



COL. G. P. HATCH

The Carrier Dove.

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

VOLUME V.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 21, 1888.

NUMBER 3.

Biography.

Chester Payne Hatch.

Mr. Hatch, whose portrait we give in this issue, was born in Lebanon, Vt., June 3rd, 1814, where his father, Jonathan Hatch, followed the occupation of farming. His mother bore the maiden-name of Betsy Payne; so it will be seen that he is a descendant of genuine Puritan stock. When he was nineteen years of age his father died, leaving with him the entire charge of family and farm. After a year, at the return of his elder brother, he went to learn the machinist trade, where, being unusually apt, he only served one year, and was at once hired at journeyman's wages. At the age of twenty-five he married Miss Mary Ann Armstrong, of Franklin, Vt., and took his bride to Norwich, Vt., where, at that time, he was in the furniture business. Their unalloyed happiness was of short duration—Death claimed her as his own in a period of eleven months. In 1853 he came to California and was engaged in the lumber business in San Francisco. Forming the acquaintance of a gentleman from his own home, they visited Petaluma and found the people were in want of a foundry. He went East and sent the machinery out at once, and started a foundry and machine shop on Hellar street, where it now stands, having sold to another party, in March 7th, 1862. He was united in marriage to Mrs. Lucretia Ann A. Darrow, of Boston, Mass., by Rev. J. M. Peebles, who was lecturing at that time on this coast; they are both staunch believers in our glorious cause. Mr. Hatch has, for over forty years, been a sincere believer in Spiritualism; before the Rochester knockings, the spirit form of his young wife materialized to him, fitting him for the acceptance of our beautiful faith. He has ever been a most consistent Spiritualist and has always been ready to help our cause with means and influence. He is, at the present writing, one of the leading citizens of Petaluma, where he has been a resident since 1853, being highly respected on account of his upright and honorable character.

Literary Dept.

CROOKED PATHS OR THE WAGES OF SIN.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER

AUTHOR OF "AFTER MANY DAYS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

STRICKEN HEARTS.

Leaving her little girl in charge of Ellen, the housemaid, Mrs. Blake hastily prepared to answer the summons of Mrs. Blunt. Arriving at Mossbank she was met at the door by that lady, who in a few broken words informed her friend that the physician had been in attendance the entire night, and it was feared that little Cora's injuries—which were internal—would result fatally. "I knew your presence and advice would be invaluable," the stricken mother explained. "I have seen how naturally you always take hold of any urgent case of sickness that comes to your notice. You have told me of your studies in your father's books, and I thought your knowledge might aid us. Mother was very anxious I should send for you."

By this time the ladies were in the house, and the visitor had laid aside her wraps. They now proceeded to the little white and blue chamber, which, opening midway between the handsome sleeping apartment of her parents, and the pleasant sunny room of Grandma Graham, was occupied by the petted child of the house.

Rolling from side to side of the dainty white-robed bed, with closed eyes and flushed temples, the unconscious child presented a picture of distress that was pitiful to behold. Near the open door of "grandma's room," that lady sat in her great chair, her thin hands clasped as if in prayer, her mild brown eyes fixed upon the uneasy form of her petted darling. An elderly woman of quiet mien arose from her seat by the bed as the ladies entered, and moved noiselessly to the other side of the room.

Before approaching the child Mrs. Blake crossed to the apartment of her old benefactress and laid her hand in silent sympathy upon that lady's shoulder. "Oh! my dear," and Mrs. Graham's voice faltered with tears, "this is dreadful, to see that

angel child suffer so. Oh! what shall we do for her relief?"

"It is terrible, Mrs. Graham, and my sympathy with you all in this affliction is more than I can express. But let us have hope, perhaps the worst can be averted. We will all do what we can for her relief. The issues are in *His* hands."

"I can do nothing but pray, and that I do fervently and trustingly every hour." An expression of peace settled over the face of the aged invalid as she looked up prayerfully, and Mrs. Blake felt that if the petitions of those who sought the child's life could be answered, surely this saint's would draw a blessing down.

"The doctor says everything depends on keeping her very quiet, as he fears internal hemorrhage, but it is almost impossible to still her tossing and moaning. Her father has been with her all night, and he has succeeded better than the rest of us in keeping her quiet, but even he is not altogether successful. He has now retired for an hour and you see how she is disturbed" and Mrs. Blunt moved to the side of the bed followed by her guest.

Mrs. Blake placed one hand upon the brow of the little sufferer and slowly passed the other down over the chest and limbs. In a moment the tossing and moaning ceased. Continuing her gentle ministrations the lady was gratified to see a more peaceful expression steal over the little face while the fluttering eyelids settled down, as if at rest. Still she gently rubbed, first the chest, then the limbs, passing downward, slowly and without disturbing the child. Mrs. Blake turned her upon her side and proceeded to make the same cooling quieting passes over the back down to the very feet.

The mother, grandmother and nurse looked upon this scene in silent amazement, not daring to move lest they should break the spell of repose settling over the little one. The visitor did not pause in her manipulations until the quiet, regular breathing and placid features of her charge attested that she had fallen into a natural sleep. She then seated herself by the bed, making a sign to the mother and nurse to be seated also.

An hour later, the door swung noiselessly on its silver hinges and a tall, heavily bearded, fine looking man, of perhaps thirty-five years, stepped into the room. This was George Blunt, the master of the house.

He had just come from his dressing-room after a couple of hours rest, to again watch over his child. Surprised at the great change that had fallen over her, he paused, then sank into a seat at the foot of the couch to join that anxious vigil. Another hour passed, and then the blue orbs of the child opened and fell with a look of recognition upon the faces near. Their glance travelled around the room as if in search of some one, and then came back full of disappointment to the face of Mrs. Blake. As the pale lips moved, that lady bent forward to catch the name of "May" falling in repetition from them.

"Do you wish to see my May, darling?" she tenderly asked, and as an answering light came into the little eyes, she continued, "She is not here but perhaps we can send for her," turning a look of inquiry upon the breathless parents who now stood side by side by the bed.

"Yes, it will not do to deny her anything; she must be spared all agitation" said the father, and he and Mrs. Blake passed out to give directions to the coachman to go for May Blake at once.

When they returned it was to find Cora silently holding the hand of her mother but still with the quiet look upon her face that betokened freedom from pain.

When May Blake arrived she was taken at once to her little playmate. Although a spirited child, full of health and exuberance, yet the sight of pain always checked her rising spirits and filled her little heart with sympathy, and so now it was with a very quiet air and sober look that she seated herself upon the bed to hold the hand of the sick child.

The physician was highly gratified at the favorable change in the symptoms of his patient and gave orders that whatever promised to keep her quiet should be allowed her. For three days hope rose in the breasts of parents and friends; Mrs. Blake only left Mossbank when she was obliged to attend to her duties elsewhere, but she would not take May away, for every suggestion of her withdrawal only excited the sick child and made her worse. So during this time, the two children slept together, ate together, if the little nourishment taken by Cora could be called food, and lived side by side. Everything seemed to promise well for the recovery of their child and therefore the blow came heavier to the stricken parents when it fell.

In the silent watches of the third night, the nurse was startled by a gurgling sound from the bed, on the opposite side upon a low couch drawn close to the sick bed, little May Blake lay in the deep, still slumber of childhood, her brown curls tossed in a tumbled mass, one little dimpled hand thrown over toward her playmate. Upon the bed itself lay little Cora, her blue eyes

now opened and filled with an expression of pain.

As the nurse started up, the gurgling grew stronger and swiftly passing to the open door of their room, she summoned Mr. and Mrs. Blunt. No sooner had the alarmed parents appeared and the father raised the struggling child in his arms, than there came a gasp and a rush of blood from her mouth, covering her night robes and falling with a warm splash upon the extended hand of May.

The lights, the subdued bustle, the touch of blood awoke the sleeper and she started up in affright at the strange scene. No one noticed her until the look of distress softening in the eyes of the dying child turned to one of pleasure as they fell upon her tiny friend. Then turning to first father, then mother, with an expression of undying affection, and passing to the door of that room where dear, old grandma worn out with much weariness and pain slept in peaceful unconsciousness, the eyes closed, only to open again filled with a glorious light, illuminating them with a beauty not of earth, to close once more forever.

When the physician arrived it was to find a stricken household and a dead child still held in the arms of an almost frantic father. There was absolutely nothing to be done, and the man of medical skill turned sadly away.

We will pass over the days of grief that followed. Such sorrow as this is too sacred for strangers' eyes to witness. While filled with sadness over the loss of her darling, the patient grandmother yet found consolation in the thought that she should soon follow that child of love, while her own faithful, trusting soul was buoyed up by the never failing strength of prayer. To an extent her daughter shared this comfort and peace, but the father, an honest, upright, man at heart, refused to be comforted. He could not reconcile the justice and mercy of heaven with the removal of that child who could be so shielded from the cares and privations of life, when so many were left to buffet hopelessly with the world's temptations and frowns. It was only when his glance fell on little May, and he remembered that she had been the playmate of his darling, and that her little hand had been died with the life blood of that cherished one, and in taking the child upon his knee and feeling her silent sympathy as he held her head against his face, he gained more of peace and a higher knowledge of life's discipline than all the lessons of pastor and friends could teach.

From the time of Cora's death, Mrs. Graham drooped visibly. She made no complaint, her smile was as sweet and her tones as gentle as ever, but those who watched her knew that she missed the little one who had gone from her life and that she would soon follow her. She too craved

the presence of May Blake; there had ever been a warm tie of love between the old lady and the sprightly child since the day May had strayed into that charming, first floor, front parlor in the modest lodging house at Dalton, and since the decease of Cora, this tie had strengthened, for like the Blunts, their aged mother remembered that their lost darling had loved this child with deathless affection. So it came about that May passed fully one-half her time at Mossbank, and when her mother could not be parted from her longer, there came an urgent invitation to take up their residence at this fine old place altogether. This she would not do, but compromised by allowing her child to pass such days, as she was obliged to be absent with her classes, with the kind friends who loved her so well.

Thus the autumn and winter sped, bringing the first beautiful days of spring, when opening bud and springing blade gave token of the glories earth held in store for man's enjoyment. The invalid failed rapidly, and it was now but a question of days when she should be gathered to the land of souls.

It was good for those who watched beside her to behold the patience, the fortitude, and calm, triumphant faith of that sainted woman. In the quiet atmosphere of that room George Blunt learned such lessons of resignation, of hope, and of heaven, as he never forgot.

Two days before the final scene, Mrs. Graham said to her daughter: "Hattie, we have never learned very much of the history of Mrs. Blake."

"No, mother, I have long since ceased to refer to it. She is so evidently distressed when questioned, that I respect her secrets and remain silent. She is a lady born and bred, that we know. Her father was a country physician of good practice, so she tells us; but of her husband she never speaks."

"I am anxious about her future," went on the invalid. "I am sure she is not well. There are times when her labored breath and flushed face warn me of danger. I fear she works too hard. If she should be taken away, who will know where to find her relatives?"

"You alarm me, mother, surely you are deceived."

"No, Hattie; my own experience with disease only makes me more acute in discovering it in others. I believe Alice Blake is a doomed woman. She may live for years. That depends. But I am sure she is a victim of heart trouble."

There was silence a few minutes, and then the elder lady resumed, "I am anxious about that child. What if she should be left motherless? Hattie—" and her voice grew solemn in its intensity, "promise me, if Alice Blake dies, and no one comes to

claim her child, that you will take and do for her as for your own."

"Mother, I promise. There are too many tender associations connected with our little May for us to permit her to be cast upon a relentless world. No! If the time comes when she is deprived of mother and home, she shall find both here in my heart," and the eyes of the speaker were dim with unshed tears.

No more was said, but it seemed as though that now every wish of the invalid's heart was gratified, and so her life gradually paled, until the last supreme moment, when in the early flush of a brilliant morning in May, when shrub and tree were spangled with the dew of heaven, surrounded by the household to whom she had been a presiding angel for so long, she sank into that perfect and eternal life that none could take away.

An expression of peace had settled upon the aged countenance, smoothing out every wrinkle and line of care, robbing it of all expression of pain, and casting a wonderful, beautiful light over every feature. The soft brown eyes had been closed for more than an hour, and those who watched thought they would never open more. But, lo! as the solemn, holy light deepened on the paling face, the lids unclosed, and the eyes, radiant with supernal glory, smiled a wondrous smile of recognition and delight. "Cora, my darling, my baby; see! see! she has come to take me home!" and as the last word fluttered feebly from the stiffening lips, the light faded, to be seen no more on earth.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MUSIC TEACHER'S DEATH.

Spring rolled into summer bringing the gorgeous bloom and beauty of that royal season to earth. Never had nature seemed so fair and charming to Alice Blake as in these early mornings she walked out into the open country with her child by her side, inhaling the scented breezes and feasting her eyes upon the loveliness of wood and glen. She had been all her life a passionate lover of the beautiful. In childhood her soul had reveled in the beauties nature spread out for her in Cloverdale, and even into the stern atmosphere of her father's house, where everything seemed reduced to the dead level of a dreary routine she had contrived to bring a great deal of brightness.

Her one gift had been that of song. In the days of her girlhood, and during the happy years of her sojourn at Burton she could trill like the birds. Wherever she moved music followed in her wake, and she seemed to her admiring friends to be the incarnation of melodious sound.

No one had ever known the extent of that blow which had fallen upon her at the

discovery of her husband's guilt and of his flight. She was not one who could "wear her heart upon her sleeve," and only the subdued mien and saddened eyes of the quiet woman, moving about in her dusky robes, revealed to the sympathetic friends she had won in a strange place, the sorrow of her life. The cup of woe had, indeed, proved a bitter one. Mingled with the knowledge of her husband's fault, and the pain of his desertion, was the blighting remembrance that it had been to please her, to gratify her whims, and to preserve her place in society that he had committed the wrong. This thought burned like a living coal in her breast, and the many sleepless nights she passed attested to the intensity of its flame.

She had loved her husband with unflinching love. He had come into the dull monotony of her girlish life, and had lifted her to a sphere of existence such as she had longed to know. Although his act had hurled her from that sphere and brought ruin to her home yet she loved him still, and grieved his absence day and night. Her love of music, and her passion for song was as great as ever, but she had lost her vocal flexibility, her voice grew husky and stiff in the effort to sing. There was no soul in it, for the great sorrow had robbed her life of all melody, and she had long since ceased to essay a note.

But if she could not sing, her little daughter could, for the child was possessed of a clear, rich contralto voice, deeper and stronger than the soprano tones of her mother had been, but full of sweetest harmony; and Mrs. Blake had resolved if her life should be spared to give the child that vocal training under wise teachers that such a voice deserved.

But many misgivings had come to the mother. Originally of sound constitution, she had had no thought of an early death, but during the last few years she had developed symptoms that warned her of danger. A little over exertion, the least excitement would set her heart to beating at a violent rate and leave her completely prostrated. Severe pains, too, darting through the cardiac region told of *Angina Pectoris*, for Alice had made good use of her lonely hours in her father's house and had passed many of them in the perusal of his medical works.

As we have said the golden summer dawned and waned, but not without flinging much of its beauty and richness into the life of the music teacher. Under its magic spell her heart gained a higher resignation than it had known before. She seemed to breathe more freely and to find a newer revelation of God's goodness in the treasures of rock and rill and sod that were held out to her.

There was to be a grand musical festival in Dalton, during the closing days of

September, in which the pupils of Alice Blake were to take a prominent part. Proud of their practice and anxious that they should accredit themselves, she devoted her entire time to them, going to the town day after day, spending many hours in drilling the minds and guiding the fingers under her tuition, and coming home exhausted at night only to renew her labors on the following morning.

One brilliant afternoon the lady reached home at about four o'clock, alarming the house-maid by her breathless condition and pallid face as she sank into a chair without removing her bonnet.

"Ellen, I am faint and tired. I could not go through the day, and came home. Get me a cup of hot tea, please," she panted.

The steaming tea was quickly brought in a dainty china cup, and the lady drained it at a draught. Slowly removing her bonnet, she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. The fragrant tea, the quiet and coolness of the peaceful little room, from which the hot glare of the sun was excluded by the creeping vines without and the dainty, crisp, muslin curtains within, seemed to bring repose to the weary woman, for she slept. Half an hour later she opened her eyes and called, "Ellen, have you been out to-day?"

"No, madam;" replied the maid, appearing at the half closed door.

"Should you mind the walk to Mossbank?—it is a charming afternoon."

"No, madam; I should enjoy it."

"Then, please go and bring May home. Tell them I have sent for her. I feel as though she must sleep with me to-night. Do not alarm them, I am much better now and shall feel all right in the morning. You can simply say that I came home early and have seen so little of my child of late, I want her to-night. Take your time and do not get heated. They will send you back in the carriage."

After the girl had gone, Alice remained quiet for a while, and then, feeling quite refreshed, arose and passed into the cool and pleasant chamber beyond, that had served herself and child as a sleeping room for years. A finely-polished, brass-handled dressing case stood between the windows, the top drawer of which she opened and took out a sealed packet. This packet bore the inscription, "To be opened immediately on the death of Alice Blake," in large, clear characters that would attract immediate attention from any one approaching its resting place.

Disturbed by the words spoken to her by her mother before her death, in reference to the health of Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Blunt had once broached the subject to her friend and inquired if there was no relative she would like to communicate with. Then her friend told her of the existence of this

packet, saying, "It will reveal all that is necessary to be known. May has an uncle who will advise her in case of my decease. Also a friend who holds certain property in trust for her, but not one penny of its income can be touched until she reaches maturity. It is true I do not always feel as free from pain as I could wish. I know that I have symptomatic heart disease, and it may terminate fatally at any time. I have only prayed to be spared for my child's sake. If I die here, I request that your husband take charge of my possessions, and that he look after the interests of my child until her natural guardians can be reached."

Here the subject closed and had never been reopened. Seating herself by a large, round table covered with books, Alice broke the seal of the packet and lifted out two envelopes. One of these she proceeded to open and to scan its contents. As she did so, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and heavy sighs escaped her breast.

Her agitation increased until a sharp spasm of pain contracted her heart and sent the blood flying from lips and cheek. The pain grew more intense, and folding the documents and replacing them in their envelopes, she drew a large and heavy book toward her and hastily opened its pages.

This proved to be a medical work, and the lady seemed to be seeking some information from its pages concerning her disease, but, as the pain tightened around her heart, she arose, placed the packet upon the open page, and tottered across the room to sink exhausted upon the bed. As she did so there came a heavy gust of wind through the open window, flapping over a number of its leaves, but not closing the book. The atmosphere had darkened, the air grew heavy, and fitful gusts of wind betrayed the approach of a thunder storm.

Soon it burst, breaking in sudden and terrific fury over the house, swaying the trees, and bending the flowers in the garden down to the very ground.

The carriage from Mossbank did not arrive until after the storm had passed and the western sky glowed with the beauty of a gorgeous sunset.

Surprised that the mother should send for May when it had been distinctly understood that the child should pass the night away from home, Mrs. Blunt questioned Ellen who admitted that her mistress had not seemed well when she arrived from town. The lady at Mossbank had considered it her special duty to keep informed of the health of the music teacher, and now she instructed James not to bring the carriage home until he had ascertained the condition of Mrs. Blake. Thus it happened that when he had assisted the girl and her charge from the vehicle the driver did not immediately turn on his homeward way, but waited, flying his whip at the raindrops still sparkling on the shrubbery. He was startled

from his amusement by the figure of Ellen in the doorway beckoning rapidly to him. As he followed her into the house, she said, "Help me, quick. The fire has gone out and the lady is in a bad way. Do kindle a blaze and put the kettle on full of water while I undress her," and she ran from the neatest little kitchen in the country, leaving the man to follow her bidding. By the time the fire had been started and the water heated, Ellen had removed the clothing from the form of her unconscious mistress; and after chafing the cold, blue limbs with brandy, had wrapped them in blankets. Now she left the room to prepare some hot bandages, and to bid James stop for the doctor on his way home.

Little May had rushed into the house, happy at the thought of meeting her dear mother, only to find that mother in a cold, collapsed, unconscious heap upon the bed. Her startled cry had been heard by Ellen following close behind, who at a glance took in the situation as we have seen. While the girl was busy attending to her mistress May implored to help, but there was nothing for her to do, so she turned, like the neat and busy little housewife she was, and closed the open drawer of the dressing case, set back the chair by the wall, shut the big medical book and placed a number of smaller volumes upon it and settled the disarranged table covers, all the while casting sorrowful glances at the still form of her mother over which Ellen was bending. "Now, May, you can draw this blanket under your mother while I hold her up. That's right; now I'll fold the woolen around her. Now sit here and watch her while I send James for the doctor. Don't fan her, she is too cold already, but we'll soon get some warmth into her; and don't cry, little girl," observing the big tears in the eyes of the child. "We'll have her all right again. She was tucked out when she came home, and the thunder must have frightened her. My! but it was a heavy storm!" and the kind-hearted girl bustled from the room.

When the doctor came he commended what had been done for the restoration of the lady. She was breathing now though the respiration was painful and labored, and there were heavy blue circles around the closed eyes. While the physician counted the pulse and watched the symptoms of his patient, Mrs. Blunt, who had been thoroughly alarmed at the report brought back to her by James, arrived with a hamper of wines, flannels, cordials and such things as she thought likely to be needed at the cottage. A quiet but hasty consultation with the physician decided that lady to remain all night, as she felt her presence might be required.

After the doctor had departed Mrs. Blunt seated herself by the child, and asked her if she would not like to sleep with Ellen

that night as her mamma was so ill. Although the whisper had penetrated to the dulled hearing of the sick woman, and before May could reply, she unclosed her eyes and moving her hand pointed to the vacant pillow by her side.

"Mamma wants you, and so you can't stay, dear, only you must lie quiet and not disturb her," and the visitor motioned to Ellen to undress the child and place her upon the bed.

Febly and slowly the arm of the mother crept toward the form of her daughter until she had gathered her in a close embrace, and in this attitude both fell asleep.

The clear, full moonlight fell across the room dispensing with the need of a lamp. As the silence in the room deepened Mrs. Blunt insisted that Ellen should retire to rest, and she, herself, sank into an easy-chair to watch the sleepers. She never knew exactly what it was that roused her from the doze she had fallen into as the morning hours advanced. It seemed to her as though she had been standing upon the banks of a flowing stream, beyond which, in the clear, blue ether of a flowery shore, she descried the forms of her darling Cora and of her own beloved mother. Their hands were outstretched, but, while they smiled upon her, their welcome seemed to be for someone else. Turning, she beheld by her side a shadowy shape that she recognized as Alice Blake. This shadow moved and she awoke trembling and full of awe. The first beams of morning were gilding the tree-tops. A glance at the bed revealed that the patient had changed her position. The child lay far back with her face to the wall still sound asleep. Her mother had turned upon her left side and lay gasping in mortal agony.

Quickly turning the sufferer upon her back, the watcher summoned Ellen, and together the two women removed the sleeping child and bore her from the room. Then with all the power they possessed they worked to relieve their patient but all efforts were unavailing.

The doctor arrived at an early hour, but even his professional skill could do nothing in the presence of the dread visitor, and all each anxious heart could do was to await the end.

At eight o'clock it came. With no lifting of the eyelids, with no glance of recognition to the terrified child of its love, with no farewell word, the broken heart ceased to beat and lay at rest free from all care and pain.

Remembering the request of their friend, Mr. and Mrs. Blunt assumed charge of the cottage. The mistress of Mossbank herself prepared the beautiful remains—robing them in the softest and finest of garments—for their last resting place, and tarried in the little home till after the burial.

On the very day of the great musical

festival at Dalton, a quiet little *cortège* wended its way to the pretty cemetery just outside the town. That morning the former pupils of the dead teacher had visited her remains, heaping the casket in which they reposed high with the choice floral offerings they brought. But the simple funeral service itself had been witnessed by only the near friends of the lady, and they as chief mourners followed the form they loved to the grave.

After the burial, May, who had been inconsolable with grief from the first and could not be comforted, was removed to Mossbank. She had cried herself quiet and made no resistance but silently consented to all that Mrs. Blunt proposed. During the hours that the remains lay in the cottage, Mrs. Blunt had made search for the packet of which her former friend had spoken, but without result. She and her husband had finally decided it would be best for them to give up the cottage, removing its furniture to an upper storeroom of their own ample home. Certain laces, bits of *lingerie* that she found in the dressing-case, Mrs. Blunt placed in a carved case and these, together with the books in the cottage, she packed in a box which she had placed, on its arrival at Mossbank, in the room devoted to May whenever she had stopped with them. The child was to stay with the Blunts while they advertised for the "relatives and friends of Alice Blake," and as much longer as should be decided upon.

Ellen chose to return to her New Hampshire home rather than to enter service elsewhere, and so the little home was broken up forever. Though anxious to retain the child of their adoption, the Blunts conscientiously advertised and sought for those who held a claim upon her, but although they described Alice Blake as "a widow of about thirty-five years, with one child, May, a girl of ten," no answer came to their advertisements, and no one appeared to claim the object of their care. Indeed, the only parties who would be likely to connect the "widow" with the missing Alice Lyman of Burton never saw the description. Girard Lyman and his family had been traveling in Europe a year and were still abroad, and neither the Rev. George Fergusson nor his parishioners ever read the city papers in which these notices were inserted.

Months passed, bringing another spring, and the Blunts determined to close their residence and to take passage for Europe. They had passed through such afflictions that they felt a change of scene would be good for them. As for their adopted daughter, she had grown fitful, melancholy and had lost the bloom from her cheeks since her mother's death, and they agreed that it would be better to remove her from the scenes and associations of her loss.

They traveled a year, and then as dispatches assured Mr. Blunt that his presence

was needed at home, he decided to establish his wife and May at Leipsic, where the latter could be under the direct charge of the best musical instruction the country could afford, and to return to them as soon as his business affairs would permit.

This arrangement was fully carried out. For a number of months Mrs. Blunt resided quietly in a refined quarter of the German city, carefully overseeing the musical education of her charge, in the absence of her husband. On his return they decided to still remain, as the development of May's magnificent voice and the progress of her studies in music increased so rapidly under the training they received, and so it came to pass that several years elapsed before their return to their old home at Mossbank, and not until May Blake, who had insisted in keeping her own name, and in calling her benefactors "auntie" and "uncle" had reached the age of sixteen.

(To be continued.)

The wife of Secretary Whitney is about to establish a school for domestic servants in New York. She thinks \$100,000 will be sufficient for the enterprise, and it is said she will enlist Miss Juliet Corson's co-operation in the work.

Original Contributions.

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

The Carrier Dove.

EMMA TRAIN.

Through the earth-shadows, dear CARRIER DOVE,

What are the tidings you're bringing,
Bending so low with your message of love
Joy o'er the misty world flinging?
It is of angels you whisper to-night,
It is of wrongs that the future will right,
It is of chains that are rusting away
Leaving a place for sweet liberty's day.

Bird of the snowy wing, tireless and fair,
Speeding away in your gladness,
What is the wonderful message you bear
Out to a world filled with sadness?
It is of joy you are murmuring low,
Rest for the weary and balm for each woe,
Smiles for the sighing and laughter for tears
Filling with promise the future's bright years.

Holy thy mission, dear CARRIER DOVE,
Fair are thy beautiful pages,
Bringing glad tidings from regions above
Gathered through all of the ages;
Thou art an angel of light evermore
Pointing the way to the heavenly shore,
Teaching the truths that are mighty to save,
Aiding the banner of progress to wave.

Long may thy wings to the breezes be spread
Guided by angels of glory,
Long may the truth from thy columns be read
Till all the world knows the story.
Choicest of blessings rest ever on thee
In thy great labors for humanity;
Thine is a mission of infinite love
Sacred and holy, dear CARRIER DOVE.

North Collins, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1887.

Re-incarnation: Its Contradictions and Inconsistencies.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

"Superior spirits never contradict themselves, and say only good things. . . . What reason and good sense refuse, reject boldly; better reject ten truths than admit a single lie, a single false theory."
—Allan Kardec.

"The light of the Harmonial Philosophy proves the conceit of re-incarnation to be a mere figment of slipshod ignorance. . . . The puerile nonsense of an organized human spirit . . . entering that of any other human body than its own, as taught by the re-incarnation myth, is too utterly absurd to be for a moment entertained by any healthy mind."
—J. B. Loomis.

"Can the history of the world supply us with a single instance of a human spirit having been re-incarnated? One overwhelming fact would do more to establish the doctrine than a whole library of discussion . . . a theory which cannot bring a single fact to its support, and which can offer no testimonials in its favor except the assertions of a number of spirits whose credentials are of the most shadowy and suspicious character."
—J. Newton Crossland.

The first thing likely to engage the attention of the student of re-incarnation literature is the perplexing maze of contradiction and inconsistency in which he finds himself involved. Every author or lecturer favorable to re-incarnation is antagonistic in views and ideas to every other like author or lecturer. Contradictions the most glaring, inconsistencies the most palpable, confront the inquirer on every side. The system of Allan Kardec, the founder of Re-incarnational Spiritualism, or Spiritism, as it is called, is at variance with that of Mrs. Richmond; Roustaing is opposed by Mrs. Conant; Anna Blackwell is set at naught by the doughty champion of re-incarnation, theosophy, and metaphysics, now misleading the San Francisco public; Miss Shelhamer's views are in contradiction of those enunciated by Almira Kidd; the teachings of "Esoteric Buddhism," on this subject, as formulated by Madame Blavatsky and A. P. Sinnett, are in antagonism to those of C. G. Oystan; T. L. Harris differs widely from Signor Damiani; Countess Caithness is in striking dissonance with Baroness Von Vay; and Guy Brian cannot be reconciled with James Smith. Even the respective promulgators of the French Spiritists' school of re-incarnationists fail to harmonize their discordant theories. Kardec first elaborated a complex system of Spiritist Philosophy, which may be found in the *Spirits' Book* and his other compilations; Roustaing, equally ambitious, subsequently published another version of the Spiritist Philosophy, given him, as he claims, directly by Jesus Christ and the Apostles, containing much in irreconcilable contradiction with Kardec's system; Miss Anna Blackwell—personally an excellent, worthy woman, and the ablest and most intellectual of the re-incarnation writers—has, from the two systems of Kardec and Roustaing, constructed a third system,—which in felicity of expression, in

symmetry of structure, and in the comprehensiveness of the ideas presented and illustrated, completely overtops the corresponding systems upon which it is so largely based. Although Miss Blackwell is so devoted a disciple of Kardec, yet she, in consequence of having adopted so much from Roustaing, advances many propositions, and postulates many alleged facts in nature, entirely out of place in Kardec's system, and in open opposition to the "spiritual revelations" contained in his volumes.

The American re-incarnationists can scarcely be said to have broached any regular, connected system of idea and thought. Neither Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Conant, nor any of the other American exponents of this nonsensical dogma, has done more than to favor the world with certain crude, ill-digested speculations upon certain branches of this seductive and alluring subject. It is an impossible task for the American exponents of re-incarnation to formulate such compact and definitely-organized systems of philosophy as have emanated from the French Spiritist school; and for the following reason: The teachings of the Spiritist school of re-incarnationists, relative to the nature of the spiritual universe, are radically different from those of American Spiritualists, and they can readily harmonize with their re-incarnation theories,—the two, in the French Spiritist philosophy, are in perfect accord, or two parts of one harmonious whole. With the American re-incarnationists it is quite different. These latter are familiar with American ideas of spirit existence in vogue years before re-incarnation was ever dreamed of in this country; and they believe in the general truth of the American ideas concerning the spirit world, the nature of existence therein, the character of the spirit body, etc.—the teachings of the French school ancient which are very different, as will be shown hereafter. Possessing, in addition to a belief in the current American doctrines relative to the spirit clime, certain vague, hazy, indeterminate notions of some kind of re-incarnation floating in their minds, the American exponents of the dogma of a plurality of mundane existences at times give forth certain alleged spirit revelations, embodying ideas favoring re-incarnation, and at other times they favor the world with other alleged spirit revelations in consonance with the conceptions of our spirit home now current in this country. Now, the doctrine of re-incarnation is in harmony with the French theories relative to the character and uses of the spirit world and the purposes of spirit creation, but it can never be assimilated with the American and English teachings thereupon. Accordingly, seeing that Mrs. Richmond and the other American re-incarnationist champions present us with two irreconcilable theories of spiritual existence, we find them unable

to weld their duplex teachings into a homogeneous unity; "confusion worse confounded" marking their fantastic and unsubstantial chimeras.

Not only do these romanesque visionaries, male and female, of every country, incessantly contradict each other, but their writings are often marred with egregious self-contradictions. Kardec's *Spirits' Book* is full of inconsistencies and contradictions; as an instance I will mention, that on page 17, in a single paragraph of twelve lines, he tells us that Adam was a myth and also that Adam was a real person, founder of one of the races now peopling the earth. That he could be, at the same time, both a myth and an actual man, is fully as consonant with reason, as are the many illogical dogmas enunciated in that work and in all other re-incarnation literature.

Miss Anna Blackwell informs us, that, according to Spiritism, a spirit in the spirit-world is in a condition of erraticity or wandering, and that therein it may "develop the knowledge acquired in its previous lives; but that it can only acquire new ideas through a new contact with matter in a new incarnation." It therefore follows, that, if a person dies ignorant of the law of re-incarnation, as he cannot learn anything new in the spirit-world, in order to ascertain that he should be re-incarnated, he must first be re-incarnated, and then perhaps he may find it out. But, as we have all been re-incarnated a number of times already, according to prevalent re-incarnation theories, and yet have not discovered it, the question arises, How often must one be re-incarnated before he can discover that he ought to be re-incarnated, and has been re-incarnated? And how can a spirit be re-incarnated,—leave its spirit-body, come to earth, enter the embryo, and be born again,—and yet know nothing at all about it? Although we are told that a person dying ignorant of re-incarnation can never learn its truth in spirit-life, still numerous spirits, disbelievers in it when on earth, are reported to have taught it to earth's inhabitants through Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Richmond and others, as in cases of Parker, Channing, Swedenborg, J. B. Ferguson, John Pierpont, and others. Theodore Parker, it is alleged, in an oration through Mrs. Conant, some years ago, propounded an entirely new idea concerning marriage, which he declared he had first learned only a month prior to its enunciation in Boston. Yet Miss Blackwell clearly announces, that it is impossible to acquire new ideas in spirit-life. In contradiction to Miss Blackwell, Kardec says that the wandering spirits study and observe in spirit-life,—"they listen to the discourse of enlightened men, and to the counsels of spirits more advanced than themselves, and they thus acquire new ideas." Nothing can be more radically antagonistic than these verbatim assertions of two of the most promi-

nent re-incarnationists of the world: Blackwell says, "It (the spirit) can only acquire new ideas through a new contact with matter in a new incarnation" (*Year Book of Spiritualism*, page 75); while Kardec says, as above, that spirits in spirit-life "thus acquire new ideas" (*Spirits' Book*, page 104). This is one of the many instances in which Miss Blackwell scruples not to flatly contradict the teachings of the exalted spirits ministering to her "Messiah," Allan Kardec.

The revelations of American re-incarnationists relative to the nature and condition of the spirit-world, and of the spirits inhabiting it, are impossible of harmonization with those found in the works of Kardec, Blackwell, and Roustaing. According to these latter, there are no minerals, vegetables, or animals in the "fluidic" world ("fluidic" being the term used to designate that which we call spiritual substance); there are no children in the spirit-world, all persons dying as children being really adults who have lived many previous lives on earth,—childhood being simply a state incidental to the early years of incarnate spirits in a material body; there is no sex there, no male or female, no men and no women; there the spirit-body, or *perisprit*, is entirely destitute of organs; it is without arms, legs, body or head, a mere mass of homogeneous "fluidic" matter,—but what its exact shape and size are, they fail to tell us. So we are in ignorance whether we shall be round, square, oblong, or triangular; whether our spirit-bodies are in shape of a hexagon, rhomboid, epicycloid, or parallelopipedon, and whether we are infinitesimal atoms or inappreciable molecules,—whether we are the size of our original germ, 125th of an inch in diameter, or whether we assume Brobdingnagian proportions, commensurate with our dignity as "lords of creation" and prospective rulers of the skies. Miss Blackwell and Roustaing also inform us that the spirit-body has no specialized functions or perceptions, but that the whole body sees, hears, thinks, etc.; that is, our *perisprit* is all legs, all arms, all eyes, all nose, all mouth, all ears. Well may Anna Blackwell remark, that it is impossible for us to form any conception of the nature of the "fluidic region;" for, verily, a world without mineral, animal, or vegetable,—its inhabitants neither men, women, nor children, with bodies without organs, and capable of seeing, hearing and thinking, in all parts of their structure,—is indeed inconceivable or unthinkable. Contrast these views of superterrestrial existence with those proceeding from Mesdames Richmond, Conant, and Kidd, and Miss Shelhamer, which as is well known, contradict them at every point. The alleged experiences of Edmonds, Owen, Wesley, Swedenborg, as given through Mrs. Richmond, are in radical contradiction to the absurd, dreamy mysticisms of the

French Spiritist school. Moreover, so far from there being no children in spirit-life, Mrs. Kidd, a comparatively-recent American exponent of re-incarnation, tells us that children upon their entrance into the spirit-world remain as children for long periods, even for fifty years or more.

Mrs. Conant has in addition disclosed to us the existence of various kinds of children in spirit-life; not only those children passing to spirit-land through physical death are there, but other children are propagated there, indigenous to that clime; and still more marvelous, it is asserted, that as a result of our every libidinous or lewd thought on earth, a child is born to us in spirit-life, each thought producing a veritable infant,—so that when we pass to the land of souls we shall find ourselves possessed of numerous children of the existence of which we had never conceived. These thought-engendered babes must be semi-orphans to all eternity, as they have but one parent each,—some with fathers and some with mothers only, as their respective thought-progenitors may have been male or female.

Speaking of Mrs. Kidd, let me here remark that she repudiates Kardec's system of re-incarnation, which she denominates "puerile and inconsistent," his mediums being "psychologized," she says, "by his will or chain of thought" (which is true),—while she favors us with another, milder form of re-incarnation. Kardec says that all human beings must be re-incarnated very many or even "thousands" of times, each one being incarnated repeatedly in both sexes. Mrs. Richmond teaches that each spirit must pass through such number of embodiments on the earth as may be necessary to enable it to attain the experience which qualifies it to advance beyond its original condition in spirit-life; and that the average number of such embodiments for each spirit is one hundred and forty-four.

The theosophists of to-day, headed by Madame Blavatsky, allege that each spiritual monad is incarnated as a *mineral* several times on each planet in a chain or circle of worlds; then it is incarnated as a *vegetable* several times on each world in the planetary chain; next it is incarnated as an *animal* several times on each world. Succeeding these numerous pre-human incarnations of the monad, are those of a purely *human* character. After the human period has been reached, each spirit is incarnated about 800 times on each world or planet; and as the chain or circle of planets consists of seven worlds, it follows that every human being must perforce be incarnated over 5,000 times. Bearing in mind the above dogmatic and positive statements relative to the absolute necessity for, and the inevitability of, so large a number of incarnations for every human being in the

universe, we feel infinitely relieved now that Mrs. Kidd has told us that we only require re-incarnation two or three times, and in rare cases the fourth time.

But still more are we relieved when we gather, from Miss Shelhamer's exposition of this dogma, that there is no universal law requiring every person to be re-incarnated even once; that only certain ones of the inhabitants of earth require or desire re-incarnation at all; that a second life on earth is not necessary and is not utilized except in cases of those who desire it to develop some part of their nature, for the cultivation of which circumstances were not favorable during the first incarnation,—also in cases of infants whose premature death debarred them from soul-culture on earth.

Although Madame Blavatsky *now* teaches, as above outlined, the absolute necessity for each human soul to be incarnated 800 times on each planet, yet, in her noted work, *Isis Unveiled*, the fountain-head of theosophic knowledge and theory, the Bible of the occultists, she inculcates doctrines in direct and radical contradiction of her present-day principles and ideas. In volume one, page 351, of that unique production, she remarks as follows:—"Reincarnation . . . twice on the same planet is not a rule in nature; it is an exception, like the teratological phenomenon of a two-headed infant. It is preceded by a violation of the laws of harmony of nature, and happens only when the latter, seeking to restore its disturbed equilibrium, violently throws back into earth-life the astral monad which had been tossed out of the circle of necessity by crime or accident. Thus in cases of abortion, of infants dying before a certain age, and of congenital and incurable idiocy, nature's original design to produce a perfect human being has been interrupted. . . . If reason has been so far developed as to become active and discriminative, there is no re-incarnation on this earth; for the three parts of the triune man have been united together, and he is capable of running the race." According to this, the chances of a second incarnation on earth are considerably less than they are according to Miss Shelhamer,—they are in fact reduced virtually to a minimum, the law of second birth being applicable alone to infants and idiots. It is claimed that *Isis Unveiled* was written partly by Madame Blavatsky under the guidance and inspiration of the adepts or mahatmas in Tibet, Koot Hoomi and his *confreres*, and partly by the Tibetan brothers themselves in person, and that the written pages were given to the Madame in New York by the mahatmas in an occultic or magic manner; and Madame Blavatsky expressly states that her teachings in *Isis Unveiled* on re-incarnation were given her by an authoritative teacher,—that is, a mahatma. It is also claimed that the

teachings in Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* alleging the necessity of 800 incarnations on each planet, etc., as stated above, were derived from autograph letters from the mahatmas, Koot Hoomi and Co. If these assertions are true, will some theosophist be kind enough to inform the world why the mahatmas gave Madame Blavatsky, a dozen years ago, certain positive statements concerning re-incarnation for insertion in the great authoritative text-book of theosophy, the Bible of occultism, and then a few years thereafter gave the world, through her and Mr. Sinnett, certain other teachings *giving the lie point-blank to their original doctrines on this subject*. These two diametrically-opposed theosophic statements concerning the number of times re-incarnation must ensue in the soul's history constitute the two extremes in the matter. According to the first teaching, re-incarnation never takes place on earth except in cases of undeveloped infants and perfect idiots. According to the second teaching from the same source, every human being is absolutely compelled to be re-incarnated on earth 800 times and on all the planets over 5,000 times. What reliance can be placed upon such alleged authoritative expounders of nature's principles, when such mutually-destructive and utterly irreconcilable doctrines are presented to the world as truth by them?

I ask in all seriousness, Can greater contradiction, so far as essential principles and their resultant phenomena are involved, be found in any other alleged philosophical system that the world has ever seen, than is contained in the various irreconcilable statements of the leading re-incarnationists concerning the number of times man is required to be incarnated on physical or material planets? The French Spiritist school, the original source of authority on this subject, and the fountain-head whence have sprung all the other petty imitations of its teachings, maintains the absolute necessity for man's incarnation successively in the mineral, vegetable, animal, and human kingdoms, in various worlds and in both sexes, for an indefinitely-extended series of times, varying in number according to circumstances, in some cases reaching into the thousands. Esoteric-Buddhistic theosophy affirms the absolute necessity of each monad being incarnated a certain *definite* number of times in each of the four kingdoms of nature in each of seven worlds,—over 5,000 times in the human kingdom, in addition to the numerous pre-human incarnations. There is a general resemblance in some points between the French Spiritist and the latest theosophic scheme of re-incarnation. Madame Blavatsky evidently borrowed her elaborately-prepared latter-day re-incarnationism very largely from Kardec, Roustaing, and Anna Blackwell; but to their system she

made many additions and modifications, thereby giving to her "esoteric Buddhism" the semblance of originality. In the French Spiritist system the number of times each soul is incarnated in each of the four kingdoms is indefinite, and it varies with the varying individual souls. The number of times each soul is incarnated in each world, and the number, location, and character of each of these worlds is also indefinite, and variant according to circumstances. But in the later theosophic system, all these are fixed, definite, systematic, invariable. The present theosophic system of re-incarnation is really Anna Blackwell's system, plus a veneering of Blavatskyism applied to disguise its close resemblance to that of Miss Blackwell and Roustain. To give it weight and authority among the credulous and the mystically-inclined, this re-hash of French Spiritism was given to the world as the esoteric teaching of the adepts in Tibet, the mysterious mahatmas,—that mythical brotherhood who have never had an objective existence in the flesh, in Tibet or elsewhere, but who owe their earthly genesis solely to the fertile imagination and crafty scheming of Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

1. The Spiritists say each soul must be incarnated in some cases hundreds and in some cases thousands of times,—there being great variation in the matter. 2. Blavatskyite theosophy says each soul must be incarnated some 5,000 times, fixed and definitely, with no variation save in a few exceptional cases. 3. Mrs. Richmond reduces the number of compulsory incarnations to 144. 4. Mrs. Kidd still further reduces the number of compulsory incarnations of each soul to two, three, or four. 5. Miss Shelhamer seems not to admit the necessity for more than one incarnation for the great majority of souls,—only a small minority, and those largely voluntary, ever undergoing the process of physical birth a second time. 6. Madame Blavatsky, in *Isis Unveiled*, limits the necessity for a second life on earth to infants and idiots. Now, which of these discordant theories are we to accept? Are we compelled to be re-incarnated 5,000 times, hundreds of times, 144 times, three or four times, or a possible twice? Can any one tell aught about it? Does any one know anything at all about it? If either of these mutually-destructive theories is true, all the rest are necessarily false; and there is as much evidence of the truth of any one of them as there is of all the rest; that is, there is not the smallest bit of substantial evidence in favor of any of them,—they are, one and all, devoid of truth, fanciful speculations, idle dreams, born of earthly phantasy, with which the spirit-world has no connection whatever.

The accounts given us by the public advocates of re-incarnation, relative to the time which elapses between each successive

incarnation, and the condition and occupation of the spirit during the successive periods of disincarnation, are also involved in a maze of contradiction and inconsistency. Miss Anna Blackwell informs us that we become re-incarnated every third or fourth generation, an interval of from 100 to 200 years thus elapsing between each two incarnations. Other re-incarnation teachers affirm that there is no special rule or stated period fixing the lapse of time between successive incarnations,—the time varying according to the peculiar circumstances in each individual case. In some instances, the re-incarnation takes place immediately after physical death, there being no interval between the two incarnations; in other cases thousands of years are said to elapse between the two respective incarnations. In contradiction to both these theories, esoterico-Buddhistic theosophy declares that the shortest possible time that can elapse between two incarnations is 1,500 years (save in case of a few adepts), which abbreviated period of disincarnation is only rarely possible; while in the majority of cases several thousands of years elapse between each incarnation,—in some cases "enormous periods" thus elapsing. Which of these mutually-destructive statements can we believe?

Miss Blackwell, as before remarked, informs us that spirits in the spirit-world are in an erratic or wandering condition; that they therein develop the knowledge acquired in their previous lives; and that to acquire new ideas they must leave the fluidic (or spiritual) realm, and be re-incarnated in another material form. Kardec also places the disincarnated spirit in a "fluidic," wandering condition; but he claims that the wandering spirits study, and observe, and listen to the teachings of wiser spirits, and in this manner they acquire new ideas. The American re-incarnation apostles teach that there is progress and unfoldment, advance in wisdom and goodness, in the spirit-world; and they deny or ignore completely the alleged "erraticity" or "wandering" of the spirits in that world, as well as the so-called "fluidic" character of the spiritual universe. Blavatskyite theosophy, on the other hand, asserts that the essential man, as a rule, after material death, gravitates to *devachan*, and there lives in subjective isolation,—a long-continued dream-life, consisting of visions and ideal conceptions of bliss and happiness, the fruit of the experiences of the individual in the immediately-preceding incarnation,—a "rosy sleep, a peaceful night with dreams more vivid than day;" a life free from all objective activity, an isolated, solitary slumber lasting for thousands of years, until another incarnation supervenes. Theosophy says we sleep in the spirit-country; Miss Blackwell and Kardec say we wander, wide awake, in bodies without sex or organs

of any kind; and leading American re-incarnation Spiritualists say that we neither wander nor sleep, and have a complete spirit-body, with organs and senses corresponding to those of the physical body, including sexuality, and in the said body we live and act, in a rational, every-day existence, largely akin in character to that in the material body.

Both the French and the American re-incarnationists, Spiritists and Spiritualists, teach that all the disincarnated spirits can personally and consciously communicate with earth's inhabitants through mediums, and that many of them do so constantly. Present-day theosophical re-incarnation teaches that it is impossible for a spirit to *devachan* to be cognizant of what is going on on earth, and equally impossible for it to consciously communicate with one on earth. In *Isis Unveiled*, however, Madame Blavatsky and the mahatmas teach a very different doctrine. In that book we fail to find the later theosophic teachings concerning *devachan*, *kama-loka*, the seven-fold nature of man, and the rest of the esoterico-Buddhistic jargon; and in it (vol. 1, pages 321-325) we read the following:—"Good disembodied human spirits, under exceptional circumstances, such as the aspiration of a pure heart or the occurrence of some favoring emergency, can manifest their presence by any of the phenomena except personal materialization." Speaking of subjective phenomena, it continues, "Sometimes, but rarely, the planetary spirits—beings of another race than our own—produce them; sometimes the spirits of our translated and beloved friends; sometimes nature spirits of one or more of the countless tribes [that is, elementals]; but most frequently of all, terrestrial elementary spirits, disembodied evil men, the *diakka* of A. Jackson Davis." This is another instance of the alleged mahatmas giving the lie to their previous teachings on an important subject. In fact, the contradictions between the theosophic doctrines in *Isis Unveiled*, and those in *Esoteric Buddhism* and the *Theosophist*, are so glaring and so radical, that Madame Blavatsky has been engaged for several years in writing a new edition of *Isis Unveiled*, to be called *The Secret Doctrine*; in which the contradictions between the two will be eliminated, and the new edition made to harmonize with the present doctrines of the Theosophic Society, Blavatsky, and the spurious mahatmas.

What, then, are we to believe on the points above adverted to? Do we return to earth and take on a new physical body and a new individuality immediately after death, or in one or two hundred years, or in 1,500 years, or in many thousands of years? Do we sleep, or wander, or live natural, progressive, objective lives, in the Beyond? Can we, in that higher world, communicate with those living on earth, or can we not?

Kardec proclaims that all spirits are direct creatures of God, who is continually creating new spirits. Mrs. Conant, on the contrary, asserts that all spirits have eternally existed as entities, as spirits.

Mrs. Richmond in substance teaches, that, in its original or primary estate, each spirit is both male and female; that, at the time of taking on the first earthly embodiment, these parts are separated, and the two parts take possession of a male and female member of the human race, respectively; and further, that in some one of their various earthly embodiments these separated halves come together as man and wife, thus consummating the *true marriage*. The particular point in the grand round of embodiments at which this "true marriage" will occur is movable in Mrs. Richmond's teachings, varying apparently in order to adapt itself to her varying environment. The last statement of which I have knowledge was, that the "true marriage" occurred when the spirit was half through its journey over the rugged road of re-incarnation.

Miss Blackwell and Rousstaing affirm that Jesus Christ is the infallible guardian spirit of this planet, its tutelary angel-guide and ruler; that he is in direct communication with God, and is a holy, unfallen spirit, not subject to the law of incarnation or re-incarnation like us fallen spirits; that he seemingly *once* incarnated himself in Judea to lay the foundation of spiritual truth as it is in re-incarnation; that he really had neither father nor mother in the flesh, but that, through the power he possessed over all the fluids and forces of our planet, he took on the semblance but not the nature of incarnated man. Mrs. Conant, however, avers that Jesus was a mortal man, like the rest of us; that he was the son of Mary and Caiaphas, the high priest; and that previous to his incarnation in Palestine he had lived on earth as an Eastern king.

So contradictory is everything connected with re-incarnation that even two versions are given of the origin of the name of Allan Kardec, the pseudonym which M. Rivail attached to all his Spiritist publications. One story is, that it was an old Breton name in his mother's family; by another we are told, that he was informed by some of his "spirits", that the name had been borne by him in two previous incarnations, Allan in one and Kardec in the other.

One of the more recent phases of re-incarnation rhapsodizing, and one antagonistic to all other phases, is that taught by that arch-mystic and transcendentalist, T. L. Harris,—the Two-in-One re-incarnation! Harris claims to have constant interviews with Jesus Christ, who is accompanied by his counterpart, the Lady Yessa. Said Lady Yessa usually resides within the body of Jesus; but when she desires to be individually seen and heard by Harris and his

consort, she emerges from the side of Jesus, and becomes re-incarnated as a separate personality. In like manner Harris claims that his wife, Lily C. Harris, who passed to the spirit-world when an infant, being his spiritual counterpart, has become re-born from his (Harris's) side, thus being re-incarnated in the flesh; and since her re-incarnation from her husband's side she has, it is claimed, borne him children! This mode of re-incarnation of spirit-brides, to all devoid of spiritual counterparts on earth, is declared a universal principle in these words of Jesus to Harris, as found on page ninety-four of "The Lord: the Two-in-One," by T. L. Harris:

"As for him that hath no counterpart on earth,—though she were taken as a child, and become a maiden angel in the heaven,—I will bring her down and re-incarnate her in him."

Verily, old bachelors have no longer cause to mourn, since they can re-incarnate from their own sides lovely spirit-brides, the Holy Two-in-One! To indicate the enormous advantages accruing to these re-incarnated spiritual duplex unities over common folk, we append this choice extract from "The Wedding Guest: Jesus-in-Yessa," page seventy-two:—

"When our Lord had so spoken, our Lady Yessa came forth from His side, and she said:—'Did you not know that I am your Mother,—your Mother?' Then she enlarged her person, and drew Chrysanthus and Chrysanthea (T. L. Harris and Lily Harris) as if they were two babes, and they were infantile in her arms, and she laid them in her bosom, and felt them as babes are felt."

Thrice blessed T. L. Harris and Lily Harris! the re-incarnator and the re-incarnated!!

The foregoing are only a few specimens of the wretch of contradiction, and of the hopeless and perplexing chaos of thought contained in the writings and teachings of the foremost re-incarnationists of the world,—those upon whom we are dependent for all the light that the world possesses upon the subject. Were it necessary, innumerable other contradictions and radical inconsistencies might be presented; but the specimens I have submitted above will suffice to demonstrate the utter unreliability and worthlessness of the whole mass of nauseating rubbish and sophistical balderdash which has been fastened upon rational Spiritualism by Allan Kardec and his deluded and designing *confreres*, American, English, and Continental.

A Spiritual Vision.

BY MRS. P. W. STEPHENS.

While holding a seance one evening at the home of B. F. Barber, at Ballston Spa, N. Y., in December of 1876, the following vision was presented to me for the Barber family by their five daughters, who had all passed to spirit-life during childhood. It

was given to illustrate the method by which they had received their education. Suddenly the walls of the room disappeared and there stretched toward the south a long, gently-descending valley covered with a beautiful mantle of verdure which seemed to creep up the slight elevation till it reached the room in which we were seated; and at Mrs. Barber's feet there stood an arched bower, supported on either side by Parian marble columns which seemed almost transparent. The arch itself was composed of rainbow-colored roofing. The back of this beautiful bower was interlaced with vines and flowers, the aroma of which filled the whole space. In front of this bower, upon a low seat, sat five maidens robed in white garments of transparent brilliancy, with arms encircling each other's forms. They arose to their feet, gazing with filial tenderness upon the home of their mortal loved ones; then they said: "Dear parents, we are your children; called from your mortal presence in the spring-time of life."

While earnestly noting this beautiful scene, there appeared in the distance a company of persons approaching us. As they drew near they proved to be a party of youths and maidens. These five turned toward them saying: "We are awaiting your coming." Mingling together, they walked joyously down this gentle descent to where a sheet of water outspread its mirror-like surface. Moored to the pebbly beach were many small boats. Launching and entering them seemed but the work of a moment. As they glided out on this water the boats seemed propelled by some force to me unknown. They moved rapidly from point to point performing feats of motion wonderful to behold, all guided by the wishes of this happy company. When the period of their amusement was ended the boats arranged themselves side by side, like a tiny fleet, and moved across the water to a distant point, entered a little harbor where marble steps led from the water's edge to the surface above. They ran quickly up this shining stairway—and there were extensive grounds adorned with arbors, fountains, flowers and walks; while lovely trees, such as grow by the water of life, bloomed and fruited continually. Passing these grounds they approached a building, the portico of which was supported by translucent columns. All over these columns and pendant from roof and eaves of the portico were wreaths and festoons of ornamental flower-work; passing these they entered a large apartment, the floor of which was covered with softest carpet, the walls adorned with many paintings, and alcoves filled with works of sculpture of rare beauty.

Upon close observation I found all these ornaments bore historical reminiscences of the past life of our planet. After spending some time in this department, they passed

from it to another, which was also adorned with brilliant flowers. Here was music and dancing. At the close of this enjoyment, they passed through the building out into a continuation of the grounds, through long avenues, across open fields, into other grounds, the beauty, order and adornment, far surpassing those spoken of before. In the center of these grounds, on a slight elevation, stood a magnificent building, composed of various colored polished stones; the walls of inlaid mosaic. As they approached this place an air of deep thought mantled each youthful brow, and with gentle steps they entered the open door, over which, in letters of light, were these words: "Way to Wisdom." Here were instruments and works of scientific and mathematical instruction. These students immediately assumed their accustomed places, and began their studies. Moving from place to place with gentle steps, were matrons fair and sires grand, whose brows were crowned with the wisdom of years.

When their studies were ended, they passed out on the broad lawn, where they were joined by a noble teacher who addressed them thus:

"My children, I find you are sufficiently advanced, as a class, to enter the school of travel in which you will gather your knowledge of higher developments of natural law, by actual observation among the varied phenomena in distant portions of this mighty soul-realm. Assemble here to-morrow, and we will then arrange for your first lesson in this advanced course of instruction." As the sage was speaking, each countenance brightened with a glad smile; and when he ceased, with looks of sublime reverence, they bowed in silent acquiescence. The beautiful vision then faded from my sight.

All Who Do Not Wish to Go to Hell, Rise Up.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

As is usual at all revival meetings, after a hot sermon on sin, the preacher said that he wished all who did not desire to go to hell to rise up. Whether the audience fully comprehended the purport of the request I do not know. At least, only a few arose to their feet, and certainly those who remained seated could not desire to go to hell. Yet, after carefully canvassing the subject, were those who remained seated far out of the way?

If the doctrine of future reward and punishment is as represented by the pulpit, and heaven and hell as it describes, and the question were asked me, "Which will you do, go to heaven or hell?" I should say, after carefully considering the matter, "By all means, hell!" I feel on this question as did the old Frieson, whom the early missionaries from Rome, penetrating the wilds

of Germany, led down to the waters for baptism. At the last moment he turned to the preachers and said: "If I go to heaven through baptism, where will my ancestors and companions who were not baptized go to?" "To hell," was the terrible answer. "Then," he replied with scorn, "I will go with them," and he quickly withdrew.

When I think of the company said to be assembled in the two places, I am confirmed in my resolution. Commencing with Constantine the Great, who murdered his wife and son, and stained his hand with a series of assassinations, accepting Christianity because the Pagan priests would not say that their gods would pardon crimes like his, all the way down the bloody ages, what a line of despicable kings and persecuting priests have carried free passes to the gates guarded by St. Peter! Ignatius Loyola entered with his hands red with the blood of countless victims, all the infamous inquisitors followed him with their train of informers, spies, and butchers at Au-to-de-pees and St. Bartholomew Massacres. Calvin went in from lighting the fagots piled around Servetus, and the Puritans after hanging Quakers and burning witches. All the murderers who luckily are hung, slip straight through the hangman's knot into glory; defaulting cashiers and presidents, however cloudy their business ledgers, have a clean account on the heavenly side; and the Jesse Jameses have been given, one and all, free passes, which will be gladly acknowledged by Jesus Christ.

On the other hand, I bethink me of those who have gone, or are going to the other place. There are there all the vast multitudes of the generations of men before the time of Christ—the sages and heroes of the ancient world—Zoroaster, Confucius, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Xenophon, Homer, Virgil, Tacitus, Seneca, Augustus, the beginning of a list of names of illustrious men who sang immortal verse, or taught ethics by which mankind has ever since fashioned the conduct of their lives; Bruno, Laplace, Kepler, Galileo, Humboldt, Strauss, Jefferson, Lincoln, Emerson, Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, Haeckel, Fichte, in fact all the great leaders in science and literature, in Europe and America, are to be gathered there. An infinite multitude of great and good men and noble women, for the single fault of not believing what they find impossible to believe, or for not playing hypocrite and saying they believe what they scorn, are plunged from the overhanging brink of mortal life into the gulf of perdition. *I will take my place with them.*

The Princess of Wales is this year an exhibitor at the Royal Society of Painters, in water colors. She sends a picture of Windsor.

California Scenery.

A Moonlight View.

No. 3.

We had so timed our trip as to be in the valley at the full of the moon. It was a perfect night, glittering with stars and without a fleck of cloud; it seemed indeed as though there were never so many stars anywhere else as we saw, looking up from the bottom of that great rift, and through that clear, transparent atmosphere, into the blue of the spangled depths.

The walls on the other side of the valley were bathed in a mellow radiance, the face of El Capitan laughed in the moonlight, and the waters of the Yosemite sparkled with silver up and down its whole 2,000 feet. Gloomy and dark, with only its summit half crowned with light, the Sentinel towered far above us, and threw its shadow half across the valley. Slowly the shadow shortened, the light crept up toward us, the fringe of the forest away up yonder came out distinct and clear against the sky. Just over a barren strip along the edge there came a luminous ripple, a glow, a rim of fire, and then the full, round moon came into view and swung along the ragged line. Watching it closely, we were shortly startled by the appearance of something like a line of black that seemed to be tracing itself across the disk. Then there came another and another, then a heavy upright line, and in a moment a giant pine stood out within the perfect circle; each branch, and twig, and leaf, distinct and clear, and for an instant the moon, to our rapt eyes, hung a glowing picture on the sky. It was only a moment—but a moment always to be remembered—the swift passing of a beautiful vision.

Our second day in the valley we took for a visit to the Nevada and Vernal Falls. About two miles up beyond the Yosemite Fall, the main portion of the valley branches out in three narrow cañons, each one distinct, and each having its own special attractions. We took the middle of one of these, and followed up the main stream of the Merced to the two falls named. Behind us as we turned into the cañon was the massive North Dome with its Royal Arches; on our left, the South or Half Dome, its crest 4,800 feet above the valley and inaccessible; on our right, Glacier Point, a bare, smooth rock, with an inclination of about seventy degrees, reaching from the plain almost to the top of the mountain wall; and in front a narrowing gorge beset with trees and bushes, and masses of rock, with a tortuous trail along by the bed of the noisy river. The immense boulders which block the way seem to have been dropped with



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS.



VERNAL FALLS, 350 FEET HIGH.

very little regard for regularity or symmetry, and none whatever for the comfort of the traveler.

There were two miles of this rough and uncomfortable horse-back riding, with a gradual narrowing in upon us of the mountain walls, before we came to the point where we were to leave our horses and proceed the other mile and a half of the journey on foot. The winding of the canyon shortly shut us in, with mountain walls all around us.

Our horses went picking their way along, slowly and carefully, through the tangle of trees and rocks, the trail leading us at some

times close down by the river, and at others, over dizzy and doubtful edges far above it. Growing in cracks and crevices, and on narrow shelves, wherever there was room to root themselves, were great pine trees, from 100 to 150 feet high, that straggled along up the precipice or fringed the heights, and were dwarfed by their stupendous surroundings; down below us the river went leaping with a great noise through the gorge; while to our upward vision 3,000 feet of craggy wall, with massive boulders scattered along its top at such perilous poise that it seemed the finger of a great child might loose

them, overhung and threatened us. From the point where we left our horses, we saw a mile beyond and well up above us the Vernal Fall, a tumble of water 350 feet high, and larger in volume than any we had seen, it being the main stream of the Merced. It was a tiresome mile to travel, to the foot of the Vernal, and quite essential, a great part of your way, to be very sure of your

footing. The threatening cliffs still overhung us, the cañon having narrowed now so close, it seemed as though we might touch each wall with either hand—the stream flashed down the gorge below us—we were shut in from everything but the strip of blue directly overhead. The situation here makes one unaccustomed to it catch his breath, with a sensation of constriction—a sort of feeling that, compared with the great convulsion by which these rocks were rent apart, it would be no very strange thing if the rift should suddenly close and shut us in. At length, after long and laborious clambering over the rocks and along slippery slopes, stopping often to turn back and gather in the kaleidoscopic changes in the view of river, rock, and waterfall, we stand within the envelope of mist at the right of the fall, looking up to where the stream curls over the top 300 feet above, or downward fifty feet, to where it strikes with tremendous roar upon a bed of rocks, and breaks into great clouds of spray, over which the sun has set the seal of the rainbow.

(To be continued.)

WE should manage our fortune like our constitution; enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.—*Roche-foucauld.*



NORTH DOME AND ROYAL ARCHES.

THE CARRIER DOVE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM.

MRS. J. SCHLESINGER..... Editor

Entered at the San Francisco Postoffice as Second-class
Matter.

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

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

TERMS:

\$2.50 Per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Address all communications to

THE CARRIER DOVE,

32 Ellis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

AGENTS.

Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Titus Merrill, 232 West 40th St., New York.
Samuel D. Green, 132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn.
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.
G. F. Perkins, 102 1/2 Market St., San Francisco.
P. Kailasan Bros., Spiritualistic Book Depot, Pophams Broadway, Madras, Bombay.
Charles H. Bamford, successor to W. H. Terry, 57 Little Collins street, East Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.
Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.
H. A. Kersey, 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

THE CARRIER DOVE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JAN. 21, 1888.

The Value of Veracity.

How infrequent is an exact and simple statement of fact encountered either in conversation or in print. Yet how important is exactitude in all matters of fact. Loosely-drawn legal documents involve those concerned in serious consequences, which can only be cleared away after an heavy expenditure of time, money and ill feeling. Then, again, what small respect is paid to those who are notorious for "drawing the long bow" as it is euphemistically described. Accuracy is the twin sister of veracity, yet, too often, both virtues, if not entirely ignored, are, at least, sadly neglected!

We naturally suppose veracity in our public men. At times we are disappointed, yet in the long run the untruthful publicist suffers a loss of public confidence as the penalty of his tergiversation. A man is forgiven many things, but lying, scarcely ever. The noblest characters in history are those,

who, like the Father of his country, could not tell a lie.

Unfortunately, however, we must admit that veracity is not so generally adhered to as we could wish. Exaggeration is a besetting vice of the present time. Vain boasting of our greatness, our wealth, our attainments and abilities are heard on every side. In our courts the prisoner is either the blackest scoundrel or the purest angel; our ministers paint man so blackly, that heaven seems an impossibility for even the best; in trade a new article of any kind is said not only to possess all the virtues of similar articles, but its promoters invent a new set of adjectives to suit their exaggerated praises of the thing they vend. While in the cases of actors, singers, lecturers and such like, the wonder is, that as all are better than any ever seen before, and each a genius, that there are any who are mediocre. For a time this lack of veracity serves its purpose, but only for a time. Presently it is seen through. Then down to their true level fall such as have relied upon it. Veracity is the only true foundation of character. A liar is worse than a thief.

It is easy enough to see the mote in another's eye, but have we a beam in our own? Do we, as Spiritualists, do we wielders of the editorial pen in spiritual journals, always exhibit sufficient care in our attempts to eliminate that tricky sprite, exaggeration, from communications sent us for insertion in our papers? Possibly we do as well as we severally know how at the time, and possibly, too, when afterwards we review our work, we think we might have done better. None of us are infallible. But there is one point certain: if we desire our journals to be respected, our news must be not only veracious, but accurate as well. Spiritualism does not need sensational spread-eagleism. Sober statements made in precise terms carry a weight of conviction with them that no fulsome description can ever command. We frequently see reports of meetings addressed by the "grandest and most talented" speaker of the times—when the lecture is of the most ordinary description. We read of meetings in halls that are "literally crowded, every available inch of standing room being occupied," when by actual count under eighty people were present. We read of people who are "blazing in diamonds," being described as "truly Christ-

like," of doggerel rhymes that are stated to be the equal of any poetry extant, of workers publicly announcing their departure to the south, east, Europe or the Antipodes, when they have not the slightest intention of removing out of their own States. We are annoyed, disgusted indeed, at the painful and ridiculous misstatements that so frequently disfigure the accounts of work that, if placed upon a true basis, would gain the workers concerned quite sufficient deserved praise if the results were plainly stated in accurate and simple phrase. Eloquent orations and orators do not always imply intelligent remarks, or cultivated people. Large, immense audiences do not always mean the presence of the best elements in the community. A richly attired man or woman does not always mean a self-sacrificing philanthropist; in short it may be said with very fair certainty that exaggerated and fulsome reports are, as a rule, quite untrue.

We look for better things from Spiritualists than the clap-trap dodges of advertising amusement artistes. We claim to have a science, therefore is it our duty to observe the precise and measured terms that properly represent the calm deductions arrived at by careful consideration. We claim to have philosophical morality, therefore ought we to see that there is nothing unduly said concerning us, our work, or workers. If veracity is a capital element in a man's character, so is it likewise a prime element in the character of a movement like ours. Let our reports have fewer adjectives, but more veracity. Let reports be without comment or prejudice—certainly without fulsome and sickening adulation. Judicious praise is well enough, but when it is laid on like stucco upon a building it defeats the object held in view by those who thus plaster to please.

If there are those in our ranks who must be constantly praised, it is to be hoped that judicious editors will see that the overplus of oleaginuousness is expressed before the report appears. While in the case of those who, "to assist the editor," prepare their reports beforehand let the work be facts only, no self praise. These folks, though, often praise themselves, so that other places may attach a fictitious value to their services unappreciated in the places that know these "friends" (?) of the editor too well.

Let us then have truth at all times. But do not let us fall into the bad habit of exag-

generating our work or our importance. We might remember the fly on the coach wheel, he thought he turned the wheel—but he *didn't!* Without truth there is no honor. A cause that lies about itself is doomed to disgrace and deserves to die. Let us keep our pure faith free from falsehood, then will it be honored and respected even by our opponents.

Good Words from Mrs. E. L. Watson.

The New Year's number of the DOVE is a regular feast of good things. I heartily congratulate you and your co-workers on the success already achieved, and on the outlook for the DOVE. Your present stand is all that the most critical and truth-loving can desire. J. J. Morse's Theosophical lecture is full of meat for the earnest enquirer and is bound to do an immense deal of good; while William Emmette Coleman's able articles alone are more than worth a year's subscription. Mr. Morse is practical, eloquent, sweet-hearted, and a genuine boon to San Francisco Spiritualists at the present transition period. God speed him! With most cordial wishes for your continued success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

E. L. WATSON.

Opening Social of Mr. J. J. Morse.

On the evening of Thursday, the 12th inst., a happy, joyous crowd assembled in the spacious double parlors of the CARRIER DOVE Office, 32 Ellis street, it being the occasion of the first of a series of "socials" that Mr. J. J. Morse contemplates holding during the winter and spring. Over sixty of the friends of Mr. Morse and family were present, and a right royal good time was experienced by the laughing, merry assemblage. The parlors had been appropriately and handsomely decorated by the indefatigable hostess, Mrs. Schlesinger, in honor of the occasion. Large and striking pictures—paintings and engravings—adorned the walls, while beautiful and tastily-combined floral decorations were arranged hither and yon.

In a few apposite introductory remarks Mr. Morse set forth, in his usual perspicuous and expressive diction, the object of these socials. It was that he might be brought closer to the members of his congregation, learn to know them and be known

of them better than was possible through his public ministrations alone. He also desired to assist the Manager of the Temple services, Mr. M. B. Dodge, and, so far as possible, lighten the burdens imposed upon him. While Bro. Dodge was working earnestly and faithfully in season and out of season, as one might say, in a field of labor not within his (Mr. Morse's) province, to advance the interests of the cause so deeply cherished by him, he (Mr. Morse) felt it his duty to be a co-worker with him, in another direction; and by the cultivation of the social and fraternal elements among the people, through these informal gatherings, perhaps enkindle in their hearts a more glowing fire of enthusiasm and a warmer devotion to the truths which we so reverently regard.

From time to time during the evening, Mr. Morse continued, it would be his prerogative to touch off the several "guns" present which had presumably been well-loaded for the occasion. Regarding the first gun which he should touch off, he would state that, having informed the said gun early in the evening that it was his intention, after some opening remarks by himself, to fire off his "Krupp-gun" (as he denominated the speaker selected to follow him), the aforesaid Krupp-gun responded that though he might perhaps be a "Krupp," he certainly was not a "Parrott-gun;" and he (Mr. Morse) thought that there could be no question about this,—the speaker referred to was undoubtedly no "parrot."

After a choice musical selection upon the piano by Mrs. Eugenia Clark, the Krupp-gun, Mr. W. E. Coleman, was touched off by Mr. Morse, its load being found to consist of some observations anent the advantages and pleasures of social intercourse. The next gun discharged was none of the latter-day, new-fangled engines of war, but one of the good old style and make, the venerated veteran, R. A. Robinson. Mr. Robinson said that these gatherings carried his mind back to the Spiritual meetings held in San Francisco some twenty-three or twenty-four years since, when audiences of 800 and 1000 at the Sunday services were common. He demurred a little at the policy of firing off the big guns first, as those of smaller caliber, and not so well-loaded, would probably not make so good a report and would appear at

a disadvantage if obliged to follow the heavier guns.

A number of other guns were successively touched off during the evening, each discharge being preceded by some fitting and felicitous remarks from Mr. Morse. Among these guns may be mentioned Captain Burns, of Tacoma, Judge John A. Collins, Mr. W. H. Mills, Mr. W. M. Rider, and Mrs. Lena Clarke Cooke. Sweet singing, including solos, duets, etc., were interspersed between the artillery discharges, the vocalists including Mrs. Eugenia Clark, Miss Florence Morse, Miss Annie Johnson, Professor G. C. Perkins, Captain Burns, and Mr. C. H. Wadsworth,—a general chorus of "The Sweet By and By" forming an appropriate conclusion to the evening's festivities. Some comic recitations from Professor Perkins tended to increase the good humor of the company; a portion of whom also found it very pleasant to "trip the light fantastic toe" to the inspiring strains of exhilarating music, after the atmosphere had been cleared of the thick clouds of gas, the natural product of the heavy cannonading which had been indulged in earlier in the evening.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, adjournment was made to "the lower regions," where a most tempting repast had been spread for the regalement of the inner man. The bounteous supply of comestibles—likewise of the potables—was speedily diminished in bulk, and all seemed determined to do full justice to the rich lay-out which had been provided for their entertainment by Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Schlesinger. At a late hour the merry throng dispersed, the latest departures being near the hour of

F. A. M.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

[The remarks of Mr. Coleman, being principally of a general character rather than of local significance, are herewith appended. ED. DOVE.]

Remarks Delivered at the Social of Mr. J. J. Morse, at 32 Ellis Street, Thursday Evening, January 12, 1888.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

It having been intimated to me that some remarks, in keeping with the occasion, would be expected from me this evening, I have gathered a few thoughts, which I trust may not be deemed *mal a propos*.

I promise you that I shall be brief, so as not to bore you.

Those of you who were here on the occasion of the "pound" party given Mr. Morse and family will remember what a delightful time we had then; and the great success of that impromptu, informal party, in the way of social enjoyment, innocent and inspiring, naturally suggested the thought that it would be a very pleasant thing to have, off and on, a recurrence of the happy experiences of that festive occasion. And this evening we have a successful materialization of that thought.

The name of our gathering to-night well indicates its nature and character. This is a "social;" and we want it to fully bear out the name. We all want to be social, truly social; for social happiness constitutes a very large share of the pleasures of this life, and will undoubtedly be an important factor in man's life as long as man remains man and woman continues woman; and that that will be through endless ages, in a series of ascending worlds, we, as Spiritualists, have reasonable assurance.

I need not specify in detail to this enlightened and eminently-social assemblage the pleasures, advantages, and delights of social intercourse. You all fully realize, no doubt, how sweet it is, and how good a thing it is. Man has been defined as a social animal, and though other animals manifest social and gregarious instincts and tendencies, the human family far exceeds them all in this regard. In fact social communion, the delightful association of soul with soul, and of one soul with many souls, is, in a sense, the very life-blood of human endeavor. Louis Cornaro, who himself lived to such a good old age, tells us to enjoy good company if we would hope to attain a long life in this world, while quaint Isaak Walton of piscatorial fame affirms that good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue. Now, long life and the practice of virtue are two of the good things most especially to be desired in this world; and if Cornaro and Walton are right,—and that they are I think there can be little or no question,—then the importance and the advantage of cultivating our social natures, in the right direction, can scarcely be over-estimated. The great reformer, sturdy Martin Luther, voiced a great truth when he said, "God has created man for fellowship, and not for solitariness."

In early infancy the heart's craving for companionship is manifest,—in the very morning of life, in happy, innocent childhood, note how instinctively the soul demands association and fellowship with its kind; and in the evening of life, as we near the erstwhile silent tomb (silent no longer, now that the joy-inspiring truths of spirit-communion bless the world),—as we approach the terminus of our mundane journey, the social feelings still as active are as ever. From birth to death, their claims are paramount on all. Although we may not say, with Euripides, that social intercourse is the teacher of all things to mortals, yet, undoubtedly, if not the teacher of all things, it does teach us in many varied ways.

Man is a compound of head and heart, or of thought and feeling, intellect and emotion,—each alike requiring culture, and profitable, pleasurable exercise; and through social intercourse both the great departments of our human nature are nurtured and developed. It has been said that we are more sociable, and get along better with people, by the heart than by the intellect; and this is probably true. At these informal meetings, therefore, we want you to let the heart have sway rather than the head. At the Sunday services the head, of course, is predominant; but here more heart than head is demanded. Here we should bring into play the feelings, the emotions, the fraternal, affectional part of our being, so that all can have a good time together. Vivacity, amusement, fun and frolic, are integral parts of our make-up, and they all need healthful exercises, just as much as do our reflective and reasoning powers; and here is just the place to "pitch in," fling care to the winds, and have a jolly, merry time.

Now, then, one and all, go ahead, "sail in," "cut up," and enjoy yourselves to your heart's content!

Mr. J. J. Morse's Next Class.

Mr. Morse is making the necessary arrangements to open his fifth class for advanced Spiritual Inquiry early in the ensuing month. It will be held at the Dove office, as heretofore. The control of Mr. Morse has intimated that a specially selected course of lectures is being prepared on the spirit side, and they will be delivered to the class in due order. This preliminary intimation is merely made to afford an answer

to numerous enquiries that have reached us, and we expect to shortly be able to announce the evenings upon which the class will assemble, the prices of tickets, and a synopsis of subjects to be treated. The ability of Mr. Morse's control and the valuable lessons imparted by him at the previous classes are sufficient guarantees of the excellence and importance of the lessons the capable spirit teacher is about to impart to the members of the next class.

Premium Notice.

We will send the CARRIER DOVE for the year 1888, and an elegantly bound volume of the DOVE for 1887 to any person who will send us five dollars before March 1st, 1888. This is the very lowest terms at which such a large amount of valuable reading could be furnished. The bound volume will contain 626 pages of reading matter, besides about sixty full page engravings, among which are portraits of prominent Spiritualists, scenes in spirit life, spirit pictures, views of the City of Oakland, and fine illustrations for the children's department. It contains many valuable lectures, stories and essays of great importance.

A Test Seance.

On Monday evening last a test seance was held in this office by Mrs. Allie Livingstone, for the purpose of scientific investigation, before a number of prominent and influential ladies and gentlemen of this city, whose skeptical proclivities were well-known and pronounced. The entire company were strangers to the medium, who came at Dr. Schlesinger's request for the purpose above stated. The medium was securely blindfolded in a manner declared to be entire satisfactory to the most skeptical person present. After sitting quietly a few moments her Indian control, "Wild Flower," took possession of the medium. A number of letters and business cards from the pockets of several gentlemen present were given her to read, which she did at once without making one mistake as to dates, names, or matter contained therein. Upon the table at which the medium was seated were pencils, crayons and drawing materials. These were mixed up in every possible manner by a gentleman who desired to see if the control could re-arrange them. It was speedily done, and a picture

drawn in colors in the space of a few moments.

Owing to the illness of Mrs. Livingstone the control was imperfect and it was found impossible to complete it at that time. The result of the seance was very satisfactory and wholly unexplainable by the scientific gentlemen present, who declared themselves quite "at sea" as to a rational explanation aside from the spiritual hypothesis.

Such demonstrations of spiritual phenomena, under test conditions, will have a tendency to obliterate the false impressions prevalent regarding genuine manifestations among those who are thoroughly disgusted with the mass of rubbish palmed off as such by clever tricksters, in dark or dimly lighted seance rooms.

J. J. Morse's New Book.

The new book of J. J. Morse, "Practical Occultism," is making rapid progress towards completion. Subscribers may expect their copies in the course of the next ten days, after which the regular purchasers will be supplied. As already stated it will be one of the neatest printed books that can be desired. While its contents will prove invaluable reading to every thoughtful Spiritualist and student of the themes upon which it treats. See advertisement in special notices department.

Spiritual Meetings in San Francisco.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE.

As usual two quite satisfactory audiences assembled at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last, the 15th instant. In the morning Mr. Morse answered questions, while under control, dealing with a variety of queries in his usual admirable and lucid manner.

At night the subject of the spirit inspirer's lecture through Mr. Morse was "The Coming God," the substance of the argument being that all that men had ascribed to God existed within themselves, and that, when the race has evolved all its latent powers then would "God" have truly come in the perfected humanity of the future.

The musical exercises, as usual, were quite a strong feature, being under the able direction of the talented Sig. S. Arrillaga, who presided at the great organ and at the grand piano. The vocalists were Miss E. Beresford Joy and Mr. W. H. Keith. Miss

Joy sang Guonod's "Guardian Angel," in a manner that was simply superb, for which she was rewarded with unstinted applause. Mr. Keith sang Robandi's "Stella Confidencium," in a style that disclosed the finished artiste, while the violin obligata, furnished by Mr. L. Bresse, was an excellent accompaniment most ably rendered. The applause was loud and long at the conclusion of the vocal exercises.

On Sunday next Mr. Morse's control will answer questions at 11 A. M., and at 7:30 P. M. he will deliver a lecture upon "Woman's value to God and man."

Admission free to all meetings.

Chips.

"I see a brighter sky,
I feel the healthful motion of the sphere;
And lying down upon the grass, I hear,
Far, far away, yet drawing near,
A low, sweet sound of ringing melody.
I see the swift-winged arrows fly;
I see the battle of the combatants;
I know the cause for which their weapons flash;
I hear the martial music and the chants,
The shock of hosts, the armor clash,
As thought meets thought; but far beyond I see,
Adown the abysses of the Time to be,
The well won victory of the Right."

Dr. W. W. McKaig addressed the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, Sunday afternoon. His lecture was pronounced by many as one of his ablest efforts.

Portraits of J. J. Morse, price 25 cents, can be had at Metropolitan Temple every Sunday. It is a very fine picture—cabinet—by Bushby, of Boston, Mass.

A neat little pamphlet, published by Colby & Rich, and entitled "An Apostle of Spiritualism: a Biographical Monograph of J. J. Morse, Trance Medium," can be had at the Temple meetings every Sunday. Its price is only twenty cents.

From the *Daily News*, St. Augustine, Florida, we learn that George P. Colby, the trance speaker and test medium, has been delivering a course of successful lectures in that city.

Next week we will publish a very able article from the pen of W. N. Slocum, upon the best methods of investing money for the purpose of advancing the cause of Spiritual-

ism. This essay is well written, and shows thoughtful consideration of the question involved. We commend it to the careful, earnest perusal of our readers.

A combined test, materializing, and developing circle is the latest combination in Sunday meetings. Admission ten cents. Too much for the price, besides being unkind to the dollar-a-head assemblies.

There has never been a time since Spiritualism first manifested itself to the world when it needed stronger, braver, truer souls to do battle for its principles. Its foes are not without, but within its ranks, masquerading in the livery of heaven while doing Satan's work.

For some unknown cause the CARRIER DOVE has failed to reach us during December. We have greatly missed this valuable exchange. We are now all at sea in the fascinating story of Mr. Morse, and we are certain that we have missed many of his valuable lectures. In fact, the entire journal is one that it is difficult to do without. We trust that its visits in the future will not be interrupted.—*Light on the Way.*

[Our bookkeeper addressed them to Dover, N. H. Hence the delay. It will not occur again. ED. DOVE.]

Most men are provincial, narrow, one-sided, only partially developed. In a new country we often see a little patch of land, a clearing in which the pioneer has built his cabin. This little clearing is just large enough to support a family, and the remainder of the farm is still forest, in which snakes crawl and wild beasts occasionally crouch. It is thus with the brain of the average man. There is a little clearing, a little patch, just large enough to practice medicine with, or sell goods, or practice law, or preach with, or to do some kind of business, sufficient to obtain bread and food, and shelter for a family, while all the rest of the brain is covered with primeval forest, in which lie coiled the serpents of superstition, and from which spring the wild beasts of orthodox religion.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

How can you divide five eggs among five people so that one remains on the dish? Answer next week.

