



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.

Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed.

To die well, one must first learn to live well.—*Confucius.*

Step aside a little oftener to talk with God and thine own heart.—*F'lavel.*

To have ideas is to gather flowers. To think is to weave them into garlands.

A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it.—*Seneca.*

A noble part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most actions into now.—*R. W. Emerson.*

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this—that it shines most when no eyes but those of heaven are upon it.

Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns.

Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning; but give me the man who has the pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.—*George Eliot.*

No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.—*Ruskin.*

Politeness is the poetry of conduct, and like poetry has many qualities. Let not your politeness be too florid, but of that gentle kind which indicates a refined nature.

Don't waste life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.—*Emerson.*

True liberalism consists not in a mere change of opinion, but in mental and spiritual growth, the development of that spirit which can look broadly upon all things, be firm in truth, charitable toward error, and which respects the opinion of every man.

It is a proposition self evident in a just ethics, that the only qualification for a second marriage is the just fulfillment of the first. No man has a right to a second woman who has abused the first. No man has a right to raise a second family of children who has deserted children already on his hands.—*C. M. Overton.*

The man claiming to be scientific, who imagines that he knows all the laws of nature so thoroughly that occurrences like clairvoyance and direct writing cannot take place without transcending the boundaries of scientific recognition, is himself under a hallucination more serious than any which he affects to deplore.—*Epes Sargent.*

MOTHER EARTH.

As Able to Produce as It Was Ten Thousand Years Ago.

[David Swing, in Current.]

The absolute calamity of man should come only when the population of the world is too large for the productive power of all the soil. Some land must be set aside for supporting buildings, some for roads and streets, some for the growth of cotton, flax and wool; the remainder is available for the growth of food. Should the human family outgrow the clothing and grain areas of the planet, then hard times would be a necessity. But while the earth shall continue abundantly able to feed and clothe all its children, poverty is an accident and not a necessity. Only a small part of the globe is cultivated, and much of that has been cultivated in the poorest possible manner. Even in the United States, where farming is yearly becoming a science, there is almost as much land in the Middle States to be reclaimed as there is in the far West to be opened for the first time to cultivation. Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana and nearly all the South compose one large example of an agriculture but little better than that of Turkey or Palestine.

As to its power to produce food and clothing for man, Earth is still as fresh and able as she was ten thousand years ago. If any members of the human myriads are short of food and clothing the fault is in the occupant of the world and not in the globe itself. Our troubles would pass away, if a few millions of those who have no pay for work, would do that kind of work for which the soil would be paymaster. How can carpenters secure pay when there are not enough who need carpenters? How can weavers secure wages when we all have the fabrics we need? How can the Irishman's shovel find work and pay when the railroads are built and the money for cleaning gutters is all spent? How can all the clerks find work when there are ten clerks for each eight-by-ten-store or office? How can all the teachers find schools when there are ten teachers for each country school-house?

When there are no men to make any payment for our form of labor, then we must turn aside from man as our paymaster and ask Nature to be the employer. That is, instead of bartering our "school-teaching" or our "weaving" or our "clerking" or our "brickmaking" for corn, wheat and potatoes, we must turn to the ground and raise them. If we can not barter for bread and meat, we must grow them. Unable to buy any land we must rent some acre or acres, for we must live and there is life in the ground.

Virginia comprises twenty-four millions of acres of land, of which eight millions are under cultivation. Assuming that there is one more third capable of being cultivated, we have eight millions of acres of land, under one of the best skies in the world, waiting for humanity to come to them for food, shelter and clothing. And yet in that very State there will be found ten "darkies" to the small village, who are expecting money to come from white-washing among houses which do not believe in the art, and ten other darkies will be found hoping for a revenue from blacking shoes in places where the men go barefooted. But how do these white-washing "darkies" in the South, differ from the whites in the North who desire to be book-agents in towns where shotguns and cross dogs are awaiting the canvasser? How differ from the whites who wish to shovel a hundred tons of coal for a family which has had difficulty in paying for a few baskets full of "little egg"? Virginia would supply a bountiful table for a million of these hopeless seekers of something from nothing. Going to the land for support they would find how much better it is to expect something from something.

Ohio could take a million, Indiana a million of those persons who are carrying some form of industry for which there is no demand. In Paris there was a reason for a procession headed by a girl carrying on a banner the ominous word "Bread." There industry had been long defrauded by political crime. But in America, where industry has made great blunders only, and has made ten clerks to one farmer and ten

girl-canvassers for one girl-gardener or girl-farmer, the procession ought indeed to march once again, and should carry once more the device, "Bread," but the march should move with music toward the idle fields where Bread is wont to grow.

There are millions who cry out for money. But they do not need money. If they had it they would spend it for food and clothes. The crisis is met when these persons have resolved to raise bread and clothing out of the soil. Money then ceases to be a necessity. Many of us older men remember when in all the pockets, trunks, drawers and old stockings in the farm-house all the police in the world could not have found a dollar of money, but memory recalls a table loaded with abundance, and with even such delicacies as coffee, sugar, and molasses, purchased by barter. Most of the clothing was made at home. In those days money was not a god. The great fields of wheat and corn, the garden, the chickens, the flocks, were the forms which the money-god took forty years ago. Some currency was needed at tax-paying time, but the schoolmaster boarded around, and a part of all salaries and wages was paid in things from the land.

When one looks out upon the vacant millions of acres in the Nation, and then looks at the number of the poor, the feeling comes that they need not be poor. The mental care and the actual walking about to seek work involve more real labor than would be required to entice a good living out of the fields. The difficulty of the case is that of causing the millions who are almost breadless to turn to the growing of grains. Farming is not only a science and an art, but it is also a taste, and hence to carry new millions from town streets to the fields is a heavy task. But many thousands can pass from city life to farm life, and should do so in these years of mechanical and clerical excess. The farm offers support, home and happiness to many millions besides those now living among plows and hoes. For a thousand years to come, if the climates of earth remain what they are to-day, the agricultural life will stand as a refuge for millions who may desire to flee from a social wrath to come.

A Noble Work.

[Valley Record.]

On his ranch at Mayfield, in this county, ex-Governor Stanford has established a school for the purpose of giving those youths who have been so fortunate as to secure employment at his hands all the advantage of a good education. He has not only employed a good teacher to train them correctly, but appears among them frequently himself, encouraging them to use their every spare moment in endeavoring to become in after life great men. The youngsters for whom this school was opened are the boys of the ranch, who have no time to attend school at any other place. They are highly delighted with the opportunity, and feel that though far beneath the Governor in wealth and social position, he has not forgotten them. This is an example that should be copied by other wealthy men who have many small boys in their employment, who are growing up in ignorance. They may have widowed mothers depending on their small earnings for a livelihood, and are thus compelled to remain away from the public schools. The school that Governor Stanford has established is well furnished. Nice chairs adorn the room; a good organ which is skillfully handled by the teacher, makes smiling faces and glad hearts among the boys, and the little fellows, while riding the swift runners of the Stanford ranch, spell over words taught them the previous day, and talk about lessons learned while in school. Who can tell but that in years to come a man greater than Clay, Webster or Calhoun can point with pride to this little school, and say with truth: "There is where the foundation of all I am, or ever hope to be, was laid."

Husband—I have just seen the doctor, and he says I have water on the brain.

Wife—Are you sure he said that?

Husband (sarcastically)—Ya'as, I am sure he said that. Do you think he made a mistake in calling it water?

Wife—Oh, no; but I think he made a mistake in calling it brain.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN THE MEMORY.

[Herald of Health.]

The memory is strengthened most easily and quickly by commencing to learn poetry; after a while prose sentences should be tried; then lectures, and, at last, the most difficult scientific works, including scientific lectures.

Every day, the student in this department of mental culture should learn something so he can repeat it correctly. This is of great importance. He may begin with a few things and increase his task for a while only one line each day. In a short time it will become sufficient without any further increase, and make his daily task quite enough for his strength.

Committing to memory takes place most rapidly when it is done in silence; but if other thoughts press in on the mind, a low voice aids the student in holding his mind to its task. The two-fold mental action, that of hearing and speaking at the same time, assists to arouse the slumbering faculty, though the voice be only a whisper.

One should frequently test himself to see that what he has gone over is held in the mind, and that which is lost should be again impressed upon it.

It is not to be expected that in exercising the memory one shall have the time, or even be able to memorize everything word by word; but it is well to do this at first on some things, and this is especially desirable for the young. Learning by heart every word is a very useful exercise for one who has a weak memory.

It is important that one understands thoroughly what he undertakes to retain in his mind. What is not understood is soon lost; what is thoroughly understood is not easily forgotten.

The most suitable time to cultivate the memory is in the evening, when the light is low, and the mind not readily drawn off by other matters, or in the early morning, soon after awakening, when the intellectual faculties are fresh. Cato and Cicero practiced on this plan and strengthened their memories by repeating, either in the evening or the following morning, the events of the preceding day.

The memory should be exercised at regular periods of time; but these periods should neither be too far apart nor of too long duration, neither should they be too frequent. The danger in violating these rules is, that the mind becomes confused and the things to be remembered entangled one with the other.

To remember a series of things most easily and correctly, they should be carefully arranged in the mind, and their natural connection with each other be made as perfect as possible. In this way the one suggests the other, and the whole can be taken in, as it were, at one glance.

Things that are difficult to fix in the mind we may look at in connection with some external sign, or a line under the word or sentence, a note on the margin of the page, written with a red, green or black pencil, and the fact, joined to the color, and thought of in connection with it. Sometimes we may remember a difficult thing by picturing in the mind's eye the first letter, syllable or word, or, if there are several things, by connecting the first letter of each sentence into a word, or the first word into a sentence, and committing this to the memory.

If a lecturer or preacher is to deliver an unwritten discourse in some place, it will make it easier for him to connect in his mind the different parts of his discourse with some of the prominent features of the town or building, and, taking them in their order, proceed to the end.

If a recitation is to be made from some author, not only commit it to memory, but listen to it attentively as another reads it, and guard against making additions of your own.

In committing to memory a poem, if one wishes to do it quickly, read each verse carefully over several times, and then endeavor to write it down correctly. If not successful in this, write down the first words of each line, or even the first letters, one under the other in order, and then in repeating the whole verse, if need be, glance at the first word or letter when the

memory fails, when the whole will most likely be suggested.

In copying anything from an author, it is a good memory exercise to write a whole sentence after having read or heard it once.

NO SPHERE OF MIRACLES.

[A late issue of the N. Y. Sun reports Rev. R. Heber Newton, as uttering in the course of a sermon, the following progressive sentiments:]

"Christ's chief wonders were works of healing. Why should he not have healed the sick, as is reported of him? Look all around you at the facts which are recurring in our land as they have occurred again and again in our history. Discount all you please in these stories of humbug. Allow for any amount of charlatanism on the part of professors of the Faith-cure and of the Mind-cure, and for any amount of imagination on the part of the credulous patients—and there remains a residuum of hard fact which will not away at our bidding. Men and women are being healed of certain disorders in a manner that is unaccountable to the practitioner, who knows of no force in therapeutics save pills. It is too soon to dogmatize about this fact. Doubtless there is no violation of law nor any suspension of law there, but only the action of higher laws or forces than those usually recognized. There should be no difficulty on the part of any intelligent person in recognizing that the forces of the inner nature, the forces of which are stored in mind, in conscience, and in will, may be well-nigh omnipotent over the physical nature. As man becomes increasingly a mental being rather than a physical being, we ought to look to mind for the action upon matter of forces which have not been realized in earlier days, though still under the old reign of law.

"The wise soul expels disease," Thus sings Emerson. What diseases, then, must such a soul as was in Jesus have expelled? Try seriously to consider what a stupendous force, intellectual and moral must have been stirred in the man who made Christianity; what an enthronement above the physical nature there must have been in one who lived in perfect obedience to the laws of the moral nature; what undreamed-of powers must have streamed from Him who lived so close to the heart of nature, so open to the soul which breathed through it, and you will not wonder at the wonders of Jesus. If you think that this is taking the mighty works of Jesus out of the sphere of what we have known as miracles, I answer that you are right, but that we never should have supposed such a sphere, which nowhere exists, in so far as we can see, in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, in physics or in ethics, in man or in God.

"As man grows out of the physical sphere he climbs into a spiritual sphere, only to find that his new powers, apparently setting the laws of the material realm at defiance, are still the action of forces which own the sweep of the law. If you think that this view denies the supernatural character of the forces which were working in Jesus, I answer that it does deny their preternatural character, that it does affirm their thorough naturalness, but that it also affirms, in a newer and deeper and most natural manner, their supernaturalness. It would be the height of folly for us to deny outright the possibility of such a one as Jesus having mystic powers. The presence of astonishing forces over nature, latent in man, is being disclosed in our age in a most unprecedented manner. Science is giving man a control over physical force that would have been absolutely miraculous to earlier ages. Physiology is disclosing in the phenomena grouped together under the generalization of hypnotism a superiority of man to the ordinary laws of nature, which would have been scouted a generation ago. Psychical-research societies are scientifically investigating the mysterious forces which have given rise to Spiritualism, and are already on the track of powers which are enough to drive an old-fashioned materialist mad. In the great words of Emerson, 'Every solid in the universe is ready to become a fluid at the approach of Mind, and the power to flux it is the measure of the mind.'"

A Frenchman who loves his wife calls her his "darling cabbage" or his "little blue rabbit."

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SPIRITUALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

There seems to be something in the atmosphere of the Pacific Coast peculiarly conducive to psychical phenomena—something, perhaps, due to the absence of electrical disturbances, or possibly to our long dry summers, or to other causes. We only know that "spiritual gifts" abound here, in a great variety of phases, and often of a very high order.

This may be due in a measure to the heterogeneous and peculiar character of our people. Hitherto have come many of the best minds of all lands—men and women full of push and energy, and also of that unrest that will not be satisfied with anything less than absolute knowledge in all matters possible for man to know. Hence, here especially, the conditions are most favorable, both in the quality of the atmosphere, and in the earnest desire for truth in the minds of the people, for experiment and research in the realm of the imponderable.

Without the means of arriving at the exact truth in the matter, we are nevertheless of the opinion that in no other city on the continent, can be found so many investigators in psychic phenomena, or so many who are believers in the general principles and truths of Spiritualism, as may be found here in San Francisco. They are to be found among all classes of society, religious and otherwise, and in no class more so than among the most intelligent.

All are not enthusiasts in the matter, nor even are they generally known or recognized as Spiritualists. They are seldom seen at Spiritual meetings, and never in public circles for the manifestations of the phenomena. They have had evidence satisfactory to their own minds, of the truth of spirit existence and return, and they are content to rest at that.

We say there are in this city, large numbers of these silent adherents to the cause of Spiritualism. But if these were all, there would be but little chance for the light of the new gospel to spread in the land. Fortunately they are not all. There are many excellent mediums, and hundreds of intelligent and earnest workers in the cause, who do not hesitate to let their light shine. We have many private mediums who would shrink from public notoriety, while of our public mediums there are many whose integrity no one will question.

Concerning public mediumship, there are those who are disposed to condemn it on the ground of its alleged mercenary character. As though the apostles of our religion, who give all their time to the glorious work of the angels, have no physical needs to be supplied. Can we expect them to live on air and clothe themselves with filaments of the rainbow? They may, perhaps, in the land of the hereafter, but surely not while they inhabit this "house of their earthly tabernacle." It is right that they should be paid for their services, and well paid, by all who can afford it—especially when they give, as most of them do, much of their valuable time to the poor, "without money and without price."

Of Spiritual societies we have some five or six, incorporated and otherwise, and the Sunday meetings are usually well attended, both afternoon and evening, besides Mrs. Kimball's school for psychic study Sunday forenoons. On Sunday evenings, Mrs. Foye, assisted by that fine inspirational speaker, Mr. Colby, attracts large audiences at Washington Hall.

On the 6th of September, the gifted Mrs. Watson will resume her lectures at Metropolitan Temple. She never fails to attract critical and most attentive audiences, and is a universal favorite wherever she is known.

And so the good work is progressing and growing in importance as never before.

LIVING MONUMENTS.

It does seem that when a man dies, public attention should be diverted to the living, since it cannot improve the condition of the departed. But there is a senseless craze about so-called great men, whose memories the living feel called upon to perpetuate in monuments.

Granite and marble seem to be the favorite materials, but very poor indeed, since time and the elements will wear them to the ground. There is abundant material out of which to erect living monuments—homes of charity and benevolence for the world's miserable and perishing poor. Let the rich endow these homes in the names of those they would erect monuments to, introduce all and everything that would tend to make them true homes of the poor. Make temperance a condition of admittance, and supply industries that would not only bring a revenue to the homes, but a profit to the inmates, discharging when they had acquired a certain sum, thus making room for others.

We think Gen. Grant and Sir Moses Montefiore would like such monuments—monuments of charity and aid to the unfortunate poor. Granite and marble will in a few years at most, succumb to the elements, and crumble to dust, while in benevo-

lent institutions bearing their names, their lives and the deeds that made them great would be kept forever green, and all those who would associate their names with the illustrious dead, could do so in a most honorable and praiseworthy manner. True, "no provision was left by Grant for a home of benevolence," neither did he make provision for a monument. But if money is to be expended on his name, it had far better be done to some practical purpose, since living is a very practical thing. And the lives of Grant and Sir Moses Montefiore were suggestive of anything but the coldness and hardness of stone. Could these men speak to the multitude to-day they would say,—

"Turn your thoughts from the peaceful dead to the wretched living; aid them in our names, if you will, but lavish not your means on soulless monuments."

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

There is a large class of thinkers outside the churches,—students, if you please, in the many marvellous manifestations of mind and spirit—who do not wish to be considered or known as Spiritualists. There is so much that goes under the name of Spiritualism that they do not endorse—so much that, to their minds, is unphilosophical, and even downright mischievous—that they keep themselves aloof from everything that bears the popular brand of Spiritualism.

And yet Spiritualism needs just that class of persons to give to it the breadth that properly belongs to the name. It is surely a good, honest word, comprehensive and catholic. It is broad enough to take in the moral, spiritual and intellectual nature of man—yea, all things relating to the here and the hereafter. It is a clean word, and no one has a right to attach to it aught of meaning save that of the highest and purest import.

There was a time in the history of the world when it was very disreputable to be called a Christian—in fact, when it was all one's life was worth to be known as a follower of the humble Nazarene. So Spiritualism, although not now quite as reputable as some of the other isms, will rank with them when its adherents become a little more accustomed to the higher meaning of the word.

Our enemies are disposed to regard as Spiritualism, all the crude nonsense which comes through certain phases of undeveloped mediumship, and often the worse than nonsense which unscrupulous and dishonest newsmongers are sometimes disposed to manufacture out of their own wicked imaginations, and palm off on the indiscriminating public as genuine Spiritualism.

But Spiritualism will outlive all this. The name will grow whiter and more beautiful with use. It has only to become a little more reputable to gather into its fold thousands, in the church and out, who are now thirsting for the waters of life.

FARMERS' WIVES.

The country is properly the place for beautiful homes, and no class of persons deserve or need them more than farmers' wives; but they seldom possess them, and grow old while yet young, as much for lack of something to gladden the heart as by their over-work. For most farmers' wives there is nothing to behold about their premises more inspiring than dilapidated fences, sagging gates, broken down fruit trees, and numerous young sprouts from the same growing thickly in the dusty, chicken-feathered yards, with coops scattered here and there. There really is no yard, it being all one with the fields, only less productive. Now, there is no reason in the world, except indolence, why every farm house should not have a chicken-proof fence about the dwelling, inclosing a neat yard with grass and shade trees.

Nothing is so restful to tired souls and bodies as a clean, green spot and the shade of trees. There might be seats and a hammock, which the husband would find quite as delightful as it would be to the wife and children. The means and work required for keeping a clean, green yard, are so little that no farmer is excusable for neglecting it, since he is neglecting that which may cost him very dearly—the health and happiness of his wife and children. Flowers could be dispensed with, but there are so many hardy varieties that could be grown almost for the planting, that most women would not be without them, and to care for which would be the delight of the children.

But the yard must first be secured. The farmer's wife who gets this has a lasting pleasure, for which her heart will pour forth thanks that will incessantly beam from her eyes and soften all her words and actions. The royal road to a woman's heart is through the beautiful; supply this, and you will find an angel of love. No hearts are so grateful as those of farmers' wives.

VALUABLE WORK.—We have recently copied quite extensively from a new work by J. P. Dameron of this city, entitled, "Spiritism; the Origin of all Religions." It is a book that ought to be in the library of every thoughtful Spiritualist, as it contains a surprising amount of matter bearing upon the history of ancient religions, and of research into the imponderable forces of nature. The author is a fine scholar and a deep thinker, and seems to have vast resources of knowledge of the subjects of which he treats at his fingers' ends. His book is a work for thinkers. Price \$1, sent postage paid to any order. For sale at this office.

BEARING FRUIT.—It seems that the doings of the Independent Republicans in the last campaign put an idea into the head of Democracy, that is going to have results by and by. The Ohio Democrats are said to be circulating a paper for signatures, which reads as follows: "Whereas, Grover Cleveland has shown conclusively by his appointments that he prefers his enemies to his friends, and is inclined to reward with federal patronage those who labored for his defeat rather than those who labored for his election, therefore the undersigned Democrats have resolved to let him depend upon his enemies for his political support."

THE CHRONICLE ON "SPIRITUALISM."

The San Francisco Chronicle, of Sunday, in a long leader on "Spiritualism," displays its usual profundity of ignorance on that subject—a subject that has engrossed some of the best scientific thought of the age. It starts out thus:

After the repeated attempts to expose the devices of Spiritualistic mediums in this country, the question may be asked: "Is the game worth the candle?" Has it done anything to dampen the faith of the large number of believers in Spiritualism, and has it hurt materially the business of the professional mediums who coin money out of the credulity of their dupes?"

It then refers to the recent alleged exposure of a medium in San Jose, but more especially to the Kansas City case, wherein a skeptic, provided with a syringe, discharged a quantity of aniline dye in the face of what purported to be a materialized spirit, the color afterwards appearing on the face of Mr. Mott, the medium.

Mott was arrested for fraud. A long trial followed, in which the prosecution seemingly made out a clear case. We say "seemingly," but to those who have carefully studied this phase of alleged deception, it is well known that, sometimes—not always—the psychic form, drawn, as it is, largely, from the elements composing the body of the medium, in dematerializing, carries back to the medium any particles of coloring matter with which, as a separate entity, it may have come in contact.

This fact was fully demonstrated, we believe, by Col. Olcott, and in the following manner: A drum, with drum sticks attached, was secured to the high, upper ceiling of a room in which circles were being held, far beyond the reach of any person present. Unknown to the medium, the handles of the sticks had been covered with some blacking substance. The room was then darkened, and in a short time the drum was played upon vigorously, and this, too, while it was known that the medium had not left her seat. And yet, on reproducing a light, it was found that the medium's hands were smirched with the blacking! What would some of the smart Chronicle reporters do with a fact of this kind?

Referring to the defense in the Mott case, the Chronicle continues:

Then they produced more than a score of witnesses who gave the strongest testimony in support of the medium's wonderful powers, declaring that they had conversed with the shades of many dead friends; that these spirits related incidents which could never have come to the knowledge of the medium, and that they were thoroughly convinced of his honesty as well as of the genuine value of Spiritualism. Some of the witnesses were illiterate, but the majority were very intelligent people, and one was a judge in good standing, who gave many facts of his own experience to show that his belief was not founded on mere illusion.

With this positive testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena witnessed in the presence of Mott, the Judge admitted that he was unable to reconcile the testimony, and wisely dismissed the case. "And so," says the Chronicle, with a faint spasm of common sense, "the case ended, as most of these inquiries have ended, with no substantial gain on either side, and no advance made in the direction of clearing up one of the greatest mysteries which puzzles the human mind."

And so will all such cases end with shallow investigators of the Spiritualistic phenomena. We should as soon think of employing a blacksmith to repair a chronometer, as sending a newspaper reporter who does not understand the first principles of animal magnetism, to investigate the phenomena of mediumship. And this is just what the publishers of the daily papers are continually doing, and their published reports are usually, if not invariably, the condensed essence of stupidity.

How many Spiritualists, even, fully understand the fact that skeptical spirits in the body, if strong enough and so determined, can overpower the spirit controls, and so hypnotize the medium as to produce fraudulent manifestations? But this proves nothing against the thousands of well attested cases of spirit manifestation—cases so clear and unmistakable as to carry positive conviction of genuineness; and which, many times repeated, and under varying conditions, are entirely familiar to thousands of careful witnesses.

It is this positive conviction of genuineness in certain cases, and through certain mediums, that leads those thus convinced to question the alleged detection of fraud in said mediums. At any rate, those who know the phenomena to be genuine, have quite as much right to their opinions as those who don't. Allowing that it is a mere matter of opinion, we can afford to leave the question open for further light.

A SPIRITUAL MONOPOLY.

From the condensed reports of Mgr. Capel's lecture on "Spiritualism," delivered at St. Francis' Church, last Sunday evening, we gather that the distinguished speaker is himself a believer in the fundamental principles of Spiritualism—that is, in the existence of spirits and their power to communicate with mortals. But he wants his church to have a monopoly of the business. A belief in Spiritualism is all right within the Catholic Church, but all wrong, and very sinful, outside of the church. It is the angels that come back to their friends, in the church, and the Devil to all outsiders!

We don't know where the Catholic Church obtained its exclusive right to angelic ministrations; nor by what authority the Monseigneur sets himself up as a judge of the moral qualities of our spirit friends. We are inclined to think that, in point of respectability, they will average quite as fairly as the greater portion of his own flock, who have been ticketed through by himself and his fellow priests.

The trouble with the Monseigneur appears to be, that in this new belief he recognizes a sort of opposition line to the "happy land, far, far away"—a cut-off that leaves out purgatory, and consequently deprives the Catholic Church of a large source of revenue. He wants everybody to travel by his line, where they can enjoy all the

Spiritualism they need, even though it be at a heavy extra expense!

Now everybody knows that a belief in "the communion of saints"—in angel ministrations—is a fundamental tenet of the Catholic Church. The materialization of spirits, even, they believe in; and their church literature is full of accounts of such phenomena. Hence, when a Catholic priest attempts to discredit a belief in such phenomena, other than that which is alleged to be continually occurring within his own church, or when he assumes that all other spiritual manifestations are of Satan, he "gives himself away" to every thoughtful mind as a very shallow reasoner.

THE NEW FLY.

The Cornell and Ann Arbor University entomologists are doing their usual investigation business on the bugs this season, but their special attention is given to the recently developed Hessian fly found in the ruined wheat fields of some sections of the East. The party are united in the opinion that the fly, which has caused such devastation in some localities this year, is quite a different species from the common Hessian fly. They find that its antennae are longer, its legs stronger and less slender, while the body is from one-eighth to one-tenth of an inch long. It can produce three broods in a season, the first appearing about April, the second in June, and the third about the middle or latter part of September. The eggs of the pest are one forty-eighth of an inch long, translucent, and of a purplish hue. They are placed in the longitudinal creases of both Winter and Spring wheat; the average number of eggs to the leaf is twenty-five, but sometimes as many as thirty-five and forty are there deposited. They will hatch in about a week of warm weather, when the larvæ crawl down the leaf and fix themselves between the main stalk and the leaf. Here it remains until it completes its metamorphoses, sapping up the juice of the plant and thus slowly killing it.

Now, the next thing is a remedy for them, which, however, generally comes along in the shape of another insect foe. Life seems created for life, and the voracious grasshopper is now being devoured by a new, deadly enemy.

A CRUEL LAW.

It will be a happy day for the Mexicans if Mexico—as has been predicted—ever becomes a part of the United States. Some of its laws would not be tolerated in our Republic; that, for instance, relating to debt. Under it a creditor can have a debtor arrested on the day the debt falls due. The prisoner is chained to a post five days, guarded by an officer. At the end of the time, if the money is not forthcoming, the man's labor is sold to the Government for forty cents a day for as many days as will be necessary to discharge the obligation. The miserable debtor is sent to the silver mines, where he is chained to a gang of felons, and compelled to work underground. He sleeps under ground, and never sees daylight again until he is restored to freedom.

This, in addition to the anxiety that debt imposes on all conscientious minds, is worse than death. Debt is a terrible burden and misfortune, but not always thoughtlessly incurred; the cause finds no consideration in the Mexican law, that ranks the debtor with willful criminals.

Progress and enlightenment seem to advance more rapidly with the thin-skinned races. Thick skin is not found in sensitive, sympathetic persons; neither is it in nations. One must feel for another before his heart prompts assistance, and barbarous laws are swept from the statutes of countries in proportion to their degree of tender feeling.

TRY THEM.

"There is something new under the sun,"—not only new, but as yet to our knowledge, unheard of, that is a woman defaulter. Hardly a day passes that does not chronicle its story of fraud, forgery, embezzlement or other dishonest means of obtaining money. But it is always a man! Baron Rothschild declared that women were more reliable than men. Another noted financier showed by impartial experiments that the fair sex, with all its imputed weaknesses and temptations very rarely had recourse to dishonorable business methods for gain.

These facts should do much in behalf of women. The wholesale dishonesty of men entrusted with the handling of fortunes, every day, is creating a stronger demand for reliable and capable business assistants than ever before; and we do not see why women should not profit by it, since they are acknowledged superior to the temptations that are making such havoc with the reputations of supposed honorable men. Give the women places as accountants, secretaries, book-keepers and treasurers, and see if defalcations and missing bank presidents do not grow "beautifully less."

HOME FOR INVALIDS.—Dr. T. B. Taylor and his estimable wife—both thorough-going Spiritualists, lecturers and healers—have just taken possession of their beautiful mountain home near Soquel, in Santa Cruz county. The Doctor writes us as follows: "We are 750 feet above sea level—in a warm nook—romantic scenery,—elegant drives—the best mineral water in the world—two springs, sulphur and iron, and magnetic iron, silicium and lime, covering many forms of diseases—a beautiful grove, etc." Surely, a beautiful and health-inspiring retreat for the invalid.

It is announced that the second annual grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Clackamas county, Or., beginning Thursday, September 3, and holding twelve days. George P. Colby, and other good speakers, are expected to attend. Good test mediums will also be in attendance. Lillian M. Hunter, the accomplished organist, will give the instrumental music. Arrangements have been made to secure good order on the grounds during the meeting.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

There are but two public mediums in Portland, Or., a city of 29,000 people.

Dr. O. B. Payne, writing from Ferndale, says, "Our Spiritual Camp-meeting, opening July 17th and closing July 27th, was a grand success."

The Spiritualists of Oregon and Washington Territory held a camp-meeting at Ilwaco, a seaside resort in Pacific county, W. T., commencing Aug. 15th.

By an error in numbering the pages of the inside form of the present issue of the GOLDEN GATE, the second page is marked "4," and page seven "5."

A reception will be given Mrs. E. L. Watson, by her many friends, at the lower hall of Metropolitan Temple on the evening of Friday next, Sept. 4th, at 8 o'clock, when all will be given a chance to welcome her back to her field of duty.

A prominent photographer of East Portland, Oregon, discovered more than his subject's picture upon the negatives. Further investigation proved him to be a spirit artist. Our Oregon correspondent has been instructed to forward full particulars.

We learn that Capt. John E. Burns, a former resident of this city, but for the last five years a citizen of Tacoma, W. T., is about to organize a Spiritual society in his city. He says there are hundreds of Spiritualists in Tacoma, and most of them are wealthy.

In the article by "H," on our third page, entitled, "A Wealthy and Powerful Corporation," in the second paragraph, for "the latter's interment of Mr. Deventer," read "the latter's interment of," etc. Somehow, the article escaped the proof-reader, and is full of mistakes.

"The American Clean Towel Company" is the name of a new enterprise in Montreal. For twenty cents a week a clean towel is furnished daily, delivered to any part of the city. Such a business would flourish in California, where newspaper offices are more plentiful than towels.

Miss Trella, daughter of Mrs. Clara Foltz, is studying for the stage. Instead of starting out as a first-class star, she wisely and modestly concludes that it is best to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work her way up. She has an engagement at the California Theatre, in the Rankin & Rial Company.

Last week's Wednesday night meeting, at the small hall of Metropolitan Temple, was another success. Dr. Peet was elected chairman for the evening, and led off with a rousing speech. He was followed by several other excellent speakers. These meetings are in the best interests of Spiritualism. They are attended with very little expense, and ought not to be allowed to languish for lack of necessary funds for hall rent. The meetings are in the nature of a free lyceum, where all are free to tilt a lance.

It is reported that in one good-sized western town seventy-six copies of Miss Cleveland's book went off like hot cakes. But the sales stopped, and upon a careful estimate there were just seventy-six applicants for the various possible offices vacant, and to be vacated, in that district.—Exchange.

Miss Cleveland exhibited a fine business tact in bringing her book before the public at the time she did. Her agents have but to offer the book to the office-seekers,—not one of whom would dare to refuse,—in order to sell about a million copies, more or less.

AN ELOQUENT ADDRESS.—At a public reception given to Mrs. Watson at Casadaga, just prior to her departure for California, speeches expressive of good will, and regrets for her departure, were made. "In reply," writes a correspondent of the Banner of Light, "Mrs. Watson delivered one of the most remarkable and eloquent addresses I have ever heard. The inspiration of heaven seemed to flow unhindered through her lips, and the power and pathos of her language moved nearly every person in the audience to tears. As a specimen of true eloquence, I have never heard it equalled by any woman."

HOW GEORGIA TREATS HER CRIMINALS.—It appears that when a man or woman of Georgia becomes a convict, they are put down to the level of beasts. The men and women are all chained together with heavy shackles, and out of working hours are confined in a big stockade built of pine logs. Whites and blacks are fastened, and eat and sleep together. In none but a land that had once known the curse of slavery would human beings be treated with so little humanity. The object of all punishment should be to improve the offenders, but if this was ever aimed at by the law, it has made a lamentable failure, for when it undertakes to deal with men and women, it leaves them as bad, if not worse, than it found them.

A VENERABLE COLONIST.—We received a pleasant call, a few days ago, from a venerable San Diego friend, Dr. Post, now in the ninetieth year of his age! After a short stay in this city he will sail for Mexico, whither he goes to join a colony organized for agricultural purposes on a large scale. He is as active as many a man at forty-five, and bids fair to be in his prime at a hundred years. The Doctor has always led an active life, has been a Spiritualist for many years, and looks forward with a hope that is grounded upon actual knowledge, to a life beyond.

DEATH OF HON. CHARLES STANFORD.—It is announced that Hon. Charles Stanford died suddenly at his home in Schenectady, N. Y., on the 23d inst., from heart disease. Mr. Stanford was a brother of ex-Governor Leland Stanford of this city, and was one of the noble trio of brothers who came to California and afterward were associated in business here. Since his return he has lived at Schenectady, near which town he owned a large stock farm. He was largely interested in local enterprises, and particularly in the new locomotive works at Schenectady, which have recently been completed. He was sixty years of age.

EXPLANATION(?)

A week or two ago the *San Francisco Chronicle* published an account of some strange phenomena occurring in Shasta county, at the residence of one Peter Fisher. We were told that, among other strange doings, "the chairs moved from one end of the house to the other, and the quilts and mattresses on the beds were rolled up and moved off the beds and across the floor;" that Mr. Fisher returning home, and finding his family greatly frightened from the singular disturbance, "loaded his gun and tied the chain of his watch-dog to the outside of the door. He then directed his children to sit down, locked and bolted the front door, and sat with his gun in his hand. Soon a howl was heard from the dog outside. The door instantly flew open and a shower of stones, sticks and missiles of all kinds fell beside him on the floor;" that the family moved to another cabin, the neighbors assisting them, and that the disturbance followed them to their new home, "and played there all the pranks which it had formerly indulged in at the family mansion. Stones came into the house; the doors sometimes remained closed despite every effort, and again all of a sudden burst open as by the power of an invisible spirit. They were compelled to vacate that house also and camp out in the orchard on the south side of the creek."

Further continuing the narrative as given in the *Chronicle*, we were told that "a rocking chair was moved across the room and placed against the ceiling and remained fastened there for some time, until at last pulled down by two of the men. The little girl while standing on the floor had her hat carried out of the window in plain sight of all. One of the boys ran and fetched it back again and put it on her head. It was no sooner on than it was again carried out of the window. One of the boys then put his hat on the little girl's head, and in less than one second it was carried out in the field nearly 100 yards distant. Stones fell into the building. When cast out they were at once thrown back into the house. At one time a stone which came through the stove struck the little girl on the ankle. She screamed and complained of being bruised, but was found not to be severely hurt. The stone was weighed by Joseph Connelly and found to weigh eight pounds and one ounce. A short time afterwards this girl was struck on the shoulder by a butcher knife. It stood erect on her shoulder in the presence of the whole crowd;" and much more of the same sort.

Now comes the sequel, as given in the *Chronicle's* editorial columns—the explanation(?) of the entire business—the solution of the cause that drove an affrighted family from their home. The excited neighbors flocked in from all parts, when, "finally," the *Chronicle* gravely assures us, "the little girl was detected throwing stones and sticks and performing other tricks which had amazed the visitors to the house. So ends the latest Spiritualist sensation." The little girl's tricks explain it all—the rocking-chair business, the shower of rocks, the butcher knife trick and all! Talk about gullible Spiritualists; if they can excel the average gullible skeptic, we are prepared to surrender.

A DEADLY WEAPON.—One Mike McGowan, of Virginia City, was recently arrested and sent to jail on charge of assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. The "deadly weapon" was a beer glass, hurled at a saloon-keeper. We are rejoiced to know that these receptacles are coming to be called by their proper name. Is there a more deadly weapon than a beer glass? It kills manhood, it breaks woman's heart, it starves families and wrecks homes, after which nothing remains to make life worth continuing. But, alas! it is often doomed to drag on at weary lengths through degradation and despair, that, in an appalling number of cases, seeks oblivion in narcotics whose effect is more speedy. The corner's jury gives its verdict, and the world wags on apace.

Encouraging Words.

FONBOW, Mass., Aug. 12, 1885.

DEAR EDITORS:—Glad am I that the GOLDEN GATE which has so long swung open for the material wealth of the great Pacific State to pour thro' to bless the world, swings now for passage of love-freighted argosies, bearing those spiritual blessings for which humanity is truly a hunger and a thirst. The magnetic power of the spirit bands, who have charged and blessed your paper, was quite apparent, as I opened the generous roll you sent me, and which was forwarded to this address.

My first thought was (and they are said to be our best) what a success, just the thing needed, why has it not been done before? Your selections show clear and comprehensive editorial ability, and so far as I have penetrated your hopes, purposes and methods of interpretation of the Spiritual movement, I am in rapport with you. I don't know as I can go on with my little paper "The World's Friend," and if I do so, exchange would be wholly by reason of the most generous courtesy on your part, but I thank you greatly for the favor of the first three numbers.

Cordially Yours,
MRS. OLIVIA F. SHEPARD.

MARYSVILLE, Aug. 16, 1885.

ED. GOLDEN GATE:—Thinking, perhaps, a word of encouragement might be acceptable, I will drop you a line, from this little city of dikes, to let you know how well pleased we are with the GOLDEN GATE. A friend sent me a copy from the dear old Garden City, and I feel it is going to fill a long felt want on this Coast. The Spiritualists need just such a paper, one that dare stand up for truth and justice. I think every true Spiritualist will feel that with Bro. Owen at the helm it is the right man in the right place. I hope every Spiritualist, that can, will take a personal interest in making the GOLDEN GATE a success. We have a little handful of Spiritualists here, and I will try and send in a few names, but with the thermometer 110 in the shade, (notwithstanding our local say less than 100) it is useless to try and interest people in anything only how to keep cool, therefore will wait until the heated term is over.

Yours for truth,
MRS. O. O. BENJAMIN.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

The first cable street railway in New York will be opened probably on the 1st of September.

Times may be bad, but the annual income of London and its environs is at least £330,000,000.

Santa Cruz claims to be \$100,000 better off for the National Guard encampment having been held there.

Ex-Governor Anthony once said: "The average Kansas town will vote bonds to buy a can to tie to a dog's tail."

Swearing is wholly unknown in Japan. The worst word a Japanese ever applies to a man he dislikes is "beast."

Time makes all things even. The bath in which Marat was slain is to be sold for the benefit of a religious fund.

A scarcity of houseflies is remarked in Yankton, D. T., and there are those who predict much sickness in consequence.

Ex-Governor Fenton, of New York, dropped dead in his office in the First National Bank, in Jamestown, on Tuesday last.

The bodies of persons dying in the Paris hospitals are to be cremated as a measure of economy, and to relieve the overcrowded cemeteries.

A well-known English woman, Lady Granville Gordon, has shocked most of her friends by opening a bonnet shop in Grosvenor Square, London.

The Bishop of Murcia, in Spain, has sold his Malaga estate and given the proceeds to the fund for the relief of the cholera sufferers in his diocese.

Queensland, although the younger of the colonies of the Australian group, has the largest public debt, amounting to \$82,500,000, or an average of \$300 per head.

A Los Angeles county paper advises the grape-growers there to feed their fruit to the hogs rather than accept the low prices which the wine cellars are said to be offering.

A Mississippi farmer dashes cold water into the ears of choking cattle. This causes the animal to shake its head violently, and the muscular action dislodges the obstruction.

An enterprising bath-house keeper at Atlantic City objected to drowning people being rescued in front of his establishment, because "the excitement injured his business."

The inhabitants of Burma worship idols made of brass. How they would get down on their knees if only an American commercial traveler were to get around their way!

Miss Blanche Williams, colored, who has matriculated at Toronto University, is said to have passed an excellent examination in French and German, as well as in English.

The Supreme Court at Victoria, B. C., has declared the Act of the Provincial Legislature, which imposed a head tax of \$10 on all Chinese in the province, unconstitutional.

Auckland is said by the local newspapers to be pre-eminently the land of small farmers. Out of 6,500 places of over an acre in extent, 5,200 belong in fee simple to the occupants.

The first woman that has been allowed to speak publicly in Sanders Theatre, Boston, to a Harvard assembly is Mrs. Livermore, who addressed her hearers on total abstinence.

A number of granite rocks have been found by Indians on the Snake River, Or., which contain impressions of deer and bear feet, and one of which has a very distinct human footprint.

Barbed wire has a black eye, if it be true that barbed wire fences are complained of by tanners and hide-dealers, on the ground that they inflict the severest injuries upon hides—injuries not easily discoverable until it is too late.

The man dealers in China are in possession of the richest traffic in the world. The coolies mortgage their wives and children, if they have any, for the faithful execution of their contracts abroad—a transaction perfectly legal in China.

Panama Canal stocks at Paris have further receded, an article by Leroy Beaulieu, in *Economiste Francaise*, exposing the financial situation of the Canal Company, having increased the impulse downward. The fall for the week was seven francs.

Physicians in the Sandwich Islands have come to the conclusion that the only way to stop the alarming spread of leprosy is to begin vaccinating with leprosy microbes. They think the operation will be a success, but have found no one yet willing to submit to it.

Brown and black bears are very numerous at Squaw and Elk creeks, and all the sheep ranges east of Mt. Shasta. There being no berries or nuts this season in this locality, the bears nightly raid the sheep corrals, and have killed a large number of sheep.

A prominent citizen of Canton, D. T., ordered a keg of beer delivered from the brewery at his house after darkness, as is usual in temperance towns. By some mistake it was left upon the porch of a preacher, and he had hard work to explain, and lost most of the beer.

The New York *Sun*, in reply to a request to head a movement for a dissolution of both the old parties, says: "Vital differences between Democrats and Republicans forbid the breaking up of the old parties. As to whether Cleveland is a Democrat or Republican, we must wait and see."

The great diamond shipped from South Africa is expected to prove the most marvelous stone ever known in size, color, purity and quality. It will weigh, in drop shape, it is estimated, about 220 karats or 300 in lozenge shape, brioletti. The Koh-i-noor weighs 106 karats, the Regent of France 136 karats, and the Orloff, which was cut for weight, 195 karats.

Sir Moses Montefiore leaves a fortune of about a million sterling, and his heirs will be his two nephews, J. Sebag and H. Guedalla. The title dies with him, Sir Moses being childless, but his name will always be preserved, for his relatives, rich and poor, Jew and gentile, are naturally very numerous, considering that the father of the great Jewish philanthropist was one of a family of seventeen children.

A writer in the *Prairie Farmer* says: Ward C. White, the most successful dairyman in Wisconsin, uttered that aphorism that has gone over the whole world: "I always speak to a cow as I do to a lady." When I asked him to tell me the answer to the whole dairy problem in one word, he replied: "Well, my boy, I should spell it c-o-m-f-o-r-t." Remember that milk-giving is a maternal function, and no man should abuse a mother.

MGR. CAPEL ON SPIRITUALISM.

[Communicated.]

OAKLAND, August 24, 1885.

If any one in the interest of Spiritualism had paid Monseigneur Capel to advertise it, and advance its interest in the public mind, it could not have been done better than it was last night, to the crowded audience of all faiths, in St. Francis' Church, San Francisco.

In the first place, the Monseigneur himself is so plump and dapper looking, in his fine church broadcloth livery with his little red edged cape, just barely over the shoulder, so the reverse of spiritual, so worldly comfortable and supremely self-satisfied, so suggestive of good dinners and of good fellowship in the high and soft places of this earth, that one loses all sense of religious example and self-denial in his contact. Possibly some of the things he said, from a more religious presence might not have borne this self contradiction.

As he told how thoroughly he has for years past "investigated" the phenomena of Spiritualism, one could actually sense the smack of gratified curiosity in his mind, and when he summed up with "My friends, there is nothing in it, I can assure you. I know it all," it as if he were wiping his lips after one of the rare good dinners within that broad purple belt of his, and should say to the lean and hungry crowd outside, "My friends, abstinence is the chief virtue and self-denial; I advise you to be content with your bread and water of life. I have just been tasting of these higher foods and I can assure you there is nothing in it—nothing."

His chief argument is that "Spiritism," as he calls it—taking for granted as he does that all there is in Spiritualism is the phenomenal or outside—has put forth no new truth—no good that is not already given in Mother Church. If Spiritualism had done no more than to show the people how to do without Mother Church—how to throw away their church crutches and walk free—no matter if some little spiritual power of thinking be temporarily lost in this budding independence, it would have done well enough; anything is good that breaks shackles. We are not of those who are afraid to let man walk alone, lest he walk to the devil.

But we do not mean to take up Spiritualism here. We simply mean to take down Capel. And when he tells of these seances he has attended, one thinks of our clergy on European tours visiting Mabilles and like places in the "gilded capitals," replying when challenged, "How shall we know what to preach against if we don't go to such places?" The most advanced Spiritualists seldom attend phenomenal exhibitions.

And then at last, when making his great appeal to the flock, in and out of the church, Catholic and non-Catholic, he pleadingly asks: "Why go away from mother church? Has she not all these aspirations, and more also? Why not stay at home with her?" It makes us think of the jealous woman who can no longer hold her family interest in the home, and argues against clubs and lodges. It may be a good and true argument, but it rather repels than convinces. One is tempted to reply: "Either learn to win back love by constant renewed vitality in the home or church, or else be sure to lose it."

The Monseigneur had done better to have kept quiet. His strongest part in the discourse was in the beginning, where he certainly did prove, by pointing to the advertising columns in the press of this country, that the public is tired of the church consolations and is going more and more to the "mediums" for news of their departed friends. And this is just where the thing pinches, for the church revenues are thereby lessened. The church monopoly is a thing of the past. Mankind is learning to walk alone.

X.

CORPORATIONS NOT WHOLLY SOULLESS.

The railroad companies are good friends to women. When a married man loses his life in their service his widow is provided with a position in some of their offices, if qualified to perform its duties, while if she has sons, they are also supplied with situations. Over three thousand women are supplied with positions in the railroad offices in Austria. They get from fifteen to thirty dollars per month. Nearly all of them are widows of men who died in the railroad employment. The time is fast coming when women can command business situations as readily as men, if they are equally as competent, and they will receive the same wages, too.

THE WONDERS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

[Religio-Physiological Journal.]

The mysterious action of the human mind has never been fully understood. Phenologists and metaphysicians have talked learnedly in reference to the functions of the brain and its relation to consciousness, and the various manifestations of the mind, yet there are many problems connected therewith that have not in the least respect been solved. This incident, as related by the *Dener News*, illustrates one of the peculiarities of mind when the functions of the brain have been seriously disturbed. The victim, an unconscious bigamist, states that at one time he was a building contractor in St. Louis for a number of years, was a doing thriving business and making considerable money. He had a comfortable home near the outskirts of the city, and a dear little wife and one child, and was as happy and contented as a man could be who had every thing one could want in this world. The chain of events which altered all this was the most peculiar. One day while upon the scaffolding of a building he was erecting, a heavy storm of wind arose, and before he could descend some of the supports gave way and he was precipitated to the ground, a distance of forty feet, striking upon his head. For a long time every thing was a blank. From what he has since learned, however, it seems that he hovered for weeks between life and death, and when he finally recovered from the physical injuries he had received, his mind was entirely gone. At times he was so violent that it became necessary to place him in an asylum. How or when he escaped from the institution he does not know, but escape he did, taking a western-bound train and coming to Denver. Here he secured employment and worked along quietly for some months, apparently as sane as ever; but strange to say, his memory was entirely gone and the past was all

a blank. The loving wife and child, the beautiful home and friends, all were as if they had never existed. It was perhaps three months after his arrival that he became acquainted with a young lady living on California street, near Fifteenth. In a short time they were engaged, and the wedding followed soon after. The very night of the wedding, however, while walking on Fifteenth street, he was felled by a blow on the head from a footpad, and was carried home insensible.

It was some days before he recovered, when, strange to say, the memory of his old and other life returned. O! the horror and agony of the moment. He had deserted a good wife—innocently it is true—and had unwittingly committed bigamy. It was some time before he dared to face his second wife and tell her the truth, and was at times tempted to adopt the cowardly expedient of silence and endeavor to forget those to whom he was rightfully bound by every tie of duty and love. He fought off the horrible temptation, however, and summoned up courage to see the woman he had so unintentionally wronged. She came into the room where he was lying, and he will never forget the painful scene that ensued. "O! Charles," she said, coming up as if to caress him. Then followed a look of wounded love and pride as he turned away coldly, with a guilty feeling mixed largely with fear. "Am I not your wife?" she pleaded in piteous tones. "Why do you treat me so?"

Finally he told her the whole dreadful story. With blanched face and staring eyes she sat like a statue through it all, and then, giving one mighty shriek, fell to the floor in a swoon. The next day she left the city, and in spite of every effort to find her whereabouts for a week, he was compelled to abandon the search. He has since returned to St. Louis.

In this remarkable case there was a total lapse of memory with regard to his wife and family when he fell from the building, and which was not fully restored until he was assaulted by a footpad. Through what mysterious process did he lose his individuality, and become in some respects an entirely different individual, marrying again, totally oblivious of the existence of a previous wife and home, and to what extent should he be held responsible for his illegal act? Philosophers and metaphysicians here have an ample field for exploration. They are baffled at once in endeavoring to solve the problem in a manner that can be understood, and content themselves with merely relating such incidents without attempting any explanation.

A good Methodist asked John Wesley what he thought as to his marrying a certain woman well-known to both. Wesley advised him not to think of it. "Why," said the other, "she is a member of your church, isn't she?" "Yes," was the reply. "And you think she is truly a Christian woman?" "Yes," said Wesley, "I believe she is." "Well, then, why not marry her?" "Because," replied Wesley—"because, my friend, the Lord can live with a great many people that you and I can't!"

The curtain had just dropped on the first act, and he already had his hat in hand, when she, putting her hand in her pocket, said: "Here, dear, I thought you would want one; you needn't go out," and she handed him a clove.

The widow of the late President Barrios has one of the finest houses in New York. It is on Fifth avenue and cost \$300,000.

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. E.—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.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL LECTURE ON the cause and cure of disease and demonstrate the best method, by healing some one in the audience, in Albion Hall, Alcazar Building, 114 O'Farrell St., Sunday evening, Aug. 30th, at 7:30 o'clock. The medical faculty and everybody invited. Good music and tests. Admission 10 cents.

SPIRITUALISM.—MRS. S. SEIP WILL CONDUCT the meeting for expression and interchange of spiritual thought, next Sunday, Aug. 30th, at 2 p. m., in Albion Hall, 114 O'Farrell St. Subject: Immortality. Last hour for tests, delineation of character; mental and written ballot questions answered by our mediums. Skeptics and strangers invited. Admission 10 cents.

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.

MRS. E. C. WMS. PATTERSON, MEDIUM AND PSYCHOMETRIST by Lock of Hair, Letter or Picture. Will answer calls to lecture. 51 Fifth St., S. F. 7

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INEFFECTIVE STRICTURES.

[Joseph D. Hull, of Boston, contributes the following excellent article to *The Index*, the perusal of which we cordially commend to all honest scientists.]

One may be amused—if he is not too much displeased—to read the “arguments” that are sometimes put forth with airs of scientific assurance on questions about which the writers seem really to know very little. A bunch of these I have lately seen in an article in an able and thoughtful journal, ranking, perhaps, in these respects even with *The Index*, but which need not be named, as my object is not to direct attention to any person, but to help to more discriminating habits a class of rather unthinking readers, who usually are ready to accept as of weight whatever they find in their favorite paper, especially if it falls in with their own preconceptions.

The article referred to professes to discuss “The Materialization of Spirits.” Properly, this is a purely scientific question, to be determined only by much careful investigation of phenomena. To what purpose is it for the writer, instead of examining what purports to be high evidence on this point, to launch into various general observations true to triteness, and serving apparently only to introduce the mention of great names? To what purpose to quote Prof. Haeckel’s opinion that this is “an age of natural science,” and Prof. Huxley’s, that it is our “duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification?” No one thinks otherwise. Believers and disbelievers in “materialization” are at one here. Still further from the point is it to quote any professor’s views as to the propriety of physicists, seeking in phenomena the evidence of “a Creator acting for a definite purpose.” It is not a question of “Creator” or no Creator, nor of his “purpose,” definite or otherwise. Quite as little is the doctrine of the eternity or imperishability of matter, or the denial of this, involved, though on this the writer, again quoting Haeckel, enlarges.

All these things are simply irrelevant. Notwithstanding this is “an age of natural science,” and that it is our “duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification,” and notwithstanding, too, all possible opinions in respect to a Creator or his purposes, or as to the indestructibility of matter, the bare question of fact still stands as the only question, “Do deceased spirits ever assume visible or tangible forms?”

Though here, by the way, in the quotation from Haeckel, may be noticed a very common kind of logic, even among distinguished scientists. It is affirmed that “science teaches that matter is eternal and imperishable.” On what ground? Simply that “never yet has an instance been observed of even the smallest particle having vanished, or even of an atom being added to the already existing mass.” In other words, the want of proof that an atom has ever been added or has perished, is assumed to be equivalent to proof that neither has ever been done. Here is a fallacy palpable enough to all logicians, if not to the men of natural science. The true scientific position is much more modest. We do not know. Quite possibly the question may remain forever unanswerable.

Nor does the unhappy fact that “the [pretended] materialization of spirits is offered as an attraction to the curious, the credulous, and the ignorant, who are willing to hire a seat,” etc., touch the question. That counterfeit money abounds, and that many have often been deceived by it, is a fair ground, indeed, for careful examination, but does not disprove the existence of the genuine. One certainly cannot wonder that those who have found themselves repeatedly treated to mere fraud in the personal investigations, or who have read of its frequent occurrence, should be extremely cautious. This is eminently their “duty,” and not more so in the opinion of Mr. Huxley than in that of the most intelligent and experienced Spiritualists, some of whom are among the keenest and most exacting observers. But summarily to set down all “materializations offered” as fraudulent is to assume to speak from a knowledge of the subject which not one man in ten thousand of those who deny the fact of materialization possesses.

And here, let me say, is the weakness—yes, and the folly of the great body of the writers who, with the airs of knowledge, presume to deny the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. They speak from their ignorance. They assume that what they have not been able to verify—and sometimes I fear have not even sought faithfully to verify—no one has. That difficulties—some not yet verifiable—often stand in the way of this verification, the most experienced and acute observers are ready to admit. A letter from the scholarly investigator, M. A. (Oxon.), now before me says: “Many people complain that they cannot get satisfactory evidence. And there are many who never will. It is absurd to say, as some do, that anybody who will take a little trouble can see for himself.” And he instances an eminent *savant* who has devoted much time and money to the investigation without obtaining personal conviction through it. “His belief rests on second-hand evidence.” So that—account for it whether we can or not—it may often be that one is entirely right in saying that he has never yet met with any direct convinc-

ing proof in his own observation, though he has much sought for it. This is one thing, and quite permissible. But when, in view of the number of distinguished men in almost every branch of intellectual cultivation, including even the technically “scientific,” who, against all their previous training and prejudices, have been convinced by the evidence offered to them of the fact of spirit intercourse and even of “materialization,” one disdainfully ridicules it, and remits it to “the credulous and the ignorant,” what insufferable arrogance is it! If the writer now under review will take up some single well-authenticated and minute account of a spirit’s materialization, such, for instance, as that given in the *London Light* of February 28th, where several independent witnesses give their several reports of what they, as members of a party of fourteen, all of the highest character for intelligence and integrity (names and residences given in full), witnessed, in a light sufficient to show the time by their watches, of the gradual formation of a spirit form from Mr. Eglington’s side,—if, I say, he will examine these accounts, and tell us wherein they fall short of credible evidence of a spirit’s materialization,—he will do something to purpose. But, if he has never heard of this and a great number of other well-authenticated cases, every instance of proved apparition being a materialization of some kind and degree, and has never critically investigated them, of what value is his opinion that spirit materialization cannot occur? To say that he cares not for the proffered evidence, that it is not worth his attention, that no evidence can prove such things, that such stories are all sheer imposture, and so on, would be only to imitate the lofty and unreasoning scorn of some who yet style themselves “scientific.”

But is this science? Is this the way in which, to quote his own words, “an enlightened man, a lover of truth and justice, attempts to prove that reason should be guided by research?” Such scientific methods will never demolish Spiritualism “any more than,” to use one of his singular comparisons, “a goat can cause an earthquake.” They have been essaying it for more than a generation, and behold where Spiritualism stands to-day.

There is, perhaps, some little show of argument in one part of the article. It is where it is urged that “the slowly changing forms of matter must be considered,” and that “there is no known scientific basis on which to found the belief that a man, having ceased to perform his organic function, and dissolving in the water or the earth or crematory, can in any one of these conditions ‘assume the same figure like the king that’s dead.’”

That ordinarily the forms of matter change slowly is consistent with the further fact that they often change rapidly and even instantaneously, and with the still further fact that the laws or methods of these changes are by no means yet understood. No transformation of the atoms composing the physical body is, however, in “materialization” assumed. By what laws or in what way the spirit gathers to itself a body recognizable by the senses is yet a matter for study. In respect to the limits of spirits’ power over matter, we really know nothing. The door into this department of science has hardly been opened.

If by “scientific basis” the writer means some established theory of the method or means by which spirits materialize, his assertion is true enough; but it obviously does not touch the question of the fact. But if he means there is no well-ascertained body of phenomena substantiating the fact, he propounds a negative, not only in its very nature incapable of truth, but one contradicted by an amount of evidence entitled to the highest respect.

Mr. Charles Bray’s quoted opinion that, “If it were possible for the mind’s identity to be continued after death with a different body, it would not constitute the same person,” is a rather queer statement to come from a philosopher. The identity of the mind only, even if immortality be allowed it, does not constitute identity (!) is the amount of it. And his reason for this is that “our identity or personality is made up of our body and mind,—an assumption too unphilosophic for any general acceptance, and requiring no answer.

“To tell you the truth, I am almost tired to death. I’ve heard so much opera this winter that I can hardly bear to hear a bird sing. And plays! Good Gracious! I have been completely surfeited, and the theater has been actually hateful to me; yes, actually hateful to me.” In the pause which followed these remarks a quiet-looking young lady in the corner was heard to remark, “What an advantage it is to have a husband who owns a bill-board.”

An exchange truthfully says: “It is worth remembering that no newspaper is printed especially for any one person, any more than a hotel is built especially to please one guest. People who become greatly displeased with something they find in a newspaper should remember that the very thing that displeases them is exactly the thing that will please somebody who has just as much interest in the paper as they have.”

Next to prejudice, dogmatism is the worst foe of truth. In the guise of a defender it inflicts the most deadly wounds.

TWO NOTED BATTLES.

The Capture of Vicksburg and the Battle of the Wilderness.

[General Grant’s Personal Memoirs.]

“The Vicksburg newspapers, which we received regularly while before Vicksburg, through the courtesy of the rebel pickets, said prior to the 4th, in speaking of a Yankee boast that they would take dinner in Vicksburg that day, that the best receipt for cooking a rabbit was, ‘ketch your rabbit first.’ The paper at this time, and for some time previous, was printed on the plain side of wall paper. The last number was printed on the 4th, and announced that we had caught our rabbit.

“I have no doubt that Pemberton commenced his correspondence on the 3rd with a two-fold purpose: First to avoid an assault which he knew would be successful; and second to prevent the capture taking place on the great national holiday, the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. Holding out for better terms, as he did, he defeated his aim in the latter particular. On the Fourth of July, at the appointed hour, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works and formed a line in front, stacked arms and marched back in good order. Our whole army present witnessed this scene without cheering, and without a single offensive remark that I ever heard of. Logan’s division, which had approached nearest the rebel works, was the first to march in, and the flag of one of the regiments of that division was soon floating over the Court-house.”

“Of the Wilderness campaign the General says: ‘Operating as we were in an enemy’s country, and supplied always from a distant base, large detachments had at all times to be sent from the front, not only to guard the base of supplies and the roads leading to it, but all the roads leading to our flanks and rear. We were also operating in a country unknown to us and without competent guides or maps showing the roads accurately. Estimating Lee’s strength in the same manner as ours, the enemy had not less than 80,000 men at the start. His reinforcements during the campaign were about equal to ours, deducting our discharged men and those sent back. Lee was on the defensive, and in a country in which every stream, every road, every obstacle to the movement of troops, and every natural defense was familiar to him and his army. The citizens were all friendly to him and his cause, and could and did furnish him with accurate reports of our every movement. Rear guards were not necessary for him, and having always a railroad at his back, large wagon trains were not required. All circumstances considered, we did not have any advantage of numbers.’

“On the morning of the 7th we sent out pickets and skirmishers along our entire front to discover the position of the enemy. Some went as far as a mile and a half before finding them. But Lee showed no disposition to come out. There was no battle during the day, and but little firing except in Warren’s front. About midday Warren was directed to make a reconnaissance in force. This drew some sharp firing, but there was no attempt on the part of the rebels to drive him back. This ended the battle of the Wilderness.

“More severe fighting has not been witnessed on this continent than that of the 5th and 6th of May, 1864. Our victory consisted in having successfully crossed a formidable stream almost in the face of the enemy, and in getting the army together afterward as a unit. We gained an advantage on the morning of the 6th, which, if it had been followed up, must have proved very decisive. In the evening the enemy gained an advantage, but was repulsed. As we stood at the close, the two armies were relatively in about the same condition to meet each other as when the river had divided them. But the fact of safely crossing was a victory. Our losses in the battle of the Wilderness were 2,261 killed, 8,785 wounded, and 2,902 missing probably nearly all the latter captured by the enemy.”

THE ABORIGINES OF CHINA.

[Washington Republican.]

The southern portion of the present domain of China, comprising nearly one-third of the whole, is a comparatively recent addition to the empire, having come under the jurisdiction of the “Son of Heaven” only 2,000 years ago. The original inhabitants of this broad territory were easily subjugated. Portions of them were attached to their conquerors as vassals or slaves, and gradually, by intermarriage and the adoption of the customs of the Chinese, lost their identity, and were absorbed by the more powerful race. “Traces of this original element are still to be found in many localities, especially among the mountains, and may be seen in peculiarities of speech, customs and physiognomy. The boat people, everywhere regarded as an inferior race, and numbering in the city of Canton alone, 200,000 souls, are supposed to be the descendants of this indigenous race. In the mountain range which forms the northern border of the three southern provinces, and is a continuation of one section of the great Himalayan range, are over 100 tribes of these aboriginal people, who have constantly maintained their independence against Chinese aggressions. Comparatively little is known of them, but from the information derived from travel-

ers, they seem, with but few exceptions, to be all of one race, and to be nearly allied to the Shans and Carens of Burmah, the Laos tribes, and those of the interior regions of Cambodia and Cochinchina. The sublime self-conceit of the Chinese, and their indifference to everything outside of themselves, is strikingly seen in the fact that in all the centuries during which they have lived in constant contact with these various tribes they have learned but little that is reliable concerning their customs, habits of life, traditions, language or government. A few individuals have become interested, and have left brief accounts and some rude sketches, which are all the sources of information from the Chinese side that are available.

Jesse Shepard.

[Kansas City (Mo.) News.]

A gentleman well known in Kansas City told the News that he had just been converted to the belief of Spiritualism by seeing Jesse Shepard, a musical medium who is driving the skeptics mad all over the city. Said the gentleman: “You ought to see the converts being made by this medium. He is doing a great work, and there is a chance for the Journal if it wants it.” At the seance the other night, many prominent people were present. Said the gentleman: “About twenty of the best people of Kansas City were sitting in a semi-circle about a large piano, situated at one end of the room. The lights were turned low and after some singing by the circle, the manifestations began; cold waves of air rushed through the room, while harps, guitars and so forth floated around from person to person, playing accompaniments to the airs which Mr. Shepard played upon the piano. Sometimes they would rest gently on our heads, sometimes upon our knees, sometimes at our feet, always playing and never silent. The climax of the evening came, when a whispered voice announced Mme. Persiana and La Blache, famous deceased singers, would favor us with a duet. I will not attempt to describe the wonderful thrills in the high of the madame, or the almost miraculous bass of M. La Blache—or the duo singing of both. Sometimes the room would be filled with the voices of both singing together, then again everything would vibrate with the powerful bass of La Blache alone. If any skeptic thinks an ordinary man could produce the phenomena we saw last evening they have but to go and investigate and be convinced. That’s what I did.”

Interesting Experiments.

[N. Y. Post.]

In connection with the trial of Pel for poisoning which has just resulted in Paris in the condemnation of the accused, some interesting experiments were conducted at the morgue with a view to testing whether it was possible, as alleged by the prosecution, that the murderer could have got rid of the body of one of his victims by burning it piece by piece in a common stove. The professional witnesses stated that they procured a body weighing sixty kilograms. They removed from it forty kilograms of organic matter, and lighted a fire of wooden logs. They thus ascertained that in an hour the complete reduction to ashes of one kilogramme of organic matter could be effected, and in forty hours the complete combustion of a body weighing sixty kilograms could be completed. The accompanying smell was not disagreeable. The bearing of this on the question of cremation is obvious. It is possible to consume the human body by fire at a comparatively small expense, as these experiments show. In Japan, where cremation has been practiced for ages, the quantity of wood consumed in the cheapest cremation is so small that European doctors doubted the evidence of eye-witnesses. Cremation of the lowest class costs only two shillings, on account of the small quantity of wood used, and the operation generally lasts from six to nine hours. The smell for a considerable distance around the crematorium is, however, of a very offensive kind, and the accessories are as a rule, far from agreeable. There is, however, no doubt that the body can be consumed at a far less expenditure of fuel than is generally considered possible.

Poet vs. Editor.

[Sittings.]

A tall, lank young man came into *Texas Sittings’* sanctum, and having given the sifter a poem several feet long to read, said in a condescending sort of a way:

“You can publish this poem for ten dollars.”

“All right. Just hand over the ten dollars. That’s below our usual rates but times are hard now.”

“You misunderstood me. I mean you can have the poem by paying ten dollars.”

“Can’t take it. It’s too cheap. It would be robbing you, for I know where you can get more than ten dollars for it.”

“Where?”

“Take it to a Justice of the peace and read it to him, and you will get twenty dollars, and thirty days in the county jail if you don’t pay your fine.”

He looked sadly at the sifter, shook his head and wafted himself out the door.

Victor Hugo leaves a fortune estimated at \$2,500,000.

A STRANGE STORY.

[An “Eye Witness” in *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C.]

In this city stands, in a weird, lone place, an old mansion called Glen Elvyn, which is said to be haunted. How many years this blot has been upon it I know not; but strange stories have been told by its different occupants of hearing, in the night, carriages drive around the house, rattling as of harness in different rooms, the ringing of all its bells—and they are not a few—and the appearing of a lady in white before the inmates, who have been startled out of sleep, and caused in their fright to seek rest elsewhere.

This may seem an improbable story in this age; but such is really said to be the fact by former tenants, known to the writer of this article, and it is thought that this old mansion—could its walls speak—might divulge startling stories of crimes committed there in days gone by.

A party of seven of us, hearing that the house was standing vacant, except for colored people living in the back part, and possessed with a desire for adventure, visited it one evening not long since, anxious to see and learn what we could of its horrible secrets, one of our party being also a very recently developed medium. After going through the house, visiting its many fine rooms, we selected the one having a blood stain on the floor, about five feet in length and three feet in width, and being supplied with chairs and a table seated ourselves, placing the table over the blood stain. In the dark we waited developments, until one of the ladies, after a short time, feeling a hand on her back, was compelled to change her seat, and was placed at the side of the medium, who a little later on whispered that she felt strangely, and not to let her under any circumstances get on the floor. The medium showed at last signs of going into a trance, and with the deepest interest was her every movement watched, for we then let a little light into the room. She commenced by struggling and exclaiming, “Lord, Massa, don’t do that to Manda!” “Untie my feet, untie my feet!” and “Oh, take that axe away!” She seemed to go through the whole scene of the murder, wringing her hands and often exclaiming: “Lord have mercy!” and “Massa, don’t cut off Manda’s head!” and similar expressions. At last her head sunk down with a gurgling sound, as if it had really been severed from the body, and she fell on the shoulder of the lady at her side, who could discover but a slight fluttering pulse.

After remaining in this position a short time the medium sprang up and asked what we were all there for? We said we had come to help her, so she could leave that place and be free to go to a happier one.

“I cannot go without my head!” she exclaimed.

“Where is your head?” was asked.

“Burnt up.”

“And where is your body?”

“Fed to de dogs.”

She thereupon seemed to see some one, and commenced trembling, and in great terror sprang up and would have run from us had she not with great effort been held and assured that she was with friends, who would not harm her. She soon became calm, and commenced praying and thanking God that she was going out of that house with us; shook hands with each, bidding us good-by, and was gone.

The medium was afterwards controlled further, and we learned this story.

Many years ago a slaveholder, tall, of good figure, iron-gray hair and heavy mustache (whose name, though given, I will withhold), had lived there, and one of his slaves, Amanda, being very light-colored, of fine form and face, was looked upon by her master with lust in his eye and a determination to make her his mistress. She was a simple-hearted Christian, and would not give way to his evil designs and passions, whereupon he became enraged and commenced starving her, thinking thus to bring her to consent. He finally gave her one week in which to decide, at the expiration of which time he visited her, and finding her still firm in her resistance of his evil intentions, threw his broad-brimmed hat to the floor and stabbed her. Seeing what he had done, and not wishing to leave anything behind to tell the story against him, he thought best to hide all traces of his crime, bound her feet, cut off her head with an axe, burned it, took the flesh from the bones, fed it to the dogs, and threw the bones in a canal, which at that time was in existence near the house. We also were told that this poor soul would go out with us and never wander about there again. When this lady came out of her trance her feet were so twisted that the two gentlemen of the party had to carry her from the room, and she had difficulty in walking.

We left the house feeling that this picture was but one of the many that might yet be revealed there. The medium on reaching home and removing her shoes and stockings found great ridges around her ankles as if they had indeed been tied.

As improbable as this may sound, it was witnessed by those who can vouch for its truth, and I, for one, was fully convinced for the first time in my life of the truth of the trance condition.

The King of Greece has conferred upon Dr. Manis H. Henry, of New York the gold cross of the Royal Order of the Savior for his distinguished services in the cause of science.

HOW BEECHER WON HIS CASE.

(N. Y. Correspondence Buffalo Express.)

Here is a perfectly true anecdote, not heretofore published; and it was told to me by a leader of Plymouth Church, right after Sunday's evolution sermon by Beecher. I had asked whether the congregation would stay with the pastor if he made any further departure from orthodoxy, and he replied that Beecher's emotional power over them was equal to any requirement.

"In the light of what has gone into history as the Beecher scandal," he continued, "it was, at one juncture, the toss-up of a cent whether we stuck to him or not. The proof against him, at that juncture, seemed absolutely conclusive, and the most intimate and steadfast friends could make no argument, but assert their blind faith. At a certain Friday evening prayer-meeting the atmosphere was fairly chilled by doubt and outright condemnation. Beecher took his usual seat on the low platform—he remained seated during this service—and as he looked around the assemblage he appeared to me for the moment to be crushed by the situation. Dejection and sorrow were expressed in every line of his strong face. He slowly turned the leaves of the Bible to select a passage of Scripture to read. His choice was that famous psalm of consolation and faith beginning 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' His eyes were not on the page, and throughout it was a recitation from memory, not a reading. There was an almost piteous tone of appeal in the utterance of the sentence, as though it was his prayer for the fulfillment of a divine promise rather than a declaration of confidence. Then he went on quietly, fervently, as though somewhat reminiscent of past religious sweetness in his experience. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul.' Into the succeeding sentence he injected, as clearly as though he had interpolated an explicit assertion of his own rectitude, a spirit of bold self-vindication: 'He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.' The accused preacher's head was now held high, his voice was declamatory and something of defiance was in his mein. But after a silent moment his aspect changed utterly, indicating that the weight of his trouble had been lifted for an instant only to return crushingly. Tears came into his eyes, and his voice was tremulous as he proceeded: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' Again a pause, with ensuing exultation: 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou hast annointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.' By this time tears were dropping from half the eyes in the house, and the sobs of deeply affected women were heard. The final lines were delivered in a climax of quivering agitation: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' That psalm won the case for Beecher so far as his own people were concerned. It was the grandest elocution ever heard on earth."

What is Said of Psychical Phenomena.

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

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

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

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

CROMWELL F. VARLEY, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever. . . . Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude, as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception." . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which

had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: "Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

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

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

PROFESSOR GREGORY, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied as are all those who have had the best means of judging of the truth of the spiritual theory."

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL COMMITTEE reported: "1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force by those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR.—"No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phenology, Homeopathy, and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded and arranged; and whether we call by the name of mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this, is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there may be careless observers, prejudiced recorders, and rash systematizers; their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the wonders which perplex almost equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science." These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the *Spiritual Magazine*, 1864, p. 336: "We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honors of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience a firm believer in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Home was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he authorized the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a near and dear member of his family."

POTENCY OF A COMMA.—At the last session of Congress a bill was passed providing for the allowance of claims of officers and soldiers for losses of personal property in the Government service, except in time of war or hostilities with Indians. The claimants through whose efforts the bill was passed have presented arguments to the accounting officers of the Treasury, in which they hold that the terms "war" and "hostilities" both refer to Indian service (there being no comma between the words "war" and "or"), and that claims for losses during the Civil War must be allowed. This, the Treasury officials say, would cost the Government an enormous sum, more than could well be estimated. A case involving a claim for losses for personal property during the late war was submitted to Third Auditor Williams, who decided against allowing the claim, and holding that the Act does not authorize compensation for any losses sustained in time of war.—N. Y. World.

Presence of Mind.

(Toronto Globe.)

But if boys require to be taught self-control, doubly so do girls. Having by nature weaker nerves and a more vivid imagination, they shrink from pain, suffering and danger in a fashion utterly unintelligible to their brothers. But the more natural this shrinking is, the more carefully they should be taught to govern it. Girls should acquire at least the rudiments of nursing and learn the best and easiest attainable remedies for the ordinary accidents of daily life, just as certainly and as a matter of course as they are taught to sew and to read. Especially should quiet and coolness be impressed upon them. Calmness is not insensibility, though many people confound them. A girl is not hard-hearted and unfeeling because she can witness painful sights, and if need be lend a steady, firm hand to the doctor or nurse. On the contrary, she has usually twenty times the sympathy and unselfish kindness of that delicate little damsel who has no command whatever over herself, and fills the room with shrieks, winding up by running away the very moment an extra hand might be useful. It may seem harsh to say so, but those dainty bodies who are so utterly useless at any emergency, or, as their friends plead, "so highly endowed with sensibility" (those who are not their friends make unpleasant reference to "folly" and "hysterics"), are generally selfish and self-absorbed to a degree utterly unintelligible to their more sober sisters, who are taught to forget self and control both mind and body by their large-hearted sympathy with and comprehension of suffering. But the sick room is not the only place where presence of mind is required. Scarcely a day passes when we do not more or less require it. Thank goodness the notion that women should faint or go into hysterics for the smallest thing is pretty well exploded; still even yet the opposite lesson might be more strongly inculcated.

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Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest know?
Here in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a
gathering storm;
In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are
seen,
Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the
wisdoms mean?"
A million shrines stand open, and ever the censor swings,
As they bow to mystic symbol or the figures of ancient
kings;
And the incense rises ever, and rises the endless cry
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.
For the Destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the
hills,
Above the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that
kills;
Pushed by a Power we see not, and struck by a hand un-
known,
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a
stone.
The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hol-
low and grim,
And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the
twilight dim;
And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain
crest,
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a
rest?
The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful
guide?
The heaven, ah! who has known it? for steep in the mount-
ain side,
For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.
Here are the tombs of my kinsfolks, the first of an ancient
name,
Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who
died in the flame;
They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits
who guard our race;
Ever I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.
And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of mutter-
ing priests,
The revels and the riots unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a
whisper come
Of the secret—Whence and whither? Alas, for the gods
are dumb.
Shall I listen to the word of the English, who come from the
utmost sea?
The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message
to me?
It is taught but the wide-world story, how the earth and
the heavens began,
How the gods are glad and angry, and the Deity once was
man.
I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of
India dwell,
Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth
with a spell,
They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the
unknown main,"
Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is
vain.
Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the
dreamer awake?
Is the world seen like shadow on water, and what if the mir-
ror break?
Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a camp that is
gathered and gone
From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve and at morning are
level and lone!
Is there naught in the heaven above, whence the hail and the
leaves are hurled,
But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the roll-
ing world?
The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence
and sleep,
With the dirge and sounds of lamenting, and voices of
women who weep?

—A. C. Lyall.

THE TENDER HEART.

She gazed upon the burnished brace
Of plump ruffed grouse he showed with pride;
Angelic grief was in her face:
"How could you do it, dear?" she sighed.
"The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!
The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"
Said he, "The partridge never sings."
Said she, "The sin is quite the same."
"You men are savage through and through,
A boy is always bringing in
Some string of bird's eggs, white and blue,
Or butterfly upon a pin.
The angle worm in anguish dies,
Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"
"My own, we fish for trout with flies—"
"Don't wander from the question, please!"
She quoted Burns' "Wounded Hare"
And certain burning lines of Blake's,
And Ruskin on the fowls of air,
And Coleridge on the water-snakes,
At Emerson's "Forbearance" he
Began to feel his heart benumbed;
At Browning's "Donald" utterly
His soul surrendered and succumbed.
"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"
He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"
He saw her lashes hung with pearls
And swore to give away his gun.
She smiled to find her point was gained,
And went, with happy parting words
(He subsequently ascertained)
To trim her hat with humming birds.

—Helen Gray Crane in the Century.

THE TWO.

One saw the morning sunlight fill the land,
And with a cheerful hand took up her share
Of daily toils and cares, her willing hand
Making her burdens light for her to bear.
The other with the coming of the day,
Bringing its round of duties one by one,
Longed for the distant twilight, soft and gray;
And weary grew before her tasks were done.
One listened to the singing of the birds,
And sang with them a tender little song
That lacked, like theirs, perhaps, the pow'r of words,
Yet it was full of music all day long.
The other heeded not the melody
That thronged the undertone near and clear.
But with dumb lips craved always, silently,
A voice whose gift the multitude might hear.
One filled her home with peace, quite satisfied
To view the world with clear eyes from afar,
The other, wandering restless, far and wide,
Brought weariness and tears that pence to mar.
One sighed for grander heights than she could reach,
One yielded gladness whoso'er she went;
And human hearts were the abodes of each,
For one was called Desire and one Content.

—Jennie Noonan Wheelers.

"REGULAR" QUACKERY.

[Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the author of that profound work, "Therapeutic Sarcasm," represented the Remonstrants against Medical Legislation, before the last Massachusetts Legislature. In an able speech before the Public Health Committee of that body, he formulates the following propositions.]

1. That legislation to give a monopoly of medical practice to persons with medical diplomas would be legislation in favor of quackery, because more than nine-tenths of all the quackery and malpractice come from those who hold diplomas, as we are able to prove, and because these gentlemen confess they are unable to cure cases such as cancer, which other physicians do cure.
2. That a large number of persons possess the power to heal disease without medicine, and to examine the condition of the sick with greater accuracy than ordinary physicians, or even the most eminent professors, and also to select remedies appropriate to each case without any medical education whatever, and that a vast number of our people have been healed by them, in many instances after the best physicians had totally failed.
3. That medical colleges as at present constituted do not any of them teach one-half of the healing art, and that what they do teach is so imperfectly taught that more than half of their graduates are unfit even to practice their own limited system, and that these evils would be greatly aggravated if by legislation they were deprived of the wholesome stimulus of free competition. Such legislation would be oppressive to the poor, would increase the suffering and mortality of the sick, and would be felt by many thousands as a personal wrong, a gross and tyrannical outrage.
4. That independent practitioners have already saved a vast amount of money, health and life; that they have proved themselves an extremely useful and benevolent class of citizens; that they are highly esteemed by the people; that they have a vested right in their honorable profession, and that to deprive them of this right without compensation would be a more tyrannical act than any of those which caused the American Revolution.
5. That practical medicine is not a positive science, but an empirical art, which is continually changing; that the greatest changes and improvements originate outside of colleges, against their opposition, and that to give the absolute control and possession of the whole field to colleges would be disastrous to progress, and would in the present century have prevented the development of American Eclecticism, of Homœopathy, and of the magnetic practice, the three greatest improvements of the century.
6. That in the present very imperfect and unfinished state of medical science the new discoveries which are coming up with greater rapidity than ever before demand new methods of practice and new applications of remedies as the noblest work of science and humanity, which are necessarily outside of colleges, until they have attained numerical and financial strength, and, instead of being prohibited, deserve to be assisted by the patronage of the State.
7. That the bill proposed by the Massachusetts Medical Society is unconstitutional, tyrannical, malicious and absurd, and such legislation has already proved oppressive and injurious to the welfare of the people.
8. That the only medical legislation which would promote the interest of the people is legislation to promote a knowledge of the causes and the prevention of disease, and to make them acquainted with the actual results of different methods of treatment by statistics honestly collected, as is requested in the petition herewith submitted; and until such statistics shall have been collected it will be impossible to legislate wisely on the subject.

Once More.

[Derrick Dodd, in San Francisco.]

If all the characteristic stories of Abraham Lincoln have not been called in and the polls closed, we should like to put on record just one more incident that came to the personal notice of the writer.
It was a habit of the great liberator, when more than usually perplexed by the cares and burdens of the great conflict, to steal away for one of those self-communing walks which were doubtless the only really undisturbed moments of his life. One afternoon just after the terrible disaster at Cold Harbor, his abstracted ramble led him along the canal that runs parallel with the Potomac, south of the White House. Wandering a couple of miles in this aimless way, Lincoln came to a smoky little cabin, at the door of which an old colored man was paring potatoes. The "Good President" stopped and taking it for granted that he would be unknown to this humble contraband, sat down and engaged him in conversation. With that patriarchal readiness of opinion peculiar to aged darkies, the latter delivered many dissertations on public affairs, the conduct of the war, the duties of the executive, and national affairs generally. The President listened—not without gaining an idea or two from the homely discourse—until it was quite dark. As he rose to return, the old man set before him a bowl of milk and some hoe-cake, which Lincoln—who told the story himself—ate with great relish,

the first food he had enjoyed for many a day.

"Good-bye, Uncle," he said at last. "I'll come to see you again."

"Done do so, Massa Lincum, done do so," said the old man hospitably.

"You know me, then?" asked the President.

"Yes, indeed, honey; I knowed yer was Ole Abe de berry minute I sot my eyes on yer. I seed yer once at your niggeration, Massa President, and I nebber could forgit yer dis quick. Yer's a mighty good man, Massa Lincum, a powerful good man, but the good Lord made yer drefful homely in de face, an' dat's a fac!"

ABOUT DREAMS.

[Every Other Saturday.]

A French physician, Dr. Delaunay, tells some interesting facts about dreams. These are embodied in a communication to the Societe de Biologie de Paris. It is well known, when a person is lying down the blood flows most easily to the brain. This is why some of the ancient philosophers worked out their thoughts in bed. Certain modern thinkers have imitated this queer method of industry. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low, dreams take the place of coherent thoughts.

There are, however, different sorts of dreams; and Dr. Delaunay's purpose, in his original communication, is to show that the manner of lying brings on a particular kind of dream. Thus, according to his investigation, uneasy and disagreeable dreams accompany lying upon the back. This fact is explained by the connection which is known to exist between the organs of sensation and the posterior part of the brain.

The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side; and this appears to be also the most natural method, for many persons object to lying upon the side of the heart, which it has been more than once asserted should have free action during sleep. Nevertheless, Dr. Delaunay's statements hardly harmonize with this opinion. When one sleeps upon the right side, that is to say, upon the right side of the brain, one's dreams have marked and rather unpleasant characteristics. These characteristics, however, are essentially those which enter into the popular definition of dreams. One's dreams are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of vivacity and exaggeration. Dreams which come on sleeping on the right side are, in short, simple deceptions. They bring to mind very old and faint remembrances, and they are often accompanied by nightmares. Dr. Delaunay points out that sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on the right side. This verse, though at times correct enough, is absolutely without sense. The moral faculties are then at work, but the intellectual faculties are absent.

On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left brain, his dreams are not only less absurd, they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things, not with reminiscences. And since the faculty of articulated language is found in the left side, the words uttered during such dreams are frequently comprehensible.

Beer Drinking.

[Scientific American.]

The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is, most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer-drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer-drinkers.

If a future existence be desirable, for the purpose of correcting the mistakes of this primary school of existence, and of profiting by the dearly bought wisdom and experience of a brief lifetime; if it be even conceivable, why not possible? Indeed, although it might be natural for most men to disbelieve it, it is incredible that a thoughtful and intelligent mother should ever doubt that there might be a spiritual body and birth as well as an animal or physical one. Not many women of education and refinement would bewilling to become mothers if "death ended all!" To bring up from "the valley and the shadow of death" beautiful buds and blossoms of being only to be nipped by the ruthless, hopeless, untimely frosts of an incipient, dementary, rupanetary existence?—*Lewis Ollner in Free-thinker's magazine.*

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[Spiritual Offering.]

The subject of immortality must naturally, above all others, engage the attention of the superior classes of minds, so long as there remains a doubt in regard to its truth. For what is life, in this sphere, without the hope of a future state of existence? What is there that can adequately stimulate us to deeds of virtue, and nerve us to patient endurance in the cause of truth and right, if the blessings resulting from such a course are only to be enjoyed in this world? Truly it were a melancholy task for sincere minded men to endure all the scorn, persecution, and ignominy that are but too often heaped upon such, if animated and consoled by no hope, no glorious anticipation of a future and a better land, where the spirits of the good and great shall reap the reward of their labors while on this earth. There is something in our natures that recoils instinctively from such a conclusion; and however barren the prevailing philosophy may be of arguments in support of the doctrine of Immortality, still man can not let go the all-comforting thought that this is not our resting-place—that we here but commence an existence that shall never end.

But we need some substantial argument that will convince the understanding of the eternal existence of the human spirit. If we were to interrogate Nature according to the old, or rather the prevailing systems of philosophy, we would in all probability arrive at the same conclusion as did the learned Spurzheim; "that there is no known law in Nature that proves to us that man is immortal." And if we follow the advice of the orthodox party in religion, who tell us to go to the Bible for proof of the soul's immortality, we shall find ourselves still in the dark; for most of the passages of Scripture that are brought forward in support of that doctrine, are susceptible of a very different interpretation. And again, the fact can not be successfully denied that the Bible is the work of man, and that it is but a reflex of the minds of those who wrote, or of those who translated it—some of them being good and great, yet all having natures like unto other men, and liable to err. When we consider calmly and rationally these facts, does it not plainly appear that the intellect requires something more firm and substantial in support of the doctrine of immortality, than anything that has yet been brought generally before the world?

The people of this age are favored above all others, in the many new truths which are continually bursting upon them, and among the new ideas that have been given, none appear to me of so much importance as those in relation to the spirit preserving its identity after it has left this earthly tabernacle.

The New Philosophy presents three important propositions, as follows: "1. That the design of Nature is to develop and perfect the body. 2. That the Body should develop the Mind or spirit. And 3. That the spirit, when once developed, can never lose its identity, but must continue to develop itself individually through all eternity." (Universe, Vol. ii: p. 258.) The first two statements afford only collateral evidence of the continued individuality of the human spirit. For we might equally say, that the design of the mineral is to produce the vegetable, and the vegetable to produce the animal; yet both lose their identity as organized forms whenever dissolution takes place. But if we look at the third proposition, and examine its character and bearing, we shall find that in it alone lies the principle argument in proof of the immortality of the soul. Only let the mind become convinced that the human spirit is so constituted that it can not be absorbed; that different spirits can not mingle together so as to lose their personal identity—and the truth of man's immortal nature will be established beyond all doubt, and that too, in strict accordance with the deductions of human reason. In this particular alone does the soul or spirit differ from all other created forms with which we are acquainted. All material forms have a local existence, and can be divided into many different parts, and each part can unite with other forms for which it has an affinity, so that the original organization is entirely destroyed—its identity is lost. So with the principles of Motion and life; they may have an individual existence for a time in the mineral, vegetable, or animal, but that individuality can be destroyed either wholly or in part, by being brought into contact with other forms that will absorb or attract their life or animating principle. Witness the effect produced upon the sensitive plant by touching it with the hand; it immediately droops—its life has been attracted or drawn out by the contact, and the plant has lost so much of its vital principle. Numerous other illustrations might be brought forward to prove that all forms of motion, whether in the mineral, vegetable, or animal creations, preserve their identity for a certain period, and that when dissolution takes place their individuality ceases.

But when we come to speak concerning the nature of the human spirit, we find there is no longer any resemblance between the law that governs the vital principal in lower forms, and that which governs the spiritual principle. The former is diffused; the latter is concentrated or organized.

The one can be absorbed or divided; the other is a unity that does not absorb from other spirits, nor can it be absorbed or divided by any other spirit. We may amputate a limb from our material body; and the limb is lost to us; or we may part with a portion of our vitality and suffer the weakness resulting therefrom; but we cannot give a part of our spirit to another and feel the loss. There is nothing around us with which it can mingle so as to lose its individual existence. We may clothe an idea with words and by that means impart it to the mind of another; but our spirit, has not lost that idea by such operation. Nay, the very opposite is the case; for by continually presenting an idea to the minds of others, it only becomes the more indelibly impressed upon our own.

Here, then, we have conclusive evidence that it is impossible for the human spirit ever to lose its personal identity; it is indivisible, and therefore cannot be destroyed. This is the grandest principle that has been developed by the New Philosophy; it is more convincing than all other arguments that have been brought forward; and it is so conclusive that it sets to rest all doubts concerning this great truth, so far as the human reason is capable of judging or comprehending. There are those, probably, who have other means of being convinced of the truth of an immortal life—such for instance as have held communication with the spirits of men who lived upon this earth and have gone to the second sphere of existence; but to the abstract reasoner—to him who has to exercise his intellect in order to become convinced upon any subject—this argument is the most powerful of any that has ever yet been offered to the world.

An Alleged Miracle.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Cohoes by a strange sight at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Woods, whose infant child died on Wednesday. When the undertaker was preparing the body for burial one of the pastors present suddenly declared that figures of a cross and chalice could be seen on the white cloth that covered the child's face. Others looked and saw the figures. Word went out, and people flocked to the house until it became necessary to call on the police to keep back the crowds. The cloth was frequently wet with water, but the figures remained. Spots where the cross and chalice were outlined were of a whiter shade than the remainder of the cloth when it was wet. About 12 o'clock the next day the shadow disappeared. Many believe it to have been a miracle.

Strange Noises in a Suicide's House.

[New York Tribune.]

Henry Kissinger, charged with a nameless crime, lately hanged himself at his home at Reading, Pa. Since the funeral the family have not been living in the house because they believe it is haunted. Mrs. Kissinger says:
"After my husband's death I heard strange cries and footsteps on the stairway. My brother was also in the room. These strange rappings have continued nightly ever since my husband's death. My father and several other prominent gentlemen who live near, declare that they saw my husband's ghost at a window just as he appeared in life."

Several superstitious men and women have been collecting about the house nightly. Those who believe in witchcraft talk of consulting the witch doctor, who has frequently figured in cases of this kind.

A Parson's Story.

A North Adelaide parson was taking leave recently of a congregation with whom he had not lived on the best of terms. "I do not regret our separation," dear brethren, for three good and valid reasons: The first is that you don't love me, the second that you don't love one another, and the third that God don't love you. You don't love me—my salary is several months in arrears, you don't love one another—or there would not be such a dearth of marriages amongst you; and God doesn't seem to love you as you ought to be loved, because there have been so few funerals among you."

A very amiable woman was exhibiting her wedding ring to a clever young friend, who, to her surprise, read within the charmed circlet the French inscription, "Priez pour moi."

"Why, how is this?" the girl asked the matron. "Why did you have 'Pray for me' put in your wedding ring?"

"Oh!" ejaculated the matron, "is that what it means? I never knew before. Five years ago, when we were married, Thomas asked the jeweller for a pretty verse to be engraved in this ring. The jeweller handed him a book that was full of gibberish to Thomas; so he placed his finger on one line and said he liked that sentiment." The jeweller put this in. And so it means 'Pray for me,' does it? Well, I suppose it's all right, for if I don't pray for Thomas, I don't know who will."

Ouida, the novelist, has distinguished herself by inducing the authorities of Florence, Italy, to stop the practice of skinning frogs alive at the markets.