



MRS FANNY CONANT

# The Carrier Dove.

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

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## Biography.

### Mrs. Fanny Conant.

The subject of this brief sketch was so long and favorably known as a prominent worker in the spiritualistic vineyard as to need but little more than a place and remembrance among our galaxy of pioneers in the cause of progress and reform. Mrs. Conant was for many years a public medium in Boston, and her name a familiar household word wherever Spiritualism was known. Having but little data at hand from which to prepare a biographical sketch, the reader is referred to a book published by Mrs. Conant, entitled "Flashes of Light from the Spirit World," which contains details of her remarkable public career as a medium. Not having this work at hand for reference, the following from "Nineteenth Century Miracles" by Emma Hardinge-Britten is important, as it shows to what extent her mediumship was instrumental in practical reform.

Mrs. Britten says: "It was in the fall of 1870 that the cause of Spiritualism sustained an irreparable loss in the departure for the higher life of Mrs. Fanny Conant, for many years the medium through whom were given those communications from all classes of stranger spirits that have formed a leading feature in the columns of the *Banner of Light*. It was mainly through the influence of wise spirits communicating through Mrs. Conant that the *Banner of Light* was established at all; and it was these same far-seeing intelligences, who sustained the harassed spirits of its editors, when the cares and embarrassments of its pioneer work would well nigh have overwhelmed them. It was Mrs. Conant also who founded the celebrated *Banner of Light* circle, at which so many thousands of spirits sent messages of love and consolation to bereaved friends, and afforded the world indisputable proofs of the soul's immortality.

"This gifted and versatile medium had lived to see her brother, Mr. Crowell, one of the earliest assistant editors of the *Banner*, William Berry and William White, each in turn editors and part proprietors of the paper, pass on to higher life, leaving herself and Mr. Colby all that remained of the original founders of this onerous undertaking. The time came at length when these faithful allies were to part, when the veteran editor Luther Colby was to see the last of his early associates vanished from his side, whilst Fanny Conant, so well beloved throughout the ranks of Spiritualism, gave up her twenty years' trust of the *Spiritual Standard*, and in the words of the poet—

'Folded her pale hands so meekly  
Spake with us on earth no more.'

Several of the daily journals of Massachusetts gave brief but respectful notices of the "Memorial Service" which took place in the Boston Music Hall in the presence of about three thousand deeply moved and interested auditors. The following excerpt from the *Boston Herald* is a fair specimen of the press notices which the occasion called forth:—

"Services in memory of the late Mrs. Fanny Conant were held at Music Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity. The platform was decorated with flowers and Autumn leaves. Mr. John Wetherbee presided, and introduced the orator of the occasion (Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten) in a few felicitous words. Mrs. Britten commenced by reciting an eloquent invocation given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant and then gave a brief biographical sketch of the departed. Although her life was a protracted martyrdom it had been continuously devoted to the service of humanity. As the *Banner of Light* medium for about twenty years, she had been the instrument of receiving more than 10,000 communications from the spirit world, the genuineness of many of them having been tested in the most conclusive manner. To her was due the origin of the *Banner*, and largely to her the moral support which gave strength to the faltering hands of its proprietors and enabled them to continue their great work for Spiritualism and humanity."

The writer who tenders her memory this imperfect but heartfelt tribute of affection can well say of Mrs. Conant what many others all over the world have felt, that in this generation, at least, "we ne'er shall look upon her like again."

## Polemical.

### The Origin of Re-incarnation in Spiritualism.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"Perhaps, my friend, I'm you!  
Perhaps, my friend, you're me!  
Perhaps, we both are somebody else!  
And 'tis puzzling, you'll agree."

"If we admit the theory of re-incarnation, the birth of every human being is a miracle, and the spiritual realm at once removes itself from rational investigation. The difficulties, which lie in the way of its reception are insurmountable."—*Hudson Tuttle*.

"Pre-existence, in the sense in which it is understood, and re-incarnation, are as much impossibilities as that the physical form of man can return to its germinal and embryonic state, and be re-born into physical life. Nature has no such repulsive processes as this."—*Mrs. Maria M. King*.

Occultism (re-christened Theosophy and Gnosticism) and Re-incarnation (re-christened Re-embodiment) may be appropriately termed "twin relics of barbarism." The practice of magical rites in connection with the belief in the existence of non-human or elemental spirits, and the theory of successive incarnations of the human soul, alike originated in times of primæval darkness, their origin being lost in the haze and mist enveloping pre-historic man; and their presence in our midst, in this era of ever-extending knowledge and civilization, is due to what archæologists and anthropologists call "a survival in culture;" *i. e.*, they are relics of ancient folly and dogmas that have been handed down from age to age, but which are inevitably destined, in time, to be completely engulfed in the swift-rushing stream of truth, spiritual and scientific.

How did re-incarnation originate in connection with Spiritualism? A determination of this point may assist us much in estimating its real value and authority. It was in France that this dogma first came into vogue as an element in Spiritualism, and it was a certain French writer, whose real name was Leon Denizarth Hyppolite Rivail, but who is more commonly known by his pseudonym of "Allan Kardec," who, above all others, succeeded in fastening this fungus growth upon Spiritualism in that country; but whence did he derive it? "Allan Kardec" was a believer in re-incarnation before he became a Spiritualist, and he acknowledged that it was "by a careful study of the Pythagorean philosophy that he had been

induced to believe as he did." Bear this in mind in connection with the following:—

In the translator's preface to Kardec's *Spirits' Book*, the Bible, or at least the Old Testament, of French Spiritualism, or, rather, "Spiritism," as Kardec called his system of thought, we find an account of the mode of production of a large portion of that work. From it we learn that two young girls, gay, frivolous, and worldly, were in receipt of various communications—presumably of spiritual origin—through their so-called "mediumship," as manifested by planchette-writing and table-tipping; and that Kardec, having become acquainted with them, succeeded in obtaining from them—through the two phases of "mediumship" just mentioned, well-known to be the mere a b c of Spiritualism, and among the most unreliable and valueless of all physical phenomena—answers to a series of questions propounded by him,—which answers, as Miss Anna Blackwell, his translator, tells us, became the "basis of the spiritual theory." Such is the foundation of re-incarnational Spiritualism. Two frivolous French mesmeric sensitives, under the overpowering psychological influence of the mind of Kardec, a practical magnetist, gave him a series of responses to questions respecting re-incarnation and the soul's destiny, in accordance with his own preconceived opinions; in fact, questions and answers alike were virtually Kardec's, the girls simply giving back to him his own ideas and principles as reflected and impressed upon their susceptible mentalities. Allan Kardec then, not these giddy girls, may be deemed the founder of "Spiritism;" and the *Spirits' Book* (a sad misnomer), embracing 1019 questions and answers, may in truth be termed, both questions and answers, virtually the work of Kardec. An eminent English medium and author, intimately acquainted with Kardec and the workings of "Spiritism" in France, well remarks: "His [Kardec's] earnestness was projected on the minds of the sensitive magnetic subjects whom he termed his mediums. The thoughts thus forced into their brains, their hands committed to paper, and Kardec received his own doctrines as messages from the spirit-world \* \* \* \* Under the influence of his magnetic will, his clairvoyants were simply so many writing-machines, that gave his ideas as he desired to have them. If, at times, the doctrines promulgated were not exactly in accordance with his wishes, he corrected them to meet these wishes."

So far, then, from re-incarnation being primarily a revelation from the spirit-world, it was exclusively "of the earth, earthy." It originated on earth, and it was cultivated, nurtured, and developed on earth, with no trustworthy evidence that the slightest whisper of a genuine spiritual communica-

tion had ever endorsed its truth; and, in many cases since where spirits in person have referred to the subject, they have denounced it in unmeasured terms. In genuine spirit-"messages," given in France prior to Kardec's spiritist raid, re-incarnation was explicitly denied,—the theory of successive re-births being current in France outside of spiritual circles, as will be shown below, and in trustworthy spiritual messages to-day in France, it is still denied and its vagaries scouted and derided; for, be it understood, all French Spiritualists are not re-incarnationists. Re-incarnation, in my opinion, is never taught by the spirit-world; and all professed communications therefrom in its favor, in my judgment, are mundane in their origin,—emanations from the angular, uncultured brains of those giving them utterance. It is blasphemous against the spirit-world to foist upon it such crude, irrational, nonsensical, and demoralizing dogmas as have been given to the world by its alleged "inspired" partizans.

Kardec's admission that it was from the Pythagorean philosophy that he derived his belief concerning re-incarnation clearly shows, that it was not from the spirit-world that he obtained his ideas thereon, as his works lead one to believe, but that prior to his "mediumistic" experiences he had mentally formulated a gigantic scheme of soul-transmigration; which scheme being subsequently reproduced as if emanating from the "spirits," it succeeded by this means in capturing hosts of believers, all reverencing Kardec as a prophet of the new dispensation,—his views being regarded, as Anna Blackwell (one of his most idolatrous worshipers) tells us, as the basis "of the new development of religious truth, predicted by Christ, for the knowledge of which the human race was 'not ready' at the time of that prediction." Miss Blackwell holds that Kardec is a "Messiah" to this planet,—that he was a former resident of a higher planet, and that he solicited and obtained the privilege of incarnating himself in this lower world to assist in bringing it to the knowledge of true wisdom as it is in "spiritism." Poor mistaken sister! She herself is much superior to Kardec in intellect and in true moral worth; yet she claims to be nothing more than a re-incarnation of two wicked queens, Semiramis and Jezabel.

We are indebted to the Honorable Alexander Aksakoff, Russian Imperial Councillor, for some additional light upon the origin of Kardecian re-incarnation, obtained during his patient researches thereupon in Paris in 1873. He learned that in 1845-48, one Madame Celine Japhet was a professional somnambulist in Paris, under control of a Monsieur Roustan, under whose mesmeric influence her powers were developed. M. Roustan was a believer in a plurality of terrestrial existences, or re-incarnation; and in 1846 the doctrine of re-incar-

nation was taught by Madame Japhet as given to her by the alleged spirits of St. Theresa and others. After the advent of American Spiritualism, circles, in imitation of the American method, were formed, with Madame Japhet as "medium." In 1856 Kardec met her, and obtained from her answers to a large number of questions on re-incarnation; said questions and answers being incorporated in his *Spirits' Book*,—forming, as M. Aksakoff says, three-fourths of that work, the remainder being procured from his two original gift-sensitives and other so-called mediums; though they were, in fact, mesmeric subjects, not genuine mediums. It is well to note, also, that ideas on pre-existence and re-incarnation were strongly in vogue in France just before 1850, an abstract of which will be found in the work of M. Pezzani on "The Plurality of Existences."

Taking the foregoing facts into consideration, they denote the purely mundane, or non-spiritual, origin of re-incarnation. That dogma was advocated by many able minds in France before the introduction of Spiritualism in that country. Kardec and Roustan were Pythagoreans before they were Spiritualists; and both being powerful mesmerists, their sensitive female subjects promulgated, as from the spirit world, the respective views of their magnetizers or psychologizers. The matter seems, then, clear and plain; the facts in the case evidence that the spirit world was innocent in the matter of the origination and circulation of the follies and fancies of re-incarnation.

In explanation of the reason why so many other "mediums," besides those originally enunciating it, have corroborated, more or less, Kardec's vagaries (including a few in America and England), attention is invited to the following extract from an extended review of the *Spirits' Book*, from the pen of W. H. Harrison, then editor of the *London Spiritualist*, a gentleman of scientific attainments, and a careful, candid reasoner and thinker:—

"It may be laid down as a general principle that about ninety per cent. of spirit messages contain more of the thoughts of the medium than of the thoughts of the communicating spirits. \* \* \* \* We know full well that if the re-incarnation doctrine should be agitated in England, plenty of spirits will begin to teach it, the reason being that the minds of the various mediums will be set buzzing by the arguments on the subject mooted by persons around them, after which there will be plenty of spirit messages about re-incarnation. The prevalence of the teaching of this doctrine by mediums in France, may be attributed to the circumstance that the sitters at the circles expect such teachings, and the minds of the mediums are full of them; therefore, it is very instructive, in a scientific sense, that this doctrine should have spread so much among mediums on the continent only, and not in England, since it shows how much the opinions of mortals color the messages, and gives a warning to the public to be cautious about placing implicit reliance upon spirit messages."

It is a little significant that those mediums deemed by Kardec to be the least reliable—trance or "ecstatic" mediums, as he

call them, who are often, he says, "the sport of their own imagination and of deceiving spirits," rarely deserving confidence—are the ones in America who have sought to fasten the dogma of re-incarnation upon the people. Verily have these and others of its advocates made themselves "the sport of their own imagination," while purporting to be inspired by Parker, Channing, Swedenborg, and other famous minds of earth.

In like manner as Catholicism has retained possession of the Celtic and Latin races, while Protestantism is confined in general to the Teutonic races, so re-incarnation or "spiritism" has been diffused to any extent only among Celtic and Latin (Roman Catholic) peoples, while Spiritualism is widespread in Teutonic (Protestant) nations. In Catholic countries, where the masses are used to religious hierarchies, accustomed to be spiritually ruled, and are under the bondage of authority in matters of faith, re-incarnation, which is promulgated as an authoritative dogma emanating from Pope Kardec, is found flourishing and vigorous; while in Protestant countries, where the right of private judgment is maintained, we behold Spiritualism, with no authoritative expounders (save where re-incarnation oracles assume to be such, anathematizing all those having the audacious temerity to deny or question their infallible utterances), making rapid strides year by year. Kardec ruled his followers in Paris with a rod of iron. He lorded it over them as a miniature pope, till the day of his death. He and his works were the infallible guides of the deluded "spiritists" of France, and were no more allowed to be called in question than were the bulls of Pius IX by the Catholic world. "There is but one gospel, Re-incarnation, and Kardec is its prophet," was ever the rallying cry of his fanatical cohorts; and in order to establish his works as the Bible of "spiritism" for all future time, in 1869 he drew up a plan for an organization to carry on the work of Kardecian glorification after his death. This organization he called "The Joint Stock Company for the Continuation of the Works of Allen Kardec." Note the arrogant selfishness and prurient itching for self-aggrandizement of this man, in founding a Kardec Society to be continued for ninety-nine years! Since his death a remarkable communication has been received from him through M. Morin, in Paris, whom in earth-life Kardec regarded as one of his best mediums, and upon whom he relied greatly; in which communication Kardec confesses his preponderant egotism, his sedulous efforts to keep in the background all men of intelligence connected with "spiritism" except himself, and expresses bitter regret that his "monstrous pride" should have led him to regard himself as "a demi-god" and as a "second savior of humanity." He also speaks of seeing "spiritism" small, contracted

and imperfect, "dragged to the lowest depths of ridicule," and characterizes its adherents as "the superstitious leaving one superstition only to fall into another." It is on record that the spirit of Kardec appeared to Mr. D. D. Home, one of the most remarkable mediums the world has ever known, an honest, upright man, and a hearty despiser of fraud and trickery of every sort, and who did a noble work in fearlessly exposing the mass of villainy and deception cloaking itself under the guise of Spiritualism in Europe and America,—appeared to Mr. Home before he knew of his death, and told him that he regretted having taught the doctrine of "spiritism."

## Literary Dept.

### TWO LIVES AND THEIR WORK.

BY J. J. MORSE

AUTHOR OF "WILBRAMS WEALTH," "RIGHTED BY THE DEAD," "CURSED BY THE ANGELS," "O'ER LAND AND SEA," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNS THE UNLIMITED REFORMERS, TELLS OF THE TROUBLE OUR HERO GOT INTO THROUGH PARTICIPATING IN THEIR DELIBERATIONS, VENTILATES SOME PECULIAR OPINIONS UPON CRIMINAL REFORM, AND AGAIN MAKES MANIFEST THE FICKLENESS OF PUBLIC OPINION.

The Unlimited Reformers constitute a very busy body of amiable enthusiasts, whose belief in their own importance is unbounded. Once every year they pose before the long suffering British public as its guide, philosopher and friend upon an infinite variety of social topics, during which period they discuss various schemes of moral, domestic, criminal and social reform. These matters are discussed in "papers" read to the congress in their appropriate Sections, which are afterwards, more or less, acutely discussed by those in attendance. Some few ideas of real merit are generally imbedded in the vast amount of verbiage, and now and then some more than usually able "paper" obtains a national celebrity, but, generally, the interest is confined to the active participants in these annual gatherings, which are generally held in some large provincial town, the public press of whereof gives ample publicity to all that is said and done by the distinguished visitors present within the city's gates. New Northtown was the city selected upon the present occasion for the annual assembly of the "Universal Congress of Unlimited Reform," and to that thriving city the reformers and their friends had gathered in goodly numbers.

The Mayor had welcomed the Congress at its opening conversazione, while all the local magnates, and social greatnesses, had

graced that evening with their presence. The spacious Town Hall had been ablaze with light, gorgeous with flowers, flags and decorations. It was thronged with "the elite of the city," as the daily papers put it the next day; in fact, New Northtown thoroughly distinguished itself in honoring its visitors. The honorable Baronet, as president of the Congress, was in great request, and though behaving as comported with his dignity, was, nevertheless, extremely affable to the civic and social great guns, and genially condescending to the smaller fry, for a cardinal doctrine of all unlimited reformers is that they alone do not stand in need of any sort of reform whatsoever. So like all other conversaciones was this one, with its glare, crush, struggles for notice, and jealous pangs at being ignored; with its babel of talk—small, large, and silly, that description would be wasted in detailing the like of which all are so well acquainted with. Its enjoyment was largely unreal, its seeming sincerity, often hollowness, but it served its purpose by giving social tone to the Congress providing funds to pay expenses, as it also enabled residents and visitors to bask at least for once in some of their lives in the sunshine of civic glory, associated with aristocratic dignity, and would-be scientific importance, which leads us to agree with a certain authority, who once remarked that "human nature is a queer thing, and there's a great deal of it!"

The conversazione with which the Congress was inaugurated took place on the evening of the same day that Ernest Courteney made the acquaintance of Caleb Halleck, and as our hero was not to see his new found friend until two days later he was thus free to attend the session of the Congress upon the next or intervening day, that is to say, the first day of its actual business. It was arranged, that, on the evening of this first day's work, in Section H, the subject of "Criminal Reform" was to be the topic of the hour, consequently Ernest determined to attend as a listener simply; then to the meeting-place of Section H let us at once repair.

The Section meets in one of the spacious committee-rooms of the City Hall, an elegant apartment artistically decorated, furnished and carpeted in very handsome style. The massive oaken furniture, tables, chairs and desks, were now added to by a number of additional seats, so that the two hundred odd or so of attendants were all comfortably, if somewhat closely, seated. A small, raised platform at one end provided room for a seat and desk for the Chairman, as well as standing room for the reader of the paper, who was provided with a portable mahogany reading-desk, the better to facilitate the handling of his manuscript, while two tall wax candles, one on either side of the desk, served to shed light upon the pages reposing between them, though whether they

imparted any illumination upon the subject treated upon in those same pages, or any others that came between their tall forms, would, indeed, be difficult to decide. The Chairman was the dapper dressed cleric whom we have met before, the Reverend Doremus Delere, who to-night was beaming over with that puffy amiability that makes a good substitute, upon a pinch, for genial gentility. The company was quite respectable, if just a trifle mixed and provincial. Elderly ladies, literary ladies, gushing ladies, languid ladies were there, as also fussy elderly men, and more fussy youthful men, withal, an intelligent company though, who took this yearly dose of mild science and philosophy as a course of intellectual amusement with which was combined just enough of instruction to flavor the otherwise somewhat insipid compound.

By one of those odd chances that seem so curious at times Ernest Courteney found himself seated by the side of Mr. Caleb Halleck, who saluted our hero with a short nod and a decided snort, as if of surprise at seeing him there. Before the two men could open a conversation, the chairman's gavel fell lightly upon his desk, as he rose to open the proceedings. This he did in a commendably brief speech, made up of the honor done him by the position in which he was placed, and the pleasure, and so forth and so on, it gave him to be there. The subject of their Section was Prison Reform, and the topic would be introduced by one in every way capable of doing it justice. He would then call upon his friend and fellow worker, the Reverend Higbee Wolverton, at which a pronounced ripple of applause arose from all parts of the room.

His Reverence was a short, squat man of some fifty years of age; fat, flabby, and unctuous in form, features and speech. His coarse, black hair, beard and whiskers, his little, black bead-like eyes, all gave his sallow face a dull and quite repulsive look. There was a soft feline manner about the man that savored of latent cruelty, and in spite of his gentle ways and words, he was generally accepted as a staunch advocate of the bluest kind of doctrine from his pulpit. He had many friends of influence, so he traded upon their power and was thus enabled to push himself forward whenever he felt inclined. He ascended the little platform, and with a gentle bow and wave of his hand, commenced to read from his manuscript; his paper was entitled "Criminal Reform from a Christian's Point of View," and its main threads were as follows:

"In Adam's fall we sinned all, sharing in that fall, with all its consequences. Man was prone to do evil. It was in us, and the question was how to get this evil out of us. Moral reform was good, so was educational reform, as also was the modelling of penal institutions upon enlightened systems, but these left something lacking. What did it

advantage the criminal to place him under the highest sanitary conditions; to abolish solitary confinement; the lash or other forms of good, old-fashioned discipline, unless you touched his soul? Why, nothing! He looked upon criminal reform merely as a question of conversion; if the man could be converted, he ceased to be a criminal. Directly he was taken into the Church, he could never again become the inmate of a jail. Let them form societies for the evangelization of the criminals; let them distribute copies of the Scriptures and suitable tracts amongst them. Let us teach them the beauties of mercy and charity. Let us organize bands of visitors to go amongst them, to carry to them the soul-saving power of the ever glorious gospel of their blessed Master. Crime is the visible result of the work of the Evil One, and it can only be reduced, and his malign power can only be defeated by the work of the true believers, who, by their prayers and exhortations, shall drive out Satan and his minions from this world; so sin-laden and depraved.

Perish the idea that bodies, hands, brains, minds, or morals, were of more importance than immortal souls! Let us save the soul first, then unto that all things would be added, and so on for some forty minutes, but in all cases to the one same end, until at the last there came the strong ground that if these outcasts rejected all this benevolent interest in their immortal welfare, then would they be without pity in this world, or hope in the next. They "were sinners beyond redemption, outcasts of society, and accursed of God, and Christian people were justified in rejecting them on earth, as they surely would be rejected in heaven, where our faithful flocks were gathered to the fold by the Good Shepherd in the world to come." Many apt quotations from the Testament, many unctuous and smoothly-rolling phrases, full of pious sentiment, ran all through this precious paper, and to all appearance the whole was largely in accordance with the views of those present, as the applause was alike liberal and frequent, while upon the reverend gentleman resuming his seat, the indications of approval were almost unanimous. Then the Reverend Chairman up and spake, cautiously approving, yet cautiously criticizing, trimming his phrases, so that when done, he had actually neither praised or blamed his reverend brother's production. As he finished, he intimated that discussion was now in order, if any one desired to avail themselves of the opportunity. Then the beginning of an interesting sequel to the paper just read was inaugurated by Ernest Courteney proceeding to the desk, and handing up his card to the Chairman, who thereupon read out the name inscribed upon it, inviting our hero to address the assembly. Ernest Courteney was a stranger, and a subdued murmur of "Who is he?" ran all over the room. The company evi-

dently was in doubt about him, so it followed the usual custom in such cases, and received him in silence, with well-bred stares of superiority.

Calmly looking over the people before him, Ernest commenced by saying that the paper he had listened to alike disappointed and pained him. It was so utterly impractical, so repulsive in tone, so narrow in treatment, missed so completely the purport of its own intention, that he was at a complete loss to understand where the writer of it had been living all the days of his manhood. This very unpromising opening was received in the chilliest silence, and a feeling of amazement was depicted upon some faces, at the evident temerity of our hero in thus boldly defying a clergyman of such influence. In spite of these manifest tokens of displeasure, Ernest continued by asserting that the salvation of souls was a thing he was not competent to discuss, as he knew nothing about them, nor did the reader of the paper (signs of dissent, murmurs of disapproval). But of the reformation of lives and conduct he could speak. A criminal was a man, a fellow-man, as much a child of God—who, it is said, made us all—as the reverend gentleman himself. ("Shame!" from one elderly person sitting in the front row.) "Yes," said Ernest, "it is a shame to forget it, or deny it upon being reminded of it. He did not believe that either Churches or Jails were the places in which criminals could be reformed. He did not believe that Bibles, tracts or sermons, would ever do it. The teaching that insisted as its foundation that the recipient was naturally a depraved wretch, or the punishment that degraded manhood with its details and circumstances, would never uplift the demoralized, or strengthen the weak. ("Hear, hear," from Caleb Halleck.) Yes, what was wanted was honest men and women here; let us make these and if they become angels hereafter well and good, if not, this world has had the benefit, at least. He believed in reform that re-formed the individual. He was about to make an effort himself in the direction of reclaiming the younger elements of the criminal population right here in this city. He had appealed to Ministers, Merchants, city Councilors and other prominent people all in vain, none cared to help him because he aimed at truly practical work unhampered by any narrow sectarian considerations. He would teach these waifs and strays how to become self-reliant, useful, manly members of society. Instruct them in trades and industries, lift them out entirely from criminal associations and personal restraint, in a word educate them into the likeness of men, until, who knows, that some may become the equals of even the distinguished reader of the paper of the evening. (Signs of manifest disapproval at such an outrageous statement were here plainly

audible.) He was sorry if his remarks pained any present, but the truth must be spoken always. He did not intend to waste effort over religious training, it had been tried, and, in his judgment, found wanting. ("No, no," from the reverends present, and some confusion, during which the Chairman called "time," but upon Ernest requesting a few moments more, he was permitted to continue.) His purpose was to make them useful to themselves, and then place them out in the world away from the conditions in which they had originally lived. "Let us help these poorer brethren to nobler lives," said Ernest as he closed. "Let us do our part independent of so-called religious duty, doing it instead for the common good of human nature at large. I hold it true that many continue criminals from one of two causes, or both. They have no means at their command in the matter of mechanical skill or training to enable them to work, or else the men with whom they mingle denounce them as jail birds. Repentance and amendment are surely tokens of our better selves. None of us are so strong that evil in some form may not overcome us, nor are any of us so bad but what our latent virtue may be enkindled. Crime is a disease, its victims need true medicine, judicious treatment, proper restraint, and wise training. This, it is my hope to give them, and the surest elements I can infuse into their nature are a love of self-respect, truth and manliness." Here Ernest resumed his seat amid many mixed expressions of the feelings of his auditors.

After Ernest came a callow curate, deprecating all that had been said, eulogizing the Rev. Wolverton, and exhorting all to avoid the evident atheistic tendency manifested by our hero, at which latter suggestion Caleb Halleck let off a most unmistakable snort of disapprobation, though the rest warmly cheered the curate. Then one of the fair sex, portly of presence, aggressive in manner, evidently in a state of perpetual defiance—upon general principles—who urged the impropriety of sparing the rod lest the child be spoiled. Firmness, vigor, discipline, correction, punishment were her themes, her gentle nature would keep these people in their place, they could never be reformed. Keep them down, that was all. Whereat the reverend reader of the paper smiled and nodded approvingly. As for the young man who had advised them to cut loose from the sanctifying, refining and subduing influences of religious training, who had flouted his ignorance and atheistic wickedness before them, this virtuous defender of the faith had nothing but pity for him, pity mingled with shame that a man could so far forget the principles of life pertaining to Christian work like that of ministering to the criminals of our land. Ernest mildly protesting he had not done as his lady critic asserted, was met by the polite

rejoinder of "Sit down, sir, you did," which called Mr. Halleck to his feet with the remark, "If, madam, you were a man, and this assembly was composed of men, I would say that you were a liar," whereat ensued a tumult of confusion, during which the Reverend Doremus Delere vainly rapped for order, while cries of "shameful," "disgraceful," "he is right," "fair play," "ad-journ," "make him apologize," rang out thick and fast, until one man rising, said: "It is Caleb Halleck, New-Northtown's best friend," whereat a curious silence at once prevailed, at which the chairman, being an astute man, seeing that Caleb Halleck was a man of note, invited him to explain his statement from the platform, whereupon Mr. Halleck wended his way to that exalted position, saying, as he faced the hushed, but still excited audience, "I work rather than talk. I hate misrepresentations, intentional or accidental. I hope in this case it was the last, not the first. It's the lady's fault that there is this little excitement, not mine. I don't believe in the paper read to us. I hate snivelling repentance; it's an imposture, mostly. I would not give a shilling to any of the plans of the Rev. Mr. Wolff, or Wolver—what is it?—" "Wolverton" said the chairman. "Wolverton," continued Mr. Halleck, "has suggested, but I will give Five Thousand pounds, and the free use of some suitable property I have to Mr. Courteney, so that he may try his plan," here Ernest's heart fairly jumped into his mouth, "and if," closed Mr. Halleck, "your philanthropic congress comes to New Northtown in three years from now, come and see what we shall have done by that time."

Public feeling, ever fickle, veered right round at once. The Reverends Higbee Wolverton and Doremus Delere, were utterly neglected. Ernest Courteney and Caleb Halleck were overwhelmed with attention, they finally leaving the room amid a storm of cheers, to the evident disgust of the clerical element and its supporters. The next day the Reverend Higbee Wolverton was called to London on important business, and Mrs. Junius Webberton sent in her resignation to the Secretary of the Congress, accompanied with a politely angry epistle, which was duly laughed over in private by the Secretary, who was glad to get rid of an exceedingly exacting and most troublesome member.

Thus was Ernest helped to the commencement of the labor of his life, for on calling upon Mr. Halleck, as previously arranged, the property in Rivers Lane was duly made over to Ernest, free of all rent and taxes, so long as he continued to use it for the purposes he expressed in the agreement drawn up by Mr. Halleck, who also handed Ernest a check for the amount he had promised.

Let us leave Ernest now to work out his

plans alone; and do we turn our eyes across the broad waters of the blue Atlantic, where, in that city which is the reputed home of culture, we may possibly observe something of amusement, instruction and interest concerning some other characters pertaining to this record. For the present, oh, verdant, productive, sea-girt isle, we must leave thee, for just now our task lies in other lands.

(To be continued.)

## Original Contributions.

\* \* \* Articles appearing under this head are in all cases written especially and solely for the CARRIER DOVE.

### Mary and Martha.

BY LUPA.

Mary and Martha were sisters, they say,  
In a century long ago old;  
Mary, the wise, chose the true, better way,  
Sister Martha, the worse, we are told.

Yet, was it choice, and how much is choice  
In the lives of the people we see?  
Out of your joy, do you choose to rejoice?  
Can you change at your will grief to glee?

Are we free agents or not, do you think?  
At what time was our life-chain begun?  
And, as our nature is forming each link,  
Could we just as well leave it undone?

Pleasant, no doubt, 'twas to gaze at her Lord  
As the old Persian worshipped the sun;  
But, if we always were hearing the word,  
Would the work of the earth life be done?

Mary was charmed with the beautiful thought  
Of each bearing burdens for all,  
But, while she listened she clearly forgot  
The weary, o'er-burdened one's call.

Did she reflect somewhat after this wise,  
If she ever reflected at all:  
"Martha's poor wing has no power to rise,  
The whole range of her life is so small.

"She better is suited with work and its cares,  
And prefers to be bearer for me;  
I'm better fitted for worship and prayers,  
So the hands and their work all agree?"

When Martha's patience to bitterness grown,  
Her self-sacrifice yielding but blame—  
"Carest thou not that I labor alone?"  
From the depths of her weary heart came.

Even the Master in this seems unjust,  
For he said, "She hath chosen the good part."  
Records say not how she bore the rebuke,  
But in many a Martha-like heart,

Thanklessly toiling for others, have words  
E'en of tenderest censure turned sour.  
Thoughts, full of vengeance, have gathered in herds,  
Bringing ruin to Marys in power.

Division of work and division of rest,  
A dividing of care and of pay,  
Might, if 'twas tried, bring each soul to its best,  
In a happy, harmonious way.

Marthas who work, more than Marys who pray,  
Should be granted our tenderest care;  
Then, if we help bear their yoke through the day,  
They will join in our evening of prayer.

### Compensation.

BY H. MAUD MERRILL.

This is one of nature's laws; without it there could be no progression. When in the march of improvement, nature desires to reveal to man some of the treasures hidden beneath her soil, or latent in the atmosphere, she first creates a want, a need, and then proceeds to supply it. Surely "necessity is the mother of invention." Development is a process of time. Perfection may exist, but centuries—aye, eternity, alone, can reveal it. That is not to be expected on this side of life, and, after all it must be a very monotonous height to attain. Nothing more to learn! Nothing, then, unseen or unknown. Verily, we believe the daily round of duty and strife, the polishing and developing, the ever-reaching, uplifting desires of the soul, can give more happiness than to be absolutely perfect, with nothing beyond to learn. The artist at work in his studio is illustrative of the evolutionary process of nature. When, to the inexperienced eye, his work appears complete, the artist is still dissatisfied; he views it with a critical eye, in every possible light; he sees an almost imperceptible flaw in the shading, which must be stippled in; he tones down one bit of color, adds clearer outline to another, and lo! the painting is possessed of new charms, which the hand of none but an expert could have given it. Thus it is not only in nature, but in our daily lives. Things which we may deem necessary to our existence and happiness, pass away, but by the law of compensation they are not lost, neither are our lives made incomplete by their absence. In order that we rise from one condition to another, vacuums must first be created, which will soon be filled, and when we have absorbed all those conditions can give us, they, too, pass away, and a void is thus created in order to receive more. But simply because we have exhausted these conditions is no evidence that they have fallen into utter disuse, for such is not the case. They come to us fraught with the magnetism of former surroundings. This we absorb until they are entirely impregnated with our own aura; then they emanate from us for the benefit of some one else. Our lives are mingled together like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope; we blend with our proximate fragments for a time, when at a touch from the finger of fate the disc is changed, and another mosaic formed, in which we find ourselves the same, yet not the same, for in the later position we may find a purer light, a brighter halo than before.

"God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,  
But thou wouldst do thyself  
If thou couldst see  
The end of all as well as He."

### Heaven.

BY MARY E. BARKER.

Heaven is the home of souls, found through loving thoughts and good deeds one to another. Heaven is made by living up to the true principles of life, made up of small things. It is but a small thing to give a little to the needy, or lend a helping hand; do a kind act, or give kind thoughts towards those in sorrow and trouble; to whisper kind words to the erring, that their lives may blossom into purer surroundings. Heaven is in the heart that is full of tender compassion, that cheers and smoothes the daily trials of life. These are in the reach of all. No one need be without the surety of heaven, since they can have it within. No heaven is half so sweet as the one born of loving acts and gentle words. No music half so sweet as the music of the soul. Many people have little charity for the really sorrowing, but say unkind things, and try to cast a deeper shadow upon already blighted lives, until aching hearts grow heavy and droop in the darkness which surrounds them. There is no heaven only what we make for ourselves through right doing. The rose buds and blossoms in the morning sunshine, full of sweet life and tender beauty. The pond lily comes from the murky waters a poem of loveliness. Heaven is around and about us. In the briny deep, in the towering mountain, in the forest wild, in the valley green, in the rippling brooks, and in the songs of the warbling birds. All these portray a heaven here on earth. Why look afar for a promised heaven, when we have it all about and within us if we but make it so. A heaven made through adversity and trials, through hard-fought battles, to overcome self, and grow in grace and goodness, that we may open avenues for greater thought, and nobler deeds to bless mankind and help them find the true heaven, is a heaven within. For this large-hearted souls are working and striving. Let us be ever faithful to these duties, and our reward will be in seeing a better people, a better government, a more glorious heaven here on earth, as well as "over there."

### A Query

BY DR. C. C. PEET.

If the spirits teach us truly in regard to the subject of progression upon their side of being, and if it is a fact that endless advancement and continuous unfoldment is the common lot of all who enter the spirit world, what is, or can be, the necessity of re-incarnation and repeated embodiments for the inner conscious man, especially when that inner self-consciousness is lost and swallowed up in each change? What

makes men and women distinct entities and individualities? Is it not the experiences, pictures of scenes, events, forms, features of friends and loved ones, and the thoughts and ideas, feelings, emotions and passions of which we take cognizance of through the power of self-consciousness? Blot out memory and what is left of the man? Of what value to him is the experiences of a thousand incarnations if he cannot recollect and be benefited by them? We remember our mistakes and failures and seek to remedy and improve upon prior efforts. Were this not so, life here would be one constant round of blunders. If spirits are environed and held to the earth plane by habits, passions and dispositions they developed while here, and if they have got to remain in this purgatorial environment until they are freed from, or outgrown them, and if as they teach they do outgrow them after a time, what necessity can there be for them again to enter the monadic state, cast off the attribute of self-consciousness, enter life again through the door of infancy, in order to repeat the trials, tribulations, mistakes, blunders and failures of a prior embodiment? Who can see any sense or wisdom in the same? Do not the statements of spirits, when they say they have ceased to practice the evils they did upon earth, that they have outgrown the desire to wrong others, and that now under the influence of advanced, pure, wise and good spirits they are seeking the welfare of humanity, contradict all the claims of the re-incarnationists so far as the necessity for the same exists. If man in essence is a spark of the divine, a scintillation of the infinite possessing all the powers, qualities and potentialities of the same, how can he improve his already pure and perfect nature by clothing it in garments of crude materiality? Would it not be like placing the rose or lily in a vase of dung in order to improve their purity and sweetness? What becomes of endless progression, with this constant repeating of this retrogression, or going back to try the thing over again without the benefit of prior failures and successes? What is it that makes man differ from all other beings beneath him; is it not the difference of organization? And is not the difference in organization the product of a more complete chemistry, where a greater number of primaries exist, than can be found in the forms beneath him? As the earth is a microcosm of the infinite macrocosm, and an atom, a microcosmical universe in itself, so man is a microcosm of that infinite life which permeates and animates nature; and as that infinite life principle holds within itself all the powers and potentialities necessary to the production of the infinite variety of manifestations we behold, so man epitomizes the wisdom, love and justice of the same.

As any form or being containing less than

is essential to the organization of man could *not be man*, or be classed as such, what sense is there in saying that man was once a tadpole, and has evolved, through successive embodiments, his present form and powers? We admit that all forms beneath him have been, and now are, essential to his existence and unfoldment, that they are each individual links in the endless chain that reaches from the absolutely homogenous to the infinitely heterogenous, from atom to universe, from dust to Deity; but in admitting this, we do not wish it understood that we think he was ever either a potato, biscuit, or beefsteak, although they may all have contributed and been essential to his organization and being here.

Why is it these re-incarnationists who claim to have a memory of a prior existence can not tell us of the condition of the world, its continental development, geological changes, the state and intelligence of its people, their religious beliefs, artistic and scientific powers and discoveries—in fact, everything of interest and importance? What good would it do me to simply remember I had been to California, if I could not also remember what I saw whilst there? Suppose I am asked if I have been in California, and I answer, "Yes, I have been there." "Well, when did you go, and what did you see? Is it a mining, farming, or horticultural country? Are its inhabitants intelligent or ignorant, moral or immoral, black, white or mixed?" and I answer that I don't know, I only remember I was there. Now, of what value to me or the world would my visit there be? Simply none, whatever. And would not the people be justified in doubting and discrediting my statements? Would they not say, "Sir, if you have been to the great State of California, you can certainly tell us something about the same more than the bare fact of having been there." Now, are not the re-incarnationists in just about such a fix as the visitor to California? "But," says one, "we will ultimately recover our lost memory, and then we can go back, as did Buddha, and remember when we were fierce tigers in the wild jungles, and when, after a bloody encounter with a rival, we lay panting and exhausted, we will be able to recall the fact that our beautiful wife, our charming Yasadara, who was then a tigress mate, came and licked our panting sides, and by the power of her great love, nursed us back to life and strength again. This may afford some people great satisfaction, but for ourselves, we have no hanker ing for such memories.

It is said that there are in Philadelphia eight female physicians who have an annual practice of about \$20,000. There are twelve whose incomes average about \$12,000 each, and there are twenty-two who earn over \$5,000 each.

## Selected Articles.

### The Skipper's Story of Three Saints.

They sat on the steps of the station,  
And waited for trains to connect—  
A colporteur eating his ration,  
And a skipper who twice had been wrecked—  
And the strangers began conversation:

The skipper was wrinkled and hoary,  
His skin was the color of leather;  
The other looked hungry and sorry;  
And after discussing the weather,  
The skipper struck into his story:

"I'll tell ye of three saints I've know'd of  
That give up their lives for their brothers—  
A sort you may not hev allowed of,  
But folks that'll die to save others  
Is beings for God to be proud of.

"The ship Swaller, Cap'n James Bee,  
In a fog off the Hatteras coast,  
Was wrecked on a ledge to the sea;  
Jim stood like a rock at his post,  
And went down in a gulp of the sea.

"He showed us how to build a raft,  
And crowded her full as she'd float;  
He sprung to the davits abaft,  
And lowered and loaded each boat,  
Then stuck to the battered old craft.

"He saved every life but his own—  
Women, children, the men and the crew,  
Cheered when the last dory was gone—  
No room in her for him, he knew,  
And he went to the bottom alone!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim,  
"Had Bee made his peace with the Lord?"  
And he laid down his cracker; "What, Jim?"  
Said the skipper, "I shouldn't s'pose God  
'D be mad at a fellow like him!"

"Another was young Andy Bell,  
Who worked in the Cumberland coal;  
He stood at the mouth of the well;  
The mine was afire, and the hole  
Blazed up like the furnace of hell!"

"The men were imprisoned below;  
The women was screamin' above;  
The boss shouted, 'Who'll face the foe,  
And fly to the rescue above?'  
And Andy remarked, 'I'll go;

"I kin die in the shaft, for I hain't  
Nary father, ner mother, ner wife;  
And down in the bucket he went,  
Saved fifty by losin' his life—  
I say Andy Bell was a saint."

"Did he pray God," the colporteur cries,  
"To help him to fight with the flame?"  
"Now I think on't," the skipper replies,  
"I've heard Andy mention his name  
More frekent than some would advise.

"The third one, Newt. Evans, my friend,  
Took his engine to Prairie du Chien,  
Saw a speck on the track at the bend,  
And cries to the stoker 'Eugene!  
Ef that ain't a brat I'll be denned.

"A baby—an' makin' mud pies!  
Mind the train? To the shriek of the bell  
He ran forward; sprang out for the prize;  
Saved the girl? Yes; but, parson, he fell—  
Both his legs was cut off by the thighs."

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb?"  
Asked the preacher, "and cleansed from his sin?"  
The skipper arose—"Amsterdam!—  
Let me just get my bearings agin,  
An' sorter make out where I am."

He walked to the office—was mute;  
When the agent asked what he desired,  
He tapped on his pate in salute,  
Then turned out his thumb, and inquired,  
"Who—is—this 'ere crazy—galute?"

### Infidel Death-Beds.

BY G. W. FOOTE, LONDON, ENG.

LEON GAMBETTA.

Gambetta was the greatest French orator and statesman of his age. He was one of those splendid and potent figures who redeem nations from commonplace. To him, more than to any other man, the present republic owes its existence. He played deeply for it in the great game of life and death after Sedan, and by his titanic organization of the national defence he made it impossible for Louis Napoleon to reseat himself on the throne with the aid of German bayonets. Again, in 1877, he saved the republic he loved so well from the monarchical conspirators. He defeated their base attempt to subvert a nation's liberties, but the struggle sapped his enormous vitality, which had already been impaired by the terrible labors of his dictatorship. He died at the early age of forty-four, having exhausted his strength in fighting for freedom. Scarcely a dark thread was left in the leonine mane of black hair, and the beard matched the whiteness of his shroud.

France mourned like one man at the hero's death. The people gave him a funeral that eclipsed the obsequies of kings. He was carried to his grave by a million citizens. Yet in the whole of that vast throng, as Mr. Frederick Harrison remarked, "There was no emblem of Christ, no priest of God, not one mutter of heaven, no hollow appeal to the mockery of the resurrection, no thought but for the great history of Europe that a foremost man had been laid to rest by a nation in grief, without priest or church, prayer or hymn."

Like almost every eminent republican, Gambetta was a freethinker. As Mr. Frederick Harrison says, "He systematically and formally repudiated any kind of acceptance of theology." During his lifetime he never entered a church, even when attending a marriage or a funeral, but stopped short at the door, and let who would go inside and listen to the mummery of the priest. In his own expressive words, he declined to be "rocked asleep by the myths of childish religions." He professed himself an admirer and a disciple of Voltaire. Every member of his ministry was a freethinker, and one of them, the eminent scientist, Paul Bert, a militant atheist. Speaking at a public meeting not long before his death, Gambetta called Comte the greatest thinker of this century; that Comte who proposed to "reorganize society, without God and without king, by the systematic cultus of humanity."



When John Stuart Mill died, a Christian journal, which died itself a few weeks after, declared he had gone to hell, and wished all his friends and disciples would follow him. Several pious prints expressed similar sentiments with regard to Gambetta. Passing by the English papers, let us look at a few French ones. The Duc de Broglie's organ, naturally anxious to insult the statesman who had so signally beaten him, said that "he died suddenly after hurling defiance at God." The *Pays* edited by that pious bully, Paul de Cassagnac, said, "He dies poisoned by his own blood. He set himself up against God. He has fallen. It is fearful, but it is just." The Catholic *Univers* said, "While he was recruiting his strength and meditating fresh assaults upon the church, and promising himself victory, the divine son of the carpenter was preparing his coffin."

These tasty exhibitions of Christian charity show that Gambetta lived and died a freethinker. Yet the sillier sort of Christians have not scrupled to insinuate and even argue that he was secretly a believer. One asinine priest, M. Feuillet des Conches, formerly Vicar of Notre Dame des Victoires, and then honorary Chamberlain of the Pope, stated in the London *Times* that, about two years before his death, Gambetta came to his church with a brace of big wax tapers which he offered in memory of his mother. He also added that the great orator knelt before the virgin, dipped his finger in holy water, and made the sign of the cross. Was there ever a more absurd story? Gambetta was a remarkable looking man, and extremely well known. He could not have entered a church unobserved, and had he done so, the story would have gone round Paris the next day. Yet nobody heard of it until after his death. Either the priest mistook some portly dark man for Gambetta, or he was guilty of a pious fraud.

While lying on his death bed Gambetta listened to Rabelais, Moliere, and other favorite but not very pious authors, read aloud by a young student who adored him. Almost his last words, as recorded in the *Times*, were these—"Well, I have suffered so much, it will be a deliverance." The words are calm, collected and truthful. There is no rant, and no quailing. It is the natural language of a strong man confronting death after long agony. Shortly after he breathed his last. The deliverance had come. Still lay the mighty heart and the fertile brain that had spent themselves for France, and the silence was only broken by the sobs of dear friends who would have died to save him. No priest administered "the consolations of religion," and he expressly ordered that he should be buried without religious rites. His great heroic genius was superior to the creeds, seeing through them and over them. He lived and died a freethinker, like nearly all

the great men since Mirabeau and Danton who have built up the freedom and glory of France.

#### GIORDANO BRUNO.

This glorious martyr of freethought did not die in a quiet chamber, tended by loving hands. He was literally "butchered to make a Roman holiday." When the assassins of "the bloody faith" kindled the fire which burnt out his splendid life, he was no decrepit man, nor had the finger of death touched his cheek with a pallid hue. The blood coursed actively through his veins, and a dauntless spirit shone in his noble eyes. It might have been Bruno that Shelly had in his mind when he wrote those thrilling lines in *Queen Mab*:

"I was an infant when my mother went  
To see an atheist burned. She took me there:  
The dark-robed priests were met around the pile,  
The multitude was gazing silently;  
And as the culprit passed with dauntless mein,  
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth;  
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs;  
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;  
His death-pang rent my heart! The insensate mob  
Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept."

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, near Naples, in 1548, ten years after the death of Copernicus, and ten years before the birth of Bacon. At the age of 15 he became a novice in the monastery of San Domenico Maggiore, and after his year's novitiate expired, he took the monastic vows. Studying deeply, he became heretical, and an act of accusation was drawn up against the boy of 16. Eight years later he was threatened with another trial for heresy. A third process was more to be dreaded, and in his 28th year Bruno fled from his persecutors. He visited Rome, Noli, Venice, Turin and Padua. At Milan he made the acquaintance of Sir Philip Sidney. After teaching for some time in the university, he went to Chambery, but the ignorance and bigotry of its monks were too great for his patience.

He next visited Geneva, but although John Calvin was dead, his dark spirit still remained, and only flight preserved Bruno from the fate of Servetus. Through Lyons he passed to Toulouse, where he was appointed public lecturer to the university. In 1579 he went to Paris. The streets were still foul with the blood of the Bartholomew massacre, but Bruno declined a professorship at the Sorbonne, a condition of which was attending mass. Henry the Third, however, made him lecturer extraordinary to the university. Paris at length became too hot to hold him, and he went to London, where he lodged with the French ambassador. His evenings were mostly spent with Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville, Dyer, and Hervey. So great was his fame that he was invited to read at the university of Oxford, where he also held a public debate with its orthodox professors on the Coperni-

can astronomy. Leaving London in 1584, he returned to Paris, and there also he publicly disputed with the Sorbonne. His safety being once more threatened, he went to Marburg, and thence to Wittenburg, where he taught for two years. At Helensstadt he was excommunicated by Boetius. Repairing to Frankfort, he made the acquaintance of a Venetian nobleman, who lured him to Venice and betrayed him to the inquisition. Among the charges against him at his trial were these: "He is not only a heretic, but a heresiarch. He has written works in which he highly lauds the Queen of England and other heretical monarchs. He has written divers things touching religion, which are contrary to the faith." The Venetian council transferred him to Rome, where he languished for seven years in a pestiferous dungeon, and was repeatedly tortured, according to the hellish code of the inquisition. At length, on February 10, 1600, he was led out to the church of Santa Maria, and sentenced to be *burnt alive*, or, as the holy church hypocritically phrased it, to be punished "as mercifully as possible, and without effusion of blood." Haughtily raising his head, he exclaimed, "You are more afraid to pronounce my sentence than I to receive it." He was allowed a week's grace for recantation, but without avail; and on the 17th of February, 1600, he was *burnt to death* on the Field of Flowers. To the last he was brave and defiant; he contemptuously pushed aside the crucifix they presented him to kiss, and, as one of his enemies said, he died without a plaint or a groan.

Such heroism stirs the blood more than the sound of a trumpet. Bruno stood at the stake in solitary and awful grandeur. There was not a friendly face in the vast crowd around him. It was one man against the world. Surely the knight of liberty, the champion of freethought, who lived such a life and died such a death, without hope of reward on earth or in heaven, sustained only by his indomitable manhood, is worthy to be accounted the supreme martyr of all time. He towers above the less disinterested martyrs of faith like a colossus; the proudest of them might walk under him without bending.—*Ironclad Age*.

#### A Beautiful Work of Art.

The proprietor of the *Star* was the grateful recipient during his visit to Waco last week, of a beautiful crayon drawing. It represents an Indian Chief (Red Cloud), in his robes of state, with his trusty tomahawk and quiver. The face is absolutely perfect, showing strong and original lines of character, and has already been recognized by citizens who have seen portraits of the renowned Indian Chief. The portrait itself is a gem in its way, showing clearly the hand of genius, or inspiration. It is the

work of Mr. B. F. Wiswell, who lives near Waco, a young man who has not a peer in his line of art in the State. The strange part about this is that Wiswell, who has only moderate attainments and has never made profit out of his wonderful talent, claims to be a spiritual medium; that his hand is guided by an unseen power. He has simply to hold the pencil in his hand, and the work is done for him with wonderful rapidity. We can attest to this latter, having seen him draw the outlines of this picture, taking no measurements, never losing a movement and never changing a line. The picture hangs at this office, where the curious can view it. Strange, indeed, it is to us, whatever it may be to others.—*Gatesville Star.*

### The Anarchists.

BY ANNIE JENNESS MILLER.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, that the condemned Anarchists must die, goes to prove that the stability of American institutions is not to be endangered by the revolutionary tendencies of any class of blood-thirsty men who mistake riot and disorder for patriotism and principle; and in so far as it proves that the people will protect the State against the murderous assaults of those who would pull down the whole social and political structure, which is at once our glory and honor, the decision is valuable.

But who is to protect the State against the stigma of barbarism while it executes its criminals, with the full sanction of law and public sentiment, at variance with the present instincts of civilization? Is not the law and order element of the land strong enough to protect the people against the combined assaults of the vicious and brutal, that we are compelled, in defiance of the pleadings of humanity, to kill the murderous and evil spirits among us, instead of treating them as victims of disease and, if possible, curing them? And is the custom of sending souls black with unrepented crime into eternity consistent with the Christian spirit of the nation? Has any man or body of men the right to assume the prerogatives of eternal vengeance? And if what we are taught in our schools and churches be true—that repentance, and the hopes of salvation through it, end with this earthly existence—have we as a nation, in the name of God, the right to deprive a human creature of any part of the full number of his mortal years in which to prepare his soul for the hereafter?

Treating the question from any side, the religious, the humane, the political, or the economic, we are still confronted with the fact that every judicial execution is a blot upon our greatness as a nation, and a reproach to our intelligence and humanity

as students of the philosophy of life. Can we not create strongholds for criminals which shall insure the safety of honest, liberty-loving people? And if so, since our object is justice and protection to the State, and not vengeance, are not the universal purposes for which we make laws better subserved by the close confinement of vicious men at useful labor than by their execution? What moral lesson will be taught other rebellious spirits by the anarchists' few months of confinement in cells of idleness, and their final execution, which could not be better taught by compelling these men, through long years of hard labor and slowly but irresistibly growing conviction of the true principles of just government, to support the wives and children who will be left widows and orphans by their deaths, and the greatest sufferers by far for their crimes? Does the execution of criminals teach any lesson worthy of the judicial and moral horror to men hardened by crime? Not at all, as is proved by the stoicism with which many of these criminals meet their fate. But there is a lesson taught which should not be overlooked by those in authority—that lesson which impresses the young with the idea of something heroic in mere bravado and desperation—a lesson calculated to increase rather than decrease crime, as the records of the courts go to prove. Vicious, disorderly, evil, and murderous people fear quick death far less than they fear years of honest toil; therefore all questions of humanity aside, the ends of justice can be better conserved, upon the whole, by punishment at hard labor than by quick and almost painless death, and civilization thereby be relieved of an unsightly and revolting blot upon its escutcheon.—*Dress.*

### Woman's Progress.

The destiny of the world to-day lies in the hearts and brains of her women. The world cannot travel upward faster than the feet of her women are climbing the paths of progress. Put us back if you can; veil us in harems; make us beasts of burden; take from us all knowledge; teach us we are only material, and the world goes back to the dark ages. The nineteenth century is closing over a world arising from bondage. It is the grandest, sublimest closing the world has ever beheld. The world has seen and is still looking at the luminous writing in the heavens, "The truth shall make you free," and for the first time is gathering to itself the true significance of liberty.

It is the evening of the nineteenth century, but the starlight is clearer than the morning of its existence. I look back and I see each year improvement and advancement. I see woman gathering up her soul and personality, and claiming it as her own against all odds and the world. I see her asking that that personality be felt in her

nation. I see her speaking her soul from platforms, preaching in pulpits of a life of which this is the shadow. I see her pleading before courts, using her brains to solve the knotty problems of the law. So woman's sphere is the wide world, her scepter the mind that God has given her, her kingdom the largest place that she has the brains to fill and the will to hold. So is woman influencing the world, and as her sphere widens the world grows better.—*Mary Seymour Howell.*

### Frederick the Great.

BY G. W. FOOTE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Frederick the Great, the finest soldier of his age, the maker of Prussia, and therefore the founder of Modern Germany, was born in January, 1712. His life forms the theme of Carlyle's masterpiece. Notoriously a disbeliever in Christianity, as his writings and correspondence attest, he loved to surround himself with freethinkers, the most conspicuous of whom was Voltaire. When the Great French Heretic died, Frederick pronounced his eulogium before the Berlin Academy, denouncing the "imbecile priests," and declaring that "the best destiny they can look for is that they and their vile artifices will remain forever buried in the darkness of oblivion, while the fame of Voltaire will increase from age to age, and transmit his name to immortality."

When the old king was on his death-bed, one of his subjects, solicitous about his immortal soul, sent him a letter full of pious advice. "Let this," he said, "be answered civilly; the intention of the writer is good." Shortly after, on August 17, 1786, Frederick died in his own fashion. Carlyle says:

"For the most part he was unconscious, never more than half conscious. As the wall clock above his head struck eleven, he asked: 'What o'clock?' 'Eleven,' answered they. 'At four,' murmured he, 'I will rise.' One of his dogs sat on its stool near him; about midnight he noticed it shivering from cold. 'Throw a quilt over it,' said or beckoned he. That, I think, was his last completely conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting at last rid of the phlegm, he said; 'We are on the hill, we shall go better now.'—Frederick the Great, vol. vi., p. 694; edition 1869.

Better it was. The pain was over, and the brave old king who had wrestled with all Europe and thrown it, succumbed quietly to the inevitable defeat which awaits us all.—*Ironclad Age.*

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—OLIVER W. HOLMES.

# THE CARRIER DOVE

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SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editress

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# THE CARRIER DOVE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCT. 29, 1887.

## "Soul Communion."

We have been repeatedly asked what we thought of the "Whole World Soul Communion," of which so much is being said and written among our spiritual brethren. We think it is well to have "soul communion" often, in fact, every day and hour of our lives. The truly spiritual man or woman needs not an hour set apart *once a month* for this communion with the soul-world. It is a daily experience to those who live the proper spiritual life. This spiritual life is the condition described as being "one with the Father," where the person has attained that degree of soul-growth and unfoldment that the divine influx of light, love and wisdom from the higher spheres is a daily and hourly experience. Such need no special day or hour; the light of truth continually streams in through the open windows of the soul, and its warm, life-giving beams are reflected upon all who come within its radius.

They live the life of the spirit here and now, and manifest by their daily lives and conversation their oneness with the divine Soul of being. For those, however, who are enwrapped with the materialities of their surroundings, and catch only stray gleams of the infinite world of soul-pulsating and throbbing with divine potentialities all around them, who are tethered to their idols of flesh, for them it may be well to have an appointed time in which to lay aside their material engrossments, and seek the angelic aid and uplifting which comes from supernal realms, for it is better to come once a month, even, into the vestibule of the "holy of holies," and breathe in the invigorating atmosphere of the soul-world, than to remain forever enveloped in the fogs of earth. It is better occasionally to feel the grandeur and beauty of life—beautiful life—than to never have a pulse-beat in accord with the rhythmical harmonies of the celestial universe. If, by a general observance of a certain hour set apart for "soul communion," any new light can be received, and spiritual aid and guidance invoked that will meet with a response from the angelic hosts who are supposed to be in general attendance upon mortals on that day, then, by all means, observe the hour. If even one benighted fellow-creature is blest and enlightened by this observance, then has the hour been well spent; and those to whom has come such light should ever bless and revere the day which gave them *one hour* of "soul communion."

## An Argument Against "Total Depravity."

If the teachers and promulgators of the doctrine of "total depravity" could be convinced of the erroneousness of their position by any argument that could be advanced against it, we think a good point could be made by any careful observer of human nature by noting the effect upon theatre-goers of the plays they witness. We have always noticed that the greatest enthusiasm and heartiest applause was elicited when the higher moral sentiments were appealed to. Pure and constant love, filial affection, honor, courage, devotion to principle, virtue, truth, bravery, all receive the commendation of the people, while murder, theft, dishonor, cowardice, and all manner of evil receive their condemnation. It

would seem that a "totally depraved" people would naturally give expression to their depravity by an appreciation of evil conduct instead of morality and goodness; the reverse being true, the conclusion is that, underneath all outward seeming of evil there is a spark of innate goodness, latent, perhaps, in manifestation, yet ever ready to kindle into a living, beautiful flame, when ignited by the power of love and truth. Untoward environments may retard its development, and apparently extinguish it entirely, yet it still remains a faint, small glow, waiting more congenial conditions, and the inspiring breezes wafted from immortal shores, by unseen powers, who are ever on the alert to aid humanity up to higher planes of thought and action.

## Importance of Lyceum Work.

"The Children's Lyceum under the management of Maggie Folsom Butler is growing to be a power in this city. We attended their services and were much pleased with same. Could the Lyceum receive the financial support it needs it would soon become the greatest reformatory power in the land. It seems strange that Spiritualists and liberalists of all shades of opinion do not give more of their time and means for its support."

The above extract from a private letter from Dr. C. C. Peet, concerning Lyceum work in Boston, is equally true of such work in this city: Could the Lyceum now organized receive the aid it needs it would soon be a power for good, the results of which cannot be over-estimated.

A few faithful, indefatigable workers are at the helm doing all they can, but they need the earnest, hearty support of every Liberal and Spiritualist in San Francisco. It is a work that requires wisdom, experience and a thorough understanding of what constitutes true education, and as no one person is a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge on this important subject, it is well to counsel together often, that the best ideas may be advanced and the best system adopted. Children must first be *interested*, then they can be *instructed*; and just *how* to combine amusement with improvement is what has puzzled some well-disposed persons who would gladly engage in the good work if they knew how to begin. Teachers and officers can greatly assist each other by frequent meetings, at which each one shall be expected to advance some idea or thought

that may have resulted from their observation of children's needs, or have been suggested during their experience as teachers. These suggestions would have a tendency to improve upon old or existing methods, and instead of a formal, one grade system year after year, new and pleasing variety would take the place of dull, methodical sameness, and children would be delighted, interested and instructed, and go from choice instead of being compelled to go where they found it stupid, dull and tiresome as an orthodox Sunday school. If a sense of *duty* will not prompt parents to act in this matter we know of no argument that would avail, so will leave the subject for the thoughtful consideration of the readers of the DOVE, trusting that they may be actuated by motives of philanthropy and justice to the children of the present, who, as men and women of the future will look backward with grateful remembrance to the brave teachers of the present who are striving to give them truth instead of error, and religious liberty instead of superstitious intolerance as a foundation upon which to build great, grand, noble, useful lives.

#### The Child Medium.

A very interesting seance was held at this office last Tuesday evening. Mr. Plimley, of Oakland, with his daughter Lizzie, were present, and the child was controlled by her little Indian guide, Minnie, who drew a remarkable picture with colored crayons in about twenty minutes. She also gave a number of names that were recognized by those present. She also described a number of gentlemen present, telling the color of their hair and beard. One gentleman, who came in near the close of the seance, she described as having black hair, and when someone asked what was the color of his whiskers, she replied, "that she did not see any." The gentleman's face was smoothly shaven. After the control left, the little girl said "she felt no fatigue, but just as if she had been asleep." She had been entranced an hour and a half. The child will, undoubtedly, become a great medium in the course of time. Her health has constantly improved since this development, which is a complete refutation of the allegations made by some people as to the impropriety of and injury likely to result from early medium-

ship. We hope Miss Lizzie will be present at our regular seance next Tuesday evening, and give our friends another opportunity of witnessing her wonderful manifestations. If such an arrangement is made it will be announced at Washington Hall next Sunday afternoon.

#### J. J. Morse's New Class.

Mr. Morse's new class convened at this office on Friday evening, the 21st inst., with a very large attendance. So unexpectedly numerous was the company that some difficulty was experienced in accommodating all with seats. That matter has, however, been fully attended to, and seats are now provided for all the members—the number of which fills our parlors to overflowing. Mr. Morse is entirely entranced under the control of his chief guide, who delivers the lesson of the evening. The present lectures are equal to any previous ones, and the eloquence and urbanity of the control are charming—while his reasoning and irresistible logic are alike faultless. These are just the classes needed for Spiritualists and enquirers, as a vast amount of information upon practical Spiritualism is imparted. Our readers will find full particulars among our special notices, and we trust that Mr. Morse may be prevailed upon to continue this form of work after the present class is concluded. The subject on Friday evening next, November 4th, will be "Spirit Control, Obsession and Possession."

#### As Others See Us.

THE CARRIER DOVE, published at San Francisco Cal., commenced a weekly instead of a monthly issue on July 30th. Each issue will contain one of the fine engravings for which this fine magazine is noted, and at present there will be no advance in the subscription. We note from the issue referred to that Mrs. Ada Foye had returned for a short time to recuperate previous to a more extended trip, including England and (we hope), Australia.—*Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia.

The CARRIER DOVE, published at 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal, reaches our table as a weekly. The subscription price is only \$2.50. Each number contains a full page illustration. Recently we have noticed reports of several lectures by J. J.

Morse. If we had room we should be glad to reproduce them, as they are masterpieces of logical teachings. The DOVE makes a very fine appearance typographically, and all who have read its pages are ready to acknowledge the ability of its editors and writers.—*Light on the Way*, Dover, Mass.

#### Practical Occultism.

The above is the title of a new work it is proposed to issue as soon as the necessary number of subscribers' names are obtained. The work will contain all the lectures delivered by the control of Mr. J. J. Morse at the late advanced class of spiritual students—the sessions of which have been held at this office, verbatim reports of which have been taken by Mr. G. H. Hawes. The topics are all deeply interesting and most instructive, making many points perfectly clear and intelligible that are often obscure to students of spiritual matters. The work will contain six lessons, upon the following topics, with an Appendix containing the questions and answers arising from the students.

##### LESSON NUMBER ONE.

The Trance, as the doorway to the Occult. Dealing with the trance in its magnetic, natural and spiritual forms of induction.

##### LESSON NUMBER TWO.

(First Section.)

Mediumship: its physiological, mental and spiritual results.

##### LESSON NUMBER THREE.

(Second Section.)

Mediumship: its foundation, development, dangers and advantages.

##### LESSON NUMBER FOUR.

Magic, Sorcery and Witchcraft.

##### LESSON NUMBER FIVE.

The material, spiritual and celestial planes of the Second State.

##### LESSON NUMBER SIX.

The Soul World—Its hells, heavens and evolutions.

##### APPENDIX.

Answers to Questions.

The work will be handsomely printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. The price is fixed at one dollar per copy, and at that rate it is offered to subscribers before publication. All desiring to possess a most valu-

able work should send in their names at once, which can be done, to our care, or to Mr. M. B. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple, on Sundays, or to Mr. Morse at 331 Turk street, San Francisco. Subscribers will be supplied in the order in which their names are recorded. Further announcements in due course.

### Spiritual Meetings.

J. J. MORSE AT METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

The list of questions presented to Mr. Morse's control on Sunday morning last, at Metropolitan Temple embraced the usual wide range of subjects, such as Memory, Prayer, Life and Labor in the Spirit World, Capital and Labor, etc., to which topics able and exhaustive answers were given in each case. The audience was quite large, and as usual, sympathetic and enthusiastic.

At the evening meeting a very large audience assembled which paid the closest and most sustained attention to the remarkably vivid and brilliantly descriptive lecture delivered by the control upon the "Scenery, Cities, and Peoples of the Realm of the So-called Dead," of which we have secured our usual verbatim report for future publication in these pages. A phenomenal stillness prevailed during the lecture, so absorbed and interested were the listeners. The control was exceptionally fine, even among the very able controls exercised over this eloquent speaker.

Mrs. L. P. Howell sang with much feeling while an additional and most pleasing feature which closed the services, was the fine singing of Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., who sang with excellent and exquisite taste, Tosti's "Supplication," for which he was rewarded with unbounded applause, and an urgent encore, to which he responded with another magnificently rendered song, again receiving for it the heartiest demonstrations of approval from his delighted auditors. Mr. Keith will be the regular soloist on and from the first Sunday in November.

The chairman, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, announced that as the person who had previously sold the spiritual papers at these services had relinquished his stand equal facilities had been accorded the two papers published in this city to sell their journals at these meetings, as the society had no intention of acting partially in the matter. He noticed

that the CARRIER DOVE was on sale, but the absence of the other local journal was due to no fault or action of the management of these meetings.

On Sunday next the usual services at 11 A. M., answers to questions; and at 7:45 P. M., the concluding lecture of the series upon "The Realm of the So-called Dead; their Punishments and Pleasures." Admission free to both services. All are invited.

### Union Spiritual Meetings.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, 111 LARKIN ST.

Wednesday evening, Oct. 19, this meeting was opened by Mr. Fair who began his remarks by reading a selection from Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." His address was well received and was followed by a humorous, pithy speech by M. H. Mills. Mrs. Cowell of Oakland spoke for a few moments under spirit control. The usual seance closed the meeting.

WASHINGTON HALL.

From what we have been able to learn a very interesting meeting was held last Sunday. Being unable to attend we have no report of the exercises except that Fred Emmerson Brooks was present and contributed largely to the entertainment of the large audience with his unsurpassed recitations of original poems.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson was also present and spoke of her experiences during the recent visit east.

## Chips.

"That ye want is light—indeed—  
Not sunlight \* \* \*

—But God's light, organized  
In some high soul, crowned capable to lead  
The conscious people—conscious and advised—  
For if we lift a people like mere clay,  
It falls the same. We want thee, O unfound  
And sovereign teacher!—if thy beard be grey  
Or black, we bid the rise up from the ground  
And speak the word God giveth thee to say,  
Inspiring into all this people round  
Instead of passion, thought, which pioneers  
All generous passion, purifies from sin,  
And strikes the hour for. Rise up, teacher, here's  
A crowd to make a nation—best begin  
By making each a man, till all be peers  
Of earth's true patriots, and pure martyrs in  
Knowing and daring." MRS. BROWNING.

Read the communication from Mrs. Emma C. Peet on another page. It is full of interest, as is also Dr. Peet's article on Re-incarnation.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 35 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

Humanity looks eagerly forward to that "good time coming," when the night of wrong shall fade before the bright dawn which shall usher in a reign of justice, peace and love.

The true family is the type of the State. It is the absence of the feminine from the conduct of the governments of the earth, that makes them more or less savage. The State is now in a condition of half orphanage. There are fathers of the State but no mothers.—REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

There are three hundred students at Wellesley College, and they do its housework. Every girl is trained to do one kind of work, and to do it quickly and well. Forty-five minutes out of the twenty-four hours is allowed. Co-operation performs wonders.—*Dress.*

Next Wednesday evening, Nov. 2nd, Dr. W. W. McKaig will speak for the Union Spiritual Society at 111 Larkin street. Admission is free to these meetings and a full house is always the agreeable sight that greets their speakers. The society is to be congratulated upon having secured the services of this talented gentleman.

I intend to vote for equal suffrage, for many reasons, chief of which is that as women are subject to taxation, and the penitentiary, and all other civil and criminal laws, equally with men, it seems but just that legislation on such subjects should be "with consent of the governed."—SCHUYLER COLFAX.

"An idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance; but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one."

The labor party, the people's party, the new party, must discard the church, the prayer-book and the sermon, and declare for justice, for the secular state, for humanity,

and rely on humanity for success, and then through reason, through education, through peace and enlightenment, it will some day give the world the ideal Republic—the Commonwealth of this world.—SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.

Mr. M. B. Dodge, the efficient manager of the meetings at Metropolitan Temple is constantly working for the advancement of the interests of the Society, and realizes that good music goes far towards securing success. He has therefore secured the services of Mr. C. W. Seeley for Sunday evening, Oct. 30th, who will contribute some excellent music, in addition to the talent already engaged.

The time is coming when Spiritualism shall be revolutionized and purified and when it will *really* be *spiritual*. I need no raps or physical manifestations to convince me that around me are those whose forms have been laid away. I need not to see those forms resurrected to teach me that the spirit still lives and will live on to all eternity! In the secret chambers of my soul I hear their voices and feel the invisible presence through my interior senses. I care not for flowers made by spirit hands while they show to my mental vision the roses they strew in my pathway when it is seemingly beset with thorns.

—MRS. ANNIE E. BASSETT.

Investigators should not expect to learn everything there is in Spiritualism at one or two seances. The oldest Spiritualist is yet a pupil in the science, and constantly making discoveries, yet we hear of investigators who become discouraged because the highest and most convincing phenomena do not come to them at the first or second sitting, and cry "fraud" when they fail to obtain as convincing manifestations as have come to their neighbors. Have patience, friends. That which you will ultimately obtain is worth waiting for. We have known investigators who obtained no manifestation of the spirit till after many months of eager waiting and then they were grandly rewarded. It pays to wait.—*The Better Way*.

"While writing Uncle Tom's Cabin," says Mrs. Stowe to a recent interviewer, "I was filled with an enthusiasm which

transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house, and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard, but *I had to write*. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written just as much—aye, and more, too. *It was as though it was written through me, I only holding the pen*. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought of being satisfied. When it was done it was finished and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote."

Emma Abbott was present recently at McKendree Church, in Nashville, Tenn., when the pastor, Rev. W. A. Chandler delivered a severe and bitter sermon against the theatre. At its conclusion Miss Abbott arose and protested against the pastor's sweeping denunciations, declaring the charges were unfounded. In all the operas to which the minister referred there was no improper or impure thought. The great lights of the stage such as Jenny Lind, Modjeska, Albani, and countless others had been good women and model wives and mothers. She defied any one to say that aught had ever been said against the fair fame of Emma Abbott. Her remarks created a great sensation and considerable applause. A great many ladies called upon Miss Abbott and commended her spirited defense of herself and her profession. The next evening at the presentation of "Il Trovatore" at Chattanooga, Tenn., the city editor of the *Times*, in the name of a large number of the best citizens of the city, presented Miss Abbott with a large, magnificent, solid silver yacht, as a testimonial of their appreciation of her courageous and well-expressed defense of her profession against unjust and bitter denunciation.

## Special Notices.

### To Intending Subscribers.

To introduce the CARRIER DOVE to new readers we will send it every week for four months for fifty cents, free by mail. We consider this a better plan to extend a knowledge of our paper's character and worth than paying exorbitant commissions to canvassers—which, by reducing returns,

generally endanger the stability of undertakings that adopt such plans. The above offer does not apply to present subscribers, but we will send the paper to the friends of our subscribers to any addresses furnished us by our present patrons.

This is at the rate of \$1.50 per year. We cannot renew the paper at the same rate to the same parties.

### Premium Notice.

We have still quite a number of bound volumes of the CARRIER DOVE for 1886, which will be sent to any address upon receipt of \$2.50, or they will be sent as premiums to those sending us subscribers at the following rates: For three subscribers at \$2.50 each, will be given a cloth bound book; and for four subscribers, an elegant book, full leather binding. These books contain fifty-one full-page engravings of prominent Spiritualists and spirit photographs, also a very valuable collection of biographical sketches, which are a distinctive feature of this journal. Send in your orders at once.

### J. J. Morse's Meetings.

J. J. Morse's Sunday services under his engagement with the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of this city are held in Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. Morning for answering questions at 11 o'clock. Evening an inspirational lecture at 7.45 o'clock.

Organist, Sig. S. Arrilliga; vocalist, Mrs. L. P. Howell, late soprano of Dr. Barrows' church. Doors open free to both services. Reserved seats \$1.00 per month, which can be secured from M. B. Dodge Esq., at Metropolitan Temple at every service.

The class in 'Advanced Spiritual Science' is held by Mr. Morse every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 32 Ellis street, (CARRIER DOVE office,) at 8 P. M. Single admissions fifty cents.

Tickets for the class can be secured of Mr. Dodge at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday; or at the class room on the evenings of meeting, or at this office.

### J. J. Morse's Advanced Class.

The fourth class is now meeting at the office of the CARRIER DOVE, 32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Fridays at 8 P. M. Tickets for this course of seven lectures, price \$3. Single admissions, fifty cents.

Course tickets or single admissions, can be obtained at the class room any Friday

evening; or of Mr. M. B. Dodge, Manager of the Temple meetings, every Sunday, or at the office of THE CARRIER DOVE at any time. The previous classes have been extraordinarily successful.

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Life, Health, Mind, Psychological Power, Marriage, and the General Unfoldment of Body, Mind, and Soul,

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**THE MANUAL**

which contains a complete explanation, including a concise description of the divisions of the chart, over eighty in number, and is in all cases given with the personal examinations. It contains the chart above referred to.

**A MARRIAGE TABLE**

Is also included, and the advice it presents will prove invaluable to many in the selection of their conjugal companions; the rearing and management of families, and other domestic matters of importance to happiness and morality.

Mr. Morse is quite remarkable as an Inspirational Examiner; often giving very wonderful readings to those consulting him.

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- Ditto, ditto, with examination and advice written out in full..... 5 00
- Examination No. 1 to members of Mr. Morse's Classes..... 2 00

Examinations at all times, or by appointment, which can be made in advance, either by letter or personally, as below, or at Mr. Morse's class on the evening of Friday, in

each week, at the office of the CARRIER DOVE. Mr. Morse's office is 331 Turk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aug. 27, f. t.

**Advice on Health and Character.**

We should call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Morse in another column, where he announces his ability to give examinations and advice on the above matters. We know a number who have consulted him, and they report themselves astonished and benefited by the accuracy of his delineations, and the value of his advice. The system Mr. Morse uses is entirely new, and has been elaborated under the inspiration of his controls. It presents many marked peculiarities, all of which are duly set forth in the elaborate chart contained in the manual of explanations. Mr. Morse has fixed his scale of charges at a very moderate rate, viz.: \$3, for a complete examination, and full advice upon development of character, protection and maintenance of health, development of psychological powers and spiritual faculties—all most important topics. Having full confidence in Mr. Morse's skill and judgment, we can fully recommend our readers to avail themselves of his services.

**SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.**

**San Francisco**

J. J. MORSE, THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH trance speaker lectures for the Golden Gate Society, Metropolitan Temple, Fifth street, every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Answers to questions in the morning, a lecture in the evening. Mrs. L. P. Howell soprano, Sig. S. Arrilliga, organist. Admission free to each meeting. All are invited.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meets every Sunday at 1 P. M., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all live subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 P. M. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission free.

**Chicago, Ill.**

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE Society of Chicago, meets in Avenue Hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d St., Sunday evenings at 7:45.

**Cleveland, Ohio.**

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS FOR THE PEOPLE, at the Columbia Theatre, Euclid Avenue, every Sunday evening at 7:30. Speakers, Rev. Samuel Watson, Mrs. Ada Foye, Charles Dawbarn, J. Frank Baxter and others. Thomas Lees, Chairman. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, meets at G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior Street, every Sunday, 10:45 A. M. The public invited. E. W. Gaylord, Conductor.

**Our Table.**

KILLED BY VACCINATION, (SECOND EDITION,, WILLIAM YOUNG.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, OR A VISION VACCINE. ALFRED MILNES.

LONDON, ENG., E. W. ALLEN.

Two neatly printed and excellent tracts, dealing with the question of vaccination, the first compiled by William Young, Secretary of the London, Eng., Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination. The work recites the particulars of a number of deaths from vaccinations in various parts of Great Britain, making a terrible picture indeed. In the course of his introduction Mr. Young very truly observes:

"No rational theory ever has been or can be advanced to support the ridiculous assumption that vaccination protects from small-pox. One thing only is certain; thousands of children are killed annually by vaccination, or its after results, and these victims of medical ignorance and folly are the only persons of whom it can be asserted with truth that vaccination protected them from small-pox.

While in another place he puts it on record that the

"highest authorities (Drs. Ballard, Wm. Farr, and Sir James Paget) have defined vaccination respectively as the 'infliction of disease,' 'fortification by disease' and the 'production of a permanent morbid (though beneficial!) condition of the blood.' The amount of damage done by the practice cannot easily be measured, but an *indication* is afforded by the last five Annual Government Reports of the Causes of Death, which are recorded from the certificates of duly qualified medical men. These show that in the years 1881-5, the number of children *directly* killed by 'Cow-pox and other effects of Vaccination,' was 290, or 1 every 6 days, and it is no exaggeration to say that for every one so killed, at least 100 are indirectly killed, and 1,000 seriously-injured."

We have only room for one more quotation, which shows, however, that the English press can misrepresent other subjects as well as Spiritualism, Mr. Young states that—

"Each case represents many days of agony and a frightful death, inflicted on helpless infants. Large as the confessed number is, it is no approach to the truth. The advice to medical men, that in case of vaccinal disasters, they should falsify the death certificates 'to save vaccination from reproach,' has been shamelessly published in the medical press; and wherever independent inquiry has revealed deaths from vaccination, it has also revealed death certificates in which all mention of vaccination has been carefully suppressed."

Mr. Milnes treats the subject in the form of describing a vision in which the actions and assertions of various medical men who uphold vaccination are caustically and ably passed in review.

SPIRITUALISM AND THE BIBLE. E. BELL HELM, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

This little pamphlet reminds us of "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," upon which it is scarcely an improvement, even though some "spiritual" communications are incorporated in its opening pages. It is of no value to our cause.

## SOCIAL ETHICS. NEW YORK.

Abstracts of three papers read before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence and State Medicine, the authors being Charles H. Kitchell, E. H. Benn, and Dr. Wm. M. McLaury, who in closing says, concerning the problem of the great social plague spot in all large centres of population, that

"woman is the most potent factor, and *she* must teach and be taught. Church and State laws have been of little avail, because they have not recognized the God law, the natural law. You may as well legislate against the law of gravitation as against the law of sex. But reasonable instruction of honest, earnest men and women will do more to reform the abuses of society than written laws of whatever name or kind."

## Children's Dept.

Lily Benton.

BY JULIA SCHLESINGER.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE INDIAN GIRL.

Onita was an Indian girl, who was a member of our "Golden Chain" and did a grand and noble work among the "pale faces," as the Indians call the white people. She had a "lodge" or home among her own people in their beautiful country, where the wildest dream of bliss in the far-off "hunting grounds of the Great Spirit" was more than realized by the poor Indian upon his entrance into spirit life. Here they know no foe; they feel no want; cold and hunger never visit them; their council fires are lighted by the torch of peace and fraternity; here the white man comes and goes a welcome visitor, unmolested because the war of race is here unknown, and the "red man" and "pale face" are brothers.

Here in their "happy hunting grounds" which cover vast areas of forest and plain, and grandly flowing rivers, babbling brooks, silver lakes, towering mountains, quiet vales and peaceful groves, grand forests of stately trees invite the weary, earth-worn Indian to their cool shadows and refreshing rest. Here are villages of snowy wigwams, and the more pretentious council halls where the great chiefs, sachems, medicine men and teachers congregate to discuss matters of grave import to their earthly kindred, and also concerning the advancement and education of those in spirit life. The wise and good of all races are welcomed to these councils, and instruction received and given according to the needs of each.

Onita's father was a brave and noble chief, who devoted much time to the interests of his people. Her mother was a "pale face" who had been found in the forest when quite a small child, by a band of roving Indians, where she had become separated from her elder sister and brother as they were picking

berries, and was lost. The Indians were delighted at finding such a prize, and determined upon keeping her until they received a handsome sum of "wampum" (money) from the whites for her ransom.

In a fight which occurred between them and another tribe with whom they were at war a few days later, a number of the party were taken captive, and among them the little white girl. The chief took her to his wigwam, where his squaw kindly received the little "White Fawn," and made her a soft bed of skins, and gave her the best food she could procure. For a time she grieved for her parents and home, but at last became quiet and docile, and loved to watch the sports of the little papooses with whom her lot was cast. All efforts made by the parents to recover their lost child were baffled by those into whose hands she had fallen, and her life was passed among them, with little knowledge, save a dim recollection of another home and another race of people. When the little "White Fawn" became a woman, she was made the wife of the old chief's son, with whom she had been raised, and to whom she was attached on account of his bravery and daring as a young warrior, and also because of his tenderness and affection for her. Onita was their first and only child, her mother passing to spirit life soon after her babe was born. "Eagle Eye," her father, mourned long and deeply for his love, and found his greatest solace in the little one who had been left to cheer his loneliness with her sweet, innocent prattle and cunning baby ways. When Onita was three years of age, a pestilence carried off many of the red men, and among the number who succumbed to its ravages was the brave and stalwart Eagle Eye, the pride of his tribe, and his little white blossom, Onita. In spirit life they found a lovely home had been prepared for them by the fond mother who had gone before, and there amid their kindred they rested and grew strong, ministered unto by the loving ones of both races, who delighted in doing good. There in the grand old forest nestles the bower of home to which the Indian maiden turns, when, apart from all others, she would meet her parents and enjoy the felicity of their tender, devoted love.

In the schools of the pale faces she has been taught the same as others; and has grown in stature and beauty, until she presents a picture of almost unsurpassed loveliness. Her straight, black hair streams, unconfined about her lithe, willowy form, like a rich, glossy mantle; her piercing black eyes, like her father's, seem to see through and beyond all outward things, and discover hidden mysteries.

The guardians of the members of the Golden Chain regard Onita as having special claims upon them, and delight in assisting her to teach her people.

In a lovely valley, almost surrounded by

towering mountains, is a village where dwell some of the little papooses, who go into spirit life before their parents. Here they are received by tender, mother-souls, who supply their every want. Here Onita has a school of the little untaught waifs, and with the assistance of other members of the Golden Chain, she is doing a noble work educating the little ones, and preparing them for the more advanced instruction they will, in time, receive from her own dear teachers. Through this little valley winds a stream of crystal water, which has its source in the mountain springs, and from whence it rushes down into the vale forming cascades and waterfalls whose silver spray descends upon the lovely flowers blooming in profusion everywhere. When the waters reach the valley they form into a smoothly flowing stream, winding along through shady groves and green fields, bearing on its shining surface the dainty canoes of the Indian children.

Here sport many of the animals familiar to the Indian's home on earth. Deer abound in great numbers, also rabbits, squirrels and birds of many varieties. These are very tame and are caressed and petted by the little ones, who take great delight in their gentle playfellows.

When Lily first visited this beautiful valley in company with Onita and other members of the band, she was charmed with its novelty, and the freedom and happy innocence of the dwellers there. She floated in the little canoes, played with the graceful deer, and learned to love instead of fear her dusky friends, who vied with each other to give a hearty welcome to Onita's pale-face companions.

When the time came for their departure, the little ones gathered around and presented each member of the band with some little token of remembrance from their store of curious and beautiful things which had been manufactured by their own hands; among these were miniature canoes, painted sea-shells, strings of scarlet berries resembling beads, delicately embroidered moccasins, and necklaces formed of crystals cut in many curious shapes, which emitted colored rays of light like diamonds. To Lily they presented a wreath of delicate, snowy lily buds, small and waxen in appearance, which they lovingly placed upon her head. Onita they almost worshiped, and upon her they bestowed their choicest gifts, and crowned her with the rarest, sweetest blossoms. Instead of saying farewell, or good-bye, they sang a sweet little song Onita had taught them, and thus were their blessings and love wafted after the departing band on strains of soft, sweet music, mingled with the melody of childish voices.

(To be continued.)

Subscribe for the CARRIER DOVE.



## Correspondence.

\*Under this head we will insert *brief* letters of general interest, and reply to our correspondents, on topics or questions within the range of the CARRIER DOVE'S objects. The DOVE does not necessarily endorse the opinions of its correspondents in their letters appearing under this head.

### Boston Letter.

*Editor* CARRIER DOVE.—The third of October found us in Boston where we are pleasantly situated at 641 Tremont street. We have been rambling about the city ever since and there is so much of interest to communicate that I hardly know where to begin. We were much pleased with the Spiritual Temple, which is not only commodious, but tasteful in every respect. The auditorium has a seating capacity of eleven hundred, and the library, seance rooms and hall for social gatherings are all models in their way. Several hours were passed most delightfully the other day at the art gallery on St. James Avenue. Here we examined with much interest works of art, both ancient and modern. Some of the statuary dates back many years before the Christian era, and are yellow with age. The display of pottery is extensive and interesting, both for its antiquity and differing designs.

One room contained a number of mummies still in a good state of preservation, also the cases they had been originally laid away in. The gallery boasts of a fine collection of paintings, some of which are of great size and beauty, as are also the designs in tapestry and fancy needlework. In a large showcase displayed on forms are a number of very ancient dresses, one of them a blue brocaded silk reported to have been worn by Mary Ann Farwell in the year 1678; the material is still bright and beautiful. On Sunday morning, October 9th, we attended Berkeley Hall, where Mrs. Shepard Lillie answered questions very ably to a large and intelligent audience. In the evening we were present at a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. Dean Clark opened the exercises with a few pleasant and appropriate remarks, after which a young girl, purporting to be controlled by the deceased medium and lecturer, Aggie Davis Hall, made a short address. Mr. Hall, the president of the meeting, invited my husband to speak, which he did, giving the people something concerning the spiritualistic movement in California, and I am sure if our dear friends in the sunset land could have heard the truthful words he uttered they would have felt assured that San Francisco at least is second to no other place in efforts in this direction. Mrs. Loomis Hall closed the exercises by giving several very fine psychometric readings.

A few days since I visited the North Church on Salem street, erected in 1723, and made famous by the lantern hung in

its lofty steeple for Paul Revere of revolutionary fame. It was with some feelings of dismay that I pursued my way through the narrow street filled with loud-talking women, dirty children and a few noisy men who conversed in a language unintelligible to me. At length I reached my destination, and crossing the street to obtain a better view, looked far up to the steeple and imagined the flickering light of the lantern hung there long years ago. On a stone on the front of the tower these words are engraved, "This church was erected in 1723." The lantern was hung in this tower for Paul Revere, April 18th, 1775. A lady who has charge of the church unlocked a side door and together we entered the ancient enclosure. The altar still contains the chairs that were placed there when the church was built. The pulpit was altered a little some sixty years ago, and the sounding board disposed of. At a more recent date the society tried very hard to recover and replace it, but without success. The high-back pews and doors are the original ones. King George of England presented this church in 1730, with a silver communion service, a prayer book and four images of cherubims, all of which are still in use. I took the old prayer book in my hand and vainly tried to read from its peculiar pages. An old clock occupies a place on the gallery railing, in front of the organ, and tells the time with as rigid exactness as when the British soldiers scanned its face; the timepiece is as old as the church. The organ was placed there in 1750, and is still musical we were informed. From the ceiling two chandeliers are suspended. These ancient relics were originally intended for a church in Quebec, but while crossing the ocean, the French ship by which they were sent was captured by the British, and a British officer presented them to this church in 1746, and here they shine as they have for many years, a glimmering light in a shadowy place. The chime of bells that ring melodiously from the tower are the oldest of any in the city. Under the church are a number of vaults where rest the mortal remains of fifty British soldiers, besides many other men and women.

The old slave gallery occupies a place either side of the organ above the main gallery. As the governor's pew was designated to me and I took a seat therein, and endeavored to imagine the old church filled with the worshippers of other days, and immediately in solemn procession they passed before me. The wardens were in their places, and the rector's pew was well-filled by his numerous family, while the active beadles occupied the niches designed for their use with all the gravity of 1723.

Hoping that this little sketch will prove interesting to our far away friends and the patrons of the DOVE, I am most sincerely yours,  
EMMA C. PEET.

## Message Dept.

Spirit Tuconita—through the mediumship of Mme. Clara Antonia.

Charity, true charity is broad and deep. Quietly and unostentatiously she goes upon her errands of mercy, literally carrying out the command not to let one hand know the good deeds of the other. With her twin sister, Love, she forms the attributes planted in every human breast, sometimes to droop, whither and die there for the want of proper exercise, for the lack of human application. Happily for mankind we find in life's great arid deserts of selfishness many an oasis, studded with pastures watered with the milk of human kindness, made luxuriant and blooming, and reflecting their glory upon each individual sprinkler. Good deeds, like a two-edged sword, cut both ways. They gladden the heart of the giver and that of the recipient alike. How much more blessed to be the former than the latter! We cannot think that there ever was such an abnormal soul born but that it was sometime moved to pity by the want and woe about it. Still, if such exists, what a dungeon is its earthly tenement—a prisoner condemned to labor in solitary confinement. We carry heaven and hell right in our own bosoms. How unsatisfactory is the existence centered all in self; how heavenly that whose fibres go out and take root wherever they can find soil to put in seeds of well-doing. So Spiritualism recognizes action over profession; places it above creed and confession; deeds, not words, the spirit, not the letter, in which charity is exercised; and yet charity covers a multitude of sins. She has woven endless material out of which we fashion cloaks to screen the bare-faced misdeeds committed in her name.

We make a plea for simple charity, a plea for the education of the heart that it go out to its fellowmen direct. Thus will her path be made easier, the brambles and thorns brushed aside, while she lingers in it to help the poor whom she has always with her.

### SURPRISED SPIRITUALISTS.

Two ladies and two gentlemen of Aurora, Mo., met in a parlor the other evening and determined, out of sport, to hold a mock spiritualistic seance. While they were quietly sitting around a table telling ghost stories the table was seized by some unseen power and carried quickly up to the ceiling, from which it was hurled to the floor with great violence. In its fall the table struck one of the young men on the head, rendering him unconscious. Physicians were called in and the unfortunate man conveyed to his home, but he is still unconscious and is not expected to live.—*New York World.*