

The Carrier Dove.

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

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Original Story.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

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CHAPTER I.

THE WRONGS OF THE POOR.

"Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!" The great iron bell of the old mill rang out its sharp, imperious summons upon the frosty morning air. "Clang! Clang!" as if it said, "Come, my slaves; why *don't* you come at the sound of your master's call? Clang! Clang!" High up in the tower of that old mill it swung to-day, as it had done on every morning—but Sundays and an occasional holiday—for twenty years; yet now its tones seemed harsher and more commanding than ever to the listening ear. Nor did many seem to respond to that imperious call, of the groups of working people that began to gather near the gates of the massive structure, within whose walls, through all the long hours of the day, the ponderous machinery kept time in ceaseless whirl to the throbbing brain and aching limbs of men and women and even children, who labored there for their daily bread.

The city of Albans is a prosperous place, made so originally, it is said, by the enterprise and business tact and energy of the managers and owners of sundry mills and factories that had been erected upon the site of its flowing river. These companies of business men had in time grown into corporations; their ventures in productive industries had extended into new fields, and they had built up great concerns whose influence was felt far and wide in the circles of manufacture and the marts of trade. For nearly a quarter of a century the principal business of the city had flourished. For a time all seemed satisfactory in the relations between employer and workman, capital and labor; but for a year or two past a sense of uneasiness, an element of inharmony and discontent, had fastened upon one of these two classes, while the other, growing richer and richer through its aggregation of power and authority over the working people, waxed indifferent toward the just rights of those whose muscular toil wrought out the products from that material which the corporations supplied.

There had been changes in the management of the principal factories: one or two of the old members of the board had died, others had retired from active business life, and new blood and shrewdness and calculation had been infused into it with the younger and so-called smarter men that had come to the front. But with the new life for the financial prosperity of

the "concern," there had come more of sterile barrenness and bitter dissatisfaction, and less of comfort into the breast of the mill hand than he had ever known under the old jurisdiction, and for some time a broadening desire to "get even with the bosses" had been the general topic of conversation between him and his associates.

"Clang! Clang!" The old bell paused not in its work, but only a few entered the gates, and these did so hurriedly, as if ashamed at what had been an every-day, matter-of-course duty with them.

"Come, Nellie," said one young woman to another as she hastened on toward the mill, "it's most time for the gates to shut, and if we're not at our looms before they do, we'll be docked for half a day. We can't afford that; it's little enough we get now. Why, last week I only made four dollars 'n forty cents, and I worked hard enough to kill myself. I don't see how it is that new hand can earn five dollars every week as she's been doing. I believe it's easier or quicker work in the carding room where she is, and I think the boss might have put one of the old hands there instead of this new one. What do yer say?"

"I say *this*. I ain't going ter work ter day. What made yer hurry off so last night after work? If yer'd stayed, yer'd known that the loom hands had a talk, and they're not going ter work to-day. It's about time the bosses came to terms, and Joe Ringold says they've got ter do it if we all make up our minds we won't work till they give us more pay. So yer needn't be in a hurry, Sue, cos yer not ter work this day, an' maybe not for a good while."

"Well, I'd like to lay off for awhile an' get a rest; I was tired to death last night and sort of sick to my stomach. That's why I rushed right off home as soon as the whistle sounded. But how are we goin' to live if we don't work, I'd like to know. I ain't got mor'n a couple of dollars to my name, nor you, either, I guess?"

"I ain't got that; about a dollar 'n sixty cents is my fortune. But Joe and Mr. Haker say that it'll come out all right; the bosses have got to come up with their prices, 'cos they can't let the mills stand idle, and they can't get workers but us. There's a big society in the country of working people, that pay in so much a month for protection of our rights. A branch of it is formed in Albans, and a good many of our men have joined, and they say that this society will take care of the strikers till they get back to work. If they will only hold out and win the fight, then they can each pay a little something monthly back to the Union for what it has given ter them. Do yer see?" "Yes, I see, if it's done, but I don't know, it's risky business, Nell, stopping work with nothing to live on; but if that Union will keep us from starving I don't mind, so let's go home."

"No, I want to see the fun. Some of the hands said they wouldn't bide out till they knew what good it would do. They

don't believe the bosses will agree to take 'em back with better pay; so they're going ter work just the same. Joe said the strikers would find some way to make 'em give in and join the rest. All the card-room hands are out of it, and are working just the same.

During the above conversation the two wan-looking, poorly clad young women had drawn nearer to the mill, where quite a crowd of men and boys had collected, among whom could be seen women of different ages, whose forms and faces also showed the traces of heavy toil and care. Through this crowd that lined the entrance to the gates on both sides, those who desired to continue to work in the mill were obliged to pass, and as they did so each one was greeted with groans of derision and shouts of scorn, while more than one was assisted by a push from some one in the throng.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" The bell had nearly ceased to ring. Two gentlemen emerging from a side street approached the gathering crowd. One, a tall and lithe young man of 32 or 33, with cheery, open countenance and bright, blue eyes, seemed to have but recently returned to the place after a long absence, for he had just remarked: "Albans has grown since I have been away, more than I had realized; but eight years makes a great difference in the growth of a city, as well as in that of a human being. About ninety thousand inhabitants you think; that is good. Albans is a smart little city. I am glad to be at home. But what does this tumult mean, Uncle? Are your working people usually as demonstrative as this? There seems to be some trouble among them, too!"

"I have heard of nothing new, Albert. The people are dissatisfied with the state of affairs among the corporations, and I blame them. Five years ago last June, when I retired from the business, it was in a fairly prosperous condition, returning a good profit for the capital invested in it, and netting handsome dividends annually besides. The working people were satisfied, for they received a fair wage, not perhaps what they should have, but better than what they get now. Since then the scale of wages has been made over three times, with a reduction each time, and I don't wonder the laborers are uneasy. There is no necessity for this state of things. There is a tendency among the manufacturers to combine and so control the market in their line of goods. To do this they must concentrate their capital and have it where it can be used in an emergency, and so they cut the workman down to a pittance, that they may wield a larger influence and extend their power."

The speaker, an elderly gentleman with kindly brown eyes and whitened hair quickened his pace to keep up with the more rapid steps of his companion; he was a well preserved man, but the keen, frosty air seemed to chill him in spite of the furry garment that wrapped him well about, for he continued, "It's a cold morning for these poor people to be out, but they do not seem to mind it any more than you do. Why don't you button your coat, my boy?"

His companion smiled, as with head thrown back and throat exposed, he said: "I like to take in this glorious air; it thrills me like old wine. But I am interested in these people. There must be 'a strike;' see, they are pushing and hooting, and there are females among them. Look, the belligerent ones are threatening those who seem peaceably inclined and willing to go to work. Heavens! they will do some injury; come, I must be there."

"We had better turn away, my boy; you can do no good; let us depart," urged the elder man; "I know it's a sad state of things, but they will have to settle it themselves; we cannot adjust them. Let us go."

"No! No! We are needed here in the interests of law and order. I will at least try to defend the helpless against their taunts and assaults. See! they have knocked a woman down

and are regardless of the fact that they are trampling her under their feet——" and springing across the street where the tumult raged, Albert Mountain reached the noisy spot.

"Shame!" he cried, "Are you men, to do this violence? You are trampling a woman to death; let me get her out from among you!" And he pushed the foremost aside, succeeding by most herculean force in rescuing the prostrate form from beneath their feet. The white face was bruised, and the poor clothing of their victim torn and discolored. Her eyes were closed, and she showed no signs of consciousness.

CHAPTER II.

TURBULENT TIMES.

"Make way men! Make way there! This poor woman has fainted. I pray God you have not killed her. Let me get her out of this," commanded the young man who held the unconscious woman in his arms. His hat had fallen from his head, and it was now trampled into a shapeless mass beneath the feet of the surging crowd; but Albert Mountain did not mind this; his head was thrown back, and his flashing eyes seemed filled with fire, while the clarion tones of his voice rang out fearlessly upon the frosty air. The men around him began to fall back, and the young rescuer made his way through the crowd, bearing his burden to a drug store upon the street corner.

By this time he had lost sight of his uncle, who had disappeared from the tumultuous neighborhood; but Albert did not care; he felt that he had a duty to perform here. His blood was aroused, and as the mettlesome horse that scents the battle is eager to rush into the fray, so this young man, fresh from scenes of beauty and of learning in other lands, felt all the pulses of his being stirred by the uncouth conduct of the rabble, and he longed to break in among them, and to have a hand in the work.

"Sir," he said to the proprietor of the drug store, "I bring you a young woman who has been knocked down and trampled on. She is unconscious, and may be fatally hurt; please to do what you can for her, and summon a physician. I will be responsible for all expense. My name is Albert Mountain, and I am the nephew and namesake of that Albert Mountain whom everybody in the city knows. What can you do for her?" He had deposited his charge upon a lounge in a back apartment which the druggist indicated, and now our friend stood anxiously waiting the examination of the patient which the proprietor of the premises was making.

"She is stunned and severely bruised externally. I must restore consciousness before I can understand anything further. I am a physician myself, and you need not hesitate to leave the patient in my care. It may be necessary to remove her to the hospital, but that I cannot say until she comes to herself."

Just at this moment a clerk came to announce that an elderly female was in the store making inquiries for the suffering stranger.

"Let her come in," said the doctor; "it is as well for a woman to be here just now."

A decently dressed woman, whose hesitating manner and careworn face told of the world's neglect and of hardship in her life, entered deprecatingly and said: "I came to see if I could do anything for her," jerking a finger toward the prostrate form on the lounge, over which Dr. Broderick was bending as he applied restoratives to the nostrils and lips of his patient.

"We will see in a moment, my good woman," said Albert, to whom her question was addressed; "the doctor seems to be bringing her out of her swoon. Is she a relative of yours?"

"Oh, no, sir; I know little of her beyond her name, which is Mary Moore, and her home, which is the room above mine

in Carsey's block. That's a tenement on Joy street, sir, about half a mile off. I'm a lone widow that has to work for a living. I do washing, or anything I can get to do, sir, to support my crippled boy. Miss Mary has set by him sometimes of an evening when I had to carry home my work. She's a pleasant sort of a girl, and always has a smile and a 'Good morning, Mrs. Mooney,' for me. I was passing on my way to work when I saw the commotion, and you, sir, a lifting her up and bringing her here; so I made bold to come and offer me help."

"Thank you," kind Madam; it may be wanted; but see, your friend is conscious now, I think."

The patient had come out of her swoon, and her eyes were turning from side to side of the little room, but no gleam of recognition entered them, not even when they rested for a moment upon the face of Mrs. Mooney; only low moans broke from the pallid lips, and a convulsive tremor seized the muscles of the face as the sufferer tried to move.

"This will not do," said the doctor; "she must have better accommodations. I fear there is an internal injury. The patient must be undressed and put to bed. Now, ma'am," addressing the old washerwoman, "has this woman any one to take care of her properly? If she has not, she must go to the hospital at once."

"Sure, I'll do what I can for her myself; there's no one else. She lives alone, and it's my belief she has no one in the world to care if she lives or dies."

"Then I'll have the ambulance summoned at once. Stay here, ma'am, with the girl, a few minutes, and I'll be back. You need not wait longer, Mr. Mountain, if you have business to attend to. This is a case for the authorities."

"Yes, yes, I understand; the poor thing will be best off at the hospital; but you will gratify me, doctor, in keeping me informed of her condition, and I will defray any expense you may incur. As for you, my good woman, anything you can do for the poor creature will be very grateful to her I am sure. Here, take this for yourself and your crippled son; you are losing your morning's work out of the kindness of your heart, and I cannot permit you to suffer loss. Good morning;" and pressing a five dollar bill in the old woman's hand, our friend followed the physician into the outer store. Here he found that gentleman in the act of dispatching his clerk for the ambulance, and in a few quiet words he arranged that the suffering woman should be cared for at his, and not at the city's expense. "And now, doctor," he continued, "I am really anxious to be in at the fray; I see that the crowd has not dispersed. Perhaps I can persuade the rougher sort to a more mild proceeding. I have no hat, for they have made a football of mine. Have you an old one that I can take awhile—something you don't care for? It wouldn't be wise to don a new one for this kind of sport," and he smiled at the thought.

"Yes, I can let you have an old soft hat that will bear any amount of crushing. It will about fit you, I think. I wear it out at night on my calls when it rains. But you had better not come in contact with that class of men over yonder; they are too reckless to be interfered with. Take my advice and go in another direction. The women seem to have gone, but the men are as wild as ever."

They stood in the doorway now, watching the swaying motion of the crowd around the old mill, but as a defiant yell burst upon the air, young Mountain pulled the hat which the doctor had given him well upon his head and stepped out, saying: "There seems to be no law or order here; where are the police, I wonder. I am going over to learn what is to be the next movement."

Again there was a wild shout. Some one in the crowd was trying to make himself heard, for just as Albert reached it, a

voice cried out, "Say that again, old man, and we'll pull the head off'n you!"

Well, I do say it again, you're a pack of knownothings, to be acting in this way, obstructin' the street, and makin' such a racket. Why don't yer go home, if yer ain't satisfied to work fur what yer git, and let decent folks do the work if they want ter? I tell yer, yer ain't agoin' to boss me. I'm agoin' to work in my old place; I don't like the wage, that's a fact, boys; it's hard work an' poor pay; but I don't see no good in throwin' it up an' gettin' nothin' in place of it. I've been in a strike once, out in old England, and me an' the missus just about starved over it, an' then we had ter go back arter all. So yer see, I know it don't pay. Now, if yer want ter strike, all right; what I object to is yer trying to make others as don't want ter follow yer, do as you do. I be goin' in ter the mill."

The speaker was an old man, firm and dignified even in his poverty and illiteracy. His gray head and the expression of honest independence upon his withered face at once won the respect and admiration of our friend, who tried to elbow his way toward him, through the outskirts of the crowd. Just then came another yell, and a stone, hurled by some one near by, struck the old man in the face, causing the blood to flow.

"For shame! For shame!" young Mountain cried, "you are not men, but brutes, to war upon women and old age. Cowards do such work as this, not heroes. Listen; the woman you trampled down is in a dangerous state; perhaps her hours are numbered. If she dies, you—one and all—are her murderers. Think what a fearful stain upon your souls. Is this the way that men should act?"

A silence fell like a great hush upon the excited crowd. "Murderers!" they had never thought to be called that name. Some faces grew white, and those who were nearest the indignant speaker bowed their heads as if ashamed to look him in the face. It seemed in that moment as if some subtle, magnetic power had gone out from the fearless man to quell the tumult in the street; he certainly did look as if imbued by a strength greater than that of common men, as his quick eye fell here and there upon some turbulent face that quickly averted itself from his gaze. The old man, pressing a faded handkerchief to his bleeding nose, pushed his way forward, and tried to mutter something, but our hero said:

"It is all right, my good fellow, don't worry; you'll get back to work soon. Go over to yonder drug store and have your bruised face attended to; tell the doctor that Mountain sent you." Those nearest heard the words. "It's Mountain—young Mountain," said they; "the old man's nephew, of course, that was off in furrin parts. He's got home; it's him sure!"

The whisper spaead until it became a shout; and everybody knew the name. Albert Mountain senior had been a true friend to the working people, and while he remained in the corporation there had been but little discontent. He had no sons, but it was known that his nephew, who was his namesake, was the affianced husband of his only daughter, who would probably inherit all the wealth of the old gentleman. In times past it had been hoped that when the young man returned from his wanderings abroad, he would take his uncle's place on the board of management; for the fortune he had inherited from his parents was ample enough to enable him to assume a monetary interest in the business; but the old gentleman had long since sold out his interests and closed his connection with the corporation, yet the name of Mountain was still honored by many of the working people as that of a benefactor of the poor. And now, as the news spread, it seemed to carry some mysterious sense of helpfulness with it. "Mountain," said they, "he is of the old stock; a good one; perhaps he'll tell us what to do; come, let's get a barrel for him to stand on, and we'll ask him for a speech,"

The tide of excitement had turned into a new channel. Those who were the loudest in revolt and derision a moment before were the most eager now to hear the young stranger speak, and before he knew what they were about, for he had been watching the old man making his way to the drug store beyond, our friend felt himself lifted up in the arms of two or three sturdy men and placed upon a large box which they had brought for him to stand upon. "What is it? What do you want of me?" he demanded indignantly.

"A speech, a speech," cried several voices. "We know who you are. Tell us what to do. We want a good, sensible, honest speech, with no nonsense and no palaverin' about it."

CHAPTER III.

ALBERT QUIETS THE CROWD.

From his elevated position our hero gazed upon the upturned faces before him. They were of all shades and of mingled expression. Some were angry; a few even threatening; others gleamed with wonderment and curiosity, and now and then one wore a look of expectancy, as if something new was to come into their lives. Just above the old mill gates were the office windows of the structure, and peering through the dusty panes he saw the anxious faces of more than one of the board of managers, while over beyond, a sombre vehicle, pausing before the apothecary's door, gave a new significance to the scene.

"Tell you what to do, my men? I will try to give you some good advice; it will not be 'nonsense' nor 'palaver,' but what I believe to be good counsel; but first, let me tell you what not to do, and to illustrate my point in claiming that it is never safe, or wise, or noble to turn one's evil passions loose. Let me tell you what I see a block away. Some of you can look for yourselves and behold the same. Now, men, I see an ambulance before Dr. Broderick's door, and two men are laying upon the mattress which the ambulance contains the woman who was knocked down and kicked by some of you half an hour ago. Now, they are arranging the covering over her; she lies very still and pale, and as far as one can see, appears to be insensible. Now they are driving her away; she is being taken to the hospital. She has no home, no friends; she is alone in the wide world, with no one to care for her. If she gets well she will have to work early and late to keep body and soul together. If she dies, let us hope the pure angels will give her a martyr's crown. The wagon has gone, friends."

There was a pause—one not lost upon the listeners, many of whom were more abashed and awed at the speaker's words than they had ever been in their lives before. They waited silently, those grim, benighted men—silently and patiently for what was to come.

"You ask me what you are to do, friends; yes, I call you friends; I think we shall be that before we part," and he smiled now upon the motley crew. "Well, if I were in your place, I would not join in crowding, pushing, or in any way injuring any human being. I know you feel aggrieved, and you demand your rights."

"Yes, we do," cried a voice; but a loud "hush" from a hundred throats quickly quieted it.

"Well, you ought to demand them. Any man has the right to do that; but some one else may feel it his duty to work to-day, and don't you think it is depriving him of his rights when you beat and cuff him, and keep him out of the shop against his will?" cries of "No! No!" and "Yes, it is!"

"It never pays, my friends, to be cruel and unjust. No cause commands respect that is full of reckless aggressiveness and brutal inconsideration. Any cause that proceeds towards its end in a dignified manner will make more headway in the world than can be made by mere brute force. Do you see?

The world is disgusted and indignant at us if we trample over human hearts and human interests in seeking our own purposes; but it will help us if we show a manliness of spirit in our struggles for right."

"The bosses trample over us" some one cried.

"That may be, my boy; but 'two wrongs' never made a right, and two tramples will not straighten out or heal the crushed and bleeding victim. The better way is to let those who wish to work, do so.

"Not much," called out a voice.

"Oh, yes, it is the better way. Don't threaten any one; don't maltreat a single person; be courteous in your bearing; ask for what you want with a manly spirit; choose a committee of three of your most intelligent men—not the loudest talkers—not the most boastful and swaggering, but three of the most refined, the best thinkers, the most knowing ones among you. Let these three visit your employers and try to make terms with them. Remember that the 'bosses' have 'rights' as well as the working people. If you can make terms, then go back to your labor and do your best for your employers' interests. Show no cringing, servile spirit in your attitude; neither display an exultant air if successful, but behave like men in every sense of the term. Now, friends, I advise you to disperse peaceably. Don't loiter on the streets; don't visit barrooms; don't do anything to be ashamed of; but go to your homes and see if there isn't something useful to be looked after. As for me, I'll see what I can do for you. I have no connection with the corporation; I have just got home from abroad, and know but little of how things stand; but you all know old Albert Mountain, my uncle; he is out of business now, but he has an influence still that I am sure he will exercise in behalf of the oppressed if I can convince him that you are in such a sad strait. There are others in this city—some no doubt in the corporation—that have hearts to be appealed to, and if you show them you are in earnest in your demands, that you feel you have patiently submitted to the scale of low wages hoping for better times, until you are forced by circumstances to ask for that which is your due, I have no doubt that an adjustment of the troubles that assail you can soon be made. Act like men; be reasonable, be patient, and be manly, and I will be your friend."

There was a wild cheer at the conclusion of these words, with, however, one or two hisses thrown in, as the crowd began slowly to dwindle away until only a few men remained.

During that day Albert Mountain the younger took occasion to induce his uncle to visit one or two of the mill owners with him to see if something could not be done to prevent a protracted strike. They found these magnates not disposed to listen calmly to any argument in favor of the strikers. Indeed, they intimated that they considered any interference on the part of the Mountains uncalled for and out of place.

The laborers, after their first day of reckless ebullition and excitement, made no serious disturbance, and the few who still continued to work at the mill were allowed to go and come without fear; but at the end of the week all the rooms in the mill were closed. It was "no use to run with such short help," the owners said, so that now the great wheels were still as they had not been before in a quarter of a century. "We will turn it into a 'lockout,'" said the managers, "and we shall take our own time in making terms."

Truly it was a trying season for the poor of Albans. There was lack of food and other necessities; house rent was in arrears, and landlords became impatient. Women grew careless and shrewish in their homes because of the pressure of want; men grew reckless and dissipated; children, uncared for, grew sick and forlorn. Dram shops flourished, while the streets began again to re-echo the sound of oath and reviling, as curses upon the "bloated bosses" stung the air.

All this while young Albert Mountain was studying human nature, while doing his best to relieve the suffering. Many times had he given pecuniary relief to the destitute and been the bearer of cheer to the despondent. He had used his influence too with old friends, so that employment of one kind or another was found for some of the idlers, but, in spite of all that he could do the misery continued to increase.

The poor girl who had been taken to the hospital had not been forgotten. Examination of her case proved that two ribs had been fractured; also, that her skull had been injured by the maltreatment she had received. She lay at the hospital for many weeks, but at last she was pronounced cured and dismissed. Returning to her old quarters, Mary Moore found that Mrs. Mooney had been engaged to keep her room in readiness for her, and that her rent had been paid in advance. A small stock of provisions had been provided for her needs, and it really seemed to the weary woman more like a genuine home-coming than anything she had known for years. From Mrs. Mooney Mary learned of her benefactor's kindness, and how he had kept track of the injured woman, and had known when she was to leave the hospital, and had prepared for her return home. There was a soft rug upon the floor, a comfortable hair mattress upon the bed, with a white covering; a cheerful picture on the wall, a plant of green in the window, and a pleasant fire in the grate. None of these had been there before, and they made her room look inviting indeed to Mary Moore. "And he's coming to-morrow, Miss, he and his cousin, a sweet young lady who gives me her fine washing to do and pays me well. She told me she would see what she could find for you to do when you got strong, and she has given me a crippled boy a little set of tools, and he carves out such pretty things that Mr. Mountain sells for him. Oh! it's God's angels they are sure!" And Mrs. Mooney clasped her hands in enthusiastic joy.

"But I can't owe them so much; no, I can't; they are strangers to me," interrupted Mary, in a sad tone.

"Sure, they'll get you good work to do, and you can pay 'em back. It's all right, now; don't you fear at all."

They did come, Albert and his cousin Louise, and they made the lonely woman feel at ease with them. The lady brought some simple sewing—fine and delicate, for Mary to do when she felt like it, and she was grateful for the work. As time passed, the cousins learned something of the history of Mary Moore. She was an orphan, kindly and tenderly reared and well educated by a fond mother. The daughter had passed her early life with her widowed parent and only sister in a country town until the sister had married and gone away. Then the mother and Mary remained together till the death of the former, when the little income ceased, and the daughter was left stranded upon the world. Hardship and misfortune had followed Mary until at last she had become a factory hand at a meagre wage. Louise Mountain took a great interest in Mary, and continued to supply her with well-paid employment. There were times when the pain in her head returned, and it seemed to the sewing woman as if her brain would burst; especially was this so when the day was hot or the atmosphere close, and Miss Mountain finally sent a physician to examine the patient and report to her.

"She needs a radical change," reported the physician; "there is a tendency to an effusion of blood on the brain. She ought to leave the city and go to her own people, if she has any."

And so Miss Mountain conferred with Mary Moore. "I have only my sister. She is at Paola, in the State of W—. If I can get to her it is all I ever need to ask."

It was arranged that Mary should go to Paola. All the necessary expenses would be paid by friends; she should not demur, they told her; it was a pleasure to them to use their means to help those in need. After a little delay the journey

was made. Kind hands and hearts had supplied her with every requisite for a comfortable trip, and Mary Moore left the city of Albans with a feeling of thanksgiving for the true and good friends that she had known.

Two weeks passed before Miss Mountain received any word from Mary, and then a letter came; its words were sad, somewhat incoherent, and a little disconnected, as if the writer had not been quite clear-headed.

"My head troubles me again," she wrote; "sometimes I quite lose myself for a few moments, but I hope soon to be well." And then, further on, "I reached Paola safely, and am in a quiet little boarding house. The morning after I arrived I started to find my sister. I hunted out those who had known her husband; but only painful news rewarded me. They are not here; my sister and her family have all left this land for a fair, far country beyond the seas; but I will not give up the search for them now. I shall follow them over the waters, and shall not rest until they are found."

(To be continued.)

Spirit Instruction--Written by Dictation.

BY RAYMONDE.

MY DEAR PUPIL:--Many letters have I dictated to you, and many more will I if I discover that they are beneficial, for it is my purpose to make you and others familiar with spirit life. In the church-world very little is known of our existence, and that little is vague, unsatisfactory, and oft times bewildering. It is so mixed with error that no mind not illumined by spiritual instruction can separate the truth from the falsehood so liberally bestowed upon hungry congregations by the priesthood. If priests will not learn, then the people must; and it is our pleasure to instruct those who turn to us for advice, consolation and facts.

The angel worlds stand ready at all times to bend an ear to mortals. Only seek spirit guidance, and so conduct yourselves that you attract the good, and your prayers are answered. Your dead return, and the future life is revealed in all its beauty—yes, and misery, for you cannot suppose there is no unhappiness beyond the tomb. The churches have a hell to which they consign heretics and a heaven for those who accept the creed, but could the priests see the end, they would perceive confusion and mistakes according to their classification, and it is for their benefit as well that we occasionally explain the difference between faith and good works.

Not long since I was walking along a quiet path in a lower sphere, meditating upon the mischief wrought by ignorance, and wondering what I could do to bind some shattered heart (for I was essaying missionary work), when I discovered a man of dejected mien sitting by the wayside, repeating prayers and crossing himself devoutly. His face betrayed no signs of happiness, nor did his voice suggest contentment or hope. When he ceased his devotions I approached respectfully, asking permission to rest beside him, and trusting to the moment for suitable words to interest him. After introducing myself as a resident of another sphere, and inquiring of his surroundings, we drifted into an animated discussion of the so-called Christian religion on earth, its pitfalls and shortcomings.

He gave me an outline of his life. Born of wealthy parents, indulged and ungoverned, he passed his youth in the pursuit of pleasure. At the age of eighteen death cut off the head of the household, leaving the mother and three children to the mercy of an unscrupulous partner, who turned a business already tottering into bankruptcy, leaving the friendless family to work out their own salvation. He, the oldest son, sought employment, and obtained a position in a Theological school in an humble capacity which he filled creditably, giving his scanty pay to his mother, whose hold on life was short,

The change in his manner of living was not agreeable, but it was work or starve, and for his mother's sake he continued at his post, knowing a pause would entail want. At her death he expressed a desire to study for the church, and arrangements were made whereby it became possible. He devoted four years to the study of Theology and the necessary accompaniments, and at the age of twenty-five was installed pastor of an Evangelical church with a moderate but adequate salary, as, after the marriage of his two sisters, his wants were few.

Ten years he labored in the little country vineyard diligently, and then a desire overmastered him to enter broader fields.

"At this point," said he, "my delight in external forms and ceremonies increased until at last I was admitted into the Mother Church. The sorrow and tears of my promised wife availed nothing; I was determined to sacrifice all to the demands of the calling. She entreated me to be true to myself; not to mar two lives by this course; that her life would be a blank if I deserted her; that my promise was binding and God would not smile on its severance; but her pleading had the effect of chilling my love. I expected her to yield all to Christ, and I reproved her for lack of piety and an unholy desire for earthly things. She listened patiently; her eyes were soft with tears; but my heart was filled with the iron of ecclesiasticism, and as I turned from her I neither held out my hand or pitied her loneliness. I deserted her; I broke her heart, and from that day to this I have not found peace, nor do I think the Master has been aided by my work.

At the age of forty-five I was suddenly called to the spirit world; and ever since the memory of my cruelty and the sadness of the woman I deserted have made my days a burden. I stay in this place to be near earth, that I may once in a while see her as she mingles with the poor, to whom she has ever been a friend. I contrast my life with hers, and mine appears, as it is, narrow and bigoted. To have sheltered that woman would have been more to my credit and happiness here than all the sermons I ever preached, and all my repetitions of *pater noster*."

"But when I came upon you," I said, "you were mumbling prayers and crossing yourself; why continue ye in these ways? No one is bettered by the process."

"Habit! habit!" he replied.

"Truly 'the letter killeth the spirit,' and I am weighted with forms and have no church wherein to deliver them."

"Now, friend," I said, "you must depart from these external forms. You might omit your prayers with profit to yourself and others for a time, devoting your days to reform work. You are too inactive to be very happy. The spirit world is a progressive place. I perceive you have been an idler most of the time since you arrived, and you need employment to overcome the gloom and remorse that envelops your spirit."

"True, true," he murmured, "I may find peace by devoting myself to others; but the memory of my desertion of that young woman, who listened to my words of love and trusted in their sincerity, will ever haunt me until at her feet I can lay again the heart that fanaticism took from her. She may spurn it; may refuse to listen; may doubt my honesty; but I linger here hoping she may soon join the spirit throng that I may rid my conscience of a load."

"Man, I cried, "seeest thou not the demon of selfishness at thy side? He prompts thy words; he blinds thy vision. Thou didst wrong, but thou must not desire the benevolent woman to leave her mission that thy soul mayest find relief. Enter thou into her daily life; walk with her as she goeth forth on her errands of mercy. Thou mayest learn from her a lesson of industry, and faithfulness to others that will serve thee well."

"For twenty years I preached the gospel as I was taught," said the priest, "and denied salvation to those outside its doors. Many have I met here who were called scoffers who exceed

me in happiness; they go about as usual, with an outstretched hand, and with a sunny smile that lightens dark corners, doing a little good here and giving a kind word there that makes their way luminous; and I sometimes envy them their contentment, wondering why a priest should receive less than a heretic, whom, before I came here, I would have consigned to punishment. I knew nothing of spiritual communication, and would have rejected if had I been told. The obstinacy of the priesthood evidences a lack of modesty and a superabundance of egotism not creditable to themselves nor beneficial to the people who look to them for instruction."

"My friend," I hastened to add, "you are wasting your time now, as of yore; be up and working for the truth that you now perceive is of more importance than doctrine. Begin at once to undo the wrong that weighs upon you. If you love her still whom you slighted, go and assist her spiritually. A spirit-man may do much toward making light the path of a mortal friend. You can affect her mind with whatever condition you are in; therefore see to it that you go with a light heart, and not add the burden of woe that you now carry to depress her. Shake off all that you would not desire another to bring to you. This is the sum and substance of ministering to the children of earth. Go to aid *them* rather than yourself. By so doing you will, ere long, forget your own troubles, and wonder why you ever thought they were serious. Do not reproach yourself or dwell on the past. Live in the present altogether, with past experience as a monitor. Try this remedy for unhappiness, and if, at the end of a week, you tell me that you are no better, I will prescribe again."

The man looked at me astonished that the simple remedy he had so often prescribed for others had been overlooked by himself.

"Sir," he said, "how oft I preached as thou talkest. I will apply my own lessons. If they were good for others they will benefit me. Come to me, if it pleaseth thee, at the expiration of the time thou wilt appoint, that I may confess to thee."

I interrupted quickly, "not to *confess*; but to *confer* together my friend. We seldom use the word confess in the spirit world, as there are better ones at our command. I bid thee 'rise and God speed.' I will come to thee on the morning of the coming festival that is to be held in this sphere of which thou canst learn from the directors, and it may then be thy pleasure to discourse upon thy experience for the help of others situated as thou art to-day. Adieu." Taking his hand in kindly grasp I withdrew.

And now, my dear pupil, urging you to be true to the spiritual religion of truth and love that we bring unto you, I depart, to soon return with tidings of your kin, and to bear you a lesson of the Great Beyond to which each day your soul draweth high.

YOUR GRAND SIRE AND GUIDE.

[We hope to have the sequel to this instructive story for future publication.—ED. DOVE.]

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No;
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours,
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.

The Federation of Labor of Australia has adopted a political platform, the main plank of which is a demand that all sources of wealth and all commercial exchanges shall be under the control of the Government. They demand that the state shall furnish employment to all who are able to labor and place on the pension-rolls all who are not.—*Exchange*.

A Story and a Sermon.

[The following is a portion of the "Spirit Instruction" furnished to the Dove by "Raymonde." It introduces a story of a spirit told to spirits by a spirit, which is quite as interesting to spirits yet in the flesh.—The communicating spirit, while on a mission of kindness to a spirit recently arrived from the earth plane, finds a group of spirit children playing. He continues as follows.]

As I approached they slackened their pace; but a word of encouragement from me assured them of my interest and pleasure in their sport, and I even ventured to take part in the frolic they enjoyed. They appointed me referee in a running race, and umpire in a contest of strength—a simple game of lifting weights and balancing them, after which they demanded a story, while they rested themselves under the spreading branches of the trees laden with fragrant fruit and flowers which occasionally fell in showers on our heads, as if in answer to the glances cast at them by the smaller ones of the party.

"A story, tell us please," said a small youth of gentle manner, "of yourself, when you were a boy; we will be very still sir, when you begin."

"A story! A story!" sang they all in chorus. Ah, who ever saw children that turned a deaf ear to narrative?

"Boys," I said, "I would much rather you told me your experience. I do not recall any incident of my earth life that would amuse you. My young days were spent in study and my later years were given to pen work. A student's life is not as full of excitement perhaps as a more roving one, but if you permit, I will tell you one that I lately heard." They agreed, and I proceeded as follows:

THE STORY.

"Not long ago I was walking in my invisible garments upon the earth, and meeting a spirit youth I inquired whither he was bound." "To my former home," he replied.

"You look unhappy, young man; is there naught that I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes; if you will go with me and compel them to see me I will trust in you afterward. I was not very good to them, I mean father and mother, and I must speak to them once more."

"I will go with you," I said, "but I cannot assure you that we will be seen or heard. Unless they are accustomed to listen for spirit visitations we shall make little impression."

I followed the boy to a far off country home. A quiet farmer and a hard working wife were sitting at the evening meal, as we walked in through the open door. His face was grave with lines of care and toil. The wife was a type of New England women often seen—plainly attired in a cotton gown, smoothed hair and placid countenance, remarkable only for the deep grey eyes that looked double in their vision."

"Father," she said, addressing the man opposite, after the fashion of mothers, "the evening is warm, but a cold wind reaches me; it is our Willie again, come from the grave."

"Martha," said the man sternly, "why will you not listen to reason? Am I, a deacon and selectman, to be laughed at because your mind is a *little* unbalanced since William's death? You speak of ghosts to the neighbors as though the house was haunted. I don't want to have a word about it again."

"As he spoke he rose quickly and going to a high chimney shelf took an old pipe and a square of dried brown leaves, and filling the blackened bowl, applied a coal from the ashes, and walked out the door we had entered, leaving a cloud of smoke behind him, which was very unpleasant to the wife as well as myself. He sat upon the bench, smoking complacently, while the tired woman cleared the table and folded the snowy cloth. We remained in the room, noiseless as ghosts usually are, and when she seated herself in the low chair by the window, to

rest and think for a moment, Willie stepped before her and knelt at her feet. The woman shivered: "Oh, how cold I am," she said, under breath.

"Willie, Willie, are you here? If your father would let me I would go to the trees behind the well, and there I could see you; but he thinks I am going crazy, and I dare not disobey. Oh why did you sail away and break your mother's heart?" And the tears filled the sad eyes which she hastily brushed away with her long apron lest the husband observe her mood.

After a few moments I said to the son: "Lad, tell me your story."

"I was born in this house nineteen years ago, and was the youngest of three children. The others died suddenly, and my mother worshipped me, and thought I would be her support in old age. I desired to go to sea, but was prevented by my father, who wanted my help on the farm. When I was fifteen I ran away from home and went to a seaport town. I shipped on a whaling vessel, and was soon beyond the reach of my father. When returning from a long cruise we were caught in the ice, and I died from exposure. I am told that is the reason my mother is so cold when I go near her. I was sorry all the time after I left her, and I am not happy now. I do not like the spirit world, and if I stay around here mother will be sent to an asylum before long, for the neighbors are all talking about her, and telling father that her mind is unsound; but you can see that the unsoundness is not in *her* mind but in *theirs*. What shall I do? Oh, tell me sir, what I ought to do."

"I thought a few minutes, and advised him to leave his mother for a while and enter a school; to which he agreed, and boys, I was on my way to visit him when I was attracted by your play. You have listened attentively, expecting some startling end to my story, but the only way I can surprise you is to bring him to you, and he shall tell you of his sailor life and tragic death. I told you about him because he is lonely; and I thought if he could see you play as I have to-day, although he is somewhat older than you, that his gayety would return, and he would be happier to know you. Now do you understand why I selected this true tale?"

"Tell him to come to our school," said a bright lad, "and he will have a good time."

"You may look for him as soon as I can return," I answered, and saying "good bye" I went on my journey.

THE SERMON.

Oh ye unbelievers of earth; couldst thou see into the realms of spirit life and behold the naturalness of our existence, how quickly wouldst thou put away the absurd theories that beset thy minds, and become reconciled to the truth which we, as spirit guides, are ever anxious to teach. The cobwebs of ages would be instantly swept away by unseen hands if thou wouldst open the chambers of darkness, letting in God's spiritual sunshine. I urge thee, earthly friends, to throw open the windows of the soul. Why dwell in the cellar, amid dampness and doubt, leaving vacant the desirable apartments, when there is nothing to prevent you from enjoying the freedom that is yours? And yet this is what more than three-fourths of the people of earth are doing to-day. They live underground; rear children underground, and laugh at their neighbors who are seen at the upper windows, predicting they will fall out and break their heads (and rather hoping they will) for daring to take a broader view of the magnificent fields of nature than they who dwell in the basement can possibly obtain.

The account I have here given is a simple instance of spirit work that falls to our duty often, and which I have related to impress upon you the realness of our lives, and our close relation to you of earth. We are only separated by a thin vapor

through which a few can look; but how often, alas, are those fortunate mortals accused of prevarication and unsoundness of intellect because their less fortunate friends cannot penetrate the visions of the spirit world which the accused behold with clearness.

The world and the church will continue to put obstacles in our way as long as superstition instead of truth is the cornerstone of preaching. But we shall persevere in our work among the children of earth until the heathen are converted. We shall go into the world and preach the gospel of truth and love to every living being. We shall tear down the cross and plant the tree of life by the wayside. The cross is not a symbol of the life and teachings of Jesus; it is a representation of ancient criminal execution. It may be an appropriate symbol of the church; but it is not a fitting emblem of the love and charity which was the basis of the Nazarene's teachings. Many good men and women have suffered death for holiness of speech; but who would think of carrying aloft a guillotine, a gibbet, a bunch of faggots, or any other suggestion of suffering? There is however, just as much sense in one as the other. It often appears to the spirit world as though the manner of Jesus' death has made more impression on churchmen than the examples of his life. Public executions are not in conformity with spiritual instruction, as all good Spiritualists know; nor is the record of the church founded upon the death of Jesus a shining illustration of brotherly love. I abjure you to put away all the signs of the bloody past, put on the garments of humanity, and wear the emblems of love forevermore.

It would seem that we, in the spirit form, should know more about the spirit world and the Law of God than do Theologians. We are bold to say that we do; and if we contradict some of the old notions that have prevailed until their very antiquity entitles them to respect in some minds, we need not be accused of heresy or called unholy.

Much time is wasted and much bitterness engendered by the repetition of unfounded theories. One of the most mischievous imaginations of the human mind is the miraculous conception of Jesus—a dogma provocative of dissension and hatred. In the spirit world the story is known to be untrue, and we are doing all that we can to remove the delusion from the minds of mortals. He would not take from them their religion; nor would we undermine their faith; we would put a better foundation under them to build upon.

The "Rock of Ages" is the Rock of Truth, and unless you stand upon that, my friends, you are in danger. You might argue for another two thousand years that Jesus had no natural father, yet that would not make it a fact. Because history is silent on this point, and the priesthood substituted an olden legend as more acceptable than the truth, is not an excuse for further deception, and in trying to make plausible this curious conceit you are not serving the Lord, nor are your efforts acceptable to the Teacher. You are blocking the wheels of progressive thought and making the load heavier by your willful ways. You *must* lay aside the story sometime; and why not now? It will save you time and chagrin. Clergymen urge you to be true to the absurdity, and pile up testimony in behalf of its acceptance; but is it not better to listen to the instruction of a spirit who comes to you through love than to be guided by a priest who is sworn to uphold the tenets of his church? Allow them who reason to answer. There is in history no more beautiful and perfect pattern of manhood than Jesus, and why the church desires to perpetuate a falsehood concerning his birth and resurrection surpasses ordinary understanding. Your own birth and resurrection are like unto his—no less mysterious; no less beautiful; but your lives are less just and your sympathy and love narrowed by creeds and dominated by men of iron will. The truth will make you free. Nothing else will; and if, by coming from the spirit world, I can release one soul from the false teachings that embarrass and confuse, I shall feel that my visit has not been in vain. Affectionately, YOUR GRANDSIRE AND GUIDE.

Archbishop Riordan on Education.

Archbishop Riordan is reported, in the *Chronicle* of May 18, to have said, in substance:

"The dangers surrounding us [meaning the Catholic Church] are that we [the people] prefer to do our own thinking; to shape the conditions of life to suit ourselves; to follow no one but ourselves. This is now a popular doctrine. There is still another danger: An atheistic principle underlies our system of education. What I mean is that no man or woman who teaches in our public schools dare say there is a God—dare say that a child has an immortal soul—without violating a law of the system and provoking a charge of sectarianism. Atheism and Agnosticism are in our midst. These are the dangers which surround us. Let us make the young fully understand them. If our faith is divine, if it is imposed upon us by a superior, we have a duty: to believe, and to profess it. Strange doctrines are afloat, and men are drifting. We, who belong to the great historic church, must make some sacrifice for our children, to see that they take our places and hand down the precious heritage we give. Pray that what I have done to-day may be a good and perfect work."

The "work" referred to as having been done by Mr. Riordan was the confirming of 200 American children in the Roman Catholic faith—a faith that undertakes to make each one of these 200 American children a confirmed mental slave to a church dogma—an obedient servile pupil under the exclusive tutelage of Roman Catholic priests; and if the previous parochial school training had wiped out of the children's minds every vestige of individual independence and self-reliance, then the cementing process, called confirmation, will have proved the "good and perfect work" prayed for, and Mr. Riordan may reasonably expect that every one of the 200 children will grow up as specially favored men and women of the republic, in comparison with the ordinary common American child, who is simply educated a free thinker in a free public school. Mr. Riordan knows, or at least ought to know, that it is only actual knowledge that will stand the test for all time, and work to the best interest of all mankind. Time and natural change go on, and all faith structures run up without foundation facts to rest upon are bound to topple over. Mr. Riordan admits that the Catholic Church is getting top-heavy when he says that there is danger surrounding us. As long as priestcraft held the masses in child-like ignorance, danger was not apparant; but when education spread its wings and sailed around the world, Popery reluctantly admitted that Catholic education had become an unprayed-for necessity. With education, reason began to unfold; a mental spark lighted up the dark places along the pathway of faith, and the faithful began to discover that all the faith they ever had was Catholic priest knowledge, and all the knowledge they possessed was Catholic Church faith. Catholic Priest education turns out a human production something like well-made beer kegs: They show sound heads, smooth bodies, iron-bound, air-tight, and hollow inside, and are warranted to hold what is put in, and to keep out everything else. The finishing touches are put on when they are "confirmed," with a bung-hole through which to put the priestly stuffing in.

We are making war upon all iron-bound, air-tight, bung-holed religious institutions from the standpoint that Mr. Riordan condemns, namely, that of doing our own thinking, and from the standpoint of practical Spiritualism, which he may have referred to when he said, "Strange doctrines are afloat, and men are drifting."

That a heavenly monarch in a former age appointed certain men to rule as kings, and selected a hereditary line of priests, giving them sole authority to teach concerning a future life, is one of the pernicious doctrines that American republicanism and Modern Spiritualism have completely exploded. We have found the ability and authority within mankind to rule themselves, and we are daily finding thousands of men and women endowed with qualities capable of demonstrating immortality as an actual fact, and presenting to mortal minds the philosophical relations existing between the present and future state of life. This is particularly an age which affords great encouragement to men and women who dare to do their own thinking, follow no one but themselves, shape the conditions of life to suit themselves, stand ready to take upon themselves the sole responsibility of their own acts, educate themselves, govern themselves, ask for no prayers, and receive no benedictions.

W. W. JUDSON.

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER V.

Come we now to the time when the preliminary steps in the movement that culminated in the dissociation of Spiritualism from occultism or theosophy were instituted. So far forth there had been nothing published by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott in contravention of the Spiritualistic doctrine, that all genuine phenomena produced by spiritual beings were due to the action of the disembodied spirits of human beings who had inhabited a material body on this or some other planet; and both Blavatsky and Olcott had repeatedly ascribed the spiritual manifestations to the influence and operations of human spirits, without reference to any other kind of "spirits," so-called. The first intimation of the doctrine that another class of spirits than the purely human was concerned, that I have been able to find, occurs in a letter from Col. Olcott, in the *Sp. Sc.*, June 3, 1875, p. 154: "If the Spiritualists," said he, "want to go on another twenty-seven years, swallowing everything that is put into their open mouths by false mediums and giggling, elementary spirits, let them do so." No explanation is given here as to the nature of "elementary spirits," but in the *Sp. Sc.*, July 22, 1875, p. 236, we have an explanation by Mme. Blavatsky of the character of said "spirits." We are told that the Jews divide the elementary spirits into four classes,—those of the air, the water, the fire, and minerals, and that the Oriental philosophy teaches us that there are seven spheres, of which our earth is the fourth; that the first three spheres are inhabited by elementary or future men, and, until they become such men they are [not?] beings with immortal souls in them; that every one of them has the chance of being reborn on this "fourth sphere," and so become endowed by the Immortal One (God) with a portion of his boundless self; that here, on our planet commences the spiritual transition from the Infinite to the Finite of the elementary matter that first proceeded from God, and "thus begins the immortal man to prepare for Eternity." In addition she informs us in the same article that the elementary spirits, so often mistaken in Modern Spiritualism for the unprogressed spirits of the dead, "stand in relation to our planet as we stand in relation to the Summer Land;" that the residents of this earth are to the elementaries as "disembodied spirits," just as the souls of the dead who have left the earth are "disembodied spirits" to us; that if the elementaries are as yet devoid of immortal souls, they are gifted with instinct and craft, and we seem as little material to them as the spirits of the fifth sphere seem to us; and that with our passage into each subsequent sphere we throw off something of our primitive grossness. According to this, the elementaries of the third sphere, at death, are born into this world, the fourth sphere, and then, when they die here, they are born into the fifth sphere, the spirit-world or summer-land. In the same number of the *Sp. Sc.* p. 234, in an editorial evidently written by Col. Olcott, appears the following: "We believe that Modern Spiritualism has long been drifting towards perdition, and is now being sucked into the vortex of falsehoods and evil passions where, unless now arrested, it will make its final plunge. . . . We wait to see an uprising of the whole body of Spiritualists, to sweep out of their connection every juggling medium, and to subjugate every elementary spirit who now lurks, unsuspected, about our circles, and controls our genuine mediums to do and say shameful things. . . . It is the self-imposed mission of this journal to try to point out the right path to the great multitude of spiritual investigators and believers, and do its part . . . in helping on the good work in which, for many years, in many countries, this devoted Russian lady [Mme. H. P. B.] has been engaged."

In the *Sp. Sc.*, July 15 and 22, 1875, pp. 217, 218, 224, 236, 237, was published a long article by Mme. Blavatsky, on Rosicrucian-

ism and the Cabala, in which was given in a crude and ill-digested manner a sketch of the system of "Occultism which she was desirous of attaching to Spiritualism. As yet the Madame protested herself a true Spiritualist, and lauded Spiritualism as the world's saviour. This article was simply a rehash of the writings upon Magic of Eliphas Levi, and of Des Mousseaux, and Hargrave Jennings's "Rosicrucians." In it the Madame disclaims any authority as a teacher, calling herself "poor, ignorant me," and states that she desired simply to tell a little of the little she picked up in her long travels in the East. The statement that she derived any of this article from "the East" is untrue; the whole of it was taken from European books. Among other things she declares that from her "personal knowledge" (?) regular colleges for the neophytes of the secret science of Cabalism exist in India, Asia Minor, and other countries. She also says that in Asia Minor is still located the first lodge of Rosicrucians ever established; and that the only existing copy of the original Oriental Cabala is preserved at the headquarters of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood in the East. This mysterious Lodge, she says, though doubted, still exists, and it has lost none of the primitive power of the ancient Chaldeans. And again, referring to the complete Cabala being in possession of a few Oriental philosophers, she adds, "Such a body exists, and . . . the location of their Brotherhoods will never be revealed to other countries, until the day when humanity shall awake in a mass from its spiritual lethargy, and open its blind eyes to the dazzling light of Truth. A too premature discovery might blind them, perhaps forever." We have seen, in a former chapter, that the adepts were located by Olcott and Blavatsky in Egypt, and now we have the grand headquarters of Oriental Occultism located somewhere in Asia Minor. As yet the great Tibetan Brotherhood of adepts had not been evolved in the scheming brain of the founder of theosophy. References are made to secret colleges in India, but Tibet is never mentioned. In this same article, Mme. B. remarks, "As a practical follower of Eastern Spiritualism, I can confidently wait for the time, when, with the timely help of those 'who know,' American Spiritualism . . . will become a science and a thing of mathematical certitude instead of being regarded only as the crazy delusion of epileptic monomaniacs." By "those who know," it is presumed that the Madame means herself and Col. Olcott; since those two had secured possession of the *Spiritual Scientist*, and therein announced the intention to purify Spiritualism and place it on a scientific (!) occultic basis. The Spiritualism and the Occultism taught by the Madame from 1875 to 1878 had nothing specifically "Eastern" about them; they were a combination of European and American elements. To call them "Eastern" and "Oriental" was a trick of the Madame's, throwing an air of mystery over the matter; but in place of being Oriental, everything of moment in her doctrines at that time was copied from current American, English, and French literature.

In the *New York Tribune* of August 30, 1875, was published a very important letter from Col. Olcott, written in rejoinder to a review of his "People from the Other World," in the *Tribune* of July 13, 1875. In this letter the Colonel says, "*The World*, reviewing my book, calls me a 'Spiritualist,' and so have other papers, whereas nothing could be more opposed to the truth. If to have long acknowledged that phenomena occur in the presence of mediums which are not the effects of legerdemain, and to admit that they rooted fast and strong my faith in God and my soul's immortality, makes me a Spiritualist, then I have been one for many years; but if to discredit nearly every theory of spirit communication, existence, and employment advanced by the recognized leaders of that people since the Hydesville epiphany; if to dissent from their views upon social questions, to have no faith in the uniform integrity of mediums, and the truthfulness of their familiar spirits, is to be the opposite, then, *The World*, *The Graphic*, and other journals have falsely stigmatized me." Succeeding this the Colonel, in speaking of Albertus

Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Nostradamus, Paracelsus and Girolamo Cardano remarks as follows: "In the works of these Occultists will be found . . . a philosophy to account for the strange phenomena of the ancient adepts and our modern mediums. If I had been familiar with these authorities when I wrote that book ["People Oth. W'd."] my treatment of the subject would have been quite different, for I should not have had to grope my way blindfold towards the truth." And then he goes on to say, "Suppose I should tell you that, in a most unexpected way and at a most fortuitous time, I had come into contact with living persons who could do, and had in my presence done the very marvels that Paracelsus, Albertus and Appollonius are accredited with; and that it was shown to me that all these seeming miracles of the circles are no miracles at all, but natural manifestations of absolutely natural law; that man has dominion over the powers of nature by right of his immortal soul's divine parentage; that the 'spirits' which produce nine-tenths of the genuine 'manifestations' are not the spirits of men or women from this earth, but something quite different, and something that does not inhabit our future world, nor stroll with us among the asphodels; that the wise, the pure, the just, the heroic souls who have passed on before us into the Silent Land cannot and do not come back to spout sapphics through scrub-women, nor swing through the air on a spiritual trapeze at the bidding of poverty-stricken mediums, for the delectation of the gaping crowd."

Now, the writings of Albertus Magnus and the other noted occultists named by Col. Olcott do not contain a philosophy accounting for the phenomena of mediumship; and it is evident from the subsequent writings, both of Olcott and Blavatsky, that neither of them had at that time ever seen the works of said occultists. So, when the Colonel wrote in such a manner as to make his readers believe that he was familiar with these writings, he indulged in deliberate deception. His sole authorities for his occultic theories were Mme. Blavatsky and Eliphas Levi, both of the nineteenth century; but for the sake of appearances, and to mislead the public, instead of naming his real teachers and masters, he talked loudly, with a pretense of learning, of the works of famous magicians and alchemists of the Middle Ages,—works the contents of which were a sealed letter to him, and concerning which he knew next to nothing. He also romances extravagantly when he says that he has seen performed by Mme. Blavatsky the very marvels that Paracelsus, Albertus and Appollonius are accredited with. Either the Colonel did not know the character of the marvels accredited to these occultists, or he knowingly misrepresented the case. The alleged marvels which he has published as being done by Mme. B., in his presence, do not at all correspond to those accredited to these occultists of antiquity, nor, so far as I have ever heard or seen, has she ever claimed to perform such feats of magic. The recklessness, inaccuracy, and misleading character of the Colonel's statements in this *Tribune* letter have been characteristic of his writings on occultic subjects from that day to this.

In the *Tribune* of September 17, 1875, Col. Olcott published a second letter, from which I extract the following: "My [former] letter was intended to convey the impression that a majority of the phenomena attributed to *disembodied human spirits* were, in fact, due to another class of beings,—beings who do not partake of our future existence, who have intelligence and craft, but not yet that immortal breath of God which we call the soul, and the Occultists, the Augoeides (Aigo eides)—in short to the 'Elementary Spirits.' . . . They bear about the same relation to man as he exists upon this and other inhabited planets as the sketch of the artist to the finished painting. They are the emanations of matter, thrown off in the effort of Mother Nature to produce her noblest offspring—the sentient human being. . . . These 'Elementary Spirits' might better be called embryonic or rudimentary men, than what they are, by the Occultists, for they are in truth the fetuses of the future human being, waiting in the womb of our

common mother to be born upon this sphere, where their progress towards the perfection of microcosmic development begins. . . . Having no souls they have no consciences, and being thus devoid of moral restraint, lend themselves as readily and innocently to frivolous and false manifestations as to what is sober and true. They know only what they see in the minds of the persons interrogating the medium, and so answer fools according to their folly, seconding every crazy scheme propounded to them, and make themselves for the moment whatsoever historic figure or personal friend the enquirer desires to have speech with. . . . After making allowance for all that these elementary spirits do, there appears to be a large residuum of real apparitions, who give genuine messages through mediums. . . . They appear to be persons of two or three different classes; as for instance: 1. The depraved, criminal, or grossly materialistic spirits, whose attractions are all for the earth, its coarse atmosphere, its turmoil, riches, pleasures, hatreds, strife, ambitions—in which their fancy revels and wallows as that of the . . . glutton's over a rich feast; 2. Less frequently, the pure and good, who are drawn to those they left behind by the irresistible magnet of love; 3. Rarest of all, the statesmen and the grand souls who may be sent or otherwise attracted to operate, through subordinate agencies, for the good of society and the amelioration of the race."

In the *Sp. Sc.*, Sept. 16, 1875, p. 18, in an editorial, no doubt written by Col. Olcott, it is stated that "for the first time in the history of American Spiritualism, the minds of thoughtful and educated men are turning towards the ancient writers, in the hope of finding in their works an explanation of its familiar phenomena. Before long we shall see reprints and translations of Paracelsus, Hermes, Philalethes, Fludd, Cornelius Agrippa, De Foe, Glanvil, Villars, the Modern Eliphas Levi, and other writers upon true Magic crowding our present sloppy and sentimental literature out of the market." Again does Col. Olcott refer to a number of authors, whose works it is very unlikely that he had ever seen, those of Eliphas Levi excepted. In none of these works, those of Eliphas Levi excepted, is anything given resembling an explanation of modern spiritualistic phenomena. Moreover, no reprints or translations of any of these books were published soon after, nor have any of them ever been published by the Theosophical Society, Mme. Blavatsky, or Col. Olcott. A large number of books have been published by the Theosophical Society in India, England, and America; but not one of those named above can be found among them unless we except a single pamphlet containing the "Unpublished Works of Eliphas Levi." An attempt to publish one of Cornelius Agrippa's works in the *Sp. Sc.*, in 1876, proved a dire failure; while the attempt of George Redway, the London publisher, a few years ago, to republish the leading works of the European Occultists met with similar failure. One of Eugenius Philalethes's works was republished by Redway, which met with such little success that the project for the publication of the whole line of such mystical rubbish was abandoned. In the *Sp. Sc.*, Sept. 23, 1875, pp. 25-27 is an eulogium of Cabalistic Occultism by Mme. Blavatsky, based on the writings of Eliphas Levi. In it she prudently declines to name any particular book as best to be studied by enquirers in Occultism. At this time the only textbooks, so to speak, on Occultism of which she had any practical knowledge, were the works of Eliphas Levi; and of course she did not wish her readers to become familiar with the general contents of that author's books, as they would thereby discover the sources of her own theories, ideas, and even language on this subject. As illustrative of her plagiarism from this writer at this time, note the following: In her article in the *Sp. Sc.*, Sept. 23, 1875, she remarks as follows: "In order to be initiated into the Cabala, it would not be sufficient to understand and meditate on certain authors! Galatinus and Pic de la Mirandola, Paracelsus and Robertus de Fluctibus do not furnish one with the key to the practical mysteries. . . . One must understand the Hebrew authors, such as Sepher Jezirah, for instance; learn by heart the

great book of the *Sohar* in its original tongue; master the *Cabala Denudata*, from the collections of 1684 (Paris); follow up the Cabalistic Pneumatics at first, and then throw oneself headlong into the turbid waters of that mysterious unintelligible ocean, called the Talmud." Compare this with the following passage in "The Mysteries of Magic, a digest of the writings of Eliphas Levi," by A. E. Waite, London, 1886, p. 18: "To be initiated into the Kabbalah, it is insufficient to read and digest the writings of Reuchlin, Galatinus, Kircher, or Mirandola; it is needful also to study the Hebrew writers in the collection of Pistorius, the Sephex Jezirah above all. . . . We must also master the great book of the *Sohar* in the collection of 1684, entitled *Cabala Denudata*, the treatise on Kabbalistic Pneumatics . . . ; then enter boldly the luminous obscurity of the whole dogmatic and allegorical substance of the Talmud." We thus see that Mme. B.'s instructions to students of Occultism were stolen bodily from Eliphas Levi. Not one of the books mentioned by her had she ever seen; and had she seen them she could not have read them, being written in Latin and Hebrew; and to this day her knowledge thereof has been derived at second and third hand,--from quotations therefrom found in other writers, and from some recent translations of portions of some of them. In this same article she says that "the ablest book that was ever written on Symbols and Mystic Orders, is most certainly Hargrave Jennings' 'The Rosicrucians.' The truth is that Jennings' 'Rosicrucians' is one of the most trashy, unreliable, and misleading books ever published. The probable reason the Madame styled this book 'the ablest' is this: it was, doubtless, the only one she had ever seen of that character at that time, and in her profound ignorance, not being competent to determine its true character, she deemed it the ablest of books on the points treated. As evidence of her Spiritualistic belief, real or pretended, at this time, it is noteworthy that in the *Sp. Sc.*, July 15, 1875, p. 218, she advances as her opinion that Jesus of Nazareth appeared to Rosencrans (Rosencreutz?) the alleged founder of Rosicrucianism, as a "materialized spirit."

In the *Banner of Light*, Sept. 4, 1875, pp. 2, 3, was published a letter from Col. Olcott, occupying five columns, descriptive of the mediumship of Mrs. Mary Baker Thayer. In the head lines we read, "The Most Astonishing Mediumship Yet!" and in the body of the narratives are detailed accounts of flowers, birds, plants, and butterflies having been brought, through closed doors and solid walls, to the sitters at Mrs. Thayer's seances. Col. Olcott endorsed the genuineness of the phenomena, and said that he detected no attempt at trickery during his experiments with her extending over five weeks. That the so-called "manifestations" of Mrs. Thayer were fraudulent is well established. I have received evidence from several sources, giving proofs of her frauds. She was watched in Philadelphia, and was seen to purchase the flowers, birds, etc., which were alleged to have been brought by spirit-power to her circles.

In an article in the *Sp. Sc.*, July 22, 1875, pp. 236-237, Madame Blavatsky states that "an initiate of the secret science or a true Spiritualist" will never fear death; "for both . . . have lifted the veil of Isis, and the great problem is solved by both, in theory and in practice."

About this time there was published by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, the distinguished Spiritualistic lecturer and medium, a work called "Art Magic: Mundane, Sub-mundane, and Super-mundane Spiritualism." This work was asserted to be the production of a friend of Mrs. Britten, a foreigner, afterwards called "Chevalier De B."--the MS. having been revised and edited by Mrs. Britten. It professed to explain the origin of creation and of all religious systems. It defined the Occultists' belief in sub-mundane or elementary spirits; in Super-mundane or Planetary spirits; and ranged between them, the realm of humanity with its spheres of communicating human spirits. The edition was announced as limited to 500 copies, to be sold to advance subscribers, of which the present writer was one. Not long after the pub-

lication of this book, a second one from the same pen was issued, called "Ghost Land." It purported to be a series of autobiographical sketches of the author, devoted principally to narratives of his remarkable occultic experiences, many of which were of a very extraordinary character.

To be Continued.

Little Flo's Letter.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo.
And she wanted it brought to the table
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait for awhile," said grandma,
In answer to her plea,
For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, grandma?"
Asked Flo in great surprise.
"Oh, my! but isn't it funny?"
No teeth--but nose and eyes?
I guess [after thinking gravely]
They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some, like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not!"

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper and pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying: "Don't talk to me;
If you do it'll stop my think!
I'm writing a letter, grandma,
To send away to-night;
And 'cause it's very 'portant
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished--
A wonderful thing to see--
And directed to "God in Heaven."
"Please read it over to me,"
Said little Flo to her grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know,"
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God--the baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toofies
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter
A-purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.

That's all. From LITTLE FLO.

Whate'er in nature is thine own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And like thy shadow follow thee.

—Emerson.

We do our nature wrong,
Neglecting over long
The bodily joys that help to make us wise;
The ramble up the slope
Of the high mountain cope;
The long day's walk, the vigorous exercise,
The fresh, luxurious bath,
Far from the trodden path,
Or 'mid the ocean waves dashing with harmless war,
Lifting us off our feet upon the sandy shore.

—Wordsworth

Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

In some pagan countries the people make idols of their idiots. In Christian countries they sometimes make ministers of them—Talmage, for instance, who doesn't know enough to comprehend the difference between a "live preacher"—as he calls himself—and a jumping-jack.

Now that the California law requires murderers to be executed in the "State Prison, the Prison Directors have voted \$50 per month to Rev. Father Lagan for services to be rendered as "spiritual adviser" to the Catholic convicts at San Quentin. In his application for remuneration, Father Lagan says: "The law will cause every murderer—at least every Catholic one—to be under my care continually six weeks or longer to prepare his soul for eternity." He also says: "Most of the prisoners here are Catholics, and they require much of my time, which entails a loss to the people of my parish." This is a frank admission, but it was perhaps necessary to secure the asked for aid. It is well that no one can say the murderers are Spiritualists. So far as known, not one is a Spiritualist or Freethinker.

The Postmaster of Cedar Falls, Iowa, recently had offered to him for mailing a copy of a little book called "The Holy Bible Abridged," containing extracts he deemed unfit for circulation, so he sent the book to the Postmaster-General, and asked if he could not refuse its transmission in the mail under the law against mailing obscene matter. "Wanamaker the Just" turned the book over to the Attorney-General for reply, and his Assistant wrote to the postmaster: "The volume is made up exclusively of reproductions of chapters and verses from the Bible, and we have not progressed here to the extent of regarding that sacred book as obscene or indecent. If the volume is offered to you for mailing you should take it without question." Since then "Holy John Wanamaker" has had sent to his office from various parts of the Union postal cards, on which are written choice passages of scripture for his edification.

Lord Gifford left to the University of Glasgow a bequest for the maintenance of lectures on the origin of religion, requesting lecturers to "treat the subject as a strictly natural science without reference to so-called miraculous revelation." The trust was accepted, and Max Muller appointed lecturer, but now some of the members of the Glasgow Presbytery do not want the kind of science Prof. Muller gives them, and an effort was recently made to have a committee appointed to ascertain the views of the lecturer, and the authority of the Senatus to accept the trust. A substitute for this resolution was adopted, 17 to 5, declaring that it is not the province of the Presbytery to express any opinion on the subject. But still the discussion goes on, the opponents of modern science affirming that the youth of the college are being led into error in regard to God, the universe and its physical development, the ideas of the lecturer being contrary to the fundamental doctrines of the church. And so the leaven is working on both sides of the ocean. There is a general feeling of unrest all over the civilized world, not only in the field of religious thought, but politically, industrially and socially.

Moses Hull is in a quandary—not a new one, but the same old question that has bothered him (and some others) for many years. He does not like to claim that he is a medium—one inspired by exalted beings of the higher life—lest he claim too much—more than the facts warrant; yet he does not like to disclaim spirit influences for fear he may do injustice to his risen friends, and there are times when he is almost sure that he is helped by them. Yet he (like some of the rest of us) has done foolish things in his life, and he thinks it cowardly and perhaps unfair to attribute his

follies to any being other than himself. He wants to "face the music," whatever it is, and to that end he says: "I am trying to sound the depth of my own spirit; by that means I may be able to account for many foolish things I have done in the past, and not a few that I may perpetrate in the future—things which I might otherwise lay at the door of unfleshed spirits." It would be a good thing if some other Spiritualists all of us know well would make the same laudable effort; then, whether they ascertain the fact or not, let them not be too ready to attribute every vice or weakness to the spirits. That is too much like the Christians, who want to throw the effect if not the cause of their sins on to Jesus.

The Illinois Senate has passed the bill making it a misdemeanor subject to fine or imprisonment to "personate the spirit of a deceased person," or "by trick, device, or mechanical contrivance, present anything to represent the spirit of a deceased person." Final vote has not yet been taken in the Lower House. Such a law would be all right, if it were properly administered in the courts, but experience proves that a majority of judges would hold that *any* alleged materialization falls under the head of fraud (trick, device or personation), "materialization" being, in their estimation, a physical impossibility. Mr. Bundy is undoubtedly honest in advocating the passage of such a law, while some of its opponents are also undoubtedly dishonest. The bogus materializers do not want their profitable business interfered with, and they join the honest Spiritualists in opposing the proposed enactment. It is not pleasant to travel in bad company, but in view of the almost evident result of such a law, I, for one, prefer to act with tricksters in opposing it, rather than with honorable men in its favor. The bill, if passed, will subject honest mediums to gross injustice, and I believe it is better to allow ten guilty to escape than to injure one who is innocent.

The spirit-answers to questions given in the *Banner of Light* through the mediumship of Mrs. M. J. Longley often contain valuable thought. The following brief extract gives a truth which all should heed:

"Psychometry teaches us that every individual impresses upon his spiritual atmosphere an indelible record of the experiences, events and associations that have come into his life, and they may be sensed, perceived and interpreted by those intelligences, either of earth or of the spirit-world, who are sufficiently unfolded to perceive and read them."

This is in accordance with the idea that in spirit life all will be known for what they are. There will be no deception there. Our souls will be an open book. We are a great deal better known even in this life than many of us are aware. Observing men, like Dr. Simms, read the inner life by outward signs as easily as most of us read a printed page, and much more correctly, for printers do sometimes lie. Intuitive souls also sense the true character of those into whose aura they come. We do not hide ourselves half as much as we think we do. It is not well to live for appearance's sake. We should try to be that which we would appear to be. It becomes every one to make constant effort not only to live a pure life externally, but to keep the thought—the inner life—steadily in the line of right. If we are just to ourselves, helpful to others, ever kind to all, we will grow wiser and better, gradually advancing to a higher plane of living in *this* world. The other life will be all right if we take good care of this. Now I don't like moralizing. Words are cheap. I'd rather "live the life." Wouldn't you? Yes; but to talk is so easy, and to do sometimes so difficult. Let us bear with each other.

The *Nineteenth Century* has an article by H. H. Johnson, an African Explorer, who says that, although the Christian missions in Africa have converted comparatively few of the natives, the Christian converts number nearly all of the native rogues, thieves and drunkards in the colony. Some native Christians killed

other native Christians in a quarrel, and cooked and ate their bodies; but their native Christian pastor did not expel them from church privileges for it—he only suspended them. “I regret to say,” he adds, “that with very rare exceptions native African pastors, teachers and catechists are men possessing not a particle of true religion, and not even the sturdy, manly virtues of their savage forefathers.” Being a Christian himself, Mr. Johnson does not say, as well he might, that it is to the very worst people of every community that the Christian religion appeals most strongly. If there are anywhere wretches too mean and degraded to hope for salvation on their own merits, they are the fellows Christians offer the highest premium for. The merits of Jesus are sufficient. Good works are “filthy rags.” Murderers have a free pass to the happy land, where they sing praises to the Lord, while their unfortunate victims, cut off without absolution, must howl eternally in hell. Really, is this a fit religion to preach to intelligent people in the nineteenth century? No, it is a relic of barbarism; and, as the facts prove, it is not even fit for the savages of Africa or the thugs of India.

“Above all things, my dear, be ladylike—not only in manner, but in thought and occupation. You must know there is a great distinction between the sphere of a man and that of a woman. A true woman will never overstep the boundary that separates her life from his. Nature made man strong and brave for the work he has to do in the outside world, and woman delicate and refined for the position she is to fill as the high priestess of home.”

I presume the foregoing was written a hundred years ago, but it was only recently that I read it in the “Woman’s Column” of a literary journal under the head of “Letters to a Daughter.” There are still some women who think it unwomanly for a woman to earn her own living, and very ladylike to be supported by a man in return for her service as a wife and mother; but the number who hold to this old idea is rapidly decreasing. Parents are still anxious to see their grown-up daughters “advantageously married,” but parental anxiety is less now than it used to be when marriage was the aim (if not the virtual end) of a woman’s existence. Now women of character can make their own place in the world. If they wish to marry, they do so; if not they remain single, and it is nobody’s business but their own. They earn their living; and not being dependent, they need not be slaves. Thousands of women now enjoy the happy freedom which this sort of life gives, and they are not anxious to surrender it. The clinging vine idea is going out of date. Too many women have been left without support, and, falling, have been trampled in the dust, because they never learned anything except to cling to some man or to fall at his feet. They *are* learning now, and it is a good thing for man as well as woman.

Competition breeds hatred—hatred of the foreigner, hatred of one’s own kith and kin. War is the natural concomitant of competition. In an era of competition the most rapacious become the leaders. In an era of co-operation the most loving and lovable will be the leaders—the ones who do the most for their fellow-beings.—*Universal Republic*.

The worst effect of competition is that it fosters the meanest qualities of mankind and crushes the best. It makes it unsafe to be just; ruinous to be generous, and the height of folly to work for the interest of others. Most men are at heart a great deal better than they dare to be in practice under our damnable system. “Business is business.” Which means that business is heartless and soulless. It knows no pity; it is a stranger to sentiment; it ignores friendship; it is not honest; it is selfish, deceitful, treacherous; it is restrained by nothing but *policy*. The better nature of man finds no expression in “business.” The goodness of his heart shows itself only in times of temporary release from the trammels of trade. Amid the joys of home or the pleasures of social intercourse “Richard is himself again;” but in business he is under a devilish spell, which makes him such a coward that he dare not be a man. When engrossed in efforts to overreach others or to protect himself, nothing will arouse him from his

blind selfishness but the occurrence of a great calamity—some Johnstown disaster or Chicago conflagration. Then he forgets the ignoble part he is playing on the stage of life, and becomes for the time a man and a brother. At such times he acts out his real nature; at other times his life is controlled by the competitive system, and that has no use for mercy or justice.

J. W. Sullivan, assistant editor of the *Twentieth Century*, in commenting on an article by T. W. Higginson, says:

“There are a thousand good things to be said in praise of Socialism or Nationalism, as compared with the crushing and wearing methods of competition; but what the world is waiting for is the thinker who shall either show us how to reconcile the new system with human liberty, or else convince us that we can do without liberty.”

Messrs. Sullivan, Pentecost, Higginson and Spencer are but few among many who think they see in Socialism a menace to personal liberty. I, on the contrary, think I see in it the means of securing far greater personal freedom than man has ever known. It is the *competitive* system which crushes the life out of us all; which stifles liberty of thought and of action; which puts men into places they are unfit to fill, and denies to the individual the opportunity to do what instinct prompts and nature fits him to perform. All men are compelled by natural law to do what the exigencies of their position require. There is no escape from this law, and Socialists do not seek an escape from it, but they seek to change conditions. Under the competitive system men are the slaves of circumstances which they have little power to control. Under advanced Socialism the circumstances will be very different, while the power of individual control will be greatly increased. Labor will be more systematically performed than now when it is almost entirely hap-hazard. System involves direction; and direction implies some degree of obedience; but compliance with necessary requirements will, under Nationalism, be the interest of all, and therefore welcomed by all. It will be a privilege to be permitted to perform that which our own well-being demands and our highest duty dictates. We are *not* permitted to do it now. Society can be so arranged that there will be a continuous advance of all its members from the lowest grade to the highest, and it will be the pleasure (when it is the interest) of each to perform the duties of the position which his own qualifications and experience—not the arbitrary dictation of a superior—fit him for. As, under such a system, a person can earn a good living by two or three hours service each day, he will be wholly free during nine-tenths of the time, and will have much more control over the other tenth than most of us now have. If he is a student, an inventor, a writer, a lover of science, of music or the arts, or a seeker after that which is usually called pleasure (though *all* are pleasures) he will have far greater facilities for the gratification of his personal preferences than he can have, be he rich or poor, under the present social system. Suppose people receive for their service labor notes which will purchase all that money can now buy. To get the notes they must labor for them with head or hand, or both; but beyond this there need be no compulsion. They need not work when or where they do not wish; nor more than necessary to supply their wants. Unhealthy, unclean, or in any way uncongenial labor can be made attractive by lessening the time of service or increasing the pay. There will be no more practical difficulty in getting scavenger-work done than there is now. Some cranky people may even consider it an honor to be permitted to perform service not of itself attractive. The writer of these notes, for instance, had the privilege of acting for several months as swineherd on the farm of the Topolobampo Colony, and for some weeks he served as cook, table-waiter and dish-washer for the farm laborers; but he did not feel at all disgraced by his occupation, nor did he shrink from its performance. In fact, feeding the hogs was the easiest berth there was in the colony service, and it was a common remark (not a joke) that he was well fitted for the position. This reminds me that very nearly the same thing was said of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who served in a similar capacity at Brook Farm. Space will not permit me to continue this subject now.

General Directions for the Cultivation of Health.

BY DR. J. SIMMS.

Pure air is the first vital necessity; hence thoroughly ventilate both the sitting and the sleeping apartments. Be out of doors as much as possible, and never occupy a small room long at a time. Avoid malarious localities, but especially do not reside near a burying-ground or slaughter-house, an oil-refinery, or any other factories that emit foul odors.

By exercise increase the respiration, and sponge the whole body frequently with cold water, if possessed of animal heat enough to endure it; but if cold and weak, use tepid water. This will cause the skin to assume a healthy color as well as remove stiffness and eruptions from it. To the same end, if the skin seems out of order avoid animal-fat of all kinds, sweets, stimulants, and use chiefly fruits and vegetables.

Ride on horseback an hour daily, if possible, and frequently take pedestrian trips into the country; clamber up the hills and mountains; dance, run and roll about with a dog; avoid too close study, and shun the debauchery of sloth and inaction. Remember the physical laws of God are as sacred as the moral, and must be kept inviolate, in order to make the blood pure, and impart tone and vitality into the solids of the organization.

Regulate the dress with reference to health and comfort rather than appearance. Do not become a peripatetic museum of fashionable costumes. Remember that thin shoes help one on most rapidly to an early tomb. Many a man has taken cold by changing his boots for slippers on entering his home, and the cold has become a fever and ended his days. Underclothing, whether woolen, cotton, linen or silk, should be white, because it does not radiate the heat like colors, nor does it contain poisonous matters, as some colors do, to the great injury of the constitutions that are susceptible in this respect.

Sleep.—Take as much of this real balm as possible. Endeavor to keep the mouth closed, especially when sleeping, both to prevent nightmare, and because the mouth, more rapidly than the nose, inhales poisonous vapors and exhalations. If liable to somnambulism or insomnia, eat something light before retiring, and as far as possible rub the body all over with the hand, or a flesh brush. Adopt the habit of Dr. John Hunter, the celebrated Scottish surgeon, whose practice was to indulge in half an hour's sleep daily after dinner. Dr. Willard Parker, a talented surgeon of New York, allowed nothing to prevent his sleeping one hour after dinner. Reader! do thou the same. If the stomach is weak sleep in a reclining posture in a soft, large arm chair. Those who have strong stomachs experience no inconvenience from a recumbent posture. Dr. Abernethy, the famous physician to the Prince of Wales, always threw himself on the hearthrug for a snooze after dinner, and refused even to his Royal Highness to elevate himself until he completed his siesta. But remember to allow no new pleasing thoughts to fascinate the mind before the bed hour.

Overwork and constant thought must, if possible, be avoided, the cowardly rascal disease seizing first and chiefly the weak parts of the body, to preclude which one should endeavor to keep every organ, but specially the blood itself, in a strong and vitalized condition. If the memory begins to fail, the strength to decline, the mind to wander, change the place of residence and mode of living; take a lesson from migratory birds; seek a cooler climate in summer and a warmer in winter; eat and drink what agrees best with the stomach, and thou wilt find thy symptoms more tending towards soundness and health.

Cultivate a kind and virtuous disposition. Bear in mind that the possession of fear and anger weakens the heart, deranges the nervous system, impedes perspiration, hinders the proper action of the bowels, and prevents healthful secretions and excretions throughout the entire frame. With an adamant will determine to gain a perfect command over the angry passions; resolve to conquer every fear, and allow no weakening gloom or extreme anxiety to burrow

within. As strenuous exertion is required to break an ugly colt, so does it demand unyielding resolution to man the fractious spirit. Sadness vanish, but hope and joy cultivate; for these exert a pre-eminent power in preserving health and longevity as well as worldly prosperity and advancement. The cause of life-force is, however, cheerfulness, and also its consequence, and will be promoted by all the means already mentioned. To these may be added, although already implied: keep much in the sunlight; avoid dark, dank and ill-ventilated places, eschewing all useless demands on the vital forces, and cherishing the hope of a happy immortality. So may health shed its ennobling influence over many years of useful and health-inspiring life.

Gems from "The World's Advance Thought."

POVERTY is considered a disgrace by this generation, when the fact is that riches are a disgrace under these present systems. A man's poverty is more likely to be an evidence of his honesty in these times and great wealth is positive proof of dishonesty and greed. "Blessed are ye poor," was intended by the Christ as a commendation of virtue, for no one who really seeks to lift the burdens off his fellow-men can amass great riches.

The folly of making money the standard of excellence is in nothing more apparent than in the exalting and worshiping of men who possess it that we would censure and be ashamed to associate with if they were poor. The possession of money not only makes meanness acceptable, but in a rich man it is often classed above the virtues, if through its exercise he has acquired wealth. It is considered a disgrace to be poor, because in this age man is estimated according to his wealth rather than his worth. It is evident that all who prize wealth above worth, no matter what religious belief they profess, are matter-bound, for none who know of the continuity of spiritual life would waste their time and impoverish their spiritual being by trying to lay up matter treasures.

THE desire for change and variety is an indication of the growth of intelligence. This is one of the reasons of the great rush to the cities. The more ignorant the man the more satisfied he is with a monotonous life and occupation. The man who boasts of never having left his native village is generally low in the scale of intelligence. Cities are centers of progress, therefore attract the most enterprising as a rule. Cities are mile-stones on the road to co-operation.

No one but a rank Materialist can endorse capital punishment. Whatever his religious label may be, a man who is willing to condemn another to death is not a believer in the teachings of Jesus, for he tells him that "he that thinketh an evil has already committed it." The Materialist who believes that all there is of life is in the matter body, and that death is utter annihilation, is the only one who can favor the killing of criminals.

GENERALLY, when the working men combine to ask for twenty-five per cent. increase in wages, it is called conspiracy, but when the employers combine, in trusts, to charge the people from twenty-five to one hundred per cent. more for their wares it is considered legitimate business.

To hamper the people with more and more laws as they grow, is to create deformities. Symmetry is obtained by freedom of action of all the members of the body.

We are always making character, both our own and others', either for good or for evil. By the emotions we cherish, by the desires we indulge, and by the actions which respond to them, we are steadily building up our own. Every hour we are adding stone upon stone, either for strength and beauty or for weakness and deformity; and, willingly or not, we thus help to form the characters of those around us.



POETRY

Written for The CARRIER DOVE.

Madeline.

BY MARY BAIRD FINCH.

In the white house, 'mid the locust trees,
Dwelt Madeline in a life of ease;

And the days slipped by in a summer dream,
'Till the tempter glide'd down the stream,

But fled ere Madeline wore his name,
And how should sorrow hide her shame?

Her sisters turned their hearts away
When she knelt at night to weep and pray.

The mother, proud of her noble line,
Worshipped her gold at Fashion's shrine,

And drove her daughter into the lane
When the night was black with a storm of rain.

Her only shelter low, dark and rude,
Near the cornfield's yellow plentitude,

The cabin that brought to pioneers
Their wedding chimes and funeral tears.

Here Madeline lived and wept alone,
While the whole world seemed a heart of stone.

She dreamed of the lover—where was he?
And 'bided her day of agony.

While there on her pillows pale she lay,
Her guest was grief, who had come to stay,

And none but her gray-haired father knew
Of the broken heart still warm and true.

He kissed her tears and held her hand,
With a love that mothers should understand—

The one true friend by her lonely bed,
To bless the young babe's guiltless head;

Brought fruits and flowers for her tearful needs,
And bettered the race by his golden deeds.

Love, wandering afar on rosy wings,
Had naught for the erring heart but stings.

While flitting east or flying west,
He saw but a lone bird's widowed nest.

* * * * *

His mother—ne'er boy had a nobler one—
Interceding with the wayward son,

Told of Madeline's dreary days,
Praising her sweet, home-keeping ways;

How the log-house changed with its walls of white
Whose door-yard flowers forgot her blight;

Of her brown eyes filling with helpless tears
When she thought of life and its hopeless years;

Her pitiful care, the nameless child,
Who soon might learn her fate beguiled.

Of Madeline, waiting for him to name
The innocent one—their bond of blame;

And "Man is strong and should not fear
To be the shield of the stricken deer.

Now be, O boy, true son of mine,
And right the wrong done Madeline

As far as one can right a crime
That may prove a bane 'till the end of time;

For these children reap the deeds of ours
In foulest weeds or fairest flowers."

* * * * *

When April came, with her sobbing breeze,
A horseman stops 'neath the locust trees.

Madeline, crowned with a wife's own grace,
Has a light divine on her suffering face,

And the child is sheltered in loving arms,
And a new home claims her infant charms,

When the mother proud brought proffered hands,
With a love but measured by golden bands.

But the grand old father, man and king,
Had a soul outside the wedding-ring—

Love for Madeline, hope for the race,
A woman's heart 'neath the strong man's face,

While he held that motherhood should be
The star of our lost humanity;

That the wounded world had felt the shame
From the blot that falls on a woman's name,

To cherish the weak in their utmost need,
Be the yea and yea of a better creed.

CLEARWATER, Neb., Feb. 14, 1891.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

To a Weary Pilgrim.

BY RAYMONDE.

Life is dark, and there are many
Groping on the toilsome way,
Borne to earth with heavy burdens
Born of man's untutored mind.
Crushed are mortals with injustice;
Bruised hearts find no relief
Till they call aloud to heaven,
And an angel answers low;

"Suffering friends, be comforted;
Lowly birth and pinching want
Are not God's decree of anger;
They are only worldly frowns.
If below thou art deprived
Of the bounties of the earth,
Be not sad nor sorrow minded;
Thou shalt have what thou hast earned."

If thy brother dare to plunder
Ye who wear no earthly crest,
He will suffer for the trespass
When adown he lays the spoils.
Naked all are ushered hither,
Rich and poor, the great and small,
But the cloak of love and justice
Will not fit the selfish soul.

Ye who toil and struggle daily
'Gainst the tide of human want,
If thou art despised, maltreated,
For a cause thou dost not know,
Thou must not become rebellious,
Thou must not despise in turn;
Nobly lift thy soul to heaven,
Let the angels soothe thy pain.

If the shafts of cruel slander
Pierce thy heart when sore distressed,
Seek ye not revenge and hatred;
Bow thy head till love returns.
Cling with fervor to kind promise,
Closer clasp seraphic hand.
God and angels ne'er remember
That which man in malice hints.

Do not keep thy spirit fettered
To thy body and the world.
Let thy mind be upward reaching,
And thy thoughts be true to God.
So will thou forget past sorrow
In the fullness of his land,
Where all efforts are availing
That aspire to reach His hand.

Oh, brothers, need we marvel if love turn
To lust, and loss, and foul satiety?
If wealth grow vain, and pleasures pleasureless,
And fame mean dust and ashes, and e'en God
A mere intangible shadow, while men strive
Alone for personal joys, forgetting man?

Written for The Carrier Dove.

To My Friend.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I have a friend I love to meet,
So good and true, and pure and sweet,
She always looks so nice and neat;
Her name I shall not tell.

She's charming both in form and face;
Her movements are unstudied grace;
In all things, sure, we sweetness trace,
In this dear friend of mine.

Her disposition loving, kind,
And sunny sweet, with even mind,
To no one speaks a word unkind,
Her name I may not tell.

Her taste in dress I do admire,
So choice she is in her attire,—
Such pleasant thoughts she does inspire,
This treasured friend of mine.

With laughing eyes and saucy nose,
Her cheeks they vie with reddest rose,—
All colored they with nature's glows.
Her name I cannot tell.

You'll always know when she is near,
Her cheery laugh you're sure to hear,
It e'er rings out so sweet and clear,
This gleesome friend of mine.

Whene'er she laughs she does disclose
Such tiny teeth in pearly rows,
Their sight alone delight bestows.
Her name I must not tell.

Such pleasure 'tis with her to dance,
To meet her roguish, smiling glance,
My pleasure much it does enhance,
This winsome friend of mine.

She has such dainty little feet
That trip along o'er floor and street,
For beauty they are hard to beat.
Her name I will not tell.

She is not very large or tall,
In fact she is both cute and small;
"The Little Beauty" we may call
This lovely friend of mine.

Her lips so delicate and fine,
And every feature doth combine
To render her sweet face divine.
Her name I should not tell.

How pleasant 'tis to have this friend,—
A friendship true that may not end,
As through the world my way I wend
With this loved friend of mine.

Written for The Carrier Dove.

Never Give Up.

Inspiration While In Trouble.

BY MRS. M. J. HENPEE.

Never give up, tho' tempests assail you;
Never give up while there is life to save,
But stick to the last; let not courage fail you;
While there is life there is hope for the brave.

Never give up, tho' friends should provoke you;
Never give up, nor despair for the right;
For honor and truth are the guardians of virtue,
And they will sustain you with hope ever bright.

Never give up when thy pathway is darkened;
Never give up, tho' death knocks at your door,
But strive for the ray that illumines your pathway,
And trust in God's love he has promised the poor.

"Had I but gold I'd give it thee,
My sweet, coquettish lass."
"But gold you have not, sir," quoth she,
And I'm not fond of brass."

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Modern Prophecy.

Joseph Rodes Buchanan, whose remarkable article on the "Coming Cateclysm" in *The Arena* last August excited such wide-spread interest, has recently, in the *Banner of Light*, called attention to the fulfillment of some of his predictions. The cyclones of last summer fulfilled his prediction made in May; the wide-spread epidemics of Europe, Asia, and Africa were in accordance with his anticipations, and the uprising of the Labor Party presages the predicted downfall of the Republican organization. Concerning individuals whose demise he foretold, he says the Pope is now feebly approaching his end; Mr. Blaine is too ill to run as a Presidential candidate, and Harrison, who has a little longer lease of life, has no possibility of re-election. He refers to several similar predictions concerning the coming civil war in this country (1910 to 1916), among them that of a lady who, reading extracts from his article, states that the time assigned for the coming conflict is the same which has for many years been impressed on her mind with such irresistible power that she cannot doubt its truth. Another seer in Colorado has had the same future presented three times in vision, compelling belief. The majority of thinkers in this country realize that we are approaching a crisis. He intimates that denizens of the spirit world who, by the laws of nature, foresee future events, impress the minds of men, that great calamities may not come unaware. He says since his predictions were published he has learned of a remarkable prophecy made by a hermit in Germany many years ago, and published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of August, 1857. It predicted the most remarkable events that have occurred in Europe since that time, including the rise of Louis Napoleon, the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Russian wars, the Commune of Paris, the Turko-Russian war, and the fact that before the end of the century Germany would have three emperors within one year, all of which have been fulfilled. In reference to earthquake convulsions affecting New York City, Cuba, Florida and Lower California, the prediction is similar to that of Prof. Buchanan, but the latter thinks the German prophet exaggerates the destructive effect of the convulsion in New York.

In closing his article Mr. Buchanan predicts great financial embarrassment in Boston in July, August and September, with

fever epidemics and contagious diseases, also two large fires in Boston before the close of the year, the last of which, in the southwestern district, will extend as far north as the Spiritual Temple, but he does not think the temple will be destroyed. He promises soon to treat on the progress of religious ideas, and the career of the new sciences he is introducing in their bearing on accepted science, religion, and social progress.

No Spiritualist Need Apply.

Readers of the DOVE know that Mrs. E. L. Watson, the eloquent inspirational speaker, not long since was called to part from her son, who ascended to the higher life, leaving her with only such consolation as her knowledge of the truth can give. In her bereavement she sought to supply his place in a measure by adopting an orphan boy, and to that end applied to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society for the care of a child she found at the institution and was pleased with. She has a beautiful home in Santa Clara county; is herself a woman of culture and refinement, and of unblemished character, but because she is a Spiritualist, and would not pledge herself to take the boy to church and to Sabbath school every Sunday, her application was refused.

She then secured from various clergymen, teachers, editors, business men and many ladies of high character, letters of recommendation, and most urgent requests that she be permitted for the child's sake to provide for him, she having ample pecuniary means, and being desirous of aiding the child. The Board of Management were assured that the boy would have excellent moral training and the best educational facilities procurable. Still they refused. Mrs. Watson is a Spiritualist. That is reason enough for them; yet the constitution and by-laws of the society declare that sects are unknown in the institution; the State of California contributes to its support on the understanding that it is strictly non-sectarian, and Mr. Hawes, who gave \$400,000 for its endowment, selected that institution for his gift because of its unsectarian character. But women of the orthodox churches have control of it, and when asked by the President, Mrs. Barstow, "What is your religious belief?" Mrs. Watson replied, "I am a Spiritualist." That settled the question.

Annie Laurie, an attache of the *Examiner*, recently told the story of a poor woman whose husband had deserted her, leaving two young children for her to support. Being unable to procure employment while encumbered with children, she endeavored to secure their admission to an orphan asylum or children's home, and went the round of ten institutions before she found one where she could leave her children without paying more for their support than she could earn, and most of the matrons refused her application on any terms because her husband was a runaway instead of being dead, as he ought to be. At most of the places she was received with great coolness and indifference but the most heartless treatment she experienced, as might be expected, was at the hands of the matron of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, whose managers refuse to permit the adoption of a child by a Spiritualist.

Spiritualism in San Francisco.

Spiritualistic meetings are many and various in San Francisco. Besides the regular meetings of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, under the ministration of N. F. Ravlin, at Washington Hall, Sunday morning and evening, there is a meeting at the same hall in the afternoon, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. These were instituted June 21, by Dr. A. P. Miller, assisted by Professors Tatum and Abbott, Dr. Wood and Mr. Gore. The opening meeting was of unusual interest. Dr. Miller outlined the plan proposed, which is similar to that of the First Society of Spiritualists in New York City, the meetings to be opened by a brief address, followed by a conference, in which all who attend are free to take part. There are to be also tests for skeptics, psychometric delineations, spiritual experiences, phrenological examinations, character reading, music, recitations, etc. An admission of ten cents is to be charged to defray expenses. There are also Sunday evening meetings, by mediums, at other halls as follows: 105 and 111 Larkin street, 106 McAllister, and two at 909½ Market. In one of the front rooms at 909½ Market, Mrs. Logan has revived her "Circle of Harmony," which meets at 11 A. M., and has proved very interesting and attractive. She depends upon a collection to pay expenses, but may be compelled to charge an admission fee. Some Spiritualists seem to think that spiritual food is too sacred to be paid for, and that those who furnish it ought to be able to provide halls, furnish music, pay for advertising, and have money enough left to buy food and clothing for themselves.

The spiritual meetings referred to and the numerous public circles that are held by professional mediums in San Francisco are but the outward manifestations of increasing interest in this city. There are many private circles and much quiet inquiry in progress, which in time will add greatly to the number of those who do not hesitate to avow their convictions.

The Editorial "We."

ED. DOVE: Is it proper for an editor to use the editorial "we" in a card over his own signature? INQUIRER.

No; nor in correspondence; not even in editorials when referring to the personal acts of the editor. If the editor has occasion to refer to himself, he should do so in the third person, or—if he signs his name to the article—in the first person singular. Most journals represent some principle or policy, and it is this impersonal spirit of the journal which is indicated (or should be) by "we," "us," etc. The editorial "we" is often improperly used, but much less often now than formerly. Its frequent use, even when admissable, is avoided by all experienced journalists.

Marshal von Moltke is given the first place in the June number of the *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health*, with portrait. There are articles on "Practical Humanity," "The Necessity for Moral Education," "Notable People of the Day," "Answer the Child's Questions," and "Miss. Bridgman at a Kindergarten." The *Journal* is published monthly at 15 cents a number and \$1.50 per annum. Address Fowler & Wells Co., Publishers, 777 Broadway, New York.

The fourth volume of *The Arena* opens with that vim and vigor which has characterized this brilliant review from its inception. It has been observed that *The Arena* has steadily improved since its first appearance, and the June issue is no exception in this respect. The contributions are able and timely, and their authors embrace many of the best thinkers of the day. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, writes on "The Unknown." Julian Hawthorne contributes an admirable paper on "The New Columbus." Julius Chambers, the editor of the *New York World*, writes on "The Chivalry of the Press," a paper which will prove exceptionally interesting to newspaper men. A fine photogravure of Mr. Chambers accompanies his paper. B. O. Flower, whose portrait in steel forms a frontispiece of this number, contributes a paper on "Society's Exiles," which in a fascinating manner deals with the great problem of abject want in our cities. Ten photogravures made from flashlight photographs taken in the North End of Boston for this paper add to its interest. Prof. Joseph Rodes Buchanan appears in a paper of great strength entitled "Revolutionary Measures and Neglected Crimes." James Realf discusses "The Irrigation Problem in the Northwest." Prof. James T. Bixby writes on "Evolution and Christianity" from the standpoint of the higher criticism, and Rev. T. Ernest Allen discusses "Herbert Spencer's Doctrine of Inconceivability." The story and poem, a brilliant character sketch, together with the vigorous editorial notes, make up an exceptionally brilliant number.

Summerland has a new editor. The "opportune arrival" of Mr. Dwight Kempton, late of Michigan (sent for by the proprietor), enables Mr. Morton to retire (on his laurels) and to give his attention to his own affairs, which (being too much engrossed in other people's affairs) he has heretofore been unable to do. In his queer valedictory Mr. Morton makes the following very queer announcement:

"I desire to say that the words and unuttered waves of appreciation sent out to me have sustained and encouraged me to persevere under all unfavorable conditions."

If Mr. Morton had put *unuttered waves of appreciation* in italic the people of *Summerland*, who are aware of the "unfavorable conditions," would have given him credit for being a sly joker, if not an able editor. The "unuttered waves" were of the sort the Dutchman complained of after whipping his boy. One has to "read between the lines" sometimes to get at the truth.

The State and the college treat all their children alike; the curriculum is inflexible, and the stagnation of uniformity is often the result of their rigid rule. The child should be regarded as a distinct personality, and the education should be adapted to the nature of the one receiving it. Education is too often regarded as a purely mechanical process, the result of fitting together portions of grammar, arithmetic, etc., and later little bits of science and art. This is not education. It is repression. The soul of the subject is lost under the piles of rubbish that are thrown over it. To educe (to educate) means to draw out. If you would secure originality in the child, seek to develop the germ. In this way, if the child has any special genius, it will find its way to the light, and ultimately the world will be benefitted by it.

If we analyze the acts we instinctively approve in ourselves and applaud in others, we shall find that many of them involve a certain degree of self-sacrifice, while those which we deplore in ourselves and criticise in others involve some kind of self-indulgence. The man who risks his own life to save another from the sinking vessel or the burning building; he who devotes his youth and energies to a philanthropic enterprise; he who habitually sacrifices his ease and comfort to soothe the declining years of an aged parent or to cheer the sick bed of a wife or friend, awakens sympathy and approval from all. This instinct of our nature sufficiently proves the praiseworthiness of sacrifice, and its value as a means of human progress.

Dove Notes.

Moses Hull is speaking (during June) in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mrs. Mattie E. Hull lectured in Peoria and other Illinois towns during June.

George F. Perkins and wife are at 852 West Madison street, Chicago, en route to New England.

Some of the Spiritualists of Illinois are taking steps to form a 'State Psychical and Spiritual Culture Association.'

Gilson Bortmess has been quite ill in Chicago, but is now busy furnishing spirit paintings. His address is 240 Wells street.

Dr. Brooks's election to the bishopric of Massachusetts is settled, having been approved by a majority of the fifty-two dioceses.

George P. Colby, of Lake Helen, Florida, was engaged during May in New York City, giving entire satisfaction to the First Spiritual Society. He will be at Lookout campmeeting in July.

The children of the Progressive Lyceum, on invitation of Miss Electa Nowell, made a visit to the silk mill, 23 Stevenson street, on the 15th of June, which proved very entertaining and instructive.

W. Stainton Moses editor of *Light*, London, continues in ill health, although able to superintend his journal. He has the sympathy and good wishes of thousands of Spiritualists in America.

At the time of sending the last form to press—June 27—10 letter for the DOVE has been received from Mrs. Schlesinger. Private letters state that she expects to arrive in San Francisco on the 30th of June.

The *Better Way* gives a two-column extract from a story Lois Waisbrooker is now engaged in writing, the tenor of which indicates that Lois is as anxious as ever to remodel our social system from the foundation up.

Mrs. Tabor, a medium, was recently arrested at Texarkana, Ark., for "fortune-telling" without a license. On trial she was discharged, and is now giving proofs of her "religion" to the people of that town free of tax.

Mrs. Mary A. Leland, widow of S. C. Leland, died in this city June 15, aged 67 years. The funeral address was by Thomas Curtis, with vocal music by Miss Evangeline Ballou. The body was taken to Los Angeles for cremation.

William R. Tice, a well-known Spiritualist, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 6th of June, aged 67 years. He was one of the stockholders, and prominent in the management of the Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting Association.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, by 425 to 64, voted against the appointment of Prof. Briggs to the chair of biblical theology in Union Theological Seminary, but the directors of the seminary have since unanimously voted to continue Dr. Briggs in the position.

U. S. Court Commissioner Hallett, of Boston, before whom complaint was made that George T. Albro mailed magnetized paper with intent to defraud, discharged the accused on the ground that his advertisements showed exactly what he was doing, and no one need be deceived.

The editor of *Summerland* says arrangements have been made for reduced fares for visitors to the spiritual campmeeting on all the lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad. No one can secure reduced rates without first procuring from Henry B. Allen, Summerland, a certificate to be endorsed by the agent from whom the ticket to Summerland is purchased. The meeting will commence Saturday, September 5, and close Sunday, September 27.

The publication of *The Weekly Discourse* has been resumed. No. 1 of volume vi contains the anniversary address given by Mrs. Richmond in Chicago. It is handsomely printed on good paper with new type. Price \$2 50 per annum. Address William Richmond, Rogers Park, Ill.

The Wednesday evening meetings under the superintendence of Mrs. Scott-Briggs at 111 Larkin street continue to be well attended and are usually instructive as well as entertaining, and many of the messages received are comforting to the bereaved. It is known as the "mediums' meeting."

Lyman C. Howe denies the report that phenomenal Spiritualism is to be ruled out at the Cassadega campmeeting. He says "the story is absurd"—that "no such suicidal policy was ever contemplated by any of the directors." Arrangements have been made to continue meetings all summer, beginning with the June picnic.

The superficial person who has obtained a smattering of many things, but knows nothing well, may pride himself upon his gifts; but the sage humbly confesses that "all he knows is that he knows nothing;" or, like Newton, "that he has only been engaged in picking shells by the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth extends itself before him."

The seven-year-old son of S. L. Smith, editor of the *Silver Lake Signal*, Ohio, has developed as a physical medium without human aid. He has rapping, slate-writing, table-tipping, etc. The little fellow may be tightly bound hand, foot and neck to a chair, and in five seconds he will be liberated from the cord by an unseen power, the rope being left fast to the chair, all the knots remaining intact.

The Rev. M. J. Darcy, of Lockport, N. Y., was so incensed at a five-year-old girl who put her tongue out at him as he drove past her father's house, that he chased the child into the house and struck her several times with his whip. He was arrested therefor and was convicted of assault, which he thought very unjust, as he was only "teaching the child better manners."

While a resolution condemnatory of the Prince of Wales for gambling was under discussion by the Bermondsey Vestry, Mr. Granville said "It is quite natural that the Prince, one of the sponging, loafing members of the royal family, should seek some such means of getting rid of the money given to him by the English people—money torn from those who labor and toil."

The Better Way (Cincinnati) is to be furnished to subscribers hereafter for one dollar per annum. This is a dangerous experiment unless the paper has a large capital in reserve, but we sincerely hope the publishers will succeed. *The Better Way* is a large eight-page weekly, full of excellent contributions and well-written editorials. It is doing a good work and should be sustained.

A short time since Miss Scott of Sohoarie, N. Y., was about to leave for Preston Hollow, eighteen miles distant, to attend the funeral of her mother, when she became unconscious, and could not be aroused for nearly an hour. When she regained her senses she related all the details of her mother's funeral, describing the dress in which the body was clothed, the flowers held in her hand, also a peculiar spot on her lips which had not occurred until after death.

The closing social of the season of the Ladies' Elsmere Club was held at the residence of the President of the Club, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, 325½ Geary street. The parlors were handsomely decorated with ivy, tulle, and Japanese bric-a-brac. A select musical and literary programme was successfully carried out during the evening, and ice cream and cake were served in the upper apartments, four charming young ladies, tastily attired, being kept busily employed in waiting upon the thronging guests. A handsome sum was realized from the sale of the refreshments, to be devoted to the sustenance of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, published by Munn & Co., New York, presents weekly to its readers the best and most reliable record of various improvements in machinery, while the scientific progress of the country can in no way be gleaned so well as by the regular perusal of its pages.

A report of the progress of the Children's Progressive Lyceum for the month of May, written by Mr. Kirkwood, was received too late for the June number. He says the prizes for credits awarded in April for attendance, deportment and "performances" were awarded to little Eva Ashworth, Mary Walters and Russell Lincoln. The committee found it hard to determine who were entitled to the prizes, as several had equally good credits, but the youth of the winners was a consideration. June report not received.

Geo. H. Brooks, writing from Madison, Wisconsin, to *The Better Way* concerning his California trip, says he was absent from home thirteen months, five of which were spent in Los Angeles, where he organized a spiritual society. He concludes: "I gained most valuable lessons, but in material things nothing. Let me say to those who would like to go to California and work, that they will find it the poorest State in the Union pecuniarily, but the finest in climate and beauty of scenery. I shall make Madison my headquarters this summer, being now located at 124 Charter street, but this fall shall make a change of some kind in the way of an abiding place."

The New Haven *News* relates that Miss Cora Mattoon, of Plymouth, Conn., sank into a trance on the 6th of May, and did not recover consciousness until the 20th of May, when, recognizing her sister, she said, "Are you dead too?" On recovering sufficiently to talk freely, she said she had met and conversed with many of her friends who had long been considered dead. Among others she met Jennie Hawkins, a friend, who told her she was dead, and said, "You are dead, too." On seeing her sister, she thought she was also dead. The *News* says Jennie Hawkins was alive and well when Miss Mattoon went into the trance, but died suddenly of la grippe. Miss Mattoon had no knowledge of her death when she related her trance experience.

THERE was quite a large attendance of patrons of the school, and relatives and friends of the scholars, at the closing exercises of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, at the school-rooms, 1133 Mission street, Saturday afternoon, May 23. The room was prettily decorated with ivies and flowers of varied hue, and the walls were adorned with choice specimens of the handiwork of the children. The exercises consisted of marching, songs, recitations, games, the exhibition of the various "gifts, etc. The manner in which the children went through the evolutions of the march, and the aptitude with which other parts of the programme were carried out evinced the care bestowed upon the little ones by Miss Libbie Hill, the Principal, and Miss Grace Allison, her able assistant. The festivities were brought to a close by the distribution of cakes and candy to each of the scholars.

When one reads of a dinner given week before last in New York that cost five thousand dollars, of favors in a cotillion that cost forty or fifty dollars each, of a bouquet of orchids carried that cost one hundred and fifty dollars, it requires faith in God and man to wait patiently for the solving of that mystery we call life. More spent in five hours' pleasure than would keep one hundred and forty children out of the streets for one year, and train them to become useful members of community! The pleasures of a few for half a day cost more than would care for fifty babies in a day-nursery! This means making it possible for so many mothers to go to their day's labor knowing that their babies would receive better care than they could give them; and that children, scarcely more than babies, who would otherwise be their nurses, are in school, out of the reach of the moral miasma of the streets.

I know not the hour when Justice will come
To make this earth a heavenly home;
But I know that its presence would lighten the gloom—
And that would be heaven for me.

Oh, would that the children of earth could sing
With melodious harps, or trumpet's glad ring,
Proclaiming that the god of justice is king,

Oh, that would be music for me.

—J. S.

J. W. MACKIE, in a letter published in the *Tulare Farm View*, says: "I believe the Alliance will make a mistake if it converts itself into a third party. It has a more important mission than can possibly belong to any political party, however pure and exalted it may be, that can come before the people. It can use a party. It should be the master, the training school for the creation of ideas progressive and purifying in their tendency; and as these ideas mature they should graft them on existing political parties for their advancement, all working together for the good of the great industrial co-operation of the American people."

How can we look up to our teachers
Unless they are higher than we?
Come up, then, ye priests and ye preachers,
Come up on Truth's hilltop, and see
How haggard the creeds you are vaunting,
When viewed from the mountains above.
And how all that the sad earth is wanting
Is the sweet selfless lesson of Love.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The soul has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape, not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when mere intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst the most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something trite and commonplace compared with one of those vague intimations of a spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason, and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some problem of severest thought, or uncompleted some golden palace of imperial poetry, to indulge in hazy reveries that do not differ from those of an innocent quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting-hours of contemplation.—*Bulwer*.

The morning came, and also came the end;
I saw the great white calm of death descend,
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

I gently laid my hand upon that head,
White with the snows the passing years had shed,
"Was life worth living, oh, my friend?" I said.

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,
He answered: "Be thou comforted, Oh friend!
Life is worth living. Death is not the end."

—Lizzie Doten.

The rulers in the Church are hostile to liberty for a sex supposed for wise purposes to have been subordinated to man by divine decree. The equality of woman as a factor in religious organizations would compel an entire change in church canons, discipline, and authority, and many doctrines of the Christian faith. As a matter of self-preservation, the church has no interest in the emancipation of women, as its very existence depends on her blind faith. What would be the tragedy in the Garden of Eden to a generation of scientific women? Instead of patiently trying to fathom the supposed spiritual significance of the serpent as the representative of Satan, and all the tergiversations involved in his communications with Eve, hers with Adam, and his with the Lord, and the final catastrophe, turned into the great unexplored wilderness, naked and helpless, to meet the terrible emergencies of the situation; instead of pondering over all this in sorrow for the downfall of the race, they would relegate the allegory to the same class of literature as *Æsop's fables*.—*Elizabeth Cady Stanton*

What do They Think.

EDITOR DOVE:—Today, after reading the *Arena* editorial for May, and looking over some other things in the same line, I began to wonder what such men as Washington, Jefferson and Paine think of the constant aggression against the liberties of the people that is now going on in this country. "Oh," says the churchman, "they are not thinking of such things now; they no longer trouble themselves about the things of this world." Indeed! Do they not? Spiritualists happen to have good evidence they are still interested in this republic—in the principles of individual liberty; and I would not like to say that they are not influencing me, prompting me to write this letter. I rather think they are. I copy from *The Arena* certain facts and ask:

1.—What do they think of this?

"There is to-day, languishing in prison in Tennessee, a man by the name of King. He is a Second Adventist, and sincerely believes that Saturday, instead of Sunday, should be religiously observed. After worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience on Saturday, he performed work on Sunday, as he could ill afford to be idle on the day which he in no wise regards as sacred. For this work he was arrested, prosecuted, branded a felon and incarcerated. He had committed no crime."

2.—What do they—our Revolutionary Fathers—think of this?

"Mrs. Lottie M. Post, Dubuque, Iowa, cured two persons who were given up to die by the regular physicians. As soon as the cures were assured Mrs. Post prepared to return to her home. Before she could take the train she was arrested as a felon, prosecuted and fined fifty dollars, because (to use the exact words of the indictment) 'she had practiced a cure on one Mrs. George B. Freeman, and others, contrary to the laws of the State of Iowa.'" *Her only crime was calling back to life those supposed to be dying.*

3.—I wonder what they think of this:

"There is today in Chicago a man named Caldwell, a Christian minister, who has been arrested, and if convicted will be sent to the penitentiary, who is not only absolutely innocent of any crime, but whose only offense can be summed up in two phrases, "seeking to make mankind better, purer holier," and "criticising our censors of morals in the Post Office Department and the so-called Anti-Vice Society." The essential tyranny of this prosecution is revealed by the fact that not till after the Rev. Caldwell presumed to criticize the Government and the Anti-Vice Society in their prosecution of Moses Harman did the authorities arrest him, though the charge of circulating immoral literature is based in part upon an article published and sent through the mails more than six months before. The article complained of was written by the Rev. C. E. Walker, a Congregational minister in good standing and of exceptionally pure life. The article was a contribution on marital purity, unexceptionable in phraseology, and a plea for chastity."

4.—I wonder what they think of this:

"The recent passage of the Election Bill in California at one fell stroke places the monopoly of government in the hands of the two old parties, while it practically disfranchises four per cent. of the voters of California. This un-American law provides that no independent nominations shall be made except on the petition of five per cent. of the electors. Now at the last election the combined vote of the Prohibition and American party was but four per cent. of the entire vote, thus it bars them from the field of active politics. It will be seen at once that this law not only practically disfranchises a portion of the qualified voters, but is a deadly blow to all reform movements."

5.—What do they think of this?

"In the case of Powell vs. Pennsylvania it was shown that a citizen by the name of Powell had invested a small fortune in an oleomargarine factory, conscientiously carrying out the provisions of the statute passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, which authorizes the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. A subsequent Legislature passed a bill making it a misdemeanor to manufacture or sell this commodity in any form. It was shown on the trial (and admitted) that the food was not injurious; that it was healthful, and cheaper than butter, and that the manufacturer had strictly complied with the law regarding the proper stamping of the article. Nevertheless, after Mr. Powell, acting in good faith, had invested his capital in the manufacture of oleomargarine, *in strict conformity to law*, he was by this subsequent statute made a criminal and prosecuted by the State for doing what a previous

Legislature had authorized; and the United States Supreme Court sustained the State's action."

CORRESPONDENT'S COMMENTS.

I have now quoted five cases, as given in that high-toned and able journal, *The Arena*, published in Boston, edited by B. O. Flower, than which there is no more ably conducted journal in the United States. I have numbered the extracts for the sake of comment and reference. Mr. Flower says: "I have given a few absolute facts in as few words as possible." I have quoted only the facts with but a part of his words, and that such facts exist and the people are quiet under them reminds me of the words of Garrison: "The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and hasten the resurrection of the dead." This was in the earlier part of Garrison's career. He died a Spiritualist; what does he think now of the apathy of the people under such encroachments upon their constitutional rights?

But while Mr. Flower has quoted several instances showing the tyranny of the State, he has not quoted all. It has come to be a fact that Legislatures are influenced to pass laws to meet *special cases*.

6.—C. L. Swartz was recently arrested for circulating the Kansas City *Sunday Sun*. He lay in jail for a time, and the result of his trial is not yet known. He was the editor of *Lucifer* while Moses Harman, the editor, was in prison for condemning marital rape, and thus Swartz made himself obnoxious to the "unco good" of the Comstock tribe, and as it was his business to hand out packages of the *Sunday Sun* to the newsboys of Topeka, he is seized and thrown into jail. We have not heard that the publisher of the *Sun* has been arrested. E. W. Chamberlain, counsel for the National Defense Association, says, quoting from the New York *Recorder*: "The law under which Swartz was arrested was passed by the Legislature only a few weeks ago, and was intended solely to suppress the *Sun*." Now what has become of the freedom of the press? When Legislatures can at any time pass a law solely to suppress *any paper*, we have no such freedom.

7.—I have one more *special law* to report; a law that has since been repealed. *Its object has been accomplished.* I mean the "conspiracy law" of the State of Illinois, passed after Parsons and his comrades were arrested, on purpose to hang them. Ugh! workers in humanity's cause, don't you feel the rope around your necks? Read the law which hung those men, and weigh it well. Here it is:

"When two or more persons conspire to do an unlawful or lawful thing; or when any person by speech or print advises any unlawful course to accomplish a lawful or unlawful object, such person or persons shall be held responsible for all consequences, and if life is lost they shall be deemed guilty of murder, and it shall not be necessary to prove that the person committing the crime was a member of the conspiracy, or even heard the speech or read the print."

Infallible law! No individual must declaim against its edicts, no matter how right. No individual must counsel disobedience to an unjust law; if he does, and somebody who never heard of such advice, perhaps never heard of the man who gave it, but feeling the injustice of said law pressing home upon himself, resists, and life is lost, then the man who gave such counsel may be deemed guilty of murder and be hanged. It has been said that "Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God." Whatever may be said of that mythical personage, "God," resistance to tyranny is one of the noblest traits of humanity. There! I have laid myself liable—or should be liable if that law was in force here! But it has been repealed, even in Illinois. Why? Where's the use of the repeal? The next time the capitalists want men hanged for telling too much truth, they have only to get the Legislature to pass a similar law again.

If such men as Paine, Jefferson, Garrison, and others who have gone to the higher life, still feel an interest in the welfare of this nation, and are not pained at the apathy of the people, and particularly of Spiritualists, in regard to such invasions of individual

rights, then I will confess myself destitute of all perception of spiritual law. No, no, friends, it cannot be so. They do grieve; they do call upon you, each and all, to speak out; to declare the truth; to resist tyranny, if need be, even unto what is called death, the gate to a higher and better life. LOIS WAISBROOKER.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

1.—Several similar cases have recently occurred in various parts of the United States where people boast of religious freedom. Remember, too, that a tremendous concerted effort is being made by churchmen all over the country to have the Columbian Exposition closed on Sunday, so that the working people of Chicago will be barred out, and visitors from abroad will be *compelled* to go to church, or amuse themselves in saloons, beer gardens, and other places of public resort. No matter how many people—denied the privileges of the exposition on the "Lord's Day"—drift into impure places; if only one in ten goes to the "House of God," the churchmen are satisfied, and quite indifferent as to the fate of the other nine. That proportion is larger than the number they believe will enter the portals of heaven, and why should they be more considerate than the God they worship?

2.—The old school physicians, like the old churchmen, are kicking their last kick, and they are nearly as desperate in their dying struggles. The laws for the regulation of medical practice, which they have succeeded in passing in some parts of the Union, will not last long. They are perhaps necessary as a means of arousing public feeling.

3.—This class of prosecutions also seem to be necessary to call public attention to the reform which such martyrs advocate. Unfortunately the facts in such cases are ignored by nearly the entire press of the country, so the good effect of the unjust imprisonment is much less than it should be; but the heaven is working, and by and by the truth will be known.

4.—With regard to this case, it may be well to state that the California election bill was introduced by reformers as a reform measure. The corrupt element in the Legislature, while working for its defeat, succeeded in engrafting upon it several injurious amendments (the worst of which is the one mentioned), thereby forcing the reform members of the Legislature to vote for some outrageous provisions. The new law is better as a whole than the old one.

5.—The secret of such law as this is to be found in the demagogism of the average politician elected to office. The passage of the anti-oleomargarine law is a bid for the farmers' vote. It is class legislation of the worst kind, a direct infringement upon the personal liberty of the citizen. The "apathy of the people" is the apathy of ignorance. The great mass of the American people—in the country districts especially—are not awake to the inroads that have been made upon their rights. The private letter of a personal friend now visiting a rural district of California, says: "I do not wonder that the masses of the poor are so indifferent to their situation, for they do not take papers, and do not read enough to keep informed of what is passing in the great world outside their little ranch or barnyard, and they imagine that everything is going on as it did in their grandfather's days. The great questions that are puzzling scholars and statesmen and agitating the centers of human activity are unheard of by them. They drift along through life as aimlessly as the beasts of the field, and not far above them in those noble qualities of mind and heart that constitute the sum of manhood and womanhood." But they are waking up. The Farmers Alliance is an educator, and other influences are combining to bring about a better state of things.

6.—In regard to the Swartz case, mentioned by our correspondent, the press generally is so mum that the facts are not easily ascertained in this quarter of the country. The following version is taken from a private letter:—"The assistant editor of *Lucifer* sold a copy of the Kansas City *Sunday Sun* a few days ago, and is now in jail in Topeka in default of \$400 bonds. [Reduced to

\$2000.] The *Sun* gave cuts of some of the crooked legislators and some crooked 'women of the town,' and belabored both equally, saying it was 'a shame to the whole community to have such drinking, debauching doings going on.' The legislators kicked against the *Sun*, and the City Fathers of Topeka said it must not be sold in Topeka. It is called an 'indecent publication' because, forsooth, it brings up the 'naughty men' as well as the immoral women."

7.—Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to read this outrageous law, because it shows what capital has done and will do again, and because they cannot get the facts in such cases from the capitalistic press. We venture to say that, although it is five years old, it will be news to a majority of readers.

New Races.

We are accustomed to think that there are now no unknown countries, no new races of mankind still to be discovered. Yet there is a curious fact known to arctic voyagers which strongly suggests the existence of an inhabited land near to the North Pole, in a direction north-east from Spitzbergen; a land never yet reached, but which if it exists must be of some importance. The group of islands which form Spitzbergen are about the size of Scotland, and contain mountains 5,000 feet high, ice covered plateaus, and many peaty valleys covered with mosses and lichens. In these valleys are found every summer vast herds of rein-deer, which have furnished an invaluable supply of food to several arctic expeditions. But the remarkable thing is that a very large proportion of these rein-deer have always had their ears cut artificially to a particular form, and no one knows where or by whom this operation has been performed. The only probable explanation is that they are thus marked by their owners who turn them out during summer to get their own living; that they flock to the mossy valleys of Spitzbergen, and that they come from some undiscovered land to the north-east. Several other phenomena point to the conclusion that such a land exists. The ice to the northeast of Spitzbergen does not drift about as ice in the open ocean does; it seems to be held in its place by some unknown obstruction. Moreover the flocks of barnacle geese which arrive from the south in spring do not remain, but proceed in a north-east direction to some still more distant breeding ground. When the unknown inhabitants of this polar land are at last discovered will they prove to be Esquimo, or the relics of some still earlier race, the men of the early stone age, driven to the outmost limits of habitable land?

The following interesting table of statistics is given in a census bulletin of the penitentiary convicts in this country:—

In 1880, out of a population of 50,000,000, the proportion of convicts was 709 to each 1,000,000 of population. In 1890 the proportion was 722 to the 1,000,000. The population of the United States in 1890 was 24.86 per cent. greater than in 1880. In 1890 there were 27.88 per cent. more convicts than in 1880. This shows that the number of convicts has increased 2.42 per cent. faster in a decade than the population. Of the 45,233 convicts in penitentiaries in the United States in 1890, the whites formed 67.53 per cent., and the colored 32.47 per cent. Of the 30,546 white convicts, the native born represented 75.60 per cent., and the foreign born 23.79 per cent., while the place of birth of 0.61 per cent was unknown. The men formed 96.01 per cent. and the women 3.09 per cent., showing 24.64 times as many male convicts as female.

The moment a man gets his temper up, that moment he gets himself down. 'Tis a most difficult thing to temper a steel blade just right; still more difficult to temper a man aright. Both steel and man are worthless without temper, and both are spoilt by too much heat. Under-temper is being underdone, and over-temper is being undone. If a man cannot hold his view without abusing another for holding an opposite view, it is likely that he is mad because of the other man's good reasons.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.

The World's Greatest Vineyard.

A personal friend of the editor, a lady who is spending a few months in Vina, in hopes of recovering impaired health, writes an interesting letter, the concluding part of which is here given, after eliminating most of the personal matter:

Now I will tell you something that will please you, for I know how you appreciate Johnsie's efforts and capabilities for working in the cause of Woman Suffrage. She has been chosen to the position of Superintendent of the Woman Suffrage Department of the W. C. T. U. of Tehama county. . . . I do not know when or where I shall work again. I have a long illness and become thoroughly exhausted in every way, then I begin to pick up only to find myself stronger than ever but pushed into other paths. I never question my future destiny any more, but like the Indian wife in the "Light of Asia," "What good I see humbly I seek to do, and live obedient to the law, in trust that what will come and must come, shall come well."

I must tell you of this wonderful winery here in Vina, the largest in the world. We were conducted over the grounds and buildings by the manager, Mr. Starbe. He first took us to the wine cellar, a building covering one acre. Its roof and side walls are double, and of brick, and painted white. Its floors are cement. It is lighted throughout by electricity, and electric bells connect it with the offices and other buildings. Its entire capacity is 2,000,000 gallons. It contains 7,800 casks of 2,000 gallons each, and 500 of 1,700 gallons each. Standing near the main entrance is the cask made by David Werner of San Francisco, placed on exhibition at the State Fair, and afterward presented to Leland Stanford. It holds 2,000 gallons, and has the monogram L. S., surrounded by a wreath of grape vine carved upon it.

After being treated to a glass of choice wine, we wended our way to the crushing and pressing building, which also covers one acre of ground. This building contains two rooms, or rather, two separate roofs, each part being three stories high. In one part of the building is made all the red wine, and in the other all the white wines. There is a seemingly endless array of tanks, sluice ways, pipes and belts. There is also an apparatus for raising to the third story forty-eight boxes of grapes per minute. It raises the boxes, empties them, and returns the boxes, requiring the service of only two men, one on the ground and one in the third story of the building. During the grape season they crush 500 tons daily.

From here we proceeded across the roadway to the "Registered Distillery," which is in the hands of a United States revenue officer. Six thousand seven hundred gallons of the highest proof brandy is here distilled daily during the season, the brandy being the condensed vapor from the grapes. The bonded warehouse contains 5,060,000 gallons of brandy, upon which a tax of ninety cents per gallon is levied. Just stop and think: five hundred thousand gallons of brandy alone—enough to make every man, woman and child in this glorious country of ours drunk. It made me so tipsy just to inhale the fumes arising from the casks, that I had to hurry through. Everything about the place is marvelously fresh and clean. A beautiful stream of clear cold water flows through the grounds.

We were shown the offices, the engine-room, the carpenter shop, blacksmith shop, etc., then we left the buildings, I, for one, feeling more than ever the almost insurmountable force the W. C. T. U.'s have to strive against. I also felt strengthened in my opinion that never by simply prohibiting the sale of liquor, or closing the saloons, will the curse of liquor drinking be stopped. The people must be educated above the taste for intoxicants. It will necessarily be a slow growth that will raise them out of the slums of drunkenness, but all the more lasting because of the slow, sure growth. It will never be gained by antagonizing the male element, but by a steady pressing forward of women for equal rights in every department—by purifying and elevating the atmosphere now surrounding our business houses, polling places and

halls of legislation. We must seek to draw out and strengthen man's sympathetic nature, and bring to the surface his finer elements, if we would hope for the best results. Women will never gain an inch politically by using man as a stepping stone; she must keep a tight hold of him and elevate him as she elevates herself. The best men we have to-day are men made tender and sympathetic by woman's loving, encouraging influence.

Another day we visited the Vina dairy of over one hundred cows, every one of which are named and their pedigree placed on record in a book kept for that purpose. One cow we were shown gives nine gallons of milk a day. They are beauties.

The stable I have not now time to describe. If I have a weakness, it is for a fine horse. To this department of the ranch is attached a kindergarten where the young colts are trained. The little dainty things—they certainly know their importance. But I must cut myself short.

MASIE.

The "Holy Bible."

Hudson Tuttle writes to *The Better Way* an excellent article from which the following paragraphs are clipped:

If there is one thing absolutely demonstrated by science, it is that man was evolved by ages of progress from lower forms, and that six thousand years is only as a generation compared with the period he has inhabited the earth. Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, Hæckel, Lyell, and hundreds of students of lesser note, have demonstrated the vast antiquity of man and his evolution. We are now in the age of law; are governed by law and reason from law? Why should a book written in the age of ignorance and brought down to our time be held sacred as the word of God? They who wrote it belonged to the childhood of the race. They were no more civilized than the Bedouin robbers. They knew nothing of geology, of geography, of astronomy, of anatomy, of physiology; and their morals were such as to place any leading character in the book, from Moses to Jesus, in the penitentiary or workhouse were they living at the present time.

Why should such a book be carried like a corpse. It has been carried for two thousand years by humanity, like a millstone around the neck of a strong swimmer, who despite its weight has gained the shore, to hear the claim that he succeeded because sustained by its glorious assistance!

The entire scheme of Christian Salvation rests on the fall of man. If man did not fall, then he is not lost, and his salvation through Jesus is not necessary. If he did not fall—if the Garden of Eden, and Adam and Eve are myths—then the entire fabric of Christian dogmas falls into irretrievable ruin. The Bible has no significance beyond its interpretation of the relations between God and man, under this scheme. The foundation of this scheme being destroyed by science it becomes only a chronicle of events among a barbarous tribe, reflecting the superstition and ignorance of the age in which it was written.

Its acceptance as divine authority has been the cause of more misery, degradation and folly than all other causes in the world combined. It has been the stronghold of tyranny; the citadel of ignorance, and the fruitful source of discord. Its injunctions have incited bigots to cruel hate of unbelievers; its texts have forged the chains of slavery, and its precepts have led to the horrors of civil war. The plains of Europe and Asia have been whitened with the bones of armies slain fighting for its support, and the smoke of sacked and burning cities has covered like a pall thousands of victims butchered in the name of God. The ages have been a record of the battles of mankind to shake off the influence of this old man of the Sea, and millions of earth's best and bravest have met martyrdom for the cause of truth which the bigoted supporters of this book have trampled in the dust.

Mrs. Maynard's Book.

Explanation From Hudson Tuttle.

DEAR CARRIER DOVE:—I note in the last number of the DOVE you refer to Mrs. Maynard's Book, her connection with Lincoln, and the letter I wrote about the same. Much as I detest explanations, I am forced to make one. While lecturing in New York, Mrs. Tuttle and myself were urgently invited to visit Mrs. Maynard, who has been confined for a long time to her couch, drawn and distorted by her painful disease, and suffering almost all the time from excruciating pain. Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton were of the party, and on visiting White Plains we met Mrs. Williams and Mr. Hill. The wonderful trance seance Mrs. Maynard gave was very lengthy, and it was really train time before she was restored to her normal condition. The subject of publishing her book was then broached, and the difficulties in the way, she having no means. I said, appeal to the generosity of the spiritual public. They wish to read such books, and are ready to assist in publishing them. The idea pleased her. I was shown some MS., and glanced rapidly here and there, and was pleased with the portions I read. Then I said, I will help you all I can. I will write a letter about it for the leading spiritual papers. You will give me the information necessary. I asked questions and wrote the answers she gave me, and it all appeared in the letter I wrote verbatim from my notes. Before I had finished the carriage came for us and was kept waiting until I had finished. I was exceedingly careful to report exactly as Mrs. Maynard reported to me.

This work I performed because I deeply sympathized with the suffering medium, and wished to assist her in her ardent desire to have her book given to the public. No one could be more surprised than I was when I read her letter of denial. I am free to confess that I do not understand it. With the denial the value and vitality of the book is destroyed, and it ceases to be of interest to Spiritualists. In fact, the denial is suicidal. I have deferred making this explanation, hoping it would prove unnecessary, but the reception of many private letters indicate that unless I choose to be greatly misunderstood I must do so.

I am fraternally, HUDSON TUTTLE.

Evening.

ORPHA WORTHING.

Evening air is falling round us,
There's a hush upon the land;
'Tis the hour for strolling fancy,
Dreaming thought and idle hand.
'Tis the hour of restful quiet—
Mental peace and ease abound;
And the air itself lends solace,
Breathing peace to all around.

Of the fifty-four thousand persons in the penitentiaries of the republic only about five thousand are women—a fact that gleams like an electric light upon the problem, "Should women vote?"—*Frances E. Willard.*

I affirm it as my conviction that class laws, placing capital above labor, are more dangerous to the Republic at this hour than was chattel slavery in the days of its haughtiest supremacy. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Are human souls so valueless to all but the Creator that there should be any hesitancy as to what we owe each other? What the individual sows he reaps, we say with complacency when the day of reckoning comes, and the individual is some other than ourselves. But it is equally true of the conglomeration of individuals we call classes, as it is of the sodality we call a nation.—*Christian Union.*

Are Dreams Realities?

The diary of Mrs. Florence Hibner, nee Acer, who recently passed to a higher life at Hoboken, N. J., contains the following:

"In 1865 I was engaged to a young man, but for good reasons the engagement was mutually broken, unbeknown to my mother, who had, unbeknown to me or my intended, deeded him a house and lot in Rochester, N. Y. After the engagement was broken, this young man left for the West. In 1867 my mother passed over; I was the only child. I took charge of the estate as best I could. Seven months after my mother passed over I dreamed that she came to me and told me that the house and lot belonged to Frank, and that I must pay the taxes and insurance, and invest the rentals for him until he returned. I was very much impressed with the dream, and on looking up the records found that the property was in his name, as she had told me in the dream. So impressed was I that it was my sainted mother who appeared to me that I at once deposited all rentals of the place to his credit, and up to this entry, Jan. 1st 1890, not one dime has ever been appropriated out of the earnings of the property. I don't know if he is in the land of the living. But I have done what I believe my mother in spirit life directed.

On one occasion I was told he was very sick at a hotel in Coldwater, Mich. I took first train for the place, and on my arrival there, two days afterwards, found that a gentleman by the name had been very sick at a hotel there, but had left for parts unknown the day before.

In 1868 I dreamed he was on board of a boat coming from Milwaukee to Grand Haven, and that he was in great peril. In fact, I saw him on this occasion. I immediately wired to the company, and learned that a man by that name had taken passage on the steamer Detroit which had foundered off New Haven the night I had seen him.

Again in 1870, on several occasions I dreamed I met him in Canada at various places. In every instance I knew the name of the hotel he stopped at, and in every instance an answer came to my inquiries that such a man was there at that time but left the following day. I have never been in Canada, and know nothing of the hotels or places, yet in every instance the names given proved correct.

In 1872 I dreamed I saw him at the Osburn House, Rochester, N. Y.; he was at the dinner table. I was then living at Syracuse. I wrote to the proprietor, and from him learned that on that day a young man had registered by that name and taken dinner.

Late in the fall of the same year I dreamed I met him on Main st., Rochester, N. Y., and accompanied him to the University building, where he unloaded from the vehicle a box containing a large tiger. I made inquiry by letter, and learned that on that day a young man by that name had sold and delivered to the University a large American lion shipped from Brockville, Canada.

In 1879 I went to Europe, and while there located him in several places in the United States. In every instance I saw him and noted the surroundings, even to the name of the hotel at which he stopped.

In 1883 I saw him in the City Hall at New Orleans, La. I was then in Boston. He did not appear as the beardless boy of 18 years before, but wore a full beard. I knew it was he, and had a long conversation with him, but nothing was said as to the past or the property. The conversation seemed to be directed by others, earthly matters were not touched upon. He bade me good-bye and said it was our last meeting on earth. When I awoke I felt exhausted and frightened; it was a reality to me. Again I wrote and learned that a man by that name was at the hotel at that date, and that he was connected with the exposition soon to be held there, but I could learn nothing more. I have never seen him in my dreams since that time. I have written hundreds of letters in order to find him, that he might claim the property my mother gave him. Spirit friends tell me he will learn all after I pass over, and not till then. Are these dreams, or are these scenes enacted through spiritual agencies? Who knows?"—*The Better Way.*

What Women are Doing.

Miss Belle E. Matteson is editor and publisher of the *Fargo (N.D.) Sun*, an enterprising and influential democratic newspaper.

Woman and Home and *The Woman's News* have been consolidated into *Womankind*, published weekly in Springfield, Ohio, under the editorial supervision of Francis E. White.

Miss Fanny D. Murfree, who is the author of the serial story, "Felicia," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a sister of Miss Mary Murfree, better known as Charles Egbert Craddock.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, the Russian translator and lecturer, is a rather stately dame, with white hair. She has a strong voice, incisive utterance and delightfully clear enunciation.

Helen Campbell says that two hundred thousand women are at work in a hundred different trades in New York city, and of these we learn that twenty seven thousand support their own husbands.

Mrs. A. H. Perrine of Randall County, Ala., owns and manages a plantation, and last year she ginned six hundred bales of cotton, running the engine herself. She personally superintends all the work on the place.

Mrs. Lelia Robinson Sawtelle, the first woman admitted to the bar in Massachusetts, is contributing to the Chautauquan a series of interesting articles on special phases of the law as they affect women in the different States of the Union.

Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, a girl about twenty years old, has, for the third year in succession, been awarded the medal competed for by art students of both sexes at Julian's school in Paris, for the "Concours" drawings from life.

Mrs. Rose Gardner of Montgomery, Alabama, a very energetic woman, has been promoted by the directors of the Southern Exposition Company from secretary of the women's department of the exposition to general manager of that department.

Two women have been elected police judges in Kansas. Mrs. Jessie McCormick is to hold office in Burr Oak, and Mrs. Mary T. Burton, who was formerly an editor and is now postmaster, will serve at Jamestown. Both women are enthusiastic prohibitionists.

Miss Ellen Dortch is the editor of the *Carnesville, Georgia, Tribune*. Georgia papers say that she can write editorials, set type, read proof, get subscribers and secure advertisements, and that in an emergency she would be quite capable of giving his quietus to any irate correspondent in search of the editor.

Lady Sandhurst, Miss Cobden, and Emma Cons, elected members of the London County Council, were not only unseated, but fined for taking seats to which they were elected. The House of Commons has refused to legalize the election of women as members of Councils. Miss Cobden is an active friend of the working classes; Miss Cons has used much of her wealth in the erection of model dwelling houses, and Lady Sandhurst spends her time and money in the maintenance of a Home for Cripples, but they were not allowed to sit with the ordinary male riff-raff chosen to represent political parties instead of the people.

Accomplishments were native to her mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,
And winning grace her every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.

A little girl unconsciously and touchingly testified to the excessive drudgery of her mother's life, when, on being asked, "Is your mamma's hair grey?" she replied, "I don't know. She's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

Rooms, with or without board, at 314 Ellis Street. Table board. Home cooking. Among "congenial" people.

Printers in Europe.

The American workman who makes a trip to England, intending to work at his trade while making the tour, will meet with a great many disappointments. Notwithstanding the fact that English mechanics are admitted to full fellowship in American trades unions, the American in England is handicapped to such an extent that it amounts in reality to a boycott. I made a trip to London once and tried to earn my expenses while there, and a hard time I had of it. One rainy morning I applied to the "master" (foreman) of a print shop for work, and while I stood outside in the rain he stood inside the doorway and propounded the following queries:

"Where are you from?" I told him the United States. "Where did you work?" "On the *Globe-Democrat*, New York *Herald* and other newspapers," I replied. "How much can you make there?" was his next query. "About a pound sterling a day," I said. "A pound a day! My God, man, why didn't you stay there?" "I will if ever I earn enough to pay my way back," was my disgusted reply. "Well, if what you tell me is true, you are either a mighty poor workman or a fugitive from justice," and he slammed the door in my face.—*A Printer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Swifter than Pigeons.

The experiments lately made in the north of France by M. Jean Desbouvrie in training swallows as carriers have proved so successful that they will probably result in the establishment of regular training stations. M. Desbouvrie began his experiments by taking a nest of young swallows and their mother, and letting them fly from his doorstep at Roubaix to their nest under the tiles above. He gradually increased the distance to Lille, from which they returned to Roubaix in about four minutes—over a mile a minute. At last the birds were taken to Paris, 140 miles from their home, to which they returned in an incredibly short space of time. M. Desbouvrie at last arranged a race between his pigeons and his swallows from Paris to Roubaix, the result of which was the triumph of the swallows, who were home three-quarters of an hour before their rivals, the distance covered being, as we have said, about 140 miles. It is proposed to hold a grand swallow competition this summer in the north of France, at which valuable prizes will be awarded to the owners of the winning birds.—*London Chronicle*.

"It must be admitted, as a matter of fact, that all persons of any degree of reflection are physiognomists; that they form an opinion of the character of individuals from the inspection of their countenance; and that they do this involuntarily, as it were, by having acquired an experimental conviction of the truth of their observation."—*Edinburgh Cyclopædia*.

Pursue good actions, even if they be of little importance, for one good act leads to another.

This little poem is re-printed here on account of a typographical error as printed on page 195.

Never Give Up.

Inspiration while in Trouble.

BY MRS. M. J. HENLEE.

Never give up, though tempests assail you;
Never give up while there is life to save,
But stick to the last; let not courage fail you;
While there is life there is hope for the brave.

Never give up, though friends should forsake you;
Never give up, nor despair for the right;
For honor and truth are the guardians of virtue,
And they will sustain you with hope ever bright.

Never give up when thy pathway is darkened;
Never give up, though death knocks at your door,
But strive for the ray that illumines your pathway,
And trust in God's love he has promised the poor.