



Eliza A. Pittsinger.

The Carrier Dove

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

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Biography.

Eliza A. Pittsinger.

POETESS AND PROPHET.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Great truths make their way slowly and silently; no blare of trumpets announces their coming, and the soft sound of their footsteps is first heard only by the soul of the listener—nature's poet and prophet. Through this intermediate channel the multitude are reached, and sometimes the inspired teacher remains long unrecognized, and is seldom fully appreciated until time proves the value of the lessons taught. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since Eliza A. Pittsinger began to give utterance to her ideas in verse. She was born a poet. Her thoughts naturally flow forth in tuneful trochees, taking form with scarce an effort.

Her patriotic songs, written under the inspiration of the great rebellion, were the first to attract public attention; but having developed in spirit since then—though loving her country no less, she loves humanity more—her later poems are of an entirely different, and much higher order; treating on the nature and destiny of the human soul, the progressive tendencies of humanity, the grand possibilities of the human race, and the glories of the spiritual states which are to follow life on this planet. She believes in the repeated incarnation of human souls, and has beautifully portrayed the idea in a poem entitled "Re-Incarnation, or the Song of Eve," thus teaching in musical numbers not only a future without end, but a past without beginning.

Mrs. Pittsinger's spiritual poems of recent years and her war songs of the rebellion period were intervened by many other poems of varied character, expressive of the experiences and gradual development of the writer. A lover and close observer of nature in all her aspects, and a student of her divine lessons, most of the intermediate poems were descriptive. Others were written by request, for public occasions, and quite a number were "Songs of Warning," written in defense of the American Public School system, and in denunciation of enemies of religious freedom.

OPINION OF AN EMINENT AUTHORITY.

Fowler's Phrenological Journal, July, 1868, in an article headed, "Eliza A. Pittsinger—the Pacific Poetess," says:

"This lady has two marked mental peculiarities; one is activity, the other, intensity; originating in a nervous, wiry, physical condition. She can walk or work with a kind of elasticity and spring that is very effective, and at the same time easy. She is sensitive, susceptible and enduring, yet likely to wear herself out. She has abundant breathing power, muscular power, and mental power, but is somewhat deficient in digestive power. We would suggest that a hygienic mode of life should be her first study; that is to say, her exercise, her sleep as well as her diet, should be in harmony with hygienic law.

"Mrs. Pittsinger has a strong emotional nature; the middle portion of her head is large and wide between the ears, indicating that the force elements are strong, giving vigor, earnestness, and thoroughness. She has courage, fortitude, positiveness and power; is not easily discouraged, not easily repelled. She is qualified to elbow her way through difficulties, and make herself master of the situation.

"She is strongly social, and believes in friends, society, in affection and love. She has a strong love of life, and the word immortality receives as much of a heart-gush as anything she can speak; the thought that we are to live forever—as long as God himself exists—is a great thought to her.

"She has great aspiration; very fond of the good opinion of her friends. She is cautious, always on the watch for danger and difficulty, is not easily circumvented by treachery and policy; generally has an eye and an ear open to all such things; and when people are playing a double game, fair to the face, but with a sinister purpose, she generally appreciates the deception and withdraws from the influence and power of such persons. She has constructiveness, which makes her ingenious; large ideality and sublimity, which give her an acute sense of the poetical, the beautiful, and the sublime in art and nature. Her integrity is strongly marked; she is a great lover of justice.

"She sympathizes deeply with those who suffer, and has great reverence for things sacred. Her intellect is sharp, clear and practical; she picks up knowledge by the

wayside everywhere; her observation is quick, clear and accurate. Her language is sufficient to qualify her for talking, teaching, writing and explaining; she would do well in any literary pursuit that demands a quick, clear, analytical mind.

"Though she has taste and refinement of feeling, she is more known for strength than for smoothness, for earnestness than for secretiveness, and impresses people and wins their approval more by the earnestness and strength of her statements than by their plausibility and mellow persuasiveness. Having inherited her father's temperament and much of his disposition, she inclines to take a higher rank in life than if she resembled her mother, even though they were equal. She is brave to meet and master difficulties and oppositions; has a feeling of self-trust that does not wince at trouble and give up at discouragements. She never has felt so much the necessity for protection as she has for elbow-room, and a chance to use her power; and all she asks of the world is to give her a clear track; she asks no help, but simply justice, room and opportunity."

The *Phrenological Journal* supplements its delineation of the qualities and character of Mrs. Pittsinger with the following

CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY.

"The subject of this sketch was born at West Hampton, Mass. Her father, whom she resembles in feature and temperament, was of German descent, and a most humane and benevolent man. Her mother was of Anglo-Saxon birth, and blended unusual personal attraction with an amiable disposition, and a spirit naturally bold and aspiring. Her death occurred at the early age of thirty-two, leaving Eliza with two brothers and two sisters to the care and guidance of an older sister, a girl of fourteen, who thus acted in the double capacity of mother and sister. Her father, deeply suffering from his bereavement, became negligent of his business matters, so that his circumstances and means of supporting his family were greatly reduced. Eliza early exhibited a disposition impulsive, daring, precocious; she cherished an unusual desire for knowledge of all kinds, and availed herself of all improving opportunities.

"At the age of fourteen she took charge of the house for her father, two brothers and a sister, and walked a mile (through the snow in winter) to attend a school, and at

the same time instructed at home a younger brother and sister. At sixteen she was teacher of a school in western New York, composed mostly of boys much older than herself.

"Subsequently she was engaged for several years in Rogers' Stereotype Institution in Boston as proof-reader and reviewer—after which she departed for California; and on the breaking out of the fiery rebellion her grand and stirring poems began to appear in the California journals. In the Golden State she has created a host of admirers and warm friends by her fervent patriotism and devoted enthusiasm to the zealous efforts in the cause of social and moral reforms. In the mining districts she was most enthusiastically received and appreciated. In 1866 and 1867 at Nevada City, Grass Valley, at the Lakes and among the Sierra Nevadas, at San Francisco and elsewhere, she has read and recited her own grand poems to enthusiastic audiences, and at the same time wrote letters of travel to San Francisco papers. A farewell benefit was tendered her by the influential citizens of that city on the eve of her departure to the eastern states, in the latter part of the year 1867."

In addition to this the reader will be interested in learning something of the later life and work of our poetess, but before gratifying this desire, the writer will make one other extract tending to show the appreciation in which Mrs. Pittsinger was held at that early period of her experience as a writer. The following is from the *American Flag*, a staunch Union journal published in San Francisco during the Rebellion. The article was written in 1864:

ELIZA A. PITTSINGER—THE PROPHEPIC
POETESS OF CALIFORNIA.

"By her genius this lady has gained a position which will ere long shine bright in the galaxy of inspired poets. Her poems, thus far, are chiefly patriotic, her forte is heroic—but she excels also in the pathetic and devotional. She has written some of the most beautiful poems in the language; and it is not in her vernacular only that her poems are known and appreciated. Her productions, but not their author, have acquired a Continental European reputation, some of them having been translated into foreign languages. The 'Eagle' is published and read in French, German, Spanish and Italian.

"Mrs. Pittsinger's poems possess a peculiar facility for musical adaptation, many of which almost fall into harmonious cadences while reading. 'The National Rally' for which a beautiful air was composed by Martin Simonson, and sung in the public schools of San Francisco, is an illustration, and a number of others also possess this qualification, among which is the beautiful song entitled 'Harp of My Country.'

"There is nothing sensational nor ephemeral in Mrs. Pittsinger's poems; they are all based on principles of truth and justice, and come direct from the heart of a true lover of humanity. They are not for a day, but for all time, and will live as long as truth and justice find their abiding places in the soul.

"Her patriotic poems express loyalty and sincere devotion to her country and Republican Government, and contain no such selfish aphorism as 'My Country Right or Wrong,' but she feels it is her mission to endeavor to make her country right.

"As we have said, heroic poetry is her forte and specialty; but she possesses all the qualities to make a grand epic poem, which we hope she will attempt, and we feel sure of her success. An epic poem should embrace all styles of poetry, which this lady is capable of producing. It includes the heroic, descriptive and narrative, elegiac, pathetic, sentimental, pastoral and didactic; in all of which, except the latter, she excels. As a specimen of the heroic, we will give an extract from a patriotic poem alluded to above, 'The National Rally, A War Song.'

Swell forth, O thou tocsin; the soul of our nation
Is ever in tune with the cause of the right,
A genius reigns over the laws of creation,
An Angel of Progress, a Goddess of Light!

* * * * *

Away to the ranks where the strife is advancing,
Away to the plain where the warrior lies low;
Away to the field where the sabre is glancing
Its venomous steel to the breast of the foe!

Sound the alarm over mountain and valley!
On to the rescue from city and plain!
'Tis the call of our nation, O let us all rally,
Rebellion to conquer, and glory to gain!

"That certainly has the true ring of patriotic ardor and poetic enthusiasm. A fine specimen of her ability to write descriptive and narrative poetry is 'The Vision of a Poetess.'

"The elegiac and pathetic styles are exemplified in the beautiful and mournful poem entitled 'The Mother's Lament,' and the grand, stately monody on the assassination of President Lincoln, 'O Give us Back Our Dead!' We find the sentimental in the 'Minstrel's Wooing.' 'The Lay of the Modern Endymion' is a strictly classical poem, and shows her powers of condensation. It contains sufficient plot, thought, sentiment and beautiful pen-pictures for a poem double its length.

"She is of a devotional and religious nature, as is evinced in several sacred poems which she has written, which we note particularly in 'The Invocation,' 'Our Father Reigneth,' with a number of others. Mrs. Pittsinger writes, like all true poets, wholly from inspiration; her poems breathe the spirit of inspired prophecy, hence we have termed her the Prophetic Poetess of California. The beautiful poem of 'The Eagle,' as well as all of her national poems, give evidence of this immortal power; in her

moments of inspiration she looks into the future with a prophetic vision, seeing the progress of great principles, and the final triumph of right over all forms of evil. Her heart is filled with philanthropy, and abhorrence of deceit and oppression; and as she feels so she writes. Freedom and justice to all is her motto, and by her life and writings she sustains her theory.

"We have said Mrs. Pittsinger is a new authoress; even so, for it is scarce four years since she commenced writing; she did not until that time know she possessed the inspired gift of poetry, the power of giving expression to her living, burning thoughts in harmonious numbers. Since she experienced the immortality of the gift, since the divine afflatus has come upon her, she has not buried her talent in the earth, nor hid it in a napkin, but has endowed the world of literature and humanity with the rich gems of her genius—productions that come from her soul, and are a part of herself."

HER POEMS TO BE PUBLISHED.

Such being the estimation in which Mrs. Pittsinger's writings were held years ago, it may be thought strange that her poems have not been published in book form. The reason has been that she did not write for fame, but because she felt that she *must* give expression to her thoughts, and she was content to wait for a publisher until the times demand what she has to give. The exigencies of the war required the aid of the pen as well as the sword, and her war songs were eagerly read. Since then she has passed into a higher region of thought, and the mass of the people (even many who admire poetry) have not reached the mental and spiritual elevation which alone enables a reader to appreciate a high order of genius; but of late there has been more call for her poems, especially her later productions, and it is now quite certain that one or more volumes of her writings will, ere long, be published.

Mrs. Pittsinger has written on subjects not heretofore treated poetically, such as Cremation, which she strongly advocates, predicting that it will yet be the established custom of the world.

She has written against the slaughter of animals for food, believing people would be more refined physically, mentally and morally, if they would (as they eventually will) subsist upon farinaceous food, with plenty of fruit and vegetables. Mrs. Pittsinger herself practices what she teaches, and the development of her spiritual nature has undoubtedly been promoted by it. Under favorable conditions she sees and converses with those who have left the earthly form. One of her experiences of this kind, in which she had an interview with a much-loved niece who was born to the higher life a year ago, is described in a poem entitled "The Vision."

* * * * *

But to return to the life history of our poetess. She visited the eastern states in 1867, expecting soon to return to this coast, but from various causes she remained eight years, during which time she travelled through most of the northern part of the Union, giving public readings of her own productions in several states, more particularly Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana and Michigan, receiving the highest encomiums from the press and the people. She spent two years in the beautiful city of Hartford and in East Haddam, a little town with romantic surroundings in the valley of the Connecticut, where several of her most-elaborate poems were written. Her poem entitled a "World Within a World," pronounced by C. B. McDonald the greatest poem of the age, was written in Chicago at the time of its great fire.

HER RETURN TO THIS COAST AND HER
LATER WORK.

Mrs. Pittsinger returned to California in 1875, enriched by eight years of varied experiences—the pleasure and excitement of travel, the enjoyment of beautiful scenery, the formation of many and valued friendships, the purification of body and exaltation of spirit consequent upon fasting during a protracted season of illness, and transcending all this, the soul-growth attendant upon unwearied effort, and final triumph over adversity.

Since her return she has lived (at 226 Green street, San Francisco) a retired life, with her only living sister, Mrs. Almira Ingram-Holcomb, and during this later period has accomplished by far the better part of her literary work—having contributed poems of a high order of merit to some of the most progressive journals of America, besides writing much not yet offered for publication.

Five years ago a small collection of her poems was published under the auspices of the Patriotic Order "Sons of America," entitled "Bugle Peals," which met with great success. Her patriotic poems have called forth highly commendatory press notices and approving letters from eminent people on both sides of the continent. One California editor compares her to Whittier, and adds:

"She is a woman of elevated mind, brilliant genius and nobleness of soul, and deserves the respect and friendship of all good people everywhere."

The San Francisco *Elevator* says: "Every line breathes sentiments of faith in God, love of humanity and devotion to freedom and the Union."

Christian Advocate: "The intense patriotism of the author is seen in every stanza."

San Francisco *Evening Post*: "While love of country is predominant in all the poems, there is a fiery zeal in some of the stanzas that befits them as martial airs."

The well-known Calvin B. McDonald, one of the ablest journalists of California, and a most competent critic, says:

"Strong, sublime and grand, her numbers march like the majestic tread of mailed warriors. When her muse came down from the sacred mount it was at the invocation of serried battalions, not to smiling cupids beckoning from beds of roses."

The *American Flag* says: "Her poems are bound to live in the memory of future generations as now live 'Hail Columbia' and the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

She has been compared to Byron, to Shelley, Whittier and other great masters of song, but our poetess is not especially pleased or flattered by all this; she is at all times averse to such comparisons. Her own individuality stands forth too prominent to be at all flattered by this mode of praise.

At the same time she is most conversant with all of the standard poets of the world—and admires them in their own particular phases and degrees of power—but comparisons, as said before, are unpleasant to her.

In addition to the poems compiled in "Bugle Peals," together with nameless unpublished productions, Mrs. Pittsinger has written during the last few years a number of anniversary poems, produced by request for public occasions, such as celebrations of the birthday of Washington, of Lincoln, and one on the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther. The latter one was recited by the authoress before the Young Men's Christian Association in Oakland and was received with shouts of applause. It was also recited and received great applause at the famous Luther celebration at Union Hall in San Francisco. On this occasion it was recited by a German by the name of Druhe. She was also chosen for the poet on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the raising of the American Flag at Monterey, July 7, 1846, then the capital of the State. Her poem and the rendition of it on that occasion was a grand triumph.

"The Monterey Welcome Song," sung to the air "Beulah Land" on the occasion of the excursion of the Grand Army of the Republic to Monterey, was received with rounds of applause. "California's Welcome to the G. A. R.," sung to the air of "Marching Through Georgia" was the grand and eloquent poetic gem of the Encampment. It was sung in the different halls; and also by our California Sankey, Franklin Rhoda, on the streets of San Francisco, during which time hundreds of the soldiers, as well as the citizens, joined in the enthusiasm by tumultuous cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, making a most impressive and grand spectacle.

In relation to her poems, our poetess is never troubled as to their fate. In answer to a kind friend expressing anxiety for the

success of some of her more elaborate works, Mrs. Pittsinger says: "When I send my children out in the world I am done with them; they may live or die, according to their fitness to survive or perish; but their fate is no concern of mine." Similar ideas are expressed in some of her poems, for instance, in that grand and beautiful apostrophe to the Sierra Nevadas, she says:

"Nor would I now forget one summer-time,
Whose memories with thy flowery coverts chime,
When like a pilgrim searching for sweet rest,
For some secluded paradise in quest,
I made my way, sought out thy green defiles,
And found a refuge in thy shadowy wilds;
Nor cared if aught went well, went ill or wrong,
Cared for naught else but harmony and song;
If praise or blame, adversity or fame,
Had cast their shadows then 'twas all the same!"

The following, from a poem entitled "The Divine Guest," is a characteristic specimen from the pen of Mrs. Pittsinger, the gifted poetess of The New Dispensation, who, like Minerva, came ready armed from the brain of her Father, bearing the shield of loyalty and justice, and crowned with the shining laurels of Divine Inspiration:

Up, ye mortals, God is speaking,
All creation hears the tone;
Each the oracles are seeking
To encompass in their own!
God is speaking, and the sages
Each prophetic tone disperse,
While the poet to the ages
Sings it in melodious verse,
Stamps it on the golden pages,
All its wonders doth rehearse
In an endless chain of beauty through the boundless
universe.

Oh, my people, in your slumbers
Ye will miss the mighty song,
With the glory of its numbers
Swift, exuberant and strong!
But the Sun of Light has risen
On the stricken world's eclipse
And the soul from out its prison
Like a winged terror slips,
With a paean of its mission
Dropping from the burning lips
Of its own Divine Avenger, Angel of Apocalypse!

Thought is speeding, light is breaking,
Spirit bursting from its clay;
And with valiant zeal is making
Room for a millennial day—
Light is breaking, thought is waking
From its long and dreamless sleep,
And with giant arm is shaking
Old foundations from their deep,
While along the Empyrean strains of retribution
sweep!

Thought is speeding, time is waning,
Let your banners be unfurled!
Tyranny hath long been gaining
Hidden marches on the world—
God is speaking through the nations,
Trampling Error from its throne,
Truth with mighty inspirations
Thunders it from zone to zone,
And the voice of tribulation,
Justice crying for its own,
Peals along the vast creation in a seething judgment
tone!

While woman is admitted to the gallows, the jail and the tax-list, we have no right to debar her from the ballot-box.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The Platform.

Fourth of July Oration.

By the Controls of J. J. Morse, of London, England,
delivered on the Oakland Camp-grounds,
July 4th, 1887.

(Reported by G. H. Hawes, for CARRIER DOVE.)

Brothers and sisters of this great Republic situated between the waters of either ocean, skirted by the snows of the frozen north, and warmed by the suns of the radiant south, thou who hath for over a hundred years taken a place among the peoples of the world as the exponents of liberty, equality and justice, on this, thine natal day, let thy minds go upwards to the great hearts and noble lives that throbbed, and were laid down in days gone past that you might enjoy the liberties you now possess and have this fair flag still floating in the breeze.

The oldest empires wax and wane, lose their influence, and each descends the hills of oblivion, yet leaving marks of progress made for mankind at large. Revolution always has been the stepping stone of evolution in the national and political unfolding of mankind. The history of your struggles, trials, and efforts, in the by-gone days are written in imperishable characters upon the scrolls of time, and future ages will, perchance, better appreciate the grandeur of that effort, and the nobility of that struggle, than even you do at the present time.

Barely four hundred years of human time and this fair land—that now is dotted from end to end with centers of industry and teeming life—was the home of the uncultured and untutored savage. Far away in the old country the hardy traveller set forth to find a new passage across the trackless deep, and incidentally to the labor of that effort, Columbus led the way to the discovery of this broad land that in later years was to take its place among the nations of the earth.

The scene of history rolls on, and we find that by the pioneer labors of Spain and other nations, some of the wilderness had been transformed into gardens of human habitation. Then, behold, arising from the strong conflicts, and religious oppression of European countries, a wail of persecution, and earnest men, and true hearted women, who, failing to find that liberty in the land wherein they lived, to worship God after the manner of their own hearts and consciences, sought liberty and freedom in a new clime, and in 1706 these separatists from the English communion, hearing of the new world beyond the waves of the broad Atlantic, resolved that they would seek in that new country to found a new home, a new communion, and a fresh community, where liberty, and justice, and freedom of conscience, should have for them actual reality.

They sailed in their ship from the cosy English port, they braved the tempestuous winds and waves of the English Channel, drifting to seaward until the land they were renouncing faded to a speck on the horizon behind them, and the gloom of the night closed round on every side. Across the wild and weary waste, battling with the winds and billows, grappling with the waters that surged and rolled around them, with the fierce tempests beating upon them, their gallant ship stood bravely upon her course, and the sturdy hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers aboard that brave old vessel, that was indeed the flower of May as well as the "Mayflower," for future generations, steadily forged on their way until, at last, the iron-bound and inhospitable shores of the New England coast received the weary and worn wanderers from afar.

Then in the name of justice and right, in the name of religious liberty and personal freedom that man might be a man, the English foot was planted on the coast of the new world, and the sturdy character of the Anglo-Saxon race had its seat in new soil, and from the sowing of that seed on that rough New England shore sprang up the men of might, and men of power and thought, who forged a way for the freedom, the liberty, and the blessings that you enjoy to-day. If there is one word written in your heart, if there is one name more worthy than all others to be borne upon the prow of your battle ships, that word should be the "Mayflower" that brought your forefathers here to set the example, and plant the principles of personal liberty, and freedom of conscience, for all mankind.

A few years of time again roll on and 1706 gives place to later years, wherein there unrolls before your mind a wonderful picture. The fair city of Boston begins to be established, the surrounding land becomes settled; the English king begins to assert his power, and through his parliamentary agencies proposes to exact his tribute in life and conscience, as well as wealth, from the colonies of the new world.

Undoubtedly, in those early days, the colonists were loyal men, loving the country from which they came, and willing to give it reasonable allegiance. But when kings mistake their office of leaders of the people, and seek to become their masters, despotism—every inspiring revolution will in any age call forth its consequent, and if the people are wise enough and strong enough armed with right and clothed with justice, there is no despotism the wide world over that can stand against a revolution backed by the people's might. The exercise of power should ever be connected with justice, and justice should ever be associated with mercy. There is no doubt that had the English power been exercised with justice and with mercy, had justice gone side by side with power, there might have been a

different ending to the struggle—nay, that struggle might never have begun.

But the world was waiting in that century for a new empire out of the east, that should shine like a star in the coronet of nations. What better place could that Empire spring from? In the old world kingcraft, and priestcraft, and wealthcraft, had taken deep root; the land was filled with the traditions of authority, and absoluteism. But, in the new land, they had not had time to grow in its virgin soil—here was freedom from all the old evils of Europe. Where a land to be found, better for the new Empire to arise from out the sea, and shine upon the pages of history like the day-star in the morning of the world? In all the world there was no other land but this!

But difficulties arose. The English king, with foolish advisors—men who knew not the people, and the people who knew not the men—were in conjunction at this particular time, and the English sovereign determined to coerce his loyal subjects three thousand miles away. Coercion failed them; it has failed before, and since. History tells you of that memorable little tea-party you had in the Bay across your Continent; how those waters tinged with a deeper color, flowed out with the tide into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and told the world that here is a people who will not be driven, mastered, or coerced; a people who will stand up for the rights that belong to them, the rights that belong to those who produce all that they have and hold dear, who have made the colony what it is, and who were truly the only people from whom its laws should come.

So, little by little, the conflict arose. The English king grows more obstinate, his advisors more persistent in demands and assertions, until, at last, the colonists will no longer submit, and the first tinge of blood colors the tide of civil life; then, having gone too far to recede, the effort must go on. It is either freedom with national existence, or submission with virtual extinction. The hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock who had dared three thousand miles of weary ocean waste that they might found a new community, that had braved the elements of nature, and even the chastisement of God in the inhospitality of a strange country, were not the men nor women who would supinely sit down to be kicked whenever royal despotism should lift its foot.

In the pleasant lands of fair Virginia there lived a family of eminence and excellence whose hearts throbbed with patriot devotion to the new order of life founded here upon this great continent, from which noble and sturdy stock there came one graceful boy—whose life, full of purity, obedience and truth—of whom it is said he never told a lie. The little boy grows to be the youth, the youth becomes a man, and shows his self-reliance in the days of his youth. His

voice grows stronger; the nation calls for this man, and in response to the call of the new colonies, George Washington comes upon the stage of public life. All honor to George and Martha Washington! May that sweet Virginia home ever remain a glorious and sunny presence in your national heart! May the services of that patriotic man who, when his duty was done scorned further honors, laid aside the power the nation had conferred upon him—may that sublime example of true patriotic abnegation be an example to Columbia's sons to-day! And may they learn from it the wise and needful lesson that whatsoever the nation gives, the nation can take away; that whatsoever the nation has from you, you in turn owe all that you have had from the nation that conferred it on you. And serving your brethren, fighting for your liberties, striving to preserve your country, learn that when that duty is done, that, if you have the patriotic impulse that fired the breast of Washington in 1775-76, and if it stirs the breasts of Columbia's sons to-day, then all of you shall find the spirit of a Washington beating in your hearts, guiding your lives, ruling your councils, and carrying your nation onward to higher glories and achievements.

Then follows the thunder of cannons, the clash of arms, the conflict of opposing forces, and the Continental troops grow weary and dispirited. Some are afraid that ammunition, the commissariat, and money will fall short, that for lack of numbers and lack of material, the conflict will have to dwindle into an ignominious conclusion. At this time one of the staunchest lovers of liberty that stood upon the scene of Continental strife, makes his voice heard and presence felt. For some years a mighty agitation had been inaugurated by this man who owned the voice that we are now referring to, and a voice that had vigorously assailed the old systems of ecclesiasticism and politics was sounding on the air. This man's bright mind and earnest soul were cast with full weight and force into the destiny of the Continental struggle, with heart and soul, mind and brain, tongue and pen, so that when the Continental forces were growing weary, "The Rights of Man" rung out upon the breeze. Those writings were printed, distributed broadcast, and read at the head of every company of the Continental forces. There was the pivotal point; "The Rights of Man" stirred every soldier's breast, gave new life and fresh courage to the army, and from that sprang such determination to do or die, that it conquered in the end, and gave you liberty in the city of Brotherly Love. This man has been denounced; bigots have reviled him, ignorant fanatics have obscured the labor he did and the service that he gave you, but the enlightened present and a still more enlightened posterity will tell you who he was, and you will find that you will have to give him his due

and proper place in the framing of that Declaration of Independence, whose principles you celebrate to-day. When, hereafter, that name stands revealed, all will know the soul who did so much to revive the courage, stir the pulses, expose the errors and the evil that were oppressing you, who helped you forward in your hour of trial, and then the world will write in letters of gold in the heart of Columbia herself the name of Thomas Paine.

No wonder religious people feared him in the country across the sea. If his doctrines were true he had undermined a State that sanctioned the theory of the divine right as associated with kings; tore the mask away from a hereditary ruler, uprooted the fiction of an aristocracy that, like leeches, sucked the blood from the common laborers of the land. No wonder they denounced him, for his voice was as the voice of a god, kindling life and action in the hearts of men that, in the name of liberty, they might drive the evils that oppress them from the world!

From a fair land across the broad Atlantic, from France a great and noble heart lays his sword and service at your hands, and Lafayette demands a word of recognition, a loving friendship; remember him with greatest praise for his noble service in those early and perilous times.

The struggle ends; ends by reason of the fact that, though despotism's arm may be strong enough to smite an Empire, it is neither long enough nor strong enough, to stretch over 3,000 weary miles of watery waste, and you, being masters of the situation, gained triumph at last, and asserted yourselves to be a people free, having an independent national existence.

Then the good and true men whose signatures are appended to that document you all treasure in your hearts after the lapse of over a hundred years, meet in solemn conclave, and mutually agree that they must all hang together, or they will surely be hung separately if they fail.

But, like brave and valiant patriots, they do hang together, in the patriotic and fraternal sense, and their names go forth in the document before them, and that old bell, in that hall in Philadelphia, that you know as Independence Hall, rings out upon the summer air a nation's birth, a new child has come to the family of earth, a new babe is born in agony, sorrow, and disaster, in care, and pain, and blood, as children are born in the travail, and in suffering, of their earthly parents. And this new babe stepping out into the genial sunshine, raising its shrill voice on the hospitable air, proclaims the gospel of immortal fraternity and justice to all the world. In that tower that bell rings out, the echoes of which went ringing, ringing, right around the world. They found an entrance into the courts of Europe, an echo in the most select centers of aristocracy; they reverberated in the chambers of

legislative bodies in the lands beyond the seas; it was an echo that stirred the heart of all the world. Those echoes are ringing, ringing still, and will go on ringing round and round the world so long as Columbia's children are true to the Declaration they have sworn to and the constitution under which they live!

Thirteen States! This is a mystical number, of which much might be made, but this afternoon our purpose is practical. Thirteen States enter into a confederated union, and, if it were possible to suppose such a thing, when the news of this confederation and consolidation reached the Court of St. James, it is probable that the king, sitting there, would bite his nails for thinking that another jewel had been sacrificed from out his crown. True it was a rough diamond then, an unpolished jewel, but a jewel nevertheless that since the days of 1776 you have been vigorously engaged in polishing until it has reached the brightness it now possesses.

All honor, then, to these times and to those men. Remember what they did for you, and so long as you remain a nation never let their memories pass behind you, but always keep them royally and lovingly before you.

These thirteen States united, consolidated, became the nucleus around which the after States have been grouped and ranged; they are the forefathers, so to speak, of the great family of united communities that now reach from the wave-washed shores of the Atlantic coast, onward, and forwards, over field and hill, up the towering mountains that make the backbone of your country, descending through the gorges; reaching across the plains, on and on until there leaps to view the shining waters of the ever smiling Pacific seas.

Under that flag (pointing to the nation's banner), those thirteen bars will ever be a reminder to you of how our forefathers labored, strove and struggled. Go back at least once in each year of your mortal lives to that glorious day, that ever-to-be-remembered July the 4th, 1776, when the people swore fealty to the new constitution, and so assured a nation's people of political equality; social rights and religious freedom, which are for all time to come the charters of the constitution under which you live.

Then the colonies set themselves to work to put their house in order, to evolve a governmental system, to found a new nation—as the authors of the Declaration of Independence truly said, "the most stupendous and momentous task that can engage mankind." It was the sundering of old political ties and associations, and the building up of new ones, in a word the evolving of a new nationality. The work went on bravely, and for a few years all seemed happy; but the new republic was doomed to suffer. Of course the authority it had emerged from

would naturally be unfriendly, and the older dynasties of Europe would not favor a system of government so unlike their own. So England and France unite to oppress your commerce, injure your trade, and make your people miserable and unhappy. In 1812 another war with the older country engages the pages of history. The result was peace at last, and from that time to this, barring only the various piques and jealousies of two differing peoples who have quarreled, or the private spite in public prints, and of orators upon the platform—from that time to this, thank God, the relationships of your parent land and yourselves have remained un sullied by the stain of human blood.

From 1812 the country goes on increasing in might and power, sends out its own diplomatic agencies, perfects the government, sustains its majesty, elects the ruling officer, its presiding genius, and taking a firm and noble stand upon its broad principles, it gradually takes the shape of a great and wonderful nation.

But in the heart of the nation there was a canker, a plague-spot which tainted all the blood of the body politic, and the gibe and sneer went forth from the old countries; "Ah! behold the land of the brave, and the home of the slave." A plague-spot was there. Religion sanctioned it, to its shame; politics sanctioned it to its shame also, and great political parties bended their knee to it, to their shame also.

But men of mark and principle still remained in the commonwealth of the nation, and Garrison and Beecher were there; two ringing voices, with myriads of others, rung out upon the air, "Slavery is a curse to a free people, and a disgrace to the republic of the United States." The rotten egg and dead cat argument was frequently applied to the agitators; but there has never been a sufficient quantity of cats that could down the truth, and never enough eggs laid by any colony of poultry wherewith to pelt down an eternal principle out of existence.

But before this spot could be cut out from the nation's heart, a bitter surgery had to be applied to that offending point; the surgery of the bayonet, the medicine of the cannon, the caustic of blazing powder. And when the sturdy North, still vindicating the right of freedom, as befitted the descendants of that sturdy stock of old Plymouth birth, when the sturdy North resolved that rather than this should be they would fight for the principle of liberty, and boldly and bravely lay down their lives for it; when it was discovered that it was slavery and the Union, or slavery without the Union, then the north, having the issue squarely placed before them, could do naught else but fight again for the principles and freedom they had fought for a hundred years before.

You know the story well; how the first roar of the cannon sent a ball rolling through the murky gloom of night upon Sumpter's

walls; how its echo rang from one end of the land to the other; how some two or three millions—your brothers—roused to the call to arms to preserve the Union and free the slave; you know the deadly encounter of those four bitter years of awful strife and carnage; how brother ruthlessly shot at brother, how the house was divided against itself; you know how human blood saturated fair nature's breast, and colored the clear waters of stream and river; you know of the army of souls that were suddenly thrust out from life that is, to life beyond; and you know how fair towns and cities were ruined, rich plantations laid waste, how blood and treasure were poured out as though there were no end to the one or the other. You know that after the march from Atlanta to the sea, after the triumph of the northern army, when Grant crowns the whole by leading the northern forces to final victory, liberty again rises fair and all-powerful to succor and free the slave.

And then, then, something else. He whose hand had penned the document that gave freedom to the blacks, whose heart and great soul were for liberty and equality for every citizen of the great republic—you know how this great heart, and noble life, he who away in the backwoods was called up from the log cabin to the White House, to become the Executive officer of this great nation to which you belong—you know how this noble heart was sacrificed on the altar of maliciousness, and had to lay down his life after his task was done. Oh, let your hearts be stirred with pitiful remembrance, let your souls go back to those sorrowful times when a nation's heart almost wept tears of blood as their moist eyes followed the form of Abraham Lincoln to its grave. Great heart, loving soul, wherein did dwell the impulse of a Washington revived, all honor to that noble man! One of the people, serving the people, beloved by the people, and still remembered by the people who do him honor.

Then another page, a fair white page, is inscribed in golden characters, one of the grandest sentiments, one of the noblest acts, one of the most godlike pages of human history that it is possible to find A GENERAL AMNESTY FOR ALL THE CONQUERED SOUTH. "We have fought like men, we have suffered like men. Let us now live like men and brothers—here is the Northern hand!"

No nation in the world's history ever opened its heart and received its conquered foe into its bosom in the same glorious and magnanimous spirit as the Northern States received their Southern brethren. The blue and the gray are forgotten, the north and the south as separate points have ceased to be, the Republic one and indivisible, one great family of brothers and sisters, the "bloody shirt" is buried out of sight for evermore, and over all, instead, waves the glorious red, white and blue of the ever beauteous and beloved stars and stripes.

Again, behold the welcome morn of peace! The tide of empire rises, the damages of war are being repaired, the hatreds of kindred are being assuaged, wounded hearts are being healed, and then another cloud as one more occupant of the presidential chair falls a victim to a dastard's malicious act, and Garfield is gathered to the home beyond. But on that sad event there has hung so much of good that one might almost say that the sacrifice—though great and sorrowful indeed—was a sacrifice full of benefit and promise; for across the blue Atlantic, in the empire of Britain, sitting there in the northern seas, there ran through every town, city and hamlet, a thrill of sympathy and loving confidence that has done more to heal the sorrows of a hundred years ago and bind the Republic of the seas into closer friendship with the people of Britain, than any other incident in modern times. From Britain's queen down to Britain's humblest subject this wave of loving sympathy rolls onward to stricken Columbia, and in the name of God, the truth, and justice of your great Republic, let that wave roll in upon you so it may grow stronger and deeper in its pulses with every passing year that comes.

You have now, in hasty review, had passed before you the history of your land. What are its lessons? What are its morals? What application can we find in it to the conditions of to-day?

You are beginning to be divided between two opinions; shall these United States continue to be the refuge of the political exiles and social outcasts, the industrial poor? Shall it be a home where the oppressed, the downtrodden and the poor shall find a welcome, or shall it be America for Americans? If it is a land of liberty and of freedom there is no incompatibility by a rational interpretation of the thesis that it is a home for the oppressed, and it may also be America for Americans. You do not want the extremes, you want the points that lie in the middle distances between these two arguments. But, remember this, that if your gates are open and your doors swing easily upon their hinges, and you give hospitality to the oppressed and downtrodden of the world, then, emphatically, and always, you must tell these seekers for freedom when they come to you, these poorer brethren from afar, these sorrowing and distressed ones, "Here in our land, our broad and beautiful country, our farms and our homes, our towns, cities, and villages, here are our industries; come here, be one with us, work with us, live with us, abide by our laws, and accept the responsibilities we impose upon you in return for the hospitality we accord you."

There is but one flag for the United States of America, the red, white and blue of the stars and stripes. The red flag of anarchy is an alien weed; you must pull it up by the roots. Anarchy, Nihilism, Socialism, in

their extremes, are the poison virus that would infect the blood of your national life. Liberty, equality, justice, are the opponents of all such wild schemes. Equal rights imply equal duties, and in partaking of your hospitality your guests must learn to behave while enjoying your board and cheer. Your forefathers made this land, your sires continued their work, you are carrying it forward still, and every man born upon the soil has an inalienable right to all that soil can give him. The native born American is the owner of America, individually and collectively, and if you are unwise enough to let foreigners come in and steal your land you will have an alien landlordism and all its evils in your midst, and be deprived of that which is truly your own in the sight of God.

America for Americans, but America the asylum of the oppressed still, who must learn their duties, as well as their privileges. American institutions to be administered by Americans born on American soil. America's honors to be enjoyed by Americans who have served America. And when this truth is borne clearly home upon the national conscience you will cease to incorporate any of the effete civilization of Europe. The despotisms, and their long train of associated evils of the old countries will no longer show themselves in your very council chambers, for un-American Americans will find no seats therein.

We have no word against your hospitality, no word against your taking in the oppressed and suffering. God bless you all for what, as a nation, you have done in these regards; but you must remember that this philanthropy, good nature, and hospitality, should never be allowed to run away with the inestimable rights of men for which your fathers fought and bled, or squandered upon the scheming and ingrate.

Is America to be the dumping ground of Europe? Despots who have disagreeable subjects will very gladly pay their passage to the city of New York; the city of New York does not want them. Paupers, that other nations may have to keep, are cheaper to export than maintain at home. The person to whom the invoice is consigned may, however, object. You do not want the trash and garbage of the old world to mingle with the living blood of the new world. As owners of the soil you have as much right to say who shall, and who shall not, tread upon it, as the owner of a house has a right to say who shall, and shall not, cross its threshold.

When those who come to your doors, asking hospitality, are willing to work, and be one of you and with you, and stand by you, then give them the hand of fellowship, and set them to work, and after they have proved their sincerity, by a proper term of residence, confer what other rights you please upon them afterwards. But to make the new-comer a political prize that either party

will grab for the very first opportunity, to use as a check in playing the political game of euchre, is a continual menace to the institutions of the country where such contemptible tricks are played. There will come a time when these things will gain more force in your midst, when you will have to grapple with them more closely and more vigorously. May you be prepared to deal with them as wisely as your forefathers deal with the important issues of their times in the city of Brotherly Love.

A few other points alone remain for consideration. Republics have always been considered both impermanent and ungrateful; they have always been considered transitory, and phenomenal. That George Washington's name, life, and work, have lived over a hundred years is an eloquent proof that you are not growing ungrateful. That you exist to-day, after the same length of time, is a proof that your roots must be growing very strong, and striking very deep, and it will take a very considerable digging up hereafter to pull you out of the soil whereon you live. We know of no gardener that we should advise to undertake the task of lifting the roots of the American Republic of the United States.

What is the lesson of Republicanism throughout the world? The reason why Republics have hitherto been ephemeral is simply this: Previous to their existence, monarchy, imperialism and absolutism has been the rule. For ages men and women have been born in it, bred in it, fed upon it, it has become part and parcel of their bones. They have been absolute slaves to the monarch, emperor or queen. It takes a great deal of agitating and modifying to change these phases of human life. Every decade that you can perpetuate your existence reduces that quantity of virus in your national blood; it will be entirely eliminated by and by. You will then build up a quality of character in the United States, and such institutions, as will cause this Republic to go on growing stronger, able to sustain itself by its own life, and there shall be no power to blot it off the surface of the globe. Happily the time will come when this will be.

We must now leave the topic with a few final considerations, that, we trust, will equally commend themselves to your gracious judgment as has that which has gone before.

From the cold waters of the blue Atlantic washing the ironbound coasts of Maine, pushing round the old cape near the bay of Massachusetts, rolling in through that marvelous harbor wherein sits queenly New York city; down, down south to the warm and limpid waters of the Gulf, onwards across the land, over its mountains, reaching upwards and skywards, like the aspiring souls of the people who dwell thereon, descending the gracious slopes down to this fair land of the west, there are cities and towns and

villages, farms and homes, wherein dwell seventy odd millions of people, and there is to-day among them all that feeling of patriotism, of love, of admiration for this now no longer experimental Republic, that is throbbing in the breasts and inspiring the lives of and banding together as one family the millions of this great land of yours. Threading it from end to end are iron bands, long metallic threads that will do more to bind the North and South, the East and West into one eternal brotherhood than all the Fourth of July orations that could ever be delivered. Long metallic threads along which run the flying coach, and the iron horse who gliding through the valleys, rushing across the plain, boldly climbing the mountains, going through gorges, winding around canyons, descending the hills, coming to the lower levels again, this magnificent steed careers on, bearing your commodities, extending your commerce, delivering your messages of love and friendship to distant places, bringing you in close relation and communion with each other, and binding the Republic in one great family as he daily journeys from waters of the East to the waves of the West.

But finer and more subtle threads are woven across the face of nature; thin, thin wires that throb and burn with an electric soul, with a divine spirit in their heart, and these, facilitating commerce, distributing the news of the day, and the events of the hour, the tidings of sorrows or the words of joy and affection, bind in closer relation, even the great Republic than does the achievements of the iron horse. In ages to come the name of Morse will stand out as one of the world's greatest benefactors, and with it the name of Benjamin Franklin, who brought down the thunderbolt from the muttering clouds by his kite and key, shall shine with undimmed splendor.

Then there is the mighty influence of the free press, wherein the citizen can ventilate his wrong, his grief, his opinion, his hope, his desire. The free press, the one bulwark that you have between the wrong and the right, treasure it, sustain it and ably maintain it by every means. But oh! let our voice reach those who manipulate this mighty power that drives the great engine of thought and progress, make it the reflection of the people's life and will, and then the people will maintain it as a power that shall make oppression tremble, and drive into their holes and caves whatsoever evils that would dare to show themselves in the light of the present time.

East and West, North and South, having learned the lessons of the past, may you in the coming future put all these to greater ends and nobler purposes, and present a grander life to humanity even than you present to-day. Over your heads soars the golden eagle, emblem of that aspiring nature and desire that you possess. And,

when climbing onwards to grander political heights, greater glory still, when citizenship is truly accorded to man and woman alike, that eagle shall look down upon a progressive, harmonious and united people, who shall, in this last respect, as well as in all that has gone before, be the most glorious example to the world that history presents you any record of.

Over your head waves that fair, fair flag, whose glorious stars, emblematic of the blue, empyrean depth beyond, filled with orbs of light that appear in the darkness of the night, so also typical of different States coming out from the gloom of your sorrow and your despair.

These bars will ever be emblematic of those thirteen States that labored and strove together to build up and render possible all you enjoy to-day; this glorious banner whereon you have written the names of liberty, equality and justice, look lovingly upon it and swear again to-day in your freedom and the ardor of your national love, that man has the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Treasure those principles in your heart, and in the name of all the noble workers of the past, in the name of all the grand patriots living now, in the name of all the sacred influences, and the holy associations pertaining to this birthday of your national life, lay your hands upon your hearts, swear to God, humanity, and truth, that you will guard inviolate the principles, the rights, the privileges and the glories that your forefathers handed down to you; that you will deliver them to your children pure and unsullied, and give to them the legacy of freedom and usefulness in their turn that you have received from the past. Swear this in the name of humanity and truth, and then you will give a holy baptism to these great United States that shall cement and bind them closer and closer together; and East and West, North and South, joining in one glad psalm to liberty and progress, mankind outside your boundaries shall learn that here, between the two great oceans, dwells a happy, free, enlightened people, and that your nation is, indeed, the most glorious political example the pages of history ever presented to the admiration of the world.

Fiction.

Dr. Fell.

CHAPTER XV.

"Who lives for truth will live as long as truth."
"If truth be with thy friend, be with them both."

On Saturday morning a part of the rare-ripe cherries, rescued from the robins, were manufactured into tarts for the picnic. It being an afternoon affair, Ethel Raymond,

who had a nice sense of the suitable and orderly arrangement of the commonest affairs of life, prepared the cherry-marmalade and frosted cake, that with tea was to serve as refreshment in the grove.

Eva assisted in these preparations, always desiring to be in Ethel's presence while on her annual summer visit, and if ever she would need to fill the office of kitchen maid, her capability to do so would be owing to her close intimacy with the kitchen itself, at her Uncle's. Mr. Raymond, when informed of the proposed plan of further utilizing his grove, though from what source the information came there was no hint given, remarked jocularly,

"Do you expect some more speech-making?" "I have not heard that there was to be any speaker present," replied Ethel with quiet dignity, thus ignoring his allusion.

It would have been useless for either of them to have attempted to impart their subtle philosophy of mind transference to his mind, preoccupied with agriculture finance, and the general political condition of this and other countries.

So from this they refrained, and contented themselves with securing his promise to be present.

The morning had been bright and sunny, but the sky clouded before noon, and the remainder of the day was one of those still, pleasant changes from the garish sunshine of long summer afternoons, when animated nature seems partially to suspend its activities for a half-holiday, as it were.

At all events, the change was appreciated by those who had been over the moloch furnaces of the kitchen, concocting dainties to tempt their Adams to suspend their labors for once, in favor of recreation and sociability. Many of these did not "make up their minds," positively, until the appetizing odors that were not of the dinner-table met them at noon at the threshold of the kitchen. Thus, by pandering innocently to the lower nature, is the whole man often allured to needed sustenance for the higher.

The women engaged in this work had been up earlier, had worked more briskly and efficiently, and were on the ground by three o'clock, spreading the table still standing, arranging the contents of luxurious baskets, and ornamenting it with bouquets brought by younger hands as their especial contribution.

A swing had been prepared for these by the kind forethought of Dr. Fell and Mr. Carey, who had taken an hour before dinner for that purpose.

A boat, also, had been engaged by them, and soon after the women's work was completed, they came rowing up the little creek on the opposite side of the grove, bordering Mrs. Findlay's grape estate; whom they had promised "to row across," with her maid and children, ere she consented to grace the occasion with her presence.

This little woman, like many another wife and mother of our state and national legislators, was often left for months to manage the vineyard as well as her household, and to be father as well as mother to her children; and yet held to be the "weaker vessel" by these self-assumed law-givers!

It is small wonder that such men fear that woman would be alienated from home by an interest in governmental matters; these same, giving a true verdict upon themselves.

Ethel's basket, with her card, had been sent down after dinner, as she did not wish to hurry Eva upon the scene, and knew the delay would be understood. At four o'clock they went down the meadow-path, where Eva again plucked a bunch of the freshest red-clover tops, in that delicate and unpremeditated way identifying herself with, and revealing her love of country offerings. This time she placed them in her unornamented, white tulle hat.

"To be out of the way," she said, "and where their fragrance would be diffusible."

As they entered the grove, Ethel's searching glance discovered the lady of the vineyard conversing freely with Dr. Fell, as he stood with one hand on the sunny head of one of her little ones, who had been under his care recently, and to whom he had not administered drugs, but had imparted vitality by gentle ministrations. The child's mother had, like John the Baptist of old, "prepared the way" by more temperate ablutions than he, the rugged mountaineer, prescribed for the cleansing of the people. A tepid sponge-bath being a ready purveyor of the fever, and a careful diet, which though of still less strength and concentration than the "locust and wild honey," was admirably adapted to the little fellows' thirst, being only the pure milk from a thorough-bred Durham.

"I am glad to see Mrs. Findlay here," remarked Ethel in a low tone.

"Where is her husband?" it occurred to Eva to inquire, seeing her alone, in charge of the family, for the second time.

"O, away again, on a political campaign, preparatory to the fall elections, I believe."

"Does he ever accompany her when at home?" "Never; he seems to take no interest in our small gatherings, and is always preparing for a new departure."

"His wisest 'new departure'," said Eva, giving the term its latest meaning, "would be to look after his family, it seems to me."

"So I have often thought; she is too interesting a woman to be left to heart-hunger;" said Ethel, with that "fellow-feeling" that "makes us wondrous kind." Mrs. Findlay had her children, and Ethel her father and sister, and although there was sincerest affection in both instances, there was little sympathy or companionship.

"See," whispered Eva, "how she is looking up at Dr. Fell, her face transfigured with animation."

"There is scarcely one in this vicinity

with whom she is on terms of intimacy," said Ethel, "though friendly with all whom she meets."

"You have called upon her, of course?"

"Yes, not long after they came here. The estate was purchased with her patrimony, I have heard."

"A paying investment?" questioned Eva, who was accustomed to people having "an eye to the main chance."

"It supports the family, it is thought, but it is a great care for her with those small children and indifferent help, but she manages well, it is believed. It may be well for her to have some absorbing occupation;" said Ethel thoughtfully.

Their entrance upon the scene being now noticed, the subjects of their conversation advanced to greet them, Mrs. Findlay turning to Ethel first was then introduced to Eva, whom she knew only by hearsay.

Dr. Fell suddenly left this trio, the presence of Ethel and Eva reminding him of what he had momentarily forgotten. After a few minutes' conference with Mr. Carey, the twain ascended to the platform, for what purpose, all adult eyes were turned to discover.

While Dr. Fell was unfolding that identical "Banner," Mr. Carey said briefly:

"The Doctor has a little statement to make to you, before the music begins;" hesitating, and adding the first facetious note at his command. This was not a prearranged affair, but one of those sudden impulses or promptings of "the Doctor's," which, if instantly obeyed, often obviated what had seemed an insurmountable difficulty, or an embarrassing explanation. As the few present were in sympathy, or at least tolerant of the new "ism," their attention was secured to what the most prominent exponent of it amongst them had to say.

"My good friend here," began Dr. Fell informally, acknowledging Mr. Carey's support by a slight gesture in his direction, "tells me that a strange thing happened at the circle Thursday evening.

"But as new manifestations, and new meanings to old ones are constantly occurring, that should not surprise us, or weaken our faith. But I confess I was much surprised to be told that I had repeated this address, in these 'Communications,' as an apparently direct inspiration. I assure you that the wrapper had not been removed from my paper, owing to the time being occupied by the Convention, and—and other matters; but when I came across this little sermon of Kimball's upon the 'Glory of the Firmament,' there seemed something so familiar about it, so haunting, that I was moved to question my good friend in regard to it; when he informed me of this freak of thought-transference, that some one among 'the powers that be' had played upon me, some will-o-the-wisp I suspect, whose bright lantern had revealed to him the whereabouts

of the discourse, the contents of which were as easily discernible by him as those of a sealed letter might be, or the mental questions and desires of our own hearts which are answerable by rappings, slate-writings, etc."

Thus bringing the subject down to their comprehension as nearly as possible.

"And now, my friends," he continued, "that you understand the matter as well as I do at present, we will adjourn it for further investigation."

This *coupe-de-main* on the Doctor's part, served a two-fold purpose; that of putting himself at ease, and creating a little breeze of interest and excitement among those present, without which the occasion would not have been a success.

During his remarks, Ethel and Eva refrained from any sign of an understanding of the matter, feeling instinctively that he would have noted it; but now as they turned away, a glance into each other's eyes communicated all they would have said.

Mr. Raymond had in the meantime found his way to their side, and he, too, looking up, gave a little nod of approval. He greeted his neighbor from across the creek—their dividing line—with cordiality, remarked that her vineyard looked thrifty, and patted little Frank's sunny curls, that were like silk floss to his rough hand, which left them ruffled somewhat. The dear child looked up wistfully into the strong farmer's genial face, and being reminded thereby, said lispingly:

"My papa ith comin' home four of July."

"Well my little man, what are you going to do then?"

"We're doin to have rockets and fire-tackers,—a-nd—" "What else?" asked the farmer, to help him out.

"A drate bid gun, and green peaths and trawberries," remembering what his mother had promised for the occasion, as well as what his father had written. "That will be nice," commented Mr. Raymond.

The little innocent's small head was as completely filled with his first pleasurable anticipations of the great day, as many larger and older ones had been, scores of times.

"What 'oo doin to do 'den?" he lisped, bent on a good understanding with his big, new friend.

"I don't know;" was the reply, "unless I help you fire off your big gun;" thinking figuratively, but speaking literally to the wee child.

"Well, 'oo 'tan;" said Master Frank, in a friendly, condescending tone.

"That's a bargain, returned the farmer "and now let us go and swing," as he took the tiny hand in his own.

The womanly, Helen, his five year old sister, had previously been led away by Mr. Carey, and placed in the swing with a little friend, and great was their glee, as with an arm around each other, and another

clasping the rope of the swing, they were carefully and gradually tossed to the tree-tops as it seemed to them, by their kind, gray-haired friend below.

In the meantime the ladies of the two families were becoming better acquainted, and promising an interchange of calls; while Dr. Fell, with the versatility befitting one of his profession, was chatting familiarly with one and another of the waiting and expectant guests, who, evidently, were not "sufficient unto themselves," in the way of seeking and giving an interchange of thought and feeling with one another.

The hour for refreshments was anticipated a little, as the gathering clouds seemed to threaten rain, and at the social tea-table they all grew merrier, for, meeting each other face to face, they became better acquainted. The delicate and appetizing specimens of culinary art were duly praised and as duly disappeared, leaving, however, some half-baskets of fragments to be furnished to one or two needy families of the village.

And then some one proposed singing. "Music, music!" was the acclamation.

"I fear we are too full for utterance," said Dr. Fell, "but nevertheless we can try." And gathering his little choir together, not omitting this time to solicit Eva's help, who willingly contributed her mite to the general entertainment.

"I think our voices will gain by the altitude of the platform," said he, leading the way, while the non-vocalists ranged themselves in front, scattered among the seats.

The children had returned to the swing, after having their hands filled with dainties; for that was a treat they rarely enjoyed; and their graceful, swaying motion and gleaming white garments through the green branches, was not only a pretty sight, but a rythmical accompaniment to the harmonious voices from the speaker's stand, as they swelled in the chorus of "The Beautiful Land" and other familiar melodies.

After the singing the matrons gathered up their baskets and little ones in readiness for returning home by the road to the village, while Mrs. Findlay, and her maid with her charges, were rowed back across the stream as agreed upon.

Ethel and Eva accompanied Mrs. Findlay to the spot where the little boat idly floated upon the water, and Mr. Grey followed leading his little friend Frankie. The sun that had happily been obscured during the earlier part of the warm afternoon, burst out now from above the black bank of clouds massed in the west, and the change in the weather prospects suggested to Dr. Fell to say to the cousins—

"If you will remain here, ladies, till our return, we will give you a short row down stream."

Ethel turned to Eva for her consent, who said "I should be delighted;" then to her father for his sanction, who, seeing them all

provided for, caught Master Frank up in his strong arms, and kissing his round, rosy cheek, swung him into the boat, where the maid took him under her care. When Mr. Raymond turned, saying simply and hastily: "I must get back to the farm," strode away silently.

On the opposite shore, Mr. Carey who had been no party to the last arrangement, leaped out to assist the women and children, and saying shortly to the Doctor:

"You must get the young ladies to help you row;" assisted the little party out of the boat, and up the bank, where a carriage-way led to their home.

The Doctor recrossed the stream, where Eva claimed an oar, saying she could row, while Ethel said she could only steer, having done that for her father on some little fishing excursions at high spring-tide. Only that was required down stream, as they floated with the sluggish current, to the vicinity of the pond, where the white and yellow lily-buds lay like balls upon its glassy surface.

(To be continued.)

Song vs. Philosophy.

"It is a matter of deep regret" that at our public gatherings we have so little singing. We feel somewhat in harmony with Prof. Blackie when we attend our spiritual lectures and meetings. Prof. Blackie writes in the *New York Graphic*: "I wish at times I was back in the Middle Ages, when singing was the only sermon and the minstrel the only teacher; there are no more grand public reunions of the masses.

"Enter a family now-a-days and man, woman and child, has his, her or its nose poked down between printed pages.

"Absolute silence reigns throughout the house.

"It's despairing. I sometimes feel like yelling, and demolishing the furniture, when I get into such a solemn visaged circle, as a sort of a counter irritant.

"These human reading machines are stuffed full of the sausage-meat of literature.

"When the world was the wisest it read no books. Its teachers taught *from nature*."

The Professor evidently has associated himself with those book-worms who fancy themselves *walking encyclopedias*, who cannot make a remark without referring to some *written* authority on the point in question. They always preface their opinion with a grave reference to some scientific book as the foundation of their coming philosophical dissertation.

They accept no idea unless it can be traced to some of their pet scientific authors.

Such people have a limited breadth of soul. They possess a dried-up collection of brains borrowed from others after the former possessor had laid them away as worn out.

They are utterly useless to the mass of mankind. The world has been fed upon that kind of mental food until it is like the poor horse, whose ribs were conspicuous enough to suggest to the practical urchin, that "oats are wanted within." Humanity is starving for that kind of practical food which has mixed within its ingredients love and harmony, spiritual sympathy and consolation.

Such dried-up mummies before mentioned should be sent back to Egypt, to be embalmed over again.

We meet such people generally at public meetings where spirituality should reign, and we pray for a whirl-wind and a "chariot of fire thereof" to escort them to anywhere out of the way.

These saw-dust kind of people never care to sing. They have no time to waste with it. They have eaten dry bread so long that they cannot see any use of honey or syrup. They sit in the audience and *endure* the singing, with their mouths down at the corners and brow contracted, utterly miserable, mentally sneering at the singer who is the agent of the spiritual forces to create harmony out of chaos and discord.

The thought never enters the heads of these human dictionaries; that the singer is equally as disgusted with his audience who are expressing their minds in their faces.

Away with this abuse of knowledge, science and philosophy.

Let us have more *common sense* philosophy that recognizes the feelings of others; that seeks to harmonize the elements with every possible means, and which recognizes the fact that song and music are the foundation of harmonious conditions.

Philosophy should teach us that nature's method of progress is through harmony, and that all spiritual manifestations are dependent upon harmony for success.

Song will bring about harmonious conditions quicker than anything else so far as we know. We have yet to find, in our experience with the spirit manifestations, which has been quite extensive and thorough, any spiritual objection to song at all gatherings where spirit is supposed to manifest; on the contrary we have constantly been urged by our spiritual instructors to "*sing more, let everybody sing*."

If there is any class of people upon this globe, who ought to be filled with the spirit of song, that class is the *Spiritualists*.

Their philosophy is based upon harmony. More time should be given to song, at all public meetings.

The success of the Methodist denomination is the result of the great amount of time and attention to singing.

They well know it has got to be done. Everybody must be made to feel happy and harmonious with each other. The result is a unanimity of thought and feeling. Song is the voice of the spirit—it is the direct agent of the soul.

What a change from the cold, critical conditions of the audience which now pervades our meetings would be wrought by spending a half hour in singing appropriate songs. Try it, brethren.

G. F. PERKINS,
1020 Market Street, S. F.

The Parable of the Sowers.

"Behold, sowers go forth to sow;" and they "that soweth the good seed" are the *Liberal Editors*. The field is the world; the good seeds are the truth and scientific facts they scatter abroad. "He that hath ears to hear let him hear and understand. He that hath eyes to see let him see and perceive. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the sower." Some sample copies of your papers "fall by the way-side;" some fall in stony, orthodox places "where they had not much earth," nor substance for thought. Some fall "among thorns," and the deceitfulness of riches and the cunning devices to obtain them, "entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful." "And others fell on good ground and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred." Thus the world is being filled with truth instead of superstition, knowledge instead of faith, and scientific facts instead of beliefs. Acceptance without evidence is mostly of the past, a small portion in the present, and none in the glorious future. Men are fast learning that their "Redeemer" is *the man within the man*, the man to rely upon in every trial, temptation, or crisis of life. Woman's "Redeemer" is *the woman within the woman*, and we know not the bounds of our possibilities, if we will but rely upon our Redeemer.

"Oh angels, haste to usher in that golden morning,
Towards which we turn to-day expectant, longing,
When Superstition from the world shall vanish,
And Truth's bright rays the darkness banish."

MRS. LIDA JOHNSON,
Clarinda, Iowa.

Something of the nature of the American costume—the gymnasium dress, the beach suit, the bloomer, call it what you will—must take the place of our present style of dress, before the higher life—moral, intellectual, political, social or domestic—can ever begin for women.—ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Dr. Berrillon, a hypnotic specialist, has recently restored a young lady of twenty, who, six months since, was deprived of her voice. Electricity was first tried without success. After having been put under mesmeric influence three times her difficulty was removed. Hypnotism ought to be called mesmerism.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

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THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 30, 1887.

Our New Departure.

In answer to the oft repeated requests of subscribers and friends we have at last resolved to issue the CARRIER DOVE every week. As heretofore, our aim will be to maintain the highest possible standard of excellence in each department. All our previous features will be retained, and new ones added as soon and as fast as circumstances permit.

We shall present a portrait or a sketch every week, accompanying the same with biographical or descriptive matter as needed.

Our desire is to give to the cause a picture gallery of its faithful and noted workers in this and other lands. Our past efforts are testimony of our desires in this direction.

Each week we shall present a *resume* of the news of the movement, extracts from our exchange list, lectures, essays, original and selected articles, poetry, fiction—and a special department for our children.

Our success depends upon our readers. We have no axe to grind, our purpose is to

help our cause. We are determined to make the CARRIER DOVE a welcome guest in every home. As the pioneer illustrated spiritual journal, its success in the past inspires us to believe a like good fortune awaits it from now onward.

Our annual subscription remains the same, \$2.50;—our single issues—twenty pages on good paper, enclosed in a wrapper, and including our usual handsome lithograph picture, will be sold for the small sum of ten cents.

The CARRIER DOVE greets all its friends, and will do so every week hereafter.

To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns, generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

Review of the Camp-Meeting.

The state Camp-meeting of 1887 was held in East Oakland, corner of 12th St. and 1st Avenue, on the beautiful grounds belonging to the estate of Gen. Thos. Williams, which comprise several acres located on the margin of Lake Merritt. A more lovely spot with its grand scenery, shade trees and natural arbor could not have been found.

The first public exercises were held on Sunday, June 5th. Mr. H. C. Wilson, president of the Association, opened the meeting at 11 A. M. with a few appropriate remarks congratulating the audience on the pleasure before them of listening to the inspired utterances of our friend and brother Mr. J. J. Morse of England, who was then introduced as the regular speaker for the season.

Mr. Morse was received with unbounded applause by the immense audience assembled in the spacious pavilion and expressed his

pleasure at being with them and hoped they would be mutually benefited. The subject of the morning lecture was "Present Day Problems." In the afternoon "Spiritualism a Religious Question." Mr. J. J. Morse was the principal speaker throughout the Camp-meeting giving sixteen lectures, and on eight evenings answered written questions from the audience. He was pronounced by advanced thinkers the most philosophical and logical lecturer that we have had on this Coast. The daily press of Oakland and San Francisco gave commendatory notices of his lectures and notably the *Enquirer* of Oakland, which made daily reports of the meetings. Among some of the subjects of his lectures were the following: "Man's Rights After Death," "The Science of Immortality," "Woman—Her Place and Power," "Psychology of Crime," and "Spiritualism a Challenge or a Compromise."

On Mondays there were no public meetings held on the ground. The order of exercises for other days in the week, were as follows: at 9 A. M. a developing circle, at 10½ A. M. a fact meeting, 2 P. M. conference, or lecture, at 7.30 P. M. These meetings were very interesting. Many wonderful facts were related and many interesting experiences given; fifty-four persons taking part in these exercises during the entire session. Many lectures were given by good speakers among whom were the following: Mr. Lydell Baker—a nephew of the lamented Colonel Baker—gave two addresses entitled "The Mission of Falsehood," and "Things Which Cannot be Shaken." His lectures were received with much applause, and we predict for this young orator a brilliant future. Dr. W. W. McKaig also delivered two lectures: "The Mission of Spiritualism," and "The Relation of the Inhabitants of the Seen and Unseen Worlds."

Prof. Carpenter gave an able address upon "Psychology and its Relation to Spiritualism."

Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, of San Jose, discoursed upon "The True and the False."

Mrs. P. W. Stephens, of Sacramento, gave an interesting historical lecture upon the ancient "Mound Builders."

Mr. J. J. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate*, discoursed upon "The Teachings of Spiritualism Compared with the Doctrines of the Church."

At the close of this lecture Mrs Mattie P. Owen recited the Commemorative poem.

read at the unveiling of the statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, April 6th, 1887.

Mr. A. A. Wheelock, the celebrated trance and inspirational speaker of Boston, gave an able address under control of Prof. Wm. Denton upon "The Science, Philosophy and Religion of Spiritualism."

Mrs. L. E. Drake spoke upon "Reform" and also contributed some beautiful original poems.

Mrs. Sarah A. Harris and Miss E. J. Bennett gave an exposition of Mental Healing and its relation to Spiritualism. Dr. C. C. Peet and Mr. E. G. Anderson delivered two lectures each. Mrs. J. Schlesinger, editress of the CARRIER DOVE, gave the closing lecture of the Camp-meeting on the evening of July 4th, subject, "What Spiritualism Has Done for Woman." On this occasion Mrs. L. E. Drake recited an original poem, entitled, "Woman Tried by the Court of Heaven."

The following named mediums gave platform tests upon various occasions during the convention. Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Dr. Louis Schlesinger, Mr. Wm. R. Colby, Mrs. P. W. Stephens, Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Eccleston of Bakersfield, whose delineations of character by symbols were very interesting, her tent being thronged every day with seekers after this peculiar phase of mediumship.

Among the mediums having tents upon the grounds were Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. E. Price, Wm. R. Colby, Mrs. Miller, Dr. Louis Schlesinger, Mrs. Perkins, all of San Francisco and Mrs. Herbert of Alameda, Mrs. Wilson of San Diego, Mrs. Upham of Tulare, Dr. Taylor of Stockton, Mrs. Bates of Alameda, and Mrs. Kate Kohn of San Diego, who designs making San Francisco her home. There were over 40 tents upon the grounds, many families from different parts of the State occupying them. It is a remarkable fact that quite a number of people over 80 years of age attended the meetings every day. Mrs. Johnson, age 82, of Clarksville, came sometimes twice a day from West Oakland, and a lady 84 years old, from Benicia, camped on the grounds and was as enthusiastic as the younger portion of the audiences. The music was ably rendered by Mr. Jos. W. Maguire, Mrs. Carrie Miner and Mrs. E. Clark, assisted by Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Alexander, Miss Phelps, Miss Georgie Hall, Annie Johnson, Mrs. Dr. Peet, Mrs. Whitmore of Ceres, Mrs.

Baker of Los Gatos, Miss Winchell of Vallejo, Prof. Perkins and Mrs. Lina Cruse Smith, musical medium.

On Friday eve, June 17th, an entertainment was given by J. H. White, Jos. Maguire and others, consisting of songs, recitations, music and character impersonations; it was well attended and gave great satisfaction.

Thursday, June 30th, was a day set apart for the children, and called "Children's Day." More than three hundred were on the grounds. Tables were set in the large arbor and the ladies devoted several hours in supplying them with ice cream, cake, candy, and lemonade, after which they marched into the large tent where an impromptu entertainment was given by volunteers, consisting of songs, recitations and dancing, about thirty children taking part, closing with humorous selections by Prof. Perkins, which all enjoyed. During the session of the Camp-meeting three of its members were called to pass through deep sorrow; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans in the passing over of their infant daughter, Mr. Wm. Colby in the loss of a dear younger brother, and Mrs. Mary Rogers in the sudden removal of her son. To each of these afflicted families the Association tendered resolutions of condolence and sympathy.

On Sunday, July 3, Mrs. J. J. Whitney was ordained a teacher of the Spiritual Gospel, under the charter of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco, Mr. H. C. Wilson, President.

The last meeting of the Camp was held July 4, on which occasion the control of J. J. Morse delivered an oration suited to the "Glorious Fourth," at the close of which President Wilson said that a pleasant and important duty remained, and read the following resolutions which were most heartily adopted:

This Association having welcomed to this Coast Mr. J. J. Morse of England, and feeling the deep debt of gratitude and thankfulness we owe to him, and the wise and noble souls who inspire his sublime utterances, for their faithful ministrations during the entire session of our Third Annual Camp-meeting;

Therefore, we, the California Spiritualists' Camp-meeting Association desire to express our full satisfaction and delight in the able services rendered, which now so happily close;

That we recognize the genius, courage, fidelity to truth, and love of humanity that

has been manifested in the wise and gracious ones who touch his lips with eloquence and zeal for that which is right and true;

That in his own individuality we recognize a fitting avenue for these great and helpful ministrations, and in his stern adherence to the duties of his high calling, his gentleness of manner and goodness of heart, we find a closer relation than that of teacher, and gladly welcome him as friend and brother;

That we most heartily commend him to the love, sincere regard and support of all who love truth, right and justice, and the unfoldment of a high spiritual life;

That a copy of this testimonial be presented to Brother J. J. Morse, furnished to the leading spiritual papers, and spread upon the minutes of this Association.

Dr. C. C. Peet, who was sitting upon the rostrum, then rose to his feet and in a few apt and expressive words presented another testimonial of fifty-five dollars in gold.

Mr. Morse, almost overcome by his strong emotions, his eyes filling over and over again with tears and commencing with a choked and halting voice, most touchingly replied:

I would like to say all that I have in my heart, but my tongue will not allow me to express it. I cannot tell you, friends, how pleased and proud I feel at the resolutions good brother Wilson read and that you have so cordially adopted. I am a long way from home—nearly seven thousand miles—I came here almost a stranger, known only to you by reputation, and I wondered how I should find myself and how I should be treated when I got to California. I can't tell you how I found myself, I can't tell you how I have been treated, because I know if I should try I would break down before I had finished. As I told my good wife yesterday afternoon, it is the most satisfactory, the most pleasant, the most acceptable engagement I have ever filled in the United States. I feel I have won your consideration and your affections. I have tried while I have been here—as I have always endeavored to do during my whole eighteen years of service—to do my duty, nothing more and nothing less.

I thank you with all my heart for the loving recognition I have received at your hands.

I was quite taken aback at the practical speech of our good brother Peet, and I find inscribed on this little roll fifty-five dollars. For this generous gift I can only return you my hearty thanks, and also thank you for the kindness and sympathy extended to my wife and daughter as well as to myself.

But after all I must tell you, as I have told other audiences a thousand times, who say all these kind and good things about me, that I am only an instrument of a higher

power; to them your gratitude truly belongs. I am proud to know that their wise words in California have met with such a deep reception and earnest response in your hearts, as they have met in other portions where my journeying feet have been. May their words find expression in your lives.

For myself and for my family, I tell you all, dear friends, we shall remember you with love and gratitude. God bless you one and all.

J. J. Morse's Physio-Psychological Classes.

At the urgent desire of many who have attended Mr. J. J. Morse's inspirational lectures since his arrival on the Pacific Coast, he has formed a class for the study of the above science consisting of a course of instruction divided into three sections of four lectures each.

The course will embrace the central truths of "Mental Science," "Cerebral Science," "Spiritual Healing," "Theosophy," "Temperamental Development" and "Psychology," enabling those who become students to maintain health of body, mind, and soul. It will also indicate how the superior faculties of the mind, as intuition, impression, clairvoyance, healing, etc., may be personally unfolded.

The lessons will comprise the best inspirations from the seen and the unseen realms of life, affording a knowledge of how to study human character in its varied phases in harmony with the laws of Physio-Psychological Science, as related to body, brain and mind.

The lectures embrace a reverent study of God's laws as governing our natural, intellectual, and spiritual natures, with regard to our affectional, filial, conjugal, and personal duties and relations—morally, intellectually, and spiritually—here and hereafter.

At the close of the course each student will be presented with a Chart, wherein will be marked the leading indications of his or her personal development, as ascertained by the lecturer.

The terms for the entire course have been fixed at the extremely moderate rate of five dollars, for each student, payable upon the name being handed in. Mr. Morse's long continued service, and world-wide reputation as an inspirational teacher of great merit, ensures, of itself, interest and satisfaction to all who join. The class is meeting every Monday and Friday evenings at the Palace

Hotel (Parlor A,) this city, and any of our readers who have not joined the course can take single lessons for the moderate sum of fifty cents each. We can cordially commend these classes as being eminently useful, instructive, and practical.

Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Ordination of the President.

On Sunday, July 17th, at Washington Hall, the president of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, H. C. Wilson, was ordained a "minister of the gospel of Spiritualism" under the charter of that society.

Previous to the ordination services, Mr. Wilson stated that in accordance with the constitution of the Association it was the duty of the presiding officer to officiate on such occasions, or he could appoint any member to conduct the services; and on this occasion as he was the candidate for ordination, he had chosen as the one he deemed most suitable to perform this duty for him, his truest friend, his wisest counsellor, his most devoted helper, and the one to whom in hours of trial and adversity he could go for strength, encouragement, sympathy, and tender love; the sharer alike of joy or sorrow—his true, devoted wife—Mrs. H. R. Wilson. This announcement met with hearty applause, and Mrs. Wilson proceeded with the services which were beautiful and impressive, at the close of which her controls made a few brief congratulatory remarks, to the pleasure of the audience.

H. C. Wilson's Eastern Tour.

By the time our Eastern friends receive this issue of the DOVE, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wilson will probably be on the way to visit their Camp-meetings in the interests of Spiritualism, in California. It was thought that by sending representatives East for the purpose of studying the most successful methods in operation there for the advancement of the cause, that much good would accrue therefrom, and a fraternal bond be established between the East and the West, which would be mutually beneficial and reciprocal. With this end in view, funds have been raised to defray the necessary expenses, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are sent forth upon this mission. We commend them to

our Eastern friends as efficient workers, deserving a fraternal reception as representatives of a large body of the Spiritualists on this Coast.

They are also authorized agents of the CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate*; and we make no doubt will be instrumental in introducing the two representative spiritual journals of the West to many Eastern homes before unfamiliar with them, and the work they represent in this portion of the globe.

Mr. Morse at Metropolitan Temple.

The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this City have secured the services of Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, as speaker during the enforced season of rest and recuperation, occasioned by the continued ill-health of their former speaker, Mrs. E. L. Watson.

Mr. Morse made his first appearance before a San Francisco audience at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday, July 10th. The services at 11 A. M. consisted in answering questions from the audience which proved highly satisfactory, his hearers demonstrating their appreciation by hearty and frequent applause. In the evening a large and enthusiastic assemblage, some eleven hundred strong listened to his masterly discourse on "The Workshops of God."

On Sunday, July 17th, the usual answers to questions were given at 11 A. M. and in the evening another grand discourse upon the subject "The Future Life—Its Evidences." The speaker reviewed the various spiritual phenomena recorded in the secular and religious history of the past, tracing their connection with the later phenomena of modern Spiritualism, forming a chain of evidence indisputable in fact in evidence of a future life. The large audience gave him their closest attention throughout, expressing their cordial appreciation by frequent applause.

Next week we will give a review of last Sunday's lecture as our space will not allow a proper notice at this time.

This society is to be congratulated upon having secured the ministrations of this grand instrument of the spirit world; and we prophecy for it a great increase in strength and numbers, and for each individual member rapid strides in spiritual knowledge and unfoldment under the exalted teachings of his angel instructors.

Mrs. Ada Foye.

We received a pleasant call from Mrs. Ada Foye upon her return from Chicago, where she gave three most successful public seances under the auspices of the Young People's Progressive Society. Mrs. Foye was obliged to cancel all Eastern engagements on account of ill health and return home to rest and recuperate until after the intense heat of the eastern summer was passed. She will, however, leave this Coast about September 1st, for an extensive trip East and will probably visit England before her return home. While her many warm friends here regret her departure, they are also glad and proud of her grand record as a true medium, and that others will now have an opportunity of witnessing the phenomena of Spiritualism through the instrumentality of the best platform test medium now before the public. Her gifts belong to the world, and all should have an opportunity of sharing in the joy and comfort such gifts bring to humanity. We bespeak for her a cordial reception everywhere and trust the friends along the route East will secure her for a few days at least at all important points. Communications addressed to Mrs. Ada Foye, P. O. Box 1775—San Francisco, will reach her in time to make the necessary arrangements.

Dr. Schlesinger in Petaluma.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger of 32 Ellis street, San Francisco, has been stopping at the American Hotel in this city for a few days past. He is here in the interest of a weekly magazine called the *Carrier Dove*, and to all who subscribe and pay \$2.50 for one year he gives an exhibition of his powers as a mind-reader, or medium, which ever you choose, though he terms it a "seance." If he is a trickster he is a wonderful success in his line and can deceive almost anyone. If he is a mind-reader he is equally successful and can tell you just what you have in your mind as well as a good many things which you had forgotten. If he is what he claims to be he is a "medium" and can deliver messages from the spirit world to anyone of his auditors. Of course all the newspaper people visited the Doctor as he is a brother chip. We were highly entertained and at times bewildered by his performance.

—*The Weekly* (Petaluma) *Argus*.

Chips.

Next week we will give a fine engraving by Mrs. Allie Livingston, of "A Spirit Home."

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. Ayers, magnetic physician, is treating cases in Petaluma and this city with success. Her address is 518 Seventeenth Street, Oakland, Cal.

Is "ordination" a theological fiction—or a legal necessity? If the first, ought spiritualists to adopt it; if the second, why not call it a license at once?

In answer to many inquiries we will say that the lecture upon "Woman, Her Place and Power," delivered through Mr. J. J. Morse at the late Camp-meeting in Oakland, will be printed entire in our next issue.

That staunch old veteran, the *Banner of Light*, exhausted its entire edition wherein was printed Prof. A. R. Wallace's lecture delivered in this city. Good for the *Banner*; as also for its readers.

We have received a series of Lyceum Cards from Alonzo Danforth, of Boston, which contain lessons for the instruction of children in the truths of Spiritualism. They seem almost indispensable to successful Lyceum work and should be used extensively.

Walter Howell, the almost blind English inspirational speaker, has returned to the United States, and has commenced his Camp services at Onset Bay, Massachusetts. Mr. Howell's inspirations are practical and instructive.

We are in receipt of the initial issues of the *Better Way*, the successor to the *Spiritual Offering*, *Light in the West* and *Light for Thinkers*. It is published at Cincinnati, Ohio, gives eight large pages of miscellaneous matter, and no doubt will, when shaken into shape, meet the hopes of its proprietors, as we hope will be the case.

We regret not having been able to respond to the kind invitation of Mrs. E. F. McKinley to attend the fourth anniversary exercises in commemoration of the birth of her father into spirit life. We understand there was a good attendance and that the exercises as usual were interesting and impressive.

The *Eastern Star* is a bright, newsy, four-page weekly, published "way down in Maine." Its editor, C. M. Brown, is as genial and breezy as the pine laden airs of his state. Our eastern friends can well spend a dollar in subscribing to it for a year. The DOVE will fly in accord with the *Star*.

Little annoyances are sent to test the patience; then take care that they are not magnified too seriously to disturb the serenity, for should some greater sorrow befall, the soul would be silent in depths of grief, and wonder why it had murmured at the lesser trials.—*Eastern Star*.

Rev. J. M. Savage recently said: "The gospels are anonymous and contain only hearsay evidence; we cannot trace a single witness home and find his standing in the community. On such testimony as the New Testament furnishes, no modern court would convict a criminal of petit larceny. A thousand times more evidence in favor of spirit return in the modern world is offered us by the despised and outcast Spiritualists."

The Seybert Commission has issued its preliminary report—the mountain brings forth its mouse! It is about time Spiritualists formed a "commission to investigate the doctrine of the Trinity"—but perhaps Trinitarians would object. Why? Because we disbelieve the doctrine. Such like "Crowners' Quests" upon us are but solemn folly when they are not a reflection upon our intelligence.

Spiritual journals continue to multiply. The latest to our hands is entitled *More Light*, published at Greytown, Wairarapa, New Zealand. We understand that two young ladies are its proprietors and editors. This makes the second paper published in the above colony, the other, *Dawn*, being published in Wellington. We congratulate the aforesaid young ladies on their little venture, which will no doubt grow in size and importance.

One of the pleasant features of the meetings at Metropolitan Temple is the excellent music. Mr. M. B. Dodge, the efficient manager is certainly deserving of great credit for having such delightful surprises in this direction, every evening something entirely new, and rendered with such exquisite sweetness by Mrs. Howell, (the late leading soprano of Dr. Barrows' Church), accompanied by the grand organ which responds in waves of melody to the masterly manipulations of Prof. Arrilliga.

Sunshine, 16 pages fortnightly, issued in the interests of Media and reliable mediumship, aims to give the rational and logical interpretation of the phenomenal facts in spirit philosophy. It is devoted to truth and spiritual culture. The price, single copies, is two cents. Twelve copies, 18 cents; by mail for distribution, twelve copies, 20 cents. Address, W. D. Richner, 330 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. We have just received the first six numbers stitched in a neat wrapper; price 15 cents as above. Its contents are modest and wholesome.

Eastern Camp-meetings are now in full motion. Onset Bay leads the host for natural advantages. Lake Pleasant under its new organization leaves little to be desired. Parkland, (formerly Neshaminy), is full of sylvan beauty. Cassadaga is a miniature forest of woodland loveliness. Etna, Temple Heights and Verona Park, and others in the far east, are all grand centres and beautiful spots to rest in or visit. Never mind, California will profit from them all—and who knows but what she may head the procession yet?

In the Message Department of the last issue of the DOVE there were five communications through the mediumship of Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Montague, Mass. These were read from the platform at the recent Camp-meeting, and some were recognized at that time; since then we have received verifications of them all. We thank Mr. Merrill for his kindness in sending the DOVE these genuine evidences of spirit return, and trust some of our California friends will visit him again with words of comfort for those who are eagerly waiting for some word from "the other side."

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Peet gave us a pleasant call previous to their departure for an

extended visit East where they have many warm friends. They will act as agents for the CARRIER DOVE during their absence, and we feel confident that through their kind efforts the DOVE will find its way into many homes where it has been heretofore unknown. The friends here will miss this talented couple who have contributed so much toward the advancement of the cause through the exercise of their many gifts, and wish them a pleasant and prosperous journey and safe return, in which the DOVE most heartily joins.

Col. Wm. D. Crockett, President of the Onset Bay Mass. Camp-meeting Association, so writes a Boston, Mass. correspondent, has recently sold his nice Dale street residence and purchased a new modern gem of a house on Howard street, Dorchester District, Boston, where the writer found him and his family enjoying the cool breezes. He made the exchange that he might be on the line of the steam railroad. Col. Crockett is a sound, active, cool-headed business man, and has the confidence of the officials at the Massachusetts State House, where, during the session of the Legislature he is constantly on the watch that the State printing may be attended to with prompt dispatch. Col. Crockett gives universal satisfaction at the State House, and the new contract by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has just been granted to the Company that he has been engaged with for many years.—*Banner of Light*.

J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 8 o'clock. Organist, Mr. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved seats \$1.00 per month.

Classes in Physio-Psychological Science are held by Mr. Morse in Palace Hotel, (Parlor A.) every Monday and Friday evenings, at 8 P. M. Single admissions fifty cents. A few seats only for present course; next course will be at the close of the current term.

Membership for classes can be secured at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday or at the class room on the evenings of meeting.

Reserved seats for Sunday services can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq. at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

All communications can be made direct to Mr. Morse, at 331 Turk Street, San Francisco.

July 30, 1887.

Passed to the Higher Life.

On May 22nd, 1887, Mr. M. C. Harper of Colfax, Whitman Co., Washington Territory, passed peacefully away after seventeen hours of intense suffering, occasioned by a kick from a horse. He was fifty-one years of age, and had been a staunch materialist for many years until about three years ago he became convinced of the grand truth of Spiritualism, through the instrumentality of George P. Colby, the celebrated trance speaker and test medium. He was a constant subscriber and reader of the CARRIER DOVE and *Golden Gate*, both able dispensers of the spiritual philosophy. He leaves a wife and five children who are firm believers in Spiritualism, and find great comfort and consolation in its beautiful teachings in the hour of their trial and bereavement.

J. M. HARPER.

Our Table.

Magazines for July.

The Medical World, Philadelphia, Pa. Hall's Journal of Health, New York. Facts, Boston, Mass. Mental Science Magazine, Chicago, Ill. Phrenological Journal, New York. Medical News, Nashville Tenn. The Esoteric, Boston, Mass. The Golden Era, San Diego, Cal.

Books.

Lifting the Veil, by S. J. and A. A. Finck, Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass., James Godwin Anderson, Hull & Co., Des Moines, Iowa.

Correspondence.

**Under this head we will insert brief letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. A. L. (Auburn, Cal.) Your experiences are very interesting. We shall be pleased to hear further from you regarding them.

Mrs. Geo. M. (Sierra Co., Cal.) We have examined the pictures which are alike curious and interesting. The mediumship requires cultivation, and in course of time better and more artistic results may be possible. Persevere. Let us hear from you again.

W. W. J. (Oakland, Cal.) Unsuitable. Dr. Cora Ellison, (Minnesota.) Thanks. Will appear in our next.

R. J. Martin. (Virginia.) You are welcome.

Kindly Words.

EDITRESS CARRIER DOVE,

Dear friend and sister:—I wrote you soon after your removal to San Francisco and enclosed a poem for the dear CARRIER DOVE. As it has not yet appeared I do not know what to think. I know your pages are crowded with very interesting matter, yet I sadly miss your friendly letters, previously so promptly sent on receipt of my contributions for the DOVE, for I have learned to regard you with sisterly affection; I can feel how much you have to do, and how many calls upon your time and strength, and how faithful you must work to make the DOVE "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

I am interested in the "Children's Department," and will send with this something for it, if you think it suitable, if not, throw it in the waste basket.

I have read with deep interest your Camp-meeting notes. The opening address by the talented speaker, J. J. Morse of England, is perfectly grand, and right to the point. Surely his guides understand the needs of the hour. The lecture by Prof. Wallace is another gem. You are truly blest in having such fine talent in your midst.

Our Camp-meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa, commences the first of August. Will write you *perhaps* from Camp.

Lovingly yours,
F. E. R.
Illinois.

Our sister will pardon neglect, we are sure, as she understands so well our labors, and accept thanks for the beautiful poem, which will appear next week. [Ed. C. D.]

Our Exchanges.

A New Christianity

Golden Gate, San Francisco, Cal.

The new gospel of humanity is simply Christianity stripped of its disguises. The believer in this gospel recognizes no authority of church or creed as binding upon his conscience. But he endeavors to follow the light divine that shines into his own soul, and reverently seeks to draw nearer, day by day, to the heart of God. He longs for the fulfillment of the law in his own nature, and to live in daily communion with heavenly ministrants who have risen superior to all the hampering conditions of time and sense.

And this is the religion, and all the religion the world wants—an abiding trust in the Infinite Good, good will to man, honor and uprightness in all the relations of life, and that gentle and loving sympathy that ever seeketh another's truest welfare. If Spiritualism does not mean all this, then we mistake its tendency and teaching—then we have heard a hiss the voicings of the angel world.

How Boston's Temple is Used.

The Olive Branch, Utica, N. Y.

The New Temple, says *Observer*, seems to be prospering quite well, as far as manifestations of "spirit forms" go, but as to membership nothing is reported as to new membership taking place, and it would be difficult to find out what constitutes requisites, fitting to become a worthy member. It is alleged that the Temple is being used for private as

well as public, ten dollars for each member, for eight seances. Mrs. Beste being the medium, she being engaged by contract, the private seances are alleged to run in the interest of those contracting for her services. Ancient spirits are said to appear in materialized form and give instructions, and the parties style the gatherings "classes," instead of circles or seances. There is nothing like changing the name so that they may be respectable. I hope that there is no personating in the manifestations as in this case it would not be one half so convincing to have a personated ancient spirit as to have the spirits themselves put in their appearance.

Make Honest Conditions.

Facts, Boston, Mass.

It is to be regretted by all who have the good of Spiritualism at heart that such disagreements, as now exist in regard to physical phenomena should control the rank and file of professed Spiritualists to such an extent as to make them even bitter in their denunciations of those who do not think as they do, or who differ in their manner of investigation; especially is this the case with the question of materialization. Mediums for this phase have sufficient difficulties to overcome when treated in the best manner, yet they hardly pass a day that they are not in some way accused of fraud.

Our course in *Facts* has been to move harmoniously; and we have many times advised mediums to take pains to prove their position; but in several cases they have defied public opinion, and have been exposed, and that, too, where there could hardly be a doubt of their guilt. To all of these we say, in all kindness, prove the honesty of your manifestations, or some one else will. The public are thoroughly aroused, and not a few Spiritualists even would be glad to see every seance raided until they were sure fraud had been eradicated. We should deplore such a course, and implore every medium to take the matter in their own hands and convince the public of their intentions.

Look to Your Brains.

Journal of Man, Boston, Mass.

We should bear in mind that it is just as possible to have impaired and unhealthy conditions in any part of the brain as to have them in the stomach, liver, lungs or spinal cord. Physical diseases are contagious and so are moral. It is generally impossible to preserve the moral organs and faculties of a youth in healthy condition who is allowed to associate habitually with the depraved; and it is very difficult indeed for the mature adult to preserve his brain and mind in sound condition when compelled to associate with the depraved. To those who are very impressible, the contagion of vice, bad temper, profanity, turbulence, lying, obscenity, sullenness, melancholy, etc., is as inevitable as the contagion of small-pox.

Our criminals are generally exposed to the contagion of crime in youth, and as they advance they are immersed in this contagion in prisons, which are the moral pest-houses in which law maintains the intense contagion of criminal depravity. Napoleon was an admirable subject for such contamination, and when we learn how he was reared amid the lawlessness of general scoundrelism of Corsica, we do not wonder that he became an imperial brigand. The low ethical standard of mankind, generally, and especially of historians, has hitherto prevented a just estimate of the character of Napoleon. Royal criminals have escaped condemnation; but the recent review of Napoleon's career by Taine gives a just philosophic estimate of the man, which coincides with the impartial estimation of psychometry.

Women Too Good To Vote.

The Woman's Standard, Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. Emily P. Collins asks this pertinent question: "Men who oppose Woman Suffrage say that 'women are too good to vote.' Formerly in the State of New York, clergymen were thought too good to vote, and the statutes excluded them from suffrage. Whether clergymen degenerated, or

whether it was discovered that they were not altogether faultless, we cannot say, but at last the legislature decided that they were bad enough to exercise a citizen's right to vote, and it enfranchised them. Now women are anxiously inquiring to what degree of turpitude and vice they must descend before our lawmakers will consider them bad enough to be entrusted with the elective franchise, the right to a voice in choosing their own rulers."

In Other Lands.

English Items.

Elder Evans was announced to address the Spiritualists of London on the evening of Sunday, July 3d. Dr. Peebles was to be present, and it was anticipated that his many friends in the world's metropolis might be privileged to hear his voice once more from the platform.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten is about to suspend her labors for the purpose of a season of rest and recuperation. She intends to resume the first of September, from which time to the close of the year she will employ Sundays in speaking in Liverpool, Salford, Nottingham, Bradford, Blackburn, Newcastle, Burnley and contiguous places.

Gerald Massey's Sunday afternoon lectures in St. George's Hall, London, on the peculiar phases of Christianity, are being well patronized, and afford much satisfaction to highly intelligent audiences.

The Children's Progressive Lyceums in various parts of England participated in the recent Queen's Jubilee observances, joining in processions and marching with their banners.

Australian Items.

The Victorian Association of Spiritualists is about becoming a corporate body, and as soon as the registration is completed steps will be taken to bring their work more prominently before the inhabitants of Melbourne.

A debate was held at the Temperance Hall, Russell street, Melbourne, on the evenings of Wednesday 25th, and Friday 27th May, Mrs. Ballou appearing as the champion of Spiritualism, with the affirmation that "Man has a spiritual intelligence which acts independently of the physical senses, and survives the death of the body." Mr. Joseph Symes, as the champion of Materialism, denying the affirmation. Both speakers were attentively listened to, and the meetings were of a most orderly character, the proceedings concluding with a vote of thanks to Mr. S. P. Lord, the chairman.

The Sydney Lyceum has, we regret to see, collapsed, a number of untoward causes having induced the failure. A new society, the New South Wales Association of Spiritualists, has, however, been formed.