



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

VOL. I.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He serves God best, who best serves his fellow men.

Her life is long, whose every work is well,
And be her station low or high,
She who the most kind words doth leave,
Lives longest, though she soonest die.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty, but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

—Adeline Proctor.

He who conquers himself wins the rarest and highest victory—a garlanded hero he, from the fiercest battle ever fought and won.

The wise man grasps the present opportunity, the foolish says wait for a better in the to-morrow; but that to-morrow, for which he waits seldom comes.—Dr. Peet.

A soft, low word in kindness spoken—a radiant face beaming with love and sympathy, are dews from heaven, distilling sweet hope and courage to weary-laden hearts.

A man has a better right to love his wife than to love God. He cannot help God, but he can surround his wife's life with a halo of love, tenderness and joy.—R. G. Ingersol.

It is better to live rich—that is, rich in the sumptuous enjoyment of all soulful things—and die poor in purse, than to live an empty soul-life, and leave millions for heirs to quarrel over.

Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone, and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe ourselves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves. *Montaigne.*

If eternal progression is not an unerring law of nature, then the history of the rocks is a stupendous falsehood, and if it is such a law, then the nebulous theory of creation is a foregone conclusion.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

Religion is a thing of growth and development; it has its roots deep down in our spiritual nature, which are ever urging us on to a higher state, to reach out and grasp the infinite and to comprehend our Creator.—J. P. Dameron.

May we never falter—no great deed is done by falterers who ask for certainty. No good is certain, but the steadfast mind, the undivided will to seek the good. 'Tis this compels the elements and arranges a human music from the soul.—Geo. Eliot.

"When distributive justice pervades the social world, virtue and morality will bloom with an immortal beauty, while the Son of Righteousness will rise in the horizon of universal industry and shed its genial rays over all the fields of peace, plenty and human happiness."—Andrew J. Davis.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

OUR GIRLS.

BY GEORGINA B. KIRBY.

Not even the most inane mother will deny that the young are at the mercy of their circumstances, of the conditions which surround them, and those which come to meet them, as it were; and yet these very same mothers will continue, year after year, in a state of blind security about their own growing girls, neither instructing them in the physiology of sex, or giving them the watchful protection every girl should have. There is a certain loving suspicion felt by a wise mother in regard to her child, from his or her earliest years, until she sees that his character is firmly established. She realizes that her child is weak and afraid of the verdict of its elders; that, for instance, it is not easy for him to tell the exact truth, where he has been to blame; so she looks him in the eye, with an affectionate, steady and determined gaze (in order to help him), and says: "Now, my dear, tell me the honest truth. If you have done wrong in this matter, acknowledge it. I never punish you when you tell me the truth."

In nearly every case the child so dealt with will not only do as he is prompted, but will, by degrees, acquire the courage to tell the truth without prompting. The common, unthinking mother, believes at once whatever her child says, and thus encourages him in the habit of lying. So with the little girl. As a being, conscious that she is in the power of her elders, she sometimes tries to obtain her own way by stratagem. If her mother sees no need of this tender suspicion (which is concealed, and hence never wounds the child's self-respect), and imagines that this weak creature, because it is hers, is always equal to telling the truth, the girl, as she grows older, learns, it may be, to tell a lie with perfect nonchalance—to say, for instance, that she is going to church when she is invited to go for a walk with some young fellow. We know just such a girl. She was very pretty, but constant insincerity and coarse thoughts have destroyed all her charm. I pity her good-hearted, industrious parents, whose trustfulness was so fatal to their energetic and once promising child.

A young girl is no fit judge of her own circumstances; being youthful, she is hopeful, and neither suspects weakness in herself nor passion and selfishness on the part of the young men she knows. If she hears that a schoolmate has been imprudent, or allowed her reputation to be smutched, she immediately concludes that she must, by nature, have been a coarse girl; whereas, we know that in a large majority of such cases there was no innate sensuality; it was simply that they were neither instructed properly nor protected carefully; and, I repeat, not only should every girl be taught the physiology of sex in a pure and proper way, but she should never be permitted to go out of evenings unprotected, or to picnics either. She can secure plenty of innocent enjoyment without running any risk, and it is notorious that in this State social pleasure for the young is carried to excess.

As an instance of the danger attending ignorance and undue freedom, I will relate an incident which took place in the city of San Francisco a few years ago.

A very attractive girl of fifteen, pure-minded and belonging to a good family, noticed that on her way to and from school, she always met, at about the same point, a well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking man, going in the opposite direction. It struck her as being so odd that, after a month or more, when he smiled, she was quite ready to smile too. This encouraged him to lift his hat, and presently they exchanged greetings, which, as time went on, led to short chats. Finally he got in the habit of turning to walk with her a short distance.

One afternoon, when, for some reason, school had closed earlier than usual, she was more than ever amused to see him hurrying down the street, as was his wont. Coming up to her, he ventured to suggest that it was a lovely afternoon for a drive. He had a little business to attend to in the neighborhood of the Cliff House; would

she not like to go with him? They could get back long before her supper time.

The girl hesitated. How kind of him to be willing to take a school-girl! It was not quite right, unless she had her mother's consent, but he could not wait for her to get that. Yes, she would go, and tell her mother afterward.

"Well, let us hurry, then. I will leave you at a friend's house for a few minutes, while I go for the carriage."

The girl sat in waiting attitude, gazing round at the bric-a-brac of the elegantly furnished parlor, when a richly-dressed lady entered and, addressing her, inquired her name, and where she lived; if she knew what sort of a house she was in, and who had brought her there. Then she said to her:

"My child, this house is no place for an innocent girl, and if you go to the Cliff House with that man you will be a ruined girl, and never be able to look your mother in the face again. One glass of wine, and you would be powerless. Come, I will put on my bonnet and take you home at once."

On ringing, and the two being admitted, the woman in question, who was the keeper of a well-known house of prostitution, asked to see the young girl's mother, and when the latter appeared she remarked:

"Madam, I am a woman whom you would consider too vile to speak to, but I have rescued your child from a fate worse than death. My name is ——— and I keep what is known as the ——— House. I never permit an innocent girl to be wronged, in my establishment. (Here she told the girl's story for her, the poor thing hanging her head.)"

"Madam, teach her the risk she runs in making acquaintances on the street, but don't be severe with her."

The lady, trembling with horror at the thought of what might have befallen her darling child, took ———'s hand and shed over it tears of gratitude.

"Never, never shall I cease to bless you and to pray for you," she sobbed, as her benefactor, having performed her mission, bowed low and left them. It was, indeed, a rare escape, where one could not have expected assistance.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

What Talmage Would Say to Him.

The *Fireside Companion*, Vol. 36, No. 930, contains a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Witt Talmage, in which he uses the following very forcible language:

"I will take the best unregenerated man anywhere and say to him, 'You are utterly corrupt; you are a sinner; not a small sinner, or a moderate sinner, or a tolerable sinner, but a great, a protracted, a vile, an outrageous, a condemned sinner. As God looks upon you to-day He cannot find one sound spot in your soul.'"

The foregoing diagnosis applies to such men as Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Sir Moses Montefiore. These all were, what, in theological parlance, would be termed unregenerate. Men who have builded characters which command the admiration of the world, this Brooklyn divine regards as being utterly corrupt, and to him it's a pleasant pastime to "push" them "off into bottomless darkness," and "hurl ten thousand hissing thunderbolts of Omnipotent wrath." Oh! hold, hold, Doctor! and may your unrelenting member cease to wag until the world's verdict shall have consigned you to an asylum for the cultivation of more humane sympathies than can possibly be evolved from a heart steeped in the dogmas of the church. Humanity demands that another physician be called in for consultation. Your diagnosis is such an one as none but a quack would have the hardihood to publicly announce.

We would have your doctrine of regeneration diagnosed. It's barely possible unsound spots and moral excrescences may be found, which call for surgical skill. Eliminate all error therefrom and a more hopeful view will present itself to your wondering eyes. You will perceive that men whose souls were too large to enter the kingdom through your little wicket gates have, nevertheless, found an abundant entrance there.

CHARITY.

Alameda, Aug. 17, 1885.

[Written for the GOLDEN GATE.]

EATING BEFORE SLEEPING.

The question of eating directly on going to bed is an open one, but discussed mainly in the affirmative. We don't know that any one has written and spoken so emphatically against it as the estimable Dr. Dio Lewis, who goes so far to one extreme as to send us to bed really and genuinely hungry, declaring that we will feel all the better for it next morning. If one is hearty and robust one may be benefitted by occasionally abstaining from a third meal, though certainly not, if such abstinence prevents sleep, and it will just in proportion as one needs food. We are positively sure that for a delicate person to fast habitually from two or three o'clock p. m. until seven or eight next morning, is slow but sure starvation.

All sensible persons must agree with Dr. Lewis, that Nature, in giving us sleep, intended that all the organs of the body should have stated periods of rest or relaxation with the body itself; but we do not see why three meals a day should prevent this, not at least, if taken at the proper time, and demanded by the system.

The old-fashioned hours—six, twelve and four o'clock for meals, gives the stomach ample time to digest a wholesome and sensible supper before early bedtime. But just here is where the trouble begins, for town and city people, who take their dinner at night—meats, vegetables, fruits, nuts, etc. Then they are up till midnight, sleep or rather doze until nine or ten next day and get up with head- and other-aches, but never with an appetite. What can be done with or for such habits? It is no wonder that Dr. Lewis is so arbitrary in his dictatorial rules. Persons healthy enough to obey the dictates of Fashion, that eats breakfast at nine o'clock, or later, do not need three meals, or at least but one substantial meal, which should be at night, but next after breakfast.

There are two kinds of eating, that which is done from habit, and that of necessity. The fashionable world mainly do the former, eating when mealtime comes round whether hungry or not, merely to be social. This is not only senseless but wicked, and the stomach will not alone one day revolt, but the whole system will fall in as allies.

The advocates of night eating seem to pride themselves on their qualities of observation when they exultantly refer us to the beasts of the field, that during the twenty-four hours repeatedly gorge themselves to repletion, then "lie down to digest their food." We think they lie down because they can no longer stand, from fullness. Now, the beast is not a good example, because he eats only plain food, and only because he is hungry, and moreover it is his business to eat—that is what he lives for, while man should eat only to live, and was never designed for an "animated patent digester."

The food he eats is not only for the nourishment of his body but for his mind, which should give something of good to the world for having existed therein. For the mind to be clear and vigorous, the stomach and heart should rest with the body. Every mouthful of food swallowed increases the heart's action, and remembering this, it does seem that rational beings would time their meals so that this extra work on the part of so vital an organ, should be done by the time the body goes to rest. In laying down, if the stomach is not at work, and no alcoholic stimulents present in the system, the work of the heart is lessened by ten strokes per minute, which together with the intervals between them is the rest that Nature would give the heart, if not thwarted by the ignorance and willful disobedience of so many, who are thus cutting short their term of life upon earth.

M. PULSIFER.

"Has my client anything right?" asked a counselor, out of patience, of a brother wrangler at the bar. "I know not," was the response. "But one thing is certain—when you get through with him, he'll have nothing left."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

[The following extract from an editorial in the New York Graphic, contains some pertinent questions in admirable form:]

It's so much easier to take life out than to put it in. Tap the head with a hammer; life is gone. Put poison in the stomach, it is gone. Choke the lungs with water or gas, it is gone. Draw the blood from the body, it is gone. Elevate or depress the temperature about us a few degrees, life flies away. Alike depart the strength which in the arm might fell an ox and the strength in the brain cunning to devise and plan. It's not mind merely which disappears by a ten minutes' process of judicial strangulation, but physical strength, the very essence and result of matter.

And what becomes of all this wonderful combination of force and quality? If tonight a child asks, "where is the man hanged to-day?" it will be answered by solemn platitudes, by mysterious and many words which go all about the subject matter but do not hit it; at least satisfactorily to the child.

Is it any greater wonder that the combination of qualities and capacities we call mind should exist outside the 150 or 200 pounds of matter we call body than that they should exist inside of it? Is it not a great wonder that the thousands on thousands of these bodies which pass and re-pass us daily in our crowded streets are moved by a force so volatile that a single blow or a few grains of strychnine will drive it out forever? Is it not a wonder that this combination of force and qualities prevents the body in which it operates from decomposition?

Is there no possibility that matter may exist so refined as to be for our senses intangible and invisible? Is not the quality we term visibility a mere result of certain substances opaque by cause of combination? When one of the heaviest of metals may be dissolved one moment in acid and lost to view, and the next brought to sight again by the introduction of a few drops of salt water, does not this suggest how limited may be our powers of vision? May not every other sense be similarly restricted in its discernments of what may be about us? Are not all these limits as to the possibilities yet to be revealed? Is there necessarily any broad gulf separating the material and the so-called spiritual? May not the one be but the finer outgrowth of the other, as the flower is the final development of the gnarled, rusty, but necessary root? Have not all the great discoveries concerning forces and qualities in the elements about us, new to man, been wrought out by studying and following up the faintest and most despised clues? Is there necessarily any interdict that there shall be no cause for veneration, sublimity, devotion and worship, because new and unknown powers, qualities and possibilities may be found in the universe? When the development and growth of a single seed and the perpetuation of the life within it is as mysterious now as 3,000 years ago, is not that a very narrow view which places certain meites and bounds to what is termed the material and denies it any link with what is termed the spiritual?

"That article you had in last week's paper was the funniest thing I ever read," said a lady to an editor. "It would make a dog laugh. I thought my husband would split his sides."

The origin of one of Franklin's most celebrated sayings has just been discovered. One day his father sent him to collect a bill amounting to nine pence. On the way home he met a boy much larger than himself, who, being a great bully, proceeded to give him a thrashing. When his father saw his dirty face and bruised countenance he naturally asked the cause.

"I met Tom Jones down the road," answered Ben, "and he gave me a pound- ing."

"You didn't lose the money, did you?" "No," said the embryo philosopher, "but I wouldn't be pounded that way again for nine pence twice over."

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed his father; "that will never do. Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves."

MATERIALIZATION.

[From Cameron's "Spiritism the Origin of all Religion."]

The materialization of a spirit is only gathering around it the atoms that are in the aura and atmosphere around the medium, from whom it draws the material to render its form visible to embodied souls or living human beings. The spirit having the form and intelligence is soon able under proper conditions, to make itself visible. As the red and yellow rays are strong and antagonistic they have a tendency to scatter the atoms of matter, so materialization has to be done in the dark or in blue rays of light where all other rays but the blue are excluded. So when spirits wish to materialize they draw from the air, which is the great reservoir of inorganic matter, such material as light will not show in a clear sunlight but in the dark it gives off a pale light. When all the rays of light are reflected the object is white, when all are absorbed the object is black.

Myriads of animals exist that can not be seen with the naked eye because they are too small or have not the coloring matter to reflect the rays.

The body generates an aura through the pores of the skin by a process of endosmose action, is then thrown off by an exosmose action in the form of carbonic acid gas, which is poisonous if again returned to the human system, but under the manifestations of the spirit there is, accompanying this carbonic acid gas, a certain force or power, which, for the lack of a better term, we call *nerve-aura*. It is a similar force that vibrates along the nervous system of the human body, and it is upon this substance that the spirit acts to produce a sound. Nitrogen is the most subtle of all elemental properties of the atmosphere. Carbonic acid gas, mingled with nitrogen in atomic proportions, becomes the material whereby spirit-lights and vibrations are produced, by the aid of electricity. These vibrations occur in direct connection with certain conditions known to the spirits but which is unknown to science, because it has no instruments fine enough to make an analysis of these powers; and the best physical manifestations are when the medium is confined in a room where the air is foul with carbonic acid gas, though it may be injurious to the health of those living in the body; but out of this foul air the spirits can find the best materializing matter to build up visible forms; and it has been discovered by photographing that blue and violet light is the best for taking pictures, as it is the most harmonious and slowest, as it fills all space and gives color to the sky and a fine effect to the picture, and has none of the antagonistic properties of the red and yellow rays which impede the action of the spirits; so all seances should be held in rooms lit up by blue or violet rays of light. The artist requires the same kind of rays so that it will fix the picture on the plate from which he is able, by chemicals, to transfer to another. And all the spirit requires is the proper conditions and similar lights to form a body that is visible to the natural eye. The picture is there and the spirit is there; but it requires the proper materials to bring them out, so that they become visible to the mortal eye. And in this way spiritual pictures are taken, as well as those of living persons. And if pictures can be taken by one kind of light and not another, why not materialization be effected likewise?

All light has a dematerializing effect. Spirits find it much easier to form in the dark, as all plating and impressions of the photographer have first to be set in the dark. The picture is given by the light shaded with blue screens and skylight; and, as the photographer has to use his dark cabinet to set the image in the glass, so has the medium to use the dark cabinet to enable the spirit chemist to build up and plate anew the spirit with visible matter before it can appear in the light.

The spirit, having once lived in the flesh, has learned the laws of the flesh, and knows how to control even the organisms of other and living bodies. The spirit is the life principle of the body. It is what steam is to the engine—which is dead matter; but, as soon as the steam is turned on the piston moves backward and forward, giving life to the whole; so, when the spirit leaves the body, it is cold, dead matter; but when the spirit enters, it at once gives life and animation. The spirit and the body are the nucleus around which all matter clings, so that when a spirit wishes to materialize it has but little to do but draw the required matter from others and the air, and in that way it makes itself a visible body.

The human body is always giving off atoms of matter through the pores of the skin so that every seven years, and some say, every nine months, the whole of the body has passed away and has been replaced by new matter. "We live," says Herbert Spencer, "by constantly dying." These atoms given from the body, especially from the medium's, is used by the spirits, who understand their chemical nature, and recombine them around the spirit which is a perfect form to build upon. Like copper and zinc, under a strong current power or a circle of spirits, which induces them to yield those atoms, which the spirit chemist employs to materialize forms by the use of elements in the air which are as simple and well understood by the spirits as electrotyping is by mortals, so that the spirit can

accomplish in a few minutes what in the flesh requires years to build up, the difference being one of time and of permanency. It is a process of galvanizing over the spiritual body with visible matter, that enable them to show themselves to us in the flesh. As the spiritual body is invisible to the natural sight, but can be seen only by the clairvoyant, who sees with the vision of the soul, to enable the spirit to be seen by the mortal eye it must clothe itself in material matter that reflects light.

Materialization is the highest realization of modern Spiritualism. It brings the living face to face with those who are supposed to be dead. They tell us that they still live, and have only shed off the outward husk, the mortal body. It is the strongest evidence of the immortality of the soul. The body is only one of the stages of development of the embryonic conditions of the soul, which had passed through the lower forms of life during gestation, that, like the eagle and the butterfly, has broken through the shell of mortality and mounts on wings into the sky, no longer feeding on the gross things of the earth, but draws its life and vitality from the ether.

The same knowledge and control of occult forces, including the vital forces which enable a fakir temporarily to leave and then re-enter his body. Jesus, Apollonius and Elijah were able to recall their several subjects to life; made it possible for the ancient hierophants to animate statues and cause them to act and speak. It is the same knowledge and power which made it possible for Paracelsus to create his humunculi; for Aaron to change his rod into a serpent and a budding branch; for Moses to cover Egypt with frogs and other pests, and the same Egyptian theurgist of our day to vivify his pigmy mandragora, which has physical life but no soul. It is no more wonderful that upon presenting the necessary conditions Moses should call into life large reptiles and insects than that, under like favoring conditions, the physical scientist should call out the small ones which he names bacteria.

Nearly all the forms of phenomena of the ancient wonder-workers, recorded in sacred and profane histories, are produced now by spiritual mediums. I have seen bodies moved, hang suspended in the mid-air; instruments play by laying in the hands of the medium; have felt the weight of invisible hands; heard voices in the air over my head; musical instruments flying around in the room; flowers fresh with the dew on them, handed out of a cabinet in a well lit room; have had deceased friends and relatives described to me, so perfect, and their names given so that there could be no mistake; I have been tilted out of a chair by the touch of the hand of a little cousin; I have seen a dozen ghosts or spirits walk out of a room that I had sealed up; I have seen them in the broad daylight rise up, come to me, and have felt their pulse—sometimes they had pulse and at other times they had none; I have conversed with them, they told me who they were and where they had departed this life, but they would not admit that they were dead, but said they had passed to a higher life.

I have had communications from my dear departed friends, written on a slate held in my own hand under the table, the medium only touching it. The signature of my mother was so perfect that, had I not known she was dead, I would have been willing to swear to its genuineness in a court of justice.

I once called upon Dr. Slade the celebrated medium, to see if I could get some new light, and on reading an article to him on "Evolution," it met the approbation of a spirit present expressed by rapping on the table; but, when I read where Darwin says, "Young birds do not make as good nests as old ones," it rapped "no," and so it differed with him on that subject. Every now and then it would pat me on the thighs, which were under the table, approving the article. It was in broad daylight, and I am certain it was not done by any visible person, as the medium was the only person in the room. He then placed one hand in mine on the table, and took a slate, wiped it clean, placed a piece of pencil on it, and took another slate and laid it over it, then held the two slates up to the side of my ear. I could hear the pencil scratching like it was writing; soon it gave three taps, and then he opened the slate, and one whole side was written over in a plain, legible manner. The following is a correct copy:

DEAR SIR: Your subject is one that is little understood. Man has an intellectual nature, and also intuition, so have animals; but, unless these two are wedded, he is not a successful man. Often intellect is taken on the aid of intuition; and, again, intuition has controlled man with the guidance of intellect. Some men fail when animals do not, he by throwing his intuition aside and glories in his intellect, and he often makes great mistakes in life. Animals have no pride in intellect, and trust more to tuition and do not fail.

A. W. SLADE.

The signature was that of his deceased wife.

The wonderful test given by Mr Slade convinced the honest German scientist, Zollner, that there were forces unknown to the scientist, which he called *transcendental physics*.

Mr. Zollner, professor of physical astronomy at the University of Leipzig, one of the most renowned schools of learning in Europe, made many tests in a scientific way in broad daylight, in the presence of

other professors, with the physical manifestations of Henry Slade, forced him to the conclusion that these wonderful manifestations could not be explained by the ordinary laws of physics. That the tying of knots in a string, with both ends fastened and sealed and held in his and Slade's hands on the table, while the other part of the string hung under the table. Communications were written on a book slate which they had purchased, and had been sealed up by them. They heard the slate-pencil scratching like a thing of life between the slates. After giving three raps they removed the seals, opened the slate, and both sides were written all over and signed. Fearing there might be something wrong they then prepared other slates of a similar kind, and when Mr. Slade put his hands on them, the pencil began to scratch, and when it rapped three times they took the same slates and carried them home and opened them, and there were other messages written to them.

Wooden rings tied together with a string and placed around the upright part of the candle-stand, which no mortal could do without taking off the tops of the stand.

Coin was passed down through the table and fell on the slate, while the pencil passed up and entered into the box in which the money had been placed and sealed up. A candle-stand rose up and disappeared, presently it descended from the ceiling and rested upon the table around which they were sitting.

A bowl of flour was placed on the floor under the table and they felt hands touching them on their legs. On inspection there were the marks of hand prints in the bowl of flour and the same finger marks on their pants. They were certain that Mr. Slade did not do it, as his hands rested on the table all the time, and there was no flour in them.

That hand and footprints on prepared paper were made through the slate, though it was locked up in a box. That a screen that was made of strong wood that would require a dynamic force of two hundred and ninety-eight hundred weight, or more than the combined strength of three hundred giants to rupture, was torn apart by an invisible power. That lights appeared and disappeared; that it rained on them and wet their clothes in the room; and many other strange things that could not be explained by any known law of physics. These tests were thorough and beyond any trickery. They called in the king's juggler to assist them, and he was unable to detect any fraud or trick, or make any explanation how it was done.

All of which goes to prove the apparent penetration of matter, and also of the existence of the fourth dimension, by which this invisible power can produce these strange phenomena. So these learned savans of the renowned school of Leipzig were forced to the conclusion that there was an intelligent power that could do those things which were beyond their knowledge of physical forces. That there were such things in existence that did not come within the known laws of length, breadth and thickness, which is all that we can possibly know of matter, and in these dimensions it includes all its possibilities. But in the fourth dimension, says Zollner, "we have another aspect of the case; one in which our system of geometry is at fault, and its axioms cease to apply there; matter is subjected to transcendental laws and conditions are apparently reversed."

Professor Zollner, in a letter to Mr. William Crookes, who had also investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, said: "By a strange conjunction our scientific endeavors have met in the same field of light and of a new class of physical phenomena, which proclaim to the astonished mankind, with assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligent world. As two solitary wanderers on high mountains joyfully greet one another at their encounter, when passing storm and clouds veil the summit to which they aspire, so I rejoice to have met you, undismayed champion, upon this new province of science. To you, also, ingratitude and scorn have been abundantly dealt out by the blind representatives of modern science and by the multitude befooled through their erroneous teachings. May you be consoled by the consciousness that the undying splendor with which the names of a Newton and a Faraday have illustrated the history of English people can be obscured by nothing; not even by the political decline of this great nation; even so will your name survive in the history of culture, adding a new ornament to those with which the English nation has endowed the human race." (Transcendental Physics, page 27.)

This mode of communication, like telegraphing, requires time to investigate and understand. We are not able to go over to the other side to compare notes and then return. We have to take it for granted that what words they send back are correct; and, so far, these statements have been of so confused and uncertain a nature that many have been led to the belief that it must be something other than the spirit of departed friends; at best it is hard for us to understand how anything, or any intelligence can exist without a physical body, capable of making itself manifest to our five senses; yet we hear the raps and the scratching of the pencil, but we cannot see the power that moves it. * * *

As mankind grow wiser and better they

will learn to look upon it as their future existence, and will prepare and fit themselves for that advanced stage of development. It will rob the grave of its terrors and make death only the gateway to a higher and better existence in the vast unseen universe that encompasses us. When it is understood that this planet is only a germinating world, and that our future happiness depends on how we live here, and that it has much to do in fitting us for the life to come, that is eternal; that we can not escape the burden of our own sins or shift them on the shoulders of another, it will make us more careful how we act and treat our fellow-man, for we are all brothers on the same road to the spirit land, where we will have to make reparation for all the wrongs that we have done to each other. There the law of compensation and restoration is beyond a technicality or doubt of court or jury.

What is Said of Psychical Phenomena.

PROFESSOR BARRETT, F. R. S. E.—"I know and rejoice in the blessing Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognise the fact that in bereavement and deep distress numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism has set before them. . . . So far from Materialism being true, I do not believe a single person has ever yet lived on this earth who has truly and heartily desired to know if an intelligent and personal existence be possible without our present bodily organism, and has steadily set himself to solve this supreme question with all the help he can gain from every source—I say I do not believe any such earnest seeker after truth has ever failed to obtain a clear and definite answer in the affirmative."

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, THE FRENCH ASTRONOMER, AND MEMBER OF THE ACADEMIE FRANCAISE.—"I do not hesitate to affirm my conviction, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'somnambulic,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, or his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formula is impossible—may acquire a radical and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—"The writer" (i. e., Dr. L. Robertson) "can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of (so-called) Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any legerdemain, or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil."—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 24.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F. G. S.—"My position therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved, quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many sane and able men here referred to have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."—*Miracles and Modern Spiritualism*.

Truth is like a great kaleidoscope; the more we turn it, the more wonderful and beautiful it appears.

THOMPSON'S SHAKE.

[N. Y. Times.]

Mr. James Thompson of Indiana, has suddenly and unintentionally become famous. Doctors regard him as a peculiar treasure, and from six to twelve of them investigate him daily with stethoscopes, auriscopes, stereoscopes and other surgical instruments. The dime museums of the country are enthusiastically bidding for him, and if he lives a year or two more he will be rich as well as famous.

Mr. Thompson has been for a long time a strong advocate of athletic exercises. Recently he became interested in the new discovery that it is better to exercise the organs than the muscles. He immediately gave up his dumb bells, his rowing machine and his trapeze, and provided himself with a shaking machine of his own invention. This machine was a chair furnished with springs; which, when set in motion and kept in motion by levers shook the chair and its occupant violently. Mr. Thompson was accustomed to shake himself for fifteen minutes at a time every morning, but although the amount of shaking he received was satisfactory to him, he was dissatisfied with the exercise which the muscles of his arm received while working the levers. He felt that in exercising the muscles he was violating the principle that organs, and not muscles, should be exercised. He therefore devised a plan of operating his machine by steam power. At a very short distance from his house stands the steam mill of which he is the proprietor. It was comparatively an easy thing to connect the steam-engine with the shaking chair by means of belting and when this was done Mr. Thompson was able to sit in his chair and undergo unlimited shaking without the use of a single muscle.

The connection between the chair and the steam-engine was finally perfected about two weeks ago. Mr. Thompson found, however, that the use of steampower shook the chair with so much violence that it was necessary for the occupant to be securely strapped while undergoing shaking. It was necessary, too, that Mrs. Thompson, after strapping her husband to the chair, should go to the mill, couple the chair-shaking attachment and uncouple it at the end of fifteen minutes. This the good woman undertook to do, but just as she had set the chair in motion, Mrs. Smith, an intimate friend, came into the mill in search of her, and after enlisting her interest in the subject of summer dresses, invited her to go shopping with her. Mrs. Thompson was so much interested that she totally forgot to uncouple the chair-shaking attachment, and she accompanied Mrs. Smith down town without a thought of Mr. Thompson's situation.

Six hours later, Mrs. Thompson, on returning home, was shocked to find her husband apparently lifeless, but still undergoing shaking. Of course she rushed to the mill, stopped the machinery, rushed home again, unstrapped Mr. Thompson, and, with the aid of several men who volunteered their assistance, she placed his insensible form on the bed. Medical aid gradually revived the unfortunate man, but it was soon found that his entire set of organs had been shaken upside down. A lump above the right clavicle was identified as his liver; his heart was found to beat as the lower right-hand side of the abdominal cavity, and both lungs were, after prolonged search, discovered in the small of his back, a little to the left of his pistol-pocket.

Strange to say, Mr. Thompson seems to be perfectly well in spite of the novel arrangement of his organs. They work apparently as well as ever, with one exception. Mr. Thompson cannot digest his food except when standing on his head. He can receive food into his stomach while either sitting or standing, but his stomach can make effective connection with his liver in its new position only when the latter is placed below the former by means of the expedient just mentioned. Mr. Thompson, however, is becoming used to this method of digestion, though he is not without fear that it may in time conduce to apoplexy.

The case of Mr. Thompson is certainly an interesting one, but it should be a warning to the enthusiastic advocates of shaking. It is the opinion of the doctors that had Mr. Thompson been shaken for an hour or two longer the derangement of his organs would have been so great that they would have been entirely useless, and that as a consequence the man would have died.

A party of gentlemen once were discussing President Van Buren's idiosyncrasies, and a wager was laid that he could not be induced to give a direct answer to any question, and it was agreed that he should be told the purpose and condition of the bet. One of the party, an acquaintance of Mr. Van Buren, was deputed to make the test. When he found him, "Mr. Van Buren," said he, "some gentlemen have been accusing you of noncommittalism, and have wagered that you will not give a plain answer to a plain question. Now, let me ask you, Where does the sun rise?" The Presidential brow contracted. There was a moment's hesitation. Then: "The terms east and west, Mr. Smith, are conventional; but I"—"That'll do, Mr. President, we've lost the bet."

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF THOMAS R. HAZARD.

(From the Philadelphia North American.)
NUMBER FIVE.

I mailed you a few days ago an account of some of the phenomena that occurred at the three different seances for materialization of spirit-forms, at which a friend (my brother, Joseph P. Hazard,) and myself were alone present as sitters, given by two lady mediums, whose temperamental states seem to be so fully developed and in accord with their spirit guardians and guides, and the chemists of the unseen world, that they can be used under favorable conditions by the higher powers, as instruments for the production of the usual occult manifestations incident to what is known as "form materialization," without being entranced, or the use of curtains or cabinets to conceal the mediums from view, and protect them from the disintegrating qualities of light. I believe that I remarked, in speaking of the third and last seance held, that I thought the manifestations we witnessed probably exceeded anything of the kind that had ever occurred in the mundane sphere. On that occasion the only door of entrance or exit in the materializing room being recently locked by my own hand and the key in my pocket, my brother and self took our seats in the opposite room, facing the folding-doors between the two, which from beginning to end remained open, with one of the mediums sitting on my left hand, and the other on my brother's right, they both being, throughout the seance, in their natural, normal condition, and as wide-awake, so to speak, and evidently as interested in all that occurred as either my brother or myself.

On last evening a fourth seance was held, in which all the conditions attending the third were strictly observed. The manifestations commenced with the appearance, in a full, strong light, of the Princess Alice, attended by her little angel daughter Sunshine, who, the mother told us, passed away in her seventh year. I am not aware whether this accords with fact or not, but mention it merely as the allegation of the spirit. On this occasion the alleged Princess showed herself draped in a morning negligé or en déshabillé, both arms being nude from the shoulders down to the tips of her delicate tapering fingers, which she permitted me to take in my hands and examine closely and admire. On this evening the golden bracelet appeared on the Princess' right arm instead of her left, as it did at the third seance, and she wore a sparkling diamond pin on the bosom of her morning dress. The Princess' little angel daughter Sunshine had also changed her former elegant costume for one not so beautiful, with a colored silk handkerchief tied around her waist, which altogether impressed me with the idea that she might be engaged with little spirit companions in some rural mimic sport. The strong resemblance between the mother and daughter, as they both stood before us in the full light of gas, was very striking. As before the sweet little angel came and sat on my knee, and after exchanging loving kisses with me, asked if she should sing, which, of course, being gladly acceded to by all, she sang in the sweetest voice another and a different little piece from that she sang at the third seance.

A LITTLE BOY IN A SLOUCH HAT.

As if in confirmation of my surmise that some rural sport or mimicry was being enacted in the unseen world, a bright boy of some twelve years old, as he said, came out of the materializing room wearing a soft slouch white hat that sat very comically on his head, and began to strut up and down the space before us in a very unique and consequential fashion. He wore a close fitting, light-colored jacket, with shorts reaching just below the knee, with stockings and shoes. He talked very glib, and I said to him that I thought he must be "Young America." He rejected, however, my imputation with mimic scorn, and said that my brother had known or seen him in Europe. To cap the climax, "Dan Rice," as he claimed, came out, and, after cutting up awhile and jumping Jim Crow, told us he was a member of the first company of minstrels that was ever formed in America. A Spanish singing-girl followed Dan, bringing with her a guitar on which she thrummed a few tunes as she sang. She was very pretty and most beautifully dressed in garments made largely of the finest and richest variegated velvet, as I was assured both by sight and feeling. A little dancing-girl, arrayed in singular-looking, dark garments, now came and danced a number of jigs. Several other spirits came in comical guise, one holding over his head a white umbrella. A self-satisfied-looking old lady came under the name of Mrs. Partington (assumed, of course), who said she came to make us cheerful. I asked her in sport to bring Ike, which she characteristically declined doing. Several other strange spirits, male and female, came, among them a mulatto grown-up girl who refused to be considered anything else than a mulatto. I have but little doubt that these latter apparently insignificant manifestations were under the wonderfully complex and unfathomable laws of spirit form-materialization, all necessary adjuncts to the beautiful and wonderful evidences of spirit-power that followed before the close of this remarkable seance, which in some respects exceeded the third.

My wife now came, arrayed in the most beautiful, elaborately-embroidered white garments of the finest and richest kind, both to sight and touch. She sat on my knee, threw her arms lovingly around my neck, and after smothering me, so to speak, with kisses, laid her head on my bosom and so remained for a considerable time. I came to this seance with the intention uppermost in my mind, if an opportunity offered, to ask my little daughter Constance to repeat a manifestation that occurred at the third seance, and pose as a model for a statue after the order of the Venus de Medici. I may just say here in passing, that Constance is one of three of our children (two daughters and one son) that passed from earth-life in the embryo, about the years 1843, '44, '45, who of course, under our old ideas, were set down by both my wife and myself as eternally lost.

LIFE ONCE GIVEN, NEVER LOST.

But not so. The world at large has yet to learn that in the mysterious economy of God's laws, life once imparted never expires or ends. Some time after the year 1856 all three of these children were brought and made known to me by my mother, through the instrumentality of a Miss Irish, a rapping and writing medium of New York City. Suffice it to say, with the help of memoranda, to which I referred on my return home, the identity of all three of these children was proved beyond peradventure. My mother told me that after that date all of these children would return and communicate with me the same as those of my children who had passed from earth at a more mature age.

This has proved strictly true, and in many scores of instances these children have returned and communicated with me as really and intelligibly as any of their sisters, they having all grown to womanhood and manhood in the spirit-spheres. Constance, one of the three, seems to possess most remarkable powers for materializing, and is accustomed to present herself to me (together with her mother, sisters and brother) at our old homes at Vaucuse and elsewhere, under the proper conditions sometimes clothed in embossed garments of indescribable beauty, a sample of which, that I cut with my own hand from her dress, I took to one of the largest dealers in ladies' goods in New York, and without saying how I came by it, asked its value. In reply the foreman said such goods were worth from eight to ten dollars per yard. At the same time I presented a sample of rich, gold-threaded stuff that I cut with my own hand in my house at Vaucuse, from the robe of a spirit who claimed to have been Abdul Aziz, the late murdered Sultan and was told by the foreman that it was worth eight dollars per yard. A sample of the Sultan's robe, thus obtained, was forwarded by my brother Joseph to a friend in Calcutta, who wrote in reply that such goods were then made in both Persia and China. The Sultan did not claim to have materialized this splendid dress after the usual spirit-fashion, but said it was brought intact (I think from Constantinople) by spirit-power. A rent made in a materialized spirit's garment is instantly made whole by the spirit passing its hand a few times over it, as I have seen done in many, many instances. I think my spirit family must have read the thought in my mind, but instead of Constance repeating her former manifestation, her sister Lily came and did it for her, and after a manner that I think, had the Venus de Medici been exhibited on the occasion by Lily's side, in the presence of Phidias and Canova, neither of those greatest artists in marble would have bestowed more than a hasty glance of recognition on that sculptured wonder of antiquity.

Lily came draped in the finest lace, that veiled without concealing the contour of her form, whilst her arms, from the shoulders down to the tips of her taper fingers, together with her face and left foot and leg, including her knee, were entirely nude. As I gazed on her beautiful features exhibited in full light, I felt it difficult to decide which was the most perfect creation, my own daughter or the angel Sunshine. Next came my daughter Anna, whose identity I recognized from the resemblance of her features to those she wore on earth, although this was far from being exact. She seated herself on my knee, and throwing her beautiful arms about my neck, smothered me, as it were, with kisses, as her mother had previously done, whose features, too, as she had exhibited her face to me, were not nearly so life-like as I had often seen them developed in the presence of other mediums at materializing seances, and especially at my own house, of which I may say more in future papers. But now came

THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE SEANCE.

Just as I supposed the manifestations of spirit-power were about to cease, four female forms of indescribable beauty suddenly burst on our view—a part of them just within the materializing room and a part in the full light of the apartment in which we were sitting, constituting altogether a group of female loveliness such as was probably never beheld by mortal eyes before. What seemed strange, these four angelic creatures were attended by a little colored girl, some ten years old, clothed seemingly in a home-spun dress, whose skin was, so to speak, as dark as the ace of spades. The four beautiful spirits an-

nounced themselves as my wife and daughter Anna (both of whom were remarkably beautiful in earth-life), and my two daughters, Constance and Lily, who passed away in embryo, but had grown up in the spirit-world to mature womanhood.

The strong light in the room did not seem to annoy any of the group at all, their radiant faces and lustrous eyes being entirely unveiled, and distinct in every feature, and even more so, than those of any mortal present. As they moved about in the space before us, I am confident that the world does not contain a writer sufficiently gifted to convey an idea of the perfection of grace and beauty the four represented, much less the pen of one like myself whose faculties are so enfeebled by age and illness that the mere mechanical use of the pen becomes quickly fatiguing, to say nothing of the more wearying labor of the brain. The little colored girl seemed not fully at her ease as she stood in humble attitude amidst the bright galaxy of angels, and I sought to reassure her by calling her to my side and shaking her hands and petting her. After awhile my daughter Anna left her companions, and coming to me, sat down in my lap and exchanged embraces and kisses. She then pointed to her mother, and reminded me of her presence, whereupon I beckoned her to come to me, when Anna resigned her place in my arms to my wife and rejoined her sisters, Constance and Lily, who both in like manner soon came in turn and exchanged embraces and kisses with me.

THE DOVE AND THE YELLOW BIRD.

As I sat regarding the glorious scene before me, in blissful contemplation, the medium on my left suddenly exclaimed: "Why there is a dove sitting on your head." "There!" again she said, "it is now on your shoulder, with its bill in your mouth!" "And now," said she, "I see a little yellow bird lying beside your feet." This was doubtless a clairvoyant paraphrase and exemplification of an incident I described in *The North American* of the 25th of June, which both of the mediums declared they had never seen or heard of, which in fact it was next to impossible they should have done until after the evening on which the seance was held. During the whole continuance of the manifestations a constant succession of loud spirit raps were kept up on the chair in which I was sitting, which a guide of the mediums said were made by my wife's brother, Rowland R. Minturn, who had so mysteriously appeared to her in Genoa and Rome in the winter of 1838-'39, as I have previously described. Of all the materializing seances I have ever attended I do not remember of having seen spirits materialize in full light before, nor so many as five, as on this occasion, presenting themselves at the same time.

After the Honeymoon.

(Quiver.)

Young married people are surprised when they discover that the honeymoon is not entirely composed of honey. Even the first year of married life is not always the happiest, though it ought always to be very happy. Living together happily is an art which the most affectionate couple cannot ordinarily learn in a year. Each has to make some unpleasant discoveries and to overcome some fixed inclinations. True happiness begins when these discoveries have been made and each is thoroughly resolved to make the other as happy as possible for all time. Marriage is sometimes said to be the door that leads deluded mortals back to earth; but this need not and ought not to be the case. Certainly love may end with the honeymoon if people marry to gratify a "gunpowder passion," or for the sake of mere outward beauty, which is like a glass soon broken. Of course the enthusiastic, tempestuous love of courting days will not as a rule survive marriage. A married couple soon get to feel toward each other very much as two chums at college, or two partners in a business who are at the same time old and tried friends. Young married people often think that those who have been in the holy state of matrimony twenty or thirty years longer than themselves are very prosy, unromantic and by no means perfect examples of what married people ought to be.

The Cuban senorita is rather small, quite plump, has raven black hair, plenty of it, and large black eyes, which she knows how to use. The schools are under the control of the Roman Catholic Church, the sex attending different schools. From the fact that girls are so strictly separated from the boys at school and other public places, it follows that a distrust of the other sex is instilled into the youthful mind. No woman can go on the street alone; she must have a scrawny female companion, or two or three servants. Even the lover cannot see his Dulcinea alone. He must do his courting in the presence of one or more ancient ladies, who watch every smile and hear every expression of endearment. Occasionally these love-sick creatures steal into a corner and indulge in a little decorous embracing. The Cuban girl makes an affectionate wife and is fully matured at twelve years, frequently having quite a large family at twenty. As is usual in hot climates, she loses her beauty early, and makes the ugliest old woman on the two hemispheres.

THE STYRIAN ARSENIC EATERS.

(Chambers' Journal.)

It must not be supposed that any one takes to arsenic eating openly. On the contrary, it is begun in secret at the increase of the moon, and in some villages with superstitious observances. A very small dose is at first taken once a week—bread and butter is the favorite medium—then twice a week, and so on. When the individual arrives at a dose daily, the dose itself is increased, till as much be taken as in ordinary circumstances would kill two or three individuals. But even these people cannot consume the drug altogether with impunity. When they first begin with their very small doses, they are seized with nausea and burning pains in the mouth, throat and stomach, and are probably very much more uncomfortable than a boy who has taken his first cigar. But one peculiarity of arsenic eating is this: that when a man has once begun to indulge in it, he must continue to indulge; for if he ceases the arsenic in his system poisons him—or, as it is popularly expressed, the last dose kills him. Indeed, the arsenic eater must not only continue his indulgence, he must also increase the quantity of the drug, so that it is extremely difficult to stop the habit; for, as sudden cessation causes death, the gradual cessation produces such a terrible heart gnawing that it may be said that no genuine arsenic eater ever ceased to eat arsenic while life lasted. It is curious that while the human organism is so remarkably sensitive to arsenic, a man may indulge in these poisonous doses for years. This is probably owing to the fact that arsenic acts on the skin, and thus is being constantly carried out of the system, and also because it is readily eliminated by the kidneys. Now, this prevents any accumulation going on in the tissues, and thus what might seem almost mythical is at least brought within the range of possibility. It has been calculated that this process of elimination has to be carried on for fourteen days before a given dose is entirely removed. But yet the fact remains that these Austrian peasants can swallow arsenic to an extent and with an impunity unprecedented in the annals of toxicology.

For the solution of the problem we may offer the following considerations: First of all, the human organism may become accustomed to most if not all poisons, if they are administered at first in exceedingly small doses. Secondly, though the human organism is extremely sensitive to arsenic, yet some constitutions may be less so than others; thus, for instance, the arsenic eaters of Styria are all of them robust mountaineers, whose forefathers have eaten arsenic from generation to generation, so that, as may be supposed, each generation has become more arsenic-proof than the one before it. Thirdly, like most mountaineers, the Styrians consume large quantities of milk and butter, as well as other food rich in fats, when the oily matters to a certain extent unite with the arsenic, forming an arsenical soap, which does not so readily enter into the blood, so that the total amount of arsenic actually assimilated is proportionally small. If the Styrian partakes of an unusual amount of this deadly drug he is at the same time not only less susceptible to its influence by his hereditary descent and his habits, but his food supplies him with some sort of an antidote.

Women's Wages.

(C. D. Davidson in Industrial Appeal.)

"For every man who lives a single life, caring only for himself, there is some woman who is deprived of her natural supporter," says Henry George.

It is a cool and unwarranted assumption on the part of society that wives are supported by their husbands. The persons who assume this will seldom deny that wives usually work as many hours a day as their husbands, and frequently more. "But, then," they will say, "the wife's labor is unproductive, it has no money value."

Such a position needs no very close analysis to prove its utter absurdity. Let the wife fall sick, and it is immediately discovered that her labor had a money value, for it takes money to hire help to take her place in the household. To take her place, did I say? But who can take her place? The wife's labor is not unproductive. It is as necessary to cut and sew cloth into garments as it is to produce the material of which it is made, or to weave that material into cloth. It is as necessary that food be cooked as that it be provided in readiness for cooking. A housekeeper is as essential as a house-builder.

It is not a "supporter" that a self-respecting woman asks of society, but justice. Equal pay for equal work.

In your paper of the 26th instant (writes a correspondent of the *St. Louis Republican*) is a picture of the statue "Star of the West"—a woman shading her eyes with her hand. It is not true to nature. A woman always shades her eyes by turning her hand over—the palm upward—so that the back will not burn. During the civil war a woman in the army in male attire was discovered by this gesture.

The lower grade sailors on the Russian man-of-war at New York receive only \$1 per month wages.

WHAT SPIRITUALISTS BELIEVE.

[With reference to the above named subject Col. D. M. Fox concluded an anniversary address at Omaha last year by saying:]

"We are often asked, what do Spiritualists believe, and in the same breath, the questioner will say: 'I am told they do not believe in a God, they say the bible is false, no future reward or punishment, etc.' In answer we have to say, there never has been and probably never will be any formulated declaration of belief, but in closing our discourse we offer the following published in the first volume of the *Spiritual Offering* as expressing the sentiments of nine-tenths of the Spiritualists of the world.

SUMMARY.

To sum up then, we find the following blessings and benefits attendant upon the path of Spiritualism, each a comfort and a joy to earth's creed-bound, dogma-infested children:

1. It proves man's immortality and the existence of a spiritual universe.
2. It destroys all fear of death.
3. It annihilates the dogma of eternal punishment, demonstrating unending progress for all mankind.
4. It establishes the non-existence of satan and his imps.
5. It overthrows all idea of a vindictive and personal God, substituting therefor the infinite spirit of the universe,—the 'Totality of Mind and Matter.'
6. It posits a rational, common-sense heaven instead of the absurd theological conception of future bliss.
7. It demolishes the dogmas of vicarious atonement and forgiveness of sin proving that the full penalty invariably follows every infraction of the moral law.
8. It cultivates our individuality and self-reliance.
9. It is permeating Sectarianism with principles of love and amity and will ultimately up root it in all its forms.
10. It is the deathblow to superstition.
11. It harmonizes religion, science and philosophy into one concordant whole, substantiating the universality of law, and the total absence of miracle and supernaturalism from the Universe.
12. It evidences the utter inefficacy of beliefs or faiths.
13. It is thoroughly rationalistic, recognizing reason and intuition as the only guides of man.
14. It proclaims with emphasis the brotherhood of man, and was a potent instrumentality in the accomplishment of the down-fall of American slavery and Russian serfdom.
15. It is a persistent advocate of Woman's Rights,—equality with men in all departments of being.
16. It vigorously opposes war and contention, intemperance and unchastity, and encourages peace, fraternity, temperance and purity.
17. It is full of sympathy with all reformatory movements looking to the amelioration of human ills and grievances, such as Labor Reform, Prison Reform, Abolition of Capital and Vindictive Punishments, Social Reforms, etc.
18. It is a mighty agent for the relief of the physical ills of diseased humanity, through its many healing mediums.
19. It urges strongly the utilization of the present world, not dwelling exclusively upon the beatitudes of existence after death to the exclusion of our paramount duties on this earth.
20. It encourages rational amusements.
21. It comforts with a lasting joy the sorrowing—the mourner for the loss of departed friends and loved ones.
22. It restrains and reforms those viciously inclined, through their realization of the abiding presence of their spirit-friends, conscious of their thoughts and deeds.
23. It emphasizes the primary importance of liberty in all its manifold relations, including freedom of thought, speech, and action, unimpeded and with full legal protection; and involving the complete secularization of civil governments—their absolute dissociation from all theological tenets and observances.
24. It bestows upon those realizing its heavenly truths a happiness 'unspeakable and full of glory,' surpassing far all other joys combined."

A peculiar custom in the Cape Verde Islands is noted by a recent visitor there. His hostess was smoking a cigarette, when suddenly she drew it from her lips and offered it to him. Though somewhat startled he accepted it with the best grace that he could command, and upon subsequent inquiry found that it was considered among the islanders one of the greatest compliments a lady could pay to a gentleman.

Richter said no man can live piously or die righteous without a wife. Malherbe said the two most beautiful things on earth are women and roses. Boucicault wished Adam had died with all his ribs in his body. The only thing that consoled Lady Blessington for being a woman was that she could not be made to marry one.

The London *Lancet* says that the appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from dyspepsia.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885.

REVIVAL OF SPIRITUALISM.

Never, in the history of Modern Spiritualism, has its phenomena and philosophy so attracted the attention of thoughtful minds as at present.

However well grounded one may be in the belief that death is the end of life—however much one may try to reconcile himself to that belief,—still, to the spiritually minded, it can not be otherwise than exceedingly cold comfort. To think that all outreaching of the soul for knowledge—for that which only an eternity can bring; all holy aspirations for continued opportunities for spiritual culture and growth; all love that reaches beyond the grave;—to imagine that Nature has cruelly planted these aspirations and affections in the soul only to deceive us, can not, surely, be a very satisfying belief. We think more kindly of our good Mother than to believe she could lure us on with such fond hopes only to turn away from us at the last, and leave us stranded on the cold rocks of disappointment.

Hence it is that as the thoughtful Materialist—the one well developed in the spiritual region of the brain—nears the evening of life;—as one after another of his loved ones pass out into the unknown, and the shadows of night gather around him;—as he realizes that he, too, must soon pass away, with all his unrealized possibilities of existence—all his manly ambitions and holy aspirations blighted forever,—his heart is apt to grow tender, and it is then he is willing to obey the Scriptural injunction to "try the spirits."

And so there are many of this class who are seeking for light, where many others have already found it and gone their way rejoicing in the knowledge of the glorious truth of immortal existence.

To those who seek and falter not, with an honest purpose, the knowledge will surely come. The dear forms and faces that can never be forgotten will come back from their beautiful homes in spirit life and make their presence known in ways that can not be questioned. They will glide into the presence and hearts of their loved ones on earth, bringing hope and comfort and a joy that passeth understanding.

Is not this something worth working for—worth living for? In the light of such a truth how little should we care,—in fact how little do we care for the sneers of the ignorant or the unreasoning opposition of the spiritually blind.

RAILROAD COMPETITION.

The present competition in railroad building is working serious disaster to many railroad companies, and will no doubt end in forcing several of them into bankruptcy.

We see by the report of President Adams of the Union Pacific, submitted to the Directors of his Company on the 12th inst., that the total income of the road for the half year ending June 31, is \$3,741,180, and total expenditure \$3,784,018. This, with the United States requirement of \$384,292 makes a total deficit for the six months of \$427,121. The deficit for the corresponding period in 1884 was \$317,246. We are further told that the land sales for the six months ending June 30th were \$313,432, aggregating \$553,426, as compared with 2,051,193 acres, aggregating \$4,127,427, in the corresponding period of last year.

This sorry showing is, no doubt, duplicated in the experiences of the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific, and many other parallel roads.

With many of the Eastern roads the competition is so great, and the rates so low, that the companies are actually operating their lines at a dead loss. In Chicago, New York, and all the principal cities, in addition to the main offices of the companies centrally located for the attraction of custom, numbers of "cut-rate" offices are maintained, by each company, where the business of underselling regular rates is sanctioned, and in connection with which numbers of drummers are employed to beat for passengers. In Chicago, a stranger with a grip-sack is waylaid at almost every street corner by some railroad drummer with "cut-rate" tickets for sale.

All of this means that railroad building, like everything else in the way of business, is overdone. The public is getting the benefit now; but the reaction is bound to come, ere long, in some shape. It may come in a general consolidation of competing lines and the raising of rates; otherwise, for lack of means, bridges and rolling stock will be neglected and suffered to fall out of repair, to the peril of the traveling public.

Certain it is that this competitive struggle for patronage must have an ending, and that, too, ere long. No individual or company will long consent to do business at a loss; not many can afford it. Possibly it may end in the Government taking control of the principal lines, which would, no doubt, be a good thing for the country. The Government should also own the principal telegraph lines.

The centralization of power in the hands of a government of the people is nothing to be

dreaded,—especially when such centralization is in the direction of the peoples' best interests. It is virtually a step toward co-operation, which is the true theory for the management of all great enterprises in which the public is directly interested.

SUNDAY.

Christianity has given to the world no more blessed boon than that of Sunday. If divested of all religious meaning, Sunday would nevertheless seem to be a physical and material necessity of the race. No infidel or Materialist would care to have it abolished from the world. It is only in the sense that any peculiar sanctity attaches to the day that they object.

Now, as a matter of business convenience, it is best that Jew and gentile, Spiritualist, Christian, and Materialist, should all agree upon one day, and that one, out of respect for the majority of the enlightened world, should be Sunday. It is a day that fits all manner of lives. To the Christian it is a day for religious worship—a day when all secular labor should be dispensed with—a holy day. To all others it is a most acceptable day for rest, recreation, or for moral and intellectual culture, as they may prefer.

Hence no law is necessary to enforce its observance. All are glad to observe it in their own way, as is right and proper they should. No one should be compelled to observe it in a manner to please others, save in a sense of common propriety and reasonable respect for the opinions of others. No one should be permitted to use the day in a manner to disturb others, either in their religious worship, or in the quiet and rest that they have the right to enjoy. Those who would devote the day to noisy amusements, if actuated by a proper feeling of respect for their neighbors, will go away by themselves. If not so actuated, then they should be coerced. Every individual has rights that all should be made to respect.

The religious world need never fear for the stability of the Christian Sabbath. It has come to stay. As to any especial sanctity attaching to the day, it is the privilege of all Christians to so regard it, and no one has a right to trespass on that privilege.

To the right thinking man all days should be holy days, in the highest and truest sense. He should and will spurn to do a mean action on any day. He will think kindly of his neighbor, walk uprightly before the world, be true to himself and to his fellow men, honor his wife, and be gentle in his conduct, and considerate of the opinions and even of the weaknesses of all with whom he comes in contact, quite as much on one day as another.

And yet we rejoice in, and have a special welcome for Sunday. It is a cosy resting place in life's journey, with cool shade and pleasant waters by the wayside. It is there we lay off our burden of daily care, and have our brows and hearts in the sweet companionship of home. And thus we gather strength and hope for other days of plodding toil, and we take up our burden and journey on with lighter step. And so we feel to exclaim, as did Sancho Panza of the refreshing baptism of sleep, "Blessed be the man that invented Sunday!"

Many boys who are examined for "apprentices" in the navy are rejected as liable to heart disease. This the medical men say, is due to cigarette smoking.—*Lowell Courier*.

The pernicious habit of cigarette smoking, is, no doubt, undermining the health and destroying the constitutions of thousands of our young men and boys. They may be seen everywhere—the victims of this vice,—with their pale faces and bloodless lips,—mere children, with bone and tissue undeveloped—with all manly growth arrested by the insidious poison that is distilling through brain and nerve, and surely preparing the foolish victim for an early breakfast for the worms. If the boy who has so paralyzed the delicate tissues of his throat and mouth as to be able to inhale the poisonous smoke into his lungs and expel it hence through the nose, without even wincing, could see himself as he will appear a few years hence—a ghastly, grinning skeleton,—with loathsome lizards hiding in his eyeless sockets,—he would no doubt make a strong effort to shake off the vile habit.

MISCHIEVOUS LITERATURE.—A Boston firm is issuing a series of small volumes under the name of the "Anti-Infidel Library." Four are from the pen of Rev. Dr. Patterson, formerly of this city, now deceased, and are entitled "The Errors of Evolution." They are highly rhetorical but very illogical. Dogmatic assertion constantly takes the place of arguments, denunciation of disproof. The *N. Y. Independent* says of these volumes that they are "an affront to the intelligence of Christian people," that the defense of Christianity which they set up, "can be upset by any and every natural history collection in the land," and that their circulation is "a powerful method of producing unbelief." We agree.

A PIOUS BANDIT.—The *Kansas City Times*, in a long account of Jesse James the "king of the bandits," in Missouri, on whose head a price was set by the Governor, says that his favorite song was: "Am I a soldier of the Cross?" and that he would sing it with as much gusto as he would cut a throat or plant a rifle ball in the breast of a wealthy traveler. It mentions also that Jesse was very intolerant of anything like infidel sentiment, and he is said to have shot a companion once for expressing doubts of the existence of such a place as hell.

EGG-SEMPARY BENEVOLENCE.—The excellent pastor of a church in Ogletown county, Ga., has trained the children at his Sunday School to bring an egg every Sunday to the Sunday School as a contribution. This egg-sempary benevolence is on a line with that said to have been devised some years ago by Rev. Father Simmonds of the M. E. Church South. Every child was called on to set a hen and to consecrate the brood, when hatched, to the missionary cause.

OCCULTISM.

Occultism is supposed to be to Spiritualism what sanctification is to old-fashioned Methodism—a sort of higher degree—an advanced stage of grace. It had its origin away back among the myths and traditions of India, and with the wonder-workers of the Hindoo priesthood. That the old fakirs possess a knowledge of occult science far beyond that of the priests or psychic philosophers of any other people, is the testimony of all careful observers who have traveled in India, and had opportunities to investigate the matter.

Numerous societies have been organized in this and other countries for study and development in this higher realm of psychic forces. The object of this study is one that may well interest all thoughtful Spiritualists. In fact it is directly in the line of spiritual and intellectual growth. At the same time we must not forget that the millions hungering for the bread of life, for the knowledge of a future existence, must first be taught the alphabet of Spiritualism; and that must come through simple mediumship, whereby the so-called dead can return to prove their existence to surviving friends and relatives. This is the first step in the ladder that Jacob saw in his vision, the primary school wherein the first lessons must be learned, and the mind prepared for advancement to the higher grades.

Herein is a vast field for work, and one as important as it is vast. The GOLDEN GATE, while willing at all times to encourage advancement in knowledge in the realm of the occult, is nevertheless content to labor for the good of others in those bottom facts and principles of Spiritualism wherein the greatest good will be likely to come to the greatest number. We must first learn to walk before we would ascend to Olympian heights.

And then we are not all gifted for soaring very high yet. We must wait for our wings to grow. We are held close to the earth, among multitudes heavily burdened with human needs and sorrows. Our sympathies and affections are interlaced with the trials of those who are yet in the infancy of spiritual unfoldment; and who, like ourselves, are struggling for light, and work. They are our brethren in spirit and in life.

Hence, we would go slow, and feel our way cautiously among a world of hitherto almost unknown forces, with the simplest of which our wisest teachers know but precious little.

DEATH.

Death seems to be only the king of terrors when it comes in the form of pestilence. Men will unflinchingly face it on the battle-field, and encounter it in heroic deeds toward their fellow men; they will devote their lives to the performance of feats by which sooner or later they are ended; mines in which thousands of lives have been lost are never idle for lack of men to fill their places; they will allow themselves to be lifted into the upper regions of space with only a delicate fabric between them and the thousands of feet below; they will meet an antagonist in equal combat to avenge their "wounded honor," and they will resort to the most painful and violent means of self-destruction in fits of despondency, leaving families to struggle on with the cold world and its colder charity.

But in times of contagions and epidemic disease how different! They take every possible means to avert and shun the plague, and on its appearance desert each other, fleeing like mad creatures they know not where.

Death is frightful to them now, and they dodge it at every turn, but their fears betray them and they fall into its clutches. The great avenger is quite as capricious as man. It comes not by simply desiring, and courage and calmness are passed by in seeking those who are cringing in fearful expectancy of its presence. As death is sought here and shunned there, but it is everywhere, and will claim us all in time.

BOGUS REFORM.

Reform is a glorious word in one sense, but unfortunately it carries too many meanings. With "civil service" prefixed, it is doing loyal work for the Democracy in some parts of the Union, notably in Baltimore, where the postmaster has notified all women clerks in that office to prepare to leave on the first of September. This corresponds exactly with Senator Blackburn's view of the subject, who plainly says: "The civil service reform I want, is to hunt out every bad Republican office holder, and remove him because he is bad. Then I want to remove every good Republican because he is a Republican, and there is a capable Democrat for the place." These women clerks are doubtless to be removed, first because they are women, and second that men may take their places. It is more than the average politician can endure to see a woman snugly ensconced in a comfortable position, doing good work and earning a fair living, while he sees his brother man standing around "waiting for something to turn up." Women cannot become "offensive" as partisans, but they are "turned out" just the same as the "rascals" for doing satisfactory service.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE WORLD.

This is becoming a very unsettled, and in some respects, an uncomfortable world. All our cherished beliefs, legends and traditions, are one by one being picked to pieces. Belief and opinions being mere matters of faith, there is nothing tangible about them, and we can endure to have them uprooted. But when it comes to demonstrating that places and objects do not and never did exist,—that all of us have seen in picture, and many of us in reality,—the thing becomes exasperating. Who has not the been charmed with the description of Fingal's Cave by different authors? And now one Mr. Cope Whitehouse, who has distinguished himself by some Egyptian discoveries, declares and proceeds to show that there never was any such person as Fingal at the cave that bears his name, nor any such place as

Fingal's Cave. So the testimony of Sir Joseph Banks, and Dr. Vogt, and Dr. Hitchcock, and Sir Archibald Geikie, and numerous others, is to be set at naught. And we shall soon be informed that Sir Walter Scott and Ossian were nobodies, and that some other bodies wrote their books. We are prepared for anything of the kind, but we shall believe, all the same, in Fingal's Cave.

A NAIL IN HIS COFFIN.

H. G. McCoy, an old time sheriff of Butte county—a brave officer and a genial, good fellow after the manner of the world, but his own worst enemy—died a few days ago, in Marysville, from chronic alcoholism. He was in Sacramento two weeks before his death, where he fell in with a lot of "the boys," and was speedily invited to take a "social glass," which he accepted with the remark, "It means a nail in my coffin." It seems that he had been trying to break the terrible habit that had become fastened upon him, but was unable to resist the temptation set before him. After the party had imbibed and stood for some time talking over "old times," somebody called for drinks again. The old officer, who was a tall, fine appearing man, looked, we are told, from his offy eminence, a withering look that told of the struggle within him, as he answered, "And you want to drive another nail in!" A fortnight later the last nail had been driven in his coffin, and McCoy, or what was left of him, was an occupant thereof.

"A nail in his coffin!" That is precisely what every man is driving whenever he pours down his throat the deadly beverage of hell. No hard drinker can live out his allotted years,—but few of them scarcely live two-thirds of their years. They burn out the taper of life rapidly, and usually break down suddenly in middle life, and pass on to their long home.

It is a fearful blight on the spirit, the liquor habit. If not overcome here, it will have to be conquered there. The struggle and the agony will surely have to come, in this world or the next. Far better to master the habit here, and be able to go out with a clean bill of lading.

When society learns wisdom—as it will sometime—it will shut up its rum mills, and make it a punishable offense to lead a fellow being into temptation. It is a mistaken idea that man is not "his brother's keeper." We are each and all more or less responsible for the good or bad conduct of our fellows. We hold in our keeping, by our influence and votes, the welfare of others. We could save the poor drunkard to himself and to his family, if we only would. We could make of him a respectable man—a producer—a contributor to the welfare of society—instead of a pauper and burden upon the same. Why do we not do it?

Simply because we are living too much in the cellar kitchen of our natures. We selfishly seek our own interests, reckless of the best interests of others. We climb by stepping upon the necks of our fellows. We must get up higher—out of this narrow animal life, and into the purer realm of being, before we learn to do justly, and live wisely. Then shall we learn that "we are each and all another's," and that we cannot live for ourselves alone. Welcome the glad day that dawns upon a better humanity.

OLD MAIDS.

Some one very tenderly writes: "Thoughtless young people delight in making fun of old maids. A little consideration would teach them better. Some of the kindest and best and truest of women we have known were old maids. It is a pity—nay, it is cruel, to wound the feelings of any one. A generous heart will not stoop to it, more especially if that one be a woman. Alas! how little do we know of the trials and sufferings of many, who are sneeringly called old maids."

The above paragraph emanated from a good heart—a woman's heart, we know; but why this commiseration of "old maids" at this day? In Galileo's time and country when all women who had not found husbands at a certain age, were forced into convents, they were indeed creatures to be pitied. But now-a-days, when there is so much independence among women, nine-tenths that are "old maids," are so by choice, the other tenth is perhaps living "lives of pure, deep devotion to a first and only love." Which are most objects of pity,—the young wife and mother with a domineering, selfish, drinking and abusive husband, who can barely earn enough to keep himself in gin and cigars, while his sweet, patient wife earns the bread, or the old maid free and happy, the support of her parents, and often of younger sisters and brothers too?

All women, we are happy to know, do not get brutes for husbands, but so many of them do, that their life is anything but enviable, while the example set before their children makes their prospect in life darker than the grave and more sad to contemplate.

Then it is not all wives who can earn a living if their husbands fail to do so. These are the homes where the depths of misery and wretchedness are sounded to their lowest. Here is where the angels weep, and where the cheerfulness and sunshine of many an "old maid's" heart has shone, leaving joy and hope in place of the blackness of despair; if the mother cannot be rescued, a way for her children is open, opened by the generosity of an "old maid's" heart.

NOVEL LOTTERY.—During the last decade, the French Government has offered several inducements to its people to increase their population, the French being proverbially, and it is feared dangerously, noted for small families. Whether its previous schemes have had the desired effect does not appear. But another plan is now devised in the form of a lottery, the premiums of which are paid for children, each couple upon the birth of their seventh child receiving a prize. The French are fond of lotteries, but whether one lottery on this plan will receive the desired attention, is doubtful.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Lyceum of the First Spiritual Union of whom Mrs. J. M. Matthews is the Superintendent will commence on September 6th, at half past twelve o'clock, and to this it is hoped that all Spiritualists will send their children.

God built them [women] on a different plan from man, and we do not propose to dispute the wisdom of Omnipotence.—*Golden Era*. Stick to that position, Bro. Wagner; it is the only hope for the future of the race!

That women are equal to men we do not dispute, but we can not admit that they are identical.—*Golden Era*.

No friend or lover of woman will ask our neighbor to make any such unnatural admission!

The editor of the GOLDEN GATE will address the Spiritualists of Oakland, and all who may favor him with their presence, at Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Eleventh and Franklin streets, at 2 P. M., Sunday, Aug. 23d. Subject: "The Better Way."

The lectures of Mrs. E. L. Watson to commence the first Sunday in September, will be by a committee of seven, of whom F. H. Woods is Chairman and M. B. Dodge, Manager. The First Spiritual Union are working in harmony with this movement.

If thirty-two million women should clasp hands, they could reach round the globe.—*Ex*.

What a calculation! We wonder why woman was chosen to illustrate the smallness of our earth? Perhaps because everything in it is illustrated by men, and besides women are always left outside.

The first Spiritual Union of San Francisco had their annual election last Monday evening and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: R. A. Robinson, President; M. B. Dodge, Vice-President; C. H. Wadsworth, Secretary; J. M. Matthews, Treasurer; C. H. Gilman, Librarian.

There has never been a holiday, a theatre, or a circus on Island of Malta.—*What, never?* Between the Vandals, Goths, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, the Knights of the Order of St. John, Napoleon, Bonaparte, and Great Britain, that have in succession laid claim to it, we should rather say "hardly ever."

Another excellent Wednesday night meeting was held at the small hall of the Metropolitan Temple last week, at which speeches were made by Mr. Fair, Mrs. Miller, Judge Swift, Rev. Mr. Parker, Mrs. Price and others. Mrs. Miller acted as Chairman. Profs. Wood and Sand furnished some excellent instrumental music.

Some sharp thief entered the Commercial and Savings Bank of San Jose, one day last week, while the attention of the Cashier was engaged with a confederate, and made off with a tray containing \$10,000 of gold twenties. That he did not steal the counter was doubtless due to the fact that the Cashier was leaning upon it.

The Annual Exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute, opens on Tuesday next, Aug. 25th, at the Pavilion, and will continue until Sept. 26th. With the added experience of each year a great improvement is made on all former exhibitions. This year the music will be especially excellent. Already about every foot of space has been secured.

We have always been told that necessity was the mother of invention, but a man in a small East-rn town has invented ten machines, the utility of which is not yet demonstrated, upon which he spent a solid fortune of sixty thousand dollars, and is now living on the hope that some one of them may turn his present necessity into facility—the facility perhaps, that would enable him to invent more machines.

Every new and wonderful achievement makes us exclaim, "There is nothing impossible!" But when we read that "compressed gas" is to be used for lighting railroad cars, we are seized with doubts. Every ordinary meter is already the compressor of apparently several cubic yards to the foot. If any further compression is to take place, we shall pity private consumers, who will of course be the subjects of the experiment before the thing is attempted on a corporation.

The Rev. Dr. Bancroft of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, South Brooklyn, is expected back from Europe at this time, bringing with him a beautiful stained-glass window for the chancel of Christ Church, which cost \$12,000.—*Exchange*.

And yet He, the humble Nazarene, for whose cause this costly bauble was purchased, "had not money to lay his head." If that large sum of money had been expended in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, would not such worship have been far more acceptable to Jesus?

MODERN SLANG.—If there is anything in danger of total annihilation in this world, it is the purity of the American language. The extent that "slang" is being substituted for proper speech is surprising. One cannot walk on the streets without hearing it, not only from boys, but fashionably attired young men and women whose placid, refined features and studied manner, would lead one to expect only perfection in their conversation; but alas! it is too often the case that disenchantment follows the first word they utter. Some learned gentlemen of New York City have organized a language club, its object being to preserve the purity of our language. It is timely, and it is hoped it may do good and lead to other societies of the same order. They are needed everywhere.

NEW THEORY.—A new theory has been suggested to account for the Aurora Borealis. It is argued that there is a great open polar sea surrounded by icy cliffs and lashed at times by fearful winds and magnetic storms. When these occur the spray is hurled into the air and the reflection of the sunlight creates the phenomenon known as the Northern Lights. This does not correspond with the periodicity of these displays that has been observed, a maximum occurring about once in ten years, and a remarkable brilliancy about once in sixty years. Some scientists ascribe these variations to the sun's spots and the planetary rotations.

"NOT THE MAN FOR THE HOUR."

That is what sister Lois Waisbrooker, of *Foundation Principles*, say of us, and why? Simply because we are a believer in the old adage that "more flies can be caught with sugar than with vinegar." After quoting from the *GOLDEN GATE* the statement that we should endeavor to make the paper "broad, liberal, charitable, guarding against the use of words or opinions calculated to wound the feelings of others," she says:

"That we should not wantonly wound the feelings of others, is true, but he or she who holds back an honest opinion, for fear of wounding the prejudices of others is a milk and water reformer—will fail of accomplishing permanent good; and when the editor takes the Easter Sunday discourse of Professor David Swing as one of the prominent articles in his first issue, commending it earnestly to the thoughtful consideration of his readers, we do not hesitate to say that he is not the man for the hour."

Now, what are opinions, often, but the worst kind of prejudices? And may not those of our plain spoken sister be of a kind open to severe criticism? Is it necessary that a woman should be a vixen, or a man a howling demagogue, and blurt out everything they think, at all times and in all places, in order to be honest and conscientious reformers? Here is a sample of Sister Waisbrooker's "honest" opinions, copied from a long leader, in the number of her paper before us, with the gentle heading, "It is a Lie":

"One of two things is true: they [the preachers] are hypocritical knaves, or bigoted fools. We make bold to say that of the seventy or eighty thousand ministers in these United States, whatever they may be as MEN outside of their religious work—as MINISTERS, each and every one of them belongs to one of the above classes, knaves, or fools."

There are, no doubt, some irreverent Spiritualists who are ready to exclaim, in approval of such sentiments, "Go in, sister, we'll hold your bonnet." But such is not the advice of the *GOLDEN GATE*.

WHY NOT?

Lewis Morris, of Palatka, Florida, has the following in the *Freethinkers' Magazine*:

I was born in 1821 and don't recollect the time when I was not thoroughly Liberal in my feelings and views, after I had views. I am not, and never was known to the public, but I flatter myself (which egotism may probably be excused in one of my age) that I have done a little good work in a private way. I think I have been instrumental in ridding several estimable souls of the fear of both hell and God. I don't believe in either. Have never had presented to any of my five senses the least evidence of their existence. I am a thorough Materialist. Am perfectly satisfied that matter is at the root of all existence and phenomena, and yet (which to many will appear paradoxical) I have had conveyed to my mind, through at least two of my five senses, the most irresistible evidence of intellectual entities existing entirely independent of any organization visible and sensible to the natural (as we call it) eye or touch. Further deponent sayeth not.

Why should "deponent" further say not? He is "perfectly satisfied that matter is at the root of all existence and phenomena," and yet he has had conveyed to his mind, through at least two of his five senses, "the most irresistible evidence" of the existence of "intellectual entities" independent of organized matter. We can't understand him. Does he discredit the evidence of his two senses—think they are "made the fools of all the rest"? If not, then what becomes of his materialism?

WHEDON'S ANGELOIDS.—The late Dr. Whedon is said to have called the departed dead angeloids. The substance of his theory was that the ramifications of the nerves forming in themselves a shape corresponding exactly to the whole figure, made the soul of man just like the body so far as configuration goes. So, at death, he thought this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself and became the eternal form of the spirit. And others have advanced the theory that still another and finer contour, underlying the delicate nervous system, and invisible to mortal sight, is the spirit form of man. Since all that is visible of us is perishable, it is about as difficult to conceive the immortality of the nervous system as it is the resurrection of our old and useless bodies.

AN AMERICAN PROPENSITY.—There are but few newspapers of the American press that have not said some mean thing about the marriage of Queen Victoria's last daughter with Prince Henry of Battenberg. If Beatrice had been "sweet sixteen" instead of twenty-nine, "pale and interesting" instead of fat and rosy; and if Prince Henry had been rich, and still the "left-handed son of a king," the press, we dare say, would have confined itself to a respectful mention of the affair in general, and indulged in some American-English drivel in particular, that would have shown the aping propensity that plain Republicans will sometimes manifest when dazed by report of Royal affairs that they cannot hope to realize in themselves.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—There was a time, in the history of our Republic, when the office of President was a peaceful one, and a man's life could not have been much shortened by a term at the White House. This was prior to Andrew Jackson's time, when office seekers were not permitted to see the President. If *Harper's* cartoon does not exaggerate the present condition of affairs, Cleveland might have many a sigh for the good old times that did not make the head of the nation a daily review of the ever-increasing array of place-hunters in Uncle Sam's free dominions, where every man may set out on his own account and present his credentials in person.

A SUGGESTION.—There is a way in which wealthy Spiritualists can do "a world of good," without any great expense to themselves. There are hundreds of Spiritualists whose souls are hungering for the weekly visits of the *GOLDEN GATE*, but who are really unable to take and pay for it. Now, if those who can afford it would, while ordering their own papers, contribute a trifle to aid in sending the paper to the worthy poor, they

can't imagine how much sunshine they would bring to their own hearts, as well as to those of the sharers in their bounty. If they choose, they can name the parties to whom they would like to have the paper sent. We will gladly publish a list of contributions to the "Poor Subscribers' Fund." Dr. G. B. Crane and John Allyn of St. Helena, Cal. Hollister of Santa Barbara, and one good sister of San Francisco, have already contributed to this fund, and the papers have been forwarded as directed.

THE OLD DOGMA.—In the recent examination of divinity students graduating at Andover Theological Seminary, some of them are reported as saying certain very absurd things, as: That regeneration and consequently salvation was impossible without a knowledge of the "historic Christ." As only a small fraction of mankind have ever heard of the existence of such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, such a dogma cuts off from every chance of happiness in the future life, not only the majority, but the immense majority of mankind.

There are a few towns in England, under fifty thousand inhabitants, that have not from two to five papers.—*Ex.*

In California there are plenty of towns under two thousand inhabitants, that are called upon to support from one to five papers, but it is needless to say how most of them fare. The struggle of daily papers in large cities should be a warning to the small towns, and would if every college and other graduate did not think himself destined to be an editor. Mr. Erastus Brooks says he has seen one hundred and twenty daily newspapers established in New York City, of which only sixteen are now in existence. He estimates that upon them has been sunk twenty millions. There is a fascination in some lines of business that few can resist, and which leads many to bankruptcy when they might make fortunes in other fields of enterprise.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Milwaukee has 159,000 inhabitants, a gain of 43,000 in five years.

Miss Alice Field, a daughter of Cyrus Field, is writing a novel of Italian life.

In boring an artesian well at Americus, Ga., oyster shells were found at a depth of one thousand feet.

The experiment of condensing "must" from grapes for shipment east is being tried in some Napa vineyards.

New York has twelve hundred gospel ministers, eight hundred of whom are Protestant, and four hundred Roman Catholic.

On account of the low prices prevailing, some of the hop yards near Cloverdale will not have their crops gathered this year.

Several tons of raisins have already been cured in one of the Fresno colonies, and will be ready for market in a very short time.

Forty thousand dollars are to be expended on a crematory in Philadelphia. It will be located at Manayunk, and the inclosure will comprise eleven acres of land.

There are now thirteen ostrich chicks at the San Diego county ostrich farm near Fallbrook. The oldest of them are about six weeks old, and all are doing well.

The Sacramentans are indignant with the managers of the Mechanics' Institute Fair, the latter having fixed the same date for their exhibition as that set for the State Fair.

A new cable across the Atlantic is projected, which will make ten skipping ropes for the mermaids. No doubt the pressure of scandal news suggests the necessity of another line.

From data of his own, the editor of the *Montgomery (N. H.) Standard* has satisfied himself that the Horseshoe Falls have worn away more than fifteen feet during the past thirteen years.

The silk worm culture in Hawaii is stated to have been almost wholly abandoned in consequence of stringent Sunday laws, which prohibit the gathering of mulberry leaves or the feeding of worms on that day.

It is said that the Emperor of Japan can trace his descent for 2,500 years, during all of which time his family have been on the throne. Under a good system of civil service that family would be permitted to take a rest.

Two sons of Cornelius Vanderbilt are amateur printers. In their father's Fifth-avenue dwelling they have a room devoted to the craft, with a press, cases, type, and other materials used in printing a neat little paper called the *Comet*.

Nine more boys have arrived in Los Angeles from an "Immigration Bureau" in London, and, as was the case with those before them, did not find the promised situations and homes. Nearly forty similar cases have thus far been discovered.

It is said that along the southern coast of Mexico people have a habit of inoculating themselves with the virus of the rattlesnake or adder, which novel vaccination renders them perfectly safe forever afterward from the bite or sting of the deadliest reptile.

The strawberry crop of the Easter shore of Maryland is more profitable than the oyster crop. This region promises to become the great trucking garden of the Atlantic Coast, and there is very little improvable land in it that is not now under cultivation.

Bob. Ingersoll does not think it well to talk about the superiority of men. "Do you know," he said recently, "we probably have not in the American Congress a man so learned in the science of government as Harriet Martineau was. America has never produced a novelist as great as George Eliot, and we have never had a poet such as Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

In a trial of Lafarge, in a New York court, for alleged larceny of a lot of photographs of women who had sat for him as models, the testimony showed that it is not only those who are in sore need of money who expose their nude charms for artistic perpetuation. Many ladies of fashionable society are inspired by the vainest kind of vanity to pose for statues and pictures.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard, who has written the life of Lincoln, says that Mrs. Lincoln was very much disturbed during the war at the current stories which accredited her with being in sympathy with the South, and a spy on the Union cause. In order to disprove these rumors, she requested Mr. Stoddard to receive and open all her mail matter before it reached her hands, which delicate task he performed for some time.

Mrs. Logan's Meetings.

We are informed by an attendant at Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, last Sunday afternoon and evening, that Mrs. F. A. Logan and Mrs. S. Seip acquitted themselves grandly in behalf of Spiritualism, by speaking and tests.

If their audiences increase as they have in numbers since they commenced these meetings, it will not be long before a large hall will be necessary. Mrs. Seip's tests are largely upon business. Mrs. Cook describes spirits. Mrs. Myers from Stockton became entranced, and predicted troublous time in the near future for our people or country.

Mrs. Gentry, also a clairvoyant, said that while Mrs. Logan was speaking she saw a light indescribably brilliant, over and surrounding her. J. J. Jackson, a rapping medium, and Mr. Ordway, a newly-developed trance and healing medium, gave many tests to those seated near them. The soft, soothing sweet, music by Mrs. Rodway of Topeka, Kansas, was very conducive to harmony and development. And last, but not least, was the soulful songs of Mrs. Annie Kimball (nee Higgs) which cannot fail to go down deep into the hearts of her listeners. The same ladies will hold forth in the same place at 2 and 7:30 P. M., next Sunday. See advertisement.

Committee Report.

We, the undersigned committee chosen by the audience at a public exhibition of independent slate writing, given by Mr. Fred Evans at Washington Hall on Sunday, June 21, 1885, testify that the slates used were washed and sealed in our presence and to our satisfaction, and during the time the slates were in use they were not removed from our sight. We distinctly heard the fragments of pencil between the slates writing, whilst holding them in our hands. When the writing was finished, which was denoted by three raps on the slates, Mr. R. B. Hall was selected by the audience to break the seals on the slates. When separated, one of them was completely covered with writing in patchwork form, embracing thirty communications, all in different handwriting. Each member of the Committee received messages signed by relatives or departed friends; the remainder of the messages were recognized by different persons in the audience.

The exhibition was given in daylight before an audience of about 400 persons, and under conditions which excluded all chance of trickery or fraud.

DR. THOS. C. KELLEY, 946 Mission St.,
MRS. F. C. LANE, 3010 Folsom St.,
WILLIAM KELLY, 202 Second St.

A Splendid Paper.

The *GOLDEN GATE* is the name of the Spiritual paper published in San Francisco by J. J. Owen, late of San Jose *Mercury*. This paper is designed to supply the want of an intelligent and earnest class of people to whom this new religion is something more than superficial mummerly—a belief that reaches out beyond and above the worthless, priest-ridden doctrines of past days and generations. It voices an inherent intuition of life and immortality that compels the mind to admit that our experiences here are but steps upward to a state of higher existence which is attainable only by the gateway of death which beyond the dark valley shines resplendent as the golden gateway to the higher life. Mr. Owen and his accomplished wife are grand and noble apostles in the glorious cause for which this journal is an advocate. The religion of Spiritualism will gain new converts and the marvelous occurrences, which from the age of the prophets down to the present hour, mystifying the human family, will have their unwritten language interpreted. We behold the tangible signs and symbols of the spiritual presences and forces all about us, but lo! we cannot read. The *GOLDEN GATE* has already a wide circulation, and typographically is the peer of any paper published on this Coast.—*Once a Week.*

A Dreadful Bother.

(Lillie Devereux Blake.)

It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place, you've got to look well or else you're nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular. Whiskers cover up the most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead his friends speak of his many cares and of his thoughtful disposition and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the bad habit he has of scowling at his wife when the coffee isn't strong enough. But a woman must always be in good order. Her hair must always be frizzed and banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin; and she must always manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just so, and her boot buttons always in place, and her finger nails always clean; and then she mustn't whistle, nor climb fences, nor stone cats, nor scold when she is mad. Oh, I tell you a woman has a hard road to travel.

On the top of a quite high hill on the road to Princeton stands a large white house and barn, with grounds well stocked with "Oats, peas, beans and barley, O." It belongs to Miss Cynthia R—, a maiden lady of sixty years, who lives there all alone the year 'round, attending to the farm herself—planting her corn and potatoes, driving the cows to pasture, and milking them, and cutting her own wood, which she carries to Oakdale to sell. Perched upon a load of wood, in her cowhide boots, with a basket of eggs by her side, she presents a picturesque appearance.—*Letter from Sterling.*

[Written for the *GOLDEN GATE*.]

MEDITATION.

[Given through the mediumship of Mrs. Seip.]

Is meditation an interior consultation or inquiry, which implies a responding spirit? We do not inquire of irresponsible agencies. The spirit of inquiry constitutes responsiveness. Responsiveness includes consciousness and revelation.

We do not eat till we are hungry. We do not drink till we are thirsty. These physical analogies are responses to the Spiritual analogy, that neither do we inquire till we *know* we will be answered, nay more, that we are at once answered, because Spiritual inspiration or inquiry is quicker than the physical action by which we have illustrated it.

The most beautiful spring that ever leaped from a rock, does not say to the wayfarer, come, drink of me; but the wayfarer feels the sensation of thirst, because the spring is invitingly there.

Therefore the difference between merely speculative inquiry and responsive inquiry is, the one is speculative meditation and the other concentrated meditation.

The wayfarer is no longer aimlessly wandering in the desert of doubt, but has found the presence of his thought. What presence? That is for each one of us to feel, not for the speech that is silver to explain, but for the silence that is golden.

The fact of receiving these silent intuitions implies Spiritual communion, or, in other words, Spiritualism.

Well then, allowing that we have achieved this precious habit of meditation, productive of the so much desired result, the training of the mind by which we perceive this Spiritual power within us. When we have learned this interior self-culture which begins to be felt first with hope that "springs eternal in the human breast," then with faith that becomes a certainty.

This approach of the invisible spirit eliminates the other element of love.

Inasmuch it exists in the invisible spirit that comes to us, lovingly surrounding us; taking, as we express it, possession of us, or control of us, as we so much desire.

A SINGULAR REUNION.—The most interesting thing at a late old settlers' reunion at Plainfield, Ind., perhaps, was the presence of twin brothers and their twin wives. The brothers are named March or Martz, and live in Arcadia, Hamilton county. They are eighty-seven years old, and their wives, who are twin sisters, and are eighty-four. The two couples were married at the same time—the 27th day of the month. Each has reared twelve children—seven sons and five daughters—every one of whom was born on the 27th day of the month. The parents and children all belong to the same church—the Christian. The fathers, to a stranger, look alike as two peas, and so do the mothers. The maiden name of the latter McCormick, and it was stated that their father was the first white man in Indiana. His cabin stood where is now the site the of new State House at Indianapolis.

The Goshen, N. Y., police force have been supplied with rawhide whips to be carried during the day-time instead of the ordinary locust clubs. Owing to the ease and safety with which they can be wielded, it is said that they inspire more terror among evildoers than the old-fashioned clubs.

LITTLE MAMIE McNEILL.

[Written in memory of Mamie—a sweet little girl of thirteen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McNeill, of this city.]

A beautiful flower unblemished by wrong—
A spring-blossom blooming in Summer,
A birdling new plumed to carol in song—
With the summer sheen shining upon her:
As gentle and sweet as the zephyrs we feel—
So Mamie appeared—little Mamie McNeill.

But the spring-blossom folded its petals in June—
The song-bird was silent in summer,
For the soul that was sweet as a harp string in tune
Fled to those who awaited the corner:
Fled—where the seraphs, angelic and leal—
Waited for Mamie—little Mamie McNeill.

Tho' the mother's heart bleed like a bough 'neath a blow—
Tho' sorrow sobs: "Daughter—my daughter!"
Tho' dark doved death leaves its heaven of woe
To sear the strong soul of the father—
Yet sorrow is blest when it comes to reveal
An angel in heaven—little Mamie McNeill.
—P. N. Dorney.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

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

THE NEW SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.—This Society meets in Golden Gate Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., each Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, and evening at eight o'clock. Dr. Wilson Dunlap, President; Dr. G. F. Perkins, Organist. This is the Christian branch of the Spiritualists; and many mediums are in harmony with them, among whom are Mrs. Maynard, Aitken, Perkins, Gentry and Hoffman.

THE MEDIUMS' FIRST SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION meet in Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., on Sunday, August 23, at 2 p. m., for spiritual culture, tests, written messages by mediums present; to close with ballad and mental questions answered by Mrs. Seip, Friends, skeptics and strangers invited. Admission 10 cents.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL CONDUCT THE meeting, for development, healing and tests, in Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., Sunday eve, 23rd inst., at 7½ o'clock. Good music and tests.

LAUREL HALL, 34 O'FARRELL STREET School of Psychic Culture at 11 a. m., conducted by Mrs. Anna Kimball; 8 p. m., lecture by George Chainey.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWS AGENCIES.

The *GOLDEN GATE* may be had of the following news dealers in San Francisco:

Sumner C. Blake, 503 Kearny St.,
H. F. Smith & Co., 225 Kearny St.,
J. C. Scott, 22 Third St., and cor. Market and Geary
J. K. Cooper, 746 Market St.,
Hook Bros., 20 Sixth St.,
Macowsky Bros., 600 Market St.,
Chas. Foster, Ferry Landing,
O. C. Cook, cor. Tenth and Broadway, Oakland.

WANTED.

A copy of "Ghost Land." It must be in good order. Please address this office, stating price. 6-11

MIND AND MATTER.

A Spiritualist Journal.

Publication office, 713 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa. J. M. ROBERTS, Editor and Publisher, Burlington, New Jersey.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: To mail subscribers, \$2.00 per annum; \$1.00 for six months; 50 cents for three months, payable in advance. Single copies of the paper, five cents—to be had at the principal news stands. Club rates for one year. Five copies, one year, free of postage. \$8.00; ten copies, do., \$15.00; twenty copies, do., \$25.00.

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P. B. CORNWALL, President.

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Will make suits at all prices, from \$20 up. Will guarantee good fits and perfect satisfaction. Our motto will be "Fair Dealing."

Goods sold for what they are worth, and strictly at one price.

6-11

"OCCULT SCIENCE IN INDIA."

[Monsieur Louis Jacolliot, in his very interesting work entitled, "Occult Science in India," relates the following:]

When I arrived at Benares, I intended to remain there a couple of months. That was by no means too long a stay, in view of the inquiries I desired to make regarding the antiquities of the country, but it was too long to put up at a hotel or bungalow. I therefore determined to hire a house of my own and go to housekeeping at once. To have a home of one's own in the East, and especially in the far East, is almost one of the first necessities of life.

I was about sending my "cansama" upon a voyage of discovery, when the Peishwa, a Mahatta prince at Benares, with whom I had become acquainted through the Rajah at Chandernagor, hearing of my arrival, sent to offer me apartments in the magnificent seven-storied palace owned by him upon the banks of the Ganges, to the left of the celebrated mosque of Aurengzeb.

It is no uncommon thing for the princes and rajahs of Hindoostan, although they often reside at a great distance from Benares, to build houses in that city, to which they resort during the festivities incident to the celebration of their birthday, and to which they retire in the evening of life, when, weary of the world, they desire to end their days, according to the laws of Manu, in the observance of their religious duties and in the practice of austerity.

According to their religious belief, those who die in the Holy City are not obliged to go through any further transformations, but their souls immediately ascend to the abode of Brahma and are absorbed in the great soul.

Numerous pilgrims daily arrive from all parts of India, who come to perform, either on their own account, or on behalf of wealthy persons who employ and pay them for that purpose, devotional exercises, upon the banks of the sacred river, whose waters are nowhere else considered so propitious as at the feet of the Holy City.

Some bring the bones of rajahs or other distinguished personages, whose families are able to afford the expense, which are collected after being burnt upon the funeral pyre in little bags which they are instructed to throw into the Ganges. The supreme hope of the Hindu is to die upon the banks of that river, or to transport his remains thither.

To this later belief I was indebted, during my stay at Benares, for meeting with the most extraordinary Fakir, perhaps that I have ever encountered in India. He came from Trivanderam, near Cape Comorin, in the extreme south of Hindustan, and his mission was to take charge of the remains of a rich Malabar, belonging to the caste of commoutys (merchants). The Peishwa, whose family was originally from the South, and was in the habits of extending hospitality to pilgrims from Travencor, Maissour, Sandjaor, and the old Mahatta country, in the buildings attached to his palace, had found lodgings for him in a small thatched cottage upon the very banks of the river in which he had to perform his ablutions, for the next three weeks in honor of the dead. He had been there a fortnight already before I heard of his arrival. His name was Covindasamy.

After assuring myself of his consent, I had him brought to my apartment one day at about noon, when the other occupants of the palace, on account of the extreme heat, were indulging in their noonday siesta.

The room in which I received him looked out upon the terrace, which in turn overlooked the Ganges, and was protected against the burning sun, by a moveable tent made from woven fibers of vetiver. In the middle of the terrace there was a water-spout which fell in a fine shower into a marble basin and diffused a most delightful coolness.

I asked the Fakir if he wished to occupy any particular place rather than another.

"As you please," he answered.

I asked him to go out upon the terrace, which was much lighter than the room, and where I would have a better opportunity to watch him.

"Will you allow me to put to you a single question?" said I, when he had assumed a squatting position upon the ground.

"I am listening to you."

"Do you know whether any power is developed in you, when you perform these phenomena? Did you ever feel any change take place in your brain or any of your muscles?"

"It is not a natural force that acts. I am but an instrument. I evoke the ancestral spirits, and it is they who manifest their power."

I have questioned a multitude of Fakirs in relation to this matter, and they have nearly all made the same answer. They look upon themselves only as intermediaries between this world and the invisible spirits. Observing that he entertained the same belief, I dropped the subject in order that Covindasamy might go on with his performances. The Fakir was already in position with both hands extended toward an immense bronze vase full of water. Within five minutes the vase commenced to rock to and fro upon its base, and approach the Fakir gently and with a regular motion. As the distance diminished, metallic sounds escaped from it, and as if

some one struck it with a steel rod. At certain times the blows were so numerous and quick that they produced a sound similar to that made by a hail storm upon a metal roof.

I asked Covindasamy if I could give directions, and he consented without hesitation. The vase, which was still the under performer's influence, advanced, receded or stood still, according to my request.

At one time, at my command, the blows changed into a continuous roll like that of a drum; at another, on the contrary, they succeeded each other with the slowness and regularity of the ticking of a clock.

I asked to have the blows struck only every ten seconds, and I compared them with the progress of second hand upon the face of my watch.

Then loud, sharp strokes were heard, for a minute and two-thirds.

Upon the table of the drawing-room attached to my apartments, stood one of those music-boxes of which the Hindus are so fond and which the Peishwa had no doubt procured from Calcutta. I had it brought out upon the terrace by my cansama, and I asked to have the blows struck upon the vase so as to accompany any air which the instrument might perform.

I then wound up the box in the usual way, and pressed the spring of the clock-work, without knowing what air it would play. A regular whirlwind of notes was the result, and the box played, in-time designedly accelerated, no doubt, the tune of "Robin of the Wood."

I listened in the direction of the vase, and quick, sharp strokes accompanied the tune, with the regularity of the baton of an orchestra leader. The air had scarcely finished when I again passed the spring, and the blows moderated their pace to keep time to the march from the Prophete, which they accompanied exactly.

All this was done without fuss, or parade, or mystery of any kind, upon a terrace of a few yards square. The vase put in motion, could hardly, when empty, have been moved by two men. It was hollowed out like a cup, and was so situated as to receive the falling jet of water from the fountain before spoken of. It was used for the morning ablutions, which, in India, are almost equal to a regular bath.

What was the force that moved this mass? That is the question.

I repeated these various experiments a second time, and they were renewed with like order and regularity.

The Fakir, who had neither changed his position, nor left his place, then stood up, and rested the tips of his fingers, for a short time, upon the edge of the vase. It soon began to rock to and fro in regular time, from left to right, gradually accelerating its speed; its base, which rose and fell alternately on either side, made no sound upon the stuccoed pavement.

But what surprised me most was to see that the water remained stationary in the vase, as if there was a strong pressure that prevented its regaining its equilibrium, which the motion of the vessel containing it had disturbed.

Three times during these oscillations the vase rose a distance of seven to eight inches completely from the ground, and, when it fell to the pavement again, it did so without any perceptible shock.

The performance had already lasted several hours, during which I had taken copious and careful notes, and had also taken the precaution to have each phenomena repeated in a different manner, when the sun, which was sinking below the horizon, warned us that it was time for me to commence my usual excursion among the venerable monuments and ruins of ancient Kassy, which was the centre of the religious power of the Brahmins when, after their contest with the rajahs, they had lost their temporal power—as well as for the Fakir to prepare himself in the temple of Siva, by the usual prayers, for the ablutions and funeral ceremonies which he was obliged to perform every evening, upon the banks of the sacred river.

Upon taking his departure the Fakir promised to return every day, at the same hour, as long as he should remain at Benares.

The poor man was very glad to have met me. I had resided for many years in the south of India, and knew the beautiful and sonorous language of the country of Bravida, which no one else understood at Benares. He had now some one to talk to about this wonderful land and its ancient ruins, its old pagodas and their incomparable vegetation, and its manuscripts, written with a pointed stick centuries before the sea had abandoned the salt deserts of Iran and Chaldea, or the mud deposits of the Nile had joined the Lower Egypt to the plains of Memphis and Thebes.

A merchant who has advertised along highways a great deal, on fences, barns, rocks and mile-posts, admits that the last five thousand dollars thus expended is a total waste, this thing has been so overdone. Probably the gross money-seekers who have disfigured rustic scenery of a high order and won the hatred of people of sensibility by their indecent zeal will likewise testify that the novelty is gone from the odious method they took to arrest attention, and that the last investment in that form of advertising was a waste of capital. Unless they have abandoned atrocities, laws should be framed for the protection of scenery against vandals.

THE GREAT WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

[Dinner of Light.]

Let us not underrate it—we certainly cannot overstate it: Spiritualism is the event of this epoch in the world's history which swallows up and includes all others, marvelous and many as they are admitted to be. It is destined to supersede all former religions, for the reason that it is the first one that ever wholly cast out fear, and consequently brought the power of superstition to naught. Why should men of science, whose single boast is that they fearlessly pursue truth wherever it leads them with its traces, hesitate to give this newest disclosure their profoundest attention? Taking the statements of Spiritualism itself, one may see how it is to eradicate error from all religion, establish the profoundest philosophy in place of the nightmares of metaphysics, and work reform and regeneration in every department and relation of human life. All things point to the fact that we are certainly on the threshold of great and important changes. Society, religion, international intercourse, public economy, and the individual and the universal conscience are to undergo a process of reconstruction for which the world consciously waits.

It is impossible that so many hearts and minds should be enlightened by this new revelation, illuminating them one and all until they see and acknowledge the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, without a general and mutual desire to make known the power of this great truth, and to assist in spreading still further abroad the benign influence of its truth. To proclaim the truth is a natural necessity with all who are allowed to receive it. As all religions are shown to be the fruit of evolution working as a divine principle through the human race, so it becomes obvious that Spiritualism, the flower and culmination of them all, comes not merely to establish in all men's hearts the truth of immortal existence, but to teach the profoundest of all divine truths that the highest way of living for self is to live for others, and that it is only by living for others that we spiritually exalt ourselves, and thus achieve all that could make immortality the deathless desire of the human spirit. Is this something to be jeered at from the very pulpits, to be derided by those who assume to have the souls of others in their keeping?

But it is not well for Spiritualists to spend too much time in defending their position or answering their opponents. The truth has now obtained a sufficiently strong vantage ground to be allowed to go forward with fresh developments and unfoldings, and leave what is so far disclosed to take care of itself. In our judgment, that should be the policy of Spiritualists for the future. They should waste no more strength on utterances which still newer utterances will best defend and explain. As the process is that of evolution, the law working in the spiritual as in the material realm, it is safe to leave results at every passing stage to themselves, knowing that they are but steps on the long road to the ultimate which is never to be reached. When it shall once be universally accepted and believed that spirit-communication and spirit-influx form the living agencies and forces by which the world secures happiness through the gradual achievement of its destiny, it will be better understood that what we of this time are permitted to see and know is indeed the proclamation of a revelation that will eventually change the whole character of the earth and of those who dwell thereon.

Questions and Answers.

[From Banner of Light Free Circle.]

Q.—Why do so few persons of great intellectual endowments and of high mental culture become mediums?

A.—In all ages and almost under every condition the Spirit of Truth has appeared to humanity in lowly guise; it comes not with the parade and pomp of the world, but in silent ways appealing to the heart of man. There may be many reasons why Spiritualism has not been given universally through mediums highly endowed with intellectual culture and refinement, one of which, perhaps, is that those who are ignorant or have not received a liberal education, and are not well versed in the world's customs and ways, are usually more negative in character, more passive to external influences, and thus are more easily influenced and acted upon by unseen powers. They are not wont to question and criticize what is given to them by their invisible attendants, but learn to faithfully portray it. Those who are more intellectually endowed generally cultivate a more positive and critical spirit. A spirit returning to such a one would find him a difficult instrument to handle; he would be hampered on every side by the criticisms, positive assumptions and assertions by the would-be medium. That is one reason why spiritual truth is so seldom presented to the world as coming from unseen intelligences through those who are highly endowed with mental attainments and culture. Another reason is, that mortals do not receive, nor could understand, one-tenth part of the communications containing spiritual ideas as given to scholarly people who are socially refined, for this reason: Such are too prone to believe that whatever they receive and elaborate is the production of their own mental powers, and are not willing to accord any degree of credit to a

higher power, an unseen intelligence. Thus many scholars, liberal thinkers, scientists, who are highly qualified to instruct mankind, receive much of their inspiration from spiritual sources, but are so unappreciative they not only discredit the source, but are unwilling to allow that others are so helped, consequently they are the first to deny that they possess any mediumistic gifts, or that they could by any possibility be assisted in their labors by unseen intelligences.

AN EMINENT COLORED MAN.

[New York Tribune Correspondence.]

Professor John M. Langston's return from Hayti, recalls some interesting incidents in the history of the negro race. Frederick Douglass is the most distinguished black man of United States; Professor Langston the best educated. He was a student of Oberlin College, among the first to receive the benefit of its open doors at a time when no other college dared to receive the colored man. Langston went through the early ordeals to which a black man was subjected in Ohio, with unflinching courage. He raised up friends by reason of his excellent scholarship, who urged him to study law. Colonel Philemon Bliss, of Elyria, became his preceptor. Bliss was one of the most scholarly lawyers of his day, in northern Ohio. Sherlock J. Andrews, since a distinguished judge in Cleveland, gave the young black man some of the ground-work of his future success. When he had mastered the legal frame-work and was ready for admission to the bar, his examination was perfect. In his application he was described as a white man. All men were white in Ohio who could vote. The mulatto who could prove himself on the white side by a hairs straightness, could vote. The report of the committee was favorable. It was presented to the five judges of Elyria, one being a member of the Ohio Supreme Court, who raised the point that the applicant was black. Judge Carpenter, of Summit county, was the only one at first to oppose the higher Judge. Carpenter, who is a Congregationalist from Connecticut or New Hampshire, with sturdy old Puritan blood in his veins, said, "With the question of color we have nothing to do. We have a report from the committee which says he is white. We can not do otherwise than recognize the work of our committee." The black man won by this early declaration of a since famous principle, that it is impossible to go behind the returns. The Supreme Court Judge asked to see Langston. He looked for a moment at the young man, and gave his objection, saying: "Why, he's as white as any of us."

Langston's admission to the United States Supreme Court was on motion of General Garfield, in one of the most eloquent speeches ever made by him. An interesting incident occurred just after the Professor was admitted. While Garfield was making his address, Judge Jeremiah Black was standing by, apparently well pleased with what was taking place. Langston got the idea that he was Thaddeus Stevens, with whom Black was at enmity. When he went to the clerk's room to get his papers, Black came in to get a \$10 bill changed. The clerk was unable to accommodate the Judge. Langston volunteered to do it. He pulled out a roll of bills and advanced toward Black, who had his bill in his hand, saying: "Have I not the honor of addressing the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens?" The words were hardly out before Black began to back off, saying: "No, sir! By blank, no, sir!" until he had backed out of the door, Langston meanwhile advancing and extending the small bills. The young man turned to the clerk in astonishment, when the latter explained the queer action, saying: "Why, Mr. Langston, that is Jerry Black, and he would rather have you spit in his face than call him 'Thad' Stevens."

Mrs. Grant's income will be larger than that of any of the widows of our past Presidents. Mrs. Tyler has no income but the five thousand dollars annuity paid her by the Government. Mrs. Polk has her home in Nashville and a very small income from Tennessee bonds, on which the State has never defaulted, in addition to her five thousand dollars annuity. Mrs. Garfield has her home at Mentor and at Cleveland, with her five thousand dollars annuity and the income of the three-hundred-thousand-dollar fund contributed soon after the death of her husband. Mrs. Lincoln had a very moderate income until Congress gave her an annuity, first of three thousand dollars that was subsequently enlarged to five thousand dollars. Mrs. Grant will have the income of the two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar fund, annuity of five thousand dollars that will be promptly voted by Congress, and the proceeds of General Grant's autobiography, now estimated at not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and likely to be quite three hundred thousand dollars. She will be subjected to little or no expense attending the long illness of her husband, and her estate will not be less than five hundred thousand dollars, exclusive of the assured five thousand dollars annuity. Notwithstanding the distressing financial disasters suffered by General Grant, his widow will be the richest of any of the widows of our Presidents, from Washington to Grant.

MRS. M. EUGENIE BESTE.

The Independent Spirit-Voices Singing in the Temple at Onset, etc.

[Lita Barnes Taylor, in Banner of Light, of Aug. 8th.]

This morning, Aug. 1st, 1885, the independent spirit-voices sang loud and clear in the new Temple, in the daylight, filling it with their music. There were present at this *impromptu* trial-scance, beside the medium, the Vice President of the Association, Mr. George Hosmer, Louise Marguerite (who is called the miniature Patti), and her uncle, Prof. Boggs, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles of Worcester, and myself. The stage could not be darkened in the daytime, as we had deemed advisable, and we closed the entrances upon each side, dropped the curtain at the front, leaving the four windows at back of scenery uncovered. Mrs. Beste went behind these curtains and the rest of us gathered near the piano on the floor of the hall and near the stage. The Professor played upon the piano and we all sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which was caught up by two voices inside the curtains, filling the hall and rising above all other sounds. The Professor, with us, was singing the air, and of the two spirit-voices one, a gentleman, sang baritone, and the other, a woman's voice, sang soprano. We sang three stanzas, the spirits accompanying. The baritone voice was singing the part which would have been sung by an alto. Two selections from the "Bohemian Girl" were rendered by the invisible ones, the medium being all the time visible to the Professor from his seat at the piano, through a narrow space between the curtains. These selections were, "Then You'll Remember Me," soprano, and "The Heart Bowed Down," by a baritone, the piano accompanying their singing. The Professor started to play the Drinking Song in *La Traviata*, and a high soprano voice was heard singing the recitative to the *Scena Ed Aria*. He was playing in B b, when this voice commenced in A b—the key of the opera. Prof. Boggs expressed himself as overwhelmed with delight at the quality of the voice, the accuracy of the performance and the indubitable origin of the sound. Some other songs were rendered and we adjourned, assured of the feasibility of attempting a spirit-concert in this place.

To show that it is not always necessary for the spirits to have access to articles of dress, as many suppose, from which to manufacture their own, I will describe a seance which took place with Mrs. Beste, on July 19th, at the hotel. Her cabinet consists, as last year, of curtains hung across a solid corner of the room. On this occasion she suddenly concluded to disrobe herself entirely, and called to me to take away every article of her apparel, and bring her something of my own. I furnished a white morning dress, and also gave her back her stockings. The light extinguished, seven or eight spirits simultaneously came out in the darkness, going to their friends, giving names and messages, and caressing them. In a moment an elegantly dressed lady came out, looking as if draped in a flood of intensified moonlight, with a soft, beautiful glow pervading the whole figure at the back, from the top of the head to the end of the train, which was more than a yard in length. This lady was afterwards explained to have been Aspasia. Being invited she extended her arms and drapery, showing us the great quantity in which she was clothed. After she had retired, I called the attention of the party to the difference between this dress and the one they had seen me give the medium, at which Tom, the spirit-friend who holds control of Mrs. Beste during her seance, declared he would not have even this one, and pulled it off and threw it out to me. In an instant another similarly dressed lady rushed out of the cabinet to find her father, and prove her identity fully. Other powerful manifestations followed. The favorite, little Daisy, an East Indian spirit, took herself and her illumination up to the top of the curtains, speaking to us while there, and then pretending to tumble to the floor in a heap, groaning in fun that her "bones were all broken." The singing was powerful, and very fine. Apollonius, an ancient spirit, remained out a long time, discoursing upon the laws of spirit and earth-birth and growth, and of successive earth and spirit-births, and of the object of the spirits who control these seances, which is not so much to bring out great numbers of materializations as to prove each that comes to be genuine, and to develop the power of the spirits to use their voices in our language for the purpose of instruction, to the end that the phenomena go on to yield and teach its philosophy through the ancient spirits themselves.

A novel occurrence took place last week over on Wickett's Island, in Mrs. Cutter's seance-room. The first child born on the island since the Indians had possession, was christened by the strong and loving Apollonius, who cradled him in his muscular arms, and named him as the parents desired, Chester Wickett. The ceremony was impressive and interesting. He was baptized of the spirit, but no water was used.

A new phrase of development has shown itself. A few evenings ago the spirits came illuminated, holding a light under and then above their faces long enough for people to see their friends plainly and talk with them.

REVELATION OF CRIME BY SPIRITS.

[A. E. Newton in Banner of Light.]

The question and answer printed in your Message Department, July 18th, as to "Why do not the spirits of murdered persons come to earth and give some clue as to the person or persons who caused their death, etc.?" have reminded me of occurrences in the early days of my investigation of Spiritualism, which, as they suggest important lessons that the world needs to learn, and that Spiritualism is no doubt designed to teach, I venture to offer to your readers—although it is possible I may have at some previous time given the same to the public.

The first communication I ever received purporting to come from a spirit, in the year 1850 or '51, had reference to this very subject. It was at the second seance which I ever attended, and to which I was accompanied by my friend, B. P. Shillaber, Esq., the renowned author of "Mrs. Partington and her Sayings," and to whom belongs the credit of having first induced me to investigate this then mysterious subject. (I may say parenthetically, that I consented to go with Mr. S. to a seance mainly in the hope of being able to rescue him from a dangerous delusion into which I feared he was being drawn. How I succeeded need not be told.) On this occasion, no one being present besides Mr. Shillaber, myself and the medium, some invisible intelligence produced by means of sounds apparently on the table—the only mode of communication then in vogue—a peculiar signal which startled me, at once reminding me of a friend of former years with whom I had been associated in business in a distant city, but of whom no one else present could have had any knowledge. To my inquiry if that friend was present, there was an emphatic response in the affirmative. It instantly occurred to me that at the time of this friend's decease there were reasons for suspecting that he had been foully dealt with—that his death had been caused by poison—but, no sufficient evidence of the fact being known, the matter had never been legally investigated. I at once asked if my suspicions as to the cause of his death were correct. Again there was an emphatic affirmative answer. "Will you tell me who was the guilty party?" I asked. The answer, by rap, was an equally emphatic "No." "But," I urged, "it ought to be known, in order that the innocent may be cleared of suspicion and the guilty one brought to justice."

Immediately the alphabet was called for by vigorous raps, and something like the following was spelled out, to my utter surprise: "It would do no good, and the guilty one is sure to receive sufficient punishment."

A little reflection convinced me that this invisible intelligence, whoever it might be—it was at least an intelligence—was right. Probably no sufficient evidence to secure a legal conviction could have been given since nobody at that time was prepared to take the word of "a ghost," coming in such "questionable shape," even on the most trivial matter, much less as evidence in so serious an affair as an alleged murder—though Hamlet, in a somewhat similar case, was willing to take a ghost's word for "a thousand pound."

But the suggestion that the guilty one was sure to receive sufficient punishment was food for much thought. If it be true that the moral government of the universe is so administered that every wrong deed is certain to receive its proper recompense, sooner or later, through the operation of inherent laws—as most thoughtful people profess to believe—where is the propriety or the justice of the infliction of additional punishments by man or by man-made law? Such inflictions are surely superfluous, and merely vindictive—hence, liable to do more harm than good; while all anxiety lest any atrocious crime should go unpunished—all vengeful demands that criminals should be "brought to justice"—are wholly uncalled for. These anxieties and demands show a want of confidence in the moral government of the universe—in fact, are nothing less than practical atheism. Such were some of the thoughts suggested to me by this first message from the unseen world.

From this followed the conviction that the only proper reasons for the detection, arrest and conviction of criminals, are that society may be protected from further harm by their confinement, and that suitable efforts may be made for their reformation and restoration to good citizenship. There is no call, no justification for the infliction of punishment or suffering of any kind. Such infliction being merely retaliatory and vindictive, is in fact a wrong—a crime—whether perpetrated by an individual or by society upon the evil-doer; thus duplicating or adding to the crime he may have committed, instead of canceling or atoning for it, as is wrongly imagined. Two wrongs cannot make one right. And old St. Paul was right, in spirit if not in the letter, when he exhorted the Roman Christians: "Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto the wrath [of God], for it is written, Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense, saith the Lord. But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head [i. e., awaken burning remorse for his conduct]. Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." (Rom. xii,

19-21, revised version.) The phrase, "give place unto the wrath of God," is equivalent no doubt, to saying, "Allow the moral, compensative and disciplinary forces inherent in human nature (which are the Divine in man) to do their appropriate work in their own time, as they surely will." And the action of these forces unquestionably will be far sooner aroused by acts of kindness toward the offender than by harsh vindictiveness; while the latter tends to justice. All my expostulations against cherishing such vindictive feelings, as well as my representations that such efforts would probably be of no avail, since courts and juries would not accept evidence of that character, had no effect, but he insisted on giving the name of his murderer. On attempting to speak it, however, some influence that he could not understand prevented the utterance; he tried repeatedly, but without success, and at length, with an expression of intense anger at his defeat, and declaring that he would try again until he succeeded, he withdrew. It was clearly apparent that an intelligence higher and wiser than he, and whose presence he was too gross to perceive, interfered to prevent the revelation he was bent on making. I never heard from him afterwards, and he probably never succeeded in making the disclosure, but doubtless ere long came to see its uselessness and folly.

It is not strange that people immersed in mundane affairs, little acquainted with spiritual laws, and accustomed to look upon the detection and (human) punishment of crime as among the most important of these affairs, should think that incarnated spirits, if they know anything of earthly matters and can communicate their knowledge, ought to act as criminal detectives and informers in this world, and that in no other way could they render so great a service to mankind. Nor is it strange that some of this class should argue, as has been done, that the fact that alleged spirits do not make such disclosures, is proof either that there are no spirits, or that they do not communicate, and hence that Spiritualism is a delusion.

But the cases above instanced, and the additional weighty considerations set forth in the answer referred to, as given in your Message Department, show conclusively that there are cogent reasons, in the nature of things why spirits do not and ought not engage in this detective business (except, possibly, in rare instances), and why mortals should not ask or expect it of them. Instead of promoting justice, in the true sense, this practice would obviously open the way to endless confusion and injustice, through liability to mistake, and would permit the useless gratification of mere vindictiveness, under the mistaken plea of awarding justice. For justice, in the higher and nobler sense, requires not retaliation or vengeance, but the converting of an unjust person into a just one, and inducing him to make restitution for any wrong he may have done. This is the true aim of justice.

On the other hand, not the slightest fear need be entertained but that even the most secret crime or wrong, however great or small, will meet fully its due recompense of suffering in the perpetrator, sometime and somewhere—just that amount of suffering which is necessary to bring the offender to a proper sense of his guilt, to the abandonment of the wrong and restitution for the injury done. For every act of wrong or injustice, though wholly unknown to human records, inscribes itself upon the spirit of the wrong doer in characters ineffaceable except through repentance and restoration, and this "book of life," will one day be clearly opened to the transgressor, as it ever is to the eyes of purer beings, and it will be impossible to escape his own "judgment" based thereon. So much seems inevitable from well-known spiritual laws.

When our penal statutes and our criminal jurisprudence shall conform to these principles, as it is to be hoped may some day be the case, we shall find that the true ends of justice will be attained, as they cannot be under present methods; and no doubt then the inhabitants of supernal realms will be found ready and happy to lend their co-operation in attaining those ends—that is, will bring their power to bear in softening the hearts of the evil disposed and in quickening their better natures to activity. To bring about this change in the manner of treating criminals is one object to which intelligent Spiritualists should devote their efforts.

Remarkable Test.

[H. H. P., in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

I will give you a statement of a test given through my wife, and which occurred while we were communicating through a small stand by tips. I had ordered a quantity of goods in my line, all of which are billed at list prices, and nearly all varieties discounted from list. The goods had arrived, but the invoice had not come to hand. We were sitting, (the medium and myself) in the evening; and after the mail train had passed, I asked if it had brought anything for me.

"Yes."

"Is it the invoice from G. and O.?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me the amount of the invoice?"

"Yes."

I then called the digits, and \$97.51 was given, which the control declared was cor-

rect, and which I was very certain was not enough by about \$20. The next morning there was a letter in my P.O. box. It took it to the medium who opened it, and found the footing for total bill \$98.17. We sat down to the stand and soon got: "Deduct expenses—packing, 35 cents; cartage, 25 cents,—total, 60 cents. There was then 6 cents too much, but the controls declared they were correct and that the error was in the footing of the bill clerk. I went over the bill and found it all right in the main footing, but by further questioning the spirits claimed the error was in extending full cents in the discounts, instead of the exact fraction. This was too fine a point for me to work out at that time, so I laid the bill aside until I had leisure, when I found the spirits were correct in every particular. I consider this one of the finest examples of answering sealed letters now on record. The letter, when the answer was given, you will observe, was in my box at the P. O., one quarter of a mile from the medium and myself, and never had been in contact with either, and was 140 miles from the writer.

It is strange that so many people do not know how to cook corn. They cook it too long. It should be popped in a pot of boiling water—no salt—and left there for ten minutes—be sure the water is in a great rage—then taken out and wrapped in a large napkin until you are ready to eat it. Boiled longer than ten minutes the milk hardens in the kernels, and it is not a tenth part as palatable and it is much less digestible.

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TWO PREACHERS.

Two preachers touched my soul one night,
Both woke within me earnest thought;
One charmed by Fancy's airy flight;
One bitter anguish wrought.

The first, 'neath frescoed, fretted roof,
With flowers making sweet the air,
On ornate dais stood aloof,
And uttered pious prayer.

He thanked his God, in mankind's name,
For light, for life, for home and friends,
For all that through our senses frame
A thrill of gladness sends.

And then he spoke in choicest phrase,
Of fruitful earth, and glorious Heaven;
Of Love, that guardeth all our ways—
Of pardon, freely given.

And listening in a cushioned pew,
Wrapped in a dreamful, dazy, mist
Of music, light, and warmth, I grew
A sudden optimist.

Wealth, beauty, grace, and culture rare,
Proud faces, fashioned fair by fate
Filled up the pews—No hint was there
Of misery, want, or hate.

The world was fair—and God did reign—
So ran my musings glad and sweet,
As, at the organ's grand refrain
We surged into the street.

Into the street! 'Twas here I found
The preacher who spoke words of woe—
The stars shone fierce above, around
All things were draped in snow.

And bitter was the north wind's rage,
As thin-clad forms were hurrying on,
Forms bent with toil, disease and age,
From whom all joy seemed gone.

Sweet baby voices begged for bread:
And voices rude made night more drear,
With oaths enforcing words of dread—
I wondered,—"Was God near?"

Rough, maddened men were reeling by
To homes where wives with inward moan
Hushed childhood's sad, impatient cry,
And hunger's fretful tone.

And by the street lamp's flickering glare
I glimpsed caught of faces bold—
Girl-faces, whose defiant stare
This dismal story told.

From sights and sounds like these—not creeds—
Did this strange preacher, preach to me,
His sermon was on human needs,
His name—Humanity!

And this the moral that he drew—
That man for men—in larger sense
Become—what Heaven fails to do—
A loving providence.

—Sara A. Underwood.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

He left a ton of anthracite,
In front of a poor widow's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed:
He did it well,
"What was his creed?"
I cannot tell.

Blest "in his basket and his store,"
In sitting down and rising up,
When more he got, he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead
In each good task—
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves, a pall.

For flower and weed
Drooping below,
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old;
And hope-inspiring words he said
To him he sheltered from the cold;

For man must feed
As well as pray,
"What was his creed?"
I cannot say.

In words he did not put his trust;
In faith his words were never wist:
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.

In time of need
A friend was he—
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven and worked
Ever along with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

By word and deed
To help the poor—
That was his creed:
What would ye more?

—New York Day Star.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footstep of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime toil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the Patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine, and break our bread.

We promised our hearts, that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close—
When the weight that we groan with, hinders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—we will call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of, comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on,
But the angels we meant to call, are gone!

—Margaret J. Preston.

A ROSE.

As slight a thing as a rose may be
A stepping stone
Whereby some soul may step from earth
To love's high throne.

—Clarence T. Urmy.

A STRANGE PET.

[Rev. D. A. Goodsell, in San Francisco.]

For some years past I have been deeply interested in the subject of animal instincts. These endowments are so various, in some cases so rich (amounting almost to a sixth sense), in all cases so wonderful, that they have held me to their study by a growing fascination. We call the brutes and birds the lower animals, but we are beginning to learn that some of them are as well furnished for their careers as man is for his.

The instincts of the domestic animals can be studied only with great difficulty. Cats and dogs, for instance, are for a time blind, and incapable of co-ordinating the movement of their limbs, and wholly dependent on the parent for support of life. When further advanced, it is not easy to keep them from their kind, and to determine what is instinctive and what the result of imitation. In the case of domestic fowls, the difficulties are the same; and, in point of alertness and intelligence, the domesticated fowl is not to be compared with his wild relatives. It has been, therefore, something of a puzzle to decide upon the particular beast or bird which would give the best and plainest results. Two or three years ago I concluded that if I could capture a young sea-gull, he might give the best results in meeting the conditions of localized and separate investigation. But the newly hatched bird is not easily found in this latitude, and I had to wait until this year's vacation came to find the bird I wanted.

On July 21st I went to the Duck Islands, two small and rocky ledges which lie twelve miles at sea from Southwest Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine. On the southeastern point is a prong of granite, the home of innumerable sea-birds. There I found, for the first time, the well-hidden nest of the stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken. Under the roots of a dead cedar the mother petrel burrows, and sits on one white egg, in a nest very difficult to find, except for the peculiar and far-reaching musky odor of the incubating bird. On the ledges beyond the gulls lay their disproportionately large eggs; and there, just hatched, but pert and active, I found the subject I wanted. I am particular to mention the date (July 21st), as it must be kept in mind to appreciate the amazing growth of the little downy ball I caught that day. It is now a little more than three months past; yet he is of the weight and size of a large duck, with wings nearly three feet in spread, and standing much higher than a duck. When found, he was a little larger than a newly-hatched Brahma chicken, was covered with exquisitely soft gray down, had a long, black bill hooked at the end, a beautiful blue eye, the slimmest of legs, and very delicately webbed feet. His color was exactly that of the egg—dark gray, with irregular brown spots. He was so much the color of the rock on which the eggs lay that I almost stepped on him without seeing him. It seems that this may be one of those protective resemblances of which nature provides a multitude. To this day, Jumbo—for that is the name the children gave him—invariably sits with his breast against something gray; never against anything of strong contrast to his own tint.

He did not at first show, nor has he ever shown, the slightest fear of me. When allowed to walk on the grass, he was as tame as if he had always known civilization. To-day anyone can pick him up. He follows us around the yard, comes when he is called, jumps down the steps, and investigates the kitchen. He plays with the children after his fashion, and is effusive and sometimes annoying in his affection. If the little girls lie on the grass, he will come up and nestle against their necks. If they pay no attention to him, he pulls their hair or bites their noses. When they dig for angle-worms, he jumps into the hole and snatches his share. He sometimes accompanies me to the market, stalking along the pavement unconcernedly. I have been obliged to limit his privileges in this respect, as a large sidewalk committee is sure to follow us; and Jumbo will, I am sorry to say, steal any scraps of meat which are within his reach.

I brought him from Mount Desert in a little basket which the Indians made for him. He was very quiet but alert, on the steamer and the cars. I put him in the stateroom washbowl for a bath, which he took in the most rapturous manner. In the two days of the journey, he ate three times his weight in fish, gorging peices of a size far beyond his apparent capacity. I believe that his lower jaw unlocks, in order to accomplish his marvelous feats of deglutition. This voracity is less marked now that he is grown; but for six weeks it continued, to the astonishment of all beholders. At our summer home, near the old oak of Woodbridge, there is a stream and pond, where the children fished for him. In twelve days he ate one hundred and twenty roach, averaging three inches in length. In one day he devoured sixteen roach, two frogs and a number of minnows. This was followed by two days of indigestion. On the third day he was tempted with clams, of which, at one effort, he ate seventeen—a peck sufficing for two days only. At present his appetite is more capricious; but on occasions, he will snatch and swallow a half-pound of raw meat in less than a minute by the watch. He accepts and rejects various articles of

food without hesitation. Of fresh fish, lobsters, clams, oysters and fresh meat he is very fond. Tainted or sour meat he will not touch nor salted meat. Grasshoppers, crickets and butterflies are especially welcome. He is a most accomplished catcher of house flies. One day the children caught a live mouse, which was let loose near the bird. No cat could have caught it more quickly. He took it by the tail, tossed it and caught it by the head, crushed it flat, and accidentally dropping it, took it by the tail, carried it to the pool, swung it back and forth until clean, and then swallowed it. On another occasion he took a dry crust he could not break, and dropping it in the pool, waited until it was softened, and then ate it. I have tested him with all kinds of vegetable food, only developing an epicurean taste for watermelon and grapes. I fancied that the ruddy color was at the bottom of this preference; but that cannot be, as he refuses the blood-red beet.

From the first, he had a habit of dancing in the most comical manner. He would unfold his little stumps of wings, and hop up and down for minutes together. For a long time this seemed inexplicable; but the development of his wings has solved the mystery. If one wing was not clipped, he would now fly, but when he tries to fly he invariably turns toward the wind, and leaps up to catch the current against his wings to assist the beginning of his flight. I have seen the wild duck do the same on rising from the water. This instinct of the flight before the growth of the wing struck me as very remarkable. His feathers grew first on the underside of the outer point of the wing; then on the top of his head; next on his back and breast. A fringe of down lingered around his neck long after the down had elsewhere disappeared. The tail, which is broad, grew last of all. When first caught, and for a long time thereafter, he had but one note—an exceedingly plaintive piping. He has since, without the possibility of hearing one of his kind, acquired two others. One is a laugh—a real ha-ha-ha-ha—which gives the name *Larus ridibundus* to his species. The other he has just achieved under ludicrous circumstances. The children put their diminutive pet kitten near the gull. Jumbo instantly took it up by the tail, and carried it around the yard dangling from his beak. The kitten, of course, squalled vigorously, whereupon the gull dropped it, and, throwing back his head opened his mouth prodigiously, and brayed in the most vociferous manner. The sound was immense in volume and excruciating in quality. A donkey could alone surpass it. That kitten is kept out of his reach as much as possible, out of respect for the neighborhood. Yet strange to say, a friendship has sprung up between them; and, when kitty gets into the yard, they often sit side by side on the same gray box, in perfect content. During the day Jumbo carries his head on a line with his beak, and has a most meek and subdued aspect. As night comes on, he walks proudly, with head erect and with a strutting gait. I see no reason as yet for this change of bearing. If he perceives us at the window, he becomes meek again, piping the plaintive note, which never ceases while we are in sight. He is mute while no one is in sight. During the day he seldom tries his wings, but in the twilight attempts a number of experiments in play and flight.

And this brings to mind some of his most interesting antics. I had a small pool made, and lined with cement, for him to bathe in, and for the purpose of studying his swimming instincts. He was terrified at first, when the water lifted him from his feet. He would scramble out of the pool, as if in fear of drowning. After a while he found he could swim, and is now thoroughly at home on the water. His delight in bathing is immense. With fluttering of his wings and bobbing of his head, he wets himself thoroughly, and then goes to the sunniest spot, and passing each feather between his mandibles, consumes an hour at his toilet. As far as I have seen, this dressing of his feathers is in a definite order, and leaves him as smooth and slick as possible. In his play, the gull nature comes out strongly. For a long time he has had a corn-cob at one end of the yard and a thread-spool at the other. Half-flying, half-running, he strikes the cob or spool, throws it up, catches it, and then parades about, ha-ha-ing at his success. Sometimes he will drop the cob in the pool, climb on a box near by, and then fly to the cob and bear it off, as old gulls do with a fish. The servant was once picking up the clothespins near the house. Jumbo picked up one at the other end of the yard, and brought it near her. On her attempting to take it from him, he ran off, ha-ha-ing again.

For the purpose of testing his capacity for the emotions, I introduced into the yard a gorgeously colored young drake. Mr. Drake had no sooner gained his feet than the gull had him by the head, and led him round the yard, as if to assist him in finding a hole in the fence through which he might depart. Not succeeding, he let him go, and from that day—a month past—has taken no notice of him beyond bristling his feathers when the drake comes too near. He will not permit the drake to be in the pool at the same time with himself. When the drake's corn is put out the gull goes to its first, pecks at it, but never eats it, and will not allow the drake to come

near until some minutes have passed. It must be admitted, therefore, that our pet has a jealous and dog-in-the-manger spirit. That he can be furiously angry many facts show. I placed a mirror where Jumbo could see his own image. Instantly his feathers bristled up, and he charged furiously on the mirror. Not hitting his supposed foe, he flew at him again. Meeting no better success, he walked behind the glass, stood with an appearance of astonishment, at not finding his enemy, then went back in front of the mirror, and flew at his own shadow again. Once more he went behind the mirror, this time from the other side. There he stood for a moment, and then walked away, and has not been interested in any sham gull since. A small rubber tube which carries clean water to his pool, and which writhes and contorts like an eel, under the water pressure, he particularly hates. He flies at it with every sign of rage, nor will he stop until the tube is removed or hidden by the rising water.

These facts are surely enough to show that from the egg, though wholly separate from example and teaching, his instincts suffice to determine his proper food, to bathe and dress his feathers, to wash the dirt from his food, to secrete himself by lying near or upon an object of similar tint, to soften by water that which he cannot otherwise eat, to recognize as rivals his own kind, to acquire the art of catching and throwing objects as the wild gull does with fish, to turn toward the wind to assist the beginning of his flight, to acquire all the characteristic gull-notes—in short, without example or teaching, to become an independent and well-ordered gull. He seems to have all the passions we know, and in singularly human proportions. Pride, anger, jealousy, affection, hatred, ambition, the dramatic instinct, he surely has. He is a bright, interesting, and affectionate pet. The children of the neighborhood come in to play with him, or from the neighboring fences watch his antics. One fact will show his fearlessness. My next neighbor has a beautiful black setter dog. I put Jumbo near him. The gull quickly took the dog by the nose! It was the dog that was scared. Many times his acts have almost forced me to believe that he possesses a limited reasoning faculty. But, as Mivart denies reasoning to the cat, so I deny, I fear, reason to our strange pet from Maine. Mivart claims that all the "actions performed by a cat are such as may be understood to take place without deliberation or self-consciousness." If it be true that all the mental phenomena displayed by a cat are capable of explanation without the aid of the truly rational faculties which we find in ourselves, then this bird, fully equaling the cat in mental power, sensibly recognizes external things, but "does not intellectually perceive their being." He feels himself existing, but does not recognize that existence. He feels relations between objects, but does not apprehend them as relations. He remembers, but does not recollect. He feels and expresses emotions, but does not advert to them. He seeks pleasure, but does not deliberately make pleasure his aim. All this which Mivart teaches may be true; but I find it hard to believe, while I study the knowing bird that at this moment stands on one leg in a meditative mood, and apparently wondering why his dinner is delayed. This last emotion is one to which even a philosopher may yield.

Singing in the Circle Room.

La Lumiere, Paris, in a recent number has an article on "Singing used in seances for physical manifestations," in the course of which it says, among other things: "In America they sing; people ought to sing everywhere where dark seances are held. For really the spirits sing, too. Their independent voices vibrate full, clear and sweet above our own. If we stop to hear them, alas! they stop at the same time, deprived of a necessary support. Again, singing maintains unity of thought among those present; it precludes all possibility of troubling the seances and one's neighbor by reflections or the noise of words, so annoying to all. It operates as a kind of general magnetism upon the company, upon the medium, and the spirits themselves. It keeps the body in its ordinary vital condition and makes them forget the length of time.

When materialization phenomena begin singing is more necessary than ever, because the spirit is especially desirous that the unity of thought and a good state of the body should be preserved, and that the magnetic chain be not disturbed in its force and harmony.

But the greatest reason why singing should be used at seances is a scientific one. The spirits make use of the sound-waves to speak to us with their own voices and to make us hear musical pieces rich with expressive harmony.

We should like to see a taste for good music increasing, both as a stimulus to the soul and as a means of progress.

Young lady (to young officer)—"I observe that the private soldiers salute the officers when passing." Young officer—"Yes, it is a mark of respect." Young lady—"Do they always show that respect?" Young officer—"Oh, yes, they are compelled to."

"The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes man a bee-leaver at once."

A GLORIOUS TRANSITION.

[Dr. Newman in his funeral discourse at Mt. McGregor, on the death of Gen. Grant thus eloquently describes the closing hours of the great chieftain:]

And where in all the annals of the church shall we find a dying hour so full of divine repose? His calm faith in a future state was undisturbed by anxious doubt. His suffering and wasted body was but the casket for the resplendent jewel of his soul, and when death ruthlessly broke that precious casket an angel carried the jewel to the skies and lay it at the Savior's feet. In the early light of April 1st, when all thought the end was come, the sufferer said to me: "Doctor, I am going."

"I hope the prospect of the future is clear and bright," was my response; and the answer came: "Yes, O, yes!" Then followed a scene of infinite tenderness. The honored wife, the precious daughter, the devoted sons and their wives, each in turn approached and he tenderly kissed them. "Do you know me, darling?" was the loving wife's inquiry, and he whispered back: "Certainly I do, and bless you all in my heart." Such love melted the marble heart of death and the "King of Terrors" fled affrighted. The sufferer revived. Heaven added months to a life so dear to us all. When he had recovered sufficiently I asked him: "What was the supreme thought on your mind when eternity seemed so near?"

"The comfort of the consciousness that I had tried to live a good and honorable life," was the response which revealed the inner life of his soul. Again the angel of death cast his shadow over the one a Nation loved. Amid the gathering gloom I said: "You have many awaiting you on the other side."

"I wish they would come and not linger long," was the answer of his Christian faith and hope. They came at last. They came to greet him with the kiss of immortality. They came to escort the conqueror over the "last enemy" to a coronation never seen on thrones of earthly power and glory. Who came? His martyred friend Lincoln? His companion in arms McPherson? His faithful Chief of Staff Rawlins? His great predecessor in camp and Cabinet, Washington? And did not all who had died for liberty come? O, calm, brave, heroic soul, sing thou the song of Christian triumph: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

And that victory was at hand. From his view Monday at the eastern outlook he was to ascend to behold a grander vision. Tuesday came and went. Night drew on apace, and death seemed imminent. Around his chair we knelt in prayer for some Divine manifestations of comfort. Our prayer was heard. The sufferer revived. Again he wrote messages of love and wisdom. The night wore away. Wednesday dawned on hill and dale. Hope revived. His intellect was clear and his consciousness was supreme. Again he wrote and again he, whispered the wishes of his heart. As came the eventide so came his last night. From out of that chair wherein he had sat and suffered, and wrote and prayed, tenderly he was carried to that couch from which he was never to rise. Around him we gathered and bowed in prayer to commend his departing spirit to the love and mercy of Him who gave it. He answered in monosyllables to questions for his comfort. The brain was the last to die. All were watches on that memorable night. Recognitions were exchanged. A peaceful death and consciousness to the last breath were grateful unto him. The last night had passed.

'Tis morning. The stars have melted into the coming light. The rosy-fringed morn lifts the drapery of the night. The distant mountains stand forth aglow. The soft, pure light of early dawn covers earth and sky. The dewdrop sparkles on the grass and in the daisy's cup. The birds from their sylvan coverts carol the melody of a thousand songs. The world rejoices, and its many minstrels challenge the harpers of the sky. In a humble cottage, mone upon his couch, lies "our old commander." He is dying!

'Tis morning, and in the light of that day thousands of earnest faces flash with renewed concern. From many a shaded lane and mountain slope, from many a farmhouse and splendid mansion, eager eyes look toward the mount of suffering and breathe a prayer to God for the one we loved. Alas! He is dead.

'Tis morning. It is the promise of a brighter day. The trumpeters of the skies are sounding the reveille. Their notes have reached the earth. Their notes have reached our General's ears. He has gone to join the triumphant hosts. 'Tis morning in Heaven!

"It is sad to think," sighed the cashier, as he walked into the night with his valise in his hand and gazed upon the massive marble bank building, "sad to think that I must leave this noble structure behind me."

And dropping a tear he gripped his valise with a tighter grip and hurried off to get the Montreal train.

It should be remembered to the everlasting credit of Nebuchadnezzar that though he cast Shadrach Meshach and Abednego into the fiery furnace, he did not ask them: "Well, is this hot enough for you?" —Phila. Record.