

# GOLDEN GATE

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.

Destiny is our will, and our will is our nature.

Knowledge is the foundation of eloquence.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost.

Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not so high as man's desires.

Eve has its spell of calmness and consolation, but dawn brings hope and joy.

There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl, equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.—*Jean Ingelow.*

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.—*Emerson.*

There are nettles everywhere; But smooth green grasses are more common still; The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.—*Mrs. Browning.*

No good thing is impossible to a serious and earnest young man, with good abilities and good moral principles.—*Theodore Parker.*

Misfortune casts a shade over a young man's prospect for a moment, not for a day, if his foundation for character and manliness are well laid.

"There never yet was found a heart, Where virtue all has died; 'Twas lurking in some unseen part— We've all our angel side."—*Dr. C. C. Peck.*

Discourse, when it rises highest and searches deepest, when it lifts us into that mood out of which thoughts come that remain as stars in our firmament, is between two.—*Emerson.*

All beauty warms the heart, is a sign of health, prosperity, and the favor of God. Everything lasting and fit for men the divine power has marked with this stamp.—*Emerson.*

Let not any one say that he can not govern his passions nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him to action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.—*Locke.*

No conjunctions can possibly occur, however fearful, however tremendous, it may appear, from which a man by his energy may not extricate himself, as a mariner by the rattling of his cannon can dissipate the impending water-spout.—*Earl of Beaconsfield.*

How inadequate sentiment is, how feeble the theory of beauty compared with that sense of duty, that perception and love of the image of God, which gives an interest to the meanest of our fellow creatures, and a dignity to the commonest office of social life.—*Catherine Sedgwick.*

Believe the spark divine dwells in thee, let it grow. That which the upreaching spirit can achieve, the grand and all creative forces know. They will assist and strengthen as the light lifts up the acorn to the oak tree's height. Thou has but to resolve, and lo! God's whole great universe shall fortify thy soul.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

An Address Delivered Before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Sunday, Jan. 3d, by Mrs. E. C. Wms. Patterson.

Who are the mediums? What is mediumship? Mr. Chairman, it is an inexhaustible theme; and all that may be said upon it will seem to the undeveloped or uneducated mind upon the subject as fancy and folly, we doubt not, because the most and best information can not be reduced to a stand point of scientific truth, from the fact that the laws are so subtle and unusual from a material basis or understanding of things, that all that may be said to the soul who is not unfolded through his or her own spiritual experience, must fall upon ears dull and understandings dumb, so to speak, and therefore incredulous. All true mediumship is of the soul, and can never be demonstrated to the material senses to the entire satisfaction of all; in fact, can never be fully demonstrated save through advancement in soul science.

Look back over a period of thirty-eight years, carrying us to the little hamlet of Hydesville. Let us recall the first manifestations of phenomenal Spiritualism which came in so undeniable a manner as to defy any other solution to the most sensuous than that those tiny raps were made by a disembodied spirit intelligence. Let us not remain there, startling as were the manifestations and pleasant as is the memory of the glad tidings of great joy, but let us follow the rapidly spreading light as it travels from hamlet to city, from palace to hovel, from continent to continent. Let us again live over the wonder caused by the marvelous truths which burst from the lips of babes, so to speak, confounding priests and doctors, skeptics and scientists. Here come our grandfathers and grandmothers trooping in. Here come little children, and wives and husbands, kings and prelates, prince and princess—and through women and men who are called mediums, all with one voice, however, perfectly or imperfectly, crying, "We live! we live! we live!" Why, we thought them either in heaven or hell; we thought them annihilated, cries humanity—Christian and Infidel—and here they are, giving proof, however perfectly or imperfectly, that there are actually individual intelligences about us,—that they have never wholly left us, but have loved us just the same,—are interested in our pursuits, our losses, our crosses in the material. But most of all do they bewail our mistaken views of life, our misunderstandings of death.

To be sure, these communicating spirits do not see life there just alike. There, as here, each individuality has his or her own understanding of the life they were ushered into, but here they come, high or low, ignorant, unreliable, weak and wicked, all, with one accord, declaring, "We live! we live!"

Well, what was and has been the effect? Society, shaken from center to circumference! Church and State, morally and physically, awakened from a trance,—aroused from a stupor! Why? Because the returning spirits, supposed to be in the arms of Jesus, turn out to be here, never having found Jesus at all. Spirits, whom we thought washed white with the blood of the lamb, turn out to be not saved at all, because knowledge, spirit growth, is alone a savor of life unto life; and those we thought surely in hell for bad conduct, in our estimation, are found to be quite as well off, accordingly, as many who have lived, to all outward view, a stainless life. I say, these spirits put to flight our fancies as to their being in an orthodox heaven or hell, and the result is a grand upheaval in all directions of all old customs in church and State. And this upheaval has been brought about by, or through, the agencies of mediums. Sensitives, who have been chosen from the various walks in life, both high and low, and breathed upon by the host of disembodied, have been compelled, so to speak, to forsake every other avenue of labor, and every condition in life which would be detrimental to the work, and held as in a vise to do this work. And inasmuch as everything is reduced to a money basis, and they were compelled to

have the necessities of life, they have been obliged to accept money for their time spent as mediums for, or between, the two worlds. And right here has been and still lies all the danger, or much danger, to the cause, because right here have stepped in charlatans and pretenders in plenty, who know not the first letter in the sublime alphabet of this grandly beautiful philosophy, who have vampired the unsuspecting, and, like foul birds, have preyed upon the credulous for the one only end, gain and gold.

All this has been necessary with the existing state of affairs. All this might have been expected; but though it has to some extent retarded the inflowing tide of true spiritual growth and true mediumistic unfoldment, it has never for one instant, nor in one instance, reversed the action of this masterful piece of spiritual mechanism which in its grand revolutions is destined to entirely replace all other beliefs, creeds, doctrines, hallucinations, and bears upon its lofty standard these mighty words, "Liberty for all! Justice for all! Equality for all! Humanity and brotherly love for all!"

Mr. Chairman, we do not encourage fraud. The white angels know how revolting deception and hypocrisy is to a soul grown to even faintly comprehend how beautiful and rich we are when we are true, and among souls who are true, and how deeply fraught with meaning is the word truth; but oh, in the face of these terrible conditions, in the face of fraud in church and State, where all our dealings with one another compel us in greater or less degree to resort to fraud to the end that we may live, it is not to be wondered at that fraudulent mediums; or those calling themselves mediums; should resort to tricks and arts to deceive the unwary for the natural end—gold and gain! Many will say, Why has this fraud not been unearthed by true spirits? It has, again and again; but there are souls who seem to find it both palatable and reasonable, who, perhaps, could not have been set to thinking upon any other basis than that which appeals to their physical senses, and who, once set to thinking, or once having been awakened, will advance in time to higher phases of spirit communion and deeper conceptions of spiritual science. We have all classes of human beings to meet, as endless in variety of constitution and mental unfoldment, and each as unlike the other as are the pebbles of the sea shore. Now, just as endless as is the variety and unlikeliness of humanity, so will the different mediumistic tendencies and gifts eventually be.

To be sure, the class called mediums today, are comparatively small, and the various phenomena limited, but as the race advances, rounds out and slowly unfolds into higher and higher soul states, deeper and more perfect understandings of this greatest of all sciences, "soul science," the number of mediums will increase, and these gifts which are nothing more than the understanding of other souls, the understanding of our own souls as related to these other souls, both embodied and disembodied will increase.

I say these gifts will increase. It will not be necessary 100 years from now to tip a table or rap or ring bells through space for us to understand that a host of invisibles are about us. Humanity will long ere then have learned that the dead are not dead, but only born again, carried forward in the grand march of eternal life; and that their place there will be determined by their growth in all truth and justice, will be determined by their growth in all spiritual graces and loveliness when they enter that life. Humanity will have long ere then have divested itself of the hallucination that death, so called, is in any sense a change calculated to make us better or worse, but that as we die, or as we are born into the next life, so are we.

Each soul, or the masses, we believe, will have learned by that time that they are all mediums and capable of cultivation to that high extent by which they may themselves hear the voices from beyond—yea, may commune *ad libitum* with souls yet in the body, though separated by thousands of miles of space.

We assure you this is no idle dreamy fancy, nor an overdrawn picture of the actual condition possible, yea, inevitable to humanity. We shall not stand still the next hundred years, as we have not stood still the last hundred years. Oh! let me assure you, the stone has been rolled from the door of the sepulchre, our dead are not

there; they have risen. Our sun, our glorious sun of truth is risen. Humanity is no longer entombed in a sepulchre; the stone has been rolled away and we are risen, are continually being lifted up, and never, never can the shackles be placed upon us again.

Try it, oh ye priests and bigots! Try in vain, oh ye disembodied Jesuits, monks and prelates. Common sense is putting to flight your empty pomp and your merciless tyrannies which you have so long imposed upon the nations of men. Bound us—you have bound us, body and soul, filled us with hatred and revenge, and jealousy and selfishness. Out with you! The women whom your irrational monstrosities have branded as almost unholy in your sanctuaries, have taken the voices of eternal truth, and the mediums are putting the lie to your ridiculous interpretations of our creation and final destiny.

The mediums, both women and men, have been the instruments used to prove the falseness of your unnatural myths and impossible miracles and contradictions in nature, and long ere this your creeds and empty forms would have been buried deep into oblivion if it had not been for your cunning artifices by which you psychologize our best mediums,—yes, and you would strangle any medium who is brave enough to rebel against your crafty emissaries who carry out your nefarious plans to the full upon the ignorant and unsuspecting. We have learned to know you at last, but oh how many mediums could stand upon this rostrum to-day and relate experiences which would cause the heart of the truly enlightened student of psychology to melt with pity, and bring down anathemas without limit, no doubt, from the ignorant and undeveloped. But the mediums, what of them? While they are giving this manna to the hungry, how are they sustained? They are incapacitated to earn their living in any ordinary method through extreme sensitiveness, are impractical, and generally with poor or delicate health, yet compelled, as it were, to follow out the direction of the guides or the spirit within. I say, whence are they to gain the necessities of life? The peculiar delicate nature of mediumship renders it impossible to give to each soul asking a perfect communication—and yet that necessary dollar for the support of life must be forthcoming, and mediums are compelled to try to give something which will satisfy, but more often does not satisfy, and hence the cry, "fraud," "humbug," etc., too numerous to mention. Oh, we know every true medium, could they stand here to-night and relate their hard battles with the material, as also their great sufferings and unequal struggles with psychological influences pulling them downward and damaging, sometimes, almost as it were unfitting them for any of the duties of life—we say they could tell a tale which would not only fill us with pity, but also with wonder. And how many go down to their grave without the necessary knowledge of these psychological laws by which they might protect themselves, thus avoiding much of this misery.

We once heard E. V. Wilson deliver a lecture upon this subject of psychology—a grandly beautiful lecture—in which he set forth the universality of this law through the whole animal world, as also through the whole human family. But time and the subject to-day do not admit of lengthy mention or illustration.

Have you ever had an acquaintance or friend who loved the gaming table? Do you know how powerful the psychologic influences of the game and boon companions in it are? Have you ever seen the attendant disembodied spirits, who urge the deluded victims, who are often mediums, onward in the downward path? No matter how heavily they may lose to-night, to-morrow night these same spirit influences, unseen, undeveloped, yet all powerful in their psychologic influence, together with their contemporaries in the body, all beckon, yea, compel them on to sink deeper and deeper in the mad whirlpool at whose center lies sure defeat and destruction. This is one instance of psychologic power, prostituted through ignorance and aided by the medium's unholy lust for ill-gotten gain. This is only one instance of the evil results arising from a misunderstanding of these primary principles in this great school of mediumistic development, this great study of the science of the immortal soul.

We have not the time to go deeper into

this science at this time, but we assure you the wiser you become, the more individualized, the more of this power will you possess, as also the more power will you have to resist this power from others. Oh! when mediums come to the full understanding of just how sensitive and susceptible they are—when they grow to understand the great danger to be met in associating with souls ignorant, therefore selfish, yea, devilish—when the great human family of mediums grow to understand how happy they may be, and how perfectly they may commune with the good and wise, who have passed on in life's march ages ago, oh! how each medium will try to distance the other—not in outward adornments, and the silly trappings of a superficial material nature, but in the sweet inward graces of tenderness and good will and justice to all.

We claim that this principle or science of psychology should be studied and, if possible, mastered before we are able, even in part, to comprehend what mediumship really means, or before we may in part understand the manner in which we receive messages from the departed, view clairvoyantly the departed, or are subjugated to the will of the departed oftentimes to our damage, if not ruin. There are many people who are leaving this study of humanity to-day and are looking backward for the footprints of the departed to gain a knowledge of themselves and the infinite; but we believe the first study of importance, and the study which will bring us the greatest satisfaction, is the study of this law of psychology; for we believe it to be the key to mediumship, or soul communion, and we believe much damage has been done, and may be done, by its misadjustment, as also much good by its wise use.

It is just as easy to study this law from the great book of nature spread out before us, yea to study our own nature and the nature of those about us, we think far easier than to go to India or China. We suppose humanity has been and is ever the same, and our beloved predecessors in India and China may have comprehended much truth; but we are the people of the nineteenth century—faulty and furious, grown grandly great in our excesses, as also in our graces—and though it may be instructive to read their works and admire, with a certain degree of amusement, their secret signs and their superstitious fol-de-rol, we want none of it. There is within us a God, and that God is common sense, perhaps, not unfolded to perfection; but here is our storehouse of nature wide open; in her laboratory, as mediums capable of all growth, we enter; as a divinely commissioned human family; nor turn our faces backward,—onward, onward, upward, upward is our motto now and forever. Before I close I wish to say again, in reference to public mediums, their lives and works: First, a public medium or a private medium, yourself or myself, brother or sister—any one more or less sensitive to this psychologic or will power—neither the public nor the private medium are anything more than an extremely susceptible, sensitive human being. Let me say also the nature of mediumship renders the calling one deeply fraught with peril—I mean peril in more senses than one, as every honest medium, either man or woman, will attest. And when humanity recognizes how infinitely precious and useful these sensitives are, then will they be sheltered as the shorn lambs of the flock—fed, clothed, housed—whereas now the public mediums are exposed continually to temptations and dangers, to want and privation, from a pitiless, misunderstanding world; and then you wonder at mediums being selfish and acquisitive, you wonder at their falling. Why, they are human; and in face of their great necessities the wonder is not that many go down or stumble along the thorny way of life, but that any, in view of their susceptibility to influences in this unequal struggle, are able to maintain themselves at all.

Oh, ye! who sit upon a judge's bench and deal out judgments harsh and unwise, you have yet to learn how dearly bought has been your precious hope of immortality; you have yet to learn what power for weal or woe lies in the touch of an unclean, unskilled hand, to the hand of a sensitive; you have yet to learn the whys and wherefore in this great school of many things which have led media to sacrilege and break through your false conceptions.

(Concluded on Eighth Page.)



## Good Suggestion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The GOLDEN GATE is received regularly, and I am glad to record the fact that it comes nearer my idea of a Spiritual paper than any other in the land. Heretofore our magazines have been wholly devoted to our views, rendering them distasteful to unbelievers. The GOLDEN GATE will fill a place never occupied by any of our journals.

To me there appears to be a demand for a tract or pamphlet that could be handed to our unbelieving neighbor who is suffering under the cloud of mourning for loved ones "laid away." When this sorrow comes we could do much good to the afflicted and open the door to let our beautiful religion shine into the home of the unbeliever, had we a proper publication to distribute. There are books like Mrs. Shelhamer's, but three hundred pages are more than needed, and, to most of our friends, cost too much for free distribution. I wonder if Mrs. Watson, or some other one, could call some loving spirit to this work and give us, through the GOLDEN GATE, a series of articles covering this subject; something that could hereafter be put in pamphlet form for this use, at say twenty-five cents each. What think you?

I have watched for years, hoping that some loving angel would come with "experiences" in "spirit life" and tell the story in a way that any mother would be glad to read it, and this has come to me just now from reading the enclosed in spirit voices. [We give the article referred to below.—Ed. G. G.] Where were this lady's splendid friends? Surely no place can be found where they can not be found. If a friend or acquaintance had been in possession of such a mildly, truthfully, lovingly written article, as this lady's friend hoped for, to place in her hands, she would not need the cold assurance of even Col. Ingersoll to give her hope. It must be a cold day when we are obliged to go to Materialism for proof of a future life for our loved ones who have passed into the beyond.

Hoping that the GOLDEN GATE may ever stand open to guide the wayfarer to a higher and purer life, I remain

Yours for truth,

H. H. KENYON.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 22, 1885.

A San Francisco paper says that not long ago a lady of San Francisco was suddenly overwhelmed by a great, crushing affliction, that, coming like a thunderbolt upon her, for a time threatened her life. Her son, and only child, had gone on a short business journey, expecting soon to return. Sudden and fatal illness overtook him, and a brief telegram announced the dreadful tidings to his heart-broken mother. The terrors of the Calvinistic creed, in which she had been brought up, and according to which, as she well knew, there was no hope of future happiness for the unconverted young man, added greatly to her agonizing grief over his death, until her friends feared that her reason, if not her life, would be destroyed. A lady friend, who had sympathized deeply with and vainly sought to console her, informed Colonel Ingersoll, and begged him, if possible, to write something which might at least relieve in a measure the terrible apprehensions as to the fate of her son, under which she was suffering. The following is his letter:

My Dear Madame:—Mrs. C. has told me the sad story of your almost infinite sorrow. I am not foolish enough to suppose that I can say or do anything to lessen your great grief, your anguish for his loss; but maybe I can say something to drive from your poor heart the fiend of fear—fear for him. If there is a God, let us believe that he is good, and if he is good, the good have nothing to fear. I have been told that your son was kind and generous; that he was filled with charity and sympathy. Now, we know that in this world like begets like, kindness produces kindness, and all good bears the fruit of joy; belief is nothing—deeds are everything; and if your son was kind he will naturally find kindness wherever he may be. You would not inflict endless pain upon your worst enemy. Is God worse than you? You could not bear to see a viper suffer forever. Is it possible that God will doom a kind and generous boy to everlasting pain? Nothing can be more monstrously absurd and cruel. The truth is, that no human being knows anything of what is beyond the grave. If nothing is known, then it is not honest for any one to pretend that he does know. If nothing is known, then we can hope only for the good. If there be a God, your boy is no more in his power now than he was before his death—no more than you are at this moment. Why should we fear God more after death than before? Does the feeling of God toward his children change the moment they die? While we are alive they say God loves us; when will he cease to love us? True love never changes. I beg of you to throw away all fear. Take counsel of your own heart. If God exists, your heart is the best revelation of him, and your heart could never send your boy to endless pain. After all, no one knows. The ministers know nothing. All the churches in the world know no more on this subject than the ants on the anthills. Creeds are good for nothing except to break the hearts of the loving. Let us have courage. Under the seven-hued arch of hope let the dead sleep. I

do not pretend to know, but I do know that others do not know.\* Listen to your heart, believe what it says, and wait with patience and without fear for what the future has for all. If we get no comfort from what people know, let us avoid being driven to despair by what they do not know. I wish I could say something that would put a star in your night of grief—a little flower in your lonely path—and if an unbeliever has such a wish, surely an infinitely good being never made a soul to be the food of pain through countless years.

Sincerely yours,  
R. G. INGERSOLL.

\*Ingersoll assumes too much—exhibits a vast deal of egotism—when he declares that what he doesn't know nobody else does.—Ed. G. G.

## "Wanted in New York."

[Cambridge Press.]

A gentleman who is a long-time subscriber to the *Press*, a graduate of our schools, and very well known to many of our prominent citizens, relates the following:

"As you know, I have been for several years one of the firm of Reed, Rogers & Co. of New York City. [We do not, of course, give the real name of the concern.] In August last, feeling the need of a somewhat protracted vacation, I took my wife and children to her native place, a small town near Drover, New Hampshire. We reached our destination in the evening, and the next morning I started off for a day's stroll among the hills, with special reference to a region famous for the size and flavor of its blackberries, telling my wife not to expect me back till toward night. After a wearisome tramp up and down hills and through meadows and fields, I reached the familiar 'berry ground,' the scene of many a former visit on the same errand. Here I found myself in utter solitude; no other human being probably within a radius of two miles, more or less. The morning was charming; a perfect Summer day in the country. After devoting perhaps an hour to the blackberries, which grew in profusion and were as different from the limp and juiceless fruit for sale in New York as the New Hampshire farmer is from the city dealer who handles his produce at third or fourth hand, I threw myself at full length on the grass, filled my meerschaum, and prepared for a deliberative smoke. All at once, out of the almost perfect silence, I heard these words, uttered as distinctly as human lips could speak them and with the exact effect of a voice close at my elbow; 'YOU ARE WANTED IN NEW YORK!' I jumped to my feet and gazed eagerly around. All was still, save for the voices of birds and the shrill hum of a locust. Not a soul anywhere in sight. I was evidently alone but for the invisible author of that sudden warning.

"Such was the effect on my nerves, or whatever part of the physical anatomy may be reached by a summons so startling, that I started at once for the farmhouse. All the way home I seemed to hear the solemn voice forever repeating its mysterious message, and it need not surprise you that I told my wife, who met me at the door, astonished at my early return, that a neglected business matter would compel my immediate return to the city. I started alone the same evening and saw my first copy of a Boston paper the next morning at the B. and M. station. It was the *Advertiser*, and in the death column was this notice: 'In this city, suddenly, 12th inst., James D. Reed, of the New York firm of Reed, Rogers & Co.' I made all haste, and reaching New York in the morning, found the unexpected news only too true, and my presence there indeed of the first importance, since with me alone rested the fulfillment of the senior partner's immediate plans and business arrangements."

"Now, Mr. A.," said we, "what is your own theory in explanation of that summons, so timely and of such weighty import?"

"I have no theory," said he. "I have merely stated the fact exactly as it occurred, and you can explain it to suit yourself."

We may add that Mr. A. is not a Spiritualist, and is entirely unfamiliar with the modern wonders of that faith. He was, and we believe still is, a member of the Prospect-Street Congregational Church.

A good story is told of the bishop of Atlanta, Ga. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday-school children and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way, "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After pause, he repeated the question, "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice called out, "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop; "and now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

## Spiritual Circles of Experts.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

In the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* for Dec. 19th is published at length the address of W. Stainton Moses, as president of the London Spiritual Alliance. After giving a sketch of the condition of Spiritualism in all civilized countries, he elaborates a plan for the development of mediums and the progress of spiritual knowledge. This plan is well worthy the consideration of Spiritualists here in San Francisco.

Before giving observations on adopting a similar plan here I will give a statement of his plan. His plan in brief is to have two degrees—a circle of inquirers and a circle of experts. The names of applicants for membership to a circle, which should be limited to twelve, should be handed in to the originators and elected by ballot, great care being used to secure those who are sincere and will promote the harmony of the circle. Mediums should be paid a stipulated salary unless they are able and willing to give their services as some had signified their willingness to do.

In conclusion he says, "No dilittante dabbler will be of any service to himself or us."

"No man who sees everything through a veil of prejudice, whether that prejudice be enlisted on the side of our beliefs (as is the case with the mere enthusiast on whom rational argument is wasted), or against us, in the shape of dogged and invincible skepticism, will advance what we desire to prosecute. The man of open mind, who can view facts in their relations, and can regard them with equanimity, to whatever end they draw him, the man who is not thrown off his balance by a bold theory boldly propounded but resting on nothing more substantial than air, the unbiased student of an obscure and occult group of phenomena which have not yet received from friend or foe a perfectly calm and dispassionate attention—these are the people we want."

Among the advantages he hopes to gain by this method of investigation are:

1. The encouragement of exact methods of research.
2. The due regulation to the admission to circles, so that the elements of which they are composed will be more homogeneous.
3. The encouragement of more exact records of observed facts.
4. The more careful treatment of mediums.

Other objects are named, but these are the more important, and it is well worthy of consideration whether we can not attain these ends here.

Let three or more suitable persons form a nucleus of such a circle, and let members be admitted by vote which should be determined by the fitness of the candidates for such an investigation. In a place like this, where most mediums are dependent on the exercise of their gifts for a livelihood, it is not to be expected that they will serve without pecuniary compensation. Therefore let a fund be raised for that purpose. Surely this ought not to stand in the way in a place where money is more plenty than other requisite qualifications for the highest investigations. Nevertheless, if there should be suitable mediums so situated that money was not of the first importance, who wished to cultivate their gifts under the most favorable conditions, it may be well to give them a chance. But let mediums be engaged by the month or season, and paid by a salary, and thus remove all temptation to give us adulterated results.

Such a movement is not intended to supersede private mediumship; that must continue to be governed much by the law of supply and demand. It is certain that in the higher phases of manifestations, large and promiscuous audiences, more or less changed from night to night, are sure to produce conditions that deteriorate mediumship and preclude the best results. Mediums who are dependent on the exercise of their powers for a livelihood are situated much as many others are in our imperfect civilization, and are equally open to criticism. We are not attempting to analyze this matter and point out who are morally culpable, and where the blame rests; but showing a way by which those sincerely desiring it may supply the conditions requisite to avoid such deplorable results to those willing to take the necessary trouble.

If found successful, these circles can be multiplied indefinitely, as parties are desirous of availing themselves of their advantages.

It is apparent that deteriorated and adulterated mediumship is a great hindrance to the progress and development of Spiritualism, but it is possible that more can be done by removing the causes of this than by employing detectives and policemen to hunt out and punish the delinquents.

To make these suggestions practical, let those desirous of forming such a circle hand in their names to the editor of the GOLDEN GATE. The writer of this would be delighted to have an opportunity of joining.

JOHN ALLYN.

These parting words of Canon Farrar need to be heeded: "If Christianity is to hold her own, Christianity must beware of stagnant doctrines and dead theologies. Theology must learn to change her mind voluntarily and by her own insight, and not be forced to do so only when the strangling grasp of science or criticism is at her throat."

## A Remarkable Materialization Seance.

[T. P. Barkas, in Light.]

On Tuesday evening, August 15th, 1876, I, by invitation, attended a seance at a private residence in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The hour appointed for the seance was eight o'clock. I reached the house at 7:50 and found the company assembled in an ordinary sitting-room which was on the first floor, was plainly furnished, and about twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the street.

The room is fourteen by eleven feet, and is entered by one door in the corner of the room; the window at the other end faces the main street. One corner or recess of the room is formed by the front wall and gable end of the house, and was screened off by a dark curtain suspended from an iron rod; the window was entirely closed by deal boarding; the door or entrance to the room was closed and locked and hasped from the inside, so that there was no access to, nor egress from the room.

Across the window and close to it an ordinary double-ended sofa was placed, and the medium, Mrs. P., a lady about forty years of age, stout and matronly, reclined on the sofa with her feet towards the curtained corner of the room, and her head at the other end of the sofa resting on a pillow. The company sat in the quadrant of a circle in the following order, and extended entirely from the end of the sofa on which the medium lay round the two sides of the room close to the walls, thus preventing the possibility of either ingress or egress through the circle of the sitters. The sitters were in the following order: Mr. W. P. next to the sofa, Mrs. H., Mr. L., Mr. H., Mr. Barkas, Mrs. M., Mr. M., Mr. F., and Mr. P.

During the whole time of the seance a lamp was burning, and during the greater part of the time it burned so brightly that I could see with distinctness the features of all who were sitting in the room, and the medium reclining on the sofa.

That the medium reclining on the sofa was visible during the whole seance to all present there is not the least doubt.

The seance was commenced at eight o'clock promptly. A suitable hymn was sung, and a short and earnest prayer offered, after which the musical box played, and we sat in silence. After sitting for about twelve minutes the curtains screening the recess began to move, and a tall, white form presented itself; the partial presentation took place five or six times at intervals of about one minute, and finally a tall, female form emerged from behind the curtain; she was draped in brilliant white raiment, which covered her, in the fashion of the young girls of ancient Greece, resembling the garb worn by Galatea in the modern drama of Pygmalion and Galatea. Over her head and face there was a thin, almost perfectly transparent gauze veil; on her shoulders was a cape or cover, which descended a little below her waist; she was clothed from neck to feet in a loosely-fitting white garment; her bust, which was small and slightly developed, was loosely covered by her cape and dress; and her body and lower extremities were well covered by moderately ample skirts. When she raised her arms, which she frequently did, the cape fell from them and left exposed slender arms naked to the shoulder. She was, as I have said, slender, elegant, and sylph-like, and the medium, who visibly lay on the sofa, was a stout and very fully-developed matron.

The figure was the *beau-ideal* of a lovely girl in the first flush of womanhood. She moved about the room freely, gracefully, and modestly, with all the air and grace of a girl accustomed to the habits of good society.

The figure, on first emerging from the recess, walked timidly into the center of the room and looked modestly round on the circle of sitters. She approached Mr. J. P., and after shaking hands with him she went to Mrs. H., who presented her with a bouquet of flowers, which she gracefully accepted. She then went to Mrs. M., and received a bouquet from her, and another from Mr. P., who sat at the end of the circle.

Gathering these flowers in her hands, she passed behind the curtain, and on her next appearance in the course of a couple of minutes she was without the flowers. She shook hands with and embraced Mr. W. P., kissed Mrs. Mould and others on the cheek or mouth, and saluted nearly the entire circle. When she approached me she proffered her right hand, which I took in mine, and held it while she kissed me on the brow; the feeling was that of human lips, and the explosive sound that of kissing. Her hand was warm and moist. She again entered the recess, and I observed several times during this remarkable seance, that when the psychic form remained visibly in our presence for about five minutes, her garments became less white and substantial, and her power of motion appeared to decrease; but on entering the recess and returning her dress was brilliantly white, and her motions free and firm. She appeared to lose power and solidity in the open room. She entered the recess and reappeared among the sitters at least twenty times during the evening and always with the same results.

When next she presented herself I was desirous of knowing her exact height and requested permission to stand beside her; this she kindly granted, and I stood before and within a few inches of her. I then saw that the top of her head was on a level with my eyes, and that her height was five feet five inches, that is three and

one-half inches taller than the medium, who lay visibly on the sofa. After the measuring, she sat down on an unoccupied arm-chair which stood near the center of the room, and while she and we sat in a hushed and impressive silence one of the gentlemen present introduced the following words, which were sung softly and earnestly by the company (Hymn 193, "When the Hours of Day are Numbered," etc.).

The hymn being finished, the form again retired, and reappearing looked cautiously round the room, and when at a distance from her medium, made mesmeric passes towards her.

The medium, who had up to that time lain perfectly still on the sofa, began to move, changing the position of her hands, and seemed to be under some peculiar influence; the psychic form, or palpable apparition, then approached the medium, and bending over her, embraced and kissed her fervently, and for a short time medium and psychic form were clasped in each other's arms. The psychic form then released herself from the medium, and sat on the sofa near her feet. Again retiring and reappearing, she sat gracefully on the vacant chair, and Mr. P. rose and pronounced a very impressive and appropriate invocation. The form again retired, and returning, sat beside the medium, bent gently over her, took her in her arms and raised her up into a sitting posture; in this position the normally and abnormally embodied human beings clung together for upwards of a minute, and then the medium was gently laid upon her pillow.

Again, the psychic form retired, and re-appeared and walked around the room, shaking hands with the sitters. I requested permission to feel her pulse, and she immediately stepped towards me, extended her right hand, placed it in my left hand, and permitted me with the forefinger of my right hand to feel her pulse. It was feeble but perfectly recognizable, and beat at what appeared to be the rate of seventy per minute. I counted the beats aloud up to twenty beats. She afterwards sat on the arm-chair, and was resting gracefully and easily when we asked her to write in our presence. I supplied a pocket-book and paper to write upon, Mr. M. supplied a pencil. She took these; and resting the book and paper on the arm of the chair, she wrote "Good-night;" and I have now the paper containing the writing in my possession.

She entered the recess, re-appeared, and walked round the room, shook hands with all who were present, permitted several to feel her raiment, which, judging by feeling and appearance, seemed to consist of the finest muslin. After this, she sat on the vacant chair, and Mr. H. delivered a very suitable address of thanks to the other-world visitor who had kindly favored us with her presence. She retired within the curtain after having been with us upwards of one hour and a half, and this wonderful seance closed.

The weather was almost unbearably hot, and after the last appearance of our psychic visitor, I slightly opened the room door and took charge of it until the light was turned fully up.

The medium gradually and slowly recovered from the trance in which she had been the whole evening, and was so feeble and exhausted that the two ladies present had to assist her across the room. Immediately she left the sofa I took up my position near it, moved it quite away from where it had been standing, examined it carefully, drew aside the curtains of the recess, took down the curtains, and did not discover anything that presented the slightest appearance of deception.

I examined minutely the walls, floor, etc., and all were perfectly sound and good. In my opinion there was not the possibility of successful deception, nor was any deception attempted.

I refrain at present from expressing any opinion as to theories, but as to facts I believe those just detailed are as real, genuine and objective, as the fact that the Thames flows past London.

PEEL OF ARKANSAS.—"A gentleman from Northwestern Arkansas tells the following joke on Congressman Peel of Arkansas," says the *Boston Traveller*: "Peel, it is well known, is not a man of very high literary attainments, but to appear well read he professes to have gobbled over every piece of literature that comes under discussion. Judge Pitman, who is a highly intellectual and well-read man, takes keen delight in talking literature to Peel. Some time ago, while a party of gentlemen were sitting around listening to some of Peel's experiences in Congress, Judge Pitman asked: 'Peel, you have read Tennyson, haven't you?' 'Oh, yes, yes, and I like him very much.' 'Do you like Goldsmith?' 'Dote on him.' 'What do you think of his poem, "Goldsmith's Maid"?' 'By George, sir, it is the best thing he ever wrote. I tell you what, Pitman, going to Congress whets a man's appetite for literature.'

Oh! for one generation of clean and unpolluted men! Men whose veins are not fed with fire; men fit to be the companions of pure women; men fit to be the fathers of children; men who do not stumble upon the rock of apoplexy at mid age, nor go staggering down into a drunkard's grave; but who can sit and look upon the faces of their grandchildren with eyes undimmed and hearts uncankered. Such a generation as this is possible in America, and to produce such a revolution, the persistent, conscientious work of temperance reformers is entirely competent.—R. H. McDonald.



## THE GHOST OF DEAD MAN'S CANYON.

[The following remarkable narrative appears in a late issue of the *Holden (Mo.) Enterprise*. The names of some of the parties mentioned are vouched for as reliable persons by Mrs. Childs of this city.]

EDITORS ENTERPRISE: I am not much of a believer in any ghost or spook stories. During my late visit to Colorado I picked up the *Denver Opinion* of June 13, 1885, and read the thrilling story which is printed below. I have passed over the grand canyon described in the article, in company with J. D. Miller, of Holden, and Wm. A. Warford, of Pittsboro. Also many others who, perhaps, are not acquainted to your readers, during the years of 1864, '65, and '66. I am personally and intimately acquainted with Capt. Felch and know him to be a man of truthfulness and of the most untarnished integrity. Reading the article has been interesting to me and I believe it will be found worthy of perusal by your numerous readers.

Respectfully,  
J. E. McCLURE.

TALKING ROCKS, MARCH 26, 1885.

(Near Canyon City, Colorado.)

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 6th, asking me to repeat the story I once related to you of Dead Man's canyon, is received.

The unsuccessful efforts I have already made to comply with your request convince me that it is one thing to tell a story and quite another to write it. But to be brief—since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the wet blanket that smothers attention—I will begin.

I enlisted in the Fourth regiment of Vermont volunteers in July, 1861, for three years. A young man named Oliver Kimball enlisted in the same company with me. We never became what you would call friends, yet I knew him and liked him. His disposition was marked by great kindness and gentleness, but he was gloomy and cared little for the humors of camp-life. I knew in an indefinite sort of way that he was in love with a young lady at home, beautiful and good, but much above him in social position. He was a poor young man and her father was rich. We among the boys who knew him in camp attributed his gloom to unrequited affection. I shared this opinion with the rest till the battle of Antietam, where Kimball was wounded in the shoulder. I was detailed to carry him to the rear, and finding he had fainted when I laid him down behind a barn, out of range of the bullets. I hastily tore open his shirt and ripped off his sleeve with my knife, to see if his hurt was fatal. Imagine my surprise to find on his arm, above the elbow, one of those thin, broad bands of gold formerly fashionable as bracelets, on which was graven the words, "In life and death, yours, Gertrude." The wound proved not to be serious, and he soon recovered. When most of us took advantage of the high bounty and the commutation of time to re-enlist in January, 1864, he declined to join us, served his time out, and went home in July—to marry his faithful Gertrude, we all supposed, though he took none of us into his confidence on that point. We heard, a little later, that he had not married his sweetheart, but had gone away to Colorado to go into the mines, after remaining at home a few days.

In 1866 I came to Colorado myself, and, leaving my family in Denver, embarked in the business of freighting. This took me all over the Territory, and especially over all the routes leading from Denver, Colorado City and Canyon City into what were known as the southern mines, which meant the districts about Leadville (then California Gulch) and Fairplay. I think it was the following spring—in June, perhaps—that my wife in Denver received a letter from Miss Gertrude Osborn, in Vermont, whom we had known distantly, making inquiries after Kimball. My wife forwarded the letter to Georgetown, where I was then starting a large pack train over the range.

Miss Osborn stated that she had last heard from Kimball, some eight months before, at California Gulch; that she had waited long, and, having exhausted every other means to hear from him, begged me to undertake, at her expense, any measures that might be necessary to discover his whereabouts or his fate. Her father, she said, had recently died, and she had now free control of ample means, and would I please communicate this fact to Mr. Kimball?—the fact of her father's death. Ah, how swiftly that delicate hint revealed to me the suppressed tragedy of those two fond hearts! The rich and proud old man had stood between the faithful girl and her lover! Yes, I would inquire after Mr. Kimball, with all my heart, and communicate the joyful tidings that nothing stood between him and his heart's desire. When I reached California Gulch with my pack train I made diligent search after the lost lover; but in vain. I went around from sluice to sluice among the washers, but nobody knew him. It was, indeed, like searching for a needle in a hay-mow, to look for a stranger in a placer camp, unless you happen to know more than his name.

"Say, boys," remarked one of the washers, "I wonder if 'tain't Dave Griffin's partner, up at the hydraulic, that this feller's lookin' for? I'll bet a dollar 'tis. Le'me see; what the blazes was it that they called him? All the boys has got a nickname here, Mister, an' if you just knowed your chap's nickname you could find it in a minute; but I'll bet it's the feller they call Yankee Maje up at the hydraulic, that you're lookin' for. Did he have a dog? This feller had a dog that was always with him—a kind of a big, smooth shepherd dog. He'd been in the army, and that's why they called him Maje, though I don't reckon he ever was a Major. If it's him you're after you

won't find him, for he's made his raise an' pulled stakes long ago. Him an' Dave Griffin was together, but at the big clean-up last fall he told Dave he'd made his homestake an' was goin' to pull for the East. He went from here to Canyon City. I know that, 'cause Griffin was awful worked up about his partner's goin' home, an' he bought out his claim and went down as far as Canyon with him to see him off, an' didn't come back for a couple of weeks."

Finding this to be the condition of affairs, I dropped the matter, thinking that Kimball had probably got around to Vermont by that time and announced himself. I learned he had left Canyon on horseback, followed by a dog, and it occurred to me the man might have taken a fancy to riding thus all the way back and surprise his sweetheart. After hearing of the dog I recalled to mind that Kimball had a singular capacity for attaching animals to himself. The dog was a sagacious collie that he found one day at a deserted house near Fredericksburg, Virginia, and which followed him all through the army till his time was out, and then was taken home with him. It was not dogs only, but the whole brute creation, that he inspired with affection for himself. Griffin told me that he had gone as far as Canyon City with his partner and had seen him off. Kimball had had luck in his mines, and carried away with him, his partner thought, about \$5,000 in gold and bank-notes. He rode away a fine horse that he had kept about a year, intending thus to go to Omaha by way of Denver and the North Platte route. Having learned this much, I communicated it to my wife, who in turn communicated it to Miss Osborn. The correspondence thus opened was kept up between them for a year, my wife sympathizing in the young lady's belief that her lover had been foully dealt with, while I indulged the suspicion that he had fallen in with somebody he loved better and deserted her. But my life was very busy, and in fact I paid little attention to it after the first inquiries.

I was in Canyon in 1867—some time in September, I think—with all my wagons loaded for Fairplay, when I received a letter from my wife saying that Miss Osborn was at our house in Denver, and desired to see me most urgently, and "would I come at once?" for the poor girl was heart-broken. "Gracious! Just in the rush of business to take a horseback journey of one hundred and twenty-five miles all for sentiment—for a girl foolish enough to break her heart for any lubber. Still I went. I admired her devotion, while it annoyed me. To cross two-thirds of the continent, a large part of the way by stage, cost something in money and courage in those days of Indian massacres.

Perhaps Miss Osborn's devotion recalled to my mind the devotion of somebody else whom I will not name. At any rate, I went. It was mid-morning when I left Canyon. I must reach Colorado City by bed-time, get up the next morning, take another horse, and be in Denver that night.

My horse was fresh. I took the road down the Arkansas to the north bank. I flew past Six-mile creek, past Eight-mile creek, struck out from the river, hugging the foothills past Beaver creek—sixteen miles made, and only noon—on to the Red canyon, and away for Steel's ranch, on Turkey creek. Half my day's journey done! There I fed and rested for two hours, and again sprang into my saddle at a little before five. With the cool of the day before me I could easily make the remaining twenty-four miles before nine o'clock. But I had hardly got into the saddle till one of those sudden and violent hail-storms frequent along the base of the mountains came down and drove me back to shelter. I was detained more than an hour. While waiting under the shed something prompted me to take out my wife's letter and read it again. I found there was a half sheet that had before escaped my notice. It was not, however, important, and merely mentioned that Miss Osborn had come to the conviction that her lover had been murdered. It has been borne in upon her mind that if she would come to Colorado she would be able to discover his body and bring his murderer to justice. Since arriving in Denver she had had several nights in succession, most horrifying dreams, in which she seemed to see him in his death struggle with an enemy who was stabbing and slashing him with a knife. These dreams had completely prostrated her, but she saw so distinctly the scene and its surroundings that she felt sure she could make any one as familiar with the country as I recognize it from the description. The minutest details of far and wide were graven on her brain, but a singular thing connected with all her dreams was that as soon as the place of her lover's burial was discovered she would die. My wife, fearing that, in her delicate condition, such a result might indeed ensue from sheer effect of imagination, cautioned me not to humor her in the supposition that I recognized the spot from her description, even were I able to do so, which she, being skeptical of such occult influences, thought unlikely.

It was after six when the storm abated and I was able to start onward. From Steel's ranch to the crossing of the Little Fountain, commonly called "Uncle George's Ranch," by the freighters, was called ten miles, and that I thought I could make by dark, when the roughest of my road would be passed and but fourteen miles would remain. Now from Steel's ranch to Colorado City there are two routes—"the old trail" and "the new

road." The former was considerably shorter, but hugged the base of the Cheyenne mountains, going up and down over the foothills and crossing the many rough gulches or canyons that debouch from the main range. The new road, though longer, was smoother and leveler, as it kept out from the foothills. This road was taken of late years altogether by the great trains of freight teams passing between Denver and Canyon City.

Finding, after setting out, that the adobe ground was too slippery for my horse to go out of a walk, I turned in on the old trail, hoping to find it dryer, but there was little difference, and I was obliged to creep along. The sky had been overcast since the storm, and, as I was under the shadow of Cheyenne mountain, the darkness came on fast. If the worst came to the worst, I knew of a little deserted cabin about five miles on, in one of the gorges called Dead Man's Canyon—the canyon mentioned when relating this story to you last fall. But with this thought came a memory—a recollection of some stories passed along, as such stories would be, by freighters and teamsters. It was soberly related that on several occasions within the last couple of years travelers had come from the northward to Steel's ranch in the night and reported that they had been pursued, followed or accompanied for some distance along the mouth of Dead Man's Canyon by a spectral horse and dog.

Men only laughed at these stories, in the day-time. The women, I found, commonly believed them, and there is but little doubt that they influenced the choice of routes to some extent by those who traveled after dark. There was no question that the travelers who had seen these specters had all been greatly horrified, and ran away as fast as their beasts could carry them. One had even fallen from his horse in a dead faint at Mr. Steel's door. These things came back to me—but not, I think, unpleasantly—as I rode along. I was conscious only of the annoyance of being out on a wet and slippery road, and the probability of not being able to get on to my journey's end before the hotel should be closed for the night. There was the chance, too, that the streams would be swollen and dangerous in the dark. The more I reflected the more advisable it seemed to me to consider the propriety of occupying the cabin in the gulch, if I did not find the condition of the road improving. I do not intend to convey the impression that I gave no credence to the ghostly stories of Dead Man's Canyon. I distinctly assert on the contrary, that I had always thought there might be something worth investigating about the affair, only the chances seemed strongly against the optical data being furnished to anybody capable of looking into its cause.

If I felt no fear in approaching the place so dreadful to many, it is not because I do not believe in the possibility of ghosts, but exactly because I do. I agree with you that there can be no such thing as an isolated fact—a causeless event—but the bent of my mind is not, and never has been, to regard an apparition as a thing supernatural. It has always been my belief that the world is progressing gradually to higher and calmer spiritual planes, and that we shall some time understand the rationale of things that now only occasion us horror and fright.

But, to the gist of the whole affair, I SAW THE APPARITIONS. The darkness had fallen early and was not yet dense, indeed, the occasional gleam of the new moon in the eastern horizon through the clouds gave promise of a bright night for my journey, if the storm cleared away. I was five or six miles from Steel's ranch, and near the mouth of the canyon, in which stood the deserted cabin (I think this spot is clearly discernable from the Antlers hotel in Colorado Springs), when I began to perceive a peculiar odor, faint and inconstant, on the fresh air. It was vague, and I think I should not have noticed it, only that my horse began to sniff and pick up his ears and shake his head, as you may have observed a horse always will on approaching a dead carcass. Now, there is as much character in smells as in colors. This was faint—too faint, indeed, to be distinct—but it seemed to me to possess a trace of that peculiarly sickening smell of the human cadaver. Do not imagine that this occasioned me any nervousness. I had too lately been in the army, and slept among the dead, to feel any timidity. Indeed, so far from making me think of the spook stories, it caused me to forget them in thinking if any person could be lying dead around there, or any grave exposed by the coyotes. My horse became more and more demonstrative, and at last nearly threw me from the saddle by suddenly shying. When I came to look I saw that a strange horse had just passed us, and was making on, at a long, steady, even stride, toward the mouth of the canyon. At the first glance I merely supposed it to be one of the numerous horses on the range that had strayed into the road; but the next view showed that it wore a saddle and bridle. Swiftly concluding that the horse had either cast his rider back a distance or broken from its hitching, I spurred my own animal to overtake and stop it. But my horse refused to approach it, and I noticed for the first time that my poor beast was trembling with terror. The spook stories had not occurred to me in connection with this little episode. If I had thought of it at all, I should have expected to see a spook taking on a white and ghastly aspect, instead of which this horse had (as far as might be perceived in the dim twilight) the common bay color. Unable to

urge my animal forward to overtake the other, I sprang to the ground, took the lariat from the horn of my saddle, and, hastily staking my own beast by the roadside, ran forward to stop the other. I undertook to get ahead of him, lest he should take to his heels and run away; but as I approached I now perceived for the first time that a large dog was trudging wearily along at his heels. Even this suggested nothing to my mind of the hobgoblin stories. Understand, I had been almost constantly for several years through scenes that rendered this incident, so far, very natural to my experience. But the next instant the whole aspect of the affair was changed. As I passed the animal the light shone out a little from the clouds, and looking toward the horse I saw the bushes behind him—saw straight through his body, understand! "My God!" I said to myself, putting my hands on my eyes, "it is the phantom horse!"

For one instant I was overcome—not with fright (at least, I think not), but with amazement. That I was much moved I will not deny. I even felt my hair lifting my hat; but after the first instant my coolness returned.

The horse and dog strode on, stopping when they came to the mouth of the canyon, as if undecided, and then turning up the trail that led to the deserted cabin. I could see the horse's heels through the dog's body! One was as much a phantom as the other! What prompted me to follow them I do not know, yet I think I was impelled by an influence that I could not have resisted. Another singular phenomenon now became gradually perceptible. I saw a white leg in the stirrup next me! It was only a dim outline. I followed on till we reached the cabin. It was situated in a little bottom that had once been cleared for a garden. The door was off its hinges, the mud roof had partly fallen in, and the chimney was a ruin. The horse drew up at the door, as if some one were dismounting, and the phantom dog followed his phantom master within the building. In another moment the dog re-appeared, I saw the phantom leg in the stirrup again, and the horse started down the trail out of the canyon. Gradually the figure in the saddle became more and more visible. At last I saw it plainly—dressed in a common suit of miners' clothes, with the broad-brimmed, leather-belted hat universal in the West. As it proceeded down the trail it became more and more distinct, till it seemed to be the very substance of a man, but there was all the while about it a shadowy whiteness. I followed on a little distance. They came now to where the trail was crowded in against the precipice by the deep wash of the little stream that gurgled down the canyon. Just where the trail narrowed to a mere bridle-path a huge mass of detached rock had fallen. As they were passing this the horse suddenly shied and fell over the bank, a distance of some four or five feet. The rider had been cast off, but with one foot in the stirrup he was dragged after the horse. The dog had made a spring, as if at the throat of some invisible foe. The next instant he rolled over dead. The impression of the reality of the scene was so vivid on my mind that I ran forward to help the fallen man. What followed passed in an instant. He was unable to disengage his foot from the stirrup, but I saw him raise on his knee and struggle for a moment, as if beating off some foe—make an effort, while holding off his assailant with one hand, to draw his revolver with the other, and then sink back upon his horse with a huge dirk sticking in his breast. I saw the blood gush out, and sprang over the bank to lift him, but the whole thing had vanished.

I found myself trembling from head to foot, but whether with excitement or fear I shall not undertake to determine. The impression of reality had overpowered me. I was standing in the brook, and the water was gurgling about my feet, but I was so weak that I had to sit down for a moment on a boulder in the stream.

The next moment I saw the horse and dog on the trail again, making up the canyon. I rose and followed. We had gone but a few rods when the dog took into the bushes by the wall of the canyon, scratching the earth for an instant, and then, with a whine as real to my senses as any sound I ever heard, vanished.

The horse proceeded up the trail, past the cabin and into the pine timber. He was a little distance ahead of me, and perhaps ten or fifteen rods from the trail, when he suddenly dropped on his knees as if shot, and, with a groan, rolled over and vanished. To describe my sensations at this moment would be to epitomize the history of terror. I am simply unable to do it. I remember a great prickly sensation all over the surface of my body, and I remember scarcely anything else. Another thing, however, of equal interest, psychologically speaking, was the momentary belief, or rather fear, that I had lost my senses and was a maniac, and that this vision had only been conjured up in my disordered brain. I covered my face with my hands, and gradually regained composure. Fear is a sensation subordinate to the will. Terror is not. Probably for that moment I had experienced a panic of terror. When I found myself calm I went forward to the spot where I had seen the horse fall, and, to my further astonishment, found a carcass and scattered bones lying there. The flesh had been torn away by wolves and coyotes, but enough of the carcass remained to show me that it was the body of a horse.

Now, sir, I have related all of the story

which you requested me to write, which I conceive to possess any real scientific interest—any value toward psychological investigation. The Colorado papers of the period mentioned, contain the history (divested of its spirituality) of the finding of the body of a murdered man in that canyon by myself and Mr. Steele's sons, the next morning, and its identification, by means of a bracelet on the arm, as that of Oliver Kimball, a miner from California Gulch. We dug where the dog had disappeared, and found it, with the dirk still sticking in the breast. On the blade of that dirk were the two letters, D. G.

When I reached Denver my wife met me at the door in tears, saying: "You're too late. Oh, why didn't you come sooner? The poor girl is dead. She had been so well and cheerful since I wrote for you; but the night before last, about half-past seven o'clock, she fell into a nervous spasm, and at nine she was a corpse. She kept repeating over and over, 'He is found at last! Oh, my darling, I am coming to you; I am setting off directly. My work is done! You will be avenged!'"

From half-past seven till nine o'clock was the very time I had been following the phantoms of the horse and dog. I consider the connection between these two events worthy of your closest attention. I think the source of the obscure connection between the two, though not without many parallels in the data of psychology, has never been intelligibly explained.

One last word. On my next visit to California Gulch I carried with me the dagger found in Kimball's breast. Calling on Griffin one day about noon, when he was at the cabin, I related all the circumstances of that night in Dead Man's canyon. We were seated on a bench outside. He listened with lips drawn and blanched, but with a sardonic gleam in his eyes. At last I drew the dagger suddenly from my pocket and pointed to the initials.

"Are you the only person who knows of this?" he asked, with a deep, swift glance into my eyes.

"No; at least a dozen are as familiar with it as myself," I answered.

"Excuse me an instant," he said, rising and going into the cabin.

I heard the sharp report of a revolver, and for just an instant I thought the villain had shot me. When I got to the door he had fallen, but he coolly raised the weapon to his head and fired again. The papers said it was financial difficulties. I had my reasons then for keeping silent, and this is the first time the whole truth of the matter has been told.

Yours truly,  
M. P. FELCH.

## WOMEN AS BUSINESS MANAGERS.

"Any number of ladies keep their check books," said Cashier Osborne, of the Merchants' Loan and Trust, "and check against their bank deposits for household and personal expenses, just as their husbands do in their business. It is very convenient for ladies to do this, as they go shopping and make extensive purchases without bothering the stores of their husbands with bills and without carrying currency around with them. Some ladies are given a regular allowance by their husbands, in some cases I know of running as high as \$20,000 a year. The wife of one of our richest merchants takes entire charge of the household, the grounds, the stable, everything. She watches the domestic end of their affairs as closely as her husband does the business end. She issues her checks to pay the servants, the stablemen, the harness-repairer, the carriage-maker, the grocer, the butcher, and every-body. She even takes charge of all home improvements and pays the painter, the boss stonemason, the decorator, the carpenter, and so on. Such a woman is a great help to a man who has many irons in the fire and a great business on his hands. Many men who are not wealthy make deposits to their wives' credit, and we handle their checks. In fact, there has been a sort of craze among Chicago ladies for bank accounts and check books. It is a good thing, too."—*Chicago Herald*.

## A DEAD MAN BETTER THAN NONE.

An exceedingly sprightly maiden lady beams, in a private letter, the numerous hardships that befall her unhappy class. A woman of culture and means, she has been desirous of establishing herself in her own house, but does not do so because she signs herself Miss instead of Mistress. Would that the good old times might return when single women of uncertain age were honored with the prefix of Madame. Writes the lady: "I now fully realize that a man, a sure enough man, is a household necessity. It has been the dream of my life to have a home, but I can not because I never married. Because I am not a widow. A man is a necessity, even if he is dead."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

A Stonington (Conn.) man past the meridian of life, and soaked in tobacco since he was a six-months-old babe, has suddenly stopped using the weed, and can give no reason for the act. The man relates that when a baby he was very cross, and no remedy for his ill-nature could be found. One day, creeping on the floor, he chanced upon a chunk of tobacco, put it in his mouth, and the effect was magical. He was a good-natured babe thereafter. So he was given tobacco along with his milk. Now, after fifty years, he eschews the weed.



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SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1886.

## A WORD WITH YOU.

The GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company is desirous of interesting as many Spiritualists as possible in the work of spreading the gospel of Spiritualism, by increasing the circulation and influence of the GOLDEN GATE. It is for this reason the Company's stock has been placed in the most attractive shape to awaken an interest among Spiritualists with small means. Every stockholder will naturally feel that the work is in a measure his own, and that in this way he may become of use to, and exert an influence in, the cause that he could do in no other way. We want Spiritualists to feel that this is their paper, and that whatever of good it may accomplish has been made possible through their help.

To increase the circulation of the paper is, of course, our main object. With a sufficient number of subscribers there would be no necessity for the sale of stock. But until the requisite number is obtained to make the paper self-sustaining, we must rely on the liberality of those who feel an interest in the cause and are able to subscribe for some of the stock.

Surely, no one will consider such stock-subscription in the light of a donation. As we elsewhere explain, it will pay ten per cent. dividends from the first, and must soon, in the nature of things, have an increased value. A subscription of \$25, or five shares of the stock, secures a copy of the paper as long as the corporation shall exist.

## ORGANIZATION NEEDED.

There are probably more Spiritualists in San Francisco, twice-told, than of any religious sect, excepting, perhaps, the Roman Catholics, and they are all Spiritualists within the pale of the church. The moment the priest loses his power over the conscience of a thinking Catholic (and he never loses his grip upon any other kind), that moment, as a usual thing, an enlightened soul takes a start in the direction of Spiritualism.

In union only is there strength, and therein lies the potency of sectarianism. There is scarcely a religious sect in San Francisco so small in numbers, or so poor in this world's resources, that can not make a better showing of influence and strength than the Spiritualists. The difference appears to be that the former are united by the power of cohesion, and the latter rather by the power of repulsion! They pull together, while we pull apart!

While in our present organizations we are beginning to improve somewhat in this respect, still there is much more to be done before we can, with any degree of pride, point to our works as an evidence of growth and usefulness. There is not a Spiritual society in the city that owns the hall in which it meets. With the exception of two small libraries and one Children's Lyceum we have no institution of any kind that we can call our own.

Now, we need a school for psychical research. (We have referred to this matter once before, but it will bear frequent repetition.) For studying and defining the various phases of the spiritual phenomena, and for the development of mediumship, such a school would be a wonderful help to the cause. Then we need an orphan's home, and a home for aged and infirm mediums. The establishing of such institutions would give us a standing before the world. It would make Spiritualism so respectable that go one need blush to own himself or herself a Spiritualist. We should then be carrying out our belief in our works—begin to bear fruits worthy of the cause.

There is an abundance of wealth in the ranks of the believers of the truths of Spiritualism to accomplish these ends. And Spiritualists are no doubt quite as liberal as any other class; but the trouble is they are not properly organized to institute and carry out large schemes of use and benevolence. Lacking in the cohesion of a common superstition, they have not yet come readily to act upon the simple promptings of humanity, "for sweet charity's sake."

Spiritualists need more thorough organization. And then there is no material bond of union so strong as that of a common ownership of property. Each society should be a corporation under the State laws, with powers to hold real estate, receive bequests, etc. The time is coming when wealthy Spiritualists will make provisions in their wills, or by deeds of trust, for all needed institutions for the promotion of our beautiful philosophy. But Spiritual societies must first place themselves in position to receive and utilize such bequests. And to this end they should also learn to "pull together"—learn to "pool their issues" on non-essential things—agreeing to disagree in all save the fundamental facts of Spiritualism.

W. E. Coleman's masterly discourse on "Spiritualism and Science," delivered at the Temple on Sunday last, will appear in our next issue. Its great length renders it impossible for us to get it in type for this number. But it will keep and will well repay a careful perusal.

## WHERE THE TROUBLE LIES.

The masses of the people,—of our young men especially,—appear to be drifting further and further away from the simple and thrifty ways of life that make the accumulation of a competency possible.

It is a notable fact that of all our clerks, mechanics, and other wage-earning classes, there is scarcely one in a hundred that ever lays up a dollar against the vicissitudes of life, or as a refuge and support in old age. Whether the wages be large or small, it makes no sort of difference. The larger the pay the more luxurious and expensive, usually, will be found to be the tastes.

There are hundreds of elegant drinking and billiard palaces in this city, and other hundreds of the gilded abodes of sin, together with many places where gambling, in all its enticing forms, is carried on. Who are the principal patrons and supporters of these places but our young men—clerks, book-keepers, mechanics and male laborers for hire generally.—Not the proprietors, the men of business, the owners of homes—they have other and higher ideas of life—other uses for their money.

It is a remarkable fact that most of the clerks and employes in places of public trust, not only spend their salaries as fast as earned, but they actually hypothecate their warrants from month to month in advance, and thus they live constant debtors of the future. Around these public places will generally be found some thrifty Shylock to discount the monthly warrants of spendthrift clerks, at a robber's rate per cent, who is thus enabled to fatten on the foolishness and weakness of his fellow men.

By thus living up to the last cent of their incomes, and a little over, these young men, who ought to be laying away something of every week's earnings, "for a rainy day,"—when sickness overtakes them—which they are ever inviting by their late hours and dissipated ways,—or when they find their services no longer needed, they at once become dependents upon their friends; and when that source fails them, as it is apt to in time, they are not unfrequently brought face to face with actual want.

Society is responsible, no doubt, for many evils; but it can hardly be held responsible for the lack of sense displayed by young men who, receiving fair wages, waste their substance in folly and dissipation, as many of them do, and make no provision for the future. When times are dull, and there is no demand for their labor, they may rail at capital and denounce society as they will, still they must be hopelessly obtuse not to see that the fault is mainly in themselves. Let them cease frequenting the haunts of vice and dissipation; let them shake off their foolish and expensive habits—as all can who will,—and though their earnings be but a dollar a day, let them lay away a portion thereof, be it never so small, as a pledge of better things to come, and it would not be long before the howling demagogues, whose business now is to unsettle the foundations of society by decrying against the rich, would find their occupation forever gone.

It is this lack of good sense on the part of the multitude that enables the shrewdly acquisitive to accumulate vast wealth. If the former would mend their ways by making the best use of their opportunities, the difficulties in the way of great individual accumulations would be vastly increased. The wealth of the country would be more evenly distributed than it now is.

Of course there are giant wrongs which the remedy herein proposed may not reach—wrongs of legislation and abuse of power, whereby great corporations and unscrupulous individuals have been permitted to trench upon the rights of the people. These need correcting; but a capital place for all reform to begin is in individual life and character. The man who saves his earnings and spends his odd hours in intellectual and moral culture, has more time to acquaint himself with the problems of society—with the wrongs that need righting, and the proper remedies to be applied, than the one who squanders his opportunities for usefulness in folly, and leaves the garden of his intellectual and moral nature to grow up to noisome weeds.

What the world most needs just now is a higher and purer order of young manhood—one that, by ways of sobriety and purity of life and conduct, will "freeze out" the drinking and gambling dens, and drive the haunts of shame from our midst.

## THEY RETURN.

The *Record-Union* says that "fear of booming rivers does not disturb the slumbers of the dwellers in Sacramento this season, such confidence have they in the integrity of their re-fortified systems of levee defenses."

But what of those persons who were reported as having staked off lots and began building several months ago in the "gone-dry" portions of the now booming Sacramento? For a number of years Tulare Lake has been said to be receding from its old-time limits, and this year found so great a margin of land around its borders that squatters' cabins sprang up like mushrooms in rich soil. But now the waters have risen so that many of these abodes are a mile or more from shore. It is considered probable that the lake

will again occupy its old ground, and very soon, if the rate of its recent rise continues.

It is not safe to "build on the sands," but especially unsafe to build on the shores of receding lakes and dried-up river beds of California. Our inland water courses may be invisible in Summer, but in Winter they may command fear if not respect. He who thinks, by their absence, they are gone forever, will find himself unpleasantly surprised if he deludes himself into meddling with their Summer-vacated grounds.

## HOW TO INVESTIGATE.

To one who recognizes in Spiritualism the possibility of a great truth, and who would seek for knowledge in the marvelous field of its phenomena, a few suggestions may not be out of place.

The earlier explorers in this mysterious realm have so blazed the way that the modern investigator is not left in uncertainty as to the course he should pursue. Hence, it would be well for him first to acquaint himself with the results of their labors. He should read Emma Hardinge's "American Spiritualism," Robert Dale Owen's "Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World," and also his "Debatable Land"; Sargent's "Planchette or Despair of Science," also his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism"; Dr. Wolf's "Startling Facts," Prof. Zollner's "Transcendental Physics," Prof. Crookes' "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism," Prof. Wallace's "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism," Col. Olcott's "People from the other World," and Dr. Hare's physical researches.

Other valuable works might be named in this connection, but the above are quite enough to pave the way for personal experiments. And now great caution is necessary, or the investigator may find himself groping amidst a chaos of crude and half-developed mediumship, and become discouraged in his search for truth at the very outset.

Many persons possess mediumistic gifts—all, doubtless, to some extent; and a few to a remarkable degree. With many it is a gift so desirable, and they are so eager to obtain and exercise it that they are apt to imagine themselves better instruments for spirit communication than they really are. The investigator will obtain but little satisfaction through such mediumship. He should consult some experienced Spiritualist, who will always gladly put him in the way of obtaining such experiences as will overwhelm him with positive proof of spiritual communion.

The fact once thoroughly demonstrated, the investigator should not be content to settle down forever satisfied with the bare fact of spirit communication. Some there are who are everlastingly searching for tests; they never rise above the plane of the sensational and phenomenal. Now there is a world of philosophy, science and ethics in Spiritualism. It involves all reforms, all questions of human duty. It contains the essence of all religion. All culture, all intellectual, as well as all moral and spiritual growth, come within the scope of its outreaching arms. It is the life work of every true Spiritualist to grow in knowledge and wisdom, and thereby to fit himself for companionship with the higher intelligences in spirit life, and also the better to fit him for an intelligent discharge of the varied responsibilities of this life.

We are not surprised that Spiritualism should have a bad name among those who have given the subject but little thought. They see only its worst side. Predisposed to discredit its facts, they jump at some newspaper report of an alleged exposure of fraud, as conclusive evidence of the spurious character of its claims. With them one counterfeit coin determines the quality of all the coin of the realm. This is not fair; but it is human nature—that is to say, some kinds of human nature.

But there is another and fairer side to the question, and one that commends Spiritualism to the thoughtful consideration of all. It settles the question of a future life. It opens up a vein of ore that will well pay any one to explore. And herein we are content to labor. It is the good there is in it—and the lode is inexhaustible—that we would gladly commend to others. To the mourning ones of earth—to those whose loved ones have been torn from their arms and borne away they know not whither—we would present this glorious gospel—the certainty of a future life bereft of all the terrors of a cruel theology. Spiritualism says to all such, There is no death, but only transition to another and better sphere of existence. Your lost ones have but passed on to a world of eternal verities, where they will await your coming with a loving welcome. Then, be of good cheer; a little while and you shall meet them on the eternal shores.

A LIVE ANARCHIST.—The live anarchist, of which San Francisco contains numerous specimens, is opposed to all law and government—is a foe to all rich men, an enemy to all recognized standards of morality and decency. His ideal of an independent journalist—a grand reformer of the race—is one who ignores all marital obligations, and defies everything and everybody. For order, and respect for the rights of property, he would have chaos, and a reign of universal plunder. The temperate, industrious man, who by patient industry acquires a competence, is, in his eyes, a thief and a robber; while the brawling, whisky-drinking demagogue, who wastes his substance in debauchery, and neglects his opportunities for becoming foreranked in the world, is the wronged, oppressed and virtuous citizen! He aches to get his hands into the thrifty man's pockets. He wants a "divy," and if he had one to-day he would want another to-morrow. This is a picture from life. Nothing keeps such men from becoming highway robbers but a wholesome-fear of the halter.

Scotland is well fortified against the encroaching free-thought tide of the times. Nothing in the shape of orthodoxy is more pregnable than Scotch Presbyterianism of which Edinburgh is the citadel. Out of one hundred and eighty-one churches in that metropolis one hundred and twenty-four are Presbyterian.

## GREATER CAUTION NEEDED.

Spiritualists themselves are responsible for many of the "conditions" unfavorable for thorough investigation of the Spiritual phenomena in the presence of materializing mediums. They patiently submit to what is often an unnecessary, or perhaps we should say an unwise, demand, on the part of mediums and their guides.

If the forms can not appear except under conditions of possible fraud; if the door must be left open for the admission of possible confederates, then all such seances should be discontinued; Spiritualists should refuse to assist thereat, and thus help to create a public sentiment that would be fatal to the operations of all frauds practicing in the sacred name of mediumship. Such a course would also prove a strong protection for all honest mediums.

While mediums are probably no more disposed to be dishonest than other people; yet it is an unquestioned fact that the temptation to assist the spirits is, with some mediums, very great. The experience of all careful investigators will bear us out in this. Hence, the greater the need for such conditions as will make all possibility of collusion impossible.

We can conceive of no more cruel deception than that of simulating the well attested phenomena of genuine spirit manifestations. The man or woman who can thus trifle with the most sacred feelings and emotions of the soul well deserves to be pinioned by the ears to the rack of public scorn.

And yet there are, we regret to say, unprincipled scamps who will do that very thing. A case of this kind recently occurred in Los Angeles. A friend, who was at first disposed to endorse the manifestations as genuine, and did so through the GOLDEN GATE, subsequently recalled his endorsement. In a private letter to us he states that, his suspicions of dishonesty having become aroused, he, with others, crept under the house where the seances were being held, and found an arrangement for admitting confederates up through the floor into the cabinet above!

It is the frequent occurrence of such rascality as this that makes it imperative on the part of all honest mediums for form manifestations to refuse to practice their gifts except under strict test conditions. They should insist upon a thorough examination of their persons, before every seance, that no lace, luminous material, wigs, masks, or other trappings, be concealed about their persons. They should place their cabinets in the rooms with the sitters, with every avenue thereto safely guarded against all confederacy; and wherever possible they should dispense with cabinets altogether.

We make these suggestions for the good of the mediums, as well as for the truth's sake. It is only thus that the mercenary frauds and moral freebooters of Spiritualism can be thoroughly checkmated and driven from the field.

## A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR THE ANGELS.

On Christmas day there was borne away from her home on earth, in Ferndale, Humboldt county, California, to a home and companionship with the angels, the beautiful spirit of Mahala Garner Payne, a minister and medium of the Spiritual gospel—a veritable Christmas gift to the angels! A kinder or truer heart never beat in mortal bosom, and a better medium for the invisibles can rarely be found. For thirty years she had stood on the border line between the living and the so-called dead, giving of "the waters of life" freely, "without money and without price." Her mediumship was of a truly remarkable order, and as an inspirational speaker she had but few equals. Although familiar with but one language she has spoken in many tongues, giving the most positive evidence of spirit identity to thousands, and bringing hundreds into the rational and satisfying belief of the grand truths of Spiritualism. No heart overburdened with a great sorrow—no soul groping amid the shadows of doubt and error—ever appealed to this noble woman for comfort or light in vain. She was the embodiment of tender sympathy—the incarnation of divine womanhood. Her presence was a benediction and blessing to all around. Although she had never worn the saintly crown of motherhood, yet she was all a mother could be to the large family of children she had carefully and tenderly reared. Not only by her own family will her loss be sadly mourned, but by all who knew her the country round. Though a sad day for Ferndale, it was a glad one in Spirit Land, when this lovely soul passed on to her heavenly home.

## WOMEN AND THE LAW.

The law, when not impartial, always inclines to favor man, and this is considered due to the fact of the one-sided suffrage by which Government is conducted. But we believe it is rather due to the ineradicable, though mainly unacknowledged, belief in the fall of that mythical couple called our first parents, since which alleged event woman has been looked upon as only second to money in her capacity for evil; and has therefore been hedged about by legal statutes that for centuries cramped and dwarfed her body and soul. Man, though considered her superior in all things, felt called upon to form laws that should protect him from her wiles in conjunction with fashion and art, and when his foresight failed to cover all cases she was to be punished as a witch, over whom the law is not supposed to possess any power save in punishment by death.

Kentucky and New Jersey contain in their statute books some precious relics of laws enacted for the protection of men; but the bluest of the blue laws of the former State do not compare in any degree with one of the English common laws to be still found in the statutes of New Jersey, which reads as follows: "All women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether maids, virgins or widows, who shall after this act im-pose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, bolstered hips or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the law now in

## "force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

It has always been a great hardship upon woman that she was blamed with plucking that delicious green and generously dividing it with Adam, for she has ever since been thought capable of leading man into all manner of wrong. But blessed be common sense that has in these latter days come to hold an accomplice or sharer in crime or stolen goods, equally guilty with the principal, so that another Garden of Eden legend could never be foisted upon the world, becoming a curse to the human race, the race being only poor, weak women.

The curse put upon men was but a disguised blessing, for without work he would be nothing, and perspiration produced in that way is known to be eminently healthful. After all, it was a mistake in the originator of the story to plan man's creation on a basis of idleness, and in correcting it woman was blamed and had to suffer and still suffers for the blunder.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the test medium, who will leave this city about the first of February for the South, will take in Santa Barbara on her way.

—The minority of the membership of the First Baptist Church, of San Jose, claiming to be the Church, are about to take legal steps to obtain possession of the church property. Lively times are anticipated.

—A few of the friends of Mrs. M. Miller assembled at her residence 106 Seventh street, on the evening of Jan. 1, 1886, to celebrate the anniversary of her birth. Music and speeches formed a part of the programme for the evening; then Mrs. Miller's guides took control and gave each person a message or loving word from the spirit side of life. A slight testimonial of friendship was then presented to Mrs. Patterson and with pleasant wishes for many happy returns of the day the company separated.

—It is stated that six hundred Scandinavians, from all parts of the country, sailed three weeks ago from New York to spend Christmas in their old homes. This speaks well for the sentiment that carries them so far, but quite as well for the country that furnishes them such earnings for their various labors as to enable them to thus indulge the universal spirit of the season. Thirteen thousand miles to see the old folks is deserving of a merry Christmas.

—We printed large extra editions of the earlier numbers of the GOLDEN GATE, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, charges paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

—A Ventura-county man deeded several thousand dollars' worth of property to his son, and then had himself placed on the pauper-role for support by the county. That is a strange doing, but the son must be more strange if he allows his father to be thus maintained. Persons often become inmates of insane asylums for less vagaries, and if this man does not yet find himself "pronounced of unsound mind," it will be because he is not a woman.

—Nature certainly does make mistakes, while the instinct of her creatures is not always unerring. Cherry trees are blooming in some portions of Santa Clara Valley, while in Tuolumne county a second crop of Bartlett pears has appeared in several of its orchards. Linnets are looking about for nest locations, while everywhere in this lower country Spring flowers are blooming. It is more than likely that frost will come along and nip all these operations to death. We are in mid-winter, but Nature does not regard it. Then Spring will be robbed of many a fair blossom.

—The Methodists spend a million dollars a year in converting the heathen. Add to this the sums spent by other denominations for the same purpose, and it becomes mighty, not in effect but numbers. The heathen do not convert very readily—not nearly so fast as the money goes. But what a strange perversion of benevolence to spend millions on savages when there are throngs of civilized ones in our midst without the necessities of life, some of them dying every day from cold or hunger. One can't pick up a paper that does not contain a last record of some poor soul starved or frozen out of Christian lands.

—Free Spiritual Library, under charge of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, is doing a noble work for Spiritualism, by giving to the public an opportunity of reading and obtaining knowledge of spirit life and power as the following will show: During the month of December there were loaned from the library 193 volumes; added, by purchase, 61 volumes and 14 volumes by donations; total 75 volumes for the month, making a library of 568 volumes on Jan. 1, 1886. On hand and on the way from publishers about 28 volumes more.

—Mr. S. N. Aspinwall, President of the Spiritual Society of Minneapolis, is, with his family, spending the winter in this city. Although he has been a believer in the truths of Spiritualism but a few years—the grand facts having been brought home to him in a wonderful manner—Mr. Aspinwall has, during that period, developed a high order of mediumship—the gift of healing by spirit power being very strongly marked. Although not yet fairly forced into the field, yet we doubt not he soon will be. He has taken rooms at 1038 Mission street, and, we understand, will treat the sick who apply. In fact he can't well help himself.

—Long and loud has been the cry for troops to protect white settlers in and about Arizona from Indian outrages; but now there is another demand. The Indians at San Carlos Reservation have sent word to Governor Sulick of Arizona asking for troops to protect them from the lawless white element. And so the trouble contingencies, and will just so long as Indians are herded like stock on grazing ground. Kept mainly in idleness, and on whatever dishonest Indian agents see fit to give them of abundant Government supplies, they grow desperate both from injustice, and the pent-up animal vigor that is furnished no legitimate outlet.



## NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

In Paris, last year, there were 80,270 births and 72,735 deaths.

The birth of De Lesseps' twelfth child sent Panama stock up five points.

The Court of Alabama Claims expired by limitation at the close of last year.

Blaine's book is announced to be complete and will be issued the latter part of this month.

The Grand Army of the Republic has decided to place its Grant monument at Washington.

Compulsory vaccination is now the order of the day in Montreal, where \$118,000 has been spent in combating small-pox.

Los Angeles complains that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe people are giving Kansas City the preference in Arizona trade.

One thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine buildings have been erected in Detroit during the past year, at a cost of \$5,259,716.

Vallejo has formed an association to boycott the Chinese and force them from town. Santa Cruz proposes to do the same thing.

Truckee thinks the last Chinaman will have departed from its precincts by the 15th of this month, the day set for the heathen's final departure.

The undergraduates at Harvard are signing petitions to the overseers, asking that attendance on prayers be made voluntary. The overseers refused a similar request last year.

The Catholic Bishop of a New Jersey diocese, lately returned from Rome, reports that the next Cardinal's hat to be sent to this country will come either to Boston or Baltimore.

A man recently appeared on the streets of Denver driving a spanking team of fully developed elks worth \$15,000, and capable of traveling 100 miles a day. The children thought Santa Claus had come to town.

A large and enthusiastic meeting at Truckee Saturday night warned wood contractors to rescind all contracts for Chinese laborers in two weeks, and also warned Chinamen to leave the woods before the 15th of this month.

Lorenzo Snow, one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon Church, has been found guilty of unlawful cohabitation, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. He is seventy-two years of age, has seven wives and twenty-three children.

The Catholic doctors of New York have been served with copies of the late decisions of Rome on the subject of "craniotomy." The Sacred Congregation declares that craniotomy is unlawful; it is therefore murder, and those who practice it fall under the censures in such cases made and provided.

**BROTHERLY LOVE.**—At this cold and dreary season, share your possessions with those who have less. Said Professor Bush at Milton Rooms, Bradford, on Sunday week, a gentleman bought some matches from a lad in Leeds one bitter Winter's night, and observing that the boy's head was uncovered, he asked him what had become of his cap. His reply: "My little sister is selling matches yonder, and she has no shoes; so I thought I would put my cap on the ground to keep her feet warm." Let all do likewise, and the world will be much happier, especially in the case of those who help the suffering. —*Medium and Daybreak.*

## MEMORIAL.

[Read before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Sunday, January 3d, 1886.]

PAYNE—Passed to the higher life from Ferndale, Humboldt county, Cal., on December 25, 1885, Mrs. Mahala Garner Payne, aged 62 years.

One by one the leaves fall and are returned to the bosom of our common mother, Nature. The flowers bloom and fade away, the fruit ripens, leaves its seed and is gone. From bud to blossom, and from blossom to fruitage, are but steps—successions in that great order which prevails throughout the universe.

Our well beloved sister, in obedience to that great law which has written change upon all things; has fulfilled the conditions of her earthly existence and has passed on.

Our human affections have received a shock, and we feel the anguish of parting, for such is our nature; but when we remember that our separation from our dear sister and co-worker in the cause of humanity, is at most but a brief one—that she has preceded us by but a short, short season; that the change to her is but stepping out of labor into rest, out of sorrow into gladness, out of darkness into light, we can not say we mourn. We sorrow not when we say adieu to a dear one who journeys to a distant earthly land, why then should we mourn when our loved one departs to the spirit life? To the earthly home of the absent one we may never go, but we shall surely all reach the spirit land.

With the bereaved family and friends of our sister we deeply sympathize in their loss of her sweet presence and gentle ministrations. With those to whom she brought messages from loved ones gone before, we condole, for those inspired lips are closed, and her voice, so often attuned to the soft accents of love, is hushed forever. She, whose whole life was freely given to the service of others, with no reward save that which love can bring, has gone to her great reward.

Her commission to minister to us, given by the angels thirty years ago, has expired, and the myriads to whom she brought soul-cheering consolation, will form a fitting galaxy of diadems in her crown of glory.

Sweet sister, may thy pathway in the higher spheres be as bright as thou didst strive to make the earthly ones wherein thou didst walk!

[Will other Spiritual papers please copy?—E. G. G.]

## The Divine Uses of Spirit Communication.

[Spirit Communication in Medium and Daybreak.]

In the interior life of man is sown a germ which encloses the God-love. This with watchful care will bloom into sweet flowers of celestial beauty and fragrance, but without care and nourishment will wither. This divine spark points ever to God, and is the communicating link between God and man. By this we are lifted up, and God descends to us, pouring into our souls life and love.

A time is coming when intercourse with us will be more desired and easier of attainment than now. We are working for this, but we find it difficult to impress and convince those who will not see God's hand in anything. No good, or even evil, happens but He turns it to good account. Nothing is useless, and nothing occurs without His knowledge and permission. Sorrow and trouble are necessary, and often are the means whereby you are brought to a better sense of life, for they open up within you well-springs of feelings that lived not before; they soften the heart, and often are the means employed by the Creator to turn you to His loving sympathy. Life should not be lightly thought of, or as if it were of no consequence. How many will, in their ignorance, exclaim: "I wish I had never been born!" "I wish I were dead!" Foolish words proceeding from a foolish mind! Think not, ye men, that after your earthly life you end your individual existence; or that the state hereafter is one of laziness and inactivity. No! the spirit born into the spiritual life has still work to do, and its spiritual labor is often of more real use than was its earthly operations. In each individual soul, as it is born on earth, there is a purpose. The Father has an object, an aim, for that life to achieve in His service—in the service of the good and true. Each little child has a work before it to add to the glories of our endless existence. All are called by the voice of God to do each one his share of work. The weak He employs as well as the strong, the poor and the rich. All are particles of one whole; that whole, that center, is the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Each one has a task allotted, and although they be now unconscious, yet one day all will be made plain, and they will see the plans of the Almighty, as in a crystal stream that flows on and on into the ocean of eternity. Man's earthly clothing keeps the perception of the soul in a measure shut; and this is wisely ordained, for if it were not so you would be unfit for the earth-life. Your soul, could it realize the happiness in store for it, would sigh to depart from the lower world, and thus would it be unfit for the work of the flesh.

The soul is like a crystal enclosed in a case to preserve its brilliancy, but as you near the end of your earth-journey the case becomes thinner and thinner, and as death approaches it snaps asunder its prison, and forth comes the crystal. If it has been prepared aright for its spiritual birth, it shines with exceeding lustre, but if it be not prepared, then is it dull, the rays feeble and weak. But as time goes on, and the angels instruct the ignorant soul, it grows brighter and brighter, until the gloom is dissipated and the crystal is clear. All will come to this state of light and knowledge, for the Father has ordained that each one of His children shall taste the delights of His love and care.

In the vista opening before the gaze of all, there is a light shining, and that light *must* and *will* be reached. Some struggle and fall by the way, but help is ever at hand to uplift and sustain, and being refreshed, the soul strives on once more to attain to the inheritance of that light. Again, perchance, it falls; and again do watchful angels come to its succour. To some this path is pleasant, and the way margined by sweet flowers, but to others it is full of thorns and difficulties, and takes a weary time to accomplish, but eventually the goal is reached, and the beauty of that paradise revives the drooping traveler, and gives drink from the fountain of life to the thirsty spirit, and the joy that is felt when the soul has struggled for this bourne, and has at last reached it, is unspeakable, and a thousand loving arms are held out for the reception of the tired wanderer, while from the angelic spheres angels sing the praise of God.

The keen sorrow which those feel who have lost a dear one, would, if their spiritual vision were opened, be turned into joy, for they would see the beloved one divested of that cumbersome materiality which to the soul is a prison-house. The trials of the world touch them no more. They dwell in a land where all their good deeds while on earth are rewarded; where their aspirations for that which is divine is possible of attainment. Added to the joys which come from the land of spirit, are those which they feel when they are conscious that death, which they had so much feared, has not separated them from those they loved on earth. Still can they be near them, and give help in many ways. Death but draws those more closely together who are truly mated. Distance can not part them; for to a disembodied soul space is traversed as quickly as thought. Therefore we would give comfort to those bereaved. Mourn not for the dear dead, but try to so develop your own spirit-powers that you may in time be conscious of their presence,—they, who

still live, but in a more beautiful land than the earth. Think not of them as far removed, but in the gratitude of the evening hour think of them, and your thoughts will draw them to you; but let not your thoughts be sad, for this will give them pain, and will impede their progress in spiritual knowledge. Grief will chain them to the earth, and fill them with sadness.

There are spirits whose mission it is to help those emerging from the earthly body. These stand around waiting the moment when the soul shall be free. Then with gentleness and love do they receive the new comer, and instruct in that which is needful. Not alone do they go forth to the unknown future, but angels of God await the advent of a new member, and with loving arms do they embrace. Not only do they meet those whose earth-life has been spotless, but the sinner, if he will, can be received into this sweet and holy company, if his desire for amendment be sincere. So for all there is hope. Every outward expression of the interior spirit decays. All the beauties of nature—the fragrant flowers—all fade and wither. Only the spirit survives. Truly there is no death, for that which falls from the spirit is of the earth, but the true man lives for all eternity. Who can read death? Who dreads a phantom that exists not? Life is of God—immortal, eternal. The soul changes its state many times, for progress is ever traveling onward. No rest by the wayside, because in its pursuit no fatigue is felt. Onward till it attains to the harmony of God. Each soul must progress in its own way. There are many paths to Heaven. Some take one, some take the other, but all meet in the home of God!

The *Journal de Liege* is publishing, in a series, many of the strange facts observed and recorded by persons of position in India, including M. Jacolot, the judge of Chandernagor. Who could have foreseen that the *Journal de Liege*, so long and persistently the opponent of magnetism and Spiritualism, should at last have become a disseminator of facts still held to be impossible by our universities? Well, changes come with time.—*Le Messager.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. J. J. WHITNEY,

This Celebrated

Clairvoyant, Clairaudient, and Trance Medium,

Will visit Los Angeles on or about the first of February, 1886, and will remain absent for about one month; and will then return to her present rooms, at No. 1122 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Readings from Rock, Letter, or giving age and sex. Sittings daily, \$1.00. Circles, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, 25 cents.

MRS. M. J. HENDEE,

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Has opened a class devoted to the instruction of Psychometry and Metaphysical Healing, at 475 Ninth Street, Oakland, every Tuesday and Friday at 2 p. m. Also automatic writing, developed sittings for tests, development and healing every day, except Sunday, from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.

## SHORT-HAND AND CALIGRAPH TEACHER.

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Meetings—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Fridays at 2 p. m. Sittings daily, \$1.00. 106 Seventh St., near Mission.

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WANTED—BY AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN—A home in a small family that is spiritually inclined, or free thinkers. Is, or was, a mechanic; has tools; can make himself useful in various ways; can furnish his bed room. Wages not so much of an object as a good home. References exchanged. Call or address, 740 Pacific Street, San Francisco. jang-3w

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m. (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, January 3d. Answers to questions at 11 a. m. Evening lecture at 7:30. The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

CONFERENCE AND TEST SEANCE every Wednesday evening at Grand Pacific Hall, 1049 Market Street, between Sixth and Seventh. Free to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy Street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited. On Sunday, January 10, 1886, at 2 P. M., the subject of mediumship will be discussed.

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

MRS. HENDEE will lecture in Medical College Hall, Clay Street, Oakland, every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

MRS. S. SEIP will hold a meeting for mental phenomena, Sunday, January 10th, at 2 o'clock p. m., in Gnostic Hall, 112 McAllister street, assisted by Mrs. Anna Kimball. Mental and ballot questions answered. Admission, 10 cents.

## 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 3,000 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 subscription 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, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (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.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

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.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## PSYCHOLOGY AND MIND CURE.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, offers a golden opportunity to all men and women desirous of following a thorough, practical course of Psychology, Psychometry and Mind Cure, to qualify them for the cure of diseases. Course begins about January 15th next. An early application for certificate of matriculation requested. Fee, \$5.00. Apply immediately at office of the College, room 6, 127 Kearny street, San Francisco.

## 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.

## PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel.

It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have, for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author involves a graceful pen, and all of his efforts unfold highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian.*

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may be sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

PRICE (in cloth), ONE DOLLAR.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF FOSTER.

The Marvellous Powers of the Mystic Man of Many Wielded Secrets.

[Archibald Gordon in The New York World.]

I knew Charles Foster, the medium who died last week, very well indeed. When I first met him he was an authority to whom Joe Jefferson and Edward Sothorn, the actors, used to refer all the strange questions about futurity which bothered them. Between Foster and Jefferson, in particular, there existed a cordial personal friendship.

Foster, in those days, was a dark, handsome, portly man, with a heavy, sleepy, good-natured face. His eyes were usually half closed, after a queer, drowsy fashion. A good eater and drinker was he, and addicted to winding up a night in George Brown's chop-house. There he used to devour Welsh rarebits and deviled kidneys and other indigestible provender at hours when graveyards had done yawning and the ghosts with whom he dealt had gone back to their beds again. Nobody seeing that stout, indolent, good-humored man-about-town and listening to his thick and lazy speech as he stroked his imperial or pulled at his mustache, would have picked him out as one of the most remarkable mystics of his time.

I spent one Winter—that of 1873-'74, I think—down South. I was traveling from town to town, and every once in a while I found that I was putting up at the same hotel with Foster. We used to meet, under such conditions, every evening in the bar-room. He was an exceptionally sociable fellow, who never "talked shop," and, without drinking very much, loved to be convivial with cheerful company. He was on a professional tour, giving seances at \$5 a head, and even in the impoverished South thought nothing of \$200 or \$300 as a day's income.

On this tour he was accompanied by a slight, shapely, fair-haired young man from Boston, whose name, if I remember right, was Bartlett, and who had a soft, unearthly, spookish manner. A young man, in short, who might at any moment have dematerialized himself and become a spirit without attracting attention to the process. He was Foster's secretary, and curiously enough, did all the sordid pecuniary work of the trip. For Foster was a spendthrift who had good appetites, which he never hesitated to indulge.

I was an agnostic touching spiritual things, and felt a gentlemanly reluctance to talk on the subject with Foster, who, as I have observed before, hated to allude to it outside his seances. We were boon companions, New Yorkers astray in the Southern wilderness, who were so glad to be in each other's company that it never occurred to us to meddle with each other's business. And yet, sceptic as I was, in the bar-room of the old Peabody hotel, in Memphis, Tenn., I once saw Foster do something which I have never been able to explain.

We were chatting together, and in our party were several young Southerners; good fellows, a trifle boisterous, brimming over with of hospitality, but inclined to make fun of Foster and his pretensions. One of them in particular took no notice of the evident anxiety with which Foster tried to evade the matter, but kept on jibing him. As he persisted Foster's expression slowly changed, and I noticed, by the way, that his secretary, Bartlett, watched him as keenly as I did. A sort of stupor seemed to be creeping over him like the shadow of the coma that comes with apoplexy. His eyes fought against the growing drowsiness and he made a struggle apparently to keep awake. I thought for an instant that he was going to escape his persecutor in a nap.

All at once he woke—if waking it might be called—and, turning a face blazing with an anger so proud and lofty that I should never have thought him capable of it, he said, in a voice that rang like a bugle:

"So you doubt that the spirits of the dead ever really come back to us?"

As he spoke he put his hand on the young Southerner's shoulder. The Southerner rose to his feet as if to resent an impending insult. Some of us, afraid of trouble, rose too. All this time Foster kept his hand on the sceptic's shoulder, but the stupor was fast returning and he quickly began to look like a dead man with a flushed face.

But the Southerner's visage was this time incomparably the stranger of the two. His eyes started out of his head. His mouth opened. Shiver after shiver convulsed him. His expression was one of terror mingled with amazement. His stare was fixed upon some object, invisible to the rest of us, which, to his vision at least, must have stood directly behind Foster.

It was an extraordinary scene—made all the more impressive by the fact that it took place in a hotel bar-room amid absolute silence. What the spell was I never asked and never knew. It slowly dissolved—slowly, as it seemed to us, at all events. Both men came back to themselves. No one asked a single question. Instinct told each of us that it was a sacred moment. Foster dropped lazily into his chair and the Southerner called for more drinks, stared furtively over and over again over the medium's shoulder, spoke in monosyllables, and, with a face that did not again regain its color, soon afterward left the room.

Perhaps that young Southerner is still

alive in Memphis, and will tell what he saw. For whether the phantom was a purely subjective image or not, those eyes of his were as intently and as honestly fixed upon something visible by himself, as mine are upon the paper on which I am writing.

I met Foster again in the ancient and historic St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He occupied two rooms on the ground floor, on a passage which opened on the left hand of the central rotunda. I think that in a spirit of ironical compliment, the landlord called those rooms "private parlors." It was carnival week, and the city was full of up-river planters bent on spending money. A great deal of it flowed into Foster's hands, for he had a tremendous celebrity. Bartlett was kept busy all day pocketing five-dollar bills.

I had to see Foster on some business or other, and calling at the hotel at an hour in the morning when I supposed he might perchance be disengaged, I found him finishing a bottle of wine with Bartlett, and condemning the fat and flabby zoophytes which in New Orleans are mistaken for oysters. It is strange how well I recall the tone of disappointment and personal wrong in which he complained of those muddy shell-fish. We went to his rooms. They were extremely small and dingy. The second of the two was a bed-chamber, the first a sort of ante-room, holding at its best about ten people.

I remember distinctly, and can see them before me as in a photograph, every detail of the furniture. The chairs were old-fashioned and covered with hair-cloth. In the center of the room was a small, marble-topped table of the kind to be seen once in awhile in the more antique hostleries of the South. There were also an easy chair and a crumpled lounge. It was on this foundation, evidently, that the rooms based their title of parlors. The windows, looking into a court-yard, were open, and so was the door between the rooms. I heard, afterward, by the way, from one of the clerks of the house (and his plaint struck me as singularly, almost absurdly sordid and commonplace) that the moment Foster entered the first room on the day of his arrival every pane of glass in those windows was smashed as if by an explosion. But this was a common experience with Foster, to which, like the upsetting of furniture and midnight buffetings of himself by unseen hands, he had become, in a measure, accustomed.

However, he was as afraid of the dark as a child, and never slept alone. Indeed, the mere prospect of ten minutes' solitude would depress him in the most extraordinary way. It used to cause him absolute agony. Foster dropped into the easy-chair, lazily smoking a cigar, and Bartlett threw himself upon the lounge and began to read the *Banner of Light*.

While we were talking, Foster and I, there came a knock at the door. Bartlett rose and opened it, disclosing, as he did so, two young men plainly dressed, of marked provincial aspect. They were ordinary middle-class Southerners. I saw at once that they were clients and rose to go. Foster restrained me.

"Sit down," he said. "I'll try and get rid of them, for I'm not in the humor to be disturbed. In any case they are only commonplace chaps, and I'll soon be through with them."

I stayed, and it was the first and the only seance of Foster's that I, in my character of unbeliever, ever took part in.

By this time the young men had ascertained from the courteous Bartlett that the great medium was disengaged, and they entered. Foster hinted that he had no particular inclination to gratify them then and there, but they protested that they had come some distance, and, with a characteristically good-natured smile, he gave in.

What followed I shall describe as minutely as I can, for the whole scene is to this day as vividly impressed upon my memory as if it had taken place only yesterday.

In the room I have pictured, Foster sat as far from the table with the marble top as two feet at least. Bartlett had returned to his sofa and his *Banner of Light*. I sat by the door and the two young men with awe-stricken faces sat by the table, one of them resting his arm on it.

Foster lolled back in his chair, voluptuously watching the smoke of his cigar. His left hand was in his trousers pocket, his right was free and toying constantly with his mustache. One leg was thrown over the other.

On the table were several long, narrow strips of paper, about the width of the margin of a newspaper, and a couple of short pencils. The young men looked furtively around the room and at Foster. It was easily seen that one of them was inclined to unbelief.

"Now," said Foster, in his usual indolent manner, "it will be necessary for you (to the skeptic) to think of some person, now in the spirit world, in whom you have confidence. Ah! as I speak to you some one has arrived. It is a woman—perhaps your mother. She is going to communicate with you."

And at that instant there came a rap upon the table, apparently in the lower edge of the marble, so loud and so distinct that three of us started—the young strangers and myself.

"Take this card," proceeded Foster, his eyes shut and his expression one of delicious drowsiness. "It contains all the letters of the alphabet. Spell out, letter by letter, in silence, the name of any spirit you may expect."

Then followed what to me seemed a most extraordinary incident of telegraphy. As fast as the young man struck the right letter an invisible something smote the marble with a ringing tap.

"Do you recognize the spirit?" inquired Foster, still drowsy and uninterested.

"It's my aunt, sir," replied the countryman, very white, but with a resolute face, as became a brave young fellow who was bound to stand any revelation, no matter how tremendous.

"You are sure of it?"

"That's her name."

"She is standing between us, looking at you. She is tall and thin, dark hair mixed with gray, very wrinkled, and her smile is very gentle."

"It's my aunt!" cried the lad, with eyes dilated.

"Take one of those slips of paper," continued Foster, twisting his cigar in his mouth. "Write on it whatever question you want to ask of her. Then roll it up in your fingers as small as possible and give it to me."

It took the young man a few minutes to think out and then compose his question—a task in which he was aided by his friend. Then he rolled it up into a ball about the size of a pea and handed it to the medium.

Foster took it indifferently, held it against his forehead just as he received it, and without a moment's delay but in rather hesitating voice said:

"You have asked your aunt whether in her judgment it would be a safe speculation for you to go as a partner in the butcher business with So-and-So (mentioning a name) in Algiers." Algiers, by the way, is the Brooklyn of New Orleans.

"Yes, sir!" gasped the young man.

"Your aunt says to you in reply," drawled Foster, "that she does not like to interfere with your plans, but you must be very careful in your dealings with So-and-So. His reputation is a very bad one, and he has cheated everybody he ever was in business with."

A flock of other questions and answers followed, all expressed in the same way. The more he replied the drowsier and more indolent grew Foster. I thought he was tired of the interview and was feigning sleep to end it.

All of a sudden he sprang to his feet with such an expression of horror and consternation as an actor playing Macbeth would have given a good deal to imitate. His eyes glared, his breast heaved, his hands clenched. It seemed as if some horrible spectacle fascinated him. I could have sworn he saw a raw and bloody spectre standing beside the young man from Algiers.

The lad, on his part, rose stupidly a moment after, his eyes fixed with an anxious stare on the medium.

"Why did you come here?" cried Foster in a wail that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. "Why do you come here to torment me with such a sight? Oh, God! It's horrible! It's horrible!" And he clasped his two hands before his face, shuddering as if to shut out the vision which dismayed him, but which none other of us beheld.

Incredulous as I was, the sincerity of his distress troubled me. Even on Bartlett it had such an effect that he dropped his paper and sat bolt upright. As for the two young men they fairly trembled.

"It is your father I see!" cried Foster, in the same wailing tone of anguish and repulsion. "He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was in Texas—on a horse—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairie! Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh! his thigh was dreadful, dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!"

Foster fairly screamed at this. The younger of the men from Algiers broke into violent sobs. His companion wept, too, and the pair of them clasped hands. Bartlett looked on concerned. As for me, I was astounded.

"He was four days dying—four days dying—of starvation and thirst," Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphs written on the air. "His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He died mad. And, my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that's how your father died!"

So saying, with a great sob, Foster dropped into his chair, his cheeks purple and tears running down them in rivers.

The younger man from Algiers burst into a wild cry of grief and sank upon the neck of his friend. He, too, was sobbing as if his own heart would break. Bartlett stood over Foster wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. I sat stock still in my chair, the vivid scene of human anguish and desperation which had been conjured up slowly vanishing like the illusion of a magic lantern.

"It's true," said the younger man's friend; "his father was a stock-raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week they found him dead and swollen, with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard till now how he died."

Perhaps those two young men are still alive in New Orleans. I believe that Bartlett survives. If they read this they will affirm that plainly and with absolute accuracy I have described the only seance I ever saw conducted by Charles Foster.

## Do We Live Again.

[The Coming Age.]

The Materialist stands by the bed of the dying man, counts the vibrations of his receding pulse, and sees the respiration grow weaker and weaker until the lungs cease to perform their life-long mission, then the Materialist says he is dead, and, that is the last of him, that he is gone with all his deeds, good and bad, all his experiences, some of which were perhaps garnered in his brain alone, and were most useful if not necessary to the human family; and again, he may have lived a most beneficent, most unselfish life, and have gone down to the grave with little remuneration or recognition for the great good he has done; he may even have suffered contumely and finally lost his life for the very good he did, and intended for the human family; but he is dead, and to him at least, all is lost.

Another man dies; and he was a criminal of the deepest dye; but through cunning and chicanery he managed not only to escape punishment, but he managed to appropriate to himself the praise and honor that belonged to another, but the man is dead, and the Materialist says, "death ends all."

The Christian says: No, the inspired Word of God, says, death does not end all, you live again, and at the general resurrection you will be clothed upon with your natural body and you will be judged by the Son of God for the deeds done in the body, and unless you have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and been baptized, you will be sent to hell to all eternity.

Which of these beliefs is the most comforting, it is not our purpose to inquire at this time, but we believe it better to enter upon an endless sleep than to take the risk of the Christian's chances, as construed by the orthodox of to-day.

But there is a higher and a better proof of a life beyond, than the gloomy forebodings of the Christian faith, and no less than the evidence of those who have gone before.

But the Infidel and Christian say,

"How do we know this?"

Well, let us see; not tens or fifties, but thousands, to-day say, they can see the spirits of the departed through their clairvoyant vision, while hundreds of thousands have talked through mediums with their departed friends, on subjects known only to the departed and themselves; and the evidences of a life beyond are accumulating every day, until it may safely be said the gates are wide ajar, and the spirit world is mingling with those of earth, as one man does with another.

Truth moves slowly but majestically over the earth, and darkness and superstition will melt before it as dew before the morning sun.

The Creator did not form man for a day, but for all eternity, and that will be none too long for what there is to be learned and achieved; for man's achievement is only limited by his aspiration in that world to which he is hastening; and to those who have made proper use of their time here, there is a field there, as limitless as space, and boundless as eternity.

Remember, you are a scintillation of Deity, individualized in the human form, and the use you make of, and the direction you give to, that spark, will tell for ages on your future destiny.

As the aspirations tend heavenward, light streams in upon the soul, and a kind of telegraphic communication is established that becomes clearer and better understood at every step.

The day is fast approaching when the so-called dead will hardly be missed from the family circle, and when they will be seen on the platform and the rostrum standing by and directing the medium.

That world is joined to this world and is but a step, but never a step backward.

Eternal law has so fixed it that nothing can be lost. Every thought, word and act, is registered on the sensorium, and at the change called death will all appear in living characters. Then if you have the moral courage to eschew the bad and adopt the good, all is well; otherwise you can go like the dog to his vomit, or the sow to her wallowing in the mire, till such time, and it may be for ages, you aspire to a higher and better condition, and with the effort comes the help to attain it.

There is no arbitrary law compelling you to be good or bad. There is no punishment inflicted by an angry God; nothing but the natural consequences of a violated law, the justice of which you will be one of the first to admit. If you are incorrigible, God can wait. If you are repentant, God is standing at the gate, and ready to enter in and speak peace to your soul. There is no blind adoration there; the law of uses is the all-prevailing law. Every man, woman and child, we might say, have a mission to perform, and be it ever so simple, it is a labor of love to those of earth and mayhap to those below them in the scale of eternal progress, and thus all are linked together in one grand brotherhood; none are left out, else the golden chain would be incomplete and the plan of creation be unfulfilled. So life is worth living and death is worth dying, if we have lived aright.

The following advertisement appeared in a French paper: "Wanted, a distinguished and healthy-looking man to be a 'cured patient' in a doctor's waiting-room." A good idea for business.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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JANUARY, 1886.

## PUBLICATIONS.

WHY NOT TRY

## "ST. NICHOLAS?"

And now the evenings are growing long, and the season has come again when we begin to think about our Winter reading. What are you going to provide for the children this year? Why not try "St. Nicholas Magazine?" It contains not only fiction,—and that by the best writers,—but also suggestive features, hints and ideas about art and science and common things; it is useful, it is necessary. If you see a well-thumbed copy of "St. Nicholas" on the table of a house where there are children, do you not get a good impression of the children of that household? Are they not apt to be bright and quick and well-informed? "St. Nicholas" doesn't pretend to take the place of teacher or parent, but it's a powerful auxiliary.

We shall not go into particulars here as to the fine things that are coming in the new volume which begins with the November number; you can send us a postal card and we will forward specimen pages of November number and prospectus free. In November begins "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a serial story by Mrs. Frances H. Burnett; the next number, December, is the great Christmas issue; in January, Mr. W. D. Howell's story will appear, and so it goes right through the year. Horace E. Scudder is writing an interesting—mind you, an interesting—biography of George Washington; Miss Alcott writes short stories for girls; Helen Jackson (H. H.) has left more "Bits of Talk for Young Folks"; J. T. Trowbridge writes a serial; the series of papers on the great English public schools, Eton and others, will delight the boys; and "Drill," a serial story of school-life, will introduce a subject of importance alike to fathers and sons; the daughter of Charles Kingley is writing about "The Boyhood of Shakespeare," and—but we said we were not giving the prospectus here. The price is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. You can subscribe with dealers, postmaster, or

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33 East 17th St. N. Y.



## Antiquity of Man.

(Liberal.)

Professor Mudge has presented some interesting evidence relating to the antiquity of man in the Kansas City *Review of Science*. He starts by assuming the correctness of the generally accepted opinion among geologists that man was on the earth at the close of the Glacial Epoch, and offers evidence to prove that the antiquity of the race can not be less than 200,000 years. After the Glacial Epoch, geologists have recognized, by their effects, three others, namely the Champlain, the Tertiary and the Delta, all supposed to be of nearly equal length. His argument for estimating the duration of these epochs is as follows: He takes the case of the Mississippi Delta, and notes the fact that for a distance of about 200 miles of this deposit, there are to be observed buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this nature are to be observed, which must have succeeded one another. "These trees are the bald cypress of the Southern States. Some have been observed over fifteen feet in diameter, and one contains 5,700 annual rings. In some instances these large trees have grown over the stumps of others equally as large, and such instances occur in all, or nearly all, the ten forest beds." From these facts it is not assuming too much to estimate the antiquity of these forest growths at 10,000 years, or 100,000 years for the ten forests. This estimate would not take into account the interval of time—which doubtless was considerable—that elapsed between the ending of one forest and the beginning of another. "Such evidence," concludes Professor Mudge, "would be received in any court of law as sound and satisfactory. We do not see how such proof is to be discarded when applied to the antiquity of our race. There is satisfactory evidence that man lived in the Champlain epoch. But the Tertiary epoch, or the greater part of it, intervenes between the Champlain and Delta epochs, thus adding to my 100,000 years. If only as much time is given to both these epochs as to the Delta epoch, 200,000 years is the total result."

## A GENEROUS DONATION.

Robert Brown, M. D., of San Francisco, has agreed to transfer to the Trustees of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of California, seventy-five thousand acres of valuable timber and agricultural land in Dickenson and Wise Counties, Virginia, to sell and apply the proceeds towards maintaining a chair of Mental Physiology, Psychology, Psychometry, and all the occult sciences, located in San Francisco.

Dr. Brown, in the instrument conveying this property to these gentlemen, says:

"Believing with Dr. Carpenter and other eminent scientists, and judging from my own long experience as a physician and surgeon, that the human mind exerts a powerful influence over the body, as well in connection with diseases as in human acts, and that Psychology, Psychometry and Mental Physiology, to be effective in the cure of diseases should be combined with the practical sciences of medicine and surgery, in order to avoid the errors of many who assume pure imagination to be reality, and hence wander into pure spiritism, and apply ancient magic to modern gnosticism; I have made this donation to encourage the application of practical medicine and surgery to psychological and mental phenomena, and to provide a field of exploration and study for those men and women who desire to rise above charlatanism and accomplish something of real and practical good to humanity, and to avail themselves of all that modern science and liberal thought may suggest to that end."

Recent advices from Virginia estimate the value of the land at from three to five dollars per acre. An English syndicate is already negotiating for the purchase of the entire tract, and the probability is that within a few months the land will be sold to advantage, and the proceeds placed in the treasury of the College.

The plan of this college has already been formed, and all persons desirous of matriculating in either medicine, surgery, pharmacy, literature or psychology, may do so immediately, as the College will open for students about the middle of January next. The matriculation fee is five dollars.

The dispensary of the College is in practical active operation, and all who desire to obtain certificates of benefits, entitling them to medical treatment for one year, without other charge therefor, beginning at once, can procure them of the Secretary, at 127 Kearny street, room 6, San Francisco, upon payment of ten dollars only. The attention of those suffering from acute or chronic diseases is specially called to this feature of the College, and an early application desired, for the reason that a limited number of certificates will be issued the first year to suit the present accommodations, and those applying now, will be entitled to precedence in renewing them. These certificates can also be had by applying at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

## OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*, 1885.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe the more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Paysonian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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## CUT OF LADIES' VEST.

This cut illustrates our beautiful and neatly fitting Combination Vest for Ladies.



We make the same for gentlemen. In calling special attention to this Garment, we wish to impress upon the mind the all-important fact that our Magnetic Vest furnishes FULL AND COMPLETE INSULATION! AND FULL AND COMPLETE PROTECTION TO ALL THE VITAL ORGANS OF THE BODY! Of the whole range of our appliances, none so fully and completely recharges the blood and revitalizes the nerve centers as does this admirable Garment, serving at once all purposes of a thick, heavy vest, or waist combining all the pleasant features of the Corset, while at the same time it is a complete protection against malaria in all its forms, and a positive curative agent of great power for ANY AND ALL diseases of the Thorax and Abdomen. No lady or gentleman with impaired health or weakened constitution can afford to go without this Vest; combining as it does, two of the most important garments of underwear, and, at the same time, furnishing life to all the tissues, vitality to all the capillaries, and warmth, tone and redoubled strength and power to every organ in the body. We believe there is no other equal protection against disease, and cure for the same now known. We have had experience to warrant all we say of these appliances, and people who have worn them will cheerfully testify to what we publish, from their own experience.

THE VEST fits and conforms to the body like a glove, and while exerting its healing and sustaining powers, it imparts a genial, warming, soothing influence upon the entire nerve ganglia. It tones and recharges the

spinal nerves, imparts inward life and activity, until the whole being is aglow with magnetic warmth and energy.

It is no profanation to say that the wearer of this exquisite Garment has been "born again," physically. This is the precise language of hundreds who have worn it, and been taken from beds of sickness and pain and restored to complete health in a few weeks or months. Could the reader realize the full force of these facts none would pass through our peculiarly trying Winters without this grand safeguard and protection against Cold, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pneumonia, Scarlet Fever, and Nervous Prostration, from whatever cause adduced.

In reply to the oft repeated question, "WHAT DISEASE DO THESE APPLIANCES CURE?" we answer by positively asserting that we know of no disease of our climate these appliances will not cure, except Cancer, and in the earlier stages they will arrest and eliminate this terrible blood poison. Magnetism, properly applied, will cure every curable disease, whatever the cause.

THIS VEST, with the INSOLES, comprises in itself a WHOLE SUIT EQUAL TO ALL OTHER APPLIANCES COMBINED. It is a thing of beauty, light and easy to wear, convenient and close fitting. In cases of CONSUMPTION, PARALYSIS, SPINAL WEAKNESS, LOCOMOTOR ALAXIA, and all blood and nerve disorders, it is invaluable. Many persons after wearing this Garment for a season declare they would not do without it for \$500. It will repay twice its cost in the health and comfort it imparts in a single month.

By sending us correct measures, we can send a perfect fitting Garment to any part of the United States. (We send blanks for the purpose.) All letters of inquiry, inclosing stamp, will receive prompt attention.

Our MAGNETIC INSOLES, i. e., FOOT BATTERIES, will warm your feet and keep them comfortable in cold weather. \$1.00 a pair, or three for \$2.00 by mail. Send stamps or currency at our risk, by mail.

## CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.

106 POST STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Send for our New Book, "A PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," Free.



