

# The PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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## The Progressive Thinker's Rostrum.

To be Occupied by Eminent Divines, Scientists, Philosophers and Teachers.

AN INTELLECTUAL FEAST FOR THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

A Department that Would Prove an Attraction in any of the Leading Magazines of the World.

### THE NEW YEAR FOR THE NATION AND THE WORLD.

#### DOES IT PORTEND PEACE OR WAR?

From the Present Standpoint of Abraham Lincoln.

DELIVERED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,

Chicago, Sunday Evening, December 29, 1889.

[Special Express for "The Progressive Thinker's" Rostrum.]

#### INVOCATION.

Light of all ages; Guide of every living soul; Creator, through whose laws the firmament of stars and the beauty of the earth have their being; Ruler of the universe, through whose divine and perfect mandates (now mandates of silence that govern the visible world) every form of life has being; Lord of all souls, through whose perfect love, and wisdom, and knowledge all minds are in the shadow of time and all souls set free in the boundlessness of eternity; O God, Thy children would praise Thee from the narrow prison-house of the dust they would gaze with ineffable adoration upon the wonders of eternity; from the trammels of time they would seek the charmed freedom of the spirit; and from the compassing shadows of time and death, they would perceive the perfect glory of the skies. May those who walk in the shadows perceive the light that is beyond, and may those who still dwell in the fear of death behold the immortality that is above and within them; and may the people of the earth, set free from error and striving, from wars and discord, from the pursuits of selfishness, the low aims of earthly ambition find higher solution of the problems of life in the ministrations of love, in that peace that brings the glad tidings, in the perfect fraternity of man. May the light of Thy truth encompass every human heart and lead each into the citadel of light, where all is brightness, and where the shadows departing leave naught but the glory of Thy perfect love. O God, may every heart learn the lesson of the skies, may the light of Thy truth encompass every human heart and lead each into the citadel of light, where all is brightness, and where the shadows departing leave naught but the glory of Thy perfect love. O God, may every heart learn the lesson of the skies, may the light of Thy truth encompass every human heart and lead each into the citadel of light, where all is brightness, and where the shadows departing leave naught but the glory of Thy perfect love.

#### DISCOURSE.

To one who dwells in the spirit there is neither State nor Nation, nor any longer the world, but only souls, and eternity and God. But while the spirit has its eternal home, the dwelling place which was its home, the friends who were its kindred, the people who were the companions and the Nation that was the theater of human struggle, must still have somewhat of interest so long as there is a human life to save, a human heart to strengthen or a human spirit to exalt above the trammels of the dust. Such be my excuse for the words of the hour, which are given through the organism of another, and may, therefore, be criticised. I trust not, however, with reference to the personality, but only with reference to the thoughts contained therein.

The light of this Nation was the promised light of freedom; borne forward for a century of time, struggling through the enmeshments of the wars of its infancy, breaking the barriers of old-time and old-world bondage, the light of the Republic, placed in the far West, like the Star of evening or morning, seemed to promise to the nations of the earth the one ideal State. As that promise has been more or less fulfilled, as the greatness of the Nation has grown, as the wonder of this young giant of the Western world has come to be realized, there is more cause for expectancy and greater occasion for anxiety. A mere founding, a mere dwarf or chattering growing up in the West would be of small account to the monarchies of Europe, and the Nations of the East would look through pity and possibly scorn to the presumptuous thing that would dare to announce itself a Republic, even as they sometimes look to the republics of South America, scarcely knowing their names nor understanding their history, but always expecting in their own minds to destroy them. Not so with this Northern Republic. Placed in the most favorable position the Western world affords, extending its entire territory through zones that have the choicest productions of the earth; with such magnificent possessions that in their vastness they seem like the fabled dream of the world.

The young giant of the West has sprung in a century of time to be the marvel of the world, a marvel of peace, excepting the one discord which grew from the inevitable cause of human slavery; a marvel of prosperity which continues to grow more marvelous, to tempt the avarice of the whole world; a marvel of enlightenment considering the vast numbers who have been obliged to fly thither, to escape the poverty, persecution, bondage, despotism at home; a marvel of wealth with such vast, almost uncounted resources at its command, and inventions that are the ready product of the intelligence of its inhabitants; a country peopled with minds which seem to expand over its territories, having the tact, skill and genius that seem to thrive in this far

western land as the added products of the soil, and combines both forms of thought, conservatism and aggressiveness, radicalism and temperance; a people that has a distinct trace of the progress and conservatism of nearly all the nations of the world.

Such is the picture which presents itself to spiritual vision, albeit a land that makes amends for the crystallization of the past; young in those pursuits that constituted the scholarship of Egypt, the prowess of Rome and the art of Greece; though young in these, still having such youthful aspirations, particularly applying such of the arts, science, and learning, as are included in every principle of mechanics, mathematics, or chemical science; a nation of people imbued with the aggressive spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, yet ready to curb that spirit at the mandates of interest and policy, and we may trust, at the loftier mandate which sees greater prosperity in ways of peace than those of war; a nation that has not always been moderate nor temperate in its demands, still is ever ready to accept peace instead of war, the pursuits of industry rather than those of conquest; that overweening desire for greater and more magnificent possessions; a nation that is full of the impulse of youth, full of the aspiration of that grandeur which may point to a greater and more perfect age, full of imperfection, unchastened, and unsubdued youthfulness, and full of the dangers of that prosperity which, sweeping almost like a tidal-wave over the country, may bring a reaction of much that is disastrous.

There is nothing to compare with this nation in the history of the world; no empire, no republic, nothing that ever had a name or a distinct people that bears the slightest resemblance to it; therefore, to compare the history of this country with that of Greece or Rome, Rome as an empire, or Rome under the highest law which it was possible for the human mind then to produce, to compare it to any of those feeble, feeble republics that have sprung into existence in a night and vanished in a day; to compare it with France, versatile, volatile, ready for a republic to-day and an empire to-morrow; to compare it with the government of Germany, steadily progressing toward a republic; or with England, which, though a monarchy in name, has been for the past half century a republican government almost as much as yours, is certainly not in keeping with facts. This nation cannot be compared with any nation. It is the distinct outgrowth of the age and period of the world, the conditions and requirements of mankind. It is a great success, or will be so stupendous a failure as to be an eternal lesson. It is intended to be the perfection and majesty of nations, a republic that shall enshrine the hopes and promises of the world; or, if it is to be a failure, a failure so great that the world will well nigh despair of the ideal republic being attained.

All this you can see by the very statement: there is nothing in the whole range of human history that can embody so vast a territory, such a great variety of nationality, such homogeneity of interest, such oneness of purpose in the ideal, and have it carried forward to that which promised so great a future as the present American Republic, a republic which should have been named Columbia from the first. The light of its freedom is the ideal hope of the world, a vast territory, whose interests are diversified, uniting in one common government, States that were well-nigh divided by sectional interests again cemented in one bond of union, with increased State and Territory, to a degree never dreamed of by the founders of the republic, all to be held in peace at this hour, with as great an aversion to any warfare or disturbance as any people ever possessed, is a marvel in itself. No need of a king, uneasily tossing upon his pillow, or pacing his royal apartments, lest there be an insurrection of the people; no need of watchfulness, unless another nation shall usurp its rights; it has no diplomatic corps, beyond a few eminent men, required to keep peace with the world. A nation that sits, like the lily of all lands, between the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, between the jeweled lakes on the north, and the southern seas; a nation that blossoms unto freedom, unto the world, without any authority, aggressiveness, invasion, warfare, is a spectacle for the ages to contemplate; and because of this, and the exalted hopes that are here enshrined, because the oppressed of every land looks to this nation as to their prophecy; because all humanity, in its ideal state, expects that sometimes the other nations of the world will follow in the civilization of this, so is it important to look well to the condition of your land; to see if the foundations of the republic are secure; to understand if the basis is strong

upon which this larger fabric is intended, must rise.

When the constitution was formed, formed wiser than those who fashioned it, no such dominion, stretching from sea to sea, was dreamed of; no such millions of acres of territory; no such treasure as has poured into the lap of the nation, people supposed the expansive world to be limited, and the extent of the boundary line would never be beyond the middle range of mountains that divides you from the ocean. Further and further west the lines have extended, further and further, until it swept across the broad "Father of Waters," until, climbing the height of the Rocky Mountains, or pressing through the abysses that separated you from the Pacific slope, you have linked the two oceans together, and are now covering the land with populous cities, rich in everything that constitutes the arts and sciences, and commerce of civilization, a commerce that in itself is sufficient to supply the needs of the world.

Where there is giant strength, it is well to know how to employ it; where there is giant size, it is well to know how to govern and bend the various parts of the body obediently to the whole, and where there are unlimited sources of power which may become sources of danger, it is well to understand this also. A giant does not pass through the world crushing all beneath his feet, nor does one who has unlimited power, if judicious, exercise to the fullest extent that power. The resources of this land seem limitless; there seems to be no bound to the wealth, to the productiveness which nature has supplied; but there is also danger where there are riches; the cupidity of man is aroused, the envy and jealousy of the world, the avarice of those who have treasure, and would augment it.

The chief danger to the nation lies in this: the temptation to those in foreign lands who have wealth, to possess your treasures. From the standpoint which I now occupy I see no other one danger so great; no extravagance, no corruption in office that the people may not ultimately regulate; nothing that will not clear itself in the great political tide; but this danger, that in the pursuit of pleasure, of happiness, that which constitutes the prosperity of the nation will be neglected, you will ultimately be swallowed up in the coils of foreign capital.

And when I say foreign capital, I mean capital which is not invested in a citizen's name, not invested in the name of those who live and labor here. The treasure of this country was its lands; the danger in Europe is in the fact that the lands have fallen into the hands of the few. Ireland is a perpetual lesson. England is a perpetual instructor; the laws of primogeniture and entail have engulfed many nations. England is trying to solve the problem at her door to-day, and while she is solving the problem, her capital is making the problem for you here. While she is extricating herself from the toils which have been woven around her, the result of old-time laws, capital is abroad, and is doing everything in peaceful and lawful ways; that is, lawful if it is accounted such, but it is not lawful that the treasures of any nation shall be possessed by others than its own citizens. It is not lawful that the productive interests shall be possessed by other than its own residents; it is an unlawful use of wealth that the vast mechanical industries of this country, especially those sources of wealth that include the means and subsistence shall belong to a foreign people. I say foreign in the sense of your nationality. I do not mean in the sense of your national relationship, nor to the meaning in a spiritual state, for to the spirit it would not matter who possessed the riches of the land or the manufactures, for it is just as liable to be used to the disadvantage of the poor man, whatever tyrant possessed it. But if the wealth of the nation is to be preserved for the national prosperity, the industries must be carried forward by its citizens; if there is to be a solution of the problems of life in the wisest enlightenment; added facility of labor, greater facilities possessed by the many, less power by the few, then must you look well to these foreign investments. I do not know how you are to check them. I cannot understand how the laws which were fashioned very soon after the war with reference to the homestead occupation of the land have been evaded; nor can I understand how the people can sleep so securely upon their downy pillows of prosperity, upon this rising wave-tide of material success, and exchange their landed possessions and industries for gold which will pass out of their keeping into the same hands that have grasped the possessions and industries; how they can be content that the land be owned by those who are not residents, vast territories be possessed by those who have no national interest here. It must be true that in time a tenantry here will be as abjectly poor and as great a blot upon your civilization as the tenantry of Ireland and England to-day.

It is inevitable; the same causes must always produce the same result. You cannot exchange rightful possessions, that which belongs to the nation, strength, for foreign wealth, without endangering the nation which has given you birth, and the privilege of thinking for yourselves.

Perhaps it is not of so much consequence who owns the land and who owns the producing industries; the minds and vast mechanism which produce the labor-making and labor-saving instruments of the world, as it will be when the time comes when

those who own the land will control the social, moral, intellectual and political privileges also. It is from this external to the more interior results that one must reason.

The life of the republic has its intelligence in the source of the individual, the distinctively individualized American citizen. Will that man who dares to be free and untrammelled, in religion, to have his own thoughts, his own habitation, his own land, exchange his independence for the position of a hireling or slave? I find great interest and hope in the one who in this life is the typical American. I deplore the abolition of this type; I deplore the invasion of foreign manners and customs beyond the degree necessary for civility and courtesy; I deplore the wiping out of this type of American manhood, which can think for itself, work for itself, build its own habitation, if need be, till its own soil. I deplore the introduction of the proprietors of the rented property of the landed estate, who do neither thinking nor work, and become ultimately the paupers of the world.

The nation must bear, some time, the results of that which it has now committed in the height of prosperity and through thoughtless carelessness; you must look to it if you are the conservators of this republic; the laws are given into your keeping; the legislators who form them are of your election; if you do not see to it, your children's children will be homeless. I give you this view to-day on the very apex of the prosperity of the year, and the century. The year that has just passed yielding great prosperity, the year that is just approaching will be almost unparalleled in its prosperity; every kind of business, all kinds of trades and industries which are slipping out of your hands, every thing that promises in the commercial world, the greatest success, seem to my vision, looking towards the coming year as on the ascending wave, and because on the ascending wave, there is an invitation to all the rusting treasures of the Old World, to those treasures that have laid unbroken and dormant for years in the ancestral vaults, to come forth; there is an invitation to those who only obtain the smallest interest upon investments, especially when you consider the uncertainty of European investment, there is an invitation for all the wealth of Europe to be poured into the lap of this nation.

That wealth will be satisfied with the very lowest rate of interest; this is one reason why the coming year will be a year of great prosperity; but beware of fictitious heights; beware of false glimmers; a reaction must come as sure as the coming year is one of prosperity, there will be another year of prosperity, then there will be another year of only partial prosperity, and in two years a reaction from that.

It is not of the present temporary prosperity merely that I would speak; the world is preparing for a death struggle. I do not say that war is imminent in one year or two, or more; but when war finally comes, because of the long interval, because of the many interests involved, because of the great strides that mankind have taken toward freedom, because of the education of the masses, through the very tyranny that brings them forth, there is a preparation for the final death struggle; empire against empire, kingdom against kingdom, the governments of Europe meeting in the death pang, and your republic, if secure, floating out upon the sea that is bright, prosperous and free; but if entangled in the meshes of European capitalists and bankers, your fair republic will be a wreck in the general ruin. It is not a moral, nor even a political, but a financial problem; it is not a question of state, but a condition of the world that lies nearest to the surface of all the different questions, that will be solved in that death struggle; the one that presents itself to your consideration is: Is America strong enough, self-poised enough, free enough, enlightened enough, to escape the general ruin? and are there not powers, creeping up slowly, within your own boundaries, dangers that do not threaten to-day, but may blossom forth in a night, that will add to the general dismay? and is it not true, that in order to be secure from this danger, you must be prepared at the time, and at the hour when the danger is facing you?

If the statesmen were wise enough; if there were those who would listen to the voice that comes in admonition from above; if the present interest did not always blind the human vision; if that which is nearest to the world as the coveted prize did not make the government blind to its future well-being, these words might be spoken in the halls of congress and be heeded; but they will not, for if spoken there, they would be accounted the words of a dreamer—no one would listen. When the sun shines, who hears the voice upon the height, that says: "The storm is approaching!" You have learned by your system of signals to turn toward a harbor of safety when the storm approaches; you have learned to put forth your storm-signals along the coast, and all the fishermen and mariners heed them, but in a spiritual and even a governmental direction you do not heed the warning. The cries that foretold the war were only heard when the war was upon you, when the nation was imperiled in that struggle between slavery and freedom, the voice of the skies that was heard after the war, and to heal its wounds, instead of before.

The light that gleams from the realm of the spirit is not given for man to abjectly

follow. Nothing is vouchsafed that, seen through the experience of human history, is not reasonable and just. The mind is blind to reason in its hour of great success, and in great prosperity nothing is secure. The voice of warning is not accepted until the trouble is at one's door.

In the hour of the nation's peril that voice came to the one who addresses you (himself now arisen); in the hour of personal danger it was a perpetual presence; in the hour of final dissolution it was an unfolding vision which revealed that every prophecy was true, every warning verified; but it mostly served as the light to eternity, not to guide the footsteps while here. The same may be said of the words that are spoken here to-night; it may be that these lurking dangers will not be confessed or understood by you. It may be that in the peril of the hour the blindness of human ambition and cupidity will prevent the nation from availing itself of any warning voice that might be heard; but you will be here to attest that the words are spoken; that the voice of truth declares itself; that men are free to follow if their inspirations and intuitions are adequate to meet the emergencies of the hour. Blind though you may be still does the light shine for you and the voice lead, and though you do not hear the voice, still does it speak from the skies.

As the year portends success in the pursuits of peace, so does it portend great spiritual blessings for lives whose burdens will be lightened, individual minds that will be instructed in a clearer way, for the solution of the problems of earth, the great social questions that will arise, the great problems that will come. A little further off, all that is involved in the mistakes concerning human toil must be met face to face, and the human side that rises above the bondage of gold must be considered. I take it that the benefactions of earth are for the uses of man. I understand that uses are wrenched from their lawful and distinct lines and borne forward in the aggressive lines of human selfishness. I know that if human beings were slaves to power in the past time, so in a great degree they are bound unto power to-day. I know that power, whether sentient or insentient; whether in the person of a king, or whether it is gold in the hands of a few individuals, must arrogate to itself greater privileges than the growth of the age will permit. I know that the time is coming when intelligently, carefully and with calmness, you must discuss the question of whether man or mammon shall be king, or there must be a solution to the question after the manner that many problems of the world have been solved. While I know this, I would still point to the better and higher way. I would still call upon you to observe it, to take notice of philosophical and intelligent discussion. I would ask you to consider the suggestions and reflections of the wisest minds who make this subject their study. I would ask you to ward off the future danger of warfare by the consideration of these subjects before the hour of peril approaches.

I do not think that the right is ever aggressive. I do not think that truth ever wages war other than the war of ideas; but I think that truth arouses error to antagonism. I think freedom rouses the hatred of tyranny to endeavor to suppress it; the very existence, the very thought in the world of an enlightened idea concerning labor is hateful to mammon, as was the possible existence of the child Christ unto Pharaoh in Judea, who sought to slay all the first born; so are the Christs of truth slain by the tyrants of the hour. Therefore, any thought which grapples with the problems of the world with a view to destroying error must be met with sword thrusts from the hand of error. All this is not learned by the experience of the past, but by the slow and painful methods, or by the sudden outbursts of war; and the light which comes afterward, serves not only to point the way that you might have trodden, but serves somewhat to sustain you by covering with the mantle of the spirit the ghastly fields of war and the ravages that human destruction have made.

We will turn to a fairer picture; we will give promise of a better day, when the hopes of the world are seen to be well founded for fulfillment, when they shall press mankind for an answer somewhere and sometime, when the thoughts slumbering in the hearts of those who are, many of them, the humblest and lowliest in the nations of the world shall find realized that promise for the future, that day-star of national existence.

It would be a joy unto the world, as unto the one who speaks to you this night, if this land could be the fulfillment of the dreams of poets and philosophers; it would be a joy to those who have watched this nation in its infancy, and having seen it leap forward to such wonderful manhood and maturity, if they could with certainty gaze into its future; but I do not disguise to you the fact that much of that future rests in shadow; that a somber cloud rests above where the lines of the future meet; that that cloud may portend either the solution by dread war, or a period of wandering and doubting, like the journeying which may lead to the promised land of safety. For the final result, we know that if mankind does its duty, if every one is inspired aright and presses forward, if human hearts are true to that which is given them to understand, that the law of right is not in their keeping, but in the hand of a higher power,

which could make out of human slavery the pathway of freedom, out of the wrong of the slaveholder the right that redeems the slave.

But, oh! if the higher councils could prevail; if from the realm of light eternal the spirit of overbrooding peace and love might win human hearts; if the nation, slow to answer the call of right, could see it now, what might you not be! Great as is the land, wonderful as are its possessions, its long, entwining arms of light would encircle the world, and the sisterhood of nations would be the household of the republics of God.

Bless our country in the coming years. Can a nation founded in justice be crushed by mammon? Looking forward.

Impromptu poem. The subjects being suggested by members of the audience:

God bless our nation in the coming year;  
If as a nation God's blessing may fall,  
If it is accompanied with doubts and fear,  
If terror and darkness reign like a dread pall;  
How could God's blessing come where shadows are  
Unless ye seek the light from realms afar!

If truth, justice and liberty prevail,  
If the foundation-stones are laid in truth,  
God's blessing must come, it can never fail;  
Founded in infancy, borne forward in youth,  
The light of human truth and liberty  
Must in themselves God's blessing ever be.

We need only look to the past to see  
That truth is often misinterpreted;  
The Golden Rule spoken on Olivet  
Was not followed, but hatred instead.

And one may see all the foundations laid  
Of a fair structure that should be most bright,  
But through strife and discord by mankind made  
The temple is a shadow and a blight.

One may hear the truth declared, and error claim  
That truth at last as being all its own;  
One may see love spoken, and hatred's name  
Be the power which hath the victory won.

In religion's name as in freedom's oppressed,  
How many earnest lives sacrificed here,  
How many nation's and human hearts distressed,  
How many a sigh, how many a falling tear!

But we look forward to the coming years;  
What war and discord do nature leads o'er,  
And all the doubts and all the sighs and tears  
Are gathered in the angel's shining sword,  
And changed to pearls that souls may wear  
In the best land where all is bright and fair.

A future nation of the earth shall rise;  
A future race shall see the golden day,  
And from the darkness of the overbearing skies  
Freedom at last ride the dark pall away.  
By tolling ways at first at last the height  
Is reached and man is blessed in Freedom's sight.

BENEDICTION.  
May the heaven's filled with stars bend  
above the land that has a sky of stars for  
its symbol. May the light of peace and  
liberty enter the hearts of the people, and  
may all seek in well-doing to make the perfect  
nation possible. Amen.

OMNIPRESENCE.  
Lipsing Blue-eyes went to church,  
For she "d pretty things to wear,  
And she listened, as she ought,  
While the preacher did declare,  
In his most homely style,  
"God, our Lord, is everywhere!"

Blue-eyes had a rogulish bent,  
Sweet, and harmless, but she thought,  
"I don't want Him watching me;  
In some mischief I'll be caught,  
For nobody's little girl  
Can do always as she ought."

She was worried, and next day  
Sought her mother's sympathy.  
"Mamma," said the little one,  
"Is God in this room with me!"  
"Yes, my dear," "And on the lawn!"  
"Yes, in every place there be."

Blue-eyes dropped her flossy head  
On her dog in earnest thought.  
No philosopher could have been  
More provokingly distraught—  
Such a bothering thing to know  
Had the preacher's sermon taught!

Half in pretty petulance  
Out among the flowers she ran.  
Dash ran after her, but she stamped,  
"Dog, go back, and leave me be!"  
It had been enough to know  
God is always "tagging me!"  
—Emma Dodd Tuttle, in The Free Thinker's Magazine.

There are too many growing editors in our ranks, as well as outside of them. They are increasing in number, we are sorry to say. There are chronic growing newspaper correspondents as well. They seem to delight in their angularities. We pity them. Then there are one or two "endowed" Spiritualistic newspapers. These hebdomadals boast of their great abilities to shine, but the usual fate of such a paper is, that instead of building itself up on the basis of actual achievement, it is erected solely upon money endowment before it has demonstrated its right to live.—Banner of Light.

Take Notice.  
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## THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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As there are thousands who will at first venture only twenty-five cents for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER sixteen weeks, 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 \$10, or even more than the latter sum. A large number of little amounts will make a large sum total, and thus extend the fold of our labor and usefulness. The same suggestion will apply in all cases of renewal of subscriptions—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 a trifle over one cent per week.

## A LARGE PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Without soliciting the wealthy to take "stock," or importing any one for gifts; and without any anticipation of any request, we propose to establish in this city the largest Spiritualist Publishing House in the world. If One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists will subscribe for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, on trial, sixteen weeks for twenty-five cents, and continue even that small contribution, we will have a Publishing House here, of which you may well be proud, inside of five years. Each one who subscribes for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be, as it were, a "brick" in the contemplated structure (don't forget that), and from a spiritual point of view be considered part owner. We believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred who read this, will co-operate with us. The one who will not respond must have the paper free.

□ SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

## SUBJECTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be devoted to Spiritualism, Biology, Electro-Psychology (as formulated by the celebrated Dr. Dods), and its differentiations, Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism; Somnambulism, natural and self-induced, as presented by the celebrated Dr. Fahnestock; Telepathy; Visions, while awake, in sleep, or in Trance; Psychometry, as ably presented by Professor Buchanan; Cremation, a Spiritual and Sanitary Necessity; Brain Waves, Psychic Waves, or Soul Force; Ethics as a Factor in Religion, and as announced by the Philosopher and Seer, Hudson Tuttle; the Various Stages of Death, in the Transition of the Spirit to the Higher Spheres; the Signs of Death; The Danger of Premature Interment, etc., etc. All these subjects as well as many others equally important will receive careful, critical and comprehensive examination from time to time in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## AN IMPORTANT FEATURE.

It will be our aim to make THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER the leading exponent of all subjects which pertain to the Spiritual Philosophy, directly or indirectly; it will be a receptacle of facts, criticisms and advanced views; an instructor for those seeking light, and a constant incentive to thought even in those who are truly enlightened. In the initial number we shall commence a magazine entitled, *The Journal of Cremation*, giving valuable and interesting data with reference to crematories in the United States and Europe, and which will be a library in itself on this subject, and be invaluable for future reference. It will be the aim to demonstrate that Cremation is a Spiritual and Sanitary necessity. This magazine will be followed in due time by others on special subjects, furnishing valuable information not accessible otherwise to the general reader.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be unique, reconstructive as well as iconoclastic, and will contain the advanced thought of this country and Europe. On trial sixteen weeks for 25 cents.

When you send in your subscriptions, please furnish the names of as many Spiritualists as you can, both at your own place and adjoining towns, to whom we can send sample copies. One clerk is kept constantly busy in surveying the Spiritualistic field and finding those who do not take any Spiritualist paper. Nine out of ten of those who read a sample copy, will desire to become permanent subscribers.

A BOSTON woman has had her shroud made at a cost of \$20,000. This will certainly be a case where a woman is wrapt up in her wealth.

## Why is the Catholic Church a Dangerous Power?

We see in the Catholic church what used to be. It has not purposely deviated one hair's-breadth from its primal object. It mourns bitterly because its "temporal power" has been snatched from its grasp. It is seeking to restore it by a subtle scheme that is covertly, if not openly, supported by every leader from the pope down to the deacon and nun. Is its ambition worldly aggrandizement? No more so than with other sectarians. When we compare the devotedness of the Catholic, the spirit of sacrifice, the everyday charity for the unfortunate, the most zealous Protestant falls below par. The Catholic is really religious; the Protestant protests about religion in spite of his creed, and therefore is behind in the art of sectarian conquest.

There must be some secret spring or charm in Catholicity that holds the masses so to its authority. What if we do hedge it round politically and handicap it from seizing the government, have we changed its religious make-up? Let us peer beneath its vast machinery, so perfectly dovetailed together, and analyze as best we can its inner life. No well-informed Catholic priest or layman will consent to the Protestant charge, that even the pope has power in himself to forgive sins. He and all his official subalterns claim to be simply intercessors or media. Nor will they consent to the charge that there is any saving virtue in the ceremonials and symbols. These, too, are but instrumentalities to fix religious attention and point the way. The observance of the rites and sacraments are rigidly enforced to subordinate the devotees to the church authority; and it can not be questioned but that such externalities are mere idolatries with unlearned and superstitious Catholics. All Catholic history, saintship and fealty center in the concession that the church is God-ordained, and, therefore, has the supreme right to dictate terms in the conduct of life, including education and government. When a person concedes this premise, he or she, though labeled Protestant, is Catholic in sentiment, and given the opportunity will naturally drift into that church.

Why is it that certain unwary yet thoughtful Spiritualists, mediums as well, have thus been caught and swallowed up in the ecclesiastic maw? With very few exceptions, Spiritualists maintain that spirit is causation, and form or material structure is simply effect. The Catholic church plants itself right there. Is it any wonder that some Spiritualists, weary of the unrest incident to the battle for independency, fall into the arms of the "Mother Church?" Nearer right than the Protestant, that church seized upon the fundamental principle of Spiritualism and built itself up into a giant monopoly; as though a principle were more authority when churched! as though a principle can better evolve itself into higher use when enslaved to a hierarchy! Incident to the assumption of the church, the pope in his official capacity is revered as immaculate. This to give him greater power. No government over men is so tyrannical as when it fetters his moral judgment. All religious history proves this. The devotees of this church are taught from childhood that it is instituted by the Almighty, and is the only authoritative channel through which religious and political rights and duties are revealed. The saints of the ages schooled in it, and risen out of it, through pater noster and self-penances, intercede with the Virgin Mary, who has maternal access to Jesus, for pardon of sin. To them that believe in this machinery, and doubt no papal edicts, how sacred appears the church! How ready are they to lay down their very lives to defend it against its enemies! What a power, what a danger it is wherever constructed into priestly office! What can be so menacing to American freedom as a religious dynasty, fashioned to the medieval thought, which shapes its ends, whose devotees deem it righteousness to obey its orders even in the persecution and murder of heretics! Does it do this now? It dares not; but give it the power it seeks, and then see how quick the inquisition is restored. The inquisition is the natural outgrowth of a church, the conscience of whose devotees is warped to believe it is immaculate. In Italy, where it is centralized, where centuries of rule have goaded free thinkers to dare its authority, it is losing ground; in our country, where license permits, it is gaining with wonderful strides. Its symbolic glitter, its imposing rites, its scholarly priesthood, its interference with all the issues of the hour, its kingly power to determine how the votes shall be cast, capture the masses, and our politicians, President included, toady to the Vatican for favor to "our party!"

Are we not approaching the danger-line, which, if we pass, erects the papal crown over the ruins of our Republic? Even the Protestant churches, with some creditable exceptions, are in the same trend. They do not declare directly for a union of Church and State; but they do declare that "the State must run parallel with the church, and both mutually help each other." They openly concede the validity of the Catholic postulate, that "the church at large is a spiritual commonwealth, and therefore has authority higher than the State." Is not this the very initial step the Catholic church is seeking toward a constitutional union of Church and State?

Patriotic necessity, if no higher consideration, should bring all lovers of liberty and truth into unity of force to resist these ecclesiastic tyrannies, and by enlightenment lift humanity out of its "slough of despond." J. O. BARRETT.

## SECTARIAN ASSAULT ON GENERAL MORGAN.

The animus of the hostility to the confirmation of Gen. Morgan is clearly enough shown by the following extract from the *Catholic World*, of St. Louis:

"Every possible effort should be made by Catholics to prevent the confirmation of Morgan to the post of Indian Commissioner. His confirmation means the destruction of Catholicity among the red men. The danger is imminent and pressing. Let Catholics bestir themselves to defeat the man whose aim is to destroy the faith amongst Catholic Indians. Let them see that the senators who represent them just as much as other American citizens, vote against this preconcerted effort of a blinded bigot to strangle Catholic interests in the Indian missions. Morgan's plan is specious and insidious. He proposes to place the Indian schools upon the same basis as the public schools. This seems to appeal to the American sense of justice—no favor to any sect or denomination. This man would do this out of sheer hatred to Catholicity. Is he for an instant to be tolerated?"

All the assaults upon Gen. Morgan are of a disingenuous character, and intended to cover up the real animus of his enemies, which is contained in the above extract. All over the country the Roman Catholic papers are calling upon the members of that church to put forth every effort to defeat his confirmation, and the more effectually to answer their purpose, they have broadly insinuated that the party which will vote to defeat it shall have Roman Catholic votes in future elections! It is tantamount to a menace of political disaster if Gen. Morgan is not ousted, and a substitute is not appointed who will favor the continuance of appropriations of federal money for the support of Catholic sectarian schools among the Indians.

In answer to the charge of discrimination against the Catholics by the Commissioner, he has filed official documents with the Secretary of the Interior which so clearly disprove it that the Senate committee by a vote of six to one declared it groundless, and recommended his confirmation. The documents show that the Catholics whom he dismissed from the Indian school service in the early part of his administration—eleven in number—were in each instance dismissed for cause, and in no single case because they were Catholics. Special stress has been laid by the Catholic papers upon his removal of Mr. P. W. Mess, Superintendent of the Kaw boarding-school in the Indian Territory, a one-armed soldier and a Catholic. In this case, however, as in every other one, the action of the Commissioner is shown to have been warranted by the circumstances. Mr. Mess was not only Superintendent, but sub-agent at the Kaw Agency, and was removed, as the records show, upon the report of L. J. Miles, the agent, which set forth that he was not competent to have the charge of public money. No complaint was ever made of his politics or his religion.

The remaining charge made by Gen. Morgan's enemies is not only false, but a slander. His military record has been subjected to the most rigid investigation, and it vindicates him. He enlisted as a private soldier and retired as a Brigadier-General by brevet after nearly four years of honorable service. All the charges against him were investigated by court-martial at the time. He was not only acquitted, but recommended for promotion, and the recommendation was indorsed by Generals Stoneman, Craft and George H. Thomas, and on it he was appointed by the President and confirmed without division by the Senate after he had voluntarily resigned his commission as Colonel in August, 1865, after the close of the war.

In the face of such facts as these, why does the Senate hesitate to perform its duty? No charge has been made from any quarter that he is not competent for his position. On the other hand it is conceded that he has never had a superior in his office. Why then, does the Senate delay? What influences are at work to prevent it from doing justice to a man thus grossly and unfairly attacked?—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Look Out.

Look at the figures on the little tag at the end of your name on the wrapper of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. They have a significant meaning. They tell in plain language the number of the paper at which your subscription expires. If the figures are 16, then at No. 16 of the paper, the time for which you have paid for expires, and you will get only three more numbers of the paper, unless you renew. If the figures are 17, then you will get four more copies; if 18, five more copies.

Although our terms are \$1 per year for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, each one who so desires, can *renew on the trial terms*, and the subscription will be thankfully received. The trial terms will extend throughout the year, 1890. It would be better, however, for each one to send a dollar, as it will save the trouble of renewing so often; but the subscriber must consult his own convenience as to that. While we shall most cheerfully welcome all trial subscriptions, the dollar subscriptions are more strengthening to us in our efforts to present a first-class Spiritualist paper.

Quarters will come safely if placed in a hole in a card, and paper pasted on each side. Not one so fixed and properly directed, has failed to reach this office. Can you not, when renewing, induce your neighbor to join with you, and thus enlarge our list, and strengthen our hands to carry forward a work in which we are engaged? No one can afford to be without THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as it cost only 14 cents per week, bringing each one in contact with the leading minds of the country. By renewing now, you will not miss a single number.

Our third page this week contains an article taken from the *Arena*, which will be read with deep interest. There is something very suggestive, even in psychical research.

## STEADILY ADVANCING.

## Our List of Subscribers Increasing.

## The Rostrum a Great Attraction.

Yes, our list of subscribers is steadily advancing. The Rostrum has proved a great attraction. The article this week taken from *The Arena* exhibits the trend of Psychical Research, and will prove a valuable acquisition to one's store of knowledge. All this valuable information is furnished for only about 14 cents. We select at random a few brief extracts from letters for publication:

Dr. R. B. Westbrook is one of the foremost leaders of the liberal movement, a man of brilliant intellect, and president of the American Secular Union. He resides in Philadelphia. He expresses an opinion of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER as follows: "I am delighted with your very rare and able paper, and I will do all I can to increase its circulation. I wish you a great deal of success."

S. W. Moffett, of Wheaton, Ill., writes: "The tendency of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is toward lifting the masses out of the ruts and leading them to do a good deal of independent thinking; a consummation devoutly to be wished. I am glad the venture will be a successful one, for if there is any one thing that the world needs to-day, it is light."

T. W. Wisner, of Caro, Mich., writes: "I am so well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that I have obtained seven more trial subscribers, and I wish it was seventy times seven. I tell you, Bro. Francis, it is the 25-cent trial subscription, with such lectures as those of Mr. Abbott that takes them by storm."

E. A. Sharp, of Minneapolis, Kansas, writes: "I was wishing I could find a Spiritualist paper to suit me, having tried several, when a friend handed me a copy of your paper, which seems to just fill the bill in every particular; so please find enclosed subscription price. After reading the paper I handed it to a prominent orthodox Christian, who afterward remarked that any one article therein was worth more than twenty-five cents."

Edgar L. St. Ceran, of New Orleans, La., writes: "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is to modern Spiritualism what the 'Thunderer' is to British politics. Every page is newsy and interesting. The same vim, energy and dash which characterizes your initial numbers, if persevered in, will win for you a place at the topmost round of scientific progressive Spiritualism. May angelic guidance direct your efforts to well merited success."

M. W. Comstock, of Niantic, Ct., writes: "I saw one of your papers, and was pleased with its contents."

Mary W. Barr, of Flint, Ind., writes: "Many thanks for sample copy. I was just hungry for spiritual reading. I shall do missionary work with it, and am so glad of a prospect for such reading without so great an outlay."

Elliott Wyman, of East Westmoreland, N. H., writes: "I like the tone and character of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER so far very much. It seems to be just the thing needed for the times. You have evidently secured some of the best, most profound, candid and able writers and lecturers to be had. It is an intellectual feast to read the expressed thoughts of such minds. Especially is this favor to be highly prized by readers who are so located as not to make it convenient to attend public lectures and hear such able speakers. May angels bless you and success attend your efforts."

W. M. Galer, of Hillsboro, Iowa, writes: "I have (accidentally) seen THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER of January 11 and 18, and now I send \$1, for which please send it to me each week for the year to come."

W. J. Black, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "Notwithstanding I am a total stranger to you, yet you feel near to me by some law of sympathy I can not explain. I have read the *Banner of Light*, the *R.-P. Journal* and the *Better Way*, but I say in all candor, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is my favorite of all of the Spiritualist papers."

T. J. Pitts, of Nashua, Iowa, writes: "I am more than pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

O. F. Delano, of Oxford, Mich., writes: "I have received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and like it very much. I think it will fill a long needed supply."

Dr. C. L. Boulson, of Iowa, Kan., writes: "I received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and think I shall like it very much."

Mrs. Augusta R. Fox, of Frewsburg, N. Y., writes: "Your sample copy was duly received. I have perused it over and over again, and am well pleased with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Mrs. E. Cutler having closed her engagement Jan. 26, with the First Progressive Spiritualist Society of Watertown, N. Y., the platform of the Temple has since that time been occupied by Oscar A. Edgerly, of Newburyport, Mass., trance speaker and test medium. He will continue with this Society during the month of February, and possibly longer.

## The Gospel of Nature.

A single week, to our great astonishment, has exhausted our supply of the "Gospel of Nature," by Dr. Sherman and Prof. Lyon, hence we can supply no more on the terms we offered last week.

In case your paper fails to come to hand, notify us at once, and missing numbers will be forwarded to you.

## A General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Capt. Geo. S. Clydesdale came West in 1832, and resides at Maywood, Ill. He has resided in this city and vicinity for 47 years. For many years he was a captain on the lakes, and always was guided from danger by the presentiments he received. He is now a firm believer in Spiritualism.

J. W. Dennis, President of a Spiritualist Society at Buffalo, writes: "Edgar W. Emerson is doing splendidly for our Society. Our hall is filled to the doors, and our coffers are also filling rapidly. Emerson is a revivalist of the highest order."

Spectator writes: "The People's Spiritual Society held its regular meeting at Banner Hall, 93 Peoria street, Mrs. S. C. W. Bishop gave an excellent address on the 'Superiority of Spiritualism over all other Religions and Philosophies,' after which she delighted the audience with several tests. Then followed Mrs. Pennell, Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. DeKnevet, Prof. G. G. W. Vanhorn gave some very fine tests, and they were all appreciated by the very large assembly. The music and singing was duly appreciated, and all departed to their homes feeling more in harmony with themselves and their surroundings. Brother Jenifer conducted the services. Mrs. S. C. W. Bishop officiated Feb. 16."

Titus Merritt, of New York, writes: "I belong to the First Society of Spiritualists, of which Henry J. Newton is President. This was duly organized by A. J. Davis and Judge Edmunds, on the first Sunday of January, 1863. Miss Jennie B. Hagan is our speaker for February, and Mrs. Brigham for March. The meetings are well attended, and mostly by strangers just commencing to investigate. From the names of contributors mentioned in your last issue, your readers can safely conclude you have something good for them in store."

Titus Merritt, of New York, is certainly entitled to our thanks for his efficient services in behalf of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Sometimes he sells on Sunday nearly 100 copies at the meeting of the First Society in New York City.

J. W. Gilpin, of Fairbury, Ill., called at this office and related how he saw his spirit sister when his father was lying in his coffin. He saw her as plainly as he could discern a person in the physical body, apparently gazing at the inanimate form of her father, whom she had undoubtedly welcomed to spirit-life.

As previously announced, Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician to Body and Mind, can not, until further notice, treat new patients by mail. We hope the time is not far distant when he will use his pen again for the enlightenment of the world.

W. J. Colville's work on Theosophy will be ready for delivery at an early day. The *Banner of Light* says that "Concerning the book, it is unnecessary to repeat what has been so often expressed in these columns, further than to state that W. J. Colville, with the assistance derived from unseen intelligences, as well as from other sources, has presented the subject of Universal Theosophy in perfect consonance with the higher teachings of Spiritualism. The ground taken is thoroughly impartial; no reasonable person need feel the least offended at any of the views advanced. Spiritualism and Theosophy, the author declares, are but one in their true essence and purpose."

Dr. H. B. Storer announces that Miss Jennie Leys has returned from her sojourn in California, and will answer calls to lecture. Address her box 13, West Bedford, Mass.

Dr. Zenker writes from Lichtenstein to *Sphinx* that one Monday, driving out to his country patients about half-past four in the afternoon, he met one of his former patients, Schubert by name, coming out of a side street, and was greeted by him in a singularly mournful way. "On the Wednesday following," he says, "I passed by Schubert's dwelling, where, to my amazement, I heard that he had expired that very morning at half-past two o'clock. 'Impossible,' said I, 'why, I met him in the street only the day before yesterday.' The people looked at one another in astonishment, and declared that I must have been mistaken, for Schubert had been lying perfectly unconscious ever since Sunday the 13th. I was not mistaken, however, and would pledge my word for the truth of what I have stated.—*Banner of Light*."

Saturday evening, Feb. 15th, the friends and admirers of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham and Miss Jennie B. Hagan were afforded an opportunity to pay their respects to these prominent and eloquent teachers of Spiritualism at a joint reception, held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 128 West 43d St., N. Y.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan has been speaking acceptably to the First Society of Spiritualists, N. Y.

Mrs. C. Challenger writes as follows from Bridgeport, Ct., to the *Banner* with reference to Hon. Sidney Dean: "Apples of gold in pictures of silver," seems to be a fitting description of Hon. Sidney Dean's teachings. We were privileged to listen to his words so 'fitly spoken' to our Society last Sunday. His lectures abound with precious grains of truth. Those seeking instruction in the higher revelations of our benign and beautiful philosophy will find it presented in eloquent diction and earnestness of purpose by this talented gentleman." This eminent man is to appear in our regular lecture course.

The Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, under the efficient management of its excellent President, Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, Mass., bids fair to prove eminently successful the coming year. The Annual Camp-Meeting will be held at Lake Pleasant, July 26th to Aug. 30th inclusive. The Worcester Cadet Band will be in attendance the entire session. Among the speakers engaged for the platform are: Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Rev. Robert Collier, Rev. M. J. Savage, Rev. Mr. Emery, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Hon. Sidney Dean, Mrs. F. D. Smith, Hon. A. H. Dailey, W. C. Bowen, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, A. E. Tisdale, and J. Frank Baxter. For platform test mediums, Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence; J. Frank Baxter,

of Chelsea. Other mediums will also be present.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon has a three months' engagement at Albany, N. Y. Lyman C. Howe is lecturing at the Temple in Boston.

The mother of C. S. King, a young man of this city, passed to spirit-life the 11th of January. She had made a promise to return to him, and did it in a most significant manner. On Feb. 8th he found a message written on his handkerchief, as follows: "You must not feel lost; we are with you. Mother." The young man considers this a genuine message from his spirit mother. The hand writing is hers exactly.

The Literary Society of Chansening, Mich., has for a time resolved itself into a Society for Psychical Research, and as a basis, began the reading of Hudson Tuttle's recent work on Psychical Science. The members meet weekly, and a reader previously appointed reads a chapter from the book, which is followed by general discussion of the subject. We know of no better plan of studying understandingly the "Outlying Fields," and Spiritualism itself. When the Society have discussed the book, chapter by chapter, they will begin to appreciate the transcendental claims of the spiritual forces which hold the physical realm in abeyance.

The *Carrier Dove* well says, with reference to "Organization" on the part of Spiritualists: "The organization of Spiritualists is desirable, just so far as it is possible, and it is possible within the limits of its relation to things purely secular. In other words, an organization for business purposes, for the promotion of the material interests of its adherents, as a whole, would be productive of good results. It would so concentrate the moral strength and pecuniary power of Spiritualism as to greatly add to its advancement in numbers and influence, consequently its means for accomplishing good. But the adoption of a creed, as has been proposed by one of the leading spiritual journals, would have an opposite effect. It would necessarily limit the views of Spiritualists, or exclude those holding liberal opinions from the organization, thus forming a religious sect, the natural tendency of which is toward a conservatism not in harmony with the advancing march of the times. The inevitable result would be the division of Spiritualists into two or more distinct bodies, thus defeating the original purposes of organization."

Parties are engaged in Massachusetts in a work that will be detrimental to the best interests of humanity. They want to regulate by statute the whole business of mediumship.

On the 7th instant, Milo Porter, who married the daughter of the late lamented E. V. Wilson, passed serenely to spirit-life. He was a most excellent man.

The Rev. Stephen Nolan died suddenly lately, at Nicholasville, Ky. He was an evangelist, and claimed that he had had divine visitations from Jesus Christ, who appeared to him in bodily form three times. He gave a full account, over his signature, in his newspaper, the *Central Methodist*, of the meetings, and described the conversation in full. Many members of his church, the Methodist South, so revered him to the last that they believed to doubt his story was impiety.

One of Lyman C. Howe's subjects at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, was on the "Essence of Life."

J. Clegg Wright and Dr. Alice K. Maltby have been lately united in marriage at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Wright is prominent as a lecturer.

The guardian spirit of Mrs. Carrie Twing has espoused the cause of Mrs. Eilenberger, who is accused of murdering Wm. Edwards, saying: "I implore you all, men, women and children, to use your influence in her behalf, and help free a guiltless woman." Good for this guardian spirit. May he be successful in his efforts.

Geo. H. Brooks is laboring very acceptably at Springfield, Mo.



This week, Mrs. Richmond gives the people something that it would be well for them to carefully consider. Next week J. E. Woodhead, formerly editor of *Mind & Nature*, and a gentleman of wide experience and deep research, will have something to say.

If you receive a sample copy, it is intended to do missionary work, and with your co-operation it will do it most effectually. After reading it, send it to a Spiritualist and request him to tell all his Spiritualist friends that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is being published in Chicago, and that they should subscribe for it. Let each one who hears the good news, spread it far and wide, and it will not be long before we have 100,000 subscribers.

## THE RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE.

By HUDSON TUTTLE. Not the religion of the past, founded on servile trust which has scourged mankind, but the divinity of man and knowledge of the laws of the world is the foundation of this treatise.

In the absence of any great publishing house, such as all the prominent churches maintain for the diffusion of their literature, publication by subscription is the most available method of circulating reform and spiritual literature. I am induced to issue this work by the cordial manner the friends met the announcement of *Psychic Science*; their generous support enabling me to place the MS. in the printer's hands. *The Religion of Man* will contain at least 100 pages, finely printed and bound in best quality binding. The price to subscribers, mailed free, will be \$1.00.

## FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

This volume is a selection of poems by ECKHART TUTTLE, whose name and verse are familiar to our readers. It will contain the best of her poems, a selection of eight of her best songs with poems, many made by eminent composers. These poems have hitherto been obtainable only in sheet form. The volume will also contain a fine engraving of the author. Two hundred pages, muslin, price, \$1.00. Free to subscribers. \$1.00. Gift copies in four languages. These works will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been received. Names, prices and terms of subscription will please send to the publishers, at once, and they will be notified. Address, HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, Ohio.



## GHOSTS!

## PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D., SECRETARY OF  
THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL  
RESEARCH.

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Company, Boston, Massachusetts.)

I propose in a series of articles to explain the chief lines of inquiry in which societies for psychical research are engaged. The method of inquiry is partly experimental and partly comparative; much of the labor of the investigation having been given to the collection and examination of evidence in cases which do not admit of direct experiment. In this way much material concerning psychical experiences has been obtained in the past few years, both in England and America, but opinions vary considerably as to the conclusions which should be founded on this material, and very difficult problems arise as to the exact explanations of the various narratives which have been presented to us.

I premise at the outset that I shall assume, for our present purpose, that there do exist supernatural phenomena.

The most important of such phenomena were originally grouped by the English society, for convenience of reference and discussion, under the heads of thought-transference, apparitions and haunted houses, spiritualistic phenomena, and hypnotism or mesmerism, including clairvoyance. Common stories, however, as well as the popular interest, appear to be connected mainly with apparitions or ghosts, and it is about these very ghosts that the greatest confusion prevails in the ordinary thought. I shall, therefore, begin by some accounts of ghosts, and show the difficulty of analyzing these mysterious phenomena in the present stage of our inquiry.

I need hardly remind my readers that an essential part of our investigation, where it concerns the accounts of spontaneous experiences, consists in eliminating errors due to the deficiencies of human observation and memory, deficiencies which are found even in the most honest and intelligent witnesses. My object here, however, is not to deal with this part of our subject, but to suggest the difficulty of finding the psychical laws to which the phenomena described must conform, supposing that our phenomena are truly supernatural. My own opinion is that the cases which we have received, taken together, involve the occurrence of phenomena which are inexplicable on any generally recognized hypothesis, though it is impossible here to enter fully into the evidence for this.

My intention now is rather to lead the ordinary intelligent reader who may be unfamiliar with the details of psychical research, along the tracks of the inquiry which suggest positive results, so that he may be able to appreciate, if not the more subtle psychological questions that are involved, at least the general drift of the investigation. And it seems to me that I shall best succeed in this by beginning with certain stories of the apparition class, which are not easy either to explain or to explain away, and which will serve to show how complicated are the questions which demand a solution before we can arrive at assured theories on the subject.

I have thus a double reason for inviting my reader's attention in the first place to some "ghost stories." As we proceed, we shall be led from the spontaneous to the experimental side of our investigation, and back once more to the spontaneous, each group of experiences throwing some light upon the other, until we shall, I venture to think, reach one conclusion with perfect confidence, viz., that the living human being is a far wider and profounder thing than we can hope to survey in our most exalted moments, or to fathom in our deepest dreams, that there are hidden realms in every personality which we can yet explore but little, and possibilities of correlation between embodied human minds which may indeed eventually prove to be fraught with vast significance as regards man's destiny when the organisms in which those minds are embodied have long passed into corruption.

The first account which I shall quote is that of an incident which occurred to Mr. and Mrs. P. on Christmas Eve of 1869. The account was written for the English Society, in 1885, by Mrs. P.

In the year 1867 I was married, and my husband took a house at S—, quite a new one, just built in what was, and still is, probably, called "Cliff Town," as being at a greater elevation than the older part of the town. Our life was exceedingly bright and happy there, until towards the end of 1869, when my husband's health appeared to be failing, and he grew dejected and moody. Trying in vain to ascertain the cause for this, and being repeatedly assured by him that I was "too fanciful," and that there was "nothing the matter with him," I ceased to vex him with questions, and the time passed quietly away till Christmas Eve of that year (1869).

An uncle and aunt lived in the neighborhood, and they invited us to spend Christmas day with them—to go quite early in the morning to breakfast, accompanied by the whole of our small household.

We arranged therefore to go to bed at an early hour on the night of the 24th, so as to be up betimes for our morning walk. Consequently, at 9 o'clock we went upstairs, having as usual carefully attended to bars and bolts of doors, and at about 9:30 were ready to extinguish the lamp; but our little girl—a baby of fifteen months—generally woke up at that time, and after drinking some warm milk would sleep again for the rest of the night; and as she had not yet awakened, I begged my husband to leave

the lamp burning and get into bed, while I, wrapped in a dressing-gown, lay on the outside of the bed, with the cot on my right hand. The bedstead faced the fireplace, and nothing stood between it and a settee at the foot of the bed. On either side of the chimney was a large recess—the one to the left (as we faced in that direction), having a chest of drawers, on which the lamp was standing. The entrance door was on the same side of the room as the head of the bed, and to the left of it—facing, therefore, the recess of which I speak. The door was locked; and on that same side (to my left) my husband was lying, with the curtain drawn, towards which his face was turned.

As the bed had curtains only at the head, all before us was open and dimly lighted, the lamp being turned down.

This takes some time to describe, but it was still just about 9:30, Gertrude not yet awake, and I just pulling myself into a half-sitting posture against the pillows, thinking of nothing but the arrangements for the following day, when to my great astonishment I saw a gentleman standing at the foot of the bed, dressed as a naval officer, and with a cap on his head having a projecting peak. The light being in the position which I have indicated, the face was in shadow to me, and the more so that the visitor was leaning upon his arms, which rested on the foot-rail of the bedstead. I was too astonished to be afraid, but simply wondered who it could be; and, instantly touching my husband's shoulder (whose face was turned away from me), I said: "Willie, who is this?" My husband turned, and for a second or two, lay looking in intense astonishment at the intruder; then, lifting himself a little, he shouted: "What on earth are you doing here, sir?" Meanwhile the form, slowly drawing himself into an upright position, now said in a commanding, yet reproachful voice: "Willie! Willie!"

I looked at my husband, and saw that his face was white and agitated. As I turned towards him he sprang out of bed, as though to attack the man, but stood at the bedside as if afraid, or in great perplexity, while the figure calmly and slowly moved towards the wall, at right angles with the lamp. As it passed the lamp, a deep shadow fell upon the room, as of a material person shutting out the light from us by his intervening body, and he disappeared, as it were, into the wall. My husband now, in a very agitated manner, caught up the lamp, and turning to me, said: "I mean to look all over the house, and see where he has gone."

I was by this time exceedingly agitated too, but remembering that the door was locked, and that the mysterious visitor had not gone towards it at all, remarked: "He has not gone out by the door." But without pausing, my husband unlocked the door, hastened out of the room, and was soon searching the whole house. Sitting there in the dark, I thought to myself, "We have surely seen an apparition! Whatever can it indicate—perhaps my brother Arthur (he was in the navy, and at that time on a voyage to India), is in trouble; such things have been told of as occurring." In some such way I pondered with an anxious heart, holding the child, who just then awakened, in my arms, until my husband came back, looking very white and miserable.

Sitting upon the bedside, he put his arm about me and said: "Do you know what we have seen?" And I said: "Yes; it was a spirit. I am afraid it was Arthur, but could not see his face," and he exclaimed: "O no, it was my father!"

Now you will say this is the strangest part of the story, and unprecedented. And what could have been the reason of such an appearance?

My husband's father had been dead fourteen years; he had been a naval officer in his young life; but, through ill health, had left the service before my husband was born, and the latter had only once or twice seen him in uniform. I had never seen him at all. My husband and I related the occurrence to my uncle and aunt, and we all noticed that my husband's agitation and anxiety were very great, whereas his usual manner was calm and reserved in the extreme, and he was a thorough and avowed skeptic in all—so-called—supernatural events.

As the weeks passed on, my husband became very ill, and then gradually disclosed to me that he had been in great financial difficulties; and that, at the time his father was thus sent to us, he was inclining to take the advice of a man who would certainly—had my husband yielded to him (as he had intended before hearing the warning voice)—have led him to ruin, perhaps worse. It is this fact which makes us most reticent in speaking of the event; in addition to which, my husband had already been led to speculate upon certain chances which resulted in failure, and infinite sorrow to us both, as well as to others, and was, indeed, the cause of our coming to—, after a year of much trouble, in the January of 1871.

Mr. P. confirmed the details of the above account, and Dr. and Mrs. C., friends of Mr. and Mrs. P., added: "This narrative was told us by Mrs. P., as here recorded, some years ago."

Now, if we suppose the above account to be even only moderately accurate, what explanation can be suggested? Mrs. P.'s own opinion is that "no condition of 'overwrought nerves' or 'superstitious fears,' could have been the cause of the manifestation, but only, so far as we have been able to judge by subsequent events, a direct warning to my husband in the voice and appearance of the one that he had most revered in all his life, and was the most likely to obey."

The narrative cannot be dismissed as a mere "yarn." I need hardly say that I shall quote no accounts which we have not satisfactory reasons for believing to have come from persons of integrity. We must, of course, leave an ample margin for inaccuracy of description of the real occurrence, etc., but my object, as already stated, is not now to minimize the testimony by decanting upon the deficiency of human memory and observation. I shall suppose that we have enough fairly well evidenced accounts of analogous phenomena, to render it tolerably certain that in the case before us Mr. and Mrs. P. believed themselves to have been looking at an objective figure of some kind which resembled Mr. P.'s father,

and which was not that of an ordinary human being. It is the theoretical difficulties which arise after testimony has been accepted, to which I purpose here to call attention. Granted then, for this purpose, that the account is substantially reliable, what did the figure consist of? Say it was the ghost of Mr. P.'s father. How does that help us? Did the ghost consist of ordinary matter? How, then, did it form, and how did it disappear? Was it composed of some such stuff as the luminiferous ether? How, then, was it visible, and how could it cast a shadow? Are there ghosts of clothes as well as of human organisms? Where did the ghost of the uniform come from? Would you and I, had we been in the room, have seen and heard the ghost as well as Mr. and Mrs. P.? Or, was the figure no real external "ghost," but a hallucination generated in the mind of Mr. and Mrs. P., and transferred telepathically to the mind of his wife, or the converse? Let us see if our next story, taken from Vol. V. of the Proceedings of the English S. P. R. will throw light on any of these questions.

From Mr. D. M. Tyre, 157 St. Andrew's road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

OCTOBER 9, 1885.

In the summer of 1874, my sister and I went during our holidays to stay with a gardener and his wife, in a house which was built far up, fully three-quarters of a mile, on the face of a hill overlooking one of the most beautiful lochs in Dumbarshire, just on the boundary of the Highlands. A charming spot indeed, although far off the main roadway. We never wearied, and so delighted were we with the place that my people took a lease of the house for the following three years. From this point my narrative begins. Being connected in business with the city, we could not go down to Glen M. altogether, so that my two sisters and myself were sent away early in May to have the house put in order, and the garden, etc., etc., for the coming holidays, when we would be all down together. We had lots of work to do, and as the nearest village was five miles distant, and our nearest neighbors, the people at the shore, nearly a mile away, we were pretty quiet on the hill and left to our own resources.

One day, my elder sister J. required to go to the village for something or other, leaving us alone; and as the afternoon came on, I went part of the way to meet her, leaving my other sister L. all alone. When we returned, about 6 P. M. we found L. down the hill to meet us in a rather excited state, saying that an old woman had taken up her quarters in the kitchen, and was lying in the bed. We asked her if she knew who she was. She said no, that the old wife was lying on the bed with her clothes on, and that possibly she was a tinkler body (a gipsy), therefore she was afraid to go in without us. We went up to the house with L.; my younger sister L. going in first, said, on going into the kitchen, "There she is," pointing to the bed, and turning to us, expecting that we would wake her up and ask her what she was there for. I looked in the bed and so did my elder sister, but the clothes were flat and unrolled, and when we said there was nothing there she was quite surprised, and pointing with her finger, said: "Look! why, there's the old wife with her clothes on and lying with her head towards the window"; but we could not see anything. Then for the first time it seemed to dawn upon her that she was seeing something that was not natural to us all, and she became very much afraid, and we took her to the other room and tried to soothe her, for she was trembling all over. Ghost! why the thought never entered our minds for a second; but we started chopping wood and making a fire for the evening meal. The very idea of any one being in the bed was ridiculous, so we attributed it to imagination, and life at the house went on as usual for about two days, when one afternoon, as we were sitting in the kitchen round the fire, it being a cold, wet day outside, L. started up by exclaiming: "There is the old woman again, and lying the same way." L. did not seem to be so much afraid this time, so we asked her to describe the figure; and with her eyes fixed on the bed and with motion of the finger, she went on to tell us how that the old wife was not lying under the blankets, but on top, with her clothes and boots on, and her legs drawn up as though she were cold; her face was turned to the wall, and she had on what is known in the Highlands as a "sow-backed mitch," that is, a white cap which only old women wear; it has a frill round the front, and sticks out at the back, thus. She also wore a drab-colored petticoat, and a checked shawl round her shoulders, drawn tight. Such was the description given; she could not see her face, but her right hand was hugging her left arm, and she saw that the hands of old people who have done lots of hard work in their day.

We sat looking at the bed for a long time, with an occasional bit of information from L., who was the only one who saw the figure. This happened often—very often indeed, so frequently that we got used to it, and used to talk about it among ourselves as "L.'s old woman."

Midsummer came, and the rest of our people from the city, and then, for the first time we became intimate with our neighbors, and two or three families at the shore. On one occasion my elder sister brought up the subject before a Mrs. M.P., our nearest neighbor, and when she described the figure to her, Mrs. M.P. well-nigh swooned away, and said that it really was the first wife of the man who lived in the house before us, and that he cruelly ill-used his wife, to the extent that the last beating she never recovered from. The story Mrs. M.P. told runs somewhat like this, of which I can only give you the gist:—

Malcolm, the man of the house, and his wife Kate (the old woman), lived a cat and dog life; she was hard-working, and he got tipsy whenever he could. They went one day to market with some fowls and pigs, etc., and on their way back he purchased a half-gallon of whisky. He carried it part of the way, and when he got tired gave it to her, while he took frequent rests by the wayside; she managed to get home before him, and when he came home late he accused

"Telepathy, or the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense."

her of drinking the contents of the jar. He gave her such a beating that he was afraid, and went down to this Mrs. M.P., saying that his wife was very ill. When Mrs. M.P. went up to the house she found Kate, as my sister described, with her clothes on, and lying with her face to the wall, for the purpose, as Mrs. M.P. said, of concealing her face, which was very badly colored by the ill-treatment of her husband. The finishing up was her death, she having never recovered.

The foregoing is as nearly a complete compendium of the facts as I, with the help of my sister J., can remember.

My sister L. is dead now, but we often go back to the house, when we are anywhere near the locality, because it is a bright spot in our memory.

(signed) D. M. TYRE.

Now was the ghost of the old woman the same kind of ghost seen by Mr. and Mrs. P.? It would seem clear that if there was actually the substantial shape of an old woman on the bed when Miss L. T. saw one there, it could not have been composed of ordinary matter, or else her brother and sister would have seen it also. And hence Miss L. T. did not perceive the figure, whatever it may have been, by normal sense of vision. Apparently Miss L. T. either exercised, at least transiently, some faculty of supernormal perception which enabled her to perceive something actually on the bed but not perceptible to the ordinary sense-organs of human beings,—or the figure which she saw was a hallucination, not morbid, however, but *ceridical*, i. e., truth-telling, or corresponding to some action going on elsewhere. This second alternative I shall explain at greater length hereafter; for the present it will be sufficient to make the following suggestion.

Mrs. M.P. doubtless not infrequently formed a vivid mental picture of the old woman lying on her bed as she had seen her when summoned by her husband after he had given her the beating which resulted in her death. This mental picture may have been transferred telepathically to the mind of Miss L. T. and may have produced a hallucination. In other words, this hypothesis involves that Miss L. T. was specially sensitive to impressions by thought-transference, and that the externalized phantasm which she saw, was the effect of an impression transmitted directly from one living person to another.

The next story I quote, not because it is well evidenced, since the testimony at present depends upon the memory of only one person, but because some of the important circumstances are curiously like those in the preceding instance. The apparition was seen by one person only, whereas if it had consisted of ordinary matter it would have been visible to others present;—it would moreover seem to have been of no use to any one, exhibiting no indications of any life whatever, much less of any larger and divine life which so many deem the departed ought to show if they can appear to all in our common world, and suggesting rather such images as the skeleton of a disintegrating leaf, the withered and evanescent remnant of a once living organism, or a picture of the dead painted on the air. We obtained the case at the close of 1888, through the kindness of Dr. S. T. Armstrong, from a lady who is unwilling that her name should be used.

One night in March '73 or '74, I can't recollect which year, I was attending on the sick bed of my mother. About eight o'clock in the evening I went into the dining-room to fix a cup of tea, and on turning from the sideboard to the table, on the other side of the table, before the fire, which was burning brightly, as was also the gas, I saw standing with his hands clasped to his side in true military fashion, a soldier of about thirty years of age, with dark, piercing eyes, looking directly into mine. He wore a small cap with standing feather, his costume was also of a soldierly style. He did not strike me as being a spirit, ghost, or anything uncanny, only a living man; but after gazing for fully a minute I realized that it was nothing of earth, for he neither moved his eyes nor his body, and in looking closely I could see the fire beyond. I was of course startled, and yet did not run out of the room. I felt stunned. I walked out rapidly, however, and turning to the servant in the hall, asked her if she saw anything; she said not. I went into my mother's room and remained talking for about an hour, but never mentioned the above subject, for fear of exciting her, and finally forgot it altogether. Returning to the dining-room, still in forgetfulness of what had occurred, but repeating as above the turning from sideboard to table in act of preparing more tea, I looked casually towards the fire, and there I saw the soldier again; this time I was entirely alarmed, and fled from the room in haste; called to my father, but when he came, he saw nothing. I am of a nervous temperament, but was not specially so that night, was not reading anything exciting, had never heard any story about this incident at all before. Four years after, however, my brother attended a boys' school next door to this house, and an old gentleman told stories of the old houses in the neighborhood during the war; and one was about a soldier who was murdered and thrown in the cellar. My brother told it, as a story connected with our old home, not as relating to my experience; for he being very young then, I don't think it was communicated to him. The family, however, were all impressed by the coincidence.

This is as near the exact state of facts as 'tis possible to write after the lapse of so many years.

In reply to inquiries, we learn that the figure of the soldier occupied precisely the same position on both occasions of its appearance, that it was visible from different points of the room, and that the lady continued to see the figure at the time that her father was unable to see anything.

Be it observed that I am not putting forward the telepathic hypothesis as the explanation of the foregoing narratives, but as one of the hypotheses that suggest themselves. Some of my readers may regard such an explanation as very far-fetched. That it is not so, will appear from the following incident, which occurred in this country towards the end of 1885.

Dr. G., a cultured lady, an M. D.,—some of whose experiences as percipient have been recorded in the proceedings of the American S. P. R.,—drew my attention some time ago to an account which she had given in *The Herald of Health*, of an experience where she herself was the agent, and a friend of hers whom I shall call Mrs. C., the percipient. According to the account, which I abridge, Dr. G. arranged, early in October of 1885, to try voluntarily to appear, or cause a vision of herself to appear to Mrs. C., at a distance. Soon afterwards, Dr. G. went to a city 500 miles from where Mrs. C. was living, and at intervals endeavored (vainly) to go to her friend mentally; but no written communication took place between them, nor had any hour been fixed for the experiment.

\* \* \* One night I went to bed in a high fever, consequent upon a sudden but slight indisposition. My mind was idly but nervously occupied by a great number of topics. Among other things, I thought of a certain reception which I had to attend in a few days, of having no dress suitable for the occasion, but of one which I had at home and wished for. And then I wandered, by association of ideas, to think of a certain evening company which I had attended with the friend with whom I wished to try my experiment in telepathy. I thought of this idly, without volition, but as in fever the mind seems to cling to idle thoughts with great persistence, so these thoughts kept repeating themselves. I became weary of their persistence, yet could not escape them. I finally began to wonder why I could not appear to my friend, but did not try—only kept thinking of it.

Suddenly my body became slightly numb, my head felt light, my breathing became slow and loud, as when one goes to sleep. I had often been in a similar state. When I came out of it I lit the candle and looked at my watch. The next day I thought of the experience of the night as meaningless, and was ashamed of having considered a change of breathing anything more than a premonition of going to sleep.

A few days after this experience I received a letter from my friend, forwarded from where she supposed I was, in which she stated that I had appeared to her on a certain evening, giving the time; that I wore a dress she had never seen before, but which she perfectly described; that I stood with my back to her, and remained but a moment or two.

As I had not written to her of my efforts to appear to her, and as the opportunities of two months for guess-work or deception had elapsed, I felt that my proof was as positive as I could desire. Not proof, however, of the outgiving of the astral body. Had I appeared to my friend as I was at the moment, in bed in my night-dress, the case would have simply paralleled many of which we have read; but my appearance in a dress that was two hundred miles away, and which had never been seen by the percipient, forms proof of the best theory that has yet been propounded by students of telepathy.

I have received a corroborative account from the lady who had this vision, and her original letter has also been kindly forwarded to me for my inspection. It reads thus:—

NEW YORK, NOV. 21, 1885.

DEAR— Did you come to me last evening, Friday, Nov. 20? Somebody did, near 10 o'clock. She wore a blue velvet dress, handsomely draped, with white cuffs at the wrist. But I only saw the figure. The face was not revealed to me. I had gone to bed, and put out the light. It was with the interior sight I saw. It was gone in an instant.

Yours,

Putting aside for the present the theory of mere chance coincidence, not many would be disposed to think that Dr. G. actually traveled as a ghost (in the sense of some tenuous material thing) and arrayed her ghostly organism in the ghostly garments of her distant reception dress. They would rather incline, in this case at all events, to the theory of telepathy,—the ability of one mind to impress or to be impressed by another mind otherwise than through the recognized channels of sense.

But let me quote another case, which may seem at first sight to be of the same variety as the foregoing, but which is more closely reciprocal, i. e., a case where there appears to have been a mutual influence of the two persons concerned upon each other.

OCTOBER 28, 1888.

About fifteen years ago I was living, and my daughter Allie with me, in Newburgh, N. Y., and Charlie (engaged to Allie) had gone to Chicago. He had been away several months when one night a young girl in my employ named Nettie Knapp came running into my bedroom, saying: "Oh, Mrs. Crans, come in here quick, something awful's the matter with Allie." I went to my daughter's room. She was lying in the bed, very cold and apparently lifeless. I rubbed her with camphor and tried to arouse her, and after a short time succeeded in doing so. She then said: "I've been to Chicago and seen that little devil." She said she saw him in bed with another man.

In about two days I received a letter from Charlie asking me whether there was anything the matter with Allie, as he had seen her standing at the foot of his bed the night before. He wrote his on the day following the night of my daughter's experience.

(signed) MRS. N. J. CRANS.

I confirm all of the above statements that relate to me.

(signed) C. A. KERNOCHAN.

Miss Crans afterwards became Mrs. Kernochan, and died in 1879, so that her account could not be obtained.

This case, my readers will doubtless urge, introduces a difficulty in the way of the telepathic hypothesis. Possibly it does. The task which I have set myself in this article is precisely to suggest some of the chief difficulties that rise to confront our explanations. The late Mr. Edmund Gurney would probably have classed this case as an illustration of what he called "telepathic clairvoyance." He would have supposed a

supernormal extension of the susceptibility of Miss C., accompanied by the power of acting telepathically upon Mr. K.

The next two cases which I shall quote we have received from a lady, Mrs. N. G., who has had various psychical experiences. She writes, in a letter of Dec. 25, 1887:—

I will now relate an incident which happened when I was a young girl.

I sat looking out of the window, and I saw a lady coming up the street toward the house. I made the remark to my mother; "There comes Mrs. Charlie Davis, and I think she is coming here." Then my mother came to the window and said: "Where is she? I don't see her or any one." Of course I was surprised and insisted upon it, saying she had on a bonnet trimmed with red, then turned to look at my mother to see what she meant by saying so. I looked back again out of the window, and to be sure I could not see any one. But I was so sure that I went out of doors and looked, but could discover no one. This was just a short time before dinner. I kept constantly expecting her to come, and shortly after dinner the door-bell rang and upon going to the door, who should be there but Mrs. Davis. As soon as seated almost I asked her if she had not been up this way before. She replied in the negative. I insisted, telling her that she had on the same bonnet that she was now wearing. (This was on Monday.) Her reply was that she got the bonnet new Saturday and that it had been so very stormy on Sunday that she did not go out of the house, and while doing her washing this forenoon, a lady came in just before dinner and wanted her to come up and ask if I would take part in an entertainment to be given at the church, and at that time had considerable conversation in regard to my personal appearance, in connection with this character that she was to ask me to represent, etc.

Mrs. G. T. G., mother of Mrs. N. G., confirms as follows:—

I remember the circumstance of my daughter seeing the lady coming up the street. She said: "There comes Mrs. Davis," and as I did not see the lady we let it pass, thinking she did not see her or anyone else. Shortly after dinner of the same day, Mrs. D. came to our house. My daughter asked her if she had not been up this way in the forenoon. Her reply: "No; I have not been out of the house before to-day for I have been very busy, but was thinking very strongly of you in the forenoon, as we are going to have tableaux at our entertainment at the church and want you for Rebecca at the well. I thought I would come up to see you after dinner and so here I am."

My daughter reiterated, "But you must have been up this way to-day," to which Mrs. D. insisted she had not.

I will further state that she had on the same apparel that my daughter described when she thought she saw her in the forenoon.

The other experience was recent, and the account of it was sent to me on the day immediately following. Mr. G. writes, on May 18, 1868:—

For nearly two weeks I have had a lady friend visiting us from Chicago and last Sunday we tried the cards and in every instance I told the color and kind; but only two or three times was enabled to give the exact number.

I must write you of something that occurred last night; after this lady, whom I have mentioned above, had retired and almost immediately after we had extinguished the light, there suddenly appeared before me a beautiful lawn and coming toward me a chubby, yellow-haired little boy, and by his side a brown dog which closely resembled a fox. The dog had on a brass collar and the child's hand was under the collar just as if he was leading or pulling the dog. The vision was like a flash, came and went in an instant. I immediately told my friend and she said: "Do you know where there are any matches?" and began to hurriedly clamber out of bed. I struck a light, she plunged into her trunk, brought out a book, and paged in the front was a picture of her little boy and his dog. They were not in the same position that I saw them but the dog looked exceedingly familiar. Her little boy passed into the beyond about four years ago.

Mrs. I. F. corroborates as follows:—

MAY 18, 1888.

I wish to corroborate the statements of Mrs. N. G. relative to \* \* \* and her wonderful vision of my little boy, and my old home. Mrs. G. never saw the place, the little child, and never even heard of the peculiar-looking dog, which was my little son's constant companion out of doors. She never saw the photograph which was pasted in the back of my Bible and packed away.

(signed) I. F.

Mrs. G.'s experience in this last case reminds us of the description given by Mrs. C. in the case cited above, of the vision to her of Dr. G. in the blue velvet dress. The visions appear to be as it were half-way between a simple mental picture and a complete externalization. And in each case the vision of the percipient was not improbably a reproduction of the picture in the mind of the agent.

But we have not yet exhausted our types of ghosts. Those that we have considered so far, apart from any special significance which we may give to the term ghosts, have fallen unquestionably into one of two classes—ghosts of the dead, and ghosts of the living. What now shall we say of *death-veridicals*, the commonest type of all, the figures that are seen by friends at a distance at the time of the death of the persons whose apparitions are seen? Are these ghosts of the dead or ghosts of the living? Further, how are we to class the figures seen at different times by different persons, and the various noises, etc., alleged to occur, in houses reputed to be "haunted"? These points I must leave for consideration in my next article.

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\* Mr. Myers writes: "I have ventured to coin the word 'supernormal' to be applied to phenomena which are beyond what usually happens—beyond, that is, in the sense of suggesting unknown psychical laws. It is thus formed on the analogy of abnormal. Then we speak of an abnormal phenomenon, we do not mean one which contravenes natural laws, but one which exhibits them in an unusual or inexplicable form. Similarly by a supernormal phenomenon, I mean, not one which over-rides natural laws, for I believe no such phenomenon to exist, but one which exhibits the action of laws higher, in a psychical aspect, than are discerned in action in every-day life. By higher (either in a psychical or in a physiological sense), I mean apparently belonging to a more advanced stage of evolution."—*Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, Vol. III, p. 20.



