

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

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{ J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER, }  
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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Men do not go to paradise in coaches.  
—Longfellow.

Nothing so snatches a man from selfishness as the frail arms of his little child.

A sweet disposition, in man or woman, is a jewel outshining the rarest of earthly gems.

A kind word spoken in season would save many a man, and woman, too, from a life of shame.—Reed.

The fool sees not the same tree that the wise man sees; nor do all the wise necessarily see the same.

Never forget that it is possible to be at once a divine man, yet a man unknown to all the world.—Seneca.

There is nothing that leads a man up into the higher lights of life like the pure love of a devoted woman.—Reed.

He who climbs sees. To him as to Moses secrets unknown to the multitude are revealed upon the mountain top.

Those who preach the truth alone, not infrequently demonstrate the feebleness of a soulless Orthodoxy.—A. J. Gordon.

Even spiritual blessings we may ask and receive not, if we only ask that we may consume them upon ourselves.—A. J. Gordon.

He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world.—Benjamin Franklin.

He who possesses the love of his family, the respect of his friends, and who believes in God, has happiness enough to triumph over all possible misfortunes.

Refer all the actions of this short life to that state which will never end; and this will approve itself to be wisdom at the last whatever the world judge of it now.—Tillotson.

When God has created a man to play a part and hold a place in this world, all efforts and all counsels to the contrary are but so many stalks of straw under his feet.—Guisot.

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in our advanced age, and if we do not plant it while young it will give us no shade when we grow old.—Chesterfield.

The divine life is shut up in degraded natures more compactly than fire is in a flint; yet as it is shut up and preserved in them it will sooner or later, in this world or some after ages, come forth.—William Law.

No one has found the truth unless he has found it for himself and that in his own experience. No teacher, no church, no Bible can be a substitute for that experience. These are all helpful, but he who halts in them will never attain to the vision of God.

Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own. The course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman; and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the Great Admiral, which knows the way and has the force to draw men and states and planets to their good.—R. W. Emerson.

## EVOLUTION.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

“This world was once a fluid haze of light, Till towards the center set the starry tide, And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast The planets.” —TENNYSON.

The establishment of the doctrine of evolution caused the great scientific battle of the nineteenth century, in which theology has been made to take an unnecessary part. On one side earnest and able men were laboring to gain further light in regard to the order of nature and the primary and progressive facts of material existence. On the other side were arrayed men who feigned to believe a free inquiry into these things tended to injure religion and public morals. This belief was based on inherited theological ideas, backed up by the prejudices of the multitude who did not wish to be disturbed in their comfortable system as to the origin of the world and its inhabitants.

Every public school-boy knows how the allied powers of Europe met the great warrior, Napoleon, on the field of Waterloo, and put a final end to his victorious career, and so secured the peace and prosperity of Europe. Our little brush with England about the same time is equally well known. Our war with Mexico thirty years later is also fresh in the minds of many still living; and how we gained by it California, Arizona and New Mexico. The horrors and achievements of our civil war are fresh in the minds of the older portion of the present generation. All this was marked by external manifestations—the booming of cannon, the rolling drum, the ear-piercing fife, and the inevitable sequence of national debts, and households of widows, orphans, and the maimed.

But comparatively few realize that during all this time a scientific battle was being waged in a comparatively quiet way in the realm of intellect, more far reaching in its results, and quite as beneficent in its consequences. There were intellectual giants in those days who took a leading part in this great conflict, for such it has been, although not of necessity, considered merely as a scientific achievement.

When Sir James Mackintosh stated that constitutions are not made but grow, it caused great remark and no little astonishment; but how they could be produced in any other way is not clear to the analytic intellect of the present generation. But when it was gravely claimed that worlds—vegetable and animal life as a whole—originated by a gradual process of accretion and development it met with determined opposition. Considered as a scientific proposition opposition is as much out of place as it would be to the statement that one atom of oxygen unites with two of hydrogen to form a molecule of water. Whether it is true or not true the water is just as valuable and just as necessary to animal life; and it is matter for scientific demonstration and not prejudice.

In order to appreciate the opposition that this scientific discovery encountered, it is necessary to consider the status of the religious world at the time when the scientists were quietly but laboriously working out this great achievement. When the first books of Genesis were written science did not exist as we would count science to-day. The Hebrews were an intuitive and spiritual people, but not scientific.

The Catholic Church took the Bible as the foundation of its faith as interpreted and modified by the Christian fathers, and reserving as a final authority an infallible pope. At the great reformation the Protestants rejected the authority of the fathers and the pope and took the Bible as their sole authority in theological matters. Hence with them all doubtful points of theology must be settled by the interpretation of Scripture texts. Religion undoubtedly transcended its proper limits when it undertook to teach how and when the globe we inhabit came into existence in its present form. Had it had the humility to acknowledge its ignorance of this matter, and left it to science to discover this, and confined itself to its legitimate sphere of teaching the nature and character of the human soul—and its relation to Deity and the future life—much

unnecessary labor and heartburning would have been spared, as well as a conflict in which it has come out second best.

Theologians seemed to think it was necessary to have an authoritative document direct from the intelligent soul of the universe, in order to impress forcibly moral precepts upon mankind. The first definite expression of this idea was on Mount Sinai, and it was a leading feature of Judaism down to the advent of Christianity. As the centuries went by it was gradually extended to include the whole canon of the Scripture of the Old and New Testament. This canon was defined by several ecclesiastical councils, notably that of Nice.

In the early part of this century this idea of an authoritative inspiration of the Scripture assumed three different forms, each having its advocates among the clergy.

First—A verbal inspiration, by which it was claimed that every word was directly inspired by God, and that the writers were mere amanuenses, or unconscious media, who did not realize the full import of the words they wrote.

Second—An inspiration of the ideas upon the mind of the writers, leaving it to each writer to express the idea according to his intellectual capacity.

Third—An inspiration of a general scheme of salvation, beginning with Judaism and ending with the advent of Christianity, leaving it for the church subsequently to interpret the meaning of the various parts. This view allowed great latitude to liberal thinkers, and was adopted by more advanced Episcopalians and Unitarians, but was vigorously opposed by the Orthodox clergy who thought it was an entering wedge, which, if driven home, would destroy the authority and value of the Bible altogether.

It was the first more restricted view of inspiration that Voltaire and Thomas Paine attacked in the eighteenth century, but with no more force than Bishop Colenso did in the nineteenth century.

As before said theology undertook, with too great detail, to describe how the earth was created, and stocked with vegetable and animal life; particularly man, having an intelligent spirit or soul.

Also, how he lapsed from moral rectitude and became alienated from his creator, thus laying the foundation for the subsequent scheme of reconciliation.

The clergy regarded this account of creation as an outpost of the scheme of revelation, which, if taken, the citadel itself would soon be overthrown, and their scheme of salvation destroyed. Hence they were exceedingly sensitive to anything in the advance of science that looked toward undermining their favorite theory. Hence they rallied with great energy, and not always in the best taste and spirit, to check the inevitable advance of modern science in the nineteenth century.

This is a brief and imperfect sketch of the great conservative army of obstruction. On the other side was arrayed the great army of scientific progress, who were industriously interrogating nature, and seeking to explore and understand the facts and laws of the physical world in which they found themselves placed. The leaders in the great army of progress were Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, Thomas Huxley, Alfred Russell Wallace, John Tyndal, and on our side of the Atlantic, William Denton. Many others took an honorable part in cultivating the physical sciences, but these took the brunt in the great controversy which theology forced upon them.

These were not impious or irreverent men, seeking to overthrow religion, or even to impair its usefulness as a factor in the moral and spiritual culture of the people. They were earnest, truth-loving souls. They believed that nature was true to itself, and that what was true of the tangible, physical world, could not be at variance with what was true in the theological and spiritual part of our environment. Nay, more, they believed that a more complete knowledge of physical science would throw light upon, and help to a better understanding of spiritual matters. No men were ever more loyal toward the great soul of the universe, so far as truth was made manifest, or more reverent of the great mystery of life, death, and the after life, as far as they perceived their natures and laws.

They had set themselves to advance

the physical sciences and they were not to be turned aside by the carping of poor, blind critics.

Darwin in his “Origin of Species” seldom mentions a theological idea, or introduces the name of Deity. With great industry and painstaking he describes what he saw in his investigations, and suggested the inferences that a logical mind was compelled to infer therefrom. He was a specialist, but his special line of study led him to find the key that unlocked the great storehouse of physical science, and of spiritual knowledge as well. It led to a knowledge of the great law of evolution and gradual progression which will render luminous many problems which in the world’s previous history had been shrouded in darkness and obscurity.

Mr. Darwin did not attempt to elucidate the origin of life—the passage from inorganic to organic matter. He left that problem as an unknown, and probably in the present condition of our faculties, unknowable mystery of existence. He willingly accepted that as a limit which marked the boundary of finite knowledge. But given living existences he most diligently inquired by what environment and conditions living beings progressed from a lower to a higher stage of development. And this is as legitimate for science as it is for a breeder of blooded stock to inquire by what means he can supply the demands of the market at a profit. To object to this would be like objecting to a history of Rome because we know almost nothing of its origin. Huxley states the problem with which Darwin grappled thus: “Given the existence of organic matter (living beings) its tendencies to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary; and, lastly, given the condition by which organic matter is surrounded, that these put together are the causes of the present and past conditions of organic nature,” or stated in its lowest terms, heredity, variation and the changes in the environment.

To intuition, or to those not accustomed to the study of zoology, it may be no more difficult to imagine how the first step in animal life was taken than to comprehend any subsequent changes. But to science it is different, for to it there never has been described a passage from the non-living to the living; while the history of living beings is but the history of constant changes and modifications, and this as well in fossils as in living samples. It is not the intention here to show how this problem was worked out, but how it was stated. It would be easy to show, by abundant quotations, that neither Tyndal, Huxley, nor Spencer, were materialists, or in any way opposed to religion.

This is what Huxley is constrained to say in defense against the aspersions of the theologians: “Little as it seems to do so, fearless inquiry tends continually to give a firmer basis to all true religion. The limited sectarian, alarmed at the progress of knowledge, obliged to abandon one by one the superstitions of his ancestors, and daily finding more and more his cherished beliefs shaken, secretly fears that all things may some day be explained, and has a corresponding dread of science, thus evincing the profoundest of all infidelity—the fear lest the truth be bad. On the other hand the sincere man of science, content to follow wherever the evidences may lead him, becomes, by each new inquiry, profoundly convinced that the universe is an insolvable problem. Alike in the internal and external world, he finds himself in the midst of perpetual changes, of which he can discern neither the beginning nor the end.”

The account of the following little skirmish in Huxley’s early championship of the doctrine of evolution, though told before, is worth repeating. At a meeting of the British Association, Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, at the conclusion of a speech against Darwinism, turned to Prof. Huxley and said: “Is the learned gentleman really willing to have it go forth that he believes himself descended from a monkey?” Prof. Huxley rose, and, in his quiet manner, replied: “It seems to me that the learned bishop hardly appreciates our position and duty as men of science. We are not here to inquire what we would prefer, but what is true. The progress of science has been, from the beginning, a conflict with old prejudices. The origin of man is not a question of likes and dislikes, to be settled by consulting the feelings, but it is a question of evidence, to be settled by

strict scientific investigation. But as the bishop is curious to learn my state of feeling on the subject, I have no hesitation in saying that were it a matter of choice with me (which clearly it is not) whether I should be descended from a respectable monkey, or from a bishop of the English Church, who can put his brains to no better use than to ridicule science and misrepresent its cultivators, I would certainly choose the monkey.” This was followed by a storm of applause.

Huxley says of Darwin’s “Origin of Species”: “I believe if you strip it of its theoretical part it still remains one of the greatest encyclopedias of biological doctrine that any one man ever brought forth. You spin through it as if it were a novel, the first time you read it, and think you know all about it; the second time you read it you think you know rather less about it, and the third time you are amazed how little you have really comprehended its vast scope and objects. I can positively say that I never take it up without finding in it some new view, or light, or suggestion, that I have not noticed before. That is the best characteristic of a thorough and profound work.”

I will cut this article short by saying that when these men commenced their life-work, their doctrines were understood by but few and were generally unpopular, and particularly opposed by theologians. These men have lived to see the battle fought and the victory won; and no victory was ever more complete, as the following statement of Prof. Lippincott will show:

“At Harvard every professor whose department is biology is an evolutionist; Asa Gray, Whitney, A. Agassiz, Hagan, Goodale, Shales, Farlow and Faxon. They are said to be Theists and conservative men.”

“At the Johns Hopkins University, which aims to be in the van of advancement, evolution is held and taught. In the university of Pennsylvania all the biological professors are evolutionists.—Leidy, Allen, Rother and Parker. At Yale, Dartmouth, Cornell, Michigan, Brown, Bowdoin, and Princeton universities, the biological professors are in the same categories.”

Dr. Christlieb says: “Wherever you go, whether into the lecture room of the learned professor, or the municipal council chamber, the barracks of the soldier, or the work-shop of the mechanic, or into whatever place of public or social resort—everywhere you hear the same tale, that the old faith has become obsolete. The advance of modern science has made all real belief in it impossible.”

## Audacious Mendacity.

A certain general was traveling among the Rocky Mountains, when, straying out one morning from the trail, he stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread before him. He was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him lest he should lose his way.

“Is not this magnificent, Bill?” exclaimed the general, anxious to share his delight.

“It’s mighty purty, general, said the guide; “but I kin show you bigger sights nor this. Why, one time Kansas Jim and me had been trampin’ three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and right in the midst of it was a forest all turned to solid stun!”

The general smiled, and remarked, “I have heard of petrified trees before, Bill.”

“But that warn’t all, general. Thar war a buffalo on that plain, and he war petrified on the clean jump; and his hufs had kicked up a bit of sod, and I’m mistaken ef that warn’t petrified in the air!”

The general turned an amused countenance on the narrator, and said, “Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen to the ground by the force of gravity.”

Without any hesitation, Bill answered, “But, general, the gravity war petrified, too!”

WHEN Miss Louisa May Alcott is writing a book, she works fourteen hours out of twenty-four. At such times she leaves her home in Concord, goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, shuts herself up and waits for “an east wind of inspiration which never fails.” In a month or so the book is done. She never copies and seldom corrects.



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

The great is the outgrowth of the little, the strong is weakness better grown, and whatsoever of life or thought exists to-day was prophesied by the microscopic monad millions of ages ago.

Music in a saloon—flowers at the portals of perdition. Both may attract, but death is just beyond.

The primordial savage lives full-grown in yonder philosopher. Environment has wrought its results; but these men are not so unlike that they can not shake hands across the line that divides them.

Who owns the beautiful? You, my reader, and I, if we will. Its Eden gates are wide open; shall we not enter and enjoy?

Yonder snow-clad mountain, towering in its grandeur, lifts the soul also heavenward. The man whose title deeds hold the ores within, owns not half so much of its precious treasures as he who learns from its upheaved rocks, its intrusive veins, and its contorted strata, the laws of its formation, and who marks in the successive fossils the footsteps of progress in this grand old earth.

The interior laws of developing force are even more beautiful than the resulting forms. All these may be the common property of thousands, and for each having added something to the general treasure of knowledge, they become only of the greater value by reason of the several possessors.

Yonder valuable ranch lying at the foot of the mountain, but stolen, by a forged testament, from a dead Mexican, belongs a thousand times less to the wretch whose perjury plundered the rightful heirs, than to you and to me, if we have but learned to admire its varied beauty.

Here gropes a curmudgeon who holds, by fraudulent title deeds, fifty square leagues of land; and yet in all this he owns nothing of value and gets from it nothing of value. For his crime against civilization and humanity, he has the constant, degrading consciousness of having obtained, through bribery and perjury, that to which he has no moral nor legal claim. There is a weight of guilt upon his soul. Every step finds a lower reach. Down, down he goes, until the delirium tremens of cupidity shall have delivered the earth of a vicious cumberer, and mankind of an enemy.

On this stolen domain forests wave, flowers bloom, crystal streams are flowing, and mountains are towering heavenward. Birds sing in the groves, fishes play in the waters, and fleet-footed deers and antelopes bound over mountain and plain. All this beauty and grandeur belongs to you and to me. Yonder land-thief knows his plundered domain only by its price in the market. He is beauty blind and sees nothing lovable in earth or skies. His life is but a misery to himself, as it is a curse to his race, and when he dies all the people will say "amen!"

Flowers and forests, mountains and plains, rivers, lakes, and oceans, are ours, and so are the bright constellations above, if we have learned to look admiringly and lovingly on the works of the All-Father.

See yonder vulgar boor clad in rich garments, and living in a splendid mansion; what owns he of all the world calls his, and for which he has the title deeds? His fine house was planned by the architect and erected by the builder. It could have taken any other fashionable style and been all the same to the beast that burrows within. His grounds are the work and taste of the gardener, who, poor though he be, as the world esteems poverty, owns more in a single leaf, or flower, or blade of grass, than the fellow who prides himself as the possessor of it all. See him. He stalks along these gravel walks amid all this wealth of floral beauty, with his eyes at his feet, meditating some trick by which he may cheat his neighbor and annex the adjoining lands.

He prides himself on his possessions as valued in dollars and cents, but if you ask him the name of the first flower, he will stare vacantly and refer you to the gardener. All this beauty, the contemplation of which refines and ennobles, he knows not of. If the flowers were blotted from the earth, and the stars from heaven, it would be all the same to this groveler whom the world mistakes for a man.

Real wealth is of the soul. He whose mind is filled with knowledge and who has learned to love the true, the pure, and the beautiful, bears about with him the treasures of earth. Reader, enter in and possess.

Knowledge of the abstract comes through the concrete. The child learns the idea of unity from the unit; and can tell that two apples and two apples make four apples long before it can understand that two and two make four.

Observe the actions and prattle of children and learn thereby nature's order of

growth. They see objects and seek to know their names. Very early they ask, "What?" Somewhat later they ask, "Why?" and very much later they can comprehend abstract truths.

It is common to disparage the abstractionist and the theorizer. But the highest reasoning is the abstract. He can hardly be said to reason at all who has not learned to reason abstractly.

Justice, purity, beauty, truth, right, wrong, are all abstract ideas; and he would be but a bungling thinker, who, whenever naming these qualities, would speak of them in the concrete, associating them with some person or object.

The language of all savages is concrete, and they have no words to express abstract truth. Children in thought, their languages are those of children. The American Indian would not say of his Great Spirit that *he exists*, without assigning him a place.

The same was probably true of the ancestors of all civilized races. English speaking people have inherited from their savage ancestors a form of expression, showing a like paucity of thought. We too say, *There is a God*, when the adverb of place has no significance.

From the savage to civilized, from the child to the man or woman, we grow from thing to thought—from the concrete to the abstract.

Is there yet another step? Is it not true that our highest conceptions are without even words, and that somewhat of force and beauty is lost by translating into oral language?

## Heartless Cruelty.

[Rev. George P. Hepworth, the eminent Eastern divine, some time ago, gave to the world a volume of his travels, entitled "Starboard and Port," which contains accounts of cruelty to God's dumb creatures which stamps him as anything but a Christian. A San Francisco correspondent thus writes on the subject to Henry Bergh:]

"Henry Bergh, Esq., President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—DEAR SIR:—A little while ago that excellent and true-hearted woman, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, came out with a letter that tingled the blood with horror as we read of the cruelty to the little birds, which were destroyed for the sake of their plumage, in a very barbarous manner. I have just been reading a book entitled "Starboard and Port," by Rev. George H. Hepworth, presumably a leading member of one of the 'yacht clubs' of New York.

"During the cruise, he appears to have not only permitted but participated in some acts of wanton cruelty that should never be repeated; and it is to be hoped will never be sanctioned again by the Commanders of these pleasure vessels.

"On pages 29 and 30 he speaks of shooting 'medrakes' for 'their wings'; and on page 80, after the reading of the Sunday services, etc., he says: 'The birds—loons, ducks, and gulls—seemed to be aware of the character of those on board, and with a defiant kind of persistency settled within easy range,' but, however tempted to kill or wound these poor creatures, they were restrained by some feeling of decency, although one of them could hardly resist the temptation, and actually aimed at them; finally checking himself, and muttering, 'no, I won't shoot to-day, but if you show your heads to-morrow, woe be unto you!' showing the murderous instinct with great difficulty restrained. The next day they came near shipwreck, and of course had other matters to think of. On page 198 he writes of the 'Rocky Cliffs,' where thousands of gannets, medrakes, and cormorants build their houses. They then fired their guns, and there arose flocks of birds so numerous that they were startled. 'Now for sport' (?) said one, 'we'll run into Pearce and have such a day's shooting as those birds never heard tell of.' And accordingly the next day (page 202), after a description of the great 'arched rock,' inhabited by these nameless creatures of God's creation, and after saying 'they cannot be frightened by the discharge of a gun, for they are exceedingly loyal in their parental love; nor can they be beaten off with clubs,' yet after a few discharges of their guns they did manage to scare a great number of them, and after 'patiently waiting' for their return to their young, Mr. Hepworth coolly says, 'We managed to drop a few of the medrakes, whose wings seemed to be in demand, and one or two of the immense gray gulls,' while regretting that the 'cormorants kept out of range!'

"Now, sir, fancy these poor, harmless (and useless to mankind) creatures, either shot wantonly, for 'sport,' or being left to die lingeringly with broken wings, and, of course, this being the breeding season, leaving their young to starve to death!

"Please do something—say something—that will cause, from shame itself, no educated man to in future sanction such acts which a true sportsman and real gentleman would shudder at."

The sentiments of the writer of the foregoing letter are doubtless shared by a large portion of the readers of the book in question, and it would afford the undersigned a profound satisfaction to listen to a sermon by its reverend and learned author on the subject of "Cruelty to Animals."

With much respect,

HENRY BERGH.

## From the Spirit World.

[BRO. OWEN:—We frequently hear it stated that none except Spiritualists or disoriented spirits return from the other shore to communicate or give us any information respecting that country to which all are gradually approaching; but here comes a friend of ours who was one of the most contented men I ever knew, and who always had a sunny side to approach. He was a Presbyterian preacher, living on earth, in Augusta, N. Y., where he was pastor of the same church for half a century, and beloved by all who knew him, whether in the church or out. Yours, etc.,—H. H. KENYON.]

Good-evening, Friend Kenyon and Libbie:—I did not expect to find you this way, but your Mother Abbott invited me to come and I gladly accepted the invitation. How strange, after so many years, to step in and greet you as in olden times!

I find spirit world very much like earth-life, only differing in conditions which we carry with us. We are as we are, and everything begets like.

I am perfectly content and will be very glad to greet you both upon these bright green banks. We enjoy life very much more than in earth-life, for we ourselves are in a proper state to fully appreciate all that we have, which is not always so in earth-life.

When spirits enter the homes where hearts beat with one unison, where all is in such perfect keeping with spirit presence, we cannot fail to rejoice and bring our many comrades with us to meet and see that all ears are not deaf to the call; that all hearts are not frozen to the loved one's call. We can but exclaim, Rejoice that the door in this blessed home is open for us freely and wide, as in days of old!

To-night, while here, I have heard many exclaim, "Oh, what a grand time we are having here—what comfort it is to come in; we could remain a long time and enjoy it!" which cannot be said of all homes.

I am very thankful to come this way to-night to tell you that I am still the same friend that in days gone by was with you, and held many a consultation with. I am thankful to be able to bring the glad news that we do live and are real men and women, more competent to do to-day's duty than when in the physical form, which shows that spiritual life and world is not a myth; that there is such a place, as every one will some day solve.

Father Kenyon wishes me to become one of the workers with this band, and I am very glad to be numbered as one of the willing ones on this side the river of life to come with information, that you in earth-life may the more clearly see the objects of an existence on the earth plane.

As I now look back to my earth work I frequently wonder why I was so blind; why it was that I saw as through a glass, dimly. At the same time I also realize the fact that my teachings were always shaded with truth and love for my fellow-man.

I find very many opportunities to do good and to give communications to the people in earth-life, but they are put away where no one can receive any benefit from them; in other words, they hide them under a bushel. I do not like this. There never has been such a demand for spiritual information as now; there never has been a time in the history of mankind when there was such a longing for spiritual food and solace as now; nor has there been a time when there has been so much unison in the work on this side, and we are competent to meet the demand and will gladly come whenever we find the way open to us. Very much of the present fault lies in the mediums; they do not stir themselves sufficient to get it out where it can do good. We have given a vast amount of information to mediums that would flood the world almost. If they would let this light be seen there would be less groping along through earth-life; as one in the dark, the old command is peculiarly applicable in this connection, viz., let your light so shine that others may see and be guarded by it into the glorious truths of the life on this side of the river.

There is not a day that there does not happen to every one on this side some experience that would be of interest to you; therefore, I say, "Keep the door open and we will let the light in," and when received do not put it under the table, but place it where others may become better informed and strengthened to battle with the duties of earth-life, and thereby be the better fitted for the life awaiting them on this side the river.

There is a better field for working to-day than ever before; light is coming to you from all sources; we are in harmony with very many preachers and teachers among you. You will notice that when a man preaches "love and patience" to his congregation, it is generally supposed that he is inspired. Yes, true, for such preachers have with them the soul of the Great Teacher, and gradually lead their hearers into the light of spiritual truth. Truth is valuable, let it come from whence it may; do not stop to question the source, for like begets like, and you will always be safe to follow where that light leads, i. e., truth.

If you will select the subject, I will gladly give you my thoughts as I now see from the brighter side of life, where so many things do not look as though seen through a glass, dimly. You will know who it is when I sign myself,

Yours truly,

O. BARTHOLOMEW.

HUMAN TAILS.—M. Eliseff presented to the French Anthropological Society a woman with a caudal appendage covered

with hair. This anomaly was present in several of the maternal ancestors of the woman.

## Spiritualism and Other Matters in Washington, D. C.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

For many years Spiritualism had a fitful, feverish existence in this city. Owing to causes not necessary to revive there was a general break down and abandonment of organic effort. When Mrs. Maud Lord came here, about three years ago, a few of us were preparing to make an effort to renew our public meetings. Upon the interest created by Mrs. Lord, we made a small beginning, and have continued until now, closing each year with a balance on hand and an increasing interest. Mrs. A. M. Glading (whom I notice specially because but little known and should be better known) has just closed a successful month. She found us in debt, and left us with a balance on hand, notwithstanding unpropitious weather. Mrs. G. is emphatically what her spirit guides require her to call herself, the "Spiritual Advocate." Snatched as a "brand" from the jaws of death, and the bonds of creed, by her own controls, she has come, within five years, to a maturity seldom attained in so short a time. Modest, unassuming, zealous, entering into her work with the zeal of a martyr; putting away self—throwing her whole soul into the cause, she wins her way into all hearts; draws together in paternal bonds, and upbuilds the cause. It will be good for us and the world when all the public representatives of our great cause and all professional mediums shall be able to put the work before all personal interests.

We are incorporative, and contemplate fitting up a hall permanently, so that Spiritualism shall have a solid foothold in the capitol of the nation.

Here we have the center of political forces; here congregate the greedy politician and satellites; here all prominent foreign governments have their representatives; here people come from all parts of the country by the thousand. Here the greatest science of the universe, the greatest moral truths uttered by the sages of the higher and thither side of life, should have public expression. Here the representatives of this science and these truths should so live that we may have pentecostal showers of truth, wisdom and spirit power. Here the intelligent forces of the spirit world should find us ready to be baptized with fire, to be endowed with the gift of tongues, so that this ever moving conglomeration of humanity might hear the glad tidings each in his own language.

We need, not merely a hall, but a temple, dedicated to truth, to right, to freedom, to fraternity, to equity, to education in all these; in a word, not to an invisible unknown, incomprehensible, impossible, monstrous God, but, to humanity.

The masses have yet to learn the first principles of a true morality, a true science of society, and of a true life. We have had churches, colleges, and common schools; and yet the land is full of almshouses, prisons, asylums, hospitals, —all crowded with the victims of error and injustice.

To-day Congress proposes nearly \$100,000,000 for education in the south, under the misapprehension that this will cure the cancer gnawing at the vitals of civilization. The disease is not in the masses whom they propose to educate, but in the public men, to-wit: selfishness and ignorance. If they would put a part of this money into a school of political science, (a night school for Congressmen would help) matriculate themselves and remain there until they have mastered the principles and measures of a true political science before they attempt responsibilities for which they have no fitness, there would be no need for this monstrous scheme for squandering public money without adequate returns. The fact is, education does not make men moral, and has no practical value unless specially directed to an understanding of the causes of the present diseases of the body politic and practical remedies therefor. The books and brains of teachers, and public men, do not contain the information needed, and hence this money will be spent in vain.

We have had at the North and West all and more than Congress proposes or can do, and yet to-day we have more disturbance, danger, and actual suffering than there is in the South. Education, as well as charity, should begin at home.

JOHN B. WOLFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 9, '87.

ELAINE GOODALE, who it will be remembered, together with her sister Dora, when they were children, sent forth some beautiful poems from the home-farm in the Berkshire Hills, has just accepted a commission as government teacher on the great Sioux Reservation. Miss Goodale was a teacher in Hampton Institute and there became intensely interested in the welfare of the Indian. The mantle of Helen Hunt Jackson seems to have fallen upon her. It would appear very fitting and not at all unlikely, that "H. H." may find in this sympathetic young girl with her beautiful poetic nature, an avenue through which she may be able to carry forward her cherished ideas.

## Birth into Spirit-Life.

[From Spirit W. G. Clayton, through a private medium, transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

The act of passing out of the body, which is known as "death," is the same to the spirit as the coming into mortal life of the child, whose first entrance into what is called "life" is attended with sensations of mortal anguish to the mother; it is the birth really of the spirit into the life that is to continue unattended by the conditions that have environed it during its stay on the earth plane, and attended in this case by physical suffering on the part of the mortal encasement itself.

The spirit gradually forms about itself the spiritual body, dematerializing the part of the mortal vestment in which its home has been during earth-life, (namely, the brain tissues, or the part of them, that it is needful for them to assist in forming its spiritual body,) and when the conditions are adapted to the withdrawal of the spirit from the body, it gradually leaves its bodily vesture and is called dead; but not dead, "born again," is more applicable to the condition in which it finds itself. The body is devoid of life, that is all, and must be laid aside, but the spirit is free—free to continue its career unfettered by the ills and unpropitious conditions that were constantly interfering with what it desired to accomplish, but subject to new conditions that belong to the spiritual side of life, and which it oftentimes finds irksome and inexplicable for a time until it becomes accustomed to its new surroundings and adapts itself to the change that has taken place in its life (as one must also do when in earth-life an entire change of surroundings takes place).

Soon the sense of freedom from what had been so burdensome to it while in the body becomes predominant, and the sense of disappointment that is felt at not finding spirit-life what it expected, passes away, and the spirit realizes that its life has begun, and begins to investigate into what seemed unreal and unnatural, and finds its happiness increased by the knowledge that hereafter its way is upward, untrammelled by the "ills that flesh is heir to."

In some cases life will apparently remain after the spirit has virtually passed out of the body (when the vitality has been strong). In cases of accident or organic disease which result in sudden death, the spirit receives a shock which is detrimental to its first condition upon entering the new life, and it remains sometime in a sort of stupor, oblivious to all that is passing around it, until it has time to recover from the sudden change from bodily to spiritual conditions. Sometimes the shock is apparent to the new born spirit and causes what you would call mental anguish, especially in cases where the passage was caused by suicide.

We all dread to see our friends suffer and consider long illnesses a terrible thing, but oftentimes the spirit is better fitted for entering its new life in consequence of such purifying auxiliaries, for all the time when life and death are battling for the mastery, conditions are being adapted to the spiritual part of the sufferer that will assist materially when the end comes and the spirit leaves the body to become forevermore free. In cases where the suffering has extended throughout the whole, or nearly so, the spirit is generally sufficiently prepared to enter into rest without lengthened illness (that is *unusual* illness), as it becomes so gradually emancipated from bodily conditions that the end comes quietly at the last.

Those whose lives end suddenly must enter upon a term of probation, if I may call it so (or rather, perhaps, preparation) in order to be fitted for the change of conditions, and it is better for the spirit to accomplish this preparation while still in the body.

Children who pass from earth-life are spared much physical suffering, but their spiritual growth is hampered by the lack of preparation, and although they enter into pleasant conditions, because of their purity of spirit, their lives are not rounded out as they would have been had they remained longer in earth-life. If you on earth could only realize how life is death, and death life, the mourning that fills your hearts for those that pass from sight would change to pleasure at the blessing that had come to them in the passing from mortal to immortal life, since it is not only a pleasure but a help to those who have gone out of the body, for the chord of affection still holds strongly, and when the conditions surrounding those who are left, are gloomy, and filled with continual mourning, it affects the advancement of the spirit and holds it down to earth conditions which it is unable to free itself from, and at the same time it is unable to penetrate the cloud of darkness and grief that surrounds those to whom it is most attracted.

When, on the other hand those with whom its mortal life was passed, and to whom it is bound by ties of affection, feel that the dear one is only out of sight but still of their circle, then it feels indeed free, and the life that *was* and *is* are blended into one. Look to it, therefore, that when your friends pass into the unseen life, that you keep their place bright for them,—that their invisible presence may be near you, and meet you with rejoicing when the time for reunion shall come.

W. G. CLAYTON.

A GOOD working motto: Educate the masses, smash the whisky glasses, never mind the asses.



## From Paris to Rome.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Nothing gives me more pleasure while journeying abroad than the dear GOLDEN GATE. It reaches the very soul of my being. I read and rejoice, though thousands of miles distant. I can hear, see, and feel the great power and influence which is moving upon the world to release from bondage the souls of men. The Christmas number was, indeed, a gift to its readers, filled with the good thoughts which are born of the soul. Long may you and yours be spared to enjoy with us the feast you are so liberally giving to the world.

Leaving gay Paris, with snow everywhere, we journeyed South, through the vast vineyards of central France. The beauty of the country was somewhat marred by the snow, which is an unusual occurrence. Arriving at Lyons we made one day's stop, affording an opportunity to visit the principal silk manufactories of the world. The situation of Lyons at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone rivers is imposing. The city is the second largest in France. One more day's journey by cars brought us to Marseilles and the Mediterranean, where the genial warmth of the sun's rays kissed the fields and flowers, leaving no trace of cold or frost on the ground. Marseilles was founded 600 B. C. by the Greeks, and consequently forms a prominent place in the history of the world.

Another day's journey along the shores of the lovely Mediterranean, whose waters are quiet and clear, gently reflecting the rocky coast in a beautiful picture; here we reach Nice, the twin sister of Santa Barbara, Cal. Nice is sheltered from the winds by the lower terraces of the maritime Alps, and to this it owes its reputation for mildness of climate. During the cold season invalids from Continental Europe assemble here to escape the rigors of their climates. Eucalyptus trees grow everywhere, and in nearly every yard and garden may be seen the orange tree filled with rich yellow fruit. The leading hotels are the centers of fashion, and the display of dress somewhat bewildering at *table d'hôte*, where waiters serve you in white gloves and full evening dress. Here you dine side by side with dukes and duchesses.

A few miles from Nice is the "Principality of Monaco," a country without an army or navy. It has but six square miles of territory, and the most part of this stands on edge; but there is one little nook down by the sea that sweet nature has smiled upon, and the loveliness of this spot is something grand. It has often been said that extremes meet; and they most surely have met at "Monte Carlo." It can be truthfully said that "Monte Carlo" is one of the loveliest spots on earth, and also one of the most unhappy, or at least the cause of unhappiness. Thousands of people are attracted here by the mildness of the climate; and on the other hand the chief inducement is the *tapis vert*, at the Casino. We spent an afternoon in this celebrated gambling establishment. It is a building of great magnificence, everything to attract visitors, and all open free of charge, doubtless with the intent of entrapping those who have not yet acquired a passion for play. Three immense saloons most gorgeously decorated; in all containing eight tables for playing. In one of these the game is "rouge et noir." Both games are mere chance, with no possible room for skill. The one redeeming feature (if there be any in a game of this kind) is, that the players do not play against one another, but against the bank. Around each table sat or stood some forty or fifty players, and, perhaps, double that many spectators; some like myself, mere spectators, with their disapproval or disgust uttered not in words (for dead silence reigns), but in looks no less expressive. Among the players were men and women who had the air and address of cultured ladies and gentlemen; but the larger part showed in countenance and mien the fierce passions that appertain to high play. Some looked savage, some desperate, others brutal; in the long run no one wins. The expense of the establishment per day is \$6,000, and last year the net income was \$1,000,000. As I left the place I seemed to say, Players, you will learn by experience that heaven and hell are not locations; they are only conditions.

Resuming our journey we next reached Genoa, Italy. This place was a principal sea-port town prior to the Christian era, and it is difficult for my pen to attempt a portrayal of its antique splendor. The streets are very narrow, dark and crooked. The town commands a fine view of the harbor. The ancient palaces somewhat imposing (considering their age) with elaborate decorations inside form the principal feature in the place for the average modern tourist.

The following morning we took up the line of march for Pisa. At one period of time Pisa held an important position, and figured largely in wars as well as in art; and there are only a few important places to visit—the Cathedral, Baptistery, Leaning Tower and Campo Santo, a burial-ground. After the loss of the so-called holy land the Archbishops of the Holy Catholic Church had conveyed to this place fifty-three shiploads of earth from Mt. Calvary in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. The Leaning Tower undoubtedly was caused by the settling of the foundation at one side, as

the ground in the neighborhood is porous and almost marshy. A plumb-line let down from the depressed side of the roof would reach the ground fourteen feet outside of the base. The tower is about one hundred and eighty feet high and has eight stories. We found it somewhat difficult in making the ascent. The view from the top is very extensive, but flat and tame. Galileo, who was born here, is said to have availed himself of the oblique position of this tower in making his experiments regarding the laws of gravitation. The buildings are of Pisa marble and alabaster, and are architectural beauties, profusely decorated with carvings. The house of Lord Byron is also pointed out to you, and I fancy the situation is like that of a poet, as it is on the banks of the River Arno and commands a lovely view of the country.

One more day by rail and we are in Rome. Rome is of all cities the most difficult to describe. It is three cities in one—the ancient, densely peopled, by ruins, tradition and memory; the medieval, with its churches, palaces and ecclesiastical pomp; the modern, with its filth, beggars, and some new improvements. The first view of Rome is not attractive. As regards ancient Rome, I was much disappointed in the seven hills, which, though they were marked elevations, are by no means so high as I had imagined; not near so high as Nob hill in San Francisco. The Capitoline hill is approached by steps, and its summit is occupied by three buildings designed by Michael Angelo. One is used for municipal purposes, and the other two as public museums, called the Palace of the Conservatori and Capitoline Museum. Among the many statues which are in more or less perfect preservation, and which have come down to us from remote antiquity, there is none to be compared in expression and effect with the Dying Gladiator. It represents a young man who has been engaged in a conflict of arms and is dying of his wounds; the face without a trace of anger or vindictiveness indicates a native nobleness of spirit, calm and firm endurance, and at the same time profound sensibility. The expression is manly tenderness, and this is so wrought in the marble that no living countenance in death agony could call forth deeper sympathy or warmer admiration. The Venus of the Capitol is peerless in beauty, grace and loveliness.

Below the Capitoline hill, and between the Palatine, is the Roman Forum. My heart throbs as I dare to write on this subject. The center of the "Eternal City," whose history dates back to the well-known legend of Romulus and Remus, in the year 752 B. C., tradition makes the Forum the scene of many parts, played by those who had a part in governing Rome. Very little of the Forum was known until 1871, although trifling excavations were begun in Raphael's time—1519. Nothing of importance was brought to light until the daylight of Sept. 20, 1870, dawned with the emancipation from papal slavery, a day which will ever shine brilliantly in the pages of Italian history. That day ended the struggle; that day Victor Emanuel led his brave followers to the wall of Rome, and, after a sharp bombardment of five hours, effected an entry and marched his troops into Rome. A memorial tablet on the outer wall marks the spot where thirty Italian soldiers lost their lives through the Pope's guard. Pius IX. was driven from the Quirinal Palace and took refuge in the Vatican, from which it's said he never crossed the threshold of the outer door until death. Victor Emanuel has passed to spirit-life, but his memory will live forever in the minds of his people, and to-day he is spoken of as "The Father of his country." His son, Herbert I., succeeded to the throne, and I can assure you no monarch ever was more popular with his people. He is loved generally—only a few who would cling to the tarnished gilding and gaudy tinsel of the papal autocracy.

The king and queen enjoy the utmost freedom and privileges of every-day life. I had the pleasure of seeing them many times while driving in Villa Borghes (the fashionable park of Rome), unattended by pomp other than their livery. The feeling here is that the present administration is fast freeing Italy from the galling chains of papal slavery.

Excavations in the Forum and the Palatine have, since 1870, been most marvelous. Julius Caesar's palace was on Palatine hill, and Augustus was born here. The very spot where Mark Anthony delivered his oration over the body of Caesar is here pointed out.

From the Forum we pass to the Coliseum, one of the most imposing structures in the world, completed by Titus A. D. 80. It was so constructed as to seat nearly one hundred thousand persons. The building had no roof, but the spectators were protected by awnings. Here, in ages past, men and animals were pitted against each other; here old Romans amused themselves in the deadly combats for which they were so famous.

There are three hundred and seventy-five churches in Rome, of this number eighty are dedicated to the Virgin. St. Peter's is the largest and very interesting. There is no painted glass, no tawdry ornaments of any kind; nothing either to intercept the view or even a seat to sit upon. The statuary is mostly marble and all colossal. There are no paintings but pictures chiefly, enlarged copies in mosaic, of well-known master works. The stones, or rather the blocks of porcelain, that constitute the mosaics being so fine and so clearly set that it is hard to believe them other than oil painting.

Among the objects of interest here I cannot refrain from speaking of the colossal bronze statue of St. Peter, seated in a marble chair. This figure attracts more visible worship than any shrine or altar in the Church. It is very majestic in attitude and expression, but lacks the grace and symmetry that belong to the best days of classic art. The great toe of the right foot is nearly worn off, and the next is beginning to suffer by the incessant kissing of worshippers; and still more, perhaps by constant wiping, for every votary that has a handkerchief wipes the toe, kisses it and wipes it again. The most impressive view of the interior is from a gallery which runs round the base of the dome. Standing here and looking down from an altitude from which men on the floor were as grasshoppers, and up into the vault which stretched higher above me than I stood from the floor, I felt the grandeur of the building as I felt it nowhere else. The temple below me seemed to reach out into shadowy depths of unmeasured space, and the vast dome looked more like an horizon of colored air than like a man-made structure. Its inner surface is composed wholly of figures and pictures in mosaic, in the most brilliant colors. The roof of St. Peter's is adorned in front by statues of the Twelve Apostles, which look no more than small men from below; but when I walked among them I found them very roughly carved granite figures, not less than twenty-three or four feet high.

The Vatican palace, which adjoins St. Peter's, is an immense and irregular mass of buildings of various ages, some at least as old as Charlemagne, and is now the present Pope's only residence. It contains about five thousand rooms. Most noteworthy among these is the Sistine Chapel, a very plain apartment, but celebrated for its world-renowned frescoes, especially those by Michael Angelo, on the ceiling, and on the wall opposite the entrance. There are, in the Vatican, several porticos and halls that were frescoed under the superintendence of Raphael, and painted in great part by his own hand. Among these we saw "The Creation," and in the picture gallery Raphael's "Transfiguration," considered the masterpiece of his life.

One of the most curious churches in Rome is that of St. Stephen, supposed to have been a meat market in the time of Nero. The inner wall is completely covered with frescoes of martyrdoms, comprising all the terrible forms of death recorded in the annals of the church, and this, too, in the coarsest style of art, seeming to make the representations horrid and appalling.

The crypt or vault of the Church of the Capuchins has left even a more grim and ghostly impression on my memory. In this vault is a small quantity of earth from Jerusalem in which all the brethren for many generations have wanted to be buried. Each, therefore, has his turn. When a brother dies, the senior occupant of the sacred soil is disinterred, and what remains of him is placed in a standing or sitting posture, with the veritable clothes he wore in life, and the monks' cap drawn over the head, resting in a cloister devoted to this use alone. Many of the bodies retain enough of form and feature to look even more hideous than skeletons. Most horrible of all, the bones of the bodies which, with the utmost care, could not be held together, have been wrought into wreaths and other fantastic patterns,—some made of vertebrae, some of skull-bones, some of ribs, some of the arms and legs. The living monks of this establishment, and, indeed, the greater part of the monks of Rome (and they are scores in number) are remarkable for nothing more than for what seems a chronic hydrophobia. They believe cleanliness to be at the opposite pole of humanity from godliness, and whatever may be their general consistency of conduct, no one can deny that in this respect they are true to their creed, both in person and in apparel. No active board of health would tolerate them in the streets.

Of the churches of Rome there are so many which might claim distinction that I know not how to choose among them, and shall not attempt a description further than the Scala Santa. Here is seen the twenty-eight marble steps, fabled to have been those in Pilate's house, down which Jesus passed after his examination by the Roman governor. They were brought to Rome in 326, and may only be ascended on the knees. The priest tells the penitents that for the ascension on their knees, one thousand years of purgatory can be avoided. While I was present not less than twenty-five persons made the ascent. The sight was ridiculous in the absurd incidences inseparable from it. An old priest, in the act of getting ready, was careful to separate his priestly robes in the back and so wind them around his waist as to secure them from the dust, presenting anything but a penitent position; and an old lady, in filthy rags, looking behind her to see if her feet and legs presented a respectable appearance, as she clambered up the stairs, one by one. Tradition says Martin Luther was toiling up these steps when the New Dispensation flashed through his mind. At the head of the stairs is shown the sacred picture, "Acheiropoeton," made without hands. This picture is said to have been drawn in outline by St. Luke, and before he commenced to fill the colors in, it was found finished by invisible hands.

Among the most beautiful remains of ancient art there stands on the summit of the Quirinal hill marble statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding his

prancing steed by the bridle. The horses are as spirited as life could make them. You almost hear their breathing, and expect them to break loose from their masters. They were taken from the baths of Constantine, and are currently believed to have been the works of Phidias and Praxiteles. Certain it is that horses of higher artistic merit can never have been molded or chiseled. The gallery of statuary in the Vatican is said to be richer in ancient sculpture than all the world beside. By far the most impressive of these, in my estimation, is the Laocoon, of which no copy can give more than a faint idea. The victims seem almost to shriek audibly, so intense and vivid are the lines of terror and agony in their faces and limbs. It is often said that sculpture should represent repose, not action, and I think that I have never seen action represented by a modern sculptor without feeling his work was a failure, often hideous where it was intended to be grand and pathetic. But not so, the Laocoon; not so, the Athletes in the Vatican; not so, the Apollo Sanktonos with his bent bow, every muscle of his beautiful face strained to its utmost tension to give his arrow death dealing power. Of the ancient Roman people, the vestiges are few and doubtful.

Some of the palaces bear names suggestive of classical names, and some of the noble families profess themselves descendants of families that were distinguished under the Republic and Empire, but it is said there is not a single instance in which the pedigree is not vitiated by a break of several centuries. If there are genuine Romans in existence they are much more probably the descendants of obscure than of distinguished families; for the latter would have been exterminated or driven into exile in revolutions or invasions, by which the former would not have been disturbed. If I saw any men who were Romans in mien and gait, it was the Trasteverine, who live beyond or on the right bank of the Tiber, who are coarse and rude in appearance, but are often possessed of physical development. This region of the city furnishes not a few beggars and models, men, women and children. I have seen a Trasteverine beggar wrap his filthy tattered raiment about him and stretch out his hand for alms with as much majesty and grace as Cicero can have shown when he arose to address the Senate.

There are many places in which I have been deeply interested, but cannot, for want of time, speak of them here. Yes, there are many spots in which I feel profoundly the indestructible grandeur of the eternal city; but dilapidation and decay are the initial expression of Ancient Rome. Yet, as I linger, the old glory revives; its tokens multiply and takes a strong hold on sense, thought and emotion, and after two weeks' stay feel as if months and years would not suffice for objects which crowd on my curiosity, when seen, crave to be studied, and when studied seem worthy only of being seen the more. MRS. MAY MOZART.

ROME, Italy, Jan. 27, 1887.

A PLAIN Puritan of Boston, who has been traveling in frivolous Europe, has this to say about a solemn subject: "I was amused with some very old, stained-glass windows, which admit a 'dim religious light,' at the Milan Cathedral, and are supposed to illustrate scenes in the Old Testament. It may not have been reverential; but I had to laugh to see Cain, in a pair of green pantaloons, killing Abel, who was dressed in a short jacket of yellow stuff. I regretted to see that Eve, when driven out of Eden by the archangel with the flaming sword, was so frivolous as to array herself for the occasion in a purple overskirt, cut very *decotele*, while Adam wore a blue hat and pink ribbons. There may be authority for these representations,—I do not know,—but they were a surprise to me."—*Exchange*.

THREE THINGS.—Three things to do—live, think and act. Three things to govern—your temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and wisdom. Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to contract for—honor, country and friend. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to teach—truth, industry and contentment. Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to cultivate—good looks, good friends and good humor.

THE fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mount Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape—invisible to the eye—on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.

By the use of gold-coated selenium plates, Mr. C. E. Fritts expects to accomplish the important object of converting the greater part of the energy of light into electrical energy, which may be again transformed into light as required.

## Personal Liberty and Prohibition.

[E. Brown, in Boston Investigator.]

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in your issue of August 19th, that Mr. B. F. Underwood presents some arguments against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, claiming it to be a flagrant violation of the true principle of government, and subversive of personal liberty.

By your permission I will review some of these arguments. Mr. U., in common with many other opponents of prohibition, assumes (on what ground I never could understand) that a man's right, under all circumstances, to eat and drink what he pleases, is somehow peculiarly sacred, and distinct from all other indulgences; and yet these acts do not relate more exclusively to one's self than several others, which all recognize as proper subjects of stringent legislation.

But I will state an axiom covering this whole ground, and I challenge its overthrow, viz: The individual has absolutely no right whatever, not even to life and the pursuit of happiness, when it is certain that his life and pursuit of happiness inevitably carries contagion, misery, and death, to myriads of other human beings about him, each one of whom has personal rights as inalienable as his own. You have not the right to eat or drink that which makes you insane or a disturber of the peace, and turns your family out upon the public for support, any more than I have to turn my sewerage upon the surface in my yard in such a manner as to sicken the neighborhood, and to bring disease and death to the town.

You can never find a higher, holier, or more infallible standard for all legislation than to aim for the greatest good of the greatest number; and I am surprised to find intellectual men and public teachers who can get a single idea of the pre-eminent sanctity of a man's right to eat and drink so near their mental vision as to ignore the rights of others. Why, if eating and drinking are so sacred rights for the father, are they not equally sacred rights for his poverty-stricken family, whose wallings nightly go out upon the pitiless air?

If a man's right to eat and drink what he will were so exceptionally sacred above all other rights as it is claimed to be, then the *cannibal* can justify his practice; but this would look very strange to us, who are taught to believe that a man's right to eat is eaten is fully as sacred as the right of his brother man to eat him. Do not say this is a strong figure, for I can show you families to whom it would have been a mercy if the husband and father had slain them one by one and devoured their bodies, rather than starve, freeze, abuse, and disgrace them, grinding out their lives by inches.

And again, the law cannot consistently hold any man accountable for acts performed when bereft of reason or intellect, and hence the only alternative left is that he be held responsible for those voluntary and deliberate acts by which he disarms himself of that safeguard of manhood, his mental power.

Mr. U. concedes too much for the safety of his position, for when he says we of course have a right to "regulate" and control the sale of liquors, he would open the same door to all sorts of abuse of personal liberty which he so deprecates in prohibition. For if we are to suppose that our legislators have only the discretion with which he credits them, we may next expect them to enter into our homes and "regulate" our tables, dress, and all which he very confidently assumes to be foreshadowed by their acts of prohibition.

The fallacy of his whole argument, on this point, consists in the unwarranted assumption that legislators have no discretionary powers to check the inordinate exercise of the powers vested in them, whereas everybody knows there is hardly a bill passed in our Legislatures touching personal liberties, which is not thoroughly considered with relation to its practical necessity, and also the possibility of its abuse in case it should become a law.

Now, to assume that we cannot trust our legislators in their efforts to sweep out this all-prolific source of crime and pauperism, for fear they may interfere with tea, coffee, tobacco, or some other foolish though comparatively innocent indulgence, is about as sensible as to object to the prohibition of the selling of tainted meat, or decayed fruit and vegetables in times of epidemic, for fear that the sacred rights of eating and drinking might be further interfered with in the future.

At a recent literary entertainment given by the students of Grant University, at Athens, Ga., Miss McLaine was to recite. As she walked upon the stage she was in apparent good health, and was giving her recitation successfully, when suddenly she stopped, placed her hand over her face, and stood silent. She was led from the stage, and then it was ascertained that she had become totally blind.

TRAMP (whose request for food has been denied).—"Well, ma'm, would you let me sleep in the ten-acre lot back of the barn if I won't make any noise?" Woman—"Ye-es, I don't mind lettin' ye do that." Tramp (appealingly).—"Well, one thing more, ma'm, before I say good-night: Would you have me called at 7 sharp? I want to catch the limited cattle train West."



## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

## "LIGHT IN THE WEST."

Not our estimable St. Louis contemporary of that name; but the light of the new gospel that shines into the hearts and homes of thousands upon these Pacific shores—it is of that, and of its peculiar effulgence in our pure, magnetic ether, that we would speak.

All sensitives from the East on visiting these shores find their powers greatly augmented. This fact, coupled with the marvelous unfoldments of our own mediums, leads us to conclude that there is something in our climate peculiarly favorable to the highest order of development of mediumistic gifts. In the Summer we are never exhausted by the excessive heat, to which they are subjected in the Atlantic States; nor are we brought under such severe conditions of Winter climate as they are there.

Whatever the cause—and it may be something other than this we suggest—certain it is that California, and especially the region along the coast, is remarkably favorable for spiritual and mediumistic development. There is probably right here in San Francisco a larger proportion of mediumistic persons than in any other city in the Union, and some of these mediums are equal to the best in the world.

It is a common and frequent prediction of the invisibles that from these shores is to go forth spiritual light and truth as from no other land; that here will the spirit world find its grandest instruments—the ablest exponents of its philosophy—the most wonderful magnets for its physical manifestations.

In the light of these predictions, ought not the laudable ambition of all mediums be to excel in their especial gifts? Ought they not to strive, by every effort, to live true and noble lives, that they may attain to the highest possible unfoldment of their gifts?

If our mediums realized more fully their advantages of location, and how they could enhance their powers, and improve the character of their mediumship, by a firm determination to live up to their highest convictions of right, by putting beneath their feet all things that tend to becloud the pure white light of the spirit, we should soon have a much higher order of manifestations. We should hear no more of fraud and unreliable communications.

As light takes its hue from the color of the glass through which it shines, so messages from the other world partake more or less of the nature of the brain and magnetism through which they flow. A pure stream will necessarily become contaminated by flowing through an impure channel. Honesty, nobility of character, and a pure body—with these as a basis for the divine gift of mediumship, the angels from the higher spheres can come close to the lives of men.

The medium that would unfold the highest must live the truest. Excelsior should be the motto of every one.

PAINTING IN THE DARK.—We referred, in our last issue, to a newly-developed spirit artist—Mr. W. H. F. Briggs—who has recently arrived in this city. Mr. Briggs has been sojourning on this Coast for several years, traveling from place to place in pursuit of health. He assures us that, in his normal condition, he knows nothing whatever of painting as a fine art; but that, while in deep trance, he is made the instrument of certain grand Old Masters, to produce, with all the skill and perfection with which they were possessed in their mortal existence, and have since acquired, the finest conceptions of genius. He paints wholly in the dark, and only during the silent hours of night. He has been at work for the past week on the portrait of a well-known lady, which is now about completed. His controls, he says, are Polygnosus of Greece,—Raphael and Rembrandt. We have not seen this picture yet, but are assured that it is a masterpiece, and that it will be on exhibition at this office on and after Monday next.

—The *Overland Monthly* has engaged Gen. O. O. Howard to furnish a series of Indian War Papers. The first, to appear in April or May, will be upon the "Pine and Bannock War of 1878," the first detailed account of that campaign. General Howard will not contribute articles to any other Pacific Coast periodical, the *Overland* having secured his exclusive services. Senator A. A. Sargent will shortly furnish the *Overland Monthly* several articles upon topics of public and industrial interest. Senator Sargent is engaged to write exclusively for the *Overland Monthly*.

## A QUESTION OF FEELING.

It is seemingly almost impossible for one to tell the truth in matters wherein one's feelings are deeply interested. That witnesses see things in a directly opposite light, in cases wherein they are personally interested, is demonstrated daily in our courts,—and they are generally honest in their convictions.

A party of a dozen or more men and women, believing a certain medium to be a fraud, secure a private seance for the purpose—not so much of fairly ascertaining the truth as for confirming them in their conclusions. At such a seance the medium, were she honor's self, would have but a poor show. She is but one against a host. If any forms appear, they are, in the eyes of the skeptical conspirators, necessarily and naturally confederates.

Far be it from our purpose to apologize for even seeming fraudulent manifestations in mediumship. We would have all seances for materializing so open and fair as to be beyond question of dishonesty; and the medium who is fairly proven guilty of dishonest practices, should, if such practices are indulged in, be driven from the field. If the exhibition is one of cold-blooded trickery the perpetrator should be exposed and severely dealt with, as a necessary lesson of reform. At the same time we do not regard the methods in common use for exposing spiritual frauds as the best that could be devised. They are liable to work serious if not fatal injury to worthy mediums.

Seizing the spirit forms, or the medium, and destroying the cabinet and furniture, as a means of arriving at the truth, is a good deal like burning the barn to get rid of the rats. There is about as much sense in it as there would be in blowing up the chemist and his laboratory with dynamite, because one did not believe in the results of certain of his scientific experiments.

And here we repeat a bit of advice often given in these columns: Avoid all materializing mediums who do not make their seances absolutely fraud proof.

Most Spiritualists have had abundant evidence of the amazing fact of spirit materialization. We have had such evidence many times, and under conditions wherein collusion or confederacy were absolutely impossible. Hence, if every medium in the universe were "exposed," it would not change our views, nor the views of thousands, on that subject in the least. But to us there are other phases of the spiritual phenomena that as yet are far more satisfactory than the psychic form—more satisfactory because of a more intellectual and a more truly spiritual character, and because, also, they are produced under conditions wherein deception and collusion can not possibly enter in.

That the manifestation of the psychic form will yet be so perfected as to forestall all question of deception, we verily believe. But surely that time has not yet arrived—at least not in the large majority of seances for that phase.

## NOT YET.

It appears that England may safely take a rest from her fears regarding Russia's intent to enter British India by means of the railroad from the Caspian sea to Merv. This expensive piece of work is now declared to be a failure, because of the present impossibility to keep it clear of the shifting sands of the desert; and as the country affords neither stone, lime, water nor timber, the suggestion of sheds is one not to be acted upon.

Moreover, the fact of the road running for a good portion of its length near the confines of Persia, might necessitate the presence of a strong body of soldiers to insure the safety of the road, should it ever become practicable. The designs of Russia upon England's British possessions, and perhaps other national enterprises, will doubtless be postponed until such time as aerial navigation shall come to their aid. When Russia finds herself at the gates of Herat, it will be either in imagination, or in a balloon.

This prospect gone for the present, Russia will just as soon wait a few years before attacking the European lion's cubs, even though basking from their mother at so great a distance as India.

If any obstacle that nature can interpose, will serve to put off the impending strife, it should be hailed as a kind providence.

AN ANTICIPATED TREAT.—The proposed entertainment to Miss Crews promises to be a brilliant success. Most of the seats have been taken, and it looks as though the worthy beneficiary would receive a neat little sum. The following program will be given: Song, "Blessed be the Name of God Forever," J. W. Maguire; reading, "The Huguenots," J. J. Owen; "The Storm at Sea," (Colletta), Miss Crews; recitation, "Der Oak und der Vine," Mrs. Aylesworth; cornet solo, Miss Hammond; Scene from third act of Camille, Mr. and Mrs. Owen; "Medley of National Airs," (Colletta), Miss Crews; recitation, "Nothing to Wear," Mattie Hughes; song, little Laura Crews; Sonata in E-minor, (Dunbar), Miss Crews; Scene from Julius Caesar, Mrs. Aylesworth and Mrs. Cramer; song, Mrs. Cressy; recitation, "Adam's Grave," Mr. Cramer; song, "There's Peace on the Deep," J. W. Maguire; "Drops of Morning Dew," (Colletta), Miss Crews.

—The two Persian gentlemen, students in this country, have with them, along with other curiosities, a copy of the Peshito version of the New Testament, in the form of a parchment manuscript dated A. D. 1207; one of three copies only

known to be in existence. The manuscript was the work of a Syrian priest named Bahnah, who lived at Mosul.

## LIFE'S LESSON.

That life is most in harmony with the Divine Spirit of Nature that lives most in harmony with itself. Sin is nothing more nor less than discord, which is but another name for ignorance.

When men and women learn that there is no heaven for them outside of their own souls, and that to attain happiness one has but to look for it within, where alone it can be found, they will surely begin the work of the world's redemption in earnest.

No sacred wafer, nor baptismal rite, nor holy water, nor death-bed repentance, can bring heaven to a soul out of tune—to one whose nature has been warped by sin, and who, through a long life, has been a willing slave to degrading appetites and passions. Such an one must come, in time or eternity, to see the folly of all extraneous efforts for his redemption that do not find a full and sincere response in his own soul. It is there, in the very center of conscious being, he must find his alphabet, and thence, line upon line and precept upon precept, learn the true lesson of life and happiness.

When, by a life of well doing, by the unfoldment of his spiritual nature, and by the radiation and absorption of the light that shines into every soul, one reaches the supernal heights of mortal being, where dwelleth the Spirit Divine, there, and there only, is peace, rest and happiness for evermore.

All must come to this. There is but one way of salvation, and that, not by the atoning sacrifice of Christ, but by the evolution of righteousness from within. He can not save, only as his beautiful example and spotless life entice to goodness.

And this is the grand mission of the angelic hosts now knocking at the door of the great throbbing heart of humanity, seeking to enter in that they may teach man the better way—the way of eternal progress to the home and haven of eternal happiness—the welcoming arms of the All-Father.

## "THE LAW'S DELAY."

If law and justice should chance to meet, in this country, they would need an introduction before they would presume to so violate the canons of good breeding as to recognize each other.

In the courts of all great cities, and in none more so than in the city of San Francisco, law, as a rule, is not practiced to further the ends of justice, but to defeat the same.

A case in point is that of young Goldenson, who deliberately killed the little school girl, Mamie Kelly, of this city, for refusing his attentions. A mere child she, he a man grown,—of violent temper, of shiftless and dissipated habits. He persisted in annoying her, on her way to and from school, and because of her indifference to him, he maddens his brain with whisky, watching his opportunity, and kills her on the street. This is the case in a nutshell.

Then comes his attorney, schooled in all the quibbles and rat holes of the law, and through some of the sinuosities of which he hoped,—as many an attorney, in similar cases, has done before,—to so befog the blind goddess with the scales, as to enable his client to escape punishment for his terrible crime. Commissions are demanded, and yielded by the court, to take testimony in both hemispheres to prove that this young man's grandfather, or great uncle, or some other relative, had been afflicted with insanity. Then come motions for postponement, with objections to everything that give the slightest intimation of bringing the case to trial, until the Judge, seeing, as did everybody else, that it was a clear case of obstruction of justice, stepped in and refused longer dalliance.

Then the prisoner's attorney retires from the case, with a grand flourish of injured innocence, and refuses to assist his successors whom the court appoints, and instructs his client to refuse all recognition of them, which he does, insolently and defiantly, in open court; but the Judge, now fully aroused to the frivolous nature of the defence, proceeds, nevertheless, and so, for once,—and we were about to say for the first time in the history of criminal jurisprudence of this city,—justice comes out a little ahead.

But the end is not yet. There is a court of last resort, where the lawyer can carry his quibbles and quibbles; and justice, being blind, is liable to be outwitted by the law, who has more eyes than Argus, at last.

This is a sample of the way in which our laws are administered. Our city jail is full of criminals, whose cases ought to have been disposed of months, and some of them years ago. And they would have been in any country but ours, where the tenure of office of the ministers of justice does not depend upon the corner saloon, and the political caucus of freemen filled with beer.

—Most of San Francisco and Oakland Spiritualists are acquainted with Miss Anna L. Johnson, the little medium for spirit healing of this city. She has recently, on several occasions, given satisfactory evidence of her power to diagnose disease, from the platform of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall. For several years past, Miss Anna has freely given, as it has been given to her, to all applying to her, without charge; but the time has come when necessity compels her to accept a small fee for her services. She, like all other good mediums, has a right to live by her gifts. We trust she may receive a liberal support.

## SPIRIT PICTURE.

The picture upon our eighth page is given as that of one of the spirit guides of a private medium of this city, who shrinks from the notoriety which the publication of her name would give to her. The spirit, whose name we also withhold for the same reason, is a bright, beautiful spirit, vivacious, witty, and interesting. Her utterances abound in wise sayings, for which she takes no credit to herself, but always attributes them to her teacher, who is also a guide of the same medium, and is a spirit of great intelligence.

This spirit passed to spirit-life in infancy, many years ago. She was partly of Indian parentage, her mother being a princess of her tribe. She always presents herself as a lively little maiden, full of sunshine.

The picture was taken through the mediumship of Mr. Fred Evans, of this city, whose powers as an independent slate-writer are of a truly marvelous character. It was taken on Sunday last, Feb. 20th, in the presence of the editor of the *GOLDEN GATE* and his wife, and in the following manner: Three slates were first thoroughly cleaned with a damp sponge and wiped dry. One of these slates was placed upon the floor, in plain sight, and Mrs. Owen was requested by the medium to place a foot upon it, which she did. The others were under our two pairs of hands upon the table, Mr. Evans sitting unconcerned upon the opposite side of the table, and fully four feet from where the slate lay upon the floor. Subsequently, and while the work was progressing, another slate was placed upon the floor by the side of the former.

We were not really expecting a picture of this spirit at this time; in fact the spirit artist had intimated to us the Sunday previous that it would probably be two weeks before he again attempted it. In about a quarter of an hour from the beginning of the seance the familiar raps signaled that the work was finished. On raising the slates from the floor it was found that upon the under side of the one upon which the foot rested was the picture as seen in our engraving. On the under side of the other was the following message from the artist:

TO MR. OWEN.—DEAR FRIEND:—At the request of John Gray I take this mode of introducing myself to you, and also to our worthy medium. As you will see, I have taken the picture of the Indian maiden. This spirit is of such a lively temperament as to make it extremely difficult to give a correct picture of her. But she has robbed herself to her own satisfaction, and has expressed herself as being pleased with her picture, and also states that her medium will be much delighted with the results of this sitting. When I become more accustomed to the control of this medium, and with the assistance of his powerful guides, I will endeavor to give you some very good manifestations, which will reflect much credit on the medium and yourself. I have come to stay with this medium, conditions permitting. With best wishes to all, I remain yours in spirit. STANLEY ST. CLAIR.

On the under side of one of the slates upon the table was a friendly message to the writer from Mr. Evans' psychographic control, Spirit John Gray, written in his usual crisp and ready manner.

It is a significant fact that the little Indian maiden represented in the picture, wholly unknown to Mr. Evans or to us, had, on Saturday evening, informed her medium that the artist would sketch her likeness at our seance on the following day.

As to the fact of the messages and the picture being produced as stated, by occult or spirit power, there is not an intelligent person in the universe, with the same opportunity for observation as ourselves, who would question it for a moment.

We will add that the drapery in the picture, together with the necklace and earrings, are worked in colors, a fact which, of course, our engraving does not show. We hope to be able, ere long, to give a likeness of Mr. Gray, and perhaps of the artist, St. Clair, himself.

## A LOTTERY.

Several California journals are favoring the organization of a lottery in our State, on the ground that a great deal of money is expended in lottery tickets and sent out of the State; that the profits could be devoted to the support of schools and charitable purposes; that the law regulating the sale of tickets, and correspondence regarding them, is a dead letter, etc.

We dare say it is an impossibility to stop the lotteries now in operation, as they have long been legally incorporated; the Louisiana lottery is the most flourishing institution. Cubans invest in the Havana lottery with the same regularity as the majority of mankind elsewhere do in something to eat. Failure one month to win a prize, or of six, does not in the least discourage one of them. That it is a money-making business (for the company), is certain; that persons occasionally (very rarely), draw large sums from small investments, cannot be successfully denied.

But, is it good for anyone to thus get something for nothing? Of course, the money received for tickets aggregates to several times the amount given out in prizes, so that whatever one gets is rather a contribution than a prize; but, individually, it is something received without an equivalent, and inclines to foster a natural tendency in man that, if generally indulged, would set him retreating at a more rapid rate than that by which he has reached his present station.

If, by investing a dollar a month, a man is likely to win a fortune, not many of them would do much more than was necessary to obtain the mighty dollar. On the whole we don't think it advisable to multiply these chance institutions. They tempt the poor to risk their small earnings, thus causing families to suffer, whereas they might be comfortable and happy. Being all a matter of chance, or luck, they cannot be convinced it may not come to them as to others.

"BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN."—We have received the initial number of Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan's new journalistic venture, entitled as above. It is a monthly containing forty pages of choice matter, and is furnished for the moderate price of \$1 a year. It is a work for advanced grades rather than for students in the alphabet of the knowledge and philosophy of being. For this

work we know of no one so well adapted as Dr. Buchanan. He stands at the head of the thinkers of this nation, and has given to the topics with which he regales his readers his best thoughts. We recommend the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE* to enclose a dollar to the publisher at Boston and taken in the *Journal of Man*.

## SLATE-WRITING IN PUBLIC.

A most wonderful exhibition of independent slate-writing occurred last Sunday evening at Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, in this city, before upwards of five hundred people.

After Mrs. J. J. Whitney had finished her tests, which were of an unusually interesting character, the medium, Dr. D. J. Stansbury, came on the stage with four slates, a sponge, and a towel. He stated that his guides would attempt to obtain the writing and hoped the audience would give him their sympathy, as much depended thereon. The Doctor then exhibited the slates. He had invited Mr. W. R. Colby, a slate-writer, and Mr. W. H. Northway, a short-hand reporter, to examine the slates, which they did, as well as place private marks upon them so they would know they had not been exchanged for others. The Doctor, having stated the conditions under which his guides had promised the writing, proceeded to clean the slates in the following manner: He poured from the pitcher, on the speaker's desk, a glass of water, part of which he drank to show, as he said, that there was no chemical substance in the water by which the writing might be produced. He then wet the sponge, and taking one slate rubbed both sides, and with the towel thoroughly dried the slate, which, after exhibiting to the audience, he laid upon a chair in plain view; he then proceeded to clean another slate in the same manner, putting those two slates together, with a bit of pencil between, held them out at arm's length for the space of three minutes, during which there was low music, and the doctor seemed to be entranced. Upon returning to consciousness the medium handed the slates to the organist, who opened them and read two messages which were written thereon. One was a loving message from a lady to her husband, giving her full name and the name of her sister, whom the message stated was also present. This was recognized by the husband, who acknowledged it to be correct. The other message was from two spirits, signing their names in full, with greetings to old friends, which was instantly recognized by the parties addressed.

The Doctor then took up a single slate, and with sponge and towel thoroughly cleansed both sides, slowly performing the operation in full view of the audience, and having exhibited it to all in the front seats, laid a bit of pencil on it, held it out at arm's length, simply covering it with the towel. The Doctor was again entranced, and in two minutes the cloth was removed and messages from three different spirits were found written thereon, which, after having been read, were all recognized by friends present.

The Doctor then took the remaining two slates and cleansed each separately as before,—holding them up to show there was no writing on them, and knocking one against the other to show there were no pads or duplicates,—tied them together with a cord,—a bit of pencil having been placed between as before,—and hung them on the chandelier under the full gaslight, and took a seat about ten feet distant, where he became again deeply entranced. The slates hung motionless for a minute or two, then began to vibrate, turned around and were still. At the expiration of five minutes, Mr. Northway, who had remained on the stage all the time, was requested by the medium to examine the slates, which, upon opening, were found to contain twelve full names of spirits written thereon, which were then read and every one fully recognized by friends and relatives present, some of whom said their friends had promised if possible to give them a test, and four of the persons stated that they had mentally requested the spirits whose names they recognized to go and write on the slates, and two had clairvoyantly seen them do so.

The audience testified their entire appreciation of the medium and his guides by abundant applause as each message was read. The modesty and sincerity of the medium was apparent in every word and act, which, together with the entire absence of all paraphernalia, and the perfect success which attended the exhibition throughout, proclaims that the climax of independent slate-writing in public has been reached, and that San Francisco can produce as good mediums as can be found in the world.

A PLEASANT EVENING.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Dodge, gave that worthy couple a jolly surprise on Monday evening last, to celebrate Mrs. Dodge's birthday. Their cosy home, on Hill street, was packed with unexpected but welcome visitors. The honored host and hostess proved themselves equal to the emergency and succeeded in making the happy hours glide rapidly away. Choice refreshments were served, and there was nothing to mar the evening's festivities. Mr. Dodge is one of the main pillars of the Temple, and he has a most faithful and able co-worker in his good wife, whom to know is to honor and esteem. The *GOLDEN GATE* joins with her large circle of friends in wishing her many happy returns of the day.

MERITED HONORS.—Countess Lourina Amiel, of Toronto, has just been granted a silver medal by the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, for the services rendered by her during the last few years to public education in that city. The United States does not deal much in medals for the reason, we think, that there would be so many deserving them that it could not do justice to all; or if it could, the matter would become so common as to be but a poor mark of honor. Our noted personages are all honored in every possible way by the press and public; especially is this true of our women to whom, we opine, nothing could be more acceptable than the homage they receive from American journalism.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—W. J. Colville's racy letter, on our fifth page, will find many eager readers on these Western shores.

—Although of extra length, the letter of Mrs. Mozart, in this number of the GOLDEN GATE, from Rome, will be found of unusual interest.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a tract by James A. Bliss, of *The N. D. C. Age*, entitled "The History of the Discovery of Transfacial Mediumship."

—Don't overlook Dr. Allen's able paper on "Evolution," on our first page. The Doctor is a vigorous writer and a clear thinker; hence, an ever welcome contributor to our columns.

—We call attention to the card of Mrs. Sarah J. Penoyer, on our 5th page. Mrs. Penoyer is recommended to us as a most remarkable psychometrical delineator of character, and also as being a lady of rare worth and integrity.

—Golden nuggets of truth and wisdom are the "Pebbles" of Isaac Kinley, which appear from time to time in our columns. After a lapse of several weeks we are glad to be able to present our readers, to-day, with another rich basketful.

—The lovelight of a sympathetic eye, the touch of a gentle hand, the soft tone of a tender and loving voice, will win the erring to better ways of life when all other methods fail. Salvation from sin means nothing more than ceasing to do evil and learning to do well.

—Man can safely be trusted to become a law unto himself only when he has learned the perfect mastery of himself in all things. When he becomes a ruler over all of the base appetites and passions of his own nature, then may all lets and hindrances to his advancement be removed.

—Our readers will please understand that we have no time to sit with mediums for slate-writing, or for psychometric readings of character or diagnoses of disease in their behalf. We would gladly do so, but we have all the work we can properly or reasonably attend to in editing and managing this paper. So, friends, don't ask us.

—Mr. Harr Wagner, of the *Golden Era*, has removed with his wife, "Madge Morris," (the author of that incomparable poem, "The Golden Gate," that appeared originally in our columns,) to San Diego. Mr. Wagner takes his magazine with him, and will issue it in new form in that flourishing Southern city. Thus drops out of San Francisco's periodical literature one of its oldest and best-known magazines.

—Mrs. Whitney's powers as a platform test medium are of a truly remarkable character. On Sunday evening last, at Assembly Hall, she gave a large number of astonishing tests. These tests, in connection with Dr. Stansbury's slate-writing, referred to elsewhere, constituted an exhibition of psychic power seldom witnessed in this city. They will give another seance at the same place to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

—Theories may stand long in the mind as truth, but neither truth nor error is positively the one or the other, until proven or disproven by practical test. Geologists have held the opinion that Florida was one vast coral formation, but the seven-hundred-and-sixty-foot artesian well that is sunk at St. Augustine, and which is still being deepened against a flow of water amounting to seven millions of gallons in twenty-four hours, upsets the ancient idea.

—W. A. Bartley, of Los Angeles, in ordering two copies of the "Watseka Wonder," says: "It is one of the most wonderful accounts of 'spirit manifestation' I have ever had the pleasure of reading; just the thing to put in the 'hands of a friend to set him to thinking.' The writer then kindly adds: 'Before closing, I must add that I am greatly pleased with the 'GOLDEN GATE. It is really a spiritual paper, and I think it the best in the United States.'"

—The Chinese are proving their fitness for American citizenship by their ready adoption of our customs. It is reported that the Chinese of New York City are preparing for a strike by forming a strong organization, which they observe to be the popular means of defense against all oppressors. At Deadwood, Butte county, is a great Chinese physician, who is reported to be performing some remarkable cures. He has a sanitarium for his patients, where he boards them by the week or month. He is as shrewd as skillful, and employs all white help, except a cook and laundryman. These, and similar instances, show that John is not yet at a standstill.

—A Pasadena subscriber writes us the following appreciative words of the GOLDEN GATE: "I wish to express my high appreciation of the 'GOLDEN GATE. It comes to me weekly, 'freighted with intellectual, spiritual wealth, 'culled from the most gifted minds of all nations 'and people. It is so fascinating I never lay it 'aside until I have read it through. I have 'read the *Banner of Light* since its first publication, and probably shall never fully realize 'how much it has done for me spiritually until 'I pass to the land spiritual. But, Brother 'Owen, I am delighted with your paper. It is 'so admirably gotten up and edited, I take pride 'in calling people's attention to it.'"

—The test meetings at Odd Fellows' Building continue with increasing interest. Last Sunday evening, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, although suffering somewhat from recent indisposition, appeared at her best and for nearly an hour held the large audience spellbound by her vivid descriptions of spirits, and persons, and places,—every name and incident being fully recognized; one person testifying to having recovered lost property through the advice of her guides; others to receiving valuable advice in reference to business matters of which the medium could possibly know nothing. The slate-writing tests by Dr. Stansbury are described in another column. The meetings will be continued next Sunday evening as usual.

## Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It seems quite a time since I last wrote to you, and as you always publish my letters so quickly I feel impelled to write as frequently as I can, especially as I hear so many friends are kind enough to like to receive a line from my pen every once in awhile. I suppose the dominant inquiry which affects me concerns my new book, "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing." I am glad to be able to say it is now out, and I have ordered the publishers to send you two hundred and fifty copies without a moment's delay, so I hope they will arrive almost as soon as this letter, though I am aware, from frequent experience, that freight is not as rapid as postage. Owing to a misunderstanding of the publisher the work has not been stereotyped, so I can not supply any more copies after these are sold, unless I happen to have a few unsold after my Boston friends are supplied. The book is not in the market, and can not be obtained unless re-published after the present edition is exhausted. My price is seventy-five cents per copy to those who have sent in their names already, but I see no reason why, if any spare copies remain, they should retail at less than one dollar.

I am as busy as ever, though last week I did get a few days off to attend the Carnival at Montreal. We had, on the whole, very pleasant weather; of course the antithesis of California weather; still, though very cold, the air was clear and bracing, the sun warm and the sky very blue. The moonlight evenings were very enjoyable, while the Ice Palace, brilliantly illuminated, the gorgeous processions in fancy costumes, and the brilliant displays of fireworks, converted the whole scene into veritable fairyland. The Carnival draws immense crowds of visitors, and is the great event of the year, consequently every house is crowded, accommodations scarce and dear, so the people generally reap a golden harvest. I must say, however, I found very little attempt at extortion. The Canadians strike me as good, honest, hospitable people, though there is nothing in Canada in the way of modern improvements to equal the large cities in the United States. Montreal is very picturesque, and almost, if not quite, as hilly as San Francisco. It reminds me somewhat of a large English town, and somewhat of a French city; also the two languages are spoken about equally. I did not meet any Spiritualists, or indeed any one with whom I had any conversation except on city and Carnival matters. I have heard there are Spiritualists in Montreal, but I believe they hold no public meetings. The people, as a rule, are conservative in their ideas, and either attend Catholic, Episcopal, or orthodox Protestant churches, or else take little interest, apparently, in religious questions in any way.

In Boston the interest in all spiritual questions is as great, if not greater, than ever. All the meetings are largely attended, and increasingly so. It would not be true to say that all the Spiritualists using that name in either its broadest or its narrowest sense, are thoroughly united, but there does seem to be a less discordant feeling between the various societies than there was some time ago.

Great preparations are being made for a union celebration on the 31st of March. Delegates have been solicited by a central committee from all the societies, and there seems a likelihood of the day being celebrated in a manner more befitting the occasion than is ordinary. I suppose the present excitement in thought everywhere is a prelude to the inauguration of an age of greater general harmony and enlightenment than the period which now seems drawing to a close; still it does seem unnecessary for persons to go out of their way to pick flaws in the work of others, which seems a fashion in many quarters where better things might reasonably be expected. For my own part I have long since ceased to trouble myself about hostile criticisms, knowing that it is utterly impossible to please everybody, and those who give offence by faultfinding rather than those who are attacked seem usually to get the most of it in the long run.

I am certain that the GOLDEN GATE owes a very large share of its ever-growing popularity to your noble editorial policy which leads you to insist on justice and yet practise charity. If some other newspapers devoted ostensibly to the furtherance of the same great truths would only be as temperate as you are there would be far less occasion for unfavorable comment from the outside than there now is.

I suppose you are still in the height of a spiritual revival; or has the fire cooled temporarily with the exodus of some of the illustrious workers who have recently been with you? It always seems a sad pity that people should depend so exclusively, as many appear to, on the ministrations of a few public individuals for the carrying on of work which should be in my opinion fraternal and co-operative to the fullest extent possible.

Boston has recently been much exercised over the work of Sam Jones and Sam Small, the two celebrated Georgia evangelists. Though Methodist in theology and decidedly averse to liberal ideas on many subjects their vigorous crusade against intemperance cannot fail to be of lasting benefits to the community, as they have attracted large crowds of men to

hear them who are not reached by any other agencies. I have heard them both once, and while there was nothing at all remarkable in what they said the personal magnetism they threw out and the psychological influence they exerted seemed to sweep over the vast assembly like a mighty wind whenever the preachers became more than usually emphatic and eloquent. I am sure all such people are highly mediumistic whether they know it or not, and owe much of their success to the assistance they perhaps unconsciously derive from their mediumship.

In the literary world here theosophy is making itself felt. Mr. Sinnett's novel, "Karma," is now on sale at every bookstore, at a low figure and in pocket form. Such works coming thus prominently before the public cannot fail to make people think; and while it might be better for some reasons to drop romancing and give plain facts to the world without the drapery of fiction, still the question arises, Are there not many who will not read a sober recital of plain fact put before them as such who will gladly read a thrilling tale introducing the most remarkable spiritual experiences, if only they can read it first as a romance?

My next literary venture will be "Real Life in the Spirit World." Now that "Health and Healing" is before the public I shall hurry up the new volume, material for which I have been steadily and carefully accumulating for the past several years. I hope to bring it out in California very shortly.

I am very glad you published the article on "Earthquakes," written inspirationally by Mrs. Greenwood. She has very kindly placed in my possession other manuscripts, some of them extremely interesting. I will send you some from time to time and hope you will be able to use them. I shall look out for severe criticisms of my new book in your paper; of course I don't suppose you can fully indorse all the theories it puts forward, and if the public will only understand that it is written in a suggestive and certainly not in a dogmatic spirit, my friends will feel that my only desire is to help them, as far as lies in my power, to see the why and the wherefore of what is popularly termed metaphysical healing. My classes in Boston are large, but not so large as in California. Great success is attending the efforts of many who call themselves my students. In every case I remark that latent mediumistic power develops in the classes when attention is turned to the subject. My own opinion of classes is that they are developing circles, in one sense, i. e., they call out latent powers which would not so readily unfold unless stimulated by an appeal made to them.

I hear frequently of the good work being done by many who were in my classes in California last Summer. I hope many have come before the public since then, both as teachers and healers. If nothing occurs to prevent, I hope to arrive in San Francisco early in September next. I say this publicly as I am written to continually on the subject. If my friends on the Pacific Coast desire to make arrangements to that effect, I can promise my services at that time. California is the most congenial field of work I have yet met, and though I stand the ice and snow as well as anybody—better than many natives of New England—still I must say I should enjoy a Winter where the weather is rather less tempestuous.

With the kindest regards to all friends, and many thanks to the Gnostic Society for a special favor received from that honorable body, believe me, as ever,

Your sincere and grateful friend,  
W. J. COLVILLE.  
668 Tremont St., Boston, Feb. 19, '87.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Passed to the higher life from Victoria, B. C., Feb. 8th, Capt. G. G. Walker, aged 69 years.

Capt. Walker was Treasurer of the British Columbia Association for the Investigation of Spiritualism, and one of its most liberal supporters. His associates in office and the cause of which he was an honorable and earnest advocate will greatly miss his counsel and aid. Being one of the first in this place to investigate and embrace the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, his house was for many years, until the death of his wife some five years since, the home of mediums and their friends. It can be truly said of him that he "fought the good fight," neither retreating or compromising,—not even with death. Retiring at night in usual health and spirits, and apparently sinking into a peaceful slumber, the Angel of Deliverance gently kissed his eyelids down and bore his spirit upward through the "Golden Gate" of life's new morning. What a glad reunion of husband, wife and son,—once more all at home!

The burial services were conducted by the Spiritual Association at the hall where their meetings are usually held, and the remarks were made by your humble servant. A large concourse of friends attested the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the community in which he had lived for twenty-six years.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON.

## MENTAL SCIENCE HEALING TEST.

Prof. Swarts and wife, of the Mental Science University, assisted by another able Mind-Healer, have set apart thirty days for the joint treatment of distant patients; any disease whatever. Full particulars and conditions for their undertaking are given in the February number of their *Mental Science Magazine*, published at 161 La Salle street, Chicago. Price, 10c. in stamps. Hundreds will be cured.

All the Mental Science or Mind-Healing works are on sale at above office. A price list will be sent any one for a two-cent stamp; also a pamphlet free—"Human Rights Imperiled"—by A. J. Swarts.

Questions or remarks about disease or treatments will not be answered till after you read and follow exactly the explicit requirements in the February number.

## Letter from J. M. Harper.

DEAR BROTHER OWEN:—I am happy to notice quite a little interest manifested in our little experiment with Fred Evans (here in Colfax), in regard to the sealed slates that you held for us in his presence, and mentioned in the GOLDEN GATE of January 29, 1887.

On seeing the crayon sketch of D. D. Home, in my last GOLDEN GATE, reminds me of a sketch on the slate referred to above. It was the head of some person, but as we did not recognize it, and it not being very artistically executed, we did not mention it before. It may be the controls were just experimenting with the hope of something better in the future, which they have obtained.

In a recent letter on business to Fred Evans, I addressed an envelope to myself, placing a small blank sheet of white paper within, and sealed it well in the usual way, then doubled the two ends back about one-third of an inch and sealed them thoroughly, aiming to inclose the point of a pencil, but forgot to do so; then inclosed the letter referred to and said sealed blank package in another envelope, and addressed to Mr. Evans, requesting him to sit with my blank for a test. He complied with my request, and in answer to my business letter requested me to let him know if I received any thing on my blank. On examination I found my sealed package in every particular the same, apparently, as I had sent it away, and was doubtful of any test (as I had omitted the pencil), but on opening the seal I found the following cheerful message from my dear brother:

MY DEAR BROTHERS, MILTON AND JOHN.—God bless you, my dear boys. With the aid of other kind spirit friends, I am enabled to write these few lines to you as a test of spirit power, and am glad to say that I will manifest for you soon at home. I feel that I can be of some service to you when I can control either of you, and hope the time is not far distant. There are many more loved ones here who join with me in sending love. This from your brother in spirit,  
JAMES HARPER.

Thank you; a very good test, brother. In conclusion, I wish to say it is with sincere pleasure and gratitude that I now embrace this first opportunity of acknowledging the receipt and happy surprise of the welcome presentation of a *fac simile* (on paper), of yourself and estimable companion in the labor of love to humanity. I truly appreciate your kindness, and have encased them both in the handsomest frames that the Colfax market affords, and have adorned my parlor with the same. May the kind guardians of a high order of development and refinement ever hover around, protect and assist you both in your high calling, is the best wishes of your sincere friend.

Yours truly, J. M. HARPER.  
COLFAX, W. T., Feb. 13, 1887.

A young man proposed for the hand of a beautiful girl. As she hesitated about replying, he said: "I await your answer with bated breath." The girl, who is a good deal of a humorist, said: "Well, Mr. Man, you will have to bait your breath with something besides high-wines and Limberger cheese to catch your humble servant! Good-evening."

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Leaflets of Truth; or, Light from the Shadow Land. By M. KARI.	.75
Our Sunday Talks: or, Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought. By J. J. OWEN.	1.00
The Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown, the Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.	1.00
Spiritualists' Directory. By G. W. KATES.	.25
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## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT Metropolitan Temple, by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, Sunday, February 26th. Mrs. E. L. Watson will answer questions at 12 a. m. In the evening at 7:30 she will lecture. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 1 p. m., in Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Good speakers upon all five subjects pertaining to Spiritualism and humanity. A free Spiritual Library, of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 1 to 5 p. m. All are invited.

FREE PUBLIC MIND-CURE MEETINGS ARE held every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 2:30 o'clock p. m., at Grand Pacific Hall, 1045 1/2 Market street. The morning meetings are devoted to questions and answers and healing patients. At 2 o'clock a paper is read, followed by testimonies and closing with a social. These meetings are for the purpose of showing people how they have power in themselves to remove all disease and trouble.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. First hour—Trance and Inspirational Speaking. Second hour—Tests, by the Mediums. Admission, free.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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

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



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

**"Shadows" on Mrs. Ross.**

I want to say something about Mrs. Ross' exposure, who is one of the best materializing mediums I have ever seen. I have said so before and wish to *plus* it after such an attempt as the late one, which has been the sensation for a week past at the "Hub." I do this as much for my own sake as anything else, to sustain my reputation as a close observer, for I have never yet had to go back on my positive statements, and do not in this instance, and do not hereafter expect to.

First, let me relate an experience of dematerialization. I have had a great many such experiences. I have the testimony of others to this fact or I would not dare to report it, for fear some one would say I was not level-headed. Lately an old man rose up from the floor slowly. He always comes to me; sometimes he does it in the middle of the room; this time he was near the curtain, so only the very near ones saw it distinctly. After walking with me, and shaking hands with parties in the circle, and then, retiring back with me, he sunk as he rose, holding my hand till it touched the carpet and he was *non est inventus*. An old man, who was in the circle, said: "I wish I could see a dematerialization." "Did you not see that?" said I. "No," said he, "you stood in the way." The medium said, "Don't sit down, Mr. W." and she called this man up to the cabinet by the side of me and called two or three others up, and we formed a semi-circle around the cabinet opening, expecting to see the curtain part and this old man come out. Instead of that we all saw a hat on the floor at our feet slowly rising up, and a head under it, then a body, and then the rest of the same old form that a few minutes before had vanished, as I have said. We all shook hands with him, and then between me and the old gentleman (who wanted to see a dematerialization) he sunk again, apparently right into the floor, and he was gone, and my empty hand was resting on the carpet. The old gentleman was gratified and said, "I now believe;" and I could give all the names of this semi-circle if needed. I have seen such dematerializations, I think, a hundred times. This old man does it better, however, than any other in my experience. He says, replying to a question, it is quite wearing to a medium to dematerialize in the light, but is not so in the cabinet, the proper place, and where all these forms vanish when their work is over. So you see I have positive knowledge of the fact.

With the above incident for an introduction, let me now speak of Mrs. Ross. A party of fifteen men, believing her to be a fraud, undertook to prove it so. They had four private seances. During the first three they pretended to recognize the forms by saying, "Is it Nancy?" or, "Is it Harry?" and getting an affirmative reply. They "appeared delighted" that their friends should thus come and gladden their hearts, but this was all pretense; they were imaginary names, or living persons, but they wanted the medium to feel that they were satisfied, and they intimidated, also, that they would like to continue the seances beyond the four, when they had no such intention. All this the parties told me when I interviewed them after the "exposure(?)." On the fourth and last seance it was planned that a 9 o'clock the first one that went up to the "form" at the cabinet should grab it and say so. At that instant one of the party was to seize and hold Mrs. Ross. Three were selected to hold securely Mr. Ross, (one of them selected for the purpose was a Mr. Willard, who was employed in some institution to handle crazy people; he is so strong that they say he can lift an ox) one was to strike as many parlor matches as he could, having a box of them in his pocket. All this was done on the instant, and, so far, was a success. Most unfortunately for this astute mercantile party they did not secure any ghosts. They also tell different stories of what they saw and what they did, some of it Falstaffian, but with fifteen disciplined men they carried out their plan, secured Mr. Ross and also Mrs. Ross, but not a "goblin." They tell what they saw, and how they probably got away, but they are not a unit in that; their story is simply laughable and wholly improbable, and later proved so.

I will only relate one item as a sample. One young man, one of the heroes, said the form got away from him, and pulling aside the curtain he saw the "big Indian" standing against the wall with a chair uplifted to hit the hero with, but he "fetched him" with a left-hand blow, and when the form was prostrate on the floor it ended at the knees, and he found his extremities in a hole in the movable mop-board, and that was their mode of egress and ingress. I won't go into the inferences how a "big Indian," with a chair, could be so formidable on his knees, for he could not get them into the outlet when knocked down on the floor; so I will leave that and say if there was a movable mop-board, and any such surreptitious "outlet," we could pleasantly give them the case. But what are the facts? Stating them knocks the bottom out of their truth. I will give them briefly:

Every seance I have attended at the Ross' I have been sure on that point, and I am an expert, having in my life built over forty houses in this city. I am

not a carpenter, but I have had such supervision, and I need not have looked again, I would know that there was no truth in it.

I have had experts with others to test this corner. The mop-board in the curtained corner is seven inches high; the nails are sunken, puttied and invisible, and the whole painted, and there can have been no possible disturbance of that molding since it was painted last Spring. The paper on the wall comes down to the molding and not being nicely trimmed, it laps in spots and is pasted on to the top of the mop-board, or molding, and is as good as a sticking plaster-test.

In the contiguous corner, in the back room, the mop-board is simply a four-inch strip of wood, mortised, which has never been disturbed since the house was built. So if this was not a demonstrable fact, the supposed confederates would have to pass through a four-inch crack. The folding doors slide into a four-inch socket, between the front and back partitions, and that is smoothly sheathed from the top to the very bottom, and besides, on the occasion when Prof. Wallace had his seance with Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. James of Harvard and Dr. Nichols of the *Journal of Chemistry*, and others with him, the sliding doors were open, hence in that socket, and that of itself would have been an impediment, and Prof. Wallace sat in the back room and the corner in his sight all the time. All this proves the statement false.

Besides the foregoing, Mr. Ross has got a certificate from the owner, which will be printed, saying there has been no tampering, or altering, and the house is just as it was, when turned over to them by lease.

A man, a friend of Prof. Wallace, has been there since, with coat off and measuring tools, has inspected it thoroughly, and says (giving them his card), "Send any one to me and I will indorse you on that point."

A man was there Saturday, I think he said at the suggestion of Mrs. Fay, the medium, whose jealousy has been very overt to all other mediums, that he wanted to see the situation. Mrs. Ross was sick. (If you doubt it ask Dr. Flowers or Dr. Pratt.) He was mad, and this dodge he said proved it a fraud. He is from the West. To-day, just one week from the exposure, he came again and saw it, and was so astonished to find it so different from what a "lady" had said, that he felt real badly at his haste in condemning her, and he almost cried at his rough course.

So I might go on. I attended a seance on Wednesday evening, less than twenty-four hours after the row, and it was one of the best seances I ever attended. There were two splendid tests to strangers that were tests indeed, and the "forms," or "confederates," as the exposing party would call them, were fresh and good. There was no rough usage, and from these and other circumstances I consider the exposing affair, and what I have seen since, to be one of the best tests of the truth of this I have ever had. I have had to write this sketch rather hurriedly, but I want it to be believed, and if it is, any one will see it knocks the bottom out of the whole affair. JOHN WETHERBEE.

BOSTON, February, 1886.

**Confirmation.**

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In regard to the account of the materializations at the Continental Hotel in Buffalo in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, I send you a confirmation of the truthfulness and genuineness of the occurrence. My cousin, Mrs. J. N. Hazelbaker, formerly boarded at the Continental, and is well acquainted with the proprietor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Avery. After seeing the account, Mrs. H. wrote to Mrs. Avery asking her about the genuineness of the manifestations, etc. She received a reply confirming the account, and much more; four or five spirit friends and strangers materializing at once, singing and speaking different languages at once, and dematerializing right before their eyes. She also mentioned that the medium is an old friend of their family, and that this power came to her without her seeking, the sittings spoken of being given for the enlightenment and satisfaction of her friends. L. W. EMERSON.

LOUISIANA, Mo., Feb. 12, 1887.

The old anti-slavery pioneers are rapidly passing away. Abby Kelly Foster, aged seventy-six, and Henry B. Stanton, aged eighty-two years, have recently joined the "choir invisible." Mrs. Foster was of Quaker origin, deeply religious and conscientious; she felt that she had a divine call to work for the freedom of the slaves. She possessed undaunted courage, though her meetings were often attacked by the mob, the broken glass from the windows falling about her; but she never wavered or lost hope, and lived to see the last fetter fall from the black man. She has lived in retirement for the past few years, but was still keenly alive to all reforms, taking great interest in woman suffrage, temperance, etc., and at a ripe old age has entered into rest.

HONOR to the true man ever who takes his life in his hands; and at all hazards speaks the word which is given him to utter, whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred.—*Whittier*.

**Language of Precious Stones.**

The quality of turquoise imparts a prosperity in love.

Conjugal felicity was symbolized by the sardonyx, which it was believed to insure. The topaz was thought to promote fidelity and friendship, and to calm internal passions.

The properties of the amethyst are to calm the passions of the body and prevent drunkenness.

The diamond has the mystic symbolism of light and purity, faith and uprightness of character.

The bloodstone was thought by the ancients to impart courage, prudence, fortitude, and stability of character.

Garnet or carbuncle represents constancy of purpose and fidelity to duty. It is pre-eminently the soldier's gem.

The moonstone was the emblem of the merchant prince, and signified well-directed industry and the arts of peace.

The ruby was thought to guard against unfriendliness, and particularly that form so common in antiquity—poisoning.

The sapphire signifies modesty and charity of opinion, and was thought to possess the power of breaking the spells of magic.

The agate of chalcedony represents physical prosperity, and it is the stone of the athlete and physician, and imparts longevity and health.

The emerald symbolizes truth, and was believed to secure good faith and happiness in friendship and home. It was also the appropriate emblem for judge or lawyer.

The German spelling for "beer" is "bier." The English equivalent for "bier" is "coffin." The step from beer to the grave is very short.

A STUDENT of human nature says anything can be sharpened. Put a lead pencil in a woman's hands and see.—*Binghamton Republican*.

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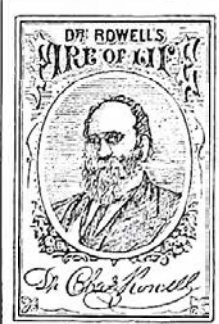
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## Prof. Newman.

[Prof. Francis W. Newman, of London, has been known as a free religious writer of some eminence. He is a brother of Cardinal Newman, an eminent and able Catholic, learned and sincere. The Professor has taken a step toward materialism. M. A. (Oxon) says in Light:]

Having in the maturity of life given to the world some books setting forth his belief in a future life, Prof. F. W. Newman has in his decadence published a pamphlet of recantation. . . . It would be a weary task to take the statements made in these few pages and to point out how many of them may be expected to, how easily most may be refuted, how often mere assumption and assertion passes for argument, how few are the remarks made with care and caution sufficient to entitle them to respect. . . . I may cite the concluding words written "for the convenience of anyone who may assail these pages." "They [the pages] assert that the 'doctrin' of heaven and hell has its source not in Christianity, much less in Judaism, but in a shallow and monstrous Oriental Theosophy. They plead that this 'doctrin' is not only unproved, but unprovable; that the idea of hell or fiery purgatory is wholly pernicious, and that of heaven (variously and on the whole) far from harmless."

But surely all, save some exceptionally belated thinkers, and those who do not think at all, have given up any such crude and materialistic notions as those repudiated by Prof. Newman. Has he not grasped the notion that "the kingdom of heaven is within" us; that heaven and hell are states, not places, and that in those states many human beings live here and now? It would seem too late to set forth such a well-worn truth, were it not that Mr. Newman argues or writes all through his pamphlet as if every Christian must run down this world, its duties, its pleasures, and its opportunities of development, in order to exalt, at its expense, a fancied heaven. "Belief in a future [why not "futur"?] life becomes pernicious, first, if the argument require us to disparage the present life, which is certainly God's work." But it requires us to do nothing of the sort. An intelligent and reasonable belief in a future life leads us rather to seize all means of development in this, seeing that man makes or mars his future by the way in which he uses the present, and that he is, in literal truth, the final arbiter of his own destiny. This truth, once really grasped, will not permit a man to loaf through life as a mere epicurean, any more than it will lead him to disparage this world in contrast with the harps and crowns, the ceaseless adoration and elaborate ritual of an ideal New Jerusalem. The only statement of opinion in the pamphlet that will command general approval is that quoted from a Scotch minister, who defined the right object of life to be for each of us "To leave the world better and bonnier by reason of our having been born into it."

POLITENESS.—Much of the pleasure of life depends on our attention to little politenesses and acts of consideration, and this needs to be often impressed on the children. A gentleman sent some valuable stamps to a little boy, who was very properly taught that this was an act of kindness, which ought to be duly and thankfully recognized. The boy sat down, and wrote a pretty letter of thanks. The gentleman wrote back at once, saying that, though he had sent the stamps under similar circumstances to other boys, he had never happened to find one before who was polite enough to thank him for them. Our ideal of home-life is this, every member acting always toward the other members with the courtesy and grace of Christian ladies and Christian gentlemen.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

HUMAN RESPONSIBILITY.—A girl was taken before the Paris tribunal charged with stealing a blanket. She pleaded that she was under the influence of another person and could not help herself. In prison it was found that she was in a hypnotized condition, and acted readily under the commands of others, doing anything that was told her. She was examined by a commission of Chacrot, Brouardel, and Mollett, who reported that this condition came from the use of morphia, suffering, and hunger; that these suggestions from others, acting on an unstable, nervous organism, greatly deranged her morphia and other causes, rendered her irresponsible for her acts. She was acquitted.

A FRENCH PHYSICIAN contends that groaning and crying are two operations by which nature allays anguish, and that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of feeling. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about anything let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterward.—*American Homeopathist.*

KINDLY OLD LADY.—"What's the matter, little boy?" Little boy (crying bitterly)—"I lost f' cents." Kind old lady (giving him a nickel)—"Well, here is five cents more for you; don't cry. How did

you lose it?" Little boy (feeling better)—"I lost it pitchin' pennies."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## The Power of Mind.

[Sara L. Meercracken in Mental Science Magazine.]

If by measuring the present by the past we can realize the power of mind, great indeed is the glorious future. Compare the achievements of what mind one hundred years ago accomplished to the manifold improvements of to-day and what do we see? A ship from which is being torn the old canvas to give place to new. Theologically, socially and religiously the world moves on, backed by the intelligence of spirit.

That matter is negative force or inert substance all can see when spirit or life withdraws. The tree cut by the hand of the woodman, the flower plucked by the wayside, both say "I am separated from inflowing spirit; I go back into the elements."

Man, the highest epitome of spirit, lives to-day; to-morrow he passes into that which many call the unknown. Yet could all see aright there is no unknowable, naught but what higher light solves, for mind triumphs over all.

Spirit is divine and illimitable when once we realize its omnipotence and seek to develop its God powers, for then we begin to mount truly the golden stairs of progress.

The power of mind reveals to us that all things to be in truth must also be in spirit. Therefore what a world of sorrow might be avoided if men and women could see each other more by the spiritual insight than by the fleshly eyesight, which latter is too often blinded and brings us but sad memories of "what might have been."

Our end and aim should be to round out a better individuality. To be a copy merely is left alone to those who cannot yet see the great *Ultima Thule* of their own souls.

We should be metaphysicians in the sou' sense, casting out all that mars the spirit, either by being projected upon the physical surface, or by finding lodgment within the mind, thereby breeding moral depravity.

How beautiful the dawn which heralds emancipation that all noble souls crave; that freedom from the ignorance which seeks to stultify growth, and stands with drawn sword to bar the way to that angel of light called truth, which only can set us free.

In the glad thought that the spirit can never die, comes to us the revelation of immortality. And while we know what power it hath here, we may also logically conceive of the power it may have when disrobed of mortal clay.

Let us seek then everywhere for that which is wise and good, for perennial fountains of love and divine beneficence are flowing all about us. Let bigotry be laid low, and let emancipated souls soar above petty factions and little quibbles to drink one and all of those waters which dash their diamond spray on this parched and thirsty earth-world where so many of its human children are still in the bonds of superstitious beliefs and in that outer darkness where the gnashing of the teeth can plainly be heard, because the old theological notions of God and a man-made devil are coming down before the onward march of higher and diviner light.

DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WIDOWS.—"Who is your husband madame?" asked a real estate agent in Brooklyn of a woman who sought to hire a flat of him. "I haven't any," she answered, sadly. She was a widow who maintained herself and her young children by sewing.

"Who will be responsible for your rent?"

"I am responsible for it," she said, and by permission gave the name of the husband of one of her customers as reference.

"Unless the gentleman you name will be responsible for the rent," said the agent. "I can't let you have the flat. Our rules won't permit it. I am sorry. If your husband was the most worthless man in the world and you were supporting him he would still be legally responsible, and you would have no trouble, but no agent in the city will let a flat unless some man goes security."—*New York Sun.*

ALL the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended, not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great, white, gathering snowball, higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power. Thus, the science of nations is to be accumulative from father to son; each learning a little more and little more; each receiving all that was known, and adding its own gain. The history and poetry of nations are to be accumulative; each generation treasuring the history and songs of its ancestors, adding its own history and its own songs. And the art of nations is to be accumulative, just as science and history are; the work of living men not superseding, but building itself upon the work of the past; all growing together into one mighty temple; the rough stones and the smooth all finding their place, and rising, day by day, in richer and higher pinnacles to heaven.—*Ruskin.*

## Men Who Live in Trees.

[Buchanan's Journal of Man.]

Dr. Louis Wolf, who made the sensational discovery awhile ago that the Sankuru River afforded a more direct and more easily navigated route to Central Africa than the Congo, made another discovery in the course of the same journey which was quite as remarkable if not so important. On the banks of the Lomami River, far toward the center of the continent, he says he found whole villages that were built in the trees. The natives, partly to protect themselves from the river when in flood, and partly to make it more difficult for their enemies to surprise them, build their huts on the limbs of the trees where the thick foliage almost completely hides the structures from view. The inmates possess almost the agility of monkeys, and they climb up or descend from their little houses with astonishing ease. It is believed they are the only Africans yet known who live in trees.

In Borneo some of the natives are said to live in trees, and Mr. Chalmers, in his book on New Guinea, tells of a number of tree houses that he visited on that island. These huts, which are built near the tops of very high trees, are used for look-out purposes, or as a place of refuge for women and children in case of attack. They are perfect little huts with sloping roofs and platforms in front, to which extends the long ladder, by means of which the natives reach the huts. Mr. Gill describes one of these houses which was used as a residence. He says it was well built, but it rocked uncomfortably in the wind.

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