

The Carrier Dove.

"Behold! I Bring You Glad Tidings of Great Joy!"

VOLUME VIII.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1891.

NUMBER 2.

Original Articles.

Should a Spiritualist Marry a Catholic?

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

I have watched with much interest the result of two marriages between Spiritualists and Catholics. One was a lady brought up as a Spiritualist. As a girl she used to both see and hear spirits, but lost the power when she had grown to womanhood. She had neither experience nor interest in religion or any of its churches. Her relatives had been Quakers, but had deserted the meeting house and taken to raps before my lady friend was born. Those dear to her died one by one, until she found herself left all alone, but with a comfortable independence.

The time came when she met Mr. T., a widower, a man worthy of any woman's respect. He was the head of an old established firm in Ohio, and had held high office in the city where he resided. He was a man of whose attentions any woman might be proud, *but he was a whole-souled Catholic.* Nature declared the couple admirably adapted to each other. But the church said in its own sweet way, "Nature has no authority over hell and purgatory, so let nature be damned—by priestly curse, lest Catholics and heretics dare to marry." But the couple held a caucus and passed a unanimous resolution, cementing it by several solemn kisses, that church or no church they were going to get married. They mutually agreed to respect each other's belief, and proposed to turn the church hell into heaven by living to make each other happy.

The church has an unexpired patent right on the wisdom of the serpent, although it has been infringed by Presbyterian elders and Baptist deacons, and it concluded to make the best of the situation. Here was a man of influence and means, good for many dollars every year. Even if that man's soul were lost, the dollars might be saved by the blood of Jesus and a little cuteness. A special dispensation was procured, and the priest was allowed to marry the fond couple in their own home, but he must omit the customary blessing on the union. The marriage was just as legal without it, but whether the priest made a little allowance off his wedding fee on account of the omission I cannot say. In fact the cash value of a priest's benediction always depends upon the state of the market, and in this case the bride would have considered him overpaid with even one cent.

The agreement and the kisses were kept alive by practice every day for years. They were a level-headed, harmonious couple. The husband went regularly to mass, though not to confession, and sometimes the wife went too. She welcomed and entertained his Catholic friends, and the husband was a kind host to those of her faith she chose to invite. He had grown-up children belonging to the church, but recognizing that their father was happy, they suppressed all outward objection to their step-mother. For a number of years there was nothing in this match to point a moral or adorn a tale. Several times her husband was sick and in acute suffering, and then he gladly availed himself of the advice of a spirit doctor who had long been the guide of a medium friend of his wife. But at last no skill could save him, and this happy mar-

riage was dissolved by death. So here we have a most unusual and unexpected result to a marriage that was apparently as much miscegenation as a union between a white woman and a negro. But there was a very remarkable experience following the death of the husband which shows something of the other side of the question.

As I have said, Mrs. T. was both clairvoyant and clairaudient when a girl, but she apparently outgrew her sensitiveness. During her married life she was never conscious of spirit presence. But a few days after the funeral she began to have an experience that nearly ruined her life. She seemed to suddenly find herself two distinct individuals. During her married life the Catholic faith had grown more and more distasteful to her, but nevertheless she now found herself reading her husband's Bible, and studying his prayer book, whilst saying to herself, "I must be a Catholic. I will be a Catholic." Presently the inner voice became more urgent, and now kept repeating, "I must go and see Father B. and tell him I will be a Catholic." At last she went to call on the priest, intending to tell him her experience and that she wanted to be a Catholic. It happened that Father B. was not at home, and not likely to be back for some days, so she returned unsatisfied and still mentally repeating the refrain, "I must be a Catholic. I will be a Catholic."

The next morning her friend, the medium, came for a visit. Becoming entranced, the old spirit doctor took control and explained the mystery. The first wife had been grateful for Mrs. T.'s affectionate care of their mutual husband, and was now trying to reward her by making her into a good Catholic. Fortunately, the husband, now a spirit, had protested that it was unfair, and had managed to hold her back until Father B. had gone away. It was simply a case of hypnotism, and spirit hypnotism is sometimes an everyday experience of those who are sensitives, although, unless they are developed mediums, they do not realize the process or the danger. *But it is well to remember that any impulse that is contrary to our best judgment should arouse alarm.*

In this case there had been nothing to provoke the hostility of the priesthood, visible or invisible. Mrs. T. had not opposed her husband's faith. She was not exhibiting any mediumship that might endanger the church, nor was her future position likely to be one of influence against their power, so there had been no special attempt to influence her. In other words she had been "let alone" by those who so often wield a terrible influence over the sensitive. But all the same, here was an almost successful effort made by a spirit who was actually working to do what she believed to be a real kindness.

To be forewarned was to be forarmed, and as soon as Mrs. T. understood her danger, the spirit influence was of course destroyed, and her own spirit-friends are now able to guard her from a repetition of the attack.

The other case of spiritual miscegenation that I have watched was the marriage of a young friend of mine, who was a Spiritualist, to a beautiful girl, the daughter of Catholic parents, and educated in a convent in Canada. The priests did their utmost to prevent the marriage, even intercepting letters, and lying about the young man, hoping to induce the innocent girl to engage herself to a Catholic lover. The courtship was a battle from beginning to end,

and when I first met the young wife she was talking bitterly against the priesthood, and attending spiritual meetings with her husband. They seemed to be fully developed and harmonious freethinkers; and presently were the happy parents of a beautiful little child. After a time they lost their little darling by scarlet fever, when the husband discovered that before the child was a month old, the mother had carried it to a Catholic church and had it christened by a priest, and the wife now furiously insisted that it should be buried with Catholic service in a Catholic cemetery.

In this case there had been no mutual agreement, save to have nothing to do with priests or their church, and the gross deception practiced by the young mother has made that home a hell, and will soon result in separation and divorce.

The Catholic church says that if it can control a child till it is 10 years old that child will be a Catholic for life. This is usually true. Hence no young Spiritualist can hope for a happy home if he marries a girl brought up as a Catholic. We have seen that a Catholic husband may find a Spiritualist wife who will live for his happiness, but her own happiness is in danger sooner or later if she be a sensitive. There can be no true union between faith and knowledge. They are deadly foes, and as such they meet when Spiritualist and Catholic come together.

San Leandro.

Hypnotized Governments.

W. W. JUDSON.

When a so-called Christian nation makes special laws affecting a certain class of its subject citizens, or alien residents, who do not sustain or encourage the Christian religion, the question arises whether said nation is practicing religious intolerance, or simply working some unexplainable and mysterious system of national culture. Every Christian nation of Europe has, at one time or another, discriminated against the Jews; and in countries where such laws have ceased to be considered a cardinal virtue, no one can be found who will deny that the Jews had been persecuted solely on account of their religious belief and practices.

But mark the difference in Russia, where to-day the same destructive Christian missiles are hurled against the Jews.

That Government asserts that it is not religious intolerance that prompts the measures relative to the Jews in Russia, but that it is an absolute necessity to save the rural populace from being drained of their resources by the Jews. Russia does not assume false liberalism, but acts openly in protecting the prosperity of the nation.

The most singular part of religious intolerance is, that in times when such persecution is active, religious bodies, or nations, appear to be laboring under a spiritual, hypnotic influence which completely blinds them to the actual facts in the case.

We find a certain amount of like hypnotic blindness cropping out in every nation of the present age. For instance, take Christian influence on the North American continent: the Chinese are taxed fifty dollars a head, the persecution price, to land at a Canadian port.

The Protestant and Catholic Canadian does not discover that a religious robbery has been perpetrated, and old John Bull cannot see religious persecution right under his nose, but readily scents church oppression in distant Russia.

In the United States, a law which prohibits a certain non-Christian race from landing upon its shores, is not far removed (in the line of barbarism) from a Christian edict which forcibly expels the Jews from Russia. In all cases, these laws are made and enforced ostensibly for a similar patriotic purpose; namely, the protection and prosperity of these respective nations. This is a most frivolous excuse to put forward for class legislation.

At the present time, the Jews and Chinese are condemned as undesirable citizens in certain spots upon the earth's surface which happen to be under a hypnotic influence called Christianity.

In North America the venom is expended upon the celestial, while in Russia the same soporific force is worked off upon the Hebrew. Strange to say, these Christian nations, or governments, fail to appreciate each other's magnanimous efforts to advance the welfare of their respective peoples, hence great meetings are held in England to protest against persecution in Russia, and in the United States, Congressman Cummings recently offered for reference a resolution setting forth that the members of the House of Representatives of the United States have heard with profound sorrow, and feeling akin to horror, the report of the persecution of Jews in Russia, reflecting the barbarism of past ages, disgracing humanity and impeding the progress of civilization; that their sorrow is intensified by the fact that such occurrences should happen in a country which had been a friend of the United States, and that clothed itself with glory not long since by the emancipation of its serfs, and by its defence of Christians from the oppression of the Turks. The resolution directs the Secretary of State to forward it to the American minister at St. Petersburg for presentation to the Czar.

On the other hand, Russia, through its official organ, the *Novoe Vremya*, protests against English or other foreign interference in regard to the treatment of Jews in Russia, and says if the whole of Europe should attempt to force a distasteful policy upon Russia, she is in a position to successfully defend her independence.

By giving the above subject a little thought, it will be noticed that the world's ideas of justice and reform are in a perplexing and muddled condition, and that governments reflect the bigoted and most brutal part of the confused forces working out the problem of human advancement.

Suicide.

One day recently I noticed, in a single daily, accounts of five suicides, each entirely separate from the rest in relationship. On another day I found four records of life self taken, while instances of parents and children agreeing to go forth together into the unknown because of debt, poverty and want have occurred on several occasions recently, especially in our great metropolis. These cases remind me of a pathetic incident related of a negro immediately following the war, when starvation stared many of them in the face, and the spirit of hatred permeated the air. One poor colored man was found starting listlessly from his former hut, his scant personal effects in a soiled handkerchief on a stick.

"Where are you going?" asked a traveller whom he met.

"I dunno!"

"What will you do when you get there?"

"I dunno?"

"Do you think you will better your condition any?"

"I can't worse it nohow," replied the hopeless freedman.

So with the increasing army of the very poor who seek death by their own hands. They have lost faith in a God and a future life. They come to feel that they cannot at least face anything more terrible than the relentless struggle with greed in an age when competition is fierce, capital is merciless, and corporations are soulless.

And what is the church doing for these most needy of all the children of our land? Is she thundering against the outrages of capital? Is she facing her members who have built colossal fortunes with any of the positive commands of the great Teacher whom she pretends to follow, or are her well-fed divines, from their richly carved pulpits, discoursing in such a delightfully soothing manner that it allays any qualms that the rich members may have as a soothing draught quiets the disturbed nerves?—*American Spectator*.

Henry Kiddle and the Mahatma; or H. K. Versus K. H.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Part V.

(Continued.)

II. What are the true sources of the so-called mahatmas' teachings, —do they emanate from the alleged adepts, and if not, whence are they derived? I have shown that, granting that the mahatmic teachings do proceed from the adepts, they are false and valueless. But if they do not come from the mahatmas, and these mahatmas are myths, their falsity and lack of value are still further emphasized. In order to be a mahatma, as alleged, one must possess certain powers and endowments of a superlatively exalted order, far removed from those of common humanity. If those powers and endowments are lacking, then the person thus deficient can be no mahatma. The plagiarized letter, the precipitation proof, and the explanation of the plagiarism, —these three are said to be the work of Koot Hoomi as a mahatma, —they are alleged to be his handiwork in his capacity and in the exercise of his peculiar and exceptional powers as a mahatma. My examination and criticism of these documents has shown in a positive manner I think, that all three of these papers are decidedly unmahatmic in character.

First, the plagiarized letter. Is it not absurd to suppose that a person such as Koot Hoomi is represented to be, possessed of practical omniscience in mundane matters, and conversant with the knowledge and wisdom of the gods, not only as regards this planet but the whole universe, —is it not absurd to think that a being of so exalted character could possibly be guilty of such a petty theft as was certainly committed in his name when the plagiarized letter was sent to Mr. Sinnett? Is it not equally as absurd to suppose that a man with his lofty intellectual endowments, as alleged, would be forced to borrow from the non-mahatmic utterances of a Spiritualist lecturer (one of a class of persons whom he affects to hold in very light esteem), in order to express his opinions concerning the value and results of the phenomena and philosophy of theosophy? It is not conceivable that either morally or intellectually a true mahatma —did such a being exist —could have acted in the manner that the writer of the Sinnett letter assuredly did.

Next, no mahatma could possibly be guilty of forging a document like the precipitation proof, in order to clear himself of a charge of which he was certainly guilty; and third, it is unthinkable that a genuine mahatma could fabricate such a silly and self-evidently false explanation of the Kiddle incident, as that attributed to Koot Hoomi. A mahatma must, by virtue of his being a mahatma, occupy a moral and spiritual plane of so sublime a nature and height, that the bare thought of practicing such meanness, trickery, and falsehood, as has been done in the name of Koot Hoomi in this matter, would never even occur to him. He must also, by virtue of his being a mahatma, possess such towering wisdom, that it would be about as impossible for him to be guilty of such weak and foolish actions as are laid at Koot Hoomi's door in this case, as it would be for Herbert Spencer and Professor T. H. Huxley, in the plenitude of their mental vigor and intellectual strength, to so debase themselves as to join the Theosophical Society and acknowledge themselves to be believers in the "Secret Doctrine" of Mme. Blavatsky. The entire course of action ascribed to Koot Hoomi in this matter is that which no mahatma could possibly engage in, in any particular; and the fact that such action was done is proof positive that it did not proceed from any mahatma. Therefore, no adept or mahatma has had anything to do with the Kiddle plagiarism. But if the mahatmas are innocent, from whom, then, did the three documents above referred to emanate?

We are informed by Mr. Sinnett that the letters sent to and received from Koot Hoomi by him passed through Mme. Blavatsky

as intermediary. Letters for Koot Hoomi from Mr. Sinnett were given to the Madame, and she sent them to the adept in a magical occult manner; and in like manner she received letters from the adepts for Mr. Sinnett. If then the letters said to come from Koot Hoomi did not proceed from him, it necessarily follows that we must look to Mme. Blavatsky for their authorship. The letters in the Kiddle matter certainly did not come from the mahatma, as has been shown; then they emanated from the busy pen of Mme. Blavatsky. That this is the case, as regards the mahatmas' letters in general, has been further endorsed by the fact that their subject-matter and style of expression agree with known peculiarities of Mme. B.; and also by the still more significant fact that the mahatmic letters contain the same marked peculiarities in the use or misuse of the English language as do the writings of the Madame, in the matter of improper spelling, bad grammar, defective construction, gallicisms, etc. I give a few examples. (See Richard Hodgson's *Report on Phenomena connected with Theosophy*, pp. 306, 307.)

KOOT HOOMI.

MME. BLAVATSKY.

Spelling.

Your's, her's.
Thiefs.
Leasure.
Alloted
Circumstantial

Your's.
Thiefs.
Deceived, beseached.
Cooly (for "coolly").
Conscienciously, hypocric y

Structure.

Give an advice.

Tolerably well English.
Rather than to yield.
Preventing them to come.
Along hundred of (for "a hundred").

Give an evidence; offering 'advices.
Very well English.
Rather than to hear.
Preventing the spirits to come.

Did not abuse of the situation.
So more the pity for him.

With hundred others.
Fear of being shown.
So more the pity for those.

Division of Words at the end of a Line.

Incessan-ly, direc-ly.

Po werless.
Fun-ctions.
Rea-ding, discer-ning.

Recen-ly, hones-ly, perfec-ly.
Po-wers.
Correc-tness.
Retur-ning, trea-ting, grea-test.

Moreover, a number of special peculiarities in the handwriting of Mme. Blavatsky are present in the Koot Hoomi writings. These facts, taken with the demonstration that the letters in the Kiddle matter certainly never came from a mahatma, while they came from the Madame, in the alleged character of intermediary, establish conclusively that the author of the Koot Hoomi letters was none other than Mme. Blavatsky. This is strengthened by the following considerations: The Koot Hoomi letters in the Kiddle case, including the precipitation proof, are saturated with falsehood, deception, trickiness; and for over a dozen years past, falsehood, trickery, deception, have been freely imputed to Mme. Blavatsky, in the matter especially of the production of occult phenomena, as in this instance. Her best friends admit that she is addicted to habitual fiction in her conversation, etc. I am in possession of positive evidence that a number of the leading theosophical workers in the world, the head and front of the Society, are aware of and acknowledge that Mme. B. practices deception in occult phenomena and in the production of alleged Koot Hoomi letters. The true source of the mahatmic letters is thus seen to be not the Brothers of Tibet, or the adepts, but Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. This is beyond reasonable doubt.

III. What do these facts indicate, as regards the existence or non-existence of the mahatmas? Some leading theosophists, while admitting that most of the letters and the other phenomena attributed to the "Masters" are the work of Mme. Blavatsky and her confederates, nevertheless claim that the adepts do exist, and that

a small part of the phenomena does actually proceed from them. To me such a conclusion seems more foolish than the acceptance of the whole as the work of "the Brothers." The latter is at least consistent and understandable. If these "Brothers" exist in Tibet, and are intimately connected with the Theosophical Society, as alleged, they certainly know of the gigantic mass of fraud and falsehood, that for so many years has been practiced in their name; and yet they never protest against it. They quietly assume the responsibility for all that has been done in their name, they condone a load of imposture and deception rarely paralleled in the earth's history, they still uphold and work for the advancement of the Society in whose interest this great wrong has been committed, and they still fellowship with and sustain the woman who has saddled upon them all the shady transactions and contradictions and absurd doctrines laid to their charge during the last dozen years or more,—in which work she still engages as indefatigably as ever. No true mahatma, did such a being exist, could possibly do this. The fact of being a mahatma, of itself, precludes one from the commission of such low, immoral conduct, saying nothing of its great folly and weakness. If the mahatmas sustain and encourage those guilty of systematic fraud and imposture, they are as guilty in a moral sense as those whom they protect and assist; and therefore being such, they cannot be mahatmas. Ergo, the mahatmas do not exist,—they are creations of the mind of Mme. Blavatsky, to bolster up and father her pretended marvelous knowledge and wonderful occultic powers.

Take the case of this Kiddle matter. The plagiarized letter is published to the world as the production of Koot Hoomi, in a book devoted to the establishment of the existence of the mahatmas, with proofs of their remarkable endowments, as manifested partially through the mediation of Mme. Blavatsky. There are a number of letters in this work claiming to come from Koot Hoomi, just as the Kiddle letter did. These letters are proved to be the work of Mme. Blavatsky; hence Koot Hoomi had nothing to do with the matter in Mr. Sinnett's book,—the whole thing is an imposition upon Mr. S. by the wily Madame. When the plagiarism was discovered, Koot Hoomi—if he exists—must have been aware of it, and of the preparation of the forged "proof" and of the bogus explanation published in his name. If this mahatma really does exist, think to what a degradation he has been subjected by Mme. Blavatsky. He has been proved a petty plagiarist, a forger of a spurious document gotten up in defense of falsehood, and the writer of an explanation, weak and silly,—one long mass of sickening falsehood and moral putridity. If Koot Hoomi does exist, would he submit to all this, and never attempt to check Mme. B. in her wicked work in his name, fastening upon him these series of misdeeds? Would he allow all these falsehoods to be published to the world in his name, and do nothing to correct them? If he possesses the power ascribed to him, he could easily stop the work being done by the Madame to his disgrace; and that he does not do so is proof that he is not in existence. Besides, if Mme. B. knew that there was an actual Koot Hoomi, as she represents, she would scarcely dare to use his name as she does. The fact that for so many years she has practiced a continuous deception in the name of this adept is conclusive proof that no such person exists. This circumstance, to me, is one of the strongest evidences of the non-existence of the mahatmas. No reasonable doubt can, therefore, obtain as to the mythical character of Koot Hoomi and the other so-called "Brothers" of Tibet.

IV. What is the true nature of the foundations upon which the whole structure of theosophy rests? The teachings of theosophy emanate as a whole from Madame Blavatsky; she is the founder, leader and duly-accredited exponent of the doctrines constituting the philosophy of theosophy. The theosophic teachings in the writings of other persons, such as those of Mr. Sinnett, Col. Olcott, W. Q. Judge, M. M. Chatterji, and the rest, are all based upon the peculiar ideas and theories of Mme. Blavatsky. As W. Q. Judge is reported to have said; "The Theosophical Society is Mad-

ame Blavatsky." But whence does the Madame obtain the teachings she promulgates as theosophy? She claims that they are not original with herself, but that they are the veritable oracles of divine wisdom, handed down from the Dhyan Chohans (planetary spirits or creative intelligences), through a long line of adepts, to the present mahatmas, and by the latter transferred to her; in other words, it is claimed that the doctrines of theosophy are, as a whole, derived from the alleged mahatmas of Tibet. The entire system of theosophy is rooted and grounded in the so-called Tibetan adepts. They are, it is claimed, the veritable founders, guardians, and inspirers of the Theosophical Society; the Society is their offspring, and by them it is being reared and nurtured. The *raison d'être* of the Society hangs upon the existence of the adepts as adepts, in possession of the powers ascribed to them.

In this connection, I may quote the words of the Countess Wachtmeister, the confidential friend and companion of Madame Blavatsky, and one of the leading theosophists of England. In a letter from her, published in Mr. Sinnett's "Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky," pp. 317-320, the Countess remarks as follows: "I have latterly heard among people who style themselves 'Theosophists,' expressions which surprised and pained me. Some such persons said that 'if it was proven that the mahatmas did not exist, it would not matter,' that theosophy was nevertheless a truth, etc., etc. Such and similar statements have come into circulation in Germany, England and America, but to my understanding they are very erroneous; for, if there were no Mahatmas or Adepts . . . , then the teachings of that system which has been called 'Theosophy' would be false."

It is thus seen that if there are no adepts, the Theosophical Society necessarily collapses. Establish the non-existence of the mahatmas, and the foundations of the whole theosophical structure are uprooted and overthrown,—the *bizarre* vagaries of the theosophical *culte* become as unreal and mythical as the mahatmas upon whom it is upreared. This being true, what becomes of theosophy, in the light of the facts hereinbefore presented? The adepts have been shown to be myths, creations of Madame Blavatsky; therefore the doctrines of theosophy were not derived from the adepts, and therefore, again, these doctrines are not parts of the wisdom-religion handed down from the heavenly hierarchies through successive lines of adepts to the present. It follows therefore, that these doctrines are, in a sense, merely the products of Madame Blavatsky's mind, and possess no authority whatever due to their having emanated from a supermundane, magical, spiritual, or occultic source; they are proved to be of the earth, earthy. In saying that these doctrines are, in a sense, the products of Mme. B.'s mind, it is not meant that they are, to any great extent, original with her; for, as before remarked, they are, as a whole, borrowed by her from the mystical, mythological, religious, and scientific literature of the world, the basic principles thereof being derived mostly from four sources,—the writings of (1) Paracelsus and of (2) Eliphas Levi, and the teachings of (3) Brahmanism and (4) Buddhism, while minor contributions from a variety of sources are dovetailed into the conglomerate patchwork labelled theosophy by her. There is scarcely an idea, theory, doctrine, term, or special phrase of importance, that is contained in the whole of the voluminous writings of Madame Blavatsky and of the other theosophic authors, whose works include alleged mahatmic teachings, of which I cannot point out the source in the world's literature whence it has been derived, or, to speak more correctly perhaps, plagiarized. No mahatma is needed to father any of the teachings of theosophy; they have all been borrowed from the writings of past ages and of the present; and since their true source is ignored, and the false claim is made that they consist of portions of the Divine Wisdom-Religion which have been imparted to Madame Blavatsky by the adepts, the term "plagiarized" is, I think, fitly descriptive of the alleged mahatmic doctrines.

It is then, established that theosophy is founded upon myth, pretense, falsehood, delusion, plagiarism, fraud, and folly; its entire

underpinning is rotten to the core. From the beginning of the theosophic movement in 1875 to the present time, two elements have been paramount in its career,—mendacity and fraud; not monetary or financial fraudulence, but intellectual and phenomenal fraudulence, such as fraudulent teachings, fraudulent adepts, fraudulent psychical manifestations. And as regards mendacity, every department of theosophy has been saturated with it at all times.

I have shown, in this series of papers, how these two elements were regnant in the episode of the Kiddle plagiarism, and this episode is illustrative of the general history of the movement; it is a typical example—somewhat more conspicuous to the general public than the average workings of the Society and its leaders—of the practical operations of the sublime and divine Wisdom-Religion, as manifest in the words and deeds of its founders real and pretended, and of its most active workers and propagandists. As was the character of the Kiddle episode, so was and is that of theosophy and the Theosophical Society in its varied ramifications. In truth, then, can it be said that theosophy is one of the most remarkable and most colossal humbugs of this age, if not the most remarkable and the most colossal; and in the entire circuit of its peculiar history, perhaps there has been no incident more signally probative of its colossal humbuggery than that of Henry Kiddle and the Mahatma.

THE END.

Children.

Get in the Habit of Explaining the Reason of Things to Them.

If you would see a woman or child graceful, beautiful and charming you must find one that is loved. The child that dreads to be corrected and criticized for every word or movement never has a manner of elegance or an expression of charm. Fill your child's soul with an ideal of good manners, of benevolence and beauty; teach it abstractly to dislike vulgarity, selfishness, rudeness, and to feel that you love and admire it, and expect of it charming manners, and the work is accomplished.

It is impossible for a slave to have any style. If you would have your child dignified, you must treat it with dignity.

It is wrong to correct a child in public. Any proud child feels degraded by it. It should be a case of dire necessity when you find fault with a child before strangers, and to destroy a child's pride is to do him an irreparable injury. Take advantage of some intimate hour when parent and child are alone together, and then let the parent tenderly explain how the child has behaved ill the day before or that morning, and why the child's conduct was wrong, and how it should have behaved, and show the child that the parent respects and loves it, and believes in its capacity to do all good things. This will ten times the effect of punishment, when the child is in a state of excitement and the parent usually angry.

Get in the habit of explaining the reason of things to your child. Let there be as little confusion in its mind as possible. Above all, keep the fact of your love uppermost in the child's mind, and let it understand that you have no wish to domineer over it, only that being older and wiser, and loving the child so much, you would save it from its inexperience, that this is your duty, that you are teaching it to be its own master.

If your child is cross, do not punish him, but distract his mind from the subject that annoys him. If he continues to be cross suspect his stomach, and assure yourself that this is in perfect order; a troubled digestion is the root of bad temper.—*Harper's Weekly*

All honest believers in the soul's immortality are natural allies, and while moving in different paths, are bound for the same goal. Hence, it is neither generous nor becoming for us who believe in so-called supernatural phenomena—either in the past, or present—to scoff at one another because of the different fashions of the garments we wear.—*James G. Clark.*

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

Brick Pomeroy suggests the use of churches for ice-houses. He says some of them are cold enough. Yes, *some* of them; there is nothing more cold and dead (excepting Materialism itself) than those churches which, having lost the blind faith that once animated them, have nothing left but formality and fashion. But not a few of our churches are becoming warm with the glow of Spiritualism, though the source of the warmth is not acknowledged. Science and Spiritualism, having knocked the bottom out of hell, ministers have been forced to substitute something for hell-fire preaching, and many have become students of nature, of art, of science, and of current literature; all of which are in harmony with the most advanced Spiritualistic philosophy.

Of late years the clergyman's field of research has been widely extended, and between the two schools of thought now open to religious teachers—the Materialistic and the Spiritualistic—most of them do not hesitate to choose the latter; in fact, it is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. Freed from their servitude to a dead faith, they cannot, in reason, accept that which *never had any life*.

If there is anything more utterly unregenerate than Orthodoxy, it is Materialism; for the latter has not even the germ of hope. A very few emancipated clergymen, like Hugh O. Pentecost, have swung too far backward on the line between credulity and unbelief. On their reverse track they have passed the advanced region of Spiritual thought; passed the middle ground of pure reason; passed even the pitiable position of the Agnostic, and have taken refuge in the cold, cheerless region of Materialism—the region of despair; the place where a man says he *knows* there is no spiritual life; that all life springs from and dies with the material form through which it manifests.

If the cheerless belief of the Materialist were philosophical; if it were in harmony with all we know, or can know, of nature; if it were in accord with universal experience; in short, if it were *reasonable*, it would be our duty to accept it, however hopeless it is, however dismal it makes the world appear. It is always best to look Truth in the face, no matter how repellent her features. But Materialism cannot be true. It has none of the elements of real truth in it; what appears to be such are merely external manifestations; its votaries are deceived by appearances and misled by superficial reasoning.

Looked at in the light of Spiritualism this life is a school, and all its students have that satisfaction which comes with the growth in experience—that happiness which crowns the soul whose hope is confirmed by knowledge. In the dim haze of Materialism life is not a preparation, but a finality; and all who are deceived by it, being without hope, look upon human existence as a cruel tragedy, or, perhaps, as an empty farce. Could there be anything more discouraging than this, more deadening to human aspiration, more disastrous to human progress?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a thinker as well as a poet. She is also a lover of truth, and has the courage to utter it in the face of ignorance, prejudice and hypocrisy. Here is a specimen:

"Whoever was begotten by pure love, and came desired and welcomed into life is of immaculate conception."

What may be inferred from this is more than that which is expressed. She says, in effect, that the love-child, the welcome child, is well born, an honor to its parents and a blessing to mankind; so we may antithetically infer that the child begotten of lust, not love, and hated before it is born, is a disgrace to its parents and a curse to the world. Evil conditions before birth are the main cause of vice and crime, and the earth is filled with wicked-

ness, woe and wretchedness in consequence of the ignorance and selfishness of parents. The man who thinks he owns a woman because human law, in defiance of the law of nature, gives him control of her person, is the progenitor of criminality as well as of unwelcome children. It is through brutality sanctioned by law that the divinity of motherhood is crucified, and that which should be the highest privilege of woman—the one most delightful, the most cherished, the most to be desired,—becomes a terror and a curse.

Here is another good thing from Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"We all may be the saviors of the world, if we believe in the Divinity which dwells in us, and worship it, and nail our grosser selves, our tempers, greeds, and our unworthy aims, upon the cross."

This needs no comment; it is complete of itself. Would there were many more Ella Wheelers in the world. The day of regeneration would not be far away.

What an infamous training it is that teaches that the injured is the disgraced, and that the villain who wrongs a girl stands on a pedestal to which he can lift her if he sees fit.—*Helen Gardener.*

Yet this false idea (which *should* be infamous, but is not,) has been so thoroughly indoctrinated into the minds of Christian people that it will require generations of religious freedom and social progress to eradicate it. It is indissolubly connected with other false ideas, and will stand while they stand. What those other ideas are readers must think out for themselves. Even reform journals like the Dove cannot tell the whole truth. People will not endure the truth. They crucify its messengers.

I paid a visit to the Lick "free" bathing establishment the other day; but I didn't see the inside of it. Why not? Because it happened to be 10 o'clock in the forenoon. In my ignorance, I supposed that baths "for the people" would be open during all the hours when the majority of people want them; but I found the entrance barred, and a notice that the baths are open on week days from 1 P. M. to 7 P. M., and on Sundays from 8 A. M. to 10 A. M. This is almost as restrictive as the Protestant churches, which are open "for the salvation of souls" a part of one day in the week, while "the fires of hell never go out," and the angel of death counts all hours for his own. But I mustn't get off on to Theology. That cannot be a bigger humbug than the "Christian charity" that shuts up the Lick Free Baths eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. How is it, by the way, that such a hide-bound, parchment-dried churchman as Ira P. Rankin happens to be President of the Board of Directors of the free baths erected with the money of that rank Infidel James Lick? But I am getting off the track again. What I want to say is that the free baths should be open at least sixteen hours a day instead of six. They are now closed in the evening, just when poor people for whose benefit they were erected, have time to visit them; and during the afternoon the ante-rooms are so crowded with people waiting for a chance, that hundreds go away (as I did on the second visit) without a bath—no time to wait an hour or more before the rooms already spoken for by others can be used and vacated. If the baths were open early in the morning, as they should be, there would not be such a rush for accommodation at the 10 o'clock opening; and if they remained open until 10 o'clock at night, as other bathing houses do, many more poor people, now wholly debarred from the benefit Lick thought he was conferring upon them, could be admitted. The baths are not "free," however; a nickle is charged for a towel, no matter if you bring one of your own. James Lick would *hiss* those directors higher than a kite if he had the power. But the nickle is a mild grievance compared with the exclusive hours. What can be the reason for the six-hour arrangement? Is it to give a few favorites of the directors an easy time? Was that what the baths were established for—to provide "soft places" for a few individuals, while the people are barred outside most of the time and left to cool their heels in the corridors hours after admission? If "soft places" are indis-

pensible, better provide two sets of attendants, eight hours for each, and give the people some show. But I suppose all this is useless, as would be any number of protests from those who have no voice in the management. It seems to be a fixed principle in public affairs that just as soon as control goes out of the hands of the many into the hands of the few, the rights of the many are sacrificed. It is so in legislative bodies, in the courts, in corporations, in commissions of all kinds, and the people, too patient under wrong, too craven before authority, or perhaps too ignorant to combine, suffer and make no sign. But James Lick was a hater of shams; an admirer of reform; a stickler for "freethought;" he was narrow, and prejudiced, and sour, but so far as he knew he endeavored to be on the side of right. Fortune favored him with great power for good, and he used it to the best of his ability. It is a pity that some of those selected to carry out his wishes have so little of his sterling integrity.

A writer in the *National View*, of Washington, D. C., eulogizes Mrs. H. S. Lake in a style that is quite unique. He says:

"The hearer soon realizes he is listening to a talking essence, a bit of transparency broken off the spheres,—in a single sentence. Her aphorisms are like spiritual prisms, through which we see beautiful rays of immaterial existence. In short, she does not lecture; her words are vitalizing nectar. She chops out sparks—takes high flights and sustains them without ruffling a feather. She is eloquent because she is earnest, and can't help but invert the rainbow and use it for a swing—now sweeping the earth—now clapping her hands among the stars."

It would be interesting to know how long it required for the genius who wrote that to think it all out; but he evidently exercised more care in searching for similes than caution in arranging them. A "talking essence" is good, to begin with. Being a fluent speaker, she is probably a *liquid* essence; but how can she be liquid if at the same time she is a "bit" of something "broken off the spheres." What are the "spheres," by the way, and how could she be broken off "in a single sentence?" A prism "lends enchantment to the view," and nectar is agreeable to the taste, so the eye and the palate are both gratified. Then "she chops out sparks." Do they come from the nectar? Probably not; if she had fur instead of feathers, the boys who have rubbed a cat's back in the dark might imagine where they came from; but the sparks come "without ruffling a feather." "Ah! there's the rub!" And to crown all, this essence of transparency, after emitting rays of immaterial existence, and sending forth vitalizing nectar illumined with sparks (all without ruffling a feather), calmly seats herself on a rainbow upside down (the rainbow—not the woman), and in this novel position swings from earth to heaven, and from heaven to earth again, playing bo-peep with the celestial orbs and "astonishing the natives" here below, alternately clapping and being clapped—an earthly, yet an angelic being—and there her eulogist leaves her, "a spectacle for both gods and men." Perhaps it would be asking too much of the writer to take the poor woman off from her perch before her admirers as well as herself are exhausted, and allow her to get a cup of something refreshing (not nectar), and go to bed and rest after such extraordinary gymnastics.

The late James A. Bliss, who was a celebrated (perhaps a notorious) medium, had as his principal control a spirit calling himself Blackfoot. Soon after Bliss' death, Mrs. Abby K. M. Heath, in a public meeting in Boston, stated that the day following his medium's transition, Blackfoot appeared to her, Mrs. Heath, and promised to aid her and her only in her work as a healer. Then Mrs. C. B. Bliss, who was once a partner of Bliss in the materializing business, announced in the *Banner of Light* that Blackfoot will continue his work through *her* mediumship, furnishing magnetized papers for development; whereupon Mrs. Cora L. Bliss, widow of the lamented James, claims through the *Banner* that *she* is the duly appointed successor of her husband, and the medium on whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of Elijah; that with her husband's

assistance on the "other side," she also has the aid of his former control Blackfoot. The slips of brown paper magnetized by Blackfoot for Cora L. are sold for fifty cents a package, while those he prepares for Mrs. C. B. cannot be afforded for less than \$1. Whether the latter are of superior quality, or whether Blackfoot favors Cora by doubling her supply, does not appear. There is no dispute between these two Blisses as to the genuineness of the magnetized papers,—both sorts are Simon-pure Blackfoot; but there is another Mrs. Bliss yet to be heard from, the "original Jacobs," and possibly her claims, when put forth, may be demurred to; meantime the blessed *Banner* and the two Blisses, and the two Blisses' trustful patrons, are all in blissful ignorance of any irregularity or unspirituality in the magnetized paper business—a happy-go-lucky set all around. The editor thinks it entirely in accord with the laws governing matter and spirit; the two women know it to be in harmony with their pocket-books and the fulness thereof, and their patrons—well, they get some good in response to their spiritual aspirations, and so all are pleased and nobody hurt.

To tell the honest truth, I am more interested in hearing a few raps from the departed, or some independent slate writing that are unmistakably spirit messages, than to listen to the teachings of our Chrysostoms at their best.—*John Wetherbee.*

As St. Chrysostom was the most eloquent of the early Greek Fathers, this is equivalent to the declaration that Mr. Wetherbee would rather hear a spirit rap, or read a spirit message, than to listen to the best teachings of the most advanced thinkers—a frank confession; but it exhibits a most pitiable state of mind. Here is a man who has been haunting seance rooms for thirty years; a man who, by his repeated confessions, has seen and heard enough to convince the most obdurate skeptic of the spiritual source of the raps and tippings; a man who has walked and talked with spirits; who has held converse with his translated wife and children; who knows, or *says* he knows, that spirit life is the real life; and that our brief existence in the flesh is but a dream in comparison; yet this man has been unable to get beyond physical manifestations—the mere rudiments of Spiritualism. He is a specimen of "arrested development,"—a school-boy conning over his a-b-c-book year after year, while feeling little interest in the grand thoughts to which it was intended for an introduction. He knows that the real business of man here is to make preparation for spiritual life; he knows, or should know, that to do this, he must put away childish things, and devote himself to the cultivation of his intellectual, moral and spiritual nature. He should know that the value of a message is in the thought which it contains, and not in the source from which it emanates; and that if he gets no higher thought than the usual inanities of the seance room, he can make no mental or spiritual progress. Knowing these things, it is "passing strange" that he can be content to grow gray with the weight of years spent in chasing around after the lower order of manifestations, while the boundless field of intellectual and spiritual development lies open before him inviting his entrance.

Lois Waisbrooker, in the *CARRIER DOVE* for December, says of the Anarchists executed in Chicago: "They were the only law-abiding ones connected with the tragedy, and were hung for the very reason that they asserted their constitutional right—the right to meet and discuss any subject whatever." A friend of the *Dove*—a gentleman for whom I have great respect, but who shall be nameless in this connection—said to me the other day: "The publication of such a sentiment will have a tendency to injure the *Dove*." I admit that there are truths which cannot be uttered with safety to the truth-teller, but this is no longer one of them, because people have got over their scare, and the truth should be often repeated, that they may not forget this most damnable infringement upon their constitutional rights by misnamed "courts of justice" and misnamed "preservers of the peace."

Thinking that nothing could be added to the able argument of

Mrs. W. in defense of her position, I made no reply to my friend's criticism, but after consideration, I wish here to assert that the head of Lois is level. The constitution of the United States is the highest law of the land. Whoever obeys it, obeys the law; whoever disregards it defies the law. The Constitution says:

"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble."

The right here guaranteed the Anarchists exercised, and while in the peaceful exercise thereof they were unlawfully attacked. "Self-defense is the first law of nature." If they defended themselves, they clearly had the natural and Constitutional right to do so; but there was no proof that they did. Only one or two of the accused were present at the time, and notwithstanding the suborned testimony of the prosecution, there was absolutely no proof that any of them threw the bomb. The judge who tried them admitted in his charge to the jury that they were not convicted for throwing the bomb but for "conspiracy." As to this, even if Louis Ling manufactured the bomb (which was not clearly proved), there was no evidence that the others conspired with him.

But had the conspiracy itself been proved, it was, at most, but an agreement for the maintenance not only of a Constitutional right—the right of free speech,—but of a natural right—a right which transcends all human law,—the right of self-defense. If this was a conspiracy, so was the act of our Revolutionary fathers a conspiracy (without Constitutional justification), and if *that* conspiracy had not been successful, the conspirators would have been hanged; and our boasted American Freedom, the child, Liberty, would have been strangled in its cradle.

The hanging of John Brown, in Virginia, was an act of civic virtue comparing with the everlasting infamy of the judicial murder of innocent men in Chicago; and for this infamy the press and the pulpit were mainly responsible. The judges and jurors were the dastard tools of cruel and cowardly property owners; but their villainous decrees could not have been executed except with the consent of the people, who for the time were deceived by those corrupt agents of capital, the press and the pulpit.

A Cat Chased by a Spirit.

During my early investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism in 1862 and '63, I attended a seance at Ann Arbor, Mich., at the house of my father, L. C. Risdon, Henry Slade being the medium, and none better have I ever known. Owasso was controlling. He said: "See that cat," pointing to the family pet fast asleep on the rug, full six feet away. "I will make her jump." Owasso soon ceased to control, and in about one minute the cat, which up to that moment had been fast asleep, suddenly sprang up and began mewling and spitting at a great rate. The next instant she sprang on to the mantel shelf, knocking down several articles. From there she bounded to the floor, and then ran up the lace curtains nearly to the ceiling, all the time exhibiting the greatest fright, as if being pursued by something. Nothing could pacify or quiet her, and soon the door was opened, and then in the greatest terror she fled.

The next morning she returned to her place on the rug all right. Owasso in explanation of it said: "Me chased cat." To my mind, this is evidence that animals do see spirits.

I have had similar experiences with horses. When riding behind meek, quiet animals, the thought would enter my mind, Can horses see spirits? On several occasions, while so cogitating, the animal would begin to tremble, look wildly about, and once or twice came near running away. I could discover no reason for the fright.—*A. H. Risdon in The Progressive Thinker.*

Trees in the Desert.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

O trees, beautiful trees, lift up your emerald crowns,
Shaking out your blooming tassels of the Springtime's tender
browns;
Your argosies of trembling leaves in shining waves of green,
Rearing temples for the songsters with the quiver of your sheen.
Come with your buds that bourgeon to this thirsty arid-land,
Being thus our bow of promise on a barren distant strand;
Bring walnut dells, and alder, and the graceful willow reeds,
With cottonwoods like olive boughs to glad our human needs.
Ours have been the tearful eyes,
Though June wore a thousand dyes;
But ye heed our lonely cries,
And Silvia smiles a welcome, while she waves her peaceful wand.
Long years, terrible years, I looked sadly and in vain,
While winds with breath that scorched us killed the wild birds on
the plain,
And the thing, fearful thing, mirage rolled its billows wide,
Creeping slow, and shimmering, a spectral, desert-ride—
Once, perhaps a lovely maiden, fair as spotless soul of these
Where homesick children asked me for a sight of waving trees,
And the dull train, wagon-train, each 'neath its tented dome
Held mothers and our little ones whose hearts were left at home.
Mocking forests none might reach,
Not a brook to sing and preach,
Not a tree to fill the breach
Upon that weird, lone wilderness with fitful flickering breeze.
'Neath the low moon, strange moon, lay a little open grave,
They had waited for the silence that the softened shadows gave;
And the men and sobbing maidens offered but a broken hymn,
While the gray wolf wailed a treble 'round the near horizon's rim;
And the baby—"O, my baby, lying there alone, alone"—
Thus the night wore on till morning with that stricken mother's
moan;
Yet willows, wild willows, whisp'ring o'er his golden head,
And the night-winds came and brought him dew and flow'rs for
his bed.

Little graves along the line
Blooming now with tree and vine—
Weeping mothers, eyes of thine.
Find Silvia in her gladness 'neath the arches cool and dim.

Answer to Questions.

How do you get the Poems? Who Inspires You?

Like the silvery rill from the mountain spring
Come the gems of thought on love's fleet-wing
And my brain seems touched by a fairy hand
From the golden shores of the border land;
And I wait with rapture of love untold
For the shining pearls all tipped with gold.

I do not ask them to give me their name,
But, where is the loved one for whom they came?
Oh! where are the weary, dejected and lone
Who are asking for bread, and are given a stone?
To such, we would lift the dark curtain of night,
And reveal the bright morn of radiant light.

And in blessing some hungry soul I see
How the richest blessing comes back to me
In the grateful thanks and the silent tear
That their loved ones live and are ever near,
That death is only a second birth,
And affection's chord still binds to earth.

While it silently weaves a golden chain
Where the links of love are united again.
They wait at the portal that seems afar,
And they watch at the pearly gates ajar;
They know the loved ones will surely come,
For the paths all lead to the spirit's home.

MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Sterling, Ill.

A Mother's Farewell.

[Written by Mrs. Lydia R. Chase, of Philadelphia, on the occasion of the marriage of her only daughter, and her removal to a distant Western home.—*Williamsport Sun*]

My child, I cannot speak, for as we part
I wish to show you, to the last, a smile,
Though you will know beneath it all the while
The tears are welling in my mother-heart;
For, of the little children whom I gave
Their taste of earthly pleasure and of pain,
The one will soon be far o'er hill and plain,
The other's body in a distant grave.

So, as I bid you, in my heart, good-bye,
Because I cannot make my lips to speak
The little word, since nature is too weak
To hold a steady voice and eyelids dry,
I give you, once again, my darling child,
A mother's blessing, and a mother's prayer
That you will keep life's blossom budded fair,
"Unspotted by the world," and undefiled.

Do not forget that as you turn to go
From the old love and home to find a new,
Your parents' blessing will abide with you
And him to whom you give your love; and though
I write our last good-bye through blinding mist,
A peace is in my heart; for through its pain
Shines forth the hope, "Our loss will be her gain;"
No tears must blot the page that shall be kissed.

I would not cloud your fair and happy lot
Where toward the sunset you will build your nest,
But pray that you may bless, and be thrice blest,
And make your home a very Eden spot.
But there's a secret closet in each home
And skeleton within by darkness hid
Unless you open wide the door and bid
Love's sunlight drive out every shade of gloom.

There are some precepts I would have you keep
In mind—culled from the Bibles of the earth—
One from the Hebrew Scriptures, of great worth,
Is, "As ye sow, so also shall ye reap."
Remember this, my girl, and let it tend
To guide your steps in pleasant, useful ways
That will most surely make your harvest days
Rich with a sweeter fruitage at life's end.

Another precept—from Confucius,
That Eastern sage who taught the Golden Rule,
But negatively, like the German school,
Which, copied, has been handed down to us
Reversely in our modern Bible text—
"Do not to others as ye would not they
Should do to thee and thine;" This rule obey
In this world to be happy in the next.

And yet two others from that Savior-Prince
Siddhartha, gentle teacher of the East,
Who was so merciful to man and beast
As put to shame all human record since:
"Do Right for right's own sake—not for reward
In this life or Nirvana, nor because
Death is the penalty for broken laws—
For Right's sake only," said this noble lord.

Thus Buddha gave a loftier conceit
Than selfishly to do the righteous deed;
Sweet Pity was the burden of his creed,
As Charity was Christ's—the law complete.
Said Buddha, "Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing Self, the Universe grows I."
Ponder these truths, my daughter, and then try
To Be your Best; you cannot fail nor fall.

Selected Articles.

"Sentry, Go!"

Many years ago I was serving as a captain in the 110th regiment. At the period of my story we were quartered at D—, a fortress of considerable size in the south of England.

In order that the circumstances of the adventure I am about to describe may be understood, I must explain at the risk of being tedious that the citadel of the fortress in which my regiment lay is defended by two circles of dry ditches, each about 50 feet wide. The side walls of these ditches, technically known as escarps and counterscarps, are as was usual in fortifications of that date, riveted with masonry and are perpendicular. The outer circle ditch is 30 feet deep, the bottom being paved with flagstone. The inner ditch is 40 feet deep and is similarly paved, so that I need scarcely say that a fall from the edge would be almost certainly fatal. The regular approach to the fortress is by a wide road of gradual ascent, so contrived as to be raked by fire from one or other of the bastions or outworks throughout its course. It crosses the ditch over drawbridges, protected by special works of great strength.

In time of war these drawbridges would be kept raised, and would only be lowered temporarily on urgent occasions. When raised, the fortress would be inaccessible from without, unless scaling ladders were used to cross the ditches. In time of peace, however, the drawbridges are rarely raised, a strong guard, nevertheless, being invariably posted over them.

For the convenience of the officers and certain of the residents in the citadel there was a short cut that might be used. This was a foot path up the steep side of the cliff, through a strongly guarded postern gate. The path led in zigzag fashion up to the counterscarps of the ditches, which were crossed by light plank bridges, so designed as to be removable with great ease in a few minutes. None but officers quartered in the citadel and a few persons with special permits signed by the officer commanding the garrison were allowed to make use of this short cut, the soldiers and others who had occasion to visit the citadel being restricted to the main approach.

Among the young of the company was a lad of the name of Adair Cameron. I had a horror of favoritism, the bad effect of which I had often seen, but it was impossible not to feel a strong interest in this young fellow. Clean and soldier-like in appearance, smart at drill, well set up, and steady as a rock, he was a model of what a young soldier should be. A deadly bowler, he was one of the mainstays of our company's cricketing team, and as matches were frequent I saw much of him, and nothing to find fault with. Though I carefully avoided taking undue notice of Cameron, the natural instinct which I think men have to find out their friends and their enemies made me aware that while I greatly liked him, he on his side, was warmly attached to me.

One day a batch of recruits arrived at headquarters. The adjutant, being away on leave, had got me to do his duty for him, and I was busy all the afternoon drafting the new arrivals into companies, and arranging for their rations and bedding.

About half an hour before mess I was sitting in my room in the citadel barracks, rather tired, when I heard a knock at the door, and my color-sergeant appeared.

"Private Cameron wishes to know if he could speak to you, sir," said he, saluting.

"Certainly," I replied, "tell him to come in."

Cameron entered; saluted, and stood silent, looking ill at ease.

"Well, Cameron, what is it?" I inquired.

"Please, sir, I wish to speak about something private."

"Well, what is it?" I asked again.

Cameron hesitated, and looking at the color-sergeant, who looked straight to his front.

I knew it was not regular for an officer to confer with private

soldiers without a non-commissioned officer being present, but I knew Cameron might be trusted thoroughly. I directed the color-sergeant to wait in the passage, and closing the door, I asked Cameron to tell me his story. The lad seemed in great distress, and hesitated a great deal before he spoke.

"It's my brother, sir. He's just come in with the batch of recruits."

With some difficulty he told his tale, which was to the following effect:

Private Cameron and a young brother were the only children of an old widow living in the north of Scotland. The old woman could do little to support herself, and was mainly dependent upon the labor of one son and such little help as Private Cameron could send her from savings of his pay. It seemed that some family quarrel had taken place between the widow and her youngest son, and that the latter, in a moment of pique, had enlisted, but had, when too late, repented. He had been drafted to the same regiment as his elder brother, whom he had acquainted with these facts on his arrival in the barracks that day. Private Cameron told me, with deep emotion, that nothing could save his mother from the workhouse (an idea which seemed to fill him with shame and horror) unless his brother could be bought out of the service and sent back home.

As his brother had not been three months enlisted, this could be effected by a payment of ten pounds; but such a sum was far beyond the means of either brother. Cameron in despair had come to me for help, hardly daring, as he told me, to hope that I could give it. He said he had been encouraged to seek my assistance by my constant kindness to him.

"I would pay it back to you, sir, I swear it to you," said the poor lad earnestly. "You can stop my pay every week, sir. I want next to nothing. I don't drink any, and I can easy get all I want to smoke and the like of that. I will pay you back, sir, indeed I will!"

Well, to cut my story short, after some reflection and not a little misgiving as to whether in respect to discipline I was doing right, I agreed to let him have the money. I could well afford it; I liked the man and had been touched by his story not a little.

"You should begin to save up your pay in the savings bank, Cameron," said I, as he thanked me earnestly.

I had not the least intention of repaying myself from his hard-earned savings, and quite looked upon the loan as a gift, but I judged it better not to say so expressly, lest the easy manner of obtaining the money might do harm, while I thought it a good opportunity of encouraging frugal habits.

Cameron's gratitude was deep, and I could not help feeling that his expression of it was sincere and heartfelt.

As he was leaving the room he turned, looked me full in the face, and said, "God bless you sir, for your kindness to me! I shall not forget it! I will repay you, sir, so help me God!"

I was struck by the singular earnestness of the man, and when he had left the room I said to myself, "I may have done right or wrong, but that is a real good fellow, and I have got a firm friend, I verily believe."

I arranged matters next day. Cameron's brother was permitted to leave for his home almost immediately. My part in the transaction was not suspected, and in a few weeks the matter passed out of my mind. Cameron continued in his steady conduct, and each month I observed that he was putting a little sum to his credit in the regimental savings bank. I never, however, alluded to the occurrence again. About three months afterwards I went away on short leave. I had accepted a yachting invitation from an acquaintance and spent a very pleasant three weeks cruising among the channel islands.

I returned to D— late one night, and, leaving my heavier baggage at a hotel in the town, I started up to the barracks with a small handbag.

I went slowly up the zigzag path, through the postern gate,

crossed the first or outer ditch, and was within a few yards of the inner one when I was started by a sudden challenge—

"Halt! who goes there?"

"Officer," I answered, feeling not a little surprised, for there had not used to be a sentry over the plank bridge. It was rather dark, and I could not see very distinctly. I advanced a pace or two when I was again halted.

"You can't pass here! Go back!" I heard in sharp, distinct tones.

This meant a long round for me, which, so late at night, and carrying as I was a heavy bag, was very disagreeable.

"Not pass here!" I exclaimed peevishly. "Why not? I am an officer quartered in the citadel!"

"You can't pass! Go back!" repeated the voice, hoarsely.

The tones seemed familiar, and rather irritated by the somewhat peremptory answer, I advanced another pace and saw close in front of me a sentry with his rifle at the port.

"Go back! go back!" repeated the figure in the same hurried tones.

The night was not so dark but that I could make out the features of Private Adair Cameron. For one moment I thought of inquiring the reason of the road, which was usually open, being closed, but on second thoughts I reflected that it was scarcely judicious to enter into an altercation with a sentry whose orders were evidently stringent; so, very sulkily, I turned and retraced my steps. I had gone only a few yards when I heard behind me the cry "Sentry, go!" ring through the quiet night air.

The sound lingered in my ears till the echoes from the gray ramparts died away in the still air and all was once more profoundly silent. In no very good humor, I found myself at last, hot and tired with my burden, in the passage leading to my quarters.

The room occupied by my subaltern was next to mine; the door was open and I heard voices within.

"Those infernal sappers are always at some game! They go and move a bridge for some silly reason or other, and never think of telling any one. I only heard about it 10 minutes ago, and now I've got to go and post a sentry over it, or some poor devil will break his neck!"

"You may save yourself the trouble, old boy!" I exclaimed gayly, as I burst into the room. "The sentinel's on already, and so I've saved my neck, and Evetts there won't get his company just yet."

The adjutant (for it was he that had been speaking) and Evetts, my subaltern, greeted me with all the boisterous welcome of old comrades.

"Glad to see you back, old chap!" said Hawes, the adjutant. "But what do you mean about the sentry being posted?"

"Why, over the ditch on the short cut, confound him!" I replied. "He made me go back the whole beastly round!"

"Over the bridge at the inner ditch?" asked Hawes, with surprise.

"Yes," I answered.

"But I haven't posted one yet!" said Hawes. "I was just going to see about it when you came in, for they've taken away the bridge!"

"Well, dear boy, there he is any way," I answered, laughing.

"But not one of our men?" asked Hawes, in tones of great surprise. "Surely not one of our men?"

"Yes," I replied, still laughing. "One of our men! I ought to know him, too, for it was Private Adair Cameron of my company."

The two officers looked at each other. A curious expression came over their faces; after a pause, my subaltern said slowly: "Private Adair Cameron died in the hospital last night."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

When the women strike for eight hours' work, eight hours' recreation, and eight hours' sleep, some of the strong-armed males will be obliged to cook their own suppers.—*Cape Ann Advertiser*.

Post-Mortem Evidence.

A CURIOUS LEAF FROM THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. M'GILP, THE RENOWNED ARTIST, R. A.

One autumn, a few years ago, I was sitting over a portrait of a well-to-do workman, a member of a club to which I was painter-in-ordinary. It seemed a hopeless task trying to put expression into the face of a man whose most vivid experience in the realms of sweetness and light was the weekly free-and-easy at the neighboring "Pig and Whistle." I struggled on with the photograph before me, till I was wearied. I could paint no longer. I lighted my pipe, and, burying my head in my hands, sat before the fire till the light had waned and the fire had flickered its last.

Suddenly I was aroused by a tap at my door, and some one entered. At the time I seemed to feel a sudden shock, a strange, undefined fear, but I only attributed it to my overworked brain and tired eyes. Though the new comer was unknown he made no remark, but walked straight up to the portrait of the pig-faced workman, looked at it a few seconds, and then, addressing me, said, "You paint portraits; you must paint mine." As he said this he turned toward me, and the last flicker of the fire-light showed me a face pale almost to death; the features handsome, but the whole effect overshadowed by eyes which absolutely burned. Their sole expression seemed to me their intensity, of what I could not then define, but I had never seen such eyes before. It was no gleam of sudden passion, but a fixed fire burning unchangingly. Few words were spoken. I was to commence at once, he curtly intimated; so I produced a canvas, and my strange sitter composed himself and on I worked, it may have been for two hours. There he sat immovable, his pale face fixed like marble; the gleam in his eyes never changed; no muscle of his frame showed a quiver; but I could at last work no longer. In those two hours I had completely mastered his face, only the eyes I failed to catch, they were beyond my prowess. I threw down my brush, and with a forced laugh said, "You are a good model, sir; you sit well." He rose silently, looked at the canvass an instant, and with the words, "To-morrow, same time," was gone. I breathed more freely; what it was I could not say, but I did not like my new patron. What did he want his portrait for? Why didn't he leave his name? Why come to me? Who sent him? Thousands of other such questions kept cropping up. However, I went to bed, but not to sleep. The little garret I had over a mews seemed strangely uncomfortable; I could not close my eyes; the wind howled in gusts down the yard, and bore sheets of rain against my window. The panes rattled, and the noise of the few cabs that came home late into the mews sounded strange and uncanny borne on the gusty wind; the rattle of the wheels and the plash of the steady rain mixed up with my waking dreams, and the pale face of my sitter ever and anon seemed to come across the uncertain light thrown from the lamps in the yard below. It was an awful night, and yet I was more frightened at myself than at my sitter. I feared I was going to be ill—to die in that garret alone. Men have done so, and their bones been found months afterwards when the landlord came for his rent. I was going mad; I must get up and work; and so I dressed, set my palette, and worked till I was tired out. Sleep came at last, and the next morning the past night had seemed a dream, and indistinct; but there was the unfinished portrait to remind me of its reality. Hard work is a fine antidote for the megrims, and by the evening I had recovered my usual spirits. Punctual to the moment my strange sitter arrived, and I went on at his stern face, with its steady eyes, with more composure than I should have thought possible. I was getting used to him. He was only an eccentric, nothing more, and if he didn't choose to talk, why, I supposed he had good reasons for being silent, and I held my tongue also. In a few days the face was finished. I flattered myself it was fairly good; the eyes were the only thing I couldn't seize. However, my patron

seemed satisfied, paid me, said he would ask me to keep the portrait for some months, as he was going away, and departed. Brother artists who came in considered it by far the best thing I had done, and advised me to send it to the Academy. There seemed no harm in this, so I decided to put a background in it, and try my luck at the next exhibition. Just about then it was the fashion to put fancy backgrounds to figures, so I looked among my sketches for one suitable to my eccentric friend. I pitched on a sketch I had done years ago in the Bernese Oberland—a wild craggy ravine, sombre and precipitous, just the sort of thing to go with such a sad, stern face. The picture got hung on the line, and attracted considerable attention. After the exhibition had been opened a few weeks I received a letter, unmistakably legal, asking me to give the writer a call at my earliest convenience at his office. I at once went to the address given.

The lawyer received me with a grave face.

"You are Mr. M'Gilp, I believe?" he said.

I assented.

"And you are the painter of a 'Portrait, No. 370,' in the Academy?"

I acknowledged my work.

"May I ask, Mr. M'Gilp, who was the original for that portrait, and how long it has been painted?" Seeing my hesitation he added, "This is a serious affair, and I trust you will pardon my seeming inquisitiveness."

I then told him of my mysterious sitter, and how he had gone away and left neither name nor address.

"Can you give the date when he first came?"

"I can; it was November 3d."

"Can you tell me what made you put a background into the picture?"

"I was in the Bernese Oberland a few years back, and made a sketch, which, for the want of something better, I put in."

"Thank you, Mr. M'Gilp. I am extremely obliged. Good morning."

I said "Good morning," and found myself outside, wondering what it all meant.

However, I soon forgot my mysterious sitter and the inquisitive old lawyer in the press of work which the picture of the face had brought me. One morning, reading the daily papers, I came across the following paragraph:—

"Sensational Trial in Switzerland.—A most extraordinary trial is now attracting considerable attention on the Continent. It appears that last summer Captain Vereker and his wife were travelling in the Bernese Oberland. Captain Vereker went out one morning from his hotel for a short walk, leaving his wife at home. He never returned. Search was made, but no trace of his body could be discovered, and after some time it was concluded that he must have slipped down a crevasse. It was remarked at the time that he was on bad terms with his wife, who married with indecent haste a certain Count Ragatz. The affair, which excited much talk in the district, was forgotten, and Captain Vereker's friends gave up the search. One of them, however, in going through the Academy this year in London, observed a most striking likeness of his friend. He made inquiries, and discovered that the portrait had been painted three months after the supposed death of Captain Vereker. The artist was questioned on the subject, but could give no explanation of the strange affair, the most startling thing about which was that the background of the picture was a sketch of the very district in which the ill-fated captain disappeared. His friends, determined to sift the matter, came over to St. Alitz, and, searching the exact place of the sketch, discovered the body with a rusty dagger embedded in the ribs of the murdered man. The dagger was at once identified as the property of Count Ragatz, who is now on his trial for the murder of Captain Vereker."

A later telegram in the same paper announced that Count Ragatz had confessed his guilt, and had been sentenced to death. But then—who or what had I been painting?—*The Two Worlds*.

Saw Her Aunt in Spirit.

[From the New York Star, December 25, 1890.]

At the death-bed of Miss Jennie Law, a young school teacher of this city, who recently succumbed to pneumonia, at the home of her parents, No. 8 West Sixty-fifth street, the relatives were startled by the announcement from the lips of the dying girl that she was receiving a message from the other world. The Society for Psychical Research first secured possession of the facts, and at the meeting of the Society at the house of Dr. M. L. Holbrook, at No. 46 East Twenty-first street, last Monday evening, the alleged revelation was made the subject of a long and interesting paper read by a prominent member of the Society.

It appears that a little over a week ago Miss Law was stricken with pneumonia and died after three days' illness. From the first hour she took to her bed to the time of her death she was perfectly conscious. She was told last Sunday that she could not live, and seemed to realize it herself.

About an hour before she died, while conversing with her near friends and relatives, she changed the subject of conversation, and said: "There is a messenger here waiting for me. You may think it is a delusion, but it is not, because I can see the messenger myself, although I do not think you can. The messenger wants to take me where my Aunt Jane is now, and I am going to be transported to see my aunt."

Miss Law's friends, who were standing around her bedside, were amazed at this announcement, and all the more so for the reason that her Aunt Jane had died two days before in New Jersey, and the fact of her death had been kept from Miss Law.

Miss Law's mind was undoubtedly clear, for when the conversation was turned to other subjects she conversed readily and without any hesitation or indication of a lack of consciousness.

About an hour later Miss Law died, and her funeral was held at her home on Tuesday. The Rev. Ira S. Dodd of Riverdale, N. Y., preached the funeral sermon, in which he said that Miss Law's experience was the most remarkable deathbed revelation that had ever been brought to his notice.

When seen at his home in Riverdale last night, Mr. Dodd said: "I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Law's statements, made, as they undoubtedly were, when she was conscious, puzzle me. I have always been inclined to look upon startling deathbed experiences as the hallucinations of people who are delirious, but in this case, where there was no indication of delirium, I must take the only stand that a Christian minister can take—that is, that there was a messenger from God, such as we read of in the book of Hebrews—one of God's angels—not necessarily a beautiful female form with wings, but some kind of a messenger."

Miss Law, whom I have known for several years, has never been what we might term a religious enthusiast. Although she has always been a religious girl, she was not one of the kind who was liable to have startling deathbed experiences. She was a strong-minded, highly intellectual girl, but not given to brooding over religious matters."

Dr. M. L. Holbrook of No. 46 East Twenty-first street, who is President of the Society for Psychical Research, said: "We look at all these matters from a purely scientific standpoint; but I must confess that this story mystifies me. We shall investigate it thoroughly, and try to find a scientific solution of the problem which it presents."

Such cases are generally attempted to be explained away by the theory of the transmission of thought, but this is often an unsatisfactory solution of the problem.

The Society will undertake a thorough investigation of the matter at once, and it is claimed that the case will be an interesting one from a scientific point of view."

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honor.

Clairvoyance Extraordinary.

The Rev. C. N. Barham, of Nottingham, a well-known amateur of hypnotism and clairvoyance, writing to the *St. James's Gazette* with reference to the Duke of Argyll's experiences of clairvoyance, says: "When I resided at Whitstable, a maid servant of mine possessed this gift in a remarkable degree. At the first word of command she would fall into a deep slumber, which was accompanied by peculiar twitching of the whole body. When in this state she could be sent—mentally, of course—from one end of England to the other. Before going further, let me say that many hypnotic subjects have a singular aversion to silk. This girl, if touched by even a silken thread, would awake at once. At nine o'clock on a winter night I put her into the clairvoyant state. My wife took pencil and paper, and I bade the girl go into the drawing-room, where was a sofa with a silver cover. The room was dark. She sat still. To my question whether she was there, she replied "Yes." Then she minutely began to describe everything in the room, until she came to the sofa. "What is on the sofa?" I inquired. "I can't see" was the reply. "Lift it, and examine it carefully," I remarked. Suddenly the clairvoyant's face changed, and her body twitched convulsively as she—mentally, of course—came into contact with the silk. Again. My son was at the City of London school. Just before the vacation I desired to know how he would stand in the class list and promotion order. In order to do this, I postdated the time. The railway journey, the cab ride, and the school was reached. The master, Mr. —, was interviewed; he had never seen, and has not yet seen his interlocutor. Neither does he know of the singular occult influence which environed him. The numbers were given, and given correctly.

One other extraordinary instance may be recorded. My brother-in-law was engaged to a lady in East Yorkshire. He had given her a diamond ring, which she had lost. This troubled them both. I was written to. Times and places when the ring had last been seen were given me. The girl was sent into the hypnotic sleep, and the time was ante-dated to the day when the ring had last been seen. With some trouble, the sleeper was piloted through her journey to the North. Now a new difficulty arose. I had never been to the town, did not know the house, and she was unable to find it. Conjuring up an imaginary resident, I instructed her to make the necessary inquiries. The house and the lady being found, my clairvoyant took hold of the lady's hand, watching the ring. Here and there the lady went, always accompanied by her invisible companion. At length the ring was dropped in the orchard where the engaged couple had been helping to turn over the hay. Unfortunately, the hay was being carted. In order to trace the lost ring, I commanded the girl to hold it tightly and to submit to any hardship rather than relinquish it. With a half smile she assented, and commenced to describe her varying experiences. She told how she was raked up, handed upon a pitchfork into a haycart, trodden upon by clowns, and eventually deposited almost at the bottom of a heap of sweet-smelling hay in the corner of a disused cowhouse. Truth is stranger than fiction. Acting upon the girl's story, a search was instituted, and the ring was found. This is no romance, but a bald and disjointed record of sober facts. I could easily fill a volume with far more startling records of what may, I think, be described as extraordinary clairvoyance.—*Liverpool Courier*.

Fannie Williams, an Indian girl, has completed one contract for ten miles of grading upon a railroad track, and has contracted for thirty-five miles more.

The oldest banker in the world is a woman—Deborah Powers, aged 99, senior partner of the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburgh. Her business shrewdness is quite equal now to that of her earlier years, and she has also established and maintains the Deborah Powers Home for Old Ladies.

Does It Pay in the End?

It has ever been a question with casuists whether or not wealth wrongly acquired is worth what it costs. Some people think it is. Very many in fact hold that opinion, and, acting accordingly, hurry off and without much regard to the means employed, "make haste to be rich." And yet there lives not a sentient being but recognizes in his inner consciousness that this doctrine is dangerously and atrociously wrong.

We took occasion not long since to comment in a mild way on some of the methods made use of by the non-producing guilds to rake in the little money dabs of the laboring classes. Alluding to that modest effort, an interior journal observes that, while these methods are objectionable in a moral point of view, they are after all simply business, not running counter to the usages that largely obtain in most commercial and trade circles. Perhaps so. Certain it is, they do not much run counter to the usages that obtain with the bunco steerer and the burglar, which crafts regard also their vocations as simple business.

It is not a hopeful sign when the public conscience can tolerate or the public journalist write with complacency about things like these. Excuse them as we may, we have an idea that the man who makes his money through recourse to these sharp and cruel practices is weaving into the web of his existence colors that will not "run;" they will prove fast enough—so fast that they cannot be washed out with any detergent soap. It may even be doubted if blood would wholly erase them. We hold that it is a perilous thing to do a wrong that cannot be repaired. This, if any, must be the unpardonable sin. And how shall the man who robs indiscriminately, who reaches out and gathers in the pittance of the poor, ever be able to make restitution, however much he may desire to do so? This can never be done. The wretch may endow colleges and churches, set aside millions for the payment of post mortem prayers and masses; yet what can these avail, the victims of his inhumanity remaining impoverished and ruined? He may reach out and seek to rescue them, but he will find when it is too late that they have drifted away beyond his reach, and unless there shall be found in the resources of Divine wisdom some way in which these men can, in the hereafter, be enabled to make amends for the wrongs they have done, the hard old doctrine of eternal damnation will be likely to prove true enough.

The daily press having recently informed the public that a couple of convicts had made their escape from San Quentin, goes on to say there are now two violators of the law at large. It would be pleasant to believe there are only two!

Let it not be said we are sermonizing over much. We are simply dealing with well-known facts—performing a duty which, as the organ of the mining community, and in some sense of the working classes generally, we could not consistently ignore.—*Mining and Scientific Press*.

Believe in summer's sun and shade,
Although to-day the snow is falling;
Expect glad voices in the glade
Though now the winds alone are calling.
Have eyes to see how fair things be;
Let hope, not fear, prove most enthralling,
And skies that shine will oftenest be
Stretched lovingly o'er thine and thee.

Miss Nellie Kelly of the *Ohio State Journal*, is a regular "first-wire" operator of the Associated Press, at the same salary that is paid to first-wire men. She takes 15,000 words in a night, and at 2:30 A. M. she goes home alone and unmolested.

The First Piano in the Mining Camp.

It was Christmas Eve in a California mining town in the year 1858, and Goskin, according to his usual custom, had decorated his "public" with sprigs of mountain cedar, and a shrub, the crimson berries of which were not unlike the dear old English holly. There was a piano there all decorated with evergreens, and all that was wanted to fill up the cup of landlord Goskin's happiness was a man to play on that piano. "Christmas night and no piano pounder," he said, "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in!"

Having at length procured a piece of fairly clean whity-brown paper, he scrawled on it in bold characters with white chalk the words:—ONE HUNDRED DOLARS REWARDE TOO A COMPITENT PIANER PLAYER. This he placed in a prominent position on his shanty door, but though all eyes of the visitors or passers by noticed it, no candidate for the promised "rewarde" appeared till just midnight. Meantime the merrymaking had steadily proceeded. Fiddles squeaked, old guitars and banjos were thrummed, and the feet of the dancers resounded like thunder far and near. Suddenly the jolly crowd of caperers became aware of the presence of a thin white-haired old man who sat on a stool crouching over the fire and striving, seemingly in vain, to warm his thin trembling hands over the blazing logs.

Observing that all eyes were fixed on the stranger, and that the chill which seemed to shake his aged frame was casting a damper upon the prevailing merriment, Goskin, approaching the wail and holding out to him a steaming hot tumbler of egg nog, cried cheerily, "Here, stranger, brace up! this is the real stuff." As the man drained the cup and smacked his lips, someone asked him:—

"Been out prospecting?"

"Yes, and bad enough too."

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"S'pose you're hungry?" said Goskin. "Here, fall to."

The stranger required no second invitation, but having spent a few minutes of delightful occupation at the luncheon table, he turned towards the company a changed man: As the mirth waxed loud and furious, so did the dismal traveller become the gayest of the gay. Suddenly his eye fell on the piano, upon which he asked Goskins where the player was. "Never had one," murmured the abashed landlord, "Can't get ne'er a one in these diggings."

"I used to play myself when I was young," said the old man reflectively. "But now?"

"Never mind youth or age, stranger," almost screamed poor Goskin. "Do tackle it, do ey now! nary a man in this camp has had the courage to wrestle with this music box."

"I'll try," said the stranger, doubtfully.

The sight of a man at the piano was such a prodigy that the bets ceased at the faro table—glasses stopped half way between the table and the drinker's lips, and a sudden pause came over the wild scene and wilder company, deepening into a silence as strange as it was impressive. The old man brushed back his long white hair, raised his eyes, lustrous with a wonderful but unnatural brilliancy, to the ceiling, and then, as if he were himself only an automaton or somnambulist, his fingers strayed in a splendid prelude with powerful and thrilling harmony over the keys of the instrument. At first the majestic chords and brilliant execution startled the listeners into something almost amounting to fear; but presently, even the player himself became transfigured, his worn cheek flushed, his eyes sparkled, his form became erect, and he was—as one of the wild company whispered to another—"the very picture of a lord or a saint to look upon."

"Aye, but see him counter with his left fist," murmured another rough.

"Sakes alive, how many pianers has he got at the upper end of the thing?" added another.

"Lord help us! we're all going to glory!" hissed a fourth. But

now the inspiration changed—the player wandered into old familiar airs, which set every hand beating time and every head nodding; then came some Scotch tunes, causing every rough to jump to their feet and keep time with stamping, finger snappings, and grotesque capers. Again the mood changed, and "Killarney," "The Last Rose of Summer," and old, old Irish ditties restored them all to their seats, and drew many a shading hand across moistened eyes. Then came old well-remembered Christmas carols, redolent of evergreens and holly, mistletoe boughs, and sports of long long ago. Once more, however, the man changed with the tune and the instrument. Again the player was old, very old—pale, oh, how ghastly pale—withered and worn—and all the while the "music box" kept growing softer and finer and more tender, until it seemed, as if of its own accord, rather than under the action of those thin, thin fingers, the piano drifted into the air of "Home, Sweet Home." Softer, lower, yet more broken fell the notes, until at last they ceased altogether; deep sighs, some half-suppressed sobs, were all the sounds heard in that wild scene, until a sudden thud—then deep silence, the old man's head fell heavily on the front board of the instrument. Those that arose to aid and lift him up, murmured in subdued tones, "Gone home, sure! gone to his home, sweet home! Wonder who he was?"—*The Two Worlds.*

Co-operation.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

The most cheering sign of the times, because the one which involves not only liberated manhood, but uplifted womanhood, is the progress of the Co-operative Idea as a basis of a new industrial system. Social purity, the vital principle of healthful social life and of human organization, cannot be advanced in a state of society which makes woman financially helpless. An industrial system that shall remove every occasion for woman to sell herself, legally or illegally, will liberate to that extent the soul-force of woman, and remove a vast occasion for the aggressions of vicious propensities and carnal appetites.

Co-operative communities in which shall be provided remunerative labor for all able-bodied persons, and an assurance of supply for necessities to the sick, aged, and feeble, will prove the most beneficent and effective reformatory institutions. In such a state of society, of harmoniously related membership, an impetus would be given to the higher aspirations of many who now are pressed down to the soul-benumbing considerations of bodily needs as the chief demand of existence.

In such an organization of industrial and social life, the corroding anxiety and wearing hardships of poverty would not depress the soul-energies of the mother, and the mental sphere would be impregnated with the fraternal spirit instead of the narrow and cramping selfishness that attends our competitive system. Motherhood in its fullness is soul expansion. It nourishes, cherishes, protects, and is a beneficent genius to helplessness and inexperience. When social, industrial and domestic organization contribute to her resources the mental repose of an assured subsistence and intelligent sympathy, the human product of her life and love will exhibit a blessed expansion of faculties and increase of vital energies.

Little wonder is it that the many have not found their souls, far less become cognizant of their possibilities, when the struggle for subsistence has been a struggle with the wild beasts of greed, unscrupulous ambition, usurped power, and competitive selfishness, in which the success of one is necessarily the defeat of another. Domestic life, in the home and in the commonwealth, requires, for its best welfare and highest happiness, the broad and deep beneficence of motherliness, the impartial and equal benefits and fraternal association that the true mother craves for and bestows upon all her children.—*World's Advance Thought.*

A Singular Experience.

In the September number of the *Journal*, you call attention to Prof. William James's inquiries regarding hallucinations. I herewith inclose a statement of my experience: "About eight years ago I was delivering some lectures on Phrenology in a school-house at Little Rock, Ill. My audience consisted of over one hundred adults besides a goodly number of children. The school-room had but one entrance, opening from the center of the east side of the room into a hallway about twelve feet long, at the east end of which was the outside door. My pictures were hanging on the east wall of the room, above and on each side of the door. There was a space of from twelve to fifteen feet between the door and the first row of seats, extending the full width of the room with the exception of the space occupied by the teacher's desk on the left, and by a stove on the right of the entrance.

One evening, after I had been speaking for half an hour or more, and while fully enthused with my subject and speaking rapidly, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and the clasp of fingers and thumb very distinctly. In much surprise I turned to see who had entered through two closed doors and traversed the hallway so quietly as not to be heard. To my greater surprise I saw no one behind me; the door was closed, and I was the only visible occupant of the space above described. I recovered quickly from the shock it gave me and resumed my address to the audience, but not before they had noticed that something unusual was affecting me. After the lecture I gave two delineations of character.

The first subject was a man about sixty years of age, an entire stranger to me, who, as I afterward learned, was a resident physician. While he was walking from his seat in the audience to the chair placed for him, I remarked, "If there is any person in this community who is fond of flowers and loves to cultivate them this is the one." I had no more than said it before I would have given the night's receipts at the door to have recalled the remark. I felt thoroughly vexed with myself for impulsively saying what my better judgment condemned as a foolish remark. However, I used both tape and callipers and gave quite an extended delineation of his character, and must have made some "good hits," as the audience frequently applauded, and I hoped that they would forget my remark about the flowers.

But, judge of my surprise when, after the audience was dismissed, a lady approached me and asked how I could tell by the doctor's Phrenology that he was passionately fond of flowers? She informed me that flowers were "his hobby," and that he was the only person in the village who cultivated a flower garden. I now felt better over my blunder, for it was the luckiest "hit" I had made that evening. I had no acquaintance in the village and stopped at another town seven miles away, and consequently had no knowledge of the doctor or his flower garden.

Nothing strange or unusual in all this? No. But the strange part is yet to come. I continued to lecture all that winter and the following fall and winter, and the incident of the hand on my shoulder, the flower incident, and even the lecture itself, had faded from my mind, and would probably never have been recalled for serious consideration had I not paid a second visit to Mrs. Leonard Howard, a noted clairvoyant of St. Charles, Ill. My first visit to her had occurred about three years before, at which time I was intensely sceptical as to the truth of clairvoyance. In my first interview she told me of facts and incidents relating to my father's family, which I denied. She then told me what I *thought* were the facts, and told me also that my father would corroborate her statements when I saw him, which he did. She told me that I would succeed at Phrenology, and advised me to quit my present business (photography) and try it. I gave her no information of myself and all her statements were volunteered. I was a perfect stranger to her, and yet while in a trance she seemed possessed of a fund of knowledge of myself and people far greater than mine or theirs. She advised me to try lecturing on Phrenology, as I could

do much good in that field, saying she would help me, a statement which at the time seemed preposterous.

Perhaps, for the better understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to state that Mrs. Howard claimed to be controlled while in a trance by the spirit of an old Indian doctor, and used the dialect Indians use in attempting to speak the English language. The "Doctor" told me he should remember me and would know me wherever and whenever he saw me if it was not in many years. Mrs. Howard was at that time over seventy years of age and her memory quite poor.

At my second interview Mrs. Howard did not appear to know me or have any recollection that she had ever seen me. But after she had entered the trance state, she greeted me with "Hello, Injun, me tant you come agin some time." She, or perhaps it would be more proper to say, the "Doctor" (for Mrs. Howard had no recollection of what occurred while in her trance), recalled much that he had said to me on my former visit, and asked if my father did not corroborate all his statements at that time. He told me that I liked to make pictures better than I did when I was there before, as the new way was easier. (I had adopted the dry plate process since my former visit.) He told me I had lectured and succeeded as he told me I would. We were sitting facing each other, when Mrs. Howard placed her hand on my knee, and clasping it with a light pressure while a merry look came over her face, said: "Say, Injun, why you so 'fraid when I put hand on you shoulder in dat ole school-house where funny old doctor like flowers so much?" To say that I was astonished does not express my feelings, for the thought that I might possibly get a solution to the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder, and comprehend why I should make such an unfounded assertion as to the doctor being passionately fond of flowers, made me anxious to ask many questions, but I was given no opportunity, for the medium continued: "Didn't me tell you me help you if you go 'round make heap talk and feel heads? Injun, me made you tell ole doctor him like flowers 'fore he got to chair; how much you gib dat night if hadn't said it, hey? Injun, me put hand on you shoulder dat night; yip, me dare; see all dem folks and dat funny ole doctor—all dem picturs on wall, and skulls, and dat white head (bust) on table."

"Well, if you were there why did you not speak to me so I should have known you," I inquired.

"Umph! me couldn't do dat—didn't hab my mejum, Mrs. Howard, dare. Me dare; see ebirting dare too."

The medium told me much more, and tried to explain something of the philosophy of clairvoyance, but could not explain to my satisfaction how the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder was produced, or why I was impelled to tell the audience the doctor was passionately fond of flowers.

The impression was so strong in my mind, it "said itself." But whether it was an impression received directly from the subject by psychometry, or whether (as Swedenborg would express it) it was injected into my mind by an influx from a "spirit," I am unable to say. The incidents actually occurred, and so long as I cannot account for them by any law familiar to myself, it is perhaps but fair to give the clairvoyant the benefit of the doubt and accept the Indian "doctor's" statement, that he produced them, as the true solution, even though we do not comprehend the philosophy of the law by which they were produced.

In conclusion, I wish to say that Mrs. Howard resided at St. Charles from the time that part of Illinois was settled, and until her recent death always commanded the respect of all who knew her, no matter what their religious belief might be. She never advertised herself as a medium, but was visited by people of all shades of belief. I have visited many other so-called clairvoyants and mediums, and have found at least a dozen humbugs to one genuine one. I could give another instance of hallucination occurring to the sense of sight, but it would make this letter too long. If the editor's inquiry elicits many episodes of this character and they prove of interest to the *Journal* readers, I will communicate the "hallucination of sight" in a future letter.—Dr. L. Sackett, in *Phrenological Journal*.

Dreams.

[From Light.]

I was asleep in my own room in my mother's house within a week of my proposed marriage, and dreamt that I was in a room in a strange house in which an old man lay dying. I have no such picture of the accessories of the room as enables me to describe it, but I should recognize it. I was sorry for the old man, but no one about him seemed to be related to me, and the scene was strange. He died in my presence. Then the dream broke off. As my dreams had often had some import, I was anxious in the morning, and wondered how this could concern me. I was still thinking, and was expecting my intended husband to go and choose furniture. He knocked at the door, and I saw that something was the matter. He put a telegram into my hand which announced his father's death that morning. I had never seen his father, but on seeing a photograph of him recognized the face as that seen in my dream. H.

Lately, while at Worthing, I dreamt one Friday morning that Mr. C. called upon us at home. In the dream I distinctly saw him standing on the doorstep talking to the maid, and the sun glinting through the scanty foliage in the square garden in front. So impressed was I with the reality that I could not forbear writing to inform Mr. C. that my sister and self were away, and so spare him the journey to Hackney. The note written I found I had not his latest address with me, therefore, could not post it. Upon our return the following Wednesday we were told Mr. C. had called the previous Saturday afternoon; had not come in, but made inquiries at the door. The note not being destroyed, I sent to him as a proof of my good intention as well as of my prophetic dream.

CAROLINE CORNER.

I had a great friend who used at one time to come and talk to me about every subject that interested him, and who had got quite into the habit of asking my advice when any trouble or sorrow threatened, doing me the honor of relying much upon my opinion, and attaching some importance to the way in which the various subjects we used to discuss impressed me. My removal to a distance put an end to our regular meetings, and we seldom wrote to each other. After a time I had a letter telling me of his marriage; he seemed very happy, and there was every prospect of a long life for him and his wife, both being quite young.

I had not heard anything of them for a considerable time, when I had the following dream: I thought I saw my friend in very great distress, and that he was holding out to me a little girl, beseeching me to take her. On waking I had the scene and his distressed countenance very distinctly before me. I thought my dream must mean something, and very naturally concluded that my friend might have had a little daughter born to him. But to account for his great grief seemed quite beyond my powers of conjecture. I knew that he would rejoice very much if he had a little daughter, he having always expressed great affection and admiration for my two little girls.

The next post brought me a newspaper sent on from my house in town announcing the birth of his child. I said to myself, "That is all right, but instead of being in grief he must be extremely happy." On the following morning the further meaning of my dream was explained; there came the most heart-rending account of his terrible grief; his lovely young wife had quite lost her reason after her baby's birth, and died in a few days. H.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and, here and there,

a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first large organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

"Father," said the boy, "let me play!" Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and, when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened to the chapel. The others followed; but, when they looked up into the organ-loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil," cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulders at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But, when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ-loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides. His eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still.

The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Exchange.*

Donald Kennedy, Roxbury, Mass.

When we saw this name in our advertising columns, we felt like taking off our hats. We were also reminded of a debt of gratitude of long standing. There has never been any personal intercourse between this editor and the above named gentleman, neither has he any knowledge of us as far as we are advised.

Our acquaintance, if it can be called such, began in this wise. It was a generation ago. We stood behind the counter in a tea store. A row of bottles in red wrappers occupied a shelf, of which we knew nothing. The proprietor was equally ignorant, but moved by curiosity, he had uncorked a bottle. We were courteously invited to partake. Before doing so we looked to see what the "discoverer" had to say for himself. We shall not repeat his story, though its main features are still fresh in mind. We were impressed by his spirit of candor. His remedy was not a cure-all. He had heard that dyspeptics were benefited by it, but he did not recommend it for such cases. It was just that little chance expression which fixed our attention. We had been struggling in the coils of the monster dyspepsia for years. Life was a burden. We had concluded our case was hopeless. But we seized upon this straw, as drowning men will. It was a lucky providence, or a fortunate accident, whichever you prefer. The first dose satisfied us that we had found a true remedy.

We had not expected to see the end of that year. We have seen the beginning and end of many since then. We never told this story to Mr. Kennedy, but have told it to scores who have acted upon the information and were benefited as we were.—*The Prohibition Advocate.*

Correspondence.

On the Wing.

PENDLETON, ORE., Jan. 8.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE.—I am greatly pleased with the holiday number of the DOVE, which is full of food for the mind; and in seeing the life-like picture of Mr. Ravlin, who greatly interested me in his lectures in San Diego and San Jose, and also his lectures that have lately been in the DOVE. I wish we had more of such talented lecturers as Mr. Ravlin in the field to show up the errors of Theology and the truths of Spiritualism.

Since leaving here almost three months ago I have gone over some ground; have traveled over one thousand miles, eight hundred of which I have walked. I have gained greatly in strength, thanks in a great measure to following the great discovery of Dr. A. Wolfhall. All whom I have seen that have read his pamphlet and followed it, can't praise it enough. After leaving Auburn, I went to Baker City, and lectured in a good many school-houses in Powder Valley; from there crossed a spur of the Blue Mountains into Grand Round Valley fifteen by thirty miles in extent, and is surrounded on all sides by snow-covered mountains. I stopped at the little towns of Union, Cove, Island City and Legrand. Cove is a nice cosy place in a cove that extends back in the hill from the main valley like a cove in a bay on the ocean. Grand Round is a very productive valley. The yield of wheat is great, but the price low, only 42 cts. per bushel. The railroad charges so much to take it to market. A branch has lately been run from Legrand to Elgin in Indian Valley (30 miles in length) to rob the farmers.

From Grand Round I went to Elgin. My lecture was somewhat disturbed by a man named Star; he runs a one-horse hardware store, and so was displeased with the idea of the government carrying on production and distribution. He lacked the brains to see that his condition, with the rest, would be benefitted by Nationalism, so he sent for some eggs, which he threw at me. I *eggscuse* him, as I saw that the caliber of his brain is small, and that instead of his being a star of light he is one of darkness. As I was successful at dodging, and was not addled when he raised his arm to throw, he missed his mark. A namesake of mine that was at the door for me merely escaped a splashing. A number wanted me to have him arrested, but I considered the source. I am in the fight against the oppressors of labor and will continue so during the rest of my life, even if such serfs as he is throw barrels of last year's goose eggs. A son of a carpenter once said, "Forgive them, for they not what they do." As I am a son of a carpenter, and a carpenter, I have the right to say the same, I think.

When I was at Kemela I was at the highest point on the railroad between Idaho and Portland, something over 4000 feet above salt water. It took the freight train that I was on one hour and a half to go eleven miles; the rise is 126 feet to the mile. There was nearly two feet of snow there; more here. I passed through the Umatilla Indian reservation, where there are over two thousand Indians. They are on the lookout for a Messiah, as they have been having their ghost dance. If they would dance until they gave up the ghost, as one did lately in Kansas, it might be the best thing for the country. I am the guest of Dr. Alexander, who is somewhat of a Spiritualist; he and his daughter are practicing together; she is one of the best physicians in the town. She has been having very good success in a number of cases of diphtheria, which has been quite an epidemic here lately. The more lady physicians the better for women and children, as they understand their needs better than male doctors. A great many men are out of work here; the more out of employment the more crime. The struggle for existence is causing robberies. Then let us all work together to right the wrong system that is causing so much suffering; let us all hang together for a good cause or we will be hanged separately by a bad one. Since my last I have done some organizing.

J. H. WHITE.

Spiritualism in Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., January 8th, 1891.

DEAR DOVE.—My pen has been silent for a long time, and not yet has the time come when I can use it at will, but during this season of retirement my mind has not been inactive, nor unmindful of those who are vigorously and bravely putting their shoulder to the glittering wheel of spiritual upliftment for the masses. I cannot but admire your courage and continued efforts in your divine mission. Certainly they are not wholly unrewarded, for your periodical grows brighter and better, and breathes forth the elements of refined enlightened influences. A woman's perseverance, tenderness and loyalty to her ideas of right characterize its contents. I am sure that among the enrollments on the pages of honor to woman in the ages to come, your name will be inscribed in clear, legitimate characters, and in the immortal future a crown unfading awaits your brow. Of course you are aware of the ministrations of Brother Brooks among us. Owing to unexpected and unwelcome lameness, I have been denied the participation in either his lectures or of assisting toward the development of the society. Under his influence a new interest among the hitherto somewhat stranger Spiritualists seems to have been awakened. Very pleasant weekly socials have been formed with growing interest. But there is still too much of lethargy, too much of poverty, too much of self in the community to make the path of the laborer in this vineyard at present o'er pleasant. But sometime, somehow, a change will come. Our country lies too near the heavenly regions in point of climate and natural surroundings to *never* spring into full and sweet rapport with the angel world. Your January number is superior in almost every respect. May your highest hopes be finally realized; is the sincere wish of

Your friend and sister, ELLA L. MERRIAM.

ASHLAND, OREGON, Jan. 4th, 1891.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE.—Dr. Schlesinger, (test medium) has been with us here in Ashland five or six days during the latter part of December. Many skeptics and disbelievers in the problem of a continuance of life and individuality after physical death of the body, called on the medium, and in every case of which I have heard were either convinced or confounded. The unconvinced, whilst rejecting the explanation given by Spiritualists, offer no tenable solution of the manifestly intelligent force that assists in correctly answering the heterogeneous questions of the sitter, a knowledge of which could not possibly have been previously possessed by the medium. The doctor has done a good work for the cause of Spiritualism here, and his return will be anxiously awaited, should the guides direct his footsteps to this locality again.

P. LYTTLETON.

If I complained of being ill, it was asked why I made myself so. If I said such an actor had played a part well, the answer was, there was a different account in one of the newspapers. If any allusion was made to men of letters, there was a suppressed smile. If I told a humorous story, it was difficult to say whether the laugh was at me or at the narrative. The wife hated me for my ugly face; the servants because I could not always get them tickets for the play, and because they could not tell exactly what an author meant. If a paragraph appeared against anything I had written, I found it was ready there before me, and I was to undergo a regular *roasting*. I submitted to all this till I was tired, and then I gave it up.—Wm. Hazlitt.

The person that really tries to do right will more readily believe others are right, and those who see so much evil in the world could see themselves by using their own phrases for a mirror.

When the forenoons of life are wasted, there is not much hope of a peaceful and fruitful evening.

New York Letter.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—We have just received three copies of the "CARRIER DOVE" for December, and we are delighted, not only with the contents of your very able journal, but with the spirit of your generous nature. I oftentimes liken humanity to music. Music without *melody* is simply like a *body* without a *soul*; cold, calculating musical progressions, with a constant straining for effect (while it certainly *does* produce an *effect*), the effect does not reach the human soul, for the simple reason it does not proceed *from* the soul. Money is a stupendous power which we all know, and every day feel to our sorrow, but no true and lasting work has ever been accomplished, certainly not in this world, unless there was a great, noble, generous *Soul* behind it. I recollect when the Masons were endeavoring to pay off an enormous debt, there was a halt in obtaining subscriptions which no one could account for. A leading Mason of this City stated the situation to me, at the same time requesting me to put on my "Thinking Cap" and report to him later. I told him at the moment that I was sure that I had the key to the mystery, and could easily solve it. As I had conjectured, the man at the helm was a soulless, sordid individual, and full of vain glory, as such persons usually are. Another man with a soul was substituted, and the money was collected without difficulty. Ralph Waldo Emerson once wrote:

"Tact clinches the bargain,
Sails out of the Bay,
Gets the votes in the Senate,
Spite of Webster or Clay."

I have paraphrased this by simply substituting the word *Soul* for *Tact*. Enclosed please find one dollar, for which please send a few more copies of the December number, also please add my name on your list of subscribers. I will forward the cash in a few days to you.

Our concerts are being attended by large numbers of persons, although the entrance fee is so very small we have not paid expenses so far. After the Holidays, however, we expect to introduce these concerts into other parts of the city and suburbs. I will send documents for your February number, which I am sure will please your readers. Read the little "*Few Years Song*," which I am sure will please you.

Wishing you both the "Compliments of the Season," in which my family join, and thanking you for your great kindness, I am with sincere respect,

Yours Faithfully and Fraternally,

J. JAY WATSON,

New York, Dec. 22, 1890.

A New Colony.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Believing all practical movements seeking to find a just and equitable method of life here in this age of fierce struggle for an earthly existence, will be of interest to you and your many liberal and intelligent readers, we send you a brief description of a project now under way in this naturally favorable location in this famous state of Washington, an organization of a co-operative nursery and fruit-growing community. We give you a brief outline of its methods.

It seeks to adopt the best features of the joint stock or co-operative systems, but relies for its permanence and success on the fundamental principles of a true and just co-operative system. It absorbs in its initial step a large nursery and fruit growing business, that has been in successful operation for over thirteen years, with a large and continually increasing trade.

It can at once furnish profitable employment for fifteen to twenty families, and it will secure for its first members a large proportion of people, who have practical knowledge of the particular line of work that it will at first engage in.

None but people of breadth of thought and true liberality of soul, who are above the desire for personal aggrandizement, at the expense of their fellowman, will be received.

The property and business that it consumes, being of real value, at present it will be incorporated under the state laws of Washington, the capital stock being placed at fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000.00), divided in shares of one hundred dollars (\$100) each.

We attribute many of the failures of similar institutions largely due to too great and sudden departure from present established business customs in their first inception. In the start we make it a *rule* to only sell shares to persons who will become actual residents and working members in the community. All shares taken to be paid for; number of shares allowed any one member to be limited in both maximum and minimum numbers.

No one admitted only by purchasing the requisite number of shares; the first membership, up to twenty families, to be restricted to people of families. Each family will build on lots assigned them in their own individual right. Employment will be furnished each working member, and all members when physically able, will be required to perform their just share of work; equal pay will be allowed each individual for their time given to labor, manager and laborer receiving the same wages for same time.

This in brief is the general outline of the plan which in its inception aims to demonstrate each step of its practical work. To continue to enlarge its sphere of operations and engraft new industries and take in new material as fast as it can assimilate them; our aim is to build up a large commonwealth on true and just economic principles.

To any who, at this time, are ready and willing to embark in a work and life that is thoroughly practicable, and will fully exemplify the feasibility of the Nationalistic idea, of a pure, true society of unselfish men and women, to any who are willing to give their life and labor in a work which of necessity will render their own lives, and those of their associates, more happy and full, and free from the endless worry and strife engendered by a life of fierce and bitter competition.

We will gladly send our circular, giving full particulars and details of our plans, description of present business, etc. Address,

THE JEWETT NURSERIES,

White Salmon, Washington.

Letter from Lois.

ST. ELMO, Tenn., Jan. 12, 1891.

DEAR DOVE:—Your "Happy New Year," infolded in your instructive pages, has just reached me. Thanks. I hope it will be a useful year. Desirable as is happiness, usefulness is still more so. Speculative theories have their place, but I feel as Moses Harman expresses himself in his Christmas greeting through the columns of the Son of the Morning; "Lucifer." He says:

"A multitude of cares preclude or exclude all philosophising, all thoughts of the correspondence of sun-myths with the religious legends of our honest and sturdy but ignorant and superstitious Saxon and Celtic ancestors."

He then speaks of the first snow storm of the season (in Kansas), of the thousands exposed to the merciless blast because poorly sheltered, or not sheltered at all; of the hundreds if not thousands of families in Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, and even in some counties of Kansas, who are on the verge of starvation because of the failure of crops; of the Indian war raging in Dakota, and then he adds: "Think for one brief moment of the condition of the families of a large portion of our working men and women in towns and cities who are now (Christmas) and have been for months out of employment."

I think of all these things and then wonder if we, as Spiritualists, ought not to be ashamed to spend time and money in merry-making while the causes of so much suffering receive but a passing notice, if noticed at all. I wonder if it would not be better to leave re-incarnation, mind cure, Koot Hoomi, Sun Angels, Magi Orders and many other *orders* to take care of themselves, and put in all our time and strength in searching for and removing said causes.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Jan. 21, 1891.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—The New Year's DOVE, so pure and full of glad tidings, reached me as I was about leaving Summerland on the 17th. I am now over 500 miles from San Francisco, where the singing of frogs was the first music that greeted my ears, which I think would be a welcome sound to the snow-bound Northerners. This, to me, seems like an antiquated town compared with 'Frisco and Oakland. Every thing seems parched with the drought and alkali soil which the strong winds scatter at random, but all this does not seem to weaken the ardor of a few staunch Spiritualists who are banded together in the good work.

How strange that a little difference in belief with regard to various phases of spiritual manifestations should cause dissensions when the great fundamental truths of our philosophy are the same all the world over, and the times demand unity of purpose, unity of effort. Who that has read Charles Chiniquy's startling story of the Church of Rome, as published in the *Progressive Thinker* of Nov. 8th, can doubt the necessity of buckling on the armor of truth and standing shoulder to shoulder in the warfare that is at hand with the Jesuitical hierarchy that threatens destruction to all who are not with them. O, that all Spiritualists would stop quibbling about non-essentials, and come into the sphere of harmony and therefore receptivity to the wisdom of the spheres, then would we be prepared for the perilous times that await us as a nation.

My destiny is in this place at present, where, with the assistance of the angels, I hope to be able to bring together our scattered forces in love and harmony.

Ever yours for Truth and Progress,

MRS. F. A. LOGAN.

Will They Ever Think?

Will the women of this country who call themselves Christian women, ever stop long enough to think of the position they occupy in the churches to which they belong and which they labor so zealously to support? Now when the question of woman's social and political equality is coming into such prominence, and receiving the support of all the advanced thinkers and reformers of the day, is it not time that the women who compose by far the greater majority in the churches should be awake to the situation and take some steps towards securing religious equality with men? The following extract from an exchange shows the position they now occupy, and it would seem that the times are ripe for an advance movement.

Frances E. Willard was nominated as a delegate to the Ecumenical Council of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is to be held in Washington in 1891; but the Bishops and D. D.'s, who had the power, have thrown out the name, simply because she is a woman. Miss Willard was the only woman nominated as a delegate to the Council, and considering the fact that two-thirds of the members of the M. E. Church are women, it looks like injustice; but perhaps wrongs will be righted some day."

How many such insults will the intelligent women of the country need before they will be aroused to take some action towards the redress of their wrongs? The assumption that the devout, religious women of the Methodist Church are unfit to sit in council with the male heads of the church is an indignity each should feel in duty bound to protest against.

Frances Willard has a world-wide reputation as a deeply religious, conscientious woman who is devoting her life's best energies in the struggle for right, justice and purity; and her name will be honored and remembered, and monuments erected in commemoration of her noble services, long after the "Bishops and D. D.'s," who refused to sit in Council with her "simply because she was a woman," shall have mouldered into dust and been forgotten. "Ever the right comes uppermost and ever is justice done," and although it comes tardily and afar off, yet, nevertheless, sometime it will come to those who labor and wait.

New Books.

A VOICE FROM THE HEAVENS, OR STELLAR AND CELESTIAL WORLDS, by Reuben Potter. Carrier Dove Printing and Publishing Co., San Francisco. 118 pages. Cloth, \$1.

This is a remarkable book. It evidently is what it purports to be, a spirit revelation. Like some other books said to be from spirit source, it makes no claim to literary ability, and like most of such books, some passages are very different in style from others. It is full of information of a kind very few can dispute, for few still in this life have ever visited the realms described.

In the introduction to the work the author tells how he became a medium, and gives his experience during the period of spiritual development. He then says: "The visible appearances and sounds about me have long ago ceased; but the facility for conversation with personages of the spiritual life has been constantly gaining, and has resulted in the asking of many questions which have been answered in plain English—no brain impressions; no symbols or trances, but plain, unmistakable language, which comes through my vocal organs and ears as if I were a speaking telephone. The effect of these conversations has been to relieve my mind of many erroneous impressions regarding our spiritual life, and it is my purpose in this volume to give the lessons I have received very much in the manner in which the questions have been asked and answered."

One of the questions led to remarks concerning the potency of thought in the formation of character and its effect on the spiritual nature. (The term "dual form" is used instead of spirit body.) The spirit says:

"The thought of the mother affects the unborn child. Then how much more sensitive is the dual form to thought impressions, and how much more liable and certain is it to carry with it the effects of brutalizing and degrading thoughts. It is true there are circumstances of birth which naturally produce weak mortal type; but at the same time it is true that if they could be surrounded with refining influences, and disciplined to have white thoughts instead of dark ones, they would show a marked improvement in spirit type; for our white, bright, tender thoughts pertain to our higher nature, and are the fertilizers which add strength and beauty to the dual form. . . . You have examples of the power of thought in its visible effects upon the mortal form, as in many cases you may read a person's low and vicious thought by his gross exterior in form and features; for low and brutal thoughts will reflect their imagery in brutal faces, forms and manners; then how much more must they affect the sensitized dual form."

Almost in the outset the spirit says: "Too much confidence should not be placed in what spirit persons say in the presence of mediums; for in all cases they take on the thoughts of the mortals around them, and often do and say things, through sympathy with the person or persons present, which they would refrain from saying or doing in their normal condition." That is a good beginning. The spirit then proceeds to treat on "The laws of spirit approach," clairvoyance, the spirit body, called "the dual form." The celestial zones are described. The term "spirit sphere" is used in reference to the "magnetic envelope which is developed as a visible, tangible part of the spirit form which it surrounds." This is not identical with the magnetic aura surrounding the physical form. Spirits of a low order are represented as having no "sphere." The comparative standard of the inhabitants of different planets is considered, and other subjects of interest, but in making extracts, it is better to give something of practical use to the reader. The communicating spirit affirms that the female element is superior to the male in all the higher attributes of being. In answer to a question concerning the causes of the low spiritual development of the male sex, the spirit says:

"From what we have said in relation to thought as a vital element you may realize how the pursuit of money being the all-absorbing thought of the masses of men, it becomes a predominating trait of character, so much so that it is repeated in the offspring, through family and nation, and the effects are visible in the manners and features of men, who intrigue, plot, and murder. It is the spiritual devitalizer, which, through every decade of human history has lowered the spiritual standard of a great proportion of the male sex, who have appealed as typeless and sphereless paupers at the door of heaven. Thousands of males devote their entire thought and brain force to the accumulation of what they term wealth, and in such mental limitation all the higher emotions of the soul are lost, and men follow in little grooves in the service of money who are comparatively the most pitiable objects of spirit humanity. In this war for money the female sex does not seem to be affected to a marked extent, for it is not the absorbing thought with her; she has sung, laughed and wept while men have planned, plundered and murdered. . . . Your pursuit of money and possession of unnecessary wealth becomes to you a mortal success, and results in your spiritual failure.

"Another cause of male decline is intemperance, which is associated with money as a cause. Any intoxicating effect upon the mind which disturbs the natural equilibrium and course of thought, will, if protracted, reflect upon the brain of the companion dual form, and effect [produce] spiritual mental weakness just in proportion to the excess and abuse.

"The third in the order of causes is murder. . . . The disregard of human life, coupled with men's love for human misery and the sight of human blood (the general effect of the indifference with which the masses of men regard the violent death of a human being) has taken the form of a constitutional blight or curse which would almost seem to stand over the spiritual ascent of the innocent as well as of the guilty. So arbitrary are the demands of the law of our being upon thought unfoldment that even to *know* that a human being can die by the cruel hand of his brother man is almost to take on the vengeance of the law which follows the perpetrator. In the past life of this planet's mortal race, from the first moment when a man could endure the sight of human blood and tolerate human misery, the law had begun its retrogressive work in the male sex. It retaliated for brutal actions by giving back brutal mortal forms and features, and blighted sphereless types in spirit. The excuse of authority vested in individuals by Government to take life does not shield the perpetrators from the reactionary effect of the law, which, unconscious to themselves, leaves its blight."

From the foregoing, as well as the paragraph following, it seems that the communicating spirit accepts the Bible assumption that man was originally pure, instead of considering him as an outgrowth from lower forms in accordance with the law of evolution. SHE says:

"True human sympathy and love are the fundamental vital principles of our spiritual growth. Nature gave these qualities to humanity, but the past history of your planet has shown that the male sex did not appreciate them. You have already learned from us that thought will reflect its imagery. What has been the result? That from the beginning of human murder men began to be ferocious in actions and in personal appearance, until human slaughter became a pleasure and human blood a feast, and so on down to the last years of your planet's history, when human murder has become an art in high life, and men educated in its science have been decorated with titles and crowned with false honors. You say that the sacrifice of mortal forms was necessary for the preservation of national character. You dare not say it in the face of heaven, which has set its seal of condemnation upon every act of murder that ever disgraced and dishonored this bloody planet, and covered

the perpetrators, authorized or unauthorized, with spiritual infamy."

The communicating intelligence places woman far above man in the scale of being. "In the female mind the thought of murder seldom enters." Addressing the degenerate men, the spirit says:

"Do you want a Savior and Redeemer? She walks with you eternally; and it is only through her, in imitation of her pure thought and life, that you may hope to attain the growth which will give you type and rank in spirit; for she carries within her life that compound of Divinity which reaches to highest heavens. Combine your strong manhood with her purity of thought and manners, and you will unite two elements of growth which will make you strong in mortality and give you type and rank in spirit. . . . Scorn to degrade or wrong her; and let the light shine into your soul which lights her up the heavenly way, that you too may follow her in the exalted society and offices in which nature has placed her in love and labor for humanity. From her highest throne in the heavens she beckons you to come. . . . Does your female companion yield you love, pleasure and happiness in mortal life, then you want that bliss in spirit. Mark! the law governing your social and sexual union in spirit is arbitrary. You cannot kiss the lips, or touch the hand, or even the garment of her you have loved or may love unless you affinitize with her in sphere. . . . You are needed and loved in the high female societies, but she cannot receive you there unless you reach her in type; for *there* there is no money with which bestiality may purchase beauty."

The inhabitants of Saturn are represented as superior to those of any other planet belonging to this system. It is on Saturn that most of the exalted spirits once had existence who have as yet reached the "highest heavens" called by the spirit "the celestial zones." The superiority of the female sex is said to hold good on Saturn also; but the males there have some delegates in the Upper Congress, while of Earth it is said: "the male does not contain a single representative in the celestial zones, while the female is represented by thousands." This chapter closes as follows: "Must we [the risen spirits] forever be dealing with the weak in spirit from this planet, and wiping tears from eyes upturned toward heavens they can never reach? We say the power lies within you as mortals to avert such unhappy effects while in the garden-spot of your existence, by cultivating the tender human buds that uplift toward heavenly skies, that they may bloom sweet perfect flowers in paradise."

The fourth chapter of Part 2 contains excellent advice which the DOVE may copy sometime. Part 3 is devoted mainly to Astronomy, in which opinions are expressed quite at variance with prevalent ideas. Most readers of this and Part 4 will undoubtedly dissent. Aside from known facts, everyone has a right to the exercise of his own judgment.

The book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.

The London ladies' orchestra numbers eighty members, with a chorus of one hundred and twenty more. There are fifty violins, ten violas, fourteen cellos, three double basses, a harp and a piano. At their concerts, all the members wear a uniform of high necked white dresses, whose shoulder knots of colored ribbon with floating ends denote the place of the wearer in the orchestra, as pale blue for first violins, deep blue for second violins, or crimson for cellos.

Did it ever occur to the people that there are no female tramps? Ought a lazy, dirty, good-for-nothing, whiskey-besotted thief of a tramp be allowed to vote when an honest, industrious, tax-paying woman is refused the ballot? The ballot of such a tramp counts as much as the ballot of a Washington or Lincoln. Is this right?—*Nickerson Argosy*.

UPWARD STEPS OF SEVENTY YEARS. Autobiographic, Biographic, Historic. By Giles B. Stebbins. 308 pp., cloth. New York: United States Book Company. \$1.25.

For many years the name and work of Giles B. Stebbins have been familiarly known, not only among Spiritualists, but also among nearly all the earnest workers for the various reforms of the day. He has been active, both with voice and pen, for several decades, in all good work; and during his long and useful life Mr. Stebbins has been associated with a host of the leading reformers of America. The life-line of a sturdy worker for truth and right, such as Mr. Stebbins, should not be wholly lost to the world. It is well, therefore, that now, in the evening of his life, our good brother has been moved to publish an outline narrative of his experiences in the busy scenes of life. Contributions of this character to the world's literature should be warmly welcomed.

A noticeable feature of this work is the author's extreme modesty. Although it is, partially at least, of an autobiographic character, comparatively little appears in it of the useful life work of the author. The writer keeps himself in the background, as it were, only projecting enough of himself in the foreground to serve as a thread upon which to hang the narratives of the good work done by others with whom he has been brought in contact. I think that I am voicing the opinion of most if not all of the readers of this volume in expressing regret that Mr. Stebbins has not favored us with a little more of himself in his book,—told us more about his own labor for humanity, his speeches, his books, etc.

In the early chapters we have a realistic picture of Puritan New England in the author's childhood and youth. This is followed by chapters illustrative of the growth of religious reform, including sketches of those noble souls, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and John Pierpont. Succeeding this is a chapter upon the Anti-Slavery Reform, in which are found graphic pen-pictures of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright, Gerrit Smith, Abby Kelly Foster, and other valiant heroes and heroines in the crusade against that "sum of all villainies," African slavery. An interesting chapter on the Quakers or Friends is next given, in which we are introduced to Lucretia Mott, Isaac T. Hopper, and various others, including reminiscences of the Hicksite or rationalistic Quakers, and the annual meetings of the Progressive Friends at Hemlock Hall, North Collins, New York, and elsewhere.

Another chapter is devoted to sketches of some of the world's helpers and light-bringers, among whom may be noted Wm. Denton, Benjamin F. Wade, John Brown, H. C. Carey, E. B. Ward and Sojourner Truth. Two chapters following treat upon Spiritualism, Natural Religion, and Psychic Science Research; and they embody many valuable narratives of Spiritual manifestations of a varied character and of great interest. The final chapter is headed, "Religious Outlook—Coming Reforms;" and in it such suggestive topics are discussed as these: A New Protestantism; Women in the Pulpit; Radicalism; Ethical Culture; Liberal Christianity; Future Religion; Woman Suffrage; Temperance and Peace, etc.

The entire work is written in a clear and vivid style, and it is healthful and helpful, inspiring and elevating.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The Freethinkers' Magazine for January is a much improved number. It is enlarged to sixty-four pages. A fine portrait of Moses Harmon constitutes the frontispiece and there is an editorial sketch of his life. Some of the contents are "The Ship and the Barnacles," by M. J. Hull; "The Danger Signal," by Harry Hoover; "The Church and The Sabbath," by Franklin Steiner; "Use and Abuse," by Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine; "Betrayed," A Poem by Voltarine de Cleyre. There is much other valuable matter.

Parents and Children.

BY HUGH O. PENTECOST.

A large majority of parents are unfit to have children.

The bringing of a child into this world, under present social conditions, is a very solemn undertaking. Most parents do not consider what an important matter it is. It is serious for the parents and for the child.

Many parents have children who wish they had not. Many children, when they arrive at maturity, hardly know whether to thank their parents for bringing them into the world or not. I do not say this life, under present social conditions, is not worth living, but I do say that it is difficult for some reflective persons to decide whether it is or not. And I say this, notwithstanding that the conditions which surround me, personally, are in almost all respects exceptionally conducive to happiness. This being true, married persons should carefully consider whether they should have children or not. They should reflect on whether children will probably add to their happiness or misery. They should also ponder whether, if the child could know beforehand all that this life, at present, involves, he would choose to be born.

My own impression is that, under present social conditions, children bring to parents more pain than pleasure. This I say, notwithstanding that I have two children with whose conduct toward me or others, so far as I know, I have almost no fault to find. My children are both girls, for which I am very thankful, so far as my personal pleasure in them is concerned. I have never wanted a boy. I have no ambition to have my name transmitted to posterity, and from what I know of boys in general, young and old, I have always thought that a boy would be too much for me. I say I am thankful that my children are girls, so far as my personal pleasure in them is concerned, but it is for the reason that they are girls that they give me so much pain.

This world never has been and is not yet a fit place for a woman to live in. Woman is too much of a slave ever to be happy. If she lives a single life, unless she is a very exceptional person, she is almost sure to be wretched. If not in her youth, then in her declining days, she will be lonely to the point of suffering—suffering which she must lock up in her own breast; suffering too subtle to be told and often too heavy to be endured. If she marries, the probabilities are that she will be more miserable than if she remains single, for two reasons: the first being that our present arbitrary and inhuman marriage system is a contrivance of torture for both men and women; and the second, that no matter what other good things may be said of a man as a husband, it is perfectly certain that the best of husbands will manage, even if he does not intend to do so, to pierce his wife's heart with many a sharp and poisoned dart. There is another side to that statement, of course, but I am speaking only of the woman's side.

If a woman has to work for a living, she will find it exceedingly difficult to maintain herself, for even though she does as much and as good work as a man, she will be paid less for it.

And whether she is married or single she is more or less a slave, for the present unenlightened public opinion surrounds her with restrictions on her conduct which would make happiness entirely impossible if it were not that women, like all other slaves, so generally, prefer servitude to freedom.

The inevitable lot of the average woman in this world, under present conditions, is such an unhappy one that I think of the future of my children with painful alarm, such alarm that if I had known as much years ago as I know now they would never have been born; such alarm that no consideration less than the cessation of involuntary poverty could make me willing to have another child, boy or girl, for this world, at present, is only a little more fit for a man to live in than for a woman.

These are some of the reasons, stated very incompletely, why I think it an exceedingly serious thing for parents to have children, and they are, in the main, the reasons why if a child could know

beforehand what awaits him in this world, under present social conditions, he might not choose to be born; he might choose to wait a hundred or a thousand years or more before assuming consciousness.

I presume that some of you, if you should happen to remember this part of my address, will say to each other on your way home that what I have been saying to you is very dreadful sort of talk. If so, it will be because we have all formed the habit, owing to the unfortunate conditions under which we live, of lying to each other when we speak of certain subjects. Nevertheless, I have no fear but that when you think it over in your own minds, if you are willing to use your minds freely, you will admit that I have been saying what you have often thought but may have never put into words. What I have said may sound strange or even shocking to some of you, but that is largely because you are not in the habit of hearing such things said "right out in meeting."

There are many parents who would not willingly give up their children for the world, for when children come we grow to love them with peculiar tenderness, but who, in their secret thoughts, would be very glad for their own sake and perhaps for the children's sake, if they never had been born.

That sounds very dreadful, but it is true.

Now we will drop that part of the subject and turn our attention to the question how we, as parents, should behave toward our children, now that they are born, and this leads me to repeat with emphasis the first sentence I uttered: A large majority of parents are unfit to have children.

In dealing with our children we generally proceed on an utterly false principle, and hence, all that we do is apt to be wrong, by which I mean hurtful to the children and to ourselves. We start with the idea that the child is under responsibility to us for bringing it into the world and caring for it while it is unable to care for itself, and hence we make all sorts of demands on it and preach to it the gospel of the duty of children to parents.

This is diametrically opposed to the truth as I conceive it. A child is under no responsibility and has no duties to a parent. But, on the contrary, a parent is under the heaviest conceivable obligations to a child. Did the child ask to come here? Was it consulted as to whether it wished to be born? Certainly not. The parent goes daringly into the realm of painless unconsciousness and drags thence a being capable of misery, and by doing this he takes on himself the most exacting of obligations to that newborn being.

It is said that a child never can do enough for a parent. Whether this is true in particular instances must be determined by the child. It is not true as a general principle. If the child values life, if he thinks he is a great gainer by reason of consciousness, he may feel deeply indebted to his parents, but it never should be thrust on him as his duty that he cannot do enough for his parents.

On the other hand, it may be said with reason that a parent never can do enough for a child. If you have taken the responsibility of bringing a human being into this problematical life, with a deliberate view to your own pleasure, or, perhaps, without intending or desiring to do so, as the result of a merely passionate act, you have no right to claim anything from that human being, or to find fault with anything he may do or fails to do. He may justly claim anything from you, and in a certain sense you may justly be blamed for everything he may do, since you are responsible for his being in existence at all.

This doctrine of the duty of children to parents is of a piece with the doctrine of duties to God. The crudest mind should be able to understand that if God created us we owe him nothing, and he owes us everything; he is responsible for all that we do and are. The idea that God has a right to create people and then take some of them to heaven and send others to hell is so absurd and monstrous that the wonder is that any one ever could have believed it. If God created us, it is his business to take care of us and see that we do not suffer either in this world or any other.

And so, too, the notion that because a man and woman bring a child into being they have a right to make demands of that child, to say nothing of scolding or beating it, is so ridiculous and barbarous that it is an equal wonder that any one could ever have believed it.

Do not you know that all children do things that give their parents disappointment and pain? Of course you know this, and knowing it you knew that if you had children they would be such as the rest. It was for you to decide whether you would have children in all essential respects such as others; and having decided to have them you ought to be down on your knees to them all the time, to expect nothing of them, to be disappointed at nothing they do, to upbraid or punish them for nothing; you ought to be afraid they would some day turn on you and say: "If you do not like the way I behave, why did you bring me into the world?"

One of the objections I have to the teachings of the apostle Paul, who spoiled the religion of Jesus by establishing the Church of Christ, is that he said, at least he is reported to have said: "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing in the Lord." I suppose that means well pleasing to the Lord. It was this same man who said: "Wives, be in subjection to your husbands," and, "Slaves, obey your masters," and, "Submit to the powers that be," and, "Honor the King." This is the man who taught that constables and police justices and political and ecclesiastical rulers of all kinds are the ministers to God. A charming system of society he had! There was God over all, and then came the king, and then the judge, and then the policeman, with a club in his hand and a pistol in his pocket, and then the master, the husband, and the parent. A series of tyrants beginning with God, who turns people into hell, and ending with a parent spanking a child.

The idea of the universe, so far as man is concerned, that prevails in every religion on earth, is that God is at the top of society and a slave is at the bottom, and the order of society is as I have given it: God, the king, the judge, the policeman, the master, the husband, the parent. The law of that society is obedience. The king obeys God, the judge obeys the king, the policeman obeys the judge, the master obeys the policeman, the workman obeys the master, the wife obeys the husband, the child obeys the parent.

There is nobody to obey the workman or the child. Upon them rests the entire burden of slavery.

The reason why I dislike religion is not because it is a superstition, but because it is a superstition that involves a gigantic system of slavery; because it speaks always that one word, "Obey." It is the voice of religion that says: "Children, obey your parents," but the voice of reason declares that for a child to obey its parents is impossible, and that if it were possible it would be, and in so far as it is possible it is, injurious to both parent and child.

A child is a separate entity. It must follow the movings of its own desires, its own will. The moment a parent tries to make a child conform to his wishes or will it is the same in effect as if he were trying to do something in mechanics by utterly ignoring gravitation. It is as impossible for a child to obey a parent as for an unsupported body to remain poised in the air.

There is no good reason why a child should obey a parent. Whence does the parent derive authority to make the child obey? From God? If you say so I have nothing further to say. The introduction of God into a discussion makes all rational thinking impossible. When God comes in at the door, common sense flies out of the window. But if we eliminate the idea that the Infinite Something-or-other somehow or other confers authority on a parent to exact obedience from a child, whence comes such authority? Manifestly there is no source whence it could come. The parent should make it quite plain to the child that he should never obey anybody in the universe, but that he should understand what consequences follow certain actions or certain habits of thought, and in the light of what we very erroneously call the laws of nature, by which we mean the invariability of certain subsequents following

certain precedents, he should follow his own desires, the notions of his own will.

Now, some of you are thinking that I mean that, from the moment of their birth, children should be allowed to do as they please. There is a sense in which, in a general way, that is true, but I would not have you think I mean just that unless you know in exactly what sense I mean it.

I would not sit supinely by and see an infant put its hand into the fire unless I had first explained that the fire would hurt it. But if I had first explained that, and was sure the child understood what I meant, I would then let it put its hand into the fire and would feel certain that its education on that point would be completed in about one second.

I would not willingly allow my child to strike another until I had made him understand what is the character and what the consequences of such conduct would be, but after I had carefully explained all that, if he still insisted on striking I would try to arrange to have him hit some youngster who would knock him out in one round, and so teach him what he would not learn from me.

I need not pursue these illustrations. Sensible people will understand the difference between the careful teaching and training of a child in order to develop its own power of making wise choices of conduct, and the arbitrary forcing of the will of the parent on the child for no reason except the bad one that a child should obey a parent.

There is a certain amount of influence which a faithful parent will bring to bear upon a child in order to have him go to school, or keep his face and hands clean, or be mannerly, and the like, but all this can be done without arbitrarily imposing the will of the parent on the child and without employing any of those abominable methods of physical punishment to which parents resort in order to force their children to do what they have not the wisdom nor patience to induce them to do by kind and rational methods.

There is nothing that excites my indignation more than to think of a parent striking a child, or shutting him up in a closet, or sending him to bed without his supper. When I think of a great big man or woman domineering over a little helpless child, by physical force, I feel like weeping—or swearing. If you must hit somebody when you get mad, in the name of courage hit somebody your own size.

Some parents say they never punish their children when they are angry. They wait until they are quite cool and passionless. These are the most cruel of all parents. There is some excuse for striking a child when you are angry, for anger is a kind of insanity in which people do things they are afterwards sorry for. But to beat a child—your own child, that has warmed your heart and moistened your eyes by its gentle caresses, and sweet words, and winning ways—in cold blood, because it would not do something you willed it to do is simply infamous.

Some parents say they never punish their children except from a sense of duty, and for their good, and that the punishment hurts them worse than it does the child. That is what they say about God. "The Lord loveth whom he chastiseth." If you have the rheumatism, and the consumption, and a cancer, and are on the way to the poor house, you know how much the Lord loves you. And so I suppose you wish your child to look upon your dead face in the coffin and measure your love by the number of times you thrashed him.

I know there are grown persons who say their parents never whipped them any more than was for their own good. But these are persons who are now whipping their children, and their testimony is worth nothing. People who whip their children or rejoice because they were whipped are generally persons who believe in hell, and prisons, and the gallows. They are persons who have no conception of the fitness of things in this universe.

There is no natural connection between offenses and arbitrary modes of punishment. This is why the old doctrine of a literal hell broke down. People came, more or less unconsciously, to

see that there is no natural connection between bad conduct and fire, and it gradually became impossible for them to believe that if they sowed sin they would reap brimstone. Neither is there any natural connection between stealing and a prison, or murder and the gallows. That is why these modes of punishment are gradually dying out.

Now, suppose your child lies to you, laying aside the thought that you do not always tell the truth yourself, which fact ought to have some effect on you, what natural connection is there between lying and a leather strap? None whatever. Lies bring their own consequences, and you can explain this important fact to your child and safely leave him to be dealt with by his own lies. The best thing you can do with a lying child is to accept what he says, as if it were true. It will not be long before his lie, passing for the truth, will get him into such difficulties that he will learn more than you can ever teach him with a leather strap.

When you whip a child for lying you act a lie yourself. You teach him to believe that the natural consequence of lying is to be whipped, and by and by he will think that every time he lies without getting whipped he has got ahead of the universe.

Did it ever occur to you that the reason why you have to whip your children so often is because they are so much like you?

A few years ago a clergyman whom I know lost a beautiful little boy by death. He is a firm believer in hell and hangmen, and so, of course, he used to whip his little boy, who was small, and pale-faced, and particularly gentle in all his ways. I would as soon think of shooting a dove as of hitting a child such as he. Well, there the little fellow lay in his coffin; and, somehow, when a child is lying in a coffin a parent thinks of a great many things that did not occur to him while the child was living, and was, perhaps, disobedient and annoying. There the little fellow lay in his coffin, his tiny hands thin and white, the light gone out of his eyes, the voice that used sometimes to disturb his father at his studies stilled forever, his little features pinched by the fingers of death. And what do you suppose the father said to me, with big tears chasing each other over his cheeks. He said: "I wish I had never whipped him."—*Twentieth Century*.

Spiritualism and Spiritualists.

Spiritualism (rooted in the basic fact of continuity of life and its eternal progress in accordance with the eternal laws of evolution, of life demonstrated by innumerable proofs from the psychical world) is the philosophy of life. It embraces all that affects man, both physically and spiritually. Properly studied, it makes man moral, reverent, kind and noble; it enlarges his sphere of consciousness and brings him into closer relations with the divine in nature; it clears his perceptions, renders him just in his dealings and fills his heart with love for humanity and his soul with unquenchable aspirations. A true Spiritualist grows from within outward; he is not a perambulating junk-shop filled with a motley store of heterogeneous psychical facts, heaped up and useless as a miser's hidden gold. A true Spiritualist is one who uses his facts as means to a noble end, who arranges his knowledge in orderly form, digests and assimilates it, and grows strong of purpose and radiant in spirit through his efforts. The true Spiritualist is actuated by a burning desire to better humanity here and now; and is more interested in the welfare of this world than in speculating on the happiness which may be in store for him in the world to come. He does right because it is right so to do, and through no hope of reward or fear of punishment. The true Spiritualist does not arrogate to himself or his cult any exclusive virtues or divine rights, nor does he think his school of thought contains all worth knowing, nor that there is no goodness or truth in the multifarious systems of religion. He has open vision and gladly greets truth wherever found, and as gladly acknowledges his own errors, and discards them when proven to be such. The true Spiritualist has a healthy interest in all secular affairs. He comes to learn how to

take a comprehensive view of all questions; his intellect is quickened and his judgment strengthened by an unceasing flow from higher spheres. Other things being equal, he will surpass his contemporaries in his particular vocation in life.

Instead of constantly seeking personal messages from spirit friends and never ceasing to demand "just one more test," the real Spiritualist rests calm and confident in the knowledge already acquired in this direction, and asks for instruction and enlightenment in those great and impersonal principles, the knowledge of which is essential to his complete unfoldment. He does not demand that his weekly paper shall be filled with ghost stories, nor padded with strictures on existing religious sects. He prefers that matters of current interest shall receive their due share of attention, treated from the standpoint of his philosophy. He recognizes the stupendous importance of the phenomena of Spiritualism in the primary stages of progress, and does all he can to encourage their presentation in orderly and convincing form; discouraging all doubtful expositions, and demanding honesty, fair dealing and patience on all sides. The true Spiritualist, while modest and unobtrusive in the expression of his views, has the courage of his convictions, and never shrinks from avowing them when it is necessary to define his own position or to maintain the dignity and honor of Spiritualism. Knowing how much of his happiness is due to Spiritualism, he will, in time, so the *Journal* hopes, learn that he owes it to the cause to assist to his utmost, with money, in the work of propaganda; and he will do this during his earth-life, not waiting for executors or administrators to exercise their discretion, nor for heirs to frustrate his wishes. The man who gives to Spiritualism when he can no longer use his wealth himself is less entitled to credit than he who acts as his own almoner. The spread of rational Spiritualism is near and dear to the heart of every individual who aspires to be a true Spiritualist; and this through no sectarian pride or interest, but from pure love of humanity and of the good. The Spiritualist of the next generation will be less of a theorizer and more of a practical worker. He will realize that he is already in the Spirit world while yet enfleshed, and that the sooner he begins the work here which he is putting off to do in the hereafter, the better it will be for him and for all he holds dear.—*Religio Philosophical Journal*.

Nunnery Life in Naples.

The recent disclosures in this Italian city have produced a profound sensation throughout the whole bounds of the thinking world. A convent in Naples, which for four centuries has been shut to all, and has been appropriately known as the "Nunnery of the Buried Alive," has been opened by the police, and the secrets unearthed. A young girl had been hurriedly buried there to cure her of an unfortunate passion, but when her family afterward wished to communicate with her, it was found impossible. An appeal to the Italian Minister of Justice procured an order for entrance, and against violent opposition the police forced their way.

They found twenty-six nuns, ragged, wretched, and some of them half insane. Eight of them had been immured in this death trap by order of their parents against their own will. The horrible spectacle thus brought to light, has caused the Governor of Naples to order a further and complete investigation, and all the closed nunneries of southern Italy are to be visited officially.

Free Italy is proving both her right and her power to be free. These women were walled in with only a small opening to pass in food, and were like bony skeletons. The government proposes to turn the large convent into a school for girls. Of course the priests cry, *sacrilegious, sacrilegious*.—*Missionary Review*.

A public spirited business man in New York, who is as sincere a Christian as he is a staunch friend of our schools and institutions, in forwarding the above extract makes the following comments upon the condition of affairs in this boasted land of the free.

Can it be possible that Italy is freer than our dear America? Have we not in all our large cities just such institutions, and are they not filled with nuns buried alive, longing to be released from the torments and torture of a life that is a hundred times worse

than death, as Miss O'Gorman in her book has described, and which none of the bishops or priests in America, England or Australia were able to contradict?

Would it not be well for free America to insist upon all religious institutions in the land being thrown open to the public? Must children be taken away from our public schools by order of the priests, shut up and abused without mercy and no arm or power to reach or help them; shut inside of these brick walls, where no sound of their wailings can be heard by the outside world? Let me ask you, who know: For what are all these underground vaults under these institutions, with thick walls around them, where no light can ever enter; are these the places described in Miss O'Gorman's book where children and nuns are placed for punishment, where the rats have been known to eat their feet and hands? O, my God! is there no remedy for this in our so-called Christian country?

Monasteries and convents are just the same in America as in Italy. The same cruelties are practiced; the same immoralities exist; the same bondage is endured.

Our brother might as well ask the reason for high and thick walls around a prison. Little ones in Brooklyn and big ones as well, can tell tales of cruelties practiced on them while in these convent prisons that are perfectly harrowing. It is a sin against humanity to allow a wicked church to hold in chains many of her dissatisfied dupes, who would far prefer the light of day to convent seclusion.—*Exchange*.

Sectarian Charitable Institutions.

W. W. JUDSON.

Men and women travelling over the road of sectarianism, have often put this question to Spiritualists: If your philosophy numbers so many, and is of so much benefit to the world, and so much better than any religion, why have you not imitated the action of religious bodies by erecting college and university buildings, and built homes and hospitals for this and that class of dependents, and of course furnished Spiritualistic teachers and superintendents to manage the same? We have seen answers to these and like enquiries, which said, "Wait until Spiritualism is one quarter as old as Christianity, and we will show the world what we can do in that particular line." A great many Spiritualists are troubled to think they are not following in the footsteps of former teachings, especially Christian Spiritualists, those who have succeeded in pulling themselves out of church mire, but have not cleared their brain of sectarian barnacles. It is to be hoped that humanity has passed the point where government progress will depend upon the upbuilding of any one or more particular sects or religious bodies. A strife between sectarian cliques is too childish to be encouraged or upheld by men and women of mature and sound intellect. Modern Spiritualism, evidently, has not struck our mundane condition in this age for the purpose of creating another religious hierarchy and sectarian despotism, another wedge to split, divide, and create discord among the human family. The recorded mismanagement of hundreds of sectarian enterprises prove conclusively that these institutions are absorbing the attention and funds of the community, which ought to be utilized by the State for the common good of all. The last noticeable case of this kind is that at St. Luke's Hospital, in San Francisco, where it is claimed that most brutal and unprincipled acts have been practiced upon patients and visitors, who have no surplus of funds to fee sectarian sharks. While it is possible that public institutions may be conducted in the interest of officials, at the same time the general public can and do hold public servants to a strict accountability for their acts. This country cannot afford to have its political, charitable, educational, or any other of its public interests relegated to the adjudication of any sectarian or theological court of inquiry. The fact is: The State and General Government are the best calculated and prepared to conduct and investigate all public places of education for the young, infirmaries for the decrepit, hospitals for the sick, asylums for the insane, blind, deaf, or demented. Spiritualists, in the true light of the Spiritual philosophy, will be found working, not for sect aggrandizement, but through government channels for a common humanity, and advocating radical reforms, such as the confiscation by the government of semi-public property used for colleges, universities, monasteries, nunneries, and all sectarian, benevolent institutions of every kind and description.

It will be noticed that Modern Spiritualism presents itself in an age of rapid transit and lightning communication between the different parts of the earth, a time when the things which benefit or damage one sect, people, or nation, are keenly felt to uplift or debase all humanity at the same time; and the government of earth which does not recognize this fact, and put itself upon a corresponding plane of human progress, will naturally court revolution and final destruction.

THE CARRIER DOVE.

DEVOTED TO

Spiritualism and Reform.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT

841 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.,

— BY THE —

CARRIER DOVE PRINTING and PUBLISHING COMPANY

\$2.50 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Board of Directors:

M. B. DODGE, PRESIDENT; MRS. J. SCHLESINGER, VICE-PRESIDENT; MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, SECRETARY; J. B. CHASE, C. H. WADSWORTH, TRUSTEES.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER, BUSINESS MANAGER

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER EDITOR

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

SAN FRANCISCO, - - FEBRUARY, 1891

Justitiæ Home.

Since Mrs. Olive Washburn announced her intention of founding a co-operative colony for the practical exemplification of the principle of the Spiritual philosophy, as taught by the advanced minds in spirit life, many questions have been asked us concerning the success of the work. Thus far we have been unable to reply to these questions in detail, as the whole plan of operation had not been elaborated. In this issue, however, we present an outline of the work which has been begun under the management of a Board of Trustees selected by the founder as persons most likely to carry out her designs and the designs of the spirit intelligences who first inspired her to do this work; and who still aid, control and direct its management through the instrumentalities selected for that purpose. Mrs. Washburn is no idle dreamer, no fanatical egotist who imagines herself endowed with superior attributes or gifts above her fellowmen. She is a practical, common sense individual, possessing remarkable intuitive perceptions and inspirational mediumship. She hears and comprehends the voice of the spirit guide whose instrument she is for the inauguration of a noble work, and earnestly, faithfully and conscientiously she endeavors to carry out the grand humanitarian principles thus taught her. In this home she is determined that *Justice* shall sit upon the throne, the sole sovereign and arbitrator. "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" will be the only law—the only rule of life and conduct governing the members of the Justitiæ Home. Here all will meet upon a basis of equality, as members of one common family, each working for the good of all, and "in honor preferring one another." It will soon be discovered who are prepared to live the true, spiritual life, and practically demonstrate that the spirit of love and truth abideth in them.

"It is so cheap to praise what all applaud,
To bend the supple knee and bow the head
Over the graves of the illustrious dead,
Extol their deeds in popular accord,
And with the lips confess that Christ is Lord.
If we have not the martyr strength to tread
Their thorny paths—lead onward as they led—
Far in advance of ancient bounds, unawed,—
If, cowards in the present, we recoil

*From grappling with the evils of our time,
Content with bygone, vanquished sins to moil,
Our praise of olden heroes is but slime;
And we are naught but cumberers of the soil,
—And parasites, and panderers to crime.*

It is hoped no "parasites" will find their way into this home; but that all who come may be thoroughly imbued with the divine spirit of true fraternity, willing to live a principle even if ridiculed by friends and persecuted by enemies. *Preachers* of reform there are in plenty; but the courageous souls who dare step out of the beaten track, and in the face of all opposition live true to the divine voice within, are few. These few are wanted at Justitiæ Home to prove to the world that *reform* is no meaningless word, and *fraternity* no fallacy.

Selfishness, which is the basis of competition, and which prompts men to climb to prosperity over the bodies of their fallen comrades, will find no foothold there. It must be left in the outside world where it belongs, where wealth sits with idle hands surrounded with every luxury, while the children of labor starve in the street. As with selfishness, so also must envy, jealousy, distrust and hatred abide without. *Love* alone can sit enthroned with Justice in the hearts of the members of that Home. "Love worketh no ill to its neighbor," and that spirit *must* control the conduct of those who would live and labor together in the endeavor to establish a new order of things wherein the old murderous system of competition shall be abolished and a more humane, just, and equitable regime inaugurated. Those who are prepared to "live the life" will be welcomed at the Home; those who do *not* feel that they are pre-

pared for such an advanced step will not want to try the experiment.

Mrs. Washburn has entered into the work with no selfish aim or ambition except the laudable one of being the first to establish a community wherein woman shall be man's equal in all things; and have an opportunity of demonstrating to the world that she has executive abilities and conceptions of the principles of a just government equal if not superior to any that have been elaborated through the brain of man. Every woman should feel in duty bound to uphold and encourage this noble woman in her unselfish work, and help her realize her fondest dreams of an ideal home and the perfect life.

A kind friend sends for publication in the DOVE facts in relation to several cases of obsession that have come under her observation. After giving an account of the first case, as if conscious that there might be some objection to its publication, she writes:

"Now what is to be done? The successes of our mediums are gladly heralded, but would it not be better for the cause of progress if the many cases of obsession, or other phases of mediumship equally sad, were freely discussed through the columns of the Spiritual press, and in the same spirit that we would discuss the fact that our mediums had the small-pox or any other disease when exposed to the contagion? It seems to me that our duty, not only to those on this side of life, but to those in spirit life also, demands that we should. A case like this [related by her] shows the folly of so yielding ourselves to either mortals or spirits that we no longer hold the helm of our own lifeship—are no longer men and women, but simply tools."

Then, after giving other cases, she adds:

"The Spiritualistic press is criminally remiss when it keeps such things out of sight while holding up the good of Spiritualism. We want a map that will point out the rocks and sand-bars, as well as the smooth seas and beautiful isles. * * * * * The one thing most needed among Spiritualists is a paper with an exchequer so full that the strongest, plainest truths can be published without danger of financial wreck."

Danger of pecuniary loss does not deter us from publishing facts such as our correspondent sends. The reason for non-publication

that more harm than good would result from it. The enemies of Spiritualism (clerical and journalistic) are constantly on the watch for facts which can be used against it. While we would not be able to do the victims any good, we would put a weapon in the hands of the enemy to annoy Spiritualists and bring into disrepute that which, with all its drawbacks, is the most reformatory power in the world to-day. The *Science* of Spiritualism is yet in its infancy; when the laws governing mediumship are understood, the evils complained of will cease. They belong to the period of growth, and it is too much to expect that everything can be made lovely until we learn to protect mediums and to guard against the evils of half-developed mediumship. Obsession was known thousands of years before Modern Spiritualism had its birth, and it will undoubtedly continue until we are more enlightened, if not more moral and spiritual. What Spiritualism needs more than anything else to-day is a scientific school for the instruction of mediums. Spiritual communion will be admitted as a science when its laws are fully known and intelligently formulated.

Why?

We have been authoritatively informed that the *Golden Gate* of January 15 was the final issue of that journal. This will be a very great surprise to many people who have been led to believe that its financial success had been assured. Such, however, was not the case, and it has closed its golden portals forever for lack of the needful funds with which to keep them open. When we heard of this last blow to Spiritualism, we thought it afforded an excellent topic for comment, the facts furnishing abundant material to "point a moral and adorn a tale," but we have concluded to let each one take the lesson home to himself or herself, as it may best apply—let each one solve the problem: Why has this seeming calamity befallen the cause?

Surely we need able advocates who, with tongue and pen, will speak out boldly against the shams, the wrongs, the injustice and the superstitions of the times, and tell the people the good tidings Spiritualism brings. The cause has great need of those who, without fear or favor, speak the truth, and teach the principles of its philosophy in their purity, free from all errors, misrepresentations and entanglements. Spiritualism includes the entire philosophy of life—everything which tends to intellectual advancement, moral growth or spiritual unfoldment. It is therefore broad enough for the grandest intellect, high enough for the most lofty aspiration. It should not be contaminated with the effete ideas of ancient dreamers, nor diluted with the wishy-washy outpourings of assumed "Angels of Light." Let us have Spiritualism "straight." That is the only safe way to take it, to preach it, to practice it; and those who are brave of heart and strong in the spirit of truth are the ones who should be the standard-bearers of our blessed banner of peace and fraternity. Every true Spiritualist must deeply regret the failure of *such*. The cause needs men and women who are *in earnest*, and who mean what they say—men who can feel a sympathetic heart-throb in unison with the struggling masses writhing under the heel of the oppressor, and beating against the bars of their poverty prisons, fighting for an existence in this world, which, of right, belongs to them, with all its natural bestowments, as much as it belongs to the titled landlord or railroad monopolist. Spiritualism needs men and women at the helm who do not bow the knee to Mammon, or sing the praises of "great" men whose ill-gotten gains alone constitute their title to greatness or honor. Spiritualism is a great leveler; it recognizes no man or woman as superior to the rest of humanity except in the nobler qualities of mind and heart of which they may be possessed. Knowing the need of workers in the broad field of Spiritualism, why are not the hands of the willing ones upheld, that the seeds of truth may be scattered far and wide over all the earth, until error shall be

dethroned and truth crowned; until injustice shall be banished and justice reign; until hate and lust die, and love blooms in immortal beauty and fragrance in every human heart.

Materialism and Spiritualism.

An Eastern correspondent of the DOVE sends a letter of eleven closely-written pages on "Mind and Matter," being a Spiritualist's argument against Materialism. The article contains little that is new, and as our space is limited, we cull the following passages which contain the substance of all:

Viewed from the Materialist's standpoint, matter is the generator of mind. Spiritualist philosophers [some of them] admit that matter and mind are each self-existent and co-eternal. They claim that an infinite mind permeates all "creation," and that matter is only the visible effect of the invisible reality, spirit, which contains within itself all the visible and invisible possibilities of the universe. Hence, all organized intelligences are but so many self-manifestations of this invisible universal intelligence.

Materialists say, "Mind is a mode of brain-motion; of itself it is nothing." According to this theory, brains make themselves—that is, they evolve from other forms of matter,—then, when they have advanced themselves to the proper condition, they kick themselves into motion, and lo! mind is manifest! What prompted the kick, or what power caused evolution from lower forms, does not appear in the Materialists' plan. Their Materialistic mind probably was not properly kicked into manifestation; it was warped in the process, otherwise Materialists would not be satisfied with the thoughtless assertion: "Matter is the cause, and mind the effect."

All inert matter is negative. Mind is positive. Matter seeks rest. Mind is its moving power. These facts are so plain that they seem easy of comprehension by any ordinary intellect; but Materialists, who affirm that "mind has no real existence apart from matter," use their reason to reason themselves out of the pale of reasonable beings, and then boast of their superior wisdom in proving their own annihilation and the wiping out of "senseless superstition." A bigot in the church is bad enough; but a bigot in "Freethought" is worse.

How much more reasonable, and how infinitely more inspiring, is the Spiritualist's idea that mind controls matter. Admitting that matter, like mind, is immortal, not in its forms, which are mutable, but in its essence; admitting even that mind is matter in a highly refined condition; it is in harmony with nature that the higher controls the lower. It is quite possible that spirit and matter are convertible terms. Man has not yet advanced far enough in the scale of being to comprehend even the lower forms of matter, much less the higher, and he knows scarcely anything of its modes of action. It becomes us therefore to be modest in our assumptions; but everything in nature teaches that progress is the law; therefore we are justified in believing that the future holds in store for us limitless possibilities.

The mission of Spiritualism is to sweep from the minds of men the dust of Materialism; to free humanity from the bonds of ignorance—the degrading thought that this little life is all. Spiritualism has come to drive from the world the terror of the grave; to give hope to the despairing, comfort to the "converted," and final happiness to all. It pushes afar the "gates of gold" which open to the ever-shining fields of immortal life; and in so doing it makes earthly life endurable, and gives a reasonable hope that by and by mankind will have heaven even on earth; that there will be harmony instead of discord, unity in place of antagonism, love where now is hate, and that glorious fruit of the higher life, fraternity, which above all else will make *this* life worth living.

Coming to the Front.

Women are everywhere coming to the front in the battle of life and showing by their courage, pluck and endurance that they are no laggards or "rear guards" in the great struggle. They are daily giving the lie to the old teaching of female inferiority, and, on the contrary, demonstrating their equality and in some instances superiority, to men. They are taking their places in the front ranks in the professions, music, art and literature. In the churches they hold positions inferior to men, and in the political arena also.

The reason for this is obvious. Men fear their competition in these fields, and prefer retaining the supremacy on account of the dollars and cents involved. They are not willing to divide the honors, profits and emoluments of office with their mothers, wives and sisters, but prefer compelling them to labor in the less important and less remunerative directions. It is a very pleasant and agreeable position to be the well-paid, popular pastor of a large and influential church. It is not a difficult or laborious task to prepare one or two sermons a week and deliver them before a sympathetic audience; not nearly as laborious as standing behind the counter ten hours per day for six days out of seven, or bending over a wash tub, cook stove, or sewing machine for an equal length of time, and receiving in compensation a mere pittance in comparison to the minister's salary. And why should not women preach as well as men? Are they less capable, less devout, less in earnest, or less pure and good? Not at all. They equal if not surpass men in religious zeal and all the qualifications that go towards making the successful preacher. The only obstacle is man's greed and love of power, ease and position. In the political world, as in the religious, women are debarred from positions of trust and profit by men who selfishly hold them for their own ambitious ends.

In every avenue that is open to their eager steps women are wending their way to fame and fortune. Some have overstepped the bounds marked out by the decrees of men and old customs, and have written their names far in advance of their less daring sisters upon the scroll of honor on battlefields, in hospitals, in science, letters and art. Some have braved the dangers of pioneer life, and planted homes in the wilderness and among the savages of the far West. They have borne the torch of education into these wild places; and in every little hamlet,—far removed from the great centers of civilization,—can be found the plucky "school ma'am" from "away down East." Right here we are reminded of the gross injustice done the brave, intelligent, pioneer women at the November election in Dakota. By the Fiftieth Congress it was enacted that every male Indian 21 years of age who accepts an allotment of land in severalty may become a voter. At the November election, Dakota was to decide the question of permitting that class of Indians, and also its women to vote, and the result was that woman suffrage was defeated, while the Indians were granted the suffrage by a majority of thirty thousand votes. Now these newly made law-makers, and *legal superiors, and natural protectors* of women are asserting their rights as American citizens and voters, and in all their pristine glory and loveliness, arrayed in war paint and feathers, are using their trusty Winchester rifles (instead of the old-fashioned tomahawk) in murdering their white brothers who so recently conferred upon them the honor of citizenship. Shades of our immortal forefathers! Liberty loving Lincoln, William Lloyd Garrison, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly Foster, and all the grand souls who labored for the emancipation of the colored slaves, why do ye not rise up from your graves and cry aloud as of old against this brazen insult to the women of your country?

Another "Watseka Wonder."

The St. Paul, Minn., *Globe* relates the particulars of a case occurring in Hancock, Minnesota, similar in some respects to the "Watseka Wonder." The subject is Mrs. Edward Day, twenty-four years of age, who prior to her marriage had been for years a somnambulist, every effort to effect a cure proving futile. Her maiden name was Caroline Stokes, and her parents lived at Marshalltown, Iowa. After marriage she never walked in her sleep, but from a brilliant, cheerful young woman she became morose and despondent, being unable to sleep until exhausted from long periods of wakefulness. This continued for six months despite all the physicians could do to relieve her. Common sense would have suggested that she should sleep apart from her husband, but as the average allopathic physician is not overburdened with that article, the idea did not occur to them.

On the morning of the 14th of October last, Mr. Day, on arising from bed, noticed that his wife, who was then asleep, had an expression of age on her face, which he thought strange, but he attributed it to the suffering she had undergone from sleeplessness. He went out to the barn to milk the cow, and on his return found his wife awake, but she screamed at sight of him, pulled the bed-clothes about her, and ordered him to leave the room instantly, saying, "How dare you enter a lady's apartment?" etc. He attempted to reason with her, but she denied that her name was Carrie, as he called her, and denied ever seeing him before. She screamed so loudly when he sat down by the bedside that he was forced to withdraw. Several doctors were sent for. Mrs. Day was questioned, and stated that her name was Margaret Hill, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, a maiden lady, 56 years of age. She could not account for her presence in that house, but thought she had been drugged. When told that she was the wife of Mr. Day; that her maiden name was Stokes, and that she had formerly lived at Marshalltown, she wept bitterly, protesting that every one was in league against her, and demanding to be released. She had to be forcibly restrained from leaving the house and taking a train for Philadelphia. She was examined on charge of insanity, but the friends thought best to keep her a prisoner in her own house, rather than send her to an asylum. She retired at night and arose in the morning at the usual hours, took her meals regularly, and talked and acted rationally, except that every one appeared as strangers to her, and she refused to exchange a word on any subject with her husband. This continued for three weeks, until one morning she awoke in her natural condition. She had no remembrance of what had occurred, and could not believe that it was then near the middle of November. After becoming convinced, she brooded over her troubles for a week, when one morning she awoke again as Miss Margaret Hill, spinster, of Philadelphia, and as such she remained at last accounts.

Dr. Fleming told her husband he regarded her disease as a purely mental one, and declined to prescribe. He and the other learned physicians called her malady "spontaneous hypnotism," but being unable to do anything for her relief, it was finally decided to send her to Boston, to see if Prof. Richard Hodgdon of the Psychical Research Society, could not recall her mind to its normal condition. Just previous to starting for Boston, where her husband accompanied her, she was questioned by reporters for various papers, but after stating to them her name, residence, and her complaint that she had been abducted; that she never was in Marshalltown, and did not know the man Day who claimed to be her husband, she refused to answer any further questions. She said she had always lived in Philadelphia; that she was born there, and that her parents died there during her childhood. If her husband had good sense, he would take her to Philadelphia instead of Boston, and endeavor to ascertain facts in relation to the Miss Margaret Hill which she claims to be. It is queer how much pains people will take to avoid any recognition of such a thing as spirit life. The doctors, the hypnotists, and materialistic pretenders generally, are quite too wise in their own estimation for any practical good.

Plagiarism by Spiritualists.

Not long since we heard a Spiritual lecturer state, upon the rostrum, that when he was a Baptist minister he was personally acquainted with ministers who stole most of their sermons bodily from the published sermons of other ministers. One of these in particular was a very successful clergyman. His revivals were celebrated as great spiritual outpourings by means of which many poor sinners were converted. This man was a literary thief; never taxing his own brains to produce a sermon, but copying verbatim from other sources. Very few people were aware of the source of his inspiration, and the masses considered him an inspired preacher; but those who did know held him in contempt for his double-dealing.

It has been stated that Spiritualists are not open to the charge of plagiarism; that the lectures, essays, and writings generally, of Spiritualists bear the stamp of originality and progressive thought. When the charge has been made it has usually been laid at the door of some medium who, either consciously or otherwise, has given utterance to thoughts that had their origin in another mind than his own, or that of the spirit controlling him. These charges may be not without foundation in some instances; in fact the writer personally knew a platform test medium (?) to give in public, and apparently under spirit control, a brief speech written expressly for the occasion by a prominent Spiritualist and author, and given to the medium some days before, and memorized by her. This, of course, was not a heinous offense; the wrong done was chiefly to the medium herself, who gave as improvisation that which originated neither with herself nor her spirit control, thus robbing her of self-respect.

While upon this subject we cannot refrain from mentioning an article in *The Progressive Thinker* of January 3d, entitled "A Tribute to Miss Emma J. Nickerson," purporting to be written by O. A. Turner. We received a marked copy, and commenced reading the "tribute," when we immediately recognized an article with which we were familiar in our school-girl days as descriptive of "The Character of Napoleon Bonaparte." It was in an early edition of McGuffey's Fifth Reader, a grand production, and true, no doubt, to the character of that remarkable man, but in no manner applicable to a young lady medium of the present day. It starts in like this:

"We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towers amongst us like some ancient ruin whose frown terrifies the glance its magnificence attracted."

We do not know Miss Nickerson's age, but the comparison to "some ancient ruin" would not suggest the idea of youth or usefulness. Other equally ridiculous, because inapplicable, sentences follow, which, if the article were original and written expressly for her, would be anything but flattering. Bearing in mind that it was written of Napoleon Bonaparte, the great warrior and conqueror, we fail to discover the analogy. Here is another sentence:

"Grand, majestic, and peculiar, she sits upon her throne, a sceptered queen, wrapped in the solitude of her own originality."

Query: Where is Miss Nickerson's throne located? In another place he says:

"Nature has no obstacles that she does not surmount, space no opposition she does not spurn. Whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, she seems proof against peril, and endowed with ubiquity. Amid all her varied changes, she stands immutable as adamant."

If this is correct, what a traveler the medium has been. But we forbear further comment as unnecessary for the purpose of this article. We only wish to point out the foolishness of attempting to clothe our thoughts in the language of others. Better use your own language, even if the expression is less eloquent. Like borrowed garments, the "fit" is always imperfect. Wear your own clothes when writing for the press; your

ideas will appear better than when dressed in other people's attire. Be natural; be yourself at all times and in all places, and lay aside artificiality and pretense.

Ignorance versus Spiritualism.

In Judge Ingraham's court, New York City, recently, a case was tried in which a Spiritualist was plaintiff, and in empanneling the jury great care was taken that no person of that belief should be admitted. *Pomeroy's Advance Thought* says:

"They were not asked if they could read or write; if they were voters and tax payers; whether they were Christians or otherwise; but if they were Spiritualists. One man said he was not a spiritualist; knew nothing of them, but was so prejudiced that he could not give a verdict in favor of one, no matter what the testimony. Another man said he was confident there was no such thing as a spirit, or life beyond the grave. One man said he did not believe in Spiritualism, and that he had never seen but one Spiritualist, whose name was Fowler, and who charged him a dollar for feeling of his head. On being told that phrenology and Spiritualism were different, he said he thought they were the same thing. Another man said he did not believe in Spiritualism, as once he went with a friend to see a spirit medium and she was nothing but a woman; that she and others joined hands and sat around a table while the woman tried to produce electricity enough to lift the table, but she couldn't, and he then knew it was all humbug."

From a private letter we learn that George P. Colby (not Colby the slate writer) the trance speaker and test medium who left this Coast for his home in Florida about six years ago is now in New York City. We were delighted to hear from our old time friend once more, as we had been denied that privilege for nearly two years, owing to the rascality of an employee, who had maliciously opened our letters and returned one to Mr. Colby, who had given us some advice from his spirit guide concerning business matters which reflected upon the integrity of said employee. We were entirely ignorant of the whole affair until Mr. Colby was impressed to write us, (after so long silence) asking an explanation, and revealing the facts which showed how our confidence had been abused by one whom we had unwisely trusted. The statements which Mr. Colby says were made by his guide were all literally fulfilled. The wrong-doer may prosper for a season, but justice overtakes him sometime. We do not trouble ourselves about our enemies; God takes care of them in his own good time. The man or woman who goes straight ahead, with an earnest desire to do right, no matter how many times they may err in judgment, *if the heart is all right*, and purpose lofty, their seeming faults will be overbalanced by their good deeds, and the account squared in their favor when the angels "settle up" with them.

Col. Robert Ingersoll has denied for the last time the story (which Henry Ward Beecher also denied, over his signature,) that he was charged by Beecher with robbing poor cripples of their crutches—in other words, that he destroyed the faith of poor people who have nothing to sustain them under the sorrows of life except their trust in Jesus. The story represented Ingersoll as unable to reply. In a letter to a Toledo (Ohio) paper, which recently gave a rehash of the story, Ingersoll says: "As a matter of fact, nothing could be more idiotic than the idea that men who are destroying superstition are taking crutches from Christian cripples. Will the Christians admit that they are cripples, and that their creeds are crutches? Will they admit that the Freethinker takes away their crutches and leaves them helpless? It would be cruel to take crutches from a cripple. On the other hand, it would be philanthropic and humane to cure the cripple, so that he would throw away the crutches himself. My effort has been to make man superior to superstition; to educate him to that degree that he shall need no crutches, and to convince him that a good cause never needs the assistance of falsehood."

Dove Notes.

A Chant of Love.

I sing of Love, that redeems all souls.

Love is immortal. Whatsoever is devoid of Love must die.

The omnipotent laws comprehend and provide for all. The laws of the Pleiades, and of the suns and their planets beyond—and forever beyond—are the laws that you and I, and the invisible atom, must always obey.

The true lovers have many disappointments. They have a long and difficult road to travel.

Onward we go, forever advancing. We stumble and halt on the way, but each must fulfill his mission.

We shall arrive at what seems infinite, and find the infinite ever beyond us. We shall look back on myriads of ages and solar systems, and regard them but as a hint of the future.

Onwards—leaving gross matter, and dwelling anon and anon in more etherial worlds.

Onwards—until Life and Love are identical; until all that is not needed for Love is left behind.

WM. HARRISON RILEY.

Townsend Centre, Mass.

How difficult it is to find *ability* linked with *common sense*. *Assurance* carries fools through the world on the wave of popularity, while *merit* often takes a back seat and keeps silent, while frivolous, chattering daws obtain an audience and a hearing.

There are many people who perceive spiritual truths and principles intellectually, who have little real soul growth and development. Such persons find it difficult to *live* the principles that the intellect grasps, because they have not learned that the spirit must sit upon the throne of reason and rule all desires, appetites and passions beneath it, before a harmonious life can be developed.

When you hear a married man or woman say that if they were single again they would never marry, you may depend upon it that marriage, for them, has indeed been a failure. Such an expression from the lips of either husband or wife is a grave reflection upon the partner of their joys and sorrows, and suggests tyranny somewhere. When personal liberty is sacrificed at the hymenial altar love generally dies with it.

Mr. Ravlin's answers to questions at Washington Hall every Sunday morning are attracting much attention, as they evince a high order of inspiration, and a common sense, practical view of things that is really refreshing. We regret that the Hall is not packed to its utmost capacity on these occasions, for the individual benefit to be derived from the thoughts there advanced is incalculable.

Mrs. Eunice Sleeper has been visiting in the city during the past two weeks and attending to business matters. Mrs. Sleeper, it will be remembered, is the lady who so generously gave the Society of Progressive Spiritualists the handsome property they own on Fremont street, in this city, for the purpose of building a spiritual temple. If other wealthy Spiritualists would follow this noble woman's example and contribute as generously as she has done, a temple worthy the name would soon be erected.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee, so long and favorably known to the public as a medium and healer, has located at 157 Seventh street, in this city, where she gives sittings daily, and treats the sick. Her many friends who have missed her familiar face from the social gatherings and Sunday meetings will be glad to welcome her back to their midst once more, where she was ever a bright and shining light as a representative of the cause, and an honest, true, and faithful medium. Mrs. Hendee holds public circles every Thursday evening. We hope to see her rooms crowded at each of these weekly seances.

People sometimes imagine they are going to live forever. Every body else will die; but they will live right on and carry out wonderful plans. They usually go first; the *plans* are not executed, and in spirit life they suffer mental anguish over lost opportunities.

Beautiful precepts fall meaninglessly upon the ear when uttered by those whose lives give the lie to their teachings. So it is with would-be reformers; if they are so much afraid of the "speech of men" that they dare not practice the reforms they advocate, it were better they remained silent as teachers, and took their places in the rear ranks where the enemy's bullets would not reach them. Cowardice and reform cannot walk hand in hand.

We knew a good, intelligent man, a sincere Spiritualist, who was possessed of considerable means. He always *meant* to do something for the *cause*. He expected to build a Hall in the village where he lived for spiritual meetings. He procrastinated. He was taken violently ill; the doctors said he must die. He sent for a lawyer in great haste to make his will, for he said he *must* leave something for Spiritualism. When the lawyer arrived, the man was dead. The hall was not built; Spiritualism got nothing.

When we resided in Oakland, a gentleman who frequently visited us died, leaving an estate of one hundred thousand dollars. He was a thorough Spiritualist. He had not a living relative. The property went to the State as there were no heirs. Spiritualism was not benefitted either by his life or his death. But why multiply such examples? They are of daily occurrence.

Why do not our level-headed Spiritualists who understand *business* form a stock company, issue bonds, build a spiritual temple in a desirable location for business offices, stores, etc., and then take their pay from the revenues? In a few years the bonds could be redeemed, and the enterprise would be a paying investment. Spiritualism would then be recognized as of sufficient importance to receive a decent notice in the daily press, and its adherents would soon be considered as sensible as church people.

A little over one year ago a prominent Spiritualist of this city was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia and died in a few days. He was called rich and somewhat penurious. He saved all his earthly possessions for an only child—a son to whom he was devoted. Soon after his father's death the son followed him to the spirit world. Now distant relatives are fighting over the property, which is estimated worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while Spiritualism gets nothing. That man could have builded a magnificent temple and dedicated it to Spiritualism, and then had money enough left for his cousins to quarrel over if he had not been so miserly. Such an edifice would have been a lasting, enduring monument to his memory that would have immortalized his name long after the gleaming marble in the cemetery shall have crumbled into dust and the inscription thereon been forgotten. Why are Spiritualists so negligent? Do they not know that death has "all times and seasons" for his own, and is as *liable to call at their home as at their neighbor's*?

A father can give his young son no better present than a year's reading of the *Scientific American*. Its contents will lead the young mind in the path of thought, and if he treads there a while, he'll forget frivolities and be of some account, and if he has an inventive or mechanical turn of mind, this paper will afford him more entertainment, as well as useful information, than he can obtain elsewhere. Copies of this paper may be seen at this office and subscriptions received. Price, \$3 a year, weekly.

A number of energetic Parisian ladies have formed a league for the emancipation of women from the different kinds of social thralldom under which they live. They have declared war against the priests, "because the priest is a mortal adversary of the improvement of the conditions of women, and every female who abets the abess is any enemy of her sex."

JUSTITIÆ HOME.**A STATEMENT OF
Its Principles, Rules and Regulations.****ORGANIC PRINCIPLES.**

The central and foundation principle governing the purpose of the Justitiæ Home is the attainment of a higher and more noble line of action and plane of life on earth than that reflecting only selfish ambition.

Believing that each of us possesses a spiritual and divine nature that is eternal, and that our material earthly existence is but a preparatory one, the purpose of which is to develop and individualize the part of us that never dies, it becomes a duty to so live and direct our energies as to cultivate the faculties that conduce to interior growth. To that end the Justitiæ Home will offer no inducements or conditions that tend to stimulate faculties and desires opposed to the development of the spiritual and divine within us.

Mental and moral culture precede spiritual growth; necessary to these is, as far as possible, a healthy physical organism; necessary again to this is a true life, correct habits, temperance, and active exercise in the pursuit of some line of practical industry.

The purpose, again, of the Home is to insure to all its members the comforts and protection that legitimately inhere to a dwelling place on earth, and to promote such social relations as are necessary to harmony and happiness, growth of soul, a true and pure life, reaching the possibility of a physical existence true to the principles that render life one uninterrupted line of progress from birth to eternity; reaching a condition where the divine attributes of the human mind shall dominate all else; where hatred, envy and malice shall be unknown; where absolute equality shall exist; where woman shall stand by the side of man his equal in everything that tends to individuality, selfhood and worth; his equal in rights and privileges, the means of education and attainments, and the rewards for equal service rendered; where woman shall never be considered the inferior, but equal, if not superior, in all the relations of life.

Ample natural resources exist, as the material foundation of the Home, when properly cultivated and utilized, to provide for the legitimate physical needs of probably as many as will be attracted to its conditions (perhaps more); but no one need seek a home there whose only object is gain. Should a surplus accrue, it will not be divided as profits, but be applied to enlarging the facilities for education and improvement. While it is the purpose of the Home to provide ease and comfort, legitimately considered, it will in no sense encourage, or give license to indolence or slothful habits. Industries will be proportioned to the abilities of all, and habits of usefulness encouraged.

From the foregoing it will be understood that the Home is in no sense designed as a speculative enterprise, or as affording conditions or opportunities for the cultivation of acquisitiveness; on the contrary, it will address itself to the better side of human nature only, to call out and develop the good that is within us.

Financial.

The foundation of the Home is a tract of land of thirteen hundred acres, dedicated to the purpose by Mrs. Olive M. Washburn, she giving the unreserved use of the same without rent or consideration, except the payment of the taxes thereon, and the keeping of the place in repair. She retains the title to the land in her own name during her natural life, having executed a writing and put it on record conveying to the association the said title at her death. Meantime it is placed in the hands of the Association, incorporated, with no capital stock,

and no shares to be bought or sold. The corporation is to be under the management of five Directors. She has leased the property to the corporation upon the conditions above stated, for the term of five years. At the expiration of that time, if the members of the association make the Home a success, they are to have a permanent lease pending the title provided for by her will.

The present cash value of the land, in market, is sixty dollars per acre. The dedication of this property to the purposes of the Home cannot be considered else, than an all sufficient guarantee of the honor, honesty and integrity of her purpose. The magnanimity of the act implies a corresponding solicitude for the success of the undertaking, a solicitude entitling her, at the outset at least, to a choice in the selection of agencies, such, as in her judgment, the work as she designs it, demands, also such principles, rules and regulations as will conduce to the character of the Home she wishes to establish.

The land being furnished, a common fund will be necessary with which to erect buildings, provide conditions for the accommodation of members, and meet such expenses as require money. To secure this, applicants when accepted, will be required to contribute the sum of one hundred dollars in lawful money of the United States, to be paid as hereinafter provided.

Membership.

Sec. 1. Applicants for membership whose Preliminary Application has been approved, and who subscribe to the principles, rules and regulations herein set forth, will be required to forward twenty dollars with the return of this statement to the Secretary.

Sec. 2. The pre-payment of twenty dollars entitles the applicant making the same—when admitted—to one month's residence, with board and lodging, at the Home, the same to be a probationary period of acquaintance with the members, conditions and requirements of the same. An applicant will be at liberty to leave prior to the expiration of one month, at which event such proportion of the \$20 prepaid will be refunded as may be equitable with the period of departure.

Sec. 3. An applicant having remained at the Home during the period of one month's probationary acquaintance, and desiring to continue, and not having been refused a continuance by a vote of resident members, shall, upon paying the sum of eighty dollars to the Secretary, be entitled to a further residence of five months as a probationary member.

Sec. 4. An applicant having remained at the Home during the one month, and the following five months probationary periods, and no vote of expulsion by the resident members having been rendered, will be entitled to confirmation as a full member, and the Secretary will so record his or her name in the membership book of the home.

Sec. 5. At or near the expiration of an applicant's residence at the Home, for either the one month or five months probationary periods, any confirmed member can file a request with the Secretary for a vote upon the acceptance of said applicant, whereupon the Secretary shall give notice of the vote being taken, which shall be by secret ballot, and by confirmed or full resident members only. Three negative votes will at all times be sufficient to refuse an applicant's acceptance, provided, however, that when so refused the applicant shall have the right of appeal, in other words to request the character of the objections to acceptance, and the privilege of answering them, when another vote shall be taken which shall be final.

Sec. 6. An account, Dr. and Cr., shall be kept with probationary members and in the event of final rejection, whatever is due them, if any, of the money paid in, shall be refunded. In case of disagreement between the Secretary and the applicant on the question of equity in the matter, it shall be left to an arbitration of full members, each party choosing one, the two

choosing a third, and their decision shall be final.

Sec. 7. When married, the wife of an applicant will be accepted upon that of her husband's, and the payment—when no children—of an additional fifty dollars on their membership. With two or more children, an additional sum of one hundred dollars will be required, making two hundred dollars the full membership fee of the family, the wife becoming a full member.

Sec. 8. No applicant will be admitted to the Home until notified to that effect by the Secretary.

Business Principles.

As has been stated, the Justitiae Home will offer no inducements to those wholly upon the money plane, and whose main ambition is to accumulate property. The business principles adopted by the Home are those designed to establish conditions between its members not governed by the value of coin, or the footings of ledger accounts. The design is to prove the relations between human beings to be those of brother and sister, and characterized by an unselfish desire to promote each other's happiness.

The founder of the Home has faith to believe such a condition possible between human beings, and will endeavor to prove that there is one spot on earth where that condition exists.

The land dedicated to the purposes of the Home is given for the common good; the money contributed by members will be devoted to the same object. The existing conditions of mankind necessitate these moneyed transactions. Business relations with the world will necessitate the use of money, but with this one basic fact, that the increments of the Home will belong to those that produced them, it is hoped that those coming together to form this Home will be brave enough to make one grand effort to so live and labor for each other that no occasion will ever be given necessitating a resort to the cold calculating of dollars and cents as a measure of time, and as the only basis of relations with each other, rendering possible a certain degree of harmony, insuring unity of action.

Every socialistic effort based upon moneyed values governing the relations between members, as yet made, have been failures, simply because the principle appeals to and cultivates the selfish propensities of the human mind. The effort must be made to aim higher, to obtain better results. The Justitiae Home will make that effort.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Mrs. Sarah R. Stevens, Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Mrs. Sarah B. Whitehead, Mrs. Maryetta Weir, M. A. Hunter.

Mrs. Sarah R. Stevens, President; Mrs. Julia Schlesinger, Vice-President; M. A. Hunter, Secretary, and Ex-officio Treasurer.

To the Applicant.

Please state below your views of the foregoing principles, and rules of action, and if you endorse them, affix your full name thereto.

The *Cosmopolitan* ran up from a 16,000 edition, at the close of 1888, to 100,000 copies December 1890. This remarkable increase has kept pace with the change in the character of the names which appeared upon its table of contents. Among those for January are Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Frank Dempster Sherman, Henry George, William A. Rideing, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edward Everett Hale, Gertrude Franklin Atherton, Murat Halstead, John J. a'Becket, Col. Charles W. Larned, F. O. C. Darley (posthumous), Elizabeth Bisland—probably as strong a collection of names as ever appeared in any number of an illustrated magazine in this country.

Literary Notes.

Mr. N. F. Ravlin delivered a masterly address upon the life and death of Emma Abbott, before a large audience at Washington Hall, of which the city papers gave fair reports.

The letter from Bro. Moses Hull in this issue was received after the correspondence department had been printed; consequently it is not in its proper place, but will be read with interest by the many friends of Moses and Mattie, who will be pleased to hear of their success.

Dr. Schlesinger has returned from his northern trip and can be found at his residence, 157 Seventh street, every day, where he gives sittings and treatments. Those wishing to consult him must call soon, as he expects to go South before long.

Among our most valued secular exchanges we would mention *The Arena* of Boston, *The Twentieth Century* of New York, *Pomeroy's Advance Thought*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Scientific American*, and *The American Spectator*. We have many others, edited by women, which we consider worth their weight in gold, of which mention will be made in the near future.

As we go to press there is being held in this city an important discussion upon immortality, between Elder Miles Grant of Boston and Rev. N. F. Ravlin of this city. We will present a brief synopsis of the debate in our next issue, but a full report has not been taken. As the intellectual conflict progresses the interest increases, and the attendance is large.

We present in this issue a statement of the organic principles of Justitiae Home, as so much has been said concerning this movement and its founder that was not in accordance with the facts in the case, that we felt justice must be done in some way, and the truth expressed. When our readers are fully posted in the matter they will at once discover that Mrs. Washburn is not the narrow egotist some have tried to picture her, but a grand philanthropist and thoroughly *unselfish* woman. Her work needs no praise from any one,—it speaks for itself.

The paper, by the eminent English scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, in *The Arena* for January, is creating much comment. In it Dr. Wallace examines the problem, "Are there Objective Apparitions?" and reviews many important cases cited in reports of the English Society for Psychical Research. The paper, as would naturally be supposed, is scholarly and strictly scientific, Dr. Wallace appearing as thoroughly at home in the psychic realm as in the great field of evolution, where he had so long stood side by side with Charles Darwin.

The January *Arena* contains a symposium on Helen Gardener's new novel, "Is this your Son, My Lord?" by the following well-known thinkers: Moncure D. Conway, Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Matilda Joslyn Gage (President of the National Women's Liberal Union), Don Piatt and Robert C. Adams (President of the Canadian Secular Union). Helen Gardener's novel has already passed into its second edition of five thousand copies. The last edition contains a strong preface, by the author, in which she reviews some of her critics.

The most beautiful frontispiece ever produced in an American magazine appears in the January number of the *Cosmopolitan*. It is a reproduction in colors of Francois Flameng's famous picture, "The Cake Seller," and can scarcely be distinguished from the imported photograveur which is exhibited in the dealers' windows, at the price of \$7. It is one of the most charming of subjects, and is well worth framing and preservation. The *Cosmopolitan* has become noted of late for its frontispieces, and this very much excels its previous efforts.

Mrs. Olive Washburn has clearly demonstrated to the world that the teachings of her angel guides have taken root in her heart and are bearing the good fruit of love for humanity, and a desire to help and bless others. Her friends can understand the grand motive prompting her generous conduct; but her enemies, who know nothing of spiritual things, would consider her unwise, even unto foolishness, to give to *any* humanitarian cause so much wealth, which, if it had been used for her own comfort, would have maintained her in idle luxury during her natural life.

The testimonial benefit tendered Mr. N. F. Ravlin at Washington Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 26, by the Excelsior Musical and Dramatic Club, of which he is the honored president, was one of the most enjoyable and successful entertainments we have attended for some time. The musical and literary part of the program reflected great credit upon both teacher and pupils, and demonstrated a high order of talent. The net proceeds amounted to about eighty dollars, which was considered extremely gratifying for the first public effort the Club has made. Their next social will be held in the same place on the 23d of the present month.

The Hammatt Social.

A meeting was held at Washington Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 3d, for the benefit of the Home for Mediums which Mrs. E. A. Hammatt is endeavoring to establish near San Diego. The admission, ten cents, was for the purpose of paying for the use of the hall. The "benefit" was expected to be realized from a collection taken up during the evening, but as few of those present were able to contribute much, however willing, the aid received was only \$16. Mrs. Scott Briggs presided. Mrs. Hammatt related the circumstances which suggested to her mind the necessity for such a place of refuge. She said that in the early stages of her development as a medium, she came under a spirit influence which she could not rid herself of, and her friends not knowing how to relieve her, sent her to an insane asylum for treatment. She was not insane, but was, for the time, unable to throw off the influence. At the asylum she found others who, like herself were obsessed, and she determined to establish a Home where such unfortunates could have more congenial surroundings and such treatment as the peculiar nature of their trouble required. After considerable effort she obtained means to purchase 160 acres of land in San Diego county, on the coast, thirty miles north of the city of San Diego, a mile or so from the small town of Encinitas, where there is a railroad depot, postoffice, stores, etc. The land is two miles from the ocean, the beach being one of the finest for bathing and driving to be found on the Pacific Coast. The climate is superior, the land good, and there is every natural facility for the formation of an attractive, quiet, salubrious retreat for worn-out or disabled mediums and orphan children. The land is mostly unimproved. It is covered with brush, but there is a good house, some fruit trees and vines. The cost of the land and improvements was about \$4,000; house and furniture \$1000. The real value of the property, however, is about \$10,000. Mrs. Hammatt has deeded it to seven trustees and their successors forever. Quit-claim deeds to the property have been given by all her heirs. The trustees are to manage the property for the uses intended, and it is for the purpose of making improvements, preparatory to the reception of guests as well as permanent inmates, that she appeals to the generosity of those who are willing and able to afford aid.

Moses Hull followed in an address in which he confirmed all of Mrs. Hammatt's statements as to the land, its beauty of location, its present and prospective value, etc. He was not sure that such a retreat is the best that mediums could have. He thought separation might be better for some worn-out mediums than congregation in an asylum. Home life in families willing to receive them might in some cases be preferable. He, however, believed thoroughly in the sincerity and honesty of Mrs. Hammatt, and hoped the experiment might be tried. Little, if any harm could be done, while great good might possibly result.

A brief address and recitation were given by Mrs. Ellis, tests by Mrs. Meyer, and songs by Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Hammatt and others, followed by dancing.

Letter from Moses Hull.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I remember my promise to drop you a few lines occasionally to let you know of the progress of the work in the region of my wanderings.

We (Mrs. Hull and myself) were sorry to leave Oakland just when we did. We left when the interest was at its highest. Our last audience was the largest one we had, and the calls were urgent for us to remain a few weeks or months longer. But "time and tide wait for no man." Our time had come to go, and go we must. Mrs. Hull went South, and I came up among the web-footed Oregonians. Mrs. Hull is lecturing in San Diego and National City to good and deeply interested audiences. She will, perhaps, work her way up north and be ready to return to Chicago with me in March.

I left San Francisco on the 12th for Ashland and Portland, Oregon. I found that Dr. Schlesinger had preceded me in Ashland, and had awakened a great interest with his regular "knock-down-and-drag-out" tests; the result of which was, my audiences were large from the first, and increased to the last. I left them hungry for more. There are no better Spiritualists in the world than some in Ashland and Talent. Brother and Sister Paine and their son and daughter, Cliff and Grace, will do to tie to every time, as they are not yet tied up for life. Brother Bonney I used to know in Lynn and Boston, Mass. He strikes twelve every time. He was my friend when friends were not so plenty as they are now. His heart is wholly in the work.

Brother and Sister Breeze, and their sister, Miss Waters, in Talent, constitute a happy family. All three of them are wholly devoted to the work of learning, preaching and practicing the truth. Mrs. Breeze and Miss Waters took charge of the music at my meetings, Miss Watson playing, and singing alto, and Mrs. B. leading the congregation in inspiring congregational singing.

Ashland is a good place for the right man or woman to go to work up Spiritualism; but they have no use for fraudulent mediums, or for lecturers who have no message for the people other than to deal in a general and wholesale denunciation of every body and every thing.

I am now in Portland, the field where Mrs. Hull and I did a good work last Fall. I came partly under contract to attend the Thomas Paine Celebration on the 29th of this month; partly to work in the Spiritual Society here, and partly to fill some calls in the surrounding country.

I have spoken one Sunday for the Universal Reform Club, in the afternoon, and for the Spiritualist Society in the evening. The audience was very fair in the afternoon, and at night the hall was packed full. Mrs. Hull will probably join me in about three weeks, and we will remain here until after the middle of March; after that appointments call us to our Chicago home.

—We are urged to become permanent fixtures in this city, but we could not, if we would, at present. "What the 'sweet bye and bye' has in store only the angels know. Hoping that your burdens may grow lighter and that the CARRIER DOVE may carry good news to the world of Spiritualists and golden shekels to yourself.

I am as Ever,

MOSES HULL.

A letter received from a Russian exile at Zurich charges that Sophia Gunzberg, the Nihilist, who was condemned to death for being concerned in a plot against the life of the Czar, has been subjected to torture in prison. Her cries were heard by other prisoners, who managed to make the fact known. The object is supposed to have been to obtain revelations regarding other accomplices.

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"Dr. Simms is a keen observer and an original thinker, and his agreeable and instructive lectures on Physiognomy have done much to awaken a general interest in the subject. As a public speaker, he is clear, humorous, forcible, and at times eloquent, and in private life he is esteemed for his genial and gentlemanly manners, and his high moral character." *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, New York, September 14, 1878. This paper gave Dr. Simms' portrait.

"The science of physiognomy is capable of being made of vast practical benefit to the human race, if properly and skillfully applied to practical life. The misfortune is that it has too often been abused by ignorant and designing men, and its usefulness has therefore been very limited. Now, however, that able and conscientious scientists like Dr. Simms are making it their life long study, and bringing it before the public on its true merits, its principles are better appreciated. Dr. Simms has been wonderfully successful in his delineations of character, by physiognomical charts, and a sketch of character from his hands is very valuable. His books are also a complete synopsis of science, and by them any person may, by a little study, be able to sketch his own character and that of his friends."—*San Jose Daily Mercury*, California.

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"At rare intervals in human history have arisen men of genius who have enlightened their species by their discoveries as Eratosthenes in Geography; Copernicus in Astronomy; John Ray in Zoology and Botany; Sir Isaac Newton in Natural Philosophy; Haller in Physiology; Blumenbach in Anthropology; and in 1874, Dr. Joseph Simms raised Physiognomy to the rank of a science when he published his system, original and practical, embracing the entire man, proving that every feature, motion and attitude proclaim the affections, disposition, cast of talents and understanding."—*Health Monthly*, New York.

British Press.—"It can not be denied that the subject is of importance. This work contains evidence of shrewd observation on the part of its author."—*The Lancet*, London.

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"Originality and a close adhesion to nature characterize all his writings and addresses. Dr. Simms is undoubtedly the most expert reader of character of modern times, and history has no record of a greater."—*Daily Herald*, Melbourne Australia.