



Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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## PEN-FLASHES FROM THE PACIFIC COAST.

### THEY COME FROM DOCTOR PEEBLES.

#### Tyndall's Mind-Reading and Clairvoyance Tests.

REV. M. HAWORTH, A REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER—JAMES G. CLARKE, THE SOUL SINGER—TAKING SPIRITUALIST MEDIUMS—SPIRITUALISM AND MEDICAL PRACTICES—PERSECUTION OF THE CHINESE—IMPRISONMENT OF A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER—HUXLEY, THE SCIENTIST.

This is the age of individualism, the age of honest research for truth. The wisest of us are little more than children. At best we are but students in this great, overarching, underlying, infilling, oceanic realm of mind—the substance of substances.

#### LANGUAGE OF THE FUTURE.

In the "incoming future," almost infinitely more than the present, will mind-reading become the language of the intelligent and the highly cultured. Words are but pictures. Sounds are often deceptive. And it is universally admitted that ordinary language often falls in the exact expression of thought.

In its highest aspect it is but a changing, clumsy vehicle for expressing the deeper, diviner ideas of the soul. But as the earth continues its revolutions around the sun; as the races abstain more and more from meat-eating, liquor-drinking, tobacco-using, and wars of conquest; as men in consonance with evolution continue to unfold, becoming more refined, etherealized and spiritualized, will telepathy, mind-reading, become the universal language; and for the reason that those conversing would naturally, and quick as flash-lighting, get the exact mental picture of every idea intended to be conveyed.

Now, language is often used by sophists, politicians, and the unprincipled, to conceal ideas rather than to clearly convey them. The lowest insects and animals are not without language. And the human language of to-day is little better than brute language. It is largely the language of noise through the mouth—the less the brain the more the noise. Balaam's companion was talkative. There is no eloquence like silence. God, the infinite orator; never speaks.

Animals express their emotions in noises. But man belongs to a higher order of creation than the animal. He stands on the apex of earth's organic pyramid. He has a story upon the top of his head, above the animal brain—the coronal and spiritual, and hence ought to know that the real rational instrument of communication is the mind—mind-reading. Angels' talk is the soul-talk of silence. Spirits peering the higher spheres of spirit converse by mind-reading. It is soul-language, heart to heart, and admits of no deception.

#### PROF. TYNDALL, THE PSYCHIC OF PSYCHICS.

Wonders abound. The ancients especially revelled in the marvelous. The medieval ages were aflame with miracles. And the miracles of one age, reproduced in the succeeding, are rationally explained as being a part of and in perfect harmony with nature's immutable laws.

Alexander J. McIvor Tyndall, the world-famed mind-reader, is now in San Diego, Cal., a city on the Pacific with 20,000 population, and of which it is claimed 3,000 are Spiritualists. Tyndall, exhibiting his mind-reading feats to audiences crowding the opera-house, is the son of Dr. Tyndall, Market Harbor, England, and is, I should judge, twenty-five or thirty years of age. He is very tall, straight as an arrow, complexion brunette, forehead not high, but broad, nose pointed and prominent, and a head of thick, bushy, black hair. He would be taken for an eccentric mystic. His face betokens more than ordinary intelligence. As a whole, his features are delicate, and his temperament highly nervous. In a marked degree he is a subject of hypnotic and spiritual influences.

Prof. Tyndall claims that he has had this psychic gift from childhood. As a youth, he was considered eccentric, and mystically strange. He seemed to know things intuitively; but it was not until about the year 1878 that Mr. Tyndall went into the work in earnest. At this time he was stopping with a distinguished physician in London, who, while conversing with young Tyndall upon hypnotism and the occult sciences, inclined or impressed Tyndall to say: "I believe that I can read your thoughts." "Well, we can try it," said the doctor. And this physician, a kindly, thoughtful man, who had recently died, and although a perfect stranger, just made acquainted with this London physician and surgeon, Tyndall described his wife in detail; went to the room; and pointed out the chair in which his wife died. Some peculiar force, some psychic power, impelled him, he said, to do as he did.

From this time, his mission in the aim of the psychic or mediumistic commenced. He was not a Spiritualist

for some time, and I am credibly informed that he has alternately accepted and denied Spiritualism, which is not strange, considering that he is such a sensitive subject in the psychic sphere. He informed me that he honestly believed that his first feats could all be accounted for by hypnotism, or mind-reading in the body. But in the Horton House—our city—and make a memory note of this, while conversing of the note of this, while conversing of the late James Burns, Mr. Fiddler, and London Spiritualists, he frankly declared to me that he was conscious of help from invisible immortal intelligences. He confessed to being clairvoyant at times, and to have fallen into trances—what medical wiseacres denominate catalepsy. That is to say, Biblically expressed, Peter went up on the housetop to pray, and fell into a cataleptic fit.

#### TYNDALL'S BLINDFOLDED CARRIAGE DRIVES.

A number of intelligent citizens, being at the Horton House last Saturday, temporarily organized and appointed a committee to hide a given object in some distant building. They selected a bicycle, padlock, and entering a carriage, drove down the street, around several blocks, up to the postoffice, where, in a dark box, they deposited the article.

In the meantime, Judge Dudley and Mr. Rawson remained with Prof. Tyndall in his room, so there could possibly be no collusion. The hiding party returning and repairing to Tyndall's room, he was carefully blindfolded, led down stairs, and out to the carriage. Entering with the hiding party aboard, Tyndall took the reins, flourished the whip, and the horses were soon on a good gallop, taking the same streets, turning this way and that to avoid collisions—taking the same course of the hiding party. He went direct to the postoffice, and leaping from the carriage, still blindfolded, he went direct to the postoffice box and picked up the spotted key, to the astonishment of the parties in charge of him and the spectators.

Upon another occasion, in Unity hall, I was elected one of twelve, among whom were judges, physicians and clergymen, such as the Rev. Mr. Kip—whom I mercilessly criticised for his wanton and unjust attack upon Spiritualism. On this platform of experiments we shook hands across the "bloody chasm." Blindfolded Prof. Tyndall behind the scenes, different members of the committee concealed things under seats, and in men's pockets, which he invariably found. He even put his sensitive finger over a piano that had been made behind the curtain in the opposite part of the room. He made no blunder during the whole evening. This was followed by hypnotic experiments. I believe that all of the vast audience were convinced of the truth of telepathy, or mind-reading.

Prof. Tyndall formerly professed to believe that he produced these manifestations, and others still more astounding, without the aid of unseen spiritual intelligences. He is now a staunch believer in Spiritualism. He told me personally, in the Horton Hotel, that he had been, through his own clairvoyance and clairaudience, in connection with his controversy with Jules Wallace, converted to Spiritualism.

#### INTENDS TO BE BURIED ALIVE.

The Professor intends visiting India at no distant day for the purpose of being buried alive. He firmly believes that he can go into an unconscious hypnotic state, be buried thirty or forty days and then be resurrected unharmed as have the yogis of India. During the World's Fair in Chicago, he had made preparations to be buried alive; but the mayor of Chicago interfered, and forbade the experiment. During the interview of Prof. Tyndall with Mayor Harrison, Tyndall says that he foretold the assassination of the mayor, and that this fact was published in the Chicago papers at the time. Not wishing to unwisely or uncharitably question the integrity of the Professor, still, in this matter could be certified, of it be better both for Professor Tyndall and the progress of psychic phenomena. In leaving San Diego the Professor went to Los Angeles to give a series of entertainments and psychic phenomena.

#### SPIRITUALISM AND MEDICAL PRACTICE

It is the mission of Spiritualism to not only break the rusty chains of authority, but to individualize and dignify personality. Each should save to himself:

"I am a divine personality. I am a son of God. I am a spark from the infinite fire of the universe. I am no man's slave. My soul is my own. If unbalanced, or out of spiritual harmony and sick, I've an inalienable right to employ any preacher or spiritual adviser that I please. And so, my body is my own. And if out of repair or any way diseased I've an inalienable right to employ a physician of any school, or anybody else that I choose to treat and repair it. There must be no domineering monopoly, no dictatorship in the matter. I have just the same right to employ my doctor that I have to employ my laundryman, my blacksmith or my preacher. I am an American citizen!" So you are, and stand by it—

stand up for your rights—demand them—and you'll get them.

Does one ask: "Should there be no law regulating this business?" Certainly there should be—the law of justice, the law of common sense; that is to say, the allopathic physician should put out his sign, the homeopathic his, the eclectic his, the hydropathic his, the electro-therapeutic his, the mental healer his, the magnetic healer his, and leave the people perfectly free to employ whom they please. This is democracy. The people are the jurors, and they have an inalienable right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and to the employment of their physicians.

#### A DARING ATTEMPT TO TAX MEDIUMS.

The city of San Diego, numbering 20,000, has quite a debt bearing down on its political shoulders, to liquidate which our city fathers propose to fix a tax on saloon-keepers, barbers, drymen, tailors, butchers, garbage-carriers, clairvoyants, trance-speakers, magnetic healers, astrologers, palmistry and all forms of occultism. A committee had been formed to draft an ordinance to present to the city council embodying the aforesaid items of taxation, when the proceedings came the ears of the Spiritualists. We at once arose to the dignity of the occasion, and presented the following preamble, with something toward a thousand names protesting against any such ordinance:

To the Honorable Mayor and Common Council of the City of San Diego:

Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that an ordinance is being considered for passage which, proposes to levy a tax upon spiritual mediums, clairvoyants, trance and inspirational speakers, and magnetic healers, and

Whereas, we believe in the largest liberty of speech and action compatible with just laws, and believing that our liberties as American citizens are based entirely on free speech, free press and free schools, and that our spiritual advisers, teachers and healers should stand upon the same plane with preachers of the gospel, and that these phases of Spiritualism should always be permitted to rest upon the same basis as other religions, and believing that the aforesaid proposed ordinance is an encroachment and an abridgement of the rights and liberties of the American citizen under the Constitution of our country

Therefore, we, the undersigned, several hundred citizens of the city of San Diego, do most earnestly, sincerely and respectfully protest and ask that no such ordinance be passed by your honorable body.

When the ways and means committee met to prepare this ordinance for the council, J. L. York, the free-thinking lecturer, Rev. Mr. Howarth, myself and other prominent citizens met, carrying "war-paint," to prevent any such ordinance being presented to the council for passage. We met this committee twice. We called upon some of the councilmen in their stores and pleaded against the injustice of such abominable persecution. We were successful. The ordinance was squelched in the hands of the committee.

If Spiritualists everywhere had sufficient spinal stiffening to stand for and demand their rights, they would get them. We frankly told some of these councilmen that the passage of such an ordinance, while unjust and un-American, would prove their political defeat, and that Spiritualists should make their principles felt at the ballot-box. Personally, I will not vote for a sectarian bigot, whether Catholic or Protestant. This is not on account of their religion or non-religion, but because they lack honesty, moral integrity and true American manhood.

#### PERSECUTION AND IMPRISONMENT OF A SPIRITUALIST LECTURER.

The Rev. H. E. Howland, of the Pacific coast, for several years a regularly ordained Baptist preacher, upon embracing Spiritualism held a series of largely-attended meetings in Pasadena, Cal. This gentleman being eloquent, enthusiastic and magnetic, aroused a very deep interest upon the subject of Spiritualism. He challenged the orthodox clergy to meet him in discussion. This aroused the ire of fanatics and bigots, one or more of which rudely interrupted the meetings. The leader of this sectarian gang was Mr. Howard. The Rev. Howland reproved him for his outrageous conduct in a religious meeting. He would not desist, but continued to be a disturber of the evening meetings. Accordingly the Rev. Howland had this worthy Mr. Howard arrested for disturbing his religious services. The matter came into court. Howard was found guilty of the offense charged, which so aroused the anger of said Howard that he caused the arrest of Rev. Howland upon the charge of perjury for swearing that a Spiritualist meeting was a religious one. Upon this infamous charge he was convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. And think of it, Spiritualists and Liberalists, a man branded as a felon for swearing that a Spiritualist meeting was a religious meeting. His conviction was a most damnable illustration of what Protestant bigots are doing in this

country, persecuting to the utmost limit of their power.

**SPIRITUALISM A RELIGION.**  
If Spiritualism is anything beyond a mere fact, it is a religion—a rational religion. Religion in some form is universal. It is as natural to man as mechanics or mathematics.

The lowest tribes on earth have forms of faith and religious rites. What I affirm, I know; for I have traveled among these tribes and witnessed their forms of worship and seen their smoking altars. From lowest to highest, religion pertains to all grades of culture, challenging the veneration of wise sages equally with the untutored aborigines. Plato and Jesus of old, as Spiritualists of today, were and are religionists. Again I say: Think of it! Spiritualism imprisoned in the very borderland days of the twentieth century, for swearing that a quiet, orderly Spiritualist meeting was a religious meeting.

#### THE CALIFORNIA CHINESE.

It is unaccountable to me how there can exist in this country so much prejudice against the Chinese. Seeing them, and trading with them daily, I find them industrious, honest and prompt to fulfill their business engagements. They are far less addicted to tobacco and drunkenness than the average of white laborers, and as for the opium habit, as a physician, I am fully persuaded it is becoming quite as universal a practice among our American people as with the Chinese. Often I am called upon to treat the morphine and opium habit. The two most telling charges laid at the door of the Chinese are: First, they are pagans and will not accept the Christianity of orthodox creeds. The theory of hell has no effect upon a Chinaman; and the personality of a devil seems to be beyond their comprehension.

The second grave charge is: They return to China with all their wage earnings. This last charge is principally urged by white laborers in this country, especially those who have come here from European countries. They think it a serious thing that a few thousand dollars, should be carried out of this country by Chinese laborers, but we seldom hear any protest from this class against the diversion of hundreds of millions from the United States by millionaires, and millionaires' daughters, who go off to Europe to build expensive castles, and marry still more expensive profligates who are a disgrace to the royal courts. Of course, Chinamen are inferior to Anglo-Saxon men. But, nevertheless, Chinamen and Bohemians, Catholics and Protestants are our brothers all. I see good in them all and I will strive so far as possible in me that they have the rights which the Constitution of our forefathers guarantees.

#### BUILDING FOR HEALTH.

It is an old and trite saying that "God made the country, and man made the city," and every observing traveler is convinced of the truth of the same. Cities as such are not desirable but if they must be, as centers of commercial power, their location should be a prime factor. In the ancient cities of the Orient the purpose seems to have been to build for protection from public and private enemies. Hence they built upon towering eminences, the mountains and the adjoining sides of mountains serving as fortifications. This may have been necessary in those childhood ages; but while honoring the past it should be no inflexible criterion for the present. While cities should be located and built for commercial purposes, there should be especial reference to their sanitary advantages. No city can be built and stand upon a level surface without fostering cesspools of filth, breeding the germs of disease and death.

Cities have been compared to boils and warts and weans upon the body politic. Cities thus built lack the facilities of suitable drainage. They are hotbeds of many diseases, and these are intensified by the excitement and the in-harmony of mental vibrations. Quite as many diseases originate and probably more, in mental and spiritual disturbances, than in the physical. Never a corpse is sick. A corpse cannot experience pain. The paralyzed limb does not ache. Pain cannot be cognized where there is no spirit principle, nor nervous vitality. Hence mental treatment as well as medicinal has its place in the broad realm of materia medica. While I have 175 patients to whom I administer medicines, I have twice that number that I treat psychically, all of which is in harmony with the law of medicinal adaptation to the diversity of organizations.

#### BISHOP WHIPPLE AND THE INDIANS.

Never shall I forget the short, terse speech, when at Cheyenne many years ago, acting with the Congressional Indian Peace Committee. Among the appointees were Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sheridan, Col. Tappan and others. We were adjudicating the differences between the whites and Indians, and while Gen. Sheridan was criticizing, cross-questioning and doubting the testimony of a Sioux chief, Gen. Harney slowly arose, and with dignity incomparable, said:

"In behalf of my Government, I have been for long years an Indian fighter. I fought Blackhawk in the North and Osceola in the South. I bought of and sold to them; I camped with them; and completed them; and I say it deliberately, that I never knew an Indian chief when sober, to tell a lie nor to be the first to break a treaty with our Government."

In perfect consonance with the aforesaid, Bishop Whipple, of Dakota, recently said to a reporter: "The Indian is proverbially honest, unless he is de-

moralized by drink. In thirty-six years' experience with the Indians, I never knew one to tell me a lie, and I never had a thing stolen by one. I asked an Indian once if it was safe to leave my property in my wigwam while I made a distant journey. He laughed and said: 'Quite safe. There isn't a white man within one hundred miles of you.'"

And yet there are Spiritualists who insist that Indians are barbarians, spent forces, feeble survivors and doomed to go with the buffalo and the bison. Had Americans generally followed the inspirations and practice of the noble William Penn, the history of the relation between whites and Indians would have ultimately in a far different outcome—an outcome infinitely more complimentary to our boasted civilization. Darwin's law of "survival of the fittest" is the law of brute force, which has no fitting application above the animal plane. On the human plane it is not the noble, wise and self-sacrificing who score successes in the domain of material acquisition. Corbett and John L. Sullivan are far better fitted to survive under the conditions embraced in Darwin's law, than such regal-souled men as Emerson and Bronson Alcott, or such regal-souled women as Lucretia Mott and Margaret Fuller.

John Randolph, the Virginia orator, was proud of the Indian blood that flowed in his veins. All are the offspring of God. The Indians are our brothers, capable of civilization and a good degree of culture. The "survival-of-the-fittest" theory, as applied to rational and moral beings, must go. It may be incisively summed up thus: Unphilosophical, unscientific, unspiritual and beligerently brutish.

#### INFLUENCES OF EVIL SPIRITS.

Are dictionaries of any use in defining the meaning of words? Climatically speaking, is there heat and cold? Morally speaking, is there good and evil? Is it just as lovely and spiritual to commit murder as to save life? Is it just as honorable to rob a widow as to clothe her orphan children? Is there really any evil in the universe? There is a class of Pookianian, pseudo-philosophers loose in the world, sputtering out bits of Spiritualism, and contending that, though there is no evil, so-called, it is understood as good; that rape is undeveloped virtue; that drunkenness is undeveloped temperance, and that everything is lovely. There is no evil in this world, and no evil spirits in the Spirit-world. Such breathless philosophy is the synonym of semi-idioty. There is envy, hate, revenge, deception, lying, robbery, hypocrisy, persecution, assassination and murder, all around us. If dictionaries have any use, these vices are positive evils, and people positively committing them are criminal in the very act. Now, then, are these spirits in the Spirit-world not evil spirits? If not, what has purified them? What has instantaneously made them good? Does a man by removing his overcoat become a different man? Is there anything sanctifying and saving in graves and coffins? Will not every enlightened Spiritualist admit that every person entering the Spirit-world begins life there intellectually, morally and spiritually in the same condition as left this? If so, are there not evil spirits over there?

Let me further illustrate: One of our San Diego dailies gives the history of the Mexican, Ysidoro Cordero, who has been a criminal and an outlaw since 1862. He came to his end a few days since, from a bullet through his heart while attempting to shoot an officer of the law. This man was guilty of selling liquor to the Indians, guilty of burglary and of ruining innocent girls. He boasted of shooting down eight persons, the last being Genio Lasador. He had spent two terms in penitentiaries, and when surrounded by the sheriff and other officers of the law, his last act, his last thought was the malicious effort to murder the sheriff. His body now lies buried on the woody slopes of the Mesa Grande, and his spirit is in the Spirit-world. Now, answer me squarely: Is he a good or an evil spirit? No wriggling, no pettifogging twistification. If you say he is a good spirit, tell me how he became a good spirit. You cannot. You know better. And, further, can this spirit communicate with mortals? He was naturally endowed with great energy and a most positive will, and therefore strikingly adapted to influence, control or entrance sensitive beings. Can he not do it? And if not, why not? But the fact is, he has controlled mediums, two at least, and unmistakably demonstrated his identity. An independent clairvoyant saw him in the very act of exercising his hypnotic control over one of these mediums. He manifested the same ugly, spiteful, malicious spirit that he had while in the body. He so completely unstrung the nervous system, that she was ill for over a week. He declares, in the most positive terms, that he will have revenge upon the officers that sought his arrest.

Now, I ask candidly, is not this an evil—an evil-disposed or wicked spirit? The testimony of the ages, the testimony of the most-enlightened and cultured Spiritualists; the testimony of mediums, with scarcely an exception—all reply in the affirmative. The physician and surgeon, having thoroughly probed an ulcer, will the better know how to cleanse and cure.

#### JAMES G. CLARK AND THE SAN-DIEGO SPIRITUALISTS.

It was only last week that this regal-souled reformer and silver-haired singer of his own inspired songs, was a guest—al too briefly—at my health home here in San Diego. He is growing old as slowly as gracefully, and heaven grant that he may live a full

century before he passes up on to "The Evergreen Mountains of Life."

As I always felt cleaner and calmer by sitting upon the anti-slavery or temperance platform with the sainted Lucretia Mott, so I always feel better, happier and more spiritual after clasping the hand and listening to the sweet-souled music of that friend of humanity, James G. Clark.

He sang for the Spiritualists' society one week ago last Sunday, and subsequently for the labor party meetings and other reform clubs. Poets who have sung in tenderest strains, the music of whose voices have stirred the world to higher harmonies, have been poets of the people, poets of reform, poets of health and divine order. What could be more beautiful than these lines of this soul poet:

"Our arms are weak, but we would not fling  
To our feet this burden of ours.  
The winds of spring to the valleys sing,  
And the turf replies with flowers."

"And thus we learn, on our wintry way,  
How a mightier arm controls,  
That the breath of God on our lives will play  
Till our bodies bloom to souls."

#### REV. HAWORTH, THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN PREACHER.

This gentleman, for twenty-five years a Presbyterian preacher in good standing, but now a Spiritualist, is speaking for the San Diego Society of Spiritualists, with most marked success. The hall is crowded Sunday evenings, even out to the streets. He is now on his second month's engagement. There was never a breath against this preacher's reputation or character while pastor of orthodox churches. But in harmony with the great law of evolution, he outgrew the horrible and abominable dogmas of election and reprobation, and other damnable doctrines that have cursed the world. "Fraise the Lord, praise the Lord!" that he was snatched as a brand from the eternal burning—he was born of the mire and clay and placed on the Rock of Ages, the scales fell from his long-plunged, Presbyterian eyes, a new song was put into his mouth, even the song of salvation. Surely, there was joy in heaven when such a theological, Presbyterian sinner, repented of his evil preaching, and turned to the Lord of Hosts, to say, to the acknowledgment of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the ministry of spirits.

#### UNIVERSALISM AND ITS BIGOTS.

Tender are my tones, and encouraging my voice, when I speak of the reform workers of this century. Universalism, a hundred, seventy-five and fifty years ago, was a needed antidote to that hydra-headed monster—Calvinism. It helped to crush, kill and bury it beyond resurrection. John Murray, its first propagator in America, was a Spiritualist medium. And Universalism, beginning in the Spirit, ended in the flesh—the fleshiness of a creed. I have been in touch with this denomination for some thirty years, and it had and still has within its folds some of the most generous and broad-minded souls on earth. This is especially true of its women-preachers. On the other hand, some of its dullest preachers are nothing more than filthy fossils, theological petrifications and sectarian ossifications, who carry the Winchester creed in one hand and a little pocket-hell, to burn liberals in, in the other. Hence, the Rev. J. H. Palmer, the Universalist State Secretary of Iowa, says:

"As to the gentlemen whose names are on the programme, but who are not members of our convention, neither excuse nor explanation is needed. They are there because of their peculiar fitness for the work assigned them. If the Universalist Church cannot stop its puttering drivel about the good time they are going to have when we all get to heaven, long enough to pay a little attention to God's poor and oppressed who need no doctor, then they are already consigned to, then it is time that it was dead, and even the dishonorable memory of it forgotten. You do not seem to like the word 'liberal,' and to intimate that we would thrive best on a diet of pure sectarianism, for I do not suppose that you would like to be held as 'liberal.' But the word liberal is with us, and for the highest and holiest uses."

This Universalist preacher further adds: "I have no time to quarrel over what a man believes. I do not care enough to turn my hand over, whether he is gnostic or agnostic, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Baptist or Buddhist, and certainly I don't care whether he is Universalist or Partialist, only so that he is aflame with love, and is earnest in fighting the common foes of greed, oppression and unbrotherly bigotry."

The Rev. James Billings, a most able and devoted Universalist preacher, writes me thus, under date of October 10: "So we will call Christianity, Universalism and Spiritualism, as you present it, our trinity. What do you say?"

I say, amen. Brother Billings, Christianity, stripped of its bigotry and piousness narrowness, and Spiritualism stripped of its frauds and dreamy superstitions, these are in perfect accordance with the great work of spiritual enlightenment and usefulness unaccompanied by any prefix of Reverend.

#### THE TENDENCY OF THE TIMES IS TOWARD A UNION OF ALL LIBERAL FORCES.

A beautiful faith—that and nothing more. But the apostle Paul, in one of his epistles, said: "Add to your faith... knowledge." Spiritualism gives us positive knowledge, with much of the geography and topography of that life immortal. In San Diego, the pastor of

the Universalist church is the Rev. Amanda Dale, a woman universally esteemed, engaging in all the reforms of the age, and endowed with a soul all afire with liberalism. She is beloved in life by Universalists and Spiritualists, and yet, in this glorious Southern California, there are two or three old foggy Universalist preachers that have outlived their usefulness. Bonbonlike, they never learn anything new. They are jealous of the women preachers in the denomination. They fatten on the reported filth of the past. Their memories cling to the dissipated stonches of forty or fifty years ago. They are examples of theological dry rot. They can best benefit the world by getting out of it. I shall get a tight "clinch" on these old pharisees some of these summer days, and they will then feel to call upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon them, to hide them from the "wrath of the Lamb." I believe in working with God, who exercises justice and judgment in the earth, according to the Scriptures, and from the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is because I modestly love these old bigots that I chastise them.

#### HUXLEY AND BROTHERHOOD.

The departure of that great English scientist, Prof. Huxley, leaves a vacuum in the world of scientific thought, hard to fill. Though an agnostic, and author of the very word agnostic, he was a man of deep religious feeling, in the broad sense of that word, and a critic, in referring to this, says:

"If the term 'religious' be limited to acceptance of the formulations of one of the current creeds of the world, it cannot be applied to Huxley, but no one could be intimate with him without feeling that he possessed a deep reverence for 'whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' and an abhorrence of all that is the reverse of these, and that, though he found difficulty in expressing his definite words, he had a pervading sense of adoration of the infinite, very much akin to the highest religion."

He would never patronize, and critically investigate Spiritualism, as did Verley, Crookes, and other brainy Englishmen. This was his mistake. He sees it now, and has doubtless become a convert to Spiritualism.

Speaking of Huxley reminds me of the following:

"A well-known popular preacher of the Scotch Presbyterian church, who had made himself famous by predictions of the speedy coming of the end of the world, was up, in the Athenaeum, for election. As the dean came straight toward him from the ballot-boxes, Huxley asked him if he had been voting for C—? 'Yes, indeed I have,' replied the dean."

"Oh, I thought the priests were always opposed to the prophets," said Huxley.

"Ah," replied the dean, with that well-known twinkle in his eye, and the sweetest of smiles, "but you see I do not believe in his prophecies, and some people say I am not much of a priest."

It is ennobling to human nature to reflect that nearly all the religious denominations, though bitterly criticizing Huxley while living, now speak tenderly and kindly of him since his passage across the crystal river. They admit him to have been an honest, conscientious man, and are in nowise stunted in their praises of him. But why did they not say these good things of and about him before he died?

"If you have a friend worth loving, Love him. Yes, and let him know that you love him, ere life's evening Tinge his brow with sunset glow."

Why should good words never be said Of a friend—till he is dead?

Why not reverse the words of Shakespear, and say: "The good men do lives after them, the evil is often interred with their bones." Should it not be intention to God's poor and oppressed who need no doctor, then they are already consigned to, then it is time that it was dead, and even the dishonorable memory of it forgotten. You do not seem to like the word 'liberal,' and to intimate that we would thrive best on a diet of pure sectarianism, for I do not suppose that you would like to be held as 'liberal.' But the word liberal is with us, and for the highest and holiest uses."

This Universalist preacher further adds: "I have no time to quarrel over what a man believes. I do not care enough to turn my hand over, whether he is gnostic or agnostic, Trinitarian or Unitarian, Baptist or Buddhist, and certainly I don't care whether he is Universalist or Partialist, only so that he is aflame with love, and is earnest in fighting the common foes of greed, oppression and unbrotherly bigotry."

The Rev. James Billings, a most able and devoted Universalist preacher, writes me thus, under date of October 10: "So we will call Christianity, Universalism and Spiritualism, as you present it, our trinity. What do you say?"

I say, amen. Brother Billings, Christianity, stripped of its bigotry and piousness narrowness, and Spiritualism stripped of its frauds and dreamy superstitions, these are in perfect accordance with the great work of spiritual enlightenment and usefulness unaccompanied by any prefix of Reverend.

Scandal is the dread of fools and the contempt of the wise.—Clulow.

Fashion is, for the most part, not in but the ostentation of riches.—Locke.

#### AN EPIDEMIC.

Emanating from a Peculiar Source

TO THE EDITOR: The writer has observed with some apprehension the epidemic which is so prevalent among the speakers on the Spiritual rostrum, as manifest in the prefix of "Reverend" to their names.

It is noticeable, however, that the old veterans and influential workers who have from a quarter to a third of a century been the leaders of the thought guard in lifting the thoughts of the world into broader and nobler knowledge, aspiration and life, and who now stand as the conspicuous representatives of this renovating work, are unaffected by this epidemic, and continue to carry forward the great work of spiritual enlightenment and usefulness unaccompanied by any prefix of Reverend.

E. SPRAGUE.



MISS FRANCES WILLARD

She is a Devout Christian, But Does Good.

HER ADVANCED VIEWS WILL STRIKE A RESPONSIVE CHORD EVERYWHERE—BEING IN FAVOR OF THE BICYCLE, WITH NO OBJECTIONS TO RIDING IT ON SUNDAY, SHE HAS SCORED A POINT TOWARDS GETTING INTO THE SPIRITUALIST HEAVEN.

TO THE EDITOR:—I should like to call the attention of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to portions of the very interesting address of Miss Frances Willard at the recent W. C. T. U. Convention in Baltimore.

She proposes to take hold on living issues that are pressing to the front in every condition of life, and in all phases and conditions of society.

I quote the salient points from the Chicago Record of October 19:

BALTIMORE, Md.—The twenty-second annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union began here to-day. The morning prayer-meeting was held by Miss Elizabeth W. Greenwood, national evangelistic superintendent. The delegates to the convention took seats by States in Music hall. The stage was festooned with evergreen and the national flag was everywhere displayed. One of the features was an Indian dinner made by the women of the Indian territory out of furs and skins. All about the balconies were suspended the banners of the various States.

At 10 o'clock Miss Frances E. Willard called the convention to order.

ADDRESS OF MISS WILLARD. Miss Willard then read her annual address, which was in part as follows: "Civilization is but Christianity effect on the brain and hands of the race; science and invention are its twin daughters, and both lend the totality of their influence against the practice of stimulation. All of the States and Territories except two (Georgia and Arkansas) now require the teaching of the laws of health to all school children, beginning with the youngest. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt heads this movement as the representative of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Four times a year the Sunday-school lesson explicitly teaches total abstinence. This is another point gained by white-ribboners, who worked ten years for it."

GOOD INFLUENCE OF THE BICYCLE. "In the widening field of athletics all stimulation is discounted. The bicycle is the most influential temperance reformer of the time, and milk is the favorite beverage of those who ride to win. Men who drink take less, and more men do not drink at all than in any previous year. This is the testimony of railway managers, life insurance agents, police captains and the general public. Steam and electricity have put level heads at a premium, and the trend of invention lies parallel with the white path of personal purity in all the habits of life. Legislation follows on after individual progress. The Canadian parliament this year declared by an overwhelming majority in favor of prohibition; in South Australia and Utah women have been admitted to the full rights of citizens."

UNION OF REFORM FORCES.

"A union of reform forces is contemplated, and the leaders have agreed to the following basis, which is commended to the good will of all white-ribbon women:

"1. Direct legislation; the initiative and referendum in national, State and local matters; the imperative mandate and proportional representation.

"2. When any branch of legitimate business becomes a monopoly in the hands of a few against the interests of the many that industry should be taken possession of, on just terms, by the municipality, the State or the nation, and administered by the people.

"3. The election of a President and Vice-President and of United States senators by direct vote of the people, and also of all civil officers, so far as practicable.

"4. Equal suffrage without distinction of sex.

"5. As the land is the rightful heritage of the people, no tenure should hold without use and occupancy.

"6. Prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes, and government control of the sale for medicinal, scientific and mechanical uses.

"7. All money—paper, gold and silver—should be issued by the national government only and made legal tender for all payments, public or private, on future contracts, and in amounts adequate to the demands of business."

FAVORS THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

"The labor movement is the natural ally of the white-ribboners. The 'working-class' are the only true aristocrats. The time is not distant when those who do not work will be drummed out of the camp and stung out of the hive, and will learn by what they suffer that it is a law of God written in our members that 'He who will not work, neither shall he eat.' We are confronted by a vegetating aristocracy on one hand, and an agitating democracy on the other, and if the Federation of Labor and the Trades Unions will, through their executive members, decree that strong drink shall be left to the lot of those who will not work, they will have become the arbiters of destiny."

"The records as given to the world by the labor leaders of England show that the license system was devised in the interest of aristocracy, who wished to keep the people down and knew that they could do so if they were only sordid with drink."

"Intemperance in our great cities pushes people into the tenement houses, and the misery and filth of the tenement houses push them into the saloons. We can no longer ignore the fact that, as the scripture saith, 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.' White-ribbon women must be sworn foes of monopoly, of landlordism and every other form of class legislation. For one, I believe that the land belongs to the people, and that while the farmer's domain should not be interfered with, since he turned it to beneficial use, a propaganda of education should be devised whereby the single tax and the issue of all money by the government itself should become two of the central planks in the platform of the party of the future."

WOULD CHANGE THE NAME.

Miss Willard holds to the idea she has advocated so long—viz., that the Prohibition party should change its name to Home Protection party. She says that

THE CHIEF'S CURSE.

How Was It Executed?

By an Occult Law, or by Dead Indians.

A Legend of the White Mountains.

About six miles southwest of the village of Conway, stands Mount Chocoma, whose bald top, rears itself to a height of three thousand feet, with an almost perpendicular cliff upon its eastern side.

The writer paid a visit to this mountain a few days ago, and he there learned of a transaction many years ago which seems to border on the occult, if true.

As to the truth of the story, all he can say is, that it was vouched for by several very respectable citizens of that locality.

It seems that an aged Indian chief named Chocoma once made this mountain his headquarters, and his tribe occupied the beautiful valleys around and about, hunting in the evergreen forests of pine and hemlock hills, and fishing in beautiful Silver Lake, and the Chocoma ponds. The township about the mountain bears the old chief's name, and a large rock weighing some fifty tons, near Silver Lake, which has a peculiar form, is called "Chocoma's Chair." All this indicates that this chief and his tribe once pervaded the neighborhood pretty thoroughly.

In fact, after the whites began to settle in the region, they seem to have found this thorough pervasion rather inconvenient, and in consequence linked upon several occasions that they really admired dead Indians more than they did live ones.

These hints grew so pressing as time went on, and the natives hung so tenaciously to their beautiful hunting grounds, that many conflicts resulted, which finally reduced the tribe to one large yellow dog and the aforesaid chief.

These two remnants of a lost tribe, retreated to the "last ditch," but to the extreme pinnacle of mount Chocoma, where they turned upon the whites and stood at bay. The grand old chief had thrown away his knife, tomahawk, gun, ammunition and all other implements, while the whites, on the other hand, so he had nothing to defend himself with but his tongue. He seems to have used that weapon to good advantage though, for, while his white hair streamed in the wind, and his dog howled in mournful cadence, the old chief faced the constable of Chocoma township, and his crew of deputies, and pronounced a terrible withering curse on the entire township.

"By the Great Eternal Man-i-to!" or by the great something-or-other, he swore, that from that time on, their cattle, sheep and horses, in that particular township, should be blighted, stunted and lead, generally, unhappy lives, until further orders.

The writer could not get the exact words of the curse, and unfortunately all those who heard it have been dead forty or fifty years, so we must depend more or less upon hypothesis.

Well, after the curse was pronounced, the old chief turned suddenly, before the constable could even serve a writ of ejectment upon him, and hurled himself off the rock into blue, ethereal space, followed by his devoted dog.

The writer and two other gentlemen made a trigonometrical measurement of the distance the chief must have jumped, and we found it to be about nine hundred and seventy-six feet. The legend does not state that it killed him, but we infer that it did.

All this is but simple history—but now comes the sequel, which concerns people of to-day: The constable and his neighbors laughed at the curse, and cared no more for it than for a transit of Venus, until they began to notice that their live-stock was actually going away, and growing poor. The constable's best cow, which had been giving a good amount of milk night and morning, soon dwindled down to a pint per day.

The sheep not only grew poor and scrawny, but they scratched the wool off their backs on the blackberry bushes, and therefore presented a generally disreputable appearance.

Other farmers noticed a like condition all around the mountain, and from that time on until now the live-stock in that locality has been about seventy-two per cent. below par. Many attempts have been made by scientific men to solve the mystery, but so far all attempts to do so have failed. State Assayer, J. Q. Kingsford believed that some poison weed had been planted in the vicinity by the Indians; but a careful examination by botanists of reputed failed to find a single specimen, except the usual vegetation of all that region.

Some suggested that the water was contaminated, but it was found that the stock drank from a variety of ponds, lakes, creeks, rivers and springs, which fact rendered that hypothesis inadmissible. In short, as no physical cause can be discovered, it would seem that the chief did really put a "hoodoo" upon the animals.

Granting this, how are we to account for it, or rather, how was the curse executed? Some think he had sold himself to his royal highness, Satan. Of course, those who do not believe in his majesty take no stock in that theory. Some think that the entire band of Indians which were wiped out, and perhaps their forefathers for two or three generations, are all engaged in Spirit-life in the occupation of carrying out the terms and covenants of the chief's curse. If this is the case, they certainly show a zeal which would be highly commendable in some better cause.

On the other hand, if this theory is adopted, how are we to account for the effects observed, through the exercise of any known power of disembodied intelligences? By what mode of procedure could the spirits of those Indians produce the effect of keeping all the stock in a given locality as poor as snails? All these questions are hard to answer, and the writer confesses that the whole thing smokes strongly of witchcraft, or southern hoodoo magic of a crude variety.

They say, here in New England, that the departed pirates who formerly served under Captain Kidd, now serve as a spirit, or ghostly guard, to the buried treasure which that renegade and gentlemanly privateer was in the habit of secreting all along the shore, instead of investing it in Chicago gas stock, or

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ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn.

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT A MEETING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SAN JOSE SPIRITUALIST UNION.

There was a large attendance on the evening of October 20, at San Jose, Cal., to listen to the lecture given by Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, of Boston, under the auspices of the San Jose Spiritualist Union. A series of lectures is being given by this gifted expounder of Spiritualistic thought during October and November at the meeting place of the Union, at Native Sons' Hall. Each lecture is delivered inspirationally, upon subjects handed up to the platform. The speaker delivered the lecture in a very fluent and pleasing manner, and her wit and eloquence brought forth frequent applause from the appreciative audience. The main subjects of the discourse last evening were: "Am I my brother's keeper?" and "What good has Spiritualism done?"

The speaker in opening her lecture said her great effort was to remove the idea of the supernatural from spiritual manifestations, and demonstrate and place them upon a natural and scientific basis, so that spirit messages will be as natural and as easily accounted for as messages that are received from earthly friends over telephone and telegraph wires.

"The question, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is often resorted to by men and women in high and low places in order to avoid the performance of a duty," said she. "We are responsible for our brothers and children and the children that come after us for many generations. Ralph Waldo Emerson was once asked the question: 'when a child's education should begin?' He replied that it should begin on one hundred years before the child is born. Our acts affect generations to come, just as we do today enjoy liberty through the efforts in that direction of the Pilgrim Fathers. There is a saying that it will be all the same one hundred years from now no matter what we do, but results of incidents in the world's history prove this is not so."

"Every man is his brother's keeper. We have learned in Spiritualism that a mother's place is not heaven and it would not be heaven for her if her children were not there, and no hell would be so deep or so hot that she would not go there if her dear ones were in that place. There is goodness in every human heart, and in every grandeur in every human soul, no matter how degraded they may become, and the teaching that we are vile worms of the dust is a lie."

"There is a parable related in the Bible that for the sake of humanity I wish could be stricken from its pages. Lazarus, who was the first to be raised from the dead, is said to have been a human soul, that of the rich man in fiery torment, calling for the boon of a drop of water. The cry of agony was unheeded. What one of you in this life, if you saw your worst enemy in peril in a burning building, would not rush to his aid and gladly save him? A man who would do so I would consider an inhuman brute. The picture of a man in a terrible suffering, pleading in vain for a drop of water to relieve his pain and torment, is one from which we learn in horror. Spiritualism is uniting the present life to the future existence on a rational, and what may be called a more humanitarian plane. It is modifying our laws to our sensibilities toward each other, and in time will bring about justice for every human soul."

"The Catholic Church recognizes Spiritualism by what it terms the communion of the priests with saints. In two particulars the Catholic Church is superior to the Protestant. The Catholics give much credit to the mother of Jesus, but the Protestants leave her severely alone. When Protestants get a man who does more for them than they do in their own opinion, gone forever, but the Catholics are more humane than that. They give a man's relatives a chance to get him out of a very hot place, if they will only pay the priests enough for the job."

"All these things teach us," said the speaker, "that we must get a divorce from the old creeds and churches. Then husbands may have less love for their wives, but at the same time they will have more love for their wives, and women may have less love for the Bible but more love for their husbands. Then there will be less churches and more schoolhouses in the land."

Spiritualist Meetings in Chicago. The First Spiritual Church, Schiller Theater. Mrs. Cora L. M. Richmond, pastor. Services at 10:45 a. m.

People's Home Spiritualist Association, Bricklayers' Hall, 93 South Peoria street. Services at 8 and 7:45 p. m.

The Christian Society, Custer Post Hall, 85 South Sangamon street. Services at 8:30 and 7:30, by Miss Thomas.

Church of the Spirit, Masonic Temple, 615 North Clark street. Services, 2:45. Mediums' meeting, 7:45 p. m. Dr. Willis Edwards, pastor.

The Union, Nathan Hall, corner of Milwaukee and Western avenues, at 7:30 p. m.

Sigler's Hall, 526 Sixty-third street, Englewood, over the postoffice. Services 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Mary A. Jeffery, pastor.

The Progressive Spiritual Church, 3129 Forest avenue. Rev. G. V. Cordingley, pastor. Services at 8 and 7:30 p. m. children's lyceum at 2 p. m.

The Endeavor Society at the residence of Mrs. Sarah E. Brown, 11 South Hoyne avenue, near Lake street, at 7:30 p. m.

The First Society of Unity, Irwin Hall, corner of West Madison and South Paulina streets; entrance 101 South Paulina street. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Mary C. Lyman, pastor.

The German Society, Gartelman's Hall, corner Thirteenth street and Ashland avenue, at 7:30 p. m. Dr. Mary Gebauer, Cincinnati, pastor; assisted by Rev. Gustav Gebauer.

The First Spiritual Society of the South Side, Unity Hall, 77 Thirty-first street. Services at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Ada Foye, pastor.

The Spiritualist Church of the Students of Nature meet Sunday evenings at 514 Armitage avenue, and the Band of Mercy Wednesday evenings at the same place. Mrs. M. Summers, pastor, medium, etc.

Duty and to-day are ours.—Greeley.

Nervous

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having

Pure Blood

Because the health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet natural sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema or Salt Rheum, and all other blood diseases.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

GLEANNINGS FROM THE ROSTRUM.

BY A. B. FRENCH.

This work is one that every one should read. It is a collection of the best of the thought, practice and philosophy of the great men of the world in every century. The work is dedicated to the author's favorite sister, Sarah French French, who has been a student of the author's life.

CONTENTS: Dedication. Sketch of the Life of A. B. French. William Denton. Legends of the Buddha. Mohammed, or the Faith and Wars of Islam. Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. Conflicts of Life. The Power and Permanency of Ideas. The Unknown. Probability of a Future Life. Anniversary Address. The Egotism of Our Age. What is Truth? Decoration Address.

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AN INVALUABLE WORK.

IMMORTALITY, OR FUTURE HOMES. A Dwelling Place. By Dr. J. M. Peebles. This admirable work contains what a hundred spiritualists could not say in a hundred volumes. It is a complete and accurate delineation of the life in the spirit-world—it is the constant aspect of thoughtful minds.

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## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Published every Saturday at No. 40 Loomis Street.

J. R. Francis, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at Chicago Postoffice as Second-class matter.

## Terms of Subscription.

The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice, at the following terms, invariably in advance:

One year (12 copies to the one getting up the club)	\$1.00
Three months (4 copies to the one getting up the club)	.75
Single copy	.05

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on Chicago or New York. If sent from 10 to 15 cents to get drafts cashed on local banks, so don't send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Direct all letters to J. R. Francis, No. 40 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.

## CLUBS! IMPORTANT SUGGESTION!

As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, we would suggest to those who receive a sample copy, to solicit several others to unite with them, and thus be able to remit from \$1 to \$5, or more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the field of our labor of usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscription—solicit others to aid in the good work. You will experience no difficulty whatever in inducing Spiritualists to subscribe for The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, for not one of them can afford to be without the valuable information imparted therein each week, and at the price of only about two cents per week.

## A Bountiful Harvest for 25 Cents

Do you want a more bountiful harvest than we can give you for 25 cents? Just pause and think for a moment what an intellectual feast that small investment will furnish you. The subscription price of The PROGRESSIVE THINKER for thirteen weeks is only twenty-five cents. For that amount you obtain one hundred and four pages of solid, substantial, soul-elevating and mind-refreshing reading matter, equivalent to a medium-sized book!

## Take Notice.

At expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for arrears.

If you do not receive your paper promptly, write to us, and error in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is then sent, or the change cannot be made.

SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1895.

## PERSECUTION

## Of Mediums in Philadelphia.

TO THE EDITOR:—As chairman of the finance committee of Mediums' Defense Fund, I hereby report. The grand jury found true bills against the mediums arrested and some of them have had summons to appear for trial.

We have engaged good counsel and are determined to push matters to a final issue, and find out whether the officials of the law can go into our homes and arrest mediums, when they have committed no crime. The time has come when we must stand by genuine mediumship, or cease to call ourselves Spiritualists.

We appeal to all to send us contributions to help defray expenses, and especially should Pennsylvania respond liberally to this call. Full particulars of the case will be published later. A committee consisting of fifteen members, representing the societies here, has been chosen to take charge of the matter. Let a generous response prove your sympathy to these mediums in their hour of trial, and by your subscription protest against their illegal arrest.

All correspondence should be addressed to:

M. E. CADWALLADER,  
P. O. Box, 446, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Spiritualist should respond at once to this call made above.

## A WORTHY OBJECT

## For Spiritualists to Assist.

TO THE EDITOR:—The employees of last summer's Chicago Campmeeting have decided to give a "Musical and Literary Entertainment," to conclude with a dance, for the purpose of raising some money to buy clothing, fuel and provisions for the approaching winter. Everybody is acquainted with the manner in which the employees got beaten out of their wages, and honestly and faithfully earned, so that it is only necessary to plead with the good and true Spiritualists for help and support. It seems only natural and logical to turn to the Spiritualists, without holding them responsible, neither collectively nor individually.

Here is a chance for every true Spiritualist to do good for a just and worthy cause.

The entertainment will take place at "Lakeside Hall," southeast corner of Indiana avenue and 31st street, Friday evening, November 8. Admission, 35 cents.

RUDOLPH GUTKIND,  
Chairman.

## Mrs. Glading in Chicago.

Mrs. Glading, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Weeks, passed through Chicago last week on her way to Milwaukee, to fill a month's engagement at that place.

Mrs. Glading is well and favorably known in the East as a lecturer, and a few of her warm friends here gave her a reception at the home of The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to welcome her to the West. The Spirit-world has been most bountiful in its gifts to Mrs. Glading.

"Prepare for the worst, but hope for the best," says the old proverb. Hope for health, but be prepared for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, or any other throat or lung difficulty by having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—Lavater.

When one has no design but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steele.

The wise prove and the foolish confess, by their conduct, that a life of employment is the only life worth leading.—Paley.


Beware of dissipating your powers; strive constantly to concentrate them.—Goethe.

The mind by passion driven from the firm hold, becomes a feather to each wind that blows.—Shakespeare.

The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope.—Johnson.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.—Sydney Smith.

To do GOOD & BE GOOD,  
THE RELIGION OF  
HUMANITY.



TEN THOUSAND COPIES  
OF VOLUME ONE OF  
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA  
OF DEATH  
To Be Given Away.  
Terms Mentioned Elsewhere.

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER TO THE FRONT.

A NEW PROPOSITION TO SUBMIT TO OUR READERS.

Unless a general conspiracy prevails among the patrons of The PROGRESSIVE THINKER, to magnify its importance, and misrepresent its influence, the paper has become a valuable auxiliary for the promulgation of Spiritualism and liberal thought. From its very inception it was welcomed by all advanced thinkers as has been no other freethought organ. It literally bounded at once into universal favor; and, notwithstanding the terrible business depression which almost paralyzed the prosperity of the world, it has gone regularly forward each week since its commencement without missing a single issue.

At this time its circulation possibly eclipses that of all other Spiritualist papers published in America. But this is quite too small. It ought to double and triple the number of its patrons during the next three months, and it will if all who are interested in the extension of

shall labor with the zeal and put forth the energy the subject merits. Our cause is the cause of mankind. The ideas we promulgate are eternal in their consequences. They are not limited to space, but reach on and on to the farthest bounds of human thought. They contemplate the time when

shall be banished from the earth; when righteousness shall everywhere prevail; when men and women shall be good for the pleasure it brings, not through fear of threatened tortures in another life; when vice, like the hideous and wrinkled old Fury she is, shall retire to her secret chambers to be seen no more.

But THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER alone does not bound the publisher's horizon. When he announced a year ago his NEW DEPARTMENT, and the ushering in of a new era in the world of liberal literature, and the inauguration of the publication of cheap books in combination with his paper, followed immediately after by the appearance of Vol. I. of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, with other volumes in contemplation, it was thought by many to be a sort of banter for cheap and temporary fame; but now, after a year's rest and preparation for the work, it gives him pleasure to announce the consummation of his plans and the re-issuance at once of his great work in paper cover, substantially stitched, thousands of which are to be actually given away, under certain conditions elsewhere stated.

## GET HELL OUT OF THE PEOPLE.

AN IMPORTANT MISSION OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

A very animated controversy has been going on among the clergy of this city, wherein the hell question has played an important part. Dr. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist Church, is reported to have said in one of his sermons:

"If there be no wrath to come, then every pulpit ought to be demolished, for the Bible is nothing but a tissue of lies. The Bible proclaims a hell, against which it is the business of the pulpit to warn men."

The position of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is, if the Bible does teach an endless hell, as the fossil orthodox clergy contend, then "it is a tissue of lies," and ought to go down with the pulpits which defend it. The teaching of endless damnation has frightened sinners into a pretense of goodness, but it has only made cowardly hypocrites, who fawn and ape piety to conciliate the heavenly powers they have been taught will damn them in the absence of such action. The more forcibly the hell doctrine has been taught the more hell has entered the human breast, and the more has vice abounded.

It is well known, or should be, that the more savage the penalties for guilt, the more numerous the crimes. When capital punishment was almost universal, extending even to sheep-stealing, offences were more common than at any other period in history. With modern milder methods crimes have gradually decreased. The fact that the criminal classes are almost invariably believers in an endless hell, with undying pains, is a gentle hint that the clergy have been preaching false doctrines to the people quite too long.

Our mission is to undo this false teaching, and get hell out of the people, instead of putting it into them. To do this we have deemed it a duty to war upon the churches whose cornerstones rest on hell, and without which nearly every position of their creeds is senseless. For this purpose, among others, we want all thinkers to join hands, and enlarge our circulation, and by so doing avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a copy of Vol. I. of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Thousands of copies, neatly bound in paper, are to be positively given away, on the conditions mentioned in another column, so every thinker can have a copy.

## A GRAND BROTHERHOOD.

COMPOSED OF SUBSCRIBERS TO THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

The great value of a Spiritual paper is to keep its readers abreast of the religious world, to post them in the progress of liberal thought, to tell how old opinions are crumbling, and how new ones are marching onward, making new conquests. Without an organ voicing his convictions, a person stands alone, and is isolated from the world, a sort of mental recluse. With it, he is brought into contact with other minds, and is, thereby, enabled to compare his own conclusions with those who have investigated in the same channels of knowledge. He feels strengthened with these aids; his sphere of action is broadened, and he is more zealous to interest his friends and neighbors in the good work of investigation.

Is it not a fact that each patron of a progressive paper becomes a member of a grand brotherhood of thinkers, bound together by a common purpose, inspired with similar hopes, each alike interested in the extension of his faith, and distressed when any wrong is inflicted on a fellow-member? His pulses bound the faster when he learns of their

triumphs, and he is the more ready to volunteer aid when others are in distress, not knowing how soon he may be similarly oppressed.

Let us, then, good friends, unite in a general effort at this time to swell our BROTHERHOOD OF THINKERS, as subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and make them as numerous as possible. Unlike other societies, it costs but one dollar a year, to retain full membership, with all the accruing advantages. Shall our motto be: "EVER ONWARD?" Bear in mind, too, that thousands of copies of the 400-page book, Vol. I. of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, are to be given away, on terms mentioned elsewhere.

## A LARGE CONSTITUENCY.

A GOOD PROPOSITION FOR ALL TO CONSIDER.

It is believed every copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER passes into the hands of, and is partly or fully read by, at least five persons. This estimate is below rather than above the figures. The ambition of the publisher is to increase its circulation the coming year to 25,000. The thing is perfectly practical, and will be accomplished if all give a friendly lift at this time. Let each present patron be sure to send one new subscriber, and as many more as possible, to make up for the very few who will be indifferent, or whose surroundings will not allow them to do anything, and the task is accomplished. The more patrons the greater the means at the command of the publisher to make the paper what its friends desire. Ten thousand copies of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, substantially bound in paper, are to be given away, one to each of our present subscribers, and to all others, on conditions mentioned elsewhere, to accomplish this end.

## SOME PLEASANT REMINDERS.

Another fall has dawned upon THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and has commenced to gracefully blend with the coming winter. Each year about this time we take an inventory of stock, survey the vicissitudes of the past, contemplate the ever-living present, and conjecture in regard to the future. The past, however unpleasant it may have been to some in the ordinary course of business transactions, has been particularly fruitful of most excellent results to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. There has been to it—figuratively speaking—one continual spring-time, with its gorgeous blossoms, its green pastures and lawns, and activity in all nature, to continually greet it. It has been blessed with a perennial summer, with its golden fields of grain, its rare flowers, its luscious fruits, and singing birds. To it, also, there has been a constant fall, when the fruitage of the spring and summer, in full fruition, has risen to bless it. And a winter, too, has been its heritage, when all life in nature is gathering strength to carry on the sure and beneficent work of creation.

## LIFE AND HISTORY.

Never have the Spiritualists of the United States had a paper with a life and history like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It is unique, in the fact that it has never received nor asked for a gift, nor sought a bequest, and it has never consented to be subsidized in order to carry out any whim of an outsider; nor can it be charged with repudiation of any solemn obligation (worse by far than a bogus materialization). Thus the past has been all that could be desired. It has been exceptionally kind. As if a petted child, or a favored son of some unseen force, we have had absolutely nothing to complain of during our career with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The wind has always been in our favor. The rain has invariably come at the auspicious moment. The accident has been before us or after us—never when we were present. When a great strike was on, on one occasion in the press-room, strange to say, the only employees not in the strike were those engaged in working on the press that got out THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. When times are stringent, then it is that we have the largest bank account to meet emergencies. When we have troubles with printers, and they go on a strike, then it happens that we are in robust health, prepared to do extra work. We have always been, too late or too early for the footpad or the one who would slug us. Father God, Mother Nature, Law and Chance (if such have an existence), and their various co-ordinates, have been exceptionally kind to us, and we have most signally escaped the misfortunes that have befallen others.

## THE NECESSITY FOR WORK.

When we started THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER we knew—absolutely knew—the result. But we knew, also, how essential it would be, all along the tortuous line, to make every exertion to realize the grand future that then awaited THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

You see us here. It is not intended as a very accurate likeness of self, but will answer splendidly to illustrate the process of evolution in connection with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. We had then just started the paper. Economy was essential, for we had no stockholders to appropriate money for useless luxuries, so we, with a bag of PROGRESSIVE THINKERS under our arm, containing our first issue, go to the postoffice, saving thereby expressage. That



THE EDITOR CARRYING THE FIRST EDITION OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER TO THE POSTOFFICE.

## WAS THE INITIAL PROCESS

in the evolution of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. It consisted in laying a foundation for the future, upon which a grand and glorious work might be carried on. There is nothing like honest industry. It makes one feel grandly, nobly and self-reliant. It saves from failure, from repudiation, from lasting disgrace and shame. It is the insignia of true nobility, and the brightest feature of human life.

Evolution started under those circumstances finally culminates in a most glorious fruition. The rhythmic song of life becomes repeatedly an octave higher under those original impulses. We do not carry any longer the mail bag under our arm, or on our shoulder, to the postoffice, because in the process of evolution it is not now necessary.

## THE LOWLY COMMENCEMENT PLACE OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Now let us pass from the scene depicted in the illustration to the office where the PROGRESSIVE THINKER first had its home nest. It was far from being pleasant; the very atmosphere was mineral in its nature—a combination of sulphur, iron and smoke, the emanation of hundreds of factories and machine-shops, with the usual constituents of the atmosphere, all combined with the fetid exhalations of Chicago River! There we had to incubate in the process of evolution; but even there we prospered, from a material and spiritual standpoint, and the ground doubled in value in harmony with our good luck. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER there gained a point, gained laurels that other Spiritualist papers must envy, and attained a height that only comes once in a generation. Just think of it, will you? and you can hardly realize the grand work accomplished thereby. It was a significant achievement in our history, the like of which was never before known in the ranks of Spiritualism, with results far reaching in their effects.



FIRST HOME-NEST OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## A SIGNIFICANT EVENT.

On the 14th day of February, 1891, we issued THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and of that edition 160,000 copies have been sold. That issue proved the connection of the Catholics with the assassination of Lincoln. What a masterly stroke! It was a spark of genius, ignited by the versatile thinker and writer,

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

And gladly utilized by us at the opportune moment. It is a fact that success—great success—perhaps unparalleled success—in order to be achieved, must occur at the right time and the right place. A week before or a week later, and the point gained would not have been as significant. Mr. Whitehead ascends high at times in vivid meteoric flashes, and scintillates with inspiration, and his connection with those 160,000 PROGRESSIVE THINKERS will immortalize his name. No other person on this green earth that would have seized upon this golden opportunity as he did.

Thus it is that in grand achievements THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER stands clear out of sight of all its dollar competitors, whether conscienceless repudiators or honest strivers after success; and, in connection herewith, we must allude more fully to

## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER AND ROMANISM.

The issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of February 14, 1891, as we have said before, has reached one hundred and sixty thousand copies. In that number can be found the story Mr. Chiniquy relates in his "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," concerning the part Romanism took in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the martyr President. Mr. Willis F. Whitehead, who had been interested in the subject for some time, and who had contributed a series of articles, "Rome vs. Reason," to the initial numbers of this publication, gave with this story of Mr. Chiniquy a short sketch of that gentleman's life and the conclusions he had arrived at in regard to the truth and integrity of Mr. Chiniquy's grave charges. He spent over two months examining every accessible source of information—the newspaper files of the great dailies, the libraries, and histories of Mr. Lincoln and the war. Not a chapter, paragraph, sentence or word could he find that threw the shadow of a doubt on Mr. Chiniquy's narrative. Such being the case, he demanded that, in view of the widespread currency of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," the Catholic Church purge itself of this charge or stand practically convicted of Mr. Lincoln's murder. That issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has gone throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the only answer—if answer it is—that Rome has made is

that of silence. True, a certain Father Walker, Mrs. Surratt's confessor, early and late, denied her guilt of being implicated in the conspiracy that resulted in Mr. Lincoln's assassination. The reason for this is obvious. If Mrs. Surratt was not guilty, then, of course, the priests, who made her house a daily rendezvous, were also innocent of the crime or conspiracy. To set forever at rest this point, Mr. T. M. Harris, "late Brigadier-General U. S. A. and Major-General by Brevet," a member of the "Military Commission" that tried the conspirators arrested for the assassination, has since, in 1892, the year following this great issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, published the

"ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN, A HISTORY OF THE GREAT CONSPIRACY." General Harris gives uncontrovertible proof of Mrs. Surratt's guilt, and upholds the integrity of the Government in its action. He speaks of the warnings given to Lincoln by Father Chiniquy, and proves that Mrs. Surratt's son was hidden and succeeded when a fugitive from justice by Canadian Catholic priests, "right under the shadow of the bishop's window." He proves, also, that the Washington priest, Father Walker, the only priest who has appeared prominent in connection with this matter, is a rank falsifier, and the inference must necessarily follow that the Romish priesthood were interested in Mr. Lincoln's death.

General Harris' book is a valuable contribution to the literature on this subject, and confirms in many points Mr. Chiniquy's narrative with-

out invalidating it in the least degree. Yet, when we look over the whole ground, it seems that more might be added to the evidence than has, as yet, been published, and we think that both Father Chiniquy and General Harris would be the proper people to compare notes and give us their joint efforts in a final work.

The only editor on American soil that made light of the assassination story as published in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was "Brick" Pomeroy, of La Crosse Democrat fame, who, as editor of that paper, could not find language foul or abusive enough to apply to President Lincoln. He merely made light of the story.

## BOOTH A ROMAN CATHOLIC.

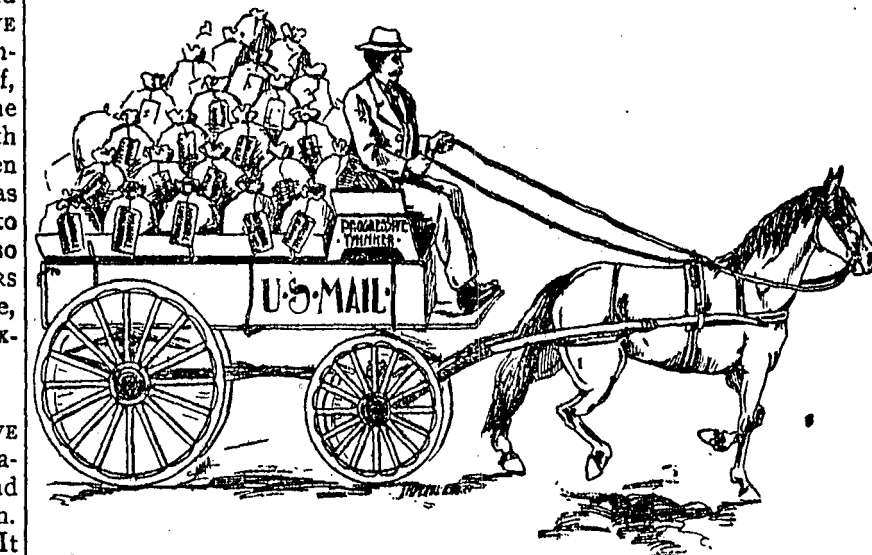
The only verbal objection to Mr. Chiniquy's charges, and at the same time the most valid and reasonable, is the question as to whether John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, was a Roman Catholic. If he were not, it would tend to throw some discredit on Mr. Chiniquy's narrative, as that church would be more likely to select its tools among its own members. Col. Edwin A. Sherman, widely known as a man of unflinching integrity, delivered an address in Boston, in 1889, on "Lincoln's Death Warrant," in which he said: "Of the men engaged in that conspiracy, Dr. Samuel Mudd was the chief director. He was

A ROMAN CATHOLIC, AS WAS ALSO JOHN WILKES BOOTH, Mrs. Surratt and her son; and in the Judge-Advocate General's office at Washington there may be seen the Roman Catholic medal taken from Booth's neck. A short time before that Booth had received the sacrament from Archbishop Spaulding, of Baltimore." This address of Col. Sherman has been published and spread widely, and, in the absence of any denial by the Romish power of his assertions, we must conclude that what he says is true, and that John Wilkes Booth was a Romanist.

Since the publication of the assassination article

## MR. CHINIQUEY'S HOUSE AT ST. ANNE, ILLINOIS.

has been burned to the ground by the hand of an incendiary. The American people, in view of all the above—the answer to Father Walker and his ilk by Gen. Harris, the universal silence of the church, the proving of Booth to be a Romanist, the bark of an anti-Lincoln cur, the burning of Mr. Chiniquy's house, the widespread publication of these terrible charges against Romanism—will not by any means let this matter drop here. Unless the assassination story is fully disproved during Mr. Chiniquy's life—for it will not avail them when he



THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER BEING CARRIED TO THE POSTOFFICE EACH WEEK—ILLUSTRATING ITS WONDERFUL EVOLUTION.



is dead—the Romish power must inevitably bear the ignominy of the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

As in the past,

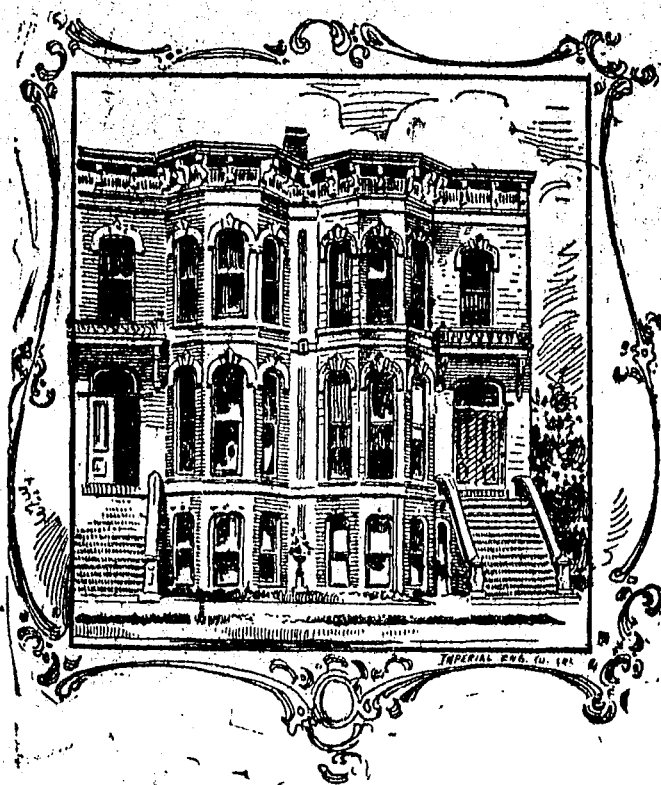
#### THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER HAS BEEN A SEARCH-LIGHT

n regard to this subject of Romanism, so in the future it will continue so to be. We realize fully that there can be no affiliation between Rome and Reason; between sense and superstition, or between mental slavery and progressive intelligence. The PROGRESSIVE THINKER is in the war for "Love of Country, Liberty of Conscience, and Loyalty to the Constitution," to stay. Should it not have 100,000 circulation?

It was in the humble home nest of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, at 251 South Jefferson street, that this great edition of 160,000 went forth to startle the world as never before startled by any Spiritualist or free-thought paper.

#### THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION CONTINUES.

Time, however, waits for no one. In the first humble home of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER it sped on with its accustomed celerity, and finally a change came. The old building and the ground, almost worth its weight in gold, was disposed of and other quarters were sought. During this eventful period of evolution we cheerfully labored, and finally found THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER pleasantly domiciled in a beautiful home at 40 Loomis street, on the west side of Jefferson Park. When once settled there the



A FRONT VIEW OF THE HOME OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

#### COQ OF EVOLUTION WAS MOST GRACIOUSLY THANKED

by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER family, and hosannas of praise could be discerned vibrating in each heart, with the exclamation, "All is well!" There is a great satisfaction in being domiciled where everything is pleasing to the eye, and where nature and art have combined to make everything pleasant. Evolution is connected with every life, with every business, with all the schemes, good, bad and indifferent, that any mortal enters into; it is infinitely varied—as varied as the number of individuals that make up the great human family, and the lines never run in parallels, but intersect each other in a marvelous manner. With us we have been carried along, so far, in the course of evolution, above accidents; above disasters; above the money panics that have swept over the earth like a grim monster, and finally the fruition has come in a variety of ways. The evolution of our own line of life has resulted, of course, in a well-defined and comprehensive fruition—THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER in a home on Loomis street. After the first house was obtained the second one was evolved, in connection therewith.

#### THE COURSE OF EVOLUTION.

We have followed minutely the course of evolution of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER when we carried to the postoffice a large bag of papers to go on their way, sowing the grand seeds of truth, and now we come to a sight which gladdens our heart once a week, when the paper is carried to the postoffice. You cannot convey all the bags containing THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER on one wagon. Thus you see the grand results achieved by the paper during the six years of its existence.

#### THE INCEPTION OF A DOLLAR PAPER.

Remember, please, that this evolutionary process commenced with the idea of a dollar paper; it originated with us; its inception sprang forth in our brains; it was the ultimate of many years of painstaking labor, seeking external expression on the material side of life, to elevate the masses to a higher plane. We LED, and others followed. We introduced new departures and new methods, and others tried to imitate us. One dollar-paper actually appropriated one of our announcements, only changing the name of the paper. We introduced new methods to attract attention, only to be followed by imitators.

Now THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, domiciled permanently at 40 Loomis street, feels decidedly at home, and from a worldly and spiritual standpoint it feels that peace and contentment that spring from genuine success. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has about 10,000 square feet of space to spread itself upon, and it is gradually occupying the same.

#### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

Now, Spiritualists, we want you to aid in extending the influence of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Call your neighbors' attention to it; make it your especial business to get an additional subscriber, and thus aid in the good work.

#### WHAT WE HAVE SAVED YOU.

This year we will probably sell about 10,000 copies of "The Encyclopedia of Death." As prices go it is cheap at one dollar, and thus we have saved you \$5,000—not a very small amount. Our success has been so great with the "Encyclopedia" that we have made arrangements to spread broadcast over the country

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in paper covers. They will be actually a gift, on terms mentioned elsewhere.

#### A WISE SUGGESTION.

IT SHOULD BE ACTED UPON BY THOUSANDS.

A very enthusiastic admirer of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER suggests that all who can afford it can materially advance the cause of Spiritualism by ordering the paper one year to distant friends, or, possibly as well, by sending four copies three months to as many different persons, with the probability that each one who sends it will renew a subscription for himself, and enlist others to work in its favor. An original paper, at the low price of one dollar a year, is a marvel of cheapness. The usual one-dollar weekly papers are almost invariably made up from matter originally appearing in a daily, else from stereotype plates, costing the publisher literally nothing for typesetting. Reader, please remember this; and bear in mind, too, that THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, in paper cover, is to be sent forth free, on conditions named elsewhere.

#### THANKS! THANKS! THANKS!

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION FOR ALL TO CONSIDER.

A big lift, a long lift, and a lift altogether, raises the loftiest columns into place, where they will stand, the admiration of future ages. Readers, are you willing to give THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER another lift? Thanks for your hearty "Yes." All ready? One and all: Heave, heave! It rises. Another lift. Care. The column is in place. Three cheers! It stands perfectly plumb, and it will remain for ages, the delight of all who pass this way. Again, thanks. And in the meantime, remember that 10,000 copies of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, in paper cover, are to be given away, to those who help in the lifting.

#### THE PEN A FREE LANCE.

AS WIELDED IN THE COLUMNS OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been a powerful instrumentality for liberalizing the public mind is universally conceded. It is found in thousands of homes, in every part of America, and its position, though radical in many respects, has met a cordial welcome. It has endeavored to prevent acrimonious jangling between correspondents; at the same time it has allowed each the expression of his individual views. This policy will be maintained.

Truth can only be gained when the pen is a free lance, at liberty to condemn or applaud, as he who wields it shall deem just. This is the essence of toleration, the highway to a broader humanity, and it must be everywhere respected if we would maintain individual and national liberty. It was inquisitorial oppression in the Middle Ages, reflected on our own times, which attempted to compel all men to think alike and as the priests directed, on the great issues dividing the intellectual world into parties and sects.

"He who would be free himself must strike the blow," is an excellent maxim, and is just as necessary in the moral, the social, the political and the religious world as to the individual. It is as necessary



A VIEW OF THE BUILDING IN THE REAR OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER RESIDENCE, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN FULLY EVOLVED.

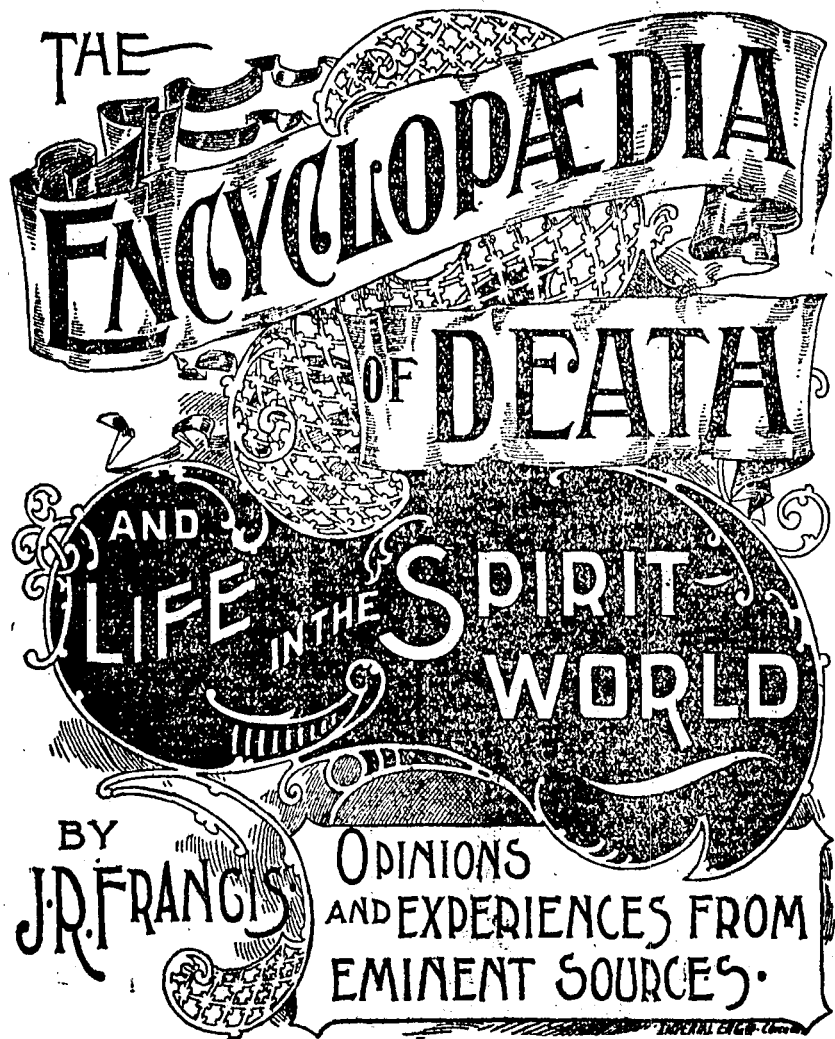
to the press as to the rostrum or the pulpit. Freedom from error and superstition can be gained in a great measure by studying carefully THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Ten thousand copies of Vol. I., nicely bound in paper, are to be given away on the following conditions:

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Any one of our present subscribers, who will send an additional six-months' (or yearly) subscriber with his own subscription (extending it not less than six months), can each have a copy of the book.

Any two new yearly subscribers can have three copies of the book—one for missionary purposes.

A club of two or more new six-months' subscribers can each have a copy of the book.

A club of five new six-months' subscribers can each have a copy of the book. The one who gets up the club can have an extra copy for missionary purposes.

A club of ten new six-months' trial subscribers can each have a copy of the book. The one who gets up the club can have three extra copies.

A club of twenty new six-months' subscribers can each have a copy of the book. The one who gets up the club can have five copies for missionary purposes or to sell.

There have been about 10,000 COPIES of this work, neatly bound in cloth, sold since its first issue, in November of last year. No other book in all the ranks of Spiritualism, on this earth, has met with such a sale. We offer this work, bound in paper, as a gift to every one who desires it, on the above terms. Those who read it will want, we are sure, the remaining volumes, together with this one, neatly bound in

cloth. We want every Spiritualist in the United States to have the work, which they can get by subscribing for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. An offer of this kind was never before made. Each of our present subscribers can get a copy of the work, as well as those not subscribers.

**TAKE NOTICE.**—By new subscribers, we mean those not on our list at this date, November 1, 1895.

Remember, please, that THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, contains 400 closely-printed pages, and is well worth one dollar in these times of rock-bottom prices.

#### THE GREAT MYSTERY OF DEATH.

It is natural that ignorance should stand in awe and fear in the presence of a great mystery; and especially when that mystery comes armed with the power of invincible fate, from which human ingenuity, human effort and the utmost exertion of human will and wisdom can find no means of escape. Such is the great mystery of death.

In all ages and among all peoples this great mystery has rested upon human minds with unutterable intensity.

Imagination—seeing death, in varied forms and by varied methods, laying low the loved and the hated alike—has added to the terrors inspired by the destroyer from whose fatal grasp there was no hope of escape. Clad in robes of darkest, deepest hues of gloom that fear-inspired fancy could paint, Death has stalked through the world, filling human souls with unspeakable anguish, and robbing human hearts and lives of the sweetness and brightness that should crown human existence on this mortal plane.

The sadness and gloom associated with death and the after-existence, in the prevailing views on the subject, held by even the most advanced and cultured minds of ancient nations, are noticeable in classic literature. The dim shades—the manes—of the departed, wandering in the shadowy realm of ghosts, restless and apparently unhappy—these could not make the thought of death otherwise than gloomy and unwelcome.

Besides this, the terrible physical pains supposed to accompany the dissolution of the bonds that hold body and spirit together in this life, made death an object of dread.

Terrible agonies and throes of excruciating pain have been associated, in the minds of people, with the process of dying; and death has been dreaded because of the physical sufferings supposed to be incident thereto.

#### THE GREAT FEAR OF THE HEREAFTER.

But far above and beyond all these causes of dread of death, and giving to it a terror otherwise unattainable, are the ideas, teachings, dogmas, concerning the future state of man, which have been held and believed both by heathen and Christian. Tartarus, Gehenna, Hell—the inexpressible horrors of endless burnings and pains, exceeding even all the ability of imagination to conceive—these have been superadded and enforced by all the authority of accepted religious-inspired teachers, making death unutterably fearful to poor, mistaken humanity.

#### A HORRIBLE TRAVESTY.

It is needless to dwell at length on this phase of the subject. All know the horrible dogmas embodied in orthodox creeds and expounded by orthodox ministers of the gospel—dogmas which are a horrible travesty on the "good news," the "glad tidings," that the word "gospel" signifies. What a mocking anachronism is presented by an orthodox preacher crying "Good News!" "Glad Tidings!"—while from his creed proceeds the reverberating diapason of "Hell," "Endless Damnation," etc., all through the horrible gamut of orthodox ideas concerning the future destiny of man—ideas and dogmas which, if they were really and realizingly believed, would suffice to turn the whole world into an asylum of maniacs. Well it is for humanity that, though such horrid dogmas are fixed in the creeds, the humane and nobler instincts of the human heart impel kind hope that they are not true; impel doubt and actual unbelief of their verity. Were it not for these humane hopes, and doubts and disbelief, the whole world would go mad.

#### IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT VIEWS.

It must be apparent that false views concerning death and the after-life—views inspiring terror and dread, must not only beget mental and physical suffering on the mortal plane, but must prove greatly detrimental to the cultivation of right thought and action in the relations of mortal life—must add to the burdens incident to man's life, and fill his mind with an anxiety and fear that must hinder and prevent his proper progress in true, elevated spirituality. It is needless to dilate on facts so apparent; let us pass, then, to the point to which these thoughts lead, namely,

#### THE IMPORTANCE—THE NECESSITY

of the circulation of literature imparting correct ideas of death, and life in the Spirit-world, must be acknowledged by all. "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-world," leads in that direction. Minds must be disabused and disentangled from the terrible and stultifying effects of the false views so prevalent concerning death and after-life. For ages man has groined and suffered under the soul-enervating influence of false doctrines and false notions: these must be cast off—eliminated from the mind—thus shall the highway be cleared for the unfolding of man's higher nature, and his enlargement and advancement in all the elements that constitute true spirituality.

"There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding," said Elihu to Job and his three friends. Inspiration is the life of spirituality.

Fear—terror—dread is obstructive to inspiration; at least the quality of inspiration that is conducive to soul-growth and spirituality. And even where dread has been in some degree overcome by a "faith" in dogmas inconsistent with justice and truth, it will be found that such errors held by the mind induce and lead to the cultivation of a pseudo-spirituality, as witness the utter follies practiced and believed by misled religious zealots in convents and monasteries, etc., under the name of religion and for the cultivation of spirituality. The spirituality thus induced cannot be otherwise than unhealthy, distorted, unspiritual—a caricature of true, elevating, ennobling spiritual thought, life and being.

#### GROUNDWORK OF SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

This groundwork for the upbuilding of soul-freedom and stable spirituality is laid in the pages of "The Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-World." Here are gathered the riches of the thoughts of the philosophers and thinkers of all ages, and the experiences of the living, the dying, and those who have passed beyond the veil of death. The wealth thus stored in these pages is beyond compare, beyond estimation, beyond the gold and diamonds of earth's mines and oceans' depths.

#### THIS WEALTH IS SOUL-RICHES.

Truths culled and selected from the mines and mints of the world of thought, and from the ocean depths of soul-experience—truths of inspired thought and spiritual experience, that dispel the clouds and darkness of falseness and error engendered of horrid faiths and dogmas—here they are, displayed in almost surfeiting fullness and variety in these light-giving pages, constituting a work unique in literature, and fraught with blessing to a world too long burdened with anxieties and fears begotten of superstition and error.

#### MISSIONARY WORK.

What a grand missionary this book would be, to go among the "benighted heathen" in the Christian churches of our land! If but one copy were placed in each church, to be read and passed from hand to hand, visiting every family and every member, in turn—not forgetting the deacons, elders and pastors—who can estimate the amount of good it would effect, in spreading the light of spiritual truth among minds now held in the "bondage of fear," and blindly groping in the darkness of error? The seeds of truth thus sown would surely germinate, and in due time result in a rich harvest of liberal ideas, mental liberty, and spiritual enlightenment and progress.

#### What We Propose to Do.

We propose to give away 10,000 copies of the "Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit-world," in paper cover. Remember, please, that it is a FOUR HUNDRED PAGE BOOK, and at the usual prices at which books would be sold, is worth one dollar. See particulars in previous column.

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Our readers will perceive that again, after the lapse of nearly one

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Throat  
And Lung  
Troubles, Take

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A Cherry Pectoral

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year, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has something special to offer, something valuable to place upon the catalogue of Spiritualistic literature. On the 24th of last November we published VOLUME I. OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, whose merits and demerits have been thoroughly discussed, not only in the Spiritualistic ranks of the world, but in all ranks.

#### INQUIRY AFTER THE LITERATURE.

Spiritualism has attained such a standing in the religious world as to create much inquiry after its literature, and while there is a great variety of books and pamphlets already in the market, upon the various subjects within the scope of the Spiritual philosophy, there is a demand for something still better, something more relevant to the great question of Death; the future state; the voyage between physical life and the life eternal. In a great measure has THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER filled a niche in the spread of the philosophy of life here and hereafter. For several years we have issued an eight-page weekly edition—equalling about 160 pages of the ordinary book size—at the nominal price of one dollar a year—two cents a week—certainly within the reach of every man or woman in the ranks of Spiritualism, and, still, how many thousands who profess to believe in our beautiful philosophy there are who take no paper or book treating upon the subject?

There are books and books, as we stated above, profound, and explanatory of certain occult forces, theories of the hidden and analysis of the knowable things of this and the future state of existence, but the grand old PROGRESSIVE THINKER, with its multifarious accumulation of communications, goes to its thousands of readers freighted to the brim with good things; goes as an old friend, whose coming is anxiously looked for once a week; and whose smiling face gives value to the long-ing heart that yearns to get hold of its contents first.

#### EXTEND THE CIRCULATION OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

We are forced to the conclusion that, for the highest spiritual unfoldment of the new student of the philosophy, and for the most satisfactory edification of the old-time Spiritualists, no other literature can compete with a well-edited and rightly-managed weekly Spiritual paper, and with this conclusion, based upon long experience and critical observation, extending over a period of many years, it is but natural that we bend every effort in the direction of making the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER so large that its valuable contents may be a lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway of many thousands more than it reaches to-day.

#### DIFFERENT CONDITIONS MUST BE MET.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER must not only be made to suit one condition or degree of mentality, but must come in touch with everything and everybody in and out the ranks. The knowing old Spiritualist must find food for his advanced mind, he must be made to feel that the paper always has a warm spot in his work, and that he is one of the fathers of the cause and its earnest co-worker; the novice, the neophyte, must be taken by the hand and made to feel heartily welcome in our society; he must be lifted gradually from his A B C's out and up from his embryonic state as rapidly as his possibilities and receptivity will permit; he is weak, and comes floundering out of the darkness of bigotry and superstition, out of the blindness of early dogmatic education; or, perhaps, out of the blankness and chaotic state of materialism, and must be stimulated and inspired to seek for something above.

#### PRIVILEGES THAT MUST BE ALLOWED.

The brother or sister in the far East, through its columns, must be allowed to visit his co-worker in the far West; they must get acquainted; into fellowship; swap experiences; exchange views and educate each other; all the various phenomena, the wonderful and astounding new developments and the old-established phases have equal hearing. No doubt the fraud oftentimes comes in for its share of innocent comment, owing to the utter impossibility of the editor to discern the true and the false intuitively, and the inability of our correspondents upon the premises to discover the true status in each case. It often occurs, too, that with a record of a seance will come the testimony of some of the best minds in the community where it is held, verifying the report written for publication, and within a week or two will come from the same community, with about the same number of testimonies of the absolute fraudulency—the utter lack of genuineness in the same medium; in which case any just judge will give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt as to his guilt and set him free.

#### THE HIGHEST AIM FOR THE WHOLE TRUTH.

These, and hundreds of other matters, must be acted upon impartially, unbiased and fair, regardless of opinions or criticisms; with but the highest motive and aim for the whole truth—the whole cause. Upon this point we are willing to leave our work to be judged by the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

#### A VARIETY REQUIRED.

The time was when the philosophy of Spiritualism filled everybody with wonder and awe, and a lecturer could get a full house; but now there must be accompanying some of the phenomena to elicit as much enthusiasm or interest as formerly. Upon the same principle are the people liable to tire of one kind of food or one kind of literature, and as

proof of the appreciation of our variform headlines, taking selections both from original copy and reproductions, and of the special issues, in striving to prevent the monotony of sameness to our readers, we have a constantly increasing subscription list. And still, with our constant application to all these duties, and the extra work that naturally thrusts itself upon a man in any business, we offer to the public the second volume of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD. We are prepared to furnish the first volume, in paper, now as a gift with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. The second volume will be furnished, as was the first, with the paper to each yearly renewal or new subscriber, for 50 cents extra—\$1.50 for the paper and Volume II.

#### THE COMMON EXPOSURES.

Mediums are caught in the act of deception and exposed; and the secular press heralds the event to the prejudiced public with all the irony and mockery of blind bigotry, presuming to have almost blotted Spiritualism from this world of ignorance, when they have only exposed an unprincipled trickster, if the exposure is a fact. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER pays them in their own coin, with an extensive list of "Divines" who have gone wrong in one way and another, and at the same time publishing all exposures vouched for by responsible Spiritualists; always proud of the chance to exonerate the innocent from all guilt when such facts can be ascertained.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER HAS WORKED ITS WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Upon this straightforward and independent course, not as a pauper, but as an institution of prestige, an institution of standing, an institution of literary merit and immeasurable good to humanity, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has worked its way into the very hearts of the thinking Spiritualists, without premium or special solicitation, and we only offer the premium now to furnish a high class of literature at rates within reach of those of limited means. It assuredly cannot be claimed that an act of reducing the price of so valuable a publication is prompted by a motive of avarice. However this may be, knowing our own motive, we turn our back upon censure and move forward in a mission that seems to have been mapped out for us in the start. The cause will not down; THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and all other true exponents of the broad truths of the Spiritual philosophy, must succeed, and together press forward to the higher victory of permanent Spiritual advancement.

Remember, please, that 10,000 copies of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, are to be given away, on terms given in another column.

#### Spiritualists in the North, East, South and West.

Spiritualists, we ask one favor, in conclusion. Send this paper to some Spiritualist, that he may see this announcement, that Ten Thousand Copies of Vol. I. of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD, are to be actually given away, on conditions mentioned elsewhere. When he receives the paper he is requested to send it to someone else—and so on until it has been read by at least twenty different Spiritualists. Please do as we request, and great good will be accomplished.

#### THOUGHTLAND.

##### Various Thoughts Therefrom.

"Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?"  
"No more but this." ("As You Like It.")

An irreparable loss was that of the Alexandrian library. An irreparable loss was that of the many tragedies, comedies, poems and histories of the early Greek writers who were contemporaneous with Homer, and of whose masterpieces only scattered fragments remain; yet, like the bones of the great Phidias, enough are left to whisper of their form, and not enough to enable the literary geologist to reconstruct the perfect animal.

"What a piece of work is man!" out-rivalling nature herself in many of her pyramidal productions. The world's Pygmals make no mares upon the cheek of art; they "make no crook-necked art." Its Murillos paint no malformations; its Angelos construct no architectural monstrosities; yet when they reach the narrow limit of their boasted art, they cannot give them life; for marble gods must hold their pedestals, while Æsops teach the world.

Where is that man can take the fragments of an Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, or Plautus, and from them reproduce one vanished masterpiece? Can take a sculptured hand, and from such guide carve out a Phidian god? Can take the fretted fragments of a temple lost, and from their dainty outlines make a perfect whole?

What is this mummified in parvo within the tiny globe, fast to the shrunk shoulders of a man? This thimble, that can contain an ocean? Can give and give, and only gain by giving? Can drink and drink, and never be filled; like water-wheel, that turns and drinks, and drinks and turns, and turns and drinks again? The Amazon of knowledge turns it, and is not in its tiny core? The infinitesimal animalcula, that devours Olympus in its minute mouth; yet, like the seven lean kine of Egypt, still is lean.

Where is he can study out the mystery of this cunning insect, smaller than a grain of milk, that can contain the Milky Way? This infinite Colossus, confined within the tiny globe, fast to the shrunk shoulders of a man? What an ingenious, marvelous mechanism would it reveal, could we but see its rods and beams; its cogs and wheels; its pulleys and its shafts; its pistons and its cylinders; its marvelous motive power. What a mighty tribune; what an unimpeachable witness to its Constructor; is the mind of man! This mind, that has "no fellow in the firmament!" This immortal spark, that laughs at death, and breaks his poisoned dart; that oft revisits earth, yet finds no lodge in form and fashion like his former dwelling-place, through which to demonstrate his perfect personality.

What Dante comes again and finds his mediumistic fellow? So near attuned; so delicately poised and counterpoised; so imaged in each part and counterpart, in form and feature mentally his like, this mighty genius writes a new Inferno?

Where is that painter so divinely blest, that from the blotted outlines of a saintly head can reproduce a Raphaelite Madonna? Oh, marvelous divinity, that in this image made all humankind, and in no two made perfect counterpart! "O, ye, of little faith!" Blame not the cause, nor yet the cause's voice; the medium nor control; the sensitized plate can never be so delicate it photographs the visage of a deity.

Can we then wonder that no Shakespeare speaks from out the moss-grown precincts of the dead? "I have no brother, and am like no brother!" is the constant repetition of the disconcerted soul. The harp the gods play must be finely strung! The harp the spirit plays, if not its own, must ever be imperfect to its touch.

Let not one medium despair that in his vaulted halls he hears no Mozart's song, nor master symphony; or, if he does, can catch no air entire; for while

'mid myriad voices of the unseen host no two are e'er alike; the mortal ear, imperfectly transmits to mortal instrument immortal sounds. And, while mortal life endures, within the throbbing brain that marks the individual, no spirit mind can fashion well its counterpart.

Knowledge is from without, wisdom from within; to which latter inspiration is most near akin. That which has physical or outward manifestation, let it take what form it will, must partake of the elements of which the tangible conceives; that which is divine must follow the crystal stream that flows from heaven's Parnassus; when it touches gross mortality it taints and mingles like a brook disturbed, and must be crucified in thought to prove its origin.

He that is born blind knows not of tinted rose, nor plumed lily, nor modest violet. To him who hath no ear by nature's preference, the gentle zephyr makes as fearful sound as Jove's artillery. Who's void of taste, both sweet and sour to him are equal zest. Who hath no smell, to him the skunk-wood bears a perfume rare as India's vales. Nor lives one man with potent illustration gorged, can paint to blind man's ears the faintest outlines of a silver cloud. So to the eager soul by mortal bounds in check, no soul returned from Lethe's shore, however wise, can make it comprehend that which it hath not seen, nor felt, nor touched, nor heard.

No painter, let his imagination be never so vivid, can paint a thing he has not seen. His animal may have the tiger's claws; the vulture's hawk; the horse's head; the fox's body; the serpent's tail; yet each component part the eye hath seen; and though the whole be nondescript, his beast, like Iago's purse, "I was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands."

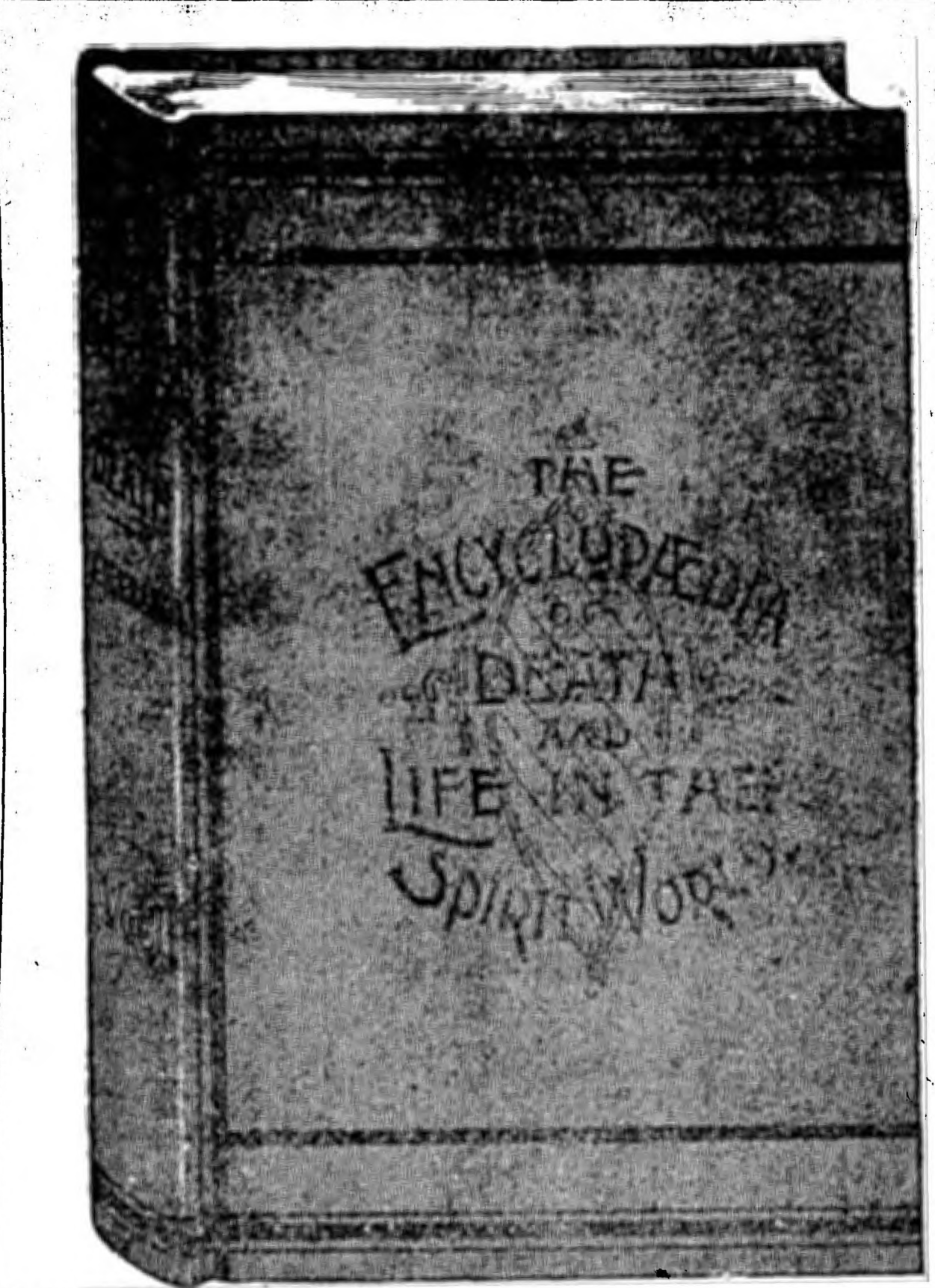
The bat is an ill bird to teach the eagle flight. Who's steeped in vice makes virtue mockery. The drunkard marvels at sobriety; and honesty is horrified at theft. The world was made at odds. We praise him who cannot indulge for self-control, equally with him whose life's one constant war. Each penny in deserving beggars' cups is counted by omnipotence. Each unkind word and generous deed is outlined on infinity. Let us be patient in affliction; suffering is the sculptor that chisels into a classic statue the rude marble of our souls; which anger, robs to our better selves, with iron mace destroys. The thief turned honest merits praise he seldom gets; while honesty turned thief gets pity ill deserved. Whose legs are weak, if oft he falls, as often helps to rise; 'tis nature's manifest intent; whom nature builded firm, if he do fall, let nature help him up.

With stomach full how unctuously we moralize on gluttony! How crabbed age at buoyant youth cries out: "I was not so!" The sordid spinster says to weeping maid: "Show me the man!" Lack of opportunity is oft the proof of honesty; and often virtue lives through force of circumstance.

The more we know, the less we know we know; the less we know, the more we think we know. How prone we are to condemn in others that which we praise in ourselves. Let us look within, and faults will show plainer "than snow upon a raven's back;" and all our virtues shine "like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." CHARLES NEVINS.

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#### HON. A. B. FRENCH.

##### Designated as the Silver-Tongued Orator.

HIS ADDRESS AT CLYDE, OHIO, ON THE OCCASION OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF UNION VETERANS AND THE WOMAN'S VETERAN RELIEF UNION.

Mr. Chairman, officers and members of the Union Veteran's Union, and Woman's Veteran Relief Union:

No doubt there have been hours in the lives of each of you when unlooked-for rays of sunshine broke over your pathway and unexpected pleasures and honors were thrust upon you. This, to me, is one of life's fortunate hours. I have listened to this music, looked at these beautiful flags, and over this large assemblage, and feel myself growing strangely patriotic.

I have been advertised by the committee on program, without either assent or consent on my part, to extend to you a kindly word of welcome. I should be waiting in every element of good citizenship did I fail to respond. And yet no studied or formal words are necessary to convey to you our deep appreciation of the honor conferred upon us by your presence.

To look into your time-worn and battle-scarred faces touches our older citizens with magical power. You knit us by unseen cords to a melancholy and tragical past. The subtle magnetism of your presence will kindle anew the smouldering flames of patriotism, revealing by their red glare the most unselfish. To meet you is to see and feel again the uprising of that mighty Union Army, whose valor and heroism has covered our nation with imperishable glory. You will impress the younger generation with the cost of our free institutions, maintained and preserved by four long years of blood and carnage.

We are fully conscious of the magnitude of your organizations. We are aware that you represent nearly every contest in the twenty-two hundred battles and engagements of the war of the rebellion. You have been gathered together from the smoke, carnage, blood and death-strewn fields, on hill and mountain peaks, in silent ravines, wooded glens, broad plains, valleys and rivers, from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and Missouri, and afar southward to the Gulf.

The rain and dew of more than thirty summers, and the snows and floods of over three decades of vanished winters, have washed from the cold earth the gore of your comrades, and the wandering winds bore into the eternal silence their dying groans. But by the fiat of Him who decrees the destiny of men and nations, you remain, like the scattered oaks where cyclone and lightning has held high carnival, and have banded yourselves together by cords woven in war's fiery furnace, for mutual protection and care.

To us, you represent Manassas in the hour of defeat and death; Bull Run, with retreating columns over heaps of dead and dying; Gettysburg, with smoke, hell, booming cannon and hissing grape-shot. You speak to us of the Wilderness, where thousands went down into the speechless dust for home and country. You come from Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing; you wound like an anaconda around Vicksburg, the Sebastopol of the Rebellion, and held aloft that dear old flag over broken and crumbling walls; you speak to us of Donelson and Island No. 10, and hundreds of other fields of carnage. You are sentinels and monuments left to us from Chicka-

mauga, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain.

A little over a year ago I stood on the summit of that mountain, and looked afar over the crest of Mission Ridge, then I cast my eyes toward Chickamauga, and voices seemed to speak to me from the silent air. I walked to the fort upon the crest, and looked at the summit; then I seated myself upon a rock far above the river, which has threaded its way at its base ever since some mighty cataclysm lifted the peak of that mountain, and I thought of my country and the heroes who saved it by their blood. Some may be here tonight who fought with our McPherson at Atlanta, or were with the indomitable Sherman when he swept like an avenging angel to the sea.

Thrice welcome, veterans, to our village, our hearts and our homes. Ladies, in behalf of our Mayor and citizens I bid you a cordial greeting. There is no field of contest where woman's power is not felt, and her voice heard. She is the prompter behind the play, and the unseen genii in every contest.

The heroism of the Rebellion was not all displayed on the field of battle. Weak hands were straining every nerve in homes made fatherless. Nightly prayers arose like incense from nearly every northern home. Tears fell from swollen eyes, more sacred and sweet than nectar distilled by the gods in elysian bowers. The union was not saved by the unaided heroism of the Union Army. They drew its richest, sweetest elements from the fair northern homes, from wives, mothers and sweethearts toiling for their comfort and blessing them with love's tender gifts. Had the union perished there would have been uncounted thousands of northern Marys to weep over its death; and stand in the grey of dawn with pallid cheek and lips by its unlighted tomb.

In those dark hours, when the fate of the nation was trembling in the balance, woman's patriotism and love gave birth to the "Woman's Relief Corps," which was one of the most touching and sublime features of the war. We greet you tonight, the wives, daughters and mothers of patriots, and bid you a royal and hearty welcome.

May I say to you in conclusion, there are many reasons why the selection of Clyde as your place of meeting is the most fitting and timely. We do not boast of hoarded wealth nor greatness of population. But I do want to tell you privately that Clyde is the best town on earth. It is full of patriotism. Here one of the first "Woman's Relief Unions" was formed in the State. There was no constitution, no by-laws, no officers, but a little band of noble patriotic women began to pick lint and make garments, and send delicacies to our soldiers in the field.

The years have come and gone since then, and many of those early workers have been gathered to the republic of the skies, whether their dead had long before been called from the field of battle. Others, no doubt, are too feeble to meet and greet you, but they have already made the cushioned chair of age the open gateway to heaven: others are with us and will make your stay pleasant and cordial.

We have also here through all the passing years maintained a large "Woman's Relief Corps" doing deeds of charity in unselfish devotion. Here has also been maintained an efficient "Grand Army Post" and there are many veterans to greet you. Our cemeteries are also filled with the ashes of the dead, both officers and privates in the Army. There has never been a night so dark, stormy, nor a day so sunny or sacred since Gen. Grant took the sword of Lee at Appomattox, that Clyde did not and

would not do honor to our living and dead soldiers.

Last, but not least, Clyde was the home of the loved and lamented General McPherson. Here his wondering eye first saw the light of this world. Here a loving mother nursed him. Here he sported and played in his boyhood. From here he went, a young man, with maternal prayers for his welfare, from the old home roof to gain a military education. Here they sent his remains for burial. All night we waited until the grey morning broke for the coming of his bodyguard with his precious dust, and we bore him, as the first bright beams of the rising sun kissed our falling tears to his mother. Here we buried him on the ground where his boyish feet had played, mingling our tears with those of his kindred.

You will visit his grave; you will look at a bronze statue erected by the Arms of the Tennessee. Those mute lips will speak to you more eloquently than formal words, and the foot planted on a broken cannon will be to us all the voice of prophecy and hope—a prophecy of the great future of the republic, a hope that wars are past, swords and cannons broken, and that the sun of peace may forever shine upon us.

Let us indulge the hope that when you go from us, as you journey down life's western slope into its twilight and sunset, you will carry with you kindly memories of your sojourn among us, and the hospitality and patriotism of our people.

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A few copies of the revised English edition for sale at this office. Price \$1 postpaid.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium.

**Hudson Tuttle.**

Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

H. A. Roland, Washington. Q. (1) Absolute truth is not having as yet been found in either science, politics or religion, can it be found?

(2) Is it a fact: Can and do departed spirits materialize, taking on a perfect physical body, with bones, regular pulse-beat, etc., walk and talk; stay a few minutes and dematerialize?

A. (1) As the absolute truth is made up, the resultant of all truth; only an infinite comprehension can arrive at the knowledge thereof. Man as an imperfect being, advancing by progressive steps; must at every step receive new light on old problems and revise his views he has entertained. In this the absolute is foreshadowed and prophesied. In mathematics the absolute has been reached. The laws of the relation of numbers can have no revision. So far as the laws of planetary motion have been extended, their demonstration is perfect. In morality we have the knowledge of justice, right and duty set forth with almost the clearness of mathematical demonstration.

If, however, we ask for and pursue "The Truth," as an abstract quality, we shall ever find it without a habitation, and illusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. The absolute of anything exists only for the absolute understanding; and if its conception of the finite mind be attempted, it becomes a delusive snare. As finite beings we find best satisfaction in special application in details of common comprehension of truth in its special forms, with its limitations and modifications by the accidents of time and place.

(2) It is a fact that spirits "materialize," that is, so clothe themselves that they become apparent, as objects reflecting light. The ghostly visitations of all ages, and the well-attested cases, in the presence of that wonderful sensitive, D. D. Home, prove this beyond reasonable doubt. That they materialize to the extent of the form of a human figure, etc., is in fact very rare; and if it could do so, there would be no need of their "dematerializing," and they might remain in the body they had created or gathered around them. That such body, weighing 150 pounds or more, can be dematerialized in a moment, is untrue. The term is misleading, because there can be no such action as dematerializing, which means the destruction of the material, any more than there can be creation of material, or matter, implied by "materialization."

All that can be, is the drawing of certain elements to the spirit, sufficient to make it luminous. If that spirit takes on 150 pounds of material, when this matter is resolved back to the atmosphere, if composed of real flesh and bone, it would instantly suffocate every person in the room where it took place. The sooner Spiritualists come to the recognition of the limitation of the power to appear, that spirits possess, the sooner will they free themselves from the practices of fraud and deception.

R. M., New Orleans, La.: Q. There is a good deal of discussion and conflicting opinion whether the current used in electrocution really kills, and it is said with proper respectatives the victim may be revived. Are there reasons for doubting that death does follow the electric discharge?

A. The criticisms and resuscitative theories have all been promulgated by those willing to hazard their claims to knowledge for a brief notoriety. The strength of the current employed in electrocution, if continued, as it is for a considerable space of time, breaks down every cell in the body and has the effect of a blow received on each; and this aside from the direct and instantaneous effect on the nervous system, whereby the brain and spinal centers are paralyzed.

There might be recovery from a lightning stroke of the same intensity, for that is instantaneous, while the electrocution current is continuous, and during its prolongation effects organic rupture, even to the treating the body until smoke arises therefrom, as in the first case of its administration, to the horror of the spectators.

To declare that life may be restored after such an exhibition, is simply bravado to count notoriety.

This is entirely apart from the moral aspect of the question. That the secret courts of science should be entered for the means of murder in its most terrible form, is a satire on this age; a return to barbarism at which every well-thinking person must revolt. The word "murder" is here used thoughtfully, for it is murder none the less because surrounded by forms of law, and engaged in by those having the supposed right. The atrocity of hanging passes without giving the moral shock because of long usage, and hedged by superstition, and it is difficult to break in on a prevailing custom. The changing it to yet more horrible form is reviving the spirit of savagery supposed to be outgrown or at least held in check.

If the effect of a murder on the community is degrading, how much more deplorable must be the public murder, heralded in all its revolting details by the press which seeks to feed a morbid craving for cruelty, yet lingering as a relic of past brutality.

True society has a right to protect itself, but it is not equally true that it is obligated to do so by measures of the least severity consonant with the object in view, and not at once rush to the blotting out of life itself. If it can be proven that imprisonment for life does not protect society, then the drastic measures of capital punishment may be resorted to, but even then, in form, least outwardly, the moral sense. Death by walking into a room having an atmosphere of chloroform would be painless, and might be so arranged as to have the appearance of almost being self-imposed. The electrocution chair, however, was planned by an inventive spirit which might have stood by Loyola's right hand and made the horrors of the Inquisition more damnable. With lesser strength of current, that chair might be made an instrument of torture, more painful than anything the fiendish cru-

elty of the Jesuits ever planned, and in the end, the fagot's flame might be eclipsed by turning on the strongest force, and leaving only the charred remains.

N. R. Hunt, Q. A friend and I have been sitting twice a week for several months; have rappings, but they do not answer our questions. I see luminous clouds, and lights; but we do not advance at all. What shall we do?

A. Evidently you and your friend do not form the complete circle, and you should take in other members. You will find that a new force will be at once felt.

Wm. Craig, Meadville. Q. I have been sitting three times a week, twenty-five minutes at a sitting, for seven months, for slate-writing. I feel at intervals, strong influence, and my spirit hand tells me automatically not to sit in a circle, or with any one. Ought I to sit oftener or longer?

A. That this correspondent has so patiently given his time to seances without result, shows that his guides were mistaken, as they are in advising him to continue sitting alone. He should sit in a circle, where the conditions, it is apparent he alone cannot supply, will be furnished.

Student, Omaha, Neb.: Q. How many species of animals and plants are there on the earth?

A. Quoting from "Arcana of Nature," vol. 1, p. 124, this question is answered: "The phenogamous plants are computed at 80,000 species (Lindley). If we take the data furnished by the British Catalogue of Insects, there are 9 species of insects for each kind of plant, or 720,000 for the globe—an estimate at least one-half too small. A number of species of existing mammals known is 1,200, fishes 6,000, birds 8,000. To these must be added the reptiles, and the whole invertebrate series (mollusks and radiate). The inhabitable surface beneath the water is computed to be twice that of the land, and of the denizens of this vast tract of marine wild we know scarcely anything; every portion, however, has its forms of life, even where the water is below the freezing point. The number of polyps exceeds that of insects, and the sea swarms with innumerable forms of mollusks and zoophytes. Parasites are supported by all animals, and these have their parasites. Without including the infusoria, we may safely estimate the number of species at present inhabiting the globe at 2,000,000.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

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

This was his deed;  
He did it well;  
"What was his creed?"  
I cannot tell.

He had great faith in loaves of bread  
For hungry people, young and old,  
And hope-inspired, kind words he said  
To those he sheltered from the cold.

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

In words he did not put his trust;  
His faith in words he never writ;  
He loved to share his cup and crust  
With all who needed it.

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

THE WINDOW OF THE SOUL.

Are the eyes I love black, brown or blue?  
It matters not what is their shade or hue,  
So long as they are loving, tender, true.

They may be blue as bluest summer sky,  
Or brown and black in deepest shades may vie.  
I love the soul which meets mine thro' the eye.

The eyes which tell me all I care to know,  
Whose orbs with sympathetic fervor glow,  
And all the heart within on me bestow.

The wide world holdeth none that can excel,  
The soul within them doth my soul impel.  
Dear eyes, I thank them for the tale they tell.

HE WANTS THE TRUTH.

He seems To Be Honest and Sincere.

Accounts of wonderful materializations seem to be yet flowing in to your columns; but who responds to my \$100 offer for such a marvel in Watertown?

If these materializations are genuine, for the good of the cause, these same offer ought to be anxious to accept my offer. I would inform the many who are writing me and may write me on the subject, that though a month has elapsed I get no response to my offer. There can be no plea that we are skeptics and might repulse the spirits. We are believers in the fact of spirit communications. We know the conditions of harmony required and we want to pay the \$100; but we do not want to be imposed upon. The genuine article need not be kept back because we have exposed one fraud. We are friends of truth and such a truth could reap an abundant harvest here. How shall this silence be interpreted?

E. A. HOLBROOK.

Watertown, N. Y.

"Poems of Progress." By Lizzie Dean. In this volume the peerless poet of Spiritualism may be read in her varied moods, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is a book to be treasured and richly enjoyed by all who love genuine poetry, and especially by Spiritualists. The volume is tastefully printed and bound. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

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THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES OF JOHN BROWN, The Medium of the Rockies, with an Introduction by PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

LIFE IN TWO SPHERES. A Fascinating Work. The readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will remember the story under the above title, by Hudson Tuttle, which was published in its columns. At the time it was published it was the only book of the kind in its class. It has now been reprinted in book form. This new edition has been greatly enlarged, and contains a volume of 248 pages, in style and form like the original. It is a book which will interest the reader of the spirit world, and the reader of the material world. It is a book which will interest the reader of the spirit world, and the reader of the material world. It is a book which will interest the reader of the spirit world, and the reader of the material world.

ANTIQUITY UNVEILED. The Most Important Revelations Concerning the True Origin of Christianity. Reader, in bringing to your notice ANTIQUITY UNVEILED, it is with the sincere hope that you are eagerly looking for the truth, regardless of any other consideration. It is the case, this book will interest you deeply, and after reading this brief description you will doubtless wish to give the work a careful perusal.

## EXCELLENT HINTS.

In Reference to Inherited Criminal Tendency.

NOTORIOUS ALL-AROUND CRIMINALS, AND WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THEM.

A great deal of attention has been attracted in the press to the defense of one "Jimmy" Logan, a notorious all-around criminal, who has been convicted in Philadelphia of some crime and whose nurse, a Mrs. Jennie Sullivan, is trying to secure executive clemency for him on the score that he was born a criminal, and is not morally responsible for his acts. In proof of this natural tendency to crime Mrs. Sullivan produces the following letter from Mrs. Logan, the mother of the criminal, written shortly before her death the other day. Mrs. Logan writes:

"Neither our folks nor you have ever known the reason which I believe to have been your ruin. They know your father and myself to have been respectable and honest. I was particularly careful in raising you, for reasons only known to myself, but in spite of all you have been a desperate, lawless man. Knowing what I do, I cannot feel hard toward you, for it is my firm belief that I myself, your poor old mother, am responsible for your bad, unlawful habits. Just before you were born your father was drinking rather more than what was good for him, and would spend all his wages in drink if he had an opportunity. I found it very hard to get any money from him for our bread and meat. As I was so poor, the only way I could get money was by waiting until he was asleep at night, and then picking his pockets."

"Many and many a night I have got up when he was asleep in the bed by my side, and like a thief, gone through his pockets and taken what money I found there. Then he had a hot temper, and I was always afraid when I was picking his pockets that he would wake and find me doing it."

"This I went through all the brain sensations of a daring burglar, even such as I am informed you have become. I am fully aware that you were born, and I am fully aware that you came into the world a thief, owing to your father's crime, though necessary, perhaps of mine. Your ever affectionate mother."

While such a plea is probably new as a defense for crime, the theory it suggests is by no means novel. Physicians will agree very readily that it is not only possible, but probable, under the circumstances as related by Mrs. Logan. That physical defects result to the child if the mother experiences a great shock before his birth, is so well known that every one has probably seen examples of such cases; and it is as reasonable to suppose that the mind of the unborn infant would be affected as its body. If we can inherit the virtues and ability of our parents, why cannot we inherit their vices and weaknesses? and all social economists as well as physicians will acknowledge that we do.

Granted, then, that vice is frequently inherited, the question then arises, how far the individual is responsible for his acts, and what should be his treatment by the State when he transgresses its laws? We already admit the plea of insanity. When it is impossible to prove that persons are only monomaniacs, even their crimes are excused, and they are sent to asylums instead of penitentiaries.

The very small percentage of criminals who are ever reformed shows that with most of them crime is to a great extent a disease. Our reformatories are nothing more or less than moral hospitals. The mistake that is made is that the incurable cases in a physical hospital are allowed to remain in the institution where they can have proper care and attention; whereas the moral invalids are turned loose on society because they have reached a certain age, or served a certain term in a prison or reformatory. We should have, and we will have, when civilization is further advanced and methods of treating the criminal classes are more logical, a plan by which the incurable criminal shall remain under custody all his life. Not in a penitentiary, but in some public institution properly guarded, where he can have a regular life, and be made to do some work that will contribute to the general good of the community.

Persons with confirmed criminal tendencies should no more be allowed to marry than persons with diseases or physical defects, that they may give an inheritance to their children. Such a policy would be the best for the individual, and infinitely an improvement over present methods for society.

To turn a man loose that you know will turn up in the penitentiary in a few weeks or months, is not a kindness to him. It is adding disgrace to his life, and causing trouble to the community. We are commencing to study crime more intelligently than formerly, and undoubtedly the future will see some system evolved that will be along the lines suggested above. Society must be protected on the one hand, and it is not just to punish a man for acts committed while he is insane or irresponsible. Under such conflicting conditions and inherent the confinement of the criminal is the only possible solution of the problem.

The above article from a California paper is a pretty good indication of the effect of the study of physical and mental science by members of the regular press. It indeed shows a broadening of the minds of the leaders of the public. But the question as to the cause of monomania once settled, the only problem seems to be, what to do with the unfortunate victims, and how to prevent the disease. The prohibition of marriage of people of criminal inclinations is suggested above. A good suggestion, but what of the illegitimate babe, whose mother has impressed murder upon its unborn babe? When society makes the fallen mother an outcast, an object of loathing eternal, what else remains for such mother but to attempt an act she cannot always successfully accomplish? The child is born, homeless or otherwise, a criminal—most likely a murderer. It is well to care for these—no fatherless, but deserted—little ones, and restore to society and true moral friends the deceived one.

A voluminous article might be written upon the matter of prenatal influence and heredity, and still leave much unsaid; but to merely review all such matters in the public press is productive of immeasurable good, for education is the only means by which a correction of these wrongs can ever be accomplished.

Dr. T. WILKINS.

## A SHORT SERMON.

To Be Read at the Funeral of J. O. Sprague, of Roscoe, New York.

WRITTEN BY THE GUIDES OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, BY THE REQUEST OF MR. SPRAGUE, WHO IS STILL IN THE MORTAL FORM, AND WHO REQUESTS THIS TO BE PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE OF THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, then face to face."  
"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you."  
"And there shall be no more death."

"There is no death, what seems so is but change."  
Death is an angel snowy white,  
Who unto every household comes  
To lead to realms perpetual and bright,  
Where dwell the loved in their blest homes.

INVOCATION.  
O, Thou Infinite Spirit! Giver of every gift, of that which is named life on earth, with its many sad experiences, and human joys of that which is mis-called death, which set the imprisoned spirit free, we turn to thee in praise for life, all-bountiful and perfect, wherever it may be; whether on earth amid the shifting scenes of human existence, or in the spirit state, where the enfranchised ones are set free from the feebleness of clay. We would praise Thee for this new birth that has come to Thy child, for all of blessing that his life had received on earth, and for that higher blessing that he now enjoys. May those whose pain we feel to mourn, but in solemn joy render their thanksgiving for the goodly life and well-spent years, for the garnered sheaves of the spirit that are his. May this hour be freighted with the lesson that is needed by those who still remain in human form, and may it bring the blessing from the higher life to those who wait beside the gateway of immortality, while the arisen spirit, free from pain and earthly care, aids those who remain in earthly bondage; may they receive the blessing of the heavenly ones who work for others beneath Thy loving care. Amen.

DISCOURSE.  
"Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me; in my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

Dear friends, at this hour you are permitted to stand by the open door of the other world, and watch the passing to higher life of one of your friends, neighbor and companion. It is not death that you have beheld, but the real death, the glad birth into the higher realm.

In childhood you say: "It is hard to part with the sweet form that has but just commenced to unfold." In later life you say: "This life was too young to give up all its youthful promise; and even in middle age, you still cling to the useful one, thinking, 'We cannot spare this one yet.' And when the autumn of life on earth is here you are still unwilling to part with the material form, saying 'They might have been with us several years more.'"

But, dear ones, there is work and place in the other and higher life for the babe, who there grows up in the knowledge of the spirit; there is work for the youth and maiden, who learn the laws of life from the standpoint of the spirit, instead of the dust, and there the man and woman of earthly experience and toil find more congenial work in the ministrations of the higher realm, while those of ripened years, who have given their all of strength to help others on their way; who have filled to their best ability the duties of their earthly life; who have tried to serve others and fulfilled the law of kindness; who have never knowingly wronged a human being; who have more of heavenly than earthly treasures; who, though human, and doubtless having human weakness, are in the best condition for the next step of life—miscalled death—those find release and happiness unspeakable in this glorious change.

Such an one was this life, and this added life of transition to whom you are here to pay this tribute of respect and love.

Strong in his own convictions of right and of truth as he understood them, he was ever free to defend what he believed to be right; yet he strove to be tolerant to the opinions of others, though he would not allow his own convictions to be assailed.

A just, generous and friend, he bore his part in the labors of life, and leaves, as the best inheritance for others, an honesty of purpose and a life of industry.

His earth-life is known to you; you will remember its better part, forgetting that that might for one brief moment have clouded or marred your knowledge of him, for the real man is within; and sometimes even the nearest and dearest do not fully understand; but when the change comes that is here, when the body no longer divides the spirit from those who know, when you have time and opportunity to think of all the good that the life has wrought, then you remember the good, only, that is in each life.

With the arisen one at this hour it must be well. For weakness he has taken on strength; for feebleness, there is now vigor; for age and partial decrepitude there is youth and freshness of middle life; for pain and disability, there is freedom from all afflictions of the body; for whatever infirmities of the flesh, there is now the strength of the spirit.

How wonderful is this Angel of Life! The Awakener; the true friend of humanity; none who truly live can fear to meet this change.

Think, dear friends, what this earthly life would be if there could be no added life, through the matchless halls of the Angel of Silence. Think how the earth narrows the spirit to this dim prison-house of clay; fetters it within the confines of the senses, and blinds, for the time, the eyes of the spirit to gaze on dust instead of light; to grope, striving to feel one's way along the dim passages of time and sense; instead of seeing with open vision the realities of the spirit state.

Think what earth would be without this glad removal! The young, eager for their life experience, jostling and crowding the old, saying, "Make room for us; you have had your time here long enough." The middle-aged crowding

each other and saying: "There are too many of us here; why cannot we go?" The aged longing to go, but never able to pass beyond the barriers, that time and sense have made! Such an earth would be a Hades indeed!

But now, how fair and beautiful are all things here!

The spring-time buds awaken to bloom and fragrance; the summer blossoms unfold to fruition; the autumn yields its harvest unto the hand of man; purple and golden the fruitage bends to bless him; and the low murmur of the autumn wind whispers to the leaves, and off they go amid the crimson and gold that they have borrowed for their banners of change!

How beautiful this change that has come to our friend! He, too, has passed the spring-time of early promise; he, too, has seen the bloom of manhood; he, too, has gathered the harvest of his spirit, and now, in the full "Harvest Moon," he cometh home unto the heavenly land, bringing the sheaves of his toil, and glad of the triumph of life!

He has woven the raiment of the spirit of his own life; he has built his mansion in the Father's house of his own goodly deeds; his friends, "gone on before," have welcomed him to the habitations, "not made with hands," but "eternal in the Heavens." He has taken the next great step of life; and he knew where he was going; knew that spirit when severed from the dust finds its own place, not far away, but nearer than some of you know; and now, with more perfect powers, with larger capabilities, with equal interest in the welfare of humanity, he will bend, a helpful and strengthening presence, above the home, above the friends of his earthly pilgrimage.

Let nothing of murmuring or vain regret follow this enfranchised spirit; let every heart unite in praise to the Eternal One who is  
"The God of the living, not of the dead."

(TO BE READ AT THE GRAVE.)  
Dust to dust, the body years  
To sleep in Nature's loving arms;  
The spirit to its heaven returns  
Freed from all human ills and harms.

The autumn sheaves are gathered in.  
The gold and crimson leaves sweep by,  
He, too, his heritage must win,  
Bearing his sheaves of soul on high.

The Earth will miss this spirit gone,  
For clay is not a thing divine;  
The spirit stamps its life alone  
Upon the clod, maketh it shine.

Then flies away unto its home,  
And leaves that void upon the earth;  
All the nobler that it hath come  
To thrill the dust with things of worth.

Peace to the ashes of the earth;  
The spring-time flowers will blossom here,  
But brighter blossoms will have birth  
Within the heavenly atmosphere.

Hail to the spirit in its home!  
The heavenly messengers appear—  
They sing the song: "All hail; O, come  
Unto thy native atmosphere."

The shadows fall, the spirit rises,  
Passes into the light divine;  
May he revisit you in prison  
Of earth, until that Peace divine  
Depends upon you from above.

And bid you to the heavenly shore;  
And may God's messengers of love  
Abide with all forevermore. Amen.

GHOST LORE.  
Illustrating Spirit Power.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune quotes from an ancient volume of ghostlore published in 1729 the following story, "of the late Reverend Dr. Scott, a man whose learning and piety was renowned, and whose judgment was known to be so good, as not to be easily imposed upon."

"The Doctor, as I have the story related, was sitting alone by the fire, either in his study or his parlor, in Broad street, where he lived, reading a book, his door being shut and locked; he was well-assured there was no one in the room but himself, when accidentally raising his head a little, he was exceedingly surprised to see sitting in an elbow chair, at the other side of the fireplace or chimney, an ancient, grave gentleman in a black velvet gown, a long wig, and looking with a pleasing countenance towards him (the doctor) as if just going to speak."

An occasion, as given as having occurred between the doctor and his ghostly visitor, which need not be given, the object of the latter being to get the former to go down to his former estate, and find a will which he left, hidden so securely that it could not be found, with the result that the right heir, his son, was in danger of being turned out of the house.

"In an upper room or loft," continues Mr. Moreton, describing what the "spook" told the doctor, "he would find a great deal of old lumber, old coffers, old chests, and such things as were out of fashion now, shrouded by, and piled upon, and another to make room for more modern furniture, cabinets, chests of drawers, and the like. That in such a particular corner was such a certain old chest, with an old broken lock upon it, and a key in it, which could neither be turned in the lock nor pulled out of it. Here he gave him a particular description of the chest, and of the outside, the lock and the cover, and also of the inside, and of a place in it, which no man could come to, or find out, unless the whole chest was pulled in pieces."

Dr. Scott promised to go down to the country place, and kept his promise. He was received courteously, and not only that, but was informed by the young host that he had dreamed the night before that a strange gentleman came to the house, and found the missing will.

"I don't know but you may be the man," he said in conclusion. The doctor smiled, and asked to be directed to a certain loft which was used for the storage of rubbish. Once there, he picked out a chest, and asked if they had searched therein. They told them they had, but he asked to have it searched again. Nothing was found therein, when the doctor asked to have a hammer and chisel, which articles he used for the purpose of knocking out the bottom, when they found it had a double bottom, between the layers of which was found the parchment will."

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## A FETICH FUNGUS.

## Ponderous Materialism.

How this Devil Got Into the Mental Garden of Spiritualism and Is Kept There.

BY PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD.

Of all classes of thinkers, the Spiritualist should be the most consistent, logical and concise. His postulate of continued life, and of the reciprocal associations of the spirit realm with this, is predicated upon what he calls "immutable law"—unchanging principle. Whether he assumes that "an all-pervading and overruling intelligence actuates, directs and controls the formula of evolution, or self-existing potency inheres in nature's elements and energies—in either case he will contend for the naturalness of his philosophy and affirm that it is based upon evidence subject to scientific analysis and inductive demonstration. And yet very many Spiritualists, as is shown by their writings, and is evidenced by their lectures, are prone to assume positions and to take unproven and impossible postulates for granted, which are not only illogical and incompatible with their premise and known data, but which, if accepted as they present, would annihilate cosmic philosophy and Spiritualism, and would continue the erroneous and superstitious ancestral speculation, that "two diverse forces of nature were at war," and in the same conflict with each other that they were thought to be when the devil succeeded in promoting the fall of man in the Garden of Eden story, and God got mad and cursed Adam and Eve, and the ground even, in his pious rage. "The name of one of these impossible postulates which afflicts our spiritual friends is

## "MATERIALISM."

Bro. J. O. Barrett calls it "ponderous materialism" in his criticism of our pamphlet, "The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." Where he calls it this because materialistic causation finds a special lodgment in his mentality, or because his spiritual conceptions of nature's co-relations are shocked by such terms as "molecular affinity," we have not been informed. But many other usually precise speakers and writers fall into the same error of reasoning and make inferences and draw conclusions not in accord with their premises regarding spirit, or consistent with logical reasoning. And now, in all friendship and kindness of feeling, we will point out this error of reasoning, as it seems from our plane of thinking.

## SPIRITUAL ENERGIES.

If we accept the postulate that spirit as a term indicative of some divine essence, which through cosmic changes not yet known "promotes all forms," "enters into all structures," "actuates all life," "is the substance that develops all being," then we shall affirm that the study and investigation of how this essence evolves from and actuates the life of whatever character, is an investigation of Spiritualism, since we are investigating how spiritual energies promote the phenomena of visibility and form. If spiritual forces evolve form, these forms are as spiritual, though tangible to our senses, as the spiritual essences promoting or evolving them. This is not materialism, neither is its "data materialistic," as some of our friends affirm.

## REALM OF PHENOMENA.

The human in earth-life lives in a realm of phenomena. He sees only phenomena in the operation or result of nature's energies. The real that takes place in all cosmic processes, is beyond vision. Hence, all investigations of nature's processes are investigations of the relation, formula of combination and physical character of those invisible forces called spiritual. This is the term applied by the ancient alchemist, and the term employed by the modern Spiritualist. Therefore we conclude that the individual who professes to be a Spiritualist, but who can see only "materialism" in these processes and modes of combination, is a born materialist—he certainly is not a Spiritualist in his comprehension of how spirit evolves what we call matter. He is born with a hereditary taint of ancestral superstitions and doctrines—a fetich fungus that clouds his perception of the sublimity of nature's wondrous elements and energies. This taint manifests itself in the way he thinks and speaks of the "crudeness," "grossness," and "inertness" of the matter evoked by spirit.

He thinks of the world as his ancestors think, and links at matter as his grand-daddies link.

If this illogical idea of matter and forms evoked by spirit, is not a fetich of the mentality, my brother, where do you get it from? There is not a concise, analytical physicist on either continent who will not admit that all visible forms in nature can be reduced to invisibility and beyond knowing some of the phenomena produced by the combination of elements, not one of these physicists claims to know what they are in their individual essence.

Hence:

THE TERM "MATERIALISM," as the doctrine or philosophy of matter, is untenable and illogical, since what is called matter and material is the result, and not the cause of the invisible forces of the elemental forces. So we conclude that there is no such thing as matter, save in an invisible molecular sense, since all compound forms of matter can be reduced to elemental molecules of invisible energy, of which no one knows their properties beyond their tendency to promote form and visibility.

It is a grim commentary on logical sequences and consciousness of thought to hear a Spiritualist, who claims spirit as "the promoter of all forms of life," ranting over a "materialism" that has no existence, if his premise be true, for he posits before the public confessedly ignorant of his own postulates, and admits, by his acceptance of this term, that the doctrine of materialism may be true. From our plane of viewing effects, such line of argument and such admissions present to the popular mentality only another picture of the theological devil in the corner vineyard of the saints. This careless method of argumentation, as it impresses us, is not advantageous to philosophy or Spiritualism.

## If all of the elemental energies

COMPRISING NATURE'S FACTORS "have always existed in some form," as science declares, or have been differentiated from a primordial element, as

some claim, in either case these energies are spiritual in their nature because the action and reaction of their molecules takes place in a spectrum beyond vision; and it is this fact that gave rise to the terms "spiritual" and "apiritual," by the ancient alchemist who first noted these phenomena.

And while the modern physicist has made great advance in tracing out, and naming some of these elements of nature, and has discovered much of the formula of their combination, he is obliged to admit the invisibility of that dimension of space, or sphere of action and reaction, to which the ancient alchemist gave the name "spiritual."

Viewed in the history and light of these facts, the study and investigation of the transference and correlation of energies of whatever character, or of any process of affinity, whether understood as physical, psychical or molecular, is a study and investigation of Spiritualism.

## EVERY DAY IS A LEAF.

Every day is a leaf on the tree of time; Through its veins there is flowing a life divine. And the shape of the leaf, its fashion and form, Is wrought of the purpose the spirit has worn; And the fibres and texture partake, too, Of the thoughts and the motives honest and true.

Let the moments exhale their most vital force, And the hours and the days will follow in course; And the leaves will unfold in beauty and grace, On the branches of life, in life's rounded space.

Now the autumn leaves fall and cover the ground, Where the wind in mad frolic sweeps them around.

But the life of the leaf is not wholly lost, Though its yellow and brown, and shrivelled by frost.

For the spirit that ruled it still is abroad, Where it waits for the spring to speak the glad word.

When again it will come with its forces divine, And again it will work, and will give us its sign.

It will bring all its powers and fashion anew, Both the bud and the leaf, in form and hue.

Oak Park, Ill. ELA DARE.

## PITY POOR PAT.

One morning while walking, Deep buried in dream, I spied an old "Paddy," His cart and his team; His cart was a dray, With which he hauled gravel— Two dollars a day. I watched his old shovel— Long handle in hand— With motion like clock-work, Upheaving the sand. His face, long and grimy, His slouchy old hat, Gave rise to the sentence— "I pity poor Pat."

His face told a story; His life he portrayed; In which figured largely His shovel and spade. They'd stood close together Throughout a hard past; No wonder their friendship Is firm and steadfast; For where would be "Paddy"— No wealth, and no trade— Without that long-handled, Companionable spade. But I spoke to him loudly Of labor and that, But bade me the deeper To pity poor Pat.

This scene spoke of labor, Love, liquor and lust; Pope, piety and penance; Superstition and trust; Of whiskey-slings guzzled; Of battles and brawls; A dingy old shanty; Where poverty crawls; They gave me the future, The present and past; Of that brawny old paddy Whose struggles are cast In this lap, that of freedom Is boasted, and that Made me sigh deeply— "I pity poor Pat."

DR. T. WILKINS.

## NO SOUL CAN SIN! NO SOUL CAN DIE!

"The soul that sinneth it shall die," Was falsely writ; Is a lie; No soul can sin; no soul can die; What is the soul? Then tell me why A death it could ever apply!

What is the soul? again we ask, And bend our Reason to the task To find the answer, and unmask The error of that statement base, And strip it of its brazen casque.

The body is the outer shell In which awhile our spirits dwell, And 'twixt the two, within that spell There is refined—how? Who can tell? The spirit-body—soul—or cell, Invisible to mortal sight; Seen clearly in clairvoyant light, As stars unseen by day are bright When darkness shrouds the earth in night, Thus souls are clothed in raiment white.

The soul is what the body's made, With warp of spirit-love inlaid; And corresponding to the grade Of mind from which it takes its shade, Completes the structure mind has laid. The power electric is not whole In positive and negative pole, But interchange creates the soul; Conducting to complete control; And writes or makes the wheels to roll.

Then where's the sin of soul that kills? When soul's the God-man that fulfills The law of growth? A God who wills Eternal death for human ills, Debasing hate, his breath instills, Soul sinneth not, 'tis 'a shame For priests that dogma to proclaim! Gold's earth refined, and soul's the same, Nor can turn back from whence they came; For progress is all nature's aim.

D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

## MAN'S THIRD EYE.

What Is Left of It Is Found in the Center of the Brain.

Man and all higher animals have two eyes and two only. All mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and fishes have this number of eyes. Even these animals which from time immemorial have lived in absolutely dark caves, have two eyes. In many of such animals, however, the eyes have been overgrown by the skin, so that these eyes now would be useless for vision, even if the animal should come from its subterranean home to the light of day. The same is true of several species of burrowing animals of the mole and mouse tribes. Indeed, all the vertebrate animals have two eyes, whether they use them or not.

Not all animals have these two eyes symmetrically placed in the head, one on each side. Certain fishes which apparently swim on the side, such as the turbot, have both eyes on one, the dark side of their head. That this is not due to a simple twist of the head has been demonstrated by Prof. Steenstrup more than twenty years ago.

At times, by what is termed arrested development, animals, and even human beings, appear as cyclopes, or having one eye only. But who ever heard of a third eye in man or beast? And yet recent researches prove that man and all vertebrates seem to possess the rudiments of a third eye.

This discovery is not only very interesting, but also remarkably instructive, since the rudimentary third eye of man has, by one of the most noted philosophers of modern days, been looked upon as being the seat of the soul.

As organs, by proper use develop in strength and perfection, so they become weak by lack of use. If for many generations an organ should remain without use, its structure in time becomes simpler and more imperfect. If such a process continues throughout ages, an organ, by constant disuse, will become reduced to a mere rudiment of what it was in the species using the same. Thus, species of birds that only walk and run, but never fly, have only rudimentary wings, as the ostrich; while in the eagle and the albatross the wings are seen in a state of perfection.

Now, in connection with the skulls of certain lizards, it was found that near the top of the head, under the dark, opaque skin, and often in the very bone, an almost perfect eye exists, though no ray of light ever could reach it. This eye shows a crystalline lens, a retina of a very complex structure, and an optic nerve; in fact, all the essential parts of a perfect eye. But being covered by the opaque skin of the animal, it is absolutely useless.

If this optic nerve is traced to the brain, it is found to connect the eye with the so-called pineal gland of the brain. This pineal gland is, of course, in no sense of a word a real gland, but a definite portion of the nervous tissue of the brain, invariably located just back and partly over the cerebrum, and in front of the rounded brain-mass which generally is considered to correspond to the corpora quadrigemina in man.

The third eye of the spotted lizard is called the pineal eye, on account of the nerve connection of its retina with the pineal gland.

Now, while in certain lizards this highly-developed eye is useless because it is covered by opaque skin, and in others even deeply bedded in bone, it would seem probable that in an earlier stage of development, this pineal eye was not rudimentary, but in constant use. A very slight modification would accomplish this; namely, the transparent skin covering the eye. This is exactly the condition of the normal eyes in reptiles to-day; the skin covers them, but it is transparent where it passes over the eye.

In the skulls of some of the gigantic reptiles of the earlier age of this globe, paleontologists have long ago found a large, round perforation. Probably this was the socket of the third, or pineal eye of the ichthyosaurs, the plesiosaurs, and the labyrinthodonts.

But a much more important conclusion must be drawn from this discovery, namely, that in all vertebrates, even in climbing man, the traces of this third eye remain to-day. The pineal eye of lizards being connected with the large pineal gland of the same, it would seem that the pineal gland itself is but the nerve center or optic thalamus for this third eye. In all reptiles and amphibians, the pineal gland is large; so it is also in fishes.

In higher animals, the cerebrum develops very much, overgrowing the more posterior portions of the brain. By this preponderance of the nerve mass the pineal gland becomes covered by the cerebrum, and assumes more and more rudimentary forms. But it remains with obstinate pertinacity. It is even always present in man—though here only of the size of a pea and rudely resembling a pine cone in shape. It seems also degenerated in structure. These facts of form and structure have given rise to its name, that of pineal gland.

The position of the pineal gland in man is almost in the very center of the brain. The nerve, rounded mass, attracts attention when the third ventricle of the brain is opened. It is almost free, being held in place by two light, stalk-like bands or peduncles, which connect it to the cerebrum interiorly. The gland, so-called, is rather vascular, and contains also crystalline mineral matter, the so-called acervulus cerebri consisting mainly of phosphates.

A most singular error has been introduced in an otherwise respectable body of philosophy by this position of the pineal gland, the Zirkel druse of the Germans.

The great philosopher, Descartes, spent most of his time during the winter of 1629-30 in anatomical studies at Amsterdam. Here he probably made close examinations of the human brain and was struck with this peculiarity of the pineal gland. In his philosophical system he located the soul in this little organ! He says in his "Passions de l'Amé": "I recognize clearly and distinctly that the portion of the body in which the soul exerts its function is neither the heart nor the entire brain, but only the innermost part of the same, namely, a certain minute acorn, situated exactly in the center of the brain." He refers to the pineal gland.

What a striking error of the great philosopher! This degenerated little rudiment of what once was the nerve center of a third eye of certain primordial

mammals, dignified by assigning to it the seat of the very soul of man!

The central point of our brain, which so long has remained a mystery to the student of human and comparative anatomy, now appears as the rudiment of a third eye, overgrown and depressed by the immense development of the brain. What a splendid development for man—to secure the great brain, the organ of reason, at the expense of a third eye.—Anna Himrich in Popular Science News.

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We respectfully call the attention of our readers to the advertisement on page eight of the Golden Laxative Coffee Co. This Coffee we understand from the best of authority, is all that it is claimed to be, a most refreshing drink, laxative in its effects, and that it will cure constipation, as well as many kidney troubles. The price is greatly in its favor, placing it within the reach of all. By mentioning this paper the cost of shipping this Coffee to you will be prepaid. In our opinion, all who are suffering from constipation would do well to give it a trial. We have, as we have said, been assured by the best of authority that we can honestly recommend this Coffee as doing what is claimed for it, i. e., cure constipation.

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