

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME VIII.

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Original Story.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Toilers for Bread—The Story of the Poor.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRE AND SMOKE.

"Gentlemen, what will you do? Is there no plan you can devise to overcome these troubles? I will go with you, heart and hand, in any good measure you may adopt looking to the betterment of the people, and the cessation of these hostilities between the classes!" exclaimed young Albert Mountain in a most decided and earnest tone, as he glanced from one to the other of the seven gentlemen who were seated in the room with him. It was late at night. For over two hours these men had held their conference. They were the most prominent business men of the city, and the two Mountains, uncle and nephew, who had solicited the interview with the purpose of trying to arrange some plan for the benefit of the poorer population. They were seated in the office of one of the corporation, Abel Sawyer, the most unyielding and arbitrary taskmaster in town, he was called; and as yet no satisfactory conclusion had been arrived at.

"My idea," said Sawyer, "is to serve the law on these people; they're a bad lot, sowing the seeds of sedition and discord at all hours. Not one of us is safe from their hands. Even you, Mountain, who have never given them a sharp word, but have helped them with money and food, may at any time fall a victim to their passion."

"It may be so," returned the young man, "and why not? I have not aggravated them by the display of my wealth, and I have tried to ease their hard lot; but they know I have means. I did not get it through business relations with any of them. My property was left me by my father; but these people reason—and with truth—that hands and brains created it. My father did not earn it all by the sweat of his brow. Others labored for him. He paid their wage, but when the net earnings were collected for each year's toil, his was the largest share. They will say someone suffered that I might have this wealth. And it is even so; no doubt men and women toiled early and late, often with hungry stomachs and half clad bodies, that my father might amass the fortune which he left his son. How then can I blame the poor who cry out for redress when I know that their labor and their time, eye and their life, have done as much, even more, to build up the fortunes of the rich, as have the brains and the prudence of these same wealthy men?"

There was a pause until young Mountain went on:

"Gentlemen, you will all admit that without the raw material you could not turn out the finished product of your looms. This material then is essential to the operations of your mills. Very well, I contend that labor and the intelligence, defective

as it is, of your operatives, are the raw material of human energy that is converted into the wealth which you have gained. Now I propose that this essential material, this labor, which is the capital of the poor, be recognized henceforth in the business circles of Albans. There are eight of us here, all men of means. Suppose all of us put two-thirds of our fortunes into a common fund; that we unite on business principles—and humane ones, too—in the interests of the milling industry. We will agree that the common fund shall stand as invested capital, the income of which will be used in the business, each one of us to draw only a small percentage upon our stock: the remainder of the income of the corporation to be distributed pro rata among the operatives, the overseers and the clerks, according to their individual ability, industry and character."

"Tut! Tut!" exclaimed Mr. Sawyer in derision; "this co-operative plan of yours, young man, is the dream of a visionist, not the sober reflection of a practical mind. I cannot consent to enter any such scheme. After all our talk, I do not see that we arrive at any more sensible conclusion than that which the business men of this town have always acted upon; and that is to let the working people alone. You can't lift them up to our level and put them on a plane of equality with the higher classes through any form of division of property or distribution of dividends, or anything of that sort. They belong to the common herd, and you can't make anything more of them. Keep them in their places, is the safest rule; let them know who is master in the mill or at the shop; pay them a wage for their labor, but *don't* lead them to expect anything more at the end of the year when the accounts are settled up. That's all I've got to say. We had better go home."

There was a little more talk among the gentlemen, Abel Sawyer keeping a grim silence, however, during the discussion. But nothing definite came of it. None but Albert Mountain and his uncle favored the idea of employing the working people upon the distributive plan, and these two were not at present engaged in active business life; so that it seemed likely that the problem of the poor of Albans would still remain unsolved.

Finally, the men rose to depart, all but Abel Sawyer, who lingered to close his office, and probably because he chose to go home alone.

"I shall not give up the fight, uncle, but I will do my best toward making a change in the condition of the oppressed class in this town; I mean to enter business of some kind myself, and when I do I shall adopt some co-operative system in my dealings with my fellow man. I only wish I could make others feel as I do on this question."

"That you cannot do, my boy," the elder Mountain responded; "old systems die hard, and old customs, however unjust they may be, have strong root in the soil of men's minds. I am too old to engage in any new ventures or industries; but you have my blessing and my good wishes. I have not the enthusiasm nor the hot blood of youth, and I cannot help thinking that you are a little too eager in your attempted fight

into new realms—a little too sanguine of success in lifting the lower classes to the higher plane. There is a grain of truth in the rough words of Sawyer, 'You can't lift them up to our level and put them on a plane of equality with the higher classes,' not in one generation at least; and why? Because these people are the victims of centuries of ignorance, of servitude and degradation. They have all the inherited conditions of a past ancestry in their lives: want, ignorance and brutality have been the experience, the heritage of these common working folk for all time. Now, my boy, these people are stamped through and through with the seal of such a fate; how can you or any one else expect to lift them to a conception of a broader, fuller life? You can afford them better comforts, give them higher instruction, and help them to enjoy such life as they are suited to, no doubt; but as water cannot rise higher than its level, so you will find that humanity naturally settles itself in classes, and that the members of each degree find their proper sphere."

"I know your good heart, uncle, and so your words cannot pain me. You reason from the head, viewing things through the glass of custom. I grant you that years of menial service, or of indulgence in corrupting habits will weaken any class and leave the stain upon its offspring; but are we never to try and overcome this condition? Shall we be indifferent to it, willing to see the masses toil and starve in their bondage and pain? No! I believe we should do our best to help them to help themselves—to aid them in self cultivation and growth. To do this we must recognize them not only as human beings, but in a measure as brothers and sisters. We must let them see that we really wish to do right toward them; that we appreciate their service and desire to give them a just return for it. We must send teachers among them to show them how to help themselves out of their low condition."

"I like your spirit, Al, and will not discourage you. I know the poor have been over-worked and underpaid, and they are not without my sympathy. I cannot enter new fields at my time of life; but as you know, I am well-to-do, and what I have will belong to my only child. On the day that Louise becomes your wife I shall place one-half of my fortune in her name, and I know her well enough to realize that in doing so it will be put into any philanthropic scheme that you may entertain. There is no one on earth I could give my daughter to with as ready a heart as I will to you, my boy, though I do not approve of marriage between cousins in general. The fact that your father was only my half brother relieves me somewhat on that point; otherwise I might have hesitated to bestow her hand upon you. As it is, you are both all I have to look to in my declining years, for love and—"

The sentence was not completed, for just at that moment a wild peal of bells rang out upon the air, and a lurid light shooting up toward the sky in the direction from which they had come, turned the attention of the two men from the subject of their conversation.

"The old mill is on fire, uncle, I think, and it must have gained a rapid headway; I will go back and see; but you had better enter the house," said the younger man, as they paused on a street corner close to their home.

"Yes! I will go in, and you will do well to come with me, boy. That fire is a raging one; you can do nothing there; come in with me. I wonder how it caught! Sawyer is the most careful of men; he could not have been the cause. Well, he has left, and is at home by this time, I suppose. I hope none of the spiteful strikers have done this."

But Albert the younger did not accompany his uncle into the house. He hastily turned his steps in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the old mill was on fire; it must have been smouldering for hours to have gained that headway, and now all hope of saving the main part of the structure seemed vain.

Suddenly there was a shout from the crowd, as the smoke lifted and a streak of flame lighted up the office window of the second floor, for there, pressed close to the pane, was the pallid face of Abel Sawyer, the man most feared and hated by the "common people" for miles around.

The heat was intense; the gateways were black with smoke, and the task of reaching the man, though not impossible, was not a tempting one. Evidently he was afraid to venture out himself, and unless some one went to his aid he must perish. Amid the yells and confusion some one was heard to shout, "There's old Sawyer! Who'll help him out? Perhaps he'll give yer a job if yer will."

"'Twould sarve him right to leave him to die like a rat in his hole," said another.

"I'll not risk meself fer him," cried one man; "the world's as much need of me as him."

"Well, look now," screamed a bareheaded woman in the crowd. "Yer not wanted to bring him out; sure there's young Mister Mountain an' a fireman rushin' in after the old man!"

CHAPTER X.

THE EVENTS OF THE NIGHT—ALBERT'S VISION.

They got him out at last, but it was a wearisome task. As much as he feared the approach of the flames, Abel Sawyer seemed to fear facing the howling mob outside the building more. Albert Mountain and John Lane, the fireman, had dashed through the smoke into the office, and the old man, leaning on an arm of each, was led safely out.

It was no wonder that Abel Sawyer feared to meet the screaming mob, for as he appeared in the street a shout of scorn and derision went up from a hundred throats. The idle jeering crowd pressed so near the firemen that it was with difficulty they could perform their work. Indeed it seemed as if the people were bent on retarding the efforts of the firemen.

"Stand off!" shouted Albert Mountain, as a dash was made toward Sawyer by a member of the lawless ones. "Let this man go to his home in peace!"

"No! No!" cried a voice in the crowd. "It's him we're after. It's him has made the bad luck an' the hard times for us. He deserves to be pulled up, an' now's our time."

At these words there was another rush, but Albert resolutely stood his ground in front of the trembling millionaire, and called out, "Men! Men! be reasonable; act like human beings! You know this will have to be answered for—"

Just then another voice shouted from the crowd, "Yer'd better be still, Mr. Mountain, an' mind yer own affairs. We've got nothin' agin you; but we do owe old Sawyer a big bill, an' we've made up our minds ter pay it this night."

"Where are the police?" cried Mountain. "We call on the protection of the police." The police were at hand, a body of them with drawn clubs, that had been making its way through the outskirts of the crowd, and which, after much pushing and shouting, and tapping of heads gained Albert's side and took the trembling mill-owner in charge.

Awed by "the majesty of the law," in the presence of the police the hooting crowd became silent and inactive for a few moments, long enough for Abel Sawyer to be hustled away and out of sight by his new escort.

The fire swept on unmindful of the efforts of man to stay its course. The firemen labored manfully, and again the jeers and yells of the crowd rose high upon the midnight air. The most important mill buildings of Albans were completely destroyed. Accidents of numerous kinds occurred, principally through the reckless conduct of the people. Beaten heads produced by the descending clubs in the hands of blue-coated officers were numerous; while John Lane, the fireman who had helped to lead Abel Sawyer out of the burning building,

was felled by a falling beam, from under which he was rescued with difficulty, sustaining severe injuries.

Finally toward morning the Mayor appeared with a copy of the riot act in his hand, followed by a military posse; but not until several arrests were made was the crowd dispersed, and the field left to the possession of the fire company.

Long before this, conscious that he could do no good by remaining, Albert Mountain had retired to his home to acquaint his uncle with the situation of affairs.

"There is no doubt in my mind," said the young man, "that the fire was the work of an incendiary. It seems to have started in the waste room in the rear of the mill. I think some of the more reckless of the unemployed have been plotting this thing. They knew of our meeting at the mill, and while we were conferring together the flame was started. Perhaps they thought we would all be at home long before the fire gained headway, but when I reflect on the reception that the crowd gave Sawyer when he appeared, I fear that the plot had been against his life as well as his property. A half hour later he could not have gotten out at all."

"Well, well! it is a most wretched business certainly, and one that we cannot tell the end. An effort must be made to find the ring leaders, and they must be punished to the extent of the law. At this rate, the city will be given up to anarchy and riot, and no one will be safe either at home or abroad. It's a bad state of things, my boy."

"True, uncle, and the question is, how to apply the remedy. Example must be made of the most vicious and hardened, of course. As a protection to society, and as a precaution against further lawlessness, the real culprits must be severely dealt with; but the query comes to me over and over again, what ultimate good will come of it? Imprisonment for men who have grown desperate, perhaps irresponsible in their dealings, through want of employment and lack of means to provide food for their families, does not solve the problem that confronts us. These people have asked for bread and have been given the stone of cold denial. Even more, they have not begged the bread, they asked the opportunity to earn it, and the rich corporations have flatly refused them. It is truly 'a bad state of affairs,' uncle, and a sad one."

Still occupied with the thoughts that had exercised his mind that day, Albert Mountain retired to his couch, but not to sleep. The problems of the hour pressed upon his mind. He admitted the condition of the men who had done so much injury that night to be one of deplorable ignorance and brutality; and yet, he felt that they are also children of the living God, that they are all members of the human family; and that somewhere a fearful responsibility for their state of poverty and ignorance rests. The rich had said, "Grind all that you can from these lives; they are machines to do our work;" and the grinding had gone on until the end had come.

Suddenly the walls of his room seemed to be removed, and Albert was looking out upon an unfamiliar scene. In the distance he beheld the shining walls and lofty towers of a large city. The spot seemed to vibrate with life and action, and also to be the dwelling place of prosperity and peace. Human beings moved about, but none seemed unhappy or ill at ease, nor were any clothed in distinctive dress or badge of office, but all appeared to occupy an equal plane of life and society. Near by he discovered an open space, bright and sunny, in which a large concourse of people were assembled. All of them wore the same quiet aspect, the same contented expression; although one might conclude that they were artisans of various lines of employment. These people were apparently paying attention to the remarks of a distinguished looking man of benign countenance and massive form who stood before them in the open space. Now, as our hero gazed, he seemed to be drawn nearer the speaker, until these words fell upon his hearing:

"Ours is called the 'Ideal Republic,' my friends. In our State man and woman stands equal in every department of thought and labor. Here, we are members of one family whose head and parent is the Government. We, its children, pay our dues into the common fund in the product of our labor, and we draw from the common treasury every supply for the needs and demands of our daily lives. 'We are the people,' and in the people is vested the power to control affairs of State. The State is our protection and our support, but we, as its people, contribute our energies, our labor and our lives toward its management. There is no division here such as we learn of in other lands. Let the people of each nation adopt our form of government and by their united will elect to office only such individuals as have the best interest of the whole country at heart. Let these officers be chosen for their integrity and wisdom. Let them receive no stated salary for their service, but only the guarantee of a generous support from the common fund. Let the nations of civilized life come together in harmonious council, and let each agree to take care of its own offspring, and to train the hands and brains of its children to useful exercise, meteing out exact justice and equity to all, and we shall hear no more of wars, and of classes rising against classes in rebellion and strife."

The further words of the speaker were lost to him; the vision of smiling fields and gleaming city walls faded away, and Albert Mountain slept the sleep which tired nature demanded.

To be Continued.

The Coming Man.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Oh not for the great departed, who framed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest hearted who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero to whom all bend their knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise—but for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman is passing through to-day
A man that is more than human shall yet be born, I say—
A man in whose pure spirit no dross of self will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong, a man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted, a man with God-like power
Shall come when the most is wanted, shall come at the needed hour,
He shall silence the din and clamor of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud might shall triumph through this man.

I know he is coming, coming, to help, to guide, to save,
Though I hear no martial drumming, and see no flags that wave;
But the great soul-travail of woman, and the bold free thought unfurled,
Are heralds that say he is on the way—the coming man of the world.

Mourn not for vanished ages with their great heroic men,
Who dwell in history's pages and live in the poet's pen,
For the grandest times are before us, and the world is yet to see
The noblest worth of this old earth in the men that are to be.

It appears to be the belief of some that as man in the savage state has for the most part been largely, if not wholly, carnivorous, he will with the progress of civilization become entirely vegetarian or use only the products of animals, as eggs and milk, with vegetable food. A vegetable diet has been found very successful in treating kidney troubles and indigestion. In point of economy it is an enormous saving, not only in actual cost to the consumer, but also in land, as of two equal portions of ground, one raising a cereal and the other beef or mutton, the part devoted to the cereal will support ten times as many men as the beef or mutton portion.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Spiritualism and the Wisdom-Religion.

An Historical Sketch.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

The *Banner of Light*, Sept. 23, 1876, p. 2, contained an article by Col. H. S. Olcott, entitled "A Tap at Mrs. Tappan," being in reply to remarks on occultism in a published address by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, the noted Spiritualist lecturer. In this article he makes the following remarkable assertion: "At this moment there are, in various parts of the world, 985,000,000 'converts' and 'advocates' of the philosophy that the Theosophical Society was organized to study. And every man of these millions . . . believes that it has a claim of (sic) existence in the world of science." Inasmuch as a large number of these 985,000,000 persons have no conception of the connotation of the word "science," the folly of this extravagant affirmation is patent. "Thousands," continues he, "who stand to the great body of these advocates [of theosophy] as Mrs. Tappan, or rather her controls, does to the mass of Spiritualists, could take this control and set him in full sight of her audiences and let him do his own talking. These are adepts of Occultism." Note the childish credulity of this remark, voicing his belief that there are thousands of "adepts," all of whom have such power over the residents of the spirit-world and over the forces of this world as to be able to "materialize" in full form a spirit, and render him visible and audible to a large audience long enough for him to deliver an address of an hour's length! Fifteen years have elapsed since then, and there is no record of any one of the thousands (?) of adepts having attempted even the execution of this extraordinary feat. As all of the Colonel's information about the adepts was derived from Madame Blavatsky, we learn from this the kind of "cock-and-bull stories" with which, at this time, the veracious Madame was regaling her dupes. "What excuse," next says Col. Olcott, "can these guides [of Mrs. Tappan] who live presumably in the spirit-world, give for misrepresenting the Occultists by saying that they affirm that 'there are elementary or fragmentary souls, not yet human, . . . , etc., etc? Who authorized them to say that we regard the elementary spirits as fragmentary souls? or not yet human? What author do they study—these guides? The spirits of the elements—the gnomes, sylphs, undines, and salamanders—have no immortal souls, nor ever will have; they are not 'yet' human, nor ever will be. They are evolutions of matter, not like ourselves." In reply it may be asked, What excuse has Colonel Olcott for thus affecting ignorance of his own teachings and those of his mistress in Occultism, Mme. Blavatsky? What excuse has he for falsely charging the "guides" of Mrs. Tappan with misrepresenting the occultists? The doctrines attributed to occultism by Mrs. Tappan were in exact accordance with those published by Olcott and Blavatsky in the *New York Tribune*, *Spiritual Scientist*, and other journals, and which have been published *verbatim* in previous chapters of this narrative. The Colonel certainly knew this; therefore he must have known that his comments upon Mrs. Tappan's lecture, on these points, were destitute of truth. What shall be thought of a man who charges another with falsehood, when in fact the falsehood is wholly on his part? This article of Olcott's demonstrates that no reliance can be placed upon anything emanating from his pen.

In this article the Colonel avows that the Occultists "do not challenge a single genuine message that has been received from 'disembodied human souls.' They believe that there are such genuine messages; and, for my part, I can say I have had them—often—and often without the intervention of a medium. But we believe—nay, we know—that thousands of so-called

spirit-messages have come from the Elementary." Col. Olcott did not and could not "know" any such thing; he knew nothing on the subject; he merely was aware of the nonsensical theories with which Mme. Blavatsky was fooling him. When he spoke of receiving messages from spirits without the intervention of a medium, he doubtless referred to those which he had received in Mme. Blavatsky's presence; as by this time he had ceased to regard her as a medium, and considered her an adept,—one of those "thousands" who could control spirits.

One of the original thirteen officers of the Theosophical Society in 1875 was R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., now of Philadelphia; and in the *R. P. J.*, of Sept. 14, 1889, Dr. Westbrook publishes some reminiscences of the sayings and doings of the early theosophists. I have shown in a previous chapter that Mme. Blavatsky was in collusion with Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, in the production of fraudulent materialization. This is confirmed by Dr. Westbrook, who states that "Mrs. Holmes subsequently affirmed that the Madame proposed to her a partnership in the materialization show-business, with Col. Olcott as manager, claiming that she had already so 'psychologized' him that 'he did not know his head from his heels!' For some reason or other the partnership was not formed, and the gullible public missed 'the greatest show on earth.' It was well understood, however, in 'esoteric circles' and among the 'secret wisdom' people of Philadelphia, that the magical Madame showed the medium Holmes how to stand the 'tests' and vindicate her mediumship after the thorough exposure of her frauds. Indeed, Col. Olcott himself afterward said among his friends in New York, that the medium Holmes was vindicated through the secret power of the Madame—a fact which soon after I had good reason to believe. The Madame had several escapades in Philadelphia as well as in New York, of which I cannot now speak."

As a specimen of the tricks practiced at this time by the Madame, the following, narrated by Dr. Westbrook, in the same article, is of interest. One evening by appointment, the noted Unitarian minister and author, Rev. W. R. Alger, met the Madame and Col. Olcott at the residence of Dr. Westbrook, No. 15 West 42d street, New York. About 10 o'clock the bell of the outside door rang, the door of the chamber opened, says Dr. Westbrook, "and into our very midst appeared a being of strange form and manner. It was evidently a woman's figure, though so concealed by head-gear and other drapery that Alger compared her, she, or it to 'the man with an iron mask.' With tragic air and rapid motion it heartily saluted the Madame, handed her a letter—and as suddenly left the room, rushed down stairs, slamming the front door behind it. Olcott . . . reverently whispered 'an elementary'—while the Madame affected great indignation that the 'Brothers' should send a special messenger on such unimportant business." The purport of the letter was that Dr. Pancoast had been refused admission to the Secret Brotherhood in the East; but Dr. Westbrook states that Dr. Pancoast denied that he ever made application for admission. "The Madame grew more indignant as she realized that Alger had failed to be favorably impressed by the 'elementary' visitor." A few months after, Dr. Westbrook discovered that the Madame attempted to deceive Mr. Alger by hiring an Irish servant girl to personate the "elementary." She "had agreed to pay her five dollars for her services, but failing to pay the money, the girl had 'gone back' on her and confessed her share in the attempted fraud."

From an article headed "She," written by a lady member of the Theosophical Society, published in the *R. P. J.*, June 22, 1889, we learn that, according to the testimony of a lady who lived in the same house with Mme. Blavatsky in New York, the latter was "won't to play 'occult' tricks—she was quite an expert at legerdemain—on Col. Olcott, and to constantly call him a d—d fool, and to quarrel with him in the fiercest man-

ner. Furthermore, that she deliberately broke up several families by professing to have some occult knowledge which must lead to that result." We are further told by the same person that the Madame's neighbor having expressed a desire to see one of the 'Brothers,' she was asked by the Madame soon after to look into a certain room, and there, remarkably garbed, sat an alleged adept,—doubtless a confederate, as in the Alger incident. It is a suggestive fact that although, in order merely to gratify a neighbor's idle curiosity, H. P. B. was able to show a mahatma in propria persona in New York, she was unable to gratify the ardent wishes of Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Hume, and other champions of theosophy in India, that they might be permitted to see or meet with an adept. The reason for the latter is evident; the Madame did not dare to attempt to palm off her spurious mahatmas, in person, upon these gentlemen, lest the imposture be at once detected; so they were restricted to correspondence with the 'Brothers,' and never allowed to see them.

The theosophical author of the article headed "She," in the *R. P. J.*, also states the following: "I was told by a famous medium, with whom Mme. Blavatsky lived in London, that she constantly consulted mediums, and that she derived much information and direction from this source. This statement was substantiated by several reliable, trustworthy people who knew that Mme. Blavatsky consulted mediums, both in London and New York. From a lady of culture and high social position, who was a friend of the late Frederick Hockley, Esq., of England, than whom there has been no more profound occult student, I learned that Mr. Hockley refused to call upon Mme. Blavatsky, and declared himself as considering her beneath the attention of a true occultist. Moreover, I was informed by a doctor of divinity of the Methodist Episcopal Church . . . a resident missionary in India, that . . . he knew an aged Pundit who had stated to him, and since put the statement in writing, that Mme. Blavatsky had come to him for instruction, which he had refused to give her, on the ground that she was wrong in motive from the very beginning, and was not a fit person to be intrusted with the knowledge she sought to obtain. The Rev. Doctor . . . spoke of the ancient Pundit, who gave this testimony in regard to Mme. Blavatsky, as a man of the most wonderfully amiable and charming character; of marvelous and subtle wisdom and of deep spirituality."

As regards the allegation above of the Madame breaking up families, it is certainly true in the case of Colonel Olcott. Not very long after the beginning of his association with her, he separated from his wife and children and went to reside with Mme. Blavatsky, with whom he continued to live while she remained in New York, and, I believe, during their conjunct residence in India. His wife obtained a divorce, and it has been published that he dare not return to America, lest the officers of the law pounce upon him for neglect to pay the alimony allowed his wronged wife,—his eldest son being much incensed against him, and having threatened to have him arrested should he come again to this country.

During a part of the time that she resided in New York the Madame lived with Col. Olcott in a flat at 767 Eighth Avenue, corner of 48th street, over the dry-goods store of Mr. Morris; and in the *New York Sun*, August 3, 1890, I find some recollections of Mr. Morris about H. P. B. at this time. "Once or twice every week there used to be gatherings in her rooms, and Indian spirits were as common as pie in New England. A good many wealthy people seem to have been duped by her, for Mr. Morris remembers that carriages used to roll up there every day, and fashionably dressed men and women used to go into her apartments and spend hours there. Blavatsky . . . seemed to retain her occult information for those who could afford to pay for it."

To be Continued.

Progress.

WILL H. KERNAN.

Upward, upward press the peoples to that pure exalted plane
Where no throne shall cast a shadow and no slave shall wear a chain.
They have trampled on the fagots, broken crucifix and wheel,
Banished rack, and thong, and hemlock, and the headman's
bloody steel—
Forced the Church-hold to surrender stake, and scourge, and bolt
and bar—
Torn the keys from off its girdle, thrown the Gates of Truth ajar.
They have taught the titled tyrants human rights to recognize,
And with bayonet and sabre, they have slain a legion lies.
They are lighting lamps of freedom on a million altar-stones
With the torches they have kindled at the blaze of burning thrones;
And this light shall sweep each circle to the very ends of earth,
Touching with immortal beauty every heart and every hearth;
Thrilling every human being underneath the speechless skies,
And transfiguring our planet to a perfect Paradise.
As we higher march, and higher, on into this light serene,
Every man will be a Kaiser, every woman be a Queen—
Aye, Queen-regnant, then, and ransomed from the thralls she
wears to-day,
While her lover, son and brother walk unfettered on their way.
She hath wept and prayed in passion—bitterness hath made her
moan—
All the terrors and the tortures of the tyrant she hath known;
Still the blood that flows for freedom flows for man, and man
alone.
Nay, behold! the light is burning with a strong, and stronger flame,
And the foremost in the phalanx see the stark and stinging shame—
See the biting, blasting, burning shame of sex-oppression now,
And with hearts and hands uplifted, swear a grand and god-like vow
That, despite the fangs of Custom, and despite the Church's frown,
Womanhood shall wield its sceptre, womanhood shall wear its
crown.
She hath borne with man his crosses, she hath worn with man his
chains,
She hath suffered all his losses, she hath suffered all his pains,
She shall stand with him, co-equal, on the pure exalted planes!

—♦♦♦—
If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Into his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

—Emily Dickinson.

—♦♦♦—
Roll on, O slow-wheeled years, and bring the day
When man shall gather wealth to give away;
And spring to help, when tempted nature falls,
As when a builder drops from city walls;

When to do good alone shall men be bold
And seek out suffering as they seek for gold;
When Christain women shall not wipe their feet
Upon their fallen sisters in the street;

And calumny shall be a crime unknown,
And each shall make his neighbor's wrong his own.
Begone! O hate, and wrong, and war, begone!
Roll on this way, O Golden Age, roll on!

When men and angels face to face shall talk,
And earth and Heaven arm in arm shall walk,
When love shall reign, and over sea and shore
The peace of God shall reign forevermore.

—A. P. Miller.

Spirit Instruction: Written by Dictation.—No. 4.

BY RAYMONDE.

DEAR PUPIL:—Kind greeting this fair morning. Wouldst that every home was as bright as the sunshine of to-day; but alas! the shadow is across the threshold of many, and the light has gone out in the hearts of the weary and care-laden who know not the blessedness of spiritual consolation in days of adversity and bereavement. The angel world is filled with sympathy for the sorrowing of earth, but the priesthood stands in the doorway of mortals, placing themselves between the inmates and the light of Heaven, thus shutting out the brightness that would naturally enter were there no obstruction. Because priests are familiar with ritual and theology is no reason that they are familiar with spiritual truths. On the contrary, their religion retards their development, and it is not often that a "medium" is found amongst them, although as the term is generally understood, there are few, if any, who would admit that they are mediums.

The term medium is used as an opprobrious epithet by theologians and others who are not versed in Spiritualism. And can this be wondered at when taking into consideration the reproach which many mediums cast upon the term? The business they follow is the gathering in of shekels rather than the dissemination of wisdom. Why a distinction should be made between a business-medium and a business-theologian is not quite clear. The sooner people recognize the fact that there are high and low in every calling, the sooner will they become more just in their opinions. I do not think the name "medium" will be used much longer by the more advanced in Spiritual philosophy. It has become so incrustated with objectionable ideas that a change would be desirable, to elevate in the minds of unbelievers the great religion of Spiritualism, placing it above the possibility of ridicule and slander, to which it is now exposed, partly through the fault of the "cheats" engaged in sensational and fraudulent manifestations, giving untruthful messages and thoroughly bad counsel. The mission of the religion of Spiritualism is not to give advice regarding the rise and fall of the stock market, nor any other kind of gambling, nor to prescribe love potions, nor to engage in detective work, although the clergy publicly proclaim this to be the chief occupation of "mediums." It cannot be denied that it is the employment of many, but if clergymen would investigate and classify those generally called Spiritualists, they would inflict less pain on the sensitive and do less harm than by summing them under one head and denouncing them all as in the service of Satan.

When a message comes through a purified mind it is wise to listen. It is not proper for a Christian to call his departed mother, wife, child or grandparent a "demon" and to cry unto them "be-gone," when they approach in hours of quietude. What queer ideas some people have of politeness, and what offense they give to spirit friends! I am very grateful that my kindred are not disrespectful to me when I return. It is not agreeable to be called bad names. If the rule "think of others as you would have others think of you," were more closely followed by churchmen, a more christian spirit would prevail and angels would not so often weep. In good time those now most opposed to angelic visitation will become reconciled and even anxious to further this great privilege that an all-wise Creator has made possible. They will, if not before the change called Death, certainly after it, appreciate the benefits to be derived from a universal belief in spirit communion.

A STORY—THE HAPPY HOME.

Once upon a time, as stories are wont to begin, there lived in a New England village an orthodox minister. Devout was he and honored by old and young. Much given to charity and never telling of his deeds of mercy, modest in his opinion of himself and ever seeking to do good, this man dwelt in a region of tranquility and neighborly harmony. He was surrounded by a family to whom he was fondly attached and upon whom he was dependent for daily happiness. The more he loved his God the greater increased his

love of wife and children. The atmosphere of this ideal home was enchanting. All who came within its influence were moved to better deeds and kinder words. But one day the serpent of Intolerance entered the garden. The wife of this clergyman ate of forbidden fruit. It came about in this way:

QUESTIONING GOD'S JUSTICE.

In the small town in which they resided there lived a widow with two small children. She was left in a destitute condition by the death of her husband, and the good wife of the minister frequently visited the poor woman with crumbs of spiritual comfort; and more substantial aid now and then of sundry packages—concealed as much as possible from neighborly observation—were presented with delicacy. On these occasions religious conversation was most agreeable to the widow, who was in doubt concerning the soul of her deceased partner. As he was not a convert to Christianity, there lurked in the mind of her visitor a thought that he might not be happy, and when questioned closely she admitted that as he was not a church member and had not been cleansed by baptism, in all probability he must have gone the broad road that leads to trouble. The widowed heart was sore with grief, and she began to question God's justice and loving kindness.

"John was honest and good," she cried in her despair; "he wronged no man, and why should God cast him away? Why should he suffer eternally because he was not a churchman?"

The reasoning of the poor woman perplexed the clergyman's wife. "Why, indeed," thought she, "should John, the upright man, go to unrest, and Deacon R., the shrewd speculator and zealous churchman, enter God's heavenly Kingdom?" To be sure the deacon gave to the church; but many of his plans to obtain gold for public giving were openly criticised, by those who lost in the schemes, as little short of actual theft. Yet when Deacon R. died the church was in mourning for this substantial pillar, and referred to his life as an example for young men to follow. He was one of the elect. But poor John's fate was mentally sealed by the silence and evasion attending his funeral, and the common conclusion of the churchmembers was that he was suffering for disobedience of priestly warning. As the widow continued in her questionings at each visit, it set the machinery of her reason in motion, and after a while she became convinced that if God was just, John must be as happy as the deacon. She pleaded so earnestly his cause that the clergyman's wife soon began to think there must be error in the Christian religion; and she too, expressed the hope that all was well with her former and ever kind neighbor.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

One day, as they were conversing in the cool cleanly room where the windows were draped with morning glories, and the perfume of old fashioned posies weighted the air, a loud rapping was heard, as upon the window pane. The women were startled by the noise but uttered no word. A louder rap was followed by a rumbling sound as of faintest thunder, and they cast an anxious eye through the open door, but the sky was clear and no storm was gathering. Again the tapping on the window was heard in irregular, distinct beats. They had heard of the Rochester knockings, but, like many other good women, had considered them of human origin, and had never investigated for their own benefit. Now was the time to ascertain whether these sounds were possessed of intelligence, and they began to ply questions with true womanly instinct, which were answered in monosyllables "yes" and "no" in a manner suggested by them to the unseen cause. The answers were correct in matters pertaining to past earthly affairs, and when the question was asked, "Is John here?" the house seemed agitated to the very foundation, and the widow sobbed convulsively. No more evidence of spiritual company was obtained that day. The following afternoon the widow sat alone, busily stitching, but no noise was heard. A full week she listened for the coming of the unseen, but no unusual sound rewarded her. Upon the eighth day the clergyman's wife made the customary visit, accompanied with a basket and white

napery which she carefully deposited in the square cupboard, telling the sewing woman not to be disturbed by the intrusion. As she fastened the cupboard door, three great raps came again, as if the back of the door had been struck violently with the closed hand. Opening the door courageously, nothing was to be seen, but upon shutting it the noise was repeated. This led to further talk concerning the strange occurrence, and another half hour was devoted to questions.

"Are you happy, John?" "Yes," was the answer.

"Had you united with the church would your condition be better?" "No."

Many queries were put which could be answered by the two words in use, and at the end of the second visitation these good women were convinced of the truth of spirit return.

The clergyman's wife was the "medium" and only in her presence did the manifestations occur. The secret was guarded well, until no doubt lingered in the mind of either of the real presence of John whenever they were together; then did the wife unfold to the clergyman the wonderful tale, and he was asked to witness the phenomenon. He consented with reluctance, and after much delay accompanied his spouse to the humble abode.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DECISION.

The developments were greater than usual, as if trying to convince the dignified man that his old neighbor was there in all his strength; but instead of convincing the priest, he was incensed that his wife should listen to the demoniacal rappings and make herself a plaything of evil influences. He demanded that she withdraw from further intercourse with the widow, unless their time was more profitably employed. The widow pleaded that the friendliness continue. She spoke of the comfort she had received by the affirmation of her husband's happiness, and of the cruelty of assigning her John to torment when he tried to live honestly, contrasting the deacon's funeral sermon with that preached over her dead. The clergyman gently interrupted:

"I spoke justly, as I thought. Deacon R. was a worker in the Lord's vineyard; John was a doubter, refusing to be reconciled to Christ, and therefore merited death everlasting."

The wife looked up, as the harsh words reached her, raising her finger as if to check further the pain that her husband was inflicting upon the careworn woman under whose roof they lingered.

"Husband," she said, "why probe deeper the bleeding wound? Surely our religion should give comfort to the suffering. That it did not, until this time, I knew not. Oh," she continued, "can I be losing faith in its efficacy to console in all emergencies?" The priest frowned because he found himself in the unpleasant position of causing two good women to weep. His mission of peace-bearer seemed slightly blurred by the tears that fell, as he gave utterance to his theology.

"Mary," he said abruptly, "we will return. I perceive I can do no good in this atmosphere of rebellion to Divine law," and bidding the widow a hasty good day with the hope that she would forever put away the thought of further intercourse with evil and seducing spirits, he bowed himself from her presence.

The walk homeward was not as pleasant as usual. Silence was more agreeable than controversy, and this heretofore happy couple were alarmed at the change in themselves.

St. Paul's idea that the woman must be subject to the will of the man was fixed in the minister's mind, although up to this time he had had no occasion to express it. Now he commanded that his wife cease visiting the widow under pain of his displeasure, and to prevent scandal. "For," said he, "this can only be the work of Satan himself, and nothing good can come through an evil source. When Widow W. ceases to be interested in a foolish manner, she will doubtless apprise you; until that time you must not enter her house."

RESULT OF IGNORANCE AND INTOLERANCE.

But the manifestations did not stop, as he confidently expected.

They were transferred to the Parsonage, which soon gained the reputation of being an undesirable place of habitation, and whenever the conditions were favorable "raps" faint, and "raps" vigorous were heard near the gentle woman who had heretofore borne an enviable reputation. Dissension came into the church through her presence. The clergyman prayed fervently for all who strayed from God's holy word; the congregation echoed "amen;" the women were alarmed and the men looked solemn. Satan was abroad, and to fight him was the duty of each and all. But how was he to be cast out? Their prayers failed; their threats availed nothing, and the lovely and angelic woman whose gift annoyed them was soon the target for their displeasure. She bore it meekly. Knowing nothing of spirit control, she could not explain what was to her a great mystery and a growing trouble. Her husband's manner changed. The once happy home was blighted. She lost her cheerfulness when he became austere and sympathetic. Disease found an abiding place within her frame, and at last the mind gave way under the strain that was forced upon it by those ignorant of their cruelty. Was it Spiritualism that made the woman insane? No; it was priestcraft. Ignorance and intolerance, with its usual deadly effect, crushed her; but "Spiritualism" was publicly held responsible for her sad condition, and many warning hands were lifted against the glorious Truth.

Soon after she was pronounced of unsound mind, the clergyman was stricken with fatal illness and was quickly placed in the tomb; but his companion lingered many years upon the earth, never sufficiently recovering her health to take pleasure in her existence.

AN AWAKENING IN SPIRIT.

Upon arriving in spirit land the first to meet the clergyman was John W., his former neighbor. Astonishment seized upon the spirit man as John upbraided him for his harsh treatment of the two women whose glimpse of the future was cut short by his order not to further investigate the initial phenomenon. "It is the simplest mode of arresting attention," said he; "we know of no better way than to knock for admittance, after we have been thrust out of our homes, and if it were not for superstition we should have little difficulty in gaining access to the fireside. Our children, whom we love ardently, are told they can never more see us; never more hear from us till they are dead; and not then if our religious faith does not correspond." The clergyman was overwhelmed with mortification that he whom he had declared in torment, should be his companion and accuser, and that what he was saying had the appearance of being true. He pleaded for time to consider things in their new light ere he replied. "For I perceive that I am still a man and that things about me look like a reflection of my recent country. Ah," continued the newly-born spirit, "what is death and where am I?"

John, who was more familiar with spirit life, was now sorrowful as he realized the disappointment that the man of false doctrines felt, and kindly offering to guide and inform the oppressed scholar, they walked to a settlement near by conversing in more friendly way.

"What a fair abode is yonder," observed the minister, "and what beautiful scenery; so natural and softly colored. Can this be Heaven? The streets are not paved with gold, but the loveliness of the scene impresses me strangely."

As they advanced an elderly woman with serene countenance came from out the house and approached them. A look of wonder crossed the face of the man as he beheld her. In a moment he cried out, "It is my mother," and hastening forward, embraced her, as tears fell from his eyes. Explanations followed. The newly-arrived was taken by the hand as of yore and led by his affectionate mother to her home.

To John W. had been granted the duty of first receiving this priestly man, that he might at once know his true position and see the folly of his past course, and that he might the sooner investigate the law that he had so foolishly denied.

EFFECT OF FALSE TEACHINGS.

Was he now happy? Twenty years of anguish he endured ere the early partner of his earth life joined him. By his own teachings he found himself an outcast from his earthly home. He perceived with the intense eye of the spirit his ignorant severity to the loving woman to whom a heavenly work had been entrusted. Vainly he tried to approach her through her angelic gift; but the tender heart had been bruised and the brilliant intellect dulled by his unkindness, and when his tiny raps were heard, she heeded them not, seemingly remembering only the unpleasant criticisms they formerly evoked from him and his flock. His children too, regarded all further attempts to solve the mystery as unwise and improper; for was not their parents' life rendered unhappy by "Spiritualism?" So they reasoned, not realizing that it was their father's bigotry instead that made discord. Therefore, through his former intolerance, was he entirely cut off from communication with his kin. His mother soothed the hours spent in her company, but as soon as alone his conscience tormented him, he often saying that remorse was a near approach to the hell that was theologically reserved for infidels. The knowledge that he had obscured the truth while in the ministry, was a constant nightmare. "How can I undo the wrong my teachings augmented?" he would exclaim. "Misery is mine because Christian churches are in spiritual darkness. I helped to bind the souls of men during my pilgrimage below. Ah, woe is me that I have not reached peace of mind!"

This is only one instance of remorse amongst thousands. Ministers as well as others are more alive after dissolution than before, the spiritual perceptions being awakened by the change. Pity 'tis that all clergymen could not be converted in season to make their earthly ministrations more of a public benefit than a private revenue. We know that they receive very small salaries in many churches; but are they not in all instances paid too much for concealing the Truth? Oh, ye sensitives of earth, give, give freely and without price, of the Knowledge that the angels of Heaven pour into your receptive minds. Oh, ye priests of earth, open your ears to the voices of Heaven and close your musty volumes of theology. The people are pining for spiritual Truth. Do not pretend that you possess it unless you are in direct communication with the spirit world. You are cheating those who look to you for guidance if you claim that there is any other way under Heaven whereby that momentous question can be answered, "If a man die shall he live again?" than through spiritual revelation. Spiritualism is God's way. Theology is your way; and when you arrive in spirit land, if you have preached the latter and denied the former, you will as surely suffer remorse as if you had been by desire the servant of Ignorance.

WORSE THAN PURGATORY.

Thousands die annually only to find themselves in a state of misery and doubt. To take up the thread where it was broken would lead them into deeper trouble. There is no progression in Theology, and there is no truth in the atonement doctrine. It is a wicked and monstrous libel on justice. Clergymen who have upheld it cannot advance in the higher world until they attain to the more sensible view, "As a man dies, so is he." It has often been said in spirit land that there is more "wailing and gnashing of teeth" amongst orthodox divines than any other class of earth's children. The reason is apparent. Their lives have been consecrated to an untruth, and their acts of benevolence and their moral virtues appear so insignificant in comparison with revealed religion, that they hang their heads in sorrow. Some deny that they were wrong, thinking they may have through mistake gotten into Purgatory, and a little later they will reach the "right hand" and be shown the reserved seat they had long ago so confidently bespoken.

Great disappointment awaits all believers in the Christian religion because they must eventually see the error of its ignoble plan of escaping justice. Nor will Spiritualists find happiness unless they live according to the philosophy of their religion. Its phenomena do not make men better, but the lessons, if followed, will aid them

to higher conditions. The purpose of angelic intercourse is to simplify and make clear the way to the harmonious spheres. Any clergyman or layman who puts obstacles in the way of progression is guilty of an act for which remorse is the penalty. To bar your door against good spirits is to shut out spiritual sunshine, for when they enter, the light of Heaven is upon you, and its warmth will enter your very soul.

Help the angels, O ye who are praying for the Kingdom of God upon earth. Do not be jealous of their encroachments upon your religion. You have theology and the Bible; but they possess the Truth. One is material and perishable, the other is spiritual and everlasting. Choose wisely.

With love and confidence I remain, dear grandchild, as ever,
YOUR GUIDE.

Phreno-Physiognomy.

Phreno-Physiognomy is a new science developed by a young lady of London, of Austrian parentage, Prof. Annie Oppenheim, B. P. A. She has studied the brain as well as the face extensively, and is one of the few who is broad enough to grasp both the phrenological and physiognomical characteristics. Describe to her the leading traits of a person, and she will walk around through a large audience and pick out the person thus described. The one-sidedness of development which still characterizes our unripe humanity is apt to lead our phrenologists to ignore physiognomy, and our physiognomists to ignore phrenology. Our anti-phrenologists seem to think that people may have special faculties for music, for drawing, for color, for thought, for emotions of different kinds, without any special organs as instruments for the same, although they admit that the brain is the seat of the mind. The phrenologists themselves, although they have done an important work, are still deficient in their understanding of the subtle ethers which are such leading factors in mental action. The announcement that a large head and brain is more powerful than a small one is in harmony with all the facts of the world, which facts teach us that size, other things being equal, is the measure of power. But a large brain, if not fired up with mental and spiritual ethers, may have only an ordinary power, hence the objector may say the whole theory is wrong. The fact is, that these quickening forces may pass all through a smaller brain more rapidly than through a larger one, and many persons who have the most tact, and wit, and eloquence, are often those with only ordinary sized brains; but let the great brain become enkindled by vital magnetism, by sun forces, by inspiration or by some great epoch in a nation's life, and it will transcend all other brains, and perhaps create an era in the world's history. It is an established fact that a high and broad front brain pushed well forward, is generally the sign of intellectual and moral power. An occasional exception may be found. Does that invalidate the rule? Not at all. Sometimes the back brain is still more potent, and may lead to too great pas- sional excess. Sometimes amativeness is too feeble, and being the negative pole, of which causality in the front brain is the positive, what is the result? A feebler action of the reasoning powers than would otherwise be the case.

There are points of polarity in different parts of the face and body which connect with the brain, and hence show mental characteristics. These points, so far as the face is concerned, are the basis of physiognomy—so far as the body is concerned they constitute sarcognomy, a science which Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan has the credit of both naming and developing. The true philosophy of man must include all of these departments. The next step of progress is to unfold those principles of spiritual chemistry which cause the development of the distinctive features of brain and body. This has been a part of my work as already published, and will have still further attention in my future works.

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Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The mendacity of people everywhere is such that Truth finds it hard to keep her head above the sea of lies that cover the face of the earth. Take the affairs of Chili, for instance, how many of that class of Americans whose sympathies are with the oppressed know which side in the late Chilean contest really represented the principles of justice and equal rights? Balmaceda has been depicted by his opponents as a tyrant, selfish, ambitious, cruel and implacable—a wretch who should be hunted from the face of the earth.

At the same time his friends assured the world that he stood for liberty and progress, and was struggling for the rights of the people against the money power and the privileged classes—the rapacious Shylocks and wily priests, who were combined against him and against the cause of reform which he so ably represented and so courageously defended.

This was vehemently denied, and the charges of selfish scheming and wanton cruelty were repeated in all the papers of America. And now comes Thomas Nelson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, formerly U. S. Minister to Chili, who says of Balmaceda:

"He is the representative of the masses against the classes; the people are for him; the rich and the privileged few are the Congress party. Balmaceda is a true reformer, but he attempts to accomplish his reforms too suddenly. He declared complete divorce between Church and State, and many other changes for the good of the people, but the people were not ready for them. . . . Balmaceda is a courteous, elegant gentleman, the soul of honor, a man who would scorn to tell a lie."

If that last statement is true it is a great pity he has so few followers. Perhaps the fact that "all men are liars," is the secret of his defeat. The majority are against him.

Since the foregoing was written Balmaceda has taken his own life. Forsaken by friends, hunted by enemies, hopeless of helping the cause he advocated, and disheartened by the apathy and ignorance of those in whose behalf he labored, he believed his days of usefulness were over, and ended them. Since then the jackals have been howling over the body of the dead lion.

Why is it that gold has a fixed value, so that it can be made a standard for everything else? What determines its fineness?

ALICE.

Gold of itself has no fixed value; it is law that makes gold king. The law might make most anything the standard; but gold is scarce; the supply is practically limited, and it is convenient to use as money. It is selected on account of its rarity and convenience. The practice of using a material standard has come down to us from a barbarous age, people at different times having used different articles. The word pecuniary comes from *pecus* (cattle), cattle having been at one time a legal tender. The use of a material standard is retained because such a standard serves the purposes of the moneyed classes. Wheat has been suggested as a proper standard, but human labor is far better than any material product, and is the only just standard for money. An hour's labor should be made by law to represent a unit of value. This would place labor in its true position, the enjoyer, as it is the producer, of the wealth of the world. The present value of gold (bullion), as a commodity, is fictitious, being greatly out of proportion to its real value in the arts as compared with other metals. Its fictitious value is given to it by law.

The fineness of gold is another question: That, of course, depends upon its purity as a metal. Originally the Arab merchants used the carat bean for weighing gold because of its exact weight and uniform size. The weight of a carat is four grains; but as a standard of fineness the carat has no fixed

weight. It is merely one-twenty-fourth part of the whole. Gold watch cases are usually from eight to sixteen carats fine; that is, they are from one-third to two-thirds gold; the rest is alloy. The American gold coin is twenty-two carats fine, or eleven-twelfths pure gold. It is a curious fact that gold—the standard by which all other values are reckoned, the chief aristocrat among the rare products of the earth—traces its history back to the time when the plebian bean, the most unpretentious product of agriculture, was the measure, the unvarying arbiter of its value, and the name of the bean (the carat) is still the measure of its fineness. Mankind is progressing, and will sometime progress out of its enslavement to barbarous ideas, chief among which is the absurd notion that money, which is merely the representative of value, must of itself be valuable.

A correspondent of *Light* (London) says "the only chance for happiness lies in the extinguishment of self," and adds:

It is scarcely possible to realize the amount of quiet power, of calm security, that would result if we could completely vanquish the enemy; for he who, by divine assistance, has succeeded in so doing (and Heaven help the man who goes about the matter in the confidence of his own strength) has, to a great extent, rendered himself invulnerable to the world, with all its petty spite and tyranny. A moment's reflection will convince the most casual observer that this is so, for it is mainly through our love of self that the world has power to wound us, and if we have ceased to worship that idol of clay, if we have, ourselves, trodden it down and destroyed it, we shall certainly care very little for the clumsy attempts of those around us to still further mutilate and disfigure the inanimate carcass.

Probably this writer's real belief does not differ materially from my own. Misunderstandings mainly come from misuse of terms. What he would call the vanquishment of self—the immolation of self upon the altar of duty,—I would call the refinement of self, the development of self. No one has ever yet vanquished self. No one can do so. It is not our duty to do it. Nature has decreed that we shall elevate ourselves. With most of us the process is a slow one, but time worketh all things, and there is plenty of time; there is one "eternal now." Some people imagine they crush out self. They do not; they merely stifle its expression. If self could be crushed, it would be the most pitiable thing in the world to do it. It would render one just so much less an individual, and would take away just so much of manhood or womanhood. Every approach to such a condition is an approach towards self-destruction. Oh! the depleted bodies and the starved souls that cry out for relief from the self-inflicted agonies of the deluded devotees of the Church of Rome! But they can never quite crush out self. They can die, but self-hood triumphs even in death. Nature has decreed it; and to fight nature is to fight Fate.

Though we cannot destroy our own self-hood, we can, if we are cruel enough, do much toward destroying that of another, provided we commence when the victim is too young to resist. There is nothing more cruel than the forcible repression of nature in childhood by ignorant and brutal adults. The sorrows of such a childhood are inexpressible. A child never of itself represses itself. Nature does not prompt it to do so. Nature rebels against it when attempted by others, and the mentally and physically dwarfed, deformed, and miserably forlorn creatures that result from such cruelty are sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of every just and sympathetic soul.

The correspondent of *Light* continues as follows:

There can be no doubt that self is, and always has been, the great enemy to human happiness and peace; and those of us who have any desire to enjoy either the one or the other, must start, in the first place, with a sincere desire to overcome the evil. They only can be perfectly and truly happy who

seek not their own happiness, and perhaps it may help us to remember that "even Christ pleased not himself."

Self is not an "enemy to happiness;" on the contrary, its gratification is the *only* means by which happiness can be secured. It is not an evil to be overcome, but a natural good to be cultivated, refined, and made subservient to the highest uses. The gratification of self is the mainspring of all human action. No one can act voluntarily from any other motive; Christ never did. He who "sacrifices self," as it is called, does so because he prefers to do it. He would not be happy if he did not do it. He may or may not be mistaken as to the nature of the feeling that prompts him. His opinion as to motives does not change the fact. Back of every human action lies the desire of the one who acts. He may seek the happiness of others, and apparently forget himself, but, if so, it is because he most enjoys the happiness of others, and cannot be happy except in such high enjoyment. It is through their happiness that he receives his own. Self lies back of all. He may not think it; it is there all the same; nature has put it there, and there it will remain so long as we are human.

"The Experience of Henry Ward Beecher on the Spiritual Side of Life," is the title of a pamphlet of thirty-six pages recently published by Julia C. Franklin. There are some valuable truths in the work, but they could all be put in two or three pages. The title is misleading, as the work gives very little information concerning the "experiences of Beecher," and no idea of spirit life. Nine-tenths of it concerns life in the physical body. Admitting the honesty of the medium through whom the communications came, I yet haven't a particle of faith in the claim that they came from the persons whose names are signed, Beecher, Humboldt, and others. Some unscrupulous spirit influenced the medium and appended what names suited his purpose. The medium has been so flattered and fooled by this deceiving spirit that she is hardly accountable for what she now says or does. Spiritualism has a big load to carry, and every such publication adds to it.

—We make our fortunes and we call them fate.—*Disraeli.*

We make nothing. Our organization and early environments are not of our choosing, and all the choice we may exercise in later life is limited by the nature we have inherited and acquired before we had the sense to discriminate.

"More evictions take place in the city of New York every month than are heard of in one year in all Ireland. And these evictions in New York City are just as heartless in their way, just as pitiless, and just as far-reaching in the hopelessness they entail, as the worst of the evictions carried on by the crowbar brigades in Ireland."

This is the statement of a newspaper reporter who has been studying the social problem. He lived for weeks among the very poor of New York City, and took observations. Every resident of any large American city must arrive at the same conclusions if he keeps his eyes open. Poverty is increasing everywhere.

Of the 136 students who were graduated from the four colleges in Maine this year, only one has chosen farming for an occupation—about the usual proportion in such cases. Nineteen are now law students, and of the 33 who have engaged in teaching probably more than half hope to become lawyers, doctors or ministers. Eighteen of the 136 are already studying medicine, and 13 have selected the ministry. The professions are overcrowded, and a majority of these students, instead of being useful members of society, will become sharpers and swindlers. Well, what is the remedy? The remedy is revolution. Our social system needs a radical overturning, and the signs of the times are that a change is not far distant.

W. K. Owen, President of the Topolobampo colony, says some queer things—this for example:

"We are a devout, religious, and a God-loving people, but we are not believers in theology."

Theology treats of the existence, character, and attributes of God. Those who are "God-loving" must of necessity believe in the existence of God, and if they believe *that* they must be interested in his character and attributes; consequently they are believers in theology, which "treats of God and his attributes." And if they are devout and religious, as Mr. Owen says, they must be believers of a bigoted stamp. A devout person is in one sense a devotee, and a devotee is usually a bigot. So, according to Mr. Owen, the colony people may be religious bigots, but they are "not believers in theology." Mr. Owen is in too much haste to "weigh his words."

In the same article Mr. Owen says: "Women without a public occupation will not be permitted to remain upon our reservations." The editor of the *Credit Foncier* avers that the sentence is printed according to copy, and as Mr. Owen was at the time in Topolobampo, and had plenty of opportunity to correct the proof, it must be inferred that he means what he says, yet in the next paragraph he declares: "We will not permit a drinking saloon, a gambling house nor a brothel in any of our settlements." So women *without* a public occupation, and women *with* a public occupation of the most pronounced type are alike excluded. It is a good thing that the poor women of Topolobampo have a strong-minded man at their head who knows just what is best for them.

Mr. Owen is also a believer in entire co-operation—"Integral Co-operation,"—a sort of co-operation which not only includes all the industries, all commercial enterprises, and all the material interests of all the people, but which requires every man, woman and child to be a co-operator; yet, with charming inconsistency, he does not permit the co-operators to vote as individuals, but only according to the number of shares they own. In fact they have not been permitted to vote at all for a long time past, although the legal term of office of the Board of Directors expired years ago, and some of the hold-overs (especially the "Director in-charge") are opposed by a large majority of the colonists as utterly unfit for the positions they hold. Mr. Owen says the election must not be held until the ditch and thirty miles of railroad are completed (some time in 1892), and then they are to vote by shares—this not because the law requires it, but for the reason that he is opposed to popular suffrage. The incorporation laws of Colorado, under which the Credit Foncier Company was organized, require share voting, but the Credit Foncier Company is insolvent, and to escape its liabilities Mr. Owen proposes to organize a new company free of all incumbrances. In that case he will not be bound by law to give each share a vote. He will, however, be morally bound to concede each co-operator a vote. If, when work is to be done, all must co-operate, it will not do to say that when voting is to be done co-operation must cease. "Our Principles," published by Mr. Owen years ago, recognize popular suffrage as just, and guard against the causes which have heretofore made it a failure. The regulations limit the number of shares that may legally be held, and if shares, instead of colonists, are to vote, an effort will be made to limit the voting power of the leaders to the legal number of shares, and if Mr. Owen evades this by transferring some of his illegally held shares to his personal supporters, great dissatisfaction will follow. In fact, the trouble has already begun in consequence of the denial of popular suffrage.

During the session of the Woman's Press Convention, recently held in this city, Mrs. Plunkett read a poem entitled

"The Nun's Confession," the last words of a dying woman to the lady abbess. Here is an extract:

"A mother's love I never knew. My father, stern and grave,
Withheld that fond affection a daughter's heart will crave.
Despite my long entreaties and my hot, rebellious tears,
He gave my hand in marriage to a man of elder years
As cold, as cruel as himself, who left me much alone;
But even that was better than his harsh and angry tone."

After the birth and death of a child, she was more lonely and desolate than ever. Her confession continues:

"Then *he* came into my life, with dark and love-lit eyes;
His presence changed my lonely days to hours of paradise,
Oh, pity me, good mother, for with each impassioned kiss
I drifted slowly, surely into sin's deep, dread abyss.
I dared not face him I had wronged to brave his anger just—
My soul, that once was pure and true, now trailed within the dust.
I fled—I knew not whither—for many a weary day,
Until you found me, gentle mother, half-famished by the way,
Thus have I loved, ah! I have loved—a hopeless, sinful love,
Unsanctioned by the court below, or by the God above."
Her voice sank to a whisper low that almost was a sigh,
"And nothing now is left for me but to repent and die."

This poem was received with great applause and gifts of flowers to Mrs. Plunkett from ladies present. Not a woman in the audience uttered, even *sotto voce*, a word of protest against the false idea of chastity and morality set forth in the poem—the idea that the sanctity of the sexual relation depends upon a few words spoken before a priest. This woman, while living a life of prostitution with a man she hated, was favored with a love ordained by nature, yet so effectually had her innate sense of virtue been stifled by false teachings that she mistook the pure for the impure, and apparently unconscious of the degradation of her marriage relation, she thought her sin was in failing to continue the sexual slave which the ceremony had made her. I do not say she should *deceive* any one. She should repudiate the false relation before accepting the true; but the doctrine taught in the poem is that a false life is made sacred when sanctioned by law, and that love is a crime unless permitted by authority. How long is such a detestable doctrine to continue acceptable to women who assume to be leaders in the intellectual and moral life of the people? Have the women of the Press Association more regard for conventional "respectability" based on falsehood than they have for real virtue and morality based on truth?

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Disappointed.

BY STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

A child once tended a fair rose tree
And watched its buds with loving care—
When the first red rose began to bloom
A worm in its heart lay folded there.

A hunter once found an eagle's nest
On a bald and broken mass of stone—
With toil and danger he scaled the peak,
But the eaglets wild had shrieking flown.

A woman gazed with a mother's pride
On the sleeping boy she loved so well—
But when the child was to manhood grown
He lay in a prison's noisome cell.

A young man wooed with a lover's joy
A maid through the long, bright summer's glow—
But when he returned to claim his bride
The maiden slept under the winter snow.

An old man followed a laughing child
As she lightly danced the green fields o'er—
When the autumn came he walked alone,
For the great grandchild had gone before.

Immoral Novels.

BY L. C. ASHWORTH.

Persons entering a bookstore, or looking in at the window, find a certain class of novels thrust upon their notice, to the prejudice, it would seem, of other works. They are mostly translations from the French, with some American stories, which, by the style of their covers, frequently appear like imitations of the foreign sort. The titles are frequently suggestive, and the enquirer finds that these novels are considered somewhat improper, or of the "realistic" school, and that there is a great demand for that kind at present.

The French translation is becoming a very prominent feature in literature now-a-days. Books that people unacquainted with the French language probably never heard of a few years ago, are now becoming well known. Mademoiselle de Maupin appeared a little while ago ticketed "new;" now we are having some of the choicest productions of Belot and Flaubert, and soon we may expect that Paul de Kock can be sufficiently toned down to appear in the vernacular language.

No doubt the question as to the fitness on moral grounds of a book to be generally circulated is one of the most perplexing of all social questions. Nobody seems to know where to draw the line, and any attempt like that of the Postmaster-General on the "Kreutzer Sonata," is only a conspicuous failure. In this respect America, especially the United States, is peculiarly situated. While her institutions are probably the most civilized of any nation, her population is composed of various nationalities of every grade of civilization and morality. In any other country it is different. In England, for instance, the tone of French novels of the above kind is quite repugnant to the severe ideas of the English people, and they are consequently forbidden to appear in the English language. Many there, indeed, retain the old fashioned prejudice against novels of any kind, but when it comes to writers like Belot and Dumas *fils*, the question as to their fitness, for young people especially, is considered beyond discussion. In America there is, however, generally more freedom. In such a cosmopolitan community it is impossible to be so strict, nevertheless many people must have great misgivings as to how far the liberty should be extended.

The writer of the "Albatross Novels" seem to think that in describing the actions of people whom he places frequently on the verge of the abyss he can convey a moral lesson. He thinks "realism" is a good thing. In the preface to "Her Husband's Friend," he excuses himself to his readers for not being more real, on the plea that native authors are not as privileged as translators of French novels. In the book itself we become acquainted with a woman who is married and has a family, but, under apparently excusable circumstances, falls in love with another man. A divorce is pending, and meanwhile a loving interview takes place between the lovers in which the lady objects for some time to be kissed; then, when she is about to yield, *he* has some scruples, but finally they are overcome, and there is the "touch of lips" as the heading of the chapter describes it, at which the average reader probably feels a sense of relief. After this the woman's actions are a little suggestive of the *femme de jeu* type. She tells her lover she has "tasted something which makes her another creature," etc.

As to the effect of these stories on married people little need be said. The average married man has little use for such reading, and what he does read would probably have little effect on his actions. Married women, on the contrary, are often great novel-readers, and the question as to how they would be affected by such reading is not an easy one. It may be said, however, that the average American woman is generally practical and sensible, and it is probable that her notions of what she ought to do would be settled more by her particular circumstances and her general

ideas of what seems best for herself than by any writer's theories.

The question is the most serious with regard to young men and women, and especially the latter, as young men generally have opportunities for more practical observation, and care less for the imaginative atmosphere of novels; but we are confronted with the enquiry whether the peculiar charm of young women—their innocence and modesty—is not endangered by such reading.

In answer to this it may be asked to what extent these virtues depend on ignorance, or are they compatible with the general tendency towards knowledge? In some of the less civilized countries the more ignorant a girl is the more she is admired. A Mohammedan girl must not even see her betrothed, to say nothing of exercising a judgment about him, and even in France a girl is expected to depend generally on her parents' judgment as to the choice of her partner for life. In England this is so to a much less degree, and in the United States the girls have probably more liberty in the choice of a husband than in any other country.

It would seem, then, that with this liberty there should be a corresponding amount of knowledge, not only as to the end and responsibilities of marriage, but also of human nature, in order that it may be used with some degree of prudence.

It may be answered that there is no objection to the girls knowing these things, but the modern novel is not the form in which the information should be conveyed, and that there is a great difference between the unreal, often morbid, atmosphere of a novel and the quiet teachings of parents or of scientific books.

In answer to this it may be urged that all forms of teaching are good and necessary. Many learn from novels what they would not learn in other ways. Some would remain a long time ignorant if they depended on other sources of information. This, however, must not be taken to mean that every one should have unlimited access to novels. In this, as in other things, parents exercise a particular discrimination which no general rules can supersede.

But is the knowledge by a young woman of men and their vices incompatible with true modesty or virtue? We think not. Rather it should be considered a sign of the advancement of women. A young woman whose modesty does not arise from an utter unconsciousness of wrong, but from an unconsciousness of desire for wrong, is the nobler type and will be far more likely to command respect from a man than one who merely appeals by her weakness and innocence to his sense of pity.

Every one will admit that Shakespeare's Beatrice and Portia are two of the most charming maidens ever portrayed, and yet neither of them give us any impression of weakness or ignorance. Beatrice, with her bantering and sharp wit, shows a sufficient knowledge of men's true character, and in Portia there is a blending of the softer qualities of a woman with a masculine wisdom and dignity which seem to realize our highest ideal to day.

It is true that in some French novels the lascivious tendency is manifest, with hardly a pretense of any moral lesson. In one, that is very well known, the hero is described as peeping through a bathing van in order to get a glimpse of the woman he is supposed to admire. Such writing is hard to defend, and most parents would prefer to keep it out of the reach of their boys. In regard to adults it may be said, however, that those wanting an excuse for their acts can find one almost anywhere (in the Bible, for instance), and if young women read such books as Belot's they will be more on their guard in their intercourse with men.

Whether or not there may be cases where direct harm has resulted solely from such reading, it must be allowed that the general effect will be salutary. We shall have young women who, by their native independence and love of virtue for its own sake, will so impress men that they dare not do otherwise than respect them.

When old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune as he possessed, his reply was—"Friends, by one article alone, in which thou may'st deal too, if thou pleasest—civility."

A TRUMPET CALL

To the Spiritualists of America.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

FRIENDS OF SPIRITUAL TRUTH: A most momentous period in the progress of our sacred cause is at hand. A crisis is not far off that will test the fidelity and courage of every professed believer in our divine philosophy. The powers of superstition and spiritual darkness in both the material and spiritual worlds are working in unison and in secret to stay the progress of a heaven-born truth that has so greatly disturbed their dominion. With the craft of adepts in strategy, the unseen allies of "the visible church" are using every possible psychic power to alienate the unwary and the vacillating, and to seduce them from fealty to the cause of truth and progress.

Unable by direct assault to capture the strong-hold built of the impregnable facts of nature cemented together by both material and spiritual science, the wily enemy has resorted to the artifice of the captors of ancient Troy, and securing the services of a few apostates and traitors, has introduced within our gates the "false gods" of ancient mythology and mediæval mysticism, whose "true inwardness" is to demoralize our soldiery, and capture our citadels when sufficiently unmanned!

Understanding the weak points of human nature, the builders of these idols labelled them with the taking titles of "Christian Science," and "Theosophy," and with an effrontery equaled only by their cunning, they proclaimed them far superior in "wisdom" and vastly "more respectable" than the divinities of despised Spiritualism, whose thunder they stole.

Beguiled by these specious pretenses, and persuaded by subtle sophistries regarding the cause and nature of spirit phenomena, thousands of unsuspecting Spiritualists have deserted our ranks and gone over to the arch-enemy from whose masked batteries are hurled the "shells" that make so much confusion and havoc among us!

Thus "the church militant" of Rome and of Westminster, holding an armistice with each other that their combined weapons may be directed against Spiritualism, their common foe, though of late firing but an occasional random gun to keep in practice, is being aided and abetted by the gathering hosts of Eddyites and Blavatskyites, who purpose to paralyze us with "occult science," and let loose upon us their "dogs of war," the gnomes, sylphs, undines, salamanaders and elementaries; that they believe must surely put the angels of heaven to flight!

Such are the open and secret foes of Modern Spiritualism who are combining and plotting its overthrow. They number many millions on earth, and an innumerable host in spirit life still in the thrall of theological error, who are working with mighty power to aid their earthly allies. Doubt it as some may, it is as true to-day as in the days of St. Paul that "we fight not against flesh and blood (enemies) alone, but against principalities and powers of the air, against spiritual wickedness in high places." These spirit cohorts of ecclesiastical despotism, and not the mythic "astral phantoms" and "elementals" of theosophic creation, are the "diabolic emissaries" who cause our mediums to perpetrate fraud, who give lying communications, and use every psychologic artifice to produce confusion in our circles and inspire doubt and disgust in the minds of investigators, etc. They capture every spiritual medium and worker they can, leading them into the "fads" and follies that have disgraced our movement. They are the occult cause of a large portion of the discord, antagonism, jealousy, backbiting and other "cussedness" that has broken up circles and societies from first to last!

Spiritualists, the time has come when it is a question of vast moment what shall be done by the true friends of our cause to cope with all these enemies, seen and unseen.

What is indispensable to further the aggressive work which it is

the great mission of Spiritualism to perform as an educator and reformer?

The answer comes from a mighty host in spirit life, who, in a recent congress assembled to consider these momentous questions and to devise ways and means, delegated our illustrious arisen brother Wm. Denton to bear to us their "plan of campaign." This is their scheme of operations:

The first move, and the *sine qua non* for any effective results, must be the organization of our forces into such associations as shall concentrate our human power, and form the batteries through which alone spirit power can be conducted and radiated, viz:—private circles and regular public assemblies to which all seekers for truth shall be invited. As soon as these nuclei of spiritual forces are in regular and continuous operation, as has hitherto been spasmodically done, the wisest, the most unselfish, and the most spiritually gifted should be chosen to form a congress, to convene yearly,—or as the call may come from its prototype in spirit life,—which shall co-operate with its spiritual counterpart in a general supervision of work. Without such methods and means of co-operation we will prove wholly inadequate to cope with an enemy that is already organized in both worlds and disciplined as a veteran army, armed and equipped with all the munitions for the carnal and spiritual warfare which it is determined to wage for our extermination.

This is no idle dream, but a portentous fact which every Spiritualist in Christianized and Romanized America should awake to consider and immediately act upon. The omens of an irrepressible conflict are obvious to every discernor of the "signs of the times," and it is high time for every lover of religious liberty and of its palladium, our heaven-born Spiritualism, to respond to the trumpet-call of the angels of deliverance and enroll himself as a worker in the cause that embraces every good to humanity.

Be hoodwinked no longer with the delusive belief that the existing church will open its doors and give welcome to any but spirits yet in bondage to its creed and dogmas. Spiritualism, pure and undefiled, will never be put by the Angels of Light in the "old bottles" of despotic Ecclesiasticism. Never! It demands a new garb, new implements, and a new field for its untrammelled labor for human progress. The pattern of its temples shall descend from the shining spheres. Its oracles and its prophets shall be ordained by angels and not by men. "Let the dead bury their dead" in their "whited sepulchers," but let not live Spiritualists entomb themselves with dead men's bones.

SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA:

The time is at hand to begin practical systematic cooperation. It is the genius of the age; the pre-requisite of success; the indispensable means of both aggressive and defensive activity. Until you organize on an immovable basis of clearly defined scientific facts and plainly stated Spiritual principles you are at sea, each in a little "dug out" of his own, without chart or compass or anchor or even a life preserver, and liable to be wrecked or drowned by every shifting "wind of doctrine" that starts a mental wave!

Without cooperative association in definite lines of action, you are, as to-day, a confused mob, a chaotic, struggling and conflicting mass of angular individualities running "helter skelter" to Pandemonium!

Hitherto beneficent spirits have done the principal work of this dispensation, aided only by such mortal agents as they could psychologically coerce into their service. Now they call for volunteers to enlist with them to fight the battle of truth against error, not as "bushwhackers" and lawless scouts, but in solid phalanx that can meet a trained enemy on equal footing.

The immortal heroes who will lead us on to victory send forth this summons to duty. Let not the foolish fear that your liberty is to be hampered by "a creed" longer keep you in a state of cowardly inactivity where the enemy may pounce upon you at any moment and bind you hand and foot with chains of sophistry and error.

If you have any truths to defend or principles to maintain, there is no good reason why they should not be boldly put forth as the basis of your action, and as the rallying ground upon which to concentrate your forces, and from which you may march on to greater achievements and higher attainments, untrammelled!

Moved by these and other considerations of equal practical import, and by special solicitation from a host in spirit life who wish to have their and our principles clearly defined that all may know what we have to teach and defend, we submit for your adoption as the basis for associative action the following synopsis of our philosophy, and urge you by all that you hold sacred to adopt it, and rally around your standard and carry it forth to victory over delusion, despotism and darkness.

The united voice of all our arisen heroes calls you to action and to duty. Longer delay is dangerous. Our enemies are vigilant and active on every hand. They are enticing to their ranks thousands who should stand by *our* flag in "the time that tries men's souls." Awake from lethargy and put on your armor. Yours is the highest and most sacred cause that ever nerved the arm of valor, or called for devotion and sacrifice at the shrine of honor and heroism. The angels of wisdom present you with this standard and beseech you to carry it forward to victory and to glory!

A Platform for Organization.

PRELIMINARY.

Knowing from a variety of phenomena, scientifically examined and verified by thousands of competent persons through many years of observation and experience, that decarnated human spirits can and do communicate with mortals, we believe it to be the duty of all who know this great and important fact to co-operate with them to aid them in so doing, and in carrying out the higher purposes for which the present Spiritual Dispensation was begun.

PURPOSES STATED.

Some of these objects may be summarized as follows, viz.:

- I. To demonstrate a spirit life succeeding man's existence on earth.
- II. To renew the social and affectional relations between mortals and spirits which death had severed.
- III. To reveal the realities of spirit life, and the true relations of earthly and spiritual existence.
- IV. To quicken man's spiritual nature by a perpetual inspiration, to reveal important truths for human enlightenment, and to correct the manifold errors concerning spiritual things which false philosophy and false theology have taught.
- V. To aid mankind in the work of individual, social, political and religious reform, whereby peace, justice, fraternal love and universal liberty may prevail on earth as in the higher spheres.
- VI. To teach a true science and philosophy of life to guide human conduct, make known the great purposes of human existence, and properly prepare us for the life to come.
- VII. To inaugurate the long-expected "kingdom of heaven," or the reign of spirit power manifest through "spiritual gifts," which shall dispel the fear of death and all other superstitious fears, and give to mortals a foretaste of the life divine.

MEANS OF ATTAINMENT.

As the accomplishment of these and other purposes involved in the great spiritual movement of this age requires as means the united effort of both mortals and spirits (for "in union is strength," and combined strength only is sufficient to overcome the opposing forces of darkness and evil now conjoined from both worlds), we therefore deem it both expedient and necessary that all the friends of Modern Spiritualism, as soon as possible, organize themselves into social circles, local societies, and, when need be, general associations the better to achieve the ends in view.

And, moreover, as all successful organizations must be formed upon the principles of nature, which show that every living organ-

ism requires a vitalizing soul, and as ideas and defined principles have been the nucleus and concreting power of all successful social, political, and religious institutions, and as Modern Spiritualism needs such a soul around which to accrete or materialize an organized body, we therefore deem it wise, if not indispensable, to summarize some of its cardinal ideas and fundamental principles as a basis or platform of organization.

A MANIFESTO OF PRINCIPLES—PRIMARY CONSIDERATION.

While Spiritualism demands unrestricted liberty of thought, and insists upon the inalienable "right of private judgment" in all matters of belief, no person can properly be called a Spiritualist who does not heartily endorse its cardinal ideas, nor is any one entitled to full membership in a Spiritualist society who does not fully assent to its facts and philosophy, or who is unwilling to do all that is possible for their promulgation and support.

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

I. Spiritualists generally accept the idea of an Infinite Spirit; the Soul of the universe; the primal source of life, motion, sensation and intelligence; whose material manifestation or body is called Nature; whose soul expression is termed natural law; and whose spiritual being is manifest in universal mind.

II. Spiritualism teaches that man is the highest known personal manifestation of the Infinite Spirit; that he is intrinsically a spirit, clothed inwardly by a spiritual body and outwardly by a physical one, the complete disunion of which has been termed death, but which really is birth into the spirit spheres.

III. That as a spirit, clad in an ethereal body which is a counterpart of his former mortal form, man enters the spirit world with all his powers and faculties intact and unchanged, and by the law of moral gravity is attracted to his own place, finding environments exactly corresponding to his spiritual unfoldment, and beginning there where he leaves off here, and moved by the inherent law of growth or evolution, he progresses mentally and spiritually in the ratio of his personal efforts and capabilities, rising, as he is prepared, to more glorious spheres.

IV. That the spirit world is in space, the first sphere or grade of which is interblended with our present state of existence, so that we are constantly in the presence of spirits such as are attracted to us by the unbroken ties of love and mental affinity; that the spirit spheres are infinitely diversified in refinement and beauty, to correspond to the variety of character or condition of spirits who enter them, and are as objective and tangible to spirits as earth is to us.

V. That as death works neither a mental nor moral change in man, nor does it change his relations to the eternal laws of justice, of compensation and retribution; so in spirit life he inevitably reaps in suffering what here is sown in sin, for that is the realm of effects as well as of causes; but as all suffering, in the economy of the universe, is disciplinary; it continues only till it stimulates the sinner to sufficient personal effort to overcome the depraved condition of mind which caused it; hence heaven, or happiness, is the final destiny of all.

VI. That happiness in spirit life does not depend upon an arbitrary decree, nor upon any mode of faith here entertained, but upon spiritual growth, and personal conformity to universal law; hence, no one can be saved from legitimate suffering by proxy, but each must "work out his own salvation" here or hereafter, by educating his will and moral faculties till they control the selfish and sensual nature, thus bringing him into that spiritual status where existence is harmony, and harmony is heaven. Therefore no person, (or personage) can be a savior to another except, like Jesus, Buddha, and many others, by precept and example, he shows the way of righteousness, and by personal influence inspires the evil-doer to walk therein.

VII. That the ethics of Spiritualism demands that we should be absolutely just, honest, dutiful—doing as we would be done by and loving our neighbor as ourselves; or, better yet, "do all for another,"

forgetting self; that we should be spiritually and not carnally minded, and strive ever to live up to our highest conceptions of right.

VIII. That there being no personal God known by either men or spirits, and as an Infinite Being needs no service from finite creatures, nor requires any but duties to our fellow-men, therefore all ceremonial worship is superfluous and idolatrous, and only such religious exercises as directly cultivate our intellectual and spiritual faculties are necessary, or should be encouraged, such as silent aspiration for spiritual illumination from the highest accessible intelligences, and such vocal addresses to men and angels as express our highest needs and deepest convictions of truth.

IX. That all so-called "special providences" and all "spiritual gifts," anciently attributed to the "Holy Ghost," and all that have been termed "miracles," and "supernatural events," have been wrought by spirits once mortals, who do the same things to-day, hence Spiritualism is the key to all occult mysteries, and the demonstrator of all metaphysical facts.

X. That, while repudiating the idea of a personal devil, as taught by mythology and theology, there are what have been termed "evil spirits," who once were degraded and depraved mortals; who for a time retain their malign dispositions and perverted selfish propensities, and occasionally "obsess" sensitives for their own sensuous gratification; who both ignorantly and maliciously mislead those whom they control in earthly affairs; who often assume to be gods, messiahs, or "angels of light," and inspire the false "Christs" false "prophets," and other impostors who abound in this, as in former spiritual dispensations, and seduce the unwary from the path of truth and progress. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" then beware!

XI. That all so called "Words of God," Bibles or Revelations, so far as "inspired," have emanated from finite spirits, and partake of the imperfections both of their source and of the human channels and methods of communication; therefore none are infallible, nor authoritative, further than intuition and the facts of nature sustain them. Hence all communications from spiritual sources, ancient or modern, should be subjected to the ordeal of reason and science, and accepted only so far as they reveal truth to each individual consciousness.

XII. As Modern Spiritualism rests upon phenomenal facts which are cognized by our senses, whose genuineness, as a great scientist has said, "needs no further confirmation," it should be regarded as a science; and as it explains those facts in their relations to a supersensuous existence, and gives the most rational theory known of life here and hereafter, it is entitled to supremacy as a philosophy; furthermore, as it reveals our spiritual relations to the Infinite Cosmos, and our dependence upon the Infinite Life and Energy that prevades the universe, it may be called a religion, claiming all the rights and privileges conceded to inferior religions.

XIII. As Spiritualism is a universal eclecticism and encyclopædia of spiritual knowledge; as it solves all present and all recorded occult phenomena; as it is the key to all spiritual mysteries, unlocking the hidden truths and recondite facts of both the material and spiritual worlds; as it is the only religious system that is in accord with the facts of science and the principles of nature; as its teachings harmonize with all the known laws of mind and matter, and reveal the grand ultimate of material and mental evolution; as it presents the most rational philosophy of human life, and furnishes the *only* demonstration of its post-mortem continuance, and the only revelation of the *realities* of our future being, it may justly claim pre-eminence over all religious faiths as the most comprehensive, philosophical and scientific religion ever known, and as such it demands acceptance, and the fealty and support of mankind.

Through procrastination a mental cowardice grows upon us, and we lose the power even of resolving where action is necessary.

The Fifth Book of The Chronicles.

BY LUPAH.

CHAPTER VIII.

The feet of the South had grown weary and the weapons broken in its hand, so in its heart it had said, The Lord is not with us.

2. And the men of the North and the men of the South turned their faces toward their own homes rejoicing in that they might order their own ways as it seemed unto them good.

3. But when they came unto the place many of them were astonished because that the women had labored so diligently with their hands, and had bidden their hired men go here or go there, plow this or sow that, until the fields had blossomed like a garden and they had corn and to spare.

4. And the men marvelled within themselves saying, 'Lo, these our wives and our daughters be worthy of us. More we cannot say.'

5. But they knew not how that all this time the women had pondered these things in their hearts, and had questioned of their own understanding.

6. They had said, Verily we have seen that they be dependent upon us even as we upon them, (for did we not care for ourselves and for that which was theirs, or how could they have gone to fight the battles of the land?) therefore should they not be puffed up with conceit, nor esteem themselves as above us, so that they may not grant us justice.

7. But will we wait yet a little longer and hear what they may say unto us; not, however, weary in our efforts, that the year of Jubilee may come for us even as it hath come for the sons of Africa.

8. Yet were they not all of one accord, for many could not see that these things were so; and besides some had come nigh to fainting under the labor and the care, so that the burden of their lives seemed too great for them.

9. As the children of Israel, after they had departed from the land of the Pharaohs to find the place which they have seen, the land flowing with milk and honey, doubted when they hungered and were athirst, and murmured against Moses and against Aaron and against the Power that had brought them forth out of the land of Egypt; so many of those which were in the beginning zealous in the work did weaken when their husbands said unto them, Thou shalt not eat of my bread nor shall my tent shelter thee if so be that ye refrain not from following after these seditious women. And they thought of these things even as the Israelites remembered the flesh-pots of Egypt and turned back even though their souls were exceedingly sorrowful.

10. As because of their much murmuring were they of old led about the wilderness for forty years, yet after that time were made glad by beholding the first fruits of the promised land, and as Moses went from the plains of Moab unto the mountains of Nebo, to the top of Pisgah, where the Lord showed him all the land of Gilead, unto Dan,

11. And all Naphtali; and the land of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and the land of Judah, unto the utmost sea,

12. And the south, and the plain of the valley of Jericho, the city of palm-trees, unto Zoar, and said unto him,

13. This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed;

14. So have the women of this land labored in the wilderness which is called Uncertainty, sore beset by persecutions and tormented by their many infirmities, which nevertheless have oftentimes been a gain unto them, to these forty years, yea more than forty, since Elizabeth opened her mouth saying,

15. I declare unto you, Brethren and Sisters, that this thing which is wrong shall be made right.

16. And now have they received the first ripe fruits of their labors, for from the mountains round about the land of Wyoming have they beheld the glory of the Spirit, even the Spirit of Justice,

which hath descended into the hearts of men, insomuch that they have said,

17. We would that all women would be free like unto ourselves. Hereafter, as much as in us lies, will we deal justly with them.

18. Rejoice; O ye daughters of Wyoming, and give thanks that the way hath been opened unto you whereby ye may prove that which hath been said, whether it be true or whether it be false.

19. Behold are not these things, yea and more also, set down in the books which Elizabeth and Susan have written:

20. And now may Truth, Temperance and Justice be and abide with you all forever and ever.

Sing Lee.

BY W. W. JUDSON.

The following article was written several months ago, but was mislaid. What has since become of Sing Lee we are not informed, but presume he was sent back to China.—EDITOR DOVE.

Three years ago Sing Lee landed at the port of San Francisco. He claimed to be a merchant, but it was proved that he made a living by working, instead of by trading, consequently, if the angel officials of this heavenly government had observed the heathen exclusion law they would have cast Sing Lee out of this Christian paradise, back into the heathen hell from whence he came, but it was assumed that he had committed a crime by trying to get into this country as a merchant, after being debarred as a laborer, and he was accordingly turned over by the United States authorities to the State courts, where he was tried and sentenced to four years hard labor in San Quentin prison. In order that this Government might not be outdone by Russia in hellish schemes to make mankind more miserable, it permitted California to torture Sing Lee for three years in one of its bastiles, before proceeding to enforce its own law deporting him to China. On account of Sing Lee's credits for good conduct his term expired in three years, and he was released.

Speaking of this case, a California daily, one that gloats over the persecution of the Chinese, says: "Outside the prison-gates Sing Lee paused a moment. There was the soft rippling water, the shining blades of grass, the sunshine and liberty. Sing Lee was happy. He shook himself like a great dog coming out of a kennel after a night's resting in straw, and turned city ward. Just then his happiness ceased. Deputy United States Marshal Jim Maloney, the representative of that branch of justice that never sleeps, stepped up with a warrant and once more Sing Lee was a prisoner." Sing Lee is in the county jail now; next week he will be remanded in accordance with the provisions of the Chinese exclusion act. It is not claimed that Sing Lee ever injured any person or persons, bodily, financially, or in any other way. He went to a felon's cell to satisfy the prejudices of narrow minded bigots, as Bruno did during the inquisition. He landed in this country as any other foreigner would, his only crime being that he was not born an Irishman, Englishman, Dutchman, or Frenchman, nor reared a merchant, gambler, or preacher. He was tortured in the California State prison because the Christian God did not make him a Caucasian instead of a Mongolian.

The Christian missionaries now domiciled in China ought to club together and secure the services of Sing Lee as soon as he arrives home. If they will take Sing Lee around with them, as a sample of what Christianity can do for a poor working man in a Christian country, the boom in missionary work in China will no doubt astonish the natives. Sing Lee's experience in our Christian courts, under our Christian laws, and his education in a State institution under a Christian chaplain whose salary is paid by the State, ought certainly to have fitted him to become a good specimen of Christianized heathen, and certainly of great value to the Christian missionaries in China.

First-class book and job printing at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE, 121 Eighth street, San Francisco.

Correspondence.

Letter from Moses Hull.

DEAR SISTER SCHLESINGER:—My heart was made glad yesterday by the receipt of two numbers of THE CARRIER DOVE. Its pages look familiar and read as well as ever. There are two journals and two editors that always find a particularly warm spot in my heart. The journals are THE CARRIER DOVE of San Francisco, and *The World's Advance Thought*, of Portland, Oregon; the editors are Julia Schlesinger and Lucy Mallory. What work you noble women are doing. How quietly and patiently you stick to it; no noise, no fuss, no boasting, but you are always there just the same. I like all our papers, I wish all of them success, but the two I have mentioned deserve, it seems to me, more than any others, the patronage of every Spiritualist. You two silent but earnest women deserve to be known as you are, and to receive twenty times the support you get.

Well, I have been so busy since I left the coast that I have hardly had time to look at the papers; I have spoken every Sunday, with one single exception, from one to three times, and generally from one to five times through the week. The people were never more ripe than they are now for the highest truths of Spiritualism. I have met many old Spiritualists who supposed they were disgusted with Spiritualism, but when I came to get at them they were only sick of some things done in the name of Spiritualism.

The fact is, the world is waiting for a more spiritual kind of Spiritualism—a Spiritualism which makes us, here and now, see ourselves as spiritual beings. One who is conscious of his own existence does not need to look into a mirror to assure himself of his existence, so when we become as conscious of our spiritual existence as we now are of our material existence we will spend less time running after mediums, and more in circumnavigating ourselves.

While I believe in the external phenomena, I do not believe they are Spiritualism. They are only the steps leading to it. Spiritualism produces the phenomena, instead of the phenomena producing Spiritualism.

I think many Spiritualists, in confining themselves to external phenomena, have not only stood in their own spiritual shadows, but have called to the front a set of mercenary leeches calling themselves mediums, who are damaging real Spiritualism and real mediumship more than all our enemies could in a lifetime. Bare-faced frauds and genuine mediums have, for the most part, received the same encouragement from Spiritualists; and the result is, the tricksters and mountebanks have nearly taken the field.

Even when we have sought communion with genuine spirits we have, some of us, been too much like the ancient maiden-lady who was praying for a husband, and were ready for "anybody, Lord." If we were more choice in our communings, and were to demand wiser counsels and purer and better influences, we would grow faster and better under Spiritualism. But here I go, reading you a lecture; of all things that was just what I did not intend to do. I intended to give you a gossippy, personal letter.

Mrs. Hull's California trip has done just what you prophesied; it has made a new woman of her. Her health was never so good before. She is getting as fat and as plump as a pig. Thanks to you and the Doctor's mediumship.

I have as yet only laid my work out until January, though I have calls for nearly all next year. I am to spend December in New Orleans, and thought I would make no other winter engagements until I tested the New Orleans people and climate, and they tested me. I may stay there longer. I am urged to go to the Pacific Coast in time to take part in the People's Party campaign in Oregon in the spring. I may do so; and if so I shall not return East until campmeeting season.

With me "the field is the world," and the cause is one, east,

west, north and south; and I care little where I work if I can do good work.

Hoping your CARRIER DOVE may carry messages of joy to thousands of weary souls, I am as ever, in the work.

MOSES HULL

Detroit, Michigan, Sept. 10th, '91.

P. S. My permanent address is 29 Chicago Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

On The Wing.

FORT BIDWELL, SEPT. 18, 1891.

EDITOR DOVE: Since my last letter I have organized eight Farmers' Alliances in Lassen and Modoc Counties. By great exertions I am beginning to induce the people to investigate and unite in their own interest. I have greatly enjoyed walking from five to thirty miles a day through the pleasant valleys and over the rugged mountains. A great many pity me and ask, "Why don't you get a horse?" I would rather walk; I am much better in health for walking. Then I am equal to a horse any way.

In the southern part of this county I passed a large hot spring. To see how cold the water was I put in my hand but it came out quicker than it went in. On hot days dogs sometimes jump into it to cool off; when they come to the surface they are in a condition to suit the Chinese.

Times are very dull in Lassen and Modoc counties. There is no money in circulation. The people are anxious for a railroad; but when it comes it will rob them, unless it is controlled by the government. The farmers here get but little for what they sell and pay two prices for what they buy from the merchants. The time is near when the Alliance will start a store at each county seat. That will stop the robbery by the merchants. The greatest opposition I meet with is from the business men; but where they oppose my work I use more energy and come out ahead. The farmers are beginning to see that their only salvation consists in uniting.

Yours for the cause of humanity, J. H. WHITE, Organizer.

Dr. Schlesinger's Mediumship.

The following communication was received just after the issue of the September number. Although late, it will be read with interest:

The Dephos, Kansas, Campmeeting Association closed its 12th annual campmeeting August 24th. Among the mediums present was Dr. Louis Schlesinger, of San Francisco, Cal., manager of the CARRIER DOVE. The doctor gave many tests convincing to skeptical minds. It was no uncommon thing to see people coming out of his tent weeping tears of joy for the knowledge gained of the fact that their dear ones still live and can communicate with them. So intense became the anxiety on the part of skeptics and orthodox to prove the Doctor a fraud or mind reader, that schemes were planned whereby they might trick him; but when they came for sittings, so completely did the Doctor annihilate their plans that they were dumbfounded and many were convinced. The Doctor made many friends, and should he survive, the Society will endeavor to secure him for next year's campmeeting.

I. N. RICHARDSON, Corresponding Secretary.

For many years before the death of "the great showman," P. T. Barnum, it was the custom of the advance agent of the circus to mail to the clergymen of towns the show was approaching, circulars calling attention to the moral character of the exhibition, and inclosing tickets. The circulars were signed "P. T. Barnum." Shortly after Mr. Barnum's death one of these circulars was received by the minister of the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn.; addressed to the Rev. Dennis Hawes. Now Mr. Hawes had been dead for ten years. The gentleman who received it glanced at the address and then at the signature: "They do not seem to have met," he said.

Selected Poetry.

My Creed.

EMMA GERTRUDE WILSON.

What is my creed? I scarce myself can tell.
 It is no written law that I obey;
 I fear no angry God, nor endless hell
 To wait for us,—poor creatures of a day.
 I do not seek the Bible's ancient lore
 For perfect purity's unending power;
 Those men who lived and sinned in days of yore
 Can scarcely help us in the present hour.

No church with vain and idle pomp I seek,
 Where canting hypocrites kneel down and pray;
 Who sin unstintingly throughout the week,
 And save their virtues for the Sabbath Day.
 What is the church but fashion's idle hall,
 Where pious sinners play at "being good"—
 Who turn away from duty's joyless call,
 And close their hearts to struggling brotherhood.

All, all around I see a suffering earth,
 So choked by sin that truth can scarcely grow;
 Where happiness must perish in its birth,
 And sweetest songs are touched with notes of woe.
 From every side come cries of grief and pain,
 Where life is but a weary weight of years,
 With many losses and so little gain,
 Whose only birth-right is the gift of tears.

I do not scorn the souls whose efforts fail;
 Whose guileless feet have sometimes gone astray;
 For deeper sins hide 'neath religion's veil,
 Baptismal waters cannot wash away!
 I do not say, "Believe, or thou art lost!"
 What right have I to judge my fellow man?
 What power have I to judge the tempest-tossed?
 He is the saint who does the best he can.

Within my temple by the stream and wood,
 Sweet nature teaches of the flight of time;
 I learn to worship all the pure, the good,
 And Truth is sacred in its might sublime.
 That great, unseen power I adore,
 That fills the universe above, below—
 That guides the planets by its unseen law,
 Creates a soul or bids a daisy grow.

Why talk of things we cannot understand?
 Or seek to look beyond the bounds of death?
 A mission waits us here on every hand,
 Within the bounds of fleeting mortal breath.
 One life is given us to live on earth—
 Then give no anxious worry to the next,
 And in the interval 'twixt death and birth
 Make Life thy sermon, Truth and Love thy text.

This is my creed—perhaps it is no creed;
 But he is wise whose honor is his law,
 Who HELPS a fellow brother in his need,
 And preaches not of "Heaven's narrow door."
 An honest man! this is the greatest praise;
 Whose deeds are many and whose words are few.
 This is the height on which I fix my gaze,—
 This is my one and only creed—be true.

—Cambridge Press.

If We Could Know.

BY MYRA WENTWORTH EMERSON.

If we could know that we should sometime meet
 Our loved and lost upon some fairer shore,
 Though bruised and bleeding were these weary feet,
 Though chill above our heads the black clouds lower,
 Could we not patient bear life's seeming ill—
 The dreary path that must be short at best—
 A little while, ah! yes, until, until
 We too shall reach that land of perfect rest?
 If we could know that dear ones linger near
 To guide and cheer along the lonely way,
 Would not the thought the saddest bosom cheer,
 And change the blackest night to perfect day?
 If we could know—and yet it must be so—
 The soul within dies not with mortal breath;
 "If we could know," say not; for we *do* know
 In all this changeful world there is no death.

—Banner of Light.

Our Dead.

BY ARLO BATES.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
 Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
 Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
 Were vain to cheat a prescient spirit pure.
 Our souls true worth and aim, however poor,
 They see who watch us from some deathless skies,
 With glance death-quicken'd. That no sad surprise
 Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.
 Living, our loved ones makes us what they dream;
 Dead, if they see, they know us as we are,
 Henceforth we must be, not merely seem.
 Bitterer woe than death it were by far
 To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
 Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

Beyond the Mist.

Beyond the mist, beyond the rain,
 My ships are sailing o'er the main;
 Their white sails hidden from my eyes
 By fogs that soon or late must rise,
 Showing the canvas flushed with rose
 Like eve-illumined mountain snows.
 And though life's sea its curtain slips
 'Twixt me and my beloved ships,
 I still remember that they bear
 Cargoes to comfort me in care—
 Hopes, loves, ambitions, dreams, desires,
 Whose barques may glow in sunset fires.

—New York Press.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
 Some pure ideal of a noble life
 That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
 The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
 And just within our reach? It was; and yet
 We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
 But still our place is kept—and it will wait—
 Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
 No star is ever lost we once have seen;
 We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

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Organization.

On page 276 of this issue will be found an appeal to Spiritualists in favor of united action, followed by a plan of organization drafted by Dr. Dean Clarke, slightly modified by others, and accepted by many of the Progressive Spiritualists of San Francisco. It will probably be adopted by the Society, and it is hoped that under it some effective work may be done.

This is a move in the right direction. The necessity for a definite statement of what Spiritualism is has become apparent to every earnest, honest Spiritualist. Such action is made imperative by the false claims that are constantly set forth in behalf of various fads under the name of Spiritualism, by which true Spiritualism is brought into disrepute and its progress greatly impeded.

It is essential that the philosophy of Spiritualism should be clearly understood and defined, and that the many impostors who use the name should be known for what they are. In the absence of any authoritative statement of the principles of Spiritualism, the people are misled by cranks who consider themselves divinely appointed leaders, messiahs, regenerators, and what not, by whom Spiritualism is misrepresented and made a subject for public derision. These cranky mediums have made Spiritualism so odious to many self-respecting people that they will no longer attend Spiritual meetings, and refuse to identify themselves in any way with Spiritual societies. Large numbers of this class have gone into Theosophy, "Christian Science," and other organizations which, having a well-defined declaration of principles, manage to keep the cranks in subjection, and to make some claim to "respectability,"—a position Spiritualism in its disorganized state has not yet attained.

Undoubtedly the most powerful, most active and dangerous enemy of Spiritualism is Theosophy, upheld as it is by many intelligent people, and attacking Spiritualism under the guise of a "higher development,"—an advanced step in spiritual progress. It has seduced into its ranks many of the former adherents of Spiritualism, and is still active in the work, although its teachings, instead of being an "advance," are diametrically opposed to the known facts and generally accepted principles of Spiritualism. As stated by Mr. Ravlin, in his discourse of Sunday morning, September 27, if Theosophy is true, Spiritualism must be false; both cannot be true, because they are inconsistent with each other.

The cardinal principles of Spiritualism are given on page 278, consisting of thirteen articles, to which the reader's attention is specially called. Consider them carefully, and if you think anything that it is essential to state has been omitted from the synopsis, write to Dr. Clarke or to the editor of the

CARRIER DOVE. Any society or individual is at perfect liberty to amend the proposed declaration, which is not put forth as an ultimatum, but rather as a suggestion. It is to be hoped that Spiritualists will soon organize, and be able by representatives in national convention to adopt some formula that will express the generally accepted facts and principles of Spiritualism, but until that is done, individuals and local societies can take action for themselves. So far as the editor of this journal is able to judge, the epitome presented in this issue sets forth the principles of Spiritualism truthfully, clearly and in remarkably unobjectionable phraseology. If you approve of them, go to work and do something. Join the society in the neighborhood of your residence, or if there is none, organize one, if only a little circle of a half dozen members. Get a supply of the principles in printed form that you may hand to inquirers, and no longer act as if ashamed of ideas which are, in truth, the most exalted yet attained by man.

A Vigorous Protest Against the Theosophic Fad.

[Mr. N. F. Ravlin, in answer to a request to contribute to the DOVE something in relation to the Summerland campmeeting, hastily wrote the following just before his departure for San Jose, having no time to give a more full report.]

Financially, and in point of numbers, the campmeeting at Summerland was a success. Many mediums and speakers were on the ground. But there was a marked division of sentiment between straight out-and-out Spiritualists, and the "Sun Angels Order of Light" class, with the Theosophical "fad" of re incarnation thrust to the front. I, of course, defended the former and opposed the latter.

The doctrine of Reincarnation is not, cannot be, true; and I showed conclusively that if it were true the logical result must be the absolute annihilation of Spiritualism, because it involves the total destruction of personal identity, and of all kindred relationships. If Theosophy is true our kindred never return to communicate through mediums; nothing but their astral shells come back, hence we can never meet them in the hereafter, and they are no more to us than if they had never existed.

I know I am in the love of Truth and Good, but I hate the doctrine of Reincarnation, and believe it to be false, irrational, unphilosophical, and extremely pernicious in its effects. It is astonishing that Spiritualists can be led astray by it. It is the insidious foe of everything we hold sacred and of vital import in our spiritual philosophy. It is the upas tree whose deadly shade kills every fair flower of Spiritualism on which it falls. I repudiate it. I propose to take my Spiritualism straight, and defend it on the rostrum and in every other way, till I pass on to the higher life.

It is high time that true Spiritualists awake to the threatening dangers of the hour, and unite to repel this most subtle and crafty foe. Organize everywhere. Draw the line. Define your position. Adopt a declaration of principles such as put forth by Dr. Dean-Clarke, that all may know what we believe, what we know, where we stand, and what we propose to do.

As for me, give me Spiritualism, or give me annihilation. Give me Spiritualism pure and simple, or give me absolute atheistic materialism, with the sepulchre as my final goal. No side issues; no popular "fads;" no amalgamation with false theories, false gods, and Theosophical vagaries. Spiritualism to the front! Unfurl the banner of its glorious philosophy. Stand by its long array of demonstrated facts. Encourage all true mediums. Give no countenance to fraudulent manifestations, and no quarter to the enemy. "Prove all things. Hold fast to that which is good." Follow where proof positive leads the way. Stop where demonstrative evidence ceases. Spiritualism rests solely on established facts, and whatever belongs to the realm of the unknowable, and is consequently beyond

human power to demonstrate, is not Spiritualism. No true Spiritualist ever assumes a position beyond the pale of possible proof. Immortality is not merely a question of belief, but one of *facts* constantly accumulating, as endless ages roll, proving the indestructible personal identity of man.

In the cause of pure Spiritualism and eternal progression,
I remain, Fraternally,
N. F. RAVLIN.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.

Visions.

A few weeks since, Mr. William Bennett, a gentleman seventy-three years of age, long a resident of the Pacific Coast, paid a brief visit to the DOVE office on business connected with the publication of a book of spiritual experiences, during which he related several remarkable incidents of his life, and at request of the editor penned the following:

August 27, 1875, I was on my return by railroad from the East. About 6 P. M., when sitting in my seat, I fell into a trance, lasting nearly half an hour, alarming my fellow passengers considerably. When I came to myself, in answer to their inquiries, I told them it was merely a temporary illness to which I was subject. In answer to questions of a lady as to my sensations, I replied: "I saw a man drowning near the wharves in San Francisco." We were then over a thousand miles from San Francisco. When we arrived at Ogden the news of the suicide of W. C. Ralston by drowning in San Francisco bay had been received by telegraph. I said I did not believe it was suicide, although I never was acquainted with nor had ever seen Mr. Ralston."

"May 9, 1879, I awoke from a vision, experienced while resting in bed, and said to my wife: "Our Charles is coming home, and is going to die." She replied: "Oh, pshaw! you are dreaming again." But Charles did come the last of May and died on the 17th of July."

"In October, 1883, Leland Stanford, Jr., son of Hon. Leland Stanford, of California, died in Europe. I was lying very sick at the time, and was not expected to live. I told a young man who was attending upon me that I saw the names of young Stanford and Charles Bennett (my deceased son) and that Stanford was dead. I requested him to note it down, but he said, "You're out of your head." I replied: "Never mind, you put it down; I'm not out of my head." He made a note of it, and subsequently it became plain that I was the first on the Pacific Coast to receive any message or intelligence of young Stanford's death!

"In April, 1886, about 2:30 P. M., New York time, Charles Crocker was thrown out of his buggy in New York City, and severely injured. I received intelligence of it in a vision at a few minutes past 11 A. M., Gold Hill time, and a few minutes later got further intelligence in the same way that two gentlemen in a buggy had just driven to Mrs. Crocker's residence in New York, informing her of the accident, and stating that Mr. Crocker was so badly hurt that he was not likely to live. This shows that I received the intelligence on this coast before Mrs. Crocker did in New York. I at once sent a letter to Mr. Crocker, telling him that he would not die till 1888—which proved true. This letter was mailed in the Gold Hill postoffice at fifteen minutes past 12 M."

Mr. Bennett's visions usually occur in the early morning, and seldom later than 11 o'clock A. M. A rest preceding the vision appears to be necessary. We hope to have more full accounts of some of his numerous experiences for publication. He has been a medium from childhood, but the ill treatment he received when a boy in consequence of his visions led him to conceal his experiences as much as possible, until within a few years past.

Immortality is inferred, not proved, by life beyond the grave.

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

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

A dispatch to the Boston *Globe*, dated at Fort Sill, I. T., August 26, gives a lengthy account of predictions made by "Howling Bear" head medicine man of the Comanche Indians, who is said to be over 100 years old, and noted for the fulfillment of past prophecies, which have heretofore been of local importance, confined mainly to happenings to the tribe. He now predicts widespread disasters to occur in America, "may be soon; may be ten years." There are to be destructive earthquakes, storms, pestilence, etc. "The shores of the big water will sink, and white men will be drowned by thousands. The Indians will not be so much troubled, for they will be away from the place where the worst is to come. The land will open, and whole cities will be swallowed up. Fire will break forth from the center of the earth, and rivers of fire will run where the water now is." In the vicinity of New Orleans the whole land will be swallowed up and everything destroyed. "In the middle of the ocean will come land where land has not been before. He warns the Indians not to travel East or West, but remain where they are until these things have happened. He predicts that his own death will occur before the close of the present year. He received his information while in a trance after long fasting. How Prof. Buchanan received his has not been so clearly made known, but the inference is that the Professor's predictions are scientific deductions from ascertained facts.

Dove Notes.

Subscribers who have kindly forwarded spare copies of July CARRIER DOVE to this office will please accept thanks. Some were answered by letter, but not all.

The *Daily Democrat*, of Springfield, Mo., in referring to the departure of Dr. Schlesinger for St. Louis, Mo., and his promise to return, adds: "It is safe to say that Dr. Schlesinger has put many persons here to thinking of the problem of life and death in a new light."

Dr. T. E. Casterline, of Elgar, Nebraska, writes the DOVE: "I am anxious to get up an interest here in Nebraska, and would like to secure the services of a good test medium. If Spiritualism is true it is a gospel of joy and glad tidings that ought to be published, and I desire to do some work for the cause before I die. If you will insert a notice in your paper it may help me to secure a medium."

A letter from Dr A. J. Swarts, whose advertisement, "Treatments Free," appears on the last page, states that he expects to be in California in a few months and may make his home here. Dr. Swarts is a very successful healer, and will be a welcome addition to the "mind cure" fraternity as well as to the ranks of Spiritualism. His method differs somewhat from most healers. Although he has a home for patients in Alliance, Ohio, and healing rooms in Chicago, much of his practice is by absent treatments through his spirit aids.

A declaration of principles, under the head of "A Synopsis of Spiritualism," has been published by Dr. Dean Clarke in a small leaflet (four pages), which will be sent to applicants by mail at the rate of three copies for ten cents, or two dollars per hundred. Spiritualists should provide themselves with this document to hand to those who, in conversation, as often happens, show their ignorance of the subject. It is a good answer to objections so frequently brought against Spiritualism which are founded on false conceptions. Dr. Clarke's address is 1055 Market street.

The Tea for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten given by the Ladies' Elsmere Club, at the rooms of the school, 1131½ Mission street, on the afternoon and evening of Sept. 25, was a success alike socially and financially. In the evening a special dancing programme was carried out, interspersed with comic recitations by Master Ray Irvin and a young lady present, and a number of fine songs by Misses Queen and Edna Montgomery, and Miss Gertie Roberts. Choice musical selections, including the music for the dancing, was furnished by Mrs. Hofeldt.

One of the handsomest volumes ever issued from the press of Colby & Rich is "Starnos," a book of 200 pages, being a compend of the teachings of Andrew Jackson Davis, given in the thirty volumes published by him, selected and arranged by his wife, Mrs. Della E. Davis, M. D. The extracts are very brief, averaging less than a half dozen lines, each under an appropriate head, and all placed in alphabetical order. In addition there is an index which enables the reader to find any passage in a moment. There are nearly or quite one thousand extracts, embracing facts, opinions, suggestions, maxims, morals, meditations—flowers of speech culled from the garden of good thoughts which the "Poughkeepsie Seer" has been cultivating nearly half a century for the benefit of his fellow men. A more appropriate present to a thoughtful friend could not be made. The price by mail is only 50 cents, cloth-bound, or 75 cents for extra fine, gilt edge, for single copies. A liberal discount to those desiring several copies. Address Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NONCONFORMIST, of Winfield, Kansas, has been moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, and consolidated with the Alliance Advocate, state organ of Indiana.

Dr. Schlesinger, writing from Springfield, Ill., says the interest in Spiritualism in Eastern cities is much less than manifested on the Pacific Coast. He will visit Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, and possibly other places before returning to St. Louis, on his way to New Orleans and Galveston, Texas.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* for October has for a frontispiece a fine likeness of Mrs. H. S. Lake, and contains an interesting sketch of her life, by Lydia R. Chase, illustrated with a portrait of the Boston Spiritual Temple in which Mrs. Lake speaks. The leading paper is an able article by B. F. Uuderwood, showing what the position of the church was towards African Slavery. Miss Nelly Booth Simmons contributes a touching poem on "Tenderness." There are many other valuable articles. Price 20 cents. 383 Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Harriet E. Beach, who was sent to the lunatic asylum in New York because she spent some of her money with mediums, has been released, and now has written a letter stating that she was kidnapped and kept at the asylum when the subordinates knew she was not insane. She also believes there are patients in the asylum who are no more insane than she is. Some of her fellow prisoners told her they had written to friends and to judges, and that the letters had been suppressed by officers of the asylum.

John Slater, the renowned platform test medium, has returned to San Francisco, and on Sunday last was greeted by many friends at Irving Hall, at which place he will appear also on Sunday evening, October 11th. He gives seances daily at his residence, 708 O'Farrel street, with circles on Monday and Thursday evenings, also on Wednesday afternoon—the latter for ladies exclusively. Mr. Slater has kindly consented to appear on the platform of the Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, on Sunday morning, October 11, following a brief address by Mr. Ravlin.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who prophesied tidal waves, earthquakes, etc., as likely to occur along the Atlantic coast, has been advised by the spirit of William Denton and others to take up his residence in the West, promising him hosts of friends in his new home. As the "coming cataclysm" is not to occur for twenty years or more, before the expiration of which time Prof. Buchanan will naturally pass to the higher life, he does not care to "flee from the wrath to come," still he may make a change of base, and in case he does, it is hoped he will not stop traveling until he reaches the Pacific Coast. He has many, many warm friends and admirers here even among those who do not believe his prognostications.

Mr. H. W. Boozer, who has a hall for spiritual phenomena at Grand Rapids, Michigan, and a temporary home for mediums, writes that he believes he is engaged in a work absolutely necessary for the success of lectures and the presentation of the philosophy of Spiritualism. You must "catch your hare" before you cook it; and must attract the people before you preach to them. The way to attract is to give them phenomena. They will not begin to think until you do that. The trouble is that most people do not think even then. Thousands get as far into Spiritualism as the phenomena, and there they stop. They have no interest in Spiritualism outside the seance room. Such people are not properly Spiritualists. Their belief has no influence over their life. Mr. Boozer says very few who go there to investigate phenomena read spiritual books and papers. Two or three copies, at most, are sold of the leading journals, and none of the others. He adds: "The best rostrum work has to be forced." Yes, it has to be forced; and even then the phenomena-seekers do not accept it.

The editor of the Dove has received a specimen of the Sunflower Badge from the manufacturer. The design is appropriate and the badge very beautiful. Spiritualists are advised to wear this insignia of the fraternity. "Wherever you see a Sunflower Badge you see a friend." The profits derived from the sale of the badge will be devoted to spreading abroad the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. Price, one dollar. Address C. D. Haines, 26 St. Clair street, Rochester, N. Y.

The *Daily Democrat*, of Springfield, Mo., giving an account of a Spiritual meeting held by Dr. Schlesinger in Springfield, says: "Eight persons were selected from the audience (Judge Jas. R. Vaughan, Dr. A. C. Williamson, J. W. Jones, Dep. U. S. Marshal J. W. Eldridge, and a few ladies), and were taken two by two into private consultation. They all came back completely dumbfounded, and said the Doctor's power of delineating personal history was beyond their ability to comprehend."

Dr. Dean Clarke arrived in San Francisco from the Santa Cruz mountains early in September, and is desirous of securing engagements in neighboring towns. He has made a number of brief addresses very acceptably, and during Mr. Ravlin's absence at Summerland he spoke before the Progressive Society on the present aspects of Spiritualism and the necessity for more thorough organization. Dr. Clarke is an inspirational speaker of a high order, and the Spiritualists of Alameda, Oakland, San Jose, Stockton, Sacramento and other places will do well to correspond with him. His address is 1055 Market street.

A move was recently made to put Rev. John Benson, of Frankfort, Ia., on the retired list because "his soul travels when he sleeps," and some other soul, not of the church standard, apparently takes possession of Benson's body. When awake Benson is a model Christian, circumspect in word and manner; when asleep, he swears like a trooper, and uses language too vile for good people to listen to. The move to place him on the retired list did not succeed because his "infirmity" does not interfere with his public ministrations. When the "devil" gets hold of Benson in the pulpit, then will be time for his church to act.

The young Men's Christian Association will soon have a new hall, corner of Mason and Ellis, to cost \$220,000. The Association own 137½ feet square, and as they do not require so much they will sell 50 feet on Ellis street, the proceeds of which, with the money on hand, will give them a fund of over \$100,000. Wealthy people, many of whom are not Christians in practice, if they are in name, have subscribed \$103,000, leaving about \$50,000 to be raised by further contributions, as the articles of incorporation do not permit the contraction of debt. There is no doubt the \$50,000 will be forthcoming before it is needed to complete the building. Will any of the wealthy non-believers (or believers either) contribute a hundred thousand to help Spiritualists? If not, why not?

Dr. Schlesinger seldom writes anything for publication, and he is especially averse to writing for the press in relation to himself; but his private letters contain allusions to his work, from which we are sometimes tempted to quote. Writing from Springfield, Mo., Sept. 7th, he says: "I lectured before the Spiritual society here yesterday, and the hall was crowded. My tests were highly gratifying, and were appreciated by all!" We judge so from the favorable notices in the daily papers of Springfield. The Doctor continues: "I have done lots of good for the cause, and have given Spiritualism a new start here and in other places. Some of the most prominent citizens have called to tender their thanks, and some, who received personal evidence, expressed their gratitude. Besides the tests, so many have expressed their appreciation of what I said, that I almost believe I shall be able on my return to take the platform and do some talking."

Some idea of what the illustration of a magazine means, may be obtained from the announcement that the publishers of the *Cosmopolitan* paid Madeleine Lemaire for the illustrations of "Three Women of the Comedie Francaise" ten times the amount paid for the article.

The September number of the *Cosmopolitan* is a Woman's Number, being written mainly by women. The topics are various, the profuse illustrations are beautiful, and the style of treatment of high order. Those who are interested in Russian Nihilism will find an excellent article on woman's share in it, with the portraits of the leading female nihilists. "Society Women as Authors" is also finely illustrated.

A new feature of the *Cosmopolitan*, and one which is original with the magazine, is the publication each month, in the form of foot notes, of a number of little portraits with brief biographies of the writers of the various articles. However widely read one may be, there is likely to be something of information lacking regarding the vast number of writers who appear in the periodicals of the present day, so that these brief biographies and small portraits are proving very satisfactory to the average reader.

In its November number the *Cosmopolitan* will publish a series of letters written by Gen. W. T. Sherman to one of his young daughters, between the years of 1859 and 1865 and covering most of the important events of the war of secession. These letters present graphic pictures of a great soldier among some of the stirring scenes in which he was a giant figure, and in them the patriotic spirit of the Federal general is seen to have been most attractively tempered by a strong affection for the Southern people. The fraternal feeling which glows in these letters is in refreshing contrast to the sectional bitterness which characterized the period, and they will constitute an interesting and important contribution to the literature of the war.

It is impossible to say how large a proportion of the sick and suffering could be made whole if they were sufficiently strongly impressed to believe themselves to be so; we believe the proportion would be larger than most people think. This fact forms the foundation-stone to quackery, and now, as from the earliest times, faith is as powerful an influence for good or evil as it has ever been. Disease is very much a question of nutrition; and the influence of the mind over nutrition is well known. Great joy or hope may bring one back from the brink of the grave, and great fear may kill. A gentleman was once led to believe that he had slept in the very bed in which one had died of the cholera. This faith in a lie caused the ordinary symptoms of that dread disease.

Another case of stigmata is reported as occurring in Louisville, Ky. A lady (a devout Catholic) at certain times goes into a trance, continuing several hours, during which reddish spots appear on the hands, feet, and left side, which gradually grow more red, until in a half-hour blood begins to ooze from the places. After recovering from the trance little or no sign of the phenomenon remains. The testimony of the fact is said to be unimpeachable, and of course Catholics claim that it is a miracle wrought by divine power, and that it belongs exclusively to the Holy Mother church. Spiritualists hold that it is a spiritual manifestation produced by some decarnated devotee of the Catholic church. Occurrences quite as remarkable, if not the same, as the "stigmata," are common to spiritual mediums. Messages in red letters come on the arms of mediums, and sometimes blood flows from apparent wounds, which leave no mark when the "influence" passes away. The features of some mediums are strikingly changed in cases of "transformation," but no Spiritualist calls it a "miracle." They know that what is done is in accordance with the laws of nature. It could not be otherwise; but we do not yet fully understand the *modus operandi*.

A Protest and a Pledge.

We append our names to this paper for the purpose of protesting—
Against any and all laws violating and invading the constitutional pledges which guarantee to American citizens the rights of free speech and free press.

Against the enforcement of laws by the instrumentality of private amateur detective associations.

Against the establishment of a censorship of the press and of the mails as is now attempted in the Post Office Department.

And having seen that such laws, and prevailing methods of enforcing them, open great opportunities for fraudulent practices, for the accomplishment of private revenges, and for the suppression of unpopular sentiments by fanatical persecutions, we hereby pledge ourselves to do all that good citizens may properly do to overcome these mischiefs and to reverse the current of this class of legislative and official aggression.

J. Rodes Buchanan
Minot J. Savage
M. M. Pomeroy
T. B. Wakeman
B. O. Flower
Hamlin Garland
E. W. Chamberlain
E. B. Foote Jr., M. D.
Julian Hawthorne
James Parton
Alexander Wilder
Don Piatt
M. Edgeworth Lazarus
Edgar Fawcett
Alfred H. Love
M. L. Holbrook, M. D.
Elizabeth N. Bradley, M. D.
Rabbi Solomon Schindler
Matilda Joslyn Gage
Helen H. Gardener
David Overmyer
Otto Reiner
J. M. L. Babcock
Julia Schlesinger
Deane Clarke

Clara B. Colby
Benjamin R. Tucker
Juliet H. Severance, M. D.
Darius M. Allen
Sophia L. O. Allen
Moncure D. Conway
Parker Pillsbury
Hugh O. Pentecost
Wilson Macdonald
Albert Ross
Elisabeth Cady Stanton
Emma Beckwith
Eliza Archard Conner
John W. Chadwick
W. P. Tomlinson
A. B. Bradford
Howard M'Queary
Henry Frank
John Ransom Bridge
Voltairine de Cleyre
Lois Waisbrooker
Thomas W. Organ
Lucinda B. Chandler
W. N. Slocum
N. F. Ravlin

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Pleasant Gatherings and Good Attendance—Hopeful Prospects.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Every session of the Lyceum during the month just closing has had its assemblage of pupils, leaders and officers, so that it has not been necessary to take a summer adjournment on account of the neglect of members to attend. The interest exhibited in the acquisition of knowledge, while it may not at all times have been sufficient to satisfy each of the adults, has nevertheless been considerable when taken as a whole.

The Lyceum Banner.

I notice the advertisement in the DOVE of the *Lyceum Banner*, a monthly journal devoted to the Children's Progressive Lyceum, published at Liverpool by J. J. Morse, assisted by Miss Florence. The American subscription is 40 cents per annum, postage free. I have read the *Banner* ever since its publication was begun, and I can recommend it to all interested in the work of the Lyceum, as an interesting and well-conducted periodical, well worthy of their patronage and support. A list of the many attractive features of the *Banner* will be found in the advertisement in another column.

WM. E. COLEMAN.

Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye on September 20 commenced a six weeks' engagement at Lynn, Mass. Mrs. Foye speaks in Boston in November, then goes to Brooklyn, N. Y. She has an engagement for every Sunday till June '92. Her address till Nov. 20 will be No. 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

The Clergy Challenged.

The following letter is taken from the *Daily Democrat*, published at Springfield, Mo., a place where Dr. Schlesinger spent the early part of September:

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—There is now in Springfield a man possessing wonderful powers as a juggler, necromancer or Spiritualist. If he is a mere trickster no one of the many intelligent citizens of this city who have visited him, as investigators, can yet suggest the cause of the astounding phenomena witnessed. He carries about with him no artificial appliances for working these wonders. A lawyer's desk yields as readily to the service of the alleged spirits as the most consecrated furniture. No dark rooms or mysterious cabinets are required by this aged stranger in giving his tests. The unseen 'guides' by whom Dr. Schlesinger claims to be controlled shun neither daylight nor the ordinary habitations of mortals. Wonders have been wrought which no lawyer, doctor or newspaper man of Springfield can explain. Many tests have been given within the past six days, and in no case has the medium failed to meet the most rigid trial demanded by his visitors.

Mind reading does not seem to account for all the remarkable things done. To tell one what he does not know and never had in his mind goes beyond the domain of psychometry. Now this is something worth investigating. If it can be shown that Dr. Schlesinger is a trickster, using the arts of jugglery, he ought to be exposed. He who trifles with the most sacred instincts of human nature, the veneration which the living have for the dead, is the basest of impostors. The ministers generally denounce such persons as Dr. Schlesinger as wicked tricksters who purposely dupe the credulous. How many of the clergymen of Springfield have given this man a test? What do they know of the manifestations so freely denounced to their communicants? Why do they not go in a body to the medium and expose his tricks? When Moses and Aaron went to admonish Egypt in the interest of the oppressed Israelites, King Pharaoh called his magicians, the spiritual guides of that cultured realm, and commanded them to duplicate the miracles of the messengers of God. The Sages of the Nile did not dodge the issue. They had the courage of their convictions, and met the test bravely. They answered each challenge of the wonder-workers from abroad, and duplicated most successfully the miracles wrought in their presence. They cast down their rods and saw them turn into serpents. It is true the reptiles of Egypt got the worst of the test, but the conduct of the magicians was at least manly. They exhausted the resources of their art so far as the record shows. Now why will not our Springfield preachers show as much faith and courage as those Egyptian priests, and meet this wonder-worker on their own ground? He is here in their midst, doing things that nobody can yet explain. He will no doubt give all the ministers of Springfield a full test and enable them to expose, if they can, the trickery by which other persons have been deceived. Let us have a fair trial of this matter. If Spiritualism is true the churches ought to know it. If the dead can communicate with the living, then the question of immortality is settled. If these claims of Dr. Schlesinger and his associates are false, the ministers will strengthen their own power over the world by demonstrating the fact. Let us have the test first and then the denunciation of the impostor on the street corners. INVESTIGATOR.

Some people, who do not know what good editing is, imagine that the getting up of selected matter is the easiest thing in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work done on a newspaper. If they see the editor with scissors in his hand they say, "Oh! that's the way you are getting up original matter, eh?" accompanying their new, witty question with a wink or a smile. The facts are that the interest, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon the selected matter. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind cannot make so good a paper as five or six.—*Exchange*.

Spencer versus Spencer.

"The Economics of Herbert Spencer," by W. C. Owen, 216 pages, price 25 cts., paper: Humboldt Publishing Company, New York.

Each book issued from this press gives the reader renewed cause for thankfulness that such an educator of the people as the Humboldt Publishing Company can be sustained in America. The flood of trash that pours from the press of almost large city would dishearten the well wisher of his kind were not new hope inspired by the success of books of the better class such as are given to the public by this enterprising firm. The "Humboldt Library of Popular Science," consisting of 158 numbers—sixteen volumes of 600 pages each—has been a veritable educator of the people; and now the new series, "The Social Science Library," published monthly at the low price of 25 cts. per volume (\$2 50 per annum), promises to give instruction in Social Science more complete and at a much lower price than students of Sociology have ever before been favored with. The volume just issued is No. 7 of this series, and it is inferior to none. W. C. Owen is well known on this coast as a writer, orator and social reformer. Regret for the loss of his local service here is mitigated by the gratification that, in the service of the Humboldt Publishing Company, he has entered on a wider sphere of usefulness.

With the fairness that characterizes all of Mr. Owen's criticisms, he commences by quoting Mr. Spencer's own language. The first chapter is devoted to Spencer's ideas concerning Land Nationalization, taken from "Social Statics," published in 1850, but Mr. Spencer says his opinions on this subject were first embodied in a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government," published in 1842, after which, for more than a quarter of a century Mr. Spencer gave no indication that he had in any degree modified his views as to the injustice of private property in land. Spencer's system of land tenure (government control of the soil) or something similar, he holds to be a necessary precedent to the free operation of a law ordained by nature which is: *Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal right of other men.*

Mr. Owen shows that Mr. Spencer's land tenure system of itself will not secure equality of rights. He says: "There is reason to suppose that such a system of land tenure, if put into operation side by side with our competitive system of labor, might result not in freeing the workers, but in augmenting the power of the capitalist." The reason is that the reduction in the cost of living by the saving of rent would enable the worker to exist on smaller wage, and the effect of abolishing rent would be to increase the profits of the employers instead of benefitting the employed; just as charity, in connection with our competitive system, has the effect of reducing wages, enabling the recipients of alms to work for less than they otherwise could. The control of machinery by capital gives to capital the power to control labor.

Concerning compensation to the landholder, quotations are made from Spencer (1850) to show that the rights of the many are paramount to the rights of the few, and that men may yet learn that "to deprive others of their right to use the earth is to commit a crime inferior only in wickedness to the crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties." Henry George compares the wrong of land monopoly to the injustice of chattel slavery, and from him Mr. Owen quotes: "As the keeping of a man in slavery is as much a violation of natural right as the seizure of his remote ancestor, so is the robbery involved in the present denial of natural rights to the soil as much a robbery as was the first act of fraud or force which violated these rights. Those who say it would be unjust for people to resume their natural rights in the land without compensating present holders, confound right and wrong as flagrantly as did they who held it a crime in the slave to run away without first paying his owner his market value. They have never formed a clear idea of what property in land means. It means not merely a continuous exclusion of some people from the element

which it is plainly the intent of Nature that all should enjoy, but it involves a continuous confiscation of labor and the results of labor."

Mr. Owen says this is a logical deduction from Mr. Spencer's argument that it is impossible to justify private property in land, but he holds that we are not justified in throwing the land-holding class upon the tender mercies of a world where many of them, being unfitted to struggle for self-support, would starve to death. "For none of them would a place be made, since the express declaration of both George and Spencer is that our present industrial system shall remain unchanged. The proposition is, therefore, the despoiling of a special class . . . and it is certain that class-robbery can never satisfy the demands of abstract justice." He adds: "A special class, thus singled out for sacrifice, will fight to its dying gasp; it will make enormous capital out of the injustice of which it is the victim; it will rally immense forces to its standard, and prolong the struggle indefinitely. That Mr. George can believe such a struggle can be carried to a successful issue by the convincing eloquence of abstract propositions, unassisted by other concurrent economic changes, is anything but creditable to his intelligence. The Socialists have indulged in no such sanguine imaginings. They look to a steady pressure all along the line, resulting in modifications in which landlordism will come in for its full share of alteration."

As a more sensible mode of procedure than the non-compensation method, Mr. Owen quotes from Bernard Shaw (in "Fabian Essays") to show that while compensation would be unnecessary if the proprietary system could be at once replaced by full-blown Socialism (which sudden change is not in accordance with the law of social evolution, and therefore impracticable), "Yet, when it is necessary to proceed by degrees, the denial of compensation would have the effect of singling out individual proprietors for expropriation, while others remained unmolested, and depriving them of their private means long before suitable municipal employment was ready for them. The land, as fast as required, will therefore be honestly purchased; and the purchase money, or the interest thereon, will be procured like the capital, by taxing rent."

Mr. Owen, in approving this method, does not discuss the injustice of *interest*, which is itself a robbery as bald as land monopoly. His object in making the quotation is not to criticize it, but to show that there is another and more sensible method than class-robbery. The purchase money could be furnished by the issue of treasury notes received by the Government for *all* dues whereby they would become current among the people. Until we reach the point where labor notes current between the holder and the Government only, may be made the purchasing agent for all supplies, "fiat money," however derided, is the most feasible as well as the most just and philosophical remedy for our present financial difficulties.

In further commenting on land nationalization Mr. Owen says: "One of the main objects of this argument has been to show that the inauguration of any such scheme would not, *of itself*, permanently alter existing social conditions. That these conditions will have to be radically altered, and that at a very early date, all thinkers are practically agreed, the almost solitary exception being Mr. Spencer, who clings tenaciously to the *laissez faire* [let alone] doctrines he formulated in 1842 *minus* the land proposition. His continued silence upon that most vital point, coupled with the fact that when he has occasionally broken silence it has been only to urge the land-owners' claim to compensation, is a virtual withdrawal of the proposition. I have also incidentally endeavored to explain my reasons for believing that such a measure will never be inaugurated by a society still saturated with the selfishness of *laissez faire* philosophy; since that philosophy isolates men, robs them of public spirit, and therefore renders it impossible for them to form the powerful combination necessary for the overthrow of such an institution as private property in land. It has been no spirit of petty pique that has caused the labor movement in gen-

eral, and the Socialists in particular to oppose Henry George. It has been a deep-lying conviction of the fact that it is only the closest solidarity that can remove the mountain of folly, cruelty and fraud which centuries have bequeathed to us. The heritage we take is our existing social system, wherein is crystalized much doubtless that sages and philosophers have dreamed and prayed for, but much,—alas, much more—that is the legitimate offspring of the cruel greed of the few, and of the yet more lamentable cowardice and indolence of the many. That tender aspirations, burning hopes, and high resolves are now waking into life on every hand is unquestionably true; but the shell has to be burst, and the effort required will probably be far greater than any that the human race has yet been called upon to make."

Mr. Owen concluded the first division of his work (which consists of three parts) by a chapter on the growth of the Socialistic idea, a clearly set forth philosophical statement which all reformers may read with profit, but which I have no space to quote. It must suffice to say he asserts that Socialists are much indebted to Spencer for their advance from the Utopian stage of fancy schemes to the scientific stage of growth, and in the next division of his book Mr. Owen points this out more clearly, following Mr. Spencer from the time he first came before the public as the exponent of the evolutionary tendency of social arrangements to right themselves, until he awoke to the fact that the tendencies were bringing about social changes entirely different from those which he had contemplated. His various essays "afford a most interesting study, as showing the tenacity with which a man who has built up his reputation as the exponent of a particular idea will cling to that idea long after it has been proved to be unworkable." The book is an attempt to define the exact position of a philosopher who is quoted as an authority by both sides, and often very ignorantly quoted. Mr. Owen, while mercilessly criticising Spencer, still maintains that as an evolutionist he has rendered invaluable service to thought in general and to the cause of Socialism in particular.

Not being able to do Mr. Owen's admirable book justice within the limit allotted to this review, I defer further notice until the November issue.

W. N. SLOCUM.

An Age of Wonders.

Whatever may be in store for the future in the way of development and discovery, it is certain the present will be regarded as the age of wonders. Not many weeks ago the papers contained an account of a prodigy in mathematics—an uncultivated countryman who could solve the most difficult problems on the instant with no apparent effort. We have now the report of a Texas girl who foretells ordinary future events to the day and hour, who without training improvises and plays the most difficult music in strict accordance with the rules of art, and who recognizes and calls by name entire strangers who appear before her, with many other curious and incomprehensible things. In addition to these we have the mind reader, the magnetic girl, the fecund mother and the two-headed child. With these wonders supplementing the inventions and discoveries of the last half of the present century which includes about all that is regarded of value at present, what may be expected in a generation to come? Shall it be that the knowledge of future events will become universal; that the abstruse sciences will be an open book to all mankind; that means will be found to explore the planets, and that the spirits of the dead will walk with men in plain view upon the earth? Judging by the progress of the immediate past, these speculations will not appear very extravagant.—*Springfield (Mo.) Democrat.*

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

The Arena for October.

The frontispiece of the October *Arena* is a portrait of James Russell Lowell. Dr. George Stewart, D. C. L., contributes an interesting, critical sketch on Lowell and his work. The other illustrated paper is by Hamlin Garland, and deals with the life and work of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herne. This paper is illustrated by ten finely executed photogravures. There are contributions by Henry Wood, who writes on "Healing Through the Mind;" Theodore Stanton on "Some Weak Spots in the French Republic;" Moncure D. Conway on "Madame Blavatsky at Adyar;" Thaddeus B. Wakeman on "Emancipation Through Nationalism;" H. C. Bradsby on "Leaderless Mobs," and Charles H. Pattee on "Recollections of Old Play-Bills." The story of the month is written by Will Allen Dromgoole, and deals with the convict lease system in Tennessee. The editor writes on "Social Conditions under Louis XV of France," compared with our present conditions, and a short paper on Religious Intolerance. The Book Department, which occupies eleven pages above the regular 128 pages of this magazine, contains reviews by Hamlin Garland, Rev. James Miller, D. D., and the Editor. This issue of the *Arena* is strong, varied and entertaining; it appeals to all who appreciate the best and bravest thought.

The Middle Man.

He is everywhere, in every branch of industry; but where he does his slickest work is in the legitimate lines of business; here he reaps a harvest. On the stock or wheat exchange he looms up as the consummate rascal and depredator. If any one gets "squeezed" you may be sure it will be the customer; seldom the middleman. In this phase of his activity he is more slippery than the eel. His mission is to shear, not to be shorn. In the real estate business he reaps a handsome profit by vibrating between the buyer and seller. He makes the liveliest pendulum the world has ever seen, and is such a swinging liar that he often makes more out of a bargain than either of the contracting parties. He is a cold calculator. He will insure your life and beat the insurance company, or beat you; it makes no difference to him so long as he gets the money.

There isn't a character in the world who has such an eye to business as the middle man. In the produce business if he can't get a fair profit on consigned goods, why, without the least hesitancy, he will dump them into the Bay, advise the consignor that the market is glutted and the goods have spoiled, and laugh when told that that produce would have fed many poor families. What does he care for poor families?

Now what are we to do with this fellow; this blood-sucker; this vampire; this rogue? He is simply imposing on ignorance and good nature. He isn't necessary to the community. He never produced anything in his life, but is like the English sparrow imported into this country which spends its time in fighting with its kind and picking the seed sown for the harvest.

Let us get rid of the pest! Discard him! Snub him! Kick him out! Starve him! But get rid of him anyhow, for he clogs the wheels of commerce, which must be adjusted upon an equitable basis by bringing the producer and consumer face to face. It is the mission of the Bureau of Equitable Commerce to wipe out this superfluity from the marts of trade, and with your help we will do it. The middle man is a "back number;" his scalp is due.—*Plowshare.*

[From "The Leader," Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 23.]

Dudley Smith's Experience.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the famous spiritualist and medium, arrived in the city this morning from Springfield.

He is a fine looking, healthy old gentleman, and on his arrival made a bee-line for *The Leader* office. He invited a reporter to investigate his power as a spiritualist. The reporter was told to go out on the street and get some one to accompany him to a room where a test might be made. The doctor was not to know the names of the gentlemen selected to accompany *The Leader* reporter. Dudley M. Smith, George Simonds, Sr. and Harney Collins were all total strangers to Dr. Schlesinger. The three gentlemen, accompanied by *The Leader* reporter and Dr. Schlesinger, went to a room which the reporter selected himself. The windows were thrown open and the broad daylight let into the room, in the center of which was placed a wooden table. Dudley Smith placed eight names on eight slips of paper, his own name and the names of two dead persons being written. No one was allowed to see the names. The slips were folded and placed in a hat and thoroughly shaken. This was done to prove that the doctor was not a mind reader. After the slips were placed in the hat Mr. Smith could not tell which one of them contained his own name.

Removing them from the hat one at a time until rappings were heard on the table, the doctor called on Mr. Smith to cover the slip with his hand.

"What's the person's name?" asked Dr. Schlesinger, addressing the unknown.

Bending his ear to the table a moment, the doctor exclaimed, slowly and distinctly:

"Your name is Dudley M. Smith. Look at the slip. Is that right?"

"That's right," said Dudley with evidence of astonishment.

Another slip was drawn and the name on it could not by any possibility be known by any one in the room unless it was the doctor.

The spirit rapped that the person was dead. The rappings were indistinct, and the doctor said that evidently the person had not been dead long.

"Tell me the person's name," said the doctor, again addressing the spirit world.

The doctor listened attentively. Twice or three times he called for the name. Finally the answer came, and the doctor exclaimed: "Samuel Stevens."

This was a remarkable test, as Mr. Stevens had died but an hour previous.

Another slip was drawn in like manner and the doctor said:

"Dave Weldon. He died about 11 years ago. He says tell Dudley to see Linc and tell him I would like to talk to him."

Here was occasion for greater surprise, as not one in the circle had thought of Linc Weldon, brother of the deceased.

Harney Collins was the next subject. The doctor declared at the start that Harney was a skeptic and hard to convince. But the doctor told him the name of his wife's mother, where she died and of what she died. Taking *The Leader* reporter as the next subject he wrote a message purporting to come from Grant Johnson, an intimate friend of the reporter who died two months ago in Crawfordsville, Ind. The name of the reporter's father was also given. Numerous remarkable tests were made similar in nature to those mentioned. If Dr. Schlesinger is a fraud he is the most accomplished one who ever came under the notice of the writer. There is something phenomenal in his feats. He declares that he is not a mind reader, and his performances this morning tend to prove that he is not. Whatever he is, he is certainly a wonder.

The doctor claims that he is not giving these tests for money alone. He is endeavoring to prove to the world that spiritualism is a living truth, and that he can communicate with the dead. Those who are too poor to pay he claims will not be charged anything for sittings. All he aims to do is to collect enough money to pay his actual expenses.

He Kept His Word.

I distinctly remember the first hanging I saw in a Nevada mining camp. A lazy, quarrelsome miner named Rattlebone struck a man with a pick one day and killed him, and after a fair trial was found guilty and condemned to hang. On the night preceding the execution he sent for me. I had once given him a pipe, and had also written two or three letters for him, and he reasoned that I was his friend. When I entered his presence he held out his hand and said:

"Say, now, you don't believe I'm afraid to hang?"

"Oh, no."

"I propose to hang with a grin on my face—if I've got to hang. There is just one reason why I don't want to however, and I want you to do me a favor."

"Well?"

There's an old fellow down the creek named Champlin. A month ago I got into a fuss with him and he said I'd be hung inside of three months. This thing will tickle him almost to death. He'll say, 'I told you so!' and he'll go on about the wicked being cut short in their career, and all that, and I want to disappoint him."

"But you are to hang in the morning."

"Yes, I know, but I don't want to, you see. Just go and tell 'em about old Champ, and get me off."

I didn't do anything, of course, and next morning, when he was led out, he pleaded his own cause, but without avail. Just before he was swung off he saw the old man in the crowd and he called him up and said:

"Champ, you pie-bald, knock-kneed old cuss, you'll go around bragging that you predicted this, and you'll wear your hat on your ear and step high. Durn your old hide, but its on your account I hate to go! I've got to, however, but I'll get even with you. Hang me if I don't turn into a mule and kick you to death before the year is out!"

Five months later a speculator came into our camp on a mule. The animal stood tied to a tree, and when old Champ lounged up to pick up a frying pan the brute shot out and hit him in the temple and keeled him over stone dead.—*N. Y. Sun*.

On August 31st, a professional man of Chicago, well known to the public, was seated at his desk. Suddenly, and without any conscious impelling cause, he felt a strong impulse to send his photograph to a gentleman and his wife, residents of a city 500 miles away. He had but slight personal acquaintance with them, never having met them but once, and then only for a few minutes. Naturally he felt that the act was scarcely in good form, and accompanied the photograph with a humorous letter in extenuation. On September 17th he received a letter from Mrs. ———, saying that several weeks ago he had come into her mind while reading and she had tried to recall his personal appearance, but the result caused her to doubt whether she could recognize him again. Then she seemed to feel his psychical influence,—probably an effort of memory—and as she is a fine sensitive who delights in psychical experiments, she spoke aloud, saying, "———, send me your photograph!" This narrative may be only the record of a curious coincidence, but the psychical student will readily see that the thought of the sensitive 500 miles away may have reached the sender of the photograph and caused him to comply with the request.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Not until crime is recognized and treated as a disease will any progress be made toward the establishment of a just and sensible criminal system.

An old lady of Salinas, Kansas, began her prayer on Monday morning by saying: "O Lord, Thou hast probably read in the morning papers how Thy day was desecrated yesterday."

A Recent Occurrence.

In the suburbs of Chicago lives a devout Christian. A daughter had been very deaf for many years. One night, not long ago, the young lady kneeled beside her bed in prayer, as was her custom. In this position she was seen by some member of the family. In the morning she was found in the same position, rigid and apparently insensible; evidently having remained all night in the posture in which she was last seen on the evening previous. Terrified, the parents raise their darling and lay her on the bed, manipulate her stiffened limbs as best they can, and hastily send for a physician. He comes, looks wise, applies chloroform, sets up a theory—and does no good. Friends gather about the bedside, and under the impression that the patient is insensible, and knowing that in her normal state she is too deaf to hear them, they give vent to their terrified feelings without restraint.

The case comes to the ears of a gentleman who knows something of physical phenomena, and with quick intuition he divines the true status of the case. With the decision and promptness characteristic of the man he acts. Not feeling at liberty to approach the family himself, and knowing the influence of the minister, and knowing also that this minister is a man of sense as well as "a man of God," he appeals to him, and with success. "There is no cause for anxiety. The girl is all right, and when she comes out of it, very likely she will have a story to tell. But caution her folks to be careful how they talk in her presence, for I will guarantee she hears all they say."

Under rational treatment, freed from the tyranny of a doctor ignorant of psychics and blindly groping his way by the rush-light of physical science, the young woman comes out of the trance. She tells the attendants she heard what they were saying; tells more of her experiences, which sometime may be told the public. The experience is a revelation to the devoutly orthodox parents. They do not know what to make of it. It upsets all their preconceived opinions and the teachings of their theology.

This is by no means an isolated case. Every day the intelligent denizens of the world invisible are securing new channels through which to manifest their presence and to work beneficent deeds for humanity. It is folly, wicked folly, for doctors of the body and doctors of the soul to longer ignore or deny the close rapport between the natural and the spiritual worlds. The sooner they acknowledge it and cheerfully seek to strengthen their own equipment by the study of psychics the better it will be for them and their patients and people.—*Religio Philosophical Journal.*

A True Friend.

A sensible woman is a worthy helpmate and a good adviser. Such a woman is a companion worth having for any man.

Talk about the superiority of man! Why each is superior to the other. Not in just the same things, but each in powers, gifts and graces peculiar to their own sex.

In a woman of good sense, apprehension and intelligence, there is a delicacy and tact which at once challenges your confidence and respect. More than this, if she is really your friend, she will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor, reputation and success. She will not counsel you to do a mean, shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. Prudence, discretion and sensibility are needful in all such relations; while sympathy, trust and congeniality are, as well, necessities of human companionship.

In this respect, we look abroad for counterparts of ourselves, and, finding them, fraternize and assimilate in harmonious social relations which a common interchange of true friendship always inspires.

Springs are little things, but they are sources of large streams; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; a bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power; nails and pegs are little things, but they hold the large parts of buildings together; a word, a look, a frown—are all little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this, and mind the little things.

Reading the Human Face.

Every one knows that men's passions, propensities and peculiarities are reflected in their faces, but only the few who have made the study of physiognomy a special pursuit are gifted with the power of correctly reading faces. Judges who have served long terms on the bench, lawyers in large practice, and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but any one can acquire the rudiments of the art by dint of hard study.

It is as impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise one's handwriting. When the expert comes the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the sensualist whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of violence who has been betrayed by his eyes.

An experienced detective or a trained jailer seldom asks the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the older and more mysterious science of face reading.—*St. Louis Republic.*

The Man The Printer Loves.

There is a man the printer loves, and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man he dotteth all his i's. And when he's dotteth all of them with carefulness and ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask—taught wisely he had been—he doth the goodly stamp, for postage back, put in. He gives the place from which he writes—his address the printer needs—and plainly writes his honored name, so he that runneth reads. He writes, revises, reads, corrects and rewrites all again, and keeps one copy safe, and sends one to the printer man. And thus by taking little pains, at trifling care and cost, assures himself his manuscript will not be burned or lost.

So let all those who long to write, take pattern by this man; with jet-black ink and paper white, do just the best they can; and then the printer man shall know and bless them as his friends, all through life's journey as they go, until that journey ends.—*Exchange.*

'Tis an old maxim in the schools;
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then ye men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.—*Swift.*

Standard Dictionary of the English Language.

A new dictionary, which will in many respects be superior to any other, has long been in course of preparation under direction of the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York, and will be issued early in 1892. Over one hundred scholars and experts have been employed in its compilation, including many of the leading scientists of Europe and America. It will contain all the words in Webster, Worcester and Johnson, and 70,000 additional. The definitions precede the etymologies. The pronunciation is given with exactness by means of phonetic spelling, of which a clear explanation is given. This feature of the work will greatly aid the introduction of a reformed orthography. The quotations have appended not only the name of the author, but the book and page. It will compare favorably with the Century dictionary, and in some respects is preferable, while the price will be but \$12 bound in a single volume, or \$14 in two volumes. Advance subscribers (those who send the publishers their address and one dollar) will receive the work for \$7 single volume, or \$9 for two volumes. Address Funk & Wagnalls, 18 Astor Place, New York.

The Science of Motherhood.

There are physical mothers and there are spiritual mothers, and there are those who combine the two. It is a wrong idea that a woman who has given birth to a child thereby becomes a mother in the highest sense of the word. I can show you women who have given birth to five, six, sometimes eight children without apparently a vestige or spark of real motherhood in them. If you will listen to the workers in the dark districts of our city, they will tell you tales of brutality of mothers, such as one kicking a three-year-old child, with a curse, across the room, while straightening out the body of its dead sister; of another letting her child, who had scalded his arm until the flesh had dropped off, go twenty-four hours before the arm was cared for, and then bringing it to the free dispensary to be treated because she could not sleep, the child cried so. Such things are common among that class of mothers.

If again you would go with me or with our missionary workers, and visit some of our charity kindergartens and see those young girls' faces light up with joy as they seize a dirty little hand, and see the loving tenderness with which these little street arabs are taken by them and washed and dressed and sometimes kissed, and see the quiet firmness with which those little, weak, marred wills, born of an inheritance of crime, are patiently dealt with, you would realize that spiritual motherhood can sometimes be developed even without physical motherhood. It is that to which Froebel appealed, and thank God, it is common to all. Of course, the ideal state is where the physical mother is the spiritual mother also.

Your child has a body; that body can be developed into more beautiful and symmetrical proportions, and by means of its development can aid the intellectual life and increase the spiritual growth, or the reverse. The body is trained, so far as all training after birth can come, by means of exercising the muscles and the senses. Froebel gives the mother many hints as to how to do this; of course, he cannot lay down every detail, or tell any mother exactly what she must do with her child. Your mother-instinct, your native good sense, your own ingenuity must aid you, but he can give you the general rules which govern all growth.

The muscles of the child may be trained so that the child becomes very conscious of its body, and the body alone is made strong, the mind and intellect being secondary to it. The true training of the child's muscles should be an unconscious training by means of play, in order that while the body is trained, the muscles are being made willing servants of the spirit, and are aiding the child in its intellectual life. Consequently, a mother's first duty is to learn how to play aright with her child. That sounds absurd. "What! systemize my play! Teach me how to play with my child! I love to do that anyway." Yet there is a best way. Be careful how you play with the child. Each time you fondle and handle him, each time you dance him up and down, each time the little, tossing kicking limbs are stretched by your hands, they are trained and exercised. There is nothing in the world more painful to a true lover of children, to one with insight, than the child conscious of its own body. That is abnormal and wrong.

Another important thing to be considered in the training of a child in play, is that it develops the social, moral and spiritual side of its nature. I want you to see that you cannot develop the child's body without touching its soul and its intellect. Many a mother has the feeling that if she washes, dresses and feeds the child, teaches him the catechism and sends him to school, her duty is done; but far from it. The mother, whether she knows it or not, is a teacher, the greatest, strongest and most lasting teacher that the child has. The mother has not only the physical care of the child in her hands, but she has the source, the fountain head of his intellectual life, because psychology teaches that all true doing is the result of will-

ing; that all willing is the result of thinking; that all thinking is the result of feeling.

"Thought is father to the will." "As a man thinketh, so is he," and as he is, so does he. Remember the source of that statement. Compulsion is the attempt to get a deed done without the desire which should go before the action of the will. Voluntary obedience is a deed performed after the right stages of growth have been gone through. First, the individual desires; second, he thinks about it; third, he wills to do it; fourth he voluntarily does it. Compulsion is just the opposite. It is an attempt to force the fruit without planting the seed. This makes the difference between voluntary and forced obedience. Now, please do not misunderstand me. I would have a child obedient—obedient by forced obedience if absolutely necessary. It is the surgeon's knife, only to be used on the rarest occasions. A child rightly treated and rightly handled, will not in the majority of cases, need forced obedience. But the poor little creature who is brought up without obedience is indeed an unfortunate child. Therefore, do not misunderstand me, and wait until you get voluntary obedience, but plant your seeds, make your child want to do the thing by your own conduct and by his environment:—*Canadian Queen.*

Letter From Miss Firmness Oak.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—I have been reading about the "Little Mothers," a piece in the CARRIER DOVE of October, 1890, by Alma Calder Johnstone. She didn't say where those Little Mothers live, but I suppose they live in San Francisco. I wish very much to aid them. I have no money, so cannot aid them as I would like. If I had the money I would get a piece of land, build a house, and take all the little ones I could care for. I am healthy and can work sixteen hours out of twenty-four. I only need rest when I sleep. I eat only raw wheat, raw rolled oats, fruit and nuts. The only things I don't eat raw are beets and potatoes, so I save fire and time. I never eat anything but plain, clean fruits, nuts and vegetables. I cannot endure the heat from a stove at any time in the year, but I can from a fireplace. I could cook on a coal-oil or gasoline or gas stove for the children. I dress always in summer clothing. I can stand cold well. I have run barefooted on snow when a little child of six years in Canada.

Now, whenever the Spiritualists will furnish those children a home, clothing, and food, I will do my best to tend them—the clothing they wear must always be got new for them. Diseases are often in clothing rich people give to the poor. I would not touch an old garment that had been worn by any stranger.

I cannot rest knowing that so many children are so unfortunate. I am such a merry, hopeful little girl, I think all the children around me would become merry and hopeful too, and being a *little* girl, I could do more to make them feel at home than a lady could. I could study and nurse the little ones at the same time, and what I do know I could teach them. The elder ones could assist with the work.

Please show this to the Spiritualists you know, and assist me to find out how I can help the little children. It would kill me to think about their misery if I did not expect soon to help them. I never will rest till I think the world is comfortable. Even death will be no rest to me so long as I think any one is uncomfortable. Write an answer to this as soon as you can give me any information. I am as anxious as a mother about them.

Here I have been nursing a doll when I ought to have been nursing babies. I will give my doll to some poor little girl, and do my best for the poor little children. I would prefer to nurse children who are free from disease. I will be able to do more the better I take care of the wonderful health I now possess. If papa would let me, I would take a child here in my pleasant little home, but he would not; so, when I want to help them, I must go to them, and leave my home. I would gladly give all my life to work for them. I hope the Spiritualists will think of some way of relieving the little children.

FIRMNESS OAK.

The Spiritualist's Badge.

The undersigned, manufacturer of the Spiritualist badge, wishes to notify the public that, by an inadvertency, it has been advertised at the price of fifty cents, when it should have been one dollar. The jewel costs more than fifty cents, and the small profit on its sale will be devoted to the cause of Spiritualism. The mistake in the price, however, having been made, those who have given their orders prior to September 1st will be supplied with single badges at fifty cents. After that date the price will be one dollar.

It may be here stated that those who cannot afford to buy the jewel badge can still wear one of their own making, so that they can be recognized by the sign. Young ladies, handy at needlework, can make a badge out of silk, or any other substance, for that matter, so long as it conforms to the pattern, which is a sunflower in the center of a square field of white. The sunflower has ten front petals, representing the ten immortal principles, and in its center is a full sun with rays. The principles represented are Knowledge, Power, Strength, Courage, Virtue, Zeal, Experience, Reason, Justice and Mercy. The badge can be painted, or carved and painted, etc. The protection only applies to the jewel, which is of enamel and gold.

C. D. HAINES,

26 St. Clair St., Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for The Carrier Dove.]

Initial Rhyme for an Album.

ANNIE HERBERT BARKER.

My muse would hold the fancy, color bright,
That made your album's cover all alight
With rosebuds, dear forget-me-nots and daisies white.

Life lies before you like an open book,
Its pages fair as these whereon we write
Wise saws, quaint fancies—to your thoughtful look
Her leaves turn hidden treasures to the light.

I would be prescient did the future show
Fair, fruitful slopes, smooth vistas for your feet,
But mindful that both wheat and tares must grow
Together, so to touch the Master's feet
And share His sifting in the harvest heat,
Bid the fair vision pass; He knows, He knows
Life's needful sting, the thistle or the rose.

The soul's growth and its destiny are binged
On this one lesson: Dignify your lot.
Smile with clear skies; when clouds fall tempest-tinged
Tread with quick courage every roughened spot,
And you may find all wayside borders fringed
With rosebuds, daisies and forget-me-not.

A Vagrant Theosophist was expounding the doctrine of universal reincarnation.

"All shall live again," he cried, kindling with enthusiasm and consuming himself in the flame of his own felicity; "all the creatures of the Creator shall pass, without loss of identity, into other bodies—every living thing that God has made!"

"It's a bad outlook for me," said an adjacent mule, sadly shaking his head: "I'm not in it. God made all other living creatures, but I am the work of an ass."

"So is Theosophy," said a miscreant observer.

And the mule was comforted.

A. B.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

The most dangerous lie is that which is glossed over with the light of truth.—*Slocum.*

What Women Are Doing.

The Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia reopened in September with 1,800 pupils.

Miss Johnson, the sculptress, of Washington, has completed a bust of the late General Logan.

Eskimo women are boot and shoe makers, tailors and mantua-makers. Boots are made of sealskin.

Of the four hundred graduates of the Chicago high school this year, over three hundred were girls.

Ellen Olney Kirk, better known as "Henry Hayes," has written a new book, a story of modern New York society, called "Ciphers."

A woman at London, Ont., has been earning a living by dressing up Chinamen in widow's weeds and smuggling them over into Detroit.

Miss Fannie Rodgers, of Madison, Ind., has served as city treasurer of that place for the last ten years, filling the office with marked ability.

Men exceed women by four to one in the senior class of the University of Illinois, but in scholarship women distanced the men and won the valedictory.

Miss Charlotte Higgins, who carried off the honors of entrance into the University of London over 1,600 male students, is a little Scotch girl, twenty years old.

A club in London is composed of women who have made a vow never to marry. If a member marries she withdraws from the club and pays a fine of \$500 to the club.

Woman is alert in this day, says the *Atlanta Journal*. Man is everywhere recognizing her as a co-worker in large enterprises, and she need lose none of her womanliness in such work.

Miss Kate Kauffman, of Springfield, Ohio, has written a novelette entitled, "As Nature Prompts," an old-fashioned love story, which is said to have unusual merit. She will be her own publisher.

The *Democrat* of Springfield, Mo., says: Mr. Allen, a first-class stenographer, receives \$10.00 a day and Miss Mooney, also a first-class stenographer, receives \$5.00 a day. Both stenographers do the same work in the same place.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has called upon women sculptors to send designs in the form of miniature models of the sculpture work for the women's building. The designs must be delivered to Mrs. Palmer's office before November 15th.

Mrs. Caroline S. Brooks will exhibit at the World's Fair a full length figure in marble of the "Sleeping Iolanthe," the model of which attracted so much attention at the Centennial exhibition in 1876. Mrs. Brooks has a studio in New York.

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who is appointed to make the allotment of lands to the Nez Perces Indians, has her headquarters at Fort Lemhi, Idaho. Much of the time Miss Fletcher is going over mountains and through canyons living in a tent at night.

Miss Xavier, a former instructor in Spanish in Wesleyan College, has been appointed secretary in the French and Spanish consulate. She is mistress in Spanish, French, English, German and Italian, and is the first woman ever appointed to such an office.

The official report of the issue of marriages in France shows that 2,600,000 wedlocks were childless; 2,500,000 had but one child each; 2,300,000 had two children each; 1,500,000 had three children each; 1,000,000, four children; 550,000, each five; 300,000, each six; and 200,000, each seven or more children.

Mrs. Juana Neal, of California, has been placed in charge of the women's department established by two leading life insurance companies of New York City, at an annual salary of \$10,000. Nearly all life insurance companies have ignored or discriminated against women. This movement makes them eligible to all the advantages of these protective agencies. Mrs. Neal's position gives her the organization of the work in the Pacific Coast states, which involves filling a hundred places with women of ability.—*Woman-kind.*

In an age of force, woman's greatest grace was to cling; in this age of peace she doesn't cling much, but is every bit as tender and sweet as if she did. She has strength and individuality, a gentle seriousness; there is more of the sisterly, less of the syren—more of the duchess and less of the doll. Woman is becoming the companion and counsellor, not the incumbrance and toy of man. Woman will bless and brighten every place she enters, and she will enter every place on the round earth. Its welcome of her presence and her power will be the final test of any institution's fitness to survive.—*Frances E. Willard.*