

897369
OCT 20 1898
REPRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

LIBERATOR

The Truth Shall Make You Free.

VOL. I. No. 1

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1898.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as Second-Class mail matter.

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BF 1001
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v. 1
no. 1-7
1898
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MY EXPERIENCE IN SPIRITUALISM

—BY—

BISHOP S. GARRISON.

Human experiences in whatever direction would be valueless were it not for the lessons to be derived from them teaching others how to avoid the needless suffering similar lines of conduct would entail.

When a man has been lured from the broad highway of honor and integrity by a glittering "Will-o-the-wisp" into the swamps and jungles where abide deadly and venomous things, and after vainly striving to grasp the elusive object, realizes at last the fruitlessness of his search and is not too deeply imbedded in the mire to extricate himself he will seek to regain the highway and warn others against a like misfortune.

If, in giving this, my personal experience, in laying bare my own life, revealing its weakness, uncovering its wounds, and bringing from the oblivion of the past its painful memories shall have the effect of opening the eyes of others to the actual conditions around them, and save even one human being from gaining this knowledge through the unhappy channels it was gained by me I shall feel that my effort has not been in vain, and that, to some extent at least, reparation has been made for the past wrongs and mistakes. I am well aware of the criticism, antagonism and perhaps even persecution this departure will evoke from my former, spiritualistic friends and associates; but I shall meet it fearlessly and am prepared to prove and demonstrate the truth of my statements.

"Truth wears no mask; bows at no human shrine; she only asks a *hearing*." Therefore, I shall need no masks, no confederates, no paraphernalia, nor darkness. The only "conditions" desired are that all prejudice and pre-conceived opinions be laid aside and that from the evidence adduced the case shall be decided.

I was reared according to the strictest orthodox rule—my father being a Presbyterian clergyman, and most earnest, conscientious man. When I arrived at manhood my knowledge of the great world beyond the prairies of Iowa and the plains of Kansas was limited to that obtained from books; but my ambition was great and my pride brooked no restraint nor limitation when a course of conduct had been marked out and decided upon.

I knew nothing of Spiritualism until after my marriage, and even then, although my wife was a believer, I would not allow the subject discussed in my home. With my superior wisdom I would soon cure her such a belief. Being head of the family, my word was law, or, at least I thought so, which was the same to me. I had no charity for people who did wrong, or who did not believe with myself.

I was prosperous in business, and successful in politics; was elected to fill responsible public offices—made money and friends in plenty. When about in the zenith of prosperity a cloud became visible in the horizon, which, although at first "no larger than a man's hand," gradually spread until it obscured the light of day, and left me in a starless night of hopelessness and despair. This cloud was Modern Spiritualism—or that which, from Maine to California, across the seas and in every land passes current therefor.

HOW IT COMMENCED.

Hearing of some wonderful phenomena occurring among the spiritualists I mentioned the matter to my wife, who manifested no surprise but merely remarked, "I told you so." She then informed me that I could go and have a "sitting" with the medium and find out the truth for myself. "Why," said she, "I have had many sittings, and my guide gave me a message on a slate saying that you would become interested and believe." She then produced the slate

containing the "message" for me to read. A communication from her "guide," indeed! Why, I always supposed that I was her guide, and yet all the time she had been having sittings with a medium without asking my permission. I enquired who wrote upon the slate and she replied, "The spirit did it."

It seemed incredible that my wife could believe anything so absurd. She said that it was not a matter of belief, but of knowledge with her and I could know for myself by investigating. "Why," said she, "it only costs three dollars for a sitting, and your mother might give you a message. She gave me one and said she was with you all the time. She is a lovely spirit. I saw her at a materializing seance and she wanted me to ask you to come next time."

I said, "why did you not tell me you were going to such places?" "What nights did you go?" She replied, "Friday nights, when you were at the Odd Fellows lodge. I did not want to bother you about it, and the spirits said it would all come out right."

I told her I would look into the matter and soon stop such nonsense. She looked like she pitied my ignorance and said that if it was not true she would like to know it. The mediums she recommended were George D. Search, and Henry Slade. She told me about getting "controlled" and "entranced" and of spirits talking to their friends in that way. It was all new and strange to me and I determined to solve the problem for myself.

How little we know what strange experiences await us, when we trim our sails, launch our boats, and venture out into an unknown sea on a voyage of discovery.

MY FIRST SITTING WITH A MEDIUM.

A short time after this conversation with my wife I called upon Mr. Search and arranged for a "sitting" the following day. He told me to bring my own slates, which I thought a very fair proposition, thinking it would be impossible under such conditions to be imposed upon by any sort of trickery. The next day I was promptly on time with my slates ready for my first seance with a medium. I found him a pleasant, agreeable person, who seemed honest and anxious to please. We sat down at a small table and I produced my slates all ready for the spirits to write upon. He merely glanced at them and asked me to place my hands upon them. Very soon raps were heard upon the slates and table. The medium said that the spirits would communicate by raps while the writing was being done. I was greatly interested, and asked many questions receiving answers by the spirits rapping. The medium seemed nervous; his arms twitched and he frequently shivered in a convulsive sort of manner, which excited my curiosity and I enquired if he was ill. He replied that the spirits "drew" on him for the force which enabled them to write. When the raps announced that the writing was completed I opened the slates, which had been held under the table a portion of the time, and found them covered with writing. I was greatly surprised, for the communication was signed with my mother's name, and resembled her hand writing. My mother died when I was but a young child and I had always been taught to love and revere her memory. Among my choicest treasures was an album of poems written by her own hand, and the similarity of the writing on the slate to that in the album was so great the evidence of its authenticity seemed confounding.

The gulf of death was spanned; and here was the sainted mother whose love and guidance I had missed through all the experiences of boyhood and youth now come to advise and counsel the mature man through this strange agency. It seemed incomprehensible to me; but I grasped it eagerly as a proof of a future life of immortality for man; and was delighted with the beautiful thought that the guardianship of angels was a reality susceptible of demonstration. I engaged the medium to hold seances in my home and invited my friends to attend and be convinced. They suggested "test conditions" to which the medium complied even proposing greater tests than we had thought of exacting of him.

The result was that he succeeded in satisfying us beyond a doubt. I was in daily communication with my mother, and she advised me upon all important matters. How well the advice turned out will be seen later on.

SITTING FOR DEVELOPMENT.

William Lloyd Garrison was installed as my own particular "guide," which seemed quite natural and in harmony with my aspirations as I was related to that grand man by ties of blood and was proud of the kinship; and equally proud of his guidance as a spirit. I sat for development for I am told that the spirit world had selected me to do a great work, (perhaps I was commencing to do it now.) I was also told to introduce the medium—Mr. Search—to the public, and I built a commodious hall for spiritual meetings, and did all in my power to spread the truth, as I then believed. It was my pleasure to follow such advice which included caring for the medium to the extent that he should not be bothered about making a living, or money matters and he would develop into the greatest medium on earth. Many people have been told the same thing regarding other mediums, and have believed them to be superior beings, divinely appointed, and set apart as a chosen messengers of God and the angel world.

The spirit said I would become a great medium; which was exceedingly gratifying news; for if there is anything that will please the vanity and stimulate the ambition of the average spiritualist it is to be told that he will some day be a great and wonderful medium. It is the dearest wish of his heart, the treasure he most earnestly covets and for which thousands spend their time "sitting" to develop, and their money to obtain, upon the specious promises of some "developing medium."

Books have been written to meet this demand, with full instructions for the formation of "circles," and how to obtain some one or more of the different phases; as any person who is sufficiently patient and persevering can do, provided he sits long enough. Sometimes this desire for mediumship becomes almost a mania as in the case of Miss Jenny Leys, a brilliant and talented young woman and public speaker, who came from the eastern States and took a cottage in Los Angeles, where, in company with a single female attendant and companion she remained in retirement sixteen years sitting for materialization. She had been promised that if she would do this, Jesus Christ would materialize and stand by her side upon the lecture platform and deliver the address in person. She believed it would certainly come to pass, and thus wasted the golden years of a glorious womanhood, until her hair became white as snow, and she was forced to quit the abode in which she had been a willing prisoner, in solitary confinement, so far as the outside world was concerned. No human foot was permitted to cross her threshold during all that time for fear of "disturbing the conditions." The few friends who sought her out could sit upon the vine-covered veranda and converse with the spiritual captive; but they dared not enter the sacred precinct of the home, and only at rare intervals was a favored friend allowed even that privilege.

There were many facts in connection with this business of which I was at that time quite ignorant or my enthusiasm might have assumed a milder form. It was a subject of perplexity to me because all my friends did not accept the evidences presented as "proof palpable" of spiritualism; but here again the "guides" came to my rescue by assuring me that such people were not sufficiently progressed to grasp spiritual truths, in fact, were spiritually blind.

It was rumored that the medium was in the habit of getting intoxicated and was addicted to other vices; but I could not believe anything against such a "perfect instrument of the angels."

A GREAT SURPRISE.

One day on my way home from my office I met Mr. Search in an intoxicated condition at which I was greatly surprised and distressed, I told my wife what I had witnessed and she said it was either his "Indian control" or an undeveloped influence; and I should have brought him home with me and taken care of him until the control departed and he had gained his normal state.

This was astonishing information concerning the dangers and irresponsibilities of mediumship. The idea of my mother having to communicate with me through such an instrument seemed very repugnant; but such was the philosophy of my new religion as taught by those around me. If a good spirit could control a medium why not an evil one as well? It seemed plausible enough from that standpoint of reasoning. Still, it could hardly be considered an enviable position at all times, though its compensations and pleasures were many.

At seances the spirits were noticeably partial to good looking young women; the deceased husbands of charming widows frequently controlled the medium

and demonstrated their continued affection by warm kisses, fond embraces and the same old endearing names all of which were accepted and reciprocated by the bereft ones in the most touching and pathetic manner. Old men received messages from the long departed sweethearts of their youthful days, and frequently such spirits materialized and spoke words of endearment and tenderly caressed the now aged lover, which brought a new light into the dim eye and fanned to light the still smouldering spark of an almost forgotten love among the dead ashes upon the altar of the "long ago." Sometimes spirit brides materialized for these old veterans and informed them that the dear old wife who had been the loving earthly companion for a quarter or half century was not the true spiritual affinity, and would be supplanted "over there" by the beautiful spirit bride, or true soul mate. Sometimes the more accommodating ones suggested the selection of temporary affinities from among the number of females who were similarly situated.

Mediums are not considered responsible for their acts, or, at least they are allowed great latitude and freedom. They are considered as open doorways through whose organisms come thronging eager multitudes of spirits to communicate with earthly friends. Some are good, others bad; dying does not change their natures and the old appetites and passions cling to them as a garment in spirit life and can only be overcome and outgrown by coming in contact with a physical organism. There are mediums who believe they are doing a mighty missionary work liberating earth bound spirits in this manner.

Mediumship, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; and the greater the sinner the surer the test of his irresponsibility, or "unbalanced condition" owing to constant spirit control. All this may seem incredible and impossible of belief to an intelligent mind upon its first presentation; but it is accepted and taught by spiritualists generally, and forms the strongest safeguard and protection mediumship can present against the attacks of critics and opponents.

Much that is beautiful and seemingly in harmony with reason, moral and social ethics is presented along with its absurdities and vagaries so that which would repel the student at first is gradually overlooked. It was very difficult for me to ignore the teachings of my childhood, and think that the blameless life of my respected and honored father was not, after all, an example worthy of emulation, and accept without grave misgivings the entire doctrine as practiced and advocated by phenomenal mediums.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar grown its face,
We first endure—then pity—then embrace."

Slowly but surely was the net of deceit and treachery woven around me and my home, and most bitter and humiliating was the awakening. I was earnest and enthusiastic and spent money freely in the cause. When sceptics said that the medium was a fraud and trickster I demanded that they explain the trick—show how it was done. It is always absurd to cry fraud without being able to prove it. To know the secrets of masonry one must join the order; and the same is true of physical mediumship.

ADVICE ON BUSINESS.

Believing as I did in the genuineness of the communications it is easy to comprehend how blindly I followed the advice given by my supposed spirit friends. At their direction I embarked in enterprises having in view the employment of men and women who were out of work and in destitute circumstances. I built a large fruit cannery, and in my zeal to obey the spirits and be a benefactor to the poor I soon lost everything invested through the carelessness and incompetence of those employed and trusted, and a lack of knowledge of the business on my own part.

I also invested largely in real estate, and built houses to rent expecting handsome profits as the spirits had promised. It was not long before I realized there was a mistake somewhere. My houses were tenantless, my city lots unsold and greatly depreciated in value; my canning factory a dead loss and my business in a crippled condition generally. About this time Mr. Search came to me asking for a loan. I had been accustomed to advancing him money in various sums whenever he wanted it; but on this occasion I hesitated and told him we would have a sitting first and see what the spirits would say on the slates. He replied that if I would give him fifty dollars he would show me how to get my own slate writing. I did not understand what he meant, but told him that if he could develop me I would gladly give him that amount and much more. He agreed to meet me at four o'clock that afternoon and give me the first lesson. I was hearing a case of assault and battery that day but am afraid I did not pay much at-

attention to the testimony; I was restless and uneasy and finally dismissed the defendant and adjourned court.

THE FIRST REVELATION.

At the appointed time Mr. Search was promptly on hand. His first statement startled me, "The whole business is a 'fake,'" he said. I told him to go on and not talk foolishly. He asked for some slates and I happened to have some in my office, taken there to show my friends. He laughed when they were produced, and said that the messages they contained had been written by himself.

Before proceeding to explain he exacted of me a promise of secrecy, saying it would do me no good to "give him away"—that spiritualists would not believe it, and other people would only laugh at me for having been so easily fooled. It was not necessary to be told this, as I had already decided to say nothing to any one until I had received greater proof than one man could furnish that a faith having so many adherents, and presenting, for its foundation, such an array of wonderful phenomena, was like a house founded upon the sand which would fall before the first gale of crucial, scientific investigation, or crumble into ashes under the scorching rays of the searchlight of truth.

Well, it is needless to say that the writing was produced on the slates and the medium explained how it was done. He showed me many processes by which slate writing was done, and the methods employed by the most prominent mediums. Still I was not satisfied. I could not believe that such a careful investigator as Professor Zollner, of the Leipsic University, the author of a work called "Transcendental Physics," which was the result of scientific experiments with the great medium—Henry Slade—could have been entirely mistaken, and deceived with a few tricks; although I could understand how an honest man, expecting honesty in others, might be imposed upon. But the medium went fully into the details of the work, explaining the various phases of phenomena, such as cabinet work—materializing, etherialization, trumpet speaking, independent voices, dark, and musical seance manifestation, spirit lights, raps, ballot tests, reading sealed letters, making spirit pictures on slates, handkerchiefs, etc. Platform tests as given by "stocked" mediums, who gave as tests while in a "dead trance and wholly unconscious," names and messages previously obtained and memorized for the occasion, were also explained and books of "exchange tests" produced in evidence. The enormity of the whole business fairly paralyzed me. To listen to a confession of such hypocrisy and deceit from a man whom I had taken into my home as a trusted friend and "spiritual adviser" was a terrible experience, and painful insight into human depravity.

FURTHER REVELMENTS.

About this time I was preparing for a trip East, having been chosen by the Knights of Pythias as a delegate to the grand lodge of the world at Toronto, Canada, and I determined to investigate spiritualism still farther by visiting noted mediums in eastern cities. Mr. Search offered to give me letters of introduction which would enable me to gain the information desired. His letters read as follows:

"Friend A—, This introduces Mr. Garrison. He is on, and O. K.

Search."

He said, "Just tell them you worked with me and it will be all right." Worked with him, indeed! Why, I began to think he had "worked" with me or "worked" me, and that to considerable extent.

The first medium I visited with my letter of introduction was Mr. Mott, the famous materializing medium of Kansas City, Missouri. I told him I was learning the business and wanted to see his work. I paid, and he explained. His seances were considered marvellous demonstrations of spirit power, and had I not been initiated beforehand would have been deceived as readily as were others. The dim, uncertain light, the soft music, the expectancy, hope, almost fear, the entire novelty of the situation, all have their influence and impress the visitor with a feeling of solemnity akin to awe and prepares the mind to receive and believe otherwise incredible things.

Under such conditions the exhibition of a piece of white cheesecloth before the black curtains of the cabinet takes on the appearance of the robes of an angel, and the rustle of a starched or silken petticoat sounds like the fluttering of angelic wings; and when the medium steps forth clad in a garment daubed in spots with luminous paint it seems that the very heavens have been opened and a celestial being arrayed in shining raiment has appeared in their midst. The possibility of the human brain to receive false impressions is great.

I visited mediums in St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto, New York, Indianapolis, and other places and everywhere found the letters of introduction

the open sesame to further revelations. I returned home disheartened so far as public mediums were concerned and decided to test some of the supposed reliable trance mediums of my acquaintance, and in my own household. Every one endorsed Mr. Search as a genuine medium; I then tried some of the tricks on them and it worked like a charm. Neither the mediums nor their guides detected the deception. I began to observe what was going on around me and soon discovered conditions of the gravest nature confronting me. I felt destroyed, and like one who had climbed to some lofty pinnacle and suddenly found the ladders by which he had ascended swept away. The moral and social ladder lay in ruins; the financial ladder would sustain me no longer; the political ladder was broken, and there seemed no way to get down but to fall—and I fell.

I cared for nothing, and took to drinking as a panacea for my troubles. I was like the man in Arkansas, I did not get drunk but just kept that way all the time. Out of the financial wreck enough was saved to leave my family in comfortable circumstances, and after procuring a legal separation and settling up my affairs as best I could, with what little remained I started for the Pacific Coast, leaving all the friends and associations of my life, not knowing or caring whither I would drift or what fortune or misfortune might await me.

NEW EXPERIENCES.

When I first began to realize my condition I found myself in the State of Washington, among strangers with not a dollar in my pocket and no prospects. That night I visited the Odd Fellows' lodge, and being a stranger was asked to make a few remarks. I chanced to glance at a beautiful emblem on the wall, of a bundle of sticks, illustrative of the strength of a united body, and referred to my own condition as a stick which had slipped from the bundle and was "broke." It was grim humor, but resulted in timely assistance, and an offer of employment from one of the brothers. This I gladly accepted and commenced work the following day as a carpenter. For about one year I labored in this manner and would have scorned the thought of making money as a medium. I endeavored to dismiss spiritualism from my mind and only referred to it as did Josh Billings to the snake hole, "When I see a hole with a snake's head in it I think the hole belongs to that snake."

I worked on as millions of men are doing—regarded as "only a common laborer," by men whom, at one time, I would not have considered my equals; but they were on top of Fortune's wheel now, and I was underneath, and that made the difference.

MY PUBLIC MEDIUMSHIP.

Work becoming slack I drifted to Astoria, Oregon, where employment was again secured. The celebrated medium—Henry Allen—was holding seances and attracting much attention. My "boss" urged me to accompany him to the meetings but I declined, not wishing any new experiences in that line. He continued to press the matter and I consented to go.

There were about thirty people present at one dollar a head. It was a dark seance at which musical instruments were played upon, independent writing produced, and other manifestations. The people were delighted and accepted it all as the work of their spirit friends. There was a man making thirty dollars in an evening, and all the time engaged, while I worked all day at hard labor, for half a month, receiving less than that amount in compensation for the entire time. No wonder, that when a few weeks later my job was finished, the old story of man's temptation and fall was repeated in me. It is said that "man's extremity is God's opportunity;" but in this case the devil seemed to take advantage of the situation for I entered his service and found him a good paymaster so far as finances were concerned. I told some of my acquaintances that I was a medium and they arranged for me to hold a seance at once. The art had been well learned and it proved an easy matter to please the people and make many converts to Spiritualism. Money flowed into my pockets and from them into the till of the saloon-keeper, for I was obliged to drink in order to still the voice of conscience which constantly upbraided me for such unholy work. The fact—that there were hundreds of others—men and women all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific doing the same business was no excuse for me. I have no apology to offer and shall not attempt to make one. However, by way of atonement whenever I saw good, intelligent people getting too deeply involved, my own unfortunated experience would come before me and I would enlighten them. In no instance did I pretend the manifestations were other than they really were—the phenomena known as that of modern spiritualism. Some of those whom I enlightened used the information as I had done and engaged in the business as professional mediums, and are traveling over the country to-day and receiving the endorsements of Spiritual societies and the

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The Liberator

Issued the 1st and 15th of each month at 538 Page St.
San Francisco, Cal.

Subscription - - \$1.00 per Year

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Julia Schlessinger - - - - - Editor

San Francisco, Sept., 1, 1898

SALUTATORY.

A little more than four years ago the writer ceased, for a time, all literary labor on account of failing health resulting from the continued strain of mental work for a period of eleven years as editor of the *Carrier Dove*, *The Gleaner* and the *Pacific Coast Spiritualist*. Since the suspension of all those publications the only work of importance engaging our attention has been the preparation and publication of a large volume entitled "Workers in the Vineyard," and the careful preparation of a number of illustrated lectures upon spiritualism and other subjects.

Now, however, the time seems ripe, the occasion demands it, the inspiration, born of the needs of the hour, leads us to again take up the pen and enter the arena of labor in behalf of humanity against the evils and abuses of the false system under which men and women are struggling today.

As every little pattering rain drop helps swell the volume of the mighty ocean, so may we hope that every effort, however feeble or ill-directed, if made with good intent and lofty purpose will add somewhat toward stemming the great tide of wrong which seems ready to engulf the whole race.

We do not take the credit even for originality in the selection of our name—THE LIBERATOR—for many years ago that name was gestated in and born from the brain of a truly great and noble man and dedicated to the emancipation of over four millions of human beings from the horrible condition of slavery. When William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John A. Collins and other grand souls entered into the anti-slavery agitation Garrison's little sheet *The Liberator* spoke in no uncertain tone for universal freedom. So, today, although not endowed with the qualifications of those great intellectual giants—still whatever talent we do possess shall be used in the defense of human rights, and for the emancipation of the people, from all species of slavery—physical, mental or spiritual.

Spiritualistic Threats.

Since we have entered upon this work of exposing the fraud practiced in the name of spiritualism rumors have reached us of threats being made by the "fake" element and their supporters in high places, that we had better desist or there might be a way found to make this city too warm to hold us. Another rumor says that we

are taking our "lives in our hands" in our feeble effort to enlighten spiritualists regarding the fraud they are accepting as truths from the angel world. Much of this bombast and show of authority comes from one of whom we always believed better things; one whom we befriended when sick and penniless and who owes us ten dollars borrowed money he has never had the honor to repay nor mention since the gold was laid in his hand several years ago. I do not refer to this now only to show how mean a great [?] man may become when his head is turned with the honors of office. Of one thing the whole crowd may rest assured—that if ever the angel world inaugurated any movement they have started this one; and if the hand that pens these words was cold in death tomorrow—a victim of their hate and rage—there are other brave souls ready to step into the harness, take up the work and carry it on to the bitter end. The pioneers in all reforms have suffered persecution and social ostracism. William Lloyd Garrison was dragged by a rope through the streets of Boston by an infuriated mob until life was almost extinct because he advocated freedom for the slaves; and experience teaches that it is as dangerous today to advocate mental freedom from all forms of superstition as it was to advocate liberty for those in physical bondage.

OUR POSITION.

"I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch. And *I will be heard*. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

William Lloyd Garrison in the Liberator, January 1, 1831.

Sixty seven years ago a brave man uttered those words in the initial number of his little paper which was devoted to exposing the wrongs and abuses of the horrible system of human slavery, and to the advocacy of the emancipation of the colored race. Today, we feel like repeating them and applying them to the conditions of mental enslavement which holds the people in bondage as abject and servile as were the physical fetters of the negro. The apathy of the masses is as much to be deplored now as it was then. Peering through the mists of superstition the mental vision discerns but dimly the wrongs and abuses of the times; the sharp, clear outlines of existing evils are but freely portrayed upon the horizon, and hoary wrong seems but venerable old age. The time has come for those who love justice, who love right, who love liberty to cry aloud and spare not; the time has come when those who claim to be guided by the clear light of reason should make a determined and united effort for the emancipation of the race from every species of slavery, and instead of lending their aid and influence towards the upholding of a new form of superstition in the world should with tongue and pen cry out and protest against it. Truth will not suffer on account of the exposure of wrong.

NOTES.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

In the struggle of life, the truly great are they who can meet adversity bravely and rise superior to adverse circumstances, and boldly meet and battle with fate alone. Above the brows of such heroes and heroines in letters of light will be written SUCCESS even though their garments trail in the dust of apparent defeat.

Principles are above personalities, and no matter what the consequences individually, the true man or woman will abide by principle even though forced to antagonize those whom they would otherwise prefer should be friends. In the columns of this little paper although seemingly harsh things may be said we bear no one ill will.

Referring to the tests prepared by Bishop Garrison for the platform mediums during the Camp meeting at Trestle Glen, Oakland and related by him in his "Experience in Spiritualism," Dr. N. F. Ravlin writes as follows:—"Garrison knows all about the prepared tests I gave him and you can make any use of them you think best. I did not believe either medium (meaning Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and Mrs. Maude Freitag, Ed.) would use them but they did give them out publicly as tests from the spirit world."

Spiritualism, when considered as the highest evolution of the religious thought of the age regarding a future state of existence is beautiful and true; but when smirched over with fraudulent phenomena it takes its place beside the religions of the past which are based upon supposed miracles, and the pretensions of wily priests until the beautiful truths underlying them all are almost buried and lost sight of, and outward forms and ceremonies, like a burial service, complete the interment.

The social evil with all its train of horrors is directly traceable to one cause—the financial dependence of women upon men. When girls are educated and trained to be self-reliant, self-supporting and independent they will not easily be led into evil ways or ill-advised marriages. The ability to earn one's own living is in itself a source of self-respect and happiness, and when combined with compatibility in marriage leaves little to be desired.

Not all the world is beautiful, and not all of life is good. The true artist has no right to choose only the lovely spots, and make us think that this is life. He must bring the world before our eyes, and makes us read and think. As he loves the true and noble, he must show the false and bad. As he yearns for true equality, he must paint the master and the slave. He must tell the truth; must tell it all; must tell it o'er and o'er again, until the deafest ear will listen and the dullest mind will think. He must not swerve to please the world by painting only pleasant sights and telling lovely tales. He must paint and write and work and think until the world shall learn so much, and grow so good that the true will be beautiful and the real be ideal.

It is not our mission to abuse Spiritualists or mediums. We shall deal only in facts and if any medium can refute our statements let him do so. Spiritualism has nothing to fear from open, honorable discussion. It is only sham and pretense that cannot bear the light. The laws of the land deal with the libeller and traducer, and all have a right to appeal to them for protection. There is also a law which deals with the person who obtains money under false pretenses which if invoked would cause a good many "fake" ads to disappear from the columns of our daily papers.

A great many people do not know that the writers of newspaper articles are not responsible for the headings and sub-heads. These are often misleading and sensational and convey an idea quite the reverse of that which the article was intended to convey. Sometimes people are said to be "down on spiritualism" when, in fact, they are its staunchest supporters and are only "down" on the fraudulent pretenses of unprincipled people masquerading as Spiritualists. If an individual's life work does not count for anything then where is the incentive to labor for a cause in which so little appreciation is manifested for those who have given the best years of their lives in its service.

"WHERE ARE WE AT?"

In the July 30th issue of the *Progressive Thinker* is a very timely article by Dr. T. Wilkins with the above heading. It covers more ground, is more to the point and explains the present status of Spiritualism as it really is better than anything I have ever before seen in a Spiritual paper. As this is the individual opinion of one person and that person myself I shall omit the editorial "we" and take the sole responsibility for my words. For more than twenty years I have been a believer in, and earnest advocate of Spiritualism as my published works bear testimony. I came into the work having more faith than knowledge—"believing all things—hoping all things," and with full confidence in the integrity and honesty of mediums. I could not conceive of a man or woman so dishonorable as to practice fraud in the name of the dear departed and palming off their miserable effusions as messages from our loved and lost ones. To me every communication was a precious treasure, and another link in the chain of evidence of the continued life of mankind after the change called death. When I entered upon the work of publishing the *Carrier Dove*—at first a little paper devoted to the interests of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Oakland—it was with a soul full of enthusiasm and zeal to spread the blessed truth, and teach it to the little ones growing up to manhood and womanhood in ignorance and fear of what the change of death might bring. The whole enterprise was an inspiration, as I had no knowledge of newspaper work, and had never thought of engaging in it as a business. How that little paper grew, and what the influence it exerted in behalf of Spiritualism during the ten years of its existence many who read its pages can testify. My heart and mind was wholly in its work, and my strength, even to the exclusion of necessary recreation, was laid upon the

altar. Whenever I discovered fraud I expose it fearlessly, even to the extent of antagonizing dear friends who saw things from a different standpoint and thought they could discern wisdom in everything. To my comprehension fraud was fraud—a lie was a lie—only that and nothing more. I wanted to *know* I was right—to be able to *prove* there was a foundation of FACT upon which my life-work was based. From many sources came what seemed to me indisputable evidence in support of my belief; but very little in the way of physical phenomena was presented that would stand the test of investigation. Materialization was always unsatisfactory—there was so much opportunity for deception, and so little chance to prove anything that it was of no avail as positive demonstration of spirit power. The same was true of other phases of physical manifestations. Darkness, cabinets, confederates, paraphernalia of various kinds all formed prominent parts, or were necessary adjuncts in its production, and exposures of mediums for such phases were so common that I never had much faith in them although I believed them possible under favorable conditions.

About a year and a half ago I began systematically to investigate along the only line by which investigation is possible to attain results—by entering into the work myself—not as a medium—but as a confidential friend and helper of those thus engaged. I joined the “ring” and was soon initiated into the secrets and mysteries of slate writing, materialization, dark and trumpet seances, spirit pictures on slates and handkerchiefs, ballot tests, sealed letter reading, platform tests and answering questions as practiced by the leading mediums throughout the country. The revelation confounded me. I could scarcely believe it possible that men and women all over the country were engaged in such nefarious work. When I have talked with these mediums? about their work they have said that spiritualists *demand* it, and that an honest psychic could not fill the bill. People wanted to see, and hear, and touch their spirit friends, and unless something in the line of *tangible, physical phenomena* was given they would not believe at all. The “still small voice” speaking to the inner or soul sense, was incomprehensible to the masses; they must hear an *audible voice*, speaking in stentorian tones through a trumpet, or the disguised voice of the medium in childish prattle, as when personating some little “cabinet control” as they all do. The imperfect message, or clairvoyant description of one who was honestly endeavoring to interpret the spirit meaning, counted as naught, except as a subject of ridicule; they clamored for “full names,” “full forms,” “independent voices,” and *they got them*. But the real forms of the beloved dead were not seen, their voices were not heard, the silence of death was between the mortal and immortal save as it was broken by the whispered word of love as it was breathed into the inner or soul-car of the re-

ceptive, spiritually attuned psychic. The glorified form of the one who had put on the garments of immortality was not visible to the physical eye; but the “eye of faith”—the spiritual vision—could catch glimpses of the shining raiment and feebly portray its loveliness in human language. The spirit communication that is of value to the world is not the one that tells the recipient what he or she was thinking and talking about before leaving home to go to the meeting. It does not describe the persons bedroom or tell whether he has a plaster on his back or not. It does not tell him that he “must not sign a certain paper” or “to beware of a light-complected man who is trying to swindle him.” It does not say his wife is untrue to him, or that the husband is about to elope with another man’s wife. It does not say “you must not take the journey you are thinking of tomorrow, you must wait until next week.” It does not say “you are very mediumistic, and should sit with *my* medium for development.” It does not say the whole mass of rubbish that is said in the name of the spirit upon the average spiritual platform. If it *does* then is Spiritualism a curse instead of a blessing to the world; for by their *fruits* ye shall know them; and I have yet to learn of a single instance where such information has made any one wiser, better, or happier for having received it. On the contrary the real spirit message to humanity is to love one another, help one another, take the fallen sister or brother by the hand and help them into truer, better lives. Open your hearts and homes to the destitute and unfortunate, defend the weak and helpless, labor to bring about such conditions that no child shall suffer from the cruel blows of drunken parents, or cry in vain for bread. With arms of tenderness encircle the weak and despairing, and from the abundance of your hope, your strength, your courage, impart to them power to rise above temptation, to plant their feet once more firmly upon the rock of self-respecting manhood and womanhood and commence here and now to strive for the condition of angelhood, all hope some day to attain.

Such is my Spiritualism as I believe and try to live it. As I hope for the friendly hand to be extended to me in any extremity, so shall I extend mine to others in like need. If, in exposing the wrongs done in the name of Spiritualism, I incur the disapprobation of friends, and the hatred of enemies I cannot help it. The work is put upon me to do and I shall not shrink or avoid it. The only compensation perhaps will be the consciousness of having done my best toward emancipating the minds of men and women who honestly desire the truth, from the thralldom of erroneous beliefs in some of the most stupendous humbugs and fraudulent representations of modern times. If spiritualists as a body would determine to know the facts there are many in the ranks who would gladly come out for the right; but fear of criticism and antagonism keeps them silent. The frauds have got the upper

hand and their work is condoned and winked at by those in authority because they make money and give it freely whenever it will serve as judicious advertising or secure prominence and public favor. No great gatherings such as Camp meetings and State conventions can be made financially successful without putting on the platforms the most notorious frauds “to draw the crowd.” The most gifted speakers are dependent upon such assistance in their platform work. One of our most prominent and faithful public speakers, who has been in the work many years, and is acquainted with everything pertaining to it, north, south, east, and west told me last winter that the Camp meetings depended upon “stocked” mediums for their attractions and referred to the Florida Camp meeting by way of illustration which had engaged the services of three California frauds for their drawing cards. Is it not time to stop and ask “Where are we at?”

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Friend and Searcher after Truth:—

Yours of the 7th at hand, pardon delay in replying. Your note reaches me while I am still under the doctor’s care with most emphatic commands not to use up the strength I am gaining, by thinking on subjects that will in any way tax the mind, and as it would take much thought to clearly state my views on the subject of mediumship you will see at once the impossibility of granting your request. I hope all that can be said in favor of genuine mediumship and the good to be attained through the development of the higher possibilities of the mind embodied, will be set forth in such a clear and concise manner that all who read may understand. There is also much that might be said regarding *so called* mediumship—and the work of those, who under its cloak parade before the public their deceptive tricks and charlatanism. I think a work of this kind should be aided by all believers in spiritualism. I would like to see you very much. I might help you by some suggestions. Trusting that you will be guided by an earnest desire to do good to the cause for which you have so faithfully worked these many years, for although there is much to try and test us, you and I both know there is a power beyond our present understanding and we should endeavor by any and all means to discover the cause, and apply the law. I will close wishing you success in your work. I am yours for Truth and Growth *here* as well as hereafter.
Elizabeth Sloper.

In a private letter to Mrs. Schlesinger concerning fraud in Spiritualism Mrs. M. T. Longley writes as follows: “I do not for one moment blame you for denouncing and exposing any fraud or media that you have detected in our ranks. All honest persons will encourage you in that, though I would very much hate to have you judge hastily or harshly of all phe-

nominal mediums and class them in a like category because a nest of frauds exists on the Pacific Coast. I think it would be dreadful to make the innocent suffer with the guilty, but if you can weed out the tricksters even if there is but a small percentage of honesty left, then God speed, Spiritualism can stand it even if Spiritualists cannot.”

Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR MRS. SCHLESIGER:—

In reply to your request to give my experience with physical mediums I will say that to me all such experience has been very unsatisfactory, especially regarding materialization, slate writing and all dark circle phenomena. I have believed that under favorable conditions spirits might materialize. But now comes the astonishing proof that nearly all phases of mediumship have been counterfeited by heartless impostors calling themselves spiritualists and mediums and with sanctimonious pretensions deceiving the earnest seeker after truth until they have become a mighty power through their combined influence of damnable fraud and infamous deeds. It makes my blood run cold to hear of such diabolical work. To say I am disgusted does not express my feelings. I am horrified to think that one of the most sacred and elevating religions—the one that gives us back our loved ones and has lifted us out of the darkness and doubt of the past is replaced with a damning deception by those within our own ranks to eat out its very life making it a by word and mockery. I am glad that the war is on and a cleansing process has begun. Let it not stop until every vestige of fraud has been obliterated. I have been called the old pioneer medium and “war horse”—if the term is permissible—and am ready to put on my armor and fight until every barnacle clinging to the mighty ship of spiritualism shall be destroyed and every vestige of wrong swept away from the grandest religion and science the world has ever known—a religion as dear to our hearts as is our beloved flag which waves over a free and enlightened people. I am no fair-weather spiritualist who would enjoy its prosperity and forsake it when adversity comes. I have fought for it through forty years of public mediumship and I will stand by it while life remains as one of the holiest, and most comforting truths the world has ever received. Shall we allow these monstrous mountebanks to darken and pollute this crystal stream of spiritual truth flowing freely to all humanity? No: a thousand times *no*. Serve them as the government serves the counterfeiter of its coin and liberate our cause from the curse of imposition and fraud.
Mrs. Hendee—Rogers.

Continued from page three.

spiritual press. They work under the same auspices, and are doing more towards converting people to a belief in spiritualism than the most talented speakers in the ranks.

Among the number are the "Brockway family," Albert Cramer, Mrs. Sadie Johnson, and Alice Warnock, of Portland, Oregon; besides many others who served as "helpers," or accomplices in my own work. Of the latter number, known as "helpers" of mediums was George Washington Smith, of Astoria, J. T. McComas of Portland, Homer Alexander of Salem, and "Buck" Smith of Ranier, and many others in Oregon.

Before coming to California "stock tests" were furnished me by Hatfield Pettibone, a slate writing medium who had lived here, also Dr. Woods, another slate writer, Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Noyes, Mr. Newt, and others. Soon after my arrival in San Francisco I got into "the ring," and not only assisted other mediums but was assisted by them in circles and exchange of "tests." Even those not engaged in the work as physical mediums endorsed others who were, and could not in a single instance determine the nature of the phenomena, but gave their sanction to the rankest humbug believing it to be the work of the "dear angels."

In fact the staunchest supporters of physical mediumship, such as materialization and slate writing, with the many other fraudulent pretensions, are the mental and clairvoyant mediums who often claim they see their guides and other spirits in the cabinet when the commonplace investigator would see nothing. Many times have these genuine mediums come up to my cabinet and shaken hands with their "guides" and described them to the circle, when not even a "confederate" or "dummy" had been exhibited. There are also intelligent, cultured men and women, highly "inspirational" as that word is understood, occupying the public rostrum, who sincerely believe these phenomena to be the manifestations of spirit power and the proofs upon which the philosophy of spiritualism rests. Take away, or destroy the proofs and the whole fabric is reduced to speculation, theory and conjecture. Dr. Dean Clark, well known among spiritualists as an able speaker and writer, attended one of my seances and endorsed, and explained the manifestations as the production of spirits. Being considered authority on such subjects his endorsement was important; but as he was a medium it was strange his "inspirers" did not enlighten him.

Madam Florence Montague a most cultured and refined woman, a speaker of great eloquence and power, also a "psychic" or medium who answers questions, and reads articles from the audience psychometrically, attended one of my seances in Oakland and also went up to the cabinet and recognized her "guide" as the one who shook hands with her. If she can tell, by taking a glove or handkerchief, belonging to a person that individual's characteristics, with events past and future, why were her inspirations so much at fault that she could not distinguish the difference between my hand and that of a materialized spirit?

Dr. N. F. Ravlin who is widely known as an exponent of spiritualism was formerly a Baptist clergyman and for many years occupied a prominent place among the leading divines of Chicago. I met him first at the Spiritual Camp meeting in Trestle Glen, Oakland, one year ago. He was a broad-gauge intellectual giant compared with the majority of people he was associated with. I felt sorry for him, and told him he was deceived and victimized by the mediums. He was at first quite indignant and asked if I thought he was a fool. I frankly told him he was and I could prove it. A list of "tests" to be given the next Sunday by the most widely known "trance" and platform test medium on the Pacific Coast was shown him. He did not believe it possible, but took a copy of the names and tests and attended the meeting and heard them given by the celebrated medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, who prefaced her work by stating that she was "entranced and wholly unconscious" while giving the tests; while all the time she was giving names and messages procured by myself and other confederates and memorized by her for the occasion. Dr. Ravlin was astounded, and declared he would expose such hypocrisy upon the platform; that it was an insult to the angel world. I told him to keep cool and not go to war without proper ammunition. He went with me to the home of Mr. Frank Thwaits, and together, Mr. Ravlin and Mr. Thwaits prepared some "tests" for the same medium for the next Sunday. Some of these were remarkable, and created a sensation when given. One of Mr. Thwaits' especially, stating that he was born in Calcutta, India, and that his wife was at that time in Chicago, Ill., will be remembered by many who were present. I also told him of some tests I was going to give Mrs. Maud Freitag, and he heard her give them from the platform. I have a letter from Mr. Ravlin recently written to a lady in this city in

which he refers to the matter.

Mr. Ravlin and myself also prepared some more tests for Mrs. Whitney which were given from the platform in Scottish Hall, Larkin street, San Francisco, last September during the State Convention of Spiritualists. This satisfied Mr. Ravlin, and he remarked that he had "been barking up the wrong tree for twelve years," and was now in grave doubt as to the genuineness of any of the so-called spiritual phenomena. I also enlightened the gentleman as to my own methods and those associated with me in the "Spiritual and Psychic Institute" in producing slate writing and materialization. I gave him a slate writing, telling him beforehand that it was a simple trick and yet when the sitting was over he declared that the slates never left his hands for one moment and yet they were filled with writing. I asked him if he was sure the slates did not leave his hands, and he said he was positive they did not, and that he was willing to so testify. And he did. Here is a copy of his affidavit.

San Francisco—State of California.

Aug 18, 1897.

This is to certify that I had a sitting for slate writing on said date with Bishop S. Garrison. We held closed slates, without a table, which were perfectly clean and not for one moment did they pass out of my hands or sight. In less than five minutes both slates were filled with writing. The demonstrations of "Psychic power" was in my opinion above any possibility of fraud,

N. F. RAVLIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of August A. D. 1897.

JUSTIN GATES,

Notary Public

In and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

But he was mistaken, and I afterwards showed him how he had been deceived. He declared it the most valuable lesson of his life as it demonstrated that even the senses could be deceived and were not to be relied upon in the investigation of psychic phenomena. I took him into my circles and illustrated what suggestion would do in the line of clairvoyance and clair-audience. It was only necessary for me to say that some spirit was trying to control a member of the circle, when instantly some medium, or sensitive would verify my statement as describe the spirit, while the person referred to invariably corroborate both statements by manifesting an abnormal condition. It was a common occurrence for several person to be "controlled" at the same time and declare they saw scenes and objects suggested by myself by way of experimentation.

THE EVILS OF MEDIUMSHIP.

While the practice of fraudulent mediumship is greatly to be deplored as a swindle, and making people believe a lie, still, the evil does not rest there. It is deep, widespread and devastating in its effects upon the moral and social conditions of society. It conduces to the enthrallment of reason by clouding the intellect with vagaries, mysticisms and superstitious beliefs. Most mediumship has degenerated into a species of fortune telling which has ruined and bankrupted men and women all over the land who have been guided by it in business transactions, and by investing in "lucky lottery tickets," winning horses, stocks, mines and games of chance in general. Where one fortune has been made by following such advice hundreds have squandered their earnings in a fruitless quest. The unprincipled man or woman finds in that kind of medium a convenient ally for "putting up jobs" on innocent people, playing the part of detective for jealous husbands and wives, drawing from confiding women the most sacred confidences while personating dead husbands, fathers, mothers or guides; sometimes carrying the horrible iniquity so far as to assume the most delicate relationships on behalf of the beloved dead. The most serious aspect of the case is that all this fraud and wickedness is protected by law in the name of religion. Many of these swindlers being "ordained ministers of the gospel of Spiritualism" and entitled to all the courtesies accorded clergymen of any religious denomination. Every day the advertisement of these pretenders appear in the daily papers,— "Materializing and etherializing seance tonight," "trumpet and slate writing seance," "Mother Sadie" seance, etc. Any person so advertising is obtaining money under false pretenses by claiming that the dead appear in any of those forms or produce any of the manifestations. If challenged to produce even one physical demonstration of independent spirit agency or power they would not dare accept the challenge, no matter how great the reward offered, for it could not be done under conditions which would preclude the possibility of fraud being practiced by the medium or a confederate. When spiritualists awaken to a realization of the true situation, and honest men and women demand truth and honesty in the mediums as of others there will be a great revolution in spiritualism and a higher standard of platform work. The passing away of the old will leave the new bright, clear and beautiful. Those who seems foes will be found the true friends and the "Waster, the real Builder."

I looked; aside the dust cloud rolled,
The Waster was the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined old
I saw the new.
'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
What were of good the old time had
Was living still."

WHOLESALE FRAUD IN SAN FRANCISCO.

C. V. MILLER, MRS. J. J. WHITNEY, FRED EVANS, EDWARD K. EARLE, ETC.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I am familiar with the experiences of Mr. Bishop Garrison and Mrs. Julia Schlesinger in and among the frauds of mediumship, and I desire to publish to the world my positive conviction of the truth of their relations concerning the wholesale devilry rampant in fraudulent spiritualism. I have conclusive evidence of the truth of much related by them, and I have not a shadow of doubt of the essential truth of all that is told by them in this matter. Mr. Garrison has shown me the modes of trickery practiced by a number of the leading mediums (?) on this Coast and elsewhere, and Mrs. Schlesinger has given me the details of the diabolism discovered by her during her visits "behind the scenes" of the fraud gang, as a supposed co-worker with them. She consulted me as to the advisability of her doing so, whether I deemed it right for her to join the fraud ring so that she could find out the facts and then expose them for the protection and benefit of honest spiritualism. I told her to go ahead by all means; so I knew what she was doing all the time she was seemingly in cooperation with the conscienceless wretches leagued together to prey upon humanity. My own individual experience confirms the truth of much that Mr. Garrison and Mrs. Schlesinger have revealed. A good deal of it I have long known; but I have gathered much additional information from their abundant stock of knowledge. As a rule I can readily detect fraud, but I am not infallible, and am sometimes deceived. A notable instance is in case of C. V. Miller, the San Francisco materializing fraud. All the other materializing frauds I had readily seen through; but Mr. Miller has reduced fraud to a science. He is remarkably clever and dextrous in various things; and extraordinary phenomena, seemingly, take place at his seances at times. From the first I saw that much at his seances could easily be accounted for as fraud; but with these were various extraordinary things that I could not then see how it was possible for him to do. In addition, I received at his seances names and other facts that I could not account for on the basis of fraud. I now know that some of these were only happy guesses, lucky coincidences; these two things, the marvelous phenomena and the "tests"

made me think that part of the manifestations at Mr. Miller's was genuine; and I so stated in print and in private. I try to be just to all, and I never condemn any one as a fraud unless I have substantial evidence of it.

Gradually at his seances I saw evidences more and more of fraud, until finally I became positive that everything said and done was fraudulent. The proof to me was beyond all doubt. Since then overwhelming confirmation of this has been secured. I have the evidence of five of those who were "in" with him, who have aided him in his practices. Two of them are old members of the fraud ring and three were amateur fraud-assistants. I had a test seance with Miller when he was stripped of all his clothing and searched, and the cabinet thoroughly searched by myself and Mr. Newman, editor of the *Philosophical Journal*. There was nothing on him and nothing in the cabinet; but two persons present aided him in getting the requisite paraphernalia after the search. One of these two, a young lady, was met at the door by Miller as she came in. Miller slipped under her cape a bundle, snugly wrapped in black paper. In the first part of the seance when Miller sat outside the cabinet for etherialization he placed this lady next to him, and when the light was first lowered rendering it very dark he slipped his hand under her cape and took the package, and with the contents produced the etherialization. In the second part, after he went into the cabinet, he soon came out as a spirit and giving the name of an alleged uncle of the photographer present, called him to the cabinet, and while there the photographer passed to Miller another package; and at the conclusion of the seance the photographer was again called up, when the contents of the two packages were passed to the photographer. After this Miller came out of the cabinet to be again searched with nothing on him of course.

A common occurrence at Miller's is the presentation of two forms at once. A "dummy" is shown inside the cabinet at one end; Miller behind it speaks for it and calls up to the cabinet some one who is in with him and knows the game he is playing. This person stands there and pretends to be talking with the "dummy," and is holding it up while Miller comes out of the cabinet at the center opening as another spirit and talks with some one else in the audience. At the "test" seance two ladies went up to talk with dummies, the one who had the bundle slipped under her cape, and Mrs.

Schlesinger. These two and the photographer were invited by Miller to the seance for the purpose of aiding him. As Mrs. Schlesinger was then in the "ring" with the frauds he supposed she was one of the "gang." So when Mrs. Schlesinger went up to the cabinet he handed her his coat draped with some white stuff and whispered, "Talk to it, Mrs. Schlesinger, talk to it." He then came out the other opening as another spirit. Although she believed him to be a fraud before, and he had asked her to assist him that evening, still this was the first positive, tangible evidence she had had of how he did it, and the horror of it, and of her being thus made to co-operate in it, overcame her and she staggered from the cabinet and nearly fainted, remarking "I shall never go up there again." When I saw her great agitation I said to myself, "She has now got the proof of the fraud; that is what overcame her so." And I was right. As to the part played by the young girl at this seance I have full details from her own lips as well as from the lady who accompanied her there to whom she told what had happened. The photographer has also acknowledged the fraud practiced that night.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the high priestess of fraud on this Coast is one of Miller's best assistants. She gives him names and tests and helps him in other ways. At a seance by Miller at a private house after the "test" seance above described, Mrs. Whitney came to help Miller. There were many strangers to him in the audience whom Mrs. Whitney knew; and after looking over the audience she went up stairs and gave Miller a number of tests for those from the cabinet during the seance. When I went to the house I was shown into a private room until Miller and Mrs. Whitney could get down stairs so that I might not see them in confab, as it might excite my suspicions of collusion between them. They little knew that at that time I had found out the whole imposture. My first experience of Dr. A. B. Coonley, the fraudulent slate writer, etc., was at that same seance. I saw at once that he and Miller were in collusion and I instantly concluded that Coonley was a fraud. To prove it I attended his two kinds of seances, and I found everything he did very shallow and transparent fraud, despite the fact that he opened his seances with prayer. I at once wrote to Mr. Newman and to the President of the California State Spiritualist Association (from whom Coonley held a

certificate), that Coonley was a fraud. The President attended a Coonley seance and came to the same conclusion. Charges were preferred against him and the association revoked his certificate. Miller and his "control," Aunt Betsy, endorsed Coonley as genuine.

I was surprised at one incident at this seance. Mr. John T. Lillie, husband of Mrs. Lillie the lecturer, was there. He sat with his back to the cabinet and did not look at the phenomena. Seeing this, I wondered why he came. At length a dummy was shown at one end of the cabinet, and Miller behind it gave a name asserted to be that of the sister of Mr. Lillie. Miller called Lillie up to the cabinet and Lillie remained there apparently talking with the dummy while Miller left it and came out of the cabinet as another spirit. After Miller returned to the cabinet he went to the dummy, spoke to Lillie, took away the dummy, and Lillie came back to his seat where he continued to sit with his back to the cabinet. I have since been told by those in the "ring" that on a previous occasion Mr. Lillie had been "hand and glove" with Miller; that Mrs. Whitney has stated that "Jack is all right, and helped me in the East;" and that he has helped Mrs. Whitney here in their public meetings in the answering of questions, tests, etc., by pre-arrangement between them. This I have been told; but I myself saw him keep up the dummy deception with Miller as stated above. There is no evidence that Mrs. Lillie has any connection with any of the things mentioned, and I am confident she has not.

For many years I have had plenty of evidence of the wholesale fraud of Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and some ten years ago I denounced her in the Spiritualist and local papers as a fraud. Then she was a prominent member of the fraud ring in this city, among whose number, besides her, were Dr. Stansbury, Fred Evans, W. R. Colby, Hatfield Pettibone, Eugenia Beste, and the notorious Dr. Henry Rogers. I have evidence that those people used to meet at Rogers' house and there laugh at and make fun of the dupes they had robbed. Since then cumulative evidence of Mrs. Whitney's frauds has been constantly accruing. I am told by one who has aided Mrs. Whitney and been aided by her in fraudulent work that neither she (Mrs. Whitney) nor Miller believe there is such a thing as a spirit, and that most of the pretended mediums are materialists, regarding spiritualism as entirely imposture.

For many years I have had positive

evidence of the fraud of Fred Evans, slate writer. I had a sitting with him which was entirely fraudulent. He has been detected in the act of fraud various times. Mr. Garrison says he paid Evans to teach him his tricks and Garrison can show any one how Evans' frauds are produced. Evans has a large assortment of ways and means by which he produces slate writing, many of which I know. I published him as an out and out fraud eight or ten years ago in Spiritualist and local papers, and he then told me that if I said anything more about him he would come behind me some night and "lay me out."

I also know that Edward K. Earle is an arrant fraud both in his slate writing and public tests. This paper has been prepared in the most conscientious manner and everything I say can be relied upon as literally true.

San Francisco, Cal.

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THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. 1429 Market St., near 10th St., San Francisco, Cal., Weekly—One Dollar per year. Single copy, 5 cents. Thomas G. Newman, Editor and Publisher.

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Some Spiritualists are so self-righteous that they prefer the fellowship of a dishonest man or woman who manages to keep a cloak over their rascality to that of an honest person who admits having done wrong and is anxious to reform and warn others against the pit wherein he fell. A "fake" is all right; but an ex-fake is all wrong.

Spiritualism teaches that no matter how low and degraded a human being may become, time will bring him back into the path of peace and righteousness; and the mission of spiritualism is to hasten such reformation. But some spiritualists say if a fake medium gives up the business and exposes those engaged in it that "he ought to be arrested" or "the city may be made to warm to hold him," etc. Such are sentiments of some who are "clothed with a little brief authority," and wish to make it known. Alas; for the rarity of spiritualists charity. The old orthodox religion they denounce is far more truly spiritual than such spiritualism.

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