



REV. SAMUEL WATSON

The Carrier Dove.

"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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Biographical Sketch of Reverend Samuel Watson.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

From the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The attention of Spiritualists was first earnestly drawn to Mr. Watson by the publication of the two volumes, "The Clock struck One" and "The Clock Struck Three." These volumes made a profound sensation on the class to whom they were addressed. To the Methodist Church he was well known by a long life devoted to its ministry. So well established was he with the church at large and his own congregation, that his open avowal of his belief in Spiritualism did not at first cause, as would have been supposed, either his dismissal or censure. He went right on in his teachings, supporting himself with the Bible, and carrying his church partially forward with him. The result of his investigation of Spiritualism is a fine illustration of the power of truth over the receptive, unprejudiced mind. If a man will allow himself to think, and receive the results of his thinking without prejudice, he will be led, even against his will, in the path of accurate knowledge. He may blunder; he may at times go astray into by-lanes and diverging alleys, but he will ultimately burst through all restraint, and seek the truth as unerringly as the magnet points to the pole.

Mr. Watson was a minister of the Methodist Church for thirty-six years, active, laborious, and more than usually respected and honored. His education and prejudice inclined him in that direction. His distinction had been acquired in the ranks of that church, and to renounce its doctrines was the sacrifice of all pecuniary advantages and the fair name he had reared by a lifetime of devotion. Had the decision been pressed upon him at first, perhaps the result would have been different. The actual metal of the soul is rarely tested. We are insensibly led forward, step by step, and the victory is achieved before we are aware. The Divinity guides our aims and our purposes to his own grander schemes. The method by which Mr. Watson was impelled onward to his present position, of itself affords a deeply interesting study, and yet more remarkable, while he is a declared Spiritualist,

and has not lost, except in some bigoted quarters, the least prestige by the open declaration of his belief. Indeed, it would appear that he gives expression to the views and experiences of a majority of the church to which he is endeared by his long ministry.

Samuel Watson was born in Maryland, August 10, 1813. He received a strict religious education, and at an early age became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Inclined by disposition and sense of duty to the ministry, he was in 1836, at the age of twenty-three, received into the Tennessee Annual Conference, and appointed to the Wayne Circuit. In 1837 he was removed to the Franklin Circuit in Alabama. In 1838 he was stationed in Clarksville, Tennessee, and in 1839 in Memphis, where he was continued as long as the discipline would permit. In 1842 and 1843 he was agent of the the American Bible Society for North Mississippi and West Tennessee, after which he was returned to Memphis and vicinity, where for thirty-three years he was officially kept by the church.

He, from the beginning, believed in the ministration of angels, whom he regards as identical with spirits. He found his belief supported by the Bible, the history of the church, and by her shining lights. Whether he accepted the "modern manifestations" at the time he first began the controversy which resulted in his public avowal, we are not informed; though it would appear from certain passages that he not only discarded, but was highly prejudiced against them. That controversy began by Mr. Watson writing an article for the *Memphis Appeal*, on the often observed coincidence of the striking of a clock and the death of a member of the family, in which he affirmed the truthfulness of the statements and his belief in the supernatural origin of the occurrences. On four several occasions, in his own family, an old clock had struck one, and the omen had been speedily followed by a death in his household. He introduced such an array of facts, and these so well authenticated, that Doctor Bond felt constrained to reply in the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, wherein he swept away all such omens as childish superstitions, and pronounced them highly dan-

gerous and antagonistic to the best interests of the church. Several articles were exchanged, in each of which Mr. Watson, although triumphantly vindicating his position, was driven step by step to the broader admission of the facts of Spiritualism. We are inclined to suspect that he had, during this interval, studied the phenomena which lay so exactly in his path of thought and furnished him with invulnerable weapons. Yet he did not introduce them at that stage of the discussion, but repeatedly disclaimed the taunt of his antagonist that he inclined in that direction.

At length Mr. Watson became too strong for his opponent. If he did not state its facts, the moral support they gave made him a giant. If David puts truth in his sling, Goliath is no match for him. The consequence was, that his final reply was rejected, and thus ostracised, he arduously applied himself to his vindications. Not content with his former conservative efforts, he entered the forbidden domain of Spiritualism, and gladly accepted the facts he there discovered. "The Clock Struck One," a happy title drawn from his first attempt to show the supernatural character of the occurrence, was the result. It breathes from every page the spirit of a calm, Christian thoughtfulness, willing to extend the utmost freedom of opinion to all, and demanding the same. Unless repression reaches annihilation, it cannot permanently thwart the vigor of the mind. Mr. Watson was one of thousands of ministers, devoted, zealous, and loved by a circle of friends. As such, he would have lived and died. The church undertook to check the current of his thoughts, and made him a hero. Instead of the church, he now has the whole world for an audience. He would have been satisfied with the publication of a magazine article, but a power wiser than he knew made his disappointment subservient to far nobler achievements.

The angels of the Bible are ministering spirits, who "from their very nature and constitution, are best adapted to the work of guardianship and ministration, and the work is best adapted to their growth and development." Such guardianship is unavailing unless the spirits can communicate with those they protect. That they can do so, he proves by

the Bible, the ancients, and the fathers and leaders of the church. Having thus fortified himself with authority, he brings forward the heavy artillery of modern phenomena, held in reserve. He would not indorse the manifestations given at public circles, regarding the rappings as a humbug, until forced on his attention by rappings and spirit-writing in his own family. He felt the presence of spirits and conversed with them, yet he remained in doubt of the reality of Spiritualism. His educational prejudices stood in his way, and an article he published at that time gives a doubtful sound. He believes in spirit communion, but discards the manifestations.

In 1853 he continued his investigation of Spiritualism. Believing it to be the "prince of humbugs," he endeavored to detect and expose it. Through the mediumship of a colored servant girl in his family, he was first convinced that the phenomena could not be explained by any law of physics or metaphysics with which he was acquainted.

These manifestations occurring in his house were similar to those which occurred in the Wesley family for many years. An account of them, written by him, was published in Memphis.

In 1855 a circle was organized in Memphis, composed of twelve persons; five physicians, "standing at the head of their profession," three "ministers and several influential laymen." "The head of the Episcopal Church in Tennessee was our leader. The medium was a native born Memphian, an honest, pious young lady, a member of the Baptist Church."

We have not space to record the varied and astonishing manifestations, physical and psychic, that transpired at this circle, which was always opened with prayer. In only one instance did they receive any communications contrary to orthodox doctrines. This remarkable one was that spirits have an opportunity for repentance in the future. The communications received by this circle, when the circumstances under which they were given are considered, are among the most remarkable on record. We must remember that the members were strictly orthodox and conservative, and had the whole truth been bluntly told by the communicating spirit, they would have at once discarded it. Although that spirit, signing himself "Mystery," did not write one word conflicting with their preconceived ideas, except in the one instance mentioned, he taught them the essential principles of Spiritualism as distinctly as ever was pronounced to a circle of liberals! The style in which he wrote is terse and elegant, and remarkable for its directness. We regard this circle as among the most scientific-

ally formed and conducted. The essential conditions for success were instituted, unconsciously, perhaps, and the results corresponded. The circle was formed of intelligent, honest and thoughtful persons; the medium was equally intelligent and moral. There were no mercenary motives involved. They met with the sincerest desire to arrive at truth. They opened with prayer, which in their minds produced a harmony no other agency could establish. To them the Spirit-world was a mystery, awful in its dread sublimity, and they transferred to it a portion of their religious reverence. Had all circles been thus happily organized and conducted, how much Spiritualism would have gained in dignity and how much less would be heard of the follies and deceptions of "Diakka."

When convinced, as he soon became, Mr. Watson was not a man to conceal his light under a bushel, nor to play the hypocrite. With a fearlessness that has few parallels, he went into his pulpit and announced his belief. This created a great sensation in the church and community. Writers of the several secular papers engaged him in controversy upon the subject, by which he became known all over the country as an avowed Spiritualist. His opinions were known to the Bishop and the members of the Memphis Annual Conference generally, who, while they differed from him, never let that interfere with their personal or official relations. This was shown by his being elected the editor of their Church organ, the *Memphis Christian Advocate*, and by his Conference electing him as a delegate to the General Conference in 1857. The highest tribunal of the Church elected him for four years longer to the editorship of the same paper, which official relation was continued till 1866. During his term of service, this paper which had sank some ten or twelve thousand dollars, and was several thousand more indebted, by its increased circulation, paid off all its indebtedness and current expenses. While thus serving the church he accepted the Presidency of the State Female College, near the city. This was perhaps the most prosperous period of that institution (1859-60) the number of its scholars numbering 220.

In 1865 he was again elected delegate to the General Conference which met in New Orleans in 1866. He served four years as Presiding Elder of Memphis, the most important district in his conference.

In 1868, the Bishops at their annual meeting, appointed him editor of the *Christian Index*, which was confirmed by the General Conference which met in Memphis, in 1870. He continued to edit this paper until his withdrawal from the church, in 1872. The summer of 1873

he spent in Europe with Cooke's educational party. On his return, he published a narrative of travels entitled, "A Memphian's Trip to Europe," which has had an extensive circulation.

In 1874 he published "The Clock Struck Three," which has been with "The Clock Struck One," transferred to the *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House*. In 1875 he commenced the publication of the *Spiritual Magazine*, which, during the three years of its existence, has more than met the expectations of its founder. For the present it is consolidated with the *Voice of Truth*, a portion of which he writes and edits advocating, as he always has done, Spiritualism of a conservative character, and from a primitive Christian standpoint. Since the first State organization in Tennessee, he has been the President, and also of the local organization in Memphis.

In 1842, Mr. Watson married Mary A. Dupee, with whom he lived happily for nearly a quarter of a century. In 1867 he married Mrs. Ellen Perkins, with whom he is now living. In both of these alliances, he regards himself as blessed. He has twelve children in the Spirit-world, all of whom passed away in childhood. For many years he has held what he calls a home circle for the purpose of conversing with them and his first wife in a holy family reunion.

He is at present lecturing on Spiritualism taking still more advanced grounds than that occupied by his publications, and a brief criticism of their contents will form a fitting conclusion to this brief sketch.

The first part of "The Clock Struck Three" is devoted to the reviews and their answers evoked by the preceding; having finished which, Mr. Watson declares he is "done with them. Progression being the universal law of material, as well as spiritual subjects, they, having accomplished their mission, must give place to other and more important phases of the subject." We feel this declaration marks a new era in the onward march of a religious mind toward untrammelled thought, and are made fully conscious of that fact by his bolder utterance. The Methodist Church has marked him for a heretic because he supports the belief of Wesley, and persecution has a wonderful liberalizing influence.

The second, and by far the most valuable portion of this volume, is devoted to showing the harmony between Christianity, Science and Spiritualism. When we learn that by Christianity he does "not mean all that we hear from the pulpit as such," nor the creeds and the catechisms of the churches, which disagree among themselves, nor any special interpretation of the Bible, we rate not his

task as difficult. Between science and Spiritualism there is no conflict, and neither meets opposition in a religion which is another name for moral science. This portion is a valuable exposition of Spiritualism. Never were words more golden than the following:

"Every individual who would understand the truths of the Spirit-world, must be his or her own medium. God must write His law upon their understanding and put it in their affections. If you want to become mediums for interior communication, you must become absolutely true in every thought, feeling and affection—become absolutely just in all your relations of life, so that morning, noon and night you will be inquiring and thirsting after righteousness." * * * "If Spiritualism, in its faith and effects, does not tend to make you better, wiser and purer—holier men and women—as St. Paul says of the Corinthians, it will 'profit you nothing.' That Spiritualism which will not redeem you will not be sufficient to redeem the world."

Mr. Watson would have the cause freed from the excrescences which obstruct it. He would at once have it noble, dignified, and truly spiritual. Then he feels assured the churches would accept the unlimited power it can bestow. It will bring harmony, and proclaim to all the certainty of future life. "The vanities, riches and honors of earth sink into utter insignificance when compared with the real happiness enjoyed by our friends who have 'passed over the river.' What the world has so much dreaded—the separation of soul and body—is but a delightful repose and a glorious awakening to everlasting joy, and the fruition of all we are capable of enjoying."

Mr. Watson does not engage in a polemic discussion in his effort to show the harmony between science, Christianity and Spiritualism. He takes the direct method, producing an overwhelming array of facts, and showing that these tend to the only true and rational philosophy of future life.

Throughout these volumes we are constantly reminded that the author has been a strict believer in the dogmas of the church. He cannot be expected to have escaped suddenly from the influence of almost half a century's education. His view is from that direction, and his phraseology is that of the divinity student rather than of the scientist. Often he conceals startling and new ideas beneath the old wording, thus committing the sin of pouring new wine into old bottles. For all this he is most excusable, for it is not strange he commits such errors; rather, that he commits so few of them. Only one in thousands are brave enough to take his position,

and patiently bear the sacrifice of all the honors acquired by lifelong labor. His manly course will be productive of great good, for there are thousands of church members who will thoughtfully consider a subject which has been sanctioned by one whom they have regarded as a shining light, and they will be led up to the heights where he now stands. According to his showing, the extension of Spiritualism among the laity and ministers of his church, is almost incredible. The most orthodox families have mediums in their midst, and hold private circles, at which their ministers communicate with the angel world. It is true, few have the bravery to openly avow their belief, yet silently, unconsciously, it permeates the thoughts of all, and tinges the prayer and the sermon.

What is most admirable and charming in these volumes, is the calm spirit of goodness, the depth of fraternal love, the catholicity of thought, which pervades them. Nothing disturbs the serenity of the author. His soul, by the presence and communication of the departed, is entirely uplifted from the pettiness of earth, and he feels that he advocates doctrines too vital to be trifled with and to mention in flippant phrase. Only when he speaks of the deceptions, impositions and errors which cover themselves with the shining mantle of Spiritualism, does he employ the language of denunciation, and then he softens his words with charity.

They who have been educated in the school of free thought, will say that Mr. Watson has yet to abandon many views he now holds as essential. They will charge him with clinging to superstition, and bringing religious tenets into the fold of liberalism. All these charges would be in a measure true, and in a greater measure false. He comes from one direction, the free-thinker from an exactly opposite. They see the subject from different points of view. Both can learn valuable lessons of each other. Some liberalists may even learn liberality of Mr. Watson, and profitably copy his perfect toleration.

Mr. Watson is well versed in general science, and his arguments are fortified by its aid, but he evidently feels himself most at home on biblical ground. For thirty-six years he has taught from its pages, and known no higher court of appeal, and it would be ungenerous to criticize because he adheres to a method of argument brought into the very constitution of his mind. We may say the Bible has no authority except that of truth, held in common with all books, yet as long as millions accept it as infallible, it becomes an invaluable ally to an unpopular cause. Its texts will be accepted when all other evidence will be rejected

with scorn. This line of defense never had an abler defender than Mr. Watson.

Every weapon in the vast arsenal is at his command. He leaves not a text idle. All that can be gathered from it is pushed to the front, and on this, his favorite ground, he is invincible. To the church to which he belonged, he is a missionary; and if it is ever led onward to the green fields and sweet pastures, it must be through the labors of such leaders and by such methods. To convince the understanding, the attention must first be gained, and prejudice is too strong to allow the truths of Spiritualism to approach in any other garb than biblical texts and expositions. Mr. Watson disarms criticism by his magnanimity. We comprehend his position, and instead of carping at his method, which would indicate a narrow bigotry, we would yield him all praise for the height he has gained. A soul so strong cannot rest short of the goal. He has paved the way for greater endeavors. The arm of the nurse supports the tottering child that it may gain strength to support itself. Those who are led by the Bible to the acceptance of the ministration of angels, will gain strength to go beyond.

The facts and communications are among the most important features of these volumes. The latter are characteristic of the authors from whom they purport to emanate, and valuable for the ideas they express. Judge Edmunds had promised to preface the last volume, but he departed this life before he performed his task, and hence Mr. Watson allows him to close with a communication from the higher spheres.

These volumes cannot be too highly commended to Spiritualists who desire works to give to friends in the churches. They are invaluable as missionary agents. The character of their author, the sincerity, honesty and integrity of his style; the exquisite spirit of goodness and fraternity pervading their every page, will attract and hold the attention, and convince, so far as it is possible for books to convince, of the truth of the sublime doctrines advocated.

The July number of the CARRIER DOVE has come into our sanctum, and is really an interesting one, both in typography and illustrations. The latter would do credit to any of the old established Eastern weeklies, and the pictures of Amy Post of Rochester, New York, and John Brown, Sr., of San Bernadino, Cal., are really excellently good, and they both look as if ready to speak to you. May success ever attend Mrs. Schlesinger and her worthy husband in making such a creditable addition to Spiritualistic Journalism.—*Ex.*

Annie Denton Cridge.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE.

Annie Denton was born at Darlington, England, August 13, 1825, and died at Riverside, California, on March 28, 1875.

As in some degree illustrating the operations of the law of heredity it may be proper to state that her father was very firm in his views, yet his mind was ever open and receptive, worshiping neither men nor creeds. When a new truth reached him he never kept it under a bushel; on the contrary, it aroused in him a degree of interest, and even enthusiasm, that retained him in the physical form many years after he would otherwise have passed over. His active, determined and hopeful mentality strengthened instead of exhausting a body not naturally robust. Her mother was more grave and less enthusiastic than her father, but firm and reasonable. She was also a psychometer, as indicated by the following incident: A man came into their store one day while she was there. After he left, she said to her husband, "I don't like that man; he is bad; I feel he is a murderer; don't have anything to do with him; I feel sure he has murdered somebody." Three weeks afterwards, that man was arrested on the charge of having murdered two old people who had been his best friends; he was convicted and hanged. She was an excellent judge of character generally, but Annie's father was not. He would have succeeded in business much better had he followed his wife's impressions as regards persons who dealt with them. Annie, writing at the age of twenty-eight, of her earliest recollections, in "Leaf Out of my Own History," says of

HER EARLY YEARS.

"I have heard my mother say that I was the crossest baby she ever saw. There was an external cause for this. My parents were poor. An illness of three years confined my father to his bed. I can remember at this moment getting my little stool and standing on it to look at father—so pale and wan, with his clear blue eyes; and I think I hear his ever greeting word, "darling." As I gazed upon him, I did not feel sad, but I wondered how it was, and why, and it made me *quiet*. That was the first letter in the alphabet of sadness, and there memory commences.

"Mother had to sew from 4 A. M. until bed-time, and had but little time to spend with us. She could not take us daily into the green fields to romp and play as every mother would gladly do. I was kept in a close room and seldom brought into the glorious sunshine. Poverty was the great curse, for mother was loving and gentle, young and healthy, with an abundance of the mother in her, and

would, I am sure, have attended better to our health and happiness had she been permitted. I am sure that this was the great cause of my crossness from the fact that when Sunday came I was the happiest of children. Though my parents were Methodists, and I suffered, therefore, from their mistaken ideas of right and duty, yet they considered it right to take their children for a walk on the sacred day. Even now I hear my mother say, 'No matter what religionists may say about the Sabbath, I know it would be wrong to keep the children in the house. Little dears! they are so happy in the open air; I am sure it would be a sin to confine them on the only day I can be with them.' I would dance for joy and pluck handful after handful of buttercups and daisies until my little frock was full. I would exclaim to my father and mother, 'Why don't you pluck them?' I could not understand why they did not feel as I did. As we came near town going home they would say 'It is Sunday, Annie, and it does not look well to carry so many flowers; throw them away except this bunch.' Ah, you dear flowers! I see them on the ground and feel as I then felt—keen sorrow, my first sorrow; for my darlings were gone; yes, darlings, for my love for them and the glee I felt while among them was seraphic, as I drank in all the richness and flavor our kind Father has placed in their beautiful forms.

"Sunday! And what was it made for? Did God, our loving friend, make a day on which it was wrong for a child to admire His earth? Shall human beings shut themselves up in steepled houses and crowd little children into small rooms, over, it may be, a catechism or hymn-book, and call that praising God? I look back on my life, and though not so much cursed by the false ideas of religionists as some, it was cursed and embittered; the brightness of my young soul was chilled by the bitter frosts around me; and for the sake of my youth I have determined to give a sketch of my history.

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

"Every Sunday when older we went to Sunday school and church from nine, A. M. to noon or later. Oh, these long, weary hours! We must sit upright and perfectly still. How my back and chest used to ache! Sometimes, I felt as if life would take its flight or there never would be an end to the sermon, and visions of hell and he-devils would pass before me as a panorama. At other times I would think only of fun and watch the teacher's eye so as to perpetrate undetected various childish tricks. How my soul yearns to rescue children subjected to such conditions!"

Referring to becoming pale and sickly from attending school, and recovering her health and joyousness on being allowed, as her father requested, to "run wild," she observes: "Getting an education! If people wish to prevent their children from learning, if they want to make them stupid and simple, if they want to imprison their little spirits in darkness, what better way than this could they do it? Look at that little fellow six years of age on that hard seat with his feet dangling six inches from the floor. He must not speak or move, but keep his eye on his book. Call you this education? Yes, education to gloom, sadness, misery, and disease. Can we wonder that we have such shadows of humanity, that truth moves so slowly, and that every elevating principle is hooted by the crowd? No; I only wonder that truth can ever find a place in their hearts, that everything natural in them is not blotted out by hereditary deficiencies and the withering training to which they are subjected. A child can be taught at home until ten years of age twenty minutes a day as much as he would learn in school in five or six hours a day. And is poring over a book education? You are squeezing your child's soul into a flower-pot and placing it in a dark cellar where the dew, the rain, and the glorious sun that imparts beauty of form and color to the plant can never penetrate; and you wonder that the leaves are not green and that the plant sends forth no buds, flowers, or seeds. No wonder that your bright hopes and expectations in your children are so bitterly mocked."

These views were advocated by her in her lectures, and are now widely entertained. They were also based on several years of experience as a school teacher; and one of the most successful teachers, and most progressive women in San Francisco has experimentally proved that twenty minutes of judicious private tuition, for children under ten years of age, is more effective than a whole day at ordinary school, where spelling books (which Colonel Parker, of the celebrated Quincy, Mass., schools, says should all be collected, placed in a pyramid and burned,) are so many instruments of torture, occupying one-third of the time and two-thirds of the vital energies of the pupils, with nothing to show for it but stupefaction. She continues: "We had family prayers every evening; and while father prayed, I would repeat 'forever and ever;' never an end to burn in hell forever! My little brain would stretch with the word 'ever' until I felt dizzy. Then I would take a look at heaven—God on a throne, while we say prayers to Him 'forever and ever!' Then a feeling of despair would creep over me, and I would wish I could die and wake



ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE

no more; for I felt sure I would tire of that."

CONVERSION AND RE-CONVERSION.

At about the age of fourteen, she was "converted" at a Methodist revival, her parents belonging to that denomination. An instance of her mother's calm, common sense, which enabled her to do her own thinking, even in some matters of religion, is that when one of the members called to secure her permission for Annie to attend class-meetings, she replied, "No, I consider class-meetings schools for lies, and think Annie is better out of them."

After joining the church, Annie was frequently satirized regarding her religious views by her free-thinking Uncle Jacques. She therefore deemed it her duty to "study up the case," with a view to silence his arguments. The result necessarily was that she soon discovered the live lion to be stuffed with straw.

About that time, Joseph Barker emerged from orthodox Methodism, carrying with him large numbers to Liberal Christianity, or to that form of it which he advocated. Among them were William and Annie Denton. Their sister Lizzie (now of Lower Lake, Cal.,) never took any stock in the orthodox theology; though nearly seven years younger than Annie, she ridiculed Annie's connection with the church.

William Denton went to London to school, and subsequently became a teacher. His zeal for the dissemination of reformatory views in religion, and his detestation of the outrages committed on behalf of the "Established Church" led him to speak gratuitously in the open air to large and interested audiences, which drew on him the *odium theologicum* in allopathic doses to such an extent that he could get no employment in his native north; and the family therefore removed to Wales, where Annie obtained employment as a teacher, and afterwards to Ashford Kent, on the southeastern coast, where William secured work in a clerical capacity on a railroad. Here the clergy again made the temperature much too warm for him, and he finally concluded to cross the Atlantic, and brought up in Philadelphia, where he was less troubled by religious blood-hounds. About the year 1849, the remainder of the family followed.

Here Annie became acquainted with some members of a sect of vegetarian Swedenborgians, of which Reverend William Metcalfe was pastor, deriving much pleasure and profit from her relations with them, and perhaps laying a foundation unconsciously for her subsequent living faith and active work in modern Spiritualism. She obtained a position as private teacher at the country residence of a leading banker of Philadelphia, but

in a few years the Dentons all moved to Dayton, Ohio. Annie and Lizzie were there quite successful as school-teachers, as was William at that place and in Cincinnati. Orthodox influences, however, again stood in the way of his advancement, resulting in his being almost forced into the lecture field, where he afterwards did such signal service.

When the news of the "Rochester Knockings" reached Southern Ohio, the Denton family were among the earliest experimenters, William becoming a decided believer, and entertaining sanguine expectations of a speedy disintegration of orthodox organizations, as evidenced in one of his poems, where he says:

"Build your churches; they are ours!"

At this time, however, Annie was not completely satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, though deeply interested in its investigation. The mistakes and contradictions were as puzzling to her then as to some beginners now.

[The foregoing has been written from data furnished by the sister of Mrs. Cridge, Mrs. Lizzie Denton Baker, of Lower Lake, Cal. The remainder is from the personal knowledge of the writer.]

MARRIAGE AND PUBLIC WORK.

In the year 1853 I wrote an article for the *Spiritual Telegraph* advocating the institution of improved conditions of life, (in the line of business and domestic co-operation as opposed to competition,) as indispensable to supply the basis for an extension and improvement of communication with the spirit life. John Patterson was then engaged near Greenville, Ohio, in the endeavor to establish a co-operative community; and in response to a request in said article for correspondents, he wrote me, remarking incidentally that an English vegetarian girl of Dayton, Ohio, named Annie Denton, who occasionally visited there, was much interested in such reforms. Believing that my own work would be rendered much more effective by a congenial matrimonial alliance, I at once opened a correspondence with her, resulting in our marriage in Massachusetts in April, 1854.

In the fall of that year she commenced lecturing on Woman's Rights, Education, etc., in the British provinces, covering the ground from Halifax to Lake Huron, being the first woman to take the field as a lecturer there, so far as I know. The next summer we both brought up in Cincinnati, where, during the following winter, I was employed as a compositor on a Spiritualistic paper conducted by Dr. Edward Mead. In 1856, we started in Dayton a weekly paper advocating not only Spiritualism, but the establishment of corresponding material conditions that would favor the growth of our spiritual and intuitive natures.

PSYCHOMETRY.

She had learned of Dr. J. R. Buchanan's experiments in Psychometry several years previously, and found that she had the psychometric power to a considerable extent. Soon after settling in Dayton she made further experiments in examining locks of hair and manuscript as a means for delineating character, taking phrenology as a base, but far surpassing it in graphic and explicit description. It occurred to Wm. Denton to submit to her a geological specimen of some extinct animal with a very extended snout, she being entirely unaware of what it was. She immediately felt a corresponding extension, and described not only the animal itself, but the surroundings then existing, according perfectly with scientific conclusions as far as they went, but entering into further details of great interest. She made scores of such experiments at that time, never failing, so far as known, settling—to Wm. Denton's satisfaction, at least—some disputed points, and enlarging the boundaries of the science, greatly to his delight. And many of his most attractive illustrations in subsequent geological lectures were—unknown to the hearers—based on these psychometric discoveries.

In the analysis of mental faculties resultant from examination of hair and hand-writing, she made correspondingly important discoveries connected with heredity and the results of some phrenological organs acting simultaneously with others in consequence of being connected by a line of what is called "nerve-auric fluid," the differences in these connections causing corresponding divergencies of character where the phrenological developments were similar. She seemed to see what elements in each character examined were inherited from one parent and what from another. Had she been enabled to follow out this line of investigation, the boundaries of mental, physiological and pathological science would have been enlarged to a greater extent in a few years than by centuries of the ordinary process. Yet she fully realized that scientific training and scientific processes were essential to realizing the full benefit of psychometric research. The psychometer may see; and so an ignorant may see strange countries; but he cannot describe what he sees adequately nor understand its significance, unless he has training and intelligence. So with the ignorant psychometric observer.

ASTRO-PSYCHOMETRY.

About the year 1868 it occurred to me that if, by means of the opening of the interior vision, or the senses of the spiritual body, distant scenes could be described, distant mines visited, and the connection between the spirit and the

brain rendered visible, that the infinitely more remote heavenly bodies could be visited and the modes of life of their inhabitants described. At last, the requisite conditions being secured with great difficulty and delay, she sat in a room in Washington and directed her attention to the planet Mars, giving what appeared to be a life-like delineation of its atmosphere, topography and humanitarian condition, including minute details of the latter, such as some of their words and a description of one of their musical instruments. All this however, required some twenty visits. I took down—almost verbatim, though in the dark—her remarks as they were made, and still preserve the record. Some of her descriptions of this and other planets were published by William Denton in his "Soul of Things," but much of the most interesting portion is still in manuscript.

When first I pointed out to her the planet Venus, she admired it very much and expected to find there human beings advanced much beyond the people of this planet. But to her great disappointment, she found there only two races of wandering savages, the higher of which was not up to the average American Indian, while the lower were slaves to the former.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with Venus was that as soon as she apparently landed on the planet she was perplexed to determine the points of the compass. That is, the axis of the planet seemed to her to point widely different from our axis. It is accordingly known or believed by astronomers that, while the earth's axis wants but twenty-three degrees of being perpendicular to the plane of its orbit, that of Venus is about seventy degrees. She was not aware of the latter fact; I was, but was not thinking about it when she made the observation. The seasons were described by her accordingly, as they must be, that is, *there is no temperate zone*; its summers reach nearly to the pole; its winters nearly to the equator. Such physical conditions, moreover, are incompatible with a progressive humanity, or at least render its first steps extremely difficult.

But it was on a visit to the seminary of the Misses Bush at Belvidere, N. J., where she was temporarily freed from household cares, that her psychometry was most effective. There she repeatedly visited the planet Jupiter, and saw that which surpassed her ideal of a true life, though from the immense area of the planet, she probably saw but a fraction of the people. That fraction, however, lived in unitary dwellings, were very beautiful, intensely interested in scientific study, especially astronomy, and bore no trace of care or want.

DEATH OF HER FIRST-BORN—OPENING OF THE SPIRITUAL SIGHT.

In the midst of these researches and of active work in the publication of our weekly paper, early in September 1857, our boy, ten years of age, passed to another life. Perhaps he might have recovered had not the means to pay a nurse been out of our reach in consequence of the unremunerative character of our business enterprise. On this occasion she wrote as follows:

"My darling is gone—the great, fond hope of my life. The little prattle of his sweet voice I shall hear no more. In him was centralized all my fondest love, all my highest aspirations. It is natural for woman to yearn for offspring. It is something dwelling in every woman's heart. I have prayed and wished for a child ever since I have been a child myself; and Oh! how my soul welled up into unspeakable joy every time I looked upon him; and as he budded into intelligence and began to lisp familiar words, a thrill of pleasure was felt that can only be realized by those who have felt the same. And yet he is gone; the light of my heart is departed; the world looks cheerless; we all know something of friendship; we have all felt the hollowness and bitterness of much that is so called. But in our loved one there was pure unadulterated love. And when the storm came and the blasts blew fiercely without, I could still clasp my boy to my heart and feel that I had the greatest treasure on earth. * * *

Spiritual intercourse is a reality. I never was fully satisfied of its truth until about six weeks ago. The rappings and tappings could not satisfy my extreme skepticism. About that time I suddenly saw a spirit in broad daylight with my eyes open. Since then I have seen scores that were to me strangers, who have been recognized by my description by their friends. And even when our loved one was passing away, I not only had the comfort of sympathizing friends in the form, but I saw my mother and father (who had passed into the spirit world some years since) bending sympathetically over his couch, waiting to bear his sweet spirit away. Strange as it may seem—yes, really doubtful to many—I saw his spirit gradually withdraw from the body, or, as more truthfully and beautifully expressed, 'born into the world.' With Paul I know that 'there is a natural body as there is a spiritual body;' for I saw the latter born away, and I know that I shall often see his spirit again before I go to the spirit-world."

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

The effective and harmonious training of children was nearest her heart. She

felt that her most important work was to advocate the superseding of the stilted, painful and unnatural methods of education, then and now prevalent, by methods akin to Pestalozzian, Kindergarten and Quincy systems, and to exemplify in her writings how children could be most effectively reached, and how the poison of orthodox theology could be replaced by the teachings of religious liberalism. Therefore she undertook, when in Cleveland, the publication of the monthly *Home Gem*, the title of which was suggested to her by letters appearing in the air. It was successful almost at once, the subscription list rapidly running up to about 2,000. But the price was so low—12½ cents a year—that after the publication of the weekly paper ceased, it was not worth while to keep up the printing office. And just at this time the discovery of petroleum in large quantities near Titusville, Pa., seemed to indicate an opening for the practical application of psychometry, and thereby the acquisition of the necessary means for the publication of juvenile and other books. The experiment, however, failed, because—as we learned afterwards, and too late—psychometry was but one factor in the case; not only capital and business talent, but science, experience and technical knowledge were also essential requisites to success. Enough was learned, however, to show that in conjunction with these other factors, psychometry would prove a powerful auxiliary. When, some years afterwards, she told people in the Pennsylvania oil region (the wells being then exclusively in the flats) that the greatest abundance could be obtained by sinking wells on the hills, she was regarded as what would now be termed a "crank." But within about a year from that time wells in the hills were pouring forth quantities far in excess of anything that had ever been known in the valleys.

THE CIVIL WAR.

We continued in the oil regions of western Pennsylvania and northern Ohio until, by reason of the outbreak of the war, business there was nearly prostrated, and then the current drifted us to Washington, with our two children, born since the death of the first. Impoverished as we were by the publication of our weekly paper and the failure of oil experiments, we concluded to keep out of reform work and "look out for Number One." But we did not long succeed in that programme, soon becoming again identified with the Spiritualistic movement. The climate of Chicago, during a sojourn there of nine months, caused the death of our second child from diphtheria, the treatment of which was then, as now, but little understood. We returned to Washington, and soon after the war she worked actively for the Children's Ly-

ceum, and would have built it up, but that sectism and envy were so powerful among Spiritualists that after a short time she could not even get fifteen minutes to talk to the children, who would gladly have heard her for hours and were disappointed because she did not continue. But some imagined there was much honor to be acquired in connection with a then rising institution, and therefore wanted the whole time themselves for the routine exercises which lay within their reach. The Lyceum went down of course, and two attempts subsequently made to resuscitate it, after she left for California, were failures. Where she could have attracted hundreds of children, routine exercises—the body without the spirit, in great part—could not induce even a score to attend. Subsequently a scientific gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, succeeded in interesting about twenty children; but women are their natural instructors.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS, CALIFORNIA AND DEATH.

Blessed as she may be in her spirit home, I believe she would cheerfully become re-incarnated, were such possible, and go through worse trials on earth than previously, if thereby she could become the Savior of children from the fiendish cruelties to which they are now, and have been for centuries, subjected in the name of education.

She therefore commenced writing a series of children's books, but could see no definite prospect of meeting the expenses of their publication, when she heard of the glories of Southern California, and the fortunes to be speedily made there by the cultivation of the orange and other fruits. Arrangements were made to start an Eastern colony at Riverside, and among the first who went there were my wife and her sister, each of them with two children. They arrived in January, 1871; pined over two years on the desert waiting for the water, when fruit trees were planted. I remained in Washington to furnish money for the experiment which to her proved fatal. She broke the terrible monotony by lecturing and psychometrizing in San Francisco, San Jose, Virginia City, etc., but finally returned to Riverside in 1873 and pined away her life in its uncongenial surroundings, taking a cold, which finally resulted in her being choked by phlegm.

Four volumes of the series of children's books, in an endeavor to secure the publication of which she met her death, are still in manuscript, carefully preserved, though the prospect of their being embodied in type is remote, in view of the general indifference of Spiritualists to the most vital interests of their children. "The children of this world

are wiser in their generation than the children of light," as the orthodox Sunday schools abundantly prove.

CONCLUSIVE TEST.

With her departure from the form, however, her work for humanity has not ceased. Perhaps, if we could see as she sees, it might be found that it had then but just commenced.

Some weeks after that change, I received a letter from Thomas Brown, a resident of Howden-le-Wear, near Darlington, England, Darlington being her birthplace. He had seen my notice of her transition in the *Banner of Light*, and wrote to know if it was his relative. I informed him as to the particulars, and he wrote me a letter under date of September 11, 1875, from which the following is an extract:

"I will give you a statement of our first seance in our upper chamber, when Annie first communicated with us, and how it was confirmed afterwards, and other tests in our house as she has given, since, copied from my diary.

"In the first week of April, 1875, Mr. William Lobley, of Crook, and myself had a seance in our upper room. We had strange movements of the table, which appeared to crawl across the room. We were told that a lady from another country was present in spirit. We asked the spirit to communicate with us and give us her name; and soon in answer we got, 'A. D. C.;' but could not make out who it was. We asked for further communication, as we could not identify her. Then we were told that the spirit had come over the seas, and got again: 'A. D. C-r-d-g-e.' But as we could not put the letters together to sound, as we thought, like a name, my friend Lobley requested me to note down what we had got, feeling sure that something good would follow, and that we would get to know more afterwards.

"Time passed on and we thought no more about our strange seance until a month later, within three days, when my friend Lobley came to our house and read to us from an American paper the death of Mrs. A. D. Cridge. This was in the beginning of the month of May. It struck us at once that that was the spirit's name given at our circle a month before. Then we ran over the letters again, and I felt convinced that we had the same name given. Up to this time we had had no letters or other tidings of the death of Mrs. Cridge."

William Lobley, Elizabeth Jacques, and Ann Brown, who were present at the sitting referred to, certify in Mr. Brown's letter, to the correctness of the preceding statement by him.

In explanation of the circumstances constituting the test, it may be added

that the participants did not know Mrs. Cridge's married name. That the death took place on or about March 27, and that had a letter been written directly to them it could not have reached England at that time in less than nineteen days—about April 15, whereas the sitting is said to have taken place in the *first week* in April. No letters, however, were written to England from Riverside, and the only correspondence I know of was a letter by me to William Denton in Massachusetts and a memorial notice of Mrs. Cridge sent by me to the *Banner of Light*, which latter is probably the 'American paper' mentioned by my English correspondent. No telegrams were sent, so far as I know, nor was any person other than myself likely to spend money for the purpose. It is on the whole, practically impossible for intelligence of her death to have reached England during the "first week in April" by any other than a supermundane channel.

"SAVED BY A VISION."

Her next striking manifestation was one of many such, answering conclusively the question, "What is the good of Spiritualism, even if it be true?" At the time of its occurrence my son was "padding his own canoe," under conditions usually the most adverse to any form of Spiritualistic phenomena. His narrative of the occurrence, as written by him for publication, a few years since, is as follows:

In the summer of 1877, I was in Tucson, Arizona, a youth of seventeen in this land of deserts, canyons and mountains, of rough miners, ranchers, desperadoes and gamblers. In the hearts of many I found the fire of justice and of humanity burning, though often but dimly. They veiled their real persons in roughness and rudeness; but often in their peculiar way let themselves come out in acts of kindness, bravery or self-sacrifice that would make the observer wonder that they were accused of having no heart.

One of the best hearted men I ever knew was Jack C., a gambler, a desperado and a good Indian fighter. Cool, quick and determined, with little to say, but prompt to do, he was feared by enemies and loved by friends. Tall, dark complexioned, with long black hair, keen grey eyes, drooping mustache, and muscular but loose-jointed, lean frame, he commanded by his personal prowess, as well as dash and spirit, nearly every one he chose. He had saved my life more than once; and so, when I saw him at Tucson several months afterwards, I was rejoiced to meet my preserver once more and he was glad to see me. With the impetuosity of youth, I was ready to follow him almost anywhere with the spirit

that had led some of the boys to call me "Dare Devil Fred." One after another of desperate-looking men would come up, salute him as Captain, and I would be introduced as Fred C., "one of us." I enquired what this "one of us" meant; and was told it meant one of his company, that was going on a "trading trip" to Mexico, and that I was of course going along. I shortly found out, by judicious questions, that the company was a band of freebooters who were going to make a raid on the State of Sonora, in Mexico, for stock or anything else. Jack informed me they expected to run stock of all sorts into Arizona and New Mexico, where he would sell the animals to contractors and others; that they would not neglect rich churches that would come in their way, or a chance to raise a revolution in the State, if possible. With all the arts of flattery, eloquence and persuasion, with allurements of glory, riches, adventures and novelty, he endeavored to win me to his position. He offered to make me lieutenant of the expedition, to give me half of all he made, to quit all manner of bad actions after the expedition returned, to buy a "hull church, minister, congregation and all, to pray for us." He offered all sorts of excuses and reasons for robbery. He said it was no worse to steal outright than to do so underhandedly. He reminded me that it was as honorable to steal cattle as it was to steal land; that people considered it all right to take, under cover of the law, anything to eat. By a process of charming, almost akin to witchery, he almost won me over to his side. I had enough sense to refuse immediately to say yes, asking for time to think about it. After more special pleading I left him promising to answer him the next morning, it then being about nine o'clock in the evening.

Returning to the camp-yard weary with riding and thinking, I stretched out on the rude bunk, and my thoughts began to be more quiet and steady. Soon the dark little room grew light with a quiet, gray light, and my mother, who had passed away over two years before, was beside me. Speaking in her calm, sweet voice, and looking so peculiarly beautiful, she said: "My boy, follow me." Saying so, she glided quickly before me without any seeming effort, and I in the same way silently followed. Over a little valley, in which rippled a clear stream, we went quietly and swiftly, she often stopping to smile and beckon me on. Over a broad *mesa*, just as many an Arizona *mesa* looks, we followed a mule trail. Everything looked quite natural, and I began to think I was dead, and that my mother was taking me away to her home. The reddish brown mountains frowned upon us, and the stunted

bushes and flourishing cacti were on each side of the worn, twisting trail over which we glided like the wind. Soon we came to a deep canyon that ran across the *mesa* and its sides were so deep and precipitous that I saw we could not cross. Here the trail divided, and here we stopped. One branch gradually went into the canyon that was fearfully dark and deep. It had in every depression pools of blood, and down almost in the shadow of the canyon, beneath a tree, I could now see Jack and his band beckoning to me and could hear him say "one of us." The other trail ran along the edge of the gulch, and went around it where it arose from the mountains. It stretched far away into one of those long valleys, that are so common in that country, and I could see the valley grow greener and fairer; houses and cities could be seen, and I understood that it was Massachusetts at the further end. Turning to me, my mother said: "My boy, which path will you choose? This one (pointing to the gulch where Jack was still beckoning) with riches, perhaps, but soon with crime, death and dishonor? or, will you go the longer path, where you will not have riches, or ease, but where you will have honor and life? Go this path," she continued, "and you will have self-respect; you will do good to many, and be a man such as I wish my son to be." She talked to me for some time, and I begged to go with her, and not to return to earth life. But she said there was work for me to do, and that for my own good it was necessary for me to remain. Then we glided back toward the little valley, and here she kissed me and faded away. Awakening, the room was dark; but my mind was not, and I hunted up Jack, and quietly but firmly refused to have anything to do with him. The next morning I was riding out of Tucson with my horse's head eastward, and had with me a splendid rifle and a well-filled purse, as a remembrance of my friend "Cap'n Jack."

The expedition was a failure, and most of the white men who accompanied Captain Jack on his raid were killed by the enraged Mexicans who had a large force of Americans with them. The Captain returned to Tucson almost naked, but soon obtained money. He went to robbing stages and was outlawed. Eventually a vigilance committee shot him down. And thus died a man who might have been a light in the world, a blessing instead of a curse to humanity. I have found that it is but a step from an angel to a devil, and that there is often a little of both in one.

Some months after, when in San Antonio, Texas, a rough looking man stepped up and said: "Well, it is lucky you didn't go with us, for we were just about

cleaned out." I thought so, even if they had been successful. Have I not reason to be thankful for the vision that turned me away and saved me from ruin? Angels watch over us, and this world is near the next.

ALFRED DENTON CRIDGE.

The prediction of the spirit-mother that her son would "do good to many" has been already amply fulfilled by the position he has occupied in the van of the great labor movement as a progressive journalist, with every prospect of increasing usefulness.

THE SEPTEMBER "CARRIER DOVE."—A letter received from Mrs. Schlesinger, the editress of the CARRIER DOVE, informs us that the September number of that large and excellent magazine will be issued early in the month, and will contain *Five Illustrations* and its usual quantity of interesting and varied reading matter. One of the illustrations will be the portrait of that most popular of all trance speakers, *Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond*. A great many who have read the lectures and other writings of Mrs. R. in the *Offering*, have asked for her photograph, but having only one in our cabinet of speakers, it could not be spared; now, they can be accommodated. Two of the illustrations, as we are informed, will be portraits of the *Editress* and *Editor* of the *Spiritual Offering*. We have ordered extra numbers of this magazine and will, on receipt of twenty-five cents, its regular price, mail a copy postage paid to any address. Further, to any one who will send us a new annual subscriber, we will send a copy of the magazine, *free*. We are confident that very many friends for whom we have so long written, will avail themselves of this opportunity to get these portraits. We do not know how good, or true to life they may be, for we have not seen them, but if as well executed as portraits we have seen in previous numbers, they will be satisfactory. These portraits are all accompanied by brief biographical sketches. Persons sending name of new subscribers must ask for the Illustrated Magazine in same letter and it will be immediately sent.—*Spiritual Offering*.

THE press is the most powerful educator in the world to-day, and while its agencies for the advancement of any new thought or truth may be silent and unassuming, it is none the less effective. Thousands to-day who would not wish to be known as attending a Spiritual meeting or seance are gleaned their first idea of truth through the columns of the Spiritual papers which they may read in the obscurity of their own home.—*Spiritual Messenger*.



MAHALA GARNER PAYNE

Mrs. Mahala Garner Payne.

BY E. G. ANDERSON.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of St. Louis, in November, 1823. She was the daughter of a Baptist minister—the Reverend Thomas P. Green—a man of fine presence and much more than ordinary oratorical ability. In after years, when she became developed as an inspirational speaker, he was one of her most prominent controls. So perfect an instrument was she in his hands that through her he still could hold an audience spellbound, as he had often done during his earth life.

At the age of about eighteen she married Walter M. Edwards, with whom she lived until his death by cholera in 1850. Remaining a widow for three years, in the latter part of 1853 she was married to O. B. Payne, then a prominent physician, located at Columbus, Ill., and with him she spent the remainder of her earth life—about thirty-three years.

The Doctor, writing to me under date of August 23d, says: "She took charge of my family of six children, ranging in age from two years up to thirteen. We removed to Missouri in 1856 and settled in St. Francesville, and here, in November, 1858, we began to have rappings in our own family (unsought) and commenced to investigate Spiritualism. She was first developed as a rapping and tipping medium. Soon, however, she developed clairaudient and clairvoyant powers. Then came mechanical writing, trance, and personation. In all these phases when controlled she was unconscious. She never travelled nor sought business, and never sat for any one unless myself or some member of the family was present and advised it. This was because she was sensitive in regard to her own good name and the cause of Spiritualism. Knowing that she was unconscious when under control she feared that the ignorance or prejudice of sitters might render her liable to misrepresentation if she did otherwise. In all her life and actions she was so simple and confiding, and withal, so profoundly truthful, that scarcely anyone ever for a moment doubted her sincerity and honesty, even though they doubted the authenticity of what they received through her. Thousands of people have received the indubitable proof of spirit return, and I never knew but one person to charge her with pretence, and even he freely admitted that all that she gave him was true, 'but how she could find it out he had no idea, but of course she had some way, for there was no such thing as spirits.' She never charged or received a fee during her whole mediumistic life, as we made our living through my profession.

"We came to California in 1869. Spent one year in Sacramento and then came to Ferndale, Humboldt county, where, as you know, we continued our work in every possible way up to the day of her death, Christmas Eve, 1885."

"You, my friend, are acquainted with our family and you know what her reputation was in this vicinity, and I can assure you that it was no better here, than it was back in Illinois and Missouri, only as time and opportunity gave her more chance of being beloved by increased numbers of people.

"Of a modest and retiring disposition, she shrank from notoriety, yet in spite of this, long before her translation, she became known to a large circle of friends and acquaintances as a profound and eloquent inspirational speaker.

"All her aspirations were toward a domestic life, and in this field she showed the true woman. Though she never had a child of her own, she tended with a mother's watchful care *my* children and raised them to be honorable men and women, and they ever regarded her with the most devoted affection.

"So shrinking and retiring was her nature, that when her spirit guides desired to use her for public speaking, it became necessary in order to bring it about for us to use a little strategy. We would go to the place of meeting, and I would tell her, to 'never mind, they won't care about controlling you for I am going to do the lecturing.' I would then go to talking and she listening, would get into a passive condition, and pass easily under control, and we would then listen to a fine address, and she would be taken back to her seat before she regained consciousness. In this way she learned that they would use her anyhow; and that the lectures they gave through her were creditable, and in time she measurably overcame her timidity.

"Though thus timid in reference to her public work yet in her domestic and social relations she had as much firmness, determination and courage as any woman I ever met. She was like a lioness in defence of our children or any one she loved, if she felt they were being wronged."

This ends the notes which the Doctor sent to assist me in writing up this little sketch for the Dove. I have but little more to add. I knew her well for five years, many times being a guest of the family for days together, and I can truthfully say that the Doctor's notes are an understatement of her many good qualities both of mind and heart.

She was, I think, the most perfect instrument in the hands of her guides that I ever saw. In many different phases she was simply perfection. Though possessing no knowledge of any other tongue than English, when controlled I have

known of her speaking many different languages during the course of a single seance. Many readers of the Dove will remember her at the San Jose camp-meeting.

The Doctor has kept an elaborate journal of his experiences and observations of spirit power as manifested through her mediumship, and I am pleased to learn from him that he is making preparations to publish it, and I would bespeak for it a careful perusal by all. Now, to our Dear Sister whose life was devoted to good deeds, we say farewell till we meet in that brighter realm, where we are sure thy pathway will be bright—bright as thou didst strive to make the earthly ones wherein thou didst walk.

A Gem for Every Month.

January.

By her who in this month was born
No gem save garnets should be worn:
They will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February.

The February-born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind;
Freedom from passion and from care,
If they the amethyst will wear.

March.

Who in this world of ours their eyes
In March first open shall be wise;
In days of peril firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

April.

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May.

Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife.

June.

Who comes with Summer to this earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth, and long life command.

July.

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then they will be exempt and free
From love's doubts and anxiety.

August.

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity:
The August-born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

September.

A maiden born when Autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind—
'Twill cure diseases of the mind

October.

October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November.

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the topaz' amber hue—
Emblems of friends and lovers true.

December.

If cold December gave you birth,
The month of snow and ice and mirth,
Place on your hand a turquoise blue;
Success will bless you, whate'er you do.

Farewell Address of W. J. Colville.

DELIVERED IN SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1, 1886.

SYNOPTICAL REPORT BY G. H. HAWES.

It has become our duty this morning to deliver a farewell address to our friends, and it is with feelings akin to sadness that we realize that for some time, at least, we shall not have the privilege of standing in this place and addressing this congregation, but, as we realize that all ties that are formed in spirit, all ties of true friendship and affection, are immortal, and as we have been considering, during the summer months which are now past, many metaphysical and spiritual questions bearing directly upon the communion of mind with mind, we feel that temporary separation on the external plane is not only anything but separation in reality, but it is the very means whereby we draw nearer and nearer to each other in spirit. We might be always operating on the external plane, and become so accustomed to commune with each other, and receive our teachings outwardly that we should begin to forget the reality of spiritual union. When we are temporarily separated, and are obliged to rely upon spiritual means of communion, we strengthen our power to realize spiritual truth, and hold intercourse with each other in spiritual ways by the feeling that we are under the necessity of enlarging and exercising our spiritual faculties.

In all our teachings among you during the past four months all our endeavors have been to call your attention to powers within you, and in order to do so, we have taken a high and not a low view of human nature. Some people think we have rather exaggerated the possibility of what they are pleased to term "poor humanity." Undoubtedly, if the truth were fully known, we have underrated, for we believe there are powers in man that cannot be expressed in language—that all intellectual endeavors and all oratorical efforts to express the nobility of human nature must fall very short of the reality. And in these days of universal education and enlightenment, in this republican and democratic age, when monarchies and aristocracies are scarcely tolerated among the free, the time is rapidly coming when we must not pay so much heed to the external forms and uses, but endeavor to arrive at that period in our spiritual experience where we shall know the truth intuitively, and not be so dependent upon special external means and agencies for conveying it.

We have had many and complimentary things written and said to us, and we must say that during our sojourn among you we have been received with

far more cordiality and kindness than we had either right or reason to expect.

When we came to California at the commencement of June, at the invitation of the Board of Directors of the Camp-meeting at Oakland, we believed there was a work for us to do, but of its magnitude we were not prepared to speak, but as the days and weeks and months went by, we found new duties continually devolving upon us, and new and ever increasing interest manifested in our work, and wherever we may be, and before whatever audiences we may be called to speak, we shall always count it a great pleasure and privilege to be able to say, with all honesty and sincerity, and without flattery, that the people of California have not only shown us the greatest kindness and treated us with munificent generosity from first to last, but have shown their readiness, and their eager desire to accept progressive ideas, and what are termed, by many, new truths, no matter through whom they may have been delivered.

We maintain there are certain outward indications in this fair and beautiful land of almost perpetual summer, where nature is truly enchanting in her loveliness, of peculiar facilities for persons developing the higher and broader side of their nature. Shut in, as it were, by yourselves, bordered on the one hand by the Rocky mountains, and on the other by the broad blue Pacific waters, you are living in a country of your own; and while your isolation would be anything but an advantage, if you did not enjoy a free intercourse with the other States of America, and with all parts of the world, yet you seem to enjoy a peculiar independence and freedom, which is not to be felt in the Old World, nor in the Eastern States. The very air of California is redolent with freedom; here the spirit of liberty seems to fly abroad unrestrained and unfettered. While, of course, there is a conservative element here, that conservative element is necessary as a check upon what otherwise might be too rapid progress. There can not be too rapid progress, if we progress in knowledge, in the understanding and love of truth, and the practice of it; but what a great many people call progress is iconoclasm rather than anything else, and the general tendency of the sturdy pioneers and their descendants is to break away from all restraints, for a while, in a reactionary wave of feeling, and regard all ancient customs and institutions as unworthy of preservation. There is a great deal of the iconoclastic spirit here, and there must be for a long time to come, and that very spirit of iconoclasm, while it may be termed a destructive and not a constructive agent, originates in man's hatred of all shams

and all artifices, and that love of sincerity and justice which is enshrined deep in the heart of every human being.

The bird, the very moment it is born, becomes an iconoclast, for it breaks its shell before it comes into the world. The germs of life deposited in the seeds of flowers are iconoclastic, and they must break their shells before there can be growth in the floral kingdom. The tender blade of grass breaks away the earth around it, or it could not lift its head to the sunshine and give promise of the fruition.

There is such a thing as irreverent and reverent iconoclasm, the wise and reasoning, and an unwise and unreasoning iconoclasm, and we trust we do, and always shall, join most heartily with the reverent, the wise, and the reasonable.

Now, what is our attitude towards the shells? If a bird were endowed with the powers of speech would it not be very silly for it to turn around to the shell from which it has just emerged and say, "Oh that horrid old shell! What a nuisance it is! What a curse! How glad I am to be free from that! I am far too advanced to live in a shell; my native element is the free air where I can drink in the sunshine, and my wings can be tipped with the dews of heaven."

There are some birds still living in their shells. But suppose a little bird that had got out of the shell went to others in the shell, who were not ready to come out, and should break the shells, and the birds never came to maturity; where would be the progress, the wisdom and advancement? The shell is a necessity just as much as the wing, but the wing and the power to fly marked a higher period in growth and a forward step in evolution. That little bird that complained against the shell would never have had the power to fly if there had never been a shell to nurture him. Just as the child had to live in the mother's womb, be rocked in the cradle, carried in arms, and led by another, before it could walk alone.

We do not think it possible in the present state of society for everybody to stand together upon one platform except upon the broad platform of good will to all mankind; we do not believe it possible to organize and adapt themselves to the varied means and requirements of all, unless for philanthropic work alone. Honest and noble men and women must still remain in their different grooves and work in their own particular channels until they have come to that higher stage in freedom where they will be able to cast aside everything that looks like a shackle, and adopt as their only basis love to God and love to humanity.

In the statement of what we believe to

truth, we are obliged to oppose error, but when we oppose what we believe to be error we do not make an attack upon an individual, for we do not accuse individuals of unwarrantable motives. We believe in attacking evil as evil and proclaiming good as good, never holding up any person or any set of persons for ridicule, and never indulging either in personal or any wholesale recrimination.

We have endeavored to give you clearly and positively our own ideas on metaphysics, and have put forward what we feel to be a consistent philosophy of the subject, which is simply this: That all power comes from the eternal source of all being; that all life, all strength, all energy, is an influx from the Eternal. Our idea of God is not rigidly anthropomorphic; we do not find it necessary to speak of personality as connected with God, if we use personality in the external sense in which it is generally employed on earth; but we would rather say that while all comparisons and similitudes utterly fail to depict the idea of an infinite being, that the ever present life of the universe is the divine spirit, and that God is everywhere. We acknowledge the divine as omnipresent and omniscient, therefore we are all equally near to God; God is in us and we are all in God. A gentleman once said to a little girl, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is." The child showed more sagacity than the sire when she answered, "I will give you two if you will tell me where is not." If we can find any place in the universe where God is not, then we may prepare to meet Him in the place where He is.

If we realize everything is from God and that the power of God in our own intuitions is an omnipresent and ever living power, do we not perfectly agree with those metaphysicians who say that their power comes from God? We thoroughly believe it and we endeavor to consistently teach it.

How is it that we can also agree with those who believe that they are assisted by their spirit friends in giving treatments to the sick when they are operating metaphysically? Because there is a law of spiritual affinity; there is a law expressed in the words "Like attracts like;" because there is a contagion of influences, and by our desires we attract to ourselves those beings who sympathize with our intentions.

How then do we regard the statement that no one can heal without a belief in God, with the fact that there are many people who have done good to their fellow beings who are Agnostics or even Materialists? To be harmoniously related to God does not necessarily mean to have a correct faith, a good creed, and to be able to stand up in an assembly and say

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth," for there are a large number of people who do believe in the existence of God and have never doubted, yet they never seem to have any divine power to use. There are many people whose profession of faith is simply beautiful, but in spite of all this beautiful creed there is a barrenness and heartlessness in the language because the creed is all up in the head, all a matter of belief, and therefore has no more spiritual power than your acknowledgement of the axiomatic truths of the multiplication table. There may be an intellectual development which may arrive at certain results and discover self-evident propositions, but when it ends there it ends with a knowledge of truth, but with no practical love or application of truth.

Are there not many people whose educational advantages have been very poor, others who have been the victims of a false education, many who have been disgusted with hypocrisy, and because they do not see any positive fruit upon the tree of religious profession, have drifted into what may be termed skepticism and agnosticism? But have all those people lost their love for humanity in their disgust for mere form and pretense? Have they lost their ambition to leave the world better than they found it? No, a thousand times no! There are many who have been driven into doubt because of their peculiarly tender consciences and their great hatred of everything like hypocrisy; they are waiting for the light and do not turn away from anything that appears to them as truth. Some of these we have met here in this very city and in our audience, and they have expressed themselves anxious to work for humanity, but they said they could not believe in God, in immortality, in anything spiritually, but wished they could do so. We cannot say to such persons you can do no good until you believe in God, in immortality, in spiritual power, but we can say to them, "As you believe in God in your heart and not in your intellect, as your belief in God is now deep down in your heart but it has not yet got up into your reason, you believe in God and don't know it; you believe in God and think you do not. You believe in good and you desire to do good, but if you are now restless and unsettled, if you have no fixed convictions and are tossed hither and thither upon waves of speculation and doubt, we know of no other way of bringing you into the fold of spiritual truth than by urging you to obey those divine impulses which are now prompting you to do good to your fellow creatures. This clears away the mists, causes the clouds to vanish and the eclipse to end. There are

people here who have told us that they began their instructions as almost atheists, and are now firm believers in eternal goodness and in the soul's immortality. They did not come to that knowledge through anything we said, but through something they did. If anything we said had any part whatever to play in bringing about that blessed result, what we said must have helped them to do something noble. While there are people hungering for spiritual consolation, and you in your present frame of mind may not be able to give them that higher spiritual consolation they ask, you need not give them a stone; you can at least give them genuine human sympathy. When you are poor and weak and suffering, the evidence that somebody on earth cares enough about you to visit you or bring a bouquet of flowers or a basket of fruit, will save many a person from suicide. Those who are engaged in these kind acts, if they pass from earth without any conception of a hereafter, when they wake up in the immortal world will then discover that the God whom they did not know, knew them, and that they were God's instruments even without knowing God existed.

We are dependent upon God for everything. Is not the blind man dependent upon the light he cannot see? There are men who have never looked upon the sun; but the sun has looked upon them, and its refulgent beams have passed through the fields of space, and their health has been due to the sunlight they could not see.

God is to be found in your inmost spirit; by your love of right and love of your neighbor; and thus what a wide, large field opens to all workers of humanity; how large the number of those who can go out into the world and do practical work; and an intelligent understanding of divine truth grows out of all these practical endeavors.

Now with regard to our relation with one another and to our spiritual friends: If you do not know anything about immortality, or anything about your relation in mind with those gone before, or your relation with one another in life, when you put yourself in a certain mental or spiritual attitude you form a connection with others who are running in the same channel, and when you set to work with all honesty and purity of motive to help and bless another, then the clouds of happy and holy influences that are around you co-operate with you, and this divine co-operation, this union of all in one grand work is the very highest teaching of a genuine spiritual philosophy. And that is why we very much object to an association that has a preamble, declaration of principles, and an

arbitrary creed, because it must either keep a great many honest people out, or else let a great many dissemblers in. We have neither the right nor wish to get a company of people together who believe exactly as we believe, with the understanding that there is a scarecrow standing at the door in the shape of a creed that will keep everybody out who differs from us in opinion. If asked for a confession of faith we give it; we have no objection to people saying what they believe. There is nothing objectionable in the Apostles' creed and in the Nicene Creed. You say: "I believe." There is the first person singular; there is no possible objection to that. We do not want to say those creeds ourselves, but we are perfectly willing to hear you say them. But when it comes to the Athanasian creed—"Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith except everyone do keep holy and inviolate without doubt, he shall perish everlastingly;" if there was a personal Satan and he wrote a creed, that is the way he would begin it. The first two creeds say, I believe so and so, but the latter undertakes to say that whosoever will be saved must believe as I do. Neither the Nicene nor the Apostles' Creed would have lighted the fires of the Inquisition nor caused the persecution of heretics; but that Athanasian creed, if it were a living human being, could stand by the stake and put on fresh fuel and watch a human being burn to death for daring to disagree with it, and would say, "Serves him right; and that is not all; he will have to burn forever in the world to come." This spirit should never be allowed to come into any society, not even in a modified form.

If ever we come back to this city to speak regularly and conduct services in a purely liberal society, we want an association of Truth Seekers and who are not ready to pledge themselves to all think alike. We want no other creed than this: That we believe the only true object of organization in the present condition of the world's thought is for the purpose of mutual edification by intelligent seeking after truth; coming together to try and find it. What we want is not a society of Spiritualists, but a society of people who wish to become spiritual; a society who wish to spiritualize themselves and the world, and to become spiritually minded; a society who agree to differ, but in their differences agree to search for truth and to speak the highest they know and to live it to the best of their ability.

Do you think if the beautiful angels in their ministrations should come to San Francisco to-night they would inquire

"Where do the Spiritualists meet? We are going to inspire people who have organized in the name of Spiritualism; those who have not we shall pass by; if they had joined the Spiritualists' society they could have the benefit of our inspiration, but as they are not Spiritualists we will have nothing to do with them till they are." Instead of that there is no good spirit who inquires or cares to know anything more than this: "Do you want to do good?" and if you do every good spirit says "I will help you; I do not care whether I get the credit for it or not; I am not vainglorious and anxious to be noticed. If people do not know that I am by their side I can help them just as well; but if in their hours of doubt and gloom it would be any consolation or help to them, or if in seasons of work it would be any encouragement and inspiration for them to know that I am by them, then I will reveal myself to them for their good and happiness, but not because I care to be noticed."

There is one more point we must emphasize: During our absence there is not the slightest reason why you should not continue to receive the best and highest truths adapted to your needs; do not imagine that any one person needs to be on the platform in order to enlighten an audience; this is a very grave error. We look over this assembly this morning and we say to you that you have no idea how many good speakers there are here—those who have power to speak eloquently, instructively, divinely. Will they not come forward and do it? Do not depend entirely upon the inspiration which flows through others, but let the spirit move you to speak. In a meeting composed of kind, wise, and intelligent people who have come together to form themselves into a little group of inquirers after truth, there would be lectures more than worthy of publication, there would be means of resolving many doubts, ending many difficulties, and paving the way for a greater work than the one in which we are now engaged.

We must say that here in California—without any flattery or compliment—we have found unusual talent among women as well as men. One of the great features of our gatherings has been the intelligent persons of both sexes and of all ages. We have had noble and philanthropic workers in Christian and Jewish churches sitting side by side with Spiritualists and Materialists. Those Metaphysicians who have denied spirit communication altogether have shaken hands and showed the utmost kindness to a lady who is a professional medium.

Now that is just where we want to get; on to that plane where we can be truly united in spirit. While all these people did not agree with every word they

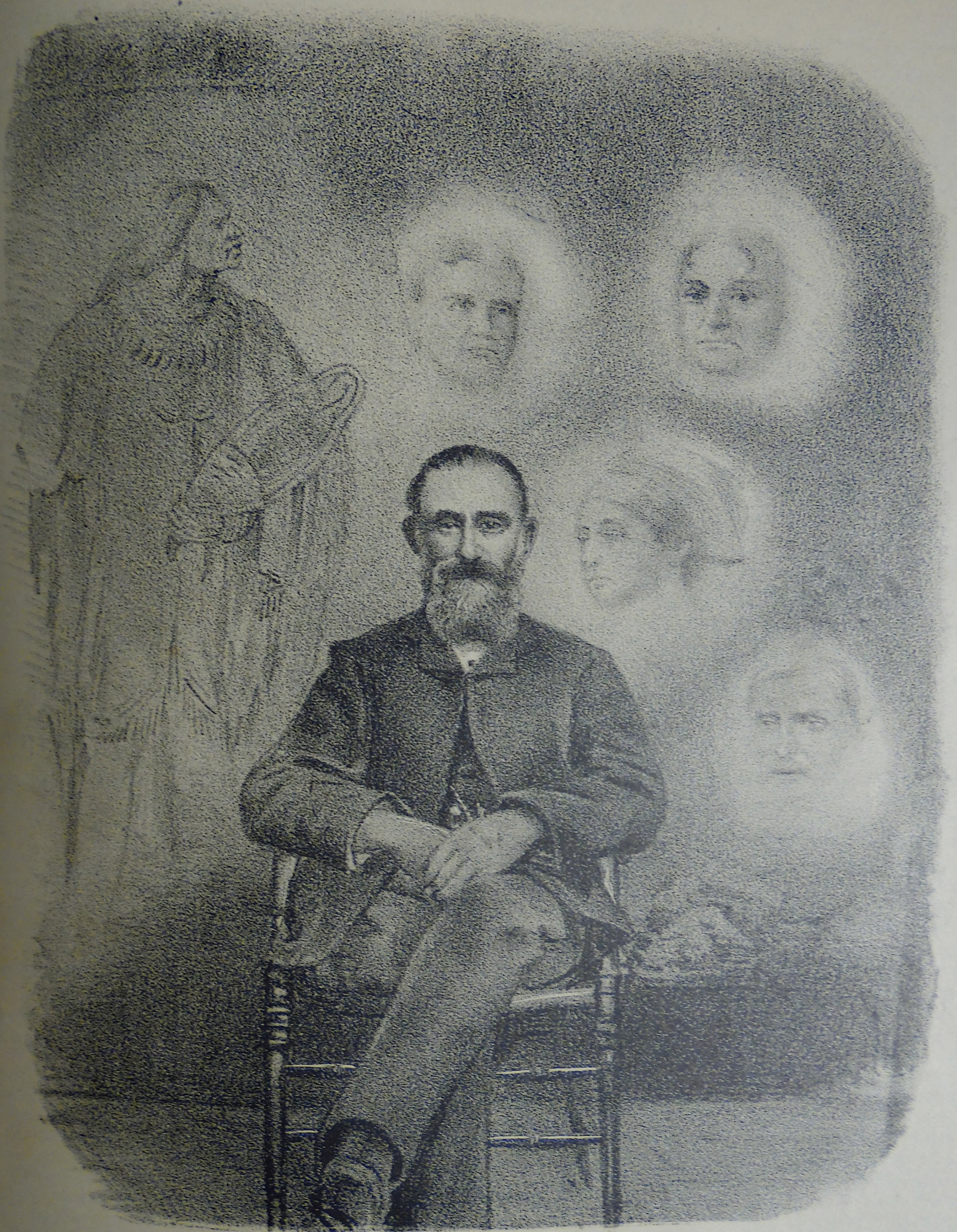
heard from the platform; they came together in such a spirit of friendship and true union that they have been blessed, have blessed each other, and have blessed us more richly than we can possibly express. We have sometimes had twenty physicians in our audience, and they have treated us with the greatest consideration and cordiality, and from members of the medical profession we have received fully as much if not more genuine kindness and sympathy than from the representatives of any other profession. We have no hesitation in saying that every doctor who goes forth to help and to heal with the love of humanity in his heart is as good a metaphysician as you can find.

It has been, indeed, a very great pleasure to us to find (even more than in the East, though in the East it is so to some extent) that people can come together in this enlightened age and study spiritual truths without thinking of their prejudices or their differences.

This is the true spirit of union, a union in the spirit without trying to unite in the letter. Why we have dwelt upon this in our closing address is because we look forward to a time in the future when we shall be able in this city to work with you and you with us undenominationally and in a purely unsectarian spirit, as we trust we have worked hitherto. We do feel, with all humbleness and modesty that we can get along better without sect than with it.

Spurgeon has mapped the first fifty thousand years of his immortality. He will sit gazing on the nail-wounds of Christ. He would become a "perfect gazer," and sink into unconscious automatism before he had accomplished a tithe of his gazing. The ancient Hindu lived "till he saw a child on the knee of his child," and then betook himself to the woods, where he sat in the shade of a tree, giving ten years to the contemplation of Brahma's feet, another ten to his legs, another to his abdomen, but the saint usually sank into a cataleptic idiot before his contemplation got up to Brahma's head. Mr. Spurgeon's after-life would be simply no life at all.—*W. D. Gunning, in the Index.*

The CARRIER DOVE for September bears to its readers its usual "glad tidings of great joy." Full-page portraits of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago; Mrs. Sarah Seal, of Oakland, Cal.; Colonel D. M. and Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, accompany this number. The CARRIER DOVE is ably edited by Mrs. J. Schlesinger, and published at Oakland, Cal. Terms, \$2.50 per year; single copies, 25 cents.—*The Practical Physician.*



COL. HATCH
AND SPIRIT FRIENDS

Spirit Photographs.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESINGER: I will explain to you the spirit faces as they appeared on my photograph at the gallery of Mr. George Ross, Petaluma, November 24, 1884. Mr. Ross was not in the gallery, nor any one but myself and Mrs. L. Carter, the spirit artist, then of Oakland, who was visiting Petaluma at the time the picture was taken. When I seated myself for the picture I mentally requested all my friends to come to me that could get around me. You see my request was granted. The faces of my loved ones are fully recognized, but the faces on my knees and at my feet I do not recognize; still they may belong to the Hatch family in olden time. The Indian is one of my band, name unknown. I saw the negative when it came from the dark room. The faces were plainly seen, and there was no way to deceive, as no pictures of these spirits were in existence. Now, if our loved ones are not with us, how can they be taken? I recognize the face at the left as that of my mother, Betsy P. Hatch; the face of the young man over my head is that of my son, Chester P. Hatch. At my left, and nearest me, is my first wife, Mary A. Hatch. The face beneath my wife I recognize as that of my grandfather, Samuel Hatch. Truly yours,

CHESTER P. HATCH.

PETALUMA, Cal.

Address to Truth.

AN ACROSTIC—CARRIER DOVE.

Truth, enduring as though from the solid rock
thou wert hewn;
Heaven's ordained tomb of earth's priceless,
gems, by martyrs given;
Embalmed in thee, their work is wrought silently
as by leaven.

Carried thus from age to age, truth unfolds, develops,
saves;
And though from the selfishness of man, angry waves
may rise,
Restless o'er the world sweeping, though crushed
it never dies;
Raised with strength added to, with power always
increased,
Is the gem principle when from its rest with
truth released.
Earnestly, then, may each thought on thy fair
pages be given,
Revealing light from our kindred, the bright
angels of heaven.

Divine is thy lovely mission, thou DOVE! emblem
of peace;
Oh! bring hope to the despairing, joy to the
sorrowing,
Veneration only for the pure, true, and the
loving;
Eternal thy reward then, after earth's labors
release.

Haunted Houses.

THE SANDFORD GHOST.

From the Wildfire Club, By Emma Hardinge Britten.

In Europe, the existence of a house which bears an "evil report" (as the phrase goes) is of such common occurrence, that a large town or suburb without such an appendage is the exception, not the rule. We need not, of course, attempt to analyze the claims of such mansions to their horrific reputation, but making due allowance for the tendency of human nature to exaggerate, we have in all ages too many incontrovertible evidences of spiritual manifestations attaching to certain localities, to need proof or justify the doubt that wood and stone can act as mediums for the manifestations of disembodied spirits. I do not mean now to defend or illustrate this position. I make it as an assertion, and proceed to quote one of the few cases in point, which has come under my own immediate cognizance, less to add my drop to the ocean of testimony than to form a basis for the remarks which are to follow.

It is now some thirty years ago since my mother (then a young unmarried girl) went to reside with her parents at the small collegiate town of Tiverton, in Devonshire, England. It was summer time, and during her first evening in the place, she remarked with surprise the immense throng of carriages which woke up the echoes of the quiet, secluded square in which she resided, all passing one way, and seemingly crowding forth at one especial hour. Upon inquiry, she learned that her host (a doctor, and the mayor of the town) was going to join the throng, and that the object of the assemblage (of whom the principal portion were *clergymen* of the Episcopal church) was to proceed to the village of Sandford, some four or five miles distant, there, in solemn and reverend conclave, to spend the night in a certain haunted house, for the purpose of "*laying the ghost*." The "*trouble*" which attached itself to the house in question was of several years' standing, and consisted in the most unaccountable noise—the opening of doors, the pattering of footsteps, knockings, ringings of bells, and divers similar annoyances. The house had been occupied by various tenants, none of whom had found courage to endure these unwelcome accompaniments of their domestic privacy; finally, after the owner of the property had exhausted every resource in fruitless efforts to detect the origin of the disturbances, he had induced a family to occupy it rent free, in the hope of outliving the nuisance.

Thus it was at the time when my mother's family first made its acquaintance; the haunted house presented the appearance of a country store, or what is

called in England a general shop. The noises, however, were so perpetual and incessant, that the villagers passing in open day could distinctly hear the poundings, as the papers of the day described them, going on "incessantly like the tap of a shoemaker's hammer." After night-fall, as may be imagined, the timid and superstitious inhabitants of the place dared not venture within the ghost-ridden precincts, while doctors, divines, lawyers, and politicians assembled nightly to hold colloquies with the invisible breakers of the public peace.

I am not so fortunate as to possess any published record at present of the doings and sayings of the "*Sanford ghost tribunal*;" but I have read them in the papers of the day, and from the evidence of my own relatives the details are familiar to me. It seems that when the ghost-layers were assembled in midnight conclave, the order of the session was as follows: a large wooden table was placed in the center of a certain room which the ghost especially delighted to honor; round this table the gentlemen would seat themselves, and proceed to question the rapper in exactly the same manner as we use in our modern investigations.

For instance, several coins would be placed upon the table, and their number demanded, and distinctly given by the raps. The number of persons present, their ages, and (by the alphabet) a correct account of their several professions, were all points which could be rapped out with unfailing exactitude, and evidenced, even to these perplexed investigators, the presence of unseen *intelligence* of some kind. Through the medium of the raps, the sitters were informed that the agent was a *spirit*, a *female*, and one who had terminated a notoriously iniquitous career by a violent death some years since. These responses were invariable at every session, whoever was present, together with many other points of local interest to the inquirers. Now, it seems perfectly evident, that although the united wisdom of a neighborhood famous for its learning and piety, as is this nursery of students training for the church, could discover and pronounce, through the medium of the public press, that a mysterious and tremendous *imposture* existed somewhere, yet, for *three whole years*, (during which time the house perpetually changed inhabitants, and was subject to every possible scrutiny and search,) the origin of the said *imposture* was never brought to light. The mixture of willful ignorance and conservatism which prevailed in this inquiry one slight fact will evidence. A Mr. Colton, a clergyman of high reputation, and famous as the author of the celebrated *Lacon*, and many other works of science and genius, after having been most active

in the investigations of this matter, gave it as his opinion that "the mystery *never* would be *satisfactorily cleared up.*" What say the "big wigs" then? Why, even this: that the said Mr. Colton (being what the New Englanders call a remarkably smart man) *might* be a ventriloquist, and in all probability was the actual author of the whole affair. Thereupon ensued a paper war between the aspersed divine and the editor of the leading Tiverton journal, the whole ending in Mr. Colton's departure for a foreign country, and the continuance of the disturbance with renewed vigor. Again, as a *material* cause for the nuisance *must be found*, the magnates pitched upon a poor soldier of somewhat questionable reputation, who had returned from the war, and was, with his parents, one of the free tenants of the obnoxious mansion.

To test the truth of this idea, the suspected impostor was subjected to rigorous surveillance, and finally spirited away out of the village on board a foreign war ship. But all was in vain; neither the absence of the learned scholar, nor the ignorant soldier, could affect the indomitable perseverance of the Sandford invisible. Over and over were her fantastic freaks demonstrated, until the harassed inhabitants of the possessed dwelling declared their intention of finally resigning their free quarters to their unwelcome co-tenants. Then it was that the *materiality* of the persecution seemed to have reached its height. The family of the shopkeeper was a large one, and among them one little girl, of about ten years old, seemed to suffer the most from the malevolence of the ghost. She often complained with annoyance, but no fear, of an ugly old woman, whom she could see in a corner of the room, making frightful grimaces at her. The parents declared before a magistrate that the child suffered much from this vision, and repeatedly called upon others to look at what seemed to her too palpable to be unseen by any one else. Now, when it one day happened that this very same child was found dead upon the hearthstone of the haunted room, the excitement which had floated like a flying gust around the neighborhood broke out into a perfect hurricane, and although a coroner's jury found a verdict that the child had come to its death from burning,—but whether by fire or lightning there was no evidence to show,—the awe-struck Sandfordites could not be persuaded that any other agent than the demoniac vision so often encountered and described by the little victim had thus finally accomplished her destruction. This calamity, however, determined the instant removal of the family, which, even after the child's death, was delayed by the following circumstance: The matron of the

house was unexpectedly confined, and the doctor, at whose house my mother and family were staying, was called upon to attend her. It was of course necessary to procure a nurse, and Dr. G. complained bitterly that the superstition of the neighbors prevented the poorest of the females from entering the dreaded mansion in that capacity. Having at length succeeded in obtaining the necessary attendant from a long distance from the scene of terror, he concluded the accouchement would proceed in all due form. Not so, however; the new nurse seemed to be as especial a subject for the malevolence of the invisibles as the deceased child; for she, having been put to sleep for convenience in the haunted room itself, at once became the target of an incessant species of persecution. She was not permitted to rest day or night; and as the climax to her torment, the doctor was summoned one morning to attend her, and found her confined to her bed from the effects of bruises, which covered her whole body with blue and black marks, and which she solemnly affirmed, in the presence of a magistrate, she had received during the night from an invisible hand, which she felt, but could not see, violently belaboring her with what seemed to her to feel like "a stone." When at length her cries for help, aroused the other inmates of the house, the hand was withdrawn, and she and her terrified assistants distinctly heard a bumping sound, as of a large stone moving by its own volition across the room and out at the door. Now, my authority for this incident, the worthy and venerable doctor himself, bore testimony to the pitiable condition and bruised limbs and body of this woman, adding, "It is a dreadful but actual fact, that she whom I sent to that house, one week ago, a hale, hearty, and very stout countrywoman, is now a miserably emaciated-looking object, worn away to a very shadow; and it would be positive murder to keep her there one hour longer." The next incident which attaches to a residence in this terrible abode took place at the sale of the furniture, which ensued the very first hour that the mother of the family became convalescent. The auctioneer, who was intimately acquainted with my grandfather and mother, related to them, that as he was making an inventory of the goods in the dreaded room itself, (but in broad daylight, be it remembered,) an old lady entered the room, and, without noticing him, proceeded to open and systematically rummage a wardrobe which stood near him. The auctioneer, deeming it to be one of the elder members of the family, made no remark for some time; at length he was summoned to partake of the family dinner, and left the room and the old

lady still busy at her occupation. Concluding, however, that she was about to follow, he entered the dining-room, took his own seat, and courteously placed another for his late companion.

On being questioned why he did so, he replied, it was for the old lady in the next room, who was coming to dinner; but he soon found that the family was all assembled, and that they had no knowledge of any such person as he described, except as identifying her with the visions which had so tormented the poor deceased child.

After this the house remained tenantless for many months, yet still the visitations continued. At a considerable distance from the place the rappings could be heard both night and day; lights were often seen flashing through the deserted rooms at night, and, it was added, *figures* also. On one occasion the workmen who were employed by the owner of the property to rip up the boards and examine the walls were occupied in the haunted chamber, when a missile, of some kind not discovered, was thrown within an inch of one of their heads, passing from the outer window through the chamber and out at another window, with such extreme nicety that the height and breadth of the holes in the two windows were found to correspond to a hair's breadth; they were, moreover, as round as a bullet, and, until the house fell into decay and the whole of the windows were broken, the one window with its mathematically formed hole was viewed with equal awe and curiosity by admiring passengers. At length it was found impossible to procure men who would work in the house at all. The invisible hammers were drumming around them, unaccountable voices shouting in their ears; and dangerous missiles being perpetually projected from unseen hands, made their labors not only most repugnant, but actually dangerous. In fine, although the papers blazed, the magistrates legislated, the owner tendered unheard-of rewards, divines prayed, and whole parties of martial heroes sat up during the livelong night, until they were fairly scared out by the sight of their own swords drawn and brandished above their heads, as they testified on oath, by an invisible agent, the mystery remained unsolved. The house fell into decay, abhorrence and oblivion; and unless the manifestations of modern spiritualism can throw a light on the subject, I cannot pretend otherwise to explain away any of the mysteries of which I have become the mere narrator from sources whose veracity is as unquestionable as truth itself.

What I would infer from this Sandford ghost affair is simply this; First, that it corresponds in every particular

with the manifestations of the last ten years in this country; and secondly, that in this, as in all other instances which have sufficient warranty to claim our attention, the instances where wood and stone are proved to be mediums for the manifestations of spirits are almost invariably those where the life principle has been recklessly wasted. I speak not now of such demonstrations as were exhibited in the case of Dr. Phelp's family. The presence of one or two strong physical force mediums was there clearly evidenced; nor were the manifestations confined, as in the case of "haunted houses," to one locality, but, I repeat, where the latter is the case, we never fail to find a violent death associated with the traditionary character of the house.

Nor need we in this confound the effect of a superstitious remembrance of such a fact with the philosophical cause which *may* exist for such manifestations—causes which my spirit friends explain to me as follows: Every thing that has life has medium power. The vegetable, mineral, insect, and animal kingdoms are each and all, in their several capacities, sympathetic agents or conductors of that electric power which is to all creation what soul is to body, and spirit to soul. Neither does wood, stone, mineral, or vegetable substance lose its electric power by the act which severs it from the parent rock, tree, or stem. The diamond grows in the mine but not in the ring; the tree expands in its native soil, but contracts and decays in the floor, bench, or table. The life principle is severed with its own severance from the root or rock which gave it birth; but even in decay the vital principle of creation, electricity, still lingers, and while there, attracts in a greater or less degree such objects as come within the sphere of its magnetism. In our still very imperfect knowledge of the wonderful agencies of electricity and magnetism, we are unable to determine correctly how far inanimate substances may act as conductors, or what vast magnetic results may yet be discovered from combinations hitherto undreamed of. The scientific world is yet in its infancy; and as our interior sight begins to open, and the belief in spirit materiality and connection with the grosser elements of nature begins to dawn upon us, we learn to place magnetism at the helm and electricity at the tiller when we venture forth into the broad ocean of philosophical discovery to which the science of spirit communion seems to point the way, and no longer smile with sovereign contempt at the mysteries of "crystals and divining cups," or treat as altogether ridiculous the idea that prevailed among the orders of ancient priesthoods, namely: that the scientific combinations of metallic substan-

ces and precious stones were consequential in creating that sphere by which they professed to hold communion with the world of spirits. Be this as it may, the developments of the present century alone are sufficient evidence that an invisible intelligence—one whose main characteristic is its identity with the departed of earth—is now among us, *does* hold communion with humanity, and *does* hold that communion through the medium of some quality, as prevalent in some organizations as it is essentially lacking in others.

The favorite theory of *religious* spiritualists, or those in whom the ideal rather than the philosophical prevails, is, that this medium power depends mainly on the quality and character of the *mind*; but every day experience proves this view of the case to be fallacious. The pure naturally affinitize with the pure—that is an axiom none can deny; hence we do not look for the degrading communications of vice and infamy through the lips of a pure medium.

In another place I shall show that, though such an anomaly may occur, it is almost impossible that it should be of frequent occurrence; yet do we find upon incontrovertible evidence, the fact that spirit manifestations are more or less regulated by organism, health, weather, magnetic influences, and many other causes of a purely external nature. Thus is it, then, say my spirit friends, that the magnetism of a certain spirit, being still correspondential with his magnetism while in the form, seeks out and can communicate with infinitely more facility through a medium whose magnetism forms a satisfactory battery, whereby the electric telegraph of mind may be worked. We are all familiar with instances in which a spirit in strong affinity with some beloved earth-friend has yet been unable to find one among many mediums of *opposite* developments whom he could control sufficiently to convey one message, even although he might satisfactorily express another. In the matter of haunted houses, however, the spirit informs me that the emanations which proceed from themselves, when they, in perishing violently, are in a still earthly or humanitarian condition, are so gross and imbued still so entirely with the earth's affinities that they cling to the place of their departure, and attaching to the wood or stone where they first emanate from the broken casket of humanity, form a medium of itself, whereby, on subsequent occasions, they can return and manifest their presence without any additional human mediatorial exhalation.

When, in addition to this provision, derived in fact from the wasted oil of their own life principle, the spirits of the

murdered dead have engraved on their souls the form of an evil life, and their earthly affinities in consequence are of an unusually gross and earthly tendency, their love of such manifestations may be understood; and although we have nothing in modern Spiritualism to justify the vulgar superstition that the spirits of evil doers, especially when they have endured a violent death, *are doomed* to return to the scene of their last agony in retributive unrest, we can still comprehend why *esrs* natures delight in such gross manifestations—why their evil propensities attract them back to a sphere far more in affinity with evil than the progressive life of the spheres; and by accepting and following out my very imperfect attempt to show wherein a house or locality may be made a medium for spirit manifestations, even through the emanations of a death in the midst of life, I think philosophers will find no difficulty in accounting for the singular phenomena presented by what is called haunted houses.

The Doves.

[Written for the CARRIER DOVE.]

Dear friend of the sunny slopes, far in the west,
Do you know how in Spring-time my glad heart was
blest?

Some generous soul, whom I never may know—
Though I feel 'twas some angel who dwells here below,—

Wafted silently to me love's sweetest surprise,
A nest of white doves, how they gladdened my eyes!

Five CARRIER DOVES! their sweet messages bore
From dwellers of earth, and the shining shore;
Can you see with what wonder and joyful surprise
I clasped the sweet birdlings with beautiful eyes
And white, shining wings that soar o'er the tide
To bear tokens of love to the friends far and wide,

Bestowing rare blessings wherever they go,
And helping to lift the great burden of woe,
Making heavy hearts lighter, and drying hot tears,
That have welled up in silence, thro' error's long
years?

For *bright wings*, bathed in sunlight, and sparkling
with dew,
Are a herald of strength, from the good and the true.

Oh, can you imagine, how fondly I gazed
On my *beautiful birdlings*, like one half amazed,
As each one I questioned, who sent you to me?
What dear loving spirit, Oh, who could it be?
But they heed not my questions, these messengers
wise,
So I'll think 'twas the editress' *sweetest surprise*,

And welcome them home to my quiet retreat.
Where dear, loving spirits in harmony meet.
Come again, when the twilight distils drops of dew,
And I'll sing you sweet songs, so tender and true,
I'll charm you with melodies, fresh from the skies,
That silently come, from the good and the wise.

Oh, *beautiful DOVE*, come again to my nest,
And listen to songs that my spirit loves best
And know *precious DOVE*, the grand thoughts that you
bring
Are like the rich fragrance and sweet flowers of
spring,

So we bid you Godspeed in your mission of love,
And wait the return of *sweet CARRIER DOVE*.

MRs. F. E. ROGERS, Sterling, Ill.

Crumbs for the Dove.

BY A GLEANER.

A lady, Miss Perayaslavsteff by name, is Director of the Sebastopol Zoological Station.

Signora Rabenstein has received the highest honors which can be awarded by the German School of Philosophy.

Isabel T. Lublin, scholar and medalist, University College, London, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society.

It is said that women, poor things, are very weak minded, and that an all-wise Providence made them so, in order that man might have a suitable companion. *H. H. Gardiner.*

An eminent physician is reported as having said that many lives are lost by starvation, owing to an overestimate of the nutritive value of beef-tea and meat juices. In typhus and typhoid fevers, he says, there is no good substitute for milk and eggs.

The true man desires a companion, as well as a sexual mate, and he finds his want in the woman of a well-matured brain, with its mental expressions rounded and elevated by culture, not in the merely sensuous, capricious, uninformed, unaspiring and uninspiring kitchen drudge, or listless exhibitor of the costumer's art.—*Phrenological Journal.*

The *Dublin Medical Press*, of a recent date, says: Last week, the first lady student who has entered the School of the Irish College of Surgeons took her place among her male *confreres* quietly, and as one of themselves. The occasion was Mr. Thornley Stoker's anatomical lecture, and we are glad to say that the class made it obvious that they were gentlemen by their reception of the lady.

When witch-craft was believed in, both in Europe and America, and millions of innocent women were put to death in the most agonizing forms on the charge of being in league with the devil, the church and the state went to the inspired "word of God," and there found (in Exodus xxii, 15) the warrant which armed them for their bloody work: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."—*A. B. Bradford.*

Once a year, on the third Thursday in January, Sorosis gives a reception and dinner at Delmonico's, to which gentlemen are invited, and in the exercises of which they participate. The dinner given by Sorosis, and the then "Press" Club, of New York, unitedly, seventeen years ago, was the first great public dinner at which women ever sat down upon equal terms with men, paying their own way, and sharing the honors and the

exercises; and the dinners given by Sorosis, upon which occasions the gentlemen have been the guests of the ladies, have been the largest ever given by any associative body in New York city, testing the capacity of the great banqueting hall beyond reasonable limits, and gathering men as well as women distinguished in every walk of life.—*Demorest's Monthly Magazine.*

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

It does not pay to have fifty working-men poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money. It does not pay to keep six thousand men in the penitentiaries and hospitals and one thousand in the lunatic asylum, at the expense of the honest, industrious tax-payers, in order that a few rich capitalists may grow richer by the manufacture of whisky.—*Exchange.*

Robert G. Ingersoll tells the following story: There was a Jewish gentleman who went into a restaurant, and the devil whispered in his ear, "Eat some bacon." He knew it was wrong; he knew that there was nothing so apt to incite the wrath of Jehovah, nothing better calculated to corrugate the brows of the Infinite than to see a Jew eat bacon. He knew too that the Infinite eaves-dropper was noticing. But his appetite got the better of his conscience (as it often has with the most of us), and he ate that bacon. When he went into that restaurant the sky was as blue as the heart of June, and when he came out the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud and the earth trembled beneath the voice of thunder. He rushed back, his face white with alarm, and leaning over the counter, said: "My God! did you ever see such a fuss about a little piece of bacon?"

A fortnightly journal has been started under imperial auspices in Germany, which is announced as under the direct patronage of the Empress Augusta, and as having her "fullest sympathy." It is called *Emanzipirte*, and it advocates emancipation from "all the obsolete customs which place women upon a lower plane than men;" emancipated from the "ignoble presumption that they are only the playthings of men," and not fitted to be "true helpmeets in the earnest affairs of life;" emancipated from the superstition that women "are not born for the noblest aims of mankind;" and, finally, emancipated from the "un-

terably low opinion that spinsters are less worthy of respect than other women." It has been addressed particularly to the wives and women relatives of army officers. "This is remarkable," the *English Woman's Review* comments, "considering the public to which it appeals." It is issued from the Imperial Book-shop (Konigliche Hofbuchhandlung) 43, Unter der Linden, Berlin. The price is three marks (seventy-five cents) a quarter.

Items from *The World's Advance-Thought.*

The very ones who denounce their fellows for lack of faith are the ones who reject a higher faith that is fortified at all points with external proofs. We can understand why materialists will not be Christians, but we cannot understand why Christians will not be Spiritualists.

The world is benefitted beyond expression by spiritual truths given through entranced mediums; but exalted spiritual intelligences would rather have such truths go forth from the souls of mortals direct. When the Soul Cycle is fairly entered, the flowers of inspiration will be among the common products of the open fields, instead of being, as now, the rare exotics of carefully guarded conservatories.

That within late months a Power has been at work eliminating the elements of materialism from "Spiritualism" will not be questioned by those who have watched the changing currents of thought. Phenomena alone cannot and never were intended to spiritualize the nature. The greatest physical wonder-workers have been the most benighted races of earth. But let phenomena come as accompaniments of high and holy aspirations, and then how grand and satisfying they shall be!

THE CARRIER DOVE.—The number for the current month contains four portraits: Joseph Simms, M. D., T. B. Clark, Mrs. S. F. Breed, and Mrs. Col. Hatch and Spirit Friends; a brief biography accompanies each portrait. Miss Shelhamer's excellent story, "Crowded Out," reaches the close of its sixth chapter, and a point of interest that evinces the author's growing skill as a writer of fiction, which in this instance we opine, is not altogether "a made-up story." A review is given of the recent campmeeting at Oakland, of which it is remarked that "the audience throughout were remarkable for their intelligence, good order, respectful and earnest attention, and a hearty and enthusiastic reception of the truths given." The closing address of the guides of Mr. Colville at the camp is given in this issue, its subject being, "Liberty for Man, Woman, and Child." Published at 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal.—*Banner of Light.*

True Spiritualism.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

Upon every side, among all religious sects, and in all countries is arising an earnest inquiry as to the significance, aim, and influence of this new light that has so recently dawned upon our world, and it is necessary that those questions should receive thoughtful and intelligent replies, and upon those of us whose lives have been blessed with a glimmering of its divine import rests the obligation. Let us separate ourselves from the cloud of opposition and antagonistic influences that so nearly envelope us, and meet them with earnest, honest, and willing responses. It is perfectly natural and highly reasonable that these phenomena, pregnant with such innumerable blessings for every soul who will place itself in a condition to receive them, should thus appeal to the hearts of humanity, for as superstition and ignorance, the barriers to spiritual progress, are gradually yielding to the progressive influence of this dawning age of free thought and unrestricted reason, unfolding leaf by leaf our hitherto hidden possibilities and soul cravings after true knowledge and enduring pleasures, so do higher and deeper aspirations take their place. To all honest inquirers we wish to reply as intelligently and satisfactorily as possible, not allegorically nor in mythological hieroglyphics, nor upon the imperfect testimony of unreliable authority, but in the broad, beautiful and intelligible "mother tongue" of eternal, self-evident truth.

WHAT IS MODERN SPIRITUALISM?

Ah, my dear brother and sister! to enumerate all its inestimable blessings, both temporal and eternal, that it bestows upon humanity would exceed the ability and eloquence of the highest Archangel and consume the vast unnumbered eons of eternity, for it embraces all of spiritual truth in its incomprehensible infinitude, that is without beginning and without end. We are now only in our spiritual alphabet, only lisping the keynote of Nature's grandest orations that shall swell and resound, echoing and re-echoing throughout all infinite time and space, growing more and more beautiful, its harmonious strains more intensely joyous and soul satisfying as we progress in the knowledge and understanding of its glorious symphonies. But of our slight understanding we gladly contribute. Do not confound our divine spiritual philosophy with that spurious article that brings reproach upon the genuine, that counterfeits, that assumes the character of fortune-telling, of locating buried treasures and pointing out unreliable means of more rapid accumulation of wealth, or that descends to the

level of furnishing amusement and entertainment for curious, low-minded people, or to in any way further the sensual, groveling pleasures of depraved, unprogressed minds. That element that is counted a "nameless horror," a foe to morality, an advocate of free lust, a destroyer of the peace and happiness of the marital relations; in fact, a "thing" to be shunned and avoided, and any attempt to defend from disgrace its sacred name brings a shadow of reproach upon your pathway! Oh, that I could in "one fell swoop" remove the scales from your sealed eyes, wrench the manacles from your enslaved minds, dispel the clouds that overhang your intellect and the prejudice from your otherwise warm and genial hearts, and place before you in all its true loveliness and purity this gem of spiritual enlightenment that supplies life and joy eternal to every soul who will accept it.

Modern Spiritualism reveals a knowledge of the immortality of the soul, its possibilities and its glorious destiny! It opens the doors between the seen and the unseen and establishes reliable lines of loving communication between them, for our comfort and our assistance, restoring to our rejoicing hearts our dearly loved ones, and demonstrating beyond a doubt that there is no death! When our happy hearts have unreservedly accepted these heavenly messengers as our own loved ones (instead of evil spirits that are come to deceive, as is so erroneously believed by many), then we eventually credit the intelligence they bring. They not only reveal the future life to which the majority of human beings are blindly hastening, but they tell us how to live, that we may not only glean the greatest benefit and innocent enjoyment from this life, but that we may secure the highest possible spiritual attainments with which to commence our celestial activities.

WHAT IT TEACHES.

Spiritualism tells us that just as we are spiritually, intellectually and morally when we leave this world, do we begin the next, our individualities remaining unchanged. All of our desires and ambitions for progressive pleasure will be abundantly gratified and eternally perpetuated! It urges upon us the necessity of cultivating fraternal and unselfish love toward our fellow man, and demonstrates the great need for the unfoldment of all our virtues and attributes, and the uprooting of our vices and carnal propensities for the more successful and rapid growth of soul powers. It lifts the soul from the sordid groveling pleasures and ambitions of earthly experiences to a higher and happier scale of progressive enjoyment. It removes your feet from the inconsistent and perishable founda-

tion of "vicarious atonement," and places them upon the abiding rock of individual responsibility, and reveals to your entranced vision the broad, beautiful and blossoming highway of spiritual unfoldment that leads to the celestial realms of eternal bliss! It places before you for your guide and encouragement, in indelible characters, the eternal law of compensation, yielding, as you conquer the numerous enemies to spiritual progression, a corresponding reward, each conquest being an additional rung gained in the flower garland ladder of spiritual achievements. It appeals to all that is good and magnanimous in mankind, to the angel side of his nature, instead of compelling him through fear to preserve the outward semblance of morality and virtue. It does away with the fear of an infinite punishment for a finite error. It warms the heart, and stimulates the desires of its members with a knowledge of that perfect love that casteth out fear, and proves itself a magnet drawing all hearts toward the great center of life and infinite love. It snaps asunder the cords that long have bound our mental powers, and restores them to the full liberty and light that is their rightful dower. It destroys the sting and dread of that king of terrors, death, bestowing upon it instead, the office of a kindly, loving hand, and draws apart the silken drapery veiling the visible from the invisible world, admitting the weary, longing spirit to its eternal home. It transforms this world from a scene of seemingly aimless efforts and useless suffering into a joyous infant class, where the children of earth are receiving necessary discipline, preparatory to entering upon these higher joys that surely await every enlightened soul. It crowns this brief existence with all the realities and responsibilities of eternity, of which vast inconceivable future it is a fraction. In fact it is a means of instruction and joy to its happy followers from their earliest intelligence until they drop this material body, emerging from their chrysalis condition (clothed in far more beautiful and intensely refined bodies), into the highly intensified enjoyment of the bright summer land.

This is but a brief synopsis of the innumerable blessings to mortal man contained in this rapidly developing spiritual science, for it is really the science of life, temporal and eternal. There are still innumerable legions unmentioned and undiscovered. Day by day and hour by hour are springing up new and more beautiful blossoms, adding beauty and sweet perfume to our progressive pathway. I know that like all new discoveries and revelations, many obstacles must be overcome. Its standard bearer must bravely meet the missiles of the enemy, but protected and upheld within

and without by eternal trust and the assistance of the invisible host we will go on to victory.

DUTY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Fellow Spiritualists, I appeal to you. Upon us rests a great responsibility. By our lives, as well as by lip service, should we be able to refute and overthrow these obstacles that have defamed the fair name and impeded the more rapid progress of our glorious philosophy! It is time that we shake off this lethargic, inactive and lukewarm indifference, and with our loins girded anew, and wearing the complete armor of spiritual warfare, which is all the virtues combined, we should go forth amid the vivid flash and the deafening roar of our enemies' artillery and rescue from its present oppressed condition this glorious cause we have so unreservedly and lovingly espoused, and elevate our glorious banner bearing the high, mighty, and invincible principles of this eternal truth, unfurling it to a world of misguided and falsely taught human souls! By our deeds will this philosophy be measured. The world is turning to us for the evidence we offer either for condemnation or vindication of its aim and import. See to it that this glorious name and cause of Spiritualism suffer not at our hands, but let us by truly progressive lives place this celestial luminary above all others, that its effulgent life-giving rays may enter every heart and home, bringing peace, love, joy, and hope to every brother and sister whose footsteps like ours are tending to the vast, invisible, eternal Beyond.

The CARRIER DOVE for October contains an interesting biographical sketch, with portrait, of Andrew Jackson Davis, from the able pen of W. N. Slocum. It also contains an excellent address on "Practical Spiritualism," by the editress, together with much other interesting matter.—*Golden Gate.*

Campmeeting season is in full blast now, and this story, fresh from a meeting in the mountains, is in order: A very eloquent exhorter was holding forth on the sin of neglecting religion. "What is it, brethren and sisters," he said, "that you neglect when you neglect religion? Why, it's the salvation of your souls. You think murder is a great sin? Well, so it is. You think stealing is a great sin? So it is, sure enough. You think bearing false witness is a great sin? So it is. But I tell you, my brethren and sisters, if you neglect religion, that is the greatest sin of all. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you!" And a shout of "Hallelujah!" rose from the congregation.—*The Index.*

Is All for the Best?

BY ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE.

I certainly see no proof that a higher power has anything to do with our destiny. Neither can I argue myself into the idea that everything is for the best or that everything is all right. There may, however, be the element of a truth in that view. The volcanoes, glaciers, etc., were, in the past history of our globe, best for the greater perfection of the earth, tending to its subsequent physical improvement; yet the then-existing animals, victimized by these convulsions, might not have regarded the same as best for them individually.

Considered as a method of progress by an *Almighty* God, it was a poor one; but if it was Nature's only way, it was "all for the best," because the best she could do under the circumstances. It would, however, have been better for the comfort of the poor animals and men, if there were such, could they have been out of the way during these violent geographical changes.

I think it is just so with the human world. Think of the early men—scarcely human—hiding in caves, suffering and dying because of their dense ignorance and weakness! What a spectacle—retreating forehead, hideous face, eating men's flesh, having barely a spark of the human soul! Were these conditions the best for them? No; but it was the best nature could do for them. Progress is as inevitable to the human as to the physical world. But the mental and moral earthquakes and avalanches, the suffering, the sorrow, the tearing and rending of the soul! Yet, as in the physical parallel, it is nature's method whereby the race grows; it is the best for future generations. There is a constant effort to escape from these evils, begotten by seeing and feeling suffering, which imparts a desire to remove its causes. Every soul has within itself the germ of a remedy, impulses of growth throbbing in every individual.

Take, for instance, the great, growing, curse of this generation—monopoly. How it grinds down the poor, making them poorer, while wealth concentrates in fewer channels. I often ask myself Is this for the best? Yes; eventually it will so prove; for thereby Labor will be compelled to organize, with co-operation as a natural result. [This was written fifteen years ago, when labor organization were in numbers not one per cent of what they are to-day.—A. C.] From this very suffering, from necessity, from the self-saving principle, this will come; and so this gigantic evil monopoly will be, for the *whole* race or future races, "all for the best" or "all right;" but for the

sufferers now it is not either best or right.

This view, however, often comforts me; inasmuch as I am, with others, through our suffering, helping to lay down mental and moral geological strata on which a future race may live, flourish, and enjoy.

If this view, dear reader, will comfort you or myself, will aid in reconciling us to our lot, or will give us more courage in our efforts to remove the causes of such conditions, the writing of this article will be "all for the best." We need all the comfort derivable from philosophy or from any other source to reconcile us to what, no matter how much of "the best" there may be in it for others, has for us individually neither good, better, or best.

MOTHERS, fathers! Cultivate after-supper talk, play after-supper games, keep after-supper books; take all the good newspapers and magazines you can afford and read them aloud after supper. Let your boys and girls bring their friends home with them at twilight, sure of a pleasant and hospitable welcome and of a good time after supper, and you can laugh to scorn all the temptations which town or village can set before them to draw them away from home for their evenings.

To Henry B. Allen and Wife.

BY MRS. F. E. ROGERS.

Over the shadows and over the sunbeams
Life in its grandeur is waiting for thee,
Beautiful buds and sprays of sweet blossoms
Bloom on the banks of the emerald sea.
A beautiful vision comes over my senses;
Oh! had I the language to portray the view;
It seems like a picture, so vivid and life-like,
'Tis a home of rare beauty that's waiting for you.

When you have finished the work here assigned you,
Gathered the treasures you surely have earned,
Gems of rare value will gleam in that picture,
When the hard lesson of life you have learned.
True to yourself and the dear, loving angel
That fate seems so kindly to place by your side,
Strewing life's path with the dew of affection,
Subduing the waves of time's restless tide.

Together I see you climb onward and upward,
Supporting each other and guarding from harm,
Adding rich shades to that beautiful picture
By unselfish deeds that possess a rare charm.
And while your great soul would encompass the needy,
You must not forget to be just to your own,
For charity's mantle ever must cover
The few and the faithful, who've labored and sown

That others may reap and enjoy a rich harvest,
Where *something* for *nothing* they reach to obtain,
While the gold they are clutching will prove in the
future

A "millstone" in place of the wealth they might gain—
Dear Brother and sister, toil on for the angels,
As over the hills and the valleys you roam,
Bearing my love and the beautiful picture
Ever with you till you reach the bright home.

STERLING, Ills., August 23, 1886.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITRESS: Your Dove fluttered down on my door step unexpectedly but not unwelcomed. It is a spiritual feast for which I thank you. I am well aware *thanks* do not keep any paper running—that it takes gold and plenty of it. I hope I will be able to subscribe again, or send for some of the books; they are full of noble sentiments—just what one would look for from such a noble and large heart as yours. May you ever be blest with loving friends and means enough to carry out your generous plans. I have been thinking of how much good a person can do when they try. I am often pained when reading some of our spiritual journals at the unkind and spiteful things said about different persons. Let us all try to overcome prejudice, forget faults, cherish the good and true, that our souls may grasp higher, grander truths. Let us cultivate charity until we become so broad and pure that no thoughts can come that would wound or hurt another. The reason the majority of people are more ready to condemn than to extend a friendly hand to their fellow-men, even in Christian churches, is because they have but little spirituality. By cultivating more spirituality we become charitable, make better teachers, better examples for others to follow, and so attain to the highest life possible on earth. A large field of usefulness to suffering humanity would suit me better than sitting on the right hand of God, with a crown on my head and clothed in rich lace and fine linen. No such heaven for me; give me work, and plenty of it, for the good of my fellow-creatures, until my own and every other soul has conquered *self*. There will be time enough to talk about gold-paved streets, crowns, and harps when we have *earned them*. This will not be done by sitting in cushioned pews praising God one day out of seven, but by going out among the thorns and briars, armed with the pruning knife and scissors, making conditions for the sweet roses of human love and sympathy to blossom everywhere, until earth becomes a fragrant and beautiful garden. No one should sit in heaven until every soul is redeemed, neither do I believe they can; therefore, let us as mortals and spirits work for the redemption of mankind. Yours fraternally,

MRS. MARY E. BARKER.

San Jose, Cal.

WE are preparing an extra holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE which will make a fine specimen copy for the use of canvassers and agents. Send in your orders early and we will try to have them ready about Christmas.

Extract From a Private Letter.

I believe more and more in the goodness and sweetness of woman as I grow older, and am more and more impressed with the importance of emancipating her from civil disability and the mental thralldom of the clergy. Let us all work for that glorious consummation. O how I hope I may live to see the venerable matron, the happy young mother, with her child in her arms, the blushing maiden of eighteen and the level headed lady called "the old maid," all depositing their ballots in the box, to offset those cast by the unthinking and the immoral masses of the other sex. We will never solve the social and moral questions till the ballot is placed in the hands of lovely woman. Wronged and robbed as she has been in all the ages by divine proclamation and the brutality of man, she is yet to be the savior of the race. When she votes, the question of the hereditary transmission of disease and diabolism will be solved; the question of overpopulation will be solved; the question of drunkenness will be solved; the abuse of girls and women by brutal ruffians will find an adequate punishment (for lynching is all too mild a punishment); and the "divine" fiat, coupled with the Christian law, that compels a married pair to have twelve children, when they can support and educate but two, will find itself relegated to the rubbish of the dark ages.

As to the Spiritualists, they are infidels to the old mythologies. For that I honor them. They are the opponents of priest-craft, and I honor them for that. They are inquirers and workers in the great fields of progression, and they are generally moral and liberal people. Hence they are a formidable division of the great army that is trampling underfoot the frauds, the superstitions and the barbarities of the past and marching onward to a better haven of rest for the race.

Yours in all good works,

J. R. MONROE.

THE CARRIER DOVE, gives in its issue for the current month portraits and biographies of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Sarah Seal, Colonel D. M. Fox and Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, all of whom are well known to Spiritualists as efficient workers in the field. There is also a picture and sketch of a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Morton Pease Fox, who, though but in his thirteenth year, gives promise of doing good service in the temperance reform. A lecture by Mr. Colville, a new chapter of Miss Shelhamer's story, and a variety of other instructive and entertaining articles are also given. Published at 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal.—*Banner of Light*.

There is no Death.

OAKLAND, CAL., September 24, 1886.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: After hearing W. J. Colville give impromptu inspirational poems, I one day thought I would try my hand at writing an impromptu poem, taking the first subject that presented itself to my mind, and writing without study or premeditation; and the following is the result. The subject is a hackneyed one, and I cannot claim anything striking or original in the thought expressed; but it was written right along without any effort, and if as an impromptu you deem it worthy of consideration it is at your service.

Affectionately your friend and sister,
ELLA WILSON.

There is no death. The pearly gates of morn
Swing open wide to usher in the brightening day,
When laughing hours, from all night's terrors shorn,
Go lightly tripping up the shining way;
So, from earth's terrors and from its darkest night,
Death opens wide to let the soul pass through
To realms of blissful rest, and radiance bright
Of happier days, and scenes and lessons new.

There is no death. The friends who've gone before
'Mid brighter, happier scenes are living yet;
And in their joy they love us even more
Than here they could, amid earth's toil and fret.
They wait for us in that bright Summer Land,
Until we, too, shall pass Death's portals through,
And, with a joy too sweet to understand,
Life, youth and love eternally renew.

There is no death. Then, Soul, lift up thine heart;
No more in sadness and in gloom despond;
Let this glad thought new hopefulness impart,
Though hopeless here, there is a hope beyond,
And joy for grief, and rest for care and pain,
In generous mete shall then be fully thine;
And what on earth seems loss, shall be eternal gain,
As on our way we press toward the Light Divine.

Lines of Beauty.

It is our sacred duty
To seek for lines of beauty
Upon each earthly face,
For the divine in all the race.

These lines of light may for a time
Be rusted o'er by sin and crime,
But wishes for a better name
Will change them to a holy flame.

MARTHA J. WRIGHT.

"I hope, Johny," said the Sunday school teacher to her new scholar, "that your parents are good Christians?"

"Well, ma is," replied Johnny, "an' pa used to be, but I guess he is a little out of practice now."—*Life*.

The October number of the CARRIER DOVE, seems to us to excell in *art* and in matter, any number yet published. It opens with a good likeness of Andrew Jackson Davis, as a frontispiece. From this we discover that the seer, author and spiritual teacher grows still better looking with increasing years and ripeness. The next view is Mrs. Lena Clark Cooke, a born seeress and medium. This is followed by a life-like likeness of that well-known worker, Bishop A. Beals. The last picture is taken from one of Mumler's photographs, and represents Mrs. Lincoln and spirit friends. The matter consists, mainly of a synopsis of the life of Mr. Davis, Mrs. Cooke and Mr. Beals, and other interesting matter.—*The New Thought*.

The Carrier Dove.

Entered at the Postoffice at Oakland as Second-class Matter.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Spiritualism and Reform.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER.....Editor.

DR. L. SCHLESINGER, MRS. J. SCHLESINGER,
PUBLISHERS.

Each number will contain the Portraits and Biographical Sketches of prominent Mediums and Spiritual Workers of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere, and Spirit Pictures by our Artist Mediums. Also, Lectures, Essays, Poems, Spirit Messages, Editorial and Miscellaneous Items. All articles not credited to other source are written especially for the CARRIER DOVE.

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OUR AGENTS.

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J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

W. H. Terry, 84 Russel street, Melbourne, Australia.

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EUROPEAN AGENCY.—Sole agent, H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who will act as agent in England for the CARRIER DOVE during the absence of J. J. Morse. H. A. Kersey, the Progressive Literature agency, established 1878, as above, keeps on sale, and supplies to order all American books and periodicals.

REMEMBER we will send an elegantly bound volume of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886 to any person sending us four subscriptions at \$2.50 each. This is a valuable premium.

THE office of the *Light for Thinkers* has been removed from Atlanta, Georgia, to Chattanooga, Tennessee, and the paper comes out much improved in appearance. It is the leading journal devoted to Spiritualism published in the South.

DR. Stansbury, the celebrated slate writer, recently of San Jose, and Dr. Schlesinger, test medium, have been holding very successful seances at this office, 854½ Broadway. The slate writing tests in nearly every instance have proved very satisfactory. Whatever reflections may have been cast upon these demonstrations from any source whatever fall to the ground as of no value against the concurrent testimony of the great numbers of people who know they have received positive evidence of its genuineness under the strictest test conditions.

Another Thought on the Labor Trouble.

In an editorial with the above heading in the *Phrenological Journal* for October, we find the following sensible, truthful remarks:

"Pardon me, my industrious reader, if I refer to one element in these labor outbreaks that tends more than anything else to disturb the mental equilibrium of those engaged, and to make a strike, however just, a failure. That element is liquor drinking. I think that if the dram-shop could be kept out of the way, the case in which a strike would have a violent issue would be as rare as dog-wood blossoms in March. It is the heating, exciting drink that arouses the selfish instincts and passionate elements in the base of the brain to excessive activity, blunts the intellect, and stupifies the moral sentiment, in men who in a cool, self-conscious state would never think of doing violence to any. Oh, if we could only put the whisky-bottle and lager-beer keg beyond the reach of the working man, how much more competent he would be to consider the real questions of his relations to capital, and to society, and how much more power he would have as a political force. To the intelligent, self-controlling working men may belong the issues of the day. Organized well, prudent in their action, determined yet fair in their demands, what could they not obtain from the State, what would not society give them for their true advancement?"

The above remarks express a painful truth which has long been apparent to many who are deeply interested in the cause of the workingmen. Whisky is a greater tyrant than any capitalist, the saloon-keeper a harder hearted Shylock than any other oppressor of labor.

One Saturday night, while sitting by an open window overlooking a street in which were many saloons, an illustration of this fact was presented to us. Laboring men in groups of three, four, and even nine were passing in and out of these places. The first step inside was to the counter where stood a man with an open ledger before him in which was kept the records of *drinks* and *cigars*. Out of the scantily filled purse came the poor man's hard-earned wages and passed into the till of the bar-keeper. The click of the coin as it dropped could be distinctly heard, as the night was warm and windows and doors were opened. Even the customary screen was ajar in one place, through which we

obtained a view of the proceedings from our elevated position. As the living panorama passed along, there came another picture before our mental vision, of wives, mothers, and sisters in humble homes, toiling all day and looking forward to Saturday night when the wages of the husband, son, or brother would bring some needed comfort, and even indulging in anticipations of some trifling luxury they had made possible by strict economy and even deprivation in some other direction. Perhaps it was only a new pair of shoes for little Joe, or a new dress or needed school-book for Sue, or, possibly, in some home another little waif was expected and the prudent mother wished to prepare the little dainty garments, which, even if confined to a few delicate print or muslin dresses and cheap flannels, the hands of love would transform into things of beauty which would prove strangely fascinating to the mother's eyes as she saw in fancy the coming treasure in the outward habiliments. And we saw the patient toilers turn away with tear-dimmed eyes as they realized that the little pittance remaining would scarcely buy the necessary food another week, and that still greater economy must be practiced, other sacrifices must be made in order to barely live. Again would the pile of well-worn garments be brought out, and far into the night the angel of the home sits plying her needle, patching and darning, turning and remodeling old clothes whose usefulness would be best appreciated by the man who could convert them from paper-rags into paper-bags. Never before did the real curse of the dram-shop seem so palpable as on that Saturday night when we saw the wages of the toilers, which represented food, clothes, shelter, education, and all the requisites for the proper training and fitting for the duties of life of many little children, going into the coffers of the whisky-dealer, and all for—what? For poison, for disease and death; for evils and abuses many times resulting in crime and the life-long suffering of innocent families. *Not one single comfort, not one necessity of the physical, mental, or moral nature of man had been purchased with the coin which went into those coffers.* The demon of an uncontrolled appetite had

been fostered and strengthened until the weak victims were becoming less strong, manly, and noble, less capable of combatting the tyrant; and more surely was all that was grand and divine in their natures becoming obliterated until at last the *animal man* would be sole occupant of the temple wherein a God might dwell.

Mediumship, the Foundation.

It appears to us like a serious mistake on the part of anyone, to attempt to disparage mediumship. It certainly is the *foundation* upon which rests the whole spiritual structure. Destroy or undermine the *foundation* and down tumbles the most imposing edifice. There may be flaws and blemishes in the material of which it is composed, but if the *cement* be strong, pure, true, fraternal love it will penetrate all weak places and solidify and unite in one indestructible body all this material, and render it impervious to the storms or floods which may beat against it. We must have this cement or our temple will fall. If the builders persist in using the sharp edged tools of fault-finding, fraud-hunting and constant criticism, driving the cold chisel of suspicion and doubt into the foundation, they will greatly impare the solidity of the structure. Why not apply to mediums the rule established for the conduct of courts of justice regarding suspected criminals that, "*all men are considered innocent until proven guilty.*"

To Parents.

In this issue of the DOVE we have resumed the Children's Department which was omitted several months ago. It is our aim in this department to present spiritual truths in a manner easily to be comprehended by children. It is not necessary when there are so many beautiful, interesting and instructive books and magazines published, adapted to children, to give in this journal a repetition of similar instructions. What we desire is to familiarize the children with the spiritual world, the occupation and manner of living there as explained to us through seers and mediums. We want to eradicate all ideas of an orthodox heaven and hell from the minds of the young and substitute the beautiful, rational ideas embodied in our spiritual

philosophy of the future life and its possibilities for happiness or misery. We want to familiarize them with the idea of the constant presence of angel guardians who are interested in all the affairs of our material life and so shape our circumstances and surroundings as to develop the highest good in all. We would urge upon parents the formation of home circles in which even quite little ones can join and thus develop or keep alive the natural mediumship which is the inheritance of *all* and not a *special gift to a few*. Children are all clairvoyant, and if properly instructed from the first would ever retain the faculty which, usually, is wholly dormant through disuse by the time they are twelve years of age. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of parents and teachers to assist us in this department of our work. Many a beautiful bud of mediumship has been nipped at its first opening, through the ignorance of parents, who have punished their children for "lying," as they called it, when the little ones have told them of seeing what the parents did *not* see. Let us sacredly guard this faculty above all others in our children.

Benefit Meetings.

The Sunday evening meetings conducted by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, San Francisco, are beneficiary in their object and doing much good. Every Sunday evening some heart is made glad by the kindly remembrance of friends who patronize these meetings, and many a "Slough of Despond" has been for the time bridged over by the aid thus rendered to those who sorely need. The best mediums in San Francisco and Oakland volunteer their services on these occasions, and the result is a well-filled hall each night; for no matter how loudly some may cry "fraud!" the people will continue to investigate for themselves, accepting the statements of none as true and impartial when it is well known the parties making such statements have never personally investigated the matter. There is not a night but that some one receives some test which is convincing and satisfactory through the mediums at these meetings. On one occasion we heard a lady relating her experience say that she had always ridi-

culed mediums and everything pertaining to Spiritualism, but after having had a sitting with Dr. Schlesinger that evening she was prepared to retract all she had said and beg the pardon of every medium for all the unkind words she had ever spoken against them. She had received *proof positive* that it was a grand truth. That was but one of many whom we have heard make similar statements, declaring they went into that hall skeptics, but went away firmly convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations and the truth and beauty of the philosophy. The great need among Spiritualists as well as all other classes is to practice what they preach; and this advance step taken by the Progressive Spiritualists is worthy of the liberal support and co-operation of all, irrespective of cliques or clans. May others who have been surfeited with preaching during the last six months assist the digestion of truths already received in a similar *practical manner*.

The Temperance Problem.

While conversing with a temperance advocate and recent nominee for Congress, a few days ago, the question of his defeat was brought up, and he remarked that "if it had not been generally known that he was a sound temperance man, he might have secured the nomination, but his party knew it would be certain failure should they put a man of his principles in the field, consequently a wholesale liquor dealer received their votes." And these are the men to whom is entrusted the management of the intricate and wonderful machinery we call *the Government*. Men who *dare not* select a clean, honest man to represent them for fear of defeat at the polls by the vicious, drinking, immoral portion of the community, and, therefore, instead of making an appeal to the better elements of society to lend their aid in the election of a worthy man, they cater to the depraved element because they fear its power, and nominate a candidate whose popularity with that element will insure his election. Surely the time has come when those who have the welfare of the rising generation at heart should act in concert to defeat the monster of intemperance which threatens in a few years more to totally undermine and destroy

the honor and morality of the nation. If our legislators have to be selected from or run the gauntlet of the "whisky ring" to secure their seats in our State Legislature or halls of Congress, we had better dispense with the "whisky rings" as soon as possible, in order to have pure, wholesome laws enacted by a body of pure, noble-minded men. The great problem to be solved just at the present time is: How can this be accomplished?

Mr. Colville's Closing Services.

We give in this issue a synopsis of Mr. Colville's farewell address in San Francisco, Friday morning, October 1st, at the close of which he bade adieu to his friends and took the train for the southern part of the State, where arrangements had been made for him to speak in San Diego during October. Then he will return to his work in Boston. During his stay upon this Coast many persons have become interested in Spiritualism who had previously treated it with indifference, and many others were drawn into sympathy with his work through his metaphysical teachings who were interested in the science as it had been taught before his coming; therefore conditions were extremely favorable for the success of his ministrations. Mr. Colville received many expressions of the friendship and esteem of his classes in Oakland and San Francisco. On the occasion of his last lecture in this city the members of his class presented him with an elegant plush hand-embroidered altar cloth, a fine gold watch and chain, also many smaller tokens of remembrance. Miss Young was presented with a gold chain and seal and other gifts from personal friends in both cities. Mr. Colville's last evening lecture in San Francisco was delivered September 29th, in Assembly Hall. The floral decorations on this occasion, as in Oakland, were profuse and beautiful. The music was in harmony with the peculiar services customary on such religious festivals, it being the Jewish New Year. The subject, "Behold, I make all things new!" Before the lecture began Honorable Amos Adams was introduced and presented the following resolutions which were adopted.

WHEREAS, The ministrations of Mr.

W. J. Colville, as a Lecturer and Teacher being about to terminate for the present, on the Pacific coast, after four months of arduous and most successful labors; and

WHEREAS, We, the attendants upon his teachings, being desirous of expressing our heartfelt interest in him and his noble work, do hereby unanimously agree to the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as an inspirational speaker, Mr. W. J. Colville stands, if not the foremost one, at least in the front ranks of teachers in this or any other country. The purity of thought, the high morals he teaches, the masterly logic he uses, the total absence of denunciation of other forms of belief, his convincing arguments in favor of the higher phases of Spiritualism, attract to his meetings, the intelligent, the thoughtful and the seekers after truth from all creeds and from no creeds.

Resolved, That in the public lectures and private teachings of Mr. Colville we have ever received the highest spiritual and moral lessons—lessons embodying the broadest charity and the sublimest truths in the spirit of the *Golden Rule*; and therein have obtained valuable aid to a higher and better life.

Resolved, That we recognize, and hereby affirm our belief, that in all the grand utterances of Mr. Colville, we are indebted to the noble land of invisible intelligences that inspire and illumine him while speaking.

Resolved, That in his departure to other fields of labor, we feel that we are called upon to suffer a great deprivation. But we console ourselves in the belief that the time is not distant when his footsteps will again be turned to these western shores to remain with us as a permanent teacher.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished to the *Golden Gate* and CARRIER DOVE for publication.

Mr. Colville has promised to return to this Coast within the coming year and should no unforeseen event prevent, his many warm friends will soon have the pleasure of welcoming him among them once more, for time speeds by so swiftly a few months will soon pass, when all the tender friendships so recently formed will be revived and strengthened in the days to come.

THE *Spiritual Offering* and CARRIER DOVE will be sent to new subscribers for the small sum of three dollars per year. This offer holds good for the remainder of this year. Subscriptions received at either office.

BOOK NOTICE.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM: Its Phenomena and Philosophy, by Samuel Watson, author of "Clock Struck One, Two and Three." Four hundred pages. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston, and Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn., price \$1 25.

This is the third edition of this excellent book. It is prefaced by a biographical sketch, written by Hudson Tuttle. The first two chapters are devoted to the "Harmony of Religion." Then follows biblical testimony in favor of Spiritualism with description of phenomena observed by the writer. The messages of the home circle are perhaps the most satisfactory part of the book. About one-half of the volume is occupied by spirit communications, most of which are of a high order, although nearly all, being from Methodist friends of Mr. Watson, are more or less tinged with Methodism. The book is a valuable contribution to spiritualistic literature, and is especially valuable as a stepping-stone from the bondage of the church to the freedom of individual investigation.

THE *Golden Gate* and CARRIER DOVE sent one year to any address for \$4.00.

FROM the *Spiritual Offering* of October 16th, we learn that the editress, Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, is lecturing to large and appreciative audiences in Cincinnati, Ohio. The *Enquirer*, the most influential secular paper of that city, gives a report of the lectures which is highly complimentary to Mrs. Fox.

This year of 1886 began on Friday; contains fifty-three Fridays and will end on Friday. Four months in the year have five Fridays; five changes of the moon occur on Friday, and the longest and shortest day in the year are Fridays. Has this anything to do with the earthquake?

Mr. C. was pastor of a Baptist church in a certain town in one of the Western States. He had been on very bad terms with his flock for some time. They abused him whenever they could find occasion, and he reciprocated with equal readiness. Before his contract with the parish expired he received the appointment of Chaplain at the State Prison. Elated at this lucky opportunity of getting rid of him, the congregation came in full numbers to hear his farewell sermon, perhaps less to compliment than to annoy him with their presence. Great was their astonishment, and still greater their anger, when the reverend gentleman chose for his text the following words: "I go to prepare a place for you, * * that where I am there ye may be also."

Children's Department.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

DEAR CHILDREN: The dear Spirit Guides, who help me send out their messenger, the CARRIER DOVE, each month to your papas and mamas, have instructed me to devote a portion of its pages to messages they wish to send to the children. These instructions they will embody in a *true story* of a little girl who once lived on earth, but who is now a bright, beautiful, spirit. You all love to hear stories, and I am sure the dear guides will interest you and teach you many valuable things in the history of little Lily Benton.

This little girl was born away in the East, in the great city of New York. Her papa was a rich merchant and Lily lived in a beautiful home, and had every thing nice to make her happy. Her mama was a very religious woman and took little Lily to Sunday school every Sunday in a large fashionable church where many elegantly dressed children and their parents attended. Here Lily was taught many things she could not then understand, and when she would ask questions, was told that it was sinful to doubt the teachings of the Bible as explained by her pastor and teacher in the Sunday school. They said the *devil* put doubts into the minds of the young in order to prevent their believing in Jesus and being saved from hell. When Lily would ask "Why did God let the devil do such naughty things?" she was told it was permitted in wisdom to try men's souls and see who were worthy or salvation. This seemed all very strange to Lily, who was a bright, intelligent child, and one who was always asking *why* were things so; but of course everybody believed these things, therefore they must be true. Many times when Lily was alone in her bed at night, pictures of hell and the great, ugly devil would come before her in imagination and she would cry out in terror and pray "dear God, save me from that awful place;" many times the remembrance of some little thoughtless act would cause her to cry herself to sleep for fear she would go to hell for having done such a wicked thing. One day Lily complained of having a sore throat and headache, and her mama sent for the doctor, who was a kind gentleman and gave her some medicine, saying he would call again in the evening. He did so, and found Lily quite ill. Then began the struggle for life. The doctor soon summoned other counsel and together they discussed what was the best mode of treatment. Lily was the only daughter, and her parents were almost wild with grief at the bare

thought of losing her. No pains or expense was spared to save their darling, but diphtheria in a malignant form was abroad in the land and many fair young buds were nipped from the parent tree, and among that number was Lily Benton. It was near evening when the doctor said there was no more hope—Lily must die. The mother was kneeling by the couch of her loved child praying that God would spare her a little longer. The father stood silent and stern, vainly trying to school himself to meet the trial calmly and resignedly. He was a materialist, and this, to him, ended all of life for his precious child. He had not the sublime faith of the mother, which told her that sometime, somewhere, she would meet her child again. Outwardly, for appearance sake, he had attended church and contributed liberally to its support, although making no professions of faith; yet inwardly he despised all the vain, soulless ceremonies, and looked forward to death as a 'dreamless sleep' which ended all. No wonder then, when the death angel invaded their home both Mr. and Mrs. Benton were quite unprepared to yield their darling up. *They* could not see the band of shining spirits gathered around the form lying so white and still before them. *They* could not hear the sweet music which greeted the new born child into the spirit world. *They* did not know how tenderly and lovingly the beautiful ones bore their darling away to her new home in the Summer land. Of this home and Lily's reception there, we will tell you in the next chapter.

DEAR CHILDREN: It has been a long time since we have conversed through the instrumentality of the CARRIER DOVE; but during these months of silence you have not been forgotten. I have often wished we could meet again in our pleasant Lyceum, as we did two years ago, and now the time has come when this can be. Do you know, darlings, that through the efforts of some dear lover of children a new organization has been effected which is called "The Hamilton Band of Hope" in memory of dear Mr. Hamilton, who passed to spirit life one Easter morning while standing in his pulpit in Hamilton church?

This new Lyceum, or Sunday school, will meet every Sunday in Hamilton Hall, and all the children with their parents are invited to be present. We shall devote some space in the CARRIER DOVE to the doings of this society, and hope to receive many friendly letters for this department, from those interested in the work.

Send in your orders early for the holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE.

Woman Suffrage Extracts.

From the Spiritual Offering.

The church as a body, relying upon the Bible as an infallible guide in faith and practice, stand opposed to granting woman suffrage. There are individual members of nearly all the sects, however, who refuse obedience to this church mandate, and are working nobly for the cause of right. Among this number we find our personal friend and neighbor for more than thirty years, Honorable Albert Williams, of Ionia, Michigan, with whom we had a pleasant visit while in that State last month. Like ourself, (he in the church, however, and we on the outside) he has worked earnestly for temperance and woman's right to vote. Before us is a speech made by him some years ago (the same year, if we mistake not, he was the Prohibition candidate for Governor), from which we make the following extracts:

"Without the ballot woman is, for all practical purpose of public policy of whatever kind, dwarfed into the merest and most useless pigmy. Office-seekers do not inquire after her. Public plunderers do not care for her. Men struggling for good government cannot be helped by her. But like the drone in the bee-hive she is subject to the caprice and power of the swarms of men around her. It is *the sting* of the ballot that commands respect, even reaching those so low in the quagmire of vice as to be beyond the longest and lowest reach of all mortal entreaties. Until woman is possessed of *this power*—one that makes and unmakes rulers and governments as well—in fact, that rears, adorns, and perpetuates the great Temple of Liberty, or defiles, mars, and destroys it—she will, in her virtues, tread her kitchen round, wasting there the outside good, which, with the ballot, she might do. The best educator of the boy, so would she be his best manhood support, did she go with him to the polls; for she has a greater interest in him—in father, husband, brother, and son—than any man possibly can have. Then let her rise up, *receive her remaining rights*, and perform her nobler duties also, thereby the better leavening the great lump of humanity. Many a man says he will give you the ballot if you desire it. Then ask and receive it.

"Surely, good men, and rightly viewed, by a much greater reason, bad men also, have much, *very* much more to hope, than to fear, from woman suffrage; and you, women, O! how much have you to hope from it. The wicked haunts where your fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons linger until the small hours of the night, and you, in the meantime, filled with painful suspense, and perhaps hungry and cold, with only the lamp of love

burning, look out and watch through the still, gloomy darkness, to see some sign of their coming, and your heart aches and bleeds, and bleeds and aches, because of your fears as to *how* they will come, when they *do* come, and you remember the ruin already extensively wrought in them, and the impaired health and comfort of yourselves and little ones who lean upon them for comfort and support, and of whom the absent one constitutes a part of life itself,—how, with the ballot would you scatter those haunts as straws are scattered before the wind, thus snatching them from destruction, as brands from the burning, and saving them—better thus than not at all. For as the ivy, that climbs the giant oak, relying upon it to be upheld, only seems, with its little tendrils, to cling the tighter, when the storm gathers and howls around it, threatening to uproot it, so does woman in the hour of adversity, with her tendrils of love cling the tighter, to the dear one, whose prostration, from whatever cause, is threatened. Surely woman *can* be trusted.

“And the seven-by-nine divines, who now ‘play second fiddle’ *in effect*, to the whiskey victors, in opposing woman suffrage, by thrusting up biblical constructions which stick in the bark of theology, losing sight of the substance of things, cannot discover their mistake too soon for the credit of themselves and the good of humanity. It is, indeed, lamentable, that such lilliputians, with bible in hand and not understood, have thus ever run in hot haste to oppose all great reforms in government and discoveries in science, whether it were the making of the earth, or the abolition of slavery, and it is time it ceased, such adventurers striving to lead no more in the dark.

“Then in the light of such considerations, shall we not all work and pray, as best we can, that God in the plenitude of His goodness, will speed the full, broad day of woman suffrage, the certain coming of which, at no distant period, is heralded by its gray dawn now seen upon the political horizon, the day when government, deriving its just powers from all, resting upon the shoulders of all, being the sovereign will of all, making obedience to all, and blessing all, shall stand large, and strong, and grand, in the symmetry which man made; but bedecked in a resplendent halo of virtue imparted to it by the purity of woman’s character—she who is the sister of her who was fitly chosen, even unto man’s exclusion, as the mother of Him who opened the great heavenly door of the world’s salvation. Yes, I repeat, then, may God speed that glad day—the time when man, seeing that God entrusted woman alone with the mortal parentage

of Christ, shall, moved by his increased light and sense of justice, entrust her with the ballot also.”

That is pretty strong language for a member of the church, and we sincerely hope our friend may bring the whole membership up to his advanced position.

Mrs. Livermore says: “A little over fifteen years ago England gave municipal suffrage to unmarried women on the same terms as men. It proved so great a success, especially in school management and in the care of the poor, that last year the same right was accorded to the women of Scotland. In 1880 the women of the Isle of Man who owned real estate equal in value to \$20 a year were given the parliamentary franchise. When the women voted in 1881 for the first time, the local press announced that ‘the new political element acted in the most admirable manner.’ In the United States the woman suffrage movement has achieved a most enviable status, numerically and morally. In 1869 the Territory of Wyoming gave full suffrage to women. At the end of ten years the Hon. J. W. Kingman, a graduate of Harvard College, and for four years a Judge of the supreme court of that Territory, wrote that ‘the general influence of women suffrage has been to elevate the tone of society and to secure the election of better men to office.’ After seventeen years’ experience the people of Wyoming are more in favor of woman suffrage than ever. They declare that ‘the laws were never respected or enforced, nor crime punished, nor property and life protected as since woman has taken her place in the jury-box and at the polls.’ Twelve States of the American Union have given women school-suffrage, which in some States limits them to a vote for school committees and in others gives them the right to vote on all matters relating to the public schools, and makes them eligible to the offices of county and state superintendent. They are elected or appointed to such offices as county clerk, register of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, state librarian, overseer of the poor, school supervisor, school superintendent, executors and administrators of estates, trustees and guardians, engrossing clerks of state legislatures, superintendents of woman’s state prisons, college principals and professors, and members of boards of state charities, lunacy, and correction. President Grant appointed over 5,000 women to the office of postmistress. ‘And although many women have been appointed to positions in departments of government, and to important employments and trusts,’ said Senator Blair of New Hampshire from his seat in Congress, ‘*as far as your committee are aware no charge of incompetence or malfeasance in office has ever been sustained against a woman.*’”

A Spirit on the Roof.

According to the *Providence Journal*, previous to Mrs. Ross vacating her house in that city, spirits had acquired power sufficient to enable them to appear outside the building, so as to be seen by those who happened to be passing at the time.

“Strange though it seems,” says that paper, “a large number of people have lately been ready to stake their reputation that they have seen a ghost on the roof of a certain house on South Main street several Sunday nights past. It issued from a dormer window, walked out on the flat roof to a very dangerous point, and then retired. It was clad in a white robe, which fluttered lightly in the breeze. The story has a voucher in the fact that a famous spiritualistic medium lived in the house and held seances on Sunday evenings. The house is next north of Amateur Dramatic Hall, and the watchman in an establishment close by was the most trustworthy witness.”

This witness is reported to say that the form did not return to the window, but while standing at the dangerous point instantly flashed out of sight—dematerialized.—*Banner of Light*.

To Whom it May Concern.

This is to certify that I have been deaf in both ears a long time; that I came under Dr. Darrin’s treatment November 25, 1885, and was cured by his treatment in five minutes, and that I can now hear as perfectly as I ever could in my life. I can hardly believe my own senses, for I had thought my affliction beyond the reach of human aid. When I came to the Doctor I was very deaf. Now I can hear a pin drop, the ticking of a watch and the slightest sound about me. I can be referred to at Napa City, Cal.

CHARLES D. MCKINTOSH.

Mr. Mitchell, of the New Zealand Fire Insurance Company, tells his experience with a magnetic doctor:

This is to certify that, having suffered with chronic catarrh for more than ten years, I consulted Dr. Darrin, and after a few weeks’ treatment find myself not only relieved but cured. I can be seen at 412 California street.

GEO. M. MITCHELL.

Below are some other evidences of Dr. Darrin’s power:

D. A. Brennan, Emeryville, Alameda county, Cal.; rheumatic gout and partial paralysis. Came on crutches, and was cured in one week, and left crutches with the Doctor.

W. H. Watkins, 212 Twelfth street, San Francisco; bronchitis, rheumatism and kidney complaint. Cured in one month.

Mrs. H. T. Wood, eighty years old, 1526 Ellis street, San Francisco; deafness. Cured.

Mrs. J. Clemment, 316 Jones street, San Francisco; cancerous growth. Cured in two months.

Ex-Assemblyman John Patterson, Linden, San Joaquin county, Cal.; catarrh twenty-five years and deaf ten years. Cured.

Mr. S. Regensburger's child, 219 1/2 Elm avenue, San Francisco; dropsy of the eyes. Cured with four magnetic treatments.

Frank Perkins, 6 Central Place, San Francisco; contraction of the cords of the neck and deafness. Restored also his daughter, who was cured of paralysis of the muscles of the shoulder and side.

For biliousness, constipation, and impurities of the blood use the Tonic Liver Pills, prepared and sold at Dr. Fearn's pharmacy, corner Tenth and Washington streets, Oakland. Twenty-five cents per box, per post twenty-six cents.

Our Advertisements.

Our patronage is continually increasing which argues favorably for the Dove as an advertising medium. This month we have been obliged to add two extra pages in order to accommodate our new patrons. We would call special attention to these business and professional cards as we do not insert the cards of any but reliable parties and those who are first-class in their respective callings. Parties from a distance wishing to order goods of any description which are advertised in our columns will be sure to receive fair and honorable dealing. This knowledge would many times save serious trouble and loss to persons in the interior of the State who are obliged to order goods from San Francisco or Oakland, as it is difficult to judge who are honorable dealers from the advertisements which appear in the ordinary newspapers.

The works of Andrew Jackson Davis, advertised in this issue, are the standard works on the Spiritual philosophy, and embrace a great variety of subjects treated in a masterly manner by advanced intelligences from the spiritual spheres. No Spiritualist's library is complete without a set of these valuable books. Orders for them will be taken at this office.

Thoughts for the Times.

Immunity from Criticism of those accomplishing good. Preponderant Good of Present-day Christianity—"Try the Spirits."—Good faith of mediums teaching—Reincarnation—Sources of Spiritual Revelments—Reincarnation not supplementary to prior Spiritual Philosophy.—A. J. Davis and Reincarnation.—Brahmanic Origin of Reincarnation.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

The editor of the CARRIER DOVE is right in stating, in the October number, that it is not alone good motives, but a predominance of good results, that, in her opinion, should secure immunity from unfavorable criticism, and in so far as this point was not more strongly brought out in my remarks in that number I extend to her the *amende honorable*. But that the good accomplished, as well as the actuating good motives, was not left unnoticed by me, is evident from the quotation made from my remarks in the editorial rejoinder thereto, wherein I say, "Our orthodox brethren teach excellent moral truths, and do much good in the world thereby, nevertheless they are sharply criticised by my critic and others." Independent of their strict relevancy to the editor's conclusions, my remarks concerning good motives, I think, embody some truths of moment.

If I understand my critic aright, her position is, that when the good accomplished by any person or institution, overbalances the evil, we should, in view of the preponderance of the good, refrain from criticism of the evil, and co-operate with the instrumentalities productive of the good; and in illustration she states that if the good accomplished by the Christian Church overbalances the evil, Spiritualists and other humanitarians should cease criticism of the church and join hands with the churches in the promotion of their good work. From this position I decidedly dissent. Independent of the evil that may be done by them, it is our duty at all times to co-operate with the churches and all else in furtherance of every good work; and this is largely done by those unfavorable to the Christian dogmas. Everything that is good should be aided and encouraged, no matter from whence emanating; and everything evil should be opposed and discouraged, irrespective of its source. No strictly conscientious person can at any time act contrary to these principles. Any person who, owing to partisan spite or prejudice, refuses to encourage and aid the church, or aught else, in the prosecution of that which is undeniably good, simply because a portion of the church's works are of an evil character and some of her doctrines repugnant to his ideas of truth, is unworthy the name of Liberal. He is a bigot; and "Liberal" (?) bigots, of whom there are plenty, in Spiritualism and out, are as distasteful to every true Liberal, every conscientious lover of that which is true and good, as are ortho-

dox bigots. But because one may aid or encourage the good done by the churches, that should be no immunity against unfavorable criticism of and opposition to the evil that they may do or the false doctrines that they may inculcate. Full credit should be given them for all the good accomplished, but at the same time all their errors and misdeeds should be truthfully antagonized. Strict justice demands that this be done. The blind partisan spirit, so often seen manifested in certain schools of Freethinkers and Spiritualists (bitter denunciation of Christianity as a whole, ignoring its good points and exaggerating the evil), is much to be deplored. Liberals ought to be fair and impartial, and above all else be strictly just to those of differing faith. The rabid, wholesale abuse of Christianity and all connected therewith, so freely indulged in by some Spiritualists and Freethinkers, is disgusting to every lover of exact justice.

I cannot endorse the principle that because the preponderance of work accomplished by an individual (say Mr. Colville) or an institution (such as the Church) is of a good character, criticism of the remaining portion not good, is debarred. Not at all. It is the duty of every lover of truth and of the good to oppose all evil or error, no matter in what company it may be. If ninety-nine hundredths of the work accomplished by Mr. Colville or the church were good, we have an indubitable right, and it would be our duty to fittingly oppose and criticize the remaining one hundredth, to the end that the error or evil might be made manifest and duly corrected. If more evil than good is done by a person or an institution, that is no reason why the evil in the case should not be opposed. Because Mr. Colville may be doing good in one direction, that does not preclude us from opposing and criticizing his errors in other directions.

The question is asked, Can I honestly affirm that the good resulting from orthodox Christianity overbalances the evil? Honestly speaking, as an uncompromising opponent of Christianity in all its forms, orthodox and liberal, I unhesitatingly affirm that so far as latter-day Christianity is concerned, the good accomplished preponderates over the evil. The evils attending Christianity, enumerated by the editor in her reply, are correctly stated, but they pertain mostly to the Christianity of the past. Orthodoxy is now vastly different from mediæval ecclesiasticism. It has been much modified and improved by the spirit of the age—the progressive rationalism of this and preceding centuries. Undoubtedly many errors and evils still inhere in its make-up; but as now operative, its in-

fluence is more beneficial than harmful, and it is being farther improved as the years go by. In some respects it is still a necessary evil; and though, like all systems of thought and action based upon erroneous premises, it is destined in time to pass away and be superceded by something better, justice demands that the wholesale denunciation of the church, the virulent exaggeration of its defects and evils (of which there are undoubtedly many real ones, calling for fair, legitimate criticism and censure), and the suppression of its good traits and helpful work for humanity, should cease, and that the truth be told, both pro and con, honestly, fairly, candidly. Condemn without stint that which is worthy of condemnation, but refrain from denunciation of that which rather merits praise than censure.

My critic says, "The whole philosophy of Spiritualism is based upon the testimony of spirits who have had experience in another life that mortals have not had. If we question these facts, all our evidence of a future life is worthless." Again I am compelled to dissent. It is absolutely necessary that we *should* "question these facts." It would be the height of folly to accept blindly a "Thus saith the spirits" as a substitute for "Thus saith the Lord." As reasoning creatures, it is our duty to question every alleged fact in nature, most of all those purporting to emanate from an unseen realm of beings. Nothing should be accepted as spiritual verity that does not give substantial proof of its being such. First, we must establish, if we can, the genuine or spurious character of the phenomenon, next, if not due to deliberate imposition, we must determine, if we can, the nature of its producing cause—whether mundane or supramundane, or a mixture of both, and lastly, if it be supramundane, we must endeavor to discover the degree of reliability to be attached to it, as all spirits are not equally intelligent and many of them hold erroneous views owing to lack of knowledge, mental incapacity, etc., just the same as do those on this earth. We see, then, that at every step the fact should be questioned; and, on account of the myriad contradictory statements which are constantly being given to the world as coming from "spirits," it is an impossibility *not* to question the facts. There is too little questioning of the facts done by Spiritualists; hence the vast quantity of folly, fanaticism, superstition, fraud, etc., with which the movement has been encumbered since its very birth, in 1848. In order that Spiritualism may be placed upon a scientific basis—the only impregnable foundation—it is absolutely necessary that it be freed from all this burden, otherwise it will assur-

edly die just as Christianity, Mormonism and all the other theologicalisms must die and be buried—killed by the spread of scientific truth. The credulent acceptance of nonsensical "revelations" from the spirit world tends to bring Spiritualism into disrepute in sensible circles. This is the age *par excellence* of common sense, and unless Spiritualists exercise some fair degree of common sense in their judgement of the character and the producing causes of psychical phenomena, they weaken rather than strengthen the cause which they champion. Every alleged fact, then, in connection with communications from the spirit world, should be rigidly scrutinized, searchingly questioned, in order that the nutrient wheat may be carefully separated from the soul impoverishing chaff.

It is alleged that my statement, that the "spiritual origin" of the messages teaching re-incarnation is "very questionable," is "a serious reflection upon some of our most gifted mediums and speakers, whose honor and integrity we cannot for a moment question." The editor evidently misinterprets my meaning. No imputation upon the good credit of the mediums so teaching was intended; it was not intimated that they fabricated the messages and knowingly palmed them off upon the world as the production of spirits. On the contrary, I plainly stated that these teachings were the "reflex of earthly notions impressed upon sensitives." The honesty of the sensitives was not called in question, but only the source of their so-called inspirations. Mediums and others attribute much to the spirit-world which is purely mundane in origin. Sensitives mistake the source of the "ideas and impressions that they receive or give forth, making 'the spirits' the packhorse for all the vagaries and inanities uttered or written by psychics. As the editor quoted my attribution of the re-incarnation teachings to the cause above stated, I fail to understand how it was that she "misrepresented" or "misinterpreted" my views so far as to intimate that I had attributed these messages to the personal dishonesty of the mediums.

My critic again "misrepresents" or "misinterprets" me (of course unwittingly) when she says, "That all of the positive statements of individual experiences by spirits through entranced mediums, 'is the reflex of earthly notions infused upon spirits,' is too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment." I have never at any time made any such sweeping assertion. It was only of "supposed spirit teachings affirming the truth of re-incarnation that I stated, that they were 'the reflex of earthly notions,' and that this is the case we have the testimony of the highest and best spirit teachings;

and I re-affirm its truth, even if believers in or defenders of re-incarnation pronounce it absurd.

As parallel to the fact that reincarnation was not heard of in America until twenty years after the inauguration of the "Rochester Knockings," we are told that "neither was slate-writing, spirit-photography, or materialization heard of until long after the first manifestations,"—the alleged reason being "the minds of the people have to be prepared 'by degrees' for the reception of 'great truths.'" The parallel between these two does not hold good. Slate-writing and the other phenomena named were only a continuation or extension of the primitive phenomena and were of the same material character as the preceding phenomena, in no way in antagonism or in contradiction to the rapping, tipping, etc. The two were and are in perfect harmony. Besides, slate-writing, photography, and materialization, had their birth in America, just as the initial phenomena had. The later physical phenomena are the flowering out, the natural extension of the earlier phenomena; both indigenous, each in harmony with the other. The contrary obtains in the matter of the philosophy of primitive Spiritualism and the dogmas of re-incarnation. The latter are in positive antagonism and in direct contradiction to the former. If one is true, the other is certainly false. One is purely American, the other an importation from Roman Catholic countries, having its origin in the brains of a flighty, dogmatic Frenchman, and by him foisted on the spirit world through his strong magnetic impress upon two frivolous French girls, mesmeric sensitives, who, in response to his questions, gave him such answers on this subject as corresponded with his preconceived opinions. The re-incarnation philosophy does not supplant the philosophy of spirit-existence given from the spirit world prior to its introduction into Spiritualism, as slate-writing, materialization, etc., supplement prior physical phenomena; but it negatives the truth of the former philosophy, as given through American mediums, and seers, and thus declares the great mass of the spiritual teachings given by the wisest and best of American medial instruments concerning the spiritual universe to be a mass of lies.

There is no instance known of any alleged spiritual communication in favor of re-incarnation giving evidence of emanation from minds of such culture, wisdom and exalted spiritual knowledge as those given us from the inner life, embodying a philosophy of the spirit-country, in which reincarnation is excluded as a fanciful delusion. So far from the alleged spiritual teachers of, and the mundane believers in, the dogma

of successive re-embodiments, evidencing any greater degree of "spiritual illumination," or the possession of more illuminated understandings," than those not accepting its truth, the reverse is the case. There is no comparison between the crude, contradictory, unscientific effusions of the leading lights in re-incarnation, and the able, sensible, scientific teachings of the best minds, and best spiritual revealments of those who reject *in toto* this semi-barbarous delusion of ancient mystics, this relic of Brahmanistic and Buddhistic ignorance. This *outré* theory can never find any extended acceptance in the sturdy Anglo-Saxon mind, and vain will be the task of its few feeble adherents to propogate in Ameria and England that which common sense and science alike prove to be utterly destitute of foundation.

In the same number of the CARRIER DOVE containing this defense of re-incarnation, is found a sketch of the life-work of A. J. Davis, the inspired teacher of a system of spiritual philosophy, comprehensive and far-reaching, which, if true, proves re-incarnation wholly untrue. It is well known that Mr. Davis regards re-incarnation as a delusion, and in his work on the "Diakka," he attributes the so-called teachings from spirits on re-incarnation to the mischievous pranks of sportive, tricky, diakka lying spirits, making fun of those on earth foolish enough to believe the Munchausen yarns the Diakka tell them about re-incarnation. Search the whole realm of incarnation literature, and where can be found in it anything in any manner comparable to the writings of A. J. Davis, as regards grandeur, beauty, ability?

Where is the superior illumination, the deeper spiritual insight, etc., the re-incarnationists prate about as pertaining peculiarly to them and their irrational dogmas? Re-incarnation is no new thing in the world. For thousands of years the ignorant, unilluminated, semi-barbarous devotees of Brahmanism and Buddhism have cherished this idle fancy; and see its retrogressive effects upon them. Lower and lower have the people accepting its truth sunk in degradation and superstition.

Shall the people of America reject the soul-elevating teachings received from the spirit-world concerning spirit-progression, in favor of the wild speculations of ignorant, ambitious priests in India, formulated in cupidity and for self-aggrandizement, nearly three thousand years ago? Long before Pythagoras, the Brahmans taught re-incarnation, including animal transmigration, in connection with a number of other equally as absurd chimeras, all the offspring of ignorance. The Buddhists derived ideas from the Brahmans, from whom it is also

believed that Pythagoras derived his ideas on this subject. Allan Kardec *was a Pythagorean before he was a Spiritualist*, and he succeeded in attaching to Spiritualism in France this noxious dogma, from which, prior to Kardec's connection therewith, it had been free. Instead of coming from the spirit-world, it had its origin in fanatical Hindu priests and from them through Pythagoras and Kardec, it was foisted upon modern Spiritualism, of which it forms no inherent constituent, and from which in good time it will be fully separated.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the celebrated slate writer, has been holding very successful seances with Dr. Schlesinger at this office. He also gave platform tests at the close of Mr. Ravlin's lecture at Hamilton Hall, Sunday evening, October 24th, which were very satisfactory indeed.

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This is the book whose two chapters (viz.: xiii and xiv) brought down upon Mr. Davis the alarming charge of "Recantation." But while the criticisms on the errors and extremes of many in the ranks of Spiritualism, are conceded to be just and timely, the charge that the author had gone

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