



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us.

Greatness no longer depends on rentals, the world is too rich; nor on pedigrees, the world is too knowing.

Within the archives of the spirit are stored exhaustless treasures, which time and culture bring to the surface.

Embosomed in beauty, overarched by the crystal sky of truth, the spirit bides its time.—*Nettie Pease Fox.*

The common problem, yours, mine, everyone's, is—
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but finding first
What may be, then find out how to make it fair
Up to our means.

Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides, that we may look towards the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.—*Longfellow.*

Build on resolve and not upon regret, the structure of thy future. Do not grope among the shadows of old sins, but let thine own soul's sight shine on the path of hope and dissipate the darkness.—*Ella Wheeler.*

Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.—*Charles Sumner.*

Ah! what is there so fresh and joyous as a summer morn, that springtime of the day, when the brain is bright and the heart is brave; the season of daring and of hope; the renovating hour.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

Let us detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realize that we are not integral parts of it; and thus summon unto the horizon of destiny those hues of beauty, love and truth, which are the most glorious reflections of the soul.—*Henry T. Tuckerman.*

All human bodies are like a delicately constructed Eolian harp, moved by the lightest airs that blow upon it; and our varying moods and frames of the mind, our shifting joys and sorrows, and often even our volitions, are under the influence of powers to us altogether imperceptible, but whose subtle effects we cannot escape.—*Rev. W. F. Evans.*

So these finer, more subtle spiritual qualities are those which seem most indestructible in those we have known and loved best, and we can as soon think of a ray of light being buried in the grave as of this immaterial illumination of selfhood being imprisoned in the tomb. It is a part of the eternal Light and Life, and partakes of its immortality.

If the unlettered child can grow into a Locke, Bacon or Humboldt, in one brief lifetime, what shall eternity produce? If a moral consciousness with no moral experience, without even a taste of the bitterness of vice or sweetness of virtue, can, in the little journey from the cradle to the grave, grow into a Confucius, Socrates or Jesus, what shall the unknown ages yet to come reveal of moral grandeur and heroism?—*A. B. French.*

Written for the Golden Gate.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY JOSEPH RHODES BUCHANAN.

Certain cosmic studies have led me believe that the highest development of humanity would be attained on the Pacific Coast of the United States. My reason need not be given at present, but my conviction is firm, and I have looked with longing eyes in that direction, hoping ultimately that my own tent may be pitched in that favored land. Hence I have been much gratified by the establishment of a paper so judiciously conducted as the *GOLDEN GATE*, which ought to be liberally sustained. It is a discreditable fact that Spiritualists are not always aware of their duty or willing to perform it, in the way of sustaining the press, upon which the truth must mainly rely for diffusion. I would say to all Spiritualists that when you have a good newspaper established, it is your duty not only to subscribe but to urge it upon the attention of all who can be induced to take it, and frequently to hand copies for perusal to persons who are capable of appreciation. File away your spiritual papers; they are not filled with ephemeral trash or matter of temporary interest, but will be interesting to your posterity. And when you have any capital to spare for donations or bequests, think if there be any better mode of bestowing it than by sustaining the spiritual press in the publication of newspapers and books, which being the highest wisdom of the age, to guard this great movement.

Spiritualism necessarily attracts a great number whose sole motive is curiosity or sight-seeing, and who care little for the philosophy and religion which it inculcates. Some of these are skeptical and illiberal, while many of them are superstitious, credulous, and easily misled. Hence arises one of our greatest evils, against which many warnings should be given; but which has not received the attention it deserves. I refer to a blind unreflecting confidence in mediumship of every grade and quality, and a disposition to receive everything coming through the mouth of a medium as if invested with a peculiar sanctity and authority; instead of examining it carefully to ascertain its true source and value.

The fact that a medium speaks in an entranced condition, and believes himself to be under the control of a certain spirit; is not sufficient evidence, however honorable and well meaning he may be, that he is really uttering the thought of any spirit, or if he is really under a spiritual influence, that the thoughts of the spirit are well and correctly expressed. A little careful investigation will destroy a great deal of the blind faith with what supposed spirit messages are received.

Who has not observed in mediums a certain style of thought and language which appears in all the utterances of the same medium, no matter how different may be the spirits that are supposed to be speaking. A feeble-minded medium is incapable of expressing the thought of spirits of a high order—all that comes through him will be characterized by his own limitations and weakness. I might refer to books purporting to give the expressions of spirits of a high grade, which have inflicted great discredit upon Spiritualism by their intellectual feebleness.

But it is not only these silly and superficial utterances which are objectionable, a great deal of that which is expressed in good language is unworthy of reliance as an expression from the spirit-world; for instead of showing the individuality and identity of the spirit, the messages attributed to him coming through different mediums, often differ as widely as the mediums themselves. Thomas Paine, for example, is claimed by one medium who delivers very terse, forcible, emphatic, radical utterances, such as Paine might possibly have uttered in life, but not showing the refining and ameliorating influences of long residence in the spirit-world. Another medium of a more verbose and poetical type, will deliver an address in the name of Paine, that is neither terse nor practical nor radical, but inflated with a verbosity and a grandiloquence, that are the very antithesis of the style and character of Paine. Whether the spirit of Paine had any con-

trol over the expression in either case, we know any one in an entranced condition may enter into a partial rapport with a spirit, and believe himself controlled, when in reality he has only a dim psychometric appreciation of the spirit, and does not conform to his style and character as well as a good writer might imitate him after reading his works.

Indeed, the psychometric appreciation of and character to which our psychometric faculties are directed may lead us into sympathy with that character, whether the person be living or dead—a sympathy so close that we may even speak and act as much in his style as the medium who is supposed to be under his control. I have known two instances in which the psychometric sensitive actually personated the individual—spoke and wrote in his name like an obsessed medium, when the living person at a distance had no participation whatever, and no knowledge of what had occurred in which his personality was assumed.

Such facts show that what passes for spiritual obsession and for the utterances of spirits may be solely the self-induced condition of the speaker, for which the spirits are in no way responsible and which may or may not express correctly the sentiments of the spirit, but will be quite sure to express something of the medium.

I could refer to a long series of utterances from spirit controls as supposed, given in England through an uncultivated medium—utterances which professed to come from many eminent persons in the spirit world, such as Mahomet, Shakespeare, Barrow, Bacon, Emperor Julian, John Calvin, &c., in all of which no matter how widely different the spirits, there was as much uniformity or sameness of style as in the productions of any single writer. The style was precisely the same in thought and language as that of the gentleman controlling and reporting the message. His passive medium was certainly as much controlled by himself as by any of the spirits. The style of thought and language was his, in every case, and his style is very marked and peculiar. I have no doubt whatever of his good faith, and some of the statements were of such a character as to prove beyond a doubt that the knowledge of spirits was involved, as they revealed matters entirely unknown to the medium and his manager. Nevertheless if he absolutely controlled the style of thought and language, who can tell how much of the utterance was due to him and how much to the spirit.

An amusing illustration of the tendency of mediums to make a spirit say just what suits the medium is furnished in an old book reporting spirit utterances among the Shakers. We have no reason to doubt the sincerity and good faith of the Shakers, but the reports show how completely the honest mediums uttered what suited themselves as the voices of spirits, and with what passive credulity the utterances were received.

The book to which I refer, published at Philadelphia in 1843, purports to give messages from the "return of departed spirits of the highest characters of distinction, as well as the indiscriminate of all nations into the bodies of the Shakers." This was precisely like what we have, at present, in spiritual mediumship. The account says: "It must be borne in mind that while the brethren and sisters are under this influence, they seem unconscious of the fact that they are other than the spirit for whom they are acting, and even when the spirits of others have left them, and the return of their own spirit to its natural abiding place brings them to a state of recollection, they retain no knowledge of what has transpired, and utter exclamations of surprise when apprised of the fact by those who were eye and ear witnesses of the scene."

Under these circumstances, they report that General George Washington appeared and professed great satisfaction in meeting such a body of true believers. After speaking of his earthly life, he informed them that he was "commissioned of Heaven" to take care of tens of thousands of departed spirits and lead them into Zion, the true Church of Shakerism! "In accordance with this divine commission (says the report), the elders ratified the appointment of George Washington, who has proved himself a faithful minister in-

deed, having already sent many thousands to the true Church, where they have rapidly progressed in the way of God."

Gen. Washington brought the spirits of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who, "by their arts, have proved themselves good believers in the Millennial Church, and faithful followers of Christ."

Gen. Harrison was also welcomed as a spirit to the Shaker Society, "and is now among the heavenly spirits who are singing eternal praise to the Almighty Father."

Wm. Penn had a great deal to say of his struggles and difficulties in life. He, too, "has become a faithful adherent to the doctrines and principles of the Shakers."

Napoleon Bonaparte, too, "has humbled himself sufficiently to become one of Christ's followers; and those who could hear him discourse, would wonder at the mighty change which has been wrought in that once powerful man," which has turned him, too, into a zealous Shaker.

"Alexander the Great, his father Philip, with their generals and officers of State, came to Watervliet." Alexander said that he had been induced to visit that valley of wisdom by Gen. Washington; and also confessed that he had brought on his death by hard drinking, but did not join the Society.

"Mary, Queen of Scots, was equally intractable;" but "Queen Elizabeth has been a 'believer'" for some time; and "General Lafayette has united himself with the church, and occasionally makes a visit to his associates in the body."

"St. John, of Patmos, King David and some of the Apostles have likewise returned from the world of spirits, and have made themselves known through the instrumentality of the brethren of the Millennial church."

While we cannot avoid smiling at these narratives, there is no room to doubt their sincerity, and that some of the phenomena such as the messages received from shipwrecked passengers before the wreck was known, prove that real spirit communication existed, although dominated completely by the influence of the Shaker Society; nothing was brought out but what suited their faith. While the same spirits, as reported by other mediums, have no knowledge of the glories of Shakerism, Ann Lee, among the Shakers, is still their leader in the old way, but through other mediums expresses her desire to carry them into broader views.

It is obvious that the earnest sincerity and good faith of mediums and their visitors are no guarantee against delusion—on the contrary we may say that as a general rule, though with many exceptions, the visitor who implicitly follows the suggestion coming through any single medium as the sacred voice of the spirit world is deceived and misled. If he believes without evidence that he has the admonition of an exalted spirit, let him seek other mediums of integrity and intelligence and see if the same spirit will come to him, recollect what he has said before, and manifest the self-same character and sentiments. This simple rule would disperse many illusions, and check a credulity which has many disastrous results. When we see a credulous Spiritualist going into mining ventures, or going on some great mission for his band of spirits, ending in disappointment and poverty, or starting a newspaper on just assurance and wasting the means of his family till he ends in bankruptcy, or starting out on some chimerical scheme to materialize Jesus in public, or to tear down religion and vituperate all who stand in the way, or to draw the world to some center and head a new movement, while its leaders are on the verge of beggary and without reputation (for these are things that have occurred, and but a small portion of the follies of the times), we cannot but feel that the public need a great deal more of caution and instruction than they have received.

True mediumship, however, rightly managed, is one of our greatest blessings, which no one enjoys or admires more than myself. But the passive personating condition is inevitably associated with a tendency to error and delusion, however charming.

The only safe and accurately scientific method of investigation (if anything can be considered safe which is subject to human frailty) is the independent method

called Psychometry, in which the intelligence used is absolutely normal, independent, clear-sighted, manageable and competent to reveal all that can be learned by exploring heaven and earth. The full exposition of the power of psychometry given in Denton's "Soul of Things," and in my Manual of Psychometry, will ultimately lead not at all to the neglect of mediumship, but to the general use of that illuminating power, which is not limited to exploring celestial life, but is a competent guide in all the affairs of life, when we need a higher wisdom than our own, and in all the explorations of science, which have been so tardy and imperfect heretofore both in discovery and diffusion, that I have not thought it extravagance, in view of the results of Psychometry already, to speak of its introduction as the "dawn of a new civilization."

Boston, 29 First Avenue, Nov. 18, '85.

WHEREFORE "CONTENTION?"

Editor of *GOLDEN GATE*.

Your correspondent who writes: "I prefer an eternal sleep to a future life of contention between good and evil spirits," seems to consider it a settled question that wherever there is life there must be contention. As regards physical life this is true, the nature of things being such that one form sustains itself by warring upon another; but I opine that spirit existence—a higher order of life—is not established on this basis. If there is contention there, it will be only between those who desire to contend. Peace-loving people, like your correspondent, will be free to follow their inclinations. In the present life we cannot always avoid uncongenial people, but in spirit life we will gravitate towards the strongest attractions. Wisdom will attract wisdom; love, love. This is measurably so here, but to a far less extent than it will be in a state of existence where each soul will be known for what it really is, where there can be no deception, and where each will have what belongs to him and will be in just the place and condition he is best fitted for. This life is a necessary preparation for that. To some delicately organized people this world seems a cruel place, but it is better fitted for them than the Saurian age would have been to the lowest type of mankind, had any existed at that early period. A few thousand years hence, when our present competitive system has given place to a just regard for the rights of mankind as a whole, it will be a delightful world to live in compared with what it is in this barbarian age, but even then there will be some sensitive souls to whom it will seem a hard place, and who will speak hopelessly of the evils of life, although it will then be generally understood that good and evil are merely relative terms; that what is good at one time or to one person, is evil at another or to another person; in short, what we call evil is really undeveloped good. W. N. S.

METHODISM AND SPIRITUALISM.—John Wesley was a believer in the power of spirits to manifest their presence, and of this we have abundant evidence in his writings and those of his contemporaries. At one time he said: "What pretence have I to deny well-attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them? It is true most of the men of learning in Europe have given up all accounts of apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and with my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one of the greatest proofs of the invisible world, I mean that of apparitions confirmed by the witnesses of all ages."

Sydney Smith says he cut the following from a newspaper, and preserved it for his own guidance: "When you rise in the morning, determine that you will make some person happy during the day. It is easily done. A left-off garment to some one who badly needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the dejected—trifles in themselves as light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. If you are young, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, it will help to smooth the road down to the bottom of the hill."

OF WHAT GOOD IS SPIRITUALISM?

[“E. K.” in the Spiritual Offering.]

This question is constantly asked by the opponents of Spiritualism, not as a request for information, but a sneer; and with this sneer they think they logically dispose of the whole subject. It is in this way that the ignorant and self-sufficient have, in the past, tried to dispose of the most valuable discoveries and inventions. “*Cui Bono?*”

Now, the question as to the value of any discovered truth is totally distinct from the evidence upon which the truth itself rests. The evidence cannot be impaired or strengthened by any consideration, or preconceived notion, as to the uselessness or utility—the injurious or beneficial character, of the truth made known. The discovery of a new chemical element—a new metal, for example—would not be sneered at because its discoverer could not at once explain all its useful applications, or because it was found, like arsenic, to be poisonous to the human system.

If spirit intercourse were invariably pernicious or dangerous in its tendency, as the followers of St. Peter and Swedenborg assert it to be, it would be no less incumbent upon us to make a scientific investigation of it, and employ the lessons derived from its study, for admonition, if for nothing else. Cholera and small-pox are serious evils to the human race, but they are studied, nevertheless, by courageous minds, who are not to be driven from the pursuit of knowledge by superstitious bugaboos.

It is unquestionably true that every species of knowledge, every fact in regard to the great scheme of things of which we form a part, admits of a useful application; and it is our duty, as well as our best interest, to endeavor to discover it. Observed facts and speculative truths often lie undeveloped and unused for many centuries. Witness the apparently useless discovery by Thales, of the attractive property of an excited stick of amber (*electron*), made twenty-five centuries ago—a discovery that, even now, we are but just able to appreciate in the recent applications of that wonderful agent, dynamic electricity. The *cui bono* objection or sneer is characteristic of a shallow, prejudiced mind. No true philosopher could be guilty of using it in connection with any fact or truth, however seemingly trifling or useless.

Nevertheless, it is most important to inquire into the value of every truth in its practical applications to human life and destiny; and having settled in our minds that spirit intercourse is real and practicable, we naturally strive to utilize it—to reap its advantages and escape its perils, if it involve any. On general principles, we may be sure that it would not be practicable if it could not be made available for the benefit of mankind, and also in it, as in all other things, we are necessitated to learn by experience how to “refuse the evil and choose the good.”

It must seem to the philosophic mind a curious phenomenon that any person should fail to perceive the vast importance of transforming the doctrine of existence after death from a mere speculative belief, or article of faith, into a demonstrated truth. Death comes to all; and all, we might think, would be eager to know something of the hereafter, if it were only “what dreams may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,” but to some absorbed in religious prejudice, it seems better to lull reason to sleep in the cradle of blind faith than to be guided by its light, and realize by actual knowledge those truths relating to the future destiny of the soul, which are so vital in their bearing on man’s highest and most enduring interests.

Others there are who, chilled in their sensibilities by an exclusive devotion to materialistic science, rebuke in scornful indifference man’s aspirations for personal immortality—

“It is not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is that a boon so kindly given,
That, being, thou wouldst be again, and go
Thou knowest not, reekst not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?”

Were sorrow never called to bend in agony over the grave of the loved—were there never a sigh for the “touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice” still by inexorable death, probably the Spiritualists would be confined to the very limited class of speculative minds who cultivate knowledge only for its own sake. Did the value of spirit intercourse merely consist in its power to soothe the anguish of the bereaved—to afford consolation to those who otherwise would mourn without hope, it would deserve to be hailed as the greatest boon vouchsafed to mortals by the dispensations of a wise and loving Creator.

There are, indeed, those who pride themselves, like the followers of Zeno, in having schooled their minds and hearts to bear with philosophic coldness even the saddest of all the casualties of our mundane life—to take the “last fond look” at the loved face upon which death has impressed its marble immobility, to touch the icy forehead, and to gaze at the closed eyes never to open again to the scenes of earth—to do all this to wife, daughter, son, or friend—not without emotion, doubtless, but with such only as may be easily repressed by “Nature’s teachings”—that “all that breathe must share this destiny,” and that he, or she, in whom our heart’s deepest love was centered, has

gone “to mix forever with the elements,” and thus to participate in the unconscious, impersonal immortality of the material atom. This may be scientific stoicism; but it is not nature, and will not answer the demands of nature in the throbbing heart of unperverted man.

In the simple proof, then, of the life hereafter—in the demonstration that the departed live and “love us yet”—Spiritualism answers, and answers completely, the question *Cui bono?* But beyond that, its value to the human race is incalculably vast, branching out into almost infinite ramifications:—(1) In showing us what are the conditions of that future existence, what are its relations to our present state of being, and how our conduct in the one affects our condition in the other; (2) in affording a definite and rational basis for a comprehensive spiritual and religious philosophy, and for the study of the spirit side of the universe; (3) in making known to us the varied influences exerted by the invisible minds upon our own, intellectually, morally and spiritually, according to the psychologic laws which bind spirit to spirit; and in teaching us how we may attract and cultivate good influences, and repel such as are baneful; and (4) in thus supplying us with materials for the enlarged culture of psychologic science as related to ourselves in this embodied state. We should, properly, also refer to the relation of spirit intercourse to medical science, in magnetic healing by the invisibles, either directly or through mediums, and in the diagnosis of disease by means of spiritual clairvoyance and psychometry, together with all the diversified applications of the latter, most of them of an eminently practical character.

Moreover, Spiritualism is closely allied to religion, as it is also to ethics, sociology, and, more or less, to every department of human knowledge and human economy. It is not, as many imperfectly informed persons allege, allied to superstition or superstitious practices, but is the true corrective of superstition. It is true there may be superstitious notions entertained in regard to it as with many other things, for human fanaticisms and folly find various outlets and forms of expression; but as Prof. A. R. Wallace says, “it is the natural enemy of all superstition. It is,” he adds, “an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion.” This fact, we believe, will be eventually recognized as the culmination of the movement called Modern Spiritualism; and the question, “Of what good is Spiritualism,” will be seen to be as silly and absurd as now would be, of what good is the steam engine, the electromagnetic telegraph, or the Atlantic cable, each of which was at one time an object of derision, the butt of shallow, ignorant, conceited minds. H. K.

SCIENCE AND OCCULTISM.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In reading the paper this morning, and noticing the death of Vice-President Hendricks, brought to my mind the interview I had with Mrs. L. S. Bowers, of 33½ O’Farrell street, the Washoe astrologer and seeress, about two weeks ago. After casting my horoscope and giving me a perfect reading as to my past and present, also predictions of the future through the science of astrology, which science I am a firm believer in, she spoke of the different changes that were about to take place in the United States. Among them she mentioned the death of one of the foremost statesmen, for whom the nation would mourn; but little did I think it was going to be our noble statesman Mr. Hendricks, which she said would take place before the end of 1885. She also predicted that one of the crowned heads of a foreign nation would pass over before this year would come to a close, and we see recorded the death of Alfonso, the King of Spain.

In conversation with her I was astonished to learn that she claimed no superior knowledge in the science; but that an old astrologer by the name of Joseph Bowers was always present in spirit to impress her how to draw the horoscope, and, in fact, if you made a mistake in your age, and the year you was born in, Mrs. Bowers, through her scientific guide, will put you to rights in regard to your age. She is truly wonderful in this gift, telling you most accurately your past and present, also predictions of the future through this beautiful science. She has also another gift as a seeress. Looking into a glass ball she is enabled to describe perfectly and truthfully your present surroundings, and to give you advice which will be of great benefit to you. I never visited an astrologer that gave me more satisfaction, not even Ropfel or Zadkel. Such scientific mediums as Mrs. Bowers should be more widely known, for no matter how much you may disbelieve in these sciences and occult forces, you will be persuaded when you have a talk with this naturally gifted woman to know more of the truth that seems to be hidden and unseen.

Yours Respectfully,

ROBERT BROWN, M. D.
San Francisco, Nov. 27, 1885.

Their courtship was carried on in poetry. Alas! many an enamoured pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage lived in prose.—John Foster.

THE BERRY SISTERS.

[John Wetherbee in Banner of Light.]

How glad I am to be able to say that the Berry Sisters have so arranged their seance that the phenomena they present can be called demonstrations, without any qualification as to the fact, and not dependent upon the testimony of recognitions, which of course may be satisfactory to the recognizers, but they are so much the question of constitution—one person being perfectly satisfied with what another one would not be—that, for one, I count the whole valueless as testimony; and the question with me and many others has simply been: Is the materialization or form-embodiment a fact? On that important point, through many of the mediums now in this city, I have been made sure, and have said so with as strong language as I could command, and on the point I am certain.

It did not require any new arrangements to convince me that the Berrys were good mediums; I had had proof of that, notwithstanding the claim of the grabbers (which investigation proved to be a rough fizzle); but the side-room which was used for a cabinet, and which had a door that opened into the entry, was always a suspicious condition; no matter how marked or sealed up, with one relating the circumstances of a seance, the thought would always remain that confederacy was possible, and being so, was entitled to the benefit of a doubt in the line of solution.

I have lately attended a seance given by Miss Helen Berry (who for the present is the acting medium). The sisters live now at No. 55 Rutland street, where they have a large airy room for their seances. They have a very simple arrangement for their cabinet, being four upright sticks about six and a half feet long, with light cross pieces on the top, the whole covered with dark cloth; the four upright sticks rest on the carpet on the parlor floor; that is, the cabinet has no floor to it. It stands near the center of the back part of the room, about four feet from the door that opens from the back parlor, which door is locked by members of the circle. This simple enclosure, called a cabinet, is about five feet wide, four feet deep, and six and a half feet high; no opening in the cloth on any of the sides except the one in front for the egress and ingress of the forms. One can walk all around it.

On this occasion I sat very near the left front corner of the cabinet; could touch it without leaning forward. The moment before the seance began I had ocular proof that it was empty, for I was in it and examined it. Immediately after Miss Berry entered, and then the only human being in that cabinet was the medium; that is just as demonstrably certain as that there is but one sun in our solar system. In a very few seconds two forms came out, and during the hour and a half over forty came out, often two at a time, moving about or embracing friends who recognized them, or wanted to. Of these there were as many male as female; many times the change of sex was instantaneous—that is, one came out as the other retired.

The reader of this must remember that these forms, whether they were persons recognized or not, were not the medium, and must have been extemporized out of nothing, for no one could get in there, and nobody was in there but the medium. I thank Mr. Albro for a rare privilege, for it enables me to make rather an unusual statement: When one of the spirits was out in the room the manager said I might go into the cabinet and see how and where I found the medium, and I did so; and while a spirit-form was out in the room I slipped into the enclosure and found the medium, seemingly entranced, sitting in a chair in the corner of it. I will add, also, that, unknown to the manager, a half an hour before, I had slipped in, while Mr. Brackett was promenading with the form of a female spirit that he recognized. I did not do anything out of order, as Mr. Albro had told me that I might go in. After I had been in thus semi-surreptitiously, he said he would tell me when to go in, and I thought I might as well keep dark as to what I had done—it is easy to keep dark in these circles, I wish it was not so—and when the permit or suggestion came, I went in really for the second time, and I tell him of it now for the first time in this public way. Perhaps there is some advantage in my being a “shadow”; both of my penetrations were satisfactory, and as I was sure would be.

I am not attempting to give a report in detail of this seance, only to state enough of it to make it clear to the reader that, under the circumstances and the new conditions, there was no possibility of being cheated. It is hardly necessary to say there was no hole in the floor, for there was none in the carpet. There was no possible rear entrance. I am a level-headed man and a logical one, and if there is any evidence in my senses I have evidence that thirty or forty human-looking and acting forms came out of an empty enclosure, or at least one containing nothing but air, a chair, and the medium in it.

Before closing, I will add what somewhat startled me: I was seated at the end of the circle, and had the passage-way at my left side, and could touch, as I said, the corner of the enclosure, and, of course, was about one foot from it; suddenly up rose from the floor, at my left side, a female

form. It made me catch my breath, for it had not come down the passage-way behind or rather one side of the cabinet, it did not crawl out at the bottom of the enclosure, as a boy will sometimes crawl into a circus, for there was no slack in the cloth, and one’s foot, even, could not go under it, for I tried it; it seemed to have materialized on the floor at my side, and came suddenly up, somewhat as a mermaid would, if pictures of such were realities. It being proved to me (and if I have been lucid, and am reliable, I have proved it to the reader) that these several forms were extemporizations, that is so astounding a fact that the upspringing of a human form at my side, where none was or could be, now that I have caught my breath, need not be any wonderment, for the greater includes the less.

I am not drawing on my imagination or any credulity for my facts. I am aiming to tell the exact truth—just what I saw and just what I know, and, I think, just what all present will say is a correct statement of the affair. Now I do not know as the next one will equal this, yet I see no reason why it should not; but I get sometimes annoyed by parties who attend seances and do not see them as I did. Well, that is their bad luck. I often go to seances and am disappointed; for some cause they do not come up to the mark, but these less satisfactory exhibitions do not set at naught a positive and palpable fact that was satisfactory. Let me say, in closing, that the hardest thing I have had to swallow in my experience of manifestations, is the fact of the materialization of human forms, but with the evidence I have, to doubt it, would be to stultify my intellect and doubt the evidence of my senses. If ever I have had certain evidence of anything in objective life, I have had the evidence of what is called the materializations of forms. A fact is a fact, no matter what happens thereafter, and if frauds abound even more than they have they will not invalidate the statements herein and heretofore made by me.

They Won’t Stand It.

[Detroit Free Press.]

“Yes, I come in after a hired man,” said the old farmer, “but I’ve got disgusted and shan’t try very hard to find one.”

“What’s the matter with hired men?”

“Too high-toned and important. Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plow, so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths! At the end of a week he quit. Said that labor was ennobling and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his tastes.”

“Yes.”

“Well, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going to work, and he quit at the end of a fortnight, because we didn’t have a pianer in the house. Why, that chap never got up till 7 o’clock and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every other evening.”

“The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bedroom window. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted to paint all the roofs red and put pea green on the corn-cribs. He suggested a hog-pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the wind-mill to milk the cows. I found him writing poetry in the corn-field, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his boots, and sent for a coupay to bring him to the city.”

Says the Ottawa Free Press: “The Salvation Army in England carries on an ordinary business, in which religion and groceries are mixed like pickles. From *War Cry*, which advertises the goods, it is warned that the store has soap for sale with ‘Come to Jesus’ stamped upon it; and nice, new salvation towels, with ‘Wash your sins in Emmanuel’s blood’ printed in the corner, are retailed at ‘one and tuppence’ each. Is it any wonder that many Christian churches look with disfavor upon some of the methods adopted by the army to preach the gospel?”

A Boston Courier reporter asked the Superintendent of Schools the other day: “How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?” And he replied: “Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense, and no sensible woman will give up a sixty-dollar position for a forty-dollar man.”

If parents should be daily calling upon God in a solemn, deliberate manner, altering and extending their intercessions as the state and growth of their children required, such devotion would have a mighty influence upon the rest of their lives.—*Lavo.*

Ardent lover—“I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter.” Old gent (somewhat deaf)—“Pay for dresses? Why, certainly, my dear sir. Here are the bills.” He gave one glance at them and fled.

Most men pursue the pleasures, as they call them, of their natures, which begin in sin, are carried on with danger, and end in bitterness.—*Wake.*

COLORADO SPOOKS.

[Opinion.]

On a ranch not more than a dozen miles from Denver some strange sights have been seen within the last few months, and those who have witnessed them are at their wits’ end for a satisfactory explanation. In the neighborhood there are probably half a dozen families engaged in stock raising and agricultural pursuits, and some member of nearly all these families have been eye-witnesses of the queer goings-on referred to. The manifestations seemed to be confined almost entirely to one ranch, although some unaccountable proceedings have occurred on the adjoining farms. At unseasonable hours of the night mysterious lights appear, stationary for a few moments and then rapidly shifting to other points so quickly as to negative the theory that they are manipulated by human agency. A few weeks ago a ranchman sat up for several hours one night to investigate the matter, and when he retired was utterly at a loss to account for what he had seen. His observations were that the light appeared as if it were carried by some one who had lost and was searching for something, being lowered nearly to the ground, then raised, and then shifted from right to left. The light seemed to be approaching his house, and for a while he was quite convinced that some neighbor was making his way toward it. So impressed was he with this belief that he started toward the light to make inquiries, supposing that some neighbor was sick. As he neared the light he noticed there was nothing in the shape of a lantern, and on closer observation could discern no one in its vicinity. He then quickened his pace, when he was surprised to see the light quickly shift to another position at least a hundred yards away. Others who have seen the mysterious light have endeavored to find a cause for it, but with equally unsatisfactory results. About three weeks ago the wife of a ranchman in this uncanny neighborhood was suddenly awakened about midnight by a noise outside, and, hastening to a window, saw a blaze which almost blinded her in the direction of the barn, and was at once impressed with the belief that it was in flames. She aroused her husband and stated the startling conviction to him. Dressing himself hastily, he repaired with his wife to the back door, and lo! not a sign of fire was to be seen.

Further investigation at the barn demonstrated that there had been no fire near it. The ranchman then went beyond the barn nearly half a mile without finding any indication of a cause for the remarkable light seen by his wife. The people of the neighborhood are naturally very much interested regarding these strange occurrences, and at last accounts there had been a strong determination expressed to give the matter a most thorough investigation. Some of the more superstitious of the ranch people believe that a foul murder has at some time been committed in that vicinity, and that the manifestations are the work of the unquiet spirit of the victim endeavoring to direct attention to the spot where the remains are buried. These strange lights cannot be accounted for on the *ignis fatuus* or will-o’-the-wisp theory, because there is no swampy or marshy ground anywhere near where they make their appearance. Further developments are shortly expected as a result of the careful investigation that will be made, and the readers of the *Opinion* will be kept informed concerning them.

Tom McNeeley, of Aspen, is authority for another ghost story. With a partner, he is living in the haunted Haustrauser cabin, at the lower edge of Taurtelotte park, where, in 1880, Jacob Haustrauser was most foully murdered. Tom says he hears strange noises every night all about the cabin. Scarcely do they blow out the light and compose themselves to slumber, than they hear footsteps outside the door and moanings and groanings that would make each separate hair stand on end like the quills of the fretful porcupine, and the moment one of them gets up to investigate the noise ceases. Tom says he has shot with his revolver through the door and cracks between the logs until the cabin is like a sieve, but the impalpable ghost cares not for bullets. One night, they plainly heard the sound of digging in the earth beneath the floor, which they tore up the next morning, but there was no sign of the midnight grave-digger’s work. These gentlemen are turning prematurely gray in their heroic efforts to outlive the ghost, which they have repeatedly attempted to catch a glimpse of, but without success.

If anyone doubts these nocturnal disturbances, they are invited to go to the cabin and stay but one night, and if they survive the ordeal they are to testify to the ghosts. It is said that every October the ghost returns to walk the earth, and hovers about the scene of the murder (which occurred in October, 1880) for several days, and then goes away again to return upon the next anniversary.

We are told: “Let not the sun go down on your wrath.” This, of course, is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, never act or write until it has done so. This rule has saved me from many a folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened.—*Sidney Smith.*

A JOURNEY TO THE OTHER WORLD.

[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

"Do I believe that there is an existence after death? Most assuredly; for I was dead myself once and know that I retained my identity after the spark of life had left the body. Don't look alarmed. I am not crazy, and will tell you my story if you care to listen."

"The person who had so calmly uttered the foregoing remarkable words had not the appearance of an escaped lunatic.

He was a tall, spare man, past the meridian of life, gray-haired and unmistakably a gentleman. His deep-set gray eyes met the startled gaze of a reporter, to whom he had addressed himself, calmly and without wavering.

"It is a strange tale," he continued, "and I sometimes think it all a dream, a mere fantasy, but the testimony of others assures me that it is a reality. In the spring of 187-, I was thrown from the back of a horse and dragged some distance over the frozen earth. Picked up unconscious, I was taken home and medical aid at once summoned. The physicians could discover no outward indications of serious injury, and applied various restoratives to bring me back to consciousness, but in vain. I remained in a comatose condition bordering on catalepsy for several days. I have no recollection of anything that occurred during this period. The first sensation I experienced after being hurled violently to the ground on the day of the accident was that peculiar feeling one sometimes has in the transition between sleeping and waking. I tried to rouse myself, but could not shake off the delicious lethargy which bound me hand and foot. Through half-closed eyelids I saw my wife and a stranger—who, I have since learned, was the nurse—by the bedside. I spoke, but from the expression on the faces of the watchers, I knew that my words were inaudible. Then a look of alarm spread over the face of my wife. 'He is dying,' I heard her say, and she flew swiftly from the room. There was a sound of many footsteps and much confusion in an adjoining chamber. A physician with whom I had long been on intimate terms entered and came quickly to my bedside. In as emphatic a manner as possible I informed him that I was not dying, but was feeling quite well. To my disgust and astonishment he paid not the slightest attention to what I said, and I asked, rather petulantly, if he and my family had entered into a conspiracy against me and were trying to make it appear that I was dangerously ill. Still no reply. I was astounded. My wife and two daughters, my sister, the nurse and Dr. — were all gathered about my bedside and not one of them gave any evidence that my voice had been heard. Indeed, in all their faces I saw the most acute anguish. My wife knelt by the side of the bed, and taking my hand in hers, wept aloud. My two daughters were on either side of her, both in tears. The physician, with his fingers on my pulse, regarded me sorrowfully."

WAS IT DEATH.

"What did it all mean? A sudden thought flashed upon me—I am dying and this is death! No, that was impossible, for I was free from pain and was not conscious of any bodily discomfort. Still that peculiar lethargic sensation puzzled me. It was entirely different from anything I had experienced before. And it was growing on me. My whole body seemed to be lifted up and away from material objects. I could speak, but evidently my voice could not be heard. What cared I if this was death? Dying was a pleasure! Then all the events of my life flitted through my mind. The good, the bad, the indifferent, stalked by in solemn procession, and I remember now that I was rather pleased to observe that the good deeds were more numerous than I would have believed. 'I can't be such a very bad fellow, after all,' I murmured. But, oh! what an army of iniquities hailed me as their author! I was a tremendous sinner, after all, I thought. Strange that I never thought of praying. The idea of God, or heaven, or eternal happiness, or everlasting damnation never came to me once. Now I began to realize that it was difficult for me to breathe. There seemed to be a heavy weight on my chest and a buzzing in my ears. I struggled against this mightily. Then I thought myself falling—down, down, down. I left the air like an arrow. If you have ever had the sensation of falling from a great height in your dreams you can realize how horrible it is. At last my descent was arrested; I hovered in air as though I had the gift of wings. A shock as from a galvanic battery brought me to my senses. I was standing by an open window in my bedroom. There, in one corner, grouped about the bed, were the members of my family, the physicians and the nurse. Dr. — rose.

"It is all over; I think he is dead," he said, and the physician drew the sheet over a still form stretched on the couch."

STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

"Was I really dead? I could not believe it, and yet I felt that I was in some way very much changed. I walked across the room, putting my hand on my wife's head, whispered words of love and consolation in her ear. She heard them not. I

looked down on the face of the dead, which, though it was covered by the sheet, was perfectly visible to me. The features were composed, and only a deathly pallor told that life was extinct. Yes, it was dead; there could be no doubt about that. But I had expected a different reception upon my entry into the spirit world. Here were no Elysian fields, no heavenly choirs, no golden cities with pearly gates. There was no one in sight even who wore wings. I was in my own room in the very worldly city of —; nothing appeared to be altered save myself, and yet I had departed this life. I laughed to think of the utter absurdities that had been written in all ages about man's existence after death. This was different from anything I had ever read.

"I walked down stairs and into the street. Now the scene changed. The houses, the streets, all the familiar surroundings faded away, and instead there was unfolded to my sight a beautiful landscape. Under my feet was close velvet turf, dotted with bright flowers. Blue hills stretched far away, fair and vast, seemingly without end, for there was no horizon. The air was laden with the soft perfume of flowers and birds of gay plumage caroled songs of heavenly sweetness among the nodding branches of richly foliaged trees. This was heaven, indeed, I thought, but apparently a private heaven, for, as far as I could see, I was its only tenant. Far off in the distance I now saw what pleased me greatly, the forms of many persons. They drew nearer and nearer, and soon I saw I was among them. They regarded me strangely, and as I addressed them, answered me not, but looked puzzled, and with averted faces passed hurriedly on. I was ostracised! There were familiar faces in the throng, friends whom I had known on earth, but they did not recognize me now. Surely there was something amiss here. What to do I knew not. I could only wait and trust. I felt that I was not such as these were, but knew not what the difference might be. But now as I looked with curious eyes on this heavenly gathering I became conscious that some potent influence was drawing me away, whither I knew not. Slowly the blue hills faded in the distance, the mysterious multitude vanished, the song birds ceased their melody, the grass under my feet became hard and stony, a strange chill seized me—and I was standing in my own yard once more. A powerful influence drew me into the house and into my room. It was as I had left it. On the bed reposed a still form that I knew to be my mortal body, and by its side a neighbor sat watching. I tried to keep away from that couch of death, but an iron hand had me in its grip. Desperately I resisted, feeling that some terrible disaster was impending, but my struggles were vain. I was close to the bed, and overcome with horror I cried aloud and fell forward on the cold form of my dead self. Then my senses left me.

COMING BACK TO LIFE.

"He will live" were the first words that saluted me as I regained consciousness. I was lying on my own bed in my own room, surrounded by many persons, whom I but imperfectly recognized, yet knew they were the members of my family. So I was not dead after all, and it had been all a dream! My brain was too weary to grapple with the subject, and I tried to forget the scenes I had witnessed. How I suffered during the next few hours no human tongue can ever tell. The agony of a lifetime was crowded into those moments. The rest is soon told. I recovered in due course of time and returned to my accustomed avocations. I afterwards learned that upon my apparent demise an undertaker had been called in to embalm the body, but that worthy, upon making an incision in the thigh for the purpose of injecting the embalming fluids was astonished to find that bright red blood flowed feebly from the wound. Physicians were hastily summoned, and after examination and consultation it was decided that, although I was dead to all appearances, it would be wise to postpone further mortuary operations for a short time and await developments. Watchers were placed at my bedside and a physician remained in the house ready for any emergency. On the afternoon of the second day the neighbor who was on duty at the time was paralyzed with horror when what he supposed to be the corpse of his lamented friend suddenly rose up in bed with a frightful shriek. The dead had come to life."

"Do I really believe that I was dead at all? I do, most assuredly, and I have a peculiar theory explaining the phenomenon. But there is a certain vital principle that animates nature, and call it what you may this principle is life. If under certain conditions then life is capable of existing, we have only to remove those conditions to destroy life. This we can easily do, but no one has yet discovered how the same conditions can be restored. When that is done we will live forever. Now I believe that when I apparently died the process was not complete. That is, there still remained in the body certain elements which made it possible for the vital spark to return to its earthly habitat. The soul, or principle of life, gradually went out as the conditions grew less favorable for life, but enough of that life principle was retained in the flesh to draw back the whole should the conditions become more favorable. In other words, I was nine-tenths

dead; just dead enough to be in the spirit world for a time, but not dead enough to stay there. Thus it was that the disembodied spirits I met in the other world recognized that there was something strange in my appearance; that I was not as they were. Hence I could not make myself known to them. And when the process of death was arrested in the body that I had left behind, the conditions became such that life was again possible, and the tiny spark of vitality grew stronger and stronger, slowly reclaiming that part of itself which had wandered away, till at last the missing 'bioplasm' returned, and, reuniting the whole, took possession of its former home, and the nine-tenths dead body became a living organism once more. I can realize now how time does not affect the next world; for what seemed but a few minutes to me was in reality over thirty-six hours on the earth."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[Banner of Light Free Circle.]

Q.—Can we be sure of a direct communication with an individual spirit on matters which relate to our material life and interests.

A.—Yes; if you find a medium who is thoroughly adapted to the control of the spirit-friend of yours, and that spirit-friend is in utter sympathy with you in all the affairs of importance of your life, such a friend may be able to give you a direct communication bearing upon your personal, material affairs. This does not mean that your friend will be so wise and intelligent that he will be able to advise you clearly on material matters, so that you will make no mistake, and will only profit by his judgment. That will depend entirely upon the degree of perception and judgment your friend possesses. If he can foresee—reasoning from causes to effects—what the result of your life will be, if you move in certain directions, then he can counsel you whether it would be wise for you to make such movements. Your spirit-friends are in sympathy with you; they desire to aid and bless you, and they are very wise in the higher life, might wish to advise you in your business relations so that you might profit by them, accruing great wealth and personal aggrandizement. They might not be able to accomplish their wish in such a direction, for the wise and high intelligences of the other life perceive that if returning spirits were devoted to giving personal advice on business matters, mortals, at least the majority of them, would seek communion with the denizens of another life solely for that purpose, ignoring their spiritual welfare and the instruction which they should seek when coming into connection with the intelligences of another life. A mortal may come to a medium, seeking information on personal affairs: he may say to his spirit-friends or to the intelligence who approaches him, "If you will give me such advice as will enable me to increase my worldly means and to become rich and prosperous, I will repay you by using a portion of that means for the dissemination of spiritual truth and for the benefit of mankind." But wise spirits, looking into the future and understanding human nature in its undeveloped condition, know very well that, in nine cases out of ten, while the individual means what he promises when he says this, he will, if successful in his ventures, forget the promises he has made, and only increase his worldly grandeur and display by the means which he has acquired; therefore, in most cases, we deem it wise for spirits to refuse to give advice on business matters, unless it be such as will benefit their friends by drawing them aside from unfortunate, lowly conditions, elevating them to a higher state of moral and spiritual grandeur, or by relieving them of some of the heavy burdens which press on them. This is a good work, and may be accomplished by returning sympathetic spirits when they find avenues through which to operate.

People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born the world begins to work upon us; and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy strength and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favor.—Goethe.

We know, too, that the emulation of such parties, their contradictions, their reciprocal necessities, their hopes and their fears, must send them all in their turns to him who holds the balance of the State. The parties are the gamblers; but government keeps the table, and is sure to be the winner in the end.—Burke.

The pedant is so obvious to ridicule that it would be useless to offer to explain him. He is a gentleman so well known that there are none but those of his own class who do not laugh at and avoid them. Pedantry proceeds from much learning and little understanding.—Sir Richard Steele.

I had reasoned myself into an opinion that the use of physicians, unless in some acute disease, was a venture, and that their greatest practitioners practised least upon themselves.—Sir W. Temple.

Superstition Superseded by Science.

[Joseph Rhodes Buchanan in Home Journal.]

In the review of the marvellous side of human life, published November 4th, in the *Home Journal*, the wonders of Psychometry were brought in to complete the picture; but nothing was said of its logical, scientific and practical aspect.

In justice to the subject and myself I must call attention to that aspect, for psychometry, although like other sciences, it has its wonderful phenomena, is not entirely constructed of the marvellous, but differs as widely from modern, mediæval, Greek, Egyptian and prehistoric lore as chemistry does from alchemy, or as the critical modern scholar differs from the monks of the middle ages. The marvellous but well-attested facts of the Greek temples, their oracles, their healing, and the vast number of well-authenticated facts belonging to the history of the Roman Catholic Church, and to the mysteries and marvels of Egypt and India, have never been seriously and experimentally investigated to separate truth from fiction and to demonstrate their basis in the constitution of man, until the investigation was undertaken by myself forty-four years ago, and prosecuted with such success that the results were largely embodied in the curriculum of the leading medical college of Cincinnati, and unreservedly accepted by those to whom they were presented.

Psychometry, it is true, verifies many things that have generally been deemed incredible; but it does this by reproducing them stripped of mystery, in exact scientific experiments on the brain and nervous system, showing how the phenomena are produced, what particular fibres and convolutions of the brain are concerned, and in what constitutions, and under what circumstances, the effect may be repeated. Nothing like this had ever been done by anyone, except that about the same time Dr. Braid, of Manchester, investigated the effects of mesmeric somnolence as to their production, but without attempting to reach the source of the phenomena in the brain. His work on hypnotism, which is highly esteemed, was the first attempt abroad to reach the philosophy of such phenomena; but his investigations did not go very far, as they did not locate the source of the phenomena in the brain. My own investigations and discoveries as presented in psychometry, are but a small part, though the more marvellous part, of my explorations of the functions of the brain, in which I have determined the functions of many portions recognized by the medical profession as belonging to the terra incognita, and have had the good fortune to find a number of my discoveries verified by the numerous experiments in vivisection on the brains of animals by Professor Ferrier, of England, and by Charcot, Fritsch and Hitzig on the continent, nearly all of which were from twenty to forty years later than the discoveries which I have published and taught in medical schools. They have been confirmed also by the pathological facts reported by Bouillaud, Serres, and more recent writers, and will be shown in my next volume, "Cerebral Psychology." Moreover, my most marvellous experiments are being verified by the British Society for Psychical Research.

It was not for the neglect of the marvellous facts of psychometry that I criticized the medical profession, but for the total neglect of the most simple and demonstrable facts, which I have been presenting for over forty years, and which any intelligent person can verify in the circle of his acquaintance—such, for example, as the fact that medicines produce their impression by simple contact, without absorption, so that any sensitive individual, by patiently holding medical substances in the hand, can feel their influence in ten or twenty minutes as thoroughly and accurately as if they had been swallowed. So common is this capacity that it will be manifested by one in ten anywhere—very frequently by one-half of any promiscuous company, and in southern climates, by nearly all. Such experiments will soon become familiar in scientific circles. They have already been performed in France by Drs. Bourru and Barot, and reported in full to the French Association for the Advancement of Science during their late meetings at Grenoble. This form of sensibility is the central condition upon which by careful experiments we build up the facts of psychometry; and the experiments are more instructive and brilliant in proportion to the intellectuality of the individual. Hence, in my experiments with Bishop Polk, Bishop Otley, General Quitley, Chancellor Scott, and a number of medical professors and authors, such as Professors Gatchell, Hill, Sherwood, Carr, and others, the phenomena were such as to be entirely satisfactory to themselves and to all who read my reports in a candid spirit, as published in the *Manual of Psychometry*. These experiments entirely revolutionize the philosophy of medicine, and settle the question between homoeopathy and allopathy, while the diagnostic powers which psychometry reveals bid fair to render medicine an exact science by perfect diagnosis and the adaptation of remedies.

These are but a small portion of the practical and scientific results of psychometry, and I am very unwilling to have its valuable scientific and practical results

concealed by the lustre of the marvelous. These valuable results have been demonstrated already in a hundred thousand instances, and when it becomes generally known it will show its power and value in all the intercourse and business of life, as well as in science, history and literature. But this is too large a theme for newspaper discussion, as it has required five hundred pages for its presentation in the "Manual of Psychometry."

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

PROVE ALL THINGS.

Precisely in the proportion that the mediumistic power is a noble gift, is the false and hypocritical pretense to it ignoble and base. Precisely in the proportion that spiritual truth is exalted and exalting, so are falsehoods in the name of Spiritualism degraded and degrading. I can think of no character so mean, so execrable, as that of the man or the woman who, pretending to this gift, wilfully deceives in order to put money into the pocket. Compared with it, theft, corruption, and almost every other crime known to the law, are only innocent pastimes. The mere conjurers and fortune-tellers take our money; but as we only go to them for amusement we are not deceived; and if we do not get our money's worth, the fault is our own folly. But here is a medium, in name I mean, whose whole stock-in-trade are only a few tricks and shams. A person comes with heart yearning for a word or sign from a departed husband or wife, child or parent, brother or sister. The state of mind is one not likely to suspect deceit or fraud. It is that of an earnest, pure soul, expecting its own earnestness and purity in others. An artful medium soon learns what the applicant wishes to know, and then goes into a state of affected trance, sees the departed and tells the afflicted some trifles, and he or she goes away in the belief that the spirit has returned and communicated. The pretended medium is a thief, for he has taken money without compensation. He is a liar, for he has told that which he knew to be false. Worse than this, the lie has transfused itself into the whole being, and he has become, a living, walking lie, constantly pretending to be that which he is not. He is guilty of a yet worse crime—one for which our language has no name—that of deceiving people with the pretence of having communicated with the spirits of the departed.

I believe in mediumship. I believe in spirit communication. I honor the true medium, who, above deception and fraud, devotes herself or himself to the development of the rare gift in the carrying of messages to and from those on the other side of the river. But I abominate, I execrate—I have no words to express my utter loathing for the man or the woman, who, in a thing so sacred, wilfully deceives. I always rejoice, therefore, in the detection and exposure of frauds. I think it the duty of Spiritualists to court investigation; and when there is a suspicion of fraud, to investigate only the more thoroughly, well knowing that when the mediumship is real, the medium possesses the power of making the reality manifest.

It is true, that when a medium claims certain results under certain conditions, he has a right to those conditions, and the honest investigator can determine for himself whether or not they are such as may conceal fraud. But it would be a "wicked spirit" that would demand conditions likely to throw dishonor on the medium, and he would not be wholly free from suspicion, as a medium, who, on his own account, would demand suspicious conditions.

Spirit communication, a great truth, coming to us as it does, with the evidence that forces conviction, it is the grandest truth of the ages. The Spiritualist, enjoying in his soul the sweets of this truth, can afford to be called ugly names; but he owes it to mankind, he owes it to himself, as its advocate, to so teach that others may see also and enjoy.

Let us bear this always in mind, that by honest and impartial investigation, falsehood is detected, and truth discovered and demonstrated.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 24, 1885.

A DRUNKARD'S WILL.—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example, and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives as much sorrow as humanity in its declining state can bear. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification and injury as I could bring upon them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death. I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a brute.—*Christian Home*.

The new Sunday law in Vienna forbidding printers to work on the evening of the Lord's Day, turns upon the legislators and its promoters in a way they little foresaw. Intelligence of any kind, more particularly false political rumors, published in the morning, cannot be contradicted until the afternoon of Monday. It is easily seen that the strict enforcement of this decree may work a good deal of mischief.—*American Register, Paris*.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1885.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS.

The metaphysical world presents many problems, the solution of which "puzzle the will," and he who would attempt the arduous task is apt to find himself stranded in a sea of doubt and uncertainty.

A young investigator in the phenomena of Spiritualism, is fascinated with the marvelous nature of the information she receives through the entranced lips of some medium. She finds her past life, her business plans, the names and relationship of kindred and friends, all an open book to the voice that purports to come to her from beyond the grave. It is the spirit of some loved one who speaks, bringing messages of tender affection, and thoughtful words of cheer and comfort to the dear one still journeying on the shores of time. Her heart bounds with a new hope, and a great joy, as the happy thought thrills her being that the dark abyss of the grave has been spanned by a "rainbow bridge of glory," across which tread the shining feet of her dead darlings.

If one's intercourse with the unseen world stopped here—if the hungry heart could be satisfied to rest with the simple but glorious fact that our dead are alive, and do know and love us still—who can measure the world of joy and peace that would come to the soul! But the perplexing puzzles of this life crowd upon our young investigator—anxieties, new and many, weigh upon her mind, whereof she would find surcease in further intercourse with the spirits.

And so from the lips of the unseen through many mediums—all possessing a wonderful insight into her innermost life, and the affairs of the world that most interest and concern her—she is told many things—predictions of coming events, alleged facts, promises, etc.—that prove to be wholly void of truth or fulfillment—mere idle fictions apparently given to deceive. And so she is ready to exclaim, in her disappointment, "If these are spirits of the dead they are false and deceiving ones, and I will have nought of them."

Such experiences come to many in their earlier investigations of spiritual phenomena, and they are stumbling blocks which can be surmounted only by much patient research and cool philosophy.

That there is a lesson in these disappointments—in these untruthful and unreliable communications—none who have passed through this valley of false appearances, and reached the shining heights of knowledge beyond, can for a moment doubt. They seem to be the very thing needed to teach man self-reliance. It is better that we stumble and fall than that we walk by leaning wholly up on others. It is what we are here for, to soar by our own wings. Who does not see that if the spirits were permitted to plan our worldly affairs we would soon become the mere inutilities of fate, limp and purposeless as the rag that flutters in the wind.

How gladly would most of us shift the responsibilities and cares from our own shoulders to those of the spirits, if they would only permit us to do so. How we would let them plan for us, and provide for our worldly needs. How like young robins in the nest we would soon come to rest placidly and serenely, while the brooding spirits of our loved ones, brought the luscious worm to our thoughtless beaks.

And so may we not find here a reasonable solution to a perplexing problem? Certain it is that man should never surrender his own reason, nor his own soul, to the keeping of another, but should trust himself only to the guidance of the light within.

LIBERTY NOT LICENSE.

The worst foe Spiritualism has had to contend with in the past, is the abandonment of moral restraint in the lives and teachings of some of its would-be champions. While there has been a marked improvement in this respect, during the last decade, there is nevertheless, some of the "old Adam" left, and it occasionally manifests itself to the disgust of every clean-minded Spiritualist.

As a rule the Spiritualistic press is free from all imputation of uncleanness, ever holding up to the gaze of the world the highest standard of morality, and seeking to avoid the very appearance of evil; and yet there are exceptions to this rule, calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every young reader, and poison the springs of every pure imagination. One such exception is before us, in the shape of a cheap western publication, whose name we will not mention. Therein we find such utter disregard of the proprieties, such recklessness of every lesson of pure living—that we wonder that it should be allowed a place in the mails. It probably would not if the nature of the publication was made known to Anthony Comstock, the Government detective.

Not the least unpleasant feature of this case is, that the journal referred to is published by a woman, and one whose name has been prominently before the world as a spiritual teacher.

If, as some suppose, there is "no marriage or giving in marriage" in the life to come, certain it is that in this life, the marriage relation and the recognized standards of morality established by society, cannot be ignored or set aside without the

gravest consequences to the race. Whoever would advocate their overthrow, and with them necessarily all the sweet sanctities of home, is an open enemy to society, which society cannot tolerate with the slightest regard for its own safety.

Freedom is justifiable only within certain bounds. When it transcends these bounds it becomes license, baleful and destructive of public and private good, and should be resisted by tongue and pen, and if need be by the strong arm of the law.

MORAL FUNGI.

It is sometimes charged, and by those who ought to know better, that the crudities, the balmies, and other moral fungi, occasionally found attached to, and seemingly growing out of, Spiritualism, is a part, or the natural outgrowth of the thing itself; when in fact these crudities are simply the outcome of an undeveloped and depraved human nature, which is confined to no sect—to no class of society.

No system of religion or morals ever existed that was not cursed with leprous counterfeits. And none have been so badly cursed in this respect as the Christian religion. For hundreds of years, known as the dark ages, Christianity was the synonym for all that was cruel. It maintained its supremacy in the world by means of the thumb-screw, the fagot, and the dungeon. And it is only within comparatively modern times that it has been forced to abandon its cruelties for Christ's sake.

But, it may be said, admitting the cruelties of the church in its efforts to crush out heresy in the world, these were not crimes against morality, such as have been laid, in some instances, at the doors of Spiritualism. Indeed, to come down to modern times, what is Mormonism, with its monstrous system of polygamy, but a fungus outgrowth of Christianity? And yet not wholly so, for does not the Bible recognize the practice of polygamy by the special favorites of the Almighty, and that, too, without rebuke? And what, also, is communism, with its so-called complex marriage system, as practiced until recently by the Oneida Community and its branches? A self-claimed Christian sect, leading most circumspect and devout lives in all things save in their common community of property.

Now, any one at all familiar with the pure teachings of the gentle Nazarene must naturally be at a loss to know how such cruel and vicious practices could ever have found encouragement in a religion that was intended to be full of brotherly love and all good things for humanity. And yet we see how the religion of Jesus has been made to cloak the iniquities of the human heart. This fact alone ought to make all Christians kindly disposed towards the beautiful gospel of Spiritualism—less eager to condemn for offenses which are more or less common to all classes of religionists.

The teachings of the spirits, and the tendency of spiritual literature, are all in the direction of the highest purity of life and conduct. The truest canons of morality find ever a first place in the acknowledged and leading organs of Spiritualism. And so we do not propose to rest under the unjust imputation of our enemies; but shall ever claim for our beautiful philosophy that it is the embodiment of "whatsoever things are pure and of good report." That in teaching and proving the immortality of the soul, it holds man to the strictest accountability for his acts, and ever seeks to lift him into a realm of pure spiritual delight, where wisdom shall dominate every faculty and impulse of his nature.

RELIC HUTTERS.

All men cannot be great, but it often happens that common mortals profit by those who are or have been. No one has calculated the dollars and cents that Grant's death caused to flow into the hands and pockets of undistinguished persons, but by newspaper reports on all matters connected with the General's demise, associations and belongings, many a one's material condition is shown to have been improved by the event. The humble little house of Carlyle's, in Chesham, does not yet find any one who is willing to pay a rental double that of other dwellings in the neighborhood, simply to live under the roof beneath which the crusty but well-beloved Carlyle fretted out a portion of his life, and worried out that of a long-suffering companion. And yet, relic-hunters haunt the premises for obtaining mementoes of the spot to such an extent that a watch has been set upon them. The purchase price is set at two thousand dollars, not a great sum, for most traveling Americans; and since his countrymen and other foreigners do not want the house, it is strange that some Yankee has not taken it, and reduced it to tiny blocks for sale to those who throng its grounds. He would get his money back, and more too.

ONE DAY.

The Bishops of the Catholic Churches throughout the United States declare against liquor selling on the Sabbath.—*Exchange.*

Is that all? Of all persons in the world, the priesthood should be first and strongest for prohibition, not only for one day in the week, but for all seven. They of all classes are most familiar with the train of curses that follow in the wake of the awful traffic, because they are educated above their flocks, whose trials, hardships and their causes are well known to them. Prohibition grows in proportion as the frightful ravages of intemperance become greater, and that it is fast coming to be the theme of the day can no longer be denied. Forty thousand votes in Kentucky and thirty thousand in Ohio for prohibition is only a part of the record in its favor for 1885.

This battle that is waging with drunkenness "will deadly be and long," but that it will be victorious, is as certain as the great enemy is weak, and the friend of humanity is strong. There cannot much longer be a compromise with its evil; either the friend or the foe must win the day, and woe to the land if the latter triumph.

THE LIFE TO COME.

The best preparation for the life to come consists, no doubt, in the faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon this present life. This is a world of sunshine and shadow, and sometimes of vivid lightnings and fierce tempests. Man has to deal with all sorts of unfriendly elements—with drought, floods, and sometimes with the cruel pestilence. He needs all the experience he can possibly obtain to enable him to successfully contend with the foes nature places in his pathway. Therefore, he has something else to do than to worry himself sick about the hereafter. This present existence demands of him all of his energies, and will admit of no divided attention. Especially is this true of the years of his strength and physical power.

And yet it is not well to live as though the all of existence was centered in the few fleeting years of man's stay upon the earth. He should realize that he has a spiritual as well as a physical and an intellectual nature to look after. No unit in this divine trinity of human nature can be wisely or safely neglected. But to cultivate the spiritual it is not necessary for one to say long prayers, or wear a long face, or go mourning all the day long over one's sins. If sin besets, cast it aside. The all in all of repentance consists in simply ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well. Man can no more evade the responsibility of his acts than he can change his stature, or avert the final summons. As he makes his bed so must he lie in it.

In the acquisition of worldly experience—in the struggle for honorable gain—it is not necessary that man should live meanly, or wholly for himself. His selfishness should not so shrivel his nature, and dry up the springs of a noble humanity, that when he has reached the goal of a laudable ambition in the acquisition of wealth, he should find himself without the pale of the kindly regard of his fellows.

There comes a time in every life when one feels his activities waning. He can no longer bear the brunt of the battle, and he realizes that he must give way to others, and soon lie down to that sleep whose waking will be upon other scenes. It is then he may well give some thought to the great change through which he must soon pass. If his life has been successful, in garnered experiences, or in the acquisition of earthly store, now comes to him the golden harvest time of blessings to himself and others, if he so chooses to make it. He can crown his immortal spirit with unfading laurels, and pass on to the loving companionship of the beautiful and good of all ages; or he can go forth to face the awful condemnation of an undying regret for duties left undone.

Spiritualism has for the aged a significance that the young cannot understand. To the former, the excitement of the battle is over, the surging columns have swept on, and they are left to contemplate the victories won, and the hopes and ambitions slain. Now is the time for quiet thought—for calm introspection,—the time to "take account of stock," and ascertain what amount of capital remains to carry forward into the other life. And this work everyone should do for himself, and not wait till death places its seal upon his works, and the books are closed. How nobly and grandly is one of our wealthy citizens performing this duty, and thereby paving the way to a future of happiness that no pen can describe. And herein is a glorious hint for others—for all whose locks are whitening with the frosts of age.

SIN AND SCIENCE.

Sin is destructive, and were it not also contagious, society could afford to let it run its course unmolested. Individual sin is not long-lived, but it has such a vast host of relations, of all ages and climes, that some of them are ever found co-eval with good, so that one of our radical poets declares it to be "of good twin brother, born of God, and of none other."

Criminal records, continued through successive generations, show that though the first generation of criminals may be hardy and long-lived, the second fall far short, both in endurance and longevity, while but few members of the third possess enough vitality to reach maturity—the average ages of the three generations being very nearly in the descending ratio of three, two, one—and soon the entire line becomes extinct.

In British India, the capital convictions are stated to be between three and four hundred a year. A physician of that country perceiving the natural relationship between all kinds of evil, proposes to make criminals who have been sentenced to death, subjects for the experimental treatment of cholera. He proposes to take any one under sentence of death, who will consent, and proceed with his artificial cholera and treatment under the agreement that if the patient lives, he shall have his liberty. It takes poison to kill a poison, and who knows but all persons morally diseased, might be cured of their iniquities by allowing some deadly plague to pass through their system? The fittest always survives.

At any rate, this Indian physician is more than likely to find all the patients he can attend to, and it is to be hoped the opportunity may afford the desired information. Life is dear to the man who will bear the infliction of pestilence in the hope of continuing it. We can hardly call it devotion to science, but the lives thus saved should be devoted to different living than that which sent them to a felon's cell.

Mrs. Mary J. Clark, of Utica, Ill., writes as follows: "I have just been handed a copy of your bright new paper. The title is suggestive. There are many golden grains of thought in the number before me; and as I try to gather the best thoughts of the age from various sources I enclose \$2.50 to pay for one year's subscription to your paper."

A correspondent wishes to know the time when "independent slate-writing" first occurred, and through what medium. We are unable to inform him. Perhaps some of our readers are better

posted, and can give the information sought for. Something similar to independent slate-writing, and the second incident of the kind of which we have any record, occurred at the time of Belshazzar's feast; the first being the writing on the tablets of stone in the presence of the medium Moses.

OUR SLATE-WRITING MEDIUMS.

There are those who look upon independent slate-writing, as in fact they do upon all mediumship,—as a cunningly devised trick. And yet if they would take the trouble to investigate for themselves they would soon determine that there was a grand truth in it that no trickery could counterfeit.

There is not a day passes that persons do not take their own slates to Mrs. Reid, No. 35 Sixth street, and while sitting in her presence, with their slates never for a moment out of their hands, and with no other hand in contact therewith, receive long communications from their loved ones in spirit life. Sometimes both of the inner sides of the slates will be written full.

The writer dropped in at Fred Evans', No. 100 Sixth street, on Thanksgiving day—never having sat with him in private—and expressed a desire to test his mediumship. (Now, we will say that we had not been in his rooms for over two months, and that Mr. Evans could have had no knowledge of our intention to call at this time.) "Certainly," he replied, and without a moment's hesitation we took seats at the table. Two slates were taken and thoroughly cleansed. Upon the top of one of them a bit of pencil was placed, and over the slate and pencil was spread a silk handkerchief, with the ends gathered under the slate. The writing soon commenced, filling the upper surface of the slate. The writer, at a signal, removed the handkerchief and found a message signed by the full name of his father, a Christian and middle name that the medium could not have known, as no ballots were prepared. The two slates were then coupled together with a rubber clasp, and suspended from the gas jet overhead, when, with no mortal contact, another long message was written, and signed by a familiar name—the name and the message being in the well-known hand of the one whence the writing purported to come. While the writing was in progress, loud raps were heard upon the table and in different parts of the room, and our persons were frequently patted by spirit hands. We know that these messages were written, as we have stated.

And then there is Mrs. Francis, in whose presence the pencil may be seen gliding over the slate guided by unseen hands. Surely no one could ask anything freer from every semblance of fraud than this.

If the cavillers against this phase of mediumship will only take the trouble to examine into the matter—will but visit either of the above-named mediums, who will afford them every opportunity for investigation—we cannot see how they can fail to be convinced of its truth. Let them take their own slates, and surely then there can be no chance for deception.

Appropos of Prof. Hopkins's late statement that Presbyterian ministers haven't held or preached infant damnation for a hundred years the *Christian Leader* prints these extracts from a short catechism for young children still published and distributed by the United Presbyterian board of publication at Pittsburgh:—

Q. What kind of a heart have you by nature? A. A heart filled with all unrighteousness. Q. Does your wicked heart make all your thoughts, words and actions sinful? A. Yes, I do nothing but sin. Q. What will become of you if you die in your sins? A. I must go to hell with the wicked. Q. What kind of a place is hell? A. A place of endless torment; being a lake that burns with fire and brimstone. Q. What is original sin? A. It is that sin in which I was conceived and born. Q. Doth original sin wholly define you, and is it sufficient to send you to hell, though you had no other sin? A. Yes. Q. What are the wages of sin? A. Death and hell. Q. What are you, then, by nature? A. I am an enemy to God, a child of Satan, and an heir of hell.

Neither good moral character, nor amiability are indispensable requisites of mediumship; but without them a medium is capable of more evil than good to the public.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

Very true. And this thought suggests the necessity of cultivating spiritual gifts within the home circle. There are good men and noble-souled women, and often young children who are excellent mediums for the manifestations of spirit-power, and whose honesty no one would doubt. All genuine mediums owe it to themselves to make the conditions of their circles such as to place fraud out of the question. If they would do this all Spiritualists would soon be able to separate the true from the false.

There is nothing in this world more beautiful in the human family than the affection of a noble son for his mother. All must think more of the French artist Bartholdi and his statue of Liberty, since it is known that he modelled the head and features after those of his mother, whom he treats with the deference of a queen in her delightful old age. The memory of mother and son will live in this gift so long as the power of iron and bronze resists the storms and changes of time. Many sons love their mothers, and all may commemorate their love and devotion in ways and means far more enduring than the resources of earth, or the cunning of art.

SAD NEWS.—In a private letter received from Boston just before going to press, the writer, in a postscript, sends the sorrowful tidings that our esteemed friend and valued contributor, John Wetherbee, is passing through a great affliction, in the loss of his eldest son, (one of two) who was found dead in his office. He was thirty years of age, a prosperous young lawyer, beloved by all who knew him. This news will, indeed, sadden all the friends of Mr. Wetherbee, numbered, as they are, by thousands from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Mr. and Mrs. Wetherbee will have the sympathy of all while thus passing through this one of the shadows of earth-life; indeed, nothing but Spiritualism can sustain in such an affliction.—*Spiritual Offering, Nov. 28th.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Back numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE* will be furnished at \$2 per hundred to persons desiring them for distribution.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Evans, independent slate-writing and test mediums, have removed from No. 100 Sixth street, to No. 1244 Mission street, between Eighth and Ninth.

Our exchanges will please notice that our present place of business is at No. 734 Montgomery street, instead of No. 21 Montgomery Avenue, as heretofore. Will they please change the direction of their papers to the *GOLDEN GATE* accordingly.

Since our last issue, several notable deaths have occurred: Vice-President Hendricks, King Alfonso, of Spain; Claflin, the millionaire merchant and banker of New York, and Peter Donahue, another millionaire, of San Francisco. Nor wealth nor fame can avert the touch of Death's icy finger.

Mrs. Foye's Sunday evening meetings at Washington Hall, which have been held now for over three years continuously, are still largely attended. Mrs. Foye's marvellous mediumistic powers seem to improve with time. As a rapping, writing and clairaudient medium, we know of none better. She has convinced thousands of the glorious truths of Spiritualism.

We are pleased to again call attention to the new and enterprising clothing house of O'Banion & Dagenais, Nos. 712 and 714 Market street. Here may be found all manner of gentleman's wearing apparel, of all the best styles, and at hard times' prices. We have known the proprietors of this house for many years, and can unhesitatingly recommend them and their goods.

Our promised report of the entertainment given by the Children's Lyceum of Metropolitan Temple, on Friday evening last, having failed to come to hand, we are left to say only that we learn that it was a grand success. The children in their recitations and music, acquitted themselves with great credit, and then all joined in the merry dance with hearts aglow with good cheer. Parents should cultivate the Children's Lyceum. It is a grand educator, and in the right direction.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that the lecture, "From Adam to Angel, or the Evolution of the Soul," delivered by Prof. Lambert, through Mrs. E. L. Watson, last Sunday evening at Metropolitan Temple, will appear in our next issue. It was what might have been expected from that genius-crowned speaker, logical and eloquent; and she held the vast assemblage entranced from the first sentence to the close. We are delighted to see the attendance at Mrs. Watson's meetings rapidly increasing.

Russia has taken her first step in the temperance movement, which is the adoption of a high license law, that is to go into effect after January 1st. Liquor will then only be allowed in hotels and restaurants by paying a tax of eight hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum. It is said this will have the effect to shut up eighty thousand places where whiskey is sold. This is surely a long step for so benighted a country as Russia to take. But she is not dead to the world's doings around her, and she knows the growing sentiment of the day.

The most random guesser may now forecast weather probabilities for the next three months with a certainty that would discount the Signal Service predicting against the wind. It will be a great relief to hear no more about low water, failing water and no water. And we think the people in the Hawthorne district, Nevada, who have been paying seven cents a gallon for water, will have a double cause for thanksgiving, now that the heavens have come to their rescue in floods, off the aqueous blessing that is the life of man and the hope of the country.

The manzanita berries are abundant in the foothills of Butte county this season, which will attract large flocks of robins.—*Exchange.*

What does the above mean? It sounds like information given to that bandit class of sportsmen who distinguish themselves by raiding the roosts of these valuable birds at night, and bagging hundreds of them. Shame on such destroyers of harmless bird life, and the laws that permit such outrages! The time is coming when the wholesale destruction of these farmer's friends will bring wholesale calamity to growing crops. There are birds that our laws should protect, the meadow lark and robin being first among them.

SUTRO HEIGHTS.—This is the name given to the high bluff overlooking the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco, or the Golden Gate, and directly adjoining the Cliff House and Seal Rocks. The owner, Adolph Sutro, a gentleman of wealth and culture, having expended a vast sum in beautifying this place, now invites the public to the enjoyment of his taste. Sutro Heights is indeed a wonder-spot—a fit theme for the inspiration of the poet. So the publishers of the *Golden Era* thought when they offered, as they did recently, a prize of \$30 for the best poem on the subject. Thirteen poets competed for the prize, and on Tuesday last the award was made to Madge Morris—the brightest embodiment of song upon the Pacific Coast. The judges—Messrs. Moulter, Shortridge and Owen—examined the manuscripts separately, and each unhesitatingly gave the award to "A Legend of Sutro Heights," by the above named poet. It is quaint, original and grand, and will appear in the *GOLDEN GATE* soon.

The *GOLDEN GATE*, one of the best Spiritualist papers published in this country, does not approve the use of the words "free thinker," in a way implying that Spiritualists are not free thinkers. It says: "Spiritualists are natural free thinkers, with the difference that they have attained to a positive knowledge of a future life. Given the necessary amount of proof, and all free thinkers must necessarily become Spiritualists." That Spiritualists have "attained to a positive knowledge of a future life" may fairly be questioned; but we do not doubt that many of them better deserve to be called free thinkers than those who regard themselves as free thinkers *par excellence*. Another class of Spiritualists there is who can in justice hardly be called free thinkers or any other kind of thinkers.—*The Index.*

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Kansas City is shocked to find that it has 26,318 more males than females.

The annual fire tax paid by the United States is estimated at \$160,000,000.

Five Governors of New York are said to have dropped dead of heart disease.

There are 15,000 people living in polygamy in Utah and the bordering Territories.

A deep interest exists in Adelside in Spiritualism. Correspondence and editorials relating to it appear occasionally in the leading papers.

A Freethought paper with an open page for Spiritualism has been started at Sydney, under the name of *Common Sense*.

Humming-birds are as plentiful as flies in Brazil and the natives call them *be aflores* kiss-flowers.

A Los Angeles man has been cured of sciatic rheumatism, after every other remedy had failed, by applications of hot salt water.

The population of Minnesota is over one-third foreign—687,120 are native born and 427,513 are of foreign birth.

More than half of the 30,000,000 acres of public-school lands in Texas have been used by cattlemen without paying a cent for the privilege.

In Boston the law against smoking in the street still exists; and any unfortunate smoker could be arrested by any policeman who chose to do so.

De Lesseps has raised, all told, for his Panama project \$153,500,000—but the backbone of a continent is hard to drill through.

The Good Templars have in California 326 lodges and 8,017 male members and 7,020 female members. Annual revenues of the Order amount to between \$30,000 and \$40,000.

Governor Ogelsby of Illinois uses the fewest words possible in his official announcements. His Thanksgiving proclamation this year consisted of five lines—about forty words.

A woman at Sutton, Neb., has obtained a verdict of \$2,500 against a saloon keeper for causing the death of her husband by selling him intoxicating liquor.

A Maine newspaper says that the village of Prospect Harbor, Goldsboro county, "has no church society, no temperance society, no gin mill, no drunkard and no pauper."

The United Presbyterian has not a high respect for what we may call meteorological Christians, but it is thankful that there are "still those left who can serve God without consulting the thermometer and rain gauge."

The Rev. Geo. J. Mings said in a recent sermon that of the 40,000 who died in New York during the past year, not one in ten believed in God, and were consequently damned. Mr. Mings' statistics cannot be relied upon.

John G. Saxe, the poet, still lives in Albany. He receives no visitors and rarely leaves his room. He is greatly changed in personal appearance. He does no literary work of any kind, but patiently awaits the end, which apparently is not far off.

El Faro Espritista claims that Spiritualism is making great headway in Brazil, permeating every class of society, and societies springing up in every part of the Empire. It notices the London visit of Mrs. M. E. Williams, the materializing medium, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson.

Probably the fastest long-distance train in America is the limited express of the New York Central, which leaves Chicago at 5:30 p. m. and arrives at New York at 7:30 o'clock the next evening, making the run of 980 miles in twenty-six hours. This gives an average speed of 37.9-13 miles an hour, including all stops.

Lincoln on the Battlefield.

[Mrs. General Custer in the Chicago Tribune.]

A newspaper paragraph went the rounds attributing to Mr. Lincoln a want of solemnity in singing a frivolous song at the very outposts of our advance pickets. Mr. Garrett, who accompanied Mr. Lincoln on many a journey to the front, gave the true version of the story from which the garbled account had been first evolved. Gen. McClellan sent for the President in a critical hour, and he responded by starting at once. They had no sooner alighted from the car, on reaching army headquarters, than Secretary Stanton approached Gen. McClellan and brusquely addressed him by saying: "Why are you delaying in advance? What keeps you from hurrying this army on to the foe?" "I have asked the President and you to come personally," said the General, "that you might see for yourselves the necessity for reinforcements the depleted ranks of our army, the broken conditions to which the last engagement has reduced us." Meanwhile the dead and wounded were being carried from the battlefield. The lanterns of the men who moved from among the slain shone out like fireflies as they progressed. As one stretcher was passing Mr. Lincoln he heard the voice of a lad calling to his mother in agonizing tones. His great heart filled. He forgot the crisis of the hour. His very being concentrated itself in the cries of the dying boy. Stopping the carriers, he knelt and, bending over him, asked, "What can I do for you, my poor child?" "Oh! you will do nothing for me," he replied, "You are a Yankee; I cannot hope that my message to my mother will ever reach her." Mr. Lincoln's tears, his voice full of the tenderest love, convinced the boy of his sincerity, and he gave the good bye words without reserve. The President directed them copied, and ordered that they be sent that night with a flag of truce into the enemy's lines. He only told the soldier who he was to convince him that his word would be obeyed, and when told that time was precious, as the distant outposts must yet be visited, he arose reluctantly and entered the ambulance. With sobs and tears he turned to Mark Lemon, his friend, and said, "Mark, my heart is breaking! sing me something! sing the old song I love, 'Oft in the Stilly Night.'"

FOR THE GOLDEN GATE.

I Want To Know More About It!

I mean this claim that is made to the cure of disease through faith and prayer. Now I often read of wonderful things done in this way; sometimes in the secular, Christian and Spiritual papers. I am prompted to write these inquiries by what I read in the last number of the *GOLDEN GATE*, under the caption—"Mind Power." I have been in the habit of esteeming the Ed. of the *G. G.* as a very thoughtful, careful writer, free from superstition and guile, and careful as to what he advocates. And while it is true he does not, in his article on "Mind Power," endorse the theory, it is quite apparent that he has a "leaning towards it," as the toper said when he leaned against the Methodist church, being too tight to stand alone. He said, "I am leaning towards the Methodists now." Well, I am glad that our Editor has thought well enough of this subject to write upon it once or twice, and I sincerely hope that he and others will discuss the question to its depths; for if there is even a modicum of truth in it, we want it and need it. And more than that we want to understand it if possible.

To be sure, there are many facts in nature that are infinitely beyond human comprehension, but are facts all the same: for example—matter passing through matter, and yet no appreciable disturbance of texture, and many other things equally inexplicable connected with spiritual phenomena. But such things do not depend upon the "faith" of the beholder. All that he has to do is to sit down or stand, as he may choose, and behave himself like a gentleman, and lo! fact after fact, more profound than the cure of disease, through the power of the human mind in exercise, or through the power of the will, are observed.

But what puzzles me is the statement in the papers that certain persons have been cured of disease by "prayer and faith." Now this statement involves several considerations to which we beg to call the attention of your readers. 1st., To whom are we to pray? "To God of course," is replied. But suppose one is unfortunate enough to have no evidence of the existence of a personal God that can be influenced by the whims of the sick or well—to change his plans and purposes in regard to mortals! For example—If Brother Robert G. Ingersoll should get sick and his doctors could not cure him, must he die because he is not a believer in such a God as we have mentioned?—for that is just the sort of a God that is counted on in this case—for the old-fashioned, Calvinistic God is the God of the Bible, and is said, not only to know the end from the beginning, but to have unalterably "decreed whatsoever comes to pass." It cannot therefore be the God of theology that is believed in and prayed to—that changes his plans and purposes to gratify the whims of a really sick person—or a woman that has hysterics—for many of the cures reported are, judging from the reports given, justly hysterical, yet there are cases of a real malignant character reported cured—as for example, "malignant cancer." Now should I know of such a case—(I don't mean of my own personal knowledge, but on the authority of trustworthy witnesses, for, Mr. Editor, I have a perfect contempt for one so full of self-conceit as to say, "Well, I'll never believe that, till I see it myself!") But if I can know of a case of "malignant cancer" cured by prayer and faith—then I will know of a truth that there is marvelous potentiality somewhere, and should not stop my investigations till I found out who it was to whom the prayer was offered and all about it.

I know of a case like the following, which, to me, is plain enough; but my explanation would throw some of those faith-cure folks into hysterics—as metaphysically philosophic as they claim to be. The case occurred in St. Louis, Mo., and in brief is as follows: A young lady seamstress was taken ill, and, finally, the doctor was sent for, and another, and another, for the medical aid was abundant and of the best skill as long as her money lasted; so were her spiritual advisers. But, finally, her money gave out, and so did her doctors and spiritual advisers, till at last she had neither and was taken in charge by the Sisters of Charity and carried to their hospital to die—given up by the best skill of the city. Having a strong love of life, she dreaded death and went into an "agony of prayer." Yes, she prayed to God, and to Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the angels of heaven, the Virgin Mary and all the rest, till by and by she became still by sheer exhaustion. Presently, she began to talk, and the nurse sat near and listened; she supposed the patient to be in the last moments of her mortal life, and that the talk was the "wanderings of a failing mind." But she, the patient, pushed the covering down and exposed the location of the death-dealing ovarian abscess. The nurse observing which inquired, "Who are you talking to, my dear?" "Why, to the lady dressed in white, to be sure," was the reply; but the nurse could see no one. In a few minutes the young lady sat up in the bed, which she had not done for weeks, and even months. A few minutes later and she arose and dressed herself, and three days after went on a visit to her friends in Ohio. The Catholics seeing that she was cured told her that "it was Mary, the mother of God, that cured her,

and that she must now devote herself to the service of the Church in gratitude for her cure;" and as far as I know she is there to this day, at work in that same hospital.

Now, for my explanation. The "agony of prayer" did not "change the purposes of God," but through exhaustion of vital force she became negative, and a spirit healer did the work. The young lady's testimony is that she saw a lady dressed in white with a sort of coronet upon her brow; that she manipulated her side, and that the pain at once abated and her recovery followed immediately.

But give us "more light," please, any one, all who have facts, let us have them, for on facts are built all sound philosophies. I would be delighted to obtain reliable information on this subject; for if there be truth and virtue in these claims I desire to know it and will immediately introduce the same into my Catalogue of Methods in this Institution. Indeed, if there is an adept in the "mind cure" that is out of work and will join me in the grand work of saving the sick from suffering and premature death, I will give him or her an opportunity to "show me their faith by their works." J. B. TAYLOR, M. D. Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

[Given in the Banner of Light Circle Room. Miss Sheldhamer Medium Oct. 9, 1885.]

Q.—[By O. B. R.] Does it affect the spirit to deposit the body after death in a cold vault, in winter, and allow it to freeze?

A. If, at the time of such deposit, the spirit has not entirely severed its connection with the body, if any magnetic forces remain in the form which the spirit requires for its use, then by placing that body in a cold tomb or other receptacle where it will be subjected to a freezing process, the spirit will be unpleasantly affected; or if the spirit has certain feelings upon this subject, does not desire its form placed within the tomb, then by having this done the spirit will be affected psychologically, feeling unpleasant sensations. When a spirit first passes from the body, it very rarely at once gathers all the magnetic forces which it requires from that form; it sometimes takes days, perhaps weeks, before the magnetic emanations going forth from the body are received by the spirit. We do not mean by this that the dissolution of the physical elements affects the spirit, but we do mean that this process frees certain magnetic elements which are in reality a part of the spirit-body, and belong to it, and if the mortal form is placed in such a condition that the free passage of these elements is retarded, the spirit suffers in consequence.

Not only for sanitary reasons connected with the life and health of those who remain on earth do we advocate the cremation of the physical form, but also for the promotion of the happiness and welfare of the spirit. Fire is a purifier; it is also a deliverer, freeing those elements and particles which belong to the spirit, and allowing them to find the proper places, while at the same time returning the elements of the physical form to Mother Nature at once, that she may take them up again and renew them in grander forms for future use.

Q.—[By E. S.] It is alleged that spirits (advanced) can, by the exercise of the will, at once transport themselves to any distant locality and readily analyze and comprehend all the surroundings. If this be correct, is it unreasonable to ask for some of the distinguished geographers, explorers and scientists who, while living upon the earth, were deeply interested in all questions pertaining to Arctic research, to return and give us, through this or some other sensitive, the results of their investigations?

A.—It is true that advanced spirits have the power of transporting themselves to distant localities, and taking cognizance of the surroundings; but only in rare instances can those highly advanced intelligences transmit the information they thus receive through a mundane agent. A medium who would be sufficiently adapted to their use would be obliged to be kept in a peculiar condition, and for the especial work. He or she could not mingle with the outside world, take up the various conditions of life, enter into the atmosphere of different places and persons, but must be kept excluded, must pass through a stage of special preparation, in order to bring the mind under the particular control of such a band of spirits as those of whom your correspondent speaks, consequently they do not often find an instrument adapted to their use. We believe the time is coming when especial mediums will be prepared for especial work, and that, through the organism of these mediums, information, not only concerning the various localities of the earth, but also concerning the localities and conditions of other planets, will be given to mortals by wise and learned spirits. But the time is not yet; mortals are not prepared to receive and appreciate this information; they also must pass through a process of education before it can be given. In the meanwhile, now and then, through private and public avenues, you will occasionally receive a little light on this and kindred subjects, and this light will be increased according to your means and adaptability for receiving, and according to the instruments supplied returning spirits.

THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Incorporated under the laws of the State of California, November 9, 1885.

The founders and incorporators of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, in common with many philanthropic men, have always deprecated the persistent misapplication of the so-called rules of ethics of the medical profession, which has placed, and is now placing thousands of sick and distressed persons at the mercy of quacks and charlatans, who, without knowledge of the fundamental laws of medicine, surgery, chemistry or materia medica, impose upon a too confiding and credulous people by pretended miraculous cures, imposition of hands and useless drugs, to the great damage in the means and health of those who have the misfortune to apply to them.

It is very strange that the learned members of the noblest of all professions, the "Good Samaritans" of the world, should not have combined to expose and extirpate the mountebanks who prey upon the misfortunes of others, but the efforts that have been made in that direction by an illiberal and mercenary policy, on the part of those who assume to dictate the ethics of the medical profession, have increased the number of medical impositions.

It is useless to lament the folly of those who through the rooms of the well-advised deceiver, because people who are sick and suffering have only one object in view, which is, to obtain a speedy cure. With a broader and more liberal policy, and with less mercenary motives, there would be less cause to complain of the "folly" of consulting quacks, and swallowing useless patent medicines.

As the world progresses in the arts and sciences, men become more liberal and humanitarian in their views, and many men and women of broad ideas, would adopt the medical profession as their vocation, if they were not repelled by the unyielding rules of a semi-barbarous code of ethics, and by the dogmatic and despotic exposition of those rules by the few into whose hands rests the management of an attempted medical monopoly.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of California is based upon a broad and liberal basis; it proposes to adopt a humanitarian and charitable view of the maladies which afflict the sick and suffering, and avail itself of whatever science, scientific men or experience declares to be of benefit in the cure of diseases. It will make ability and skill the test of the physician, surgeon, pharmacist and nurse, and not rely upon a mere routine of studies from quiz books for an unchangeable period of time; and it will further provide a course of literature, psychology and mental physiology to fit its students for the mental as well as the physical treatment of their patients.

And further, its founders, knowing by long experience, how important and essential to the sick and the sick room, is a skillful and gentle nurse, have provided a special course of instructions in sick room ethics, psychology, and mental physiology for such ladies as desire to avail themselves of the advantages to be derived from such a noble and useful study, whether adopted as a profession or not.

In addition to the main purposes of the college, and to aid in the suppression of quackery and charlatanism, a complete Dispensary has been established, and the Board of Trustees now offer to all who suffer from any disease, acute or chronic, or who may be liable to be afflicted, the full benefit of the same and of treatment by skilled physicians and surgeons, at the college in San Francisco or at any of its agencies elsewhere, personally or by letter, for the sum of ten dollars per year without any further charge of professional services during the year. Every person paying ten dollars, will receive a "Certificate of Benefits," signed by the officers of the college, and sealed with its corporate seal entitling him, or her to free medical services for one year from the date of payment of said sum. The fund derived from these certificates is to be devoted to the erection of a college building with an enlarged Dispensary.

The incorporators and members of the faculty, are imbued with the spirit of kindness and charity for all who suffer, and not one who counsels any of them for mental and physical troubles, will ever meet with any repulse or unkindness, but all may feel certain that whatever science or philosophy can accomplish, will be applied to their ills, and a cure effected if cure be possible to human skill.

The college extends its fellowship to the advocates and worshipers of every school of medicine; it entreats them to lay aside their bickerings and to cease their libelous assaults upon each other, for once combining, in the light of the science of modern times, in one common assault upon disease and suffering which prey upon mankind, and to consider that human life is too valuable and sacred a thing to be endangered by an exclusive rule of ethics.

(These certificates may be had by application, by letter or in person, at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.—ED. G. G.)

SPIRITUALISM.

All who are desirous of developing as mediums for "Independent Slate-Writing," which is the most satisfying, convincing, and unquestionable phase of spirit power known, send for circular with four cents, to Mrs. Clara L. Reid, Independent Slate-writer, No. 35 Sixth street, San Francisco.

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

For the purpose of placing the *GOLDEN GATE* upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent. payable in subscriptions to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent. of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent. on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent. of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe, that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

All the railroads in Southern California have sustained great damage by floods.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, December 6th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 P. M. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 P. M. Contributions of books and money solicited.

DO THE SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN RETURN TO MORTALS?

MRS. E. R. HERBERT.

A Spirit Medium, gives sittings daily (Sunday excepted), at No. 412 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. not3

THE DODGE ROCK BREAKER Challenges the

World to produce as good and cheap a machine. Rock Breaker and Cornish Rolls combined in one machine. Pulverizers, to graduate ores, for roasting, chloridizing, leaching and concentrating. Concentrating Machinery for concentrating Gold, Silver, Lead and Copper Ores. Furnaces for roasting and chloridizing ores, for amalgamation or leaching. Plans, drawing and estimates for working Ores by any process. M. B. DODGE, 143 Fremont Street, San Francisco.

OBJECTIVE PHENOMENA.

[The following remarkable phenomena, reported to *Light* (London, Eng.) by Florence Marryat, as having been witnessed in the presence of the celebrated medium, Eglinton, we deem worthy of reproduction.]

"I wish to call the attention of the readers of *Light* to an account of two seances, at which I have had the pleasure of assisting lately, given under the mediumship of Mr. William Eglinton, at 12 Old Quebec street. We sat in the front drawing-room in a semi-circle, with one gas-burner alight; and the doors having been properly secured against intrusion. Mr. Eglinton took up a position in the back drawing-room, which is divided by a pair of curtains from the front. He had not left us a couple of minutes before a man stepped out from the portiere and walked into the midst of us. He was a large, stout man, and very dark, and most of the sitters noticed that he had a very peculiar smell. No one recognized him, and after appearing two or three times he left, and was immediately succeeded by a woman, not unlike him in appearance, who was also unrecognized by any present. These two spirits, before retiring, came out together, and seemed to examine the circle curiously.

After a short interval, a much smaller and slighter man came forward, and darted in a peculiarly slouching attitude round the circle. He had also a dark face, but with very refined and handsome features. Colonel Lean asked him to shake hands. He replied by seizing his hand and nearly pulling him off his seat on to the floor. He then darted across the room and gave a similar proof of his muscular power to Mrs. Stuart. But when I asked him to notice me, he took my hand and squeezed it firmly between both his own. Colonel Lean asked him if he could disappear through the ceiling. His figure elongated until the head reached the ceiling, at which time the drapery touched the floor, and then he ascended, little by little, till all that was left of him was a piece of drapery no larger than a pocket handkerchief, which he flapped for a minute or so before he drew it after him.

He had scarcely disappeared before Abdulah with his one arm, and his six feet of height, stood before us, and salaamed all round. Then came my daughter Florence, a girl of nineteen years old, very slight and feminine in appearance. She advanced once or twice, near enough to touch me with her hand, but seemingly fearful to venture farther, retreated again. But the next moment she reappeared, dragging Mr. Eglinton after her. He was in deep trance, breathing with difficulty, but Florence held him by the hand and brought him up to my side, when he detached my hands from those of the sitters either side of me, and making me stand up, took my daughter and placed her in my arms. As I stood enfolded in her embrace, she whispered a few words to me relative to a subject known to no one but myself, and she placed both my hands upon her heart and bosom that I might feel she was a living woman. Colonel Lean asked her to go to him. She tried and failed, but after having retired for a minute behind the curtain to gather strength, she appeared again with Mr. Eglinton, and, calling Colonel Lean to her, embraced him. This is one of the most perfect instances on record of a medium being distinctly seen by ten witnesses with the spirit, under gas. The next materialization that appeared was for Mr. Stuart. This gentleman is newly arrived from Australia, and a stranger to Mr. Eglinton. As soon as he saw the lady who called him to the portiere to speak to her, his exclamation of genuine surprise and conviction, mingled with awe, was unmistakable. He said, 'My God, Pauline.' The spirit then whispered to him, and putting her arms around his neck, affectionately kissed him. He turned after a while and addressed his wife, telling her that the spirit bore the very features and expression of their niece, Pauline, whom they had lost the year before. Mrs. Stuart asked if she also might not advance, and look at the spirit, but it was intimated she must wait for the next time, as all the power had been exhausted in producing an exact materialization, so perfectly recognizable on the first occasion of its return to earth.

Mr. Stuart expressed himself as entirely satisfied of the identity of his niece, and said she looked just as she did before she was taken ill. I must not omit to say that the medium also appeared with this figure, making the third time of showing himself in one evening with the spirit form. The next appearance was of a little child, apparently about two years old, who supported itself in walking by clinging to a chair. The attention of the circle was diverted from the sight by seeing Abdulah, six feet high, dart from behind the curtains at the same moment, and stand with the child in our view, whilst Mr. Eglinton appeared between the two forms, making a 'triple junctura in uno.' Thus ended the first of the seances I wish to bring before your notice. The second took place on Saturday, September 27th, and under very similar circumstances.

THE SECOND SEANCE.

The circle this time consisted of Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Woods, Miss S., Mrs. P., Mrs. Victor Stevens, Mr. Frank Marryat, Colonel and Mrs. Lean, Mr. Morgan, and

the Hon. G. S., and we sat in the same order as before, and under the same conditions. Mr. Eglinton appeared on this evening to find some difficulty in passing under control, and he came out into the circle so many times to gather magnetism, that I guessed we were about to enjoy some unusually good manifestations. The voice of Joey, too, requested us, under no circumstances whatever, to loose hands, as they were going to try to get something very difficult, and we might defeat their efforts at the very moment of victory. When the medium was at last under control in the back drawing room, a tall man with an uncovered head of dark hair, and a large beard, appeared and walked up to Mrs. P. She was very much affected by the recognition of the spirit, who was her brother. She called him by name, and kissed him, and informed us that his face was just as it had been in earth life. Her emotion was so great, we were afraid she would faint, but after awhile she became calm again. Then a lady came forward, the mother of Miss S., and gave her some advice relative to her private affairs. We next heard the notes of a clarinet. I was aware that Mr. Woods (also a stranger, until a few days since, to Mr. Eglinton), had lost a brother under peculiar circumstances (all of which had been detailed satisfactorily to him by slate-writing through Mr. Eglinton), and that he had been promised and expected to see his brother this evening. It was the first time, however, that I had ever seen Mr. Woods, and yet so remarkable was the likeness between the brothers that when a spirit now appeared with a clarinet in its hand, I could not help knowing at once who it was, and so saying to my next neighbor.

The spirit advanced to Mr. Woods and grasped his hand. As they appeared thus with their profiles turned to one another, they were strikingly similar in feature and expression. This spirit's head was also bare—an uncommon occurrence—and covered with thick hair. He appeared twice, and said distinctly, "God bless you," more than once. Mrs. Wheeler, who had only seen the spirit once in earth life, was startled by the tone of the voice, which she recognized at once, and Mr. Morgan, who intimately knew the deceased gentleman in Australia, confirmed the recognition by saying it was a perfect likeness of the spirit. My daughter Florence then came out but only a little way, not far enough to reach us. I was disappointed at her want of boldness, which Joey explained by saying she was weak to-night, as they wanted to reserve the strength for a manifestation by and by. He then said, "Here comes a Masonic friend for Mr. S.," and a man wearing the Masonic badge and scarf appeared, and made the tour of the circle, giving the Masonic grip to the Freemasons present. He was a very good-looking young man, and said he had met some of those present in Australia, but no one seemed to recognize him. He was succeeded by the same male spirit who ascended through the ceiling on the 5th of September. As he appeared through the curtains, a female form, bearing a very bright light, appeared with him as if to show the way. She did not come beyond the portiere, but everyone in the room saw her distinctly. On account of the dress and complexion of the male figure, we had wrongly called him "the Bedouin." Mr. Frank Marryat now discovered he was an East Indian by addressing him in Hindostan, to which he responded in a low voice. Some one asked him to take a seat amongst us, upon which he seized a heavy chair in one hand and flourished it above his head. He then squatted, native fashion, on the ground, and left us, as before, by ascending through the ceiling.

Joey now announced that they were going to try the experiment of showing us how the spirits were made from the medium. This was the crowning triumph of the evening. Mr. Eglinton appeared in the very midst of us, in trance. He came into the room backwards, and as if fighting with the power, his eyes shut, and his breath drawn with labor. As he stood thus, holding a chair for support, a white flimsy mass was seen on his hip, his legs became illuminated with lights traveling up and down them, and a white cloud settled about his head and shoulders.

The mass increased and he breathed harder and harder, whilst invisible hands pulled the flimsy drapery out of his hip in long strips that amalgamated as soon as formed, and the cloud grew thicker. All at once, in a moment, as we eagerly watched the process, the spirit full formed stood beside him. No one saw it had been raised in the midst of us, but it was there. Mr. Eglinton then retired with his new born spirit behind the portiere, but in another moment he came, or was thrown amongst us, and fell upon the floor. The curtains opened and the figure of Ernest appeared and raised the medium by the hand. As he saw him, Mr. Eglinton fell on his knees and Ernest drew him out of sight.

This ended what I am sure your readers will agree with me in calling a most marvelous seance."

There is great rejoicing in Boston culturous circles when Mr. Sullivan can be got sober enough to stand alone before some other bull-necked biped, to swap claret and swindle the spectators at three dollars a head.—*N. Y. Judge.*

"APPARITION MEDIANIMIQUE."

[Light.]

Never since Gabriel Max produced his "Spirit Greeting" has a master in art put before an unbelieving world such a *chef-d'œuvre* as the engraving before us.* M. Tissot is to be congratulated on the happy rendering he has given his subject. All who have seen it unite in pronouncing it one of the best illustrations ever given of a Spiritual phenomenon, from an artistic as well as from a realistic point of view.

Regarded as a work of art, there is little to be desired. It is one of the best specimens of mezzotint we have ever seen, and now that an effort is being made to revive this almost lost art—beautiful in itself, but also possessing the special recommendation of being more than any other department of engraving identified with England—such a picture as that produced by the eminent French Society artist is to be welcomed from a purely artistic point of view, apart from the attraction it will have to us as Spiritualists. As an art contemporary has pointed out, for some fifty years mezzotint has been declining, or, rather, the name has been appropriated by an art which has very little claim to it, and has commonly been given to a bastard process which has nothing in common with the methods of the Watsons, Dickinsons, and John Raphael Smith. The fatal step was taken when it occurred to the engravers and publishers that to work upon steel would be more profitable than to work upon copper. From the trade point of view they were right enough, for a steel plate will give a thousand impressions quite as certainly as a copper plate will give a hundred. From the artistic standpoint, however, they were hopelessly in error.

The "Apparition Medianimique" is, as we have said, peculiarly realistic. Few can possibly fail to grasp the tale it has to tell, or see it without being possessed of a clearer apprehension of the nature of this particular phase of Spiritual phenomena. It is, therefore, of the highest interests to Spiritualists, and M. Tissot's masterpiece will probably do its work silently and effectively in drawing thousands to Spiritualism who would otherwise never have had the opportunity of knowing what some of its manifestations are like.

Its history is as follows: During one of Mr. Eglinton's Continental trips he came in contact with M. Tissot, who, having been interested in Spiritualism, had several seances with Mr. Eglinton. So impressed was he with the results obtained that he decided at the earliest opportunity to come to England and go through a regular course of investigation. This he did in the early part of the current year. We cannot here follow his experiences step by step; suffice it to say that in the end M. Tissot became thoroughly satisfied not only of the reality of Spiritual phenomena, but he also at length gave in his adhesion to the Spiritual theory. At the culminating seance he had a most touching and unique experience. The veil was lifted, and he saw one whose sweet companionship had been his joy and solace in years gone by. It is not possible or right that such sacred experiences should be revealed in their fullest expression to an unsympathetic world, but the few details of the seance we are enabled to give, will, no doubt, be acceptable to those whose knowledge bids them lend a listening ear.

The seance (a private one) took place on the 20th of May, and there were present, besides M. Tissot and the medium, three ladies and one gentleman. After the usual preliminaries of a dark seance, Mr. Eglinton took his place in an easy chair close to M. Tissot's right hand, and so remained the whole time. The doors were all locked and the room otherwise secured. After conversing for a time two figures were seen standing side by side on M. Tissot's left hand. They were at first seen very indistinctly, but gradually they became more and more plainly visible, until those nearest could distinguish every feature. The light carried by the male figure ("Ernest") was exceptionally bright, and was so used as to light up in a most effective manner the features of his companion,

M. Tissot, looking into her face, immediately recognized the latter, and, much overcome, asked her to kiss him. This she did several times, the lips being observed to move. One of the sitters distinctly saw Ernest place the light in such a position that while M. Tissot was gazing at the face of the female form her features were "brilliantly illuminated"; it also lighted up M. Tissot's face. After staying with him for some minutes, she again kissed, shook hands with him, and vanished.

It is this incident M. Tissot has chosen as the subject of his picture, and he claims that it is drawn exactly from the life. It discloses two figures, set against a dark background—one a sweetly pretty female form, with the head slightly thrown back and resting on the shoulder of the companion by her side. Her face bears an expression of wistful tenderness, which tells its own tale of happy reunion.

"Peace, let it be, I love him still, and shall love him for ever; The dead are not dead, but alive."

Ernest's face reveals the noble spirit he is—full of solicitude, and compassionate love of his kind. The ideal which those

* This is the picture referred to by Mr. Eglinton, published in our last week's issue.—*ED. GOLDEN GATE.*

who have come in contact with him must have formed (we can speak for ourselves) is here fully portrayed. The hands are held half open in front of them, Ernest bearing the light with which their faces are illumined.

There is much more that we could say, but space forbids. M. Tissot's publishers, we may mention, have, in this case, in order to place it within the reach of the general body of Spiritualists, issued the engraving at a ridiculously low figure compared with the price usually charged for such works. We hope every success will attend it.

A Secular Paper on Slate-writing.

[A correspondent of the *Buffalo Courier*, in the course of an interesting account of a wonderful seance with a Mr. Mansfield, says:]

"If the communication is a long one, you find the slate-pencil nearly gone. This is no mind-reading, no psychometry, no juggling trick, for you have had it all your own way much more than if you had been dealing with a common telegraph office. If you send a telegram from one point to another on our earth, and your answer comes to you from the person to whom you telegraphed, do you doubt, do you suspect the operator? Do you think the pure electric fluid sent back an intelligent answer to your message? Or, is it not according to common-sense to suppose that your reply comes through another operator at the other end of the line, and if it be an answer to your question, do you not believe it to be dictated by the friend you addressed? Do you know of any telegraph operator on any line on earth to whom you can take a sealed message rolled up in a hard package, held closely in your hand and addressed to a distant place, who will read that sealed communication in your shut fist and obtain an appropriate answer? Yet here this is done many times a day. 'Can it always be done?' you ask. No, sir. The battery may be weak, and the seeker an angular, cavilling disposition, such as infest the world and make it uncomfortable to all who come within hailing distance. A sensitive organization these human natures blister and exasperate beyond control. We all know of those whom we had rather miss than meet, who pin us to the wall and strike us dumb. Conditions must be favorable. That this slate-writing, exactly as described, takes place, there are thousands to testify. But what is it? Not loose electricity, not formless psychic power. No intelligence can come from force of any kind that is not subject and under the control of intelligence. We leave you this time with the conundrum—what is it?"

The story has just started. It is not to be supposed it will stop on its travels short of Australia or Siam: "A deacon in a western town recently died. His pastor paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved widow. She asked the minister if he would like to see the funeral wreath. He assented. She led him to the much-prized memento, and pointed out its peculiarities. In a broken voice, she said: 'The red flowers were made of his red flannels; the white ones of his white flannels. The stamens were made of the coffin shavings and the pistils of his beard. The berries and buds were made of the pills that were left when he died, and the feathery part was made of the feathers of the last chicken dear James killed before he was taken ill.' All this she said without a pause for breath, and ended her ghastly description of the treasured wreath by imploring the bewildered clergyman to lead in prayer."—*Christian at Work.*

"Professor Dodge, of Princeton," ironically remarks the *American Israelite*, "has permitted Moses Montefiore to be saved and to go to heaven, not because he was a Jew, as other preachers amiably put it, but because he was a Christian according to that learned professor's theories. He reasons thus: 'It is certain that a man who really rejects Christ thereby rejects the Father who has sent him. Hence the converse is true, that the man who has really recognized the Father could not really have rejected Christ.' According to this theory all Jews, Mohammedans and other Monotheists who truly recognize the Father are Christians, whether they know of or believe in Christ, or whether they do not. The professor is getting stoutly heretical."

Says *Texas Siftings*: "The efforts of the Canadians to stand off the small-pox by processions does not seem to be a complete success. Prayer may be good in mild cases of varioloid, but it takes vaccination to head off small-pox. The Canadian priests should do like the French priest who was called on to bless a certain man's field. The soil was very poor, so the sensible priest said it was no use praying over that kind of soil. Nothing short of manure would help it."

Sam Jones does not think much of unstudied sermons. "It takes just three things," he says to make up a good sermon—thought, study and prayer. Now, some preachers say that they don't have to study any. They say they open their mouths, and the Lord will fill them. Well, so he will fill them. Just as soon as you open it, he will fill it with air. That is all I know of that he will fill it with. There's many an old air-gun shooting round over this country."

HISTORICAL NOTES.

Before the reign of Edward VI. in England, it was the practice for the priest to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then to sprinkle it with holy water.

Thumb-rings were generally broad gold rings worn upon the thumb by important personages. Thus Falstaff bragged that in his earlier years he had been so slender in figure as to "creep into an alderman's thumb-ring"; and a ring thus worn appears to have been considered as appropriate to the civic dignity at a much later period.

Flap-dragon was a pastime of bygone days. A small combustible body was set on fire, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. The courage of the toper was tried in the attempt to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the flap-dragon doing mischief, raisins in hot brandy being the usual flap-dragon.

John Norton, an alchemist in the reign of Edward IV., wrote a poem called the "Ordinal," or a manual of the chemical art. One of his projects, we are told, was a bridge of gold over the Thames, crowned with pinnacles of gold, which, being studded with carbuncles, would diffuse a blaze of light in the dark.

Pavan was a grave and majestic dance in which the gentlemen wore their caps, swords and mantles, and the ladies their long robes and trains. The dancers stepped around the room and then crossed in the middle, trailing their garments on the ground, "the motion whereof," says Sir J. Hawkins, "resembled that of a peacock's tail."

The devotion to ladies was the crowning grace of chivalry. This respect for the sex went so far that an act is on record of James II. of Arragon that any man whether soldier or civilian, native or foreign, traveling through the country with a high-born lady, should be safe from all attack or pursuit unless he were a criminal under the charge of murder.

The Church councils thundered against the slave trade in Christians. One called in London (1102), by Anselm, forbade absolutely that nefarious business of selling human beings like brute beasts, and another meeting at Armagh, Ireland (1171), declared all English Christian slaves free. Another decreed that no English thralls who had been freed should be re-enslaved.

The brotherhoods for the Paix de Dieu France, in the eleventh century, formed the great point of resistance against the feudal barons and their anarchical conflicts. They laid the foundation for the rural communes, which have been such an important element since in the French political life, and they formed, the first great support for the kings, when they subsequently endeavored to introduce law and courts and royal power in place of private war among feudal or half-independent barons.

Loco-foco or friction matches were invented by John Walker, an English chemist, in 1829. They began to find their way into the United States in 1831 or 1832, when they were sold in boxes of twenty-five sticks in number for twenty-five cents, or one cent a piece. The first patent issued in the United States for their manufacture was to Alonzo D. Phillips, of Springfield, Mass. In 1870 there were seventy-five establishments devoted to their manufacture in this country, and the total value of the annual product was more than \$3,540,000.

Bat-fowling was a slang word for a particular kind of cheating in old times. The trick was practiced about dusk, when the rogue pretended to have dropped a ring or jewel at the door of some well-furnished shop, and going in, asked the apprentice of the house to light his candle to look for it. After some peering about, the bat-fowler would drop the candle, as if by accident. "Now, I pray you, young man," he would say, "do so much as light the candle again." While the boy was away the rogue plundered the shop, and having stolen everything he could find, stole himself away.

The highest chimney yet built in the world has just been completed at the Mechnich Lead Works in Germany. The whole height of the structure is approximately 440 feet, eleven feet of which is under ground. The subterranean portion is of block stone, thirty-seven feet square in plan, all the rest is of brick. The plinth, or lower part of the chimney above ground, is thirty-four feet square, so that the height of the shaft is nearly thirteen times the lower diameter. For about thirty-four feet the chimney continues square, then becomes octagonal in plan for a little distance, and finally changes to circular form, retaining this shape to the top. The exterior diameter of the shaft at the top is about 11½ feet. The flue is 11½ feet in diameter at the bottom, and ten feet at the top. Until the completion of this chimney that of the St. Rollox Chemical Works near Glasgow, which is 434 feet high, had the reputation of being the tallest in the world.

Miss Nannie Hill, daughter of the Confederate General D. H. Hill, and niece of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, is now in Washington, where she is engaged in teaching decorative art in a school for young ladies.

SCIENTIFIC.

The most extensive region of heavy rainfall in the British Islands, is reported by Mr. A. Buchan to be the West Highlands of Scotland, where the annual fall is over 80 inches, and at Glencoe has exceeded 128 inches.

Traces of a pre-historic race have been discovered in Jamaica by Mr. R. S. Halliburton. From the skulls obtained he judges that they were people of great natural intelligence, and he finds reason for believing that their habits were peaceful and industrious.

The importance of fostering scientific research is recognized by the Republic of Mexico, which has established a Scientific Commission, composed of the most learned men of the country, and designed to make investigations in every department of human knowledge. It is making extensive collections of all the natural products of Mexico.

Successful experiments have been made in joining and restoring the functions of divided nerves, even nerves of different function being used to replace those partially destroyed. It is thought that even sight and hearing may be restored, after injury to the nerves on which they depend, by bringing other nerves into service by artificial union.

THE INFLUENCE OF WEEDS.—From comparative experiments, Prof. E. Wollny, the German investigator, has shown the effect of weeds upon the productive power of plants. Both quantity and quality of the crops were seriously affected by allowing the weeds to grow, the injury being the greater the more slowly the plants were developed. Peas and summer rape suffered least; beans, maize and potatoes were injured to the extent of 45 to 66 per cent; and beets showed a loss of 97 per cent.

NATURE'S OXIDIZER.—Ozone, supposed to be a very active form of oxygen, has been thought to exert so beneficial an influence that an increase in the atmosphere's proportion—which rarely averages more than one part in 700,000—has been hailed as a token of a particularly healthful climatic state. Flowering plants, especially the odoriferous kinds, and scented foliage, have been pronounced of hygienic value because they generate ozone. A rather surprising announcement, therefore, is that of Dr. Daniel Draper's supposed discovery that ozone produces pneumonia, but it seems quite probable that the gas which so powerfully destroys organic impurities may be proven by further research to act as an irritant of the lungs.

A CLIMATE-CHANGING PROJECT.—A polar current appears to deflect the Gulf Stream from the shores of the United States and the British Provinces, and interpose a cold wall of water between the land and the genial warmth of the current from the tropics. These refrigerating waters pass between Labrador and Newfoundland and by building a dam across the narrow Straits of Belle Isle, about ten miles wide and averaging 150 feet in depth. Mr. John C. Goodridge, Jr., suggests that the polar stream might be turned aside into mid-ocean. Then, it is believed, the Gulf Stream would skirt the American coast and materially change its climate from Cape Hatteras to Newfoundland, freeing the Gulf of St. Lawrence from icebergs and giving to Nova Scotia the mildness of Cape May.

ASCIETIC GAME.—Huxley has asked whether, if it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day depend on our winning a game of chess, we should not all learn something of the game. "Yet it is a very plain truth that the life and fortune of every one of us depend on our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players. The chess board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid with overflowing generosity, but one who plays ill is check-mated, without haste, but without remorse."

The *Christian Commonwealth* is flying signals of distress. "The faith-cure and the mind-cure," it says, "are both alike the offspring of fanaticism and superstition. The ministers of Boston know not what to do in presence of this new craze, which is robbing them of their congregations wholesale. We regard this new development of fanaticism with considerable alarm. Its results are only too likely to be evil and disastrous. Scepticism is born of superstition. The human reason, held in bondage by darkness and authority, revolts, and rebounds to the furthest point in the opposite direction." Just so. Then why try any longer to hold human reason in such miserable bondage?—*Light*.

In 1692, twenty persons were put to death in one county in Connecticut—tried by torture and convicted of witchcraft. In New England 200 persons were condemned for this now obsolete crime, and down to

about a century ago hundreds were similarly convicted and executed. A woman and her daughter, aged thirteen, were hanged on the same gallows at Oxford. It is just about a century since the last witch was executed in Scotland. In late years mediums have been denounced in pulpits and newspapers, and a few imprisoned—but the era of stake and gibbet is happily passed away.—*Light*.

Transfiguration.

[From questions and answers given at the *Banner of Light's* Free Circle.]

QUESTION.—In transfiguration do the spirit-chemists bring out the medial instrument personally, or do they disintegrate the physical organization of the medium in order to produce spirits?

ANSWER.—We have studied this phase of spiritual phenomena very closely; we have been present at numberless seances where the phase of materialization was that of transfiguration, that is, the spirit operating took possession of the medium and entranced her organism, changed her appearance, to an extent, to resemble his own, and brought her out before the sitters, claiming to be a representative of himself as a spirit. We have never seen it when the medium's form was disintegrated. We know that many investigators and experimenters in Spiritualism and with mediumship claim that they have positive evidence that there have been times when the form of their medium has been disorganized, dematerialized, and the elements of that form were recombined in other forms and used in the materializing process by the spirit-operators, but we think there has been a mistake in every instance that is recorded. It may be true that your medium was so secured as to render it impossible for her to step out of her bonds and appear before you, but what may be impossible to the medium in her normal condition may be very easily accomplished by powerful spirits, and we have been present in a cabinet where the medium was so securely fastened as to render it impossible for her to loosen her bonds, yet we have seen her spirit-guides easily detach her from those fastenings, and, taking possession of her form, pass with it into the outer room, making use of it as their medium, as their covering for the manifestations which they produced. In transfiguration we can safely say the entire body of the medium is used, subject to changes and transformations, but never fully disorganized.

L'Illustration, of Paris, relates an amusing story concerning Prince Napoleon. A poor girl, miserable and dejected-looking, asked alms from the Prince, who was then a representative of the people. He handed her a five-franc piece on which was the effigy of Napoleon I., and as she was feasting her eyes on the money the Prince asked: "Do you think I resemble him?" "Whom?" said she, opening her eyes in astonishment. Prince Napoleon pointed to the white piece of money. "But whom?" "Napoleon!" "The girl looked at him and repeated as if she had been spoken to in an unknown language: 'Napoleon! Napo-le-on.' The Prince was astounded. 'Then you did not know Napoleon?' he inquired. "No." "Nor ever even heard him spoken of?" "Never!" In the Rue de Bivoli, Paris, a being was found who didn't know who Napoleon was. And Prince Jerome added, as he related the incident: "Gentlemen, you see how it is. Be modest!"

The reporter who is very ignorant always begins his articles, "We are well informed."

When the reporter relies on a mere rumor he writes, "We learn from a perfectly reliable source."

When he is uncertain he writes, "As is well known."

If he has written all that can be written on a subject, he adds, "We might continue this subject for columns."

If he does not hear anything at all he writes, "It has come to our ears."

If he does not know how an affair started he writes, "As all our readers are well aware."

If nobody has said a word to him on a subject he writes, "We have just been assured."

Sunday-school Teacher: "Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. Yes, Annie" (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smiling knowingly), "you may tell us what it is." Annie: "We've all got our winter hats!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

"Are you afraid of the dark?" asked a mother of her little daughter. "I was once, mamma, when I went into the dark closet to get a tart." "What was you afraid of?" "I was afraid I couldn't find the tart."

Vocal music is better than instrumental; both contain melody; but the voice emits a magnetism which is helpful to manifestations of spirit force.

It is related of Gen. S. J. Anderson, the new Collector of Customs at Portland, that he was approached not long ago by a man who wanted to swap horses with him. The General thought he would trade, but the other man's horse was better than his and he did not know how much boot to offer. So he asked an acquaintance, who is a well-informed horseman, to see the horses, and tell him how much difference there might be. The friend reported that the other man's horse was worth \$50 more than the General's. "But," said he, "as he is anxious to swap, I think 'he'll take \$30 or \$40 to boot if you offer it to him.'"

"I shan't do any such thing," said the General. "If his horse is worth \$50 more than mine, as you say, I'll give it to him. 'I'll be—' if I'm going to make a horse-jockey of myself."

He gave the man \$50 to boot.

Said a friend at our elbow last evening: "I met a couple of 'fakirs' who take in county fairs the other day on a train, and one of them put me on the latest hotel racket. It was like this: Tom, a rather slouchy-looking fellow, goes into a hotel, pays for dinner and enters the dining-room. He is shortly after followed by John, who is well dressed and wears a nobby hat, which he is careful the clerk shall see. Tom comes out, picks up the new tile and leaves the hotel. Then follows John with the most disreputable hat ever seen. With blood in his eye he demands satisfaction from the hotel proprietor. He generally gets \$5, divides with his partner and they are ready to work another hotel.

The bullying manner of the German students is proverbial, as is also their mania for dueling. It was at Heidelberg that a quiet citizen leaving the cars said to a swaggering student:

"Sir, you are crowding me! Keep back a little bit, sir!"

The student turned fiercely and said in a loud tone: "Do you not like it? Well, sir, I am at your service whenever you please!"

"Oh, thank you," said the traveler; "your offer is very kind, and you may carry my valise to the hotel for me."

The student fled amid shouts of laughter.

Christians are no longer liable to insults from masculine Mohammedans, but nine out of ten of the older women, even in Constantinople, will look askance at a Christian unbeliever, and greet him with the cheerful salutation: "May the dogs devour your bones!"

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