

# The Carrier Dove.

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

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## Biography.

### N. F. RAVLIN.

N. F. Ravlin, the subject of this sketch, was born in Essex Co., N. Y., June 1st, 1831.

When but one year of age, his parents removed to what was then the uncultivated wilderness of Western New York, and settled in Clymer, Chautauque county. His boyhood was thus spent literally in the woods. All his early recollections are associated with the Beech, Maple, Pine and Hemlock forests, with which Chautauque county was at that time covered. His father was the Rev. Thomas Ravlin, a man of most remarkable memory and eloquence, who for nearly fifty years preached the gospel according to the accepted standards of the Baptist denomination. He was a man of progressive thought, independent judgment, and fearless utterance, far in advance of the ministers of his time in his interpretation of the scriptures. For this reason many failed to understand him. He was misjudged by some, feared by others, and persecuted by those who were jealous and envious of his power. In 1845 he removed with his family to the "Far West," as it was then termed, and settled on the, at that time, unbroken prairies of Illinois, fifty miles due west from Chicago. Chicago then claimed 8,000 inhabitants.

One year afterwards, in the autumn of 1846, Father Ravlin died, leaving his family in fairly comfortable circumstances; though strangers in a strange land. His was the first mortal form laid in what is now the Kaneville Cemetery.

The subject of our sketch was the youngest of seven children, four boys and three girls. On the death of his father the care of the family devolved upon the brother next older than him, Hon. N. N. Ravlin, who was afterwards elected to the Illinois Legislature, and who served his township as Supervisor for twenty-eight consecutive years, and who was honored as chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Kane county for more than twenty years of that period. N. F. Ravlin was but fifteen years of age when his father died. From that time he worked his own way in the world, and labored from daylight till dark on the farm for \$13 per month. When eighteen years old, he was in the woods splitting rails by the thousand to pay for timber for fence posts, to fence a small farm that fell to him as his share of his father's estate. This he afterwards sold in order to obtain an education. He was converted to so-called Christianity when nineteen years of age, and was induced to believe that he ought to study for the ministry. Hence, all other pursuits were abandoned, all other plans laid aside, and everything was consecrated upon the "Altar for Christ's Sake," as it was termed. Two years were spent in the University of Rochester, New York, but ill health prevented the completion of the prescribed course of study, and Mr. Ravlin returned West with a shattered constitution, and with little expectation of living but a short time. But rest from study and a change of climate partially restored his health, and he was accordingly ordained as a Baptist minister, and took a small country church "far out upon the Prairie." The meetings were held in different school houses.

This church agreed to give their pastor the munificent sum of \$300 per year, and his house rent and fire wood. The house consisted of two small rooms standing on the bleak prairie, without fence, flower or tree about it. The agreement was never honestly kept on the part of the church, and the relation was not of long duration. He regrets to this day, that his first experience as pastor of a church had not been his last for he often expressed himself that he had no business to be a pastor of a church that he had neither taste nor aptitude for pastoral work, yet he seemed pressed into it, and there did not seem any out of it.

Mr. Ravlin's principal pastorates were at Freeport, Illinois, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Racine, Chicago, and San Jose, Cal. He preached in Chicago fourteen years, and during that time was to officiate at the dedication of fifty-one Baptist churches, and he raised that number of church debts amounting to many thousands of dollars. He was very popular with the masses, and always held crowded audiences. He assailed the conventional shams of society, the pious frauds and hypocrites in the church, and the sins and crimes of the age so widely and notoriously fostered by corrupt legislation, with a fearlessness and a boldness of utterance seldom ever heard from the pulpit. Fidelity to truth and principle as he understood it, rather than policy, controlled his pulpit utterances. For this reason he was often subjected to bitter persecutions from envious and jealous ministers who had nothing in common with righteous principle, but were governed by a time-serving policy that would not scruple, in order to serve personal ends, to make merchandise of the gospel of Christ. By pious platitudes and godless ceremonials they would assume to preach Jesus as the Christ, and yet crucify him daily between the two thieves of hypocrisy and supreme self-interest. Mr. Ravlin was ordained when but twenty-two years of age, and entered upon the work of the ministry honestly, and without the shadow of a doubt but that all ministers were honest and just what they seemed. He learned by bitter experience that "All is not gold that glitters," and that it is possible for "A man to smile and smile and yet be a villain." His bitterest enemies have been, and are professed ministers of the gospel, who have been most unrelenting and conscienceless in their betrayal of friendship, their duplicity or double-dealing, and their under-handed schemes to advance their own glory by sullyng the good name of another. Of course he recognizes the fact that there are good men, honest and true, in the ministry; men who are grand and noble exceptions to the general rule, and who are as much above the average type of preachers as an angel is above a foul "bird of night." Mr. Ravlin was for many years narrow and bigoted in his religious views, and bitterly opposed to all forms of amusement. He publicly denounced all sorts of games, cards, chess, checkers, backgammon, the circus, opera, theatre and dancing, as the snares of the devil devised for the ruin of souls. If people seemed to be enjoying anything it was an evidence to him they had no piety. They had either lost their religion, or else never had any. What right had Christians to laugh or be gay and happy when even their own children and their dearest friends and kindred were going to the unending torments of hell? Logically Mr. Ravlin was right if the creed of his church was true. Nobody has any right to ever smile again if the majority of the race are to be eternally tormented in a hopeless hell from

which there is no possible deliverance or mitigation. But gradually reason remonstrated against such extreme views. According to certain standards of practice all these amusements had been denounced as sinful. But who authorized the standards? Was the authority assumed or conferred? And which was the more sinful, the amusements, or the bitter, uncharitable spirit in which they were condemned? One thing was certain—Jesus did not condemn them, nor did he authorize anybody else to do so.

Finally, reason ascended the throne, put superstition to death, sent ignorance and jealousy to prison for life, and ordered a thorough investigation to be made of the whole subject of amusements. The judgment of the "Lower Court" was reversed, and the Supreme Court of Reason and Common Sense ruled that "There is nothing impure of itself;" that, "To the pure, all things are pure," and that it is not in the use, but in the abuse of all these things that harm comes. Of course, Mr. Ravlin came at last to approve of those amusements which he had formerly condemned, especially when enjoyed in moderation.

During the late war Mr. Ravlin ardently espoused the Union cause, and although ill health prevented him from entering the army, yet he was mainly instrumental in recruiting two regiments of men, and delivered five hundred war speeches and sermons, besides raising large amounts of money to pay soldiers' bounties. On two occasions he delivered a "war speech" where the "Knights of the Golden Circle" had sworn to kill him if he attempted it. Although being informed of the threats made, and being entreated by anxious friends not to put his life in such peril, he went boldly forward, and with burning eloquence, hurled defiance in the face of his country's secret enemies, regardless of consequences. Utterly fearless, he seemed inspired for the occasion, and no doubt did more for the Union cause than if he had been at the front in the field. Now that the war is over, all feeling of hostility toward the people of the South has been eliminated from his nature, and he recognizes that, educated as they were, they were equally honest in the defense of what they regarded as their inalienable rights.

Removing to California in 1881, he was induced to accept the pastorate of the Baptist church in San Jose, which position he held for over four years, attracting the largest religious audiences ever assembled in the Garden City. Four months after commencing his pastorate the church edifice was burned, and Mr. Ravlin was mainly instrumental in building the finest and most commodious church in the city, containing a fine pipe organ. It has seating accommodations for 1,000 people, and not unfrequently 1,200 were convened within its walls on Sunday nights to listen to the popular pastor of the Baptist church. But his success provoked envy and persecutions from other ministers, who labored assiduously to sow discord among the members of the Baptist church, and thus break Mr. Ravlin's hold upon his people, and upon the general public. Measures were resorted to of which ordinary sinners would be ashamed, but they were only partially successful. In uprightness of life and in a character without a stain, the subject of our sketch stood invulnerable against all the shafts of his enemies, without a breath of scandal attaching to his name, or sully his reputation. But, amid the storm of persecutions, he grew more and more liberal. Months before he resigned his pastorate, he publicly rejected the whole bundle of orthodox theology, and delivered a series of discourses on the cardinal doctrines of the creed, which were published in book and in pamphlet form by the Swedenborgian Publication Society of Philadelphia, Pa., under the caption of "Progressive Thought on great Subjects," and which were mailed by said society to all the orthodox ministers in the United States.

Mr. Ravlin received many bitter, vituperative letters from Divines (?) of all denominations, denouncing him for his "Heresy" in the veritable spirit of the old Inquisition, each man supposing that the author had sent him the book. Out of hundreds of letters received, only two or three breathed a charitable spirit, or sought

in any way to reclaim the "Heretic" from the error of his ways. Although Mr. Ravlin held the majority of his church firm in his support, yet he at last became tired of occupying an orthodox pulpit, when he himself had wholly outgrown its narrow limits. Accordingly, he gave up his salary resigned his pastorate, and withdrew from all connection with the church and the Baptist denomination. Although out of the fold, a liberalist and a free man, yet he was a bitter opponent of what is known as Modern Spiritualism. He always insisted that none of his kindred would ever come to him through a third person. If they had anything to communicate, they would come to him *direct*, and not through some medium. But, as the sequel shows, he was mistaken, and they convinced him of his mistake. The first evidence of the truth of Spiritualism he ever received was by the most astonishing tests of spirit return and identity received through the mediumship of Dr. Louis Schlesinger, then of Oakland, Cal.

The names of all his deceased kindred were given, their places of residence and the diseases with which they died, together with a characteristic message from each. The proofs were absolutely overwhelming. They came entirely unsought; for when Mr. Ravlin entered Dr. Schlesinger's office he was not aware that the doctor was either a Spiritualist or a medium. Had he known it he could not have been hired to cross the threshold of his office, so intense was his opposition to Spiritualism. Afterwards, through others, and in his own home, spirits came, giving proof of their identity, and demonstrating the truth of immortality. There was no longer any room for doubt. All prejudice was overcome, and all opposition was ended. A smoking habit of twenty years was broken up, and a new life began. Ignorance had given place to knowledge; bigotry was dispelled by enlightenment, and blindness by understanding.

During the campmeeting in Oakland, four years ago, Mr. Ravlin boldly avowed himself a Spiritualist, and before its close, delivered three lectures in its defense. In doing this he closed the door of every pulpit in Christendom against himself, and suffered both social and religious ostracism from the denomination to which he gave the best years of his life. He really made a sacrifice for the truth to which his eyes were opened, and it required no little degree of courage to do it. Those who knew him had "cast him out," and those to whom he came did not know him. But there were no murmurings or misgivings either on his part or that of his family. "They had bread to eat the church knew not of." "Angels came and ministered unto them." Their kindred from the realm of spirit mingled in their little family circle. To them, those loved ones, long mourned as dead, were now alive more truly than ever before. They proved this in many and unmistakable ways. The instructions received were always in accord with the ethics of the Golden Rule. The counsels given them from the angels were of the highest wisdom and the deepest knowledge.

The errors of the old theology were clearly disclosed, and the spiritual import of the scriptures, and of the mission of Jesus were given. The man, Jesus, was not the Christ; but the Christ, as the eternal spirit of truth, was revealed through him. Jesus was not a Savior in the theological sense; but as he opened the eyes of the blind to see spiritual truth, the knowledge of which was lost to the world when he came, and as he taught the people how to live so as to receive the unfoldment of their spiritual natures, to them was he a Saviour in this sense. He is our Saviour only as we live the life he lived, keep the precepts he taught, and like him, spend our lives in "doing good." In that sense we may all become Saviors of our fellow men. As there is no God of wrath to be placated, there is no vicarious atoning sacrifice needed.

All such ideas are a monstrous travesty of justice, born of superstition and nursed by ignorance from which Mr. Ravlin, by the ministrations of angels, feels himself forever free. He is much encouraged in his work by his faithful, loving wife, who says, that she had rather know what they *know*, and have their experience in spiritual unfoldment than to be back in the church with

their former salary, and be in ignorance of this truth by which we understand then a ture of the "world to come," and receive the sweet ministrations of "angelic spirits."

Since the sixth of last July Mr. Ravlin has been lecturing for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in this city, and his services have been engaged till the first of next March.

Mr. Ravlin speaks purely by inspiration, and the more intelligent and spiritual people may be, the more they are attracted by his lectures. He answers written questions from the audience on Sunday mornings, with a promptitude, a directness, and in the fewest possible words that is commendable. He is intensely in earnest, and carries convictions to the minds of all that he is seeking to build up the society for which he speaks, and to defend the glorious Philosophy of Spiritualism, and the facts of its phenomena against all assailments from whatever quarter they may come. He fully understands every line of battle, every strategic movement of the enemy, every argument against our position, and is fully prepared to meet the issue in open, honorable warfare.

In addition to the work for the society, as its speaker, Mr. Ravlin has organized a musical and dramatic club, which has met with remarkable success, and has a membership of about one hundred and thirty in the short space of three months. To the members of this club he gives gratuitous instruction in elocution, and is preparing for a grand entertainment to be given soon. The young people who belong to the club, are many of them attendants at the Sunday services and are being instructed in the principles of the spiritual philosophy, as well as in the art of reading and music. This was a much needed work, as it has always been the occasion of remark that so few young people attend spiritual meetings.

As president of the club, Mr. Ravlin is honored and beloved by young and old, and wields an influence for good that cannot be estimated. The records of eternity alone can tell its extent, and "over there" where true worth is appreciated and understood, the value of such unselfish service will stand revealed, and prove one of the most gratifying of all the sweet surprises that await those who labor for humanity's sake.

#### Which Hour in a Woman's Life is the Happiest?

The *Ladies' Home Journal* contains letters from a number of prominent women in answer to the question: Which is the happiest hour in a woman's life? Frances Willard says the happiest hour in her life was that in which she was least conscious of herself and most uplifted into holy thoughts and purposes, which is a beautiful answer. The happiest hour in Jennie June's life was the hour when she paid off a \$10,000 mortgage that it had taken ten years to liquidate. Rose Terry Cooke, who preaches that a woman ought to obey her husband, believes that the happiest hour of a woman's life is the hour of her death. Rose ought to think that way. Anybody who believes such a horrid doctrine as she pretends to could not well think otherwise. The idea of "obeying" a man! Mrs. Frank Leslie declares the happiest hour of a woman's life is when she is dressing to meet her lover after long absence. But they are all wrong. The happiest hour of a woman's life is when she is asleep.

#### A Child's Touching letter.

Cincinnati Enquirer

The following addressed "To My Dear mama in heaven," was found among the mails at the post-office yesterday. It was scrawled in a child's handwriting, and can not but touch the hearts of the most unfeeling:

Home.—Dear Mama: I am so lonesome sins you went to heaven. I want to go to you, The time seems so long. You said I could come to you. Mrs. Clark is so kind to me, but she is not like you, you sho this to god and send for me sune. My arm hurts me so, and you said I would be well in heaven. I send a kiss. From your little  
Dora.

## THE PEOPLE OF INDIA.

### Their Castes and Personal Appearance.

Occupations, Superstitions, Love of Ornaments, Peculiar and Cruel Habits, Etc., by Dr. Joseph Simms, Traveler and Author.

The inevitable consequence of the successive conquests of Indian soil is that in no part of the world, except perhaps Russia, are there so many races of men under one government. The name Hindoo, therefore, has no national significance, as though it meant the natives of Hindostan or any particular part of it. But it is specific in a religious sense, and means the adherents of the Brahminical faith. Broadly speaking, there are seven Hindoos for every two Mohammedans, and these together form nineteen-twentieths of the population.

The distinguishing feature of Hindoo society is caste. There are reckoned four great divisions, namely, the Brahmas, or priestly class, the warriors, the agriculturists and merchants, the Sudras, or laborers. But these have immeasurable divisions. There are about one hundred castes of beggars alone. In what is called the laboring class no one will do work that does not belong to his caste, and this keeps many a man out of employment which he could otherwise obtain.

A friend of ours in Calcutta has in his house twenty servants, nineteen males and one female. The one who dusts the furniture will not sweep the floor; he who sweeps the floor will not cook the food; he who cooks will not wait at table, and he who serves at table, positively declines to make a bed. He who feeds the horse cannot be expected to rub him down or clean the stable. They work for very small wages and board themselves, falsifying and stealing to serve their own ends, without apparent compunction. We heard many men in India say that they worked for \$3 to \$3.50 a month and furnished their own lodging place and their food. A man of low caste is kept in every house and on board every steamer to empty slops, and he is not deemed fit to associate with a waiter or a barber. By the way, it is amusing to see barbers and hair-dressers sitting cross-legged on the ground by the wayside, shaving the faces and heads of their fellowmen.

A Hindoo will not take an apple from the hand of a man of lower caste; it must be laid down, and the higher man can take it up. If the shadow of a low caste man passes over the food of a high caste Hindoo, the latter will not touch that food. Certain yellow or red stripes painted up and down the forehead, or spots of red or yellow denote the caste to which a man belongs. Of all things, this system is the most prejudicial to the progress of the people of India. Foolish and childish in all their ways, they allow these old established customs to govern them where reason ought to be master.

#### PEOPLE.

The natives of India may be described in general as having brown skin with black hair and eyes. Their features are more regular, and their faces not so flat as of the Malays and Chinese. They are slight made and usually rather short, with great suppleness in the animal fibre, rendering their movements rapid when they choose, and always graceful. The calves of the legs are small; the chest narrow, and there is much predisposition to consumption, as in other lands of the east. They rise early, and eat about noon; then again at nightfall, but very little at either time. As a general rule they have little to eat, for their earnings are extremely small, and they are much disposed to save from that little. Their ordinary conversation usually turns on matter of dietary, and the money that is saved by limiting their food. Most of them wear for clothing, we will not say white, but uncolored cotton, that probably was white five or ten years ago, but is now shamefully begrimed with dirt. And this leads us to say they are extremely dirty in their habits. Leprosy and other skin diseases find a ready lodgment among them; the wonder is that they are ever free from cholera and other infectious maladies. We have seen men surveying each other's heads, not for phrenological purposes to ascertain

the size and position of "bumps," but strictly as an entomological pursuit, to capture live-stock of a kind that shall be nameless.

Though poorly and dirtily clad, they are very fond of ornaments. We have seen a woman wearing thirty rings, some on her arms, wrists, ankles, and neck; others in her ears and nose. Women are often seen with brass rings, three inches in diameter, hanging in the wing of one nostril.

As will appear in our future description of what we saw or heard, the natives of every part of India are not only poor, idle and dirty, but extremely dishonest both in word and deed. No European thinks of believing what any of them say; and if he but gives one of them corn to feed his horse, he must watch lest the fellow keep back some of it, and sell it for a few pence in the town.

In the large island of Ceylon, which lies directly south of India and belongs to it geographically, there are upwards of 3,000,000 of inhabitants. They are much like those of Central and Southern India, except in the interior, called the wood Vedhass, where the people exhibit an extremely low type of humanity, being very small in stature, dwarf-like, and in every way inferior even to the Cingalese of the most remote localities.

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

The natives of India are very superstitious, and believe in a host of unreasonable traditions of the past and signs of the future. At Delhi we were shown a stone slab bearing the impress of two feet, said to have been those of the great founder and teacher of their religion. At a Ghat in Benares is a slab of marble with an imprint said to have been made by the feet of Vishnu, and at certain seasons of the year people flock to this place to worship these foot-prints. At Bhairava Ghat, in Benares, there is an image in stone, the face being covered with silver. It represents Siva in terrific form; the people who visit it present offerings of sugar gods, and a Brahmin waves a fan of peacock's feathers over the devotees to protect them from evil spirits.

Great sanctity is attached to the Radjakada ape, with red face and black beard; it is regarded as an incarnation of Siva.

One variety of the ox and cow called the humped zebu is considered sacred and treated with reverence. It has a hump of flesh on the top of the shoulder, and this is considered a rare delicacy by those who have no scruple about eating it, which no good Hindoo would do. Every temple has a sacred bull, and the cow is honored with the title of "mother of the gods." The tradition is that Brahma created the Brahmins and the cow at the same time.

Another sacred creature is the Cromandel eagle, which is considered as an incarnation of Doorga. Ravens and rooks are believed to be receptacles of human souls that have left the body.

Everywhere among uneducated natives we met with gross and childish superstitions; and we had good opportunities for making observations from the fact that we travelled several thousand miles by land through the country and visited not only the largest cities but rural places in central, northern, eastern and western India. But perhaps the strangest and most peculiar of all the superstitious usages is that of the mouth lock. It is an instrument somewhat like a large safety pin, generally of silver, but sometimes of gold, brass or copper. The pin is run through both cheeks behind the corners of the mouth and between the teeth. The cheeks are drawn so closely together that the mouth is kept constantly open.

When a Hindoo desires some special benefit from the gods, it is usual to make a vow as to something he will do to secure the favor or as an acknowledgment of having received it, and he puts on the mouth lock in token of his vow, which implies entire abstinence from food and complete silence. When the end has been answered the devotee goes to the shrine to take it off and place it in the receptacle appropriated for receiving the offerings of pilgrims. Fifty such locks may be given up at one temple in a year. Pirupati is a place where thousands are surrendered. They are afterwards sold by auction as old silver, and the money realized goes to the benefit of the temple. They are worth about 10 cents apiece. Some minor vows are paid for when the desired benefit is received; the

devotee bringing coconuts, plantain, or lights to be offered to the goddess by the priests.

Hindoo life inclines to draw together in villages and small towns rather than large cities. In 1871 it was found that not one-twentieth of all this dense population were inhabitants of towns containing 20,000; whereas in England and Wales 42 per cent live in towns of at least this size. In the whole peninsula there are only forty-four towns containing more than 50,000.

#### OCCUPATION.

It is calculated that of this teeming native population 51,100,000 are agriculturists, and 48,855,000 have no stated occupation. There are 7,300,000 laborers, 3,000,000 cotton workers, and 2,250,000 domestic servants. These are males only. Among the females there are 21,000,000 widows, and 86,140,525 without stated occupation. Women enter largely into farm labor, and 18,863,848 are agriculturists; 5,000,000 more are laborers; but we know not in what particular sphere. If there were more cultivation of the soil there would be less poverty and pauperism. But on an average each individual seemed to produce what amounts to very little value. The following table gives a comparative view of the earnings of each individual in several countries: India, \$10; Australia, \$215; United States, \$135; Continental Europe, \$90; France, \$125; Great Britain, \$175; Ireland, \$80; Scotland, \$160; England \$205.

It thus appears that in Australia the earnings of each inhabitant amounts to more than in any other country in our table; and we know there are fewer beggars there than in any of those named above, whereas India, earning the smallest sum per head, is overrun with them, as is Ireland to a great extent, and many parts of continental Europe. General national poverty is more or less allied to the lack of production in some industrial department, whereas well-earned wealth is nature's reward for well-earned industry.

#### Pecuniary Servitude.

Many who are rated as honorable, upright citizens, dealing justly with their fellow men, will, when a question of money comes up, treat their wives, the mothers of their children, with less honesty than they do the tax assessor, and with much less consideration than they do their office boys. The children, when not granted a certain weekly allowance, are "tipped" occasionally, but nothing goes to the wife without some haggling, duplicity or humiliation on her part. Let it be understood that reference is made solely to the pitiable state of things which so widely prevails in the disbursing of moneys in the household, and the wife's private purse. Here is an instance: For twenty years Mrs. Brown had been a faithful wife and mother, a prudent, industrious house-keeper, and a woman much beloved and respected by all her friends. Mr. Brown was rated as a prosperous business man, and as generous as most men. But all this time Mrs. Brown had no money that she could absolutely call her own. The credit system prevailed, and if by any unusual means a piece of money passed into her unaccustomed palm, it had to be scrupulously accounted for to the chancellor of the domestic exchequer. She was a long-suffering woman, but her soul had chafed and worn against the yoke till it was sick and sore. Still, she had too much self-respect, even under these degrading conditions, to wheedle, lie, or descend to small deceptions to gain her ends, and she abhorred a "scene" as much as any man living. So the little gifts she felt like sending to a friend, the few flowers to an invalid, the bit of damask to cover a chair seat, or the small surprise for the children, had to be passed by with sometimes a rising lump in her throat, which, even at times developed into "a good cry" in private. Still, she made no remonstrance. She was proud in a certain way, and she believed the existing state of things irrevocable.—*Alice E. Ives in The Forum.*

## Henry Kiddle and the Mahatma, or H. K. Versus K. H.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

## PART V.

One leading theosophist, Col. H. S. Olcott, published a letter in *Light* of October 11, 1884, relative to the Kiddle incident and the mahatma's explanation. It is dated Elberfeld, Germany, Sept. 27, 1884. Its contents indicate that the writer had seen Mr. Kiddle's letter in *Light* of Sept. 20, 1884. In this letter, Col. Olcott says: "I have no explanation to offer of the alleged plagiarism, save that which the properties of the *Akasa* (Astral Light,) and the relations thereto of the human mind, afford. It is *conceivable* to me . . . that all Mr. Kiddle's phrases could have been absorbed into the current of an Adept's thought, and transmitted telepathically, as alleged . . . It is to me a deplorable business altogether, and no one will be more glad than I to have the honest truth brought to light . . . I do not admit that a general proposition gains any additional cogency when enunciated by a mahatma, a seer, or a medium . . . When in the physical body, he [a mahatma] is as subject to intellectual error as any other mortal of equal intelligence . . . Without questioning the correctness of his explanation of the particular fragment to which his attention was called by Mr. Kiddle's remarks, it is an entirely possible conjecture that, after once calling forth from the Astral Light, the whole of that gentleman's lecture, the mahatma-man went on dictating and using inadvertently here a sentence, and there a word, or a whole paragraph to express his thought. In such cases, the several facts would naturally be accreted into the argument intended, with connecting words and ideas emanating from his own mind. And—time and space not being cognized—he would not detect whether he was using fragments of a speech of Zoroaster or one of Bright; *ideas* never rust or rot . . . If the physical body was momentarily exhausted, or pre-occupied by any cause, and the physical memory partly paralysed, it would be quite possible that the other man's ideas should be emitted from the psychic store-house without the thinker perceiving that he was quoting something not original with himself. I do not affirm this to have been the case in the present instance; I only believe it . . . I insist again that the teaching of a mahatma is no more and no less true because he is one. It is either true or false, and must be determined upon its intrinsic merit."

We here have a new theory broached. Colonel Olcott says that he believes that Koot Hoomi was an unconscious plagiarist from Mr. Kiddle. If he believes this, then, perforce, he must believe that the detailed explanation of Koot Hoomi, regarding the plagiarism, is devoid of truth,—that everything which he says regarding the use of Mr. Kiddle's language in his letter is false, and that the purported precipitation proof is a forgery. The mahatma says that he deliberately and knowingly used Mr. Kiddle's language, after several days' study of the said language, and in proof of it refers to the blurred and illegible proof. Col. Olcott says he believes that the mahatma used Mr. Kiddle's language and ideas without being aware of it. The mahatma says that he was fully conscious that he was quoting from another, a Spiritualist lecturer, and that in his letter as dictated, he placed the extracts from said lecturer in quotation marks, as per the revised form of the letter. Col. Olcott says that he believes that Koot Hoomi was not conscious "that he was quoting something not original with himself." Ergo, according to Col. Olcott's belief, the mahatma is a willful, ingenious and wholesale falsifier and forger; and therefore he is utterly unworthy of credence or respect. Note that Col. Olcott twice emphasizes the important statement, that truth does not necessarily inhere in the teaching of a mahatma, and that what he says must be judged as true or false precisely as in the case of other persons. This is tantamount to warning us to be on the lookout for false statements emanating from the mahatmas.

I have already referred to a number of instances of what may be called "know-nothingism" on the part of Koot Hoomi, based upon his explanation of the plagiarism in this case. If Col. Olcott's belief, respecting Koot Hoomi in this matter, be regarded as correct, still another example of the colossal ignorance of the mahatma is manifest. According to Col. Olcott, an "omniscient" mahatma is liable at any time to use, as his own original language and ideas, the words and sentiments of another, in utter unconsciousness that he is self-appropriating that which belongs to another. It is an impossibility for an ordinary mortal to indulge in plagiarism of the character of the Kiddle incident without knowledge of the fact; and so we perceive the advantage of being a mahatma,—the great superiority which an adept enjoys over common humanity. The latter, if detected in literary theft, is debarred from the plea of having done the deed unconsciously; but in case a mahatma is caught in literary malfeasance, he can clear himself from the charge of conscious plagiarism by pleading ignorance of the fact that he had made use of another's property, and by laying all the blame upon "the Astral Light"! Mahatmas are said to possess means of acquiring knowledge, much transcending those of ordinary men and women; yet, if Col. Olcott's theory is true, it is impossible for them to tell whether their own thoughts are original with them, or are the ideas of others that have become impressed upon their sensoriums; that is, when an adept dictates an essay or writes a letter, he is unable to determine whether the words dictated or written are the emanations of his own mentality, or extracts from an address by Zoroaster, John Bright, or Henry Kiddle. It is evident, then, that the limitations of knowledge, in the case of the mahatmas, are much greater than they are with non-adept humanity, and that, while professing to possess unlimited knowledge, their knowledge, in some directions at least, is exceeded by that of every-day men and women.

## SUMMARY.

In the beginning of this series of papers, it was remarked that the "facts involved in this one matter, in my judgment, demonstrate in a distinct and positive manner, the real character of the alleged teachings of the mahatmas or adepts of Tibet, the sources of these teachings, the existence or non-existence of the mahatmas, and the true nature of the foundations upon which the whole structure of theosophy rests." I shall now sum up the results of the facts adduced, relative to the mahatma's plagiarism from Mr. Kiddle, and see if they do not fully bear out my remark as above.

1. What is the true character of the alleged teachings of the mahatmas, as evidenced from the facts I have presented in this matter? It has been proven beyond all reasonable doubt, that the whole of the letter claiming to be written by Koot Hoomi to Mr. A. P. Sinnett, so far as published in pages 148 to 150 of his "Occult World," 2d. American edition was plagiarized bodily from an address on Spiritualism, by Mr. Henry Kiddle of New York City, delivered at Lake Pleasant camp-meeting August 15, 1880, and published *in extenso* in the *Banner of Light* September 18, 1880,—modifications being made here and there, in Mr. Kiddle's address by the alleged mahatma, so as to make the remarks applicable to theosophic occultism instead of to Spiritualism. It is also proven that the explanations given, both by leading theosophists and by the adept himself, as claimed, are destitute of truth; and that, in the attempt to clear the mahatma of the plagiarism, a forged document was prepared, called a precipitation proof of the mahatmic letter as it was originally dictated, which forgery was endorsed as genuine, and the mode of its production elaborately explained, in a letter published to the world in Koot Hoomi's name.

Granting the existence of Koot Hoomi, and that the writings put forth in his name are, in reality, his productions, what follows? Necessarily, that so far as morals are concerned, instead of being so immeasurably superior to mankind in general, he is much inferior to the better classes of humanity,—that he scruples not to descend to the commission of such mean and ignoble practices as thousands, yea, millions, of earth's inhabitants would scorn. A person

who, while pretending to despise Spiritualism, and while belittling and ridiculing its lecturers, would steal from a Spiritualist lecturer's printed address some sixty lines of said lecturer's language, and by slight manipulation, adapt it to another subject, and then palm it off as an original production; who, when discovered in this literary theft, would manufacture or cause to be made a forged document to sustain a totally false defense of said theft; and who would deliberately invent a tissue of falsehoods like that composing the so-called explanation of Koot Hoomi,—a person who could be guilty of all this is morally despicable, and worthy only of the scorn and contempt of every lover of truth, honor, and honesty. One who could falsify in this wholesale manner is unworthy of credit on any subject; his or her assertions or teachings are, in themselves, absolutely worthless in all matters. No reliance can be placed in a single word emanating from such a corrupt and constitutionally untruthful source. The mind that produced the Koot Hoomi writings in this matter has falsehood, deception, craft, and low, cunning trickery ingrained in its innate constitution; it is saturated with, steeped in, mendacity, forgery, and fraud.

It is claimed that the knowledge of the mahatmas is of God-like proportions, that they are possessed of the wisdom of the gods; and that being thus possessed, their teachings should be received in great measure at least, as in consonance with that of divine truth. It has been demonstrated in this examination of the Kiddle plagiarism (See Parts three and four in the DOVE for October and subsequent months) that so far as the knowledge of the alleged Koot Hoomi goes in terrestrial affairs, it by no means exceeds that of an ordinary mortal; that he has displayed no superior insight, forethought, or judgment; that he has acted throughout in a reckless and foolish manner, far removed from that which would be dictated by good sense and clear penetration, saying nothing of his asserted transcendent mahatmic wisdom. Did it display any command of wisdom, or even of ordinary knowledge, to filch another's language and ideas which had just been printed, and send them as original to a journalist, who might at any time publish them, as he did a short time after, or to prepare for publication such a foolish, self-evidently false explanation of the plagiarism as that published in Koot Hoomi's name? The character of this long, involved, farfetched explanation, is such as to effectually damn Koot Hoomi, so far as the possession of any superior intellectual endowments is concerned. If Koot Hoomi really possessed the great wisdom with which he is accredited by theosophists, he certainly would have been able to fabricate a more plausible explanation, and one more calculated to favorably impress his readers. There has been, I think, no other time in the history of theosophy, since the mahatmas have been introduced to the world on paper, when a greater manifestation of mahatmic wisdom was imperatively called for than was demanded from Koot Hoomi in the explanation of the alleged plagiarism. At this time, above all others, should he have given to the world substantial evidence of his alleged surpassing wisdom, in vindication of himself from the grave charge made against his honesty and truth. His action at this crisis, in this serious emergency, is really the touchstone in gauge of his acquirements; and alas! how weak, how foolish, how miserably unmahatmic was that action! The most credulous theosophist, it seems to me, is forced to acknowledge that in this matter Koot Hoomi "has been weighed in the balance and found wanting." Morally considered, his writings have been found despicable and valueless; and intellectually considered, they are seen to be of no greater value. The alleged surpassing knowledge of the mahatma is proved to be as mythical as is his honor, truth, or integrity. No attention, then, should any sensible person pay to the teachings attributed to him in the works of Mr. Sinnett, Mme. Blavatsky, and others. The doctrines which are published to the world, in his name, about re-incarnation, karma, elementary and elemental spirits, the seven principles of man, devachan, the seven rounds, the various races of man (ethereal,

sexless, boneless, hermaphrodite, moon-born, egg-born, sweat-born, etc.), the derivation of the earth from the moon, and all the other nonsensical rubbish, cosmogonic, anthropological, astronomical, philological, mystical, etc., etc.,—all these are seen to be devoid of authority, of no value whatever, emanating as they do from an eminently untruthful, deceptive, and tricky source; a source making claim to the possession of the wisdom of the universe, while, in truth, all its so-called wisdom of the gods is made up of selections from the mystical, mythological, religious, and scientific literature of the world, dovetailed together with a few fanciful additions and embellishments, the outcome of the vivid imagination of its promulgator; that is, at least ninety-nine hundredths of all that is taught as the "Wisdom-Religion" of the mahatmas is plagiarized from Asiatic, European, and American books, while the remaining hundredth, required to unite into seeming harmony the incongruous elements borrowed from such variant sources, may be, and probably is, due to the *outré* excogitations of the founder and elaborator of the system. So much for the true character of the mahatmas' teachings as evidenced by the Kiddle plagiarism. (*Concluded next month.*)

#### Tribute to Woman.

DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

Without woman's chaste influence, exasperating malcontent, infelicitous hate and howling barbarism, would sit enthroned among all nations. Most of the higher sentiments and many inimitable inventions have emanated from females. She ameliorates the conditions of childhood, softens nonage, ripens manhood, divests advanced age of its gloomy burdens, and places the star of hope in the sky above each grave. As troubles darken like night-fall along man's pathway, her beneficent soul imparts consolation and aid without a murmur. At the bed of sickness, a charming angel, ever knowing the hour's need from intuition's monitor, holding supreme sway wheresoever distress claims its victim. Mother, wife, love and home are the dearest words in the English language; absent the first two, the human race must perish; minus the last couple, men could only sigh with detestation in foul camps. The feminine voice, soft and sweet, lends cheer to the dying, bids a last earthly farewell; her plastic fingers close the clammy lips and dry lids; cooling in death. In the elysian state women are crowning messengers of amaranthine glory and imperishable love.

#### Extracts from the Twentieth Century.

Following is, I venture to say, one of the most startling utterances ever penned by an editor:—

"What, in heaven's name, does Mr. Powderly think he means when he says that the discharged employes of the Central Company were "working in educational and legislative directions" at the time of their dismissal? They were not hired for that, but to keep the trains running safely and regularly, the tracks in order, and yards in proper condition. The more they were thinking about "educational and legislative" problems, the less fit were they for their duties; and the more he prates about such an aim of the Knights of Labor, the more he does to make that organization an engine for reducing its followers to idleness, and themselves and their families to penury and suffering."

It is an extract from an editorial in the New York *Evening Post*. Read it over again. Ponder it. Does it not mean that workingmen should have no thoughts about the work they are hired to perform? Does it not mean that the ideal wage-earner, according to the *Post* editor, is a slave? a person who will work, eat and sleep, and never think? Workingmen, to this condition of slavery the monopolists are endeavoring to reduce you. Will you submit to it? Will you give up all that can make life worth living for the mere opportunity to labor, and be robbed of the fruits of your toil? Or will you arouse yourselves and shake off the grip of your masters?

## The Fourth Book of the Chronicles.

## CHAPTER IV.

Now there lived in this land, near the border, which is over against the rising of the sun, one Daniel whose surname was Anthony, a worker in fine cotton.

2. This man was one of the sect of the Quakers, but nevertheless, in the time of his youth he hearkened unto rebellious thoughts, and his eyes sought not the maidens of his own church, as the fathers had commanded, but they rested upon one alien to the faith, until his heart longed to possess her for himself.

3. And Daniel spake concerning this matter unto the maiden, and she straightway answered him, saying:

4. Verily doth my heart incline unto thee so that my tongue shall refuse not thy request. Then he took her to wife with great rejoicing.

5. But the chief priests and elders of his church were greatly displeased, and counseled together concerning the punishment which should be meted out to him who kept not the saying of the fathers, that they should not take unto themselves wives from among the unbelieving.

6. And they reprov'd him with all due severity; yet, for this cause would he not put her away, and when again he did transgress their laws, in that he bought for himself a coat such as seemed unto him good, but was not in fashion like unto the coats worn by the brethren, they did call him before the Council and reprov'd him a second time.

7. But when he spake unto the youths and maidens whose hearts yearned to make merry with music and with dancing, saying unto them.

8. Come under my roof to make merry, and there let your hearts be glad, for I would not that ye be found at the wayside inns, among the publicans and sinners, lest peradventure ye shall learn uncleanness.

9. Then the chief priests and elders rose up saying, He tampereth with ungodliness and bargaineth with Satan. Now, therefore, lest the whole church become corrupt, must we send him away out of the synagogue. And it was done.

10. And in the fullness of time a child was born unto Daniel and his wife, a fair and comely maiden, and they called her name Susan.

11. And the child grew in wisdom and in understanding, questioning that which is and that which hath been as her father had questioned, and as aforetime the Christ did propound hard sayings unto the elders in the temple.

12. As she grew also in years, she did sell of her knowledge to the young children that they might be wise in their day and generation.

13. But her wrath waxed hot within her, and her soul cried aloud unto her voice that it spare not because of the law which did give unto her so small a sum, while unto the men of the nation it gave three-fold, even though they did speak the same things unto the children.

14. And she said, Verily will I go before the congregation and restrain not my voice from crying because of this injustice toward the daughters of my people.

15. There were gathered together at one time many teachers, both male and female, and they did question among themselves with one accord, saying,

16. Why doth not all mankind honor us as it honoreth the lawyers, the doctors and the priests that do serve in the temples? And they could not tell, even though they labored long and earnestly to know.

17. Then this same Susan arose and said, My Lord, as if she would say somewhat; and one Davies, to whom hard problems were as play and many figures as obedient children, did say unto Susan, What wouldst thou? thinking she might ask some small thing.

18. But when she had signified that she would speak unto them concerning the matter which was before the Council, behold consternation fell on them that were here, both male and female.

19. And Davies said unto them, Brethren, choose ye that she shall speak unto us? And they said, Yea, for it is as naught, it cannot harm us.

20. But the women were astonished and marvelled greatly within themselves that she should make so bold as to speak in the presence of the brethren, for so great assurance had not been for lo, these many years.

21. When all was again quiet, Susan spake with a firm voice, saying, Men and Brethren, yea, and sisters also:

22. Hearken unto me and give ear unto my words. Know ye not that aforetime, when none of our women did sit among you as teachers of babes and of young men and maidens, then did the people contend among themselves that they might show honor unto you, even as now they bow before the lawyer, the doctor and the high priest?

23. What shall we say then? Shall men command their women that they teach no more forever? God forbid!

24. Even as the sun rolleth not back on its course, to change the place of its rising into the West, so the light of knowledge and understanding turneth not backward, nor can its brightness be quenched nor its warmth become as coldness.

25. Hearken now unto my words and remember that which I do prophecy.

26. These same women be your mothers and your daughters, your sisters and your wives; but ye have said that because they are women, and their understanding is therefore weak, may they be companions for little children.

27. See ye not that by so doing ye have made it manifest that all men who would do this same work are also weak? Now, therefore since ye have granted our petition that we go with you a little way, bid us to go further, even unto the promised land, and teach us that we may be also lawyers, doctors and priests; then shall unequal things become balanced, even as before, woman shall be made wiser and man shall be justified of himself.

28. The voice of the Spirit hath spoken it unto me that this shall be.

29. And they were all astonished, and knew not what answer to make unto her, so they opened not the mouth, but turned each unto his own place to meditate.

30. But the women were greatly ashamed that Susan had thus spoken, and prayed that the earth might open under their feet and devour them, as of old it had devoured Keturah and his troop, when they did speak a lie before the Lord; howbeit they thought it had been Susan who had lied and not themselves.

31. And Susan marvelled within herself, saying, Ungrateful generation of women! Who shall deliver you from the wrath to come! Verily ye do hug your chains and despitefully use them that would liberate you!

LUPA.

Instinct.—An immediate impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creature.—*Addison*.

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.—*Milton*.

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones but in the echoes of our hearts. *Holmes*.

To day is not yesterday; we ourselves change; how can our works and thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful, yet ever needful; and, if memory have its force and worth, so also has hope. *Carlyle*.

To acknowledge our faults when we are blamed is modesty; to discover them to one's friends, in ingeniousness, is confidence; but to preach them to all the world, if one does not take care, is pride. *Confucius*.

### The Morality and Religion of Ancient Paganism.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

It shows a gross ignorance or willful mistatement to assert that the ancients, prior to the advent of Christianity, were wanting in morality. The lives of many of their great men are comparable with any of those of modern times. The philosophers of Greece and Rome taught that sin was a disease, and virtue, health of the spirit; that perfection should be the aim, and all should endeavor to live divine lives. Never have the duties of man been more clearly set forth. Theocracy, separated from religion and morality, and the observance of the routine of sacrifices and ceremonies, came to stand for a well-ordered life, just as under the Christianity of the present.

Rome, conscious of her strength and destiny, as has been truthfully said, worshipped herself. The large number of her festive days were commemorative of great events in her annals, rather than devoted to special deities. The eagles of her conquering legions were sacred, and the altar was placed in the center of the camp as the ark of God was in that of the Israelites. Rome deified and erected temples to her own virtues. Concord, faith, constancy, modesty, hope and peace had their respective votive shrines. The deification of their virtues indicates the noble aspirations of the devotees, and the constant presence of their gods must have produced a salutary effect.

The gods, though dwelling in the pure ether on high Olympus, visited earth, and came to their altars and temples erected in sacred groves. Every trade had its presiding deity as its patron saint. There was a god to protect the traveler, the sage, and the warrior. The influence of this firm belief cannot be appreciated in this literal age of facts. That it was implicitly believed there can be no doubt. The pipings of the god Pan were heard by the Arcadians, as late as the reign of the Antonines.

The religion of the ancients was not deficient in the elements of fear. It was not an easy system, presenting no punishment for sin, but gave positive assurance that no wrongful thought or action could escape its consequences. The messengers of the gods, the Furies, by the terror they awakened, placed on the actions of mortals the restraint of fear. Homer wraps them in dreadful obscurity, places their dwelling in the awful depths of the invisible world, and makes them horrible to the gods whose mandates they execute. Shrouded in darkness, they go forth on their errands, and by no means can they be propitiated. Stern, inevitable retribution for crime was theirs. Sooner or later, with soft but swift step, they overtake the guilty, and no prayer or sacrifice can loosen their remorseless hand. Absolute and eternal justice is theirs.

Not belief, but actions, reveal the moral status of a people. Man's ideas of God have very little influence on his practical morality. A Catholic, a Deist, or an Atheist may entertain equally elevated moral views. The idea of God is rather an effect than a cause. The great sects—Brahmins, Buddhists, Moslems, and Christians—entertain ideas of God and morality peculiar to each, but the worshippers at one shrine are as upright and honest as at the other. The higher and purer the conceptions of the individual, the more exalted and refined his ideal personification. Even the negation of Atheism shows manly boldness and an upright mind, which rather than be untruthful to its own convictions, sets aside the honors and embellishments of the received opinions. Atheists have been in all ages notable for their uprightness of character. The ancient religion led to a cheerful acceptance of the good and ill of life, and enjoyment of present blessings, and rarely made unreasonable demands.

The sacred mysteries absorbed religious fervor, and through symbolic ceremonies became a strong tie, binding their votaries together, and teaching all the noble virtues and manly living. They were the embodied conceptions of sages and poets, of the future life, the character of the gods, and the soul's transition to them. The secrets of the greater mysteries were so carefully preserved

that little is known of its grand philosophy of life and symbolism, except as seen feebly reflected in Christianity.

The popular belief in immortality among the Greeks differs little from that of the early Christians. Names changed, but the idea remained the same. The spirit at once at death entered Hades, but enjoyed no rest until its funeral rites were properly performed. In the under-world it pursued the occupation it delighted in on earth. But it had no material strength except such as it drew from the sacrifices made by friends.

While the shades of heroes and sages were transported to an island in the ocean, exempt from all the vicissitudes of the seasons, and perpetually fanned by cool and fragrant western breezes, the enemies of the gods were removed to the abyss of Tartarus as far beneath Hades as that was beneath the earth. The iron door shut them from the mercy of the offended gods; its brazen floor was pressed by the footsteps of never-ending toil; and its vaulted arches echoed the groans of never-satisfied longings. This poetical conception was refashioned by Christianity into Purgatory.

Sacrifice was made to propitiate the anger or court the favor of the invisible powers, and after a time the gods became imaged as earthly rulers, and received costly presents and rich banquets in the same manner. In proportion to the occasion was the costliness of the sacrifice. This belief carried to extremes would require human life as the greatest. The immolation of the twelve Trojans by the Greeks on the funeral pyre of Patrocles; of two Greek and two Gallic captives by the Romans when Hannibal threatened their City; Jephtha's daughter; the offering of Isaac, and the sacrifice every fifth year, or seventh, by many ancient peoples of a victim chosen by lot, indicate the universality of human sacrifice, which often was accompanied by cannibalism as a religious rite.

The comparison of the gods assembled in the Pantheon prepared the way for the rejection of all but one, or their fusion into one all supreme. The deflection into Dualism has furnished one of the most annoying and perplexing problems of the religious world. A wonderfully constructed mythology was necessary to account for the existence of evil. A good god could not have created evil, hence there must be an evil god, who was once good, but fallen from his high estate. But an infinite being cannot change. The evil god must be less in power than the good god, and if the latter is all powerful and good he would not allow the evil one to exist. The Persians solved this problem by referring both as emanations from one source, which became identical with the One, and Dualism had run its course. This belief, through the Eastern disciples, entered Christian theology, and has ever made it a system of Dualism, instead of Monotheism. The Persian god of evil, Siva, became Satan, and has acted a most conspicuous part in the religion of the Christian world.

Pantheism regarded Creation as God. It was a favorite theory of the ancient philosophers, who advocated both its material and spiritual form. Creation is the result of laws inherent in matter. Nothing is fortuitous; all change is by the fixed fiat of law. God is the sun of Nature. Spiritual Pantheism is based on a metaphysical dream. God is the sun of the Spirit, from whom everything is evolved; ever the same, yet constantly unfolding into new forms. He only possesses substantiality. This mystical doctrine is capable of many changes, and bewilders and deludes by presenting what appears to be tangible ideas, when they are only dreams.

In the cycle of events it is interesting to observe the recurrence of old ideas in new forms. Pantheism reappears in science in the ideal unity which Humboldt expressed in his Cosmos, or more recently in a metaphysical aspect in Monism. And again the old god Pan appears in the All-God of Christian Science. Whether we regard the universe as a unity, because controlled by undeviating laws; as all matter controlled by its attributes, or All God, the idea is the same, the terms by which it is expressed only differ.



## The Star of Bethlehem.—A Christmas Sermon.

BY MOSES HULL.

[EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: This is so long and so out of the usual line that I fear you will almost regret asking me to send in a few words for your holiday number. I send you my thoughts in the form of a sermon, much abridged.]

TEXT: Matt. 2:2.—“Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.”

This is a fashionable Christmas text, but it will not be a fashionable sermon. The common view is that this was the first Christmas ever known, that, in fact, Christmas was instituted because of the birth of the child concerning whom the question was asked: “Where is he that is born King of the Jews.”

This I will show in the proper place is not true. While Jesus may have been and probably was born, I think Matthew has drawn on his imagination for the most, if not all, of his facts. No astronomer can believe the story of the queer antics of the star; how a star many hundred times larger than the earth can point out a particular country, village, and stable where a child is to be born, is hard to tell. Yet Matthew says: “And lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.” Matt. 2:9.

This was novel conduct on the part of a star. I cannot see why it did not throw the whole solar system out of gear. But the Apostolic Father Ignatius goes one better, and says:

“How then was our Saviour manifested to the world? A star shone in heaven beyond all the other stars, and its light was inexpressible, and its novelty struck terror into men’s minds. All the rest of the stars, together with the sun and moon, were the chorus to this star; but this sent out its light exceedingly above them all,” (See his Ep. to the Eph. Chap. 4.)

Rev. Robert Taylor said: “In the gospel of the circumcision referred to by St. Paul, (Gal. 2:7), we are informed, not only that the star came and stood over the stable where the young child was, but that it actually *went into the stable*. It says: “Behold it (the stable) was all filled with lights greater than the lights of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the sun itself.” *Devil’s Pulpit*. p. 37.

Now, if a star could cut such antics as that, it is strange that neither Pliny, Seneca nor Tacitus, of the Romans; Philo, Judeus nor Josephus of the Jews, ever heard of it; especially as the two former of the above authors spent nearly their whole time in investigating strange phenomena in nature. The story of the star is, to say the least, very apocryphal.

Is it possible that the magii from farther India, the wise men from the East, heard of the news and made a several thousand miles trip, and got to where the baby-god was before daylight on the night of which Jesus was born at midnight? Even if they had, and wanted to “worship him,” or invoke the favor of his god-ship, think you, dear reader, they would have presented him with the gifts here described? Who believes that such gifts as gold, frankincense and myrrh would have been used to obtain the favors of a god only a few hours old? Would not a bottle of “Mother Winslow’s Soothing Syrup,” a stick of candy or a rattlebox have been better? The fact is, Matthew has overdone the story.

How do we know that this Jesus, if he existed at all, was a Christ or a God? That he was not born the same as other folks are? Mary never claimed that such was the case, nor did Jesus himself ever make such a claim. Outside of Joseph’s strange dreams, there was not in the world a scrap of evidence that such was the case. Joseph was like that other Joseph a dreamer; he had fine dreams. In a dream the angel told him to fear not to take Mary for a wife, for notwithstanding her condition she was truly a virgin.

I cannot say that I wonder much at Joseph, (being an old widower and anxious to get a young wife) putting confidence in this dream;

but the fact that the whole Christian world should base a religious system on it, when not one in a million of them would believe their own daughter or lover if they told such stories, though backed by dozens of dreams, is what astonishes me.

True, dreams saved the life of the child from Herod, who killed all the children in Bethlehem, two years old and under. I wonder if it has ever occurred to the reader that it was rather wonderful that all the mothers of a city should give their little boys up to a governor to be slain, or that all of them could have been killed by a ruler, and no record be made of it. Why is there not a scrap of history on earth confirming the story of the dreadful slaughter of infants?

A fourth dream permitted Joseph to take the child out of Egypt, and a fifth sent him to Nazareth that it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the prophet: “Behold he shall be called a Nazarene.”

I can readily see that Joseph might be so ignorant as to believe there was such a text as that, or even that Matthew might not know the difference between a Nazarene and a Nazarite, and thus might quote a text, as he does, that never was in the Bible, but when nineteenth century Christians call that a fulfillment of prophecy, and hang the evidence of the messiahship of their saviour on a dream, a misquotation of scripture, I can but exclaim with the great Dr. Watts, “Great God, on what a slender thread hang all eternal things.”

I will not here go into the arguments to prove the whole story of Jesus to be, at least, unhistorical. No contemporary history mentions Jesus. A scrap is sometimes quoted from Josephus, who wrote only a few years this side of Jesus, but I believe it is now universally conceded by the learned that it is an interpolation.

The wonderful star is mentioned in no history. I have just said all history is silent on the killing of the children.

Even Christians do not agree that Jesus was born on Christmas. On this point, if this were the proper place, I might introduce much testimony. I will content myself with a single extract:

“As to the real time of the birth of Jesus, there is no agreement among those who claim to be authorities on the subject, and the most bitter contests have existed among Christian writers. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol inclined to the opinion that his birth occurred in the month of February. Weisler, the German Astrologer, and Tischendorff, were of the same opinion, while Gresswell, another German writer, decided that it occurred on the 5th or 6th of April. Dr. Robinson was of the opinion that it took place in the Autumn. Lardner says Jesus was born between the middle of August and the middle of November. The only correct conclusion that can be arrived at is that *Jesus was not born on the 25th day of December*, and it is not the only curious circumstance in connection with him that a day is celebrated as his birthday on which he was not born, but the day was adopted by the early Christian Church because *for many centuries it had been a heathen festival*.”—D. M. Bennett.

Now, while I deny the literal killing of the babes of Bethlehem, I do not deny that the text that speaks of it may be true in an astrological sense. Rev. Robert Taylor, in commenting on Matthew 2:16, says:

“In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children.” Why in Rama? What is Rama? Why, Rama is a Hindostane, Coptic, Syriac, Phoenician word, and *literal name for the Zodiac: the high; the elevated; the exalted*. And this whole tale of the birth of Christ is found in the Bagnat Pourana, of India; in the mythics of Persia, and in the fabulous writings of Zoroaster, the supposed contemporary of Moses. Turn to the old astronomy ascribed to Moses, and you will find that Rachel had but two sons, which were Joseph and Benjamin, and there they are to this day in Rama, the two boys of the Zodiac; as Joseph and Benjamin are together accounted as making up but one of the twelve signs; and the King Herod is no other

than such a sort of personage as our English *John Bull*—he never grows old—he never goes dead,—but he is the bloody King Herod, the naughty man that comes and takes away the naughty children; as we find the grave historian Eusebius assuring us that the martyrdom of Polycarp, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, at Smyrna, two hundred years after the pretended date of this affair, took place by order of this self-same King Herod, notwithstanding the worms eating him up, as they do every year when he enters the sign of the scorpion of October." *Devil's Pulpit* p. 23, 24.

The pretended phenomena related by Matthew, supposed to have occurred in connection with Jesus' death, are no more likely to be true than those connected with his supposed birth. They are as follows:

1. The sun was darkened.
2. The veil of the temple was rent in twain.
3. The earthquake.
4. Dead bodies were raised.

The reading of all these things is all that is needed to demonstrate that they are not literally true. Who believes that the sun could be darkened, and no body except a few unsectarian writers ever hear of it? Is it possible that the veil separating two distinct compartments of the temple where the Jews were worshipping every day, and where they continued to worship every day for forty years after that event, could be torn in two, and no Jew ever have heard of it?

Those bodies that came up out of the graves "went into the holy city and appeared to many." Who were the "many" to whom they appeared? Who was one of them? Where is the "holy city, and what is its name." What became of their bodies? Did they go back to their graves? Or did they remain in the "holy city," and go into business? How does it happen that no historian ever mentioned the earthquake, or the darkening of the sun?

Edward Gibbon sarcastically puts this matter as follows:

"How shall we excuse the sceptic inattention of the pagan and philosophic world to those evidences which were presented by the hand of omnipotence, not to their reason, but to their senses? This miraculous event, which ought to have excited the wonder, the curiosity and the devotion of mankind, passed without notice, in an age of science and history! It happened during the lifetime of Seneca and the elder, Pliny who must have experienced the immediate effect, or received the earliest intelligence of the prodigy. Each of these philosophers, in a laborious work, has recorded all the great phenomena of nature—earthquakes, meteors, comets and eclipses—which his indefatigable curiosity could collect; both the one and the other have omitted to mention the greatest phenomenon to which the mortal eye has been witness since the creation of the globe.—*Dec. and Toll*, Vol. II, Chap. 15.

Now if I had the cheek to ask the space, I would prove:

1. That the four gospels are not and do not claim to be original documents.
2. That the stories of the New Testament are not original stories—do not claim to be such.
3. That the church and gospel were old institutions at the reputed birth of Jesus.
4. That the crucifixion of Jesus was an old play played in all the theatres hundreds of years before Christians ever thought of adopting that as a part of their system.

Now while I do not deny the existence of such a person as Jesus, (for really, after investigating the matter for over third of a century, I must say the whole question is shrouded in doubt,) I do claim that Christians have taken an old pagan festival instituted because of the position of the sun in the heavens, and attached it to their scheme.

Lydia Maria Child, in her "Progress of Religious Ideas," Vol. I, p. 172, said: "The twenty-fifth day of December was a festival in honor of the birthday of Horus. The commemoration of that day, both in ancient Hindostan and in ancient Egypt, was probably

owing to the fact that the sun at that period begins to return from the winter solstice."

In order to let the reader clearly see the point, I have sketched a rough diagram of the zodiac.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE CHART.

1. The path of the sun on the ecliptic was supposed to be between parallel lines sixteen degrees apart.
2. This space they called the zodiac. This was divided into 360 degrees.
3. These were divided into four right angles of 90 degrees each.
4. These signs were called constellations. Their names and signification were as follows:
  1. January—Aquarius or Baptize.
  2. February—Pices, Fishes, Death or Famine.
  3. March—Aries, the Lamb, Young, Tender.
  4. April—Taurus; the Bull.
  5. May—Gemini, the Twins.
  6. June—Cancer, or Crab, retrograde motion.
  7. July—Leo, Lion, Heat.
  8. August—Virgo, Virgin.
  9. September—Scales, Balancing or equalizing of day and night, hence equinox.
  10. October—Scorpion, great red Dragon.
  11. November—Sagittarius, Archer, Centaur.
  12. December—Capricornus, the Goat.

The sun was the God who was born every Christmas, and christened eight days after, and took his journey through all these constellations. Even the Bible in many places recognizes the sun as a God. In Josh. 10, 12-14, I read: "Then spoke Joshua to the Lord, and he said, *sun, stand thou still* upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people avenged themselves upon their enemies."

Clemens Alexandrinus, in speaking on this subject, said: "All these religious tragedies had a common foundation, only differently set-off. And that foundation was the fictitious death and resurrection of the sun."

Rev. Robert Taylor says: "The birth of the God, Mithra,\* from the days of an infinitely remote antiquity, was represented to have taken place in a stable, and was celebrated throughout the whole pagan world on none other than our 25th day of December—our Christmas day, the most celebrated of all magian festivals; where, if you rectify your celestial globes to the movement of twelve o'clock, midnight, between the 24th and 25th of December, you will find the constellation of the stable of Bethlehem, in which Christ is said to be born, the moment he achieves his first degree of ascension, at the lower meridian, while you shall see the constellation of the virgin, who is said to bring him forth (in no disparagement to her eternal virginity) at that moment, come to the line of the horizon; and thus said to preside over his nativity. Justin Martyn actually draws the parallel between Christ and Mithra, that Christ was born on the same day when the sun takes his annual birth in the stable of Augius; that is in the station of the celestial goat, where is actually placed the stable of Augius, in the sixth labor of Hercules." D. P. 41-42.

I now assert that the astrological solution of these tragedies is the only satisfactory solution yet discovered. Let it be remembered that all these saviors were born on the 25th day of December, and that all of them except our Christ were explained as astrological characters.

Now let us carry the whole scene to the heavens and begin our investigations at midnight on the 24th day of December. If, with the wise men of the East, we shall look to the east, we shall see the star—the star vindimatrix (mother of life or mother of mine). This star stands over where the child is born, for the child is born precisely at the time the star is seen rising, and it stands over the

\* Mithra is Zoroaster, Zor-god, Aster-star, from which we have Zor-sir, Aster, Easter, Astronomy, etc., etc.

stable, the Augian stable that Hercules cleansed. Here, at this moment, sixteen Christs, more or less, are said to have been born; and every one of them born in a stable. Do you ask why? I answer: "We are in the constellation *Capricornus*, and have just got out of *Sagittarius*, the places where horses and goats are kept.

Here, at each one of your Christmas eves, are your Marys, your Maias, your Maus, your Myrrhas, every one of them mothers of saviors of the world. Down in the sea, you will see them now, for they have not yet arisen out of bed. That star in the elbow is the vindimatrix, which will be christened on the eighth day, Jan. 1st. From the word, mary, we have derived the word *mare*, because we have associated the word *mare* with the constellation *Sagita*; and, beholding the virgin arising at that time, we give her the name *Mary*. Originally, this was a nautical word, having reference to the sea. From this we derive our word *marine*. It is the same as *Miriam*, who became white as the foam of the sea. She passed over the sea dry shod, but when *Sagittarius* undertook to follow, he was overthrown; then it was that Miriam sang: "The horse and his rider [*Centaur*] hath he thrown into the sea." Ex. 15: 21.

Jesus is called the lamb of God.

"Dear dying lamb, thy precious blood,  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed hosts of God,  
Are raised to sin no more."

He is a lamb; after that, he becomes a calf in April; a pair of twins in May, a crab in June, a lion in July, a scorpion in October, a calf in September, and a goat in December. Thus this Jesus, son or sun, becomes a whole menagerie! The etymology of the word Jesus—*Yes-ers* makes him the fire-god or the sun.

The crucifixion of Christ is the sun crossing the equinoxial line.

An apology is due for the length of this paper, but I have not said half I wanted to say. Should there be a demand for it, I may take the subject up again, and make plain many points at which I could only hint in this article.

#### Tribute to Women.

Without women's chaste influence, exasperating malcontent, infelicitous hate and howling barbarism, would sit enthroned among all nations. Most of the higher sentiments and many inimitable inventions have emanated from females. She ameliorates the conditions of childhood, softens nonage, ripens manhood, divests advanced age of its gloomy burdens and places the star of hope in the sky above each grave. As troubles darken like nightfall along man's pathway her beneficent soul imparts consolation and aid without a murmur. At the bed of sickness; a charming angel, ever knowing the hour's need from intuition's monitor holding supreme sway wheresoever distress claims its victim. Mother, wife, love and home are the dearest words in the English language; absent the first two, the human race must perish; minus the last couple, men could only sigh with detestation in foul camps. The feminine voice, soft and sweet, lends cheer to the dying; bids a last earthly farewell; her plastic fingers close the clammy lips and dry lids, cooling in death. In the elysian state women are crowning messengers of amaranthine glory and imperishable love.

DR. JOSEPH SIMMS.

At the great triennial Handel festival of 1796 the pickpockets of London devised a plan to profit by the rage of its citizens. They came from London wearing gorgeous buckles, all of Birmingham manufacture. In the crowd around the concert hall they set about hustling all who wore shoe-strings as despisers of the good old customs of England. The local prejudice was so great that neither police nor people would interfere, and after reaping a rich harvest in the confusion the strangers returned in safety to London. It was not until the next day that the good burghers discovered that their pockets were empty, while the thieves alone had profited by their prejudice.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

#### Visitors from Ghost Land.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

The bravest man has his likes and dislikes. Some people he warmly greets as friends; others he avoids or meets as foes. But if he persisted in counting every relative or acquaintance who moved into the next town as an enemy to be shunned we should demand the reason. And if he could give no other reason than that his nurse told him to beware of everybody from that town, we should doubt his sanity. Yet that is the feeling manifested by the greater part of the world towards its friends and loved ones who have "moved on" to the town on the other side of the Death river. If one of those old friends happens to stroll back but for an hour, there is a cry of dismay; and a ghost hunt with trained hounds would become a popular amusement, if only it could be carried on by daylight. But a haunted house in the dark, or a white tombstone in the little graveyard at midnight, sends a thrill of horror into a man's legs that carries him off to tell the awful tale to the nearest reporter.

On Christmas Eve, in the old world, when the yule log is burning on the hearth, and the merry gathering, tired with games, is at last waiting the midnight hour, a dreadful ghost story is the usual close. Then young and old look nervously into the dark corners as they creep to bed; and of course the brightest angel would be greeted with a shriek of fear. I know a man, twice sheriff of a border county, who has looked many a time down the barrel of a loaded revolver in the hand of a criminal it was his duty to arrest, and has always brought in his man dead or alive. This sheriff, called by his townsmen and neighbors brave, with a capital B, saw what he believed to be a ghost in his bedroom the other night. After just one look he buried his head under the blanket, and lay there trembling till he could muster up courage to get out of the room.

This fear of a spirit might perhaps be justified by the Sheriff declaring it was the ghost of some poor wretch he had helped into eternity by a bullet or a rope. But somebody ought to have taught him that ghosts don't carry revolvers; and many cabinet mediums would assure him that the spirit would run away unless he was very particular as to conditions. But strange to say, it is not only sheriffs and superstitious church members who are afraid of ghosts, but many a believer in spirit return has the same weakness. Yet more, many a medium cannot bear to go alone into a dark room if there is a suspicion that "a visitor from ghost land" may be making a friendly call.

This is all wrong, and entirely a result of false education to which I wish to call the attention of all fathers and mothers who believe in spirit return. It is quite as easy to train a child to believe in loving spirits, as it is to allow that child to be frightened into imagining a horrid ghost in every dark room. Not long since I was the guest of a family where father, mother, aunt and several children were all enjoying daily and nightly associations with "visitors from ghost-land." The aunt was a medium through whom the spirit of an Indian maiden had become the darling friend of those children. At first I was greatly amused to hear the baby, who had got into some little trouble, crying for "Lotela" instead of its father and mother. And then I enjoyed watching the spirit get control of the aunt and soothe the little pet. But presently I perceived that that incident was a prophecy of the grand time, not far off now, when the every day relation of mortals and spirits will be as open and free as between that child and Lotela. It was not like a Bible prophecy that you are to wait for till it happens, for the lesson was also teaching that it is largely in our own power to begin the era to-day in our own families.

The first step is to bring up our children without any fear of a spirit. I know there are spirits who would do a mortal harm, but they are powerless against a mortal who laughs at them.

Fear is the condition they need, and no one can at all times hold safe communication with the spirit world who is subject to dread in presence of a spirit. Awe and reverence are almost as mischievous as fear, by giving easy access to bigoted and theological spirits working for their own ends. But respect and love for those worthy must be taught to our little ones from the first cradle song to the hour when they are old enough to join the family circle. Any child can soon be taught that good spirits are full of love and can come closer to it at night; and under such teaching many children become clairvoyant. I visited a home in England where the mother had quietly trained her children to watch for spirits. At last the Methodist father was horrified by discovering that five of the children,—the youngest but three years old,—were actually holding a circle after they had been put to bed, and were seeing and describing spirit children. Presently the baby began to prattle in Russian, which a sailor who came to the port interpreted. Then the pious father came to the conclusion that God had sent the gift of tongues into his family. But the point I want to make is this, that if those children had been trained to a fear of ghosts and a nervous dread of the dark, in all probability they would not have become clairvoyant and seen those "visitors from ghost land."

A recent incident brought to me another interesting experience in welcoming such visitors. A daughter just budding into womanhood had made life very happy for her father and mother by developing a mediumship that included trance as well as many kinds of physical phenomena. Often the table has been covered with flowers. Birds have been promised and brought by the Indian control who delights to show his power. A spirit who was a doctor and a relative has been the guide of the medium and the teacher of the family. The medium was somewhat slow to pass under control, and through a natural desire to help the spirits, the interval was formerly used for solemn prayer and worship. But gradually the father and mother have discovered that the best possible preparation for the medium is a merry round game of cards, after which the spirit finds easy entrance.

I know that some prominent writers and speakers declare that prayer and worship are our only protection. Speaking for myself I want no spirits of that variety as my "visitors from ghost land." I want spirit men and women who are outside all theological influence, and I find them. They make my life brighter and happier by their presence. I found them after that game of cards, and I find them everywhere except where humanity curses itself by worship and prayer; for back of those exercises have been faith, faggot and rack through ecclesiastical history. My "visitors from ghost land" would scorn to belittle themselves by worshiping any being because he is bigger and stronger than they are.

SAN LEANDRO, CAL.

Reincarnation is the Oriental fad which some unfortunate Spiritualists have adopted to the great detriment of our progress as a movement, says the *Reconstructor*. From a somewhat extensive personal observation, and from information of others who have discovered this pregnant fact, that while all these disciples of Orientalism are perfectly ready to avail themselves of the liberality and charity of Spiritualism to secure a hearing, get money and opportunity, they are never found consecrating themselves to the work of upbuilding the same. They weaken, where they don't destroy our associations and meetings. We very much doubt if any one can point to a single instance where one of these sapient, full-fledged Theosophists and yet pretending to Spiritualism has gone out into the highways and byways to build up spiritual societies. Genuine spiritual lecturers have been doing this all the time.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

### Thoughts Suggested by "The Kreutzer Sonata."

THOMAS BUCKMAN.

I have just finished reading Tolstoi's "Kreutzer" Sonata. It is truly a dark picture, and I have no doubt but it portrays the real status of many people, but I do object to the final conclusions arrived at, as he cannot be a witness for those who have lived a pure and upright life, as he knows nothing of such an experience. I don't doubt the story or the pain that is claimed to have been suffered, as I believe that would be about the legitimate fruit of such a life where the morals of a country are as bad as there represented (and I do not doubt the correctness of the picture.) It is little wonder that a highly spiritual man like Tolstoi should interpret that statement of Jesus as he does, with the gloom that must surround him, and I have no doubt but it looks to him as though humanity was a failure, and with Solomon he is ready to exclaim, "Vanity, Vanity, all is Vanity;" but there are thousands who are ready to testify to another story, as their experience has been very different. They have not stepped aside from the path of virtue; and when they went to the altar of marriage, it was a mutual choice, and there was a spiritual blending without any outside element between them; and perfect trust and confidence unites them, so that there is no room for any of the disturbing elements to get in. In such union there is no sin, as each one considers the other first.

In this way must the final redemption of the world come about; as a race of people must be born that will know and understand the law.

A very important question here arises: How is this matter to be got at in a practical sense? All will admit that it is ignorance that causes them to remain in their moral darkness, therefore how is this darkness and ignorance to be dispelled?

Were there schools established, and children at the proper age were taken, each sex to themselves, and competent teachers were to instruct them in the laws of their own being, the lessons being adapted to their understanding, ere the course of study and training would be completed, the moral and social consequences could all be shown to the young and eager mind. It would bear fruit in the first generation that would start humanity towards the great millennium. As it is, the very knowledge that is of the most importance to the budding, developing human, is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, withheld until nature runs riot, and then what information may happen to be gained is given by those who, above all others, are least prepared to give such instruction.

There are matters of state, over which people grow wild, that in comparison to this are as brass to gold. "It is too delicate a subject," someone exclaims, "to be considered in a public way. It will not do to be agitated." "It will do more harm than good," and a hundred such expressions we hear from the over-nice; but yet they will discuss the improvement of animals without a thought of impropriety, and is it not written, "Are ye not much better than they?"

Persons whose life-lines have been cast where deceit, hatred, jealousy and lust were ruling factors in the mental atmosphere, where virtue was something read of in novels and fiction; but not supposed to have any other existence—such persons are only witnesses to testify to their own depravity, and can know nothing of the bliss that surrounds the soul where virtue, love, confidence and peace have an abiding place. Perfect trust and confidence can only exist where the fair face of virtue has never been marred, and where soul unites with soul in perfect affinity. It is one man and one woman joined together by true conjugal love, that seeks no divorcement. The couple who are pure, and are thus happily united, have the richest boon that can be vouchsafed to mortals; but it is a vase that, if once broken, can never again be mended to perfection. It can only be patched and puttied by remorse and humiliation; but the crack will show upon the spirit, and it will remain marred until the god-like power within the soul rises, and in its strength can say to every worldly and selfish thought or carnal desire, "get thee behind me." Then, and not until then, can the panacea be found that can heal the wounded, distorted spirit.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON, Nov. 30th, 1890.

### A Reply to Press and Pulpit Criticism of Spiritualism.

A Lecture Delivered in Washington Hall, San Francisco, by N. F. Ravlin, Sunday Evening, Nov. 30, 1890, in reply to an Editorial in S. F. "Chronicle," and also to late Remarks of Rev. Joseph Cook in San Francisco, derogatory to Spiritualism.

We shall reply this evening to a certain editorial in one of the city papers, and also to Joseph Cook's derogatory remarks against Spiritualism, in his recent lecture in this city. We have thought it well to notice these things because of their source, and because it enables us to turn the tables somewhat on our enemies. When the proper time comes for such a movement, certainly nothing should deter us from making it. We stand here to-night in the defense of Spiritualism, that much abused and misunderstood term; our mission is to defend the truth against all assailants, and to hold ourselves in readiness to meet them, pitting argument against argument, logic against logic, only making this exception; we will not meet opprobrious epithets with the same spirit, but will be more charitable and more manly than to pay, even an enemy, in that kind of coin. With many, ridicule is argument, abuse is logic, and when used are regarded as defeating a cause. I suppose there are many who wonder that Spiritualism lives at all, why it has not long since died, and why anybody that has any degree of respectability about him is not ashamed to avow himself a Spiritualist. We are not of that number. We put a just estimate upon all that kind of stuff called argument. When an opponent can furnish nothing against a cause he hates except abuse and ridicule, it is *prima facie* evidence that the cause is a good deal stronger than his argument. (Applause.)

We first wish to notice the occasion of the editorial to which we refer. It is based upon the action of an old demented individual down in Pennsylvania. A poor old man in his loneliness, bereft of his companion, was willing to do anything for the memory of the wife he cherished. If the published reports are true, it shows he was either in his dotage or demented. He fell into the hands of two swindling scoundrels. In the interests of Spiritualism and defence of truth, we deny they were mediums in any sense of the term. (Applause.) Their business was to obtain money out of people upon whose credulity they could play, and they were ready to use spirits or anything else to assist them in their nefarious schemes. They represented to this old man that they were mediums, and pretended to give him intelligence from his wife in spirit. They claimed she was suffering from necessities which his money could furnish, and so many thousand dollars were needed to make her comfortable. Those thousands of dollars were forthcoming, and put into the hands of these sharpers. It did not last long, because it is expensive living in spirit, if that theory is correct. They needed more money. More money was given. To make a long story short, she required such an outlay that it took the old man's farm to meet it, and he sold that and gave the proceeds to these swindlers. This was all to help his spirit wife in the eternal world.

Now, I simply wish to say there is not an intelligent Spiritualist on the globe who does not know that that is all bosh, and has no more right to be charged to Spiritualism than it has to be charged to the church. (Applause.) The comment of the editor throws the odium upon Spiritualism. The particular remark to which I call attention is this: "Whether there is any such thing as Spiritualism has never been determined." If it has never been determined that there is any such thing as Spiritualism, then it is determined that I and millions of others are consummate fools. I resent it, and in self-defence and in the defense of Spiritualism, propose to turn the tables upon the enemy.

There is not in all the current papers or in the standard literature of Spiritualism any suggestion or teaching that mater-

ial earthly treasures can improve or enhance the condition of people in the spirit world, or that dollars and cents are needed to build a house in spirit, or to clothe one in that realm. We say there is no such idea taught, and yet if there was, it would be only one out of ten thousand ideas to the contrary. (Applause.) The thing upon the face of it is an absurdity. There is nothing in the world that Spiritualism is more opposed to than such an idea. It is an insult to the sober reason and common sense of the millions of Spiritualists on the globe.

Any person of sense would recognize that the old man was insane or in his dotage. If he was not, and did not know any better than to be such a crank, then it was just as well that his property should go in that way as any other. But he was the loser, and we do not propose that Spiritualism shall bear the odium of it.

"Whether there is such a thing as Spiritualism has never been determined." On what is that idea based? Look at it, examine it, contemplate the millions not only in the United States, but in the world, that are avowed Spiritualists; men and women that are level headed; men and women of culture, of refinement, of letters, of intelligence, of morals, that will compare favorably with any other class of people upon the globe of the same number; and yet "whether there is any such thing as Spiritualism has not been determined." What has converted the long array of scientists and men of different learned professions that undertook to examine the phenomena of Spiritualism and explode and explain it according to natural laws and natural causes, and were compelled to acknowledge the truth of it?

A longer array of scientific evidence can be presented in the defense of Spiritualism than of any other system of philosophy or religion upon the earth. We challenge a refutation of that statement. If you can bring 100 scientists that are the adherents of any religious or philosophical system, we can bring a thousand to your hundred, or ten to your one. If anybody will take up the gauntlet, I will furnish the names of the learned men of Europe and America that have subscribed to Spiritualism as true. With very few exceptions, no scientist has undertaken to explain the phenomena of Spiritualism without being converted—I think I may safely say not in a single instance where an honest, thorough investigation has been made. There is more evidence, therefore, to determine the fact of Spiritualism, and its philosophy to be true, than was ever produced to establish any point in law, in civil or criminal jurisprudence, or any fact in history, or any theory in science. Spiritualism is based upon incontrovertible evidence. (Applause.) People who think that the fact of Spiritualism has not been settled are simply ignorant that the world is moving. They think they are where their fathers were, and have no conception of the modern modes of travel and interstate and international communication. They think they are in the backwoods of the olden days of the ox-cart, the hand-loom, the spindle and distaff, when everything for the family was manufactured at home. They were protectionists; they believed in home industry, and lived from hand to mouth; they believed the world was flat, and had no conception that it revolved. Now, the children of those people still live, unfortunately. (Laughter.) Once in a while one of them gets on to the editorial staff of a paper, and you would think from his effusions that he imagined himself the embodiment of wisdom. (laughter and applause,) whereas in every line he writes, whether a criticism of a play or an opera, of a philosophy, or of a literary subject, he simply displays his ignorance.

—But there is hope for that class of people: by the accident of birth they have been born into an age of progress, a time when the world is moving onward, and possibly they may catch the inspiration, and before they get through amount to something after all. (Laughter and applause.) But if they do, it will be

because the progressive evolutionary process of the Spiritual philosophy has concluded to take them in and see what can be done for them. (Applause.)

Before we leave this point, we will simply invite any editor in this city, any lawyer, any doctor, any clergyman or any body else who thinks he is wise and witty, to meet us at any time, to discuss the question as to what has been established in the past history of the world and what has not been, and if we do not show that Spiritualism is the most solidly established, the most sublime philosophy, and that it has the most complete vindication and endorsement of all other systems, we will take off our hat to the whole fraternity. All the notice we ask, is the place of meeting and sufficient time to get there. We say that nothing is determined absolutely except the truth of Spiritualism. (Applause.) The old astronomers of one hundred years ago thought they had determined a great many things, and fixed and established them, but they cannot be quoted as authority to-day; but science, although the progress is slow, is now settling a great many things that were formerly undetermined. In Hugh Miller's time they thought a great many things were established by the science of Geology, but the theories by which he undertook to reconcile creation with the Mosaic record would not do in this age of the world; the old ideas can no longer be supported, and they have given place to new ones. And so with theology. The theologians thought they had established beyond question many important matters; they thought that a great, eternal, triune God, seated upon a great white throne in the invisible heavens, had given them a map of heaven, on which the names of the elect were recorded, and those of the damned did not appear, and they were consigned to eternal torment. But Spiritualism has revealed a different condition of things, and from the region of sheol itself those people come back to greet us, alive and well and happy, and enjoying themselves. (Applause.) Spiritualism has determined a good many things, and will determine in the age to come the extent of a man's mental capacity, as well as of his spiritual unfoldment. It is also going to determine another thing, and that is the unshackling and enfranchisement of the race, and bring woman out from the condition which she has been compelled to occupy, and put her upon a throne. Spiritualism is going to fix and settle the fact that manhood and womanhood are worth more than dollars and cents, or bonds and mortgages. (Great applause.) On what else have not these monopolists got a mortgage? Can you point out anything that is not under tribute to the greed of gain? What paper in this city is absolutely free? How many that the railroad companies do not own? Of how many churches can it be said that they are free from the things that emanate from Mammon? Mammon builds the costly church, the marble pulpit, clothes the clergymen with fine garments, and they are led to say not near as much about hell and damnation as they used to, and to say a great deal more in the way of pious platitudes of God's mercy and long suffering. Mammon is the cause of it. By and by all that, with Mammon thrown into the scale as a corrupting power, will be overthrown by the outbursting light of the truth of the spiritual philosophy.

"Whether there is any such thing as Spiritualism has never been determined." If this editor had simply said, "So far as my opinion goes this has not been determined," it would be all right, as every man should have the privilege of expressing his opinion. But when that man includes millions in that little infinitesimal sentence, and says that it has never been determined that there is any such thing as Spiritualism, there is the most of nothing in that single line, of anything I ever saw in my life. (Laughter and applause.) I never saw a sentence in human language that contained so little truth and so much of falsehood. (Applause.)

We will settle the balance of this question of Spiritualism some other time; we do not propose to settle everything to-

night. It took the Almighty six days to make the earth and the stars, and we are not going to do everything to-night. After reading that article it set us to thinking; as Poe says, we at once went to, "linking fancy unto fancy." My mind went over the last year, and what we know of the other side. And now we are going to deal in facts, not slanders; in facts and not assertions; we are going to state what we and you know, and leave everybody to draw their own conclusions. If in the turning of the tables our enemies are discomfited, we cannot help it—it is their misfortune; they should not put themselves in such a position. But we propose to improve the opportunity.

Here is an old demented, idiotic, Spiritualist crank who fooled away his money on two so-called mediums, thinking it was going to help his wife in spirit. The most just criticism that could be registered against him is that he was over credulous, or it was an error of judgment on his part; no one could question his intention. But where the offence came in, and the "linking of fancy unto fancy," was right here: Has anybody else been over credulous, or ever fooled away any money? Is there anybody in the church that has ever done it? Look at the money that is given for saying mass over the dead by the credulous Catholics, who think their relative or their friend is in purgatory suffering; for so much money the priest will engage to say mass for that dear one in purgatory, and agree to get deliverance. So, for a money consideration, spiritual existence is determined in the eternal world by the tenets of the Catholic Church. It is another case of over credulity, another case of religious fanaticism, or anything you please to call it, unless the person is *non compos mentis* who does it. (Applause.)

It costs more to get some people through purgatory than it does others. If a distinguished person goes into purgatory, and he is wealthy, it is very difficult to get him out, and it requires money, and money, and money. The priest says, "Give me so much money, and I will deliver your distinguished relative from the pains of purgatory;" and the money is forthcoming. Where one Spiritualist has been fool enough to part with his money in such an absurd way, there are *thousands* of Catholics in San Francisco who do it every day. (Great applause.) They do it to help their dear ones in the spirit world. Money, money, money! Who ever heard of a priest doing anything without being paid for it? (Laughter.)

But that is not all. Look at the millions of dollars that are collected from the poor people of the Catholic churches under what is styled "Peter's Pence." The apostle Peter has authorized that the Pope shall receive this contribution, and the amount of "Peter's Pence" that goes into the Pope's coffers every year amounts to several millions of dollars; not only duping the rank and file of the Catholic church under the idea that the apostle Peter authorized it, but duping them under the idea that the Pope in his royal position needs it, and they must give it. No more masses for the dead, if you do not give it; no more absolution, no more good standing, no more hope of heaven. This is another instance where money, millions of it, is extorted from the poor, laboring people, who can illy spare it, under the assumption that the apostle of Jesus Christ has demanded it, when it is a fraud, from beginning to end, of the first water. (Great applause.) The papers do not say anything about these dupes right here in San Francisco. (Applause.) They do not charge Catholicism with these things, nor Christianity. One idiotic man among a million Spiritualists provokes more comment and is more worthy of note than a million of idiots in the church. (Great applause.) I am proud of that old man down in Pennsylvania. I wish he was here. I would give him the right hand of fellowship and introduce him to this audience. He never imagined he would amount to so much in this world.

There is still another thing I wish to call your attention to, where the tables can be turned. A clergyman recently presented a carefully prepared mathematical paper at a certain min-

ister's meeting. I believe he belongs to the Congregational or Presbyterian denomination. He has figured out precisely what it costs in dollars and cents to convert a sinner, or to bring a soul to Jesus, in San Francisco. (Laughter.) What do you think the bill is? The gentleman has figured it down fine. It costs from \$250 to \$300 to save a soul. The logic is this: Give us \$300 and we will save the souls of your lost kindred, and they will be lost without it. The money is forthcoming. It is given honestly by the poorer church people, in order to save their friends from the second death. What is the difference whether an old man gives his money to help his wife in spirit, or whether church people pay \$300 to save the souls of their kindred? Has it come to that, that you cannot pull a man out of a pit without being paid for it in dollars and cents? But, considering the costly and extravagant equipage of the church, I think the gentleman estimated the price a little too low. Salvation used to be free in the good old times, but now it costs \$300 to be saved. It costs more to be saved than to die and be buried. If you can steer clear of the doctors, even with the extravagant charges of the undertakers, you can get into the grave for a good deal less than into the kingdom of God, and put on style at your funeral which perhaps you would not be able to do under other circumstances. Salvation used to be free—given by a benevolent God, but such a corner have the priesthood got up on salvation, that it now takes \$300 to save a sinner. (Laughter and applause.) A regular "bull and bear" arrangement, such as you see on the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade.

We are dealing gently with these people, because we believe in dealing gently with the erring. What we have stated are facts which nobody can deny, and facts are awful things sometimes. If you should be running in the dark, and strike your head against a stone wall, it would be a fact that you hit it, but it would be a very serious fact to you; the relation of the fact to you and your relation to the fact might prove disastrous. It is the same way in logical argument when we turn the tables upon our enemies; nothing hurts like facts, nothing stings like the truth; nothing is so hard to get over as good logical argument.

But we are not yet through. There was a gentleman living in Texas, some years ago, who was a Baptist preacher. I do not know whether he had revivals or not, but I presume he did. I have known many just like him to have extensive revivals. He was caught in a crime. His name was Rains. He was tried for robbing the mail, and was sent to the penitentiary, and served a time there at hard labor; pretty rough on a clergyman. There was not a paper in Texas that slandered the Baptist denomination because Robert Rains had proven a thief; there was no editorial saying: It has not been determined whether there is any such thing as a Baptist denomination. Because a minister was sent from the pulpit to the penitentiary, no paper in the country had anything to say against the Baptist church, or against Christianity. (Applause.) The blame was laid where it belonged—on the shoulders of the man who had perpetrated the deed, and he suffered his just punishment. When he comes out of the penitentiary he changes his name, avows himself a Spiritualist, becomes a medium, and because he took a few dollars from people for sittings here in San Francisco, and brought a suit against a paper for defamation of character, Spiritualism had to bear the odium of the medium, Colby, or in other words, of the ex-Baptist preacher, Rains. (Applause.)

This is why we present this defence of Spiritualism. When anything turns out on the part of a Spiritualist, or a medium, that is wrong, Spiritualism receives a stab either from press or pulpit. We believe that every tub should stand upon its own bottom, and that every man should father his own children—and he has got to by and by. (Applause.) Robert Rains as a

Baptist preacher was no better than Mr. Colby as a Spiritualist, and he was the same man either in the one character or the other.

Spiritualists put the blame where it belongs; they put it on the man himself, and yet they treat him very differently from what the erring are treated from other standpoints. We know of instances where ministers have proved defaulters, and recalcitrant to their calling, but yet, who have won the confidence of their people; people have believed them honest when they were dishonest, and their after life has demonstrated they were not what they seemed. In most instances the church has dealt with them and thrown them overboard. But nobody has thought of laying it to the church to which they ministered, and Christianity did not have to bear the odium.

This is not so when Spiritualism is touched; we have to suffer what nobody else suffers; we are submitted to a treatment meted out to nobody else. We protest against it; we stand on a question of privilege—on the vantage ground of right. We denounce this treatment of the press and pulpit as partial, unjust and unfair. It is not treating intelligent people, like the constituency of Spiritualism, as they ought to be treated. (Applause.)

The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, has recently delivered a lecture at the Baptist church on the religious signs of the times, in which he undertook to show the shifting grounds of materialistic philosophy; that they are changing their base, and do not question, as they once did, a positive immortality. He then goes on to demonstrate or prove immortality, showing how a spiritual body may be within or permeating the physical body, and describes its process as it withdraws from the visible and passes into the invisible realm. He says "it is no more wonderful that a man should be born into another world than that he should be born into this; no more wonderful that a man should live again than that he lives at all." We agree with him in all this. But we criticize his inconsistency when he uses what Spiritualism has revealed to demonstrate immortality, and then disposes of Spiritualism in a single sentence. He said as to nine-tenths of the phenomena of Spiritualism, he believed it to be humbug and fraud, and for the remaining one-tenth, that it is the work of Satan.

Where does that leave you and me? We do not belong with the one-tenth, for that is Satan. As the nine-tenths is fraud, I suppose that means you and me; that is where Mr. Cook puts us. And yet I thought we were linked with his Satanic Majesty. If I ever meet the devil in the other world, or in this, I am going to sit down and talk with him; I am going to tell him what people used to say about him; that he was the most distinguished person save one, and he was a better general even than he was.

Mr. Cook would stab Spiritualism to death in one phrase, and then pretend to prove immortality without it. This leads us to challenge Mr. Cook, or any minister, or anybody else to prove immortality without the aid of the spiritual phenomena. (Applause.) I make an open fair and square challenge. The end justifies the means. Prove immortality without the aid of Spiritualistic phenomena if you can. In the days of Jesus, spiritual phenomena brought life and immortality to light. Take the phenomenal element out of the teachings of Christ and the gospels, and the whole superstructure of primitive Christianity falls to the ground. (Applause.) I have got a Bible as well as Mr. Cook, and I am about as well acquainted with it as he is. But I don't think he knows half as much about it as he thinks he does. We differ in our opinions. He is beating around the bush and dodging here and there, jumping from bog to bog, and floundering in the quagmire of logical dilemma, in undertaking to prove immortality after he had set Spiritualism aside at one swoop.

So much for Mr. Cook. But I have not got through with him yet. I shall face him some time. It may be in a hospital in the spirit world, where I may minister to him in his imprisonment. (Laughter.) He will not know half as much when he gets over there as he thinks he does now. Mr. Cook knows something about Spiritualism; he knows something about the phenomena; he has investigated this subject very thoroughly. But his church put a quietus upon the proceedings; they stopped his investigations, or his publication of them.

And there is another thing. If Mr. Cook here in San Francisco should admit Spiritualism to be true, he could not occupy the Baptist pulpit. It pays better to occupy the throne of temporal power for a brief time than to become a martyr in the defense of right and truth and principle. (Great applause.) Down by Pompey's pillar there he gave "the unkindest cut of all" when he stabbed the phenomena with which he was acquainted, and which he knew to be true. For the sake of the money he can make in riding upon the tide of popular favor, he would commit the deed. (Applause.) That is Mr. Cook of Boston. I have nothing personal against the gentleman, and resent nothing except that he did not speak his honest sentiment in what he said of Spiritualism; and hence he said very little about it, and got over it as quickly as possible.

In conclusion, I wish to say that we have the kindest feelings towards the press of this city, and towards the ministers and Christian people of this city. I wish that as much could be said of their feelings towards us, and the position we occupy.

We cite a few of the distinguished names, men of science, literature, and social distinction, who have, after a thorough examination, determined that Spiritualism is true. Those marked with an asterisk have exchanged a theoretical belief in immortality to positive knowledge:

SCIENCE.—The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, F. R. S., President R. A. S.; W. Crookes, Fellow and Gold Medallist of the Royal Society; C. Varley, F. R. S., C. E.; A. R. Wallace, the eminent Naturalist; W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. E., Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin; Dr. Lockhart Robertson; \*Dr. J. Elliotson, F. R. S., sometime President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; \*Professor de Morgan, sometime President of the Mathematical Society of London; \*Dr. Wm. Gregory, F. R. S. E., sometime Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh; \*Dr. Ashburner; \*Mr. Rutter; \*Dr. Herbert Mayo, F. R. S., &c., &c.

\*Professor F. Zollner, of Leipzig, author of *Transcendental Physics*, &c.; Professors G. T. Fechner, Scheitner, and J. H. Fichte, Leipzig; Professor W. E. Weber, of Gottingen; Professor Hoffman, of Wurzburg; \*Professor Party, of Berne; Professors Wagner and \*Butlerof, of Petersburg; \*Professors Hare and Mapes, of U. S. A.; Dr. Robert Friese, of Breslau; M. Camille Flammarion, Astronomer, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.—The Earl of Dunraven; T. A. Trollope; S. C. Hall; Gerald Massey; Sir R. Burton; \*Professor Cassal, LL. D.; \*Lord Brougham; \*Lord Lytton; \*Lord Lyndhurst; Arch. bishop Whately; \*Dr. R. Chambers, F. R. S. E.; \*W. M. Thackeray; \*Nassau Senior; \*George Thompson; \*W. Howitt; \*Serjeant Cox; \*Mrs. Browning; Hon. Roden Noel, &c., &c.

Bishop Clarke, Rhode Island, U. S. A.; Darius Lyman, U. S. A.; Professor W. Denton; Professor Alex. Wilder; Professor Hiram Corson; Professor George Bush; and twenty-four Judges and ex-Judges of the U. S. Courts; \*Victor Hugo; Baron and Baroness Von Vay; \*W. Lloyd Garrison, U. S. A.; \*Hon. R. Dale Owen, U. S. A.; \*Hon. J. W. Edmonds, U. S. A.; \*Epes Sargent; \*Baron du Potel; \*Count A. de Gasparin; \*Baron L. de Guldenstube, &c., &c.

SOCIAL POSITION.—H. I. H. Nicholas, Duke of Leuchtenberg; H. R. H. the Prince of Solms; H. S. H. Prince Albrecht of Solms; \*H. S. H. Prince Emile of Sayn-Wittgenstein; Hon. Alexander Aksakof, Imperial Councillor of Russia; the Coun-

ness of Caithness and Duchesse de Pomar; the Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, sometime Minister of U. S. A. at the Court of Lisbon; M. Favre-Clavairez, late Consul-General of France at Trieste; the late Emperors of \*Russia and \*France; Presidents \*Thiers and \*Lincoln, &c., &c.

J. H. FICHTE, THE GERMAN PHILOSOPHER AND AUTHOR.—"Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day. I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS.—"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—*Extract from a Letter to A. Russell Wallace.*

PROFESSOR HARE, EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months" (this was written in 1858), "had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question."

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, THE LATE PLUMERIAN PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY AT CAMBRIDGE.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception." . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence of forces unknown to science; the power of instantly reading my thoughts; the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence."

LORD BROUGHAM.—"There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which diverse circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is Modern Spiritualism."—*Preface by Lord Brougham in "The Book of Nature."* By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.



## Poetry.

## A Christmas Tribute.

MATTIE E. HULL.

Dear DOVE, thou constant Messenger of Peace,  
Thou true proclaimer of the dearest hope  
That mortals know. I fain would touch my lyre,  
And from its humble strings would wake a song  
Whose melody might waft a strain to thee—  
A strain that through thee might be given her  
Who patiently within the DOVE-cote toils,  
To send thee monthly with thy blessings forth,

O, Faithful DOVE, thou art a help to those  
Who struggle onward in the fields of life  
With upturned eyes e'er searching for the light.  
Thy pinions backward beat the lowering clouds,  
And like the *Carrier Dove* of olden time,  
Thou bearest messages from land to land.  
Thou art a comforter to souls bereaved,  
A solace to the lives that crouch beneath  
The drooping wing of giant, black despair.

Bright DOVE, thy messages are jewelled lines  
That bind earth's souls to music of the spheres;  
They weave together, precious loving thoughts  
That bind us to the soul-world evermore.

O, CARRIER DOVE! how many welcome thee,  
Bright messenger, fresh from The Golden Gate;  
Through thee a woman sends magnetic life  
That thrills the brain of mother, sister, friend;  
Thou dost not voice alone a single soul,  
For lo! the gates of other worlds swing back,  
And thoughts, like meteor flashes, touch thy sphere,  
And thou, resplendent with the holy light  
That scintillates from souls in other realms,  
Art made a messenger of sacred joy.

O, Precious DOVE! may every golden hour  
Be filled with measure to reward thy toil;  
May souls, made better by thy strengthening words,  
Unite to give thee of their helpful life,  
And on the wings of silence may there go  
A tribute just, a fitting recompense,  
Unto the dear, brave soul that bids thee forth,  
And gives thee of her life.

## Celestial Echoes.

BY A. J. SWARTS.

Hark! I hear celestial music,  
Floating near in strains sublime;  
Lo! th' angelic hosts approaching  
With sweet anthems for each clime.  
Now those chords of rarest beauty,  
Falling on the sons of men,  
Wake anew sweet thoughts of heaven,  
Drawing souls to meet again.

List the sweet returning carols  
Rising upward from all climes;  
Now behold the loved ones, yonder,  
List'ning to our earthly chimes.  
Do I see among those angels  
One who filled our home with light?  
Can that star of brightest splendor  
Be the one that veiled in night?

Now give ear to heavenly answers  
From the music of the spheres;  
"Yes, dear friends of clouded earth life,  
Through your joys we see your tears.  
We are near, yes, near you daily,  
Drawing you to homes on high;  
All your earthly cares and conflicts  
Mean our meeting, bye and bye."

Oh! my angel one, my guardian,  
May I hope to know you there?  
Is it you I hear in whispers  
When I breathe your name in prayer?  
Then I'll wait and cease all murmurings,  
Watching e'er that spangled dome;  
You're my loving, guardian angel,  
Sent of God to guide me home.

To the Carrier Dove.

## The Old--New Year.

ISABEL DARLING. (LUPA.)

The Past and Present are clasping hands,  
The Old and New on the threshold stand  
In this dying-living hour;

The smile is drying the parting tears,  
And hopes are gilding all gloomy fears,  
As softly mingle the meeting years,  
And the young asserts its power.

With thankful joy for the tried and true,  
And welcome fond for the fresh and new,  
Are the passing moments filled;  
The world is waiting with untried good  
For those who stand where we might have stood  
Where blessings fall, where the one who *could*  
Was the one that *rightly willed*.

And just before us still glows the light  
For willing pilgrims that shun the night;  
From the pall-draped midnight bier,  
Still the soul arises to *life not death*—  
The hush was only the indrawn breath,  
A pause to hear what the spirit saith  
To this welcome New-Old Year.

## Faith and Works.

BY R. FLETCHER.

Words are but signs; they cannot show  
The fullness of the love we know  
By living to each other's good.  
When words with melody unite,  
The gift of praise gives more delight,  
And prayer brings more than earthly food.

A nobler song than power of art,  
God claims an undivided heart—  
Holding with sin a ceaseless strife.  
By deeds alone can love be known,  
No other proof can e'er be shown  
Of Christ in us, our hope and life.

Too long the truth has been denied,  
In talk about One crucified  
Upon a tree our death to bear—  
By which all sinners may receive  
Free pardon if they will believe—  
No cross to bear, but crowns to wear,

Not Christ an offering in our stead,  
But "Christ in us"—the living bread—  
This truth men lay away to rest.  
On empty words they try to thrive.  
Pray God to save their souls alive—  
Poor souls! all honeycombed with lust.

If mere repeating "I believe,"  
Could bring salvation, to relieve  
The sting of unrepented sins;  
Then might the farmer hope gain  
An hundred fold of golden grain,  
By sowing thistles to the wind!

Christ comes to save mankind from sin;  
Then how can those who live therein  
Persuade them selves they are reformed?  
Can vines unpruned, wild and deformed?  
Picture to view the newly born?  
Does gratify fruit their lives adore?

Since root and branch of early love  
Trail downward from the life above,  
Corroding mortals here with blight;  
Great is the need that mind should be  
Cut off from earthly loves, and free  
To life in Christ, the higher life.

The City of the Living.

For the following remarkable poem "Truth" is in-  
debted to Mr. Stephen Massett, to whom it was sent  
anonymously:

In a long vanished age, whose varied story  
No record has to-day,  
So long ago expired its grief and glory,  
There flourished, far away

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,  
A city fair and wide,  
Within, the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,  
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern maulers,  
Which mar our world's fair face,  
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders  
Of that bright dwelling place.

No fear of parting, and no dread of dying  
Could ever enter there;  
No mourning for the lost, no angulshed crying  
Made any face less fair.

Without the city wall, Death reigned as ever,  
And graves rose, side by side;  
Within, the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,  
And never any died.

O, happiest of all earth's favored places!  
O, bliss to dwell therein;  
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,  
And fear no grave between,

To feel no death-damp, growing cold and colder,  
Disputing life's warm truth,  
To live on,—never lonelier, nor older,  
Radiant in deathless youth.

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,  
A tide of pilgrims flowed  
Across broad plains and over mighty waters  
To find that blest abode

Where never death should come between and sever  
Them from their loved apart;  
Where they might work, and will, and live for ever,  
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,  
And grew in power and pride,  
And did great deeds, and laid up store of treasure,  
And never any died!

And many years rolled on and saw them striving  
With unabated breath;  
And other years still found and left them living,  
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul, whom angels pity,  
Craving a boon like this;  
Mark how the dwellers in the wondrous city  
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing  
The pain of life's long thrall,  
Forsook their pleasant places and came stealing  
Outside the city wall.

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying—  
So long it had been crossed—  
The blessed possibility of dying:  
The treasure they had lost!

Daily, the current of rest-seeking mortals  
Swelled to a broader tide,  
Till none were left within the city's portals,  
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving  
The boon of endless breath?  
Ah, for the weariness that comes of living  
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,  
Were that sweet rest denied,  
And few, methinks, would care to find the city  
Where never any died!

Patterson Daily Press.

### An Engineer's Good Angel.

Said a gentleman, well-known throughout this State, to a reporter for the *Inter-Ocean*, yesterday afternoon: "True is it that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

Pressed for an explanation of his words, he continued:—

"The passenger train on the Illinois Central railroad that left Springfield, Ill., Thursday night, at ten o'clock, had a most miraculous escape from a second Chatsworth disaster. When about fifty miles from Springfield, the engineer was suddenly impressed with a fear that some impending danger was near at hand. The rate of speed was near thirty miles an hour. The only possible danger that he could imagine was a small bridge a short distance ahead. The conviction of danger was so great and impressed him so thoroughly that he stopped the train and went forward to ascertain if there could possibly be any danger. He found that the train was within five hundred feet of the small bridge, which had burned almost entirely away, the fire still smouldering. Only a few of the passengers who happened to be awake knew of the danger until after workmen had been summoned from Gilman and a temporary bridge constructed. The bridge was only about twelve feet across. It seems to me it was a wonderful escape, and what has been haunting me ever since I learned the details is, 'What told the engineer there was death ahead?'"

The reporter at once started out to see the engineer of the threatened train, and found him at a pleasant home at No. 113 Eighteenth Street, in the person of Horace L. Seaver.

Mr. Seaver, when called on, had just risen from a sleep after his eventful trip. He is a tall, light-complexioned person, and impresses one as a man of unusual coolness. Although it later developed that he is a pleasant conversationalist, he was somewhat reticent about speaking of the narrow escape he had had. On being told, however, what points the reporter was already in possession of, he consented to give the facts, and did so in the main as follows:—

We left Springfield at ten o'clock Thursday night with a crowded train, about two hundred passengers. We had the engine, baggage car, one coach, and a Pullman sleeper. The passengers were mostly excursionists coming to Chicago to spend the fourth. We reached Guthrie on time, and pulled out for Melvin, five miles distant. Between these two places is a wooden bridge, spanning a ravine. The night was not very dark, and we did not expect anything to occur to keep us from making the run on time. We had just pulled out from Guthrie, and I was increasing the speed, when for some unaccountable reason I began to ease up gradually. When about two miles from the bridge, I noticed a reflection in the sky to the northward, but supposed it was from a fire which the tramps had built near the track. We often pass such fires without paying any attention to them. My fireman, Albert Rose, was sitting on his seat, and we were both quietly enjoying the cool night air. I kept easing up, keeping my hand on the throttle bar and not thinking of anything in particular. In an instant I saw before my eyes as plainly as though the picture was made of material objects, the outlines of the place where that bridge was located two miles ahead. It came upon me like a flash. I said to myself, "That bridge is gone, and I know it." I have had such experiences before, and I have come to rely upon my feelings to a large extent. I did last night with the full conviction that, although I had not seen the bridge or the place where it was, I knew it was gone. I stopped the train just as we were within thirty feet of the bridge. My fireman looked ahead, and so did I. The bridge was in reality gone. We jumped out of the cab, and made an examination of the place. Where the span had been there was a heap of smouldering embers, and there was nothing left save the rails, which still hung over the ravine, held together by the binders and bolts. The trestle was thirty-five feet long and eight feet high. On either side of the track there is a steep embankment.

Rose asked me how I happened to stop the train. I could not tell him; do not know. I can only say that I knew that bridge was gone. Conductor Edward Collins came forward to see what the matter was, and when he looked at the swinging rails ahead he could hardly speak. We all thought of Chatsworth, and thanked our stars that some invisible influence or power had saved two hundred people.

It was some time before the passengers were informed what the cause for delay was, but when they found out, they were badly scared. We sent for section hands to repair the bridge, and settled down for a long wait. The farmers in the vicinity kindly did all they could for the passengers in the way of furnishing breakfast.

You see I do not deserve the credit for the miraculous escape. The honor is due to that miraculous prompting which led me to the sure conviction that there was danger ahead.

There have been other occasions in my engineering experience in which this same premonition, as you might call it, has saved a wreck. I have been on the road twenty-five years, and have never had a smash-up. Of course there is a good deal that may be credited to good luck, but there are several instances which go to show that, in my case at least premonition is a fact.

I remember once at Kankakee, when I was running a freight engine, in 1878, I stopped to fill the tank. When we were ready to proceed I placed my hand on the throttle bar; just as I was about to open her, I said to myself, "No, I must not, but jump out and see if everything is all right." That is an extraordinary thing for an engineer to do, but I got out of the cab and went in front of the cow-catcher. There, lying on the track, within two feet of the engine, was a little curly-headed girl, peacefully sleeping between the rails of a frog. If I had moved the engine, I would have cut her to pieces. I picked her up without waking her, and carried her to the mother, to whom I gave a gentle admonition concerning her child.

On another occasion I had stopped for water at a small Illinois town, and when we were ready to pull out, the same feeling came over me. I got out and found a small boy under the engine, trying to fix himself for a ride.

Several years ago, before I began running a passenger engine, on a dark, foggy night, I received orders at Chebanse to wait for an excursion train of Grand Army men, and to follow at a rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The excursion train, loaded with about one thousand old soldiers who were returning from an encampment, passed Chebanse on its way to Clifton, five miles south. I followed. When about two miles out I suddenly took it into my head to stop, which I did. The train had no more than come to a standstill, when a man, who had come back from the excursion train, jumped on the engine, and told us that his train was about a hundred feet ahead. We could not see it on account of the fog. Now, I do not believe in being guided wholly by impulse, but I know this much, that, on these occasions, there would have been loss of life if there had been no premonition.—*Inter-Ocean*.

### Gems from Paul Richter.

The stars burn as altar-lights in the great temple of the night.

Life is a beautiful night in which as one star goes down another rises.

Every virtuous and wise being is in himself a proof of immortality.

That tenderest, kindest angel of the last hour, whom we harshly call death.

We carry and lock up a heaven of starry light within our own breasts.

No joy in nature is so sublimely affected as that of a mother over the good fortune of a child.

**Early Life in California.**

BY LEON BOWDOIN.—NO. 19.

In the old days of placer mining there was no less anxiety in regard to rains than there is at the present day in the farming valleys. When the miners left the river banks and bars, where dams had been put in and canals dug to deflect the stream in summer, they turned their attention to the "dry ravines," that is, ravines that were dry in summer, but had running water as soon as the rainy season set in. Here they would "throw up dirt" for washing when the water came. They had to strip off the top dirt, two or three feet down in some cases, and get it out of the way to make room for the piles of "pay dirt" down nearer the bed-rock, which was as low as they could go. Hence the term so common in California even to this day; "down to bed-rock." In these piles of "pay dirt" the miner saw the bread for the coming winter, and the merchant his pay for supplies furnished the miners while throwing it up, for not one in half a dozen had enough "salted down" to keep him in "grub" for three months. No wonder that the clouds were anxiously looked for. When the rain came it brought returns immediately, instead of having to wait for a crop to mature, as the farmer does.

The first Saturday night's "cleaning up" generally showed a good share of the shining scales mixed with black sand too heavy to be washed out by water without danger of carrying the fine gold with it. This separation of the black sand was usually a Sunday morning's job. The whole was put into a shallow pan, like a dust pan, which was held over a fire until perfectly dry, then the sand was carefully blown out by the breath. The gold dust was then put into little leather bags or purses, tied up carefully, and the miner would make for "the store." It was interesting to note the maneuvers of the different men as they came in the store with their well-filled purses and emptied them into the gold scales to be weighed—value \$16 to \$17 an ounce. Every store had its gold scales that would weigh as accurately as the scales of an apothecary. Some miners, on weighing out their gold, would call up all the "boys" around for a treat. Every store had its bar in the most conspicuous position. The "boys" would gather around, and the drinking and clinking of glasses would commence and be kept up till past midnight, amid singing like:

We went go home till morning—  
Till daylight doth appear.

And—

Landlord fill your flowing bowls  
Until they do run over;  
For this night we'll merry be,  
And to-morrow we'll get sober.

But to-morrow being Sunday, they kept up the racket all day, and Monday morning did not always find them able to "come to time" for another week's work. This kind of life they considered "fun!" and they looked upon those who wouldn't "indulge" as old fogies, "milk and water," "no account men." Poor fellows! most of them passed in their checks long years ago, and the men of '49 now to be found here are those who went it slow on liquor-drinking, gambling, and dissipation generally. All didn't celebrate the Miners' Saturday Night in this way. The "slow" men would hand over a good share of their dust to be credited on account at the store, after paying for a pair of boots, a couple of shirts, and a pair of breeches to take the place of those that had been re-seated too many times with old sacks, lettered "Double Extra," or "XXX Family Flour." After such necessary purchases they would go to Adams & Co.'s or Gregory's Express office for letters and papers from home, paying (in 1851) \$1.25 each for postage and expressage. But it was cheerfully paid, if it took the last pinch of dust, for letters were our greatest luxury.

The winter of '50-'51 was a dry one, though a very hard rain fell in September, '49, and many piles of pay dirt had to lie over until the next winter to be washed out. The miner, on going to the rivers in the spring, either sold his pile of uncertain value to the

merchant, or gave him a lien on it till his return from the river the next winter. The winter of '51-'52 gave the miners water enough to wash all their dirt, and in '52-'53 the rain came in torrents, in showers and drizzles for days at a time. In Placer county more or less rain fell every day for seven weeks. Teams couldn't get within eight miles of Sacramento on account of the inundation, and prices went up enormously. We had to pay fifty dollars a barrel for flour, and for other articles in proportion. The roads everywhere were a terror. I bought two thousand feet of lumber for \$100 per thousand, at a mill nine miles from Ophir, and it cost me \$80 per thousand to have it hauled. About that time Sacramento was destroyed by fire, and lumber went up to \$300 per M at the mill, and those who bought had to leave it there some weeks before it could be hauled.

The abundance of water gave the miners a chance to work their claims by sluicing, and with long toms instead of rockers. Hydraulic mining, by which whole mountains of gravel and stones can be washed down, had not at that time come into vogue. That process required a great outlay of capital for the construction of immense reservoirs, the digging of canals, the building of flumes, and blasting and excavating of tunnels—some tunnels costing over a half of a million dollars each. It is a pity that the Government, instead of prohibiting hydraulic mining, couldn't devise some engineering scheme that would dispose of the slickens without injury to the farms below.

The winter of '51-2 gave me a little run of luck, so that I cleaned up a few hundred dollars, besides putting up a building that rented for \$75 to \$100 per month, and I needed it, for the two previous years had yielded very dry picking. The following extract from a letter, written to my mother in '52, shows the varying fortunes of the California adventurer of that period. Some imagine we could pick up gold anywhere in that early day—a great mistake. The letter is dated Ophir, February 22, 1852, and is written on light tissue paper, as a ½-oz letter cost us then \$1.25 to receive or send. It says:

"What an amusement it would be to me, when I return, to take some fine day in January, and get all the old letters. I have sent home, haul up around the stove, and rehearse the performances of the past three years. But I think it would be more to my credit to have them consigned to the flames, for what a contradiction of ideas, opinions, fancies and whims in the sum total of two years' correspondence from California. First, you have the confused ideas of an unsophisticated youth as his bewildered eyes are greeted by the many strange things which were characteristic of California in her younger days. Then comes the messenger tinged with the flush of partial success; (\$10 per day, and saving \$900 in five months) this does not last long, and then is seen a little color of discontent for awhile, (goes to the mines for five months, and comes back broke,) to be again cleared up by some favorable symptoms, (begins work again at \$8 per day, and gets a little stake ahead) which prove to be not lasting, (after rebuilding from one of the big fires, work stops again) and as there is no stand-still in the matter, you see something desperate has to be done, and the partially initiated boy breaks out into a new field of operation where he is going to take his share of the spoils from the very fountain—get the virgin dust before it is contaminated by the vile uses which men have employed it in. (He goes to the mines.) Well, the new sphere is opened to him; Miss Fortune does not shower down her blessings as profusely as he would like; but it is yet to come; he concludes to "labor and wait;" time flies on, and the "fickle jade" doesn't come up to her promises; the prodigal begins to think she even denies him the "husks," and finally stern reality shows his suspicions to be true, (he don't make even grub for awhile) and with thoughts of his former location, he gladly turns his back to the once bright vision, and seeks the shelter of the home he had left in San Francisco, with the idea of no more roaming; but even there he finds things were not as he left them; no "father" discovers him a great way off, but he has to hunt for the

"open doors" in many a strange place, (the old cabin had passed into other hands) and he finds that the places that knew him once now treat him as a stranger. Still determined to press the suit, he endures weeks of weariness, but "the good time coming" keeps behind, recedes, and finally is lost in the mist. Determined to be no more an unwelcome prodigal, he leaves the city of his success and misfortune. (Good wages, \$8 per day, followed by no work, and house lost.) He again flees to the mountains, which turns out to be worse than fleas in the city. Where to go next remains to be seen. A few more wandering, luckless trials and unprofitable changes, and his California pilgrimage is at an end:

The dream is past; and with it fled  
The hopes that once my passion led.

"Now, with all these varying aspects of life in California, can you think very strange of seeing so many different phases given to the luminary which has shone with such an unsteady light on fortune's dark by-ways? Like a ship at sea, without rudder or compass, we are tossed about, varying his course with every conflicting breeze, and not knowing our right course when we have it. But it's no use to grumble; these are the perils of the sea from which we could not get insured. We shipped for the voyage not ignorant of the breakers; so extend your charity when criticising our words, and we will shoulder the balance."

This, though written as a synopsis of the experience of but one early California immigrant, will apply closely to that of thousands who early sought for fortune on these golden shores.

From the little success which the wet winter of '52-3 gave me, making long-toms, sluices and rockers for the miners, I was able to gather a few hundred dollars with which to make the long-wished-for visit home, away down in Maine, where they have to pry the sun up winter mornings with a crowbar. But my pile wasn't as big as a friend had reported. He happened to be visiting me on the day after the first clean-up. At that time I kept open doors on Sunday to accommodate customers. I had been supplying miners with machines on tick till the rains set in. The rains had come; they had been sluicing a week, cleaning up Saturday night. On Sunday morning the miners commenced dropping in and handed me \$5, \$10, or \$20, as the case might be, until I took in, that forenoon, \$400 or \$500. It made my friend stare, and he thought I would soon be a millionaire. But that day squared up half their indebtedness to me, and the next day a good share of it went to pay up my indebtedness at the store where I had got supplies "on tick till it rains."

In the spring I let my building,—a bath house—sold out my shop, taking notes from the purchasers, Warren Taylor and Wm. B. Morse, and started for home with a nice little income of nearly \$100 per month, thinking I might perhaps take the "girl I left behind me" and settle down. But, alas, before I had been at home three months, I got news of the burning of the town of Ophir. Fire took in the Union Hotel, adjoining my building, and in thirty minutes the whole village was in ashes. My tenant, N. R. Kimball, owing me \$300, was cleaned out, and those who bought my shop lost everything, owing me \$500.

At the time this news came I was at work near Boston, but that night found me on the road to Maine to bid good-by to my friends for another campaign in California, of which I will write in my next. But in justice to those who owed me, N. R. Kimball, Warren G. Taylor, and Wm. B. Morse, I want to say they paid me—two of them out of money sent home before the fire. Morse came to my place in San Francisco to pay me, and I let him have \$20 to get home again. So it is seen that, with all the roughness of early life in California, there was a sense of honor among men that could be depended upon.

Stockton, December, 1890.

A Seventh street lady sent her little boy to a drug store, the other day, to get a porous plaster, and charged him particularly to be careful not to forget what he was going after. He went out, repeating the words to himself, and in a few minuets came back, saying: "Here, mamma: this is the *poorest* one I tood dit."

### Notes and Comments.

BY W. N. SLOCUM.

The thoughts following are suggested to the editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* by the spasmodic efforts of evangelists to get up church revivals:

"What is needed now is a revival of commercial honesty, of a public sense of honor, of private and civic virtue, of pure living, of truthfulness, of high ideals, of purposeful lives, of self-denial, of all the more solid and stalwart national virtues, rather than spasmodic individual halts in patent vice. We need for revivalists men and women profoundly imbued with the importance of improving personal character and bettering social conditions, and able to give an impulse to their fellow men."

The DOVE elevates both its wings in recognition and approval of the thoughts here expressed, and having a pretty good hold on the perch of humanitarianism, it can without danger of losing its balance, extend, at the same time, its "cordial right" for a fraternal shake with a contemporary who expresses in so perfect a manner the needs and duties of the hour. We are living in a transition age. The minds of men are more than ever awake to the reception of truth. Let Spiritualists do their part in the work of transformation. Spiritualism is of itself an element of reform, and all its teachers and believers should be earnest in the work. Christianity has had nearly nineteen hundred years of trial, and has not accomplished the good Spiritualism has in less than half a century. In fact, it is a question whether civilization would not be further advanced to-day, if the Christian church had not displaced the more ancient forms of belief. But whatever its usefulness in the past, its day is done. It is effete, and out of harmony with the advancing spirit of this age. The Christian "Scheme of Salvation" is not in line with the science, the humanity, the sense of justice of our time. The church must choose between regeneration and downfall, and which the choice may be matters little. The religion of the future has no place for "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," and "eternal damnation."

John Boyle O'Reilly, in a letter to a friend, October, 1889, writes: "I am beginning to be ashamed of enthusiasm; it is dawning on me that the glorious hopes and beliefs of youth were delusions; that the world is hard and mean and censorious; that unless you live for appearance's sake, and become a practical snob, you will be set down as a fool, and avoided by all the precise and safe and successful people."

Very true; but it is none the less true that one's own self-respect is of more value than the approval of the "world" as here described. It does not require a very long life to enable one to realize that the world is full of shams, and that it is easier to float with the current than to stem the tide; but we who are not already swallowed up in the maelstrom of society must make an effort to retain our individuality, and cultivate our own higher nature, if we would attain to anything approaching a noble manhood or womanhood.

Conformity to custom is an unwritten law of "society." In fashionable society, conventionalism is the first requisite for success; and as the mass cannot be brought up to the level of the highest, the higher must descend almost to the level of the lowest, for harmony here is indispensable, and there could be no harmony if extremes were to meet without restraint. The restraints of "society" to a high-minded, independent person are almost unbearable. The real pleasures are few; the pains and petty annoyances many. Lip service there is in abundance; heartfelt friendliness has scarce a place. In fact, genuine feeling is *out* of place where one must be "all things to all men." A bright thought now and then (not too profound) is well, or a kind response—a genial recognition here—an appreciative word there—bows and smiles everywhere—but it is all so empty. There is a constant feeling that everything

is superficial—unsatisfactory—and it is a relief when the last “good-night” is said, and one can be himself or herself again—a free man or woman.

Why will people continue to repeat, “An equal division of property would be no remedy for our social inequalities,” when no sane man advocates such division, and no one assumes that it would be a remedy? Why do they assert that “With equal division and equal opportunities there would soon again be great inequalities in the possession of property”? No one denies such would be the result under our competitive system. It is the system itself that radical reformers object to, and which they desire to change. The competitive system was devised by the cunning and the cruel that they might overreach and control the unwary and inoffensive. It is the scheme of thieves to enable them to steal under cover of the law. However equal the opportunities, under our robber system the strongest and most selfish, the shrewdest and most unscrupulous, inevitably possess themselves of the wealth. All have the opportunity to acquire property in any of the numberless dishonest methods sanctioned by society, but some do not want such opportunity, and never make use of it. They do not desire to devote their lives to the accumulation of material wealth. They do not believe that to be the true object of living. All such persons are placed at a great disadvantage in competition with those whose conscience is without scruple and whose greed is without limit. Our social system has no place for the man or woman of high aspirations, of unselfish spirit, of love for humanity, or sympathy for the suffering, unless such person possesses inherited wealth. The acquisition of wealth by such is impossible. Even the earning of a bare livelihood is extremely difficult for the unselfish, conscientious man or woman.

When the present system is abolished, something must take its place. What is the nature of the proposed reform? Fraternal integral co-operation; but the details cannot be given in few words. A fair idea may be gained by reading Bellamy's “Looking Backward!” The plan there outlined is not all a dream. With some modifications it can be made practicable. The capable thinkers and efficient workers of the new civilization will be the directors and superintendents of industries; but all—leaders and laborers—will receive the same compensation. Rent, interest, and profit—the three sources of present inequality—will be abolished. All will live by labor. The helpless will be provided for without being disgraced, while those who can work, but will not, may starve. The rich idler will have no better place there than the poor worker has here. In fact, there will be no rich, and no poor.

The editor of the DOVE has kindly passed over for my perusal a document she evidently thinks I am capable of appreciating. It is a letter from a reform writer not yet widely known, but who claims that he has written something better than Bellamy's far-famed novel. He incloses a “Table of Contents” which indicates that he treats upon what may be called “Superior Life on Earth,” and he says she may publish the book if she desires—at her own expense of course. This is a generous offer on the part of the kind-hearted man who has spent his life (a long one) in trying to reform the world; but I do not believe she will accept it. She has even less faith than I in the present fitness of the average man and woman to live the “superior life”, superior people (the only kind fit for the “superior life” being, as yet, very scarce. If they really exist anywhere on this earth, they are the unknown quantity in the problem. Among the subjects treated and reforms advocated in the volume which waits for a publisher, are the following: “A Good Language, fully regular, and Easy to Learn.” (This “fully regular” probably means that the formation of the moods and tenses is in accordance with an unvarying rule.) “No Big Cities, but Pleasant Houses for All; wide streets, trees, flowers, fountains, fresh air, fresh water, etc.” All these good things are to come by co-operation, and very many more, such as good

schools, honest preachers, and free lectures. Inventions are to be multiplied, and utilized for the public good, not for private greed. There are to be fire-proof houses made of aluminum; railroads, telegraphs, telephones, etc., all for the people, not to enrich swindlers; airships; dwellings so commodious that each person will have three rooms, and no man is to intrude upon any woman. The author advocates a life of chastity on the Tolstoi plan, and perhaps, like Tolstoi, he is the father of a dozen children. He says:

“If people were wise and chaste enough to abstain from bringing children into a miserable life, and would go into co-operation, leave off all useless and injurious eating, drinking and labor, and all kinds of cruelty to animals; read, investigate and think, they would soon be well-off.”

Well, yes “they would soon be well off,” and things would ultimately be very quiet here if no children were brought into the world. But probably the author does not mean exactly what he says, though among the aphorisms that accompany his list of subjects is this: “Many think it an unspeakable bliss to embrace a beautiful body. How much more blissful it would be to embrace a beautiful soul.” Possibly; but will we not have to wait till we get to the “land of souls” before we can realize such bliss? Meantime, is the enjoyment of the blissful things of *this* life to be reckoned a sin? I often think with smiling satisfaction of the answer given by the Englishman who, on his deathbed, when asked by his “spiritual adviser” if he had no regrets for the past, replied, “No; I don't know that I have; I never missed an opportunity to enjoy myself.” Most of us have missed opportunities, and I feel like applauding the sensible person who embraced them all.

The author of this reform mode of living says “there should be no difference in the dress of men and women;” and adds: “The sexual passion seems to be the greatest obstacle to human happiness.” Would he therefore ignore its existence? The non-distinction of sex in dress would indicate that such is his idea. But sex belongs to everything—even to plant life, and probably to the rocks and minerals. The author has a big job on hand if he expects to eliminate it from any considerable number of live men and women; and if he waits until he finds enough of his kind for a model community, it is to be feared he will wait a long time, especially if, as he says, there are to be no cranks among them. (Query—Will not that rule bar out the projector?) The reader will not be surprised to learn that this “advocate of perfect chastity” is now nearly seventy years of age. Perhaps, like Solomon, he has experienced all, and found all to be vanity. But he should consider that other people may want a little experience as well as himself.

I have been no less interested in the negations set forth in this radical reformer's “Table of Contents” than in the positive reforms advocated. He says that in the “good time coming” there will be “no double bedsteads, no tobacco, no snuff, no intoxicating drinks, no gambling, no prostitution, no flirting, no free love, no master, no servant, no rich, no poor, no money, no animal food, no idle men or women, no one overworked, no patents, no oppressive laws, no lawyers, no lawmakers, (“laws will be discovered, like the laws of chemistry, mathematics, etc.”) no traders, no speculators, no discord, no custom duties, no shoddy, no charities, (“all benevolence and justice”) no cranks, no lying newspapers, but truthful, educational journals, and universal peace, purity and happiness.” Though the author has nearly reached his three-score-and-ten, I hope he will live long enough to realize his dream as to these negations. That will clear the way for some, at least, of his affirmations.

I fear these “Notes and Comments” are already too lengthy for the patience of the average reader, but I cannot refrain from referring to one more subject on which the book treats, entered in the “Table of Contents” as “The poor, miserable English language.” The author is a Scandinavian, and like others not “to the manner born” is probably disgusted with the intricacies, irregularities, and inconsistencies of this latest and most lawless of liv-

ing languages. Though of recent formation, modern English is of ancient extraction, being a conglomeration of many tongues; and therein lies its strength as well as its roughness, for it is wonderfully rich in expressive words and phrases drawn from the vocabularies of the world, and is growing richer day by day. That its growth in gracefulness does not yet equal its increase in strength is owing to the accessions it constantly receives through freedom-loving people from other lands, who on the free soil of English-speaking nations seek secure refuge. By and by, when the accretive process has passed its zenith, the moulding and harmonizing of this grandest of modern tongues will begin. The pronunciation will become uniform, the orthography in harmony therewith, and the derivatives from root words will be formed with as much regard for regularity as the genius of the language will permit. English can never be made scientific in its construction, and therefore can never become universal; but, in spite of its radical defects, it is to-day the leading language of the civilized world, and probably will never be surpassed until the realization of that old idea—the invention of a language based on scientific principles (a perfected Volapuk), which all men may easily acquire in addition to their native tongue. It is said that languages are the result of growth, not of invention. True, they have been, but man has now reached that stage of development which gives hope that he will soon be able to construct his language, like his architecture, on scientific principles. We Americans, who sling words around with a looseness that is astonishing even to ourselves, will continue to enjoy this privilege, as will our successors for a century or so, but our descendants of the fourth generation, educated in the improved schools of their day, and trained in the proper use of the perfected speech of the period, will wonder how, in 1890, this reformer, dared to dub our noble English tongue "a poor, miserable language." Look back to the time of Chaucer, and note the growth of English speech along the centuries, then forward half the same number of years, and try to conceive its brilliant future. Language develops quite as rapidly as do the minds of those who use it. A few aspiring souls may fail to find fitting terms for full expression, but as a general rule there is much greater poverty of soul than of language in every land beneath the sun.

Look at the platform of the Reformers. How far-reaching and grand in conception? How broad and ample in plan and purpose? When the wisdom of each shall be centered in one by the thoughtfulness of the leading minds of each, history will look in vain for anything in the form of party literature more elevating and inspiring. Can faith, can hope, can desire go beyond its provisions? Will it not embody and hold forth all that humanity in all ages has expected or toiled for? Will it not furnish play, ample, dignified play, for all the possibilities of the race? Bring on the wisdom of a Solomon, the zeal of a Paul; the chivalry of a Bayard, the eloquence of a Demosthenes; the patriotism of a Washington, and the statesmanship of a Lincoln, and here on this broad and ample field there will be found room and work for each and for all.

You, my brother; you, my sister—you are the kingdom! When it is prosperous, you are prosperous. When it is great and honorable, truthful, just, stable and pure, it will be because those grand and noble qualities are enthroned in your hearts and lives. We are looking into the future now, not to see the gilded pageantry of a mock royalty, but see the serried ranks of the noble and patriotic heroes whose strong and steady hands hold up the mighty pillars of the temple of liberty. We put our ear to the ground now, not to listen to the discordant notes of revelry coming from the gilded halls of wealth and dissipation, but to catch the swelling music that echoes from the busy marts of commerce and the plying implements of prosperous toilers, as they build cities, plow the billows of the ocean, beautify homes of contentment, rear the halls of science and knowledge, and by thought, and look, and deed, point to the day of plenty and joy that now lives only in the imaginations and hopes of man.—*Pacific Union*.

## Correspondence.

### Spiritualism in Stockton.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE:—Dr. Schlessinger's visit to Stockton last winter stirred up such an interest in Spiritualism that we thought we were on the eve of forming a society that would be permanent, with means to call lecturers and test mediums here regularly; but that terribly wet winter drowned out all enterprise of that kind, and before any Spiritualists moved in the matter, in the spring, a Theosophist Society was formed, and that seemed to head off Spiritualism, as two societies could not be sustained. Some claim that they are the same; but as that society ignores Spiritualism, and don't allow discussion of the phenomena in their meetings, there is a wide difference between them, and it is the height of absurdity to make any such claim. There seems to be a little confusion on that point, some Theosophists claiming them as one, and still keeping up their interest in the phenomena, while others say, "We are done with phenomena, and want something better." If there is anything better, I haven't been able to find it. The line has got to be drawn somewhere, and we might as well find where the proper point is to draw it. We can not continue to ride two horses at once, unless they go in parallel lines.

When I say there is nothing better than spirit phenomena, don't misunderstand me as meaning only the rudiments, for I consider an address by a trance speaker just as much spirit phenomena as the raps or tipping of a table, or writing on slates. Whether it is *higher* or not depends wholly on the character of what comes.

The merest twaddle may come through a trance speaker as it often does, and sparkling gems of thought, embodying the wisdom of the spheres, may be expressed by the simple rap, or written on sealed slates.

But to awaken an interest with beginners and draw out the people, there is nothing like "tests." Three words expressed by the simple raps in a way to prove whom they are from, are better than whole columns of speculation and curious theories. What people want is good solid spiritual food, and though having no society here, we have had something of that nature of a high order during the last four Sundays, through the ministrations of Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, late of Philadelphia, but now a resident of Fresno. She is a trance speaker, and her controls handle her in a very able manner, presenting their subjects in a very impressive style, and speaking directly to the point. She came to us an entire stranger, with credentials from the Western Spiritual Alliance, showing her to be a regularly ordained "minister" of the gospel of Spiritualism.

At first, we *consented* to let her speak to us one Sunday, and the audience was about two dozen persons; then we *requested* her to speak three other Sundays, and at the close of her last lecture the audience, which had increased to a hundred, voted unanimously to extend a call for her to speak here again after the holidays and a visit to San Francisco and Lakeport.

Her answers to questions while under control are as readily and ably given as by any speaker that has been amongst us. After the speaking she gives psychometric readings which interest the audience much, and have so far proved very correct.

She can be addressed at Alameda, or at the "Henry House," Ninth St., Oakland, and is ready for engagements.

I see that Moses Hull is on the Coast, and hope some of his admirers, and there are many here, may provide the way for him to come up here and give us a talk; but we are poor in purse, and have no organized society through which to work.

There are many here who *know* Spiritualism to be true, but fear to come out and own it publicly; but I don't want *that kind of Spiritualism*, or else I'm not *that kind of a man*, I don't know which.

LEON M. BOWDOIN, Stockton.

### On the Wing.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: Since the date of my last letter I have traveled through deserts, sheep and cattle raising districts, and mining country, and have organized nine Nationalist clubs in Crook, Harney, Grant and Baker counties. In going from Crook to Burns, in Harney county, I crossed the northern portion of the desert that extends into Arizona. It is a desert for want of water, not grass, for the hills are covered with good bunch grass. Harney Valley has mostly been monopolized by cattle men, they claiming it as a swamp land which they bought very cheap of a swamp land company that got it through fraud. In applying for it as swamp land, they swore that they went all over it in a boat, which was true; but the boat was on a wagon drawn by horses. They even swamped some of the foot-hills, that had not been flooded since Noah's time. They might have claimed more land if they had gone over the county in a balloon.

Settlers are contesting their rights and are being successful. I organized a good club of the settlers at Burns, the county seat of Harney county. Lux, Miller & Company own there two hundred thousand acres of land and twenty-five thousand head of cattle. They lost 50 per cent of their cattle last year. They require a great number of vaqueros to attend to their stock. The latter are co-operating for the benefit of a few, instead of for themselves. Why could not the government carry on such business for the benefit of all? (Lux, Miller & Co. could not take care of twenty-five thousand head of cattle, so they have to get others to do it for them.) Another class of toilers co-operates to tan the leather; other workers co-operate to make the leather into boots and shoes, and others dispose of them in the big shoe stores. And yet some of those who do such work go barefooted.

They co-operate to raise grain and yet go hungry, as they are now in Western Kansas, and Nebraska. I saw a man lately from Smith county, Kansas, who told me the farmers had to sell their corn last year for ten or twelve cents per bushel. This year the hot wind killed their crops, and they have been selling good cows for \$8.00. No feed for them. The Rock Island Railroad Company last year bought up and stored 200,000 bushels of corn, which it is claimed they will hold until they get \$1.00 per bushel for it.

Suppose the government were carrying on farming thus; the men raising corn would have received the same pay per day this year as they did last, even if nature was against them. A day's labor should always represent a certain amount of gain, which amount would be increased as the facilities for production increase. Take any five years; enough is produced to supply the people. If there is a short crop one year, there may be a surplus the next, so the price ought not to change; and if one part of the country fails to be productive, the members of the industrial army should not pay any more for food than do those in the parts that produced an overplus. It should be shipped in to them at the cost of the people, which would be easy to do when the people owned the railroad. Our armies are supplied at the cost of the people,—why not the industrial armies also?

In my "views afoot" I passed through miles of sage brush all on land fit for vineyards. I meet with much kindness from new-made friends. I will always remember the royal treatment that I received at homes in Grant county. At the house of Mr. Allen, and at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Stone, I rested there all one day. Mr. Allen's daughters and granddaughter subscribed for the DOVE. Mr. Allen is only 63 years old, yet he is a great grandfather. He was only 19 years old when he married. Mr. Allen took me in his four-horse outfit to Mount Vernon, eighteen miles, where he was going to get his wife, so that she might be at home before the deep snow came. I was greatly pleased in seeing the affection manifested between him and his wife, whom he had not seen for a *whole* week. There is no happiness like the happiness of those who have traveled hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart

from their youth up. When the struggle for existence is easier—when we have Nationalism—there will be more of such happy companionship. Women, then, will not be compelled, as they are now by tens of thousands, to sell themselves for a home. Many more than now will be able to find congenial mates.

Auburn is the oldest mining camp in Eastern Oregon. Gold was found here in '61. It was formerly the county seat, and had a population of several thousand people. Now there are few families; Chinamen have taken their places. In my travels over the country I have tramped for miles through deserts and over mountains, without seeing a house, yet I was not alone. Spirit friends seemed to be around me most of the time. It was a great pleasure for me to feel the gentle touch of my guide, Ada, on my cheek, as a great number of mediums have described her doing. So I never feel lonesome if I am seemingly lonely.

Samuel P. Putnam said he would not have missed going through this country for a hundred dollars, and would not go through it again for a thousand; all the difference between Sam and me is that I would, and walk. Last Sunday, in going to Grannet, where I organized a club, and sent you a subscriber, I had to cross a mountain 7,000 feet above the tide. It was cold. There was lots of snow.

J. H. WHITE Organizer.

AUBURN, BAKER CO., ORE., Dec. 17.

### Where Doctors Disagree.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: It may seem like presuming to dare to say a word where two such eminent men are concerned as Dr. Babbitt and Dr. Buchanan; but nevertheless I shall do so. As to the correctness of Dr. Buchanan's predictions concerning coming physical disturbances, I am not enough of a geologist to give an opinion, but there are some reasons given by Dr. Babbitt with the intent to disprove Dr. Buchanan's conclusions as it regards the revolutionary tendencies which threaten to break out in the near future, which demonstrate, to me at least, that the good Doctor is more at home in the color realm than in the socialistic. That no man has gone deeper into the wonderful properties of color and its relations to both physical and spiritual health, I am ready to admit; but when he says, "Community is becoming more law abiding instead of less so," he mistakes the heroic endurance of wrong as a sign of societary health or tendency toward health.

The law-breakers of to-day are those who make and claim to execute law, and this reckless disregard of what is law on the part of the officers of the law, is what will be *endured* until it becomes *unendurable*.

It was not the Abolitionist or the people of the North who precipitated our last war, but the slaveholder. It will not be the intelligent, laboring masses who will precipitate the coming war, but the money power, the privileged classes who see that through the increasing intelligence of the people their privileges are to be *legislated* away from them. It is from those who will not submit to just legislation that the rebellion will come, and Dr. Babbitt has studied the character of privileged power to little purpose if he imagines that one single privilege will be relinquished without a struggle.

As to the "Mollie Maguires and the Chinese outbreaks," I will pass them by, as I am not familiar with the details or inciting causes; but as to the men who were hung in Chicago as "Anarchists," I make bold to assert that they were the *only* law-abiding ones connected with the tragedy, and were hung for the

very reason that they asserted their constitutional right—the right to meet and *discuss* any and all questions whatever.

Our constitution guarantees the right of free discussion, and no policeman has the right to disturb a peaceable meeting. If in such meeting unlawful things are said or done, the parties can be arrested and tried by the civil authorities, but no policeman, or any other officer has the lawful right to disperse a peaceable meeting.

That the meeting held on that memorable 4th of May was a peaceable one no one denies—was peaceable until the police force came rushing down upon a half dispersed audience, from the speaker's platform of which the Mayor of Chicago had just retired, after sending word to the police that nothing was being said or done that demanded their presence.

Somebody threw a bomb. It was never proven who, and some policemen were killed and wounded. Had they all been killed in their unprovoked attack upon peaceful citizens, no law would have been broken in so doing, for we have the right to self-defense when attacked in the peaceful use of our lawful rights. Consequently I reassert: The Anarchists were law abiding, while the police who attacked them, and all who aided in trying and condemning them, were law-breakers.

I am neither approving or condemning Anarchistic theories, for they are not now under discussion, but men or any class of men and women, have the Constitutional right to discuss, approve or reject any theory under heaven, and those who forcibly prevent are the law-breakers.

No matter what the theory may be, the law has no right to touch the party or parties until such theories ripen into unlawful acts. If there is an attempt made to limit such freedom of discussion there will never be an agreement as to where such limit shall stop, and all freedom is gone—is dependent upon the opinion of different sets of men at different times and under different circumstances, and such dependence is not freedom of discussion.

I do not question Dr. Babbitt's connection with spirits "far up in the realm of wisdom," but a man may be very wise in some departments of intelligence and very unwise, uninformed, in other departments, and I find that the same law holds good of spirits. It does not seem to me that an astronomer, or a philosopher in the sphere of color, sound, etc., would be as likely to connect with spirits who understand the trend of governmental and economic questions, as would one who reasons from cause to effect in those particular departments; and I would give more for one clear, logical deduction drawn from the known laws of mind as acting upon human relations, than for all the "announcements" that can come from any source.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

EDITOR CARRIER DOVE: I wish to give my testimony in favor of Dr. George C. Pardee, who in July last so successfully performed the operation of removing a cataract from one of my eyes which had obstructed my vision for the last five years, and for the last year resulted in almost entire blindness. My sight is now perfectly restored; I can see to read and write as well as ever, and for long distances, seeing my friends once more through the Doctor's great skill and kind and gentlemanly attention during my convalescence. I would cordially recommend him to any one suffering from cataract or other troubles of the eye. Yours for truth and justice,

MRS. M. J. HENDEE.

### Feminine Wonders in Kansas.

The young Kansas farmer goes out into the fields at daylight, and by nightfall has cribbed 150 bushels of corn. The young man's sister can play the piano, do the housework, and in the busiest times goes out with the men and does so much work as to astonish her best friends.

A pretty Dickinson county girl, aged 15, drove a self-binder over 1,200 acres, and took care of the four horses hitched to the machine. During the spring she helped to plant 120 acres of corn, did the housework for a family of seven, went to ten dances, tried twice to elope, taught the most interesting class in the Sunday school, and now talks of going to Africa as a missionary, and says if the Lord speaks up loud enough she will go among the lepers.

A Brown county girl looked after her father's grape patch of ten acres, picked the apples on 1,000 trees, and when her male parent pocketed \$5,000 from the sale of the fruit did not ask for any of the money—because she knew she would not get a penny. She believes in the Alliance principles, can play lawn tennis, row a boat, or ride the wildest horse in the county.

Another young woman living in Irving township worked in the harvest field as well as a man, herded the cattle and sheep for several summers, and this winter will teach school. She has three young sisters who are following in her footsteps.

The bright daughter of a "squaw" man on the reservation wants a white husband—and she is worthy of one. Her sister married an Indian, and her father gave them a farm and a curse. He thinks the unmarried one too good for an Indian. She has taught school, driven race horses, and won, and has never been beaten in a trade; equals any man in the country in fleetness of foot, and can shoot with the best of them, and would work her hands off for her parents' sake.

A Lincoln county girl got her father to give her a farm, and lives on it, looking after eighty acres without help, and last year cleared \$1,000 besides buying clothes, machinery and stock. This year she has a girl friend for a companion and a hired man.

A woman 60 years old has farmed near Netawaka with continuous success. Her place is small, yet she makes money, and gives liberally to the needy. She never leaves her farm except to attend the meetings of a woman suffrage society.

A Hiawatha woman, who has a husband helpless from rheumatism, has kept him and a large family of children by directing work on an eighty-acre farm. She is a zealous worker in Church and Sunday school, and says she owes no one a cent. Her farm and buildings are in better shape than those of her more fortunate neighbors.

There are hundreds of bright women and girls who have taken up claims in the western part of the state and lived on them until they got deeds to the land. There are hundreds of women in the state who manage to keep men depending on them from going hungry; there are hundreds of women who can do anything a man can do, and there are hundreds of women in Kansas who want equal rights with men. The signs are, what they ask will be conceded to them. They have taken charge of the public schools, and no state in the Union has better. They are members of school boards, county and city superintendants and teachers. They lead in the educational and prohibition movements.

They are making no noisy and threatening clamor for equal rights. They are simply showing by what they do that they are the equal of man, and that the ballot in their hands would not only be safe, but wisely used for the development of a state that is coming to the front with greater strides than any other in the Union.—  
*Chicago Tribune.*



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### New Year Greeting.

THE DOVE wishes all its readers a Happy New Year—a year replete with heaven's choicest blessings. If it *could*, how gladly would it heal every wounded, breaking heart, and pour the oil of gladness upon the bowed head of sorrow and despair. It would put a song of rejoicing upon every tongue, feed every hungry child of poverty and want, clothe the naked, and shelter the homeless. It would level the walls of prejudice which have been reared by wealth, and sanctioned by a false, artificial and heartless society, separating a small portion of humanity from the other portion, and setting up, in every land, a hollow, titled aristocracy to feast and fatten in idleness upon the proceeds of the toil of others. As year after year passes away, and we still see our fellow men struggle, toil and suffer, with no brightening of the horizon of the future, no promise of deliverance from the bondage of want, the heart grows faint, sick and discouraged, and we feel the burden of humanity's woes pressing heavily upon us, and long to do something to arrest this tide of misery that is sweeping many noble souls into the black gulf of despair. We would whisper of hope, of a glad to-morrow that is near, of a good time that is "coming," and thus soothe and calm the fears and heartaches of the suffering, though it were with a delusion, a promise impossible of realization; for, in our experience, we have found that

"It is better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And keep the eyes still lifted"—

For *some* time in the future the clouds must disperse; it cannot be night always.

If this seems like a sad greeting for the "Happy New Year," those who think so have but to look around them—not on the surface of things, but in the hearts and homes of the people—and evidence will be found sufficient to amply justify it. The truth is, life is a struggle for a very large majority of the men and women of every civilized land; and the conditions that

make it a struggle are year by year becoming more pressing. People everywhere are groaning under the incubus of material things; they have made themselves the slaves of property—the poor in their endeavors to gain it; the rich in frantic efforts to add to their possessions. There is very little real freedom anywhere, and there never can be under existing laws and customs. If anyone is disposed to be unselfish and helpful to others, it is impracticable under the present social system, which brings ruin upon those who attempt it. It develops the worst and crushes the best promptings of human nature. The resources of the earth are ample for all the inhabitants, yet there is starvation in the midst of plenty, and woe prevails where happiness should reign.

For the good of humanity—rich as well as poor—our competitive system of industry and trade, with all its selfishness and injustice, must be abolished. When will this truth, so plain to thinking minds, be generally acknowledged? Are there no means by which *things* can be made the servants of man, instead of man being the slave of things? Is there no remedy for the gross inequalities that exist to-day? This question imperatively demands a hearing, and if it is not soon calmly considered, it will force itself on the attention of men in a manner not to be denied. For the peace and happiness of the human race, the best wish anyone can make at this time is, that the year 1891 may bring some light on this great subject.

### Shall the Union Fail?

We have fondly hoped that a union might be consummated between the First Spiritual Union and the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city. Nothing could be more desirable, nothing better calculated to advance the cause of Spiritualism in San Francisco, and nothing more reasonable than such a consummation. The two societies are officered by the same persons; the members that belong to one society in some instances are enrolled in the other. Each owns considerable property, which can be used for no purpose except the erection of a Temple, and which consolidated would go a long way toward such an enterprise; and we are given to understand that quite a number of wealthy Spiritualists stand ready to contribute handsomely toward the erection of the building, when these two societies unite and evince a disposition to do something worthy the cause they represent. Under these circumstances, it would seem impossible that there could be any opposition to the proposed union of the two societies. And yet the project seems likely to fail of realization through opposition on the part, no doubt, of well-meaning individuals, still, who we cannot but think, greatly err in judgment.

Selfish greed, petty cliques and personal ambition have been and seem likely to be the bane of Spiritualism. While we do not wish to judge any man or woman wrongfully, and while we are disposed to be considerate toward all who may differ from us in opinion, yet it does seem too bad that all truly spiritual people cannot rise above a narrow conception of things, to a recognition of the transcendent importance of the work that should be done in this great metropolis of the Pacific Coast. We still have hope that wiser counsels will prevail, that all opposition will cease, and that a union will be effected that shall insure the success of the Temple enterprise.

## Dove Notes.

Mrs. M. J. Hendee, one of our best mediums and a veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism, has returned to this city and taken rooms at 157 Seventh street, where she will be pleased to meet her old friends. Mrs. Hendee's mediumship is of a high order and very satisfactory. Her psychometric delineations are excellent, and very convincing to skeptics. She will hold public seances for tests and speaking every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Washington Hall, 35 Fddy St., and give sittings daily at her rooms at 157 Seventh St., near Howard St.

Moses Hull has returned to this city, accompanied by his wife, Mattie Hull, and together they are holding meetings here and in Oakland. Mr. Hull speaks every Sunday morning at 11 and in the evening at 8 o'clock in Grand Army Hall, 13th St., Oakland. He is assisted by Mrs. Hull, who is a fine inspirational speaker and medium, also the author of a choice volume of poems and songs. The music at their public services is congregational singing of original songs by Mrs. Hull, set to familiar tunes. It is very beautiful and inspiring, and quite an improvement upon "Nearer My God to Thee" and the "Sweet Bye and Bye."

We have given in this issue some of the press notices of Dr. Schlesinger's mediumship in the various places he has visited. We have many similar ones from every town or city where he has done public work. All are agreed that his phase of mediumship is very satisfactory and convincing. We have also a number of private letters from persons whom he has treated with great success, who were afflicted with serious ailments, and some who have been cured of the tobacco and opium habit. The Doctor is doing grand missionary work; so say the people.

The editor of the DOVE has been the recipient of a number of pleasant Christmas tokens of friendship and appreciation, some from quite unexpected sources, for all of which she tenders her friends many thanks, and hopes that sometime Dame Fortune may so smile upon her that she may be enabled to return the compliments of the Christmas season in a more substantial manner than saying thanks.

Mr. N. C. Mayo celebrated his sixtieth birthday at his residence, 606-18 St., East Oakland, Dec. 7, 1890. Mrs. Hattie N. Hitchcox also celebrated her thirtieth birthday, which occurred a few days later. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. Nat L. Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Mayo, together with Mrs. Hitchcox and family, Miss Edith Wheeler and Mr. McGovern, made up the number to seventeen. Mr. Mayo was the recipient of several nice presents from those present and absent. It was a merry party, but many wishes were expressed that the two absent daughters, with their families, could be present, Mrs. W. P. Hanscom of Cambridgeport, and Mrs. Joe E. Steers of Boston. A turkey dinner formed a prominent feature in the programme. Many kind wishes were expressed for his health and happiness, and happy returns of the day.

"If a man die shall he live again?" is a question which Spiritualism alone can answer. The atheistic materialist denies the possibility of man's conscious existence beyond the grave. The theist, or Christian, believes in immortality, but cannot prove it. But, with the intelligent Spiritualist, faith gives place to knowledge, theory to fact, doubt to certainty, while positive unbelief yields to the logic of demonstrative evidence.

We are taught the lessons of life, not from books, but from the experiences which make up the sum of earthly existence. Accept them all as Wisdom, and profit thereby. Be not taught as little children by repeating over and over again the A, B, C; but let one experience suffice for each lesson. "Love's labor is lost," apparently, when we are subjected to the same experiences again and again before we are able to learn the lessons they are designed to teach us.

In *The Twentieth Century* for December, Hugh O. Pentecost presents a "Backward Look at Thanksgiving," in which,—while he admires the plain, humble sincerity of those who first set apart the day,—he most forcibly arraigns the hollow pretense, and the hypocritical mockery of our present National Thanksgiving Day. He draws a vivid contrast between pure religious sentiment and the soulless shams and conventional customs established by proclamations from presidents and state officials, which characterize our modern thanksgivings.

However desirable earthly wealth may be, and however inconvenient it is to be poor in this world's goods, yet there is no poverty so deplorable as soul poverty, and no wealth so enriching as the possession of spiritual treasures. In the one the soul is dwarfed and stunned; in the other it grows fat and flourishing.

The weekly meetings of the Excelsior Musical and Dramatic Club are constantly growing in interest and in numbers. The first entertainment under the auspices of the Club will be given in Washington Hall on the second Wednesday evening of January.

Mrs. F. A. Logan writes a pleasant letter from Summerland, where she is at present located. She is still engaged in Spiritual work, having organized a "Circle of Harmony" similar to those over which she presided so long in this city.

Dr. Dean Clarke is still domiciled at Bonny Doon, on the Santa Cruz mountains, where he expects to remain until his health improves; as he is unable to stand the strain of traveling and lecturing at present.

We present our readers with our holiday number of the CARRIER DOVE, and wish them all a prosperous and happy "New Year." And, by the way, how can you better add to the happiness of others than by inducing them to subscribe for the "DOVE," that they may regularly receive the "Glad Tidings of Great Joy" which it brings to the sorrowing children of earth? It will spread its white pinions of unsullied truth, and fly to the relief of the oppressed and benighted of all lands. It would pour the balm of consolation into every anguished heart, support the weak, succor the needy, feed the hungry, and deliver the tempted. It would gain access to homes that have never received its visits heretofore, and thus increase its power for good in the world. Are you blest with material riches? Subscribe for the DOVE, and give it to those not able to take it. With the hearty co-operation of our tried and true friends, we could soon double our list of subscribers, and add correspondingly to the general sum of human happiness, as we dispel ignorance and superstition from the minds of the people.

The *Golden Gate* is now issued monthly. The editor, Mr. J. J. Owen, having resigned and accepted a position as editor of the *San Jose Daily Times*, Mrs. Mattie P. Owen will conduct the *Golden Gate*. It argues poorly for the Spiritualists of this city that they cannot support one weekly Spiritualist journal. We thought, when the DOVE was changed into a monthly, that the *Gate* would find more oil for its hinges and would swing wider ajar; but such does not seem to be the case, and San Francisco is now without a weekly Spiritual journal. The enemies of Spiritualism will rejoice at this, but those who are interested in the promulgation of the truths of the philosophy should hang their heads in shame. When we see the wealth that is expended in costly church edifices, and the magnificent salaries paid to ministers, the money raised for missionary work, Sunday schools, charities, etc., we can but wonder if Spiritualists are really in earnest and mean what they say when so little that is visible and tangible appears as a result of their labors.

Premature death forecloses all the mortgages we place upon our youthful vigor and strength.—J. E. SMALL.

## The Independent Pen.

The following beautiful poem came to the editor of the DOVE with a most useful and acceptable Christmas gift—a fountain pen. The donor—a most highly esteemed friend—has our sincere thanks for his valuable gift, and we shall ever strive to use the little weapon, which is "mightier than the sword," in behalf of right, truth, and justice. We shall ever wield it in defence of the weak and helpless, the oppressed and enslaved, and against the tyranny of might, whether it be the cruelty of brute strength or the cunning and injustice of mammon. Wherever the oppressed and oppressor dwell, if this instrument of power can reach, it will speak out in no uncertain tone for the liberty of the enslaved. We have no sympathy with those who for policy's sake bend the knee or doff the hat to those in "high places," and pass by unnoticed, the man in labor's garb. For such sycophancy we have but contempt and disgust; and the "Independent Pen" will be used to level the barriers which wealth has placed between man and man, and make all one common humanity.

THE FLOWING "INDEPENDENT PEN"—A SMALL CHRISTMAS REMINDER PRESENTED TO MRS. JULIA SCHLESSINGER, EDITOR OF THE CARRIER DOVE.

Accept this little token of Regard,  
A tribute rendered to a worthy friend  
Whose voice was never tuned to be debarred  
From free expressions which to justice tend.  
And may the dictates of a firm free will  
Give bright reflection to the soul's best thought,  
Which seeks an utterance by the tongue or quill  
Where'er the chance is opportunely brought.  
The pen is but an instrument at best  
To bring to light emotions of the soul—  
The pent up feelings of the inner breast  
Whose teachings ever and anon control.  
And thought so cherished will, if once awake,  
Pursue its rounds, and lengthen more and more,  
Like ripples on the surface of a lake  
That widen out and reach from shore to shore.  
And so those souls on aspiration bent,  
Though tied to all environments of earth,  
Live nobler lives, and measure their ascent  
Alone by virtue of their sterling worth.  
To live aright—do all the good we can,  
And make of earthly life a graded school  
In which we justly deal as man to man,  
Will clinch the precepts of the Golden Rule.  
May thus the mainspring of this silent guide  
Be oft inspired to stir the hearts of men,  
To move good souls, and all the world beside,  
And rouse the truly Independent Pen.  
May angel spirits guide and well protect  
Your pathway in the line of Truth and Love,  
Nor yet forget due honor and respect  
To all the patrons of THE CARRIER DOVE.

December 25, 1890.

W. B.

"Life in the Stone Age." The history of Atharael, chief priest of a band of Al-Aryans, and an outline history of man in the prehistoric ages. Written through the mediumship of U. G. Figley, of Defiance, Ohio. Price 30 cents.

The Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century in England in two volumes by the late Arnold Toynbee. Popular addresses, notes and other fragments, together with a short memoir by B. Jowett, master of Balliol College, Oxford. These numbers are issued by *The Humboldt Library* a Semi-monthly magazine published in New York city.

## Spiritual Mines.

In material mines, their location and the modus operandi of their development, you have an apt illustration of the spiritual. Whether copper, lead, iron, silver or gold, as a rule they lie deep beneath the surface, and can only be obtained by clearing away much rubbish and waste material. A great deal of time, labor and money are required to develop them, and put the ore upon the market, which must then be put through an expensive crushing and separating process before the precious metal is obtained. The bulk of the latter is very small, compared with the waste rock, dirt, slag and dross which is thrown aside as worthless. Still the little vein or seam or pocket of gold is not rejected because it is surrounded and mixed up with bogus material. So it is with the truth and facts of Spiritualism revealed through the various phases of phenomenal mediumship. That which is fraudulent, bogus, deceptive, misleading, and false, like dirt and rubbish, may be more in bulk than that which is genuine; but that does not make less valuable the pure gold of genuine truth when found. Ten thousand confederate personations cannot destroy one fact of genuine, identical spirit return, or make less valuable the eternal truth of immortality thus demonstrated. Investigators should go deep down beneath the surface in their quest of truth and fact, separate the bogus from the genuine metal, put every theory and assumption into the crusher of Reason; and then run them through the separator of level-headed common sense, and they will not fail to find the precious metal in paying quantities.

In the biographical sketch of Mr. Ravlin, on first page, the closing words of first paragraph, second column, should read: *and there did not seem any way out of it.* At end of third line of next paragraph the word "called" should be inserted after "was," so as to read: *was called to officiate.*

We call the attention of readers to the change in location of the headquarters of C. A. Burgess & Co., proprietors of the Pawnee Indian Remedies, from 107 Seventh street to 937 Howard. The value of these excellent medicines are acknowledged by all who have tested them. Read the advertisement.

A social will be held at Washington Hall No. 35 Eddy Street Saturday evening, January 3rd, for the benefit of the Mediums' Home, preceded by speaking. Mr. Moses Hull and Mrs. Hammatt will occupy the platform. Platform tests will be given by the well known mediums, Mrs. C. J. Meyers and Dr. Temple. Dancing from 10 until 12 o'clock. All are invited to attend. Exercises commence at 8 o'clock.

"Chips" is the title of a volume of inspirational poems by Jennie Rennell. Mrs. Rennell has but recently been developed as a medium, and gives promise of much future good work. Her poems all breathe the spirit of love, justice and good-will to all, and teach a higher morality that would lead humanity up to the plane of true brotherhood, were the teaching actualized in the lives of the people. This little volume is for sale at this office. Price, \$1.00; sent by mail to any address.

Dr. Dean Clark, of Bonny Down, has our thanks for a beautiful Christmas gift in the shape of a drawing table and writing desk combined. It is an invention of Dr. Clark's and is a most useful and ornamental accessory to an editorial sanctum. With our "Independent Pen" and this new writing desk we shall expect new inspirations begotten of the sweet friendship and spirit of fraternal love which prompted the donors to remember us in this kindly manner.

A unique volume has just been issued from the press of the CARRIER DOVE, entitled, "A Voice from the Heavens, or Stellar and Celestial Worlds," by Reuben Potter, a review of which will be given in our next issue. At present we can only call attention to it as something quite new in Spiritualistic literature, and well worthy the attention of readers. It is a book of 118 pages, cloth bound, containing a portrait of the author and ten engravings illustrative of the subjects treated. The information is derived mainly from spirit sources, and in many particulars does not coincide with the conclusions of astronomers. The portion in which Spiritualists will probably be most interested is the descriptions of spirit life and spirit spheres. These also differ materially from accounts heretofore received purporting to come from spirits, but readers will exercise their own judgment. The moral tone of the book is excellent, and much good advice is given concerning the present life as a preparation for that which is to come. Price, \$1.00. For sale at Cooper's and other book stores, also at the CARRIER DOVE office.

### Children's Progressive Lyceum Corner.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

The happiness secured, by following the prompting of Love, who, having formed each spirit, knows its requirements, always will engage humanity in such movements as the lyceum, which is founded in the unselfish desire to promote human happiness. While therefore, it is hampered at times by narrowness of thought, it continues to accomplish much that is useful in developing the spirits of age, youth and infancy, who attend its sessions; and while, perhaps, the roll may not show much increase in the number who regularly attend, yet there are many who have come and are gone, whose contact with the lyceum will render their lives all the more useful to their fellow beings. The lack of teachers has been a want much felt at times, and the fidelity of the few who have been constant in their attendance, has not always been able to supply the required leaders, but the scholars have certainly been more steady in their attendance this year than last, and the summer months which in 1889 found an almost deserted lyceum, this year saw almost every group with its representation.

Since spirituality depends upon the intelligence of the people for the general recognition of its truths, the increased use of the library is another hopeful sign. The introduction of catalogues in the early part of the year has proved a wise measure, as by their use, and the faithfulness of the librarian, the circulation of books has increased from a total distribution in 1889 of 519 volumes, or less than ten per Sunday, to 1,228 books given out in 43 Sundays, or an average of almost thirty volumes per Sunday.

The new banner, the handsome silk and plush targets that have taken the place of the old card board ones, are another testimony to progress during the year, and tribute to the unselfish labor of the few earnest workers, who personally contributed the funds and constructed them; in fact, generosity has been conspicuous this year, and space would not permit the individual mention of time and labor given freely by many.

The monthly entertainments, which were inaugurated little more than a year ago, have also proven a wise measure, as many people were thus brought in contact with the lyceum and its relation to spirituality, who perhaps would never have otherwise, in the present form, have heard a suggestion of the beautiful truths expressed by that term. It has also served to cultivate sociability among the people, and enabled the present directors to meet all financial obligations, so that the treasurer's report will show we have maintained our foothold, and commence upon a new year free from all financial distress.

Only once during the past year has one of our members left the physical form for that of purely spiritual existence. On Saturday, Dec. 13th, Eugenie Diserens, daughter of Mr. Frederick Diserens—one of the lyceum guards—and a very interesting little girl, slipped away from earth. A simple bunch of violets with some smilax fastened by a white ribbon to the banner marked the transition.

### Who Can Beat This?

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, O., will celebrate in a manner worthy of the occasion the 25th anniversary of its organization on Sunday, January 25th, 1891. The Lyceum Theatre in the Public Square, one of the finest in the city, has been secured, and it is designed to make the event a memorable one in the history of Spiritualism in Cleveland, if not in the country.

Andrew Jackson Davis, the founder of Lyceum System, and the organizer of the one here (in 1866) is expected to be present, as is also the notable lecturers: Hudson and Emma Tuttle, J. Frank Baxter, A. B. French, and possibly Helen Stuart Richings—all our Ex-Conductors, Guardians, and other officers and workers.

Editors of spiritual papers are to be specially invited, also Con-

ductors and Guardians of all other Lyceums, beside a general invitation extended to every Spiritualist in the land, and the public generally, whether Spiritualists or not.

Two sessions will be held (afternoon and evening) concluding with an original entertainment by the Lyceum children, assisted by Mr. J. Frank Baxter of Chelsea, Mass., and other local talent.

We want every Lyceum in the country to be represented here either by personal delegate or letter to be read.

Please do what you can to spread the news of the forthcoming jubilee, for it is the first Lyceum in the country that has had a quarter of a century's continuous existence without any re-incarnation.

THOS. LEES, Cor. Sec., C. P. L.

### Married.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Cook, the bride's parents, at Ocean View, Mr. George R. Moore and Mrs. Lizzie P. Joy, were united in the bonds of matrimony, Tuesday, December, 23, 1890, by Mr. N. F. Ravlin, the eloquent Spiritualist minister.

The ceremony, though brief, was exceedingly impressive, and was followed by the usual congratulations and salutations to the happy pair, after which the friends were invited to partake of an elegant lunch which was served in the dining room.

An enjoyable time, mingled with good wishes for the bride and groom, and interspersed with music and song, brought the proceedings to a close, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore were escorted to the depot *en route* for Sacramento, their future home.

Those present were Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Cook, parents of the bride; Mr. W. N. Ravlin, officiating minister; Mr. and Mrs. Dan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sully and Miss Grace E. Sully, of Ocean View; Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Mrs. Ed. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Wadham and Miss Ida Wadham, Mrs. J. B. Cook, Mrs. Voorhees, Mrs. Steward, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Starr, Miss Green and Mrs. Hewson, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, of Sacramento.

The event was one long to be remembered by those present.

The Christmas edition of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* is one hundred thousand copies. The order, as originally given to the printers, was for 85,000 copies, but while on the press, it was thought advisable to increase the number to 100,000.

It contains a feature never before attempted by any magazine, consisting of 123 cartoons from the brush of Dan Beard, the now famous artist, who did such wonderful illustrations in Mark Twain's book, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur."

These cartoons are placed at the bottom of each page of the magazine, and take for their subject, "Christmas during the Eighteen Centuries of the Christian Era," with variations, showing the way in which we modern Christians carry out some of the chief texts of the Christian Gospel.

Above, and at each side of the page is a quaint border, the whole effect being novel and extremely pleasing, and with the unusually varied table of contents, will make such a Christmas number as is worthy to go into more than 100,000 households.

The frontispieces of the *Cosmopolitan* have of late become noted for their beauty, some of them having as much as four printings. That for Christmas, while in but two printings, is not behind anything that has preceded it in artistic merit.

An excellently illustrated article is one on teapots, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. Literary Boston is treated with numerous portraits, and an article which comes with the ninetieth birthday of Von Moltke, sketches the life of the great Field-Marshal in an interesting way, and is by Gen. James Grant Wilson. Elizabeth Bisland has one of her charming articles.

The Christmas issue contains 228 illustrations, nearly double the number that have ever appeared in any illustrated magazine.

## New Books.

REVIEWS BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

A MYSTIC SOCIETY OF UNIVERSAL ROW.—By Marie Lesquoy Farrington, San Francisco, Cal. Price 10 cents.

The author of this booklet will be remembered as having published a year or two ago a work called "Facing the Sphinx," an exposition, according to her understanding, of the symbology of the world's religions and mysticisms. In that work, quotations from the writings of Madame Blavatsky figured conspicuously, and the book was called an epitome of the "Secret Doctrine" of the theosophic Madame. Further acquaintance with the theosophists seems to have disgusted Mrs. Farrington, and the pamphlet under review is a *critique* of the Theosophical Society, which she denominates—quite *a propos*—"A Mystic Society of Universal Row."

The principal contents of the pamphlet consist of remarks upon some of the more important points in the *expose* of Madame Blavatsky, by Dr. Elliott Coues, in the New York *Sun* of July 20th last, a summary of which was published in the October DOVE. To this she adds some remarks based upon her experience with the San Francisco Theosophists. She says she found them answering exactly the description in the *Sun*,—"a hot-bed of base and evil passions, strife, dissensions, selfish ambition, envy, petty jealousy, etc." In illustration of their pretensions about "universal brotherhood" and "altruism," she invites attention to the fact that the society is now soliciting funds to sustain the prosecution of a lawsuit. "O, universal brotherhood which is Universal Row!" pertinently exclaims Mrs. Farrington. She also tells us that one of their lecturers exclaimed not long ago from the platform, "Suppose a man wishes to become a theosophist and he refrains on account of his wife, who is a rabid Methodist. Let him become a theosophist; his wife need not be informed of his conversion." This inculcation of deceit is common in the Society, so Mrs. Farrington says.

The following illustrations of the workings of Karma, "the key-stone of the mighty arch called theosophical society," are given by Mrs. F. "Have you a sick headache? Go to the T. S., and they will tell you it is your Karma. Have you been run over and got a broken leg? The Blavatsky pupil will console you promptly by informing you that it is your Karma. Is your house on fire? Sit down, my dear sir, be quiet, it is your Karma, etc."

A WOMAN IN THE CASE—An address delivered at the annual commencement of the National Medical College in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887, by Prof. Elliott Coues, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., etc. Second edition, with an introduction by Elizabeth Cavazza, Boston. The Occult Publishing Company, 1890.

This address was delivered to about 1,500 ladies and gentlemen on the occasion of the 65th annual commencement of the National Medical College. The special feature of the occasion was a woman graduate,—the first woman graduate of the college. The lecture, owing to its radical thought, and its trenchant criticisms on current religious, scientific and sociological thought and custom, was a great shock to the Faculty of the College, and they refused to publish it, as was customary in such cases. This caused Dr. Coues to resign his position in the College, and he published the address himself. A new edition being called for, the present beautiful publication is the outcome.

In the admirable introduction by Mrs. Cavazza, we are told that, taking the diploma to be given the first woman graduate as a text, Prof. Coues considered in his lecture, the scope, the present position, and the future of woman; "His theme is less, What can woman have? than What can woman be? . . . If one asks: 'To what is woman ordained?' the reply of the propagandists of the rights of woman is, 'Everything!' She will leave to men no specialty; she demands that the whole field of action be hers." Dr. Coues affirms "true knowledge to be too precious a possession to be reserved for men, too sad a burden to be borne by them

alone. He believes that women who have ability and ambition for the law, the pulpit, medicine, for any art, handiwork or business, even for political economy and state-craft, should not be debarred on account of sex. He considers any discrimination against woman as a relic of barbarism."

During the course of his lecture, Dr. Coues threw the responsibility for the long period of bondage of woman upon "the religious intolerance, scientific insolence and social tyranny of the age;" His address was "full of strong argument, biting sarcasm and incontrovertible facts." As the *Hartford Courant* pithily puts it, "the university people went off in a state of catalepsy, the scientific men were struck all of a heap, and the laity nearly died laughing at all the parties concerned."

Dr. Coues dedicates this book "to my dear wife, Mary Emily Coues, love for whom inspired this tribute to ideal womanhood;" and the concluding words of his address are these: "Men never act alone. They cannot. They may think that they do, but they do not. The only safe prediction is this: Whatever the case may be, there will be a woman in the case, God bless her!"

ON DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS—Experimental Psychological Studies. By Alf ed Binet, with an introductory Essay on Experimental Psychology in France. Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company, 1890. Paper, 50 cents.

This is a well written, valuable, and timely publication. During the present century the mysterious facts of occasionally-occurring cases of double consciousness have attracted the attention of men of science; and this book is a record of carefully conducted experimental studies in this peculiar department of psychology. Some important results have been reached, but there is yet much more to be learned regarding this remarkable phase of human mental activity. In this, as in all other departments of knowledge, the final solution of the problems therewith connected rests with science. At present the psychologists of the world are not prepared to definitely formulate the causes, the time, and all the phenomenal circumstances attending these exceptional manifestations of ideation. As an aid in the acquisition of much-desiderated knowledge upon these points, M. Binet's work is of considerable value; and it merits cordial welcome from the lovers of exact truth in psychologic science.

We learn from this work that, consequent upon his investigations, M. Charles Richet, Professor of Physiology in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, "has brought out the fact, that in hysterical persons and in a great many individuals reputed normal, there exists a sort of permanent semi-somnambulism; in other words, there is, in these subjects, an unconscious ego, an unconscious activity, which is constantly on the watch, which contemplates, which gives attention, which reflects, which forms inferences, and lastly which performs acts—all unknown to the conscious ego."

The phenomena of automatic writing have also received considerable attention of late from the French psychologists; and M. Binet informs us that the conclusion which he has arrived at is that such phenomena are due to that doubling of personality which is so manifest in a vast number of hysterical people. It would seem that the term "hysterical," as used in this connection, is so comprehensive as to include many of those who would be designated mediums or sensitives by the Spiritualists.

This work embraces a number of important facts connected with the phenomena of double consciousness as exhibited by "hysterical" persons. To this is added an account of some experiments made by M. Binet on non-hysterical persons, or normal individuals in good health, to ascertain whether any manifestations of double consciousness could be obtained from them. The result was a demonstration that the rudiments of those states of double consciousness which are so marked in hysterical subjects may also, with a little attention, be found in normal subjects, including instances of automatic writing. M. Binet concludes his work with the remark that the observations which he has related "may contribute to show the rather embarrassing complexity of those inhibitory actions which psychologists have only begun to study within the last few years."

TRANSCENDENTAL VAGARIES: Being a Review and Analysis of "The Perfect Way, or The Finding of Christ." By Newton Crosland. London. E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane. 1890. Price, Sixpence.

Probably many of the readers of the DOVE are familiar, more or less, with that peculiar production, "The Perfect Way," written by Mrs. Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. This work is akin in character to the teachings of Madame Blavatsky; its principal difference from the latter being, (1) that the mystical doctrines of "The Perfect Way" are based upon the New Testament record construed symbolically and transcendently, while those of the Simon-pure theosophists are, as a rule, decidedly anti-Christian; and (2) that man is divided into only four principles in the former, as against the seven principles of the Blavatskyites. It will be remembered by San Franciscans that George Chainey regarded "The Better Way" as his Bible while in this city; and he still seems to cling to this unique work as his ark of safety in the turbid waters of modern religious philosophy. Mrs. Anna Kingsford has published another work called, "Clothed with the Sun," in which, I believe, she claims that SHE is "the woman clothed with the sun" mentioned in the book of Revelation (xii. 1). Concerning this latter book, the editor of the London *Agnostic Journal* has remarked that God Almighty himself could not understand it. Such books as these two of the Kingsford-Maitland combination emanate from a class of minds grossly egotistic and much out of balance, if not semi-lunatic,—much of their contents being remindful of the ravings of the inhabitants of Bedlam.

Newton Crosland is that *rara avis*, an orthodox Christian Spiritualist. In sorrow be it said this gentleman is a representative of one of the worst types of the orthodox Christian, fossilized, creed-bound, hidebound. He rails against Darwinism and the results of modern scientific thought as only a bigoted Bible-worshiper can. Mr. Crosland was born several hundred years too late. His mental status theologically would have been in full harmony with the dominant thought of the 16th or 17th century; in the 19th century it has no legitimate place save as a clog upon and hindrance to the advancement of humanity's best interests.

It is natural that Mr. Crosland should fall afoul of such a travesty of Christianity as that outlined in "The Perfect Way;" and, mingled with much orthodox bitterness and prejudice, he has, in this little pamphlet, told a number of unpleasant truths about the Kingsford-Maitland production. For example, he is not far out of the way in this sweeping characterization of "The Better Way":

"It is such a flagrant outrage upon Christianity and common-sense that no critical censure can be too severe to express our opinion of its demerits. The arrogance of its tone, its dictatorial assertiveness, its visionary guess-work, its incoherent ravings, its contradictory and inconsequential statements, its spurious claims to infallibility, and its lack of logical and literary training, stamp it as one of the most absurd, mischievous and deplorable books ever issued from a respectable press."

Mr. Crosland ventilates the means of "finding the Christ" indicated in "The Perfect Way," which are the following: (1) We must "find our own souls;" (2) we must adopt a purely vegetable diet; (3) we must accept the "divine unity" of the religions of Christianity, Pythagoreanism, Buddhism, and Islamism; (4) we must be reincarnated even to seventy times seven times. To all who are desirous of reading a vigorous *expose* of the absurdities of "The Perfect Way" I can recommend Mr. Crosland's *brochure*. But as between the two respective systems of thought, the bigoted, mediæval Christianity of Mr. Crosland, and the "transcendental vagaries" of "The Perfect Way," it is not easy to decide which is the more inimical to true progress; and concerning them the words of the immortal bard are, in my opinion, strikingly apposite: "A plague on both your houses."

FROM SOUL TO SOUL: By Emma Rood Tuttle. New York. M. L. Holbrook & Co. 1890. Cloth, \$1.50. postpaid.

For a number of years the Spiritualists of America have been familiar with the poems of Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle. Published,

as they have been, in papers and periodicals, for the most part, the chances for their preservation have been slight; and unless collected together, they would have been lost to coming generations. It is well, therefore, that this beautiful volume has been published; for herein are first gathered in a bouquet of loveliness, so to speak, the many flowers of poesy that have been scattered by the way-side in many a nook and corner of journalism.

In this connection are found 115 poems, together with five songs with the accompanying music,—the latter by James G. Clark, the well-known composer. Poems of all descriptions, to suit all tastes, are noted; including sentimental and comic, pathetic and humorous, some solemn and stately, and some merry and rollicking,—poems of childhood, of youth, and of maturity,—poems historical, poems personal, poems reformatory, poems spiritualistic, poems of this world and poems of the next world. A handsome portrait of the author adorns the volume.

The book is inscribed "to the faithful doers of little things, which form so large a part of happy and perfect lives," and it is as neat and tasty a volume as I have seen of late. A collection of poems by Mrs. Tuttle needs no commendation at my hands. My readers doubtless are all well acquainted with the beauty of diction, the ease and grace of style, and the nobility of sentiment that characterize this lady's writings. The appended extracts from one of the longer poems in this work are illustrative of its general character:

LOOK FOR THE BEST.

When work we had need to do is over  
And Duty finds naught to regret;  
When the soul takes a rest on its journey  
To gather what strength it can get,  
I never have found it so helpful  
To search for the faults I might see,  
As to look for the blossoms of goodness  
Hung thick on humanity's tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so, in our viewing each other,  
'Tis pleasant to look for the best;  
We all have our foibles and failings,  
Which need not be hunted or guessed  
So long as they hide and are quiet,  
Shamefaced at their visages ill;  
'Tis better we pay our attention  
To praiseworthy traits, or keep still.

But when evils rise in pursuance,  
Of course we shall do as we must;  
Fence off, but if still they keep crowding,  
Remorselessly strike to the dust!  
A peace which is kept by encroachment  
On honor, and manhood, and truth,  
If broken by honest resistance  
Can never work downfall or ruth.

\* \* \* \* \*

So, friends, though the rule I would follow  
Is "Search for the noble and true,"  
If I am confronted with brigands  
I deal "to the devil his due;"  
But if insects too petty assail me  
A smudge of burnt sugar I make,  
And if that proves too mild, all the vengeance  
In sulphur and brimstone I take.

I never turn out of my pathway  
For obstacles which I can lay,  
Though 'twere Pleasure in armor of silver  
Who threatened or plead in my way;  
And though I meet foes on life's journey  
I had not expected, nor guessed,  
I never lose faith in the human,  
But hope on, and look for the best.

A new book by Hudson Tuttle, called "Religion of Man and Ethics of Science," has just been published by M. J. Holbrook & Co., New York City. It consists of 320 pages, cloth, and sells for \$1.50. For many years, Mr. Tuttle has been known as one of the most vigorous and trenchant writers in the ranks of Spiritualism. His works on the "Arcana of Nature," "Arcana of Spiritualism," "Physical Man," "Psychic Science," etc., occupy the front rank in the literature of Spiritualism; and a new book from him is sure to command immediate attention.

The present work is devoted principally to the presentation of the religion of man, as against that of the gods and the theologies of the past and the present. As was to be expected from Hudson Tuttle, theology receives scant courtesy, and its defects and barbarism are forcibly discussed in contrast to the religion of science and spiritual ethics.

Mr. Tuttle postulates as fundamental scientific propositions, these: (1) The evolution of man from lower forms of being; (2) man has never fallen from perfection; (3) the only mediator between God and man is knowledge; (4) evil is imperfection, to be eradicated by moral growth; (5) man is not a free agent, and has not a free will; (6) immortality is evolved from physical being by unchangeable law; (7) the only infallible authority is Nature rightly interpreted by Reason.

The truth of these propositions is well sustained in Mr. Tuttle's usual clear and able manner. They accord with views that I have held for over thirty years, and I am always pleased to see them discussed, for the enlightenment of the benighted, theological world. But I should have been better pleased, individually, had more care been exercised by the author of this volume in the selection of historical data in illustration of its fundamental bases. In a number of instances, statements are made anent the religions and countries of antiquity, which, being based on inaccurate, antiquated and unreliable authorities, are destitute of truth. Any competent Orientalist would have told Mr. Tuttle that much of what he says about *Cristna (Sic)*, Mithra, Buddha, Isis, Egypt, India, etc., etc., is purely imaginary, and that the books in which he found these false statements and perversions of facts are worthless as authorities in the light of present-day knowledge. Aside from these defects of statement, this last work of Mr. Tuttle is valuable and timely.

*The Monist*. A quarterly magazine published by the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. We welcome to our table this new periodical venture. It is designed to embody in a permanent form the longer and more valuable papers of the character that have been published heretofore in *The Open Court*. It is understood that hereafter only the shorter and lighter essays sent to the publisher will appear in the weekly journal, *The Open Court*, while those of weightier calibre will be published in *The Monist*.

The October number (No. 1) of *The Monist* presents a goodly array of valuable essays in advanced science and philosophy. The opening paper is by that eminent naturalist, perhaps the ablest of the strict or Simon Pure Darwinian scientific propagandists of today, George J. Romanes; and it is entitled, "Mr. A. R. Wallace on Physiological Selection." As is well known, Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace is one of the leading champions of Darwinism as a system; but, while he and nearly all other naturalists in the world accept the truth of the general principles of evolution, there are various moot points connected with the "how" of evolution, — disagreements obtain among men of science as to the manner in which some of the results of evolutionary development are brought about in the world of nature; and Mr. Romanes's essay involves a discussion of some of these disputed points.

This is followed by an interesting paper by Alfred Binet, the distinguished French biologist, upon "The Immortality of Infusoria," or of the unicellular animals that propagate by fission or self-division. Probably the paper in this number most of interest to Spiritualists and occultists is that on "The Magic Mirror," by Max Des-vois, which includes much valuable matter regarding the history

and true nature of this class of mirrors. Illustrative examples of the remarkable features of these mirrors are presented.

Prof. E. D. Cope, one of America's greatest naturalists, contributes an article "On the Material Relations of Sex in Human Society;" Dr. Paul Carus, the editor, writes on "The Origin of Mind;" and there are several other philosophical papers on important subjects, together with literary correspondence from France, book reviews, notices of periodicals, etc., the whole making up a interesting and valuable number. Its price is 50 cents, single copies; yearly subscription, \$2.00.

The annual holiday exercises of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, 1131 Mission street, took place Friday afternoon, Dec. 12, 1890. Owing to the prevalence of diphtheria among the children in the neighborhood, it was thought that the attendance would be more meagre than at the previous closings, but the teachers were gladdened with an unexpectedly large attendance, nearly the full strength of the school being present.

As it was thought, for the reason above stated, that the exercises would be sparsely attended by the pupils, no general invitation was given to the public this year.

The children had a happy time of it. Songs, games, marches, plays, etc., filled up an enjoyable programme; after which an abundance of good things in the way of eatables were distributed, each child being also supplied with a cute little paper cap. Presents galore were also liberally furnished to one and all.

The exercises were under the supervision of the principal in charge, Miss Libbie Hill, assisted by Miss Grace Ellison. The occasion was also memorable for the reappearance at the Kindergarten of its long-time and popular principal, Miss Josie Hill, who presided at the piano, this being her first attendance since her long and trying illness. We are sorry to say that her health is still far from good.

#### The Lyceum Banner.

I have received the first number of a new monthly periodical called the *Lyceum Banner*, published by J. J. Morse, 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, England. Mr. Morse is assisted in its publication and editorship by his daughter, Miss Florence Morse, who is well known to many of the readers of the DOVE.

As its name indicates, it is devoted to the interests of the Children's Progressive Lyceums of Great Britain, and is an attractive, well-gotten up little paper, worthy the generous support of those connected with the movement to which it pertains.

There is a list of the lyceums in Great Britain published in the *Banner*, amounting to 47 in all. We are glad to see that the Lyceum system is in apparently so flourishing a condition among our transatlantic brethren. It is also noteworthy that a Spiritualists' Lyceum Union was instituted in England last May, to promote the welfare of the Lyceum movement. We wish Brother Morse's new venture abundant success. The subscription price of the *Banner* is one shilling and six pence (37 cents) per year, post paid.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

#### Spiritualists, Read!

Does Modern Spiritualism satisfy you with regard to the soul's unbroken existence hereafter? If not, it will pay you to investigate Koreshanity, which unfolds the science of Immortal Life. Do you love humanity? Have you grieved at the gross injustice of our social system? An illuminated mind solves the social problem, and heralds the dawn of brighter days.

Send for copy of "The Flaming Sword," 3619 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Wonderful Things.

## Dr. Louis Schlessinger Does Some Curious Things As a Spirit Medium.

Dr. Louis Schlessinger of San Francisco, a spiritualist and test medium, who says he has been a medium for thirty years, has arrived in this city and is stopping at the Capital Hotel, where he is now holding sittings with many of our prominent citizens. Hearing considerable discussion about Dr. Schlessinger, a *Mai* reporter called on him at his room yesterday and was given a sitting. The Dr. has a long gray beard, heavy dark hair, wears gleaming spectacles, and while looking at a visitor is exceedingly matter of fact about the performance and did not in any instance seek to gain a worldly influence over the reporter.

The first test was for the reporter to write on a sheet of paper a number of names of persons, some living, the others dead. The writing was done while the Doctor was twenty feet away with his back turned. The Doctor then takes the sheet of paper and turning the names so that he cannot read them, made a separate sheet for each name and placed the collection in his hat, held under the table by the reporter, who passed the slips to the medium. He then took them singly between his finger and thumb and readily selected those who are dead and those who are alive at the same time, telling you their names without looking at the papers. The reporter then wrote the names of a number of cities and diseases, including the name of the place where the party mentioned resided and the disease of which he died.

These names are all cut into slips without the medium seeing them, and placed in a hat. The Doctor readily picked out the name of the city in which the party died, and the name of the disease causing death.

The sitting and its manifestations were entirely unexplainable and apparently honest.

He declared that it was not mind reading nor legerdemain, but that the wonderful feats were performed by means of his communication with the spirit guide, and expressed a belief that his philosophy was destined to meet with the general acceptance among all people.

He also claims that he is able to cure the tobacco and whisky habit, and it is said that he has made two or three successful experiments in this line already. We hope to see this assertion exemplified and shall chronicle further developments with pleasure.

We are unable to either deny or assert that it is spiritualism, but all we can say is that Dr. Schlessinger makes wonderful revelations. He will be in our city a number of days.

Rev. S. E. McCutchen, of Georgia, (Atlanta, I think), recently beat his wife. For this he was arraigned before the Baptist ministers' conference in Atlanta. His brethren solemnly resolved that they disapproved of his beating his wife but that they "still retain confidence in his Christian character." What a joke that would be if it were not so seriously significant—a bad man whitewashed to save "the cause" from reproach!

A Cleveland woman recently married a Chinese laundryman and in three days thereafter the unhappy Celestial appeared at a barber's shop and ordered his pigtail cut off, saying in explanation: "Too muchee damn yank."

There is a girl in Lynn County, Iowa, sixteen years old, of whom the following story is told: For six weeks of the coldest weather of last winter, during the sickness of her father and mother, she attended carefully and well forty-eight sheep, seventeen head of cattle and two calves, beside milking three cows, driving the cattle a quarter of a mile every day to water, cleaning the horse stable, doing the housework, and taking care of her sick parents.

It is easy finding reasons why other people should be patient.

## Recompense.

Patience, dear heart, thine own shall come  
Sure as the waves break on the shore;  
Sure as the stars and placid moon  
Shall come with night, forevermore.

Thy spirit long has sought its mate,  
And grieved that death was everywhere;  
Patience, a little longer wait,  
Love holds for thee a bounteous share

Of all the joys thy soul doth seek,  
Of all thy fondest dreams of bliss,  
And sweeter than the words we speak,  
Shall be love's token and love's kiss.

This precious heritage hath all  
Earth's children; though for some  
No voice respondeth to their call,  
The lips of love seem cold and dumb.

Yet sometime, somewhere, love meets love,  
Soul unto soul its greetings send,  
And hearts attuned, in sweet accord,  
In heavenly unison shall blend.

## Beyond the Gates.

BY ALBERTINE C. ISENBECK.

Beyond the gates what heavenly visions  
Shall dawn upon my raptured sight;  
Wandering afar in fields elysian,  
Bathed in floods of golden light.

The dear ones passed beyond the portal,  
Shall aid me, when earth's journey ends,  
To enter on the life immortal,  
Where joy with duty ever blends.

Waiting, while with slow endeavor  
Life's rugged pathway we must tread;  
Waiting till the last chords sever,  
And earthly friends shall call us dead.

What words of welcome, then, are spoken,  
When kindred ties unite again;  
What healing hands shall give us token  
That care and sickness cease their reign.

There are no clouds of doubt assailing;  
Forever shines the Bethlehem star;  
And angel hands may lift the veiling  
That softly hides the gates ajar.

—*Boston Home Journal.*

Each one is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. Each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—*Dean Stanley.*

"Your wife is a strikingly beautiful woman."

"Yes, beautiful,—striking. Her beauty is plainly evident to all, but nobody can realize how 'striking' she is save the man who has to put up the chink when she 'strikes' him for it—and that's me."—*Dansville Breeze.*

When old age has touched our heads with frost, and old father Time counts the last few fleeting moments; how glorious the scene, if we can look back over a life well spent.—*J. E. SMALL.*