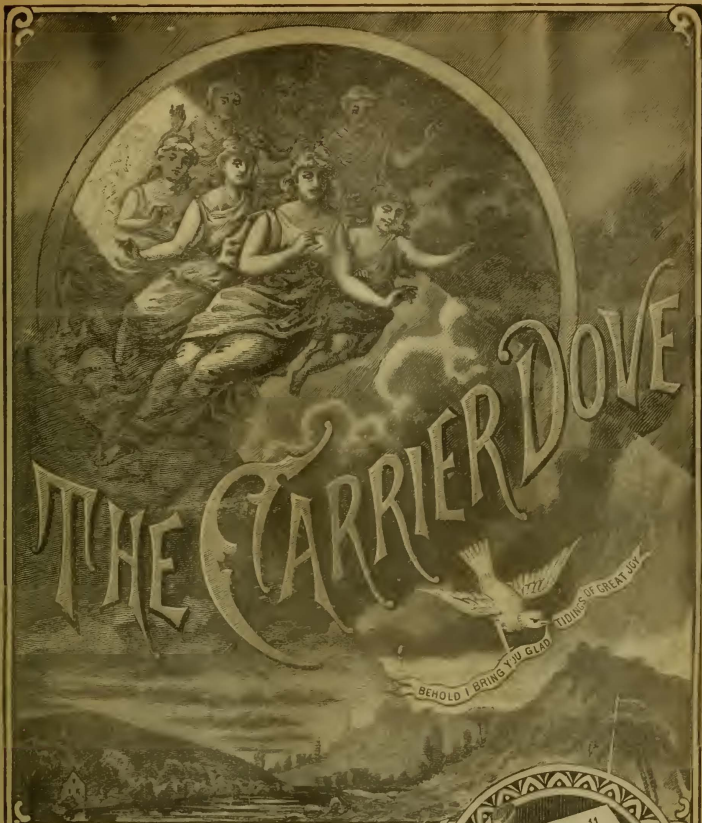


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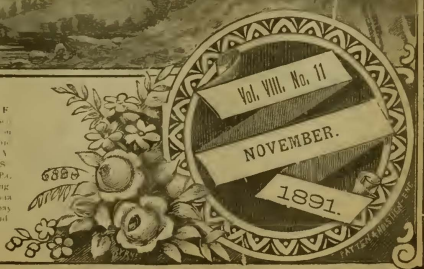
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## Original Story.

### Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEV.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

Two weeks later, and the ferment has only increased—poverty and desperation on the one hand, ease and apparent indifference on the other, with no softening influence of love between to harmonize the contending forces. Albans was truly in a pitiable plight; social disorder seemed to reign. Business was nearly at a standstill. The rich corporations said they could afford to wait until the working people came to their senses, and the poor, hungry classes vowed that they would have bread, even if they burned out every shop and factory in the town to get satisfaction out of the tyrants who oppressed them.

A number of arrests had been made after the big fire, but nothing could be proved against the men; and only those who were captured in the act of hurling stones, and in other ways committing deeds of violence, were punished. If the fire was the work of an incendiary, the culprit was not found; nor were the leaders of the most serious outbreaks discovered.

As before stated, there were wealthy families in town whose members were charitably disposed toward the suffering poor, and many were the well laden baskets of food, with orders for fuel or necessary clothing, that were sent from those hands to the home of destitution. Some among the recipients were grateful, and remembered the donors of these gifts in their prayers. There was Teddy Evans, a cripple who used to stand all day at the loom in spite of his lamed and shortened leg, but who, since the labor troubles began, had been without even this poor employment. He was a young man of twenty-two, with no hopeful outlook before him. He and his widowed mother had lived together, she doing what she could on cheap sewing work, and he contributing his meagre wage to the scanty weekly fund; but now they were without employment or means, and had it not been for the charity of Albert and Louise Mountain, with a visit now and then from some other benevolent person who came with offerings of food or money, their condition would have been one of absolute destitution. And Ted was grateful for the gifts, grateful for the sunshine that came at times to his mother's heart and broke in smiles over her tired face, when the hand of some visitor opened a basket of needed food before her, or left an order for some wood in her care. But most of all, the lame man was grateful for the presence of gentle Louise Mountain in his squalid home, and her visits were to him like angel visits, full of good cheer; while the trusty, encouraging words and manly hand grasp of Albert Mountain on his occasional visits left a world of brightness in this young fellow's heart.

There were others, too, who spoke warmly of the kindness and benevolence of the more favored children of fortune toward their suffering fellow creatures; but there were many who sneered, and said boldly it was "no more than the rich uns ought to do. They have got all the cream, an' it don't hurt 'em to give out a little of the skim milk that they can't use all up anyhow." They also said, these poor, disgruntled ones, who, if they were poverty-stricken and soured, had brains to think: "It isn't charity we want, it's justice. If we had our own, there'd be no need of these fine people bringing our children bread. If they'd give us a chance to earn our living decently we wouldn't be crowded so that we're glad to take the loaf that's held out to us in pity, and stuff our mouths with it so as they won't hear the growls we make against the wrong. It's not pity we want, either, it's work!"

The miserable tenement of Marcus Lane was the scene of much discussion and loud talking on the part of three or four men who had wandered in on a drizzly afternoon. Marcus was a lumpy, stupid looking man, very different from his brother John, the fireman, who had been hurt at the mill fire two weeks before, and who still lay in a critical condition at the hospital. Marcus had always been a day laborer, earning but a small weekly wage, never advancing to a higher post, and never profiting much by experience, or gaining even the same amount of knowledge that a brighter mind would have gained from the observations and the happenings of daily life. Small enough were the opportunities in such a routine as his to become informed, or to acquire knowledge, but yet, even the most ill-fortuned can develop something of mind and character if they use their brains, and think and reason for themselves.

Marcus did not think much; others did that for him; in the shop his associates advanced opinions and he sucked them in. In the beer saloon the loudest talkers won his attention and his friendship. At home his wife did the planning and contrived to make both ends meet, but how she did it the man did not know, and never wondered at her calculation and thrift. They had three children, the youngest but two years old, the oldest, eight.

It seems ashame to have human beings brought into the world from such stock as Marcus Lane, and we wonder why such children are born, and ask ourselves if it is right for men or women who are stupid and ignorant, and even brutal by nature, to become parents. Is it in accord with the plans of Divine Government? And we pause for a reply.

Since her husband had been idle Mrs. Lane had managed to keep the family together by doing chore work of any kind at the houses of those who would employ her, aided by the contributions of the Mountains and of two or three ladies who belonged to missionary societies.

All the afternoon the men talked over the situation of affairs. Sometimes the voices were low and intense, and again they would rise as if in altercation and menace. "I tell you wot," said Marcus Lane, bringing his fist down with a thump upon the old pine table, "Something's got to be done. We mought

just as well take the law inter our own hands as ter wait for them fellers ter right things; they won't do it. Why should we an' our kids suffer when that's plenty in this town? Why shouldn't we get a lot of us tegerther and go through the place? I say we ought ter do it, an' begin wid the high-tops, too, out thar in Baloo Avenue, whar the Romneys, an' the Carlyles, an' the Mountains, an' such bigbugs live!"

His wife, coming in from her scrubbing, listened to these words as she paused at the door, but before she could speak, one of the men, a tall, hungry looking person, whose face showed his destitution, said in a drawing tone, "Well, I dunno as that 'ud be just right; ter break inter houses an' steal things that don't belong ter us aint just according to my idee of things."

"Ob! hold up, Jim Brown," said another. "I doubt about that being stealing. Those folks got that money out on us working people; course they did; big profits for themselves, an' little wages fur us; so I think it wud be evenin' things up for us fellows to go in a body an' help ourselves."

"That's so," rejoined Lane, "it make me sick to hear about the charity of these bigbugs, an' if they cum wid a basket of something ter eat, you'll hear all the wimmen folks a telling how good they be."

"You are right, my friends. Your opinions are sound and show that you think over these questions. Now, according to our friend Brown, it's not right for you to force anything from these moneyed people, even if it does belong to you as a result of your toil. Well, according to law he is correct. But I wonder if in the sight of Heaven it would be doing wrong for you to get your share of the good things of life from those who hold them back, even if you have to do it by force. Law, my men, is made by the rich, in the interests of the rich, for those who have money, and to help them keep it. You never find a poor man getting justice in the courts. No! he is kicked and cuffed, so to speak, by judge and jury, while the rich man is bowed out with added honors. Who ever heard of a rich man being sentenced for swindling the public, or for scooping in a hundred thousand from his creditors? And who ever heard of a poor man who had been taken up for stealing a loaf of bread for his hungry child, getting off with a clear name and without a sentence?"

"That's so!" "Yer right, Capt!" "Yer've just hit it there!" were the remarks that greeted this speech of a rather large man with a full, red face and a bald head. He was evidently better educated, and considerably more experienced as a man of the world than his hearers. He was one possessing a share of native wit and shrewdness and not a little personal magnetism. A dangerous man for ignorant persons to follow if he engaged in any disreputable business, because, by the very force of his will, he would lead them into trouble while keeping clear of it himself; but a good man to guide the uninformed if he would direct them only in channels of thought and experience that would enlarge or benefit their lives. Some of the town's people distrusted him. "He is not honest," they said; "he is only making capital for himself out of the grievances of the poor." But others regarded him as an oracle, and followed his every word as if they were to find the solution of all their difficulties with his counsel.

"As for this charity business," continued Solomon Wright (called "Capt." by the men because he had been at the head of a Labor Union), "it's all humbug. Of course the rich can afford to give away something every year; they've got enough to do it with. But that's not to the point. You want justice, and you've got to get it by your own blows. It will never come to you in any other way."

"And I say this," exclaimed Mrs. Lane, coming forward with an angry step, "any man that talks like that can keep out of my house. It's all very well for you to be stirring up the

men till yer-git 'em ready for a riot, or anything; but yer can't plan no such goings on here; I won't have it. Didn't I hear Marcus Lane there say yer'd better begin an' raid on the Mountains an' the Carlyles—people as is doing all they can ter help us tide over these dark times—people as is giving me the bread ter put in my childreu's mouths? What wud we ha' had ter eat ter day but for the work an' the pay they're givin' me?"

"Oh, well, Miss Lane, don't be huffy, we're only a talkin' about matters an' things," broke in the man called Jim Brown, as the plucky little woman stopped to gain her breath; "we aint none of us done anything mean as yet, an' I guess we aint agoin' to."

"I don't know what yer've done afore this," snapped out the angry woman; "I know there's been some bad goings on in this town the last few months. I dunno whose ter blame; but I can tell yer this, Marcus Lane, if yer goin' ter join in any raids, or such like, yer can git out o' this house for good an' all. I'll never look at you agoin'."

She was not an educated woman; her manner was uncultivated, and her speech illiterate, but she had a good heart, and although her sense of justice was somewhat different from that of her husband, she was not slow to express it.

"That's all I've got ter say," continued Mrs. Lane—"those who can't prelate kindness when its shown 'em lmd better learn their lessons over again. As for you, Mister Wright!"—she scorned to call the big man "Capt."—"I think yer'd better be in other business; yer allers settin' my man on with yer smooth talk about the law bein' made for one class an' not for the other. Now, just look out that yer aint caught up yerself an' twisted some day by that same law."

"There! There! My good woman, you're excited, and you don't know what you are saying. I think I'll go now, as you'll be wanting to see to your children. Crafts, are you going my way?" The man who had told Jim Brown to "hold up" in his criticisms assented, and Wright added, "Well, then, we'll be going, friends," and the two departed.

"I just hate that man," sighed poor Mrs. Lane. "I know he will get some of yer inter trouble yet. Jim, yer'd better stay an' have a bite with us. Yer hearty welcome; Miss Mountain gave me a good basketful ter bring home."

## CHAPTER XII

### HIRAM STRONG AND HIS SON.

A day or two later there was another discussion of the same ever-recurring subject, concerning the rich and poor, and the relations between them; but not by the same characters that we have seen. In the rear of a little hardware store sat two men, an open newspaper between them. One had been reading aloud while the other filed a lock, but now they were both idle as far as the hands were concerned. They were the proprietor of the shop and his twenty-five-year-old boy—respectable men belonging to the trades-people, suffering a little privation now because of the dullness of business, but not in special need.

"Father," said the younger man, "it seems very hard that this state of affairs should exist—great misery on one side; extravagance, and display, and fashion on the other, with a few helpful, glorious souls between to try fruitlessly to balance conditions. Half of this paper is covered with reports of labor troubles, strikes, financial difficulties, crime, and the sufferings and outbreaks of the unemployed. While the larger part of the other half is given to accounts of balls, social assemblies, brilliant dinner parties, the description of lovely costumes, of rare feasts and the like. To me it seems terrible."

"Yes, Joe, it seems all wrong. I should think the world had turned up side down, and everybody in it had been made



mad," replied Hiram Strong to his son. "It seems to me that the rich are growing richer and more hardened, and the poor are getting poorer and more desperate. I wonder when it will be made right."

"Not until justice is recognized and every man receives his due. Here is one man worth fifty millions, and another, but a stone's throw from him, is obliged to beg his bread. The papers tell us of magnificent charities on the part of the rich, and of great public bequests; but if there was a little more justice exercised by these rich men all along the years of their business lives, and if their ancestors, who left them millions, had been a little more just and a trifle less exacting, there might have been less poverty and crime around them, and not so much need of charity now."

"True, my boy; and again, so much stress is laid upon this charitable giving on the part of the very rich, by the public press. Now there is much generosity on the part of the poor too. I have known a man who only had enough to keep him one day, share it heartily with one who had nothing; and I have known more than one blessed woman to give away the very bread she ought to have eaten herself. That is what I call pure benevolence, and higher than the charity that gives because it has plenty to spare."

"Yes, and then look at it; a man worth fifty millions endows a hospital or a "home" for the poor, or something that perhaps costs him a couple of hundreds of thousands, not half a million any way. He is lauded to the skies by the press, and his name becomes a synonym of charity. He has given less than a hundredth part of his fortune for good works. How much more has he done than the poor mechanic, who, working for six or eight hundred a year, spends from ten to twenty dollars of it in charity, and a good many do much more than that; or than the poor shop girl who earns four dollars a week and gives a dime to some poor wanderer to buy a loaf of bread?"

"Your fifty times millionaire does less for charity in giving his half million, than does the shop girl in giving her dime; for with her every cent counts, and if she gives away ten, she must go without something that she needs; while the millionaire sacrifices no personal want by his generosity."

"So I see; and then I think of all the good might be done if all who are worth more than a couple of millions each, in this country, would put their surplus income into a common treasury, the great fund to be used for educational and business training purposes, for the now uncared for and ignorant population, and also for practical helpfulness toward the needy and suffering of the country. That would be Christian charity indeed. Oh, yes! the good that might be done if there was a will to do it. I read the other day a grandiloquent description of a pair of massive statues, elegantly designed and wrought out, costing thousands of dollars, that had been presented to a fashionable church by a very rich young man; and I thought, if the cost of those images had been spent in easing the aching hearts of the widowed mothers, and hushing the hungry cries of their starving children in that city, the young man would have found a grand investment for his money."

"Right you are, father, and the lady that the *Times* says spends twenty-five thousand a year in good works has an annual income of three million, so I think she can afford to do much more for sweet charity."

"Twenty-five thousand is but a small part of three million, and although it can be made to do a great deal of good for humanity, I doubt if it will be counted any more to the credit of the woman who uses it for charity, in that land where good deeds are the treasures of human souls, than will the widow's mite that goes ungrudgingly to buy a meal of food for a suffering fellow being."

"Father! Joe?" called a fresh, clear voice from an open apartment in the rear of the shop. "Tea is ready, come;" and at the same moment a door opened letting a stream of light into the darkening room where the two men sat, and the owner of the voice appeared upon the threshold.

"Are you discussing great affairs of State?" she asked, or is it some grave question of man's political rights, upon which no woman should be allowed to intrude? Oh, I see, it concerns the ever present subject, the business stagnation and the labor troubles of the country. But, come, tea is poured, and it will grow cold; you can continue your talk at the table, where I can listen."

She was a trim, comely body, with a bright eye and intelligent face. About twenty-two years had passed over her head.

This was Myra, wife of Joseph Strong, and housekeeper for her husband and his father. A daughter of the people,—of that brave, sturdy middle class of thrift and intelligence whose good judgment and common sense are of more value to the American nation than any amount of financial wealth can be.

The meal to which this trio sat down was a frugal one, consisting of baked potatoes, a dish of clipped beef, graham bread and butter, flanked by a plate of baked apples and a pitcher of good, creamy milk. These, with the hot tea, completed their simple meal, which was served with such neatness and even daintiness by the cheerful hostess, that it might attract even one who was much more of an epicure than the two beloved men for whom she entered. The conversation which had been interrupted was not resumed just then; the talk drifted into other channels for a time, and it was not until the tea things were cleared away, and Myra had seated herself at the table with some sewing that the subject again came up.

"You were out this afternoon, Myra," said her husband, looking fondly at his young wife; "did you find anything new in your trip?"

"The same old story of want is heard on every side, and the same sad sights of suffering are seen. I just ran over to mother's to have a little chat with her, and while I was there May Thorne came in. She said she saw me pass her window and she knew I was going to see mother, so she came to ask me to go with her to see a poor widow who had been hurt—she fell down an open hatchway and is injured badly. This woman—a Mrs. Bailey—has two little children, girl babies, that she left alone, and when the poor mother was taken up, she begged so to be carried home that the men who raised her could do no less. Well, May heard of it, and she got a lot of things together. Charlie lets her do as she likes, although he don't take much interest in her charitable visiting among the poor. May has a little money of her own, beside what her husband gives her from his salary, and she spends quite a sum during the year, among the widows and the fatherless. Well, as I didn't want to lose time in coming home for things, mother packed me a basket, and I went with my life-long friend to visit these poor creatures. It was a shocking sight. The home of the widow is one room containing an old stove, one unpainted chair, another chair without a back, a high stool, and one low cricket, a pine table and an old dresser, on which were two or three pans, a few old dishes, a frying pan and a couple of small tin dippers. Yet, everything was clean and looked as if it had been well scrubbed, including the splintery floor. On the walls were a few wood cuts taken from old papers, and pasted up to amuse the children, I suppose. There was a bit of brightness at each of the two little windows—curtains of pink muslin, and a plant on each sill, green and fresh in its battered tin can of earth. Out of this living room opened a smaller room, originally meant for a closet, I think, though it has a narrow window. Here was the injured woman, lying on an old comfortable spread over a heap of straw on the floor. She looks old and worn, but can't be more than thirty-five. Her little

girls are pretty creatures, shy and tearful, wondering what the matter is with mamma. Their clothing is faded and thin, and well darned in spots. A dispensary doctor had visited Mrs. Bailey before we arrived, so a woman from the floor below who was with the sufferer, told us; but he could not yet determine the extent of her injuries, for they seemed internal. He had left some medicum, and the patient was evidently dozing under its effects while we were there.

"I was particularly struck at the sympathy and kindness of the poor toward the poor, while there, for the woman down stairs, although very needy herself, had brought some bread and molasses up to the little ones, had kindled a fire from her own scanty store of fuel in the old stove; had brought her one poor pillow from her own bed to place under the head of the unconscious patient, and is neglecting her own work, to spend the night with her unfortunate neighbor.

"May and I did what we could to brighten things; we had taken bread and crackers, and outter, and tea, and sugar, and oatmeal, and rice, and some wine and jelly, and a few other things I can't think of; then she had a roll of flannel and linen cloths, some lotion for bathing, an old but warm woolen shawl, some stockings, and one or two other things to help along with. We are going to-morrow to see what else we can do. I had a couple of dollars in my pocket. I was going to get you an extra good dinner with that to-morrow, Joe, for it is your twenty fifth birthday; but we can celebrate it just the same in our hearts, if I do give you salt codfish and potatoes instead of a roast chicken and fixings, and I left the largest part of it in an order for some wood and coal for the Baileys on my way home."

"You're a blessed little woman, and the best wife in the world!" exclaimed six-footed Joe Strong, as he leaned across the table to kiss his helpmeet, while the elder man nodded his approval and wiped the moisture from his glasses at the same time. Codfish and potatoes, as *you* cook 'em, are fit for the dinner of a king, and with a good dish of those pickled beets, will be a royal birthday feast for me."

Myra laughed and gaily said, "I knew you would be all right; but I'm not such a little woman, Joe, only you're so big you think so; I'm five feet four, and weigh a hundred and thirty; so—but oh, dear!" changing her tone—if we only had plenty of money, wouldn't we make things comfortable for Mrs. Bailey and those dear little babies—not to speak of helping other forlorn persons. On my way to mother's I saw a great funeral; splendid carriages and trappings; a hearse handsomely draped, in which was an elegant casket covered with flowers. Two carriages at the rear of the procession were filled with floral pieces. "Think of the money wasted on a corpse when the living need it so much!"

"Yes, money worse than wasted in this instance, Myra," responded the father, "we know whose funeral it was you saw. Joe and I watched it go by from our door as it came this way. The poor, miserable body of Abel Sawyer, the once rich and authoritative man, lay in that casket under its costly trappings. Where his hardened soul is now God only knows; but I feel that it is where it will realize the want and misery his exactions and injustice have helped to create in this town. Everybody knew how grinding he was in his dealings with the working people; how he docked them a forenoon's wage for half an hour's tardiness; how he was the first to cut wages down and the last to put them up; how he rejected all offers to compromise with the strikers, and how mean he has been all along; and yet his coffin is piled with costly flowers; his virtues are rehearsed by the minister who speaks above his grave; and only folly and extravagance are displayed at his funeral, where sackcloth and ashes should have been prepared.

Yes, Abel Sawyer, the millionaire manufacturer, had gone to his long home. Since the night of the fire he had steadily

failed in health, and two weeks from the time he was led away from the howling mob, came the final stroke that severed his unworthy spirit from its trembling form. The papers spoke of his life as a successful and a prosperous one; of him as a man of shrewd business energy and tact. They mentioned the fact that he had left a large fortune to be distributed among his heirs; they described the pageantry of his funeral, and told that a splendid mausoleum would be erected over his remains, but they had no story to tell of any philanthropic work or humanitarian service he had done, for such had not been a part of his career.

(To be continued.)

### Telepathy.

BY L. C. ASHWORTH.

According to an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, reproduced in the *Eclectic* for September, great things may be expected of Telepathy as an explanation of the phenomena connected with Spiritualism. The writer, Mr. Reginald Courtenay, does not belong to that rapidly decreasing number of educated men who regard such phenomena as a compound of fraud and illusion. He admits the phenomena to be real enough, but thinks a great deal of it may be explained without having resort to any supernatural [supermundane] beings. The exponents of telepathy (the name adopted by the English Society of Psychical Research for a kind of thought transference or feeling transference) think that in dispensing with the aid of "ghosts," the subject is placed on a scientific basis and can receive scientific treatment. The word itself brings to the mind a relative term, sympathy, the latter meaning feeling with or together, and telepathy a feeling afar-off thus implying that telepathy is sympathy at a distance, using the latter word in its proper signification.

It is this kind of sympathy by which, in the opinion of Mr. Courtenay, people are often enabled to describe persons and events, have presentiments, etc., which phenomena have been so remarkable as to have hitherto needed the theory of spirits to account for them. He gives several instances which apparently favor the theory of telepathy, one of a girl having a remarkable vision which suggested some calamity happening to her uncle or to his children through a negro insurrection, and afterwards the trouble taking place so as to give the vision the appearance of being prophetic, and Mr. Courtenay suggests that the feelings of the men in their secret councils could easily have been conveyed to the girl by telepathy, and so acting on a very sensitive temperament have caused the vision referred to.

Other similar instances are given, but besides direct telepathy, Mr. Courtenay finds it necessary to assume indirect—that is, by means of a third person acting as medium, not in the spiritualistic sense of the word, but as a means whereby the influence could be transferred; e. g., A has no direct knowledge of C by telepathy, but, through B, A can learn C's feelings. Then again he considers it not unreasonable to assume that such influences can continue for some time after the original cause has ceased. For instance a person's feelings or atmosphere may remain a long time in a room which he or she had occupied until some sensitive person may become conscious of them by telepathy, and this consciousness may become so vivid as to produce mental images of the individuals themselves and even cause the sensitive to imagine noises etc., thus accounting for haunted places.

This reminds one of the odic force which has been regarded by some as a conclusive scientific solution of the phenomena of Spiritualism on the theory that physical manifestations are merely the result of a force of nature like the phenomena of electricity or light. Impressions also could be received by a kind of odic rapport between individuals and even premonitions and predictions could be received in the same way. The trouble with this theory was that many people found it more difficult to accept than the Spiritual

theory itself, and some preferred to call on the "devil" as an efficient cause.

The telepathic theory, though in many respects similar to the above, seems more simple and natural, and indeed not so pretentious, though it seems difficult in telepathy also to know how far it may go; as Mr. Courtenay himself says: "Who shall predict the range." If other people's thoughts and feelings may be transferred so easily, where is the limit? Not only would so many of the tests of Spiritualism have to be accounted for by it and works like "Nature's Divine Revelations" and Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature," but why not the plays of Shakespeare and the works of many of the geniuses who do not appear to have any ordinary means of knowledge adequate to the production of their work. Why not the boy Paschal, solving many of Euclid's problems while rigidly excluded from learning anything on the subject, have been under some telepathic influence?

In regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism however it would seem that telepathy cannot possibly account for some of the most important and characteristic parts of it; as, e. g., the various mechanical means by which the spirits are wont to communicate, such as rapping, table tipping, planchette writing, telegraphy, and special instruments made expressly for the purpose; also the playing of musical instruments and the floating of them and other objects, even human beings, in the air. Such things cannot be explained by any extension of telepathic theory, and even in the case of some of the ordinary tests it requires considerable faith to accept such an explanation. For instance, in a public seance, how could a medium on the platform distinguish the feelings of one person from those of the hundred or two others that compose the meeting, and describe them accurately? Such a thing would be as impossible as for the medium to tell, while each person was playing or singing a different tune at the same time, what tune any of the company might be performing.

Of course we must allow in the case of telepathy that affinity has much to do with it (and blood relationship according to Mr. Courtenay); but making every concession, such an explanation could never be sufficient to account for even the verbal tests of Spiritualism. That there is a medium by which thought can be conveyed was demonstrated by Mesmer a hundred years ago, and indeed seems entirely natural to those who have attained any knowledge of a sympathy with spiritual forces. Even from the material standpoint, regarding thought as motion, or accompanied by the phenomenon called motion, it seems very reasonable to assume that such motion with its accompanying intelligence can be conveyed to others. Far from denying such a force, Spiritualism has done more towards illustrating its operation than anything else.

Mr. Courtenay does not deny the existence of spirits, but he thinks that if they do commune with mortals "such communion must be of a far higher kind than that which takes place in haunted chambers." This is the tone in regard to Spiritualism which is very common among educated men in England. One of the best illustrations is in Carpenter's "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc." where he remarks, after naming such phenomena as levitation, spirit photography etc., that "the very catalogue speaks to any unprepossessed mind of the extreme impossibility that any spiritual agents would so manifest their presence."

Yet it is this *apriori* condition of mind—this taking anything as a foregone conclusion—that Dr. Carpenter especially objects to among investigators. He accounts for most of the Spiritual phenomena by the mental condition and pre-disposition of the sitters and medium, yet he does not seem to realize that he is bringing as strong a prejudice in the opposite direction.

Mr. Courtenay admits that "it is not so easy to lay the ghosts." Indeed it is not difficult to perceive in the general tone of his article, especially towards the conclusion, that, like many others, there is, between him and Modern Spiritualism, nothing but the inherited predilection in favor of angels of the New Testament kind, as opposed to the commonplace spirits of the seance.

Here is a paragraph in illustration: "In a future state and in a higher world than this, one may believe that there will be an intercommunion of spirits to which the telepathic influences at work in this world will bear a faint analogy."

Then follows a very pleasing passage in which the writer points to a glorified future where spirits can hold a "sympathetic union with many souls at once" without the need of "elaborate signs or words." But why not now and here? In the literature and history of Spiritualism there is so much that seems to realize and illustrate such a condition that it seems strange that men are so anxious to consign it to the future.

But Spiritualistic literature is not considered scientific, and has to be ignored. Men of science will continue to interrogate in their own way, and there is indeed no lack of material. The phenomena increase daily. Recently it came out that George Eliot, probably the greatest female novelist of the age, considered herself "possessed by a spirit" while writing some of her finest passages.

Spiritualists are content to wait, realizing that no possible theory or discovery can take away the glorious birthright of man, immortality, their knowledge that, as Whittier says,

"Life is ever Lord of death,  
And Love can never lose its own."

Written for The Carrier Dove.

### Motherless.

MIRIAM C. BUCK.

Angel mothers, look down and see  
This motherless child that has come to me,  
With the sad, sweet eyes, and slender form,  
And the ready tears at a word that is warm.

Blown like a snowflake out of the West,  
So fair and frail against my breast—  
Help us, O God, that we must be  
All she can know, for a time, of Thee!

Blown from the rocky, rude world-land,  
A trembling bird within my hand,  
The mother in Heaven will watch and see  
If I cherish her child full tenderly.

Oh, angel mother, impress me to do  
For her what seemeth best to you,  
And symbol through me the mother love  
You took to your own bright home above,

When you left two small "twin doves" in the nest,  
And folded your wings, but do not rest—  
Never to rest till your lone doves cease  
To mourn your going, and so find peace.

BELLWOOD, NER.

When Babylon fell, two per cent of her people owned her entire wealth. When Persia went down, one per cent of her population owned all of her wealth. When Rome succumbed 1800 men owned and controlled the known world. In the year 1800, 63½ per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. In the year 1870, 37 per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. In the year 1890, 20 per cent of the people owned the entire wealth of the United States. At the same ratio in 1920, 5 per cent of the people will own the entire wealth of the United States if a gigantic revolution has not wiped out Shylock and his usurious game. There are \$15,350,575,000 of mortgages on farms in the United States. There are 3,000,000 people in the United States, out of employment. There are 15,000,000 people in the United States working for \$1.00 per day and less. There are 2,000 foreign laboring men coming to this country, daily, who must either starve, beg or steal; or else take the places of other workmen.

## Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## CHAPTER IX.

While I was residing in Leavenworth, Kansas, in or about 1878, a French lady, M<sup>lle</sup>. Pauline Libert, called upon me, and gave me a graphic account of her experiences with Mme. Blavatsky. M<sup>lle</sup>. Libert, who was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, informed me that she resided with H. P. B. and Col. Olcott in New York for some eighteen months; and during that time she became acquainted with the tricks of the Madame. Mme. B. had, said M<sup>lle</sup>. L., a music-box concealed in the house, the music of which she palmed off on her dupes and visitors as magic music. The effect of its gradual approach and dying away was produced by having the box carried gradually from a distant room to the neighborhood of the one where the listeners were, and then as gradually carried away again. Drawings and paintings previously purchased or prepared by Mme. B. were on different occasions imposed on visitants and friends as instantaneous productions of her magic power. Sometimes she hoodwinked Olcott, and at other times the two united to hoodwink others. Mme. B. had painting materials in the house all the time and was a proficient in painting. One of the impositions practiced on the Colonel was this: On the walls of his room was painted an inscription, said by Mme. B. to have been produced magically. His private room being changed one day to another apartment in her house, during his absence Mme. B. erased the inscription in the first room, and repainted it in room No. 2, telling him, on his return, that the erasure and painting were accomplished by occult means.

That, even as late as 1878, Mme. Blavatsky claimed to be a firm Spiritualist, is evidenced by a letter written by her Jan. 26, 1878, to Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, the original of which is in my possession, and from which I copy the following: "I am a *true, firm*, and if anything *too exalted Spiritualist*. Desiring, as I do, to leave no stone unturned to force Spiritualism and its higher and nobler truths upon the world of scientists in general and skeptics especially, I try to show the readers that I am neither credulous nor blind to the imperfections and shortcomings of Spiritualism as it is now. I work in my own way and try to do my best. Why believe me a deceiver and a schemer? . . . I feel pained to see that I have no greater enemies in the world than Spiritualists themselves, whose faith or rather philosophy I would see spread throughout the whole world and become the *only and universal* belief on earth. Please pitch into myself, cigarettes, entourage, fatness, Calmuck nose, etc., etc., as much as you like, and I will be the first to laugh, but *do not* represent me as an enemy of true Spiritualism. Olcott is as sincere as myself in that. If he has several times protested against being called a Spiritualist, I have as many times pitched into him for that. He may be a flapdoodle in his loose expressions, but he has always been a true Spiritualist." (*Her italics*.)

It seems that in 1876 thirteen destitute Arabs arrived in New York from Trinidad, and Col. Olcott exerted himself to raise the money required to send them back to their country. The Colonel persuaded a member of the Theosophical Society, Mr. E. S. Spaulding, to accompany the Arabs to Gibraltar, from whence they were to be shipped to Tunis. Olcott's letter of instructions to Mr. Spaulding was published in the *New York Graphic*, August 3, and in the *Banner of Light*, August 12, 1876, p. 3. In this letter Mr. Spaulding was directed to devote his time to two objects: "1. To seeing every possible phase of magical and necromantic phenomena, and taking notes of their minutest details, so as to be able to report the facts to

the society. 2. To finding a real magician or sorcerer who will consent to come to this country with you and display his powers before the society." "If you could persuade a real magician or sorcerer to come here and show us proofs of his will-power, you would do a great thing for the society and for science. For I give you my word that if these men will only put me in the way of showing what we mean by theosophy, I will select the most skeptical of our scientists, and either compel him to acknowledge that there is a spiritual side to the universe, or show the public that modern science writes above every graduate's diploma the legend, '*Quantus est fallax!*' [What a great thing it is to deceive]. The query naturally arises, if Col. Olcott was so anxious to convince the scientific world of the actuality of the spiritual side of nature, through the exhibition of magical feats, why did he not introduce them to the marvelous performances of Mme. Blavatsky? What need of searching for an African sorcerer, when a Russian sorceress was on the spot? On Sunday evening, Sept. 26, 1875, Col. Olcott, in a public lecture (see *B. L.*, Oct. 16, 1875, p. 4), stated that he had witnessed numerous wonderful phenomena, performed by magical power, with no medium present; and in his address on "Spiritualism and Theosophy," delivered at Simla, India, Oct. 7, 1880, as published in his volume on "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science," London, 1885, he gives a list of the remarkable phenomena he had seen produced by Mme. Blavatsky in America (see pp. 251, 252). Combining these two accounts of the Madame's magical skill, we obtain this collection of wonders: According to his statements, the veracious Colonel had seen spirit-haunts, faces, and heads; a full materialized form; butterflies, a canary bird, and a large fly in midwinter; atmospheric phenomena of a most incredible description; a gold ring caused to leap out of a moss-rose held in his hand; a sentence instantly engraved in the inside of a gold ring, held in the hands of an editor; letters to himself, in answer to letters written by him, made to come into closed envelopes, laid upon the mantelpiece, and never out of his sight; writings instantly appear and disappear from paper, note-books, and other books, while holding the same; showers of roses made to fall in a room; letters from people in far countries dropped from space in his lap; heard music coming from afar, grow louder and louder until it was in the room, and then die away again; writings made to appear upon paper and slates laid upon the floor; drawings upon the ceilings beyond any one's reach; pictures upon paper without the employment of pencil or color; articles duplicated before his eyes; a living person instantly disappear out of his sight; jet-black hair cut from the head of a fair-haired person; absent friends and distant scenes shown as in a crystal; and more than a hundred times (!) upon opening letters received through the common post, from all parts of the world, he had found inside, in their hand writing, messages from men in India "who possess the Theosophical knowledge of natural law," whatever that may be. Surely if a skeptical scientist would not be convinced of the reality of the spiritual universe by the sight of all these extraordinary occurrences, it is not probable that the feats of an African magician would be any more effective in that direction.

The published letter of instructions to Mr. Spaulding was the last ever heard of this matter. No magician was ever brought to America, and, so far as known, no report was made by Mr. Spaulding of the magical phenomena seen by him. The return of the Arabs to their country, and the publication of the letter to Mr. Spaulding, were doubtless contrived by Olcott and Blavatsky, for the purpose of getting a little additional notoriety thereby,—to attract a little attention to themselves and the almost moribund Theosophical Society.

A more striking instance of notoriety-seeking, on the part of Col. Olcott and the Theosophical Society, was exemplified in



the circumstances attending the funeral and the cremation of Baron de Palm. In November, 1875, Baron Joseph Henry Louis de Palm, a Bavarian nobleman, joined the Theosophical Society.

As reported by Hindson Tuttle, in the *E. P. J.*, June 24, 1876, p. 114, Baron De Palm, according to Col. Olcott, was a spendthrift, "who lived a gay, extravagant life, spending fortune after fortune upon vain display and luxurious tastes." Thoroughly wasted, he settled in New York and became a theosophist. On May 21, 1876, he died in New York City, and on May 28, 1876, the funeral services were conducted at the Masonic Temple in that city under the auspices of the Theosophical Society with great pomp and parade. Oriental symbols adorned the coffin; seven caudles of different colors burned upon the coffin, and these, with the brazier of incense at the left, were said to symbolize fire-worship. Upon the right stood a cross with a serpent about it. The seven members of the society selected to perform the service carried in their hands twigs of palm, believed to be instrumental in warding off danger and misfortune. There were three Orphic hymns sung, and a Theosophical liturgy, during the services. Col. Olcott delivered the funeral oration, and Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten made a brief address. The New York press largely advertised the coming "pagan" funeral prior to its taking place, and long accounts of the services were published in the leading New York journals, the desired notoriety being thereby secured. (See Emma Hardinge Britten's "Nineteenth Century Miracles," pp. 440-443.)

The Baron's body was embalmed and was kept till December 6, 1876, when it was cremated at Dr. Le Moynie's crematory, Washington, Penn. In order to secure greater notoriety on this occasion, a circular of invitation to attend was sent to many of the principal newspapers of America, as well as to many prominent persons in different parts of the country. The desired notoriety was again secured; for, in one account of the cremation, published in the *Banner of Light*, Jan. 6, 1877, p. 2, the writer, A. C. Simpson, of Pittsburg, Penn., says, "Having access to the exchanges of a newspaper office, I can safely say that there is not a journal printed in the United States but has had more or less to say, not only about the Baron's burning, but also about his theosophical religious views."

According to Mr. Simpson's account of the cremation, there was in attendance thereupon a man in a black suit and black slouch hat, and with a pale olive complexion, who was alleged to be a Hindu corresponding member of the Society. He could not be found at any of the hotels, and immediately after the body had been burnt he is said to have disappeared in a most mysterious manner. Probably this was no genuine Hindu member, but some Asiatic hired for the occasion, with instructions to conceal himself as soon as the cremation was completed. Accounts were published of a remarkable phenomenon that took place during the burning. "The left hand, which had been lying by that side of the body, was gradually raised, and three of the fingers pointed upward." This was asserted to be "a mystical sign employed by the Lamas of Tibet when they bless." A more rational solution of the action of the body, provided it really occurred, was that given in *Frank Leslie's Newspaper*, December 23, 1876. "This action was, of course," it says, "the mere result of intense burning heat, producing muscular contraction."

In his address at the cremation-exercises, Col. Olcott said, "I rejoice that my deceased friend, like myself, possessed a faith that neither exacts nor tolerates moral cowardice. It is the faith of the ancestors of the earliest Aryans, the once universal world-religion, the trunk from which sprang the branches of Brahminism, Buddhism, Chaldanism, Judaism, and even Christianity. It is the so-called SECRET DOCTRINE of the ages, dormant from antediluvian times to the days of the

Neo-Platonists, but now taught in its purity only in silent cloisters among the Himalayas and beyond." At the Baron's funeral, in May, 1876, Col. Olcott had stated that the Theosophical Society was "neither religious, nor charitable, nor scientific. Its object was to enquire, not to teach" (*B. L.*, June 17, 1876). But a few months later, we find its President defining theosophy as the once-universal world-religion, the Secret Doctrine of the ages; ergo the Theosophical Society must be religious in character, and its mission must be to teach.

The *funeral* of the Baron De Palm farce was enacted on the night of November 20, 1875, just prior to the departure of Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott for India. The ashes of the Baron were then cast into the sea, at New York, with elaborate ceremonies, Hindu in character, and patterned after the Vedic ceremony for the disposal of the ashes of the dead, according to the ritual of the Paudit Swami Dyananda Saraswati, the Hindu reformer, with whom Col. Olcott and Mme. B. were in close affiliation at the time. A veiled Hindu (?), an alleged high priest, said by Olcott to be the same one who disappeared mysteriously at the time of the cremation, conducted the exercises. Chanting and prayers, in an alleged Hindu language, addressed to Iswara, Indra, and other Hindu deities, constituted the bulk of the exercises. The ashes were poured upon the bay near Governor's Island by Col. Olcott, who said, "Oh, Mother Sea! from whose depths all mankind were evolved, take into thy bosom these relics of poor humanity, and guard them against profanation until the cycles are accomplished, and the Great Pralaya come!" Although the exercises were to be private, care was taken that a reporter of *The Sun* was present thereat; and in that paper of November 21, 1875, a long, detailed narrative of the entire affair was published (See also *The Spiritualist*, December 13, 1878, pp. 283, 287.)

By Baron De Palm's will his property and money were left to Col. Olcott, in trust for the Theosophical Society, and it was at first thought that the Society had secured a great windfall in the shape of the Baron's gift; but upon examination of his effects, it was discovered that he had died a pauper,—thus adding another to the varied disappointments of the credulous and ever-hopeful Colonel. It is, however, alleged by Dr. Elliot Cones, in the *New York Sun* of July 20, 1880, that Baron De Palm left behind him a collection of occultic manuscripts, which were self-appropriated by Mme. Blavatsky, and made use of by her, without credit, in the preparation of her ponderous work, "Isis Unveiled."

To be Continued.

Truth is one;  
And in all lands beneath the sun,  
Who so has eyes to see may see  
The tokens of its unity.

### The Unknown Beyond.

JAMES BUCKMAN

I watched a sail until it dropped from sight  
Over the rounding sea. A gleam of white—  
A last far-flashed farewell—and, like a thought  
Slipped out of mind, it vanished and was not,  
Yet, to the helmsman standing at the helm,  
Broad seas still stretched before the gliding keel.  
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign,  
Nor dreamed he of that dim horizon line.  
So may it be, perchance, when down the tide  
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide  
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound.  
We call it Death! To them 'tis Life Beyond!

## Spirit Instruction: Written by Dictation.—No. 5.

BY RAYMONDE.

MY DEAR PUPIL: It may not be uninteresting to describe a stroll through a valley in spirit land. You will kindly bear in mind however, that words are inadequate to convey to mortal man the fairness of celestial spheres, yet a simple description may serve to make those who live righteously familiar with scenes that await them beyond the river, and perhaps awaken in careless souls a desire to live nearer God, in whose hand lie the gifts of Heaven.

One bright morning, when emerging from the thick growth of trees that border my field, I was surprised and pleased to hear the musical voice of a young pupil calling me in vigorous accent to accompany him through the meadows that we could see not far beyond the silver river that skirted the settlement. With morning salutation and a "thank you" for the agreeable invitation, I turned my steps in the direction indicated.

It was an early hour and we were not interrupted; although had we been joined by others we should not have been annoyed, but on the contrary our lesson and stroll would have been more animated. We discussed the last page of yesterday's text book, which related to the floral kingdom; and as botany in the open air is more delightful than within doors, our walk proved beneficial to the young and eager mind of Harold, whose clear eye sparkled with pleasure as his quick mind absorbed the object lessons that we easily discovered to illustrate our theme. We crossed a bridge of pretty design upon whosides were growing in profusion wondrous and gigantic lilies, the rustic projections forming suitable receptacles for the roots of these fragrant flowers. They were blossoming from the water's edge to the low rough railing on either side of the narrow structure. Their heads were modestly drooping—perchance they were holding converse with the vivid and straight-standing leaves which encompassed them, as apparently they were looking intently down upon them and smiling, I doubt not with loving sympathy for the needed support and generous protection given. Harold, upon bended knee, reached over the bridge and drew from its seclusion a most perfect flower-form. Together we admired its beauty. We dissected it, dwelling long upon its peculiar and marvelous fashion. The delicate odor was like incense, as with gentle touch we separated its pearly leaves, giving name to its innermost parts; and it was not without a sigh of regret that we placed our subject to wither near its companions at the conclusion of our analysis. To the spiritual man these beautiful expressions of God's love seem possessed of sensitiveness, and we neither rudely tread upon them nor wantonly pluck them. Teach the young, O my readers, to deal gently with flowers; by so doing you cultivate the finer sensibilities and prepare them to appreciate these precious gifts of an all-wise Creator. Teach them to respect and admire all that is beautiful in nature and the love of God will grow in their hearts.

Passing down a gentle decline we turned into the path leading through the wood that encircles the quiet vale where are clustered many mansions, and where dwell many saintly spirit men and women who love the peaceful and dreamy atmosphere of their homes. Through a broad avenue we walk, Harold talking and I listening to his bright sentences which flow with enthusiasm as we pass the artistic abodes of our neighbors. Would that I could tell you minutely of the occupants, their pleasures, pursuits and hopes; but a hasty glance is all that this writing will permit, and in the good time coming, should you so elect, you also may take this walk, and we will then disclose interesting details, and if you desire, enter the open portals to gain closer acquaintance with the gentle folk within, whose kindness, generosity and hospitality are only equalled by their refinement and spirituality.

The home life of good spirits so far surpasses mortal conception that it is in vain we try to familiarize you with it. We make little effort to do so, because your minds are not prepared to receive and picture correctly; but since theology has been shelved by as-

piring minds, we are making headway, and in coming centuries descriptions of heavenly life will be read with more interest than earthly narratives, and the two worlds will be drawn into closer relations. God speed the day when priestcraft shall give way to angelic guidance. I should really like, at this point, to preach a short sermon, but knowing that they are usually considered dry reading, I forbear, and you may follow Harold and myself as we turn into a by-path at the right of the main avenue.

"What is that singular looking structure?" you exclaim. That is a fern castle, designed and kept in order by an old botanist. It looks like an irregular pile of rocks, or, were it less cared for, an ancient ruin. The base was fashioned long years ago, and stinter-vals since have been heaped great masses of conglomerate substance in which cling and grow the rarest specimens of his beloved study. We can enter through the archway and ascend on either side of the grand hallway. Every leaf and tendril breathes health and contentment, for the nature and requirements of each one are studied as a fond parent anticipates the needs of tender offspring; and the result is perfect growth and genuine gratitude. I bid Harold climb upward in search of desired specimens while I await the coming of the master, who has seen us approach and is hastening forward. His fine countenance glows with pleasure, as he perceives the object of the boy, who is waving a hand in salutation from an upper opening. Our meeting is cordial. We are old friends.

"Of your family I need not inquire," I remark. "The eye is satisfied that they are well."

"Yes," he replied, "my children are in good health, and my fondness for them increases with their growth and multiplying number. You will notice that many new plants have been given space since your last visit, and no father is happier than I am surrounded by my botanical children. We might be called a happy family without help of the imagination, for we dwell in harmony. The young student above us is a true lover of nature; he promises well for future work."

"Yes," I answer, "Harold is better adapted to botanical study than any other of my young class. In the morning and in the evening he is gaining knowledge of God's delicate handiwork, and is preparing a book for the use of the students. While books of mature minds are useful, those compiled by the young are often more easily digested. Their language is better understood by those of the same age, and I invariably encourage this mode of instruction. Oftentimes their original style of expression is amusing, but their fellow students grasp at once and without mental fatigue the abbreviated and pointed answers; and my own pleasure is increased when I sit amongst them, and an earnest student fills the professor's chair, and it makes a boy of me, too. I forget that I am a grandfather. But the spirit never grows old. We count not age by years but by experience."

Harold soon descended from his search with a handful of leaflets closely covered with notes and drawings. The master drew the boy closely to him and imprinted a kiss upon the pure brow. Quickly the notes were placed in a case and the boy warmly embraced the botanist. There was sympathy between these souls.

I sat in the green bower, and the two wandered a long time in the nooks and delts of the enchanted ground. I was thinking of you, my dear grandchild. I was wishing that I could be visible to you. Would I frighten my kin, I asked, by my apparition? My words are plain: would a vision be alarming? Conceal thyself a while longer, prudence suggested; be content that your presence is recognized and your words heard and penned. Oh, be thankful my child, that your spiritual ears are opened, and be ever ready to speak of your experience to others who know nothing of spiritual existence. Your knowledge is not vague, but clear, and sufficient for your present need. Be willing to grow in the light of the Truth. We will impart as you can assimilate. More than is meet would not be wise. Your confidence in us is pleasing, and no semblance of an untruth shall reach you if you continue in the path you have chosen.

When Harold and the master returned, I was so lost in reverie that I noticed not their approach until cheerful laughter awakened me. They were laden with graceful studies that would form the basis of the next class lesson.

You may ask why we should be interested in the study of Botany. I am aware that Christians usually confine our accomplishments to vocal and instrumental music; but I can assure you that many spirits are better adapted to other branches of learning. Harold, for instance, will make a superior botanist, but he is an indifferent musician. There is, after all, a fitness in things little comprehended by theologians; but they will come into a better understanding of the future existence when creeds are abolished and they seek newer sources of information. The Bible is not definite enough for man's use. You must have the written experience of your friends who have passed on to clear the mystery that surrounds death. The people are fast acknowledging this fact in private, but are slower than is good for them in making public their convictions. After a promise to visit the master of the castle soon, Harold and I decided that we would return to our home by a different route.

When we reached the border of my own habitation I found your grandmother awaiting our coming. I am in the habit of so often leaving my family that my absence causes little surprise. My flights occasioned some solicitude when I first began to go regularly to teach, and when I am missed it is a usual remark, "he is probably on the earth plane." I found, however, that grandmother surmised I was nearer home, and knowing my usual path of return she stood near the long rustic bench where I frequently sit, and as we approached she came forward and walked between us to the house. How pretty she looked in her soft pearly robe. She is an angel of goodness and purity, my child. To be in her company is ennobling. You must not think of her as an old lady. Years have left no mark upon her. Mature is she, but with the bloom of perpetual youth. It is only the outer covering of the soul that fades. The fleshly body is subject to earthly conditions; but the spiritual body, the tabernacle of the soul, knows not decay.

I would like to continue longer with you; but these writings must not be made too long, and therefore tiresome. I have previously described to you in personal letters my present abode, the members of our family, our daily and busy life. You were astonished, I well remember, when first you heard my unfamiliar voice. Your orthodox mind was troubled when I swept away former teachings. Some of my remarks struck harshly on your churchly trained ears. My treatment of religious subjects was shocking; but well for your future, you turned not away, but began to reason, and have you not found the result more satisfactory than the spurious doctrine that your young mind was accustomed to imbibe? Had I not reached you I am inclined to think that agnosticism would now claim you. A mature and reasoning mind demands a religion based upon common sense and justice. Such is the spiritual religion that is handed down to mortals from the spheres above.

With solicitude for your present and future spiritual and temporal welfare, I shall continue to make myself your guest. Your loving

GRANDSIRE.

I'm no reformer; for I see more light  
Than darkness in the world; mine eyes are quick  
To catch the first dim radiance of the dawn,  
And slow to note the cloud that threatens storm,  
The fragrance and the beauty of the rose  
Delight me so, slight thought I give it thorn;  
And the sweet music of the lark's pure song  
Stays longer with me than the night hawk's cry.  
Even in this great throes of pain called Life  
I find a rapture-link with each despair,  
Well worth the price of Anguish. I detect  
More good than evil in humanity.  
Love lights more fires than hate extinguishes,  
And men grow better as the world grows old.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## The Curse of Charity.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Some of the readers of the CARRIER DOVE were inclined to criticize my article of last winter headed "The Christ Plane a Failure," and of course such will not agree that charity is a curse; nevertheless, an honest, fearless analysis of the effects of charity, together with the causes which make charity a necessity to the individual while cursing the race, will sustain the position taken—charity is a curse.

The New York *Herald* recently published an article upon the "Rapid Multiplication of the Unfit," an extract taken from an essay read by Victoria C. Woodhull-Martiu before the "International Congress of Hygiene and Demography" held in London recently. This paper is reported to have attracted a good deal of attention, and even though coming from one so misunderstood and condemned as is Victoria C. Woodhull in many quarters, it certainly deserves attention, or the subject treated of does. She says:

"The best minds of to-day have accepted the fact that if superior people are desired they must be bred; and if imbeciles, criminals, paupers and the otherwise unfit are undesirable, they must not be bred."

What has this to do with Spiritualism? asks some zealous phenomenalists who think that to hold a communion with his personal friends who are upon the other side of life is all that there is of any account. To such I would reply in the language of another—a spirit: "If you want truthful communications, stop manufacturing and sending liars over here; and I supplement: The spiritual atmosphere can never be pure and soul-invigorating so long as this earth is covered with such helms of degradation as now prevail in all of our populous centers, and while good workers in this direction may not bring so much present joy as do good test mediums, they are doing a thousand times more for "Pure Spiritualism," for they are preparing the only conditions under which a pure Spiritualism is possible.

Now, our present false economic system forces thousands down into conditions of degradation, and charity tries to save the progeny of such degradation, helps to perpetuate the lives of the "unfit." All who have a thought of human weal outside of their own personal interests, know something of the conditions of the tenement house poor in New York City. Over 23,000 evictions in one year, over 23,000 families set out up in the street shelterless, because too poor to pay the landlords' exactions.

Under these miserable conditions, when hot weather comes the mortality among the children is very great, rising sometimes to 300 a day. Now these children are immeasurably wronged when born under such conditions; but when born, the shortest road to death is their greatest boon; but mark, charity, philanthropy, steps in and tries to save them—and for what?

With tens of thousands of wretched women who sell themselves nightly for bread, with over 23,000 evictions a year, with an average of more than 13,000 nightly lodgings in station houses, with an abnormally large proportion of the unfitted continually increasing in numbers, what is the prospect for the future of those babies that the philanthropic souls of New York City are doing their best (in the way of charity) to save?

There are nightly upon the streets those who wish they had never been born, and who, could they find those who in the hour of sickness had saved their baby lives, would curse all such to their face. In the eyes of those who extol charity it is a great and good work to save the lives of those babies, but in the eyes of the clear seeing such charitable ones are only perpetuating the elements of degradation and earthly damnation—yea, a condition that does not stop with this life, but extends far into the next life, reacting upon this to intensify that which must

be cleaned out, purified, cleansed as if by fire, ere the spiritual atmosphere can be clear, pure, and soul invigorating.

Yes, the philanthropic are trying to save the lives of the babies. An organization called "The Klug's Daughters" sends its members among them, to teach the mothers how to take care of the babies. Physicians are paid to look after their health. St. John's Guild has saved the lives of thousands, and excursion boats take from 900 to 1,000 sick babies in their mothers' arms out upon the ocean's bosom, where the salt sea breeze brings back the fast ebbing life, and the poor, ignorant mothers bless those who save their darlings for their loving embraces.

Oh, the pitifulness of it! Oh, babes, so cursed, from before birth, that death would be the greatest of blessings to themselves and to society! Oh, mothers' arms, that (with the veil of futurity dropped between) eradle thieves, prostitutes, drunkards, murderers! Oh! oh! oh! and yet there are those who claim to be benevolent, to love humanity, who continue to amass their millions; Spiritualists, even, who can see our best workers sacrificed, our best publications go down for telling too much *truth*; those who can spend thousands in trying to *save* the wrecks, but not a dollar to help destroy the conditions which make wrecks. Away with charity; give us justice.

#### Nameless.

BESSIE GRAY.

There's an emerald region in every heart,  
A mine where our jewels are sleeping;  
There's a brilliancy that can never depart,  
While it brightens our smile in a moment of joy,  
Or softens a tear when we're weeping.

There are pearls in our mine that we oftentimes watch,  
When the forms that surround us are dreaming;  
A face, or a step, or a hand on the latch,  
Or a voice that we loved for a soft-spoken word,  
Are pearls of a marvelous gleaming.

A grave in the churchyard—a coffin, a pall,  
A funeral hymn solemnly singing,  
A heart has grown cold at a heaven-sent call,  
And its clay is a pearl in our emerald shrine,  
Where jewels in clusters are clinging.

There are words that we heard when the lips they revealed  
Would brighten with warmth at our greeting;  
In the shadows of time they were long ago sealed,  
And their sunshine yet dwells 'mong the gems of our mine,  
In a radiance soft and unreflecting.

There are faces we knew when the river of life  
In musical numbers was flowing;  
They have all floated out on the surges of strife,  
Leaving naught in our mine but a diamond of love,  
With the beauty of buried days glowing.

This emerald shrine may be darkened by woe,  
Or the silver of age o'er us creeping;  
But our jewels will ever be bright in their glow,  
Till our hearts are at rest 'neath the veil of the tomb,  
And the pearls in our dust will be sleeping.

Once, in a dream,

I saw two spirits shine above the tomb  
Whose inerts ten thousand hushy mortals thronged.

One said,

With eyes of utmost pity gazing down,  
"Behold, the dead."

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#### Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

I have one face for the world, and another for my friends. The worldly face is a veil to conceal the soul; the friendly face is a glass to reveal the inner life. Those who are not friends sometimes get glimpses of the glass, but only those who love me can clearly discern the image within. All others see a distorted figure which is far from my true self.

Sometimes those I have never met write to me because of something flowing from my pen, and their letters bring assurances of sympathy and harmony of views. These assurances come not in words alone but in the general tone of the message, and sometimes in an indescribable influence pertaining to the letter itself. This last, some will say, is but a vagary of the imagination. Possibly; but if so let it nevertheless be welcomed, for it is often agreeable, and the enjoyment of pleasant things is one of the objects of living. If it is not agreeable the sensation gives rise to reflection, and that is good for the one who reflects.

I cannot answer all these letters. Time will not permit. The *happy* writers do not need reply, and the sorrowing ones I sometimes feel incompetent to help. Yet it is to the latter I most often write, and the result always repays the trouble.

It is no betrayal of confidence to refer, not by name, to one of these appreciative correspondents. Fortune has not been kind to her. Early bereft of a mother's care—her father she never knew—she fell into cruel hands; was made a household drudge; was denied education; was never understood; was often brutally beaten, and only escaped this life of torment by passing into a slavery more degrading—a married life unsanctified by love. It is no wonder that with such experiences her whole being has dwarfed, and warped out of its natural channel. Inordinate self esteem and stability of character, with firmness amounting almost to obstinacy, have alone preserved her from being utterly crushed under such untoward environments. But recently she has released herself from a part at least of the thralldom of her later life, and is now looking forward towards a happier future. In chiropathy rude, and with misspelled words, she writes many beautiful thoughts well expressed. Here are some of them:

"I ought to be free to have the friends I choose. But no one can hinder me from enjoying the bright sunshine, the soft shadows, the beautiful bluejays, the trees and flowers, and all the pleasant things of this country place. Then I have health and strength, and books, and above all my happy dreams of life as it should be, and might be, and *will* be—sometimes, somewhere. There is a great deal to enjoy that no one can ever take from us—no one but ourselves. Our souls are our own. The blessed peace that comes from a sense of rightful doing is one's very own. The mind can make for itself an imaginary heaven out of a veritable hell. I don't want you to pity me. I need no pity. Do not fear. I defy my worst enemy to make me unhappy. I will not allow any one to prevent me from being as merry as a wild bird. I shall laugh, no matter what happens; and when the actualities of life are most dreary I will warm myself all the more in the sunshine of my imaginings. Enemies may sometimes prevent me from enjoying material things, but they cannot touch my spiritual life. There, I am beyond their reach—out of their sight even; they know little of me as I really am."

Her personal experience must have given her an unfavorable opinion of the marriage institution as it at present exists, for she says:

"Marriage, often, is but another name for slavery. The fowls of the air select their mates and are happy. They love their young and delight in providing for them. Surely men and women, standing at the head of animate nature, ought to have as much freedom as wild birds. Wherever there is real superiority there should be the most perfect liberty. If a man loves his family he will love to support them. If he does not love them they would do better without his support. Sustenance unwillingly given brings grief to those who receive it. When a man with a frown and a grant,



doles out money to his wife for family expenses, or gives with a growl new school books or new shoes to his children, nearly all the pleasure that should be theirs is destroyed, but when a father cheerfully confers a gift as though he enjoyed the giving, the article seems far more precious, and the child is made happier by the manner of giving than by the gift itself."

Referring to the hypocrites and deceptions of some women of fashion, who are held up as models because they maintain a "perfectly lady-like demeanor," calm, unruined, always fair outside, no matter what storm is raging within, she says:

"My idea of a perfectly lovely woman is one who is *not* versed in the art of concealment, but one so pure in heart that she has nothing to conceal—one who shows in her face every thought she thinks; one whose real character you can read the moment you look at her; one who is gentle of voice because she has gentleness within, and calm of manner because peaceful at heart; one who is kind to children, and courageous enough to defend them; one who respects herself and commands respect from others; who values beauty as the outward expression of inward grace; one who is as pure as the clouds that float over her head, and yet so loving towards other women that she cannot treat with disdain even the lowest of her sex."

I have had a score or more of letters from the one who sends me these words—some of them bubbling over with merriment like that of a happy child, but with an undertone of sadness that makes the reader sad also in sympathy. I have never seen the writer. I can imagine her a middle-aged woman, uncultured, physically unattractive, but she has a beautiful soul, a naturally superior intellect, and with better advantages would have made a woman of refinement, of great power for good, a happy being herself, and a blessing to the world. It is a pity that one capable of such genial growth, is, from adverse circumstances, kept from the attainment of life's highest pleasures and most noble uses.

The admirable addresses of ex-Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, discontinued some time since, will not be resumed this winter. He cannot spare from his editorial work on the *Twentieth Century* the time necessary for their preparation. Mr. Pentecost says: "I am now at work revising a number of my addresses for publication in book form. When this is done I intend to write the story of my departure from the Christian faith, and of my mental journey to the point I have thus far reached, and publish that. Then I intend to complete and publish a novel that I worked out in something more than outline during the summer of 1890."

What do you think of spirit circles which are open to the public, and consequently composed of heterogeneous elements?

If the medium is fully developed and well protected by spirit friends, such circles may be a success in spite of the untoward circumstances; but without a medium of this character, a miscellaneous circle is usually unsatisfactory to the sitters and injurious to those in the circle who are susceptible to spirit influences. Mediums in the course of development should sit in a select circle only, and at regular times. Spirit friends will usually keep engagements punctually, being present at the appointed hour to influence and protect the medium; but if circles are held without regard to regularity, and with new members at each sitting, there is likely to be no protection, and the medium may be subjected to injurious influences, causing great annoyance if not permanent injury. Spiritualism has been brought into disrepute from various causes, the most common of which is the holding of circles in utter disregard of the laws which govern spirit communion. Some Spiritualists seem to think we have nothing to do except to welcome the communicating spirit; that only the good are allowed to return, all others being kept in subjection by the action of higher spirits, or by the law governing life on the spirit plane. Unfortunately this hopeful theory is negated by experience. There are facts innumerable to prove not only that evil spirits do return, but that such have greater attraction to earthly existence than more exalted spirits, and consequently a greater number of them are seeking opportunity to influence sensitives. Investigators must

guard against them by every means within their power, such as refusal to sit with people not known to be of good character; refusal to entertain spirits of a low order of development, and efforts to resist influences in or out of the flesh which the medium feels to be evil.

Edward F. Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of New York, elected by the Democrats, has temporarily joined the Republican party because Democratic political bosses have stolen millions from the taxpayers of New York. He says:

"We must defeat the Tammany ticket by voting for men whose politics are opposed to ours, and when we have rescued our party from the usurpers we may hope it will be guided by the principles laid down by Jefferson, Jackson, Seymour and Tilden."

There's freshness for you. Because the Democratic party is corrupt, Mr. Wisdom Jones is going to help the Republicans under whose corrupt rule the people of America have been brought to the verge of ruin to-day. In one respect the country is prosperous; the aggregate wealth was never so great; but while this is true, the poverty of the people was never so dire, and it is the direct result of political misrule. Legislation is wholly for the rich, and for schemers who are seeking by legalized robbery to become rich. The money power rules both parties. To enable them to do this they require the help of political bosses, and the bosses have to be allowed to steal to repay them for their services.

The adoption of some system of proportional representation, by which minorities would be accorded a just show in legislative bodies, would render it impossible for bosses to manipulate politics and determine results. Our present system is called "majority representation," but every one who has studied its workings knows that the majority of voters have little voice in the matter. Very small minorities nominate the candidates; these minorities are controlled by bosses, and the bosses are bought by bankers and other monopolists.

The *Catholic World* says:

"The best ordered and best administered state is that in which the few are well educated and the many are trained to be obedient and willing to be directed."

Yes, if the interests of the few who assume to be the state (Louis XIV said "I am the state") is considered as all, and the welfare of the many who *serve* the state as *nil*, it may be said that the sharper the few and the duller the many, the more easy will be the usurpation of the few and the subjection of the many. The same rule applies to the church as to the state, and undoubtedly the editor of the *Catholic World* had the church in view when he penned his dictum. But both church and state, as at present constituted, are oppressors of the people and the organized foes of human liberty. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The thing most important to be done by Christian ministers is to preach against the hell they now see on every side—the hell of lying, avarice, stealing, intemperance, debauchery and the like; and not so much against a hell they have never seen.—*Pacific Union Alliance*.

A more important thing than that is to ascertain the underlying causes of the falsehood, the avarice, the stealing, etc., and destroy the causes. When they are destroyed the effects will cease.

Now what is the cause of nine-tenths of the wrongs that exist in society? Primarily, of course, it is the undeveloped condition of man (and evolution is so gradual that most people think the nature of man does not change), but the secondary cause may be found in the institutions which man has built up in the past, and which now, instead of being a help, are a hindrance to progress. Institutions live long after the necessity which brought them into existence has passed away; then they remain an incubus on the people. Government, as it exists everywhere on earth to-day, is such an

institution. The church is such an institution. The established modes of production and exchange sanctioned by church and state are as debasing as any system that could be devised for the corruption of mankind. The competitive system grew out of an uncivilized era. Its principles are equivalent to a denial of the equal rights of man, and to the maintenance of the barbarous assumption that to the shrewd, the selfish and the unscrupulous all the riches of the earth belong.

It is useless to complain of "lying, avarice, stealing, intemperance and debauchery" so long as the political and social system under which we live impels men to these vices. The man who does not lie in "business" loses the game; he who does not steal under cover of the law remains poor, and has no other recourse except to be a drudge. Poverty and drudgery lead to intemperance—strong drink being the consolation of the poor and the stimulus of the overworked. To escape poverty and its degradations men lie, steal, oppress their fellow men, commit injustice of all kinds, become hard, unfeeling, avaricious. Avarice, if accompanied by shrewdness, leads to wealth; and great wealth is the natural breeder of intemperance and debauchery. These two vices belong essentially to the extremes of society, the middle class being comparatively free from them.

Now let us stop our condemnation of effects and go at once to the corrupting cause, and that lies at the very basis of society itself. A change is coming. It is inevitable. All men ere long will be compelled to stand before it face to face. The question is, how will you meet it? On which side will you array yourself? In behalf of humanity, or in sustaining what is called "well-ordered society," which means the oppression of humanity? Come now, Mr. Editor of the *Union Alliance*, no more fighting of shadows; strike at the giant wrongs without which the shadows could not be.

A Virginia negro woman of good character, unable to obtain work, and seeing her child starving, drowned it to end its sufferings, and the state has just hanged her for doing it. The question is, who is the real criminal, the poor woman, driven to despair, who, as a last resort, committed a desperate act, or society, through whose neglect she was driven to frenzy?

The following is an extract from the decision of Judge Hammond of the United States District Court of Tennessee, in the case of R. M. King, a Seventh-day Adventist, who had been prosecuted, imprisoned and fined for working in his field on Sunday. He appealed to the United States Court, and this is the answer he gets from Judge Hammond:

"Many thousands work on that day, without complaint from any source. But if one ostentatiously labors for the purpose of emphasizing his distaste for, or his disbelief in, the custom, he may be made to suffer for his defiance by persecutions, if you call them so, on the part of the great majority, who will compel him to rest when they rest."

So it was not for working on Sunday that this man was punished (thousands do that with impunity), but it was because he had religious convictions which required him to rest on Saturday, and a necessity and a conscience which demanded industry on every other day. Because he obeyed his conscience, and defied those who would infringe on his religious and constitutional rights, he is fined and imprisoned, and the sentence is affirmed by a Federal judge who, apparently, has never read the Federal Constitution. According to this decision a man might be compelled to attend the same church the majority believed in, or sustain the same school of medical practice. The personal liberty of the citizen might, in fact, be wholly destroyed, and the individual be compelled to become a part of the huge machine which, under the name of government, crushes out the personal rights of the people. Of course the necessity for "compliance" holds good to a certain extent in all organized society; but carrying it to the length this judge affirms would

establish a despotism as oppressive as that of the Czar of Russia. There can be no worse despotism than the unrestricted rule of the majority. It has become a truism in America that majorities are tyrannical.

The interest paid on the national debt amounts to six times the original principal, and it would take more products (at present prices) to pay what remains than the whole debt would have cost twenty-five years ago. The people have been robbed, while the money lenders and their tools in congress have pocketed the bundle.

The following, from an editorial in the *Call* on the postoffice site steal, is fairly illustrative of the popular idea of the ethics of "business."

"No one expects the people of San Francisco, or the people of any other city to rise above a dollar-and-cent consideration of a business proposition; but it is not good policy to try too much at one grab."

I don't know that this needs any comment. It speaks for itself.

The Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman's Alliance has asked for the privilege of making a display at the World's Fair which will show the evil results of child labor.

The most "evil results" can not very well be placed on exhibition, but visitors to Chicago can find them in the slums, where poverty and wretchedness hold sway because the people have been brutalized from birth; and in the prisons and houses of prostitution, because ignorance leads to vice and crime, and the child who is made a drudge when he should be in school is unfitted for the struggle of life, and consequently gravitates to the low levels of society. All children should be the wards of the state, provided for and educated by the state, except in cases where the parents prefer to perform that service themselves. As the children of to-day will constitute the responsible society of the future, it becomes the duty of society to protect itself by caring for the children.

Not only is the standard of society lowered by the vicious element,—the ignorant, idle, dissolute and immoral—but many who would otherwise be good members of society are ruined by such untoward influences. If governments are instituted for the protection and advancement of all—if they are established for the good of humanity, and not merely for the purpose of aiding the selfish and avaricious to accumulate and preserve material wealth, then it is clearly the duty of government to protect, provide for and educate those who in the future will constitute society. Any other view of the case involves the unrepudiated idea that the government is not of the people, and not even for the people except in the sense that it is for their subjection.

That there are many who hold to this aristocratic idea is evident when sentiments in opposition to popular government can be uttered by a prominent citizen in a public address without eliciting a word of disapproval from any leading newspaper. Ex-Judge Shafter, one of the trustees of the Stanford University, in his address at the opening of this institution, as reported in the *Chronicle*, said:

"He was sorry to see embodied in our national Constitution the sophism that government derives its power from the consent of the governed, and hoped that the error of this assertion would be impressed upon the students."

The opinion of Shafter, as an individual, is of no more value than that of other citizens, less perhaps, than that of many, but as a trustee of the University his utterances on such an occasion may be accepted as indicative of the principles which are to be taught in this latest, and in some respects greatest, institution of learning in America; and when such an utterance calls out not one word of dissent from the daily press, the outlook, to say the least, is not encouraging to the lover of republican institutions.

The University was built with money stolen from the people; and, it appears, is to be conducted for the corruption of the people.

Well, possibly nothing better could be expected. The mode of spending is perfectly in harmony with the way of getting.

Mr. Stanford is said to be a Spiritualist. His acts do not prove it. True Spiritualists are well-wishers of the human race; they are advocates of equal rights, lovers of justice, and above all they believe in future rewards and punishments—that "as a man sows, so will he reap," and the harvest of woe that is ripening for some of our robber-rich is appalling to contemplate.

But this is a digression. The subject for consideration is child labor. What sort of "display" it is proposed to make at the World's Fair I am not informed, but I would suggest that some of the physically stunted and mentally dwarfed results of such labor—the prematurely old and permanently blasted specimens of overwork in childhood—be procured and photographs taken for the edification of visitors, with written descriptions of the labor performed and its results as exhibited by the camera. Of course the living specimens would be excluded from the Exhibition building, but possibly a picture might be admissible. Photographs cannot shed tears, as some of the ruined children might, nor curse the public as others would be justly disposed to do, therefore the sad and silent pictures would make nuptial appeals for justice, and some visitors' hearts might be touched.

I would also suggest that the Committee procure copies of Charles Bellamy's admirable story, "An Experiment in Marriage," and after marking all the passages relating to the public care of children, offer the books for sale.

Thousands of visitors would purchase them if they were afforded such an opportunity, as booksellers do not keep the work on their shelves, nor even under their counters, for fear of prosecution at the hands of our legalized censors of the press. Anthony Comstock and his assistants, who are always on the alert to prevent the public from imbibing ideas inimical to our most sacred institutions.

The book was published by the American News Company, more than a year ago, but has not been advertised, although it is far more worthy of circulation than "The Kreutzer Sonata." It depicts a state of society in which the evils set forth in the latter work could not exist.

### Who Bids for the Little Children?

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Who bids for the little children—body and soul and brain?  
Who bids for the little children—fair and without a stain?  
Will no one bid? What no one—for their souls so pure and white

And fit for all good or evil which the world on their page may write?

"I bid" cries Beggary, bowling, "I bid for them one and all!  
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—to lie, to sulk, to crawl!  
They shall sleep in my lair, like maggots; they shall rot in the fair sunshine;

And if they serve my purpose, I hope they will answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher," says Crime with wolfish grin,  
"For I love to lead the children thro' the pleasant paths of sin.  
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer, they shall plague the broad highway,

Till they grow too old for pity, and ripe for the law to slay.

"The prisons and the gallows are plenty in the land;

"Twere folly not to use them, so proudly do they stand.

Give me the little children—I'll take them as they're born

And feed their evil passions with mockery and scorn.

"Give me the little children, ye good, ye rich, ye wise,

And let the busy world spin round, while ye shut your eyes,  
And your judges shall have work, and your lawyers wag the tongue,

And the goalers and policemen shall be fathers to the young."

### The Mad Race for Wealth.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The insatiate desire for wealth has brought this nation to the verge of ruin. The fact is startling, anomalous, yet true. Aaron made a golden calf for the worship of Israel in the wilderness; we worship the gold of which the calf was made. No Moses, though he came direct from the presence of the Eternal, with the laws in his hands, could compel us to resign our god. We have come to love wealth for its own sake, not for the advantages it bestows; as a means of sensual pleasures and not for spiritual gain. Hence has come corruption in high and low places, and wealth has become the crowned king of the world.

Moneybags can do as he pleases, without risk of being out of style, for he makes the style. Moneybags is the autocrat of America. He receives the homage of the nation. He steals a railroad, and founds a theological college; corners the grain market, and builds a church; wrings the last penny from the starving hand of labor, and subscribes to the high salary of the gospel minister, most careful not to mention the ways of this world when he softly dilates on the charms of the golden streets of the next.

Genius may abide its time unless worshipping at this shrine. Genius if applauded must know how to make cents into eagles. Then it is dined and wined and wears silk and soft raiment; gets office; becomes a senator, or perhaps, if excellently skilled in the art of helping itself, of the eminently swinish quality of "noting its way," will become cabinet minister or president. Success will depend on the dollars gained. The wealth of an Edison counts for more than all his inventive skill, and is first spoken of. Had he remained poor, he would be called by the worshippers of the Goulds and Vanderbilts as an unsuccessful genius, well deserving the pity of mankind.

Genius delving after absolute truth, for truth's own sake, is refused the crust from the hands of the servant in Astor's kitchen.

A stranger drops down from, say, the moon, into the center of New York. The first question he will be asked is: "At what hotel do you stay?" "At the Dollar House." "Ah, good day, sir!" "Taken a suite at the Palace, with ten dollar dinners at Delmonico's." "Ah, my dear sir, I congratulate you on your visit, and hope for your intimate acquaintance." Not how much do you know, but how many dollars have you? A dollar a day is beggary; ten dollars respectability, though gained by "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Wealth is a powerful agent; it should be. We do not seek to disparage it. We scorn the folly of making it the end of life.

In this man is unlike all animals. The bee seeks a store of honey against the wants of winter; the squirrel secures a magazine of nuts. It is satisfied with its needs. You never heard of the latter hoarding forty thousand or a million bushels of nuts. No for it would be impossible. He cannot help help; and cannot gather a small bushel alone. Yes, and it would be equally impossible for a man to accumulate as many dollars, if he had not the power of a tyrant to compel others to work for him. No man by honest labor can become vastly wealthy, more than a squirrel can gather a million bushels of nuts. To become so he must receive more than he returns as equivalent. The "balance of trade" must be constantly on his side.

If a squirrel could say, "Here, I own this forest. It came down to me from the antediluvian squirrel saved by Noah, or at least my line is lost in clouds of the past. If you wish to gather nuts, you can do so by giving me half." The trees are loaded with nuts, the ground is covered. There are numerous squirrels, hungry, with hungry broods. They dare not touch a nut, for the owner has the tremendous influence of education and prejudice on his side, carefully instilled for innumerable

able generations, that he has a "vested right," a "divine" charter, which he and his offspring have as a birthright, and so strong is this idea that the squirrels will kill each other for touching a single nut.

They labor assiduously, old and young, carrying one nut to their own hollow tree, and the next to the vast pile of their autocart. They have half as much, or labor twice as hard, or suffer both disadvantages. But they have been so dwarfed that they pay their "rent" and are thankful that instead of a half, it is not nine-tenths which might as well be exacted.

The squirrel is satisfied with the acorns it can accumulate with its own labor. Its desires are unperverted. Better than man it knows the uselessness of stores beyond its essential wants. Search the forests and you will find no venerable, aristocratic squirrel watching his mouldering pile of nuts and acorns, gathered by the toil of others from year to year. There is no law in the forest which enables such to say, "for every nut you eat you must bring one here for me, or if you cannot find one, and are starving, you may take one from this pile, if you will agree to bring me three next year."

Unfortunately, what appears so absurd when applied to the squirrel, is true of man. The aged aristocrat may, after watching his mouldering pile of dollars for a year, until grey with anxiety, and trembling on the brink of the grave, leave all to an orphan asylum, or a charity hospital! seeking posthumous fame which should be branded with infamy and the execrations of right thinking men. Had it not been for rent and interest; for profits never earned; for "vested rights," which are rights of the robber, there would be no orphans to care for, or beggars at the door of charity hospitals.

Small credit gains the man who awaits death before using the means for good placed in his hands.

Colleges, asylums, libraries, founded by the munificence of money-bags on his death bed to gain applause of coming generations is the homage conscience pays to justice; but it is small and puerile atonement. The crowd will gape and repeat your name coupled with your enormous wealth. For what else will you be known?

The masses go and seek to do likewise. The motto has become: Never stand for conscience. Conscience is a bad guide. Play your cards well, and turn a trump if you can, and if you cannot, keep one in your sleeve. Get all you can, and when you approach the end, endow a college to instruct the ignorant, or an asylum for the wayward. You will thereby have enjoyment through life, and the means to make all right at death, and gain a name like Peabody, who, during her direct need and distress, sold his country, to have his body brought home by the navy and received with thundering applause.

In business, religion (far from an assurance of honesty) is a cloak of rascality. The bond is even more necessary from the sanctimonious deacon than the unbeliever. "One cannot be honest and succeed in business," was the honest confession made to me by a church deacon of high standing. "No one expects honesty, under fair words, and there is no show for the strait forward dealer." There it is in its terrible deformity! Dishonor to get the dollar, because the dollar in hand atones for the lie! Spurious wares, shoddy warranted fibre; jute woven into silk; vile rags into woollens; cotton prepared to feel like flannel; sugars made of glucose and white earth; coffee adulterated with peas; spices with dirt; flour with alum; so to the interminable end of the catalogue where ingenuity to defraud gains the miserable penny at the price of honor and the cost of health and human life. Against this mad current, which religion as expressed in the churches has rather aided than resisted, there is now but one force opposed, and that is the new views of life here and hereafter expressed by Spiritualism. That noble philosophy teaches that man does not have to await death to become an immortal spirit. He is a spirit;

immortality being his birthright, and with his first breath on earth he enters the spirit-world and comes into the presence of God.

As an immortal intelligence, started on a journey which shall have only begun when worlds grow old, he cannot afford to waste or divert his energies; be unjust or selfish. Those only who have studied this subject can comprehend the depth, the height, the sweep, of this view of man, his duties and responsibilities. If aught can divert from the insane worship of wealth, and enforce right views of the true objects of life, it is the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

### The Clergy on Spiritualism

The following sensible letter by T. Ernest Allen, Secretary of the American Psychological Society, was in the *Worcester Spy*, of September 28. It explains itself.

EDITOR OF THE SPY.—Your paper for September 14 has reached me, and I hasten to reply to some of the allegations and arguments contained in the report of the sermon preached by Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D. D., upon the previous evening. As I interpret the words of the reverend gentleman, he considers the following to be the strongest argument, and one amply sufficient, against any attempt to communicate with spirits, and therefore against Spiritualism, which is a more or less organic system based upon such communion;

1. The Bible is "the infallible work of God."
2. "What it condemns as wicked and wrong" is "wicked and wrong."
3. The Bible condemns "holding intercourse or attempting to hold intercourse with the departed."
4. Therefore Spiritualism is an "offspring of hell" and a device of Satan.

It is probable that any other arguments made in the sermon might be more or less completely met by calling Dr. McCullagh's attention to the fact that the use of a telegraph line does not depend upon the morality of the operator, since he may transmit pious or blasphemous language, but upon his knowledge of and obedience to the laws which control the working of the system, whence, similarly, we can easily conceive that, if there be laws which render it possible for the so-called dead to communicate with the living, it may well be the case that saints as well as sinners can produce effects. The preacher's argument strikes deeper. He warns us, not against the wicked telegrapher, but against the whole race. If there be any lines joining the two shores we must tear them down, smash the batteries and break up the receiving instruments; the whole business must be stamped out, root and branch.

Doubtless the argument which I have epitomized stands in the minds of thousands of professed Christians all over our country, a breakwater against which the waves of Spiritualism dash without making an impression. But can this breakwater continue to stand? If the argument be valid it ought to stand, and it will; but if, on the other hand, it be fallacious, it ought to fall and it will fall.

Let us examine the first premise: "The Bible is the infallible work of God." Is this true or false? I glance in the faces of many readers as they catch their breath and say, "Surely he is not going to say that this statement is false?" Yes, that is precisely what I am compelled to say. If this premise be true the conclusion does not follow. [Here Mr. Allen calls attention to various interpolated passages and scripture contradictions, and continues:] Those who wish to pursue the question further will find other contradictions and much matter helpful to the understanding of the Scriptures in Rev. J. T. Sunderland's little book, "What is the Bible?" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Why in view of such inconsistencies, do ministers persist in telling their congregations that the Bible is infallible? Not only are there contradictions which cannot be reconciled, but it is demonstrable that, from the nature of the case, a fallible being cannot be the recipient of an infallible revelation. The dogma of infallibility



is everywhere reared as a barricade against human progress. In the fight between Genesis and geology, was not the world told by the preachers that the fossils of fishes were placed high up in the mountains by the devil, to mislead men? Did not geology triumph in the end? Did not a new generation of preachers discover that there never had really been any disagreement between Genesis and science? Has not the evolution philosophy been steadily driving Genesis back from its stronghold? Thus combat is carried on not because the preachers love the truth but because they place creed and dogma above truth. It may be that ministers have been somewhat influenced to assume this attitude because they wished the people to reverence the Bible and feared that the admission that any flaw existed in it would weaken its effect. But, "honesty is the best policy." It is wiser to make a clean breast of it, to ask reverence and obedience for a teaching because it is true and can lead men to purity, righteousness and the establishment of the kingdom of Heaven on earth, not simply because it is in the Bible.

The false dogma of infallibility has led to the use of the Bible in evil and darkness also. This was notably the case in the great anti-slavery agitation. The abolitionists were constantly having the Bible quoted at them. The Hebrews kept slaves, therefore slavery was a divine institution. It is very easy to see now, when every one has been converted to the anti-slavery position, that this was a perverted use of the Scriptures, but how is it when we come to some great unsettled question, like modern Spiritualism? The dogma of infallibility is trotted out as cheerily to prevent an investigation of the subject as though it had never tried to throttle the liberties of our black brethren. Truth is too vital and too precious to longer permit this "lie," albeit "conscientiously and profoundly believed" to stop the way. And yet I am arguing now, not to show that Spiritualism is all or even partially true, but to insist that the Bible shall not be thrown at the heads of people who wish to investigate the subject with a view to finding whatever of truth there may be in this movement.

Setting aside the philosophy which Spiritualists allege to be based upon phenomena, the two most fundamental and important questions involved are:

First, Are there laws in operation through which man can communicate with an extra mundane intelligence?

Second, Does a candid study of all the facts warrant and compel the induction that our friends continue to live after so-called death and that they are indispensable factors in the production of the communications received?

These are scientific not moral questions, and it is as futile to oppose the Bible to the search for truth in this direction as it has proved in the case of geology, and as it is proving in that of evolution. The American Psychical Society has been expressly organized for the purpose of instituting an investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism in accordance with the scientific method.

After stating that he has read published statements etc., bearing upon the subject, but that he has never attended a seance, Dr. McCullagh says: "You may ask, am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject? I answer, it is no more necessary to know more, than it is to attend a mosque to discover the truth and errors in Mohammedanism."

Turning from this for a time, let us read a portion of an interview with Rev. Minot J. Savage, president of the American Psychical Society, published in the Boston Globe of Feb. 11:

"I have been quietly investigating psychic phenomena for the past 15 years. My motive? In the first place it has not been curiosity. I have observed the fact that thousands of people are being deluded by Spiritualism, if it is a delusion—and you make the 'if' a good sized one—and I have had no end of people come to me for advice. I made up my mind that it was part of my equipment as a minister to know something about it. I felt that I ought to be able to give inquirers something more than a prejudice. I had been convinced that it was either the most important truth or the saddest

delusion of the modern world. I have rigidly followed the scientific method in all my investigations, first trying to be sure of my facts without any prejudice of what those facts ought to be, then trying to find out what they meant. The present status of the matter I believe to be just about here:

"Hypnotism, which was for a long time ridiculed and rejected, is now accepted by everybody, and is even being used in the practice of medicine by old style physicians. While a great many persons who claim to be clairvoyants are not, yet that clairvoyance is a genuine power is established beyond reasonable question. In the next place, telepathy, or mind reading, or the impression made on one mind by another at a distance, is established as a reality. But of course neither of these establishes Spiritualism.

"In regard to Spiritualism there are two points I would like to make: I have been told things which the medium did not know, but which I did know, so many times that the medium has worn off. I have always said in such cases, wonderful as they are, that they do not go far enough to demonstrate the central claim of Spiritualism. The second point I want to make—an<sup>1</sup> here is what staggers me—is this; I have been told things which neither the medium nor myself knew, or could by any possibility have known. If there is any other theory than the spiritualistic one to explain facts of this sort I don't know what it is. I can't explain certain experiences of this sort except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligences. I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with."

In answer to the question of the Worcester divine: "Am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject?" I say yes, you are. For, first inspired by the false doctrine of Bible infallibility, you sweep away at one blow the possibly true and false, good and bad, in Spiritualism; whereas, without that vitating prepossession you would see that here, as in all realms of hum in experience, it is necessary to discriminate between these opposites.

Second, the average Orthodox minister is well aware of the solvent effect of a belief in Spiritualism upon creeds, that it is very rarely that both can maintain their hold upon a mind, and so his partisan ire is raised against it, and as a rule he fails to handle the subject in a judicial manner. Third, the doctor's method is wrong. Spiritualism can not be judged from any one book, far less from the sporadic statements which appear in the secular press. One who wants the truth must plunge farther beneath the surface of the stream of Spiritualistic literature than Dr. McCullagh, judging from his sermon, has done. And, at the present juncture, since these phenomena, if not all illusory, constitute the subject matter of a possible science, it is also necessary that he should study the subject at first hand with mediums, public or private.

How does one would be guide know that in sweeping away Spiritualism in such a disdainful manner as "the oilspiring of hell" he may not at the same time be turning his back upon a possible offspring of heaven? Nay, more, since he seems to concede that the Spiritualists have some genuine phenomena, it is not now incumbent upon him, the Bible infallibility prop having given away, to unfold to us the philosophical principles upon which he relies in drawing the conclusion that the wires of communion connecting with hell do a lively business, while those connecting with the realms of light are almost perfectly abandoned or were torn down when the vision of the Apocalypse closed? "It may be," says the Doctor "that the spirits of the sainted dead come back, but only when sent by God." How can he know that such a return is as infrequent as his words seem to imply? It is to try to answer some of many questions that arise that the American Psychical Society has been formed, and its methods will be different from those followed by the gentleman whose thought I am reviewing.

In conclusion let me repeat that I do consider him disqualified from speaking on the subject.

T. ERNEST ALLEN,  
Unitarian clergyman and Secretary American Psychical Society,  
Providence, R. I., Sept. 22 1891.

## A Vindication.

States of a Vaunted Science Before the Higher Claims of Spiritualism.

BY A. J. SWARTS, PH. D.

[From the Progressive Thinker.]

For a long time the writer hereof has been inclined by invisible power and by justice to ask the privilege of laying before your readers a few historic facts, and of giving a brief survey of the rise and decline of a system known in the public mind as Christian Science. Many of your readers write me in relation to it, and ask questions involving earnest solicitude. Having, as you know, established and edited the *Mental Science Magazine* several years, and having taken so active a part in this system in both the West and East, it is fitting for me to answer their questions with facts. Some of them say: "As you have been a Christian Scientist so long, or hold with them, how is it that you are working also in the line of Spiritualism." Another says: "While Christian Scientists say, 'Mediumship is a crime and Spiritualism is a humbug,' I do not see how you can agree with them and still be a Spiritualist." To these and all I say emphatically, I do not agree with them, and I strongly object to the term "Christian Science," and have for nearly four years.

Justice ever says, "Honor to whom honor is due," hence the quietness of Spiritualists toward the above-named sect leads me to a review of the past, while charity seems a willing mantle in their hands. During the years that Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan and other able writers defended so justly the true term and fact of spirit-healing as against the denial of Christian Scientists, the new move was on the crest of high tide. The public gave attention to results rather than to the cause of power which produced the results. Although I had been instructed in a class by Mrs. Eddy, the alleged founder of Christian Science, still after that, in the winter of 1884, I wrote to many defenders of Spiritualism urging them to lift their voice and pen in defense of the system of spirit cure, that had come by evolutionary order to our spiritual philosophy, instead of allowing its usurpation by the airtightness of craft in a mere title. Among those whom I addressed were Prof. Henry Kiddle, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Emma H. Britten, Lyman C. Howe, Charles Dawbarn and others. They replied in accordance with our views, but advised the leaving of it to the natural trend of things to be adjudicated by the court of time.

Every fundamental principle in this so-called science had been held and practiced by Dr. Phineas P. Quimby, of Maine, from about the year 1848, when he was a public mesmerist and lecturer. In April, 1888, I visited Portland and Belfast in Maine, to gather facts. At the latter place, Dr. Quimby's former home, I visited Geo. A. Quimby, his son, and another son, a banker there. From these gentlemen of prominence, as also from editors and others, I obtained a fund of valuable information, as well as documentary evidence, which I still hold. Part of this evidence is authenticated newspaper articles, covering the doctor's work and cures from 1844 to January, 1866, when he deceased. It is a fact often alleged by Mental Scientists (but denied by Christian Scientists) that Geo. Quimby possesses history and writings by his father that settle forever the claim that to him spiritual beings first gave spiritual metaphysical healing, instead of to the lady whom they led to him for cure twenty years after he had been healing by the understanding of spiritual or mental forces. It is a fact not yet known by the public, that in Geo. A. Quimby's safe he has letters written by Mrs. Eddy in May, 1862—she was then Mrs. Patterson. The said letters were addressed to Dr. Quimby, showing that she was planning to visit him for cure by his new method of healing. I saw these letters in her own writing, and she went to him in the International House, Portland, in June, 1862, to be cured. In the *Portland Advertiser*, the *Evening Courier* and other papers, she wrote interesting articles that summer about Mr. Quimby's new system of cure, and in them she

compared him with Christ, and even asked: "Is not this the modern Christ?" She eulogized him with voice and verse, and told of her quick recovery from invalidism by his new system, so that, as she said, she "ascended in a few days to the dome of the city hall, 183 steps."

Dr. Quimby called it the "Science of Health and Happiness," and this is still the name of his manuscripts preserved by his son. He also spoke of it as the "Science of Christianity." Miss Ware (her father was judge of the U. S. Court) told me that when she was secretary for Dr. Quimby, he often entertained a company of friends with his explanations of the new system. She and others still say that he called it by the above names. If to the term of Christian Science any special honor attaches, it belongs to him who first called it the "Science of Christianity," for from that the transposed form came. It was also by a stroke of the pen that the name of his writings, "Science of Health and Happiness," were, ten years after his demise, changed to the name of the book, "Science and Health." "Of" was displaced by "and," while "Happiness" was dropped entirely. Yes the book, "Science and Health," derived its name from the name which Dr. Quimby gave to his new system, and to his accumulated writings. As the author of the said work had been an apt contributor to Godey's *Lady's Book*, and became a patient and a scribe at the Quimby forum, she readily obtained ideas of the new science or system of healing, which he, Dr. Evans, and others, as magnetic and spiritual healers, had used many years prior to her visit.

While all these facts are established, and will go down as history, it will serve justice, and is proper to inquire, "What did Dr. Quimby claim or practice as the *modus operandi* by which he discovered the cause of disease and cured it?" It would interest inquirers to read the articles I obtained, but they cannot come into the space of this contribution. I can furnish some that would show that this system of scientific spiritual healing came to afflicted humanity as a part of and at the time that Spiritualism made its advent by raps and other phenomena, in 1848. It would establish the further facts that the modes of operation employed by Dr. Quimby were those which have been the recognized methods of Spiritualism during its entire history. I may be allowed room for one or two brief extracts, and if so, it will be seen that clairvoyance and true mediumship, as also the interesting science of Mesmerism, were the means used to bring this boon, or spiritual method of cure, to the race. If these facts are established, who will prove able to longer distort justice, or to wrest one honor from the star-lit galaxy of our grand spiritual philosophy?

The editor of the *Bangor (Maine) Jeffersonian* made extended reports at various dates. From one of these, written in 1856, I quote:

"A gentleman of Belfast, P. P. Quimby, who was remarkably successful as an experimenter in mesmerism some sixteen years ago, and has continued his investigations in psychology, has discovered, and in his daily practice carries out, a *new principle* in the treatment of disease. . . . His theory is that the mind gives immediate form to the animal spirit, and that the animal spirit gives form to the body. His first course in the treatment of a patient is to sit down beside him and to put himself *en rapport* with him, which he does without producing the mesmeric sleep. He says that in every disease the animal spirit or spiritual form is somewhat disconnected from the body, and that when he comes *en rapport* with a patient, he sees that spirit form standing beside the body; that it imparts to him all its grief, and the cause of it, which may have been mental trouble, or a shock to the body, or over-fatigue, excessive cold or heat. This impresses the mind with anxiety, and the mind, reacting upon the body, produces disease. . . . With this spirit form Dr. Quimby converses, and endeavors to win it away from its grief, and when he has succeeded in doing so, it disappears, and reunites with the body. In a short time the spirit again appears, exhibiting some new phase of trouble."

Another editor there, writing under date of Feb. 15, 1844, says: "Mr. Quimby has exhibited specimens of clairvoyance with his intelligent young man, Lucius Bickford, to our citizens, for the last two evenings, with great approbation in all his experiments in this mysterious and wonderful science. A gentleman present, with whom he was in communication, was intimately acquainted with the Governor's palace at Havana, where he conveyed the clairvoyant, and to the astonishment of all present, Lucius described not only that, but the other important public buildings near it, some that the gentleman himself had forgotten until reminded of them by the young man."

On February 14, 1862, Dr. Quimby contributed a long article over his own signature to the *Portland Advertiser*. In it are interesting facts, such as "Clairvoyance is very rare," (this was thirty years ago), "and can be easily tested by blindfolding the subject and giving him a book to read. If he can read without seeing, that is conclusive evidence that he has independent sight. This was my test during my experiments. I arrived at the stand I now take, viz., that the cure is not in the medicine a doctor may give, but in the confidence of the doctor or medium."

From these brief extracts it is not evident that Dr. Quimby was led by superhuman intelligence, and that he diagnosed disease by the spiritual or mediumistic methods which many of us in spiritual philosophy and spiritual science use for cure? He was a great spiritual healer and intended to take up public healing later on, but overwork for others wound up his mortal career.

On April 26, 1888, a Mrs. Brooks, then in Portland, a Congregationalist, yet a medium, was controlled to see and hear interesting things, and she sent word to Mrs. J. M. Hussey, 58 Oxford street, Portland, where I was stopping, directing her to tell me that in a strange experience some spiritual being influenced her brain and told her he was Dr. Quimby. This spirit said to her: "Mr. Swarts is going up to my old home to get some papers about my earth work. I shall go ahead of aim and prepare the way, so he can get some papers." This lady knew nothing about Quimby, nor what it meant, but it greatly stimulated my hope. I was pointedly refused at first, as George Quimby will remember when his eyes may see this. I kept quiet, however, as I was instantly charged from head to foot with a strong invisible battery that I shall never forget. A few words followed, in which I acquiesced, then this gentleman began to express kindness and confidence. He reached me a book of 116 pages, filled with writings and articles of his father's work, and told me I might copy from it all I desired.

I had often been impressed with the influence of the immortal Dr. Quimby, and it is highly probable that this spirit brought about that public healing in science that occurred first in Marshall, Michigan, in July, 1885. In that meeting of forty people there were five important cures. Although this was in our Science work, still it is a fact that healing circles or meetings are common among Spiritualists. Prominent Spiritualists of Cleveland will remember a message that came from Dr. Quimby to me through a medium there nearly two years ago, and it was sent to me by her husband F. Muhlhauser.

Dr. Quimby manipulated the head of a majority of his patients. Some he cured by conversation and mental power only. She who has claimed to be the discover and founder of all this metaphysical system copied him also in manipulating her patients at first, and permitted her early students to do the same, as she admits. She also imitated and practiced mediumship when she was spiritually led. I can give the names of more than one who heard her giving public tests in former years.

Although I lost over 1,500 subscribers for my magazine very soon after I reported in it the result of my fact-gleaning in Maine, I still said, let justice be done. The most of the 1,500 were Christian Scientists and direct sympathizers. If I had it to do over, and knew that it would cost me my magazine, as it did, I could not do less, and I regret it not. It is a fact that nearly every healer or

worker who has wrought much as a Christian Scientist came from the ranks of Spiritualism. It is also true that there are in our land to-day ten mental or spiritual scientists to one of the straight-jacket of the above sect. They are now regarded by their own best lights as merely a Christian or religious sect.

To the vast multitudes in our spiritual philosophy, and to those in spiritual science, I desire to extend the most fraternal hand. There is no system on earth that equals the grand works of our higher Spiritualism. To it there is more honor due for wonderful achievements than to any other system on earth. When we scientists have cured and said it was God that did it, I say emphatically that none of us ever gave a successful treatment, only as spirit power or invisible forces were back of every effort. I am fully content to labor side by side with true men and women for the full defense of our noble Spiritualism. There is no science higher than the departments and systems ruled to-day by its life, wisdom and power.

362 W. Madison st., Chicago.

### In the Face of Death.

The following, from *Lucifer*, Topeka, Kansas, was written by the late S. N. Wood, while very ill, and not expecting to recover: Let my funeral be as quiet as possible. I do not want any show or parade, I prefer that no show be made of my body. Don't wear mourning. I am not dead. What you see of me is only my body, for which I no longer have any use, and I cast it off as I would a suit of old clothes. I wish there was a furnace where it could be reduced to ashes and thus be dissolved into its original elements and not have to be buried, filling the air with noxious gases, endangering the lives of the living. You can bury only my body. I have departed from it, as life always departs from death. I am with you. I witness your every act. Cheer up: "death is only transition"; "man, though apparently dead, still lives," lives as a conscious, distinct entity.

I feel, as I write this, no concern for the future. I am persuaded by study and research that life in the spiritual world commences where it ends here; hence the advantage of well spent lives, full of good works. I believe in no deathbed repentance. I have tried to believe the dogmas of the churches, but the more I have tried and the more diligently I have investigated, the more firmly I am convinced they are not true, but rather a cunningly devised scheme of the priesthood to live upon the people. Heaven and hell are conditions, not places. God should be spelled with two "O's" (good); devil without "D" (evil).

I reject all the dogmas of the church. My religion is a sincere desire to do right, to do the most possible good in this world. I believe sincerely in the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." As I have lived, so I am willing to die. For these reasons I want no religious ceremonies over my body; no priest, no pastor to officiate. Let ministers and churches quit worrying about the after life, and go to work to solve the problems of *this* life. If possible, let them prepare the people to live *here*. Let them teach us our duty to each other and mankind.

I cannot conceive of any beginning to this world. Generations may come and go, but the earth will continue forever. Matter and spirit may change their form, but there is no such thing as annihilation. I believe firmly in a future life, or rather, I know there is a future life. I hail the separation from the body, called death, as a joyful change.

Read this as a reason for rejecting all ceremonies at my funeral. I realize the hardship of parting with the friends here, but I have hosts on the other side waiting for me. I am, beloved, yours,  
S. N. WOOD.

The following epitaph is in Lanesboro, S. C.: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble-cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, \$250."

## An Open Letter to a Clergyman.

BY G. D. STEEDINS.

[From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

A few weeks ago I had a conversation with a clergyman of the liberal faith—a man of real merit and of fine spiritual culture, but who, like too many of his class, fails to appreciate the need and the high importance of modern Spiritualism. Some part of my reply to his objections I will put in the form of an open letter, which may reach others in whose minds like objections may exist.

MY FRIEND: In our last pleasant interview the conversation turned largely on Spiritualism, you leading it that way. You expressed no prejudice, but a wish that the truth of spirit-presence might be established. Neither did you carp at imperfections, but sensibly remarked that "to err is human" everywhere.

Yet you seemed to me to fail of any fit realization of the far-reaching importance of the matter. I remember you said: "I do not know of anything new or important which has purported to come from the spirit-world. What comes is well enough, but common-place." Suppose you should visit Rev. James Martineau for a brief hour, others with you interrupting the flow of thought, and that you should not take pains to meet him again. Your talk would be of common things, pleasant enough yet not specially instructive. Should you judge the learned divine by your brief interview you would greatly underrate him. This is the way most persons judge Spiritualism even when they profess to investigate it. A sitting or two, some facts rather surprising yet common-place,—that it all, and nothing more is sought for.

What more could be expected? When you meet a friend or a stranger, the first words are introductory and familiar,—utterances of good will, news of family and friends and the matters of daily life. It takes time, familiarity and repeated conversations to open hearts and minds and lead to larger and richer topics, to the interchange of precious experiences and cherished thoughts. So it is with people from the life beyond. Suppose William Ellery Channing should come through some medium, could you expect him to reveal the wealth of his spiritual gifts to a company of strangers in a half hour? Those who have persevered through months and years of wise investigation, have gained the proof positive of immortality,—the evidence through the senses to verify the soul's intuitive faith. They have gained, too, a clear sense of the naturalness of the higher life, of its amplexure for growth and work—a sense which is leavening the thought of millions who know not from whence it comes, and is powerfully uplifting and rationalizing our views of the future life. Written and spoken messages and addresses, purporting to come from from the spirit-world—from the world of causes to this outer world of effect—are also extant, which are sometimes of singular merit and eloquence.

I do not suppose that right and wrong—the ethics and morals, the religion and philosophy of life in the great hereafter are unlike those here. "Over there," it will be only moving along the same lines as here, but farther on and up, with clearer sight and broader view. The conditions of that future life we can but dimly comprehend. True it is that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the imagination of man to conceive them."

The daily life of a civilized man here is beyond the comprehension of the savage, yet it is developed from the crudeness of primeval savagism; so the glories of the celestial life are beyond the comprehension of those in the terrestrial life, yet the glimpses we get of them show that they are growths in a fairer clime from our life here. Surely such glimpses are not commonplace, but of entrancing interest and high value. The continuity of high life, the truth that man cannot die, the nearness of the life beyond, the open door between us and the spirit-world are not new, but never have they been so illustrated and emphasized, never brought home to so many hearts and minds as to-day—coming like balm to the wounded heart and light to the darkened soul, and giving large scope to the unfettered yet reverent thoughts. Spiritualism has

been a leading power in this great change, and its work is only begun.

You spent seven years in college and divinity school, and put heart and mind to your work, to be fit to begin to preach. Have you spent seven months in the study and investigation of Spiritualism? "New occasions teach new duties."

Is it not blindness in religious teachers to neglect this duty of to-day? You and your liberal religious brethren accept no frivolities in faith or spiritual knowledge, and are bound by no dogmatic limitations. Therefore it is especially incumbent on you to follow the light and avoid the poor ways of those who, "having eyes see not." The power of persons in the spirit-world to come to us implies our power to go to them. Not only is spirit guidance and influence true, but the open vision of the seer on earth, by which he sees and holds converse with supernal beings, as did Swedenborg comes with the culture of our interior powers. Those powers have been little known, but a new sense of their splendor is dawning upon us, and the quickening of our inner life which has come with modern Spiritualism has brought the glory of this dawning light.

No land is without its Spiritualists. Not among the vulgar and ignorant, but among the thoughtful middle class and those illustrious in worth and ability, do we find this "great cloud of witnesses." From Melbourne and Bombay to Paris and London, and to New York and San Francisco, the intelligent powers bringing its messages and manifestations make the same claim. They say: "We are people from the life beyond." Has this world-wide statement been commonplace and familiar in the past? It was only known in isolated cases until within less than half a century. It tells of a flood of light from the spirit-world, coming when we need it and are somewhat prepared to accept it.

The people of Judaea gladly heard Christ's sermon on the mount, while the chief priests held his words too plain and familiar to be worth attention. You and your clerical brethren of the liberal and enlarging faith have too much heart and light to follow their poor example and ignore this "great cause, God's new Messiah."

DETROIT, MICH.

## The Silver Lining

BY HELEN KEITH.

A fisherman sat in his door one day,  
Watching the clouds that, heavy and gray,  
Obscured the sunlight's shining;  
And said to Bright Eyes at his knees:  
"Look yonder out in the west and see  
The cloud with the silver lining."

I think when our skies are cold and gray,  
And we vainly seek to find the way,  
Somewhere the light is shining,  
If we bravely resolve to do our part,  
And bear our griefs with a patient heart,  
And free from all repining,

We shall be led to a higher way,  
To a better work than we do to-day,  
And find love's sunlight shining;  
For truth of spirit and strength of soul  
Will make the darkest cloud unroll  
And show its silver lining.

HEAVIEST HUMAN BRAINS ON RECORD.—Rustan, an ignorant unknown laborer, had a brain that weighed 78.5 oz. (See *Brain weight of Man.* Bonn, 1886, page 137.) A Chippewa Indian squaw had 73.5 ounces of brain, although she died at 85 years of age. (See "A Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences," New York, 1889, page 165.) The average weight of male brains is given by Dr. Flint of New York at 50 ounces. Brain weight is no index of mental power.—*Dr. Sims.*



### To The Spiritualists of the United States.

In view of the rapid advance of the cause of Spiritualism during the past few years, it has been deemed advisable, in the face of the present interest manifested, to make a practical endeavor towards organizing believers and advocates of Spiritualism into a body politic or social.

But as a basis is necessary on which to build the structure, and all do not agree on what is generally termed the philosophy of Spiritualism, the following cardinal points pertaining to the phenomena (on which none disagree) are presented for consideration:

1. That there is no death except that of the body.
2. That the soul is immortal and eternally progressive.
3. That spirit return and communication with mortals through mediumship or otherwise is an accepted fact, and
4. That individual, moral responsibility is recognized.

Therefore, with the hope of more widely disseminating the proofs of immortality with its natural moral effects; to place ourselves in position to protect ourselves from unjust legislation; to provide homes and hospitals, and to create funds and provide custodians thereof; and recognizing the truth of the maxim "in union there is strength," it is thought advisable to meet in national convention to take such action as will effect the above named objects according to the following plan:

1. That the place of meeting be at St. Louis, and the date the first Tuesday of March, 1892.

2. That all Spiritualists are invited to attend, properly accredited by certificate of membership of any Spiritual society or Spiritual campmeeting association, or evidence of being a regular subscriber to one of the following named journals: Banner of Light, Boston, Mass; Religio Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.; Progressive Thinker, Chicago, Ill.; Summerland, of Summerland, Cal.; Carrier Dove, of San Francisco, Cal.; Alcyone, of Springfield, Mass., and The Better Way, of Cincinnati, O.

For the purpose of expediting the preliminary work, a representative shall be selected from the staff of each of the above named journals, and the representatives so selected shall act as an Executive Committee, and shall meet at Chicago, in the parlors of the Auditorium Hotel on Tuesday, the fifth day of January, 1892, at 2 P. M., and at this meeting organize by selecting from their number a chairman, secretary and treasurer, and appoint sub-committees to arrange for hall and hotel for the general convention, and to arrange transportation on the usual certificate plan, and appoint one person to sign such certificates; to select, as near as possible, a representative for each state to act as committee on credentials, which shall convene on the first day of the convention, and act upon all credentials presented.

In order to assist this committee in making arrangements with hotels, railroads, etc., each person expecting to attend is requested to notify either of the above named journals by letter prior to January 1, 1892.

#### FUNDS.

The sum of \$200 has been subscribed towards carrying out this plan, but as the expenses attending this move will undoubtedly be large, and not possible to be met by one person, others are requested to donate according to their means, and notify any of the herein named journals to that effect.

#### REMARKS.

All societies and associations should have this matter brought to the notice of their members at an early date, and promptly ascertain the number that will attend the St. Louis convention, and devise some form of credential with signature of officer or officers.

The above named journals should, in every issue of their paper, request patrons desiring to attend the St. Louis convention to send name and address to their respective paper, on receipt of which the publisher will forward a certificate to the effect that he is a regular subscriber. Each subscriber thus equipped must, on his arrival at the place of meeting, present his certificate to the committee on credentials for further information.

The Executive Committee, immediately after the Chicago meeting, will notify the friends through their respective journals, of the hotel and railroad rates and the quarters selected for the general meeting, and also the headquarters for the respective states.

Every one attending the convention is requested to report first to the headquarters of his state, and thus assist the work of the general committee on credentials.

It might be suggested as a close that every one come with the purpose of acting rather than discussing.

*For editorial remarks on the foregoing, see page 31.*

### Another Famous Man saw Spirits.

Walter Besant, a famous English author, "Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund," educated at King's College, London, and Christ's College, Cambridge, England, gaining high mathematical honors; author of many successful novels and plays, and other valuable and able works, writes to the *Pall Mall Budget* the following:

My personal experience of spooks is not much, but it is, perhaps, more than falls to the lot of most. The first "figure" I ever saw was about 6 o'clock on an evening in September. I had been writing up to the last moment of daylight; it became too dark for me to see any longer and I knocked off. As I turned from the window I became aware that a female figure was in the room; it made no sign, but it moved about noiselessly. As I looked it disappeared. I was then living as a bachelor in chambers, and my outer door was closed so that no one could be in the room except myself.

Another experience, and a far more singular one, was this. I was traveling in Northumberland. The day I had spent in driving over a wild and lonely moor to a village set in the midst of it—a village built round the quadrangle of what had been a monastery. There was the old gate left; part of the buildings; part of the wall; the quiet village inclosed by the old wall; the convent chapel, now the parish church; there were only two or three hundred people living here; outside ran and bubbled the trout stream with its high bank covered with bushes and brambles and wild flowers. All round stretched the moor. At the inn, where I took some tea or something, they talked to me about the past; the place was filled with echoes of the past; whispers and voices were heard at night; things had been seen in the bedrooms.

A wonderful place; no where else in England is there such a wonderful place. I drove back and spent the evening alone in my inn, reading certain books of the Queen Anne time, and at 11 o'clock went off to bed. My room was a very old room, and the inn itself was at least three hundred years old.

All this is introduction in order to show you why the thing that I saw took the shape that it did. For in the middle of the night I woke up suddenly and sat up startled. I found the room perfectly light; the door, which I had locked, flew open, and there walked in three ladies, dressed in the Queen Anne costume, with the pretty old still cardboard ornament of the head and everything. Never before had I understood how beautiful was the Queen Anne dress. The ladies sitting down on chairs round the fire (which was now burning merrily) began to talk, but I know not what they said. Suddenly—it shames me to confess the thing—I was seized with a horrid terror. I leaped from the bed, pulled back the curtains and pulled up the blind. It was about three in the morning, and twilight. Then I turned to my visitors; they slowly faded away. The light slowly went out of the room; the fire slowly burned low; the figures slowly became faint; they slowly vanished. Who were they? Well. You see that I have seen things."

A preacher who arrived at the Kirk west through, asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied: "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

### The Ecumenical Conference and the World's Fair.

The Methodist Episcopal Conference, recently in session at Washington, resolved to petition the United States Commission of the Columbian Exposition to close the Fair on Sundays. The following is a copy:

The Ecumenical Methodist Conference, composed of 500 ministers and laymen, and representing the Methodist churches throughout the world, respectfully petition your honorable body to prevent the proposed opening of the World's Columbian Exposition on the Lord's Day. We make this petition for the following reasons:

1. It is the religious conviction of the great majority of Christian people that man needs and God commands the observance of the Sabbath.

2. The opening of the Exposition on Sunday would violate the Sabbath-keeping traditions of the American people and their Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and also the laws of the United States and Illinois.

3. The Columbian Exposition ought to exhibit to visitors from other lands a characteristic Christian American Sunday rather than a weekly holiday.

4. The proposed opening Sunday would deprive the thousands of employes in the service of the Exposition of their right to one day in seven for rest and worship. The same injustice would be done to the many thousands in the employment of the transportation companies. It would also furnish an excuse to employers for refusing to grant holidays for the purpose of visiting the Exposition which would otherwise be given to their employes.

5. The spirit of the movement to open the Exposition on Sunday is not philanthropic, but mercenary. It is not primarily to give the workmen a chance to visit the Exposition, but to increase the gains of the transportation companies and others who are large stockholders in the Exposition.

6. As an offset to the plea that the stockholders will lose money if the Exposition is not open Sunday we beg leave to remind you that the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was a financial success with the gates closed Sunday.

7. We have reason to believe that many exhibitors from Great Britain and other Christian lands will refuse to expose their exhibits on Sunday, thus rendering the Sunday exhibit very unsatisfactory to visitors, and at the same time silently rebuking the mercenary spirit that would open the gates that day.

### They Give us Work.

[From *Infant Terrible*.]

By the assistance of two horses a man was enabled to till ground from which he gathered 1000 bushels of corn and 500 bushels of oats in one year. A wild horse poked his nose into the barn window one day and said that the farmer carefully measured out to these horses small quantities of oats and that he counted the ears of corn he gave them. And the wild horse said:

"Is not this slavery?"

And the domesticated horses said:

"If it were not for the farmer we should die; he gives us work."

One hundred men live in a township. Ninety-nine work for one. Ninety-nine have \$1.00 a day each for their labor; one has \$99.00 a day and does no work. Ask one of the ninety-nine whether this seems to him fair and he will say:

"Number One Hundred is a splendid fellow; if it were not for him we should starve; he gives us work."

Three hundred coal miners worked ten hours a day in dirt, danger and discomfort. They received per month, some enough to pay for the powder with which they did the blasting, others a few dollars more, and the few very fortunate ones, favored by the boss with superior allotments in mine-locations, \$2.50 a day. The owner of the mine never put a pick in the earth, but he wore fine raiment and rode about in palace cars. And the men said:

"He is our reliance; without him we should starve; he gives us work."

[Written for *The Carrier Dove*.]

### Memory Bells.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Sweet memory bells! when hopes ran high  
And spring's rare flowers were blooming bright,  
We heeded not the gathering storms  
That wrapped us in the gloom of night.

We struggled on through hopes and fears  
And laughed at Fate in childish glee;  
Believing that, through storm-clouds dark,  
We should the silver lining see.

With aspirations high and pure  
We climbed the steeps in search of Fame—  
With weary feet and care-worn brow  
Discovered but an empty name.

Then, weaving garlands for the brows  
Of others we had timely met,  
At last beheld how jewels rare  
Are placed in life's bright coronet.

Dear memory bells! your grandest chimes  
Wake chords of blisful harmony;  
And all the shadows of the past  
Then flee before thy melody.

For harmony is heaven's key-note;  
No golden gates enrough! with pearls  
Can shut away harmonious strains  
Of melody from a waiting world.

Oh memory bells! we hear your chime  
Far-wafted down the gliding years—  
Sweet tones from youth's fair rosy morn  
Are mingled with our hopes and fears.

We softly lift the curtain'd past,  
Review sad lessons o'er and o'er,  
Until the heart has larger grown,  
The head far wiser than before.

Dear memory bells! your mellow tones  
Come echoing back with sweet refrain;  
And heart-chords that so long were still  
Now vibrate at love's touch again;

And sweeter strains of music thrill  
The waiting heart, the yearning soul—  
Just recompense for loving deeds  
That shine on life's unwritten scroll.

O, joy bells list! we hear you still;  
You've rung us many a merry chime.  
When hearts were light and cares were few  
Our mumble feet kept perfect time.

With sweet accord we give to thee  
The brightest spot on memory's page;  
Thy silvery chimes will help renew  
Our youthful freshness to old age.

Sterling, Ill.

Bear constantly a manly part in the battle of life. Shun meanness and deceit. Practice sobriety and patience. Be true to yourselves and to your friends. Be ever ready, according to the abundance of your stores to alleviate suffering and distress, and be certain that when you arrive at the close of an honorable, honored, and useful existence, for you there will be a rich and glorious reward in the future life.—*Dr. J. Simms.*

### Ecclesiasticism The Deadly Parasite.

[From the Religion Pseudo-sophical Journal.]

Never was there in this country such a wide-spread and determined effort by Ecclesiasticism to abridge liberty as that now in progress demanding the closing of the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday. The indigo-hued parasite which first fastened its life-sapping tentacles on the eastern coast has extended its rootlets in to every part of this vast country. Vigilance is required to prevent its absolutely killing the liberty tree on whose succulent juices it has waxed strong and proud.

An insatiable, hydra-headed monster, Ecclesiasticism shows its fangs in every locality; reaches out its Briarian arms to grasp control of every great activity, aiming not only to have the earth and the inhabitants thereof but to jump every claim in heaven and hell. Her devotees seek to found in this land of the free and home of the brave a Puritanic oligarchy which shall dominate the souls and bodies of all human beings within its borders and eventually of all lands, and fix their destiny for this life and the life beyond. In the name of Christ whose teachings they ignore, and of whose spirit they have no conception, is this warfare against liberty, equality and fraternity waged, and this oligarchic sway sought.

On another page [page 312 of the DOVE] appears the bull of the Ecumenical Methodist conference evolved from the Puritanical brain of a doctor of divinity and promulgated by that would-be august body as the sentiment of a great sect. We ask every intelligent liberty-loving person to carefully study the spirit of that remarkable document; remarkable for its falsehoods, its misrepresentations, its pseudo-religious pretensions, and its arrogant assumptions. The dangerous proclivities of Ecclesiasticism were scarcely ever more clearly pictured than, unwittingly, by her henchmen and would-be rulers of men in this Methodist bull, which for audacity and arrogance has seldom been rivalled by any Papal bull. Unlike the bulls from Rome it will prove impotent. Its fatuousness is apparent to all but those whom the slimy touch of Ecclesiasticism has diseased with theological ophthalmia.

The Rev. Dr. Curtis, of Chicago, prefaced the introduction of his document by declaring that the local directory of the Fair is under the control of the railroads, street-car companies, and the brewers; and that all these corporations are clamoring to have the Exposition open Sunday. Nothing could be false than these assertions of this "man of God" as he calls himself. The "local directory" upon which Dr. Curtis vents his spleen is composed of very able men who cannot be controlled in the interest of any special class or classes of stockholders. The World's Columbian Exposition is a corporation organized under the laws of Illinois, and its purpose is precisely what its name implies, and not to make money either for its own stockholders, or for transportation companies or brewers. It is probable there is not a stockholder in the whole number who would not be satisfied to get back half his money after the close of the enterprise. There has not only been no "clamoring" for Sunday opening on the part of the transportation companies and brewers, but no request from these or any other stockholders to the directory.

Furthermore the present board of directors have not the authority to decide the question of Sunday opening; they cannot bind their successors. The board in existence when the Fair is opened will be the body on which devolves the responsibility of deciding the Sunday question. The implication of possible criminal action on the part of the local directory and of corrupt motives, could not have found utterance other than through the lips of a man lacking keen moral sense, nor have been formally promulgated by other than a body of ambitious ecclesiastics.

Dr. Curtis and his Methodist confederates of the Ecumenical

Conference declare that Sunday opening of the Fair would be a violation of the laws of the United States and of Illinois. This assertion is either an exposition of ignorance or a premeditated falsehood; the Methodist magnates may say which. There is no national Sunday law; nor can the U. S. Government dictate to Illinois or any other state on this question. The Illinois statute on which the Ecumenical Conference presumably bases its assertion in referring to the laws of this state reads: "Whoever disturbs the peace and good order of society by labor (works of necessity or charity excepted) or by any amusement or diversion on Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding \$25. . . . This statute, enacted in 1845, it will be seen does not declare that there shall be no "labor, amusement or diversion on Sunday." It only provides for the punishment of whoever disturbs the peace and good order of society by labor or any amusement or diversion. If peace and good order are maintained that is all there is demanded. If the statute had been framed with the design of prohibiting labor on Sunday, there would have been no qualification in regard to disturbing the peace and good order of society any more than there is in the statute against keeping open tipping houses on Sunday, which reads: "Whoever keeps open any tipping house or place where liquor is sold or given away upon the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be fined," etc. It is universally known that in the state of Illinois and in the city of Chicago people ride for pleasure, visit the parks, where they lie on the grass, listen to music, view the animals and flowers and are pleased and entertained on a grand scale by public corporations authorized by the state. It is also well known that theatres, base-ball parks, picnic groves, etc., are opened on Sundays for the amusement and diversion of all those who desire to partake. It is also well known that art institutes and many other activities for the instructive entertainment of the people are open Sundays in Illinois and elsewhere; and all this without disturbing the peace of society. True it all tends to disorganize the minions of Ecclesiasticism, but neither the United States Government nor the Government of Illinois owes allegiance or respect to any ecclesiastical oligarchy, and the people will be quick to cut off the head official of any public servant who assumes to abridge their inalienable prerogatives.

We grant that in a community where Puritanism is largely in the ascendancy, any sort of labor, amusement or diversion on Sunday night, under the Illinois statute, be construed as a disturbance of the peace and good order of society; but the law is so worded that it will conform to the prevailing sentiment of the commonwealth; and that sentiment is decidedly in favor of rational amusement, restful recreation and entertaining instruction. And it is just this which excites the alarm of ecclesiastics who view with increasing trepidation the growing liberality of the people.

On the day preceding the promulgation of the Methodist bull from Washington the Presbyterian Synod of Minnesota, in session at St. Paul, formulated and published its edict against Sunday opening of the Fair. In spirit and language this Presbyterian bull closely resembles that of the Methodists. The Synod asks the Fair directory "speedily to determine the question," which demand, as above shown, the directory has not the power, even if it had the inclination, to do. The only redeeming feature in the Minnesota document is the resolution which reads:

"Resolved, That if the remonstrance of the law-abiding citizens and Christian church throughout the United States against the proposed opening of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday be unheeded we may deem it our duty to discourage the Presbyterian people of the State of Minnesota from contributing in any way to its success either by their presence or exhibit."

This is so supremely funny, so entertainingly farcical, so

ludicrously inane that it lightens up the sombre blue of its setting. For this little clique of fore-ordained saints to essay the boycotting role as against the World's Fair is too amusing for expression.

The plain fact of the matter is this: While there are honest and sincere members of Orthodox churches, both ministers and laymen, who conscientiously and on what they deem the commands of God, desire to have the Fair wholly closed on Sunday, the ecclesiastical oligarchy is actuated by motives of conquest and propaganda; by an overweening and wicked ambition to dominate the entire life and conduct of the people; by a determination to interpret civil laws in ecclesiastical courts and to enforce the mandates of such courts by violence if need be. To close the Fair on Sunday these conspirators think would help them in enlarging and perpetuating the personal power of ecclesiastics and aid them in exploiting Protestantism to an immense throng from all quarters of the globe—gathered at no expense to the oligarchic exchequer. To dictate the terms on which the World's Fair shall do business, in order to turn the gigantic enterprise to the immediate benefit of the orthodox propaganda, is the determination of Elliott F. Shepard's Sabbath Union, the Methodist Ecumenical Conference, their auxiliaries and accessories. Not until the spring of 1893 will it be seen whether they are successful in their machinations.

Far more rational than the attitude of most Protestant ministers in relation to Sunday observance is that of the Catholic prelates, who regard the day as one on which the people after religious service should, while abstaining from unnecessary servile labor, be free to engage in social intercourse and in all innocent amusements. We commend to all professing Christians the sensible expression on this question of the late Illinois State Convention of Universalists, to wit:

Whereas, The day was made to promote man's best interests, it is the sense of this convention that while the machinery should be silent, the parks, gardens, art galleries and scientific collection, and all the other attractions calculated to educate and improve the mind, should be opened during Sunday, and thus be a potent means of counteracting the many temptations with which the great city will abound.

#### How to Read the Tongue.

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae. The tongue may be furrowed from local causes, or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver.

The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever, and indicates a nervous prostration or depression.

A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion.

Dry and brown indicate a low state of the system, possibly typhoid.

When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal.

When the papillae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red we call it a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever.

Sharp, pointed red tongue will hint of brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement.

Persons in health and desiring to continue so should at all times be cheerful and happy, and those who are sick should have their attention drawn as much as possible from themselves. It is by their faith that men are saved, and also by their faith they die. If a man will not to die, he can often live in spite of disease; and, if he has little or no attraction to life, he will slip away as easily as a child falls asleep.

Voltaire said of an apothecary that his employment was to pour drugs, of which he knew little, into a body of which he knew less.

#### Moses Hull and Dr. Schlesinger.

ED. CARRIER DOVE:—I inclose a clipping from the Duluth *Evening Herald*, relative to the work at present going on in this city on behalf of Spiritualism. The Unitarian Church is far too limited to accommodate all who desired to attend last Sunday night. There was not even standing room. M. Hull's addresses are receiving favorable and extensive notices, and Dr. Schlesinger's tests are "knock down arguments" in favor of Spiritualism. The like of them have never been witnessed in this country before.

Mr. Hull is at present engaged in a debate in Minneapolis with a Christadelphian minister. Dr. Schlesinger is more than busy in this city, with his remarkable mediumship.

In spite of every obstacle, the work goes on. Were it not for mountebanks and tricksters who pose as mediums, and the foes in our own household, who are determined "to rule or ruin," the Spiritual movement would sweep all before it. In the work,  
Duluth, Minn., Oct. 14. MATTIE E. HULL.

[Duluth Evening Herald.]

#### CALLING THE SPIRITS.

A considerable stir has recently been created in the Spiritualistic circles of this city by reason of the arrival here of Moses Hull and wife, two of the foremost and most prominent exponents of the doctrine of Spiritualism in this country, and of Dr. Schlesinger, of San Francisco, who is one of the most noted test mediums of the world. These apostles of Spiritualism have come hither with a view of carrying on a month's "campaign" in this city, and of presenting the doctrine of Spiritualism to the people of Duluth in what they claim to be its true light.

Mr. Hull has already delivered three lectures at the Unitarian church, and those who have heard them are agreed upon one thing, and that is he is one of the ablest and most intensely interesting speakers that has ever visited our city. Thus far, though unadvertised, he has had large audiences, and they have been composed, not wholly of Spiritualists, but largely of members of the various religious denominations, together with quite a sprinkling of non-church members or agnostics, and the indications are that a much larger room will soon have to be secured to accommodate those desiring to hear the remaining lectures.

A well-known agnostic of this city who has heard the three lectures above referred to, when asked by a *Herald* reporter what he thought of them, replied as follows:

"Well, candor compels me to say that the three recent lectures of Mr. Hull, have, to my mind, come nearer to establishing the reasonableness of the doctrine of Spiritualism than all else that I have ever read or heard on that subject. Then, too, the tests—especially the private ones—given by Dr. Schlesinger, have been of such a character as to utterly preclude the possibility of trickery or deception, and unless they can be philosophically accounted for by mind reading, or in some other manner, they must certainly go a long way towards demonstrating that the theory and philosophy of Spiritualism, as explained by Mr. Hull, are really true, and that the materialists, who hold that 'death ends all,' are mistaken. If those tests were not what was claimed for them, viz.: genuine spiritual manifestations, it is certainly incumbent upon the materialists to explain what they were."

Mr. Hull lectures at Odd Fellows hall at 10:30 to-morrow morning, and at the Unitarian church at 7:30 p. m., on which occasion the audiences are promised some more of Dr. Schlesinger's wonderful spirit tests.

The Proctor Steel Tower, at the Chicago World's Exposition, is to be 115 ft. in height, and will resemble the Eiffel Tower. It will be hexagonal in plan, instead of square, and will have a larger base. The designer of the tower is David A. Proctor; the architects are Helabird and Roche, and the engineer is Croyden T. Purdy, all of Chicago. Of steel 7500 tons will be required. The total cost of the tower is estimated at \$3,000,000.



## To The Carrier Dove.

Among workers apace for the good of our race,  
 And for all that is needful to gain,  
 May our CARRIER DOVE a good messenger prove  
 And a just recognition obtain.  
 There's a work to be done like to beams of the sun,  
 To spread light from a life-giving source;  
 And the work we find here has its true line and sphere,  
 Like a stream on its oceanward course.  
 So here 'neath the crest of Coast Range of the west,  
 Where the Golden Gate leads to the sea,  
 Metropolitan port and the tourists' resort,  
 Is the fitting place surely for thee.  
 At a harbor so wide that world's navies can ride,  
 And proud cities now circle the view;  
 Where the Occident's fleet on Pacific's waves meet,  
 San Francisco, thy tribute is due.  
 In philosophy's name let thy columns proclaim  
 In clear words that all people may learn,  
 The endurance of soul on Eternity's scroll,  
 And the test of real spirit return.  
 As exponent of Truth for ripe age and bright youth,  
 Thy appearance with pleasure we hail;  
 For glad tidings of peace shall cause turmoils to cease  
 And the cohorts of evil to fail,  
 Like a rock-girdled oak, whose deep rootings invoke  
 The fierce storm or the hurricane's force,  
 Let thy footprints be sure, like a mound to endure,  
 'Till the earth shall roll back in its course.  
 True manhood can never from principle sever,  
 And not worst its conditions in life;  
 Not yet should we harter the soul or its charter  
 To fan flames of wild discord and strife.  
 In all that is human between man and woman  
 Let justice and harmony reign;  
 While sister and brother shall each of the other  
 Have no cause to rebuke or complain.  
 Though 'tis human to err, we may safely aver  
 That Divine it may be to forgive;  
 And whole-souled emotion suggests true devotion  
 To a life we should all aim to live  
 And Oh! CARRIER DOVE, on thy mission of love,  
 Let thy pinions be outspread afar;  
 That the good and the wise may yet herald the rise  
 Of true Freedom's magnificent star.  
 May the Church and the State their high purpose await,  
 And give man his just status and place;  
 May thy forces combine to count women in line,  
 And help save our good name from disgrace,  
 Tho' not in our power in the course of an hour  
 To complete the redemption of man,  
 Yet the work may progress if we merit possess,  
 And strive to do the best that we can;  
 For the right shall yet rule in the world's leading school,  
 And the minions of error succumb,  
 While the truths we hold dear shall in triumph appear,  
 And the tyrants of earth be found dumb.  
 Notwithstanding the charge against mankind at large,  
 That our race is all bonded in sin,  
 We have facts now in store that will show evermore  
 That good deeds of all kinds are akin,  
 By true life and action asundered from faction,  
 The whole world as we find it we take;  
 But in all that we do, in the course we pursue,  
 Let us aim to be up and awake.  
 If by act, word or deed, we can hope to succeed,  
 To have better conditions in hand,

We must seek for the cause under nature's great laws,  
 Which can place such results at command.  
 Then the creeds of the past and the dogmas at last,  
 Must give place to the line of true thought;  
 While titled profession must yield to possession,  
 The rich boon which true reason hath wrought.  
 Old theology spurns such science as turns  
 A quick ear into data that's plain;  
 Hence often we find many teachers quite blind,  
 And grave errors seem bound to sustain.  
 As we mortals resign to emotions divine,  
 We may better conditions acquire;  
 If we strive to amend we shall doubtless ascend  
 In the scale of an honest desire.  
 When our forms now in trust shall have mouldered in dust  
 The spirit unencumbered can move,  
 And the peace that we share in the life "over there"  
 May depend on what earth-life may prove.  
 If we are but sincere as our acts may appear  
 On the day-books of Infinite Grace,  
 There is no doubt at all but to one and to all  
 Due credit will be given in place.  
 If we fail to do right under freedom and light,  
 And impose on our neighbor a wrong,  
 Then the verdict will sure be bound long to endure  
 And our misery tend to prolong.  
 But if with good intent we see cause to relent,  
 And atone for the wrong that we've done,  
 As sure then as we live will our neighbor forgive  
 And rejoice at the victory won.  
 In our talent and strength be the measure at length  
 Which we wield at humanity's call,  
 The world will seem better and thus will be debtor  
 For the good that we vouchsafe to all.  
 So then let us render by words free and tender  
 Many thanks that so justly are due  
 To all moulders of mind for the good of mankind,  
 And the deeds that are worthy and true.  
 Let the Dove from the ark of our great ocean bark  
 Sally forth in the search of dry land;  
 And like Ararat's brow let the pageant prove now  
 A grand emblem forever to stand.  
 So then onward in line let our forces combine,  
 With our pole-star well fixed and defined;  
 Let all discord subside while in works we abide  
 For the peace and sole good of mankind.  
 San Francisco, Oct. 21, 1891.

W. B.

## Your Good Will Find You Out.

"Be sure your sin will find you out?"  
 Ah, yes, perhaps, but just as sure  
 Is good to follow on your track,  
 To gain some day upon your steps,  
 'Tis past, then flash a radiance back  
 To brighten all your after way.  
 Though, blinded by the gath'ring tears,  
 You may not know it as your own,  
 That good you did and then forgot;  
 The weary feet that follow yours  
 Are slier that it was your lot  
 To beat the unused path for them.  
 Life holds of sunshine more than shade  
 And more of right than evil things.  
 Some blessed day, if now or then,  
 If here or there, we cannot tell,  
 The good we do will come again,  
 Some blessed day will find us out.—*Lupah.*

# THE CARRIER DOVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, . . . . . NOVEMBER, 1891.

## "To The Spiritualists of the United States!"

The address under this head, printed on page 311, was sent to this office in proof furnished by the secretary of "The Better Way Publishing Company," who, in an accompanying note, says:

"While we are heartily in accord and predict a successful outcome we were in no wise the originator or author of the movement or plan; we simply agreed, on its publication, to join in an earnest effort to make it a success. The author will always remain, as he has ever been, a private in the ranks."

The proposition to hold a convention is a good one, but the unrestricted invitation (extended to all members of Spiritual societies and even to subscribers for Spiritual journals) does not seem to be what the occasion demands. A mass meeting, such as proposed, would not be *representative* of any body but the persons composing it, nor of anything except the personal ideas of those in attendance; and (judging by the closing suggestion) the members of the convention are not expected nor desired to discuss principles or to present their own views. They are requested in advance to become willing instruments for carrying out the plan of the originators of the convention. It is quite unnecessary to say that no independent, self-respecting Spiritualist will submit to anything of the kind. If this is the spirit of "a private in the ranks" what would be his demands if he were to become an officer? Such assumption is simply amusing. It is quite too absurd for serious consideration.

But, it may be said, this "private" does not want Spiritualists to agree to anything objectionable. Ah! that's the most objectionable part of it; when reformers can tone themselves down so there is nothing objectionable in their demands, their kind of "reform" is not worthy the name claimed for it; and when people avowing themselves Spiritualists disavow the possession of any distinctive principles apart from the mass of mankind, their Spiritualism isn't worth considering. That appears to be the case with those who put forth this address, "To the Spiritualists of the United States." Here are the propositions:

1. That "there is no death."

All Christians and many who are not Christians believe that.

2. "That the soul is immortal and progressive."

Excerpting materialists and agnostics, *who disputes this proposition?*

3. "That spirit return is an accepted fact."

Of course it is a fact accepted by all Spiritualists, by some scientists, and by a large majority of well-informed people, but the mere acknowledgment of this scientific fact does not entitle one to the name of Spiritualist.

4. "That individual moral responsibility is recognized."

Is there any intelligent and sane person who does not recognize such responsibility? And does such recognition constitute one a Spiritualist?

The October issue of the DOVE contained a platform of principles put forth by Dr. Dean Clarke, as inspired by spirits who not long since were active workers under the Spiritual banner in the struggle for the establishment of truth and justice on earth. The synopsis of Spiritualism put forth by them means something. The cardinal principles are embraced in thirteen propositions so clearly expressed that there can be no dispute as to their meaning whether there be to their acceptance or not. They were not given as an ultimatum, to be accepted without discussion, but as suggestions for careful consideration, and they are well worthy of the attention they ask.

Mr. Clarke contemplates first the formation of local societies; second, of state and national organizations, and ultimately of a universal Spiritual Brotherhood. He would begin at the foundation, so that the superstructure may have something to rest upon; but our nameless "private" would at once construct a national edifice of self-appointed material bound together by a few "glittering generalities," and with no "constituency" to sustain it. True, the constituency is expected to be the entire people—all who recognize "individual moral responsibility." But why should such ally themselves with Spiritualists any more than with church people? And suppose they did, would they add strength? The projector of this "plan," if such it may be called, evidently believes in the efficacy of large bodies. It may be well to remind him that numbers alone do not constitute strength; quality is quite as essential as quantity.

In this issue the reader will also find some suggestions on organization made by the spirit guides of J. Frank Baxter. The editor of the DOVE prints them under the heading "Here is Something Practical." [Page 317]. They are from spirit sources, and have the true ring. Dean Clarke's "cardinal principles" are also from spirit sources, and are worthy of their reputed authors. There is no conflict between these two; but the manifesto put forth by a "private in the ranks" is evidently the production of some one who desires to "make Spiritualism respectable," and to bring within its pale a large number of the world's people, not by fitting them for our company, but by extending the limits of Spiritualism for their reception. The barriers that now fence them out are to be removed and the mob invited to enter.

Great detriment comes to Spiritualism from the fact that it is not well defined. Almost every vagary of the human mind which can not be readily classified is called Spiritualistic. Cranks of all kinds and frauds of all degrees help to give character to what is popularly known as Spiritualism. Swindlers advertise in its name, speak and write under what they assume to be its sanction, and avow sentiments as diverse as are the various people who utter them—all under the name of Spiritualism.

A fixed creed is not desirable, but for the ultimate spread of Spiritualism it would be much better to have limitations laid down and permit Spiritualism to be saddled with all the absurdities that irresponsible writers, speakers, healers and mediums choose to put forth in its name. Restrictions which would cut off one-half of the people now calling themselves Spiritualists, though temporarily reducing the numbers, would increase the influence of Spiritualism, and its future growth would be far more rapid and in every way more satisfactory than has been its past.

Correcting proof requires more care even than the original writing, so true is it that "one error leads to another." On page 303 (a little below the middle) *interest* was changed to *interests*, but by neglecting to change the verb in the next line the sentence was made worse than before. Considering the many thousands of little bits of metal used in each issue, perhaps one should be thankful that the errors are not more numerous than they are.

Some people are actually unable to comprehend how any one who differs from them can be entitled to any respect.

### How to Get Up in the World

If you want to be loved, appreciated, and praised by everybody, have scores of dear friends—have money flow into your pockets in a continual stream—in fact, get rich, be happy, enjoy life, “get up in the world”—start a *Spiritual paper*. There is nothing like it to insure success. Spiritualists are so united, so fraternal, they think so much alike, and all want to do so much for “our beloved cause,” our “glorious philosophy,” that they make the path of the Spiritualist editor a flower-strewn way, leading through ambrosial meadows where the sweetness and brightness of summer skies and blooms, summer birds and breezes, make life one melodious, rapturous dream from the moment a seat is taken in the editorial chair with the desire to become the inspired instrument through which angels voice their love for poor humanity. Ah, what a blissful existence! what an enviable life!

Of course, there are “Straight” Spiritualists, “Christain” Spiritualists, “Liberal” Spiritualists, “Sun Angel Order of Light” Spiritualists, “Theosophical” Spiritualists, “Mental Science” Spiritualists, “Materialization Seance” Spiritualists, “Phenomenal” Spiritualists, “Religious and Philosophical” Spiritualists, “Progressive” Spiritualists; and Heaven only knows how many other and divergent views are entertained by this united fraternity.

Now it can be seen at a glance what an easy and pleasant task the Spiritualistic editor has to please each and all of the “brotherhood.” Every person who subscribes for a Spiritual paper expects to find his or her particular ideas advanced in its columns. The Christian, or Bible Spiritualist cannot endure to read an article from the pen of a Liberal Spiritualist. “Such infidel doctrines are a disgrace to the paper,” they say. The Liberal Spiritualist reads an article by the Christain Spiritualist, and throws down the paper in disgust, exclaiming: Such a lot of stuff and nonsense! Why the writer has not got out of the church yet. I had enough preaching in my early life, and do not propose to pay for a paper that is not more liberal and progressive.” Then the Skeptical Spiritualist, who weighs evidence and sifts everything to discover the truth, reads some wonderful account of marvelous phenomena and says, “What a credulous fool that editor must be to allow such a report of that humbug to appear in a Spiritual paper. Everybody knows that medium is a fraud,” and forthwith he writes that he wants the paper stopped, as he “will not support a journal that exaggerates and misrepresents, and advertises an exposed humbug.” Then the Credulous Spiritualist, the one who accepts all phases of phenomena—imitations and all—as coming from the “dear angels,” reads a criticism, written by the skeptic, of some of the manifestations witnessed at seances which had the appearance of being fraudulent, and immediately his angry passions rise and the editor is denounced for permitting his columns to be desecrated by reports from “fraud-hunters” to the injury of “poor persecuted mediums.” He stops the paper, saying, he “has no farther use for such a slanderous sheet.” Then the Straight Spiritualist picks up the paper and reads something from the Theosophist entitled “Recollections of Former Incarnations,” wherein the writer describes previous lives in which he figured as a priest, poet, slave, king, warrior, and other personalities *ad infinitum*. The “Straight” is thoroughly disgusted. He does not want a Theosophical paper; he believes in and wants his Spiritualism straight. “Stop the paper, please.”

The Progressive Spiritualist writes an article showing up the wrongs and abuses resulting from the present social system, which legalizes prostitution and condemns and ostracizes the man or woman who dares to obey the higher laws of love engraven upon the heart and soul, but not incorporated in the statutes made by men. The article is given space in the paper. The Conservative Spiritualist reads it and immediately requests his name taken from the subscription list. He writes the editor saying: “As long as you published a Spiritual paper I was willing to take it; but since you allow such free-love doctrines to be openly expressed I cannot

permit it to come into my family, as my wife and children might read it. Such reading is all right for men, but women are too weak-minded to grasp and comprehend the social question.”

The editor is nonplussed. “What do Spiritualists believe, and what do they want?” he moans in anguish of spirit. Despair seizes him; but, though hopeless, he struggles on until the grim specter Want stares him in the face; then, looking appealingly towards Heaven, he gasps faintly, and dies of starvation.

### Spiritualists, Here is Something Practical.

J. Frank Baxter has recently given a series of lectures in Cincinnati, in one of which, as reported in the *Better Way*, we find some practical ideas on organization as follows:

“Spiritualism has accomplished a great deal despite great opposition, above fearful contention, amid discouraging conditions, and notwithstanding the apathy of influential Spiritualists. Spiritualists should be organized, but care should be taken not to attempt any organization [crystallization] of Spiritualism. Spiritualism can take care of itself. Spiritualists need caring for. A National organization is demanded for protection, for respect, for redress, for forceful action, and for more effective promulgation.”

Mr. Baxter, after making his argument, closed with a concise summary.

“Let me recapitulate,” said he. “what I would have you bear in mind. Spiritualism demands:

“First, a careful consideration of the practical bearings of its teachings.

“Second, a scrupulous discrimination between what it absolutely teaches, and what certain unprincipled, thoughtless, and some lawless advocates assert as its teachings.

“Third, the establishment of naturally revealed facts, the exact truth in accordance with the facts, and a sacred devotion to everlasting principle.

“Fourth, a true manhood or womanhood on the part of each individual Spiritualist, and especially so if a medium.

“Fifth, a strict accountability from each for all his deeds done and thoughts entertained, since an equal responsibility naturally obtains with each human soul.

“Sixth, a pure platform; not only exemplified in its teachings, but in the lives and character of its teachers and that, too, whether they be free-will, inspirational or trance instruments, yes, whether they be mortals or spirits.

“Seventh, a just and sure protection of mediumship, and unqualified renunciation and denunciation of all known charlatrany, mountebankism, and fraud perpetrated in its sacred name.

“Eighth, the establishment of training rooms for children, of enquiry-rooms for the young and mentally growing of all ages, Lyceums for friendly disputation and debate, and halls or houses of its own for lectures and illustration.

“Ninth, not only individual effort, but co-operative action, from a harmonious brotherhood and sisterhood, that it may not only attract the attention of a part, but command the admiration and respect which are justly due from all.”

“The Spirit World, Its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy,” by Eugene Crowell, M. D. The second edition of this book, Colby and Rich, publishers, is now ready. An idea of its contents will be given to the readers of the CARRIER DOVE next month. It is sufficient here to say that the subject treated is one concerning which there is very great difference of opinion, and the “information” purporting to come through spirit sources since the advent of Modern Spiritualism has not lessened the diversity of views. It is an interesting study, to say the least, and while listening to the contradictory accounts received, it is well to seriously inquire, “What does Nature teach?” The book is offered by the *Religio Philosophical Journal* as a premium for each new subscriber.

### A Psychological Congress.

The Chicago directory of the World's Columbian Exposition decided some time since that, to make the exposition complete, the wonderful achievements of the age in physical and psychological science, literature, education, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, religion, and other departments of human activity should be conspicuously displayed as the most effective means of increasing the fraternity, progress, prosperity, and peace of mankind. Accordingly a series of world's congresses was proposed, to be held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition. To promote the success of such congresses, the World's Congress Auxiliary was organized with the following named general officers: President, Thomas B. Bryan; treasurer, Lyman J. Gage; secretary, Benjamin Butterworth.

The Directory of the World's Columbian Exposition has undertaken to provide suitable places for meeting for the proposed World's Congresses, and to that end has taken action with the Art Institute of Chicago for the erection of a permanent Memorial Art Palace, with a suitable auditorium for large conventions, and smaller rooms for committees.

The number of congresses to be held is quite large, embracing, as they will, such a variety of objects, but none of them are of more interest to Spiritualists and the world generally, than the proposed Psychological Congress. The committee selected to make all necessary arrangements is as follows: John C. Bundy, chairman; Professor Elliott Coues, Ph. D., M. D., vice-chairman; Lyman J. Gage, Ernest E. Crepin, Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, D. D., Professor A. Reeves Jackson, M. D., and D. H. Lamberson. Mr. Bundy says: "The gentlemen composing the committee have all had experience in psychological research, all are in full sympathy with the central claim of Spiritualism and a majority, have had convincing demonstrations of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation. The several members have been appointed by President Bonney by the advice of Mr. Bundy, who in making the selections had in view the special qualifications of each individual. Care has been exercised to select men who hold truth above all partisan or demonstrational ties; who, while zealously guarding the interests of all that pertain to psychical science and spirit manifestation, will act with judicial fairness in every particular."

The members of the committee, with one exception, are residents of Chicago, selected from that locality on account of their ability to take active part in committee work; but they will be assisted by an advisory council to be hereafter selected from the most capable and best fitted men and women throughout this country and Europe. The chairman of the committee says: "The general purpose of the Psychological Congress will be to promote research in psychics and rational consideration of cognate themes; the separation of fact from fiction, and the statement in scientific form of facts duly established and the principles logically deducible therefrom. It is the intention of the committee that the work of the congress shall be practical rather than theoretical." Mr. Bundy confidently relies upon the support of that large body of intelligent Spiritualists who are so thoroughly grounded in their knowledge of spirit manifestation that they are fearless in coming investigation and eliminating all that is doubtful; and he believes that the proposed congress will do much to advance the interests of psychical science, and to disseminate knowledge of and confidence in a future life.

J. B. Hayford, editor of *The Sentinel*, Laramie City, Wyoming, reviews the working of woman suffrage there for twenty-two years, and sums up the matter as follows: "The women of Wyoming prize as highly and as generally exercise the right of suffrage as the men do. Their numbers, and political power and influence are steadily increasing, and they are now prominently taken into account by the politicians in conventions and in making up the tickets. Women are rather less bound by partisan ties than men, and are more influenced by moral and personal considerations."

### The Poor Get What They Earn.

Senator Stanford was severely criticised by Rev. J. B. Silox, of the Congregational church, Sacramento, in the course of a sermon Sunday, November 1st. Here is an extract from the newspaper report:

You will hear men say, as I heard the President of Palo Alto University say the other night, that "people get what they earn;" that "if people are poor it is because they have earned their poverty." A more damnable lie than that was never uttered. . . . The awful condition of the people in the poor districts of London came from low wages, high rent, poisoned air and lack of education and religion. Low wages produce intemperance, and intemperance brings poverty and irreligion.

There is considerable truth in that, but the reverend critic might have brought the illustration much nearer home. He need not have gone to London. Hundreds, if not thousands of poor men in California owe their poverty directly to the oppression of the railroad company of which Mr. Stanford is a director and large stockholder. The action of the railroad magnates has amounted in many cases to actual robbery, all the profits on produce being demanded as the price for carrying it to market. The acknowledged rule in the establishment of rates is to put on "all the traffic will bear." This rule is unblushingly admitted by railroad men to be the standard for fixing rates. In principle it is not one whit better than the highwayman's demand: "Your money or your life!" Wherever an industry has been built up on low rates of transportation freights have been raised until the railroad company had secured nearly all the margin of price over cost of production. What better is this than robbery? The result has been that in California this year hundreds of tons of fruit and vegetables have been left to rot on the ground because of the cruel exactions of Mr. Stanford and his fellow-robbers; yet he has the audacity to say that "people get what they earn." If he had what he has earned he would to-day occupy a place of less prominence and far less comfort than the one he holds in the United States Senate. And yet Stanford is the very best of that quartette of railroad robbers who have made California infamous.

### Dr. N. F. Ravlin.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists are still favored with the ministrations of Dr. N. F. Ravlin, who lectures every Sunday morning and evening at Washington Hall. The subjects discussed by this speaker embrace a broad range of thought and touch the vital questions of the day in no uncertain manner. The views expressed are always progressive, liberal, and practical. They appeal not only to the hearts and affections of the people, but also to their best judgment and good sense. Dr. Ravlin is no milk-and-water conservative upon the great reform questions that are agitating the minds of thinkers. He is fearless, outspoken and radical—the champion of the oppressed, the friend of humanity. Spiritualists should support such speakers and not allow them to faint by the wayside, overcome with the burdens and crosses of their material environments, but keep their hands uplifted, their families provided for and themselves sustained and encouraged.

### Wake Up!

We recently offered a set of the memoirs, either of Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McClellan, or Lee, in their respective original editions, in connection with a year's subscription to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, and a year's subscription to this paper, for \$6.00.

Thousands of orders have already been received by the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan*; so that if our friends wish to avail themselves of this extraordinary opportunity, they must wake up. No such offer has ever before been made to the reading public, and it is doubtful if it will ever be duplicated.

If you wish to see the magazine, send postal card request for a free sample copy to the *Cosmopolitan Publishing Company*, Madison Square, New York city. See offer in another column.



## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

Are coming, and I propose to give the readers of the CARRIER DOVE the difference between the wholesale and retail prices (with exception of costs) of my publications, until January 1st. The books were written to be read, and to be read they must be sold. The sales have been so large and the support given me, even from the first announcement made asking for subscriptions, so generous, that I am now able to share this generosity with those who may desire to purchase. The books are all neatly bound, and are excellent holiday gifts.

"RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE." By Hudson Tuttle.—The past has been the Age of the Gods and the Religion of Pain; the present is the Age of Man and the Religion of Joy. Not servile trust in the Gods, but knowledge of the laws of the world, belief in the divinity of man and his eternal progress toward perfection is the foundation of the RELIGION OF MAN and the system of ETHICS as treated in this work. 320 pages. Price \$1.50; reduced to \$1.00.

"STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS OF PSYCHIC SCIENCE." By Hudson Tuttle.—This work essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in Spiritualism and the border land between spirit and matter. It is the first attempt to systematize this field of science. 252 pages. Price \$1.25, reduced to \$1.00.

"FROM SOUL TO SOUL." By Emma Rood Tuttle.—This volume contains the best poems of the author, and some of her most popular songs with the music by eminent composers. 225 pages, elegantly printed and bound, with engraving of the author. Price \$1.50, reduced to \$1.00.

"HOW ELVIE SAVED THE BABY. A STORY OF THE CONE-MACH FLOOD OF 1880." By Emma Rood Tuttle.—Tablet form, heavy card paper, beautifully illuminated cover, 14 pages, price, post-paid, 50 cents, reduced to 25 cents.

"TIGER STEPS OF THEOLOGICAL DESPOTISM." By Hudson Tuttle.—An eight-page tract on the ever pressing questions of "Sunday Laws" and "God in the Constitution." Price 5 cents, \$2.00 per hundred.

"THE PSYCHOGRAPH, OR DUAL PLANCHETTE," an improvement on the instrument used by Prof. Robert Hare in his investigations in the early days of Spiritualism. Of especial value in the home circle, as giving messages with a less degree of mediumship than even the famous Planchette. Price, with full directions for use, \$1.00 post paid.

Any book sent on receipt of price, post paid; all for \$2.25, or with the Psychograph for \$3.75 post paid. Address

HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

## The Freethinkers' Magazine for 1892.

This well-known magazine commences its tenth volume (1) January, and with improved prospects for usefulness. It is to be enlarged to eighty pages, and will compare favorably with the best magazines of the country. Each number will contain a fine frontispiece, consisting of a good likeness of some distinguished Freethinker. The publishers set forth the prospects for 1892 as follows:

"Everything that it is possible to do to make the magazine interesting, instructive, scientific, philosophical and beautiful will be done. It will voice the best thoughts of this age. No subject will be tabooed that relates to the interests of humanity. As heretofore, it will give every person a hearing who has something to say and knows how to say it. It will be a publication that no Materialist, Agnostic, Free Religionist, Spiritualist, Liberal Unitarian or Progressive thinker of any school of thought can afford to do without, and one that at every orthodox minister and orthodox church member ought to read. It will be the ablest and most liberal and progressive magazine ever before issued in this country."

Subscription price, invariably in advance, \$2.50. Single numbers 25 cents; club of five, \$2.00 each. Address, Freethinkers' Magazine, Buffalo, N. Y.

## GENERAL GRANT'S MEMOIRS.

## Original \$7.00 Edition for Less Than Nothing.

No book, excepting the Bible, has ever had such a sale in the United States as General Grant's Memoirs. 650,000 copies have already gone into the homes of the rich, but the subscription price of \$7.00 has placed it beyond the reach of people in moderate circumstances. We will send you General Grant's Memoirs, publisher's original edition, best paper, cloth, green and gold binding, hitherto sold by subscription at \$7.00, together with the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* (illustrated) one year and the CARRIER DOVE one year,

## ALL FOR SIX DOLLARS,

the books and magazines to be sent to you postpaid. This is less than the original price of General Grant's Memoirs alone, and is less than half the usual price of the books and magazines.

This offer is not only for new subscribers of the DOVE but to all who will at once renew their subscriptions, and send \$5.00 instead of \$2.50. By so doing you not only receive Grant's Memoirs, but you get the DOVE at less than its regular price, and the *Cosmopolitan*, the brightest of the great illustrated monthlies, itself equal to the best \$1.00 magazine.

The *Cosmopolitan* has grown from 16,000 to 100,000 in less than three years under the present management. No magazine is to-day more popular or more thoroughly in touch with the times in its selection of subjects. Giving 1536 pages annually by the best known writers of the world, with over 1200 illustrations, it is certainly the cheapest literature known. The *Cosmopolitan* is enabled to make this offer because of the purchase of 600,000 volumes at a price which even publishers would deem impossible, and with the idea of running up its circulation to half a million copies. By contract with the *Cosmopolitan* we are enabled to offer our readers a share in the low price obtained through the largest purchase of books ever made in the history of the world. If you have Grant's books the *Cosmopolitan's* offer will permit you to take instead, either one of the following:

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS, 2 vols., sold by subscription for \$5.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S MEMOIRS, 2 vols., sold by subscription for \$6.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S MEMOIRS, sold by subscription for \$3.75.

All of these are bound in cloth, green and gold, in uniform style with Grant's Memoirs.

The *Cosmopolitan* for November.

As the time approaches for the World's Fair, great interest is felt in the marvellous City of the Lakes. The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has devoted twenty-eight pages of the November number to a most interesting article upon Chicago from the pen of the famous novelist, Col. Charles King. Count Jacass, who spent some time on the ground for that purpose, and Harry Fenn have illustrated the most charming features of the city by twenty-eight sketches.

An article on Alfalfa Farming in this number, is by John Brisben Walker, who, gives much valuable information in regard to the irrigation and curing of the wonderful plant.

General Sherman's letters to his daughter, written from the field during the war, are perhaps the most valuable contribution that has yet been made to the literature of the war. Judge Tourgee furnishes a charming story called "An Outing with the Queen of Hearts." Louise Chandler Moulton, Commander Crowningshield and ex-Postmaster-General James are among the other contributors. C. Osbourne Ward, whose book "The Ancient Lowly" last year excited much attention, gives an article in the November *Cosmopolitan* on the "Massacres of the Roman Amphitheatre," and the article is illustrated by drawings from famous paintings, covering pages of history which will hold the reader's closest attention. (*Cosmopolitan Publishing Co.*, Madison Square, New York. Price 25 cents.)

## Dove Notes.

Death is but the waking from a dream called Life.

Florence K. Rich, trance medium, of Boston, is in Los Angeles, to remain during the winter.

Moses and Mattie Hull have been speaking in Minnesota cities. She will be in Chicago in January and he in St. Louis.

Mrs. Melissa Miller is at 83 Salem street, Malden, Mass., under medical treatment. A letter from her was received too late for this issue.

Carrie C. Van Duzee, inspirational speaker, will start for Oregon in March, expecting afterwards to come to California. Her address is Geneva, Ohio.

Dr. Louis Schelings spent the month of October in Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn. The Minnesota newspapers report favorably. He spends November in St. Louis.

Luther R. Marsh, of New York, has abandoned the practice of law, and will devote the remainder of his life to lecturing on Spiritualism. He is about to make a western tour. Being a man of wealth, he can, if he chooses, do pioneer work.

An article from Mr. Thomas Buckman, Marshfield, Oregon, on "The Origin of Thought" was received after the matter for this issue had been put in type. If anything prevents its publication it will be its length—thirty pages of manuscript—but perhaps it is susceptible of division.

Mrs. Mary Pettengell, of Cleveland, Ohio, visited a Spiritual Campmeeting in July, where she "made light" of some things that she heard, whereupon she was told by a medium, as a test, that a death would soon occur suddenly in her own family. In the latter part of August Charles Pettengell, aged 22 years, a son of the lady, was murdered at Fort Collins, Colorado.

The meetings of Mrs. Logan, at 906 1/2 Market Street, Sunday at 11 o'clock, continue of interest, though the attendance is not large. "The Circle of Harmony" is an appropriate name for them. Investigators and mediums seeking further development are made to feel at home and at ease in this charmed circle, and consequently the best in each is drawn out for the benefit of all.

E. W. Gould, commenting on Dr. Dean Clarke's platform of principles, says: "A far shorter and less comprehensive creed, or declaration of principles, must be submitted for consideration in order to secure general approval." The proposed declaration can be made as short as seems requisite after Mr. Gould or any other person has pointed out the falsity or weakness of any of the propositions.

The powdermill explosion, which occurred at Clipper Gap on the 5th of November was predicted by M. C. Gee, a medium of this city, while visiting friends at Clipper Gap in October. A prediction Gee had previously made (that the proprietor of the Clipper Gap box factory would have two fingers cut off by the machinery) having come true, some of the powder-makers left the mill, and the people threatened to mob Gee. Several lives were saved by his predictions.

Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan has left Boston for Kansas City, Mo. He had a farewell reception before his departure, attended by many warm friends. Appreciative letters from others were read. The Professor explained some of his latest electrical discoveries and displayed a number of electrodes, a 400-pound magnet, and a powerful galvanic battery. A current of magnetism was diffused through the circle, and recognized as a powerful, soothing, hygienic agent. Currents of medical electricity were diffused, some producing lively stimulation and animation, others producing soothing and healing influences.

A. W. S. Rothermel, now in Kansas City, Mo., is gradually working his way west, and expects to be in California in a month or two.

W. J. Colville speaks on each Sunday of November in Adelphi Hall, New York, in the morning, and in Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, in the afternoon.

A "Spiritual and Liberal Research Society" has just been organized in Duluth, Minn. Lecturers and mediums intending to visit Duluth will do well to write to R. C. Mitchell, Secretary.

The prizes offered by J. L. Morse for the best three essays on the origin and objects of the Children's Progressive Lyceum were awarded to Jenny Pamperin, Ella Lincoln and May Walters. One or more of them will be published in the December Dove.

To make the child happy while it is developing and being educated is the high mission of *The Kindergarten Magazine*. One of its objects is to help the mothers, and for 1891-92 it will have a special department and course of practical papers for this purpose. (Kindergarten Publishing Company, 277 Madison St., Chicago.)

*The Lyceum Banner*, J. J. Morse editor, Liverpool, England, has completed its first volume, and gives evidence of permanency. The editor says: "Orders have increased in numbers, and our circulation shows no signs of weakness. We hope to see it considerably increased during the coming year. The editors receive no pay for their labors. They only ask that the *Banner* may be made self-supporting."

"Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" A book bearing this significant title, being the experiences of Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, was received from the publisher too late for extended notice in this issue. From a cursory glance of the volume, we judge it to be of great interest. It is illustrated, and well worth the price, \$1.50. Orders may be left at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE.

A new phase of slate-writing is exhibited by F. M. Donovan, a medium of Wichita, Kansas. The sifter furnishes his own slates, nailed and sealed together, with nothing between them except a flower or piece of colored paper, and in broad daylight in the presence of any number of people, in an incredibly short time, the insides of both slates are covered with writing in the colors of whatever is placed between them, and signed with the name of some departed friend of the sifter.

A letter from Mattie Hall, dated Duluth, Minn., October 23, says: "On Wednesday evening Elder Hastings, by request of the Christians, delivered a discourse against Spiritualism. Moses attended (140 persons present) and last night he replied. The Unitarian church was filled and the side doors were opened and one hundred extra chairs were brought in, and a hundred or more stood. We are grateful that the work has been a success." They had crowded houses during their entire stay. They both promised to return in March. They went to St. Paul a few days after, and expect to go from there to St. Louis, thence to Chicago.

On Thursday evening of each week Mr. Ben Barney gives psychometric readings at 111 Larkin street to large and delighted audiences. Many of his tests are remarkable, and nearly all are acknowledged as correct. Mrs. Barney (and sometimes Miss Eva) assists with the music. Once each month a musical and dramatic entertainment is given, followed by psychometric readings. These have been highly successful in point of merit and not discouraging in amount of receipts. That given October 29 yielded about \$8 over expenses. An excellent class of people attend Mr. Barney's meetings, and the same may be said of those presided over by Mrs. Voy. The fact is, the investigators of Spiritualism are above the average of what is called good society.

Mrs. E. B. Crossette is at present speaking in Riverside and San Bernardino. Her lectures are much appreciated and the psychometric readings are correct.

Mrs. Hendee is actively engaged in her Spiritual work as a medium and healer. Her powers remain strong and satisfactory to all who consult her either for sittings or treating. Strangers visiting the city and desiring to consult a reliable medium would do well to call upon Mrs. Hendee at 667 Minna St., corner of Eighth.

The lectures given by Mr. N. F. Ravlin in Washington Hall are worthy of much larger audiences, and to extend their usefulness the DOVE will hereafter publish a brief synopsis of each given during the month. Mr. Ravlin has been repeatedly invited to furnish an epitome of his discourses, but he declines to report his own lectures.

John Slater has been employed by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists during the past month to give tests at the close of Mr. Ravlin's address on Sunday mornings. These tests have always been very satisfactory and convincing, for John stands unequalled as a platform test-medium on the Pacific Coast. His Sunday evening meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall are thronged by hundreds of eager seekers after light from the other shore.

Mr. S. M. Tucker of Wichita, Kansas, writes that a medium in that city can get spirit photographs under conditions that render fraud impossible. The person desiring a picture selects his own operator, and sits for his picture in the usual way; all the medium does is to place his hand upon the top of the camera while the exposure is made. In nearly all cases there is found upon the plate from one to four figures beside that of the sitter, and in a large majority of cases the likenesses are recognized as deceased friends of the sitter. The medium's name is F. M. Donovan.

A year ago W. F. Argo, arrested for burglary, hanged himself in his cell in the Marin county jail at San Rafael. Since then many prisoners have complained of hearing noises in the jail at night, but the sheriff has been unable to ascertain their cause, although his watchmen also heard the noises. Recently a prisoner named Henry Baker, to escape from further confinement, pleaded guilty to a charge of murder, when the probability was that the verdict, at most, would have been manslaughter if he had awaited his trial. On being asked his reason for pleading guilty under such circumstances, he said: "Every night, about eleven o'clock, I have been awakened by noises of heavy weights dropping on the concrete floors, the rattling of chains, the slamming of the iron doors and the steady tramp, tramp of some invisible spook. This thing became unbearable to me, and had I not pleaded guilty I would have been insane before my trial was over."

The Riverside *Enterprise* gives an account of one of a series of parlor lectures given in that city by Mrs. E. B. Crossette. The lectures are somewhat conversational, the evenings being devoted mainly to answering questions and replying to suggestions advanced by the "class." The *Enterprise* says: "The questions asked were discussed in a scholarly way, and from the standpoint of one who professed to see both sides of the shield, and they embraced subjects material to the welfare of humanity. The speaker took the ground that whatever improves the material welfare of the human family, necessarily contributes to a better spiritual and moral condition, and that upon the surroundings of the individual, progress must necessarily depend. The subjects embraced the Farmers' Alliance, Edison and his discoveries, etc. The question whether Edison is aided in his efforts for the welfare of humanity by spirits of an advanced order, was answered in the affirmative. Mrs. Crossette's lectures will be continued for a time at the residence of Dr. Jennie Williams on Orange Street.

In the last four months New York has reported twenty suicides occurring in that city as the result of poverty; men and women unable to get employment, who preferred ending their own lives to begging.

Mrs. Kate Kohn, one of our most reliable mediums, has gone to Chicago to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. John Sherman formerly of this city. We hope the friends in that city will extend to our sister a fraternal welcome, as she is known, loved and respected by a large circle of friends upon the Pacific Coast as an honest conscientious medium and a refined intelligent lady.

The editor of the DOVE received recently a Psychometric Reading from Prof. Severance of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It was correct in every particular—so friends who claim to know her well declare. If the editor herself were to express an opinion she might say it was "too good to be true," but she will not say anything about it except to recommend all who desire to follow the advice of the Grecian philosopher—"Know Thyself"—to write to Prof. Severance for a delineation of character, and learn just what all wish to know concerning themselves. See the Professor's advertisement on another page.

*Infant Terrible* is the name of a little fortnightly paper published at 101 Fifteenth street, San Francisco, by H. C. B. Cowell and Clara Dixon Davidson. It is small in size, but great in honest, outspoken, original thought. The short articles are in excellent English, plain, simple, and yet poetical. C. D. D., by the way is a poetess, and each number yet issued contains a little poem by her. The longest article in the second issue, which would possibly make a page of the DOVE, is a prose poem by H. C. B. C., entitled "In the Mist"—a series of pictures in which Truth is told in allegory. Truth is not always palatable, but as here prepared it is swallowed before the partaker is fully aware of what the dish is composed. When the nature of it is understood the sensation produced depends entirely on the reader himself. Truth ever remains the same, no matter what we think of it.

The Wednesday evening meetings at 111 Larkin street continue interesting and instructive. That of October 21st was especially excellent. It was opened by Mrs. Dunham, followed with a very earnest and sensible address by Mrs. Sloper; an interesting personal experience by James Battersby, and a good little speech by Mrs. James. The meeting of October 28 was opened by Dr. Dean Clarke on some of the absurdities of Theosophy, followed by Prof. Henri Fairweather in mild reply and several thrilling songs, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Fairweather. Then circles were formed and tests given by Mrs. Sloper, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Place, Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Smith. November 4, Prof. Fairweather gave a lecture, the lesson of which was "be faithful to your ideal." The discourse included several very fine pieces of music. Mrs. Place and Mrs. Waite followed with platform tests.

Dr. Schlesinger, writing from St. Paul, Minn., October 29, gives an account of the loss of his gold spectacles, taken by a visitor who, on the plea of poverty, had a free sitting. Needing his glasses very much, after two days' search for the thief, he was about to purchase a new pair, when his guides told him not to do it; that he would soon recover his spectacles. Having no confidence in the promise, he went to an optician to buy a pair, when he found the thief in the store with the glasses in her hand, about to offer them for sale. He not only recovered his glasses, but the woman paid him two dollars for her sitting, taking the money from a pocket-book containing several \$5 and \$10 bills, showing that she did not steal from the pressure of poverty, but from a mania for theft. The doctor says he will have more confidence in his guides hereafter. He thinks the woman will be benefitted by a kind moral lecture the guides gave her after her confession.

## Henri and Wilfrida Fairweather.

The reform element of San Francisco, the lovers of music, and especially Spiritualists, are delighted to greet the sweet singer and orator, Henri Fairweather, who with his no less worthy wife will hold reform meetings in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday afternoon until further notice. It is hoped they will remain in the city a month or more. Their first public meeting was held in Washington Hall, November 1st., greatly to the delight of the audience. The entertainment was unique, consisting of solos by the professor, with piano accompaniments by Mrs. F., and short addresses by both—alternate outpourings of melody and argument, inspiring and instructive. The subject was the People's Party platform, but the speeches embraced the general rights of humanity. Two brief addresses by Mrs. Fairweather were very effective, being pictures of real life,—pictures of the past,—of Roman magnificence and poverty; of Egyptian splendor and slavery—and yet so closely connected with our own time, our own experience, that the lessons could not fail to come home to the heart of each one present. Mrs. F. is as poetical in her treatment of the hard facts of the past and the struggles of the present as her husband is musical in his rendering of political platforms and his appeals to the humanity and sense of justice of his hearers. May the highest success attend the labors of both.

The second "concert lecture" will be given in Washington Hall, November 8; the third, and succeeding ones in the Temple on Fifth street.

## Protecting His Rights.

Dr. J. Simms has commenced suit against Mary Stanton and her associates, claiming damages for infringement of copyright of Dr. Simms' works. Dr. Simms is the author of several books on physiology and hygiene, among them "Nature's Revelations of Character of the Mental, Moral and Volitive Dispositions of Mankind as Manifest in the Human Form and Countenance," "Nature's Revelations of Character, or Physiognomy Illustrated," "Health and Character, with Directions for Their Improvement." All his works are protected by copyright. The passages found in Mrs. Stanton's book which are similar to those in Dr. Simms' works fill seven large volumes of type-script. A bill in equity has been filed in the United States Circuit Court asking relief against Mary Olmstead Stanton, the Argonaut Publishing Company, Frank M. Pixley, and the San Francisco News Company. He asks that the defendants be restrained from publishing or circulating the works of Mrs. Stanton and for damages for infringement of copyright. The Argonaut Publishing Company is made a defendant because it printed her book in 1881 and because of the articles in the *Argonaut* in 1884. Mr. Pixley is sued because he is a stockholder of the Argonaut Publishing Company, editor of the *Argonaut* and advanced Mrs. Stanton money to publish her first book. The San Francisco News Company is joined as defendant because it published and circulated the book issued in 1884.

## Of Interest to Everybody.

No matter whether you believe there is any truth in Spiritualism or not; no matter whether you have ever had an opportunity of investigating its phenomena or not, yet if you are in the habit of thinking and reasoning for yourself, you cannot fail to be deeply interested in and greatly instructed by the lectures of that profound thinker and scholar and that most able speaker, Moses Hull, at Turner hall at 10:30 tomorrow morning, and at the Odd Fellows hall at 7:30 in the evening. On both of these occasions Dr. Schlesinger, the noted test medium, will give some more tests similar to those which he has given during the past ten days, and which have so astonished and interested a large number of the most intelligent ladies and gentlemen of this city.—*Duluth Herald*, Oct. 18.

## Children's Progressive Lyceum.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Some of the workers of the Lyceum would like to see the groups better filled than they are, and continue to hope that other methods may be pursued to attain that end. So wise a system of education should be extended, and a greater number of persons brought in bonds of sympathy; yet such as do attend experience much of the happiness for which the Lyceum was designed. Just now we are preparing for the holiday presents which are usually distributed in December to the younger members. Some of the friends of the Lyceum have made generous gifts to its funds, and the November entertainment will be set aside for the providing of holiday presents. To increase this fund it has been thought best to exact an admission fee from all who attend on the last Saturday of November, including all members except those who are engaged in the performances or on committees. The complimentary tickets were abolished by the same members some time ago. In anticipation of the January election for officers, by a vote of some of the officers and leaders present a few Sundays ago, it was decided to issue certificates to members who should be permitted to vote for officers, and these certificates are to be issued by vote of the leaders' meetings three months prior to the election, so that no member can vote who has not procured a certificate prior to October 1st.

## Case for the Psychical Society.

The following is a dispatch from Luverne, Minn.: "Mrs. Mary Murray Eggleston is a beautiful woman of twenty-two years, residing in the township of Springwater, Rice County, Minn. Her home is a typical farm home. Her husband, Alfred Eggleston, is kind and loving. Her two little girls are interesting and amiable. The mother is blessed with a splendid physique and good general health, yet with all these blessings a terrible cloud hangs over her life, as she is a somnambulist of a type that perplexes the medical men who have examined her case. For three years past she has been a most phenomenal sleeper, her sleeps lasting from three to five days at a time, during which, with eyes closed, she does marvelous things in the way of needle and fancy work, in paper wreaths and feather flowers assorting and arranging colors with the nicety of true art. She will retire to rest and fall asleep in a perfectly natural manner, and soon thereafter will arise, though sound asleep, and with closed eyes, in a dark room, will make articles requiring the most delicate and skillful work. Many of these articles are on exhibition in this city. She will remain in this condition for several days, and when she awakens has no recollection of what has occurred during her trance. These troubles are exceedingly trying on her strength, and she is usually exhausted when she awakens. Of late the sleeps are of shorter duration, but of more frequent occurrence. She converses loudly when in the trances, and although one of the most amiable of ladies when awake, she is at these times petulant. No means of awakening her have as yet been devised, vigorous shaking, pinchings and shower baths having no effect whatever. She is exceedingly sensitive in regard to her affliction, and reluctant to take medical advice."

The worst harlots are not they who sell their bodies for bread, but they who, with prayer book in their hands, sell their souls for jewels and gold.

J. H. White, one of the organizers of the Farmers' Alliance, has returned from Lassen county, but will be "on the wing" again soon.

The concluding portion of the notice of W. C. Owen's last book, "The Economics of Herbert Spencer," set up for this number, is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear next month.



## Correspondence.

## Organization.

From Dr. Dean Clarke.

Napu, Nov. 5, 91.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I came here Sunday evening to try the experiment of speaking again, and succeeded so much to the satisfaction of my audience that they re-engaged me for next Sunday. But the effort was quite exhausting, and it is problematic whether I shall be able to continue my old vocation. Quite an interest in our philosophy has been aroused here, and a few energetic women and men are anxious to continue public meetings. Were I physically able, I could soon awaken a general interest among an intelligent people, who have become drowsy on old theological opiates.

What I can do now remains to be determined, but rest assured I shall fail only for want of physical power. My Spiritual strength was never greater than last Sunday. I shall return next week.

DEAN CLARKE.

## Letter From Martha L Wright

DEAR DOVE:—This morning I was delighted when reading the "tidings of great joy" the DOVE had to bring away up on the mountain in regard to organizing among the scattered forces of Spiritualists in general. I have realized the subtle power of Theosophists, their aggressiveness, and am pleased the Spiritualists are waking up to use their weapons of truth—a force that is simply sublime in its simplicity. It needs no unaccountable mystery upon which to build its foundation. Christian Science and Theosophy are alike in crushing the finer instincts of the heart, in the endeavor to reach the something so "grand" they cannot explain what it is, it is so mysteriously awful. Occasionally one of their order comes this way, and they always have a fanatical influence on the people, but their kind of talk could never lead me into their ranks.

William E. Coleman is doing a good work explaining the founders of Theosophy, and Dr. Dean Clark and Mr. Rowlin are fine leaders in a movement so necessary.

RENO, Oct. 21, 1891.

MARTHA L. WRIGHT

## Oakland Spiritualists.

TO THE EDITOR: I would like to have you mention in your paper that we have organized a new society to be known as the Mission Spiritual Society with the following officers:—

John Thompson, Pres.; Mr. Carson, Treas.; and K. Thompson, Secretary. The Society held its first meeting on Sunday afternoon Oct. 4th, at Native Sons' Hall, which proved a grand success.

The president opened the meeting with a few remarks, followed by Dr. A. K. Mc Sorley, who gave the invocation; and after that many of the friends gave their experiences, and told how they became Spiritualists. In the evening Mrs. S. Cowles, the well-known and popular medium of East Oakland, gave some wonderful tests, all of which were immediately recognized. Mrs. Kingsley and daughter rendered excellent music. We expect to do some grand work this winter.

K. THOMPSON,

Oakland, Nov. 2, 1891.

EDITOR DOVE:—The new society formed in Oakland is a success in every way. Our regular meetings are all well attended and on last Sunday afternoon we had a very interesting meeting, having many excellent test mediums and speakers on the rostrum. In the evening Mrs. Harland of San Francisco delivered a splendid lecture on Spiritualism, and gave some tests. The members of the society are jubilant. All mediums are cordially invited to come and see us. We meet at Native Sons' Hall, 918 Washington Street, Oakland, Cal.

K. THOMPSON, Sec. Mission Spiritual Society.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The matter of a National Organization of Spiritualists appears to be vibrating in the spiritual atmosphere, and I am sanguine that something can now be effected. For some time past visions have been shown to me illustrative of the coming together of Spiritualists upon a platform of principles, and I have been tempted to draft a foundation upon which all true Spiritualists could stand, but upon receiving the last CARRIER DOVE I find that Dr. Dean Clarke has gone ahead and done the work in good shape, and a great deal better than I could. There is but one addition I would make, I would place at the close of the first clause of the "Cardinal Principles" the following:

But the vastness of the visible universe precludes any idea of a personal being that we can ever become acquainted with who is able and sufficiently powerful to govern and move the great machinery.

This would give some idea why we cannot accept the doctrine of a personal God. Of course I do not insist on this, or anything like it, if it is thought objectionable in any way, and would only be too glad to enlist under the platform as it is. What is now wanted is, for local societies to discuss the subject, and canvass the matter of calling a national convention where, if possible, a platform of principles may be established upon which the Spiritualists of the world can stand. It would give character and strength to our now scattered forces.

Marshfield, Oregon.

THOMAS BECKMAN.

## Spiritualism in Los Angeles.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The "city of the angels" is becoming a head center of Spiritual manifestations. W. C. Bowman, the silver-tongued orator of North Carolina, has been for three months speaking most acceptably for the first Society of Spiritualists here. Dr. J. M. Temple, of San Francisco, gives tests from the platform at the close of these Sunday evening addresses. The Doctor is a fine test medium, and gives daily sittings at the Winthrop House on Spring Street.

Mrs. Florence K. Rich, of Boston, is a recent arrival. She needs no commendation to those who know her. Those who do not will do well to give her a call at the Albemarle.

Among the many resident mediums we have a wonderful psychometric and trance medium—Mrs. M. White, corner of Second and Los Angeles streets. Mrs. White has been recently developed as a psychometrist. I have thoroughly tested her in this phase of mediumship, and find that her psychometric power is very great.

She not only describes the conditions surrounding persons from whom articles are brought to her, but depicts their mental, moral and physical conditions, their hopes, fears and aspirations, with the result of their endeavors in life. Any article saturated with the magnetism of an individual may be sent in a sealed envelope, and the reading will be perfect. I have tested this with success in a number of cases, by bringing articles to this lady from distant cities.

Mrs. N. D. Miller, the materializing and state writing medium, so favorably mentioned in Dr. Watson's *Spiritual Magazine*, is also here doing good work for the cause.

The indications are that the spirit forces are concentrating here in great power. This is doubtless owing to the equable condition of the atmosphere, for spirits, like mortals, are subject to conditions.

The State convention of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union recently held in this city was a grand success. Believing that all reforms which look to the uplifting of humanity are inaugurated and carried on by a congress of advanced spirits, the mention of this convention is not inappropriate in this connection. A clairvoyant medium saw on that occasion hundreds of our glorious dead (so called) hovering over the speakers whose eloquence aroused the audience to the greatest enthusiasm. The hope of the world, in its present state of political corruption lies in the united efforts of the grand and good here and in spirit-life. Let us then work with them for the uplifting of humanity.

Los Angeles, Nov. 1st.

MARY A. WHITE.

### What Women Are Doing.

Miss Lenora Herron, of Dedham, has been appointed to the position of librarian of Hampton College, Virginia.

The domestic science department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn N. Y., has about 1200 women enrolled as students.

The Cornell School of Law has enrolled Mrs. Mary Kennedy Brown, a graduate of Wellesley and a young widow, as one of its students.

In London the number of women on school boards increases, and this year twelve women have been elected in eleven different districts.

A Mexican woman who is said to be 105 years old has filed her final entry for 100 acres of land in Stanislaus County, Cal. She is hale and hearty and the mother of twenty-five children.

The ladies upon the Missouri State Board of Commissioners for the World's Fair have asked for \$25,000 of the appropriation made by the Legislature, to be applied in the women's departments.

Miss E. H. Lothrop, for two years past a teacher in the Oxford, O., College for women, takes the instructorship of mathematics at Oberlin College left vacant by the death of Professor Stanley.

Pauline Lucca, Madame Modjeska and Rose Coghlan are all said to be devoted to rural life, and Madame Modjeska's ranch in California, where she raises grapes and cattle, is especially successful.

Mrs. Emily Verclery-Batley, for nearly twenty years on the staff of the New York *Sun*, has opened a "Woman's Bureau of Journalism and Literature," at 30 West Sixty-first street, New York City.

Work has been begun on Clark Hall, the main college building for the Cleveland College for women, a department of Western Reserve University. Last year the whole number of students was forty-five.

A number of Ventura young ladies have pledged themselves not to dance with any young man whose breath is tainted by liquor, or allow any young man to call upon them who drinks even a glass of beer.

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, the author of "A Girl in the Karpathians," assumed the dress of a boy on her travels through the regions her book describes. Miss Dowie is under twenty-one years of age and made her journey without companions.

In 1872 Sarah Bernhardt's salary at the Odeon was only \$400 per month. For each of the last ten years her average earnings have been \$50,000, and for the last five \$100,000. She has received during the last twenty-five years \$1,000,000, to which sum her present comparatively short engagement will add \$400,000.

The Princess of Monaco, who has not last prevailed upon her husband to close the gambling establishments in his principality so soon as the leases expire, is said to have decided to convert the magnificent building and grounds at Monte Carlo, where so many lives have been wrecked, into a hospital for consumptives.

Miss Elizabeth Peabody, who is well known by her works of benevolence, is between eighty and ninety years of age. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody. One of her sisters married Horace Mann, the other was the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Miss Peabody lives in Boston and possesses a wonderful fund of reminiscence of noted New Englanders.

The Association for the Advancement of Women at its recent meeting in Grand Rapids, Mich., elected Julia Ward Howe President for the coming year. Jennie A. Froiseth of Utah, and Ellen C. Sargent of California are among the Vice-Presidents. The congress closed with a symposium on the subject of "Man," that personage being bandied severely by numerous witty speakers.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, whose golden wedding celebration took place recently, is said to resemble her half-brother Henry Ward Beecher, very closely. She has seldom failed to speak before the Legislature of Connecticut when woman suffrage or temperance has been on the tapis. She is one of the woman managers of the Chicago World's Fair, and shows no abatement in vigor, despite her advanced age. She is a Spiritualist.

[The following items are selected mainly from the columns of *Womankind*, an eight-page weekly published in Springfield, Ohio, at \$1. per year.]

A woman jewelry drummer is the latest novelty.

A woman in St. John, N. B., is at the head of the ice trade at that place.

Eighty-one per cent of all public school teachers in the country are women.

Some Western young women are finding a new way of earning a living by riding race horses.

Annie B. Saunders keeps a paint shop in 8th avenue, New York, and makes a good living at the business.

The curator of the Proctor Memorial Observatory at San Diego, Cal., will be Mrs. Proctor, the astronomer's widow.

Five thousand girls employed at a lace factory in Venice, under the patronage of the Queen of Italy, receive seven cents a day.

The experiment of employing women in government positions is about to be tried in the republic of San Salvador, Central America.

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of the National W. C. T. U. will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., Nov. 13 to 18 inclusive.

A girl of eighteen years, the daughter of a sea captain, recently navigated her father's ship when he and all the crew were down with yellow fever.

A woman clerk at Washington has a hot-house, and last year she sold 100,000 violets. She thinks of resigning and becoming a florist.

Mrs. Perugini, second daughter of Charles Dickens, paints children's portraits and is now making a series of sketches for an English magazine.

Gibraltar's postoffice, with branches in several Moorish towns, is looked after by a woman, Miss Cresswell, who receives a salary of \$2,800 a year.

Miss Lizzie E. D. Thayer, the train dispatcher of the New London Northern Railroad, is the only woman in the country who holds such a position.

Miss Florence E. Soule, a recent graduate of Wellesley College, has received the appointment of a teacher of Greek in the high school, and supervisor of music in the common schools at Mankato, Minn.

In the kingdom of Corea women not only choose and divorce their husbands, but practice a form of polygamy common nowhere else in the world, every woman being entitled to four or five husbands.

An English lady of high medical rank, L. R. Cooke, has set out for Seoul, the capital of the Corea, to open a hospital for women and children in connection with the missionary station there.

Captain Mary Miller, who has proved herself a thorough sailor and steamboater during the past seven years, on the Mississippi, as captain and pilot, now seeks an appointment as a lighthouse-keeper.

Four women writers share in the honors awarded by the Institute of France this year: Mlle. Marcel, novelist; Mme. Jules Samsou, educational writer; Mlle. Miran, poetess; and Mme. Carrette, biographical and historical essayist.

There are now one hundred and twenty women in the Berlin telephone exchanges. It has been decided to employ only women in the future, as their voices are much more audible than men's, owing to the higher pitch.

Miss Enid Vandell, of Louisville, Kentucky, the sculptor to whom was awarded the contract of decorating the Women's Building at the Exposition, has completed the clay models of two principal figures which are said to be very satisfactory.

In the last rush for homesteads in Oklahoma was a company of young women from Guthrie. They were mounted on Texas ponies and were attired in cowboy costumes, armed with revolvers and equipped for camping out. They settled on adjoining claims.

Nellie Cashman, a young woman of twenty, is a mining expert in Arizona. Nine years ago she went from Kansas to Tucson, and there, working with her brothers in the mines, she became wonderfully expert in judging ore. Her judgment is so good that the oldest and most experienced mining experts are governed by it.

Miss Florence Hartley, the court reporter in Wichita, Kansas, has a commodious office in the new Court House, with flowers, pictures, and other feminine surroundings. At the trial of an important case six years ago she took the place of a man who had to give up, and she has held the office ever since.

**MUSIC.**

We have just received a large assortment of new music from the celebrated composer, Prof. C. P. Longley, of Boston. These songs have a handsome lithograph title page, representing a symbolical spiritual scene; also very good likenesses of Prof. and Mrs. Longley. We will sell any of these beautiful sheets of music for sixcents per copy, or send by mail for 35 cents. Plain title pages 25 cents. The following is the list of songs:

**MUSIC FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE**

**LITHOGRAPHIC TITLE PAGE.**

Mother's Love Purest and Best.  
Back from the Silent Land  
Your Darling is not Sleeping.  
What shall be my Angel Name?  
Vacant Stanla Her Chair.  
Love's Golden Chain.  
Ever I'll Remember Thee.  
We'll All be Gathered Home  
Sweet Summer Land Home.  
All are Waiting Over There.  
Echoes from Beyond the Veil  
Gentle Words and Loving Hearts.  
I Love to Think of the Old Times  
Glad that We're Living Here to-day  
There are Homes Over There.  
They'll Welcome Us Home to-morrow.  
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.  
The Angel Kismet Me.  
We will Meet You in the Morning  
Little Brodin's Gone to Rest.  
On the Mountains of Light.  
Open thy Gates, Beautiful World.

**PLAIN TITLE PAGE**

We'll All meet Again in the Morning Land  
When the Dear Ones Gather Home.  
We'll All be Gathered Home.  
All are Waiting Over There.  
Open Those Pearly Gates of Light.  
They'll Welcome Us Home to-morrow  
Mother's Love Purest and Best.  
The Angel Kismet Me.  
I Love to Think of the Old Times  
There are Homes Over There.  
Only a thin Veil Between Us.

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- "Only a Thin Veil Between Us."
- "There are Homes Over There."
- "Mother's Love Purest and Best."
- "Open Those Pearly Gates of Light."
- "They'll Welcome Us Home to-morrow"
- "All are Waiting Over There."
- "On the Mountains of Light."
- "In Heaven We'll Meet You."
- "Glad that We're Living Here to-day."
- "We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land."
- "The Angel Kismet Me."
- "We'll All be Gathered Home."

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