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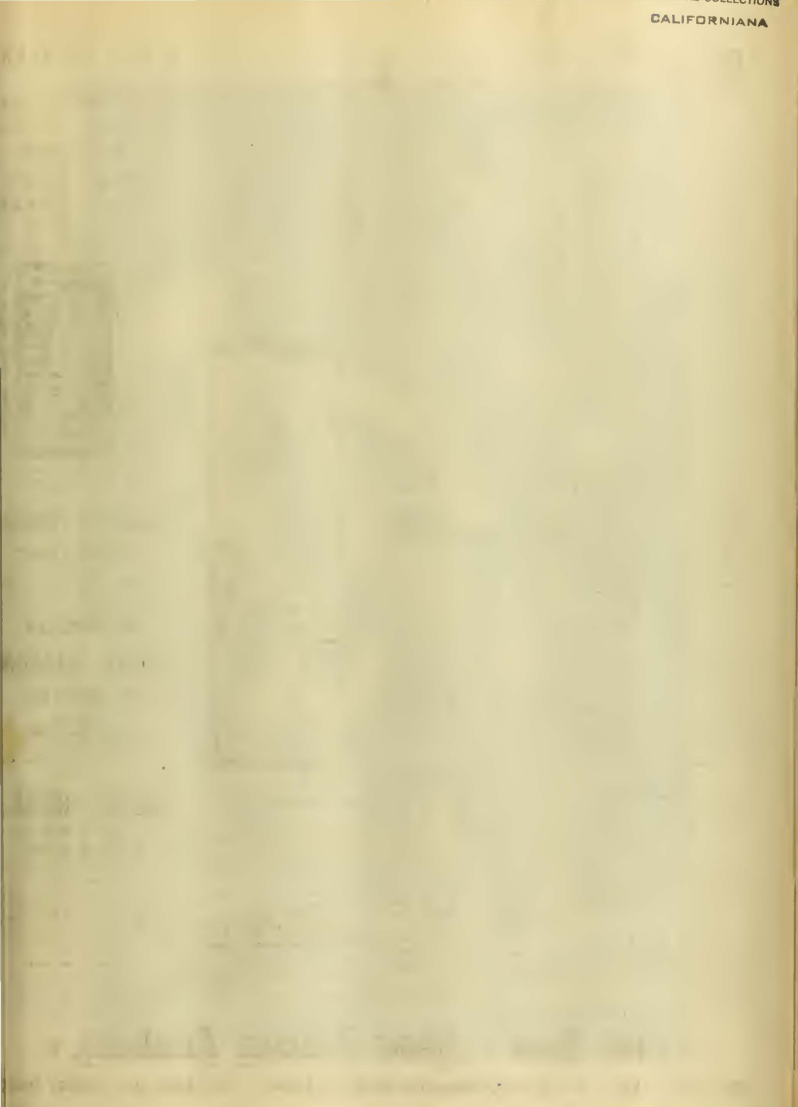
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## The Platform.

### Spiritualism as a Preventive of Crime.

Delivered in Chicago, Sunday, May 2, 1880, by the guide of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Social science, as it is termed, or rather sociology, claims to deal with the causes of crime, i. e., with those underlying bases whereby moral delinquencies can be traced to their sources and thereby avoided.

Two theories are extant in the world concerning crime. One is the theological theory, the other is the scientific or philosophical. The theological theory is that all sin is the result of temptation from one individual source of sin, viz., Satan, and that this sin is the common inheritance of all through the fall of Adam, and that therefore nothing can release them from the burden of this common tendency to sin, and this common downfall of mankind excepting the theological hypothesis of the substitution of another, a mediator; this substitution, as theology teaches, has taken place in the form of the Saviour. Thus mankind is offered an escape from the consequences of wrong doing through the suffering of an innocent victim. Now remember we consider that in Adam all men die; but Adam means the physical man, and all are therefore participants in this fall who live in physical form. We consider that all share the common temptations of life, of the environment of the senses, but it is within the individual that these temptations exist, not in the form of an especially appointed tempter. The philosophical idea is, that men have been evolved from the earth, that the lowermost structures of being, give place gradually to the higher; that somewhere in the process of evolution the moral nature has entered to declare to them what is right and what is wrong; that the tendency to crime is the result of the lack of sufficient evolution in the direction of the moral forces.

Science declares that man emanates from the dust, but may, nevertheless, rise above it to the degree of overcoming all moral temptations by physical progress. Every tendency to crime is traced in some degree, to hereditary trammels; that the laws of heredity predisposes certain people, under certain conditions of ante-natal life to temptations, and that these temptations lead to crime. These two theories are equally at-

tended with difficulty. You will pardon us when we speak of the theological theory, we shall define our religious view later on. The theological theory, it seems to us, is attended with double difficulty. In the first place the human race is made to suffer by the action of a single pair, and this without any participation of their own. The sinning in Adam and Eve constitutes the fall of man, then the difficulty is that all are predisposed to sin through no fault of their own, and Satan is given charge over all temptation, they may not be aware in what way they are sinning, in what way they are violating the moral law, since the responsibility is removed from them for the act, and the quality of irresponsibility becomes the method of salvation, and the innocent sacrificed for the guilty, this forms the most monstrous moral proposition in which the whole Christian world is participating, hoping to share the the delights of Heaven through no merit of their own, but entirely upon the merits of another, and thereby accepting the sacrifice of the innocent for the sake of winning Heaven selfishly. But of the various degrees of this theological proposition, you perhaps are well aware, you have been trained in the different schools and systems which that theology has propounded, and in its various modifications until at last, under the denominations of the Universalists and Unitarians, very much of the most revolting portion of these tenets has been rejected, and humanity is taught to look upon Christ as the guide instead of the mediator.

For the propositions of science and philosophical speculations concerning the hereditary tendency to crime there must have been some primal source, and that can hardly be traceable to matter, which in itself contains no moral nature and which under the laws of natural life may perform the functions of existence correctly and unerringly, but as soon as the moral nature is introduced, then the responsibility for sinfulness begins. But science fails to declare from whence the moral nature comes, how it is introduced or projected into the material organism, when all things in matter decay any consciousness of this law, and therefore places man in a position of leaving within something that nature did not create, for accomplishing something that nature did not intend, endeavoring to devise means to overcome that which nature has not provided for. The whole realm of moral economy must

be traced to a deeper and more permanent and more lasting and satisfactory source.

The ancient record of the fall of the man Adam, which was the earth, or the red earth, is in itself the symbol of all human life, and the Adamic race is not a single generation, nor a single progenitor of human beings, but the entire human race physically considered. The Adam which tempts and the Adam who falls, and the Eve who listens to the voice of the tempter are all to be found in the mystical symbolism of matter. As Adam means the earth, so Eve in the ancient cabalistic language meant the serpent; and the environment of earth, of the physical life constitutes the temptation. This it is which makes the entire human family share the primal temptation, for every human life repeats again the history of the Garden of Eden.

Listen; the soul is the inbreathing of the divine, and that spirit which gives breath to the physical form, nevertheless takes upon itself the conditions and environment of the physical form, and the moment you enter physical life you are not only removed measurably from the condition of soul life, which is divine, but many avenues are closed, by the organism of man, through which the spiritual perceptions might be awakened.

This is the "fall." The moment you begin to listen to the voice of the physical surroundings, the moment you commence to listen to policy, to selfishness, to pride, to aught that betrays the life of innocence within you, you participate in the "fall." And each individual life passes through this experience, and never is it possible for you to return by that Eden gate way into the primal state of innocence again.

As "Adam" typifies the original and primal descent of man into the physical form, so the "Christ" of all nations typifies the only pathway by which man can again perceive the beauty and glory of the Eden state. But this "Christ," surrounded by the theological interpretations, becomes an impossibility, but interpreted in the light of that true law and order of spiritual kingdom, which makes the moral forces of the universe as unerring in their application (and more so,) as the physical, the meaning is made clear. You have interpreted Christ as the only method whereby you can again return unto the pathway of light and knowledge. And what does the

Christ reveal? Overcoming. The overcoming of all material temptations; the conquest of the physical man, the striving and victory over that which causes man morally to sin; and the idea of this victory is in the conquest of self, the mere external propensities and appetites, of all that tend in any way to degrade in the man and woman the nature which is divine. The perception of what is divine man brings with him, it is not the result of the "Adamic" birth, the awakening of the perfect consciousness of it is the result of the "Christ" birth, and through much self-sacrifice, through long struggles and victories man arrives at last in material life to know the true meaning of the moral conquest.

Now see what Spiritualism says; that every individual spirit is an expression of the individual life, and that life is eternal, and brings with it into the material organism the moral responsibility. And what is the moral responsibility? The perception of truth, the recognition of goodness, the knowledge, that in the realm of the soul whatever mars, or degrades, or causes mankind to sink beneath the level of that soul, is therefore sinful; in other words, as the result of the shadow of the mortal birth man brings with him the moral responsibility, for as a soul he is not created, he shares in a finite degree the infinite realm and guidance in the universe of souls. If man were a created thing, if in the soul he were but a machine to perform the will of another, then he could have no moral responsibility whatever, but in the degree that the quality of this soul is like the quality of the Infinite, he shares in that degree the moral power of the universe, and this is why he is given one realm to vanquish, one kingdom to overcome, one moral province to govern, one moral power in the great universe of souls, and that is himself. This moral power however, does not all at once become awakened here. There are conditions of human life that are wholly irresponsible morally; conditions in which men have no perceptions or idea of right and wrong, and live in such close relation to the senses that the idea of sinning is almost as foreign to their natures as it is to the wild beasts, or birds, or any other beings, who live in conformity to instinct, instead of the prompting intelligence of the spirit, but the moment man becomes aware of encroaching upon his fellow man, of possessing responsibility with reference to his fellow beings, that moment his moral nature is awakened from within, and then begins the struggle.

The sources of crime, and of wrong-doing, and of delinquencies which the world condemns must be traceable to such subtle cause and relations as occur in the contact of man's spirit with his body, and there must first be an entire change of public opinion on the subject of crime, of man's moral nature, and of the whole relationship of man's spirit toward his fellow man. We do not say that

you have not been taught correctly, but you have not perceived and interpreted correctly. The true moral propositions for the guidance of the world, have been offered again and again, they culminated upon Olivet, they are found in the Golden Rule, all nations have attested to the recognition of them in the highest state of religion, but the practices of all nations have to steadily ignore these high perceptions.

The Golden Rule, the propositions of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster and the highest teachers of the world stand out as the perfection of man's moral possibilities, and the criminals of all nations are the lowest tide level of men's moral nature, between these two there is the continual ebbing and flowing of the tide, and the gradual growth of man toward the highest and divinest nature must be that which the student of moral philosophy should consider, and which can only be considered in the light of man's spiritual nature. It is useless to make crime physiological, nor do we now regard as of the slightest value the so-called statistics wherein it is said that there are certain tendencies in certain families, and that by the law of heredity crime is traceable, nor do we regard of the slightest value that seeming law that the social scientist thinks he has discovered, that in certain morbid and depressed physiological conditions much of the sources of crime may be found; we consider that these are but external indications while the true source, the true basis must be far beneath this. Spirit alone can perceive and deal with moral questions, and it is in the realm of spirit that you must search for causes that lead to crime, as well as the causes that will overcome crime. Do not misunderstand us. We do not mean in the realm of the spirit world, but we mean in the realm of your own spirit, in the realm of the spiritual department of human life, where the failure of the spirit to overcome the lines of temptation in life constitutes the source and cause of the deviations from moral law.

We find that, spirit being life, wherever the spirit does not possess and take control of the form there is disease. If the body is diseased it is because of the lack of adjustment between the spirit and body, permitting organic difficulties to ensue, permitting the aggressive forces of the material life around you to encroach upon the physical organism. The great tides of life are continually wearing away the organism of existence. The elements of creation are not more active than the elements of destruction; where there is individual life, except it does its utmost to perfect and perpetuate itself, it will be borne away by the great tides of wind, air, storms, sunshine and devastation all around; that which gives life gives death also. The spirit of man is the aggressive force that meets this aggression of nature, and if you do not occupy and possess the physical form by the consciousness that is yours, by

pervading it in every portion, by endeavoring to possess all its powers and attributes spiritually then the encroaching tides of physical life will gradually steal its health and strength away.

Now the same is true of what is called man's moral nature; the perception of moral truth is the birthright of the soul, the spirit of man forces this into the material consciousness against the aggressiveness of nature everywhere. So far as moral propositions are concerned, the whole physical universe is blind, deaf and dumb. Man as an immortal entity imparts to that universe the propositions of moral life that are in it. Nature does not heed the cry of despair, the elements all around you do not care if the orphan is out in the cold, there is no voice in nature that speaks to you unless your spirit gives nature that voice, and apart from the conscious individual intelligence of man, and the spirit, and the Deity, nature is as rude, and cruel, and ruthless as it is possible for you to conceive. There is a constant encroachment upon you, you resist the tempests, you struggle against the storms, you climb up the mountain heights and delve into the earth to find your treasures, and were it not for the voice of the soul, which also answers unto the voice of God, there would be no tenderness in the heart of earth, and even these sweet blooming flowers might exhale poison in their decay, that would be destructive. The moral force of man rises against the physical force that is in him. What is that physical force? To take possession of whatever he desires, to conquer it by force if he cannot obtain it in any other way. The physical nature prefers to conquer it by force, and not to consider the rights of others, but only his own wishes. In other words, to do what he sees the nature all around him doing to destroy any kind of existence in order to perpetuate his own physical man. The moral man says there is a higher life, there is something better than selfishness; you have no right to encroach or infringe upon the life of another, and the soul of the other cries out against it, therefore man pauses at the threshold of greed, avarice and wrong doing. The murderer follows his brutal instinct in slaying the life that is in his way; whether in the way of avarice; whether in the way of revenge; whether in the way of any selfish purpose; it is simply the culmination of the selfishness within that causes man to slay his fellow man. The thief takes possession of that which belongs to another, (which another has earned) by the same law and he considers he has a right to it if he can obtain it. How many there are in the world who under another name than that of theft take possession of the rightful belongings of others we leave you to decide. But when kings and rulers take the lead as murderers, and the most prosperous business men in the world take the lead as thieves and plunderers

what can you say to the poor unfortunate who steals a loaf of bread or a few shillings instead of millions. We say the consciousness of man must change concerning moral responsibility, and it must be that the time will come when there are no two laws for kings and subjects, there are no two codes of morals for the prosperous and the unfortunate and when moral responsibility is considered as the basis of all moral law, and the individual, whom-so-ever he may be, is to be held responsible for the individual act.

Spiritualism ferrets out the sources of all crime and places the blame in the perception of the individual, and if man is morally blind, how can he be held morally accountable? But if morally full of vision, and his selfishness prevails then his moral nature must be held accountable for each delinquency. That which relieves man in the light of Spiritualism from the odious and irresponsible condition of the past is this, that every spirit is as near to God as every other spirit, that every soul-perception, primarily, is equal, and that ultimately all moral perceptions upon the earth must also be equal, and that therefore the condition and stages between the degradation of the lowest and the moral elevation of the highest are stages to be attained, grown to, and striven for, by overcoming that which prevents it. That in all the realm of spirits there is no such thing as fastening upon another the penalty for the moral delinquencies of yourself, and that that which is intended by the aids and assistants, and uplifting and strengthening, and the "bearing of your burdens" is that there are in the universe as many helps to man's moral uplifting as there are in the physical realm, things that tend to degrade him and infinitely more, and that between these two realms he as an individual is standing with the right to that divine inheritance of godness, and that the power within him, when it is aroused, of overcoming will bring that godness. Spiritualism teaches that there are not only all the moral forces of the noblest human lives; all the achievements and victories of the greatest men and women, of teachers, philosophers, poets and seers to aid mankind, but the whole realm of spiritual existence and all the forces of the unseen universe are in existence to assist and elevate, yet any one of these forces and all combined cannot take from man the individual responsibility and the active growth of his moral nature from within. If there is no germ of the plant, if it is merely an atom of matter or a stone the sun may shine, and the rains descend, but there will be no blossoming there, and if all the powers of the spiritual universe, and all the Divinity of Christ were poured out upon the earth if man had not the spark within himself of overcoming there could be no moral victory. Nay! more than this, Spiritualism is the great leveler, it bids

you bear in mind that there is no condition or human crime or misery that you might not have been tempted to share, and no state of exaltation that it is not possible for you to attain. When we are asked what is the condition of the murderer in the spirit world, we ask in turn, whom do you mean? Do you mean kings who slay by the millions, or the poor passionate man who gives a single blow and slays a single life? When we are asked, how does the thief enter the kingdom of spirits? we answer, do you mean the millionaire, who has robbed hundreds of widows and orphans and the poor of their own earnings, or the poor detected thief who has stolen a few dollars or a few articles from the household? And when we are asked, what is the state of the criminal? We answer, to whom do you refer? He who has violated, technically, the ten commandments in the decalogue, or the one who, in the searching language of Jesus has had the thought? For in proportion to man's moral knowledge is his responsibility, and it is a greater sin for some men to think a falsehood than for others to tell a thousand lies. You who have moral culture, who have had two thousand years of Christian education, stand before the face of the light of day, and the consciousness of God and immortality, and live and think falsely every day, yet if a poor wretch is brought before the judge, and swears falsely to save himself or another from punishment, or the gallows, you call that the crime of perjury. The whole realm of man's moral judgment must be renovated and reformed, crime must be dealt with, if at all, in all its ramifications and sources, and the great must not be spared, nor the exalted in worldly possessions, and if there is a law that makes it a death penalty for man to slay his brother, what will you do with Christian kings, and rulers, and armies?

Fie! there is no moral perception, yet that rises to the level of that word, morality, that is active in the world, excepting in lowly lives that are despised and considered weak and foolish. The man who would carry out and practice in daily life the Golden Rule would be considered a brute, yet you are clamoring for justice to be done to the criminal. We have known a whole Christian Sabbath to be converted into a grand criminal hunt for a poor unfortunate colored man who in a moment of madness slew another, and yet these are they who stand in the light of the Christian Sabbath and repeat the Lord's words "overcome evil with good" and return, not good, but evil, yet with these words before them, with the profession of them not in their hearts but upon their lips, they still clamor for the life-blood of their fellow man, and consider that the Mosaic law is still in existence.

One moral proposition there is in the universe, that every individual is amenable to the law that binds him to his fellow man, and he, by the great moral force of the world,

and by such legislation as that moral force requires, must be prevented from encroaching upon his fellow man, beyond that you cannot deal with him; you may prevent him from acts of violence or aggression, but you cannot judge nor punish him. If man is prevented from acts of violence you would do well to set a watch over each individual life, you would do well to set a guard over the individual conscience, and would do well to appoint in your mental structure a faithful detective for discovering your own moral imperfections and shortcomings, and see in the balance of that actual and perfect judgment how you will fare.

Then if you were to ask what Spiritualism offers as a preventive to crime, we would say it offers individual godness instead of collective law; it offers individual morality instead of social forms; it offers individual growth and attainment toward perfection instead of legalized murder and legalized delinquencies of all kinds; it offers the individual guidance and communion of loving friends instead of the wrath of an angry God, and the arch fiend who is endeavoring to tempt you every day; it offers no fiend upon whom you can escape by making him responsible for your own delinquencies, but says the arch fiend is within, the weakness, passions and temptations of humanity constitutes the Satan, and every individual life has that within; it offers the remedy of overcoming this, and if you find yourself a victim to certain tendencies, conquer them. Why, if you have a disease you do not sit supinely down and say, "Oh, dear; I cannot do anything," but the whole realm of materia medica, when this is exhausted the realm of healing is tried to renovate your physical body. If you are blind you do not consider it hopeless, but the blind are provided with methods of reading and teaching, and music, and all that can brighten the lives that are dark physically. If persons are deaf there are methods of signs, a language by which ideas may be conveyed to their minds; so if one has a tendency to crime, strengthen his moral nature by letters of truth and love that shall be plain enough for him to read; if he has a tendency to theft, do not set the example by wholesale of all the thieving that is possible within the pale of the law, and then tell him to be honest; if he has a tendency to murder, anger and ungovernable passion, set the example of greater calmness before him, that in the light of that presence his anger will not be aroused, and if he is morbidly selfish and avaricious, let him find himself alone in the world in this respect, and there will be little to feed his avarice and selfishness, and if for the sake of these he would do anything even to murder, set him the example of not doing these wrongs at all, instead of just stopping short of legally committing the crime yourself, and if there is need in the world at the present time for any courts of so-called justice, let them be courts of justice,

and whatever the laws are, if they are infamous let them be abrogated, if they are in conformity to human justice, then let them be fulfilled, but do not let the wealthy, the proud, and those that are influential escape, while the unfortunates are held guilty.

Crime has its sources in the deeper well springs of human life, the little falsehood that you tell from day to day, the little over-reaching of your neighbor in business, the striking of a good bargain, that which is considered a good commercial transaction, everything that is legalized in trade that in anyway enables you to take advantage of your brother, that in a moral sense is just as criminal as the open theft, and a little more so, for it is hypocritical as well, it is done under the garb of law, it is justified by human custom, it is permissible, and it sears the moral nature and conscience until that nature does not respond; and if in the various business transactions you are thus allowed to take advantage of your fellow man, to strike him in the dark, or your fellow man, to strike him in the dark, to prove your greater skill, then it is only one step from that to the midnight robber, it is a little darker, a little more uncertain that is all.

The moral education of the child should begin with this, the first untruth is the first step of crime, the first falsehood is the first bartering of your conscience for sale, and the first attempt to do wrong toward your fellow-man, or in any way to over-reach him in business, or dealing, or possessions, is theft, in the light of the moral law. Spiritualism proposes to prevent crime, by preventing these small hypocrisies, and the larger robberies, the more benignant murders done under the name of law and by rulers and governments. Spiritualism proposes to prevent crime, by preventing these small streams that at last augment themselves and grow in great power until they sweep away the moral forces of the nations. The greatest criminals are not born among the so-called criminal class, those who surprise the world with the most startling crimes, have no heredity to blame for it that is discernible. It starts up in the midst of your cities; it is born of the vultures that prey and fasten themselves upon you in the form of selfishness, and all that constitutes the pride of social life.

The young man reared in the greatest delicacy, trained by the most careful mother, finds himself face to face with the great temptation of his life, the funds of others are entrusted to him, he is anxious to succeed, and his success will bring happiness to those he loves, and he yields to the degree of appropriating their earnings; then comes the struggle for reimbursement, and all defalcations are traceable to this mania, the legalized robbery that is in the world under the name of speculation. All people are gamblers by nature; they seek to evade the consequence

of open gambling by legalizing it, calling it "speculation," and "business," and business means the most successful of these speculations. When labor cannot win day by day its daily bread, and chance or skill in speculation enables man in a day to make thousands, what shall you expect but that violence will ensue? Between these two states there will be the whole group of criminals. The source of all remedy lies in the only basis possible, and that is the true individual life. The honesty which you require for others, you must possess yourself; the integrity which you insist upon legally you must have yourself, and above all that keen and correct moral perception that enables you not only to do what is right, that enables you to resist temptation, selfishness and pride, but also to perceive your own shortcomings, to judge leniently of your fellows. But, you say, crime being in the world, and the criminals already here, what shall we do with them? We have no hope that either legislators, or courts of justice will listen to our voice, we do not expect that the present system of penalty will be abolished, so long as the present system of producing criminals is in vogue; they are in harmony one with the other, but we do not expect that these preventive measures, which come in the form of individual growth, which come in the form of the correct rearing of children, which come in the form of correct sentiment, which come in the form of the actual and true basis of man's spiritual relation to his fellowman, will slowly and gradually cause renovation. But surely if there is such a thing as preventing any human being from performing that which is wrong and which he is tempted in his nature to do, the overcoming voice of the spirit will do this, the knowledge of dearly loved friends in both worlds who are praying and striving for his uplifting, must certainly do this, and if there is anything that will cause any young man to pause who is on the verge of a deed that will bring desolation upon him and his family, it is the thought that his angel mother, from her home in the spirit world, is watching over him with the same love and care, and tenderness, and withholding him if possible from the thought of that which will bring the misery of a life time upon him.

But deeper than all this pathos, deeper than all this appeal to the personal feelings, is the idea that in the true life the young man will not have the thought of doing it, if the moral basis of his life is correct. It must be just as impossible for your children to think of telling a falsehood, as it is for you to kill one another at this moment. It must be just as impossible for a man to steal, by there being no element of theft in the atmosphere. The whole moral basis of society must be built upon integrity, honesty and honor, and a desire for the welfare of others.

As the moral growth of the world has been

great, as in past time it was lawful for men to do what they would be horrified at doing to-day, so, in the coming time, Spiritualism declares that when the old errors are wiped out of your lives, when the old lines of escape are taken from you, and there is one path, and only that leads unto the highest height, and that is for you to walk in, overcoming, step by step, the obstacles that are in your way, with all the helps in the earth, air, and heaven to aid you, surely the world may look forward to the time when it will be impossible for man to deceive his fellow man, when it will be impossible to undermine him in any way of business, when it will be impossible to justify himself in wrong doing, or wrong dealings, when the moral consciousness will be so clear that the slightest deviation from it will jar upon his sensitive nature, as now discord jars upon the ear of the musician. Take the master musician, and in an orchestra of a thousand or ten thousand instruments he can detect the one that is out of tune. Take the artist; in any combination of colors he can declare to you that which is inharmonious. So will man's moral nature be so carefully attained and adjusted by spiritual growth, that the slightest deviation will jar upon the spirit like the discord in some sweetest symphony, and then will you know what it is to live in the enjoyment of that which is highest and best in your natures; then will you grow sensitive to the airs of heaven, to the ministering spirits that are about you, perceive and feel your loved ones every day and every hour.

We are often asked, why are we not more aware of the presence of our spirit friends, if they are so intent upon doing good? Are you in a condition to be aware, would you like to have your mother appear before you just after you had thought you had finished a good bargain in cheating your neighbor, would you like to have your sainted child appear before you upon a crowd or in the terrible haunts of your exiled cities, just when your mind and often your lips are full of curses for your fellowmen, would you like in the midst of your daily faults, for your spirit wife or children to know that which is constantly occurring in your minds, and you to be suddenly aware that they know? Yet they do know, and with all charity and patience wait for the time when your eyes shall be adjusted to the heavenly light, and your ears attuned to the heavenly music, and your understanding to the heavenly presences; wait, all the time remembering the temptations that are yours, asking that you may struggle to overcome them; wait and work and love you still the same, pouring out upon you the light of their immortal presence, until at last you will be made aware; you will be set free.

Talk about the earth becoming a paradise, why! there is nothing on this glad spring morning to prevent the Kingdom of Heaven being here, excepting your own and all



uman lives. When that heavenly kingdom comes, and "that will be done on earth, as in heaven" it will be by your own individual effort, by winning it day by day. As you seal up the fountains of your spiritual life by worldliness and pride and ambition, you put off this advent for another cycle, but the time will come when like the mountain orreat, spiritual truth will burst through the barriers and overflow the world. You are in the midst of a great crisis now, that had it not come, there would have been a reater crime than the world has ever known. Kings have never ceased to despoil, rulers have not stopped from their persecutions, but the great heart of humanity rises up to-day in its moral strength to protest against the wrongs of the past, and this is the safety valve of the present hour. You meet business men upon the streets, they say, "this is a terrible time, the laborers will starve." The laborers are in better hands, they will not starve, capital has starved them heretofore, but they will be fed now, because the time is coming when all men shall have bread for their daily toil, and all idlers shall be compelled to toil for their daily bread. There is no crime now in the voice that rises up peacefully, and with potent power to invoke the moral forces of the world, and when you consider the violence of past time, and the legal measures of violence that have been used against these people, the wonder is that here is not great violence; but lowly lives are sometimes angel taught, and the voice has gone abroad in the world, like that which you have heard in this room, that the angels have whispered to them that violence cannot win the right ultimately. And now you are in the eye of great revolutions, and we believe that the angels of peace and of justice and love will see to it that those who ask for the right, will not be the aggressors. We shall not be responsible for them, if they are subjected to aggression or violence, but until they are they mean to plead with the voice of humanity, with the moral forces that are in the world, and though it may be found legal to call them criminals, in the sight of God they are innocent, using the moral forces of the world for that which is but just.

If you would stop the sources of crime, stay the hand of greed and avarice, and selfishness, and pride; strike down the life of Mammon and you strike down at the heart of all crime, the individual selfishness must be overcome by growth, but the augmented selfishness of the world may be overcome by each individual protest, and the voice of the better humanity that is prompted to rise, like the new wave of spring-tide, and clothe the earth anew in loveliness, which is the soul of beauty.—*The Weekly Discourse.*

Liberty cannot long endure in any country where the tendency of legislation is to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few.—*Daniel Webster.*

## Original Contributions.

### Astrology and Geology.

BY S. H. PRESTON.

The old mythological religions had their rise in man's misconception of nature and her powers. They were the outcome of impressions produced upon him by physical phenomena in the earliest eras of the race. From the lookouts of his little intellectual horizon the material world appeared a boundless and bewildering domain, the sparkling stars, the sullen sea, the rushing streams, the silvery fountains, the wild, waving forests, everything that stirred or changed, were supposed to be possessed of sense and will such as he had himself.

The sun seemed a malignant monster, crawling across the sky and scorching him in its wrath. Having discharged its fiery stock during the day, it descended at night to be re-fed from the exhaustless realms of flame below.

The earth was a huge breast upon which men moved like bugs. Sometimes it stirred and shook itself a little, and belched forth smoke and ashes from its belly. The physical world every where displayed an unfathomable plenitude of powers, incommensurable and incalculable, and mysterious energies not to be mastered by man.

The intellect of the savage is that of an infant. It is led and limited by physical impulses and the impressions of sense. The sun smote him with dazzling darts, the hot breath of the desert blistered him, fire bit him like the fangs of a serpent, torrents tumbled upon him, and the thunder shook the laughly-headed hills like the awful roar of some animal of the clouds.

Those first child-men looked upon the elements as enemies. And so they would strike at the viewless winds with their rude weapons, smite the swollen streams, thrust their spears into the sharp-toothed flame, and beat the barren fruit tree.

It might have been more than a titful freak that moved Xerxes to address a written mandate to Mount Athos or that caused him to cast chains into the contumacious Hellespont. And it may be more than merely a gunpowder gust of passion that prompts a person to curse at a sudden swirl of dust in the eyes or a stumble over some senseless obstruction. It may be that man is still susceptible to the fossil fancies of prehistoric progenitors, to transmitted tinges of thought from the brains of far-back forefathers.

So the infant race peopled the kingdoms of nature with a vast variety of deific powers, and treated them as if they had been beasts of prey or monstrous men. Those powers were as real to them as bone and blood. They

were regarded as great and powerful personages rather than as gods. Their anger was to be averted by such gifts and homage as would propitiate their tribal tyrants. Their religion had no further revenge than this. They felt no reverence, were moved by no remorse. They were simply swayed by a sense of terror, prompted to placate malignant powers or implore their pity. Gratitude for blessings bestowed was an outgrowth of anger-ages.

Deified nature thus took on ten thousand fanciful and fortuitous forms. The gods being produced by that which most powerfully impressed the imagination, it would follow that their attributes and character would closely correspond with the surrounding scenery and passing phenomena. And in fact we find the gods differing according to geographical conditions. At first every flower and tree and trembling blade of grass, every hill and babbling brook and burning orb above, was believed to be a conscious creature.

But even in this primitive period man's intellect was improving. Reason began to ripen. He began to take cognizance of his own nature. He made an amazing discovery. There was a something within himself which willed and thought and dreamed and directed his body. Finding himself the possessor of such a soul, viewless as the air and independent of the body, he conceived that all natural objects contained a similar spiritual tenant.

Man's mental faculties kept on expanding. He became capable of grasping general ideas, of classing facts and phenomena, and gathering them into groups. Then instead of assigning a god to every star and stream and single object, he gave the government of nature to a confederation of concrete divinities. As the notion of unity in nature, that every existence was a part of one harmonious whole, began to glimmer on the human brain, the gods grew less in number. They were eventually reduced to four great elemental gods, who governed the groups of inferior spirits in their respective realms. The one that ruled the celestial regions, the ether and the stars, stood superior to those of the earthly empire. Fire, as a vital and beneficent power as well as a cruel and destructive one, and, water, or the element of moisture, extraneous to the earth, were also accorded the dignity of distinct divinities.

Thus, in the course of time, two great divisions of nature-worship were developed, one pertaining to the heavens, which may be termed astrology, and the other entirely to the earth, or geology. The former prevailed where nature appeared in the nude; where the scenery was an area of arid sand, stripped and bare, the sky uncovered by a cloud, where the sun seemed the supreme source of energy and change, and the solemn stars looked down as the divine directors of the destiny of earth and its dwellers.

This system had birth in the sunburnt land of the Bedouins, where, besides some brambly brushwood, scanty acacias, and uncouth stones, that break the sandy scenery, the sun and stars constitute the sole materials for exciting superstition. The adoration of the ancient Arabians assumed the phase of stone worship and star idolatry. Their sovereign was called the "Servant of the Sun." The morning star is still regarded by them with religious homage.

On the northeast border of Arabia was the country of Chaldea, the seat of the sacred science of astrology. The Chaldean priests constituted a caste consecrated to the study of the stars and the religious rites accorded them. Callisthenes, who accompanied Alexander in his expedition to Persia, sent Aristotle a collection of astronomical observations made by the Chaldeans during a period of 1,903 years. It was due to this planetary adoration that the priests of this people as well as the magian Medes became the founders of the starry science, which, radiating from their sacred colleges, spread to India, Egypt and the West.

The determination of the lunar periods, of equinoctial and solstitial points, of the solar year, the division of the ecliptic into twelve equal parts, of the day into hours, the signs, names and figures of the zodiac, and the invention of the dial, attest the advancement of those star worshippers in astronomical knowledge. Their nation declined and finally disappeared in scattered tribes; but their priests, despised and persecuted as they were by both Greeks and Romans, as soothsayers and magicians, preserved the name of their nation in the knowledge they introduced, and rendered it the most glorious in the annals of ancient greatness.

The name of Zoroaster is associated with a similar system of celestial worship. Pliny, following the positive assertion of Aristotle, puts him back 6,000 years before Plato, and Herimippus places him 5,000 years before the Trojan war. Volney, Gibbon, and other historians relegate him to a vague and remote antiquity.

His followers say that as soon as he was born wicked spirits seized him and cast him into a flaming fire. His mother found him sleeping there as if it were a bed of roses. His life was devoted to the attainment of perfect holiness by silent contemplation upon a solitary mountain. One day heavenly fire fell upon this mountain, and when the king and his court went up to worship the sacred flame, Zoroaster brought down the book of laws, the Zend Avesta, through the fire unharmed.

His was a flamboyant form of religion, and was the foundation of the fire-worship to be found in Persia to-day. It divided the dominion of the universe between the contending divinities—the good god, Ormuzd, King of Light, and his evil enemy, Arimanes,

Demon of Darkness. The former was the preserver, the latter the destroyer. The former, robed in rays, ruled the realms of light, the latter the regions of eternal shade. The former was attended by resplendent hosts of Ambassadors, immortal models of purity and perfection, who presided over the planets and protected the earth from evil influences. The other was served by serpent-shaped spirits of evil who glided about the world to lure the unwary souls of men.

The sun circled around the earth in a celestial chariot. His rising was always announced by a trumpet from the royal pavilion. All the shining spheres were superior souls, and all the affairs of the universe, from atoms to astral worlds, were in charge of a chain of spiritual agencies. The spirits of the stars controlled their nations, with which the destinies of men were involved. Those who could discern their signs could foretell the future. Astrologers thronged the palaces of princes, and advised in all public affairs.

The geolotric system sprang from bounteous soils where nature was clad in verdurous variety, where there was a striking contrast of climate and contour, and where the earth with luxuriant lap, like a kind mother, continuing in her multiplicity of beneficent influences, appeared as the impersonation of vital force and fertility.

Such a land was Greece, with her diverse, delightful scenery, her embossed isles, and sun-kissed seas, her snow-crowned peaks and sweet secluded valleys, her silvery streams and sylph-haunted fountains, her gorgeous gardens, graceful palms and olive groves

"Where the attic bird  
Thrilled her thick-warbled notes the summer long."

In that old mythologic time, when every form and phenomena of nature was deified, Greece must needs have been opulent in gods. It is obvious that the more numerous and varied the objects of nature were, the more the knot of her unity would be unknit, and the greater would be her groups of gods. It would have been as hard for the countrymen of Hesiod and Homer to have conceived of one god, as for the sun-adoring Arabians to have comprehended the complicated polytheism of Greece.

These two systems of sky and earth worship, gross and grotesquely puerile in their details, yet coherent in their puerility and curiously exhibiting their eccentricities of man's undirected religious longings, were the originals from which arose all the religious rites of antiquity—the crude and ceremonial religion of Egypt, a medley of the silly and sublime, the picturesque symbolism of Etruria, the mingled materialism and spirituality of Persia, the median dualism, the impure worship of the devotees of Mylitta and Astarte, the cruel customs of Carthage, the Druidism of Gaul and Britain, and the whole group of religions finally gathered into the elaborate and graceful mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The underlying idea of all the phases of astrolotric and geolotric worship was that of divinity in every manifestation of material nature. Thus getting a glimpse of God through the glass of Nature, the primitive races beheld him as plural and complex as were her changeful forms; while reversing the view, a pantheistic poet of the present avers that

"All matter is God's tongue,  
Out from its motion God's thoughts are sung;  
And the realms of space are the octavo-bards,  
And the music notes are the suns and stars."

### What Is It?

BY S. H. PRESTON.

I am an utter unbeliever. I do not even believe in belief. It is but a bye-word implying lack of proof. When the proof is positive we do not believe—we *know*. So people only profess to believe what they do not know. And it is not enough that a man knows a thing—he should *know* that he knows it.

I say this to show that I am not superstitious. I never took stock in any sort of so-called spiritual phenomena. I know there is nothing supernatural.

Yet, I have seen some strange things things that cannot be accounted for by any substantial system of philosophy, things I would not take on the testimony of saluts. I never told them before because I was the only witness, the only one who could *know* that they happened, and I could not hope that any one else would accept them save by courtesy of belief in my credulity.

But I find abundant accounts of such occurrences abroad in the world; and though many or the most of them may be the off-spring of deception or delusion, there still are some which seem quite well substantiated, and the statements of worthy witnesses are of any weight in such cases. Those who have read Catherine Crowe's "Night-Side of Nature" or Robert Dale Owen's "Footfall on the Boundary of Another World" are already familiar with the class of phenomenon referred to.

I have no remarks to make regarding the following facts. It will be readily seen that they cannot be classed with the common run of "ghost stories." They are made public at the risk of ridicule simply so that others will have a similar experience, if such there be, and be encouraged to tell what they know of such affairs, and to elicit, peradventure, some scientific or reasonable explanation.

I was about eight years old, and had never heard of apparitions. Therefore my imagination could not have been excited on the subject. I lived in a rural region. In the rear of my father's residence was a garden enclosed by a high fence with space between the boards so it could be easily scaled. My principal playmate and almost constant companion was a boy about my own age

named Willie, whose folks occupied the adjacent premises. Willie was having a Sunday suit of clothes made at the town tailor's. They were to be sent home Saturday night.

Well, Willie got hurt by a fall. It was feared that his skull was fractured. He was delirious and constantly cared for by watchful and tender attendants. The clothes were sent home and sadly put aside, for it was deemed doubtful if Willie would live to wear them. Now mark! I had not seen them—I did not know their cut nor color.

One evening, just at twilight, I was standing out in the garden when I was surprised to see Willie climbing over the division fence at a little distance from me. I saw that he had on his new suit, critically glanced it over, and noted how finely it fitted him. It was yet so light that I had a fair view of him, and could discern the fabric and fashion of each garment. That was nearly forty years ago, but the impression made by Willie's new clothes upon my boyish curiosity has never faded from my memory.

I rushed toward him, exclaiming in alternating astonishment and delight, "Why, Will! How nice your clothes look! Have you got well?" He did not reply nor notice me, but walked sedately across the garden. I seemed held back by something akin to awe. I kept my eyes steadfastly on him as he commenced to climb the opposite fence. Then it flashed upon me that he was "out of his head" and had eluded his attendants. ran to overtake him, but as I reached the fence Willie had disappeared. I stopped a moment in stupefied amazement, and then certain that he had vanished, ran breathlessly indoors to inform my folks of the mysterious affair. My manifest excitement amply attested the truth of my startling story.

My mother was one of the old sort of women who believe in "warnings." This was a most unmistakable one to her, and she listened over to confer with Willie's folks about it. He was found fast asleep, with the doctor and vigilant watchers by his bedside. If course he could not have gotten up and one out. And of course all hope of recovery was abandoned when what had been seen in the garden was whispered around. But Willie got well, went through the war, and is now the healthy and happy head of a flourishing family in the West. I would have scouted Robert Dale Owen's stories of doubles," published a score of years later, and I not been sure I saw what I have just related. Are there ghosts of the living?

Another. At the close of the war I lived in a distant country town, and forwarded all the money I had to a New York firm for look of an engraving called "Columbia's noblest Sons," representing Washington and scenes of the Revolution on one hand, Lincoln and scenes of the Rebellion on the other, with the Goddess of Liberty as the

central figure crowning both, designing to canvas for the work. After waiting quite a while and getting no goods I began to surmise that I had been swindled out of my money, and one night went to bed considerably worried. A very vivid dream followed. The driver of a stage coach that only ran across country three times a week, for the convenience of county travellers, halted at my residence and delivered an express package of peculiar appearance. I anxiously broke it open, when to my indescribable disappointment and disgust, I found that it contained, instead of the expected engravings simply lithographs of Lincoln, with which the country was already flooded. I distinctly remember the exact expression of impatience evoked by the discovery.

I could not dismiss this provoking dream during the next day. A railroad ran through the village, and there was an express office at the depot. So the stage had no occasion to carry express matter. It was due that evening, and I watched for its arrival, and sure enough the driver delivered to me just such a peculiar parcel as I dreamed that he did. I hurried home and opened it, and there were the identical lithographs of Lincoln. The exclamation came spontaneously, without any reference to dreams. But I found there were only half a dozen of these, which were put in, as explained in an enclosed note, to dispose of as I had opportunity. Underneath these were those ordered all right. The package had gone to the wrong railroad station, which accounted for the delay and delivery by stage.

An Isle of Skye Scotchman would say that was an instance of "second sight." All I know is that the dream was literally fulfilled, call it what we will. Now, this appearance of living persons in one place while they are in another, and this seeing things in dreams before we see them with our material eyes, what is it?

You must put up with a great deal if you would put down a great deal.—T. T. Lynch.

Do nothing, only keep agitating, debating, and things will destroy themselves."—Thomas Carlyle.

One day a man went out to walk with a pitchfork on his shoulder, and a dog came bounding over a fence and made at him, whereupon he came down on the dog with the pitchfork and pinned him to the ground. The owner then comes running out and says, "What did you kill my dog for?" And the man says, "What did he come at me for?" And the owner says, "Why didn't you hit him with the other end of the fork?" And the reply is, "Why didn't he come at me the other end first?" This is just the way all the moral evils come at us—the dangerous end first.

## Selected Articles.

### The Witch of Lowenthal.\*

BY EMMA HARDING-BRITTEN.

Deep in the heart of the thick, unbragous masses which constitute the Black Forest of Bohemia stands a deserted and crumbling pile of buildings, once famous as the residence of the powerful Barons Von Lowenthal. Birds of night and evil flitting things alone find shelter beneath the once stately roof. The broken door and moss-grown steps still give entrance to the noble hall, where fair dames and princes were wont to feast in all the boisterous revelry of a German baronial wassail; but the painted arches no longer re-echo the merry laugh and jovial song, and the springing step of the dancer will never again tread a measure on the fading mosaic of the silent banqueting room.

The most perfect portion of the forsaken old pile is a beautiful little chapel, situated in the rear of the building, surrounded by a shady and peaceful cloister, where the golden sunbeams stream through the painted windows, lighting up the pure white marble of the monuments within, like the uncertain tints of many-hued gems. Here the breeze faintly stirs, through rifts in the broken walls, the tattered banners, once proud emblems of the prowess of the Barons of Lowenthal. Here pompous elegies set forth the mighty achievements of their warriors and the calm, cold faces marble suits look down, in the deep mystery of their eternal silence, on the vacant stalls where once the lowly worshipper sought to read in their immobile features his own destiny for weal or woe.

The charm of the place, and the only signs which redeem this score of ghostly legends and evil memories from the chilling influence of utter desolation, are two exquisitely sculptured female figures, as large as life, and occupying so prominent a position in the little sanctuary as to show that they were chief features in the history of the surrounding scene. They represented two young and beautiful women, with faces no less dissimilar than their attitudes were striking. The one was evidently bound to a stake and though the

\* This story, communicated to the *Spiritual Age*, in 1858, is no coinage of the brain. It is one of the innumerable evidence extant occurring within the last century in Germany, there recorded, and its main facts attested by history, proving how long and earnestly spirits have been seeking to attract our attention, and awaken the conviction to our minds that the dead were raised, and could, under favorable conditions, commune with earth. The sacrifice of this and other victims, too, upon the altar of superstition and ignorance, only proves that those who have charge of the minds, souls, and intellects of the masses, fly from evil rather than resist it; and where they are too ignorant to understand, and too idle or fearful to investigate a problem, they undertake to solve it by a mental or physical crucifixion

sculptor had simulated with wondrous skill the leaping flame already curling around her form, he had preserved in the upturned features of the victim an expression of passionate enthusiasm, so wondrously sublime, that she seemed an embodiment of the spiritual, triumphing over the keen agony of death in its most terrible shape.

The second figure knelt beside the stake, her hair dishevelled, her garments rent, her straining eyes upturned in frantic despair, and her hands wreathed above her head till the swelling veins seemed ready to burst their marble prison, and testify to the Promethean fire of life which the sculptor's art had drawn down from heaven to animate his superb monument.

In these statues the final destiny of the house had been typified. Its history was here ended, and the secret of its desolation revealed; the sculpture itself stood at the head of a large slab of pure white marble, which was simply inscribed, "To the memory of Clara, last Baroness of Lowenthal." From the various legends in currency respecting the fate of the subjects of these sculptures, we gather the following sketch.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a young Englishman of noble family, but broken fortunes, who had been sent abroad in the hope of improving a fascinating exterior and accomplished manners into fortune by marriage with some wealthy heiress, happened to meet at a fashionable watering place with the Baron Franz Von Lowenthal. The baron was a widower, had the reputation of being immensely rich, and blessed with an only daughter. The heiress, although living in strict seclusion, was said to be very beautiful; and as the baron appeared to form a sudden and violent attachment to the young Englishman, it was in visions of a nuptial with a paragon of beauty and wealth in perspective, that the handsome adventurer yielded to the baron's pressing solicitations that he would visit his Castle of Lowenthal. Arrived there, all his wildest imaginings seemed realized. The castle was superb, the hunting superlative, the wine incomparable; but above all, the heiress more beautiful than the rising sun, and more mild, coy, yet loving, than the tender beams of a summer moon.

"By heaven, she is mine already!" ejaculated the bold fortune-hunter, as, on the third day of his residence at the castle, the compliant father began to joke him upon the sympathy apparently existing between the tastes and habits of the young couple, while the equally complaisant daughter sighed, blushed, and said nothing.

It certainly did not escape the observation of the Englishman, that the whole proceeding seemed strongly to savor of the fact of his being brought there simply for the purpose of having a young, very lovely, and very wealthy bride almost thrust upon him. The young man had, as younger son of one of

England's marquises, a sound title; but so had the young baroness; she retained that title too, and the empty English ladyship could add nothing to her rank. Even the grossest egoism could not attribute father and daughter's marked predilection to their stranger guest simply to infatuation with his excellencies; there must be a secret somewhere, and it was not without sundry misgivings lest the said secret was, or might prove to be, the largest part of the strange destiny thus thrust upon him, that he tendered his hand after three short weeks' acquaintance, and was, both by father and daughter, almost immediately accepted.

In addition to the doubts which this too ready compliance upon him, was one circumstance in connection with his beautiful betrothed, which greatly disconcerted him. From the very first moment of their acquaintance, he had never been able to converse with her alone. A young lady, whom the baroness called her foster sister, was her constant companion; and despite of all the hints and innuendoes of the bridegroom elect, she never attempted for one moment to quit her post beside the lady. She was young, very beautiful, and, as far as perfect silence and apparently perfect abstraction went, she never attempted to be a check on the lovers; aware, however, that she was neither deaf nor absolutely blind, Lord L. frequently felt as much provoked and perplexed at what he called her intrusive pertinacity.

The wedding day at length arrived, however, and though the silent, phantom-like Gertrude was a necessary appendage to all the day's movements, the husband triumphantly reflected that the hour of this triune association must at length cease. Great, indeed, was his chagrin, and even indignation, when he found that even in the bridal chamber itself, a veiled alcove had been set apart for the occupation of the inseparable companion. Remonstrances, prayers, and even threats were resorted to by the incensed bridegroom in vain. The young baroness declared, with floods of tears, that she had never been separated from her foster sister from her birth—that her very life depended on her presence, and that if, in short, the trinity must be broken up, the separation must be between the married, not the single pair.

Finding both bride and friend, and stranger still, the father, too, inflexible, the puzzled lord had to endure this now hated companionship as best he could.

The young baroness protested that from a child she had always been vastly terrified of "evil spirits;" many were known to linger round the castle; strange sights and fitting forms had been seen within its halls and chambers; low moans and dismal noises, too, were heard; the tables moved unbidden, doors shut and opened, and, as *witches* were known to be abroad, and many trials in this very district had lately given victims to the

flames, so the lady argued that Gertrude, by her superior sanctity and courage, had ever been her shield against this much dreaded influence, and must continue still, unless her lord desired to part with her or lose her life.

Unsatisfactory as this explanation was, the young man soon began to find it had some foundation, at least, to rest upon, for ere long his sleep was broken night after night by sounds most clearly supernatural in their origin. His room seemed to be filled by a whole legion of unseen rappers,—windows, walls, and doors were broken with concussions from invisible agencies,—pattering feet were heard in every gallery, hall, and stairway, while flitting lights, and ghostly, shadowy forms stood like iniquitous phantasms as they were, within his very chamber, crossed his path, and seemed like guests familiar in the house, sometimes more like its masters than himself. And now he found that day by day the domestics disappeared, and though fresh ones supplied their places, these never staid above a week, all urging the house was fairly haunted, not by one, but by legions of evil spirits.

The unfortunate Englishman now began to perceive some deeper meaning in his hasty union than yet had met his darkest thought. The house was not only haunted, but possessed with a legion—that was clear. All the wild stories of midnight spectres and apparitions of terror with which the age was teeming, seemed to gain dreadful credence in this awful mansion. After anxious search and long consultation with his wife and father, he announced his unalterable intention of quitting the castle at once, insisting, with a husband's privilege, that his wife should accompany him. Instead of complying with the readiness of relief to avoid such a home of terror, he found he had to resort to the sternest authority before he could succeed in removing her from her phantom-ridden home. He soon found that the place was deserted by the neighbors on account of its evil reputation; and the utter loneliness consequent upon a reputation which he now discovered, for the first time, to be generally notorious, was another cogent reason for his determination to abandon the castle. Great, however, was his consternation to learn that his new abode was subject to precisely the same torments as before. Groans, and shrieks, and cries of hideous cadence broke each midnight stillness; and though he moved from house to house, and town to town, go where he would, the wretched haunted man was still pursued by this dread spectral band.

Worn out at last, and pondering whether life or wealth was worth preserving at this dreadful price,—although he loved his fair and gentle wife,—he felt that he must die or quit her. Some mystery terrible was wrapped around her. *She was the cause; it followed in her track, unless—and lo! the sunlight seemed to break upon his darkened mind.*

"Good God!" he cried, "it is that fatal girl! She is a witch—these spectres her companions—these sounds their dreadful Sabbath rites performed within our hearing nightly."

The wondrous influence, too, she had acquired over his wife, seemed now all fully accounted for. Without a word to any of the unhappy family with whom he had wedded—assured that both father and daughter were equally under the influence of the dreadful spell—he hastened off to the nearest magistrate, and ere another sundown his case was told, listened to with eager credulity by the horror-stricken agents of the law, and warrants instantly granted for the arrest of the accused.

The Englishman, finding how readily his story was listened to, and how many similar cases the magistrates had lately been called upon to deal with by fogot and flauze, rejoiced in the hope that, once freed from the fascinating presence of the "witch," the spell would be broken, and his wife, fast becoming now all precious to his heart, would soon be reconciled to her tormentor's fate. He supposed, therefore, to conduct the arrest without much privacy as possible; but in this he reckoned without remembering that his host was "a witch." He found the unhappy ladies—by some inconceivable agency apprised of his whole proceeding—locked in each other's arms, and, with the bitterest tokens of grief, resolute in their purpose that nothing but brutal violence should tear them asunder.

On every other point than Gertrude's presence, Lord L. had found his Clara gentle, complying, plastic as the wind. Now all was changed; her rage and frantic exclamations of reproach broke through all bounds; and when at length she sobbed herself to silence upon her companion's breast, her wretched husband pleaded they might be both removed, locked in each other's arms, into one cell, to save her very life. The exigency of the case, and the high rank of the sufferers, hastened the tardy movements of justice, and the accused was placed at the bar on trial for witchcraft, a few hours after her arrest.

For the first time in his life, Lord L. now looked on Gertrude without dislike; nay, with an admiration compelled by her tranquil air, her still and lofty courage, her statue-like composure, moveless dignity, her noble head, and Grecian-chiselled face, her lustrous eyes, with that strange look of distance which seemed to stray away to that far world from which she wold might come—so spirit-like, unearthly, beautiful she looked. All these impressed their magic spell on every gazer's mind. Beside her stood, like some pale, broken flower, the wretched wife; beneath her veil, her dim eyes, red with weeping, looked out imploringly on every face, like a doomed captive soliciting for pity. None who gazed on that wistful, woful face, contrasted with the noble, lofty calmness of

her unmoved companion, but mistook the captive for the free. The baron himself stood near the pair with downcast eyes and heavy breast, like one borne down by sorrow.

No defence was made; alas! 'twas useless. As they stood in court, the thundering knockings and the wilder shrieks of unseeing agents seared each living soul with the deep brand of terror's scorching flame. The desk, the chairs and benches, all seemed living. They reeled and rocked without a human hand to touch them, and the scene bore witness to the dreadful truth. The air was all alive with viewless things; the scared and livid witnesses shrunk off; the judge, aghast, and all the shivering court, pronounced the hasty sentence—death by flauze—death—speedy death; the very earth was burdened whilst this most fearful sinner lived upon it.

The sentence spoken, one wild shriek was heard—two white arms tossed in air—the wretched Clara fell. Her husband bore her prostrate form away. One deep, low groan—the baron's heart seemed broken. The captive simply smiled, and whispered low: "Courage, my father; as I've lived, I'll die."

That night the wretched lady spent beside her friend. The prison walls never echoed to sobs so heart-wrung as those which burst from Barouze Clara's lips. Overwhelmed at her grief, shocked at an agony which was past his comprehension, Lord L. drew his father-in-law aside, and, whilst the unhappy daughter wept her heart away, he thus addressed him:

"May God forgive you, baron, if you've wronged me. The misery my conduct seems to have brought upon this family has all arisen, as yourself must see, from suffering me to thus become your son. 'Twas not in mortal power to live with this dread haunting; and what could urge you to seek for my alliance, and, having formed it, to force this loathsome, weird companionship on Clara and myself? I do in heaven's name bid you now disclose."

"Have, then, your wish," replied the sorrowful baron. "I sought a worthy husband for my child, and pitched on you, because you were a stranger—none knowing would have married her. From infancy till now she's been the witchy; poor Gertrude has borne the name and shame."

"False, loathed deceiver!" cried the Englishman, "can this be true?"

"As true as heaven," replied the unhappy father. "None would believe my tale; 'tis one I cannot, dare not scarce believe myself. These sounds and sights from childhood have pursued her. From place to place I took her one I possessed. The dreadful secret I never dared disclose, fearing the doom of witchcraft on the child; and yet I know her guiltless. What dreadful fate possesses her and me, God only knows. This Gertrude was our pastor's only child; the story told to

him, and known to her, induced the noble, generous girl, my Clara's earliest, truest friend, to live with her, and dare the shame and blame, should any question whence the error came. My hope in marriage was, that she might conquer, through your alliance, this evil haunting, or that you would protect her. Gertrude would first your wrath and anger bear, and so the timid, fearful child consented, that for a while she should appear the sinner; whence all this shocking following seemed to come. And you—O God of heaven!—you know the fearful truth, and my tender lamb must perish in the flames."

"Not so," the writhing husband hoarsely murmured. "She is your child; whatever her fearful crimes, God's hand, not ours, is heavy on her now. She is my wife—beloved, adored by me. She must not, shall not die! I cannot lose her! Almighty Father, O, forgive the wrong! The witch must live, the innocent must die!"

From far and wide, from mountain, forest, glen, town, village, hamlet, thousands on thousands came to see the famous Witch of Lowenthal expiate her fearful crime by fire. The sun that day glared like a huge red ball of angry fire. The distant thunder boomed, and, flashing fire, shivered the pine trees in the thick, black woods. Hoarsely the sighing winds swept over the hill on which the witch's funeral pile was built. In virgin white the noble victim came, her head sublime with constant faith erect; her foot was firm; her sternly chiselled lips moved not, nor parted till the white-robed priest, with agonizing prayer, held up the cross, and bade her, on its all-forgiving emblem, confess her crime, and speed her soul to grace.

"Taking the cross, with simple piety, she whispered, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

On holy Stephen's face there never shone a look more shining, angel light more pure, than on that dying martyr girl's white brow. To heaven her full soul, in her lustrous eyes, looked out, her brave and sinless life she freely gave to save the timid one whom she called friend—whom, more than all the world, she knew to be the real cause of all. In shame and mystery she'd live to guard her—in fire and agony she died to save her. To save her! No, to meet with her in heaven. Ere high the ascending flames had wreathed her head, like some old saint of old, with halo of great light, the wretched wife laid down her golden head upon her husband's strong, supporting arm—one look upon her friend, her father, heaven—one moment given to sigh the name of Gertrude, the next her fluttering spirit opened the gate of that bright land of souls whereto her hand gave the first welcome to the enfranchised soul of her most wronged and yet yet happiest victim.

"My Gertrude, friend!—my unartyed saint come home!"

"My sister Clara, art thou there before me?"

The gates of light wide opened to admit them, while spirit legions thronged to meet the victims of superstitious error, ignorance, and wrong.

They had the noble baroness in state—bewitched even to death, the story ran—beneath the splendid marble which recalled her fate; and by her crumbling form two sorrowing men, in secret, and at midnight's lone, still hour, placed a small crystal vase, enclosed with pearls, containing but a few black gathered ashes—one long, black tress, with one fair curl inwove—and on the golden lid they carved out "GERTRUDE."—*The Spiritual Age.*

# THE CARRIER DOVE,

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## "STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE."

The above is a title of a new book just issued by Hudson Tuttle. It contains 250 pages, and embraces a variety of topics of interest to the psychic student, which are treated in the usual intelligent manner in which this talented author always writes. Mr. Tuttle has been so long and favorably known to the reading public as an author, and his works classed as standard authorities on matters pertaining to spiritual science, that we are quite unable to add one jot to his just mead of praise; we can only bespeak for this new venture the same careful reading, just and impartial criticism that its merits or demerits demand. The table of contents embraces the following subjects:

"Matter, Life, Spirit," "What the Senses Teach of the World and the Doctrine of Evolution," "Scientific Methods of the Study of Man, and Its Results," "What is the Sensitive State?" "Sensitive State: Its Division into Mesmeric, Somnambulant and Clairvoyant," "Sensitiveness Proved by Psychometry," "Sensitiveness During Sleep," "Dreams," "Sensitiveness Induced by Disease," "Thought Transference," "Intimations of an Intelligent Force," "Effects of Physical Influences on the Sensitive," "Unconscious Sensitiveness," "Prayer in the Light of Sensitiveness and Thought Waves," "Christian Science, Mind Cure, Faith Cure—Their Physical Relations," "What the Immortal State Must be," "Personal Experience—Intelligence from the Sphere of Light,"

The following extracts show how the subjects above specified are treated. On the belief in Immortality he says:

"This belief, so full of delight and rainbowed with anticipations, has been made, from the dawn of man's religious nature, the means of inflicting unspeakable tortures, both of mind and body. Selfishness thrust the priest between man and the invisible world of spirit, and made immortality the instrument wherewith it could rule with diabolical despotism over mankind.

Noble and spotless lives have grown out of Christianity, as out of other systems of religion, as beautiful lilies grow out of the slime; but they grew in defiance of its teachings, which made this life of no value compared with the next. As all religions rest on the foundation of belief in a future life, so all the religious wars which have cursed mankind are referable to it; all persecutions; all the unutterable sufferings, physical and spiritual, which have made the centuries one long night of agony. It has blotted the star of hope from the heavens, and filled the vaulted darkness with the bitter wails of despair.

Saving souls, not the life here, but that which is to come, has been the blight and curse of mankind. The doctrine of "one world at a time," and the present supreme, is a reaction against this essentially vicious dogma. Neither extreme may be true; for the truth is the "golden mean," which makes the future life a continuity of this, carrying forward all its ideals to full realization, and making the spiritual realm held in abeyance to as fixed and unchangeable laws as the material world.

By knowledge, man has been led out of the fogs to the highlands of free thought, and aroused from the nightmare of theology, which for ages held him in thrall. Those were the ages when God and Christ were wrought into the Constitution of the State, and the Holy Bible was the foundation of the law. Those were the ages of St. Bartholomew massacres, of autos-da-fe, of the rack and the fagot. Those were the ages when the day was darkened by the smoke of burning cities, and the fair fields gleamed white with the bones of the slain. Those were the whole Christian world engaged itself in saving souls!

A Jesus may suffer on the cross; not only one, but ten thousand may die, admirable in self-sacrifice and examples of firm adhesion to their sense of duty; but, for saving souls, their sacrifice is lost; for they suffer for a misconception of the plan of the world. Man has never been lost, and can not be lost, and hence can not be saved by the blood of one or ten thousand sacrifices.

If the future life is a continuity of this, then the perfection of religion is the making of this life perfect. Not by crucifixion of the body, not by suffering or disappointment, but by complete and harmonious culture, can this be accomplished."

The last chapter of this interesting book is devoted to the personal experiences of the

author, and as so much of it coincides with the experiences of the writer that we know them to be accurate descriptions of mediumistic sensations, conditions and states, we make one quotation; on page 218 he says:

"To be a sensitive is to have at times the light of heaven in the heart, and at others the darkness of despair. A thousand influences are always acting, and the brain of the sensitive receives them all, trembles to their vibrations, and finds resistance to them an effort most exhaustive of vitality.

In this state of tension, disagreeable objects, opposing words, or antagonisms which ordinarily would pass unfelt and unnoticed, strike with rude hand, and give excruciating torture. The presence of an object or person may be sufficient to antagonize or destroy all etherial influences. I know of nothing that may be compared with the acute depression of the mind after such experiences, which corresponds to the preceding exaltation. While the sensitive is receiving a flood of inspiration he breathes an atmosphere of delight, and lives in an ideal world. Earth and its cares sink out of memory, and the mind is ennobled and purified. When the inspiration departs, the rosy light fades out of the spiritual vision, and the mortal eyes open to the cold, gray rays of earth-life. How clear and sordidly selfish, poor and unprofitable existence seems to him then.

After the flood of inspiration comes its ebb; the valley of despond, after the heights of Alpine splendor. Melancholy and depression of spiritual energy may produce physical disturbance, which runs its swift course to death. Recognizing these facts, the position of the sensitive can not be regarded as desirable, unless the laws of the sensitive state are well-known, and the subject learns to protect himself against injurious and painful conditions; even if he does this unexpectedly, conditions will arise and confront him, for those who are nearest and dearest friends know nothing about the acuteness of his feelings, and may unconsciously produce the very effects they seek to avoid.

The sensitive becomes painfully conscious of a double life, for the psychic is so different from the common state, that the mind receives impressions as from two distinct conditions of existence. One is physical, held in common with the brutes, with physical enjoyments and desires for eating, drinking, and the passions; the other is the psychical, which lives above and beyond the cares of life, and dwells in an ideal realm of purity. One is the night and the other the day. In order to dwell on earth, these two lives must be united. The physical body has its imperative needs, which must be satisfied, as the just condition of spiritual growth. There is less imperative demand for spiritual sustenance. So soon as the body has been supplied, mental lethargy supervenes, and desires to tyrannize; physical life overlaps and conceals the spiritual, and men live the life of beasts. At other times the spiritual gains such complete ascendancy that this world is forgotten in a blaze of ideality. An equilibrium between these states is the most desirable, but difficult to maintain."

## BALBOA'S DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

We present in this issue an illustration of an event which has produced results of the greatest importance to mankind. Balboa little thought, when his eyes first gazed upon the broad expanse of the Pacific from the mountains of the Isthmus of Darien, of the mutations that even then were maturing in the womb of time. That great nations of English and Spanish speaking people would arise on this western slope; that populous cities, great commercial emporiums of civilization, science and art, would make a highway for commerce of the great ocean he had discovered; that swift-sailing steamers would bear their freights along an extent of coast of which he had had no conception and that railroads would bear the products of Europe and the Orient across the continent on which he stood, probably exceeded the wildest visions of his imagination.

The illustration presents him as he rushed, in full armor, into the waters of the Pacific, his drawn sword in one hand, the flag of his country in the other, and while his devoted followers knelt in devout thanksgiving on the shore, he took possession of the whole region in the name of the King of Spain.

Great discoverers have as a rule, after the crowning act of their lives, been deserted by the fickle goddess, fortune, and ended their lives in misery and despair, neglected by a thankless world. Columbus was robbed of his honors and sent to a dungeon in chains and disgrace; Sir Walter Raleigh was beheaded by the tergitant Elizabeth; Cabrillo lies in an unknown and unconsecrated grave, and Balboa was no exception to the rule. Vasco Nunes de Balboa was a Spanish nobleman, born at Xeres in 1475. Like most of the gay gallants of his time he lived a somewhat reckless life and became deeply involved in debt, and to avoid the importunities of his creditors made his escape to Hispaniola, (Cuba) where he joined the expedition to Darien under Enciso, another Spanish adventurer, who sought to place himself at the head of Spanish affairs in America. Jealousies among the rival commanders after arriving at their destination, finally caused a rupture, and Balboa was placed at the head of affairs. This enraged Enciso who sought by every means in his power to cause the overthrow of his more fortunate companion. Balboa pursued a different policy towards the aborigines from that adopted by his contemporaries, and by treating them with kindness and consideration gained their confidence and esteem. While engaged in explorations on the isthmus, he was led by them to the summit of a mountain, where the great waters of the Pacific were pointed out to him. Filled with pious enthusiasm, he erected a cross on the spot, and lost no time until bathing his feet in the surging waters, he claimed the broad ocean for his Sovereign.

Before the news of this great discovery reached the capital of Spain, the intrigues of Enciso had resulted in the displacement of Balboa, and the appointment of Davila, who

soon lost the advantages gained by his abler predecessor. The Spanish Government at length became enlightened as to the true state of affairs, and, impressed with the great achievements of Balboa, appointed him Deputy Governor. The jealousy of Davila, however, prevented his installation, and he went in search of new settlements. This exasperated Davila still more, but the intercession of influential personages for a time appeased his wrath, and he became so far reconciled to Balboa, as to give him his daughter in marriage. The continued success of his son-in-law, however, soon revived his jealousy, and he seized a pretext for charging him with treason, and subjecting him to a mock trial, he was declared guilty. He was executed with four of his friends, protesting to the last his innocence and his loyalty.

Thus died one of the noblest of the early Spanish adventurers, who, instead of bringing fire and sword to the peaceful Aborigines, taught them the doctrine of peace and good will to men.

## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIAL.

On Saturday, April 27th, the young people enjoyed a good program and social dance. The many attractions elsewhere naturally prevented a large attendance. The program as arranged by G. F. Perkins, was somewhat broken up owing to the sickness of two of the would be participants, and the non-appearance of Mr. Cromwell the "California humorist."

The manager was equal to the occasion and supplied the deficiency by giving, in rapid succession, readings which required skillful elocutionary and imitative abilities. Those taking active part, were Prof. J. Audemard and Mrs. Stout with a violin and piano overture, harmonica solo and recitation by Oscar Stormfield, recitation, Miss Lizzie Fifer, song, G. F. Perkins, recitations by Clement Ward and Miss Gertie Michener who kindly responded to the invitation to assist within a minute's warning. Readings and ventriloquial illustrations by G. F. Perkins, also a recitation from Robert Aitken.

The dancing was enjoyed by all who witnessed as well as those who indulged in that exhilarating exercise. Prof. Audemard and Mrs. Stout furnished excellent music, and, the floor committee, Mr. Frank Stormfield, Miss Gertie Michener and their assistants, proved themselves amply qualified to keep everybody moving.

"A first rate time" was the verdict. The Lyceum will furnish a dramatic entertainment, May 16th. Get ready, friends.

We have received an installment of Prof. C. P. Longley's beautiful spiritual songs entitled "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre," which will hereafter be on sale at this office for one dollar. Each book contains twelve exquisite musical gems neatly bound. The words are by various authors, music composed by Prof. Longley. Our singers should each possess a copy of this valuable collection of choice songs.

## TESTIMONIAL CONCERT.

Tickets for the testimonial concert to be tendered Miss E. Beresford Joy, on May 9th, at Metropolitan Temple, are for sale at this office. The friends who are making the arrangements are preparing an elaborate programme which will prove exceedingly pleasing and entertaining. This will be Miss Joy's last public appearance in this city for some time, as she leaves for Europe in a few days, and will be absent several years; pursuing her musical studies in the conservatories of the old world.

A quartette from the Loring Club have volunteered their services for this occasion, and two other of San Francisco's best artists are expected. These, with Senor Arrillaga and Miss Joy, will comprise an array of rare talent seldom appearing before an audience on any one occasion.

The tickets are but fifty cents, and there are no reserved seats; thus all are afforded equal opportunity of enjoying the choice musical treat.

## A NEW BOOK

"Sketch of the Life and Public Services of Hon. John A. Collins," is the title of a pamphlet published at this office, and on sale here for the benefit of Mr. Collins. It contains an excellent likeness of this venerable gentleman, and will prove interesting reading to those who care to know something of the history of the most important reforms that have been inaugurated in this country during the last half century, and of the leaders who were the advance guard in such reforms. Mr. Collins having been associated with, and one of the leading spirits in the anti-slavery movement, his reminiscences of those days are of absorbing interest.

We trust that this little work will find a rapid sale, and that its perusal may prove an inspiration and help to the purchaser, as we are confident the pecuniary aid it renders this "grand old man," will prove to him. Price, ten cents. CARRIER DOVE office, 834 Market St., S. F.

## THE ELSMERE CLUB SOCIAL.

Don't forget the dime social for the benefit of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten to be held this, Saturday, evening, at the residence of Mrs. Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, near Turk street. The preceding socials of the Ladies' Elsmere Club have all been the most enjoyable affairs, and it is expected that this one this evening will equal if not surpass all the former socials. That everybody will thoroughly enjoy themselves this evening goes without saying. We have been glad to note the continued interest in this kindergarten and the increased attendance at its socials. We also learn that new names are constantly being added to the roll of members of the Club. And so the good work goes on.

## DOVE NOTES.

Dr. Schlesinger is still dispensing spiritual things through his wonderful mediumship to the people of Humboldt county. The reports of his work are very encouraging and demonstrate the need of those who can present the phenomena of Spiritualism in a manner to convince the honest skeptic to go out and do missionary work among the people. The great demand is for such to bear the truth abroad.

Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley contributes in this issue an exceedingly interesting report of a sermon delivered by the Rev. Savage in Boston, which demonstrates the trend of public thought towards things spiritual. There must have been a demand for such a lecture or it would not have been given. Mrs. Longley has the Dove's thanks for her kind remembrance of its needs. Reports of a similar nature from all portions of our country would prove of great importance and interest.

The Independent Spiritual Meeting next Sunday evening will devote the time to the consideration of the subject of "Materialization," facts, scientifically and in a phenomenal and philosophical light considered. The best and ablest speakers will participate. It is expected that Prof. Holmes will open the meeting. Jos. W. Maguire will be present and enliven the occasion with his soul of song and inspired thought. This will be an interesting occasion for believers, doubters and investigators. Speakers will be announced in the dailies.

Mrs. Scott Briggs informs us that the sale of tracts in East Monterey is very encouraging. A number of prominent Spiritualists have purchased and others are talking of doing so for fraternal purposes. The location is of easy access to San Francisco and the expense of going but a trifle. It is in one of the most beautiful portions of the State, where ocean, mountains, forest, vales and groves, lakes and streams combine to present all that the mind of man can conceive of beauty, harmony and adaptation to his physical enjoyment and requirements and also minister to his love of the sublime and beautiful in nature. Excursion trains run every week and rates are low. A party of prospective purchasers will visit the charming place next week.

## BOUND VOLUMES OF THE "CARRIER DOVE" FOR 1888.

The CARRIER DOVE for 1888 is now on sale at this office and is a handsome volume of 846 pages, elegantly bound and illustrated, and contains a much larger amount of valuable reading matter than can be obtained elsewhere for the same price. The price of single copies is \$3 in cloth, or full-morocco, gilt-edges \$5.50. The latter is a most elegant book. Bound volumes of 1887 and 1888 will be sent to any address when ordered together for \$5 for both books.

Send in your orders at once as they are selling rapidly and the supply being limited will soon be exhausted.

## Spiritual Meetings.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

## PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.

The President being absent on account of sickness, Mr. F. G. Anderson, kindly consented to act as chairman, which he did very acceptably. After singing by the audience Mrs. Stevens, a fine inspirational speaker, opened the meeting with an invocation, after which she delivered a very spiritual address, taking for the subject, "The truth shall make you free." A solo was finely rendered by Mrs. L. Rutter. Mr. Winchell, of Vallejo, gave some of his experiences of tests given him through the mediumship of Mrs. M. Miller, after which Mrs. Miller made a most thrilling speech, which was received as they always are when she speaks under such deep inspiration; her earnestness inspired several mediums in the audience to come forward and let their controls speak. Mrs. Higgins, of New York, being the first, after which Mrs. Edith Nickless was controlled by E. V. Wilson, who said that the meeting reminded him of the good old times when all could speak as the spirit moved. U. R. Thomas read a paper that he had prepared on materialization, being much affected while speaking of spiritual matters, he was obliged to retire. A piano solo was given by Miss Violet Wheeler. This was a most harmonious meeting, and the audience seemed to enjoy the happy influence if one could judge by the expression of satisfaction after the meeting closed.

Mrs. S. WHITEHEAD,

Secretary.

## MRS. LOGAN'S MEETINGS.

The circle of harmony under Mrs. F. A. Logan's management was of usual interest in St. George's Hall, 90 $\frac{1}{2}$  Market street, at 11 A. M. last Sunday.

Miss Hare played several solos and Mr. Hodgkin, Mrs. Logan, Prof. Seymour, Mr. Thurston, Dr. Houbert and the young gentleman who has been so recently developed all gave very appropriate remarks.

In the evening a large circle was formed and the exercises were opened with music by the charming vocalist, Mrs. Rutter. Mrs. Higgins of New York and Mrs. Maxwell gave tests and messages to nearly every one in the circle. Mrs. Logan stated that many who were accustomed to attending these meetings were at that hour attending a materializing seance in her room at 84 $\frac{1}{2}$  Market street. She would like to have remained at home with them, but would not neglect these meetings for any other, as she deemed them productive of much good, as mediums were being unfolded into beautiful and useful mediumship. She also stated that the materializing medium would be present in the hall next Sunday evening. Mrs. Higgins and others would also give tests.

REPORTER.

## WASHINGTON HALL.

The independent spiritual meeting at Washington Hall was well attended last Sunday evening by a large and appreciative audience. These meetings are so conducted as to draw the higher class of seekers after the phenomenal and philosophical truths of spiritualism. Mr. Swift on opening the meeting announced that the subject for consideration was materialization, and requested the audience to prepare questions relating to that subject, which would be answered by Mrs. Crosette's controls, who proceeded in a very interesting manner to discriminate between the real appearances of forms; and those made up of materials used, and found in the cabinets of materializing mediums. Mr. W. H. Mills responded to a call in his usual characteristic style, and denounced materialization as a sham and fraud. Mr. Mills gave a few instances of cases wherein he had been shown the modus operandi of the trick. Mr. Muhlner was present with his occult telegraph, and only a few ticks were received. Mr. Kirkwood, a thorough telegraphic operator watched the operation with intense interest and remarked that even one tick is evidence of an intelligent spirit power which to him is wonderful and mysterious.

In circles of twelve or fourteen Mr. Muhlner receives numerous communications and he is assured that he will be able to receive dispatches before an audience, and will be present again on Sunday evening next with his instrument. Mrs. Muhlner as usual charmed the audience with her sweet solos, with piano accompaniment of Mrs. Katz. A novel and grand feature of the musical part of the evening was a duet by Mr. Pettibone and Mr. Wolf on the zither, which in sweetness and softness may really be defined as the very soul of music, it was truly charming. Mr. Pettibone has promised to be present next Sunday evening.

The subject of materialization will be thoroughly discussed next Sunday evening by competent and able speakers. Persons having experience, physical researchers, scientific and philosophical searchers after truth will all be allowed a hearing, and will have an equal and fair opportunity as time will permit to present their views on this important subject. No personalities that might give unpleasant feelings to believers and unbelievers will be indulged in. Prof. Holmes is expected to open the subject, and other speakers will be announced in the city papers.

## JOHN SLATER'S MEETINGS.

John Slater quite excelled himself last Sunday evening. The tests were of an unusually satisfactory and convincing nature, and were all recognized at once. A gentleman who was present remarked to the writer that it was the finest test seance he had ever attended. The music and flowers were, as usual, very fine. On Monday morning Mr. Slater left the city for a few days' visit to the Big Trees of Calaveras county.



## THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING.

The usual interesting programme was carried out at Fraternity Hall on Sunday evening. Recitations and songs were given by the young folks. Prof. Perkins gave a few character readings and tests at the same time which were recognized by each one, and Dr. Abbott gave some pointed remarks upon the lines that should be drawn between true and false manifestations. The gentlemen made some startling statements in regard to slate writing, promising to demonstrate upon next Sunday evening the differences. He bitterly denounced all fraudulent practices, and advocated the truth and that only. Mrs. Perkins gave the usual convincing tests. An interesting programme is expected next Sunday. It is expected that a rousing meeting will be held next Sunday, 2:30 o'clock, at the same hall, 909 1/2 Market street.

These meetings have a plan distinctly differing from any other in the city, and there can be no interference with other gatherings. Those who desire to hear from practical mediums only, their opinions expressed upon all questions pertaining to spirit intercourse, as well as tests can find a congenial atmosphere at this place. Skeptics are especially invited. G. F. P.

## MEDIUMS' MEETING.

There was a noted increase in the attendance last Sunday afternoon in Fraternity Hall at the mediums' meeting. After singing several rousing hymns, G. F. Perkins read three poems, which tended to inspire the minds of the listeners with the principles of loyalty. Mrs. Stout presided at the piano. Dr. Dewey sang a charming song, and Dr. Abbott followed with a somewhat lengthy speech which stirred up the mental faculties of some present; he then followed with tests. Mrs. Perkins also gave many convincing tests, and the meeting changed its movements into the forming of circles, which were joined by the many local mediums present. Dr. Dewey was conspicuous as a trance test medium.

## THE TIGER-STEP OF THEOCRATIC DESPOTISM.

The churches have united in a vigorous crusade, not to end until they have made this a "Christian Government," with "God in the Constitution," vigorous Sunday laws, and the Bible the foundation of law, or they meet with thorough defeat. The National Reformers, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, with all the Churches, Protestant and Catholic, are united in this onslaught.

The articles I have recently published on this subject have called forth so many letters, urging their publication as a tract for distribution, that I have concluded to comply, providing an adequate number of subscribers respond to the call. It will make an eight page tract, at the price of five cents per copy, post paid, or \$2 per hundred.

Those who desire to assist in informing the people on this movement which now threatens the liberty of conscience of this nation, as it has never been before, will please send their names and subscriptions at once, that the publication may not be delayed. Address, Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

BY MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER LONGLEV.

While the more narrow-minded and would be zealous theologians awake occasionally from their last century dreams, to give a passing sneer or denunciation to Spiritualism, the liberal, progressive thinkers and preachers, who seek to keep abreast with the times, and who not only wish to be along side, but actually to lead the advancement of modern thought, are paying due respect to our blessed cause, and seem willing to give it attention and even examination in their own scholastic way.

Only a few weeks ago, the Rev. Heber Newton, of New York City, than whom there is no more learned, popular and respected theological preacher in the country, gave utterance to very pronounced, and even advanced thoughts upon the subject of Spiritualism. There utterances appeared in the columns of the *N. Y. Herald*, and were widely copied into the various journals and newspapers of the country. On this Easter Sabbath morning, I listened to a sermon by the Rev. M. J. Savage—the popular and well-known pastor of the "The Church of the Unity" of this city—upon the subject of "Spiritualism, One of the Signs of the Times." This sermon was replete with instruction concerning the claims and mission of Spiritualism, and one which no Spiritualist could fail to indorse or accept. The speaker said that he did not speak as a believer in modern Spiritualism, for as yet, he could not say positively, it is true; but he offered his fair and candid criticism of an important subject. A movement that numbers its adherents by many hundreds of thousands, and is recognized by many intelligent people wherever civilized society exists, has the right to consideration, and demands something more than a sneer or a frown. Spiritualism is more than half a century old, has been here longer than the time claimed for it by its modern followers. Strange manifestations of intelligent power appeared in the home of Dr. Phelps, (father of the Rev. Dr. Phelps, of Andover in Conn., many years ago, and if these manifestations are not explained by the claims of Spiritualism, then, nothing else can explain them. Wonderful occurrences of an intelligent character took place in the Wesley family in England, long before Spiritualism appeared in this country, and only the hypothesis of an unseen but human mentality will account for the same.

Spiritualism of to-day, is worthy of investigation, and yet, there is much connected with it to appall and repel the one who seeks to learn of it. There is a stupendous amount of trickery and wilful imposture under the claim and in the name of Spiritualism. There is a tremendous amount of dishonest, but of undoubted self-deception on the part of many who believe in Spiritualism—some minds are so credulous and so superstitious that they attribute the slightest event or occurrence which is outside the pale of the usual, to the action of spirits, when

a little closer examination of the subject would prove the mundane cause of the circumstance.

There is also, a large amount of immorality, practiced in the name and under the claim of Spiritualism, and so at the outset, the investigator meets with much to shock and disgust them. The speaker then went on to denounce in unsparring terms, all, who for any motive, trade upon the hopes and fears and the holy affections of the human heart, a denunciation in which all honest Spiritualists will gladly join. Mr. Savage then said, in substance that, however, the history of every great movement in the world, reports, that its early years were attended with just such detrimental trials and difficulties as are found in the investigation of Spiritualism, and that similar charges as those brought against this movement to-day, were laid against the early Christians, of whom it was said their love feasts were drunken orgies. But, beyond and above all that is imloely and repellant attached to it, there is a higher and a purer aspect, which many advanced and intelligent minds have indorsed and received. It comes not alone to the lowly and the ignorant and unrefined, but to the learned, the high, and the cultured, and Spiritualism has been accepted by those upon a throne, as well as by the humble fireside of the poor. The higher Spiritualism claims that death does not end all, that man builds up an interior body while here, that serves as a covering for his soul when he steps out of the physical organism. That he begins *here* where he leaves off *here*, and that he is not changed from what he was before death came to him.

Spiritualism claims that the clear departed friend lives, and can occasionally communicate that fact to us. The speaker said he could find nothing in science or in common sense to controvert that claim. If man is not all material he must be a spirit, and if an intelligent spirit, he must have a home, and place and associations beyond. If man is not a spirit then he must be all matter, and death is the end of all hope, and joy, and life, and love. It is for our interest then, the speaker implied by his remarks, to prove Spiritualism true, that cold, dark, hopeless materialism may be proven false. If, after all these years of accredited belief and acceptance, Spiritualism can be proven only a delusion and a superstition, we may blush for the credulity and the gullibility of the human heart. In the earlier ages, animate life like the worms and the fishes held only the horizontal position, but the tendency of evolution was to erect, and so through the various periods of unfolding, animal life became gradually more and more upward, until man arrived, straight and perpendicular. From the animal had grown the human, after the physical, developed the mental nature, then the moral, and later the spiritual, and the tendency is ever upward to something higher and better still.

The preacher hoped that Spiritualism is true, we cannot afford to find it a fallacy, and yet it is our duty to prove its falsity, if it is not what it claims. No intelligent thinker and observer

now doubts the truth of hypnotism, yet, 'not many years ago it was denounced as a fraud by certain scientific minds. No competent witness will now discredit the claim of telepathy, but a few years back, very few would believe it possible for one mind to clearly read another mind, yet this can be done to-day, even when the operator and subject are a thousand miles apart. If this higher spiritualism that claims to bring communion with the dead is true, then we can believe all the accounts in the Bible, of spiritual appearances and manifestations; but if it is false, then the Bible must be untrue, for it is running over with accounts of Spiritualism, such as we have reported as occurring to-day. Many say, if a table moves without being propelled, or acted upon by some one in the body, or if an object rises without the contact of visible hands or weights, what of it? But, a great mind of to-day has said, the tendency of all physical things is downward according to the law of gravity, unless upheld by intelligent will, and if a physical object is upheld by some unseen force, it is our business to learn what that power is.

Mr. Savage concluded his fair and liberal discourse by relating a recent experience of his own, in which he received a description of certain circumstances taking place at a distance at that very moment, which could not have been known to the person with whom he was, except through the power of clairvoyance. I have not given the exact words of the speaker, and the ideas may not be as consecutively placed as he arranged them; but I have given the substance of this Easter morning sermon, which the advanced preacher presented to a congregation that fairly overflowed his spacious church. No doubt, the discourse will awaken thought and provoke discussion. It must have reached minds that could have learned of the claims and work of our cause in no other way. I am glad that Spiritualism is entering the churches and challenging the attention of study and pulpit. I rejoice that it makes its way where its light is most truly needed, and that liberal minds are found in such fields that dare to think and to speak.

BOSTON, MASS. April, 21st.

#### INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF L. C. ASHWORTH.

NUMBER SIX.

#### LIBERTY OR TYRANNY.

The record of past times, especially those connected with that period of European history which surrounded the French Revolution and the American War has one lesson which is probably the most important of the many that its terrible tragedies convey; and that is the lesson of liberty. However horrible the means used, however the skeptic may sneer, and the atheist scorn the idea that there could possibly be any providential action in those events, the majority of thinking persons must recognize in them a work for the salvation of the human race

which could not indeed have been accomplished in any other way. Violent means were used; every crime that human nature could devise was a part of those means, but the end which has been accomplished is proportionately great and far-reaching. Robespierre was an instrument in the hands of beings who had the welfare of France and the human race paramount in their minds. Unseen agencies directed those terrible events and the results were reached with as little evil as was possible under the conditions. The French Constitution has still its defects, and the enemies of freedom may exult in the fact, but nevertheless can the conditions of 1790 be revived in that country; the blow has been struck and was decisive; freedom is assured; tyranny may exist but it must be short-lived; the light of freedom may be weakened for a time, but can never again be extinguished.

But what are the lessons for to-day from those stupendous events? We can make use of them. The study of history is ever full of useful lessons. American freedom is on a somewhat different basis to French. Both were purchased with blood and treasure, both set brother against brother, friend against friend and both entailed horrors of a peculiar and awful kind; but the freedom of America is the birthright of the people, not a portentous circumstance, not a transient fortune; it is as essentially a part of the people as the prairies and forests, as the farms and the workshops. This freedom, resting on such a foundation may be assailed, but what possible chance can any enemy or power of any kind have in combatting such a principle. To-day we see an attempt to interfere with the liberties of the people by compelling Sunday observance. A hundred years ago in France people were compelled *not* to go to Church on Sunday—now in America we are to see an attempt made to compel people to go to Church or something near it; but what can be the result of such a proceeding? People will be less inclined to go to Church than ever, and saloons and other such places will get the benefit. On the broadest principles men must in the course of action be permitted to please themselves on such things. Tyranny has been tried long enough. This attempt to revive old worn-out methods must inevitably fail, laws of congress helping or not. The American nation is not as a body very religious, and any attempt to force religion onto them by laws of Congress would be as ineffective as to try to cultivate a taste for music by perpetual drumming in the ears.

As time rolls on the taste for higher pursuits grows. Religion, becomes a science, is sought for by every one, and a plain practical people will best accept that kind of religion; the emotional kind must remain with older nations as a relic of the older times.

As knowledge may be called cunning without wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage.—*Plato.*

## Correspondence.

### SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

From J. W. Smith, M. D., Professors Owen and Randolph, Through the Mediumship of John Brown, Sr.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE. I am compelled to write, for my controls, who wish to send greetings through the DOVE to the many friends they claim a hearing, and will speak for themselves.

Our object, dear friends, is to make known that we live and are engaged in useful occupation for our continuance in development and to drive the demon of mystery and ignorance from the field, and help mankind on to a higher conception of natural cause and effect, that mystery shall no longer lead them into darkness to which many are paying tribute. Should our work find favor with you, you shall hear from us in plainer and less disguised terms. It is conceded that we live beyond the grave, and much has been said, but no detailed account of how, and in what state, or condition, and occupation which is the leading topic of our present conversation—which is our great desire.

Dear friends, what would you have us to be? Would you take from us our individuality, would you deprive us of our personal rights, simply because we have moved to a new state? Will you not allow us all the rights and privileges that you enjoy? We concede that you will and in response to your willingness we invite you to come close to us that we may speak to you face to face, that the mother who rocked to slumber, and guided the baby footsteps of her darling child, may once more press you to her bosom, as all loving councillors for you good will do at the commencement of your new life, where you will soon imbibe the methods we use, and learn that your new field of labor has just begun, and will yield in accordance with the energy you put forth; your tangible spirit form will put on the fruits of its industry, such as will quicken the industrious man of earth into more activity to speed on their steamships locomotives and telegraph, and all other improvements, for which we have a veneration love, and have been instigators in their achievements, and our entire labor with you is to endow you with sufficient ability to cause you to see as we see, and know as we know. We are loosed from earth's attraction, from a heavy weight we have lived in for our development to a higher grade or advanced school, where we cease to be children, and can read our true history in the Book of Nature, that we no longer hold views different from what we by nature are. Many here hold the same Deistic views the formerly did, notwithstanding they are here, earth bodies, they remain similar to that before taking the change.

But we must draw nearer to the thread of theme, for which the reader will feel more deeply interested. Our religion, since the days we gave it to you at Hydesville, has grown fast

in some degree, than in former ages, so we can now come to you with the best of human evidence the world has ever had, that what we tell you is true, and none of our mediums should shrink from its advocacy. As we said, again we say come close to us while we tell you, that all the isms gotten up outside of the golden thread of nature's divine law, cannot effect its growth, no matter what they strive to hook on, its tendency can only be to retard its progress, but not to obliterate one law that attracts equal forces to each other. Be it ours to say that we were never outside of eternity, where we will continue to remain, but never alone.

In nature we live and have our being. Do we marry? is a question that is propounded by the inmates of darkness on the subject, whom we would refer to the wise men of the East to solve and advise us what becomes of the law of attraction and conception for lone dwellers?

To exact one of these laws all becomes null, for they are the mother of all unfolding developments. We are not given in marriage according to the theme of an earth life. With its marriage is of natural outgrowth of a developed state where congenial law brings together those adapted for each other where conjugal affection lives in obedience to creative law for a higher development. You want no better evidence of the truth we are telling you than you have in your dreams as you term them. At different times you have been made to realize our presence. We hold that intercourse with those in earth life in all its tangible forms which surpasses that of former marriage relations, which is a semblance of our journeyings here. We are the same and as tangible to ourselves as you in earth life are to yourselves, and we are glad the way is open for us to draw near through our developed mediums, who are prepared and fitted to take their place beyond the reach of envious jealousy, in giving you our crowning glory and latest developments.

Reveal to us, ye wise men of the East, from whence come your guardian spirit, if not from their progenitors, who sent you to earth to learn of its ways. Our spirit law is universally productive, and is the winding sheet of error. First comes the spirit, then the materialization here, in our infant state, we commence our earth life. But we lived before. If not as we purport, what would you think us to be? How little the farmer realizes that the horse he plowed his field with passes on to higher fields, where he may meet him. Dear reader, we are neither naked nor without food; all our wants we supply with our labor. A more detailed description we would gladly furnish, only for want of a more perfect co-understanding of its typography, and relationship we bear to each other. Let our mediums comfort themselves for having been faithful co-workers with us in giving you our words; their reward is sure. Let select societies of men understand their creeds and live close to them; that God is a spirit and to worship him they must worship him in spirit and in truth, and cease their denunciation of others who do. We

are now in the house of God as much as we possibly can ever be, and come and let us reason together lest the woes of the shepherds of Israel be upon them, for they have not seen all that are to be done, and they have no oil to develop the sequel of their after life.

ENSENADA, LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO, April 15th, 1886.

#### WINE-MA.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Kindly publish the enclosed sketch of the brave Indian woman, Wine-ma; the noblest heroine of modern times, who saved so many lives during the Modoc war; she is at this moment lying sick, blind and destitute, in a little wigwam at a place called Tule Lake, in the wilds of Oregon.

It does seem that the people of our country should relieve the suffering of this brave Indian woman; it is not long that she will need human help, and a statue of brass, to her memory after she is gone, would be a poor recompense for her great and noble deeds. Hoping that you will call the attention of your friends to this sad case, I remain sincerely yours,

J. J. WATSON.

#### THE SKETCH.

In his book entitled "Wine-ma and Her People," Col. Meacham graphically describes his terrible experience on the day of the dreadful Modoc tragedy, which resulted in the death of Maj. Gen. Canby, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas. The horrid mutilation of his own body, and the superhuman acts of Wine-ma, who, risk of her own life, saved his, as well as many others, and whose name will live forever in history as the greatest heroine of modern times, are vividly depicted in the remarkable book referred to. I quote briefly from the book as follows: "Simultaneously with the attack on General Canby and Dr. Thomas, Schonchin sprang to his feet and drawing both a knife and a pistol (shouted "Chucke la" (blood), pointed at my head, and discharged the weapon, the bullet tearing through the collar of my coat and vest. Before the next shot, Wine-ma was between him and his victim, grasping his arms and pleading for my life. I walked backward forty yards, while my heroic defender struggled to save me. Scacknasty Jim joined Schonchin in the attack, and Wine-ma, running from one to the other, continued to turn aside the pistols aimed at me, until I went down. After I fell, I raised my head above the rock over which I had fallen, and at that instant Schonchin aimed at me so correctly that his shot struck me between the eyes, glancing out over the left eye, which was blinded. Another shot from Shacknasty Jim struck me on the right side of the head, over the ear, which stunned me, and I became unconscious. Having taken my coat, pants and vest, they left me, saying to Wine-ma, "Take care of your white brother." Wine-ma wiped the blood from my face and straightened my limbs, believing me dead. I was placed upon a stretcher and carried to the hospital in a half-conscious condition. Wine-ma was among the first to kneel down beside the mattress whereon I lay in the great tent. Day after day she, with her husband, watched over me. While a three days' battle was raging, this Pocatontas of the Lava-beds became a Florence Nightingale in the army hospital, among the victims of her cousin's bullets, bath-

ing the burning brows, and administering nourishment prepared by her own hands. The soldiers were assured of her fidelity, and with united voice declared her to be a ministering angel."

One of the objects dearest to Col. Meacham's heart was the hope that he might live long enough to in some way prove his gratitude to the noble Indian woman Wine-ma, who had not only saved his life by her unparalleled courage and persistency, but who had many times previous by her great influence with her tribe saved the lives of many other white persons. His earnest desire, which he constantly expressed to me, was to purchase for her a little home in which she might pass her days in that peace and quiet to which she is so justly entitled. A recent letter from her son in the far West informs me that his mother is ill and that his father's health also prevents him from labor.

A movement is now on foot to carry out, not only the sacred wish of Col. Meacham, in this respect, but to place a monument over the martyr's great worthy of his great soul and great deeds in the cause of human rights. Persons who may feel interested in this matter are invited to send their address to J. J. Watson, Treasurer of the Wine-ma Fund, 15 East 14th street, New York City.

#### GIRLS.

- A lovely girl—Ella Gant.
- A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
- A wayward girl—Hettie Rodoxy.
- A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
- A good girl to possess—Sal Vaton.
- An off-mentioned girl—Helen Blazes.
- A charming girl—Jennie Rosity.
- A sick girl—Sallie Vate.
- A smooth girl—Anelia Ration.
- A seedy girl—Cora Ander.
- A clear case of girl—E. Lucy Date.
- A geometrical girl—Rhoda Dendron.
- A musical girl—Sarah Nade.
- A profound girl—Meta Physics.
- A star girl—Meta Oric.
- A clinging girl—Jessie Mine
- A nervous girl—Hester Ical.
- A muscular girl—Callie Stenics.
- A lively girl—Annie Mattion.
- An uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.
- A sad girl—Ella G.
- A serene girl—Mollie Fry.
- A warlike girl—Millie Terry.
- A very large girl—Ella Phant.
- A wealthy girl—El Dorado.
- A talkative girl—Ella Cution.
- A historical girl—Jennie Ology.
- A sailor girl—Mary Ner.
- An actress—Marie Onette.
- A Bible girl—Jennie Siss.
- A high-minded girl—Ella Vate.
- A botanical girl—Mary Gald.
- A beautiful girl—Ola Ander.
- A threatenig girl—Minnie Tory. —*Toledo Blade.*

A Hartford boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant near relations. After thinking a moment he said, "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation that I've got."

## Our Exchanges.

### ENLIGHTENED FUNERALS.

If there could be a common understanding among the millions of people in the United States who know the truth of the Apostolic plan of salvation by fruits and deeds, it is believed that this would soon entirely supersede the man-made and inharmonious system founded on opinions and creed, and make us realize that our condition hereafter will be as superior to our present state as the butterfly is superior to the caterpillar.

It is suggested that after the usual funeral services are over that the more spiritualized persons present form a circle around the casket and join hands to assist the promoted friend in demonstrating that there is no death—nothing but a change. Others in the room would aid this result by joining in a still larger circle. Then all should sing appropriate melodies for the space of five minutes, to be followed by a few moments of perfect silence. If, for the lack of proper conditions, no results are obtained, all should sing for another five minutes in order to improve the required magnetic battery.

It is believed that in most cases if this plan were adopted sorrowing friends would realize the truth of the sweet words of Jesus, who said "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," by the good influence of the Holy Spirit. All spirits are holy who warn us to so live that we may enjoy pleasant memories when we all confer together in the higher life, and if we keep our bodies and minds pure and honest, we will attract none that are unholy. These advanced funeral occasions would greatly tend to educate all to the wonderful fact that we are never alone but surrounded by a "great cloud of witnesses," to whom every thought is apparent and every motive revealed. It would also help the clergy in teaching the practical religion that the Apostles tried to establish, and soon would bring again the powerful power of the Holy Ghost as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles to purify and elevate every family and every church in all nations.

The writer knows that on many occasions promoted friends have entranced some "sensitive" present and have spoken at their own funerals, often giving expression to sentiments of a highly satisfactory and comforting character. Many wise and elevating men who perceive the moralizing and elevating efficacy of this better way of conducting funerals, which have a great influence in improving society, are encouraging it in their various congregations. Let others follow, and soon the disgraceful spectacle that exists in some other countries which now requires a standing army to regulate the contending sects will not much longer hinder the world's true progress.

Take courage, then. O doubting saint!

For all that's great and good

Will be needed to every mind.

As truth is understood.

—S. M. Baldwin, in the *National Vibe*.

### SPIRITUALITY.

There is said to be 25,000 Spiritualists in the city of St. Louis. This may be true or an exaggeration, but it is a fact that men on 'change, in the stock yards, on the turf, in the highest railroad circles, round the fires of the foundries, behind the counters, in highest judicial circles, as well as ladies in refined and humble homes are firm believers in the philosophy. Some of the brightest artists of the stage, learned heads of universities

abroad and at home, and some of the most practical members of medical colleges have become the advocates of investigation of this old as the world yet new as to day phenomena to those who seek to know, yet the more cultured minds turn with contempt from the credulous declaration of the neophyte in this study of forces, and are dwelling in a mental atmosphere, where the symbolism of the phenomena of mental results of all ages is studied as strata potential with revelations of evolution and of higher forms in development. They look to the occult rather than the orient for the attracting sun to the result in the whole obtained of a life growth of a race. In other words, they believe that the beautiful and the true is entering the outer world for work through selected minds in the temperate zone rather than through the tropics of emotion and troubled waters.

There are organized bodies of Spiritualists that meet in this city every Sunday afternoon. At one of these, on the corner of Ninth and Franklin avenue, a Miss Cora Carpenter, a young girl not yet fifteen years of age, delivered a lecture on the power of mind over matter, that any minister or priest might have been proud to have given his learners. A large and respectable audience listened with rapt attention to the steady flow of correct language and dispassionate utterance of this young girl. Psychic life in personal appearance, plainly dressed, all her words and gestures were calm and those of the cultured scholar and church dignitary. She needs but training by one acquainted with the schools of philosophy in mental palaces of all time to make of her a star of the first magnitude. It is the study of this phenomena, the spirit of womanhood escaping from the serfdom of false education, that among other mental phenomena, is interesting the attention of the learned who dwell on the heights of observation in the cultured independence of to-day.—*The New Order*, St. Louis, Mo.

### THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The Brotherhood of Man, expresses a grand principle of unity and fraternity which appeals to common necessities and universal recognition. It is sanctioned by the laws of nature, and by Christian precept. And so we read, "of one blood He created all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Good enough, for this sentiment. Good enough for both middle and Christian. It affords a common basis for all, of whatever belief and condition. This fact should provoke good feeling and excite a generous action. A fellow feeling is a wondrous humanizer which destroys prejudice, puts down bigotry, liberalizes thought, and conducts the world at last to freedom.

Brotherhood is a force working in the heart of humanity to excite love in fellow men; to lift up the low down and level the high and the lofty. It is a savior to the poor, and an encouragement to all honest endeavor. Herein it excites a lively hope and vital energy. Thus a glowing future opens and men work together for the good of one another, while isolation is discarded and the social feeling predominates among men.

The press is a great motor of influence in this influence in this direction. It opens fire and keeps on fighting—by moral means—from week to week and year to year. It influences public opinion, which, based upon natural right is the controlling force in government and social life. Let it be thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of Human Brotherhood and it becomes a power for good everywhere.—*National Vibe*.

We make laws, but we follow customs.—*Lady W. W. Montague*.

## Children's Department.

### SHARP SAYINGS OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

HYPOCRITES.—"Now, little boy, what is the meaning of the word hypocrisy?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her favorite pupil.

"I can't explain what it is, but I know it all the same."

"Give me an example of hypocrisy."

"Whena fellow says he loves his Sunday-school teacher, that's hypocrisy."

GOOD ADVICE FROM SUNNY.—Leaving home for the office, the editor kissed his little four-year-old good-bye, saying to him: "Be a good boy to-day." He somewhat surprised the family by saying: "I will. Be a good man, papa." Sure enough. Papa is likely to need the exhortation more than the child does.

THE GIRL AND HER SAVINGS.—Said a little school girl to her teacher:

"Mamma gives me two cents every day for taking a dose of thoroughwort tea without making any fuss about it."

"Indeed! And what do you do with so much money?"

"Oh, mamma takes care of it for me, and uses it to buy more thoroughwort tea."

PROOF POSITIVE.—Mother—Did you steal the cake, Johnny?

Johnny—No, ma'am. Did I, Maudie?

Maudie (who got a piece of the cake)—No, indeed, nanma! I saw him didn't!

### MANNERS AND ALL.

A little boy in Malden, Mass., was very anxious to have some of a particular kind of cake his mother was preparing for "company to tea." She told him he must wait until after tea, when he should have the piece which was always "left for manners." Though banished to an adjoining room he was allowed to perch himself upon a bureau, from which elevated post of observation he narrowly watched the tea drinking. That cake was so delicious that one of the company was taking the last slice, when they were all surprised by a roar of indignation from the boy: "There! there goes the last piece mamma, 'manners' and all!"

A boy in one of the public schools, while engaged in defining words, a few days since, made a mistake that was not a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whisky, or any other kind of intoxicating liquor."

Teacher with reading-class: "Boy reading—'And she sailed down the river—' Teacher—"Why are ships called she?" Boy (pretendingly alive to the responsibilities of his sex): "Because they need men to manage them."

"My son," said a stern father to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. You teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was just like my father."

## Miscellaneous.

## Mark Twain at Niagara.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the world. I have been visiting this favorite watering place recently for the first time, and was well pleased.

A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was so with him. He said that the first time he went, hack fares were so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appeared insignificant, but that is all regulated now.

The hackmen have been tamed, numbered placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the Law, and dosed with moral principle till they are meek as missionaries.

They are divided into two clans, now, the Regulars and Privateers, and employ their idle time in warning the people against each other. The Regulars are under the hotel banners, and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground, and pick off stragglers at half price.

But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers, and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself its days are numbered.

It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Falls before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance this way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little information.

And yet the sources of information are not meagre at Niagara Falls. You're something in doubt what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt concerning what you must do. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe in Niagara.

If you room at the hotel you will find your course marked out in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the walls like these:

"Pull the bell rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the walls or furniture."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you put your boots outside the door they will be blacked; but the house will not be responsible for their return."

This is a confusing and tangled proposition, because it moves you to deliberate

long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.

"Give your key to the omnibus driver if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind with so many instructions to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Don't hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent in gold levied on pennants and other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the Superintendent of any neglect on the part of employees to charge for commodities." (No inattention of this kind is ever observed.)

"Don't throw stones down; there might be people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls." (More shirking of responsibility—it appears to be the prevailing thing here.)

I always had a high regard for the signers of the Declaration of Independence; but now they did not really seem to amount to much along with the signers of Niagara Falls.

To tell the truth, the multitude of signs annoyed. It was because I noticed at last they were prohibiting the very thing I was just wanting to do.

I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; a sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I had just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me, and I was a friendless orphan.

There was no resource now but to seek consolation from the dawning bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that moment: "All signs fail in dry times." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble red man had always been a darling of mine. I loved to read about him in tales and legends and romance.

I love to read of his inspired sagacity, and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest, and his grand truthfulness, his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character, and his stately metaphorical speech, and his chivalric love for the dusky

maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements.

When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty beadwork and stunning mocassins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored in their arms and bodies shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now I was going to come face to face with the noble red man.

A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array were made by the Indians, and there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and that it would not be dangerous to speak to them.

I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making mocassins, and addressed them in the following language of friendship:

Noble Redmen, Brave Grand Sachem, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you Muck-a-Mucks—the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat, you, Devourer of Mountains, you, Roaring Thundergust—the pale face from beyond the great waters, greets you all.

"War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker and seven-up and a vain modern expense for soap (unknown to your glorious ancestors) have depleted your purses. Appropriating in simplicity the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts in your sinless innocence has damaged your reputation with the soules usurper. Trading with forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and tomhawk your families has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the ragtag and bobtail of the parlous of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas! and Red Jacket, and Hole-in-the-Day, and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnips—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scalp the blagard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrown him!"

It was the quickest operation that I ever saw. I simply a sudden flash in the air, of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets, and mocassins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place.

In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off of me; they broke all my arms and legs; they gave me a thump that denied the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and then to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horse-hoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top of the remains of my vest caught on

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TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION. By G. H. Stockham, M. D. Price \$1.00.

THE PHANTOM FORM: Experiences in Earth and Spirit Life, by Mrs. Nettie P. Foz, Mediumistic author. Postage paid, \$1.00.

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THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland. This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary merit. To make the book readable and comprehensive has been the only aim of the author and editor, and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

Beyond, a record of real life in the beautiful country over the river and beyond; price, 50 cents.

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a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose.

I finally fell and brought up world of foam at the foot of the fall, whose celled and bubbly mass towered up several inches above my head.

Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round it forty-four times, chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half mile—reaching the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time.

At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out.

The next time I swept around him, he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes; in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again I said:

"Excuse the seeming impertinent curiosity of a drowning man; but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure; I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account; I can wait for you. I wish I had a match."

"Take my place and I'll go and get you one," I said.

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him.

It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition corner over on the American side.

At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling for help.

The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, which were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition—at least I am lying away, critical or not.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory.

He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind I said:

"It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead-work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

The true gentleman wears his manner like his clothing. They are the expression of his own self. Be a gentleman, and your gentlemanly manners will show it. Be a boor, and the very fineness of your manners will betray the boor beneath them.—S. K. Times.

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**Anecdotes of Ingersoll.**

At a recent meeting of the Boucicault Club in New York, Mr. Ingersoll spoke upon the "Art of Acting." Among his hearers was a nephew of Cardinal Newman, a man whose special forte is dramatic criticism. "I thought I knew something about the subject," said he. "I surely thought I heard the best about it, but till to-night has it been reserved for me to have the veil lifted before the true inwardness of dramatic art."

"So you are the man who has been trying to abolish hell?" remarked a minister of strong prejudices, upon being introduced to the great free-thinker; "but ah, my good sir, you can't do it; you can't do it." "Well, if I can't, sir, I am afraid that when you come to die you'll be — sorry I did not," was the quick retort.

"I want to know, Colonel, if you really believe your grandfather was a monkey?" said another to him. "Whether I do or not, sir, I believe your grandson will be," returned the Colonel.

His daughters unite the most intelligence with charm of any girls in the city, perhaps. Their knowledge is vast, their accomplishments varied, but there is not a trace of "scholarship" or pedantry in the sweet lady-like adaptability with which they receive their guests. The whole morning of each day is spent by them in study.—*N. Y. Star.*

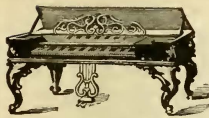
**Thank God For Mountains.**

When I turn my eyes upon the map of the world, and behold how wonderfully the countries where our faith was nurtured, where our liberties were generated, where our philosophy and literature, the fountain of our intellectual grace and beauty, sprung up—were as distinctly walled out by God's hand with mountain ramparts from the eruptions of volcanoes and interruptions of barbarians, as if at the especial prayer of the Early Fathers of man's destinies, I almost exclaim in admiration. Look at the bold barrens of Palestine! See how the infant liberties of Greece were sheltered from the vast tribes of the uncivilized North by the heights of Hæmus and Rhodæ! Behold how the Alps describe their magnificent crescent, inclining their opposite extremities to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene Seas, locking up Italy from the Gallic and Teutonic hordes till the power and spirit of Rome had reached their maturity, and she had opened the wide forests of Europe to the light, spread far her laws and language, and planted the seeds of many mighty nations! —*WM. HOWITT.*

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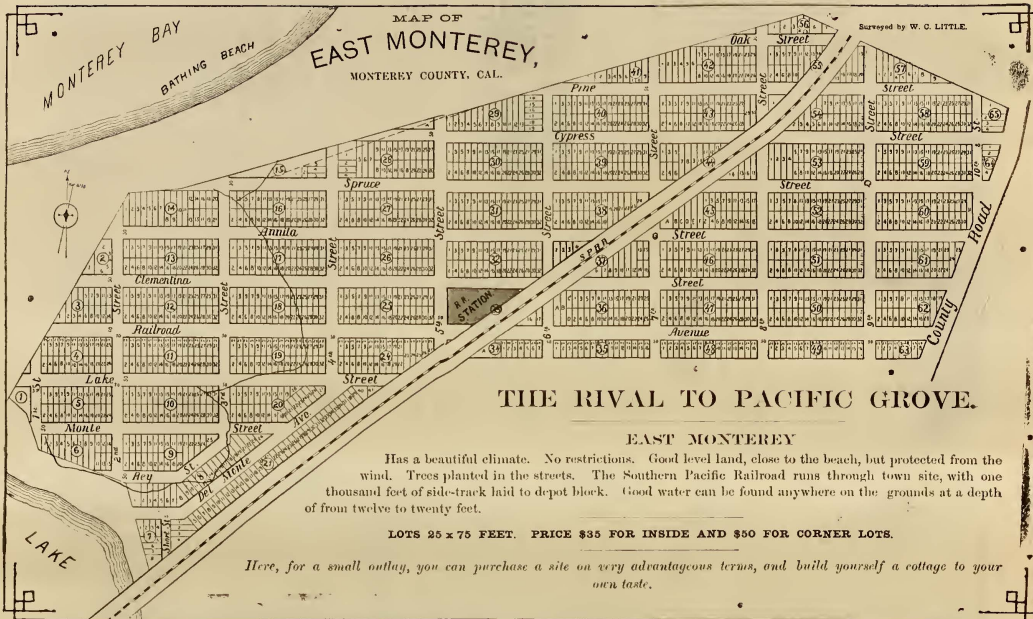
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