, and as yet feel my inexperience too great to counsel. If chance or fate, as it seems, had not revealed to you my musings of yestere'en, neither would you now, probably. The responsibility weighs upon me. I shall be held accountable to your 'dear mamma' at least. Perhaps we had best avoid anything of the kind in the future. I can easily do so."

"Indeed, no; you know I am rather wilful. I told you I loved mystery. Last evening's entertainment has given me more food for thought than an entire season in B—. Life has been very insipid of late; society pleasures have palled upon my taste. Now I see a new world opening before me, which, unless I can explore to my heart's content, I shall never be satisfied. Have not I too a dear father upon the other shore, who has been my ideal from childhood?"

"True," replied Ethel, who had momentarily forgotten Eva's constancy to her father's memory; not deeming there could have been the strength of attachment as in her own more mature years; "and why may he not be your ever faithful 'guardian and guide?' It is a relief to think that he should be the responsible one, after all."

"And, O!" said Eva, "how radiant would life grow if I could but get one sure message from him! Life was narrowing and contracting, and I was beginning to feel very lonely," confessed Eva, smilingly, who had had abundant opportunity of testing worldly pleasures, and had found them wanting.

"Yes," admitted Ethel, "this new philosophy has filled an aching void, notwithstanding its problems and perplexities."

"Perplexities?" questioned Eva.

"Certainly; are you not already puzzled somewhat in regard to what little you have seen and heard?"

"To be sure," was the reply, "but you have appeared as unconcerned and calm as the summer morning."

"I have learned to await developments. Sometimes months will intervene before a solution is given or a statement confirmed."

"Then I fear my impatience will outrun my interest."

"Never fear but that the interest will enlarge with the experience, and give patience its 'perfect work,'" lightly returned Ethel.

There is a conspiracy, in the proper sense of the word, to injure all, who oppose rascality and rascals.

The Family Pocket-Book.

BY T. E. WILLSON.

I stopped for a friend, on the way to my work, one day last week. His wife called him back, and I heard her say:

"Will, I must have some money. We are out of—"

"Nearly everything, of course," he interrupted. "I gave you \$10 Monday."

"But I had to buy the children's shoes and pay for—"

"Well, here's \$10 more, and for heaven's sake make it last till the end of the week."

I had watched the life and brightness fade out of her face since her marriage, and wondered at the tired, depressed look that had succeeded it, at the fretful impatience with her children which had clouded over the old sweet and sunny temper that never failed her young brothers and sister. Was this the explanation? He carried the family pocket-book, while she was the family quartermaster and purchaser, was held to strict account that everything should be in the proper place, at the proper time, and in the proper way, but without power to purchase, or to fulfil contracts, or to provide for household wants. Will is at the head of a mechanical department, and has been receiving \$45 or \$50 weekly for the past ten years—a careless, good-natured fellow who would not listen to anything for three minutes.

By chance that afternoon I was offered a desk and bookcase for about an eighth of its value, and knowing that Dick, the head of another department, receiving \$40 salary, had said that he needed one badly for work at his house, I sent for him and proposed that he should take advantage of the chance.

"I'll let you know in the morning," he said, "after I have talked it over with my wife. I want it, but \$25 is too large an amount to take out of my money, and I can't interfere with my wife's."

"Do you and your wife carry separate pocket-books?" I asked as we sat down to lunch. In explanation of my curiosity, I repeated the conversation I had overheard that morning. Dick smiled.

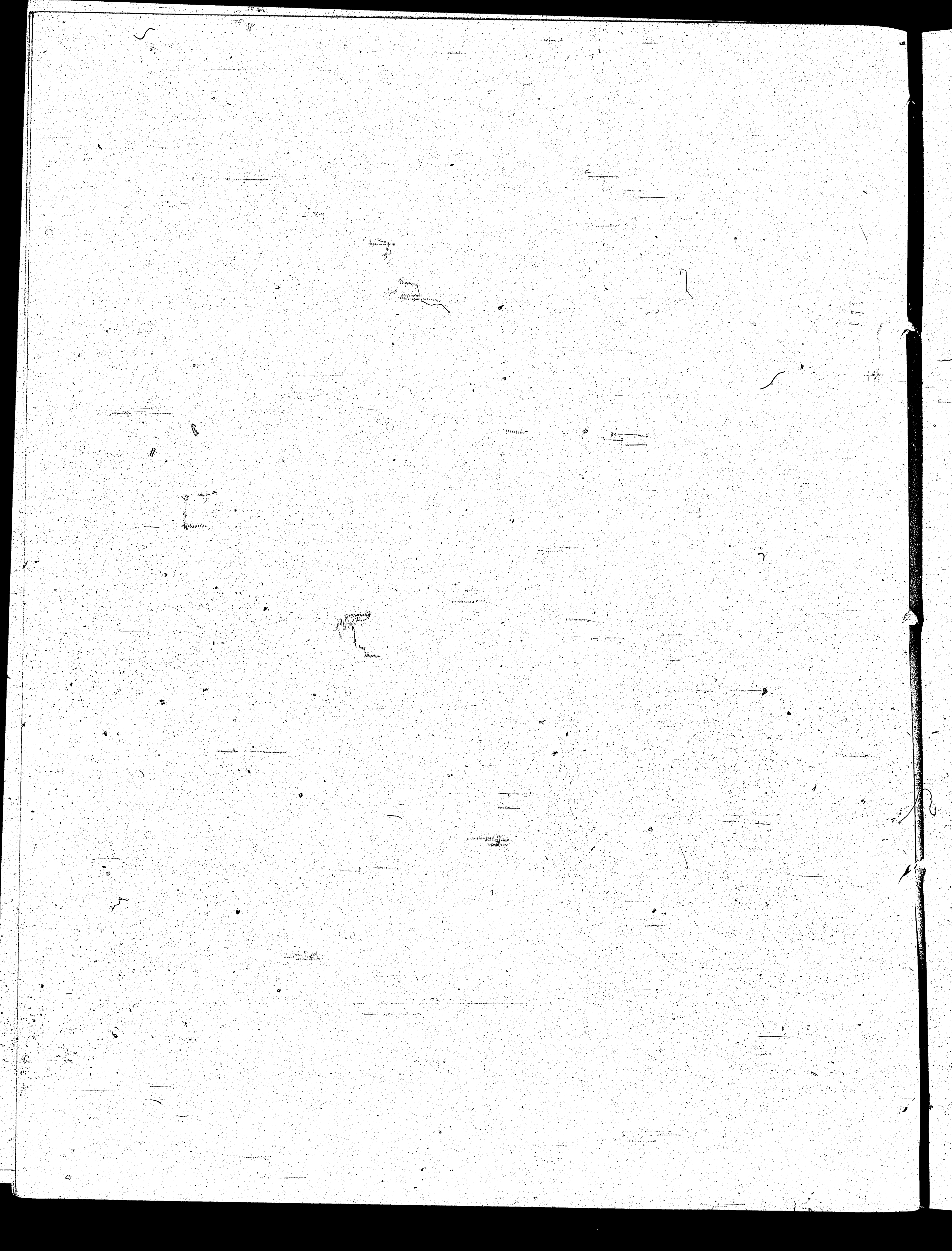
"Of course we do. My wife never asked me for a penny in her life—except for change, as you would ask me."

"Would you mind explaining how you manage your finances?"

"Certainly not. Just before we were married I heard Baldwin's wife say that she intended to tease her husband until he bought her a bracelet, and that she bought a sealskin sacque with the money she had taken out of his pockets without his knowing it. That set me to thinking. If my married life was to have anything like that in it, I should certainly resign.



MARGARETTA FOX KANE



The first day we were married, sitting on the veranda, I proposed to my wife that she should be the Secretary of the Treasury. She knew my income; I told her of my expenditures, and gave her my savings. She consented. It was then and there agreed that I was to have \$5 weekly for car fares, lunches, tobacco, drinks and the like. The remaining \$30 were to be the family revenue, which she was to take charge of, and with it provide everything needed, to the best of her ability. Every Saturday night I handed her \$30. When my salary was raised I took \$1, and \$4 were added to the family fund. She governs and I reign. I have no responsibility for the home management. She plans everything, provides everything, and attends to every detail, large or small. I have enough of that kind of worry in managing that department of mine without having to make up yearly estimates for my household expenses, and to prepare all the different household appropriation bills. I am not qualified to interfere or meddle with her administration. I doubt if any man could do that work, even if he gave his whole time to it, as she does. Certainly no man can meddle without marring. The untrammelled charge of the home is her natural-born and inalienable right as a wife, and any interference on my part would be quite as silly as her interference with one of my paper contracts. She knows quite as much about my business as I could find out by two hours of daily looking into hers.

"What do you do about presents to one another?"

"We rarely make them. Once I saved from my allowance enough to buy her a watch for a birth-day gift. That money was a long time coming, and I stuck closely to my pipe for months. She was not happy at what I had done, and frankly told me the reason why. There was no provision in our scheme by which she could do the same. Then it struck me that while I had the \$5 weekly for myself—say \$3 clear of necessities, charging the other \$2 to the family fund for expenses—she had absolutely not a penny she could call her own. The \$30 was a trust fund, managed for the common good; and while she had an item in her 'omnibus bill' for our joint presents to our friends, there could be no individual presents made by any one except myself. I can't give myself a present. She could not give herself a present. If we took anything out of the common fund, by agreement, then it was not a present but an appropriation for her or my benefit. I could make gifts out of my \$3, but there was no possible way by which she, as an individual, could personally make a present to any one. She had no privy purse as I had.

Everything of that kind was joint—the firm's, so far as she was concerned. Here I interfered, for the only time, and insisted that \$2 should be set apart for her private use as absolutely as my \$3. Our little presents are made from these private purses, and are not worth mentioning."

"How does your wife get her bracelets and sealskin sacques, and all that? Baldwin would be in a pickle if his wife had your wife's chance."

"You are mistaken, I think. He might at first, because his wife has never been trusted; but not after she grew accustomed to responsibility. Women are naturally much more economical and prudent than we are. I have to insist upon my wife buying such things out of the surplus, for she wants to bank the money instead of spending it. Women do not like to spend their own money on ornaments, though they will squander other folks' money on them. Mrs. Baldwin never felt that the salary her husband brings home is not his nor hers, but the family revenue, in which she had with him joint, equal and unwarded rights. All extra money I earn, aside of salary, is spent for luxuries for my wife and children. In the disposition of this extra money I have equal voice with her, and often veto her proposal concerning it. If we can't agree, it goes into the bank for my boy's school fund. The extra appropriation bills are the only ones I ever see or know anything about."

"But is this not a gift from you?"

"Do I give her shoes and stockings, and bread and meat? The 'family' provide these things alike for her and for me. If Senator Jones votes for a pension for some soldier's widow, does he or the people of the United States—of whom he is only one—give it to her? My salary is a family revenue, 'held in usufruct for its members,' as Herbert Spencer (echoing Thomas Jefferson) would have the land held for the living; and so are all additions to it. The only money to which I can lay any claim is my \$5 per week. Before marriage my wife and I had individual rights to property. By our marriage each surrendered all individual rights to property, and these were fused together in a joint estate with joint rights. The marriage service means something. Everybody knows this to be true where land is concerned. No one will purchase real property from a married man or married woman acting alone. Both parties must unite in the sale to give a clear title. The same principle obtains with salary as with land. It belongs equally to both. My \$5 and my wife's \$2 are our individual and personal property, held in fee by special grant and charter from the crown to which we

owe allegiance—and it's not one of Wild Olives. Neither one has any more individual claim to the \$34 than Queen Victoria or Lord Salisbury has to the \$100,000,000 yearly revenue Great Britain receives from her tariff on imports. Our home is a kingdom—on a small scale. I reign, my wife governs, and our \$40 are the revenues for the support of the kingdom, out of which we receive certain allowances, and the revenue belongs to the family, to be spent for the general welfare."

"But you cannot dismiss your Prime Minister?"

"Nor can Queen Victoria, without the consent of her people. Ask the two little subjects of my kingdom if they want another Prime Minister."

Since then I have had Will and Baldwin to lunch, and have drawn them out on this topic. Neither had much to say. Will summed it up in a sentence: "If I don't carry the pocket-book, I am not the head of the house, if I am not the head of the house, I might as well go home to my Pa." Baldwin was briefer and more logical: "Women are condemned fools, and Dick is a crank. Don't marry."

If Dick is not a "crank," why do ninety-nine men out of every hundred carry the pocket-book? There must be some reason why he is alone in theory and practice among all our friends. What is it? Will the wives and mothers tell us?—*Daughters of America.*

She Judged for Herself.

A young widow in Waukesha, whose husband had been dead a month, and whom she had always supposed free from small vices, was overhauling his clothes the other day. She found a large plug of tobacco in a coat pocket.

"Oh, George, George!" she exclaimed, despairingly, "you and I will never meet in the good world!"

In another pocket of the same garment she found a life insurance policy for \$5,000, of which she before knew nothing, and she burst forth exultingly:

"Oh, yes, we will, we will! Heaven will forgive him his one little fault!"

In Iowa nine hundred and fifty-five women own and direct farms, five own greenhouses; ninety manage market gardens, thirteen serve as county school superintendents, thirty-seven manage intermediate institutions of learning, one hundred and twenty-five are physicians, forty-nine are registered pharmacists, five are attorneys at law, ten are ministers, three are dentists, one hundred and ten are professional nurses and one is a civil engineer.

The White Cross Movement, or Sexual Ethics.

AN INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE BY MRS. E. L. WATSON, DELIVERED AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1887.

[Reported for CARRIER DOVE by G. H. Hawes.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Since the announcement of my subject, there have been so many inquiries as to what is the meaning of the White Cross movement, I thought it would be well for me to read two or three sentences from reports concerning it:

"The White Cross Army movement aims to promote personal purity among men. It was organized in England in 1883, by the Bishop of Durham, Right Reverend B. Lightfoot, D. D., whose deep scholarship and earnest spirit have become widely known through his 'Commentary on the New Testament.' It spread rapidly throughout England. It is not confined to the established church, nor indeed to any church. Though it is entirely a movement among men, a refined christian woman, Miss Elsie Hopkins, has done more than any one else to promote its spread, and she has again and again addressed large audiences of men with the utmost delicacy, tact and power."

The second extract that I read is from a report of the workings of the society in New York. The President, the Rev. B. F. De Costo, D. D., read the annual report as follows:

"The friends of the White Cross movement have to acknowledge with thankfulness the many evidences of the Divine blessing upon their work through the past year. Before stating what has been accomplished, it may be well to notice the origin of the work, which, though we hardly realize the fact, was commenced no longer ago than the year 1883, when the White Cross Army was organized in England. From England it spread to Scotland, New South Wales, Australia, Canada, and other English Colonies, and it has taken a strong hold upon such seats of learning as Oxford and Cambridge.

"They have a special agent to look after the work in England. In the Young Men's Christian Association in the city of Glasgow, which has two hundred and thirty branches, every branch has the White Cross attached to it, the membership being about nine thousand.

"In New York the Young Men's Christian Association branch has over six hundred members. Since its organization, in March last, it has exerted a powerful influence, distributing literature and conducting a large correspondence,

and under a wise direction promises to do a great work in the future."

I would like to speak just here of the "Moral Education Society," which is also doing a great work, its head being at Washington. Several branches of this society are established in the different States. There is one in this city; also a "School of Maternity," where young women are instructed concerning the sacred obligations of motherhood, and their own physiology. This school is presided over by Mrs. Helen Moore, whose whole soul is in her work. I would recommend that the ladies of our congregation take an interest in the ministrations which has been begun under these favorable auspices.

The instinct of sex is natural and universal; the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom is governed by this law. There should be no vulgarity attached to the idea of sex, for it is the most sacred as well as the most important function of being, since through the operations of this law the propagation of the species, the perpetuation of the human family, is secured. But false ideas and vulgar customs have made the subject a by-word and a hissing, and what should be one of the most prominent branches of human education has been thus far almost totally neglected; facts which involve the happiness of mankind more than any other have been ignored, hidden, oftentimes so veiled as to be the suggestion of obscenity rather than an inspiration to purity.

Physical love, legitimately exercised and restrained by the higher powers of man, is a sacred function, and there is no degradation in the right relation of the sexes. It is the abuse of this instinct that has brought about such a horrible state of society, and, above all, man's false idea of womanhood. Man's determination to subjugate woman to his own selfish purposes; men make one law for themselves, and another for woman; visiting upon woman, for the same act which he perpetrates, undue denunciation for the evil consequences, and so often thrusting the weak and helpless victim of his passion into the lowest depths of degradation without a single sting of conscience, and, seemingly, with no conception of the enormity of his crime. I do not believe that men are living in these false relations with a full realization of how wrong and how cruel to women they are. I believe that from the custom of ages and under the bonds of habit, good men, knightly, chivalrous gentlemen, have come to look upon personal impurity on their part as excusable and justifiable, and do not weigh the consequences of their acts; that they have not measured the depths of their infamy; that they have not considered the misery involved

in the wrongs perpetrated with impunity; wrongs coming down from generation to generation, carrying with them a long train of agonies, of inherited disease, and moral turpitude, until we are suffering under a bondage which can only be broken by an agitation of this subject, by a fearless advocacy of one moral code for both sexes; [applause] by fearless denunciation of those acts on the part of men which involve the ruin of their sister women.

You may make the plea that it is man's nature, and we have a right to obey the natural instincts. Ah! it is the instinct of depraved nature, for in her pure state nature is without disease, and nowhere does she establish the right of one creature to obtain happiness through the downfall and ruin of another.

We know but little of pure nature; we have corrupted the original man. We have only to observe the natural and inevitable consequences of acts of impurity to discover the principles of a perfect moral code. My brother, however much your mind has been tainted, you know that no act of impurity on your part, done in secret or openly, is possible without feeling consciously degraded, without a sense of the wrong which you inflict upon yourself and upon society. The result of evil indulgences is seen everywhere, because it visits upon its victim such dire consequences.

While the sexual instinct is sacred; is natural and legitimate, restrained by the higher faculties, and the source of the sweetest joy of human life, when abused, it is a waste of the finest energies of manhood, and the deflowering of the most sacred joy of womanhood. Weakness of body and imbecility of mind follows these excesses, aye, and pangs of remorse that pierce to the inmost soul.

Consider for a moment, what would be your judgment of a half dozen young men, who, seeing a gay and giddy girl upon the street, should straightway begin to fling brickbats and to beat out every trace of beauty in the blooming face? Would not every man in this city rise up and cry out against the perpetrators of such acts, and would they not be arrested and imprisoned? Most assuredly, and every man of you would cry out "Infamous cowards! beasts!" and yet, acts more cowardly, the consequences of which are not simply the eradication and destruction of physical beauty, but a total crushing out of the moral sense are committed daily by our gallant young men in fashionable society. Acts more cruel, more cowardly, than the secret killing of the body are perpetrated against humanity every hour in the face of our Christian civilization, and it is claimed that this state of so-

ciety is necessary; that this is but man's rights, that it is natural and therefore we must suffer it.

I say unto you, O my brother, acts of impurity, such as we read of in our daily press, such as come to our knowledge from week to week, are enough to destroy one's faith in humanity. Yet mine never falters, for I know it is from a false education, from thoughtlessness, habit and custom that these things are. I know the time is coming when no man will look upon a woman as fair gain for his lust; that no man will believe himself to be pure while he stamps with infamy the woman whom he abandons; who is but stained with the same dark act which he himself has so many times repeated.

I look about me and discover grand possibilities of human happiness, when we rightly understand the relations that nature intended we should sustain to one another. The relation between man and woman should bear the fruits of purest felicity, and I predict that the time is coming when, through an understanding of this subject, there shall no longer be a class of outcast women, who, for bread and clothes, must tempt their brothers; miserable beings dependent upon the vices of society; women doomed to a state of moral degradation and physical suffering, which words utterly fail to portray.

Ladies and gentlemen, nature makes no mistakes. The power to create immortal spirits is the last to be bestowed upon the ripening human beings; it involves all the tenderness of human life, the inspiration of our highest manhood and womanhood, yet subject to the lowest degradation. To you who believe that a state of society which permits the impure life is a right condition, that it is natural, let me say, consider for one moment the consequences upon the individual in his entirety; upon the mind and soul and heart. O, how it stultifies the affection! Think of the possibility which rests with you to build up a life of beauty and harmony from the love you bear a noble woman. But to do this, absolute purity of life is necessary. By a pure life I mean the commission of no act which you cannot confess to your mother, to your sweet sister, without a blush upon your manly cheek; a life, every act of which would stand out as unsullied and fragrant as one of these white lilies, without a taint of selfish passion that tramples the rights of another under its hoofs, and relentlessly destroys the happiness of a human soul. [Applause.]

Men, you have claimed the prerogative of superior strength; you assert that you are the head of the woman; that woman is the weaker sex; that you were

formed by the Creator to become her protector, and yet when the man falls in this, the nineteenth century, he reiterates that old, cowardly cry of Adam, "The woman Thou gavest me did tempt me and I did eat." How do we come to have this class of outcast women? How are they maintained by the tens of thousands in our cities, but from the purses of men who pretend to consider themselves worthy to be recognized in decent society? [Applause.] Nor is it confined to unmarried men, but everywhere the idea is prevalent that for man to indulge his passion, is no fault; nay, many of you will make a boast of it, while society pronounces judgment, cruel and bitter, upon your female associate in crime. Is this brave? Is this the act of a protector? Is this manly? What must the young man think of himself, who, because a girl has been giddy and thoughtless and gay and indiscreet, takes advantage of her ignorance and of her vanity, and leads her along a slippery path with a glass of wine, by flattery, by the magnetic influence of his positive power over her that finally binds her to her folly and makes her his partner in crime, and then turns upon her with scorn and loathing, and places upon her a ban, points at her as his victim, introduces her to his gentlemanly associates as fair game? This is not an uncommon thing. Shall we submit to it without protest, without appealing to your higher manhood?

What renders this possible is the false idea in regard to woman's rightful position in society and in the home. The idea that one wrong act tears from the heart of a woman every virtue, every gentle trait, every womanly instinct, and that it should straightway condemn her to outlawry, that henceforth she must of necessity become one of the abandoned of God's children; the idea that for her there is no redemption, while the man walks off scot free! How can you entertain this false doctrine? How can you live by this false principle, my friends? To me there are as many fallen men as fallen women. [Applause.] And the act that seals the fate of woman so far as her relations to decent society are concerned, should condemn man to tread that same thorny path of weary abandonment and public disgrace. [Applause.]

You think, perhaps, if the act is performed in secret no harm is done. But I tell you there are no secrets veiled from the eye of heaven; every act of impurity is a step toward hell—the hell of bitterest remorse, the hell of sad and burning memories, the hell of weakened physical constitution, a broken, shattered moral state; while every self denial, every struggle toward a pure life is

a step toward heaven with angels on every side to offer you sweet encouragement. [Applause.]

Men, though some of you have lived bad lives up to the present hour, and think a little more from the same cup of sin is no matter, mark what I tell you: Every moment of time is precious in this mighty calendar of the soul's progressive journey. You cannot begin too soon to reform your ideas of duty towards woman. Not only should you be jealous of the rights of your mother, your sister, your wife, but jealous of the rights of all women, and commit no act of selfishness towards any that you would not be willing some man to commit against those who are covered by the same roof as yourself! [Applause.] This White Cross Movement is calculated to promote purity among men and to inspire them with the right idea of their relation and duty to women. The pledge is, to aim to think pure thoughts, to protect women everywhere—the unfortunate from further downward tendencies, as well as those who stand white before the world to-day. [Applause.] The notion that exists in the minds of so many that if a woman has once been foolish and done wrong, there is no hope for her, and therefore fair game is cruel and infamous, and should be rooted from the heart of every man in the world. [Applause.]

The doctrine of the White Cross is, my friends, if you meet upon the street a young girl, or a woman who has been forced into living a wrong life, you should not consider them as temptations in your path, but an opportunity for the performance of a noble deed, an opportunity to fight the devil then and there for them, and for yourself an opportunity to display the chivalry of your sex, a chance to place yourself one rung higher in the ladder of moral growth and power.

When men take this view of the subject, how long do you think these outcasts will continue in their present condition? Think of it, tens of thousands of young women every year—taking our cities together—are sacrificed on this altar of man's passions; advantage taken of the poor; the young girl who is toiling long hours in miserable rooms for the lowest possible wages, from which she can scarcely keep body and soul together, is continually bribed to the evil act.

You talk of woman being the weaker sex, and yet you expect her not only to resist and overcome those passions of her own nature, but also to withstand the arguments, the power and persistence which you bring to bear upon her. Instead of manfully assisting her to fight her battles, you leave her single

handed to fight you back from this track of ruin upon which you set her dainty feet. [Applause.]

I am not saying there are not knightly, noble men, who would not defend the weakest woman in the world. I am not saying there are not men as pure as the purest woman; men who would be willing to shed the last drop of blood in brave efforts to save womanhood from this bitter, cruel wrong. I know there are thousands of such men, and I know there are men who are not leading immaculate lives, who, if they realized the depths of infamy to which their acts will surely lead them, would never repeat the wrong.

To you in whose bosoms still beat brave hearts, I now appeal. Band yourselves together under this pledge of protection for woman everywhere, and brand as cowards the man who would betray woman, however weak, however much of a tempter she may be. Band yourselves together for self-help.

But some earnest man may ask, "What shall we do to overcome these evil tendencies, many of which are inherited from parents who commit wrongs as infamous under the sanction of law, in the marriage relation, as those who stalk through our streets to-night, tempted and tempting? What shall we do to put out the consuming fires which are kindled before we are born, so that we are obliged to fight the battles of our fathers and mothers?" You ask "How can I lift myself from the mire into which I have been betrayed by appetite and ignorance?"

I answer, now, this instant, put away from your minds every evil thought; pluck from your hearts every vision that becomes a temptation and engage your minds upon subjects of a lofty character; read good books of fiction, in which noble characters are portrayed, and biographical works, lives of great and good men and women, and let the history of heroic deeds kindle in you a desire to go and do likewise. When you see you are about to be betrayed into wrong, straightway arise and engage in active physical exercise. Form perfectly cleanly habits of body as well as mind, and this will help you to purify your thoughts. Look upon the beauties of nature, listen to sweet music, receive the baptisms of harmony, both in sound and color, and in all ways possible engage your whole soul's attention in the good and true; then will begin the cure.

Hitherto womanhood has not meant to you something sacred to be protected, to be ministered unto by your stronger nature, to be shielded from the storms of life, to be cared for under all conditions. It may be that the mother, the sister, the daughter have really inspired you

with these feelings towards them, but not for womanhood. It is for WOMANHOOD that I appeal to you to-night, whether it is clad in filthy rags, morally as well as physically, or whether it is enthroned in the sanctity of home. I appeal to you to go forth in the pride of true manhood and form protective unions for her sake; to subdue the selfish cravings of your physical nature, and feed your mind upon the fruits of morality, harmonious living and everything that causes virtue to grow in the human spirit.

The time is coming, young man, when your heart will be stirred by a nobler passion; for the spiritual type of love is as natural as physical love, and comes to every man and woman as inevitably as the sun rolls up in golden beauty at the dawn of day. The time will come when you will look upon some woman's face and find in it a prototype of all that is most divine and desirable unto your soul, and you will long to say unto this woman: "Come, be my wife, my life-long companion; let us build up a home in which we shall see renewed each other's images—all that is best in ourselves repeated in our children."

Then if you have kept your heart pure and unsullied, if you have no evil memories haunting you, if there are no shameful secrets connected with your life, with what confidence can you go to this being, whose presence quickens all that is noblest in your spirit, and demand of her that she crown you with that supreme happiness of reciprocated love. And you will expect her to come to you white and unspotted—every man demands this of the woman he seeks in marriage. No man, for a moment, would suffer the thought of a woman to enter his soul as wife, in whom he did not absolutely believe.

And if you bring to the one you love a pure life there will be a full and sweet response and your days will flow on harmoniously, bearing noble and blessed fruit. But woe unto you if, in that hour of supreme ecstasy of joy and pain, there starts before your unwilling vision a spectre of shameful acts; woe unto you if then there are hidden away in your consciousness, evil secrets, which, to unfold to that pure soul, would be to cause her to turn from you with loathing; woe unto you if then your soul, deflowered of all that is best and noblest in man, you ask in vain for the return of that love which you hold for such a woman!

O, friend, young, beautiful, strong and full of hope and energy, let me plead with you to-night to keep the heart unsullied, to turn away from the shameless scene and forbid the lips to utter the obscene jest; to treat with scorn all vulgar actions on the part of your fellowmen,

and to denounce, as cruel, every act that brings as a consequence, ruin upon a sister woman.

I plead with you to-night to turn away from the evil literature which has been sent broadcast over the land to taint and demoralize our youth; to trample beneath your feet all such publications and seek the higher and better. There is no excuse on the ground that you cannot afford good books. The best works of fiction, biography and history are to be had for a single dime; they are within the reach of every human being, and all good influences wait on mankind.

Oh! for a new age of chivalry in which men will find their pleasure in protecting women of every class; in which they will give them equal chance with themselves to earn an honest living, and not force them, through meager wages, into the ways of sin! Think of it, you men who are striking to-day in the city of San Francisco for more than two dollars a day wage, when there are women forced to work, for that sum, a whole week, and for sixteen hours a day, and yet make no outcry! Think of it, you men who are striking for higher wages, and yet tempt your sister-woman, who is living at starvation prices in some low cellar or far attic, where you bribe her for self indulgence, and take no pity at seeing her thus, and by your act thrust her down the awful precipice at the bottom of which there is found ruin of body and soul.

Do you know what it signifies to her to lose her reputation? And yet you *christian* men who, perhaps, pride yourselves that you are free from profanity, will perpetrate a coarse jest against a woman, simply because she may have been a little indiscreet. I would rather a thousand times, that a man take God's name in vain, than scoff at the meanest woman in the world, because the finite cannot injure the Infinite—because God cannot be hurt by your profane word, while woman can be mortally injured by your least look of scorn or miserable jest.

To you, my sister woman, let me say that a duty devolves upon you in these relations. How many of you would not for the world be seen doing a kind act to one of these modern Magdalen's, would feel that it was at the price of your own reputation, were you to invite one of these poor creatures into your drawing-room, yet you will put out the hand of welcome to their companions in sin; because he is a man with a long purse; because he is, perhaps, ready and willing to make a home for your daughter. What does it mean when you say that he is an eligible match? Do you mean that he is a moral man—a man who is clean all the way through? Do you mean that he has no shameful secrets, and has led a pure and

noble life? No, you mean he has a big bank account, that he has a fine mansion and a carriage for this girl of yours, and you a christian mother, dare to barter her for a mess of pottage. [Applause.] I have more respect for that poor, sulking creature down there in the condemned street who goes out on the sidewalk to tempt the passer-by into her den of infamy; I have more respect for that poor creature whom some man led astray because of her confidence and love of him—perhaps through promise of marriage, which is so often the case—than for the mother who will sell her daughter from her respectable home, to one of these men who ought to be classed with the outcasts.

Ah, your standard of purity and morality! how it stretches when the exigency arises! although you go regularly to church every Sunday, and in mock pity cry down the evils of this world!

Why is this an evil world? From our selfishness and our narrow view of human relations; from our idea, perhaps, that by a few confessions of our sins and some sort of ghostly legerdemain, we may gain heaven without any effort of our own.

"The wages of sin is death"—moral and physical death, and every one must bear the consequences of their own acts. There is no vicarious atonement, but you must yourself attain unto the kingdom of God before you can enter there.

There is a duty devolving upon you, my sister woman. From this moment insist upon the same standard of purity for men as they insist upon for woman. [Applause.] From this moment, when a man expects you to receive him into your society as a welcome guest, and you know he has been guilty of sins against your sex, say unto him, "Sir, since I cannot welcome those whose society at times has such attractions for you, I cannot welcome you—go where you belong." [Applause.]

When young girls, giddy, thoughtless, beautiful, innocent, naturally confiding and tender, are offered on this altar of selfishness—dragged down into the pit through your cruelty, you say, "They are able to take care of themselves, and if they did not consent, such things could not be." Think of it! at the age in which it is lawful for a girl to consent to the ruin of body and soul, she is not permitted by the law to assume the responsibility of her material means; and you men have made these laws. [Applause.] God grant that the time may come when women may unmake such an infamous law as that! [Applause.]

If anything that I have said to-night shall stir one soul with a new emotion of courage and manliness; if in the heart of one of these young men there shall

have sprung up the resolve to henceforth live a life so pure that every act may be confessed without a blush to the woman he may some time love, I shall feel repaid an hundred fold, for the consequences of our acts go down along the ages. If one golden link of this chain of moral purpose shall be strengthened in the breast of any one present, I shall rejoice. Boys and men, go out from here to-night and band yourselves together in a noble army that shall fight the battles of passion unto the end. If a ship was wrecked at sea, you would first fill the lifeboats with women and children. Rescue the women and children from these storms which rage in society! Redeem these outcasts, the Magdalens; give them your protection; help them to homes, to equal wages for equal work with men; help them to become independent; make them strong in your strength; inspire them with high and noble aims, and thus constitute yourselves knights errant of purity, until our world, now having so many wide desert wastes for want of moral purpose, shall bloom like unto the rose.

Discriminating Against Widows.

"Who is your husband, madame?" asked a real estate agent in Brooklyn of a woman who sought to hire a flat of him.

"I haven't any," she answered, sadly. She was a widow who maintained herself and her young children by sewing.

"Who will be responsible for your rent?"

"I am responsible for it," she said, and by permission gave the name of the husband of one of her customers as reference.

"Unless the gentleman you name will be responsible for the rent," said the agent, "I can't let you have the flat. Our rules won't permit it. I'm sorry. If your husband was the most worthless man in the world and you were supporting him he would still be legally responsible, and you would have no trouble, but no agent in the city will let a flat unless some man goes security."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Bonaparte is accredited with having said that "Providence favors the heaviest artillery;" but his own career is a proof that Providence, in the end, gives the victory to the side of right and justice. Bonaparte was the instrument to overthrow industry-robbing feudalism—or its lingering influence in politics; and was himself overthrown when, after having broken up all the little feudatories, he tried to resolve all Europe into one great feudatory. In all forms, personal or social, the doom of wrong is only a question of time.

FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

A Cry for Help.

We may be bound by ties of blood
To those we know are truly good,
And yet their ways be not our ways,
And we go lonely all our days.
Our path in life may lie with those
Who every dearest wish oppose,
Yet know it not, and naught we'd gain
By grieving them with all our pain.
A fault indulged in careless way,
Persisted in from day to day—
Some slight infirmity of speech
No word of blame can fitly reach,
And yet which grates so on the ear
The shuddering nerves start as in fear;
A quarrelsome, discordant soul,
That spoils the comfort of the whole—
A thousand different things, maybe,
Are making life one misery.
O, friends of earth and friends above,
If you would prove your spoken love,
Help, O help us to endure!

Another might not feel the smart
Of that repeated little dart
That was not meant for us; and yet
We must not step aside and let
That other take our work, our place,
Our destiny we each must face.
No use to pray, "Remove the cup;"
It must be drained of its last sup.
The cross is heavy oft to bear,
The thorny crown gives pain to wear,
Up Calvary's height 'tis hard to go,
And sad the thought: *it must be so.*
Still, must we wait, and try to hide
The quivering spear thrust in the side;
Not e'en for death dare we to pray,
For duty calls us here to stay.
When Christ, the pure and good, bow'd down
Beneath the weight of cross and crown,
In agonizing tones he prayed
The Father for His strengthening aid,
So may not we, despairing, cry,
"Help, O help me, or I die!"
You who've from death to life been born,
And seen the glorious Easter morn,
Help, O help us to endure!

LUPA.

"The civilized world is boiling and seething itself into anarchy and chaos," writes Parker Pillsbury. Does the reader grasp all the truth there is in that sentence? That is the stage nascent worlds are in, worlds in the primitive condition. But it is "harmony not understood." God is over all. The New and better is ever enthroned upon the ruins of the Old and out-lived. The soul that rises to the comprehension of the universal methods possesses the key that unlocks all the lower mysteries.

The young men attending the Harvard Medical School have a prejudice against the female students, one of whom is Miss Anne Copeland, of Bridgewater. They called her to attend a case of fracture of a leg. The patient was a man 50 years old, and when the lady exposed the damaged member she found it to be a broken wooden leg. She sent for hammer and nails, made substantial repairs, and charged \$25, the collection of which she enforced by the aid of a constable.

Interesting Brain Injuries.

CONTRIBUTED BY DR. J. SIMMS TO DR. FOOTE'S HEALTH MONTHLY.

Those individuals who place great stress on the importance of the brain may read the following authentic items with profit:

"Large tumors, slowly formed, may exist within the skull without a symptom." Dr. Marshall Hall on Diseases in the Lancet, London, March 24, 1838, p. 928.

"A large portion of bone may be driven down without any permanent disturbance of the functions of the brain." Practical Surgery, Fourth Edition, London, 1846, p. 43.

"Several ounces of the brain have been lost in consequence of wounds, without death, or the loss of memory or intellect." Sir Charles Bell's Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body. London, 1816, Vol. II, p. 408.

Lebert mentions forty-five cases of tumors in the brain, and in most of these cases the mind was not affected, and the mental faculties were retained to the last. Archiv fur Pathologische Anatomie, etc. Band III, p. 475.

Of 704 gunshot wounds of the head 505 died and 199 recovered in the American army from the commencement of the war to October 1, 1864. Of thirty-two cases of liver wounds, in the same army, twenty-eight died. The Medical Times and Gazette, London, July 28, 1866, pp. 99-100.

"Some parts of the brain may be injured, or even totally destroyed, without occasioning any perceptible interruption to the organic functions; the slightest lesion of other parts will instantly destroy life." Dr. Benjamin C. Brodie, F. R. S., in Medico-Chirurgical Transactions. Vol. XIV.

"There is no proof of the theory that the cultivation of the mind, or one set of faculties, can give expansion or increased size of brain. The Teutonic races in their barbarous state, 2,000 years ago, possessed brains as large as now, and so with other races." J. C. Nott, in Types of Mankind, p. 278.

"The brain, it is known, may be severely injured and yet life, and even consciousness, may still exist. Small quantities of brain matter have been observed on the dressings and in the discharges after penetrating wounds of the head; and, withal, recovery has taken place." Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, July, 1873, page 36.

An instance is related of a woman whose brain was as soft as soup in both anterior lobes, and a tumor, measuring 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in its largest circumference and 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in its smallest circumference, was in the right lobe, yet this woman of thirty years retained her

"mental faculties intact." British and Foreign Medical Review, London, July, 1838, Vol. VI, p. 226.

"Indeed it frequently occurs that considerable portions of the brain are lost and yet the mental and bodily functions continue unimpaired." * * * The veteran Medical Journal also relates a case of brain injury thus: "There was a large transverse opening in the os-frontis, through which a considerable quantity of brain had been lost. His mind was not at all affected, neither were the bodily powers in the least disturbed, no bad symptoms of any kind followed the injury." The Lancet, London, 1823, p. 292.

A ball entered one temple of a child in Mexico, as recorded by Dr. Blaquiére, and came out the other. The child lived twenty-six days after the accident and retained the entire control of its intellectual faculties. The memory and judgment were not in the least impaired. The ball passed through the anterior and superior region of the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, and the child died, on the twenty-seventh day, of cerebral inflammation. "M. Blaquiére considers this case to be fatal to phrenological doctrines, as the seat of several important phrenological faculties was destroyed, and yet no functional lesion whatever was observed." The Lancet, London, November 16th, 1884, p. 216.

"A girl of eleven years of age was hit by the handle of the winch (in rapid motion at the time), attached to a draw well." The following account relates the history of this interesting injury: "On ascertaining the extent of the mischief (the greater portion of the frontal bone and brain immediately in contact with it had been dashed from the head), we deemed it utterly impossible to save the life of our patient, and, therefore, our treatment consisted in relieving her sufferings through the few remaining hours of her existence, etc. After lingering one hundred and four hours, during which time she was, for the most part, perfectly sensible, and retaining to the last all the natural functions of the body, she died."

"This case physiologically as well as phrenologically involves some points of considerable interest. A great portion of the cerebrum was not only destroyed, but completely swept away, yet the patient survived for upwards of four days, and as many nights, retaining her mental faculties entire to the last hour of her existence; nor was her sight impaired, the pupils of both eyes acting in the most regular and natural manner. How these things could exist under such circumstances, and accord with the doctrines of phrenology, as they are at present taught, I am unable to determine." The Lancet, London, November 3, 1838, p. 232.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight.
With glad days, and sad days, and bad days
which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them—
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possibly pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!
—Susan Coolidge.

The Carrier Dove.

The Southern Association of Spiritualists will be honored in the February issue of the CARRIER DOVE by a panel picture of the prominent speakers and mediums who will officiate at the Cincinnati reunion next month, to include Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Miss Zaida Brown, Dr. Samuel Watson and George P. Colby. Besides these there will be full-page pictures of the editor and publisher of *Light for Thinkers*, and of John Slater, the noted platform test medium. Brief biographical sketches will accompany each picture.

Besides all this, there will be much other matter relative to the reunion, making that issue of the Dove a special edition for the benefit of the Southern Association. As a souvenir it will be invaluable. A large supply has been ordered by this office, and will be mailed on receipt of price. We hope to have liberal orders and thereby show an appreciation of the generosity of the publishers in giving our association such a grand and beautiful compliment. Price, 25 cents. Order at once.—*Light for Thinkers*.

ONLY a man of worth can comprehend worth in man.

Woman Suffrage.

That wise body of law-makers, millionaires and railroad attorneys known as the United States Senate has again decided that woman is unfit to be trusted with the ballot, and is virtually inferior in capacity to man. By a vote of 16 to 34 the bill to extend the right of suffrage to woman was defeated Tuesday last, and the hope of its friends once more deferred. The principal opposition came from a man named Brown, hailing from Georgia, whose pitiful plea was that the ballot would be used entirely by the baser sort of women to the exclusion of the wise and the virtuous. Well, if all the prostitutes in America were to vote on every occasion, they could do no more harm by their ballots than is continually done by the degraded, the vicious and the aristocratic of the other sex. If the unfortunate women of New York City could make a viler hell of politics than has already been made by the men who have dragged them down to degradation, the world ought to contemplate the spectacle. If a woman of ill-fame in the metropolis of America can become a more disreputable politician than some of the boodle Aldermen of that city, we would like to see the miracle. If any Portland prostitute could be a worse enemy to the public than Joe Simon, then indeed it is time to weep over the condition of our times.

But any man with common sense knows it would be impossible for human beings to introduce any further styles of corruption into politics. The art has reached perfection at the hands of men. The introduction of women into the political world would certainly purify it, for all men are not brutes, and the refining influence of women never loses its power until thrown away by its possessor. Wherever tried, woman suffrage has met with success as an educating influence, and the best women have gone to the polls, served on juries, and performed their duties as citizens as well as men. The twaddle about nursing women serving on juries is as absurd as the argument so often used against the abolition of slavery by many before the war, namely: "How would you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" Nursing women are not called upon juries, nor do white women marry negroes.

The opposition to woman suffrage is due to the fact that the instinct which has been bred in man ever since the dawn of history—that has been taught by the Hebrew Bible, and enforced by the strong arm for centuries—that has been clung to with a persistence greater than any other error in the history of the world—the error that woman was intended as the plaything of man, to pan-

der to his grosser appetites, and under the sanctity of the marriage relation serve as an outlet to the passions of men too cowardly to seek gratification elsewhere—is still all-powerful in the minds of a majority of persons. Disguise it as we may, this fact stands out all prominent, that IT IS THE FEAR THAT WOMAN WILL ASSERT HER SEXUAL FREEDOM that actuates the strongest opposition to giving her the ballot. Man hates to give up property he has held so long—hates to acknowledge that a being who has been for so many years humble and self-sacrificing, tender and obedient, should suddenly become endowed with strength equal to his own, a will of iron and nerves of steel. It is the instinct of a brute, and the man that clings to it is a brute at heart, whether he delves in a mine or parades as a statesman in the United States Senate.—*Avant-Courier*.

Phrenology.

Thirty years ago, when the New York *Tribune* was noted as an agricultural as well as a political and reform journal, some one sent to the *Tribune* office a photograph of a turnip which resembled an Indian's head. Some wag in the office, unbeknown to the editors, sent it to Fowler & Wells, the famous phrenologists in Broadway, having first labelled it: "Photograph of the head of Minnewaugo, an Oregon chief, who was killed on the Upper Columbia, July 8th, 1859, and his head preserved by Dr. W. B. Pettis."

A few days afterwards, as Mr. Greeley was going down Broadway, he saw the photograph in the phrenologists' window, with the above label on it, and the following added: "Phrenological features—moral developments small, the most prominent being generosity or benevolence—firmness, secretiveness, destructiveness and combativeness large—showing the true Indian character," etc. Horace laughed. He went in.

"Wells," said he, "where did you get that photograph?"

"It was sent here from your office—I feel much obliged to you for it, as it is an excellent oboriginal head."

"Original, you mean," said Horace. "Why, that's a photograph of an Oregon turnip sent to me by a friend of mine as a curiosity. I left it in my *sanctum* a few days since, and some of our boys have been fooling you, Wells!"

It was now Wells' turn to laugh, but he screwed up his mouth in a way that showed he did not relish the joke exactly. It is unnecessary to add that the "head of Minnewaugo" was taken out of the window at once.

Victor Hugo's Joyous Faith.

"I feel in myself the future life: I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the most luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland; because the truth compels me, as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

A Beautiful Poem.

The following lines, beautiful and tender beyond expression, we find in an exchange without the author's name, which, if known to us, we would gladly give:

Were this the last of earth, this very day—
How should I think and act? What should I say?
Would not I guard my heart with earnest prayer?
Would not I serve my friends with loving care?
How tender every word as the hours wane!
"Like this we shall not sit and talk again."
How soft the beating heart that soon must cease!
What glances carry love—what heavenly peace.

And yet this fleeting life is one last day:
How long soe'er its hours, they will not stay:
O heart, be soft and true whilst thou dost beat!
O hands, be swift to do; O lips, be sweet!

It is better to be a discontented man than a satisfied hog.

Independent Slate Writing.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF FRED EVANS, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

The accompanying engraving is an exact copy of a slate obtained through the mediumship of Fred Evans, at a sitting given the proprietors of this journal, on Monday, February 21, 1887.

At a sitting with the medium the week previous his guides promised to give us something for the Dove if it was possible, and how well they kept their promise this picture tells. We three sat at a small table, in a light, sunny room, and Mr. Evans took two slates, which were thoroughly washed and wiped on all sides, then tied together (with some bits of pencil between); and the edges sealed with sealing wax. We held them about ten minutes, when the raps announced the work completed. Dr. Schlesinger broke the seals, and found the portrait and messages, as here represented, upon the slate.

Another slate was washed and placed upon the table, upon which were some small bits of pencil, and Dr. S. rested his hand upon it. Meanwhile another slate was similarly prepared, upon which our own hands rested, Mr. Evans touching neither slate. At the signal from the guides we took up the slates, and found the following messages written thereon:

MR. AND MRS. SCHLESINGER—*Dear Friends:* We have given you, under difficult circumstances, the picture of C. H. Foster, by our spirit artist, Stanley St. Clair. It is the aim of the artist to give the pictures in such a manner that they will be recognized by their earthly friends, and to do this the spirits must clothe themselves with the elements they used when on earth, which is a very difficult matter. Therefore we have given you the best that conditions would allow. JOHN GRAY.

MY DEAR JULIA:—Your loving mother is with you in spirit. Many loved ones are gathered around who send love to both you and Louis. Little Matie hopes soon to have her picture drawn for you. I know you will be pleased to receive it. It is difficult for us to present our earthly forms to be pictured so that you would know us, but with development we will succeed. Other kind spirits have aided me to give you this. Your mother, MARY.

This last communication was written in eleven different colors.

Mr. Evans asked the guide to interpret the message written in Greek upon the slate, which was also done in the same manner the other writing had been produced, and read as follows:

The Greek translated reads: "I have written, 'Render kindness to all; indeed, especially to the good.' O. SOCRATES."

The above has been so explained to me.

JOHN GRAY.

[I will aid you in your development.]

The messages surrounding the portrait are so finely written that they are given below also:

DEAR MAMMA:—Mr. Gray has promised to

ask Mr. St. Clair to draw my picture for you on the slates, and also many other spirits that you would like to see. But, of course, you will have to wait a little, for there are so many others who will have their turn before me. I am so glad to see that I will be able soon to give you some loving little messages at home without the aid of a medium. Grandmamma Mary is here, and sends love to you. Good-bye.

Your loving daughter, MATIE.
Harry sends love to mamma. MATIE.

TO MR. AND MRS. SCHLESINGER:—*Dear Friends:* At the request of this medium's guide, I have sat for my picture for the benefit of the CARRIER DOVE and Spiritualism. Remember me with kindness to my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. Morton and many others.

Your friend and well-wisher,
CHAS. H. FOSTER.

MR. AND MRS. SCHLESINGER:—I am pleased to introduce myself to you as the artist of this picture.
STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

My dear son Louis, and you, Julia, have the love of your father in spirit,
CASPAR SCHLESINGER.

Have done the best that conditions would allow. Good-bye. Control, JOHN GRAY.

In addition to the slate writing Mr. Evans gave us another phase of his remarkable mediumship. We were each requested to write a question, fold it securely, and hold it in our hands. Mr. Evans then took a pencil, and was very soon controlled to write not only the questions upon the slips which we still held, but also the answers. It was quite impossible for the medium to have seen the writing on the slips; and it was given in the exact words in both instances.

In every particular, during this seance, strictly test conditions were observed. The possibility of deception was out of the question. That the writing was not done by Mr. Evans we positively know, and it therefore must have been done through the agency of spirits, as any honest investigator would be obliged to admit who witnessed similar manifestations. It is our purpose to give the readers of the DOVE the benefit of all phases of spirit power that come under our observation, and all worthy mediums who afford us opportunities of investigation will be cheerfully aided in giving to the public information concerning their various manifestations.

Minot J. Savage: The perfect marriage, as well as the perfect man, is an ideal. It is ahead of us; something that lures on in the future, toward which, through manifold struggles, strivings and tears, humanity is working its higher and gradual approach.

Interior: If woman's work is helping in a quiet, unpretending way to meet our country's future, who shall say that her work is not an inspiration?

Faces That Seemed to Change.

A DEAD WOMAN'S FEATURES SHINING OUT THROUGH THOSE OF A DYING CHILD.

"H. E.," a Newark lady, writes the New York Sun as follows:

"Many people are deceived by optical illusions. On a recent morning I looked into my brother's room, and saw him standing at his dressing case. Then I remembered that I had heard him go down stairs, and I said to myself, 'This is an optical illusion.' Knowing that it was such, I looked at the figure until it slowly faded away. Let me add that I am in good bodily health, cheerful, and I believe, sound in mind. A friend, who died lately, said in her last hours, when apparently she was rational, that she saw her dead parents and brother in her room. She exclaimed, addressing the friends at her bedside, 'There they are, right there; can't you see them?' I repeat that, as far as any one could judge, she was thoroughly conscious. But we will pass over her case, for it is not exceptional, and while we cannot say she was delirious, neither can we affirm positively that she had her senses.

"But here, I think, is an unusual form of optical illusion, if it was an illusion at all. A few days ago a well-known business man of New York passed away. His widow is a clear-minded and educated lady, without any morbid or superstitious taint in her nature, or any belief in spiritualism. While bending over her husband, shortly before his death, she observed that the expression of his face was changing, and the next moment saw there instead the face of her dead brother. The two men were entirely unlike in appearance, one being light and having a blonde beard, and the other very dark. Shortly afterward the lady saw on her husband's face the expression of another deceased friend, and a little later that of a third. Her morbid and overwrought fancy deceived her, some one says. Could two persons be deceived at the same time and in the same way? I ask this because three years ago this lady and her sister watched beside the dying child of the latter. The little girl's face suddenly changed. One of the ladies saw that the other observed this, and said:

"Emily, who was it?"

"Adelaide," was the answer.

"Yes, Adelaide."

"The two ladies have told me that they saw unmistakably the face of their dead cousin, a woman, shining out through the face of the dying child. I offer no explanation of these phenomena; and present them only because to me they seem very interesting."

A Haunted House.

The house at No. 6 Federal street, occupied by Beckman H. Searing, is said to have been haunted for many years. There is a storeroom up stairs, the door of which will fly open, then footsteps are heard coming down stairs and proceeding to the cellar door, which will also fly open, and the ghost goes down cellar. The front and storm doors are also occasionally opened. The footsteps of the intruder can be heard distinctly as he opens the storeroom door, comes down stairs and walks to the cellar door, but he has never been seen. The ghost has gone through this operation hundreds of times, and within the hearing of many people. The cellar door is kept bolted most of the time as the only means of keeping it shut. The members of the family have been so accustomed to the opening of the doors and noise made by the ghost that he receives very little attention except when strangers are present. The doors mentioned are well fastened, and would not open of themselves through any jar in the house or wind. Since the death of Mr. Searing's grandmother, Mrs. Beckman Huling, a few weeks ago, the noises have palpably increased, and it is the popular opinion that his grandfather, Beckman Huling, is the one who has been with him so long. Mr. Searing would have no objection to housing the spirits of his ancestors, were it not for their troublesome habit of leaving the doors open.—*Saratoga Eagle*.

God Pity Us All.

God pity us all as we jostle each other—
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on
the heather,
Pierced to the heart—words are keener than
steel,
And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey,
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
To give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands, to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace o'er the plain;
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the
plain. —*Anon.*

A Woman's Sphere.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, or death or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

[FOR THE CARRIER DOVE.]

The Boodle Senators vs. Woman Suffrage Bill.

The *Globe-Democrat* of January 25th gives a description of the boodle Senators on the "Woman Suffrage Bill," with the faces of two prominent objectionists, Senator Brown and Senator Vest. These two Senators made themselves extremely conspicuous. The stern, set, uncongenial and repellent features of Senator Brown give an instantaneous impression that he is of the old St. Paul type. "Wives, obey your husbands," "and if you would seek knowledge ask of your husbands at the fireside." But we who are out of that article, called in common parlance "husbands," are under the painful necessity of doing our own thinking. And as we have no husbands to talk to, it's a great consolation and pleasure to be allowed to talk at Senators Brown and Vest. Senator Brown's speech and objections were immense. It took a massive brain to create such a powerful piece of oratory. The glory of Cicero and Demosthenes and the wisdom of Aristotle vanish into space before such a storm of profound logic.

The Senate of 1887 will be indelibly stamped on the memories of the women of the present day, on account of the famous speech of the great Bashaws, Senators Brown and Vest.

Senator Brown says: "It might be a gratification to a small minority of women, but it would be cruelty to the large majority. The more ignorant and less refined portions of the female population (to say nothing of the baser classes) would flock to the polls, while refined, intelligent, virtuous women would stay at home. Thus there would be a vast preponderance of vice and ignorance at the polls." "Was the Senate ready to expose women to such demoralization and the country to such a strain?" The strain would be, to strain the Senate of some of its demoralized Senators, and clean out the foggy sediment. "He regarded the movement an effort to reverse the very laws of being." That means the laws of God, I suppose. I don't believe that Moses had the slightest idea what sort of women the nineteenth century would produce, or what they would demand. Moses has passed off the stage of action, and we haven't any use for his principles or pet plans. We positively object to the Senators of to-day using his square and compass. We believe in reconstruction. Senator Brown voices the old Mosaic law, and his sublime and brilliant sentences, burning with the St. Paul theory, are enough to make the bald-headed eagle trail his tail feathers in the dust, and resign his honored position to a hawk or a goose.

The worthy Senator is much afraid

that woman would be demoralized should she be allowed the elective franchise. The Senate has its demoralized men, the Congress its demoralized men; every political faction and circle has its demoralized men. Men demoralize each other.

Women are closely connected in the home circle with these demoralized representatives. Women are represented at the polls by proxy by their demoralized husbands. And the women of the United States are disgusted with these demoralized conditions and their subservient positions, and ask for their individual and political rights; and the reply of Senator Brown is, "Is the Senate ready to expose women to such a demoralization?" This speech is profound—a bit of elocution long to be remembered. We heartily acknowledge Senator Brown's demoralized condition, and would advise his constituents to relegate him to the shades of oblivion, and install in his respectable chair a *live man*—a man of the nineteenth century—a man who has evolved from the fog and fogginess of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

If the dead-heads and living fossils, whose ideas are on the old line of heathen China, Egypt and India, were placed in the scales of justice and common sense, legions who are wise in their own conceit would be greatly surprised to find they had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

This boasted country is called the land of liberty, the land of freedom. The stars and stripes wave over states and territories from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but this same beautiful banner should be lowered to half-mast and draped in mourning, till the female slaves of the nation are set free—till the shackles that were riveted by ancient man are broken. This is the boasted country that loves freedom and independence. This is the land our forefathers fought to save; and Senator Brown says it is so demoralized that the women of the country would be disgraced to mingle in its political circles. If this Government has become so foul and disordered as the Senator says, and I do not propose to dispute the worthy gentleman, it is high time the women who have mothered the country should come in with their dust-pans and brooms, and clean up and cast out the trash and rubbish. Our State capitols, and the Senate and Congress at Washington, are getting to be like bachelor's dens; they need renovating. There comes a time when old furniture outlives its beauty and style, and should be removed to the garret; and there comes a time when men outlive their usefulness. This is not a monarchy where old men are to be preserved in state till grim death drags them off the stage of action.

"Senator Vest exhibits great wisdom in his *wind logic*." It could not be expected that Susan B. Anthony, or Elizabeth Cady Stanton could possibly reach his depth of profundity.

Senator Vest says: "If the country is ever destroyed, it will be through injudicious suffrage." I am wondering how long since this remarkable Senator made this most wonderful discovery. Brain capacity is not a requisite to male suffrage. The elective franchise was never bestowed upon man in honor of his wit or wisdom. Education is not needed by the masses of male voters, nor are they required to have a fair understanding of political conditions or the requirements of officers. Thousands of negroes in the South are as illiterate as the mules they drive, still they have a voice in the affairs of this grand Republic. The South has a low class of ignorant whites, who can neither read nor write, yet they are granted the ballot. The United States is flooded with a large foreign population of all nations who, in the scale of brain capacity, reason, common intelligence, are but little above the cattle in the fields.

Senator Brown told more truth than he dreamed of. He opened the door to the secret closet and revealed the ghost. He raised the curtain to the spectacular stage of politics, and showed the grand farce, the tragedies and the demoralized condition of man's power.

Several years ago, in the State of New York, the leading politicians carried on the campaign, in a certain town, by placing the bust of the man to be voted for on the back of the ticket in red ink, so the honest voters of that party who could not read or write, would run no risk of being deceived, and vote for the wrong man.

Men who are decrepid with age, dwarfed in reason, harmless lunatics, corpses, practically, are carried to the polls to vote. Their vote offsets the most brilliant and intelligent men of the opposite party. These old men are party men. They vote for party men regardless of principle or character. These men voted for General Jackson, and they are going to stick to the old party. They are simply voting machines, and a horse or goat could vote with as much consistency. These antediluvians who never had the advantages of an education, stand higher in the political circle to-day than the most intelligent and brilliant-minded woman in the land. The fact is, brain capacity, intelligence, honesty or character, are not questions that determine who shall, or who shall not vote. Neither is physical strength, title or fame. Only one requirement, only one question to be an-

swered—"Are you a male or female?" Sex constitutes the great difference in the rights and privileges of the human family under the star-spangled banner. Who says so? Who are the backers of this sort of license? Who are the men that say there is justice or humanity, or honor in this? Read the names of the black list, who black-balled (and paired off) "The Woman Suffrage Bill" that was presented to our most worthy Senators last month, and there you have the class of men who have and are still demoralizing the country. These Senators have simply blocked the wheels of progression, but they might as well try to dam the Mississippi river, and stop the flow of its waters into the Gulf of Mexico, as to think their negative vote can crush the demand of woman for her rights. For like the waters of that river, an impediment will simply cause an overflow, and the maddened waters will rush on cutting a new channel, leaving in the old track nothing but dry sand, unproductive and useless. So with these opposing Senators. They are ringing the bell that will, in time, sound their own funeral note. They are digging the graves of Democracy and Republicanism, and sounding the tocsin of the grandest revolution the world has ever known. The flood is coming, and the black list of '87 will sink in the turbulent waters of politics. Possibly, as they go down, the hard-pan of their natures, may, at last, become sensitive, but their weaknesses and injustice to woman will ever be remembered.

The gentlemen who came to the front so nobly, and displayed their honor and manhood, their love and respect for their mothers, wives and daughters, will be the grand architects in building the great ark that will take to its bosom and protect humanity regardless of sex. There is a limit to one's patience! There is a limit to one's powers of endurance, and there is a time when Justice with her golden scales should mete out honest rights to the wronged, and punishment and reproof to the wrong-doer. And inconsistent Senators should be dethroned, and their royal robes, scepters and crowns passed over to grander, better men.

These are the sentiments of the best men and women in the world, the most learned, refined and virtuous.

I have simply dissected the characters of our opponents, our enemies—a moral vivisection—and my convictions come from an impressed brain, and whether from heaven or hell, angels, gods, or devils, these truths penetrate to the very core of political conditions, and to the heart-center of every human being, and the burning eloquence of our greatest statesmen cannot break a single link of

the evidence. GRACE GRENOUGH.
RANDOLPH, N. Y.

Bob Ingersoll's Latest Ideas.

All that liberal thinkers want to do is to make men happy, for if men are happy they are pretty sure to be good. People ought to have more regard for the present, and not so much for the past. Because the past is revered we have to war with aggregated capital in the hands of institutions.

Man kneels according to his wants, and the beggar is ruled by his patron. But I say that no gift of money to an institution which carries with it an obligation to teach the superstitions of the donor should ever be accepted. It is a curse, and not a benefit. Some one left money to Andover Seminary, poisoned with the condition that the mistakes of the donor should be perpetuated. Now arises in the history of that institution the question whether it shall lose the money, or whether, on the other hand, it shall teach what we know are lies, out of pure economy.

We have to fight the dead. For instance, Stuyvesant Park, in New York city is closed at six o'clock every night, locked by a Dutchman who lived two hundred years ago. I want the living to have the world. Let the dead take care of themselves. When we die we will abdicate to our children.

I hope it will turn out that there is a God. I wish there was to come a sacred joy for every tear that has been shed. For every martyr I would like to know that there is a life that would pay him a thousand fold, but I would not take it myself at the expense of hell for others. I've no objections to being happy in heaven forever, but I would not want to be there unless those I loved were there also.

I believe in marriage, but no gentleman wants a woman to stay with him after she wants to leave him. The church seems to think that by keeping people together who won't keep the marriage contract they ennoble the human race. I deny it.

Finally, I believe in living for this world, in passing laws for this world, and letting the world to come take care of itself.

A little girl in Milford, Massachusetts, who didn't have two dollars with which to pay her fine, is in jail for thirty days for stealing a quart of blackberries.

Among the interesting events at a recent church picnic at New Haven, was a boat race between two muscular young ladies of the Sunday-school.

"Exposed."

We refer now to the late exposure of the Ross mediums, over in the heavenly city of Boston, and Mrs. E. A. Wells in the financial metropolis of New York. We would give the whole tale, but why rehearse it to the disgrace of poor mediums who have fallen victims to the insatiable lust which pride and avarice engender, not half so much by reason of their own disposition to deceive as on account of a patronizing public, who want just such stuff and are willing to pay for it; especially if it is done up in good style and does not come from a calico cabinet.

On the medium's part is shown a disposition to get money by serving the public, so that she could live in the style of the fashionable, and be thought well of by them, and thereby have a good name as one being powerful with the spirits. She has also a manager who must manage things to the same ends, and not only so, but he must do all that the spirits leave undone, so as to complete the show to satisfy the morbid appetite of those who will never get done seeing, *a sign*.

There are thousands of people who never in earth-life get further along in spiritual knowledge than to see the signs, neither do they care for anything else. The rich are willing to, and do spend their money freely to satisfy their craving curiosity, while the poor must be satisfied with the dime museum.

Many mediums, notably those having materializing powers, cannot resist the temptation to pander to their cravings, not only by giving what they receive from spirits, but by premeditated preparations for deception, so that whether they receive spirit communications for the sitters or not they will be prepared to deal out a regularly formulated show, and receive for it fame, money and fashionable credit. Does this promote the cause of Spiritualism? Are they not giving the lie to their profession? What shining star will this add to their crown, or what scenes of beauty will it add to their life "over there?" Such things will be clouds of darkness and scenes of misery in the future life.

Not only this, but its reward is generally near at hand; for some ones who are honest enough to feel aggrieved at finding that their money has been paid for a "false pretence" will openly or secretly assist in exposing the whole matter, so that the outside world sees nothing but a plot purposely and continuously planned for fraud and deception. The very persons who clapped their hands the oftenest and paid the most money to keep up the show are now most vociferous among those who cry out,

"stop thief;" while the whole Christian Church hold up their hands in holy horror, and warn the people to keep away from the works of the devil, for, "Don't you see?" "I told you so." These latter, however, are much the more honorable, because they oppose it all both in good and evil report, while the sensational fraud supporters and builders will not stand by their own work when it is wrecked.

Of course the newspaper and sensational press have nothing to lose or gain, except what is taken in directly and indirectly as the work progresses and culminates. To say that these exposures are not true is largely to show foolish and willful blindness in speaking against truth made plain by indisputable facts, which Spiritualists above all others should not be found doing. Mediums who are *caught* in these fields of error must not complain when they find themselves out in the cold and darkness, which their own works have carried them into. It is no virtue for Spiritualists or Spiritual papers to cast the mantle of charity over fraud or falsehood when palpably shown to be such, from whatever source. Such work is dragging the robe of purity through the slimy sloughs of corruption, and thus is real Spiritualism doubly and deeply wronged by her children. Neither is it well to publish the stuff as a sensation, when it can be more appropriately left to the maws and mawkish appetites of the scandal feeders and mongers. All, however, should be ever ready to surround with charity a returning prodigal and smooth and brighten the way back with light to the fold of right and truth.—*Light in the West*.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the shores of the summer land, Sacramento, February 4th, C. W. Siddell, aged sixty-six years, a native of New Hampshire. Brother Siddell was President of the Sacramento Spiritual Association at the time of his new birth. He was an exemplary member of society, and an intelligent, earnest Spiritualist; also an esteemed brother of the fraternity of Odd Fellows, under whose auspices, assisted by many Spiritualist friends, his funeral was held. Loving words were spoken through the organism of the writer, in tribute to his worthiness as a man and a Spiritualist. *Banner of Light* please copy.

MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

The recent sudden death of a student of the Columbian University, Washington, was accounted for by the physicians who investigated the case, by the youth's habit of persistent cigarette smoking.

A Rabbi Renounces His Faith.

Hebrew society in Philadelphia is greatly excited over the withdrawal from the orthodox Hebrew faith of Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., who has been assisting his father, Dr. Morris Jastrow, rabbi of the Radef Sholem Synagogue in that city. All sorts of statements were made; it even being hinted that the young man had declared himself an infidel. In an interview he is reported as follows:

I said that it was not absolutely necessary to be a believer in all scriptural dogmas either to be a good Jew or a good Christian. The only thought I sought to convey was that Jews might be conscientious people, even if they did not believe in orthodox Judaism. What my own opinions may be in regard to Divine revelation does not matter. It is possible for a Christian to disbelieve in the absolute doctrine of revealed religion without being converted to Judaism, and it is also possible for a Jew to doubt Judaism without becoming a Christian. I am not an infidel, I believe in a God. I did not even so much as raise the question of infidelity, nor did I raise a doubt as to the sufficiency of the Jewish faith. I did, however, hint that the future of the Jewish race is entirely distinct from the old and mistaken idea of a distinctive religious Jewish mission.—*Light for Thinkers*.

To The Carrier Dove.

Bird of the golden sunset land,
Dove with the plumage white,
Bearing the higher life's messages sweet,
Casting love's heart-tokens down at our feet
Borne from the dear ones we long so to meet
Who dwell in that city of light—
God speed thee along in thy flight.

Bird of the fruitful, flowery coast,
Soaring with tireless wing
Out and away to the mortals who grieve,
Heaven's fair sunshine to tenderly weave
'Round sorrow's clouds, and a healing balm
leave
In hearts where sad memories cling—
O'er thy missives our souls gladly sing.

Bird of the cloud-kissed, sea-laved coast,
Angels have ordained thee
In thy pure mission to bless, teach and cheer,
Carry glad tidings which dry ev'ry tear,
Turning each blinding doubt cradled in fear
To knowledge and soul-vision free,
Beyond death to know, feel and see.

Blessed bird of the earth and heav'n,
Bathed in truth's shining spray,
Strong in life's wisdom, and goodness and love,
Led and inspired by the powers above,
Peace-breathing spirit, in form a white dove,
For thee and for thine do we pray
That blessings may hallow thy way.

GENA SMITH FAIRFIELD.
ROCKLAND, Maine.

Wendell Phillipps once said in a lecture speaking of the deprivations of women: "We have veiled her face; we have fettered her feet; we have dwarfed her mind, and have starved her heart."

Slate-Writing in Public.

A most wonderful exhibition of independent slate-writing occurred last Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, in this city, before upwards of five hundred people.

After Mrs. J. J. Whitney had finished her tests, which were of an unusually interesting character, the medium, Dr. D. J. Stansbury, came on the stage with four slates, a sponge, and a towel. He stated that his guides would attempt to obtain the writing and hoped the audience would give him their sympathy, as much depended thereon. The Doctor then exhibited the slates. He had invited Mr. W. R. Colby, a slate-writer, and Mr. W. H. Forthway, a short-hand reporter, to examine the slates, which they did, as well as place private marks upon them so they would know they had not been exchanged for others. The Doctor, having stated the conditions under which his guides had promised the writing, proceeded to clean the slates in the following manner: He poured from the pitcher, on the speaker's desk, a glass of water, part of which he drank to show, as he said, that there was no chemical substance in the water by which the writing might be produced. He then wet the sponge, and taking one slate rubbed both sides, and with the towel thoroughly dried the slate, which, after exhibiting to the audience, he laid upon a chair in plain view; he then proceeded to clean another slate in the same manner, putting those two slates together, with a bit of pencil between, held them out at arm's length for the space of three minutes, during which there was low music, and the doctor seemed to be entranced. Upon returning to consciousness the medium handed the slates to the organist, who opened them and read two messages which were written thereon. One was a loving message from a lady to her husband, giving her full name and the name of her sister, whom the message stated was also present. This was recognized by the husband, who acknowledged it to be correct. The other message was from two spirits, signing their names in full, with greetings to old friends, which was instantly recognized by the parties addressed.

The Doctor then took up a single slate, and with sponge and towel thoroughly cleansed both sides, slowly performing the operation in full view of the audience, and having exhibited it to all in the front seats, laid a bit of pencil on it, held it out at arm's length, simply covering it with the towel. The Doctor was again entranced, and in two minutes the cloth was removed and messages from three different spirits were found written thereon, which, after having been read,

were all recognized by friends present.

The Doctor then took the remaining two slates and cleansed each separately as before,—holding them up to show there was no writing on them, and knocking one against the other to show there were no pads or duplicates,—tied them together with a cord,—a bit of pencil having been placed between as before,—and hung them on the chandelier under the full gaslight, and took a seat about ten feet distant, where he became again deeply entranced. The slates hung motionless for a minute or two, then began to vibrate, turned around and were still. At the expiration of five minutes, Mr. Northway, who had remained on the stage all the time, was requested by the medium to examine the slates, which, upon opening, were found to contain twelve full names of spirits written thereon, which were then read and every one fully recognized by friends and relatives present, some of whom said their friends had promised, if possible, to give them a test, and four of the persons stated that they had mentally requested the spirits whose names they recognized to go and write on the slates, and two had clairvoyantly seen them do so.

The audience testified their entire appreciation of the medium and his guides by abundant applause as each message was read. The modesty and sincerity of the medium was apparent in every word and act, which, together with the entire absence of all paraphernalia, and the perfect success which attended the exhibition throughout, proclaims that the climax of independent slate-writing in public has been reached, and that San Francisco can produce as good mediums as can be found in the world.—*Golden Gate*, February 26, 1887.

Another Musical Medium.

It is several years since Miss Liana Crews, of San Francisco, began to play the piano under spirit influence. At that time wholly ignorant of music, never having received a lesson in the "divine art," and having since had none but spirit guidance, she has now attained a perfection that is truly wonderful. Although conscious while playing, she does not act of her own volition, but merely holds herself in a passive condition, her hands being moved independent of her own will. She can read or converse while playing, though she does not do so usually, better results being attainable when her mind is unoccupied, and all her powers are submissive to the control of the spirit. She plays with her eyes closed, so, of course, without notes, and without always knowing what music is to be rendered. Indeed, she could not

read the notes if she had them to use, as she has no knowledge of written music. Her "touch" is exceedingly delicate and exact, the music being rendered with great expression and feeling. It is not apparent that the medium fully appreciates the excellence of her performance; but though she may not now experience within her own soul the deep feeling and sublime harmony expressed through the instrument, it is probable that she will day by day grow into more perfect sympathy with the power which moves her, and may eventually be educated so as to fully comprehend the meaning of her musical inspirations. For the purpose of enabling Miss Crews to devote more time to the guidance of her spirit control, a benefit was recently given her at the parlors of Mrs. O. M. Washburn, 2728 Howard street, and a number of friends joined in giving variety to the entertainment. The programme was as follows: Song, "Blessed be the Name of God Forever," J. W. Maguire; reading, selection from "Sunday Talks," J. J. Owen; "The Storm at Sea," (Colletta), Miss Crews; guitar and zither duet by Mrs. Jacobs and Mr. Fedderman; cornet solo, Miss Hammond; Scene from third act of "Camille," Mr. and Mrs. Owen; "Medley of National Airs," (Colletta), Miss Crews; recitation, "Nothing to Wear," Mattie Hughes; song, little Laura Crews; Sonata in E-minor, (Dunbarh), Miss Crews; Scene from Julius Cæsar, Mrs. Aylesworth and Mrs. Cramer; song, Mrs. Cressy; recitation, "Adam's Grave," Mr. Cramer; song, "There's Peace on the Deep," J. W. Maguire; "Drops of Morning Dew," (Colletta), Miss Crews. The entertainment was of unusual excellence for an amateur performance, and several additional pieces were given in response to the hearty applause. Mr. J. J. Owen, on behalf of Miss Crews, returned thanks for the warm sympathy evinced and the timely aid extended to the young medium, who bids fair, by angel help, to become an additional aid in extending a knowledge of facts which underlie Spiritualism.

A new-year card of congratulation and kind wishes from Miss Caroline Corner, of London, came to hand on New Year's day—in the evening, just as we were seating ourself to our New Year's feast; to forget this world in more harmonious thoughts. It illuminated the way to the enchanted land we were seeking. How managed that little card to cross the Atlantic in its stormiest temper, to cross the continent in the season of most violent snow storms, of weather detentions of railroad trains in all the intervening territory, and flash into our sanctum like an angel smile exactly at the right moment?—*The World's Advance Thought*.

The Carrier Dove.

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Spiritualism and Reform.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, Editor.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other source are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

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OUR AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.
Mr. J. J. Morse, trance speaker, at present located at 541 Pacific street, Brooklyn, New York.
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.
Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.
EUROPEAN AGENCY.—Sole agent, H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who will act as agent in England for the CARRIER DOVE during the absence of J. J. Morse. H. A. Kersey, the Progressive Literature agency, established 1878, as above, keeps on sale, and supplies to order all American books and periodicals.

A Noble Example.

ONE of the duties of Congress is to legislate for the District of Columbia in the same manner that the various State Legislatures make laws for the respective States. This local legislation at Washington is usually of little interest to the country at large, but a bill was recently introduced in the United States Senate by Leland Stanford, which is a notable exception, it being the recognition of a principle which must eventually be accepted by all the people as the only true solution of the great social problem, the respective rights of capital and labor. Senator Stanford's bill provides the organization within the District of Columbia of co-operative enterprises, whereby persons of small means, or whose only capital is labor, may combine such means or labor, and the fruits of the labor may be secured to the worker. Senator Stanford's late speech before the United States Senate was in accordance with the spirit which actuated the framing of the bill, evidently a sincere desire to benefit his fellow-men. When a capitalist, a monopolist who has been denounced by

laborers all over the country, demands for the laboring man what has so long and unjustly been withheld—his *right* to his own earnings, the fruit of his own labor—and suggests means for the legal attainment of such right, it is evident that the world moves, and that Senator Stanford moves with it. If this bill becomes a law, it will be a most worthy example for every legislative body in the Union, and will undoubtedly result in measures which will ultimately confer untold blessings upon the laboring classes in America.

We are also pleased to note that Mr. Stanford does not ignore woman's equality in his scheme of co-operation. He very justly says it is the only means whereby working women can be assured the privilege of successfully competing with men in industrial and business pursuits. Co-operation will eventually be the lever by which the laborer will be elevated to the dignity of a capitalist, and the capitalists elevated to the dignified position of laborers. In this condition, toward which humanity is slowly but surely progressing, the evils of the present competitive system will vanish, and co-operation will be the golden bond uniting mankind into one harmonious working body, not a body having a head to which other members are entirely subservient, but one which may be likened to an endless chain in which each member is a link, and all are equally important and useful. The "heads," if any head is necessary, will be such, not from an arbitrary rule, as at present, but because they are the choice of the members of the association whose interests it will be their duty to protect.

Another Medium.

The rapid spread of Spiritualism has recently attracted the attention of editors of the daily press, and various comments have been made as to the cause of such, to them, wonderful increase. The cause is in the development of mediums throughout the world—a work which is mainly under the control of spiritual intelligences. There is no special effort on the part of Spiritualists themselves at this time to extend a knowledge of the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, but every newly de-

veloped medium adds to the public interest in the subject, especially in the locality where the phenomena is presented. There is scarce a week that we do not hear of a new medium in some part of the country. A letter to the DOVE, written by J. B. Armstrong, of Canton, N. Y., gives an account of a hitherto unknown medium, Mrs. George Eager, a resident of Great Bend, Jefferson county, N. Y. Her phases are independent slate writing, without pencils, inspirational speaking, materialization of a remarkable character, the forms speaking and singing, giving addresses of unusual ability and music of a superior order. Mrs. Eager contemplates visiting some of the Eastern camp-meetings during the coming summer, and if one-half of what is said of her is true, she will be of great service in spreading a knowledge of Spiritualism. Dr. J. S. Loucks, of Canton, N. Y., vouches for the integrity of Mr. Armstrong and his good judgment concerning mediumship.

Spirit Artist.

THERE is on exhibition at the office of the *Golden Gate* a very fine portrait of Mrs. E. L. Watson, painted by a newly developed spirit artist, Mr. W. H. F. Briggs. It is an admirable likeness, and is acknowledged by good judges to be a meritorious work of art, although Mr. Briggs has had no instruction in the art of painting, and in his normal condition has no power to produce a picture. The spirits controlling him represent themselves as Rembrandt, Raphael, etc. Whether they are what they profess to be or not, certainly there is some power present far transcending that of the medium, and the mode in which the work is produced is of itself proof that the pictures are of spirit origin, because of the impossibility of accomplishing such results by any artist still in the physical form. The painting is performed in perfect darkness, the medium being unable to see even the colors he uses. The conditions under which such work is done must necessarily be of the best, the surroundings entirely congenial and harmonious. The securing of such conditions involves unusual expense; consequently, although the work is executed in a comparatively short time, the pict-

ures are not in any sense "cheap," and those desiring likenesses of themselves or friends must be willing to pay a fair price. In making arrangements for pictures Mr. Briggs prefers to call at the residence of his patrons. He may be addressed care of the *Golden Gate*, 734 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

Birth-day-Surprise Party.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge, at 8½ Hill street, San Francisco, was filled to overflowing by many of their friends on Monday evening, February 21st, for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of Mrs. Dodge, who declared she was one day older than the illustrious George Washington. Judging from the cheerful and lively spirit manifested, and particularly by the recipient of the demonstration, growing old for some people is not an unhappy matter at all. Many came laden with plump baskets of refreshments, and all went away with the memory of a delightful evening. Many tokens of appreciation and friendship were manifested in presents, short speeches and poems. Of the latter Mrs. Mathews and Mrs. Cressy contributed one each. There were some excellent songs rendered and instrumental pieces, and all joined in singing "Blest be the Tie That Binds," and "Joyfully, Joyfully, Onward I Move," the last a favorite song of the father of Mrs. Dodge, and whose portrait hung upon the wall. Mrs. Lena Cook spoke for the spirit friends; gave a touching message from a deceased sister of Mrs. Dodge, and described the beautiful decorations provided by unseen hands.

Allie S. Livingston.

This lady has recently located in San Francisco, and from the favorable reports which have reached us, we feel that the Spiritualists of that city have reason to congratulate themselves upon having in their midst such a perfect instrument through whom the spirit friends can demonstrate their presence. Mrs. Livingston paints, under control, spirit portraits very beautifully, if the one which we saw is a specimen. It was a picture of the spirit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson, and is a perfect gem.

Owing to illness in our family and an unusual press of work, we have been unable to visit this medium for personal investigation, but hope soon to have that pleasure. The lady is a trance test medium, and also for physical manifestations. Her portraits are done while she is securely blindfolded. In the next DOVE we hope to give our readers something more definite concerning personal experience. In the meantime those who wish to investigate for themselves can find Mrs. Livingston at 625½ Larkin street, San Francisco.

Mental Science Healing Test.

Professor Swarts and wife, of the Mental Science University, assisted by another able mind-healer, have set apart thirty days for the treatment of distant patients—any disease whatever. Full particulars and conditions for their undertaking are given in the February number of their *Mental Science Magazine*, published at 161 La Salle street, Chicago. Price ten cents in stamps. Hundreds will be cured. Questions or remarks about disease or treatment will not be answered till after you read and follow exactly the explicit requirements in the February number of the *Mental Science Magazine*. All the Mental Science or Mind-Healing works are on sale at above office. A price list will be sent to any one for a two-cent stamp; also a pamphlet free—"Human Rights Imperiled"—by A. J. Swarts.

Atlantis, the Antediluvian World.—A pamphlet containing two lectures, delivered in San Francisco by W. J. Colville, on the above subject, has been sent us by Mr. G. H. Hawes, who announces that he has a number of them on sale which will be sent to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. Address, Geo. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

WE are indebted to Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tennessee, for three bound volumes of the *Spiritual Magazine*, of which Mr. Watson was the able editor during the years of its useful existence. Also a book of travels entitled "A Memphian's Trip to Europe." We consider these works valuable additions to our library, and extend to Brother Watson our sincere thanks.

Editorial Notes.

A LADY who purchased a bound volume of the CARRIER DOVE says she would not part with it for many times its price, as she considers it a treasure she could not spare.

MR. FRED EVANS says that he considers the specimen of slate-writing given through his mediumship, for the present number of the CARRIER DOVE, the best that has yet been produced. His powers are certainly developing most wonderfully.

ON another page the reader of the DOVE will find some very interesting items on "Brain Injuries," compiled by Joseph Simms, M. D., which afford food for thought to the professional phrenologist or those who are ardent believers in that science (?) which, if they can explain in any manner consistent with their teachings, would be esteemed a great favor to those who are earnestly in search of truth on all subjects of interest to the race.

READERS of the DOVE should inspect the advertisements that appear in our columns from month to month, and bestow their patronage on those who are not ashamed to advertise in Spiritual journals. Among the advertisers Val. Schmidt & Co., pharmacists, corner of Polk and Bush streets, San Francisco, are worthy of patronage, not only on account of their aid to the cause, but because their goods are of the best quality, and may be relied upon as just what they are represented to be.

DR. STANSBURY and Mrs. J. J. Whitney of San Francisco are holding very interesting meetings, at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Seventh and Market streets, every Sunday evening. The attendance is good and the tests very satisfactory. On one occasion slate-writing was obtained between closed slates suspended from the chandelier in full view of the audience. The slates had been prepared under strictly test conditions and the writing was "proof positive" of the genuineness of Dr. Stansbury's mediumship.

THE first number of *Buchanan's Journal of Man* is before us replete with scientific truths and interesting miscellaneous matter upon a variety of subjects. The contents of the February number

are: "Salutatory," "The Phrenological Doctrines of Gall," "The Great Land Question," "The Sinaloa Colony," "Health and Longevity," "Remarkable Fasting," "Cerebral Psychology," "Music," "Insanity," "Miscellany," etc. The price of this valuable journal is \$1 per year. Address, Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D., No. 6 James street, Boston, Massachusetts.

THE OPEN COURT of Chicago, has evolved from *The Index*, late of Boston. Eastern culture and Western originality are united in this new proof of the progress of liberal thought in America. *The Open Court* differs materially from *The Index*, although its leading object is the same, that is, to make science the basis of the coming religion. It would substitute inquiry for credulity, knowledge for faith, charity for bigotry, and humanitarianism in place of sectism. Unusual latitude of expression is allowed contributors, the editors holding themselves responsible only for opinions put forth in the editorial columns. The first number of *The Open Court*, issued February 17th, contains a number of valuable articles, such as "Society and the Individual," by Wm. J. Potter, and "The Need for Free Thought Education," by Thomas Davidson, together with articles by W. D. Gunning, F. M. Holland, Edmund Montgomery, Theodore Stanton and B. W. Ball; also an interesting report of an essay on "The Basis of Ethics," and discussion on the same subject before the "Chicago Society for Ethical Culture." *The Open Court* is a thirty-two page magazine about the size of the CARRIER DOVE, and is to be issued fortnightly, at three dollars per annum. Address B. F. Underwood, drawer F., Chicago, Ill. We are glad to see that Mrs. Sara Underwood is associate editor. The intuition, the purity, the spirituality of woman could not be dispensed with in such a journal.

It will be found that eating animal food, which necessitates cruelty to animals, causes more sufferings to the eaters (and others) than they now suppose.

It requires seven times as much land and seven times as much work to produce animal food as vegetable food.

Children's Department.

To the Boys.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above-board and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manner and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

Joe, the Hunchback.

FROM QUINA'S CANOE.

CHAPTER I.

"Please, sir, can my little sister come in and get warm?"

This was said to Mr. Armstead, whose benign countenance had invited the petition. The smiling face of Mr. Armstead was lighted with a still finer glow when he turned and saw the little deformed figure, the black face and wonderful eyes of Joe, the hunchback.

"Certainly, Joe, come in." The warm fire burned brightly in the huge base burner, and Mr. Armstead was still busy over his counter, but he glanced up to see that Joe's little sister was almost a baby, and had a bright oval face and sparkling eyes, and was certainly not darker than a quadroon. They stood warming themselves and looking at all the glassware and chandeliers and other bright and beautiful things in the place. Presently a piano somewhere in the building struck up a tune. Joe's sister, little Nell, listened in mute astonishment and delight. "Has you dot a piany?" she finally asked, walking up to Mr. Armstead and listening all the time.

"Yes, I have one." Still little Nell listened, and then after several minutes asked: "Tan I see the piany, Mr. Armstead?" "Well, I don't know; perhaps." There was a merry twinkle in his eye, and Joe thought he was quizzing, so he said, "Yes, Nell, see there;" and he pointed to a gas meter under the corner of the desk.

Joe was bright, and knew when any one was joking, so he said: "Thank ye, sir," and took Nell's hand, trudging out of the shop, and thinking Mr. Armstead was a splendid man, but "very funny." Mr. Armstead called him back and said,

as he flipped him a quarter, "Joe, please bring me some more kindlings. I like those you brought before."

"Thank ye, sir; I will bring them to-day." Joe and Nell passed out into the street, and very gently and tenderly did he help her along. A gentleman passing said: "How are you, Midget?" "How are you, grasshopper?" said Joe, and the tall gentleman smiled, thinking how ready was the wit veiled in that little form, and wondering what the world had in store for "poor Joe." Some boys shouted after him "Joe, the hunchback, there goes Joe, the hunchback;" and Joe's eyes flashed, but he kept hold of little Nell's hand and said "come on sis," while at first a look of defiance and then of pain crossed his pinched face, but his eyes, O, how they shone! They soon met a kind old lady, who spoke pleasantly, "Good morning, children; Joe, I see you are very good to your little sister, God will reward you."

"Don't want him to, Missus, don't want any reward for doin' what I likes to do, gits my pay right along." But he thought, "I would like to thrash them proud fellars that call me hunchback; 'spects I'll want some reward if I forgive them."

Pretty soon they were at home, a neat little white-washed house with just two rooms, and a little garden with radishes and onions and potatoes and corn. "Mammy" met them at the door and said: "Dems good children, to come right back; did you do all the messages, Joe?"

"Yes, mammy, but—" "But what, Joe, has somebody been cross, or dem bad boys been doin' tricks?"

Joe's face told that something had hurt him, but mammy only said, "De Lord says forgive dem dat injure you," and Joe thought of his kindling wood for Mr. Armstead and gave his "mammy" the quarter and ran off to get the wood.

CHAPTER II.

Little Bessie Armstead was playing in the yard near her father's dwelling, there was a cistern near the corner of the garden, the water that was conveyed into the cistern from the roof of the house was used for watering the vegetables and plants. Some one had left the cistern open and just as Joe was entering the gate to announce that he had brought the load of kindlings, he heard a child scream and saw little Bessie disappear into the cistern. Mrs. Armstead, pale and terrified, came to the door just in time to see her darling fall from sight. It was the work of an instant, Joe caught a strong rope, tied one end to the fence, made it secure, and without a moment's hesitation threw off his coat and went down on the rope; holding on with one

hand he felt for the little girl, caught her by the dress as she was sinking the second time and held her out of the water. Mrs. Armstead called for aid and some men working in an adjoining yard came, not a moment too soon, for Joe could not have held on to the rope with one hand much longer. They carefully aided him and his precious burden to rise, making a noose of the ropes they brought, and Joe was drawn up with the little girl, who was unconscious but was soon restored, Joe was not very strong and the shock prostrated him for weeks, but he was tenderly cared for by "mammy" who had now a double burden, since Joe's little earnings helped to "keep the wolf from the door."

Mr. and Mrs. Armstead, with hearts overflowing with gratitude to Joe for saving their precious Bessie, were untiring in their attentions, and many little delicacies found their way to the bedside of poor Joe, and he, too, had other compensations. Mr. Armstead dropped in one day and noticed Joe's eyes fixed on some far away vision, he sat down softly on a chair by the bedside and heard Joe whisper:

"Dat's Massa Jesus, I see him shine. Oh! and dar is little sister Lily, white as snow, no black faces dar." Mr. Armstead thought Joe was going to die and believed this was the warning, but Joe soon turned over smiling and said:

"Good morning, Mr. Armstead, I feel better and shall soon be well." Then he told him in very graphic language what he had seen and that the "Good Jesus" had told him to get well again, but that he could never be straight and tall, like other boys. "The master said 'that is your cross, Joe,' and I 'spose I mus' bear it."

Mr. Armstead was in deep meditation that day when he went home to his noon-day meal.

"Wife, I begin to think the days of miracles and visions are not over yet," he said after a long silence.

"I never have thought they were, I believe we have spirits all about us," she said.

"Yes, I know you always said so, but that little Joe has convinced me." Then he related what Joe had seen and said, and Mrs. Armstead listened with tears in her eyes, saying after a pause:

"I believe some guardian angel helped Joe to save our Bessie, he looked like an angel that day."

CHAPTER III.

Joe was on his feet again and could do his part toward helping "mammy"—running of errands, cutting and selling kindlings, and doing odd jobs about the village. But the far-away look in his

eyes, and their unwonted luster still remained.

"Mammy" had a kind of awe of Joe. She undertook to teach, and sometimes scold him, but the words would die on her lips, and she would be half frightened with herself, thinking aloud. "De Lord tells dat chile eberything—dars no use in trying to teach him!"

One day Joe went to do some "chores" and little things for Mrs. Blake, the wife of Lawyer Blake. They were well to do people, and the villagers had great respect for the legal lore of "Simon Blake, Attorney and Counsellor at Law." But Mr. Blake was an "infidel" to orthodox Christianity, and it grieved his little wife sorely, and annoyed his neighbors because he would not identify himself with any house of worship.

When he came home to tea the evening of the day Joe was there, he said to Mrs. Blake: "I see you have Hunchback Joe here. What a strange mixture of shrewdness and superstition he is, to be sure." He had not looked at his wife, but when he did, he saw her usually calm face very pale and agitated, and she seemed to have been waiting to tell him something.

"What is the matter, my dear; are you ill?"

"No, but if it had not been for Joe the house would have been robbed of everything valuable."

"How was it, wife? I guess you was a little nervous!"

"No, wait until you hear," said Mrs. Blake. "You know that the painters had been using the long ladder, and left it against the house. I had been very busy all day in the back part of the house; and Joe was pulling weeds and attending to something in the garden. At noon the painters went away, and just then I heard something fall, and I sort of screamed. When I ran to the side door, there was Joe pulling down the ladder."

"Misses Blake, lock all the doors, there's a thief in there."

"I had locked the door of my room when I came down. And now a tramp had gone up the ladder, and Joe had pulled the ladder down and the man was in our room. Had you not been out of town Joe would have gone for you, but as it was, he kept watch and we hailed the first neighbor that went by, who happened to be Parson Brownlow. He was very much excited, and wanted a revolver to go up to the room. I reminded him that an officer of the law would be better, and he ran to the police station. The poor wretch above, seeing he was cut off from retreat by the ladder, evidently tried all the doors and the windows, and finally in sheer desperation, scrambled out over the porch and let himself fall to the ground on the

other side of the house, and before the parson and policeman returned, he was gone. But he stole nothing, and I think he was pursued, but I havn't heard whether he was caught; and Joe he stood all the time watching me and telling me 'not to be feared,' for no harm could come. I feel grateful to Joe, for had I been alone there might have been some thing worse."

Mr. Blake was quite pale, and said aloud, "Joe is brave and we must do all we can for him. but you, my dear, are quite used up with this affair, so please think no more of it; we'll thank our stars that nothing worse came of it."

But this was not the end.

CHAPTER IV.

The officers of the law were after the thieves who attempted in so bold and daring a manner to enter Mr. Blake's house and rob it in daylight. But Joe did not relish that part of the business, somehow he wished they had a "fair chance to know about Massa Jesus," he believed they would do better. Valiant as he had been in protecting Mrs. Blake, and in saving Bessie Armstead from drowning, he shrank from hunting those outlaws, who, it seemed to him, were more to be pitied than blamed. Joe's was a small body and a small brain for reasoning, men thought, but his brain was light and his eye bright, and there was a kind of feeling that seemed like a sixth sense, he knew things beforehand; so when he went home that night he was not surprised to find a young girl about thirteen years old sitting quite close to mammy, with a hunted look upon her face, that changed into a smile as she saw Joe, and became very pretty when she saw there was no danger. She had a guitar and when the curtains were drawn she sang soft and low some sweet songs to Joe and mammy and little Nell, the latter soon falling asleep in mammy's arms.

Lita, for that was the young girl's name, had been seen by Joe hovering around Lawyer Blake's house before, and at the time when the thieves were there; she won him by her pale, hunted look, and he whispered to her:

"You'd better go, Miss, to where it's safe, for I've seen the man go up to that window by the ladder, he'll be caught sure, and you don't look like a thief, Miss."

So he showed her, in an instant, the way to mammy's house, and she needed the care and rest she found there. But every time the door would open, or a noise was heard outside, she would start and grow pale.

"Don't be scared, chile," said mammy, "if ye's innercent as yer looks, no harm

can come, for it's the lambs He cares for."

Mammy didn't press Lita to tell her story; she took her in because Joe had sent her, and after Joe had told mammy all he knew about Lita, still the girl was not questioned nor suspected. Lita sang the following little song with music on the guitar.

"'Twas a little bird and a nest,
So sweet so sweet,
All day long could birdie rest,
Ti wheet, ti wheet,
All day, all day.

"Why did the little bird fly away?
Ah me, ah me,
From the nest afar to stray,
Sad is she, sad is she,
All day, all day."

And the tears would roll down mammy's cheeks when she thought perhaps Lita was the "little bird."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little Peanuts.

The little train boy was dying. On his death-bed the sufferer lay, his emaciated face and hands exciting pity and concern. No mother's hand soothed his brow. No mother's tears and sobs marked the going out of his young life. Father, brother, and sister he had none. A waif upon the world from childhood's tenderest hours, had made his own way. Alone had he waged the battle of life, and from newsboy and bootblack to train-boy he had worked his own advancement.

An accident in which he had lost his leg placed him in the hospital. The amputation proved too much for his constitution and slowly but surely his life flickered and was going out. A brave little patient, he bore all his sufferings without complaint, save that he was anxious to get up and take his "run" as he called it. No one told him that his days as a train-boy were at an end. A fever set in and he became delirious. Train talk he constantly indulged in during his delirium and made many imaginary "runs" into St. Paul on the Milwaukee road.

Weaker and weaker he became. The nurse and physician watched beside his couch. His brow was covered with the dew of death. His last "run" on earth was soon to end.

"De box is on board," said the dying boy, addressing an imaginary conductor, "and yer can't start too soon ter suit me."

They bathed his brow, these strangers—the nurse and the physician—and listened to his strange words.

"Dere's jest one thing," exclaimed the little sufferer, as if talking to a companion, "if I should get kilt on ary of dese here

collisions, that silver ticker—O, yer know my watch—goes ter Cully. O, what 'er yer givin' me? Don't yer know Cully?—Why, Cully's my old pard. Him and me done work together too long fer me ter forget him."

"Dere's Winona," he said, as if on his "run." "I'll take der peaches frough fer iuck. O, it's no good. Der won't buy of me, I'll try der orange racket. 'Taint no better, and here we is at Hastings—"

"De mist is on; I can't see der river," he said hoarsely, "and here we is at St. Paul at—"

Little "Peanuts" was dead.—*The Ladies' Fireside Companion.*

Book Notices.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor of "Herald of Health," author of Hygiene of the Brain, etc. Published by the author, New York.

This book does not give a new system of mnemonics, but aims to present in clear terms the means by which required facts may at all times be rendered available. The principles laid down in the book, and with which the student should become thoroughly familiar, are the laws of association, comparison, attention, repetition, and the securing of a vivid first impression. It is shown that by systematic and persistent effort a defective memory may be greatly improved, not by taxing an enfeebled faculty, but by close attention, careful observation, frequent reflection and steady mental exercise. The hints contained in the book are very valuable, being, beyond doubt, entirely practicable.

Mrs. Watson's Reception.

On Friday evening, February 25th, Mrs. E. L. Watson gave another of her pleasant receptions to her friends at the parlor of the Cosmopolitan Hotel, corner of Fifth and Mission streets, San Francisco. A large number of friends were present, and the evening passed in social conversation, interspersed with music and short speeches. The object of these socials is a very commendable one, and cannot fail to result in much good to those who attend. What Spiritualists most need is to cultivate a deeper fraternal feeling. They need to *know each other better*, and in no way can such acquaintance and fellowship be developed and strengthened as in the coming together socially for that purpose. We hope all the friends

will endeavor to attend these reunions, for they will certainly be benefitted and helped thereby. They are held on the last Friday of every month at the above mentioned place.

A dispatch dated Geneva, Pa., February 2d, gives an account of a singular premonition of death as follows: "Otto Bell, who lived in this village with his wife and one child, was an employee in Thompson's steam mill. On Monday, when he started to go to work, he told his wife that he had been oppressed all the night before with such a strong premonition that something terrible would happen to him that day that he could hardly bring himself to go to the mill, which is a few miles from Geneva. Mrs. Bell made light of his fears, and he finally went to work. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon Bell's little child, who was playing about the room where her mother was at work, suddenly quit her play and ran to her mother crying: 'Oh! mamma! My papa is killed!' Half an hour later a messenger from Thompson's mill reached Bell's house with the news that a boiler had exploded in the mill at 2 o'clock, and that Bell had been instantly killed."

The spiritual thought is that which embodies the idea of eternal duration; the "material" thought is that which is time-limited. Eternal happiness in the abstract is a spiritual thought, and brings to the soul the realization of the idea it involves; worldly wealth is a "material" thought, and is dwarfing rather than enriching to the soul, for it represses its aspiration towards universalization and eternization and imprisons it within the confines of selfishness. This is not the teaching of formulated principles of morality; it is the exponent of natural law. All true spiritual teachers are expositors of natural law.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

We are pleased to announce that Dr. W. W. McKaig will speak for the Oakland Spiritual Association every Sunday evening at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. At conclusion of lecture tests will be given by various mediums, also short speeches by other speakers.

For biliousness, constipation, and impurities of the blood use the Tonic Liver Pills, prepared and sold at Dr. Fearn's Pharmacy, corner Tenth and Washington streets, Oakland. Twenty-five cents per box, per post, twenty-six cents.

Some important communications have been crowded out of this number but will appear in the next.