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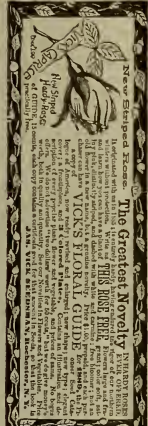
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Original Contributions.

EUROPE AS SEEN IN DAYLIGHT.

BY DR. J. SIMMS.

SWITZERLAND.

Its early history; army; women farmers; educational advantages; idiots and famous men; languages and customs; mountains, rivers, cities; the coast of Valtice, Gibbou, Moutane de Stael, and George Elliot; lakes, tunnels, and railroad facilities for travelling; prices paid for habs, etc.

This is a land of pleasant surprises, scenes of majestic grandeur, and inspiring delights. Tortuous, rock-bound lakes, moving glaciers, with fices fair and white as the lily, yet treacherous as Greek banditti; mountains whose bases rest amid buttercups and roses, while their summits part the clouds, and are crowned with the purest crystal snow.

Switzerland occupies a central position in continental Europe, lying between France, Germany, Austria, and Italy. In its mountains rise the principal rivers that flow through these countries. The Rhone has its source in the Alps toward the south, pours its waters into the lake of Geneva, and again emerging under the same name takes a south westerly direction to Lyons in France, and thence runs directly south to the Gulf of Lyons in the Mediterranean sea. The Rhine rises in the south-eastern part of Switzerland, or Engadine country, among the glaciers and snow-hooded mountains and wends its way to the north-eastern corner where it widens into Lake Constance and afterwards pursues a western course along the northern frontier to Basle, where it turns due north and proceeds through Germany and the Netherlands to the North Sea. The Inn river rises in the Engadine country, and runs north-east through Germany till it empties into the Danube, which takes its rise in the high lands of Germany, adjoining the northern portion of Switzerland, which forms in fact the great watershed of the most part of Europe. From its generally great altitude, it is a cool country in summer, and extremely cold in winter. Beautiful lakes seen to have been dropped irregularly about in various parts; all the larger ones being navigated by steamers; and as they are generally connected

by railways, it is easy to make one's way along the main lines of travel through this country. During summer and winter it is largely visited by foreigners, especially German, English, and American. There is certainly grand scenery in various parts. The falls of the Rhine near Schaffhausen are picturesque and worth visiting; but as they are in three leaps and altogether only sixty feet they do not awaken great awe in an American who has seen Niagara, the falls of the Cumberland river, and those of the Yosemite valley, one fall of the latter is 2900 feet high. The Rhine above the falls is about 375 feet broad; and as these are among the greatest in Europe, they are much thought of by those who have never seen the American.

Switzerland extends about 216 miles from east to west; and 130 from north to south, with an area of 15,992 square miles not including the lakes, and a population (in 1884) of 2,906,750. The nationalities are thus reckoned: German 71 per cent; French 2; Italian 6; besides 1 per cent of Romansh, living in Grisons. As for religion, 41 per cent are Roman Catholics; 58 per cent Protestants, the rest being Jews, and of other religious beliefs.

In the early pre-historic ages of Europe, a people called lake-dwellers occupied the country now known as Switzerland where their bones, their pottery ware, their stone and horn implements of husbandry and weapons of war remain to tell all that can now be known concerning them. Many of these relics are exhibited in various museums, especially that of Zurich. The skulls are fully as large in every measurement as the Swiss crania of to-day, and indeed somewhat larger especially in the forehead.

More than two thousand years ago, the Rhethians of history were conquered in Switzerland by the Helvetians, from whom the country was thenceforward called by the Romans Helvetia. Stern laws, excellent roads, and other elements of nascent civilization succeeded a long period of destructive warfare and general savagism. But the barbarous hordes that overran Europe during the decline of the Roman power, came hither also. Successive tribes from Burgundy arrived in Helvetia, and unsettled both themselves and the former inhabitants by perpetual contentions and resolute fighting. Next the warlike Franks with spears, arrows and bludgeons won a supremacy which could

no longer be contested. Monastic institutions came in under the Frateonian rule, and to this day have never disappeared. Later in the history of this region the Saracens paid it a predatory visit, and caused much disturbance, damage and devastation. The country then became divided; the western half became part of Burgundy, while in the tenth century the eastern portion fell into the hands of the Swabians. About 120 years afterwards, the German people took possession of the Swabian portion, and appointed the dukes of Zähringen to represent them in its government. But these dukes came to quarrel with the Burgundians, and later on established home rule on their own account. Further on, part of the country invited the protection of the Hapsburg family reigning in Austria; but their rule grew rapidly into cruel tyranny. In the emergency thus created, the celebrated William Tell arose, and with the heroic band of Rütli took an oath to deliver Switzerland from the Austrian yoke. As a matter of course, long and bloody wars ensued; but the sturdy Switzers battled on, and finally about the end of the fifteenth century got rid of both the Austrians and Burgundians, after which they established the Swiss confederacy, and governed themselves as a republic. The next disturbance arose on religious grounds. Zwingli, a Swiss reformer of great eminence preached the doctrines of the Reformation; and this innovation on the old faith became the occasion of strifes in which Zwingli lost his life, 1531. During the last years of the eighteenth century, the newly formed French republic annexed the Swiss republic to itself, and soon afterwards Napoleon I. re-established the cantonal government. After his fall the Congress of Vienna (1815) remodelled the then existing constitution. The Separate League caused a civil war in 1847, but this contest was soon ended, and in 1848 a new federal constitution was inaugurated, since which time the country has remained tranquil. The legislative power is vested in a parliament consisting of two chambers which together are called the Federal assembly. The executive is in the hands of a Federal Council of seven members chosen by the Federal Assembly and presided over by the President of the Confederation, who is elected for one year with a salary of \$2,700. The members of this council and of the second chamber of representatives are elected for three years. The national debt is inconsiderable. For a

small country, Switzerland has an army of formidable proportions. If we include the Lendwiler and put the military force on war footing, there are 200,774 men all told. But as in most European countries the soldier's pay is very small. He is clothed and fed by the government; and receives only fourteen cents a day, out of which he has to find his own blacking, and many other things. These soldiers are among the best in the world; brave to the extreme, and faithful to the last. Again and again Swiss guards have been slain to the last man rather than surrender to an enemy. Every healthy young man, not being in holy orders, is compelled to take military service at the age of seventeen, and continue it for at least three years, so that the country is full of men trained to arms.

The most remarkable characteristic of the people is their untiring industry, and their general honesty of purpose. Their dress is plain, and indicative of practical common sense; but the costumes of some of the women were rather odd looking. At Sion, in the Rhone valley, east of Lake Geneva we saw women wearing dark brown or black straw hats of the same shape as those usually worn by men. Their skirts were very comfortably short. One thing impossible to be pleased with is the sight of so many thousands of women working like cattle; being hitched on to carts, and thus drawing loads into the towns, while the strong men are serving in the army. This is one of the curses involved by the feudal military usages of the middle ages still finding favor in this slowly, though surely advancing republic, as well as all over Continental Europe. We often saw a live bull's head peering round a corner, and coming into full view perceived that the bull was harnessed to a wagon carrying a load of wood, potatoes or other material and driven by a woman. The Rhone valley east of Lake Geneva is the only part of the world where we have seen a bull, ox, or cow, harnessed with a fine broad comfortable collar like those worn by horses in England and America. One large bull thus equipped can draw as heavy a load as a common span of horses. It is no unusual sight in any part of continental Europe to see a woman on one side of the tongue of a cart and a dog on the other, both having attaching straps over their shoulders, and thus trudging on with a load to market. Switzerland offers no exception to this usage; the female sex work like earnest beasts of burden everywhere. God forbid that such sights should ever be seen in America! We think that child-bearing women, thus bestowing their strength on servile drudgery cannot produce children as well-formed and mentally strong as those mothers whose duties are light, or who have more hours of rest and recreation than of labor. This may in part explain why such large numbers of idiots are born among the working classes in the moun-

tain valleys of Switzerland, Northern Italy, and the eastern part of France. Another reason may be that the Rhone valley is very narrow, and that the sun just peers into it late in the morning, and disappears early in the evening. Whatever the cause or causes, this valley is famous for the great number of cretins among its inhabitants. These idiots are generally of short stature, with large heads, the upper forehead towering and often overhanging. The countenance is heavy and unintelligent; the hands are thick with short, blunt fingers. To be more particular, we give the average measurements. Stature 53½ inches; circumference of head 22½ inches. As the average mature male head in New York and London is 22½ and female 21½ inches, the reader will see that the heads of these idiots are considerably larger in proportion to their stature than those of intelligent persons. They were not hydrocephalic, nor epileptic, nor insane. They were simply cretins, or congenital goitred idiots, in the full sense of these terms. The above were not selected for measurement, but taken as they came to hand. One girl's head was 23½ inches in circumference, and her height only four feet two inches. Another girl's head gave a circumference of 23 inches, and her stature was only 45. A man having a Daniel-Webster-like head, of 23 inches round, with a broad and lofty forehead, quite full in its upper part, in stature measured an inch less than five feet. The ages of those we measured ranged from 14 to 60 years; and we took equal numbers of both sexes. Some were so entirely destitute of intelligence that they had never learned to use any language. Most of them were very much afflicted with goitre, which is common everywhere in Switzerland, but most marked in those valleys which are nearly inaccessible and almost sunless. Women seem to be more subject to it than men.

Among the better class of families there are clubs named *Sociétés de Dimanche* (Sunday societies) for the mutual improvement of the young people. Each club numbers from twelve to eighteen members who meet in turn at each other's houses on Sunday evenings for entertainment of an intellectual kind. By this means not only is intelligence improved, but friendships of a familiar yet respectful character are formed, and these not unfrequently lead to marriage. These clubs, which obtain chiefly in large towns and thickly peopled parts of the country, tend to make social life somewhat exclusive among the better classes.

There are excellent district schools everywhere throughout Switzerland, supported by the respective cantons or counties. The primary education is in all cases free, and compulsory on children from six to twelve years of age, so that it is now rare to find a young person unable to read or write, idiots of course excepted. Efforts have been made to render secondary education compulsory

also; but this has failed because of the expense it would entail. However, in most of the cantons children in their thirteenth and fourteenth years have to attend school one day or half a day in every week, and this is called *Repetiterschule* (repeat school). Moreover, youths entering the military service have to undergo an examination; and it was found that they had naturally forgot much of what they had formerly learned, a new kind of school was introduced—*Fortbildungsschule* (school of further study) for young men from 17 to 20, the compulsory attendance being three or four hours a week. At Geneva and Lausanne there are academies on the French plan; and at Geneva, Zurich, Berne, and Basle there are universities on the German model, the whole four admitting female students. All these Universities are supported exclusively by the respective cantons. We obtained a complete summary of the educational appliances at Zurich through the kindness of N. Ransauer, manager of the official Information Bureau, at Zurich. They include a gymnasium to follow the primary school, and prepare for the university; a technical school to follow the secondary and prepare for the Federal Polytechnic, which is supported by the Swiss state, and teaches Architecture, Engineering, Mechanical Technics, Chemical Technics, Agriculture, Mathematics, and General Philosophy. There are besides a number of Professional schools, and educational establishments for specific purposes, some founded or endowed by the state, others merely proprietary. And there are private schools under State control. Hence the reader can understand that education has reached a high standard in this country.

Religious instruction is wisely excluded from all the cantonal schools. The children are taught in French and German which are the prevailing languages throughout Switzerland, except in a part adjoining Italy. Nearly all the Swiss people understand both French and German.

The Church is supported by the State or the Cantons; but as a rule there are separate parishes with a board and in many places the church boards, and the pastors or priests are elected by the people.

As we spent many weeks travelling all over Switzerland during harvest time, we observed everywhere men and women using old-fashioned sickles to cut grain, and hand scythes to mow the grass, as was the custom in the state of New York forty and fifty years ago. Throughout the whole country, we failed to see a patent mowing or reaping machine. All the work or the greatest part of it is done in the most primitive and difficult manner. To be sure much of the land consists of hill and mountain sides, fearfully steep, so that machine work would be impossible. Even on level ground machinery could not be profitably employed unless the mode of laying out the ground were altered,

To those accustomed to see large fields, each with a uniform crop, it is odd to look upon strips of grain with patches of various vegetables between. Here is a strip of wheat, two rods in breadth and from ten to twenty in length; on one side of it a similar strip of potatoes, on the other oats, and beyond that some grass. Such childlike farming would in the States of America be deemed a great loss of time to say the least.

As a general rule, the land belongs to those who live on it, and cultivate it, the system of renting the ground being nearly unknown. The principal objects of culture are potatoes, wheat, maize, oats, hemp, flax, barley, a little tobacco, and the hardy fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, grapes. Every available spot is cultivated. But scarcely one-third of the soil is arable; and the country requires other resources to maintain its position. These are derived from the manufacture of clocks, watches and musical boxes, great numbers of which are annually exported; also silk, linen, cotton and woolen fabrics; likewise porcelain, pottery, leather, gloves, sugar, cheese, and snuff; besides home industries. Embroidery occupies 30,000 of the rural population in the eastern part of Switzerland alone.

The great natural beauty of the country is also a considerable source of wealth, as it brings thousands of tourists every year from various lands, not to gain money but to spend it. The consequence has been the construction of an extensive system of railways, in regions difficult to traverse—any thing to facilitate the movements of those who do so much to enrich the country.

Switzerland is delightful for those who have money to spend, but cheerless for those who have it to earn. Laborers are hired for 20 cents a day all the year round, except in harvest when they receive 30 or 40. Work begins as soon as there is daylight, and ends only with the darkness of night. Women, who are more employed than men in field labor, toil these long hours for 16 to 20 cents a day. Nevertheless these people are among the most contented in the world. In America where laborers are well paid and well fed they are generally discontented, riotous, dictatorial, and given to organize strikes to the great inconvenience of employers. In Switzerland they are well fed for farm laborers, having five meals a day, but they are poorly paid, and yet are generally law abiding and contented. It reminds one of the old saying "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." Here they get no horses, and they toil on uncomplainingly. Which reminds us to say that horses, like many other luxuries, are high-priced in Switzerland. At Interlaken a good horse for work ranges from \$150 to \$200 and upwards; while fancy horses sell for from \$400 to \$1,000 each. A good milk cow brings from \$60 to \$100. Large ones fitted for beef sell best; and handsome ones bring fancy prices.

Skilled tradesmen seem much better off than agricultural laborers; house carpenters, for instance are paid from 70 to 80 cents a day.

Hay and straw are largely imported in bales from the United States. At Interlaken American hay brings from 90 cents to \$1.20 per 100 lbs, and wheat straw, used for bedding horses and cows brings from 80 to 90 cents per 100 lbs. Beef steak sells at from 30 to 40 cents a pound during summer, when the country is full of visitors; but it is cheaper during winter. Last year there were 10,000 American tourists registered at Interlaken alone. George L. Cutlin Esq., American consul at Zurich says that in the summers of 1886 and 1887 there was such an influx of strangers, that there were within another room could not be had days when a radius of four or five miles from Lucerne. He also says that 35 per cent of all tourists in Switzerland are from England. After the English, the Germans are most numerous; then Americans, French and Italians in the order we mention.

Swiss hotels are generally pretty good. As for Poncioni (boarding houses) we cannot say much, as we usually avoid them studiously. However, we did spend a few days very pleasantly at the Poncioni Simpink, on the bank of Lake Thun, two miles from Interlaken. Mrs. Simpink is a shrewd, clever woman, keeps a most comfortable house, speaks English, French and German, as do her two agreeable daughters; keeps carriages and horses, and sends parties to the Grindelwald or other mountain scenery at the usual rates. The prices for different vehicles, horses, and donkeys are fixed by law. Every cabbie must produce a list of legal rates upon demand; hence overcharges are rarely if ever known. One easily sees how necessary these arrangements are, and how exorbitant the charges would often be if they were settled by bargain.

The grand scenery due to the Alps of Switzerland is, as every one knows, the great attraction for tourists. These mountains have their base among buttercups, pinks and roses while their summits rise 14,000 feet high and dwell among the clouds. Four hundred glaciers invite the venturesome tourist to scenes of unjestic grandeur, and sometimes to instant death. Among these venerable mountains the silvery crystals of snow come down silently, one by one burying their fellows, and building their heaps towards heaven, till the whole comes down in one towering avalanche, whirling, thundering, crushing, and blindly sweeping into eternity every living being that lies in its way. This is no fancy picture. Whole battalions of French and Russian soldiers were thus buried many years ago, when they were contending for supremacy in eastern Switzerland, and they were never disinterred. Tourists are often similarly engulfed, and sometimes their bodies cannot be recovered. In one day of

seven hours and a half we walked with Mrs. Simms the whole way from Lauterbrunnen across the Wengern Alp to Grindelwald, and while taking refreshment at Hotel Jungfrau, we saw many avalanches, probably with hundreds of tons of snow and ice, thunder down the silvery Jungfrau mountain thousands of feet into the valley of the Trumleten, an uninhabited ravine between the Wengern Alp and the glittering Jungfrau.

The Jungfrau (virgin) mountain rises 13,670 feet above the ocean's surface, and the Wengern Alp at the Jungfrau hotel is 6,184. At Peusioin Simpink, near Interlaken, we took a carriage to Lauterbrunnen, then sent it round to meet us at Grindelwald, when we had accomplished the task of going over the whole Wengern Alp on foot,—a most trying climb it proved. As we have lost no mountain tops, we shall hunt for no more this season. The sight however of the falling avalanches, was worth seeing; it was grander than any one can conceive if he has never seen it and heard it. Lord Byron says in his journal: "Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly. The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring tide; it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was not so so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood—these crags on one side quite perpendicular. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snow-ball and pelted Hobhouse with it." This able description of the scene is true and characteristic. We recommend those who cross the Wengern Alp to tarry for the night at the Jungfrau hotel near its summit, and drink in the beauties of the scenes at sunset, by moonlight, and at sunrise. They are among the most inspiring grand scenes of earth.

The capital of this republic is Berne, a city of 44,000 inhabitants. It is built on sandstone rock, 1765 feet above the surface of the ocean, and 100 above the river Arve. Its streets are broad, and most of them in line with the cardinal points of the compass. The bear is its heraldic emblem, and may often be seen represented both in metal and picture armed with shield and sword. Several bears are kept at the municipal expense in a pit suitably prepared for their habitation.

Zurich is an important manufacturing city of 25,000 persons, chiefly Protestant. It is situated on the south end of Lake Zurich, and stands on both sides of the river Limmat, which is the outlet of that lake. The manufactures are chiefly silk and cotton, there being in the canton of Zurich 100,000 silk looms producing a grossannier fabric chiefly for exportation. Several men of renown have been educated in this city; as Lavater, Pestalozzi, Gessner, Horner, Heidegger, Hess,

Bodmer, Hirzel, Henry Meyer; and it is still at the head of the whole republic as respects the educational advantages it affords. We here saw ten portraits in oil of the famous Lavater. We visited several persons belonging to his kin, and heard much about him. His grave is against one of the side walls of St. Peter's church, where he preached with much acceptance for twenty-eight years. He was an able poet, and an eloquent preacher though known to the world only chiefly as physiognomist. His brother, as well as his father, was a medical practitioner; and we had the pleasure of a long conversation with a grand-daughter of this brother, a lady of rare intellectual accomplishments, speaking English well, besides being mistress of French and German. She described the great Lavater's person as of medium height, with brown hair and eyes. Everyone knows he was an indefatigable student, but she mentioned also that he had a custom of writing original sentences on small cards, and handing them to people he met with. Lavater had one son and two daughters, but they left no posterity. Mr. Ramsauer, of Zurich, wrote to me not long since stating that when Lavater's bones were removed from an old cemetery to their present resting place, his skull was found to be exceedingly small. America is represented officially and with much ability at Zurich in the consulship of George L. Catlin Esq., who was formerly on the editorial staff of a New York daily paper. He is a spirited man, and ready to aid any American who has a deserving cause in hand.

Geneva, though not the capital, is the largest, richest, and handsomest city of this republic. Its population numbers about 101,000 including the suburbs. It is situated at the south-west end of Lake Geneva, and is built on both sides of the Rhone.

One striking peculiarity of this city is that from most of the chimney tops there proceed crooked pipes, from six to eight feet long, branching out in various directions, as if to scatter the smoke as much as possible to the four winds of heaven. These straggling stove pipes give a peculiar and unfinished appearance to the roofs of the large buildings.

A sight which no visitor ought to miss is the junction of the rivers Arve and Rhone, which begins a little below Geneva. The Rhone, which is very muddy before it enters the lake, emerges from it at Geneva very clear, bluish and rapid. The Arve has not been thus purified. It brings with it the clay it has received among the mountains, and the two run a long distance side by side in the same channel, as if proclaiming the unwillingness of the pure to associate with the filthy. The Rhone dashes on at an immoderate speed, but the Arve moves slowly and singly; the one represents energetic industry, and the other encraving sloth.

Geneva was the centre of the Protestant Reformation in the days of John Calvin who

fled to it from Paris, where there was no toleration for his religious views. He was banished from this city also in 1538, but returned after three years, and succeeded in gaining great influence and a numerous following. He built up the system of dogmas still popularly distinguished as Calvinistic; and established a correspondingly severe code of discipline. So when Servetus, a Spanish physician, visited Geneva and professed his disbelief in three Gods—for such he considered the doctrine of the Trinity to convey—Calvin had influence to have him arrested and burnt at the stake in 1553. The early age of every religion has been prone to intolerance—first persecuted by the faith which went before; then gaining strength and becoming persecutor in turn. Switzerland now allows full religious freedom to all denominations; but the stern theoretic doctrines of Calvin have continued to keep their stronghold at Geneva.

Geneva has several excellent museums; that of Natural History belonging to the University is particularly interesting.

At Geneva in the Pleez des Alpes, is an unusually elaborate monument sixty-six feet high to the memory of Duke Charles II of Brunswick, who died in 1873, bequeathing his whole property of \$4,000,000 to this city. The main part is a pyramidal hexagon of white and colored marble, supporting an equestrian statue of the duke in bronze.

Geneva and Neuchatel are the great centres of the watchmaking industry. In Geneva alone upwards of 100,000 are annually made, besides large numbers of musical boxes. We have carried a Swiss watch for about a quarter of a century, and it still keeps pretty good time. The cheapness of these watches is that which has chiefly brought them into notice throughout the world; but now the American machine made ones manufactured at Elgin, Ill., and Waltham, Mass., are getting to be extensively known.

In this city, and within a radius of forty miles, at an altitude of from twelve to fourteen hundred feet above the surface of the ocean, many of the most distinguished authors have lived, and many of the greatest works of modern times have been written. The fact accords with our opinion that pure mountain air is necessary to give birth to great and noble thoughts. The effluvia so prevalent in large lowland cities, especially those near the outlets of rivers, are highly unfavorable to lofty originality of idea. Shelley, Scott, Burns, Pope, George Eliot, and George H. Lewis, with a host of others we could name, wrote most in the pure air of the country; Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, came to be called the "Lake Poets," because they lived and wrote among the mountain lakes of Cumberland, (England). There is an inspiration which seems inseparable from altitude; the elevation of the ground is one guarantee of the atmosphere being free from the smoke and foul

gases which are inimical to purity and grandeur of thought. Switzerland with the adjacent mountains has been the birthplace of more liberty and more original and influential writings tending to freedom, than all the lowlands of continental Europe.

J. J. Rousseau was born at Geneva in 1712, and did more towards the advancement of literature than most men of his day. Among other things he wrote "*Le Contrat Social*" (social contract) to show the end which men proposed by living in communities, and how best to attain it. A more notable work was "*Emile*," embodying a system of education. Both these, being contrary to the established opinions of the day, were burnt at Paris by the haughty, chiefly through the influence of the University of Paris, and strange to say of Voltaire, who though he suffered himself for his scepticism made a handle of Rousseau's to get his works untheatized by those in power. Poor Rousseau was a hypochondriac from boyhood, and like many other men of genius, extremely bashful; so much so, it is said, that when the King of France desired to see him, he could not summon up courage enough to go. Before the end of the century, the French people had generally become free-thinkers, and Rousseau is still idolized among them. In the centre of the island in the blue Rhone, there is a bronze statue to commemorate him.

Lord Byron resided for some time at the Villa Diodati on the bank of Lake Geneva, and near the city. It is authoritatively stated that here he wrote the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*.

At Coppet, a small village on the north west shore of the lake, and nine miles from the city, is the chateau which was for a long time the residence of the celebrated Madame de Staël. She was banished to this place by the first Napoleon, who besides jealousy of her talents would not tolerate her advocacy of political freedom. A fine portrait of her by Gerard, hangs in the drawing-room of the first story of the chateau, and her mortal remains with those of her almost adored father, M. Necker, are buried in the park. J. J. Rousseau was Madame de Staël's favorite author, and her first literary production was a series of letters on his character and writings. Of one of her works the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1813, remarks: "A work which for variety of knowledge, flexibility of power, elevation of view and comprehension of mind, is unequalled among the works of women, and which in the union of the graces of society and literature with the genius of philosophy is not surpassed by many among those of men."

But of all those who lived and wrote in the neighborhood of Geneva, Voltaire is deemed the greatest intellectual genius. He lived near twenty years at Ferney, a charming spot within French territory in full view of Mt. Blanc and five miles north of Geneva.

He found it the site of half a dozen hovels; but having purchased the estate he attracted settlers to it; and through these established factories, erected a chateau for himself, built a church for the people and inscribed on it the words "Deo credit Voltaire;" built also a theatre, in which his own tragedies were played, and in short transformed a wretched hamlet into a pretty town of 1200 inhabitants, himself reigning like a petty prince among his subjects. The chateau is still standing and is open to visitors on certain days. In the garden is an arched green pathway, where he used to walk up and down, dictating to his amanuensis.

While visiting Lausanne, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, situated on the north bank of Lake Geneva, we stayed at the Hotel Gibbon, in the garden of which Edward Gibbon wrote the last three volumes of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," which is doubtless one of the most classical works of the historic kind. Professor Smythe says of it: "The history of the Decline and Fall must be considered as one of the most extraordinary monuments that have appeared of the literary powers of a single mind; and its fame can perish only with the civilization of the world." Allison, himself a famous historian characterized Gibbon's history as "the greatest historical work in existence." Those who have been most ready to condemn this work have usually been those who have read least of it, and hence cannot appreciate its merits. The garden in which Gibbon wrote slopes southward towards the Lake of Geneva, and is planted with vines and evergreens in a manner to please the eye.

The streets of Lausanne are hilly, and quite irregular. From the terrace which surrounds the cathedral one can obtain a fine view of the snowy Alps of Savoy.

Proceeding eastward we found near the end of the lake the prison of Chillon, made famous by the pen of Lord Byron and other writers. It is one of the most interesting old castles in Europe, standing solitary on a rock within the lake, a stone's throw from the bank, with which it is connected by a wooden bridge. Here are sad memorials of the tyranny of men in the 16th century—thick stone walls and dingy rooms; a narrow alley across which extends a black beam, to which some of the condemned were hung during the dark ages; a place with three stone steps and then a plunge of eighty feet into a dry well where others of the doomed found both death and burial. Then there are massive columns of stone, to one of which is attached the iron ring to which Bouvard was chained for six long years till the Bernese, 7,000 strong, defeated the troops of Charles V. of Savoy in 1536, took the castle and released Bouvard with other prisoners. The changes that had taken place during his captivity almost realized Rip Van Winkle's sleep of twenty years, or the legend of the

Seven Sleepers. Before his imprisonment, Switzerland was Roman Catholic and a dependency of Savoy; but when he was set at liberty he found it a free republic, and its people professing the Protestant religion.

Ere we leave the east end of the lake, we remark that in the houses are clocks which strike the hours in the usual way, but after a few seconds every clock repeats the striking.

We had passed through the Mont Cenis Tunnel, seven and a-half miles long, between Italy and France; but the St. Gothard which joins Switzerland to Italy, is nine miles and a quarter—the longest railway tunnel in the world. Its central point is 6,076 feet below the top of the conglomerate sandstone mountain through which it is cut, and 3,786 above the surface of the ocean. Its construction occupied 2,500 men for seven years and a half, the cost being \$11,850,000. The two ends of the tunnel are somewhat lower than the centre, and the views on each side are very grand.

May the brave little republic live long and prosper!

Early Days in California.

BY LEON M. BOWDOIN.

Probably there never was in the history of the world such a spectacle as San Francisco and California presented in '49 and '50, such a gathering of all nations and consisting largely of able bodied men engaged in the peaceful avocations of life, unaccompanied by their families or other female society.

The rush and excitement of business was most intense, and everything seemed to conspire to increase the intensity of that excitement. The fluctuations in the market on account of a glut or scarcity of any and every article of merchandise—the variations in the call for supplies for the mines—and of gold dust to pay for them—the absence of safe storage room and impossibility of getting insurance at any living rate, made the feeling of insecurity and instability of the normal condition of the man of business of those times, and every avocation shared in the same feeling.

The mechanic, if he earned his \$10 or \$12 a day felt no security for his savings, as one after another of the banks went by the board and swallowed up his deposits.

Many who had been once bitten in that way would sooner dig a hole in the ground in the still hours of the night and "plaut" their pile there rather than risk another bank robbery.

Then to increase the uncertainty and excitement of fires which devastated the whole business part of the city five times in less than two years seemed sent to cap the climax of San Francisco's woes, and to add the "last feather to break the camel's back."

But in every instance she arose Phoenix like "from the ashes" with almost superhuman energy.

Our manner of life in those days was a novelty; such places to sleep, to eat and to cook, as we never dreamed of in our Eastern homes. The novelty at first helped us to endure it, but as that experience lengthened out into years it came to be monotonous.

On first landing any place to sleep seemed a welcome change from the old ship, and it was no uncommon sight to see men of character and sobriety emerging from a shelter made by a few yards of canvas stretched over their heads, and two dry goods boxes with one end knocked out to turn both into one, was a frequent resort of those having no better place to sleep.

Those having regular tents were called "well fixed" for a domicil and were among the most independent of mortals, for they paid no land rent and if ordered to "move on," as was often the case by the owner who feared they would acquire a squatters title, it was only the work of an hour to "pitch his roving tent" on the next lot.

After being nearly eaten up by fleas in a room on Sacramento street (10 by 12 at \$30 per month) where we cooked, ate and slept, —four of us—we pitched our tent which was a round one 14 feet in diameter on Pine street, between Montgomery and Kearny. The street then was not graded. It was on the side of a sand hill and I remember some little scrub bushes growing there on which we used to hang our dish cloths to dry.

Here we had a home for six weeks. It was the last of the rainy season and many nights we had a pouring rain which made our clothing feel almost as wet as water when we put it on mornings.

But we never "took cold" or awoke with a head ache for want of ventilation.

We might have remained there till this day some of us had not a city official notified us that we must move as they were surveying for a grade.

To get far enough away from civilization to insure not being molested again, we moved up into the suburbs on Stockton street, where finally we built a house which was our "home" over two years. Then we were "upper crust" though our house was only 9 by 12—rather close quarters for four.

At this period tents were the most numerous of all habitations for those who felt inclined to economise, and the side hills in all directions at one time were dotted with them.

We did our own brooding either around a camp fire or stove. Bread and pies could be bought at reasonable rates, and we did but little baking till moving to the mines. Beef steak was not dear at 25 to 30 cents per pound. Potatoes the first year either sweet or Irish were worth 25 to 40 cents per pound. Butter 50 cents to \$1. Molasses \$1 to \$3 per gallon. Milk 75 cents per quart. Boarding ourselves with eatables at those prices cost us \$7 to \$8 per week. At a boarding house \$18 to \$25 per week was the price.

We enjoyed a few weeks of tent life on Stockton street before building our house, and mules and Jacks which were pastured around us disputed possession of the lot at times with us.

A laughable occurrence one night caused us to finally discard our tent for the house. The mules and Jacks were the cause of it. They used to sing us to sleep nights with their "sweet lullabies" and we got so used to it that if they left out the chorus we missed it. They were unusually musical that night and had got us all into the land of dreams. Our tent had guys running out in all directions and only a center pole. After they got through with their concert it seems they began to caper about chasing each other and came directly towards our tent, and parted just before striking it, half going one side pell mell into the ropes and half on the other. The concussion they made brought us all to our feet just in time to find our tent levelled to the ground, covering us in its fold together with some of the Jacks. In our dazed condition we didn't know whether it was the "Judgment day," or one of those traditional earthquakes we had heard of. But we got out of the ruins with only a few scratches and a bad scare. And haying our tent aside slept the rest of the night on our cot beds with the canopy of the heavens for our roof.

The city, which has had to purge itself from villains many times in an extra, judicial manner, just passed through one of its first throes of that character, in the winter of '50, having just cleaned out and banished "The Honnids" a set of desperate outlaws who lived by plundering defenceless Chilians of all they could lay their hands on, and at night no nationality was safe from their depredations.

This was done by an organization of citizens as a measure of self defense and was the hapless movement out of which was evolved the famous "vigilance committee" of 1851 to be again revived in 1856.

The most pressing business on landing, with most of us after finding a place to sleep was to find work, for very few had surplus funds enough left to live on a month.

I had \$17, about enough to pay board one week. The first familiar face I met as stated before, was my friend Semman whom I had left in Panama, and he told me where I could find others from our old home in Saco, Maine.

Hunting for members of the craft I soon found N. W. Cole who came from our town, with the first adventurers of '48, and who is now one of the "solid men" of San Francisco and a little of his experience will show what a "close call" many of us had from going hungry in those early times, and how industry, good habits and square dealing will carry men through all the ups and downs of the most critical times.

Our first query on meeting our old friends who had a year the start of us was "have you made your pile?" And I will let Cole answer for himself as near as a lapse of 40 years will permit, and his story gives a good picture of the first experience of many of the first comers.

Said he, "My pile! well no, not exactly." "I'll tell you, Leon, how it was. You see when I first landed good carpenters got an ounce (\$16) a day, and we made money pretty fast for boys that never got over a dollar and six bits a day back in Maine." (No he didn't say a dollar and six bits, but he said ten and six pence, and I knew what he meant.)

"But pretty soon carpenters got plenty and they began to talk of putting wages down to twelve dollars a day and we wouldn't stand that, and meeting some of our old shipmates who came out in the "Pharsalia" and had returned from the mines for provisions and letters we concluded to join them when they went back. So sending home what money we didn't want to "puck" around with us, we started well equipped with tools and provisions for life in the mines, and a little spare cash.

We went to the Southern mines near Sonora, and passing through Stockton left some surplus of provisions there. We got there and struck our first pick into the earth with high hopes of a speedy fortune. We dug hole after hole a dozen feet deep, tugged at big rocks, balled out water, shoveled out tons and tons of dirt but would get clear down to "bed rock" every time and didn't strike "grab diggins," and our pile kept growing smaller and smaller till we hadn't enough left to take us back to the city. Didn't I wish I was back there long before that, but I didn't say so.

We didn't work Sunday, took that day to clean up, wash, think of the old folks back home and go prospecting.

All the money I ever made in the mines I started out alone one Sunday with trowel pan and sheath knife, crevelling in all sort of places where a professional wouldn't think of looking, and I got nuggets that came to near a hundred dollars, and went home and like a fool put it all into the company fund. But that was the last and only strike I ever made, and when I found the crib was all going and none coming in, I told Eugene Tufts I was going to the city to work for twelve dollars a day, "I'm with yere," says he and by selling our tools we had just money enough to get back by footing it to Stockton. So shouldering our blankets we struck out on foot before day light for Stockton, and travelled forty miles that day, and got within about six miles of the city when we spread our blankets on the ground under one of those live oak trees and slept till day light. Next morning we felt like two old truck horses from the effects of our hard day's tramp but got fuelled up enough to get into Stockton and take the first boat to San Francisco. The

price of deck passage was sixteen dollars and I had just enough left to buy my breakfast.

I found my old boss, Mr. Syme, and he asked if I had made my pile, I told him yes a pile of experience but no gold.

"Want to go to work?" says he. "Yes. When?" "Soon as dinner?" "All right come on." "But hold on Mr. Syme, you'll have to loan me enough to pay for my dinner for I can't work without eating and I haven't got a red cent."

He handed me a five dollar piece and I have been working for him ever since at twelve dollars day. "Have you got a job?" Yes, promised for to-morrow with a man by the name of Elliot. "Well, Leon, bustle up to him for twelve dollars a day," and I thought I would but my heart failed me when it came to the pinch.

I was only an apprentice, \$1.25 per day was the price back home and it seemed too much like highway robbery to demand twelve and I went to work at ten dollars and got in four days that week.

My friend Cole never tried the mines again but stuck to carpentering and now owns whole blocks of houses out in the south part of the city, accumulated without resorting to any of the "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," but by strict attention to business and square dealing.

Lessons from Nature.

BY CHARLES DARWIN.

NUMBER THREE.

Man mortal demands science of man; but the man who has once achieved a knowledge of his own immortality craves and demands the broader and more truthful science of Nature. It is ignorance has sunk man lower in some respects than insect and beast; yet, as we have seen, man-made science gives only a greater power to the strong, and glorifies human selfishness. So we turn away from the external manhood of reason, which evolves nothing superior to the animal, and seek from the internal manhood of soul, a science, born of Nature's lessons, that shall place the crown of true sovereignty upon man's brow.

The scientist claims to have out-wrought truth in his great discovery of evolution. But he can no more explain evolution, than his science can explain gravitation. His power is exhausted when he has given it a name and traced its effects.

The fact that incompressible atoms become invisible molecules and aggregate into matter endowed with life is one of Nature's lessons that points unerringly to a great over-soul whose under-souls we all are to-day. And Nature's central fact is that great over-soul who is all, and in all. That is the initial fact of Nature's science.

The absurdity of pulpit teaching whereby God is pictured as person, yet infinite—

that is to say half finite and the rest infinite—finds no support in any lesson from Nature. And the other absurdity that a God created something out of nothing, and therefore is to-day in something which knew him not, is a belittling conception of the great over-soul.

So whatever the changes wrought in the past matter and the great oversoul have been one throughout eternity. Each little speck of matter, reflects what it may of the brightness of the infinite; and that reflection is its life. It may only be as motion in the atom wedded to beauty in the crystal; yet as matter becomes more flexible it catches a ray of the eternal intelligence; for Nature's lesson proclaims that budding life is just a scintillation of the oversoul.

As the artist blends colors to give you a new effect, so atoms gather and change and refine under altering conditions. But whether the life exhibited be that of the granite and the shrub, the old monster of earth's early morn,—the flower and insect of to-day, or the writer and reader of these lines, all alike is matter in motion, reflecting as best it may the ever present intelligence of the eternal.

I apply no expression of fatherhood or motherhood to this eternal, because such phrases carry with them a conception of a personality of whom we find no trace in any of Nature's lessons. Manhood stands sadly imperfect in earth life to-day, because matter is yet but crude and coarse, and passion hour of man's surroundings cloud his mental power and spirit possibilities.

Nature turns a page, and the new lesson shows us man in his life of to-morrow. But such a lesson frightens the man of earthly mould; so he retreats to his gas, his atom and his molecule, far too selfish to listen to the new expression of an old truth through Nature's despaired medium children.

But you and I, friendly readers, gladly listen to the new lesson, and we presently discover that the oversoul shines through matter moulded by intelligence in that life of to-morrow, but far more brilliantly; for the lesson teaches in that "arisen" manhood can reflect far more of the great infinite than can puny mortals.

But we also discover that Nature has lesson after lesson showing how life leads on step by step, higher and higher, vaster and more vast, bright and yet brighter, with power ever increasing as the soul wins glory. But Nature's Science finds at every stage matter and life in subjection to intelligence.

Now for a moment let us turn back to once again watch man in his earth life, and mark his power and intellect. Let us, for instance, examine and admire that fairy structure, that giant suspension bridge that links New York to its sister Brooklyn; only the civil engineer can fully understand its greatness. But we all can see how intelligence first thought a bridge across that gulf, and then

moulded that thought into strength and beauty. The whole grand structure is only a crystallized thought in which dwells the wondrous oversoul. Without this attraction of cohesion, atom would flee from atom, and the shapeless dust mark the limit to man's power. But all the same let us remember that creation was wrought by human intelligence.

There is a life that is expressed without muddied. The butterfly, the bird and the ant are a reflection of the supreme, through matter as much as is mortal man, and most assuredly mortal man has designed neither feather, wing, nor beauty. So manhood stands only with a power of construction amongst matter, every atom of which is pregnant with the life of the oversoul.

Nature's lesson teaches us that the sprouting acorn is only the coming oak. And the coming man, the shadow of whose power we can already sense will outwork the man of to-day. But the oversoul knows no change to his infinite outworkings. Therefore he no more constructs worlds for the archangel, then he builds Brooklyn bridges or cities in California for the earthly architect.

Nature's lesson teaches us that Divine power is no more present in the construction of the bridge and the city, than in the rounding of matter into the giant sun. Just as the architect was not possible till the beast became a savage, and the savage evolved in long ages the man of peace and wondrous skill; so the birth of a new world must be compassed by intelligences who have evolved their powers from the great oversoul, and gained their skill through vast experience. Don't you, my reader, perceive that manhood's immortality once demonstrated, the very next lesson is human progress into powers that foolish ignorance calls "God."

In our short life of to-day the animal and the insect show powers and faculties shared by man. But manhood's immense superiority consists in his organism permitting him to reflect more brightness of the great oversoul, than all other of creation combined in one vast total. Our weakness is strength asleep. Our vice is virtue half grown. Our ignorance is only unblinded knowledge and wisdom so much for the man of to-morrow. Now what of the man of yesterday? I know man is immortal. I dare not call him eternal, for Nature's science grasps only the comprehensible. But in the existence of manhood through a past eternity I fully believe for this science of Nature proves it in one celestial equation. If man builds bridges and worlds, then man builds one world, and consequently antedates what our foolish clergy call creation. But as vast ages are required before mortality can build an ocean steamer, yet vaster eyles of eternity must evolve powers by which manhood builds the star, the comet and the sun. So Nature's lesson traces humanity from incomprehensible past to unimaginable future; ever reflecting the brightness of glory of the great oversoul.

Nature's lesson suggests a thought with which I will conclude this brief series of articles.

Vice, crime, ignorance and folly produce as sure a crop of their like, as does virtue, knowledge, self content and wisdom. Just as the vast expanse of ether vibrates with force from the sun's ray, so is man's vast future tremulous with his thoughts of to-day.

The man must maintain his equality with his brother and die. Manhood none claims the sad power of returning to the beast, and perhaps, who knows, of losing the individuality to which to-day all is possible.

If you, my brother, would wear your crown, you must become every inch a King; monarch of yourself; standing in a royal manhood that loves truth and scorns a lie.

OAKLAND, CAL.

Our Environments.

BY LENA INGRAHAM OFFORD

How often we hear it remarked by good people that if their circumstances were not just what they are, if they had a little larger liberty or were situated in some other place, what a great amount of good they could accomplish or what intellectual or financial advancement they could achieve.

Our lamented author and traveller, Bayard Taylor has said that "Satisfaction with things as they are is the basis of all decline;" therefore we may assume that this dissatisfaction, this restlessness of the human mind is but the spiritual germ within us unfolding to the light of wisdom, and reincarnating into our own lives and actions the thoughts and experiences of those who have passed on to a higher life.

We see first in the developing processes of nature, the close and hard environments, from the tiny acorn that pushes its tendrils up out of the sodden earth, to the birth of a god.

It seems natural and right that we should feel cramped and confined in the old conditions before we expand into the new. It shows larger development, a greater zest and earnestness for what is opening up in our lives heretofore unknown. No man or woman is alone in the great mental struggle of reaching up after the highest and the best, in emerging forth from old limitations, emerging from old prejudices and intellectual crudities, one is only in advance of another.

We are one common brotherhood. Alienated and ostracized man as you may, still remains the immutable fact that we are all children of the same benighted and divine father and mother God. And as we jostle each other in the highways and byways of life, each becomes a conscious or unconscious, a direct or indirect factor in adjusting, removing or enlarging the environments that hold, keep, and prepare us, each in its turn, for our best possible spiritual development.

The scholar preceds and outranks the idler; the idler, stimulated, arouses and advances in the footsteps of the scholar. The philosopher, the genius toils, develops and achieves; mediocrity looks on, awakens, moves, bursts from his slumberous inactivity and profits by them.

One nation advances in civilization, art, science and commerce and then clamors loudly at the gates of some other power or people with the glad tidings of grand achievements, as the western world to-day is breaking through the prescribed environments of centuries in the celestial East with the rattling car of Progress.

And so the work goes on making nobler, grander all the relations of life, each a component part of the infinite whole.

In the grand victorious marches
Through evolving spheres of time,
Crowned by high triumphal arches,
Man walks on to heights sublime;
"Still achieving, still pursuing,"
Great offices in the undying,
Greater still in the reweaving,
Progress marking every clime.

This is the age of reason, the age of severe mental discipline and intellectual advancement.

The brain of man is not running riot with his senses, but every sense is prompting, aiding and projecting his brain to solve heretofore incalculable mysteries. The past is being understood and deposed in power; the present is taking the helm of human understanding, and presaging for the future a time when man, himself a god, can consult, re-adjust and establish with superior gods a reign unparalleled for its beneficent developments in the co-existing physical and spiritual relations of all mankind. Creeds are becoming more lenient; many must crumble and fall to dust. A larger, nobler humanity walks the earth to-day; old narrow paths are being abandoned and a broader, freer highway established.

Spiritualism rolls away the stone from the empty tomb we have so long been watching and guarding, and points to the celestial heights where the immortal spirit clothed in its ethereal form gives evidence of its individuality and continued intercourse with those in the physical habiliments of earth.

Law is becoming a labor of love. Legalized martyrdoms that have long received the sanction of the church are now considered as impracticable to the best good of humanity.

Monarchs are beginning to recognize that subjects have more rights and are enquiring into the attitude of justice. It is realized that the god mammon does not bestow his favors upon the noblest and the best. Man looks upon his fellow man as able to think and speak for himself in the arbitration of human affairs. Everywhere from the throne to the fireside of the humblest laborer social conditions are being ameliorated and human hearts, those citadels of holiest affections, are allowed to tear down old fortifications,

environments of darkness and despair, and build up new ones on a grander basis which rear heavenward and lie flower-crowned with garlands of hope, purity and peace in the light of heaven's benignant smiles.

"The age turns aside from old byways,
We are taught to reverse in our youth,
And find the new beautiful highways
Lying bathed in the sunlight of truth."

So we are passing out from the environments that have held us in the past; like the new seed sown we are bursting our primitive earthly conditions of development and rising into the higher atmosphere of more universal light and love. It has been said that "aspiration is the moral lever raising the earnest spirit to its destined height."

Then strive for there is joy in striving,
Discarding the old is reviving;
All nature puts on new adorning
When the sun ushers in spring's morning;
Change is never the cause that retards,
'Tis relief that brings out new goods.

O strive; if the old bonds are weary;
Know that needless the pain you are bearing;
Burnt out from the shackle and fetter,
The world has for you something better:
Ask for wisdom and truth on your way
And step into the broad light of day.

And as the husbandman cares for each plant and flower nourishing, pruning, transplanting many, so will the angel husbandmen of God who care for us, lead us each to his proper place in this mortal, life making the most of our growth and abilities and granting to each all the light and warmth of spiritual love that we need or desire for our highest development and perfection.

SEATTLE, March, 1889.

True merit always comes to the surface.

Long life is the result of temperance in all things

Precepts are the rules by which we ought to square our lives.

Many actions like the Rhone, have two sources, one pure, the other impure.

There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.—*Faber.*

Little Irving was visiting a friend of his mother one day, and was much interested in the pictures which hung on the walls. He looked with particular earnestness at a delicate engraving of Aurora (the goddess of morning) and another of Spring. His hostess took him on her lap and said, "Will you stay with me, Irving, and be my little boy?" Irving's kind heart would not permit a point-blank refusal, so he answered, very gently, "I don't fink I could." "Why not?" asked the lady. Irving made a desperate effort to find a reason, and at last a happy thought struck him, "I couldn't live wif you because your pictures haven't clothes enough to wear!" was the answer.

Selected Articles.

THE BELIEVERS IN SPIRITUALISM.

Statesmen, Officials, Merchants, Professional Men, Men of Business and of Letters Who Are Firm in the Faith—Unique and Strange Are the Manifestations—Prominent People Who Vouch for Remarkable Phenomena in the Way of Spirit Rappings, Drawings, Writings, Speeches, Healings and Communications—The Term Spiritualist, Strictly Speaking, Difficult to Define—All Who Call Themselves Spiritualists Believe in the Continuity of Life After Death, and the Return of Spirits to This Sphere—Beyond This There Are Many Differences of Opinion—Intelligent Men Who Give Reasons for the Faith That is in Them—Curious Ways in Which the Doubtless in the Unseen World Frequently Return in Spirit to This One—The Innumerable Number of Spiritualists Spread Throughout the Land—Men of Wealth, Culture and High Position Who Are Not Cranks or Fools Who Assert Their Belief in the Spiritualistic Faith—Wonderful Mediums—Prominent Spiritualists in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Washington Furnish Testimony.

The Press to-day lays before its readers the reasons which have induced so many intelligent men to believe in Spiritualism. It is an undeniable fact, that the eminent lawyer Luther R. Marsh is only one of hundreds of other brainy and cultured men who believe firmly that the dwellers in the unseen world do frequently return in spirit to this one. It is also quite as certain that tricksters have wrong money from the purses and made weary the brains of intelligent people under the pretense that they are mediums, that is to say, people through whom speak the spirits of the dead.

IN NEW YORK.

Well-Known Spiritualists Explain the Reasons for Their Faith.

Ex-Superintendent of Public Schools Kiddle has always been regarded as a level-headed scholar. He threw aside his position rather than sacrifice his opinions. Yet, as will be seen in the interview printed below, he says quite gravely he has three of Bacon's essays dictated by the spirit of the dead philosopher. Other equally well known people, whose assertions cannot be cast aside by the declaration that the believer is a crank on the verge of lunacy, assure the world that they have seen and conversed with spirits. It would be ridiculous to say these men are schemers. They have stood too long before the public

as professional men of ability and merchants whose immense warehouses proclaim that they are not easily imposed upon by sharpers. These men have all become Spiritualists for certain definite reasons. The *Press* has collected the reasons of many, and to-day what has been to thousands a mystery may in part be clear.

"The study of Spiritualism," said Professor Henry Kiddle, when asked to give some of his views on this much mooted subject, "has occupied much of my time for years. To learn and to research and impart my knowledge to others was my avocation for many years, and when my thought was enlisted in Spiritualism I gave the same earnest and deliberate consideration to it that I did to other subjects, and with the result that I was fully convinced of its truth, in that conclusion not being unlike many others who are well known in the scientific world, and whose ability and acquirements are recognized."

A slight digression will be pardoned here, in order to recall to the minds of the readers of this article the man whose words have just been quoted. Mr. Kiddle had much to do with the education of public school children in this city until some little time ago it was discovered that his materialistic views had been exchanged for the (to him) more satisfying and acceptable doctrine of Spiritualism. His work for twenty-five years and more—first as a teacher and then as a superintendent—was gotten or put aside, and his personal if extraordinary opinions allowed to prevail as an influence against his usefulness, and he was divested of his public office. "I became a believer in Spiritualism," continued Mr. Kiddle, "in the first place by studying the literature of the subject—books containing the researches of eminent men. I scarcely ever visited a medium myself. After four years of such study as that I found accidentally that there were mediums in my own family, and enjoyed an intercourse through those mediums with my friends and relatives who had passed before. Then for at least ten years I investigated the subject through a large number and variety of other mediums, and acquired a great body of experience which I have only in a very small part given to the world."

"What do you consider the literature of the subject?"

"Books that have been published recording the experiences of investigators with the processes and results of their investigations. For instance, going back four or five years after the commencement of the movement, Dr. Robert Hare's investigations. He was a professor in the Penn. University, a member of all the first class scientific associations in the world, and he investigated the subject with the express purpose of showing the whole thing was a delusion. He came out a believer, and not only a believer, but a medium. Those people who had expressed

their great joy and satisfaction that so great a scientist as Dr. Hare was to investigate this subject after he had announced his belief in it said that he ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum. His book, which is called "Spiritualism Demonstrated," is a large octavo containing a full account of his experiences and investigations. It is such books as Dr. Hare's that I call the literature of Spiritualism. Epes Sargent of Boston and Judge Edmunds, the latter a member of the Court of Appeals in this State, and considered one of the best lawyers in the country, investigated and found it to be true, the latter in very great part through the mediumship of his own daughter.

"Now it is sometimes said that Spiritualism ought to be scientifically investigated, but it has been scientifically investigated a great many times, and by the very best minds, as I have said by Dr. Hare, then by the English scientist, Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, a man of the highest scientific reputation on the same class of subjects as Darwin's, and William Crooks', then whom there is no superior in the ranks of science to-day. The latter made investigations and discoveries for two years or more under the very best conditions, in his own house and in connection with Professor Cromwell Varley, who is the electrician of the Atlantic cable. These men examined the subject exhaustively. They examined the physical phenomena, and when we say physical phenomena in relation to Spiritualism we mean Spiritualism uncompassed by intelligence, not mere phenomena, such as the rapping, which, it has been claimed, can be counterfeited by the snapping of toe joints in which Mr. Huxley tells us very recently that he has become an accomplished expert. Mr. Crooks included in his investigation the wonderful phenomena of materialization and proved that this substantial apparition was actually a fact, a reality, as it appeared in his own parlor, Varley and he using the galvanometer as the means of showing that the medium remained perfectly motionless.

"We have the result of Professor Crooks' investigations in his own book. 'The Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.' Mr. Wallace has published several books. We have the result of the remarkable investigations and experiences of an English gentleman connected with one of the English Universities, who signed his articles M. A. (Oxon). He was really educated as a clergyman, and has published several books, one on 'Spirit Identity,' another on the 'Religious Aspects of Spiritualism.' Mr. Wallace's principal book is 'Miracles in Modern Spiritualism.' Then we come to the remarkable researches of Zoellner, a man of European reputation as a scientist, particularly illustrious for his investigations of the sun. At least three of his associate professors in part acted with him. These investigations are described in a book called 'Transcendental Physics.'

"Why is it that so few young people take up Spiritualism?"

"It is true that the middle aged and older persons are more inclined to take an interest in this subject; true, too, in regard to all prevailing religions. The churches have their organizations and Sunday schools and Spiritualists have none. Spiritualism is not now interwoven in the social system as the other religions are, and it is true whether you speak of it as a religion or merely as a branch of knowledge."

"Have you any idea why one person should have the power of mediumship over another?"

"No more than I know any reason why one person should have musical genius and not another. For ought I know mediumship and genius are interchangeable terms, and inspiration is the universal concomitant of what we call the 'poetical affluus.' Human talent differs in a thousand ways, and it is scarcely necessary to ask why one person receives communications and not others. Even these have no evidence at all that they are mediums. Probably the quality that gives rise to mediumship exists in some degree in every one. Some Spiritualists claim that they have no satisfactory evidence of the materialization of spirits, but I have had it shown to me incontestably. I will give you one instance, although this is one of many: There were perhaps a dozen of us seated together at a seance. A spirit who represented himself to be Bacon, and who had the appearance and wore the costume given in the portraits of that philosopher, presented himself before us.

"The medium we saw also, so he could not have impersonated him. This spirit spoke to us for an hour, and I took down in shorthand what he said. During his discourse he made a long quotation from Cicero, which I afterward verified. What he said was pronounced by even skeptical men of knowledge and literature to be equal to, in the style of and on the same plane of thought with, the published treatises of Bacon. The medium, although intelligent, had only received the learning obtained in the lowest class of a public school. The same spirit appeared on two other occasions, and I have three essays taken down from his lips as he spoke.

"I have read poems received through the medium, Lizzie Doten, purporting to come from Edgar A. Poe, which are equal to anything he ever wrote. There are other specimens, complete reproductions of his style given inpromptu by Harris, whose name is known in association with that of Laurence Oliphant, also a Spiritualist. Oliphant's wife was the daughter of Robert Dale Owen.

"We might as well look upon all Christians alike, for there are Christian Spiritualists and Spiritualists without any religious faith at all."

(To be continued.)

THE CARRIER DOVE,

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DEVOTED TO

SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

ENTERED AT SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER ----- EDITOR.

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

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MEDIUMSHIP.

Almost daily we are in receipt of letters asking for information upon the subject of mediumship and how to proceed to develop it. It is a subject so little understood even by the wisest, that we scarcely know how to reply to these enquiries in a manner to be fully understood by the various questioners. The mistaken idea has prevailed to a large extent among spiritualists that mediumship was a "special gift of God" to a favored few, and has been the source of much evil through the *medium worship* that that has been the bane and curse of those possessing these powers in greater degree than others. So common has been the notion that a medium was a superior being, a sort of oracle whose behests were to be obeyed, and whose statements were considered infallible, that many of the best instruments who were selected by the spirit world when innocent and unpretentious, became arrogant, proud, and conceited and looked with contempt upon their fawning flatterers. When the mind becomes disabused of these notions and all individuals are regarded as having attributes and powers in common, although some may be more highly developed than others in certain directions, much of the nonsense attached to the discussion of mediumship will cease. As we have highly gifted poets, musicians, artists, inventors, orators, authors and so on through all the great variety of talents displayed by different individuals, so we do also have our seers, prophets and test mediums. But these powers common to all. Because Patti can sing divinely she should not be designated as a special favorite of the

Almighty; but rather as one whose gift of song has been cultivated to a higher state of perfection than others. Some of the most highly gifted mediums the world has ever known, have been unconscious instruments in the hands of the angels. There lives have been so pure, their every thought and aspiration so lofty and ennobling, that they have unconsciously dwelt in the vestibule of the spiritual world and become the recipients of its wisdom, love and guidance. Its harmonies have been voiced in their songs; its tenderness expressed in their deeds of love; its grandeur and beauty manifested in lives of devotion to truth and humanity. Such grand souls may never be designated as spiritual mediums, yet the mantle of the angels more surely envelops them than it does the "wonderful medium" through whose instrumentality tables may be made to dance, or bells rung, or any other of the physical phenomena produced which is considered so desirable. To those, then, who seek the development of mediumship, we would say: seek first to live lives of such perfect sweetness and love as will attract to you the bright and beautiful, the good and true wherever in the great universe it may be found; and as surely as the earth draws the refreshing rain into its bosom, so will you draw unto yourselves spirits of wisdom and power who will assist you in your earthly labors of love, and even though you may never receive a visible sign or outward token of the presence of these heavenly messengers.

"EXPOSING" SPIRITUALISM.

The *Chronicle* of this city contains a lengthy article upon the recent "exposure" of Spiritualism in New York City by the "celebrated materializing medium," Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer. Spiritualists have one more occasion for rejoicing and congratulation that their ranks are getting cleared of the barnacles that have so nearly sunk the good old ship in the past few years. One by one they are coming out in their true colors and "exposing" themselves. Spiritualism cannot be "exposed," for it has never been concealed or hidden. It stands before the world a monument of eternal truth, bathed in the glorious light of heaven. There has never been, nor can there be, anything to "expose" in this, the grandest revelation of the century. The fraud and imposition practiced in its name by unprincipled charlatans, may be, and is, frequently "exposed," to the great relief and rejoicing of those who suffer from the stigma cast upon them through these impostors. Mrs. Sawyer has always been a disgrace to the cause, as she was one of the boldest and most artful trauds that ever held a "seance." She was obliged to leave this city some years ago or give up her business, as she was detected and thoroughly shown up a number of times, and could not longer continue her nefarious practices under the surveillance of the police.

After going to New York she succeeded in duping some professed spiritualists and received

their endorsement of her "fake" business much to the disgust of those who knew her here. Now she claims to "expose" spiritualism, but succeeds only in exposing her own baseness, and this relieves the fraternity of the disgrace of her claim of fellowship with them.

Such volunteer "exposures" will give spiritualism a firmer hold, and place it upon higher ground than ever before; and we welcome them as heralds of the new day when stripped of the delusions, shams, and horrible mockeries that have marred and impeded its progress, it will spread its beautiful wings of peace, love, and good will over all the earth. Then let the good work of purification go on. Let the chaff be severed from the wheat, the gold from the dross, that we may receive the message of the spirit world through honest mediums, untainted with deception or misrepresentation. A few grains of truth are of more value than a mountain of rubbish; let us search diligently for them and reject the spurious imitations.

THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM SOCIAL.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum gave an excellent entertainment at St. George's Hall, on Saturday evening last, which was largely attended, and proved a financial and social success. The children acquitted themselves admirably in their respective parts of the exercises and manifest a deep interest in their work.

Dancing followed the literary exercises and was participated in and enjoyed by old and young. The ladies served a delightful repast in the large banquet hall which was well patronized. The ice-cream was delicious, as was the superior coffee, which proved so refreshing to the dancers.

DOVE NOTES.

The report of Mrs. F. A. Logan's meeting at St. George's Hall, on Sunday last, was not received in time for this issue; but we are informed that the exercises were of an unusually interesting nature.

John Slater will hold a grand anniversary celebration, March 31st, at Metropolitan Temple. Excellent music has been engaged and a choice programme will be presented. All should unite with Mr. Slater on that occasion and make it a grand success.

The Board of Directors of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists has decided to revoke their decision to hold a three days' meeting in commemoration of the forty-first anniversary of Modern Spiritualism; consequently no celebration of that event will be held in this city except that of Mr. Slater at Metropolitan Temple.

We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the card of Mrs. L. Higgins, of New York, who has recently arrived in this city. The lady comes highly recommended, and although we cannot speak from personal experience of her medial powers, yet those who know her hold her in high esteem.

Dr. Schlesinger has returned from his recent trip in the Southern part of the State and reports a deep interest prevailing everywhere in the investigation of Spiritualism. Although the people are suffering from financial depression in business, they are alive to their spiritual interests and the cause is not languishing for lack of outspoken advocates and staunch supporters. The doctor will be pleased to meet his friends and enquirers at this office, where he can be found daily until further notice.

Lois Waisbrooker has gone to Talent, Oregon, for the rest and recuperation she so much needs. Her active brain and sensitive nature have caused her to work and suffer through the conditions that appealed to her sympathies until the vital forces of life were unable to supply the demand upon them in support of the physical, and unless rest and relaxation came prostration must ensue. The change, we trust, will do much to restore and build up this indefatigable worker, and give her new inspiration to work for the emancipation of the people from wage slavery and the powers of superstition.

Fidelity Lodge, of the Royal Argosy Endowment order, held a very pleasant social at their lodge rooms, Cambrian Hall, 1133 Mission street, on Friday evening, March 8th. The musical and literary exercises were very interesting and entertaining and was followed by dancing, which was continued until a late hour. The dancing programme was under the supervision of Prof. J. O. Burdick, and was charmingly carried out, for the Professor has the happy faculty of knowing just how to make every one feel perfectly at ease and acquainted so there are no neglected "wall-flowers" or disappointed ones where he is the presiding genius. These monthly socials should be encouraged among all fraternal societies as they do much to advance the interests of the various orders.

EAST MONTEREY.

**One of the Largest Summer Resorts in the World,
Three Hours From San Francisco, and
Half a Mile From the Grounds
of the "Hotel Del Monte."**

We offer the public in the above tract some choice lots, \$35 for inside and \$50 for corners. These lots will be very much sought after owing to: first, their desirable and healthy location and second, their close proximity to one of the world renowned hotels.

The temperature varies but six degrees between summer and winter, making what is so much sought after, namely, "Indian Summer." This places it ahead of all other Summer Resorts inasmuch as it omits the extreme heat, and the extreme cold, "Del Monte" being visited both summer and winter by all who visit California, and also by our own residents would naturally give this Tract superiority over any other part of the State, in never being dull or quiet. Here everything is always life, and amusements of all kinds can be found, such as surf-bathing, warm salt water bathing, in the beautiful bath house of the hotel (the latter being open to the public), drives that cannot be excelled, for most all the points in the vicinity are historical, boating on a beautiful lake right on the Tract and yachting in the bay of Monterey, etc.

Everything conducive to both health and pleasure can be had here, leaving nothing to be desired, and surely placing the locality far ahead of any competitor. Here for a small outlay you can purchase a site on very advantageous terms, and build yourself a residence to your own taste, and what can be more beautiful than having your own home, and where your neighbor is your friend. There are several fine wells of water on the Tract, and water can be found anywhere on the grounds, at a depth of from twelve to twenty feet.

The distance from San Francisco by rail is one hundred and twenty-five miles and is reached by express trains in three hours. Those whose business interests keep them in the city during the busy season of their year will find this a most delightful place for a summer residence, and being so near the city the trip can be made at a trifling expense. For a beautiful, healthful home where children can be reared free from the moral and physical contagion incident to city life no more desirable place could be found on the Pacific Coast. Call and consult the agent, Mrs. Scott Briggs, CARRIER DOVE Office.

TO THE "CARRIER DOVE."

Oh, bird of peace! Oh, bird of Light!
Thy wings are tinged with love!
Thy course is from the heavenly land,
Thy message from above.
Fly on, sweet bird, an I spread the news,
In every land and clime,
Till all shall know Eternal Life,
God's greatest, gift sublime.

ASA P. WILBUR.

A NEW BOOK.

**Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic
Science.**

I have contributed to various journals during the past year, sections from a work on "Psychic Science, which embodies the inspirations given me on the spiritual nature of man, in its connection with his physical existence and independent thereof. Those who have read these articles will, at least partially, understand the character of the work. It essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause.

The leading subjects treated are as follows: Matter, Life, Spirit, Mind; what the Senses teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution; Scripture Methods of the Study of Man, and Results; What is the Sensitive State; Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by Psychometry; Sensitiveness during Sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by Disease; Thought Transference; Intimations of an Intelligent Force Superior to the Actor; Effect of Physical Conditions on the Sensitive; Unconscious Sensitiveness; Prayer, in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Transference; Immortality—What the Future Life must be granting the preceding Facts and Conclusions; Mind-Cure, Christian Science; Metaphysics, their Psychic and Physical Relations.

I hope to publish the work the coming spring, but desired to secure the co-operation of those interested in this subject by receiving at once, in advance, as many subscribers as possible. Those who are willing to be promoters of the early publication of the book, will please send their names and addresses to me. They can send the money with their order, or when the work is commended, as suits their convenience. The book will contain about 250 pages, be printed on fine paper, good type and handsomely bound in cloth. To those who subscribe in advance, the price will be \$1.00, postage free. Subscribers copies will contain the autograph of the undersigned. Address,

Hudson Tuttle,

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

Our readers will be delighted with the charming article, "Europe as Seen in Daylight," from the pen of Dr. Simms in this issue of the DOVE. It contains much of a historical nature concerning Switzerland, and is altogether a very valuable contribution to our columns.

Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The meeting was called to order by the President, John A. Collins. After singing by the audience, the subject of "Responsibilities of Mediums" was discussed by Mr. Staynor, of Philadelphia, who spoke very acceptably for nearly one hour, and was followed by Mr. Mills, Anderson, Bouton, and others; tests were given from the platform by Mrs. Place and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers; instrumental music by Miss Violet Wheeler.

S. B. WHITEHEAD,
Secretary.

WASHINGTON HALL.

The spiritual meeting at Washington Hall last Sunday evening was largely attended by an interesting and highly appreciative, and intelligent audience, composed of Spiritualists, doubters, and skeptics. Judge Swift presided, and on taking the chair remarked that these meetings were now on the fifth month since their organization, and the expectations of the managers had been more than fully realized. The main work and object of the meeting had been to elevate the standard of public meetings held by Spiritualists, to bring before the public such mediums as would stand the test of the ordeal of investigation by the candid and reasonable minds. Mr. Swift stated that Spiritualism had been lowered in many instances by incompetent and injudicious management of public meetings. What we should aim to reach is the higher order of intelligence, and all spiritual meetings ought to be conducted with this object in view. We Spiritualists encounter the same conflict that has followed the teachings of Christianity in all ages, which has required a persistent struggle to keep it on the higher and respectable plane.

As was advertised, this was to be "an evening with the spirits," and was devoted to platform tests and songs. Mrs. D. N. Place and Mrs. Clara Mayo Steers occupied the platform. Both of these ladies are too well known here to need any encomiums. Mrs. Place has been before the public sufficiently to establish her reputation as an honest, conscientious and reliable medium. Mrs. Mayo Steers, after an absence of some years from the city, has returned by the directions of her spirit guides, and is to make this her permanent home and field of labor. She is welcomed by the warmest congratulations of her numerous admiring friends. The skeptics, as well as others, were highly pleased at the presence of Dr. Schlesinger, who has just returned from a trip through the southern part of the State, where he has astonished hundreds by a demonstration of future life and spirit return. Dr. Schlesinger's whole soul is in this work, and what is grand and so much admired in the Doctor's phase of mediumship is that which enables him to con-

vince the most doubting skeptic. We hesitate not to say that the Doctor stands second to no medium that has ever appeared before the public. The Doctor gave several tests, all of which were satisfactory and convincing. It is expected that the Doctor will be present next Sunday evening. Mrs. Katz, the noted pianist, presided at the piano, and rendered fine accompaniments to the songs of the evening by Mrs. Rutter, Mrs. Mollner, and Mr. Ely. Altogether the exercises were the most agreeable and satisfactory. Next Sunday evening, by request Judge Swift will occupy a portion of the time on the subject of "Salvation by Sam Jones," followed by platform tests.

REPORTER.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL.

Dr. and Mrs. Nickless were greeted with a full house on Sunday evening last. After singing and invocations, the control of Mrs. Nickless spoke from these words: "Harmonize all the isms, and accept truth wherever it may be found." After the lecture "Sunflower" controlled and gave thirty-two persons tests; describing from two to four spirits for each individual. All the descriptions given were recognized with but one exception. Mrs. Eliza McKinley controlled Mrs. Nickless, and extended greetings to her many dear friends in the audience. Her remarks were greeted with a round of applause. Dr. Nickless invited those in the audience who were suffering to come forward. Four gentlemen responded. Before the Doctor commenced treatment a gentleman arose and said: "One week ago I went on the platform for treatment, having been a constant sufferer from pain for many months in my spine. Since that treatment I have not had a sign of any pain. I consider the Doctor's power wonderful." Of the gentlemen treated, all expressed themselves as feeling better. One gentleman said he had not heard the tick of a watch for years. After treatment he could hear a watch tick very plainly. These meetings will be continued at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Sunday evening until further notice. Exercises consisting of lectures, tests, and spiritual healing. "Sunflower's" reception Sunday and Thursday evenings at No. 108 McAllister street.

JOHN SLATER'S MEETINGS.

On Sunday afternoon and evening a large audience assembled at Metropolitan Temple to receive the demonstrations of spirit presence and power as given through the mediumship of John Slater. Mr. Slater prefaced his séance with an account of his trip to Santa Cruz and its results. He stated that large audiences greeted him each evening and much interest was manifested, and much antagonism aroused among the bigoted, conservative element. But the good work went on and many were led to investigate and received the testimony needed to convince them of the reality of spirit communication. Mr. Slater receives many urgent invita-

tions to visit other portions of the State and Coast, but we doubt if anywhere could he find a broader field of usefulness than in this city; and long as he can draw such crowds as throng to hear him every week, it would be unwise to go elsewhere under the impression that he could serve the cause of truth to better advantage than right here. The tests given at these meetings are of such a convincing nature that they hold the audience in perfect silence except when some telling bit is made that elicits the enthusiastic applause of all. Beautiful flowers in abundance are the reminders of appreciation and good will that always greet Mr. Slater as he appears upon the rostrum. The music is always excellent.

REPORTER.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

Beside the usual programme last Sunday evening at Fraternity Hall, Mr. P. Thompson of Philadelphia favored the audience with an exceedingly practical and spiritual address, which was highly appreciated by the listeners.

Mr. P. Thompson has a mental and spiritual reservoir full to the brim with useful knowledge and experience which never fails in its mission; he is expected to relate some of these valuable experiences on next Sunday evening at the same hall.

Prof. Perkins continues to practically demonstrate the science phrenology at these meetings to the satisfaction of all present.

Mrs. Perkins gave for three quarters of an hour tests and communications which in almost every instance was recognized as correct; some of them were as remarkable as any ever given in the presence of the writer by any medium, and if published would be regarded as wonderful. There is a refreshing absence of all guess work and that strained effort to force recognition on the part of the listener, by the medium. Investigators would do well to attend these meetings where nothing but truth is desired.

The usual anniversary will be celebrated by the managers and attendants of these meetings upon the evening of March 30th (Saturday) at the upper St. George's Hall, when a programme of unusual merit will be presented, and a general social hop with refreshments will follow. We hope to receive the patronage of all friends who may favor us with their presence. The exercises will be continued the following Sunday, March 31st, where good speakers and test mediums will be present. There will be meetings with less attraction and merit than this, it is safe to say, as Mrs. Perkins is making extra exertions to please the public and advance the cause at the same time.

Don't forget March 16th, for something attractive will be presented, and remember that the doors are open free, you are at liberty to give what you can afford.

Our passions are like convulsive fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Not least among the twenty-eight gifts received from friends at the late Christmas holidays was the present of one of his latest improved psychographs, from the inventor and manufacturer, Hudson Tuttle. I was already possessed of one of his original psychographs as first made but since its receipt considerable improvement has been made in it by Brother Tuttle. This little instrument is highly recommended by a number of well known Spiritualists as an efficient aid to the development of latent psychic power resident in sensitives and those susceptible to spiritual influence. In many cases quite satisfactory communications have been received through its assistance from loving spirit friends. It is in many respects an improvement on the old-fashioned planchette; and if a person has any tendencies or aptitudes whatever in the way of physical or writing mediumship, it seems to me that of all the aids to their unfolding the psychograph is the simplest and easiest. If anything of that kind lies dormant in the individual, through this little instrument it can be made manifest in the quickest time. I can therefore recommend it for trial and experiment in every household. In nearly every family there can usually be found one or more persons who are more or less sensitive to psychic influences; and for all such, I think, with a little patient trial, communications may be received. It should be remembered, though, that "Rome was not built in a day." Because no success may crown the preliminary experiments with it, the sitter should not at once give it up in despair. He or she should persevere until it be demonstrated, after repeated sittings, that nothing can be obtained from it. A number of my friends have tried for a time the use of my psychograph. For some it moves and spells out words very quickly; in the cases of others, not receiving anything after a few short trials, they have given it up. Perhaps if they had continued their sittings with it, with some of them at least, better results might have been obtained finally. In my own individual case, I have not the necessary time to devote to long-continued experiments with it. I am constantly pressed for time; so I have to leave to others, my friends and acquaintances, the use of and the experimentation with my psychographs.

It is to be hoped that our talented brother, Hudson Tuttle, one of the soundest thinkers and truest souls in Spiritualism, may receive full encouragement from the Spiritual public for his work in the invention and improvement of his little psychograph. Its advertisement can be found in the CARRIER DOVE weekly.

It is easy to praise the Lacedemonians among the Lacedemonians.—*Greek Proverb.*

The wish of most people is for a fortune and nothing to do. How fully men are punished when it is realized.

A STRANGE DREAM.

BY S. T. SUDDICK, M. D.

While talking the other evening with an old and valued friend, who is a physician, the conversation turned on visions and hallucinations, and my friend related a dream which he had experienced, and which seemed to me so remarkable, that, for the benefit of psychologists and metaphysicians, I will record it.

The dreamer in question does not belong to any religious sect, though he believes in the existence of a Supreme Being, and thinks that the good or evil deeds of men will meet an appropriate reward or punishment even in this life. He said:

"I am not a Spiritualist, as you well know; neither am I superstitious in regard to dreams; but I choose to regard this experience, or dream, if dream it may be called, as different and distinct from the ordinary affairs which we call by that name. I thought I had been killed, seemingly by a railroad accident. My body lay upon the ground beside the track, upon which an engine and some cars were standing. It was gashed and mutilated, while I was sitting under a tree a few yards distant. I remembered nothing whatever previous to or during the accident. I had simply 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' and was now sitting as described, waiting for the life or animal heat to come out of the body and enter myself, which it presently did. It seemed to be a process of disentanglement of my selfhood, or life principle, from the mortal, or perishable part.

"I suffered no pain or other disagreeable feeling, and was only waiting until this disentanglement should be concluded, which I in some unaccountable way understood would occur as soon as the body before me became perfectly cold. For the body itself I cared nothing; I looked upon it with as little feeling of regard as a butterfly would be supposed to look upon the chrysalis from which they had just escaped.

"I seemed to be the warmth, the electricity, the life of the body; and as I gathered myself from its embrace it became lifeless, cold and rigid. I say, 'I,' for my form was just as perfect in shape, feature and feeling as it had been before the stroke that broke the 'silver cord' with which I had been manacled to that earthly clod. As the sensory nerves came to the surface over every portion of the human body, so as this sensory part of my body came gradually to me my form seemed to round out to perfect symmetry, becoming an exact cast of my former self. I felt, by a sort of intuition, that I was forever free from all earthly pain and care. An intense, overwhelming sense of infinite rest and security pervaded me, such as no mortal could ever conceive or imagine while in the flesh. Although in life I had never considered it a burden to perform the respiratory act, my first exclamation, on finding myself freed from the body, was: 'Oh! how delightful to be relieved from the trouble of breathing.' Lungs,

or the need of them, were no part of my present economy. Everything mortal, every physical instinct or desire, had perished with that mutilated body yonder, now lifeless, stiff and cold. I was all mind, spirit, soul. Though retaining the natural form of mortals, I was perfectly, *infinitely* at ease, infinitely contented; and this feeling of contentment consisted not in having every want gratified, but in having no want to gratify. I was neither too cold nor too warm; I was not hungry nor thirsty nor weary; but a sense of infinite pleasure and happiness pervaded my whole being.

"The first place I thought of was a small town in Missouri, where I once lived, and, *presto!* I was there. Oh! how light I was! light as thistledown borne on the breath of a summer evening. As I passed up the street I met several old familiar friends, but none of them took any notice of my presence. In my rambles through the town I entered the courthouse; it being the dinner hour, I found the offices all deserted until I came to that of the circuit clerk.

"My old friend, George M., who had occupied that position for many years, but who had died some time since, was sitting in the office-chair at the table, engaged in looking over an old record.

"He turned as I entered, and his face brightened into a smile. He arose, shook me heartily by the hand with a 'How are you, Doc?' then motioned me to a chair and sat down himself, placing his legs on the table, as was his habit in life. He was surprised to see me, and made some remarks about the change we had both undergone, which people call death. His exact words I could not remember on awaking. He had evidently not heard of my demise, but *my seeing and recognizing him* (a spirit) was sufficient evidence to him that I had severed my relationship with the flesh.

"After conversing with him awhile, I asked him if we were not to be transported to some far-away clime, as we had been taught by the tenets of our religion to believe.

"That is all a mistake," he replied, with a laugh that was peculiar to him in life. "You don't need to go anywhere unless you choose to, but you *can* go anywhere you please. You will be likely to change places oftener than you wish, until you get accustomed to this life." I asked him how that could be?

"He replied, 'You remember in the other life your *mind* wandered at will, but to *go* anywhere you were compelled to walk that old bulk of a body along, or get a conveyance to carry it like any other piece of baggage; but now you have no baggage; you are all *mind*, all soul; and when your mind wanders anywhere *you* are there.'

"Just then I thought of a room in the house of my father-in-law, and although he lived in a distant city, I was there immediately, and remember distinctly the contents of the room, bed, stove, chairs, bureau, etc. There was no one present, and I thought I would sit down and wait till my father-in-law came in, whom I

then remembered wanting to see me on a matter of business. Suddenly I thought of my friend in the court-house, whom I had left so unceremoniously, and in an instant I was there again. He was still sitting where I had left him. He laughed heartily at my impromptu exit and reappearance, and said that it was a most difficult thing to learn to hold one's mind, or self, in one particular place, in that condition of perfect freedom of action. I then remembered that I did not see anything on the road in passing from place to place, and asked my friend if it were always so.

"No," he replied; "you will learn in time to travel, and see the road, or any part of it, while travelling. Remember that in this state we do not walk or ride, we simply *think* ourselves along. You are all *mind* now, all thought, and whatever particular place you wish to see, all you have to do is to first think of it and you are there. If you wish to see the points through which you pass, *think all along the road* to your destination."

"How will I find friends whom I wish to see?" I inquired.

"You will have to find them as you always did," was his reply. "Go and hunt for them. We have no more knowledge of their whereabouts than we ever had, but our facilities for traveling are so great that if we know their homes or resorts we can easily find them. We cannot converse with the friends who are yet in the flesh; they cannot see us nor *hear us think!*"

"I now noticed for the first time that we were *not talking* as we do in mortal life, but were *just thinking to one another.*"

"At this point several persons came into the room; some who had experienced the change called death came and greeted me cordially, congratulating me on having escaped the bondage of the flesh, while those who had not undergone this change ignored our presence entirely.

"The clerk came in with another gentleman whom I did not know, and the two took their places at the table, my friend, George M., having vacated the chair. I heard and understood all their conversation, but could not recall any part of it on awaking.

"Every one I met, with whom I had been formerly acquainted, had a familiar look, but I readily distinguished those who had passed that strange dividing line from those who had not; the latter looked graver and older grown, while the others were younger in appearance, and on their faces was a peculiarly serene and satisfied expression.

"My friend George M. was in his lifetime very fond of accumulating money, and as the men at the table were counting a considerable sum of it, I asked him if he still liked it.

"No," he replied, "I have no use for the stuff whatever. I used to like it because it was a means of supplying my wants, but now I have no wants to supply."

"I then, for the first time, thought of my wife and daughter at home, and in a trice I

was with them. They were preparing dinner, and I noticed that it was past one o'clock. They had evidently not heard of the accident, and had delayed the meal, thinking I would come. Here a blank occurred in my dream. Then I was in my old home again, and met and shook hands with an old colored woman whom I had attended in her last sickness. She seemed very glad to see me, and we talked for some time, but I cannot remember the conversation.

"Then I was again at home. My wife and daughter were about their household duties as before, but their faces were sad and tear-stained, and their eyes were red with weeping, and both wore mourning garments. Strange to say, I was not in the least affected by their sorrow, but looked upon it with as little compassion as a father would look upon a child crying because its cob-house had tumbled down. Indeed, all their joys and sorrows, their plans and labors, seemed frivolous to me as child's play. I could hear their conversation, but could not converse with them. But even this did not distress me. I felt in this matter very much as a man would feel who, coming home with a bit of news and finding his wife occupied with domestic duties, concludes to defer imparting it to her until she is ready to listen. I felt that the time was short. I could afford to wait. On one of my visits to my late home I found that my wife was sick, and I watched her illness with some degree of interest, hoping that it would end fatally.

"Life now was a continual reception. New friendships were being formed each day. Mr. M. introducing me to all with whom he had become acquainted, and they in turn presenting me to others; and each one of these new-formed acquaintances proved to be exceedingly interesting and agreeable. I had not much time to think of my family or friends from whom death had severed me. Besides, many whom I had left behind were approaching and crossing the mysterious dividing line, and our greetings were warm and sincere. I noticed that all that was evil and disagreeable in them was left behind, the good only being immortal."

"I have thought over this dream a great many times," continued the Doctor, "and the more I study about it the more reasonable it appears. I almost believe it will be that way.

"The doctrine of being separated from our loved ones at death and transferred to some distant region, always seemed a little improbable to me. It seemed as if the soul were held in a continued probation. I should like a future such as my dream pictured. Besides, does not the Scripture speak of a 'new earth,' and intimate that it shall be our future habitation? Did not John see the New Jerusalem descending from heaven and resting on the earth, and hear a voice saying, 'The Tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them?'"

BONNE TERRE, MO.

Contentment does not demand conditions, it makes them.

Correspondence.

REPLY TO "A JUST CRITICISM."

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Please allow a small space in the DOVE in reply to the article entitled "A Just Criticism," by Mattie E. Hurston, on the old familiar Hymn commencing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," etc.

Now, I am constrained to ask, what had Jesus got to do with the audience catching glimpses of the beautiful beyond? Perhaps nothing; but allow me to say that if such a spirit as he manifested, be he man, God, or a myth, had thrilled and filled the bosom of Sister Mattie, she could not have laughed in derision, "all to herself," at the idea of a spiritual meeting singing that good old tune that our fathers and mothers, aunts and uncles, with other dear, devoted, religious souls who made melody in their hearts as best they knew while here, and no doubt inspired the dear little medium to start the hymn in which nearly every one joined; and I would sing it over and over again every Sunday if I could realize, as I did then, that it had a harmonizing influence upon any one in the audience, the memory of whose parents long since have passed on, as they have come to this far western coast, from home associations, beset with temptations of every kind; and who shall say that old familiar strains may not touch the chord of affection and cause the wanderer to return, like the prodigal son, if not in person, in thought and feeling to the hallowed associations of home. The past had its uses, the present the same, and I am not progressive enough to despise my father and mother or the harmony of their voices, but at the same time I shall hope that the most will assist me in writing appropriate songs for the music which still reverberates in my spirit as sung on that day and even after we had read the criticism.

So nothing damned, Sister Mattie, we shall continue to make melody in our hearts, hoping to draw nearer and nearer to the divine.

With charity toward all and malice toward none, I am sincerely yours for truth and progress,
MRS. F. A. LOGAN,
841 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

PROGRESS IN PORTLAND.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: The bright sunshine still continues, and Oregon is in danger of losing her time-honored reputation as a land of mist; and we Oregonians may possibly have to part with the classic name of "sechoot." In spite of sunshine or shadow, balmy breeze or gentle winds, Spiritualism is moving right along and nothing seems to impede its progress. Our new society is growing rapidly, and has filed articles of incorporation; has some fifty names enrolled as members, has a slate-writing medium, two clairvoyants, and a healing medium, who draws the healing balm from the atmosphere, gathers it in the palms of his hands, applies it to the suffering, and they are healed. Yesterday our hall was well filled with anxious inquirers after truth, and the beauty of all is that harmony prevails and love reigns supreme. So may we continue to grow and prosper until others, seeing our good works, may go and do likewise, is the sincere wish of

C. A. REID,
PORTLAND, OR., March 4th, 1889.

Children's Department.

LYCEUM WORK.

EMMA TRAIN.

If we'd make this old world better
And a higher good bestow,
If we'd break aside the fetter
Forged in blood so long ago,
We must sow the seeds of knowledge
In the soil of pure young hearts
Ere the blighting west of falsehood
In that field of beauty starts.

If we'd conquer Superstition
With the living light of truth,
We must trust the sacred mission
To the eager hands of youth,
Better sow a seed of wisdom
In a soil both rich and strong,
Than to break a branch of error
Where its roots have flourished long.

If you have a truth worth knowing
Place it in the children's hands,
Better trust them for the sowing
Than to cast on worn out lands.
Here is where the hope is resting
For the future dawnning now,
And fair angel hands are sowing
Softly e'er they childish brow.

Here is where the coming glory
Builds its parent halliest shrines,
Here is where the sacred story
Shall be traced in deathless lines,
Blessed is the hand of kindness
That shall trace the words of truth
On the tablets pure and spotless
Of the loving heart of youth.

Friends; the work lies here before us
Worthier than tongue can tell,
While the angels' chanting o'er us
Urge that we shall do it well.
Let, oh, let, us not be blinded
By the morning's dewy rain,
But build wisely for the future
The Lyceum is its hope to-day.

CAPTAIN BLACK.

When Tom Black was in his fourteenth year, he was at school in a small village in the south of England, and was as happy a boy as any fellow ought to expect to be; and yet on his birthday, when he was really fourteen, he ran away to sea. No one could possibly imagine why he did this, and, indeed, Tom himself could give no good reason for his conduct.

He had a half-holiday on his birthday and he went down to the sea-port town of M—, a short trip from the school, to spend a few hours and to see the ships. There he fell in with a recruiting officer, who wanted some boys for a man-of-war in the harbor, and Tom was so much pleased with the stories he told of life at sea, that he went into a stationer's store, bought some paper and wrote two notes, one to his family at home and the other to the master of the school, informing them that he had a most admirable opportunity of going to sea and learning to be a naval officer. Such a chance might not occur again, and as he had made up his mind to enter the navy, any way, it would not

be wise to let the opportunity pass. He would lose nothing by leaving school now, for navigation, mathematic, and everything that it was necessary for a naval officer to know, were taught on the ship. Then he mailed the letters and went on board.

When Tom's father and the master received these notes, it is probable that they would have taken measures to get Tom off that ship in very short order, had it not been for the fact that the vessel sailed early the next morning after Tom made his appearance on her deck, and she was far out at sea before Mr. Black and Dr. Powers had read their letters.

So there was nothing to be done at home but to hope that things would eventually turn out for the best, and indeed this was what Tom himself had to do. For he soon found that his position on the vessel was very different from what he had supposed it would be. Instead of being taught how to sail a ship, he was taught how to coil a rope.

In about a year after Tom's appointment, war broke out with Spain, and the "Hector" was ordered to the Spanish coast. After cruising about for a month or two, she joined with two other British vessels in an attack on a fortress on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, which was at the same time besieged by a land force.

Early in the morning the three vessels opened fire on the fort, which soon replied in a vigorous fashion, sending bombshells and cannon-balls all around them, and sometimes knocking off a spar or crashing through some timbers. But the "Hector" fared very well. She was more advantageously placed than the other ships, and while she could pour in her fire on the fort, she received fewer shots in return than her consorts.

But, after a time, the enemy began to think that the "Hector" needed rather more attention and additional guns were brought to bear upon her. Now there were lively times on the "Hector's" deck, and Tom found out what it was to be in a hot fight on board of a ship.

But the boy was not frightened. That was not his nature. He rushed around, carrying orders and attending to his duty, very much as if he was engaged in a rousing good game of cricket.

While he was thus employed, plump on board came a bombshell, and fell almost at the foot of the mainmast. The fuse in it was smoking and fizzing. In an instant more it would explode and tear everything around it to atoms!

Several men were at a gun near by, but they did not see the bomb. Their lives were almost as good as gone.

The captain stood just back of the gun. He saw the smoking bomb, and sprang back. Before he had time to even shout "Look out!" along came Tom. He was almost on the bomb before he saw it.

It never took Tom long to make up his mind. We have seen that. His second thoughts always came up a long way after the first ones. He gave one glance at the smoking fuse; he knew that it was just about to explode, and that

it would kill everybody round about it, and he picked it up and hurled it into the sea.

When the captain saw Tom stoop, and grasp, that hot, heavy bomb in his two hands; when he saw him raise it up, with the fuse spluttering and fizzing close to his ear,—where, if it had exploded, it would have blown his head into pieces no bigger than a pea,—and then dash it over the ship's side, so that the fuse was, of course, extinguished the instant it touched the water, he was so astonished that he could not speak.

He made one step, a warning cry was on his lips, but before he could say a word it was all over.

When Tom turned, and was about to hurry away on the errand that he had been so strangely interrupted, the captain took him by the arm.

"My good fellow," said he, and although he had seen much service and had been in many a fight, the captain could not help his voice shaking a little: "my good fellow, do you know what you have done?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom, with a smile, "I have spoiled a bombshell."

"And every man in this part of the ship owes you his life," added the captain.

If you should ever meet Captain Tom Black of Her Majesty's ship "Stinger," you might ask him about this incident, and he would probably tell you that he has heard about it a great deal himself, and that he believes, from what happened afterward, that the affair of the bombshell was a very good thing for him, but that it was all over so quickly that he has really forgotten almost all about it.—*The Two Worlds.*

CROSS.

After her grandmother had given her a good scolding, a little mischief was overheard saying to herself: "Somebody is cross in this room; 'taint me, and 'taint dolly, and 'taint Kitty. I wonder who it is?"

TEARS WOULD BE IN VAIN.

A little girl who was sent to drive home the cow, fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why, no," she replied. "What would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

COMPOSITION.

An ambitious boy contemplated a prize poem, and he had indited the first line,
"The sun's perpendicular rays illumined the depths of the sea,"

when he was called away, and left the paper exposed on the table. Another boy came in, and seeing the line, continued thus:

The fishes, beginning to sweat, cry, "Gracious, how hot we shall be!"

Poetry.

A PRAYER.

BY "LEFA."

O Spirit of Justice! tell us where
They court is held, and where the way
That leads within thy holy place!
Thy messenger has stirred the pool,
The tear-filled pool of human weep,
Till clanking hands, despairing eyes,
Pale, gasping lips and sunken cheeks
Arose from out its depths and plead
For hearts that have no voice to beg,
For help to save them from themselves.

We gaze in horror on the path
These wrecks have travelled and we see,
From mansion end from hovel, shades
Of misery, and vice, and crime
Pour forth in long unpausing lines;
They steal through secret alleys led
By force desires that rage within,
And, eagerly or slowly, glide
To meet the future's sure remorse;
To meet the angel bending low
In pitying watch above the pool
And begging every sinking soul
To reach and grasp the offered help.

And yet, though cleansed and whole they stand,
What gain has come from fall and rise?
What wisdom planned the need of wrong?
If soul perfection comes to those
And only those who learn by sin,
Did He to whom the nations pray—
Jehovah, Allah, Jere of God,
The all-perading Mighty One—
Gain thus the power to rule supreme?
Why seek we then to smother vice?
Why punish for a deadly crime
Those gaining thus eternal life?
If only spirits that repeat
Are welcome in the Heavenly home,
(As need of pardon most pertains
To him who carries deepest guilt)
The one gains most who sins the most.

We see men ask on bended knees
Their God to lead them not within
The dazzling snare temptation spreads,
Then dip a pit for other souls.
They license wrong and then forget
That those who grant and who receive,
And they who use the silver, all
Are parts in the gain of death.
They keep the fountain springs of life
Impure, unguarded, rank and thick
With vile inherited disease
Of body and of spirit; then
When causes have produced results,
They crush the fruit themselves brought forth.

O Justice! teach us to be just,
To seek preventive for red, eating grain;
Teach us to need no ransom blood;
Show us that, Judas-like, we sell
The lives of others for a price;
That they who cause another's sin
Are guilty of that sin themselves;
That no atonement blot it out,
And that not only by our deeds
But by our motives we are judged.

BY-AND-BY.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path be low or bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether, unhelped, I toiled alone,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel light,
Bidding me think of the by-and-by.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with dancing Joy I went
Down through the years with a gay content
Never believing—nay, not I—
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
—"All will be elsewise, by-and-by."

What will it matter—Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or saddened, lead to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach him, by-and-by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of lapse or fall,
Close I have clung to Truth through all,
Mindless how rough the road might lie,
Sure He will smother it by-and-by.

What will it matter by-and-by?
Nothing but this—that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward—helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—Home—All in All—by-and-by!
—MRS. PRESTON.

A BARGAIN.

He asked me for the choicest gift
"Twas in my power to give;
I could not say my love, any,
And so I made him live
Within my heart,
O, loving heart!
Thy faith on faith was stray'd;
On bended knee, he promised me
A price—he has not paid!
He pledged his honor, and his truth,
To love till death shall part;
With love he bought the prize he sought,
And thus obtained my heart,
O, happy time!
O, happy time!
Through which we idly stray'd!
What joy was ours, as through the flowers
A fragrant path we made!
But soon we reached the outer edge
Of this our Eden land;
Where love had reign'd, and haply feign'd
To do the King's command,
O, loving heart!
O, trustful heart;
How was thy trust betray'd!
With love he bought the heart he sought
—But has the price been paid?
If I should live a thousand years,
I ne'er again should know
The same regret; or could forget
Those days of long ago,
When first my heart,
This foolish heart!
Its choicest wealth display'd.
With love 'twas sought, with love 'twas bought,
—But has the price been paid?

The careless tone—the naked word—
The changed and chilling mood,
Are these the things affection brings,
To provide its promised good?
O, foolish heart!
Be loth to part
With love, though love entice;
So sharp a trade with hearts is made,
That few will pay their price!

WHO SHALL WEAR CROWNS.

Who shall wear crowns, oh! Father who?
Not they who, passing when their angel guide
Is yet unchanged, before the thoughts of earth
Have filled the Heavenly hemming of their eyes
With dreams of sin, of envy, love and hate;
Oh! not for those can that great glory wait.
Will they wear crowns who never long to sin?
Who only wish to follow some good life,
Who never feel the stirring of a thought not born
Of Heaven itself? Can this be wanting in the strife,
Oh! breathe to me, ye spirit of the air,
Are victors' crowns for such as these to wear?
Will lives that having passed three score and ten
And dimm'd the eye of pleasure to its dross,
So find themselves, upon death's very brink,
Wasted, lustful souls, drop down and beg
For thy forgiveness—first and last prayer cry;
Will they find crowns, oh! God, up in the sky?
Will they wear crowns who strive against, oh! God,
Rebelling 'gainst the life Thou giv'st to them?
Who living, die, and dying, live with broken dreams,
Bound by fetters Thou alone can'st break, oh! brightest
gem,
I know that Thou wilt place, in Thy great love,
The crown that waits for such an one above
Who shall wear crowns? Oh! surely, surely they
Are fit for those who suffer and grow strong;
Who put from their great hearts, with trembling hand
The very joy for which their souls do long,
Oh! I believe; dead God—up there—up there,
Thy hands are holding crowns for such to wear!

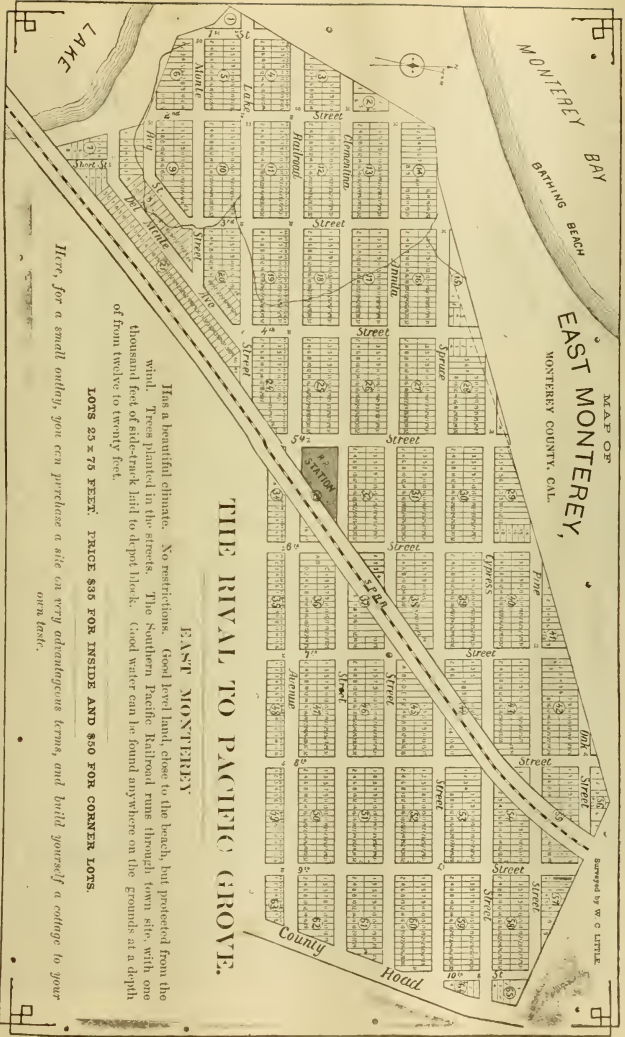
—SCOTT.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would seek it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, the proverb says,
Is the hour before the dawning.
There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven;
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.
Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden fillet,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snag the delicate silver threads
Of our creature lives asunder;
And then blame Heaven for too tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wander.

DO SOMETHING.

If the world seems cool to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hild from you
Winners that desire it!
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiant path;
You will soon forget to mourn,
"Ah! the cheerless weather,"
If the world's a "vale of tears,"
Smile, till rainbow seas it;
Breathe the love that is verdant
Clear from clouds to fan it,
Of our glutinous lend a gleam
Into souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.



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"Yes your honor. You granted my fourth petition for divorce six months ago."

"Ah, I remember. What were the grounds?"

"She deserted me for five months."

"What were the other divorces for?"

"The first left because I wouldn't pay her board. The second ran away because I threw vitriol at her. The third—" "Yes, yes, the decree is made absolute," and the paper was signed.

"Who's this?" said the Judge, as a prisoner was brought in

"Found guilty of bigamy yesterday, your honor," said the crier, "and brought up for sentence."

"Ah, how was it?"

"Your Honor remembers that the prisoner lost all trace of his wife at the close of the war and remarried at the end of fifteen years, but being unable to find any trace of his first wife but she's just turned up."

"True, true," said his Honor.

"Clear case of bigamy. Fifteen years."

And the session was adjourned after the crier had yelled "God save the Commonwealth and this honorable court."—Times.

Literal Floating Hells.

The London *Lancet*, an eminent medical authority, discussing the question of ships for invalids in which they may be protected against many of the annoyances to which they are subjected on ordinary vessels, says: "One of the greatest advantages which may be reasonably expected from the institution of shipboard life is the judicious ordering of shipboard life in the interest of the sick. We have no desire to establish any Puritanical standard, and we fully realize that at sea, where amusement becomes almost the only serious business of life, unusual difficulties may occur; but in the interests of the sick, if for no other reason, we feel bound to protest against the drunkenness and gambling which make some ships literal floating hells. Idleness is the parent of everything evil, and on ship-board it not infrequently produces some of its worst fruits. Apart from morals, such practices have the very grave indirect disadvantages of inducing unwholesome excitement, late and irregular hours, and a general feeling of unrest. If the evil is sometimes great the cure is easy. The remedy rests with the captain, who rules with unquestioned authority, and can make his ship faithfully reflect his own personality. Some invalid ships owe their popularity mainly to the reputation which their captain have acquired not only for sound seamanship but for the capacity to maintain propriety and discipline."

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Gratefully yours, W. L. PEARCE.

Note: As the writer is of the same name as the inventor of the Belt referred to, we desire to state that he is not a relative, and at the time he purchased our Belt, was a stranger to us.

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The People's Church.

This is the splendid name of several organizations now in existence. Perhaps the first and best of the type is the popular movement of Doctor Thomas in Chicago. But in the light of the searching contribution of an earnest friend from Wisconsin, which we publish in our correspondence department this week, we are led to ask what constitutes a "People's Church," and whether such a church yet exists. Is it a people's church when the congregation meets in a hall instead of a church, and the expenses of seats are reduced to the minimum, and perhaps parish obligations and responsibilities also reduced? Is it a people's church when a membership in it involves the acceptance of a more or less theological estimate of the Bible, of Jesus, of Christianity, of the still more searching questions of the soul which many of the "people" in their sincerity cannot accept, or are compelled to confess ignorance? Is it a people's church that necessarily excludes some people who love the people, who seek to help people, and who fain would learn to worship with the people? The people's church, when it comes, will be something more potent than a big congregation listening to an eloquent minister. Will it not be a body of men and women housing themselves, making a home for the people and in behalf of people, a church with full fellowship for all those who are willing "to help humanity along," and to those who need to be helped along?

We fully realize that such church scarcely exists at the present day. Perhaps it will be a long time before it can be realized. A church that will worship, that will revere Jesus, that will seek to interpret and apply the Bible, but ever offer these only as helps, and not as measurements and alternatives to blind timid, and of course sinning souls, will be the people's church, even though but few people receive it, or use it. It must be a church for the people, for all people, before it can ever be a church by the people. Popularity can be no test of the people's church, neither can laxity in thought or life. The people's church must be an intense church, intense with the love of souls, intense in the search of truth, intense in its desire for unity and the high devoutness and the serene peace that unities bring.

This dream of a people's church which our correspondent suggests may be Utopian and impossible for the present, but none other will suffice for the highest longings of the nineteenth century. Towards the most earnest preaching and most inspired writing of this generation tends. This enthusiasm for "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward, Preacher," and "The African Farm;" hence the tide of sympathy that flows toward and carries along such men as Heber Newton, the Andover men and Phillips Brooks in the sect churches; hence the great significance of

the Independent movements in church-making outside of the sects represented by such men as Pentecost in New York, Doctor Smith in St. Paul, McCulloch, of Indianapolis, Townsend, of Jamestown, Swing and Thomas of Chicago. All these are essays in this high direction. Towards this end it is ever our purpose to work, and there never were more inspiring indications than now that the prophetic dream of Socrates, Buddha, and Jesus is yet to be realized, the dream of a church that, in the language of a heathen poet, "deems nothing foreign that is human!"—A CHURCH OF MAN, on that account a CHURCH OF GOD.—Chicago Unity.

NOVEL CURE FOR CORNS.

An Oil Man Says Crude Petroleum Will Fix Them Every Time.

"You are troubled with corns, are you?" said a Pittsburgur to one of his friends who walked with a peculiar, limping gait.

"Well, everybody has a remedy for them but the trouble with most of the remedies is that they are no good without faith, and the man afflicted with corns generally considers his case hopeless.

But I can tell you of a rule that is simple and effectual.

Soak the afflicted portion of your feet for a considerable time every night—the longer the better—in crude petroleum, then saturate a cloth with the same stuff, wrap it around your toe, put your stockings on and go to bed. A few nights of this treatment will cause the corn to disappear.

"I heard of this remedy when I was living in the oil region, and, of course, I laughed at it. But a little inquiry among the men who worked about the tanks and wells convinced me that they believed in it. They said they were never troubled with corns, and assured me that the frequent wetting of their shoes in the oil—a thing they cannot avoid in their occupation—had the effect of driving all these troublesome excrescences away. Try it and it will cure you."

A Pittsburg Dispatch reporter, who overheard the above conversation, gives the prescription for what it is worth, not vouching for its curative power.

Unavailing Regret's

At a very successful *seance* in Cincinnati the other night a man bursted into tears when the medium described very accurately a tall blue-eyed spirit standing by him with light side whiskers and his hair parted in the middle. "Do you know him?" inquired a man at his side, in a sympathetic whisper. "Know him? I guess I do," replied the unhappy man, wiping his eyes. "He was engaged to my wife. If he hadn't died he would have been her husband instead of me." "Oh, George, George," he muttered in a voice choked with emotion, "why, why, did you peg out?"

Distilled Water for Washing.

It has been clearly proved that those who suffer from a sensitive skin, subject to frequent irritation and roughness, should never use hard water for their ablutions. Boiled water will often prove beneficial for delicate complexions, but distilled water is the best to use in such cases.

HE TOOK THE WRONG MEDICINE.

Robert Stewart, of Petaluma, recently had a queer experience. He writes:

"Caruncles and boils afflicted my face and neck for weeks. Finally I procured a bottle of one of the leading sarsaparillas. To my surprise it made matters worse. This made me lose faith in sarsaparillas, but seeing a statement that Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla dried up boils and face eruptions instead of forcing more out on the potash sarsaparillas do, I bought a bottle. The effect was astonishing. The caruncles and boils began to dry up, and in two weeks my face was as well and smooth as ever. My brother also took a bottle with the same benefit. ROBERT STEWART.

PETALUMA, Cal. (Explanatory Note.—The mineral iodide of potash, which is the basis of nearly all other sarsaparillas, attacks the blood direct, hence force impurities through the skin, creating more boils and pimples. Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla acts oppositely. Its vegetable alteratives stimulate the various secretory organs and thus eliminate all impurities through the natural channels, hence dries up pimples and skin eruptions. The above testimonial is a case in point.)

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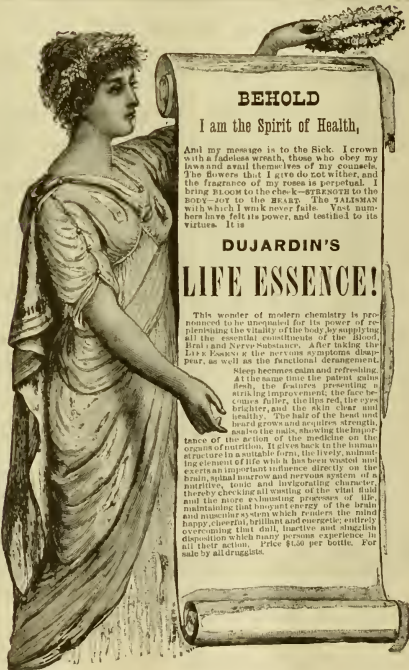
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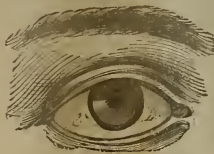
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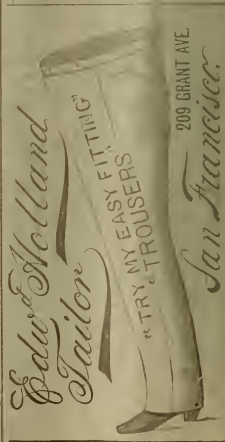
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