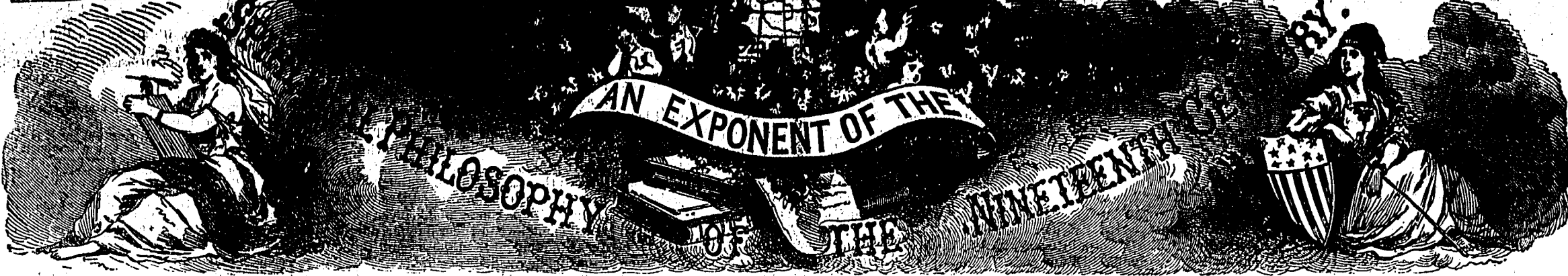


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## The Indian.

(From the New York World.)

### THE STORY OF A RACE.

How the White Man Has Required the Hospitality of a Brave, Pure and Honorable People—A Long Roll of Infamy—Welcomed as Gods, the Intruders Proved to be Devils.

COLUMBUS, with a stolen or copied chart of the old Norse pirate secreted in his cabin, sailed for the New England coast, miscalculated his course, or was blown from it, and blundered upon some islands in the southern seas, and in that travesty of facts that we call history is named the Discoverer of America. He does not deserve to be called that, but he does deserve to be called the Colossal Scoundrel of American History, for he inaugurated the slave trade. The islands he then blundered upon were populated with handsome, healthy, men, lovely and loving women, and beautiful children, bright of mind, cheerful in disposition, affectionate and amiable. They were deeply religious in their natures; believed in other and superior worlds and beings, and in God. In their innocent wonder they believed him to be one of the superior beings, a brother to the Great Spirit, and worshipped him as such. What an opportunity was given this man, Columbus, to elevate and bless mankind! Remember, he was no pagan, no rude, ignorant barbarian. He was a Christian. He had the Bible in his cabin, and could read it. It read then as it does now, and taught him, as it teaches us, of mercy, justice and love.

Very well; what did this Christian Spaniard, this enlightened scholar, with the Bible in his cabin, do to these innocent, amiable, religious people who worshipped him as a god, and trusted him as an angel from heaven? He corralled them up in crowds as if they were brute creatures, and shipped them to Spain as slaves. Within twenty years the date of his landing the West India islands were nearly depopulated. They were chased, shot, stabbed, trapped, enslaved—these amiable children of the Heavenly Father—by Christian white men, and died by thousands under their devilish cruelties. Is it strange that those who escaped learned the lesson of barbarism well from their oppressors? Is it strange that Vasco Nunez, whom we know as Balboa, could, in 1514, write: "They have become fierce as lions, and have acquired so much daring that, whereas formerly they were so tame, they now come out to the paths with presents to the Christians, now they come out to kill them. And this—be it to his everlasting honor said, he added—has been an account of the wicked things which the captains who went out on the excursions have done to them."

Gasper Cortereal was welcomed by the Esquimaux of Labrador as brother is welcomed by brothers. In response to their kindness he filled the hold of his ship to the hatches with those who had generously entertained him, and sailing away with them, sold them into cruellest slavery. The brute's remark on the people whose hospitality he had abused and so shamefully abused was that "they are admirably calculated for labor, and the best slaves I have ever seen."

Verrazanno, the Venetian, sailing under the flag of France, subject of His Most Christian Majesty Louis V., met, as to one of his vessels, with wreck on the North Carolina coast. The red men, at the risk of their lives, rescued his drowning sailors and gave them the best that pity and fraternal sentiment might bestow. The scoundrel returned the noble conduct of the tribe by kidnapping every child in it, and sailed away from the coast with the wailing of Indian mothers and the entreaties of heart-broken fathers filling the air.

Jacques Cartier, when he passed the point of the Isle of Bacous, came to anchor off the mouth of the Charles, met with a reception, the narrative of which brightens the page of history with splendor to this day. The natives surrounded his ships with welcome. The beach danced with joy. The very balsams trembled with happiness. They sang and danced with delight; they welcomed him as a god; they showered upon him the best gifts of sea and land, of forest and garden. They opened their hearts to him, and invited him to their country as a messenger from the skies. In return, he kidnapped their King—Donnacoana—and so taught them the bitter lesson of the white man's perfidy.

Hawkins, the navigator, is another bright name in the annals of the white race. We link it with Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Raleigh. He was a pious man, doubtless, for his ship was named *Jesus*. To him also the red men gave a cordial welcome. To him also they gave gifts as you give gifts to a friend. And what did the pious scoundrel do in return? He loaded the *Jesus* to her gunboards with the very men and women who had fed him and filled his chests with the gold that the tropic slave-owners paid him for his former hosts.

Run your eye over the list of navigators who in person and not first defined the white race to the red:

Columbus, that fraud of history, honored to-day for discovering a world he did not discover, and whose only just fame is the infamous one of having inaugurated the slave trade.

De Soto, the Spaniard, bloody and brutal, true type of his race and age, whose ambition to discover was subordinate to his greed for Indian slaves, and in the mention of whose name comes but one satisfaction—that his name is accursed and his grave unknown.

Velasquez, whose infamy history has chiselled unerasably into the memory of mankind

by calling him the "Slave-Catcher of Yucatan."

Cortereal, the brute who feasted as their guest on Monday, and on Tuesday loaded his hosts with chains, and flung them into the hold of his ship as slaves.

Jacques Cartier, the historic scoundrel of St. Malo, who accepted the hospitality of chief and tribe, and kidnapped his host at the close of the festivities.

Verrazanno, who stole to sell into slavery every child in the tribe that had, at the risk of their own lives, rescued his shipwrecked sailors from death.

And Hawkins, who filled his ship, the *Jesus*, with the men and women who had loaded him with gifts and worshipped him as a god, and sold them, without a scruple, into hideous bondage.

Verily, how stands the record, reader, between the White and the Red? Which party should history style savages—the Indians or pale-faces? And which acted as Pagan and which as Christian? In the scales of God how stands it between the White and the Red, and how will it stand on the day of reckoning, think you? Perhaps you do not think there is a day of reckoning? Then your thought is not mine. You will see.

The welcome which the red men gave the white was of such a character that it challenges investigation. To say that the red race is the very embodiment of hospitality is to state the truth, but a far different spirit than that which animates the bosom of the host at the coming of a possible guest moved in the hearts and souls of the red men as they beheld the white strangers. For hope, fear, gladness, joy, reverence and actual worship characterized and gave superlative emphasis to this welcome of the white by the red. At the base of it all, and as its germinal force, was an impressive faith, a magnificent hope out of which it flowered. The magi of the East worshipped the Babe in the Manger at Bethlehem as a God; as the fulfillment of a hope old as the race; as a proof that the portent they had seen in the heavens was divine; and the red men saw in the coming of the whites the fulfillment of the same hope coexistent with human sorrow and of a myth that had been woven, as a flower of gold in sombre tapestry, into the superstition of every tribe.

There is no doubt that the red and the white had met before Columbus came, but at points of the continent geographically widely apart, and after widely separate intervals in time. We must recall that tribal residence was strictly local; that intertribal communication was difficult and slow, and that years might come and go before a fact could overcome the vast continental distances and come to the knowledge of the manifold divisions of the race. And even then how might the fact itself be accurately told, or what must the capacity of their vocabularies! Hence, all would become dim, uncertain, mysterious, and what was but a simple fact at the starting would, as it passed from tribe to tribe and from year to year, grow vague and changeable as a shadow and become only a myth itself.

In this way the existence of beings unlike themselves and representing powers they knew not of and indescribable, passed into the folklore and the faith of all the tribes, and out of the masses of fact and fancy, of faith and superstition, of ignorance and knowledge, there sprang forth prophecies and expectations of some future coming among them of great white gods, whose appearance should bring weal or woe to them and theirs and be to their race a blessing or a doom.

Along the coast of the Eastern ocean these rumors were more positive, and some were fixed in the faith of the tribes with the steadfastness of facts. And with the years the evidence multiplied.

The Northern tribes had seen the ships of Cabot, father and son. The Esquimaux of Labrador had feasted Cortereal, been by him betrayed, and spread the rumor westward that the "White Manitous" were "devils." From the far South came the testimony of those who had welcomed Ojeda and Vesputi, and from Pensacola to the Hudson the ships of Spanish navigators, whose names are not now known to us, had coasted. Here and there barter had occurred, and some of the white tribes had received as gifts or in trade marvelous things—shining beads, spirit glasses, in which if one looked he would see his own ghost; wonderful cloths shining with the splendor of the skies, and many things of which they knew not the use. And these they showed to interior tribes, filling them with wonder. But, greatest marvel of all, they told them of a strong drink, of the color of blood, which the White Manitous had given them, and which, when drunk, filled all their veins with fire, then made them laugh and dance, and finally put them into a sleep filled with strange dreams.

Thus, preceded with faith and fear, fable and fact, dread and hope among the red race, the white men came at last. Then, from point to point along the coast, up every forest trail that led inland, up every river and winding stream, the wild reports went flying that the great canoes with wings had come; that in them were the White Manitous that no arrow could kill; that with them were strange animals, neither dog nor deer, on which the Manitou rode, and in their hands they carried hollow spears, filled with thunder and lightning, that killed a man without being thrown.

Does it not require imagination to interpret and appreciate these facts of history? Surely not otherwise shall we realize the significance of events that happened on this continent, or understand the story of a race that I would fain make intelligible to you who read.

If on the morrow there should suddenly appear in the bright sunlight above some American city, a vast formation, like to and yet not like a ship, lengthy as a sight, and half as wide, winged with sails vast as that bird in Indian myth, whose shadow as he flew eclipsed the sun, and made night over half the world, and on its deck stood beings measureless as to size, faces dark as gloaming, eyes large and bright as suns, and bearing in their hands such equipments of force that, being exploded, made the earth shake, our strongest buildings tremble, and we ourselves to be thrown to the ground, the coming of such supernatural creatures to our earth, and their appearance, could be no more startling or awful to us than to the red men were the coming and the appearance of the whites at their approach to these shores.

Let it be remembered, then, that when the whites first discovered this continent it was peopled from Florida to Labrador with a race distinguished above all other barbarians known to history with certain great and rare characteristics. They were humane, truthful, temperate, trustful, affectionate, industrious, hospitable, reverent. In proof of this characterization of the red man as he was before the whites brutalized him pages of intelligent and unimpeachable testimony might be written. It is a fact—and no one whose intelligence touches the characteristics of Indian nature, habits and society will deny it—that this continent

was, at the coming of the whites, more distinguished for virtue than any other country on the earth.

It was a country without a jail, without a poor-house and without a drunkard in it. It was a country in which a look to a door was unknown, and a thief so rare that a man who stole was, in some tribes, looked upon as insane. In this country, before our ancestors came, moreover, no wife could be abused by her husband, for by a sacred and unwritten law she was absolute ruler of her household, and the power of divorcing her husband and banishing him the house was in her own hands.

When our ancestors came, they came to a country where children were never whipped and no slave ever existed; where indolence was so odious that, if in the case of a husband, it gave the wife ample ground for divorce, and a lie was so despicable that the liar, when detected, was often banished from his tribe.

It is true that we have lied to them and cheated them; we have stolen their lands and debauched them; we have made them drunkards and vagabonds, as far as we were able; and now we have begun to assassinate their chiefs, and slaughter with our machine guns their women and children at short range. Nevertheless, it is well enough for us as we kill them to remember what sort of a race this red race was when our slave-hunting, rum-drinking, land-stealing ancestors came to this country, and began the process of demoralization and extermination! This is the white man's hour. The Jews had theirs. The Man they crucified found his later. It is to be hoped that our War Department will see to it that the cartridges of the Gatling and Hotchkiss guns do not give out, for the eyes of the people on our gunners, they empty their heated tubes at our children, and little babes, whose brows have felt the baptismal water, and whose mothers have eaten the sacrament bread of our Lord. Let us see, how reads the report:

"Twenty-six squaws and twenty-three papooses were counted lying dead in front of the guns."

Verily, the long tragedy of four hundred years reddens redder in the last scene. Those Gatling and Hotchkiss guns give emphasis to the cleverness of our wit: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." That's clever, real American wit, isn't it? For forty years our frontiersmen, land-agents and young army men have laughed heartily over that saying. They can change the joke now. This is the "new form": "The only good Indian woman is a dead Indian baby," or "The only good Indian baby is a dead Indian baby."

And yet ours is a Christian civilization, is it not? And the President of the United States the one whom the Indians must look to for protection, and whom we, the people, know as the chief executive officer of our government, is a Christian himself. Why, of course.

But let the army, let Congress, let the Cabinet, and let the President himself know that horror is in the land and shame and rage in millions of hearts because assassination has supplanted process of law, and battle under the flag has become an indiscriminate slaughter of women and children. Had I been President of the United States I would have draped the Capitol in black and summoned the Christians of this nation to their altars and their knees when the news came to the White House that scores of Indian women and children had been murdered by United States troops, and had mangled and bloody in front of those magazine guns that day of Western prairie.

We boast to-day of the Republic; we pride ourselves that we are free. It is well. But the scholar remembers that this continent was dedicated to freedom before one of our race was a slave. In the commonwealths of the red men there was neither master nor slave, baron nor serf, oppressor nor oppressed. Never had a whip scarred the back of a human being in this country till a white hand knotted the scourge. That trick of savagery we who boast that we brought civilization to this continent introduced and established; nay, formulated it into statute, and defended it with the traffic in human bodies and souls from our pulpits.

An Indian chief, being asked whether his people were free, replied, "Why not, since I myself am free? Though their chief is not, this noble and suggestive reply in line with the sublime answer of the Master: "Let him who would be chief among you be the servant of all."

Among the red race public opinion was the real governing force, and ability to serve the only power that could elevate a man to rank or dignity. In the councils of the tribe every lodge had a voice, every family had a vote. And so august was the family institution that into the circle of its sanctity no voice or force of power dared thrust itself. Yet our ancestors, fleeing from oppression themselves, stuffed the nostrils of the red man with the full of its name, could find nothing to admire in the free commonwealths of the red men or to praise in a race who embodied in the spirit and form of their government both the essence and substance of the loftiest public spirit and the most perfect liberty.

With the Indians land was the property of all. It was one of the original, elementary gifts of the Creator to man, and hence the birthright of every child born. It was grouped by them with air, sunshine, wind and rain. It was a wealth, a right, a property that no power could alienate from the individual. The earth under their feet, on which they were born, in which were the graves of their sires and in which their dust would finally repose, was God's gift to them and loved with a passionate devotion. Even war could not obliterate this primal right. No victorious tribe ever took the land from the conquered band. They might not take what the Great Spirit had bestowed.

"Sell a country!" indignantly exclaimed Tecumseh, when protesting against the sale of lands to the whites. "Why not sell the air, the clouds, the sea, as well as the earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for his children?"

Can we find a nobler sentiment than that in the pages of the books in which our laws are written or the principles on which they are founded are expressed, and is it not because of this very love of the Indian for his native land that we have waged against him without mercy and hatred him with a hatred born of selfishness and coveting? Like the wicked king of old, we have hated the innocent man whose field we have stolen.

I might take a grain of corn, typical to-day of the wealth of our tillage, and ask you whence it came. Who gave it to us? The red man. From some unknown spot as to which some unremembered agent of time floating out of the dim past whose agent was uncondemned, down the shadowy stream of Indian migration and development, that priceless gift to us has come. It was to them the staff of life. They prized it as God's gift to them. It was the pride of their fields and their tables. It was planted, tilled and cooked by the women, and from these ingenious women—it is said no white woman has ever invented a new dish)—

has come to us the hoe cake, the Johnny cake, hominy, succotash, and gruel for the sick, and that delight of our children, popcorn, which they eat with as much gusto as we do the corn that flowers or blossoms white."

From the aboriginal agriculturists also came the squashes, the pumpkins, the beans and the melons. From the corn gardens of the Senecas came the first sweet corn ever known to civilized man, and Boston baked beans is the identical dish that the Indian women cooked in their earthen jars for the great council feasts of the braves.

Nor was there any waste among them until contact with the whites taught them laziness. The Indian housewife was thrifty and economical person, with a tongue in her head if any member of the household transgressed her orders. A lazy husband was an offense to his tribe, and was made to feel the pressure of an irresistible public opinion. And yet Secretary Noble says "the Indians are a lazy, thriftless race of men and cannot be taught the habits of industry. Verily, what a close student he must be of aboriginal society and economy."

It has been the fashion among us to speak of the Indian women as degraded, as despised and contemned by their husbands, whereas the truth is that in no aboriginal race, and in few civilized races, have women, as a class, ever been held in such esteem or honored with greater privileges.

The Conestoga Indians, when asked by the English why they allowed their women to speak in their councils, replied: "Because some women are wiser than some men." A good custom backed by good logic. There was among them a woman who had the greatest influence among them, so much so that for many years nothing of serious import had been undertaken among them without her advice and sanction. Indeed, she was as queen or empress to them, and was renowned for wisdom. She was present at all their deliberations, and her words were accepted as authoritative. And yet they tell us that the race who gave to the wife complete mastery over her household, so that none might disobey her, neither child nor warrior nor husband, whose tribal honors were vested in the female, and not the male line; among whom it was the woman who divorced the husband and not the husband the wife; a race which did not permit the father to strike a child in punishment for offenses unless permitted by the mother, and by whom, if the husband did not fight to the death in defense of his wife, he was banished the tribe—in the face of all these splendid testimonies of the high honor in which woman was held by the red men on this continent, American letters have dared to repeat the tale of their enemies that the Indian woman was a poor, degraded, despised creature.

Until Columbus came drunkenness was unknown to the continent. The red man was a cold-water man. Neither the false mirth nor the foolishness nor the brutality that precede and accompany intoxication was ever seen among the Indians. This is one reason, doubtless, why their society was less vicious than ours, and why their conduct more moral. No children were whipped, wives were beaten, no crimes committed by frenzied drunkards among the red men, for they had no drunkards among them. It was the advent of the white man's fire-water that marked the beginning of Indian demoralization. It was the white man and the white man's rum that corrupted the morals of the most noble and virtuous race of semi-developed barbarians that the world ever saw.

William Wood, in his "New England's Prospect," two hundred and fifty years ago wrote: "Take these Indians in their own trim (true?) and nature, and you will find them to be a constant in friendship to one another, true in promises and more industrious than many others."

This, remember, is New England's testimony of the red men whom you have been taught to believe were lazy, thriftless knaves and sots full of treacheries and murders.

"And so they remained, (he continues,) until some of our English, to unlothe them of their beaver coats, clad them with the infection of sweating and drinking, which was never in fashion with them before, being contrary to their nature to quzzle down strong drink until our beautiful example and dishonest imitation both brought them to it, and, from overflowing the blood, they became prone to revenge, murder and the overflowing of blood."

"The crowning curse, the source of nearly all other evils that beset the Indians," says Mr. Turner, in his "History of Indian Treaties," "was the use of spirituous liquors. In the absence of them the advent of our race to this continent would have been a blessing to the red men instead of what it has proved, the cause of their ruin and extermination. The introduction of 'fire-water,' vitiating their appetites, cost them their native independence of character, made them dependent on the trader, and the agents of river governments, mixed them up with factions and contending aspirants to dominion, and impelled them to fields of blood and slaughter, or to the stealthy assault with the tomahawk and scalping-knife. For the ruin of his race the red man has a fearful account against the white."

In short, rum did to the red man precisely what it does to the white. But in his case there were none to care for him or seek to save him from the restraint which society, public opinion and home influence put to the white man when in peril. On the other hand, trade and society alike were in conspiracy to corrupt and debase him. The trader, with his keg of rum, needed no other capital to fill his pouch with profits. He could buy more skins with his rum than he could with gold, weight for weight, and from a drunken Indian what he could not buy he could steal. And he did. Rum was the inspiration of the white man's commerce with the red. To get an Indian drunk was the opportunity of trade, the sure, unfailing method of immense profit, and the rapidly-increasing wealth of New England's earlier commerce was the fungus that sprouted from the festering debauchery of the aboriginals, whose demoralization was wickedly planned and persistently produced.

I ask you to remember, you who, having a sense of justice, would hold the scales evenly between the two races, that before the white man came lying, theft, dissimulation, cowardice and drunkenness were unknown among the red men.

If you love justice, therefore; if you would do justice to the race that is gone, you must remember that underneath all other causes, friction, distrust, enmity and bloody wars between the two races, was this criminal conduct of the whites; this baleful conspiracy formed in the interest of selfish greed against the morals, the character and the property of the Indians. Our ancestors debauched the Indian with their rum, vaccinated him with the virus of their worst vices, sapped the native vigor of his character with their evil habits, decimated the tribes by imported diseases, and then waged against them a war of extermination that they might have the land the Indian could not sell and would not surrender. "Received as gods," says Elbridge Brooks,

"the white men proved to be devils; welcomed with overflowing hospitality, they repaid it with deceit and theft; they offered harborage and homes, they surrounded them with forts and instruments of murder, and recompensing simple faith with social vices, they gave in barter for the fertile fields of the Indian hosts the plague pests of their race, debauchery and disease—the white man's foulest evils—rum and the smallpox."

And yet it has been the chief object of all our historical teachings to our children to glorify the white robber and degrade the poor victim. Out of Indian fighters we have made Presidents. Out of treaty-breakers we have made Congressmen, and from the poachers on Indian reservations secured to them by solemn acts of legislation have sprung forth millionsaires in lands, forests and mines. Verily we are a most honorable and Christian nation!

W. H. H. MURRAY.  
Parker House, Boston, Jan. 17th, 1891.

## Left Luxury for Duty.

Once a New York Society Girl, Now a Teacher of Indians.

It seems hardly possible for a young woman to possess more of the qualifications of a steam engine than Miss Grace Howard does. She is a daughter of Joseph Howard, Jr., the well known writer. Turning her back to the attractions of New York society, and the luxuries of home, she established herself, three or four years ago, on a ranch at Crow Creek, seventeen miles from the town of Chamberlain, in South Dakota, and is devoting her life to the improvement of the Indian race. She passed through New York recently, on her way to Washington, where she went to stir up the government, and I then secured a statement from her on the general scope of her work.

Some five years ago she visited the Hampton school, where a cousin was teaching, and having taken her cousin's place for a time, during the latter's illness, became greatly interested in Indians. Soon after she visited some of the agencies, and returned to New York to make preparations to settle in Dakota. Her plan embraced the securing of land, the building of a house, the establishment of a school and of a mission, and the furtherance of industrial work among the Indians in the neighborhood she had selected.

Her preparations included the getting of an appointment to run a government school; the interesting of Calvary Church, of which she is a communicant, in the religious work, and the mustering of such financial strength as she could. The appointment was easily secured. The church makes an annual appropriation, and with her father's aid she obtained eighty acres of land, built her house and bought four horses, a light wagon, five cows and such other things as were needed.

She was bound by the terms of her appointment to maintain ten children in the school. She has twenty-five, five of whom act as "helpers" in domestic affairs. There are also on her place a white teacher and a housekeeper. She has the most of her land under cultivation. She visits and ministers to sick and destitute Indians for twenty miles around, using one span of horses for roadsters, the other being working horses. These visits she makes at all times and in all weather. On one occasion she spent nine days and nights tending a dying man.

She receives a thousand dollars a year from the Government for the maintenance of the school, and should receive rations as well for the twenty Indians maintained there. When, as has lately been the case, she does not receive these rations, she has to buy food. I begged the work because I thought the reference to this fact, as well as some others, that she made her visit to the authorities in Washington. Her house is not only a school and a church, but is the place where open handed hospitality is extended to all comers. Indians of all ages and both sexes are entertained there almost constantly. So varied a work is not conducted without meeting and overcoming difficulties that might well daunt a strong man, and shrink from nothing that she has to do, and she has a destitute Indian for twenty miles around, using one span of horses for roadsters, the other being working horses. These visits she makes at all times and in all weather. On one occasion she spent nine days and nights tending a dying man.

"I have tramped through snow up to my knees, with only this child to help me," she said, pointing to a bright Indian maiden about fourteen years old who is with her, "and made my way to the barn, where we fed and watered the stock, and then I thought said it in a matter-of-fact way, as if thinking it quite natural that she should do that, or anything else that might come up to be done."

Difficulties, in fact, seem to present themselves to her only in the light of fuel for her enthusiasm. I asked her if she intended to make the present her life-work, and she said she certainly did, only she did not expect to confine herself to the single place now established. Her hope is to work, because I thought at other points after she had made this self-reporting, or trained some of the Indians so that they can maintain it.

"Do you ever have trouble with unfriendly Indians?" I asked. "Indeed no," she replied earnestly. "I would rather trust myself among the Indians any time than among the white people who come out here as settlers. I have given twelve or fifteen dollars to the school more than once to reach an Indian village when I was away from home on business. The Indians seem to appreciate fully what I am trying to do for them, and they take the greatest interest in the school and mission. I beg the work because I thought the Indians ought to be taught how to maintain themselves. We say they ought to be self-supporting, and we do not give them a chance to be."

In person, Miss Howard is of medium height and very slender. She talks with wonderful rapidity and unbounded enthusiasm, and shows in every motion and word that she is the possessor of great nervous force and a surprising amount of determination. One cannot imagine the protestations of friends having the slightest effect upon her after she has become convinced that she was in the right.—David A. Curtis, in the American Press Association.

## Hydrophobia.

Dr. Charles W. Dulles of Philadelphia, editor of *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*, writes to Geo. T. Angell of this city as follows:

"I have been for several years appointed and reappointed, by the Medical Society of Pennsylvania, to report to it in regard to the subject of hydrophobia; and the result of my investigations has strengthened more and more, from year to year, my conviction that cases of so-called hydrophobia depend principally upon the amount of fear which prevails in any community in regard to it."

"Many measures which are put forward—no doubt honestly—with a view to prevent hydrophobia seem rather to encourage its production. Among these the most notorious is that by Pasteur. But, in addition to this, I find that wherever special measures are proposed there is apt to be an increase of the number of cases of death from so-called hydrophobia. In this country the disease is so rarely seen that I do not believe any general protective measures are necessary—in fact, I think that if the 'false fear' of it were cured we would never see the disease in human beings."

At a recent trial in Paris, involving a legacy bequeathed to Spiritualists, in which they gained their cause, the president of the tribunal said, alluding to the teachings of Spiritualism:

"For my own part, I know of nothing more consolatory than the right have we to pronounce these doctrines erroneous. Spiritual communications are unacceptable, it is said. True, and yet they are the very basis of revealed religion. We must conclude, then, that however strange these spiritualistic doctrines may appear to us, they are entitled to just the same respect as all other philosophical and religious beliefs."









...and the ...

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Swing inward, oh! gates of the future,  
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,  
For the soul of the people is moving,  
And rising from the slumber of last;  
The black forms of night are retreating,  
The white light of day is dawning,  
And freedom her long roll is beating,  
And calling her sons to the fray.  
And woe to the rule that has plundered  
And trod down the wounded and slain,  
While the wars of the old time have thundered  
And men poured their life-blood in vain;  
The day of its triumph is ending,  
The evening draws near with its doom,  
And the star of its strength is descending,  
To sleep in dishonor and gloom.  
Though the tall trees are crowned on the highlands  
With the first gold of rainbow and sun,  
While far in the distance below them  
The rivers in dark shadows run,  
They must fall and the workman shall burn them  
Where the lands and the low waters meet  
And the steeds of the New-Time shall spurn them  
With the soles of their swift flying feet.  
Swing inward, oh! gates, till the morning  
Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,  
Till the life and the love of the New Time  
Shall conquer the hate of the old;  
Let the face and the hand of the Master  
No longer be hidden from view,  
Nor the lands he prepared for the many  
Be trampled and robbed by the few.  
The soil tells the same fruitful story,  
The seasons their bounties display,  
And the flowers lift their faces in glory  
To catch the warm kisses of day;  
While our fellows are treated as cattle  
That are muzzled when treading the corn,  
And millions sink down in life's battle  
With a sigh for the day they were born.  
Must the sea plead in vain that the river  
May return to its mother for rest,  
And the earth beg the rain to give her  
Of dew that have drawn from her breast?  
Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter  
From down where the quick lightnings glow,  
And from heights where the mad waters utter  
Their warning to dwellers below.  
And woe to the robbers who gather  
In fields where the never have sown,  
Who have stolen the jewels from labor,  
And builded to Mammon a throne;  
For the snow-kings asleep by the fountains  
Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,  
And descend in haste from the mountains  
Bearing ruin, destruction and death.  
And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,  
And the sceptre be swept from his hand,  
And the heart of the haughty be humbled,  
And a servant be chief in the land—  
And the Truth and the Power united  
Shall rise from the graves of the true,  
And the wrong of the Old Time be righted  
In the might and the light of the new.  
For the Lord of the harvest hath said,  
Whose lips never uttered a lie,  
And his prophets and poets have read it,  
In symbols of earth and of sky,  
That to him who has reaped in plunder,  
Till the angel of conscience is dumb,  
The shock of the earthquake and thunder,  
And tempest and torrents shall come.  
Swing inward, oh! gates of the future,  
Swing outward, ye doors of the past,  
A giant is waking from slumber  
And rending his fetters at last.  
From the dust where his proud tyrant found him,  
Unbowed, and scorned and betrayed,  
He shall rise with the sunlight around him  
And rule in the realm he has made.  
—The Boston Labor Leader.

January Magazines.

GOLDTHWAIT'S GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE.—Occu-  
pating a new field in periodical literature, this  
monthly gives promise of becoming one of great  
interest and usefulness. Of the contents of this, the initial  
number, are "The Selkirk Glacier," two illustrations,  
"A Chinese Map of China," "An Eskimo Map," "Re-  
cent Explorations in New Guinea," "Some of Stan-  
ley's Characteristics," with portrait, "Exploring the  
Famous Death Valley," "Hunting for Fossils on the  
Congo," and accounts of several recent explorations.  
Possibly the most thrilling of the contents is "A  
Bridal Trip in Africa," by Dr. Emil and Mrs. Rosa  
Holub. This trip lasted four years, and everything but  
death was suffered. Strong men in the party dropped  
and died, but the young woman seemed to live a  
charmed life among pitiless foes in a deadly climate.  
She was courageous through every trial, and often in  
the darkest circumstances helped sustain the failing  
courage of the men with words of cheer and encour-  
agement. Portraits of Dr. and Mrs. H., and five other  
engravings, add to the interest of the narrative. In  
the "Young Folk's Corner" the reader is told of  
"Stanley's Little Black Boys," and "Other Day, the  
Slouch Hero." New York: 107 Nassau street.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—"Sunday Law and  
Ecclesiasticism" is the title of the opening article, con-  
tributed by N. Zediker, in which the motives of those  
who are seeking legislation for a sanctimonious ob-  
servance of the Sabbath are shown to be identical  
with those that have governed the persecutions of all  
past ages. Geo. H. Dawes institutes a comparison be-  
tween Buddha and Christ, and their similarity in many  
points are made apparent. "The True Theory of Tax-  
ation" is discussed by E. Hannum. Editorially "The  
Sunday Question" is considered. More especially in  
reference to the fact that the preachers in Texas "re-  
alizing," remarks Mr. Shaw, "their inability to maintain  
clerical authority over the people by moral suasion,  
are seeking the aid of the State. Seeing," he adds,  
"they are no longer looked upon as the divinely ap-  
pointed agents of God, and finding their impotent  
threats and anathemas are more and more disregarded  
by an intelligent public, they naturally seek to have  
their pretentious claims enforced by law." Waco,  
Texas: J. D. Shaw.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—A portrait of Gen.  
Miles is accompanied by some account of his career  
as successor of Gen. Crook, and a picture of "Sioux  
Indians Performing the Ghost Dance." A sketch of  
Chas. F. Fela, the armless painter, relates the mar-  
velous work he performs with his toes, among which  
are portraits of the Archduke of Austria, Mme. La-  
fontaine of the Comedie Francaise, and others. New  
York: Fowler & Wells Co.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—"Planetary Aspects for  
Each Day of January," "Epidemics of Disaster and  
Crime," and "Warnings of the Stars," are among  
the contents of this month's number. Boston: Grant  
& Co.

New Publications.

HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY; Including Lessons,  
General Discourses, and Explorations of  
"Fraternities" from the Schools of Egypt,  
Chaldean, Greece, Italy, Scandinavia, etc.  
Designed for Students of the Hermetic, Py-  
thagorean, and Platonic Sciences, and Western  
Occultism. By an Acolyte of the H. B.  
of L. Vol. I. Containing Lesson First on  
"The Things That Are," and a Discourse  
from Plotinus on "The Nature of the Good  
and the One." 16mo, cloth, pp. 184. Phila-  
delphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. For  
sale by W. B. Clark & Co., Boston.

The series of volumes of which this is the first is de-  
signed to impart a correct knowledge of what the  
author terms "the sublime old Wisdom Religion."  
The first lesson begins with an explanation of the  
aphorisms of the first book of the "Divine Pythagoras,"  
to each of which is appended a definition or illustration.  
In its first principles are defined, a thorough  
comprehension of the distinctions and occult signifi-  
cation of terms being considered, the only sure Her-  
metic foundation for a successful study of the philoso-  
phy. Part II. is an extract from the fifth Ennead of  
Plotinus, in which a revelation is made of the most  
ancient theory of the nature and properties of light.  
"WORDS OF LIFE" is a roll of thirty-two pages,  
designed to hang on a wall. On each page is printed  
a passage from the Bible. The "HEALTH CALEN-  
DAR" is similar in style, and contains a bill of fare for  
each day in the year, with directions how to prepare  
it. Both are published by F. E. Housh & Co., Brat-  
tlesboro, Vt.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs.  
WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething.  
It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain,  
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combing. To prevent this, the best  
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removes dandruff, heals troublesome  
humors of the scalp, restores faded  
and gray hair to its original color,  
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and a lasting fragrance. By using  
this preparation, the poorest head  
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Gibbs & Starrs, Druggists, Sharon  
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kind in the market, and sell more of it than  
of all others. No drug store is complete  
without a supply of it."

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great benefit and know several other per-  
sons, between 40 and 50 years of age, who  
have experienced similar good results from  
the use of this preparation. It restores gray  
hair to its original color, promotes a new  
growth, gives lustre to the hair, and cleanses  
the scalp of dandruff."—Bernardo Ochoa,  
Madrid, Spain.

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any satisfactory result, I find that Ayer's  
Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—  
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Head, N. W. T.  
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tion I could ever find to remove dandruff,  
cure itching humors, and prevent loss of  
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ment she ever made, it has given her so  
much satisfaction."—James A. Adams, St.  
Augustine, Texas.

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pal, Magnetic Institute, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1w Jan. 31.

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Mrs. A. E. Crane,

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Jan. 24.

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Jan. 2.

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Séances Sunday evenings from 7 to 9. 1w Jan. 31.

SARA E. HERVEY, M. D., Psychometrist and

Magnetic Healer, 593 Tremont street, Boston.  
Jan. 17.

DR. L. BARNICOAT, Lecturer, Test, Medi-

cal and Magnetic Medium, 100 Tremont street, Boston.  
Jan. 17.

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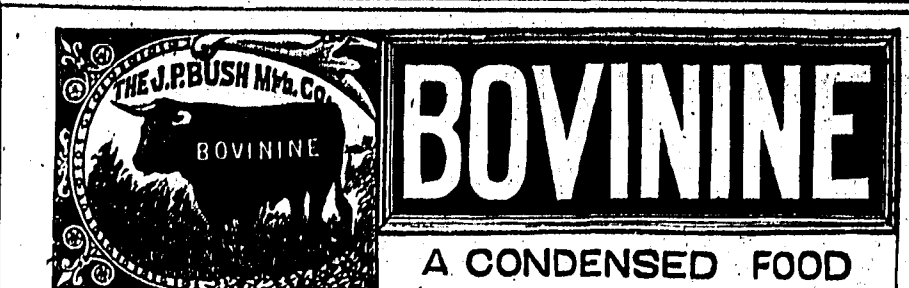
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NOTED CANADIAN PHYSICIAN, Dr. E. T. ADAMS OF TORONTO, recently said in

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Mrs. T. F. Dean,

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Jan. 24.

MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Me-

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Jan. 31.

MRS. J. FOLLANSBEE GOULD, Massage

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DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, Magnetic Healer,

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