

# The Progressive Thinker

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

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## OVER THE THRESHOLD.

An Address Delivered at Newburyport, Mass., by  
DR. CHARLES W. HIDDEN.

Natural Sleep and Its Phenomena—Dreams and Forerunners—The Gift of Prophecy—Psychometry of Soul Reading—Phantoms at Home and Abroad—Trance and Cataleptic Sleep.

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One day, when a boy, the writer floated down the Merrimac, a river made famous in poetry and prose by the gifted men and women residing on its banks. Near the mouth of the river, which opens into the broad, blue Atlantic, a vessel lay. On the deck stood a man looking down into the water, and holding a line, with which he seemed to be signaling. As the boat drifted past it was plain that the man held a life line, which he was using to carry on a conversation with a diver, who was at work on the bed of the river far below.

The present is the most skeptical age the world has ever known. The "Sea of Life" was never more rudely disturbed than now. The waters are indeed troubled, and brainy men and women are going down on every side, with minds filled with doubt and dark with despair. It is not a state of things to be desired, and needs to be combated with all the strength at our command. Skepticism, in that it denies future life, a future conscious existence, is a bad thing for the world. To believe that death ends all means, generally, a short, nay, mad life of folly. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," means the entailing of evils which can only be hinted at, and which will not admit of discussion in the present address. The evils hinted at are apparent to every thinking mind.

To make men and women better and happier we need to instill into their minds two admirable qualities, hope and love. And to accomplish this we need more than all else to prove the possession of a soul, and to present reasonable grounds for a belief that, when freed from the bondage of flesh, this soul lives on. Then life becomes worth the living, that we may the better prepare for other spheres of existence, beside which this world is but the shadow contrasted with substance—another life, real and earnest.

Once satisfy men and women of this, and hope will broaden and expand until the dark, unnatural shell of materialistic thought and tendency is rent assunder, letting in the glad, golden sunlight of reason and of truth. Love will naturally follow in order, and the result will be a race of men and women the like of which the world has never seen.

The day is surely coming when this state of affairs will be brought about, when the twin emancipators, Hope and Love, will so brighten and gladden human heart and mind, that life will be one pure round of joy. Then death, so-called, will have no terrors for us; death will be "swallowed up in victory," we shall welcome it as the tired child welcomes slumber, and awaken in the dawning of the morning which ushers in eternal life, with our souls filled with a "joy and peace which passeth all understanding."

In order to pave the way for a belief such as has been outlined above, it becomes necessary to prove that there is more to man than has generally been believed in other words that the senses of man are not and cannot be limited to the five laid down in the books. This requires study and research outside the beaten paths of science, for, to our shame be it said, there is a wide domain of fact and phenomena which scientific men have scorned to explore, thus leaving the world to struggle on for ages in darkness and doubt, hoping against hope for just a ray of sunshine to penetrate the materialistic gloom. But, despite sneer and frown, noble men and women have sought to explore the mystic region of the borderland of the soul, and, as a result of their labors, there are rents in the materialistic clouds to-day. All along the way we can discern the life line of reason, and, clapping it, we can sense the signals pulsating down from the radiant life beyond the cloud-land—nay, we can read the signals which convince us that our friends still live, and that they are desirous of sending messages down the life line to convince us of this sublime truth. Limited by space we can present but a brief summary in the different departments touched upon, but we trust sufficient will be said to convince the thoughtful reader that the senses are not limited to five, but that man possesses senses and faculties which incline to a belief that this life is not all there is for

the human soul, but that it is only one round in the ladder of an existence which is endless—one round of a ladder which extends up and beyond the doubt and despair which beset and clog our way, up and away to a life made beautiful by an effulgence beside which even the stars shall pale.

In the present address we shall discuss dreams, the gift of prophecy, psychometry and natural healing, trance and the cataleptic sleep, placing before the readers reliable statements which lead to the almost inevitable conclusion that man not only possesses a spiritual as well as a physical body, but also that this life touches upon and almost interblends with the life spiritual.

Natural sleep has its phenomena, not the least of which is dreaming. Plato, speaking of dreams, which he regarded as a state showing an absence of self, says: "Good men permit themselves to do in dreams, and in dreams only, what bad men do when awake." The dreamer lives in a world all his own, and many and singular are the things we do in this state. In dreams we frequently have "forerunners" or premonitions of coming events, to say nothing of hints of impending bodily ailments which are likewise revealed. Galen tells of a man who dreamed that one of his legs turned to stone; in a few days the same leg became paralyzed. Macario relates that he dreamed that he had a bad sore throat; aroused from sleep his throat seemed all right, but in a few hours a severe case of tonsillitis developed itself. Teste, who was a minister under Louis Philippe, dreamed that he was stricken with apoplexy, and in a few days he was so stricken and died. There are well authenticated cases of people who dreamed of being bitten by vipers, mad dogs and the like, and within a few days ulcers or sores developed on the very spots where injury was done while in dreamland. It is likewise a fact that in such cases the true remedy is almost invariably given in the same dream. The ancients made much of this, and Hahnemann was well aware of the faculty, for, in proving his drugs, he paid special attention to the thoughts and utterances of the dreamers.

The finding of lost articles in dreams, the solving of intricate problems, and planning literary work or writing difficult music, has been written of so much that it is only needful to refer to the matter in the line of argument. While, of course, most dreams are but the repetition or extension of waking thoughts, there come at times dreams of a special significance—dreams which come with a vividness which there is no mistaking. In such dreams we have proof of the operation of a mysterious, external force, which leads to the conclusion, when we come to compare man with the lower animals, that, while the resources of the latter seem limited, the resources of man are unlimited. Awake or asleep nothing seems beyond the grasp of the soul of man.

Dr. Young, in "Phantasms of the Living," states that in a dream he saw a friend assaulted, and recognized three men and one woman as concerned in the assault. The next morning he received word that his friend had been assaulted in the manner and place so vividly outlined in his dream. The doctor thereupon related his dream to a magistrate, and, acting upon the suggestion of the latter, the assailants were arrested. They were examined separately, and confronted with the evidence as set forth in the dream, one after another broke down, confessed to the crime, and were subsequently punished for it.

Mr. H. M. Nelson, of Georgetown, Mass., tells me that one day in the fall of 1884 he lost a pocket knife, which he prized as a memento. That night he dreamed that he went in search of his knife, visiting in his dream a wood-lot where he had been during the day; arriving at the lot he thought he looked down, and saw the knife resting against the toe of his left boot. The next morning, notwithstanding the family laughed heartily over his dream, Mr. Nelson went to the wood-lot referred to. He searched the lot carefully, and at length turned to go home; in the act of turning he struck something with the toe of his left boot, and, looking down, he was surprised to see his knife resting there, just as he had seen it in his dream.

During the latter part of January, 1886, there washed ashore at Kennebunkport, Me., the remains of a vessel, supposed to have been the bark Isadore, wrecked off Zora Cliff, Me., on the night of Nov. 30, 1842. In connection therewith, Mr. L. D. Wheeler, now living in Newburyport, Mass., tells the following story, for the truth of which he personally vouches: A night or two before the sailing of the barque, one of

the crew dreamed that, on the day of sailing, a terrible storm arose, and the Isadore was forced back on to the shore, near the mouth of the harbor, and went down with all on board. The next morning he related the dream to his wife and pastor, and both were so impressed with its distinctness that they advised him not to go; the young man concealed himself, and the barque sailed without him. The Isadore sailed from Kennebunkport, Nov. 30, 1842. At the hour of sailing the day was beautiful, but late in the afternoon a dreadful storm arose; slowly, but surely, the barque was driven back to shore, and at night went down off Zora Cliff, a few miles below the mouth of the harbor from which she had sailed, with all on board.

Through the courtesy of the *Boston Globe* we are enabled to present in brief the story told by Capt. John C. Stowell, of Maplewood, Mass., to Henry G. Trickey, one of the *Globe's* talented special writers: Capt. Stowell dreamed one night that an accident took place on the railroad at Linden; he was so impressed with the dream that he awoke his wife, and told her about it. The newspapers next day contained full reports of the accident, described just as the Captain had seen it in his dream. In 1839 the Captain was a seaman on board the ship *Astorian*, bound from New Orleans to Hull, England. The ship encountered a heavy North-easter when several days out, and, overcome with fatigue, Stowell went below to get some sleep. He dreamed of being roughly shaken, and a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "Danger! Go on deck!" In a second he was wide awake, rushed on deck, and saw looming up a ship, of sharper, trimmer built than the *Astorian*. Stowell yelled to the men at the wheel, and they "threw the ship over;" the stranger discovered the *Astorian* at the same time, and "fell off." The *Astorian* struck the stranger, bow on, with irresistible force, and the latter went down almost instantly. Stowell's dream had saved the *Astorian*, though at the expense of other lives.

There are many trustworthy persons who declare that the important events of their lives are always outlined in advance in dreams, and hundreds of carefully prepared statements are on record proving that in sleep a faculty embracing keenness of sight and hearing, as well as sensitiveness to approaching danger, is developed—a faculty which, though not included in the present list of the senses, nevertheless exists, and can not well be ignored.

The gift of prophecy furnishes a fascinating theme to writers of psychic lore. There is no room for such gift or faculty in the minds of those who limit the senses to five. Yet the pages of history fairly teem with proofs of the possession of this gift. Socrates presented marked evidences of this; He "often warned his friends against certain courses of action, and, in every case where they refused to profit by his council, disastrous results followed." Socrates predicted all the events of importance in his own life, and lastly, his death and its mode. After sentence had been pronounced, his enemies waited but the return of a ship to put it into execution. The disciples of the doomed man wept bitterly that he was to be taken from them before another night; but he informed them that the ship had met with an accident, and would not be in for three days—and the event happened as he had predicted.

The wonderful prophecies of Joan of Arc, who was tried as a heretic and sorceress by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and after condemnation, burnt at Rouen, are also matters of record. Newham gives a long account of her prophecies, which read like a veritable fairy tale, yet all are carefully attested to, and prove a mine of wealth to the explorer in the prophetic line.

The *Edinburg Review* of July 1844, says that the prophecies of Lilly "was thought to be so singularly verified by the great fire of London," that he was "summoned before the House of Commons and publicly requested to favor them with the prospects of the nation" for a series of years.

Zadkiel, the English astrologer, published the nativity of Louis Napoleon, and one remarkable passage, predicting his triumph and downfall, was fulfilled almost to the letter.

A noted prophecy was that of an old negro woman, who foretold Josephine's royal destiny. Mornes, her biographer, and Allison, the historian, both give interesting accounts of it. From her birth in the West Indies to her marriage to Alexander Beauharnais, and his death on the guillotine; her imprisonment and rescue from death by the fall of Robespierre; and her after life as the Empress Josephine, were all told with singular fidelity.

Cazotte's famous prediction was verified fully in the history of the French Revolution. Neursham copies it from La Harpe, and readers are referred to their works for the story in detail. It is intensely interesting, and relates how Cazotte, at a dinner party, predicted the death of all present, including his own; the prediction was verified in the minutest details.

Rousseau was a prophet when he predicted the French Revolution in 1789. Cardinal Morton was a prophet when he said, pointing to Sir Thomas Moore, the latter then a lad, "That youth will one day be the ornament of England." Father Lejoy was a prophet when he shook Voltaire and cried, "Wretched youth, you will some day be the standard of delfm in France." Abraham Lincoln was a prophet when he said:

"This nation cannot remain permanently half slave, half free."

Kieser's Archiv (vol. 2, part 3, page 62) tells of a prophet who told many singular things, and who possessed the faculty of telling who was going to die. He once predicted a death in a certain house; he told how the bird would stand; the name of the minister and his text; the names of those who would be present; the hymns to be sung; told who would go to the grave, and even told the spot where the bird would be set down, because of the breaking of a candle in the hand of the second carrier. So closely was the prophecy being carried out that the minister tried to break its force by preaching from another text, but was impelled, by a power which he could not withstand, to preach from the original. The prediction was literally fulfilled.

Zschokke (in his *Selbstschän*) declares that he possessed the faculty of gazing at people he met in his daily walks, and seeing every act of their lives spread out before them like a series of pictures. He gave many strange exhibitions of his gifts. Thousands of people the world over to-day possess the same faculty, as well as the gift of prophecy; they are known under the name of mediums, psychics and somnambules.

Just here it is in order to remark that there is a wide difference between what is thus known as prophetic vision and spirit control, though many Spiritualists cannot be made to see it. In exercising the gift of prophecy we rise to an exalted mental state; we see from the elevated standpoint of the soul; then past, present and future seem one continuous whole, and we are enabled to reason from cause to effect with startling clearness and power. Would that space permitted further discussion of this phase of the question, but we must press on to other points of interest, which stand forth with the distinctness of sentries, on the outposts of the border land of the soul.

One of the strangest of gifts in the psychic line, to my mind at least, is that of the development of psychometric or soul reading. This consists, in brief, of giving impressions created in the mind while articles are held in the hand, or against the forehead. Prof. J. Rhodes Buchanan is generally credited with the honor of discovering this faculty, and he has recorded a splendid series of experiments in one of his works. Prof. Denton has also placed on record a remarkable series of psychometric experiments. Psychometry proves that we leave our mental impress upon the things we touch, as well as upon our surroundings. Examinations can be made from articles of clothing, furniture, letters, books, in fact, any and everything we may happen to touch. Letters written a century ago contain a vivid impression of the writer and his surroundings, as clear and plain to the touch of the skilled psychometer as the picture on the wall.

Articles from every clime are also found to contain an imprint of their surroundings, a pictured representation of the country round about—invisible to the external senses, visible to the soul. The touch of nature is as palpable as the touch of man. Matter may not be possessed of memory, but it is certain that it is capable of receiving and retaining impressions, to remain as silent tale-bearers forever. To the touch of the psychometer all things are made plain; the soul indeed measures soul; and by the aid of this faculty we are enabled to trace and keep track, so to speak, of both the living and the so-called dead.

Psychometry can be made available in every department of social, progressional and mercantile life. This faculty, properly developed, furnishes an unerring guide in the reading of character, and can be used with wonderful success in diagnosing disease. The medical psychometer can diagnose disease accurately by means of a letter, lock of hair, or piece of clothing which has been worn next the person. This may sound strange to people who are not familiar with the subject, but in support of this statement the writer has on file letters from cured and grateful patients whom he has never seen, and, what is more, never expects to see in this life.

Physicians are ever among the first to sneer at new discoveries, such as we have just outlined. This is a fact which has been noted and quoted for hundreds of years. The Jesuits, who discovered the intrinsic worth of Peruvian bark, were hounded and persecuted by the doctors, who invoked even the aid of the pulpit to consign the discovery to oblivion. To-day the doctors sing praises to it, "and Peruvian bark has become the curled darling of the medical world." To-day the doctors sneer at psychometric diagnosing of disease; to-morrow it will be hailed as a marvelous discovery, and we shall wonder how it was overlooked so long.

In keeping with this line of thought, it will not be out of place to refer to the transference of human magnetism as an aid in therapeutics, that mighty discovery which has been knocking at the door of reason for ages, pleading an entrance. Those who should have been the first to hail this discovery with loud acclaim have denied it entrance, and sought to throttle one of God's greatest gifts to mankind through sneer and jeer and restrictive legislation. Few physicians, presumably, have seen that wonderful engraving representing Chirow fascinating Esculapius, B. C. 928, for the purpose of preventing an herb to cure the foot of Hercules, which had been wounded

by a poisoned arrow. Chirow was the great physician of his day, and derived his name from a Greek word meaning the hand, because he performed most of his cures by manipulation. In after years his pupil, Esculapius, far eclipsed his master as a healer, and was invested with divine honors. The old temples of healing in the river Tiber, dedicated to his memory, attest his worth as a healer of diseases. Hippocrates, popularly called the father of medicine, also healed by means of magnetizing and manipulating, and this he called the "secret means of medicine." With the example of Chirow, Esculapius, Hippocrates, Mesmer, and the progressive physicians who have cropped out in every age of the world's history, before us, it seems strange that physicians to-day are inclined to sneer and jeer, and thus allow this natural mode of healing to become one of the lost arts. But, my brother physicians, sneers and jeers will not avail. Hypnotism, only another name for the magnetizing and charming of the ancients, will not down at the bidding of any man. The time will come when it will be regularly taught, thus forming a part of the curriculum of the schools. The hand writing is on the wall. God's wondrous gift for the alleviation of human suffering is bound to come in vogue once more, and this time to stay.

Well authenticated statements of the appearance of spirit forms, or phantoms, as they are popularly called, are always deeply interesting to students in psychic lore. Because of this, we have selected a number from our own collection, and beg to assure the reader that in every instance the writers state that they are ready to affirm under oath the truth of the stories told. With a single exception, that told by Mr. Kellar, none have appeared in print before.

Mr. Peter Keating, of Hulmeville, Pa., writes that in the summer of 1868 he returned from a business trip to Philadelphia. His parents failed to meet him at Bristol, and he walked home. As he neared home the moon arose, and, standing in the moonlight, near the corner of the house, he saw the form of a man; he could see the face plainly. It was that of a young man by the name of Smith Creque, whom he knew well. As he leaned over the gate the man disappeared. Mr. Keating aroused his father and, in response to questioning, was informed that Creque had died during his Keating's absence in Philadelphia. Mr. Keating had no knowledge of the death of Creque until informed of it by his father, and is certain that he saw the spirit form of his young friend out there in the moonlight.

Mr. Cyrus Bradford, of Erie, Mich., writes that when a boy he saw, one afternoon, a strange man enter the doorway of the house, and heard him say, "How do you do?" Mr. Bradford went to give the man a chair, when, lo and behold, he disappeared. He told his father of the occurrence, and the latter declared the description an accurate one of his eldest brother, then supposed to be alive and well, at Springfield, Ohio. Three days later, Mr. Bradford was lying upon the bed in his bedroom, when the door opened and the same man entered; he spoke, as before, and when Bradford arose to offer him a chair, left the room, closing the door behind him. A few days afterward, Mr. Bradford's father received a letter stating that his eldest brother died in Springfield a few days prior to the first appearance referred to. Both times the man appeared in broad daylight, and Mr. Bradford avers that he was wide awake in each instance.

Mr. P. C. Mills, of Fairmount, Ark., has kindly furnished the writer with several interesting spiritual experiences, one of which is in keeping with our theme. It was in the spring of 1863 that Mr. Mills sat in his tent on one of the battle fields of the south. His attention was attracted to the entrance of his tent, and looking, he saw standing there the form of a long-deceased sister. The form was in plain view, and clad in white. She spoke to him, and uttered a prophecy which will be referred to in future papers. Mr. Mills says, "No form could seem more tangible," no voice more clearly distinguishable, and he adds that he watched her closely as she slowly faded out from view, until all that was left was "a vapory mist of light."

Mr. Richard W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., a brother of the writer, says that a little rising a year ago, while he was attending to his duties as sexton in the vestry of the Whitefield church, Joseph Chase, the deceased superintendent of the Whitefield Sunday-school and a prominent member of the parish, appeared before him, standing in the vestry door. Mr. Chase, before his decease, had informed Mr. Hidden that, if it was possible to return after death, that he, Chase, would certainly do it, and the sexton regards the appearance as in fulfillment of this promise. The vestry was lighted at the time, and Mr. Hidden says that Chase was perfect in form and feature, and looked as if alive. The apparition, after a minute or two, gradually faded away. Nothing can shake the sexton's belief that he saw his dead friend.

By permission of Mr. S. S. McClure the writer is enabled to present a remarkable story from the pen of Kellar, the world famed magician—a story showing, apparently, the ability of a spirit to make its presence known by means of whistling to living brother and friends. We have since had the story from Mr. Kellar in person, and he says that the story is true, strange

though it may sound to people who have not been favored with such experiences.

Yamadeva, one of Kellar's troupe, had ruptured the muscles of the chest by rolling a heavy ball, in a game of ten-pins, one afternoon in 1878. Four days afterward the doctors gave permission to remove Yamadeva from Shanghai, where the accident happened, to Hong Kong, on the steamship Khiva. The poor fellow died at midnight, breathing his last in the arms of his brother, Ling Look.

The ship's carpenter made a rough coffin, and the remains of Yamadeva were deposited on the bridge.

We now let the story proceed in Kellar's own words: "On the evening of the second day, at about nine o'clock, while the ship was calmly steaming down the Formosa channel, Ling Look, Mr. Gray, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai band, Mrs. Gray, a clergyman and I, were seated on deck aft, when suddenly there was a clear and distinct whistle ti-ta-ti-ta-ti, such as our company used among themselves for purposes of recognition.

"We were all very much astonished and more or less excited. Ling Look was very much worked up, and exclaimed, 'That is Yamadeva whistling,' and answered the call by our well known ti-ti-ti!

"This was at once answered by the correct reply, ti-ti-ti oo.

"Ling Look now gave the first call ti-ta-ti-ta-ti.

"This was immediately answered by the invisible power with ti-ti-ti.

"The calls were repeated by Ling several times, and each time the correct reply came from the air above. The night was clear and bright, and no one was concealed on deck, as every place was carefully searched.

"Ling Look insisted on opening the coffin, to see if Yamadeva was really dead, and when he viewed the body he said, 'Yamadeva is calling me, and I must go with him.'

"Poor Ling Look was taken sick in Hong Kong, and died in the hospital there. We buried him beside his brother Yamadeva. They are resting side by side in Happy Valley, the beautiful cemetery of Hong Kong."

An experience peculiar to the practice of hypnotism is the liability of the subject or sleeper to be taken control of by what purports to be the spirit of one who once lived here in the mortal, to be taken control of by an intelligent being, minus flesh and blood. There is the ordinary hypnotic sleep or state, in which the subject is responsive to the will of the operator; then comes the somnambule sleep, in which the subject moves responsive to no will save his own; next comes the more profound sleep of the trance, alluded to above; and, deeper still, we have the cataleptic sleep or mimic death, which will be treated in detail later on.

Admit the fact of the possession of a soul which survives physical dissolution or death, and we can hardly doubt the ability of this soul to control a human organism whenever the way is opened by the operation of a psychic law with which we are hardly familiar to-day. We anticipate the point that much which passes for spirit control is nothing of the kind, and frankly admit it. Many people who are known as mediums are in reality only somnambules, and obtain the facts to which they give expression by the exercise of thought transference and similar means. In the somnambule sleep, with the external world shut out, the sleeper displays at times an exalted mentality, brightness and cunning, which almost surpasses belief; and, besides, in this state, singular as it may seem, the sleeper at times is able to absorb and give expression to long forgotten thoughts of the sifter. All this may be given in honesty on the part of the sleeper, for the latter, if in the real somnambule sleep, will have no recollection of what has taken place on being restored to consciousness.

There have been mediums in the past, and in all probability there are mediums to-day, who, although honestly believing themselves to be controlled by spirits, and innocent of any attempt at wrong doing, are in reality but somnambule sleepers; they give to the sifter what he already knows, and no more. There is a fixed limit, beyond which sleepers of this description cannot go. With the genuine trance sleeper the case is different. There is no limit to the operation of psychic law by and through the organism of such a sleeper. Proofs of identity and corroborative data come thick and fast. The trance sleep gives, as nothing else can, evidence of a bourne whence travelers do return: travelers who proclaim themselves to be our brothers and sisters, husbands, lovers and friends; travelers who give evidence that they not only live beyond the grave, but that they watch over and love us still.

Before closing this article the writer feels it a duty to refer to the most profound sleep possible to human beings in which thousands of bright men and women, through no fault of their own, but through lack of knowledge on the part of physicians and attendants, have gently closed their eyes in slumber in the life mortal, to awaken in the life immortal. We refer to the cataleptic sleep, or mimic death. It is a sleep which frequently follows the deeper forms of trance, and may be developed spontaneously. Fortunately, it has fallen to my lot to become tolerably familiar with this sleep, which indeed takes us over the threshold,

(Continued on third page.)



# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1890.

## The Scientific Method of Investigating Magnetism.

The following letter written by Prof. Agassiz to Rev. C. H. Townshend, is at the present time even of more interest than when first written:

"Desirous of knowing what to think of animal magnetism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiments in regard to it upon myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by magnetized persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Townshend, who had previously magnetized him, to accompany him to Neuchatel and try to magnetize me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half-past nine o'clock, and about ten Mr. Townshend commenced operating on me. While we sat opposite to one another, he in the first place only took hold of my hands and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and therefore the moment I saw him endeavoring to exert an action upon me I silently addressed the Author of all Things, beseeching him to give me the power to resist the influence.—AGASSIZ."

The absurdity of any one attempting to magnetize such a person as Agassiz, approaches the ludicrous; but when he, for fear some influence might be exerted over him, engages in prayer, the farce is worthy only of laughter. He set himself to the investigation of Spiritualism in a similar manner. He sneered and scoffed, and then for fear he might see more than desirable, bandaged his eyes! He has now probably learned more of spiritual things than he knew on earth, and is more spiritual. His coarse-made nature was of itself a shield against the intrusion of spiritual beings without the aid of prayer. His was an "exposure," but of his own ignorance and want of capacity to comprehend the first principles of spiritual science.

## S. M. Baldwin.

This gentleman, a resident of Washington, and prominent as a Spiritualist there, is ever on the alert as a progressive thinker, and he is making an excellent impression on the age in which he lives. Although his duties are arduous, he gets time occasionally to say a good word for our paper, and assists us in a material as well as a spiritual way. Mr. Baldwin has our thanks for his good wishes and practical work in our behalf.

## The Hon. A. B. Richmond and his Villifiers.

The Hon. A. B. Richmond is eminent as a lawyer, author, and Spiritualist. A communication appears from him in another column in reply to an attack made upon him in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of May 24th. That the character of this man Graham, whom Mr. Bundy selected as his principal agent, to belittle and ridicule Mr. Richmond, and throw doubt over the phenomenon of independent slate writing which he received, may be known, we append here, with his own statement as to his deplorable condition, and which is published in the *Journal*:

"I was at the camp with May Bangs. I was drinking heavily and under the influence of liquor. At a time when I was more intoxicated than usual, I prepared a 'slate such as is described by Mr. Richmond, composing the rhyme and drawing the figure as a joke, to be enjoyed by May Bangs, and with no intention or expectation that she would use it."

"Drinking heavily," more intoxicated than usual,—"these are the self-condemning words of the man whom the *Journal* carefully selects and trains to aid in darkening the character of a medium, and at the same time holding up to ridicule one of the leading lights of Spiritualism. We say this, and appeal to Spiritualists generally: Would you, as honorable men and women, select a deadly enemy of a medium, one who admits his own unsavory reputation, and apparently rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue, and whom the *Journal* says has been partially insane,—would you, we ask, consort with such a person in carrying on an investigation against the one he hates and against an honorable gentleman, relying on his statement, and publishing it to the world? Would you place his statement against a man whose reputation as a gentleman is untarnished?"

After the selection of this man Graham to further blight the character of May Bangs, and to place Mr. Richmond in an unenviable light before the people, there only remains one step more for their assailant to take; and that is to secure the service of the Orthodox Devil, and then in defaming them he can in connection with the dirt which he throws, mix it with a little fire and brimstone. We say right here that we shall take special pleasure in defending such a man as Mr. Richmond and such a medium as May Bangs, from brutal, ferocious and uncalled-for attacks from whatever source they may originate. This is the "reconstructive" work the *Journal* is doing, aided by Graham, who attacks "(Sober)" to his name as he ends his arraignment of May Bangs and A. B. Richmond, as if his statement would be believed by any reflective mind.

We wish to be distinctively understood, however, that while the mission of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is one of peace and good will toward all, aiming to deal only with the grand principles underlying the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, it would be recreant to the trust reposed in it by the angel world, if it did not protest against unjustifiable attacks made against mediums and prominent Spiritualists.

## Spirit Phenomena in Italy.

*Luz* is a vigorous paper published at Rome, the supposed center of spiritual darkness. It is true to its name, and is indeed a light of the first order. Its list of contributors embraces people of the highest social and literary order. It publishes extracts from the writings of Mazzini, which show that he was a firm Spiritualist, and believed that he was guided to his destiny by superior intelligences, and that at least two of his eminent co-patriots were thoroughly in union with him. These were the Marquis d'Azeglio and Garibaldi.

An interesting circle was held at Naples, through the mediumship of Eusapia Paladino, by Dr. Chiari, of that city, in the presence of Signor Tassi, of Perugia, Professors De Cintas and Capuano, Signor Veroino—a well-known man of letters—and Professor Don Manuel Otero Acevedo, a pronounced skeptic, who had come all the way from Madrid for the purpose of investigating the phenomena. These took place in a room of the hotel in which the Spanish professor was staying, and the control announced himself as feeling especially pleased to assist in opening the eyes of so confirmed a materialist as Professor Acevedo to the existence of a spiritual world.

After the medium had passed into a trance, instead of speaking in her ordinary Neapolitan *patois*, she began to converse in the purest Italian, and asked the gentlemen sitting next to her to take hold of her hands and feet, which they did, when she immediately rose in the air as lightly as a feather, and floated towards the center of the table, upon which she then stood. John King was then asked if she could be raised above the table; and this was promptly performed, so that the whole of the sitters passed their hands between her feet and the table. Her body was then laid by spiritual agency in a horizontal position, the shoulders resting on the edge of the table, and the lower portion of it rigidly maintaining its position in space, without any support whatever.

At a second sitting, in full light, the same phenomena were repeated, with the head only resting on the edge of the table, and the whole body resting on air, for full five minutes. Not only so, but as if by magic, a bolster was mysteriously conveyed from an adjoining room, and placed under the head of the medium without contact with human hands. The gas was presently extinguished, and pale blue flames were seen to issue from her body, rise into the air, and break up into three or four smaller jets of light.

An American gentleman who was present, laying his watch on the table, asked John King if he could illuminate its face, so as to show the hour and minute. This was done, and the watch then rose in the air and returned to the table. "Could you lift it up to the ceiling?" inquired its owner. No sooner said than done, not once, but repeatedly, and the chain was rattled against the ceiling.

Finally, the Professor covered a vase full of soft clay, prepared for the purpose, with

a handkerchief, and defied the control to produce upon a given portion of it the impression of three human fingers. To his amazement the result was effected, and he quitted Naples convinced of the genuineness of the phenomena.

## Spiritualism in Relation to Agnosticism and Materialism.

J. J. Morse, one of the most terse and pointed writers in the ranks of Spiritualism, in an article on the above subject in *Light*, defines the field of Spiritualism as follows:

"The philosophy of Spiritualism must rest upon as real and secure a foundation of objective and continually reproducible fact as any other philosophy concerning any department of the universe. If not, it is inutile in this age. To-day the demand is for the positive, alike in things spiritual and material. The age admits that conditions govern everywhere, but it cries, 'have done with superstitious mystery and pseudo sacredness.' The science of Spiritualism must become as exact as that of chemistry, and in no small measure it is so to-day. The entire realm of psychic phenomena, mediumship, telepathy, hypnotism, mesmerism, as affecting the human body and mind, are related to law as definite and exact as those that concern the variations of terrestrial magnetism, or the motion of the heavenly bodies; while the range of 'physical' phenomena is as much included in the 'laws of nature' as in any other series of objective facts. To say that, so far, the laws are unformulated is but to reiterate a statement that could, with truth, be reiterated concerning many other branches of human inquiry."

He closes the valuable contribution with the following:

"Spiritualism is a positive gospel. It takes nothing for granted. Prove all things is its motto. It rests upon facts, and in so far as a science. Its facts are reproducible under proper conditions. Its great efforts are to bring evidence before the world, to prove that there is a persistent Ego in man, which in this stage has a demonstrable existence; that 'death' is but a phenomenon in the conditioning of that Ego, an incident in its career. Cheerfully admitting the good that Agnosticism and materialism have done, and are doing, it has no quarrel with either, since, like them both, it wants the 'truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' at all times. It, Spiritualism, must be accepted as a breaking away from the mystical and supernatural, from the ignorance and fanaticism of past efforts to deal with the old time question: 'If a man die, shall he live again?' by bringing 'immortality,' the spiritual world, and man's relation thereto, into the region of practical science and positive philosophy, and the placing of the questions concerned where they can never again become involved in the puerile speculations of the ignorant, the superstitious opinions of priestcraft, or the unscientific assertions of the believers in the miraculous."

## Capital Punishment.

Stanton Moses makes a telling presentation of the views of Spiritualism in regard to the death penalty. Legal murder is a confession of failure on the part of the government to control by reformatory measures, and is virtually practical atheism. The Spiritualist sees that man, even in his worst estate, has better uses than being hung. From the many cogent passages we select the following:

"Believing, as I do, that its incidence is irregular and its efficacy as a deterrent very questionable, I protest altogether against its infliction in any case. It is a clumsy expedient for removing a man out of sight. It does not kill him. It does not limit his capacity for mischief. On the contrary, it enlarges it. It lets him loose with all his vindictive and angry passions stirred and boiling with unknown possibilities of evil-doing. How any man with the knowledge of a Spiritualist can fail to agree in this opinion I find it hard to imagine, though I know it to be the case. We ought not to deal with this serious question of capital punishment on and lines of mercy. We see, when some more than usually interesting criminal is before the world, how opinion will sway backwards and forwards, and how it revolts the public conscience to hang a murderer. But that is a very low ground of protest compared with the ground that I take. I contend that no tribunal of men has the right to cut short a human life. I do not admit the right of any such fallible tribunal to 'get [any] being away from the community in which he is utterly unfitted to remain.' That is a confession of impotence for good on the part of the community. Nor is it conceivable to me that the destruction of life is the only remedy in the hands of the community. They owe a duty to the criminal, and have no right to obliterate him by way of reforming him, when they know, or ought to know, that there is no path of reformation by the way."

## A Miracle.

The following paragraph, which is going the rounds of the press, may be taken as an example of many cases of healing by faith-cure, Christian science, etc.:

"S. B. Thompson, well known in Lady Lake, Fla., was for four years a helpless cripple, and the doctors had told him that the spinal disease that prostrated him was incurable. On Wednesday night before Thanksgiving he dreamed that the Lord spoke to him telling him to go to church the next day, to go to the altar and pray, and get the congregation to pray for him, and he would be cured. Without telling his dream he had himself carried to the church, and at the close of the service was placed at the altar. Then the congregation, led by the pastor, prayed for him, and he also prayed for himself in a loud voice. He says that while the prayers were being offered, he heard a voice within say: 'Arise and walk.' At the third command he arose to his feet, and crying, 'It is done!' tried to walk down the aisle. Several men started to aid him, but he waived them off, and walked steadily out of the church, and to his own home, shouting and praising God. Since then he seems perfectly well."

It we thoroughly analyze this case we shall see that the doctors were greatly at fault. If the patient was incurable, he could not have been cured by any means.

That he was cured, shows that the doctors had not correctly diagnosed the case. He was, of course, affected by their decision, and made no effort to help himself. His disease had passed its crisis, and he had partially recovered without knowing it. All that was wanted was some mental and spiritual stimulus. Believing in the efficacy of prayer, he was taken to the church, where the praying circle formed a strong mesmeric current, by which his will was aroused to make the effort, and having once found that he could stand and walk, he was healed.

## Mark M. "Brick" Pomeroy.

Mr. Pomeroy is now editor of *The Advance Thought*, 234 Broadway, N. Y. It is a splendid paper, and should be in every family circle. One feature of the paper stands forth pre-eminent, grand, and ennobling. We refer to his "Saturday Nights." They are the embodiment of all that is beautiful, elevating and inspiring, and bring to the mind a foraste of heaven. They have been read in thousands of homes, and made a deep and lasting impression on the present age, more so, probably, than the sermons of all the orthodox divines living in Brooklyn or New York City. They are poetical in language, and combining a tender pathos, sympathy, and charity, they go forth as *Evangelists of Light* to illuminate the world and inspire each one with loftier conceptions. Send for his Birch Bark Series, No. 1, Vol. I. The price is only 25 cents. It contains Mr. Pomeroy's "Saturday Nights." Other volumes of this series follow, containing sketches, reminiscences, etc. *The Advance Thought* is furnished at \$1 per year, and is published monthly.

## Over The Threshold.

Dr. Hidden's address this week will excite more than usual interest and attention on account of his critical analysis of sleep, dreams, prophecy, psychometry, phantoms, trance and cataleptic sleep. People generally are very much interested in these subjects, and the Doctor brings forth some important facts for their consideration. He is not only a skillful physician, but he has a comprehensive understanding of psychical laws.

Next week we shall publish a short communication from Hon. A. B. Richmond, which will explain itself. Mr. Richmond is preparing a complete refutation of the article in which he was assailed by Mr. Bundy in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

## A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers, Doings, etc.

Ervin A. Rice, a scholarly young gentleman, of Englewood, Ill., writes: "You will find my name on your list of paid subscribers, and it will remain there as long as your valuable paper is held to its present high standard. This week's issue (No. 29) is a most excellent number. I never lay aside my PROGRESSIVE THINKER when I finish reading it, but lend it or mail it to some friend who will appreciate it fully. I inclose a copy of *The Universalist Messenger*, of which I have editorial charge, and request that it be placed upon your exchange list. This will give me a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to place upon file in the reading room of the Englewood Universalist Church, in whose interest THE MESSENGER is published. Our congregation comprises Universalists (both conservative and liberal), Unitarians, Agnostics, Ethical Scientists, Free Thinkers and Spiritualists, of which last named I am proud to count myself. In a small way, and treading carefully upon a rich loam of honest reason and earnest study, THE MESSENGER is trying to cultivate in its little field the same beautiful plant that is so nobly presented in its maturity by THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. There are here and there, however, places where THE MESSENGER cannot plow deeply, owing to the underlying quicksands of ancient dogma, love of forms, superstition, and relics of orthodox theology, and a due regard for these places is necessary, in order that the whole field may be eventually reclaimed and brought into the fullness of its capacity for spiritual development. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER lies before me as I write, and my eyes rest upon the article by E. W. Wallis, giving the meaning of Spiritualism. I have read and re-read it, over and over again, and I must pronounce it, in my humble opinion, the best, the fullest, the most complete statement of what constitutes a perfect religion that ever came under my observation. There is not a member of our liberal and progressive church organization, but would proudly subscribe to that statement as his or her creed, regardless of what name it might be called."

O. J. Johnson writes as follows with reference to the meetings at 93 Peoria street: "The People's Spiritual Society, at the corner of Monroe and Peoria street, had a grand musical service at 2:30 p. m., June 15, J. L. Jenifer presiding. The choir of the First Spiritual Society of Chicago kindly assisted in the services of the afternoon. The Silver Tone Quartette entertained the audience with several pieces; they were encored to the echo. Prof. Tolman presided at the piano. Mrs. Orvis gave the invocation. Miss Carpenter followed with a short address. Prof. De Rosa interspersed the singing, addresses, etc., with some magnificent solos on the harp. Miss Fogden gave two recitations. Mrs. E. F. Porter read some characters. It certainly was a very enjoyable affair, and the large audience appreciated the music and singing, which was magnificently executed. In the evening Miss Cora Myrtle Carpenter, the wonderful child medium, gave a lecture to a full house, which was very much appreciated by the audience."

Robert R. Jones writes: "At Riches Opera House, Randolph, N. Y., Friday evening, June 13, the eloquent Queen of the Rostrum, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, was greeted by a large, appreciative audience, each one of whom this gifted and brilliant speaker entranced with profound thought, wit, humor, anecdote and story, embracing the sublime, the grand, and the ludicrous. At times the audience were held spellbound with her matchless word-painting and moved

to tears by her eloquence and tender pathos as she spoke upon fourteen subjects the cultured audience gave her. Miss Hagan's improvisation of poetry was wonderful! Risley and Crooker's orchestra furnished a sweet musical voluntary previous to lecture, and after the lecture charmed the young people, who danced and enjoyed themselves until 2:30 a. m. The best wishes of Miss Hagan's many friends accompany her through life, and hope to hear her speak often."

Bishop A. Beals has closed his engagements at Sheboygan, Wis., and returned to St. Paul, Minn. He can be addressed at White Bear Lake, Minn., for July.

J. W. Colville is at present lecturing before the Adolphi Society, N. Y. He will probably remain there during the summer.

E. R. Keech, of Rockford, Mich., writes: "We have just closed (June 14th and 15th) another successful Quarterly meeting, with Hon. L. V. Moulton of Grand Rapids, as speaker, assisted by the psychometric medium Mr. Jackson, also of Grand Rapids. Mr. Jackson gave numerous readings both forenoon and afternoon of Sunday from the rostrum, most of which were acknowledged publicly as correct. As for brother Moulton, he fully sustained his previous good reputation as an able and efficient expounder of our grand philosophy."

## NOTES FROM DENVER.

We in Denver are now having a "feast of good things," in the way of spiritual manifestations, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York. Besides her regular Sunday meetings, private and public readings, and addresses so convincing and instructive to many, and some of the most successful dark circle seances ever held in this city, she has held four successful materializing seances, three of which were in my parlors, and under strict test conditions.

A daughter of mine, departed from this life some 15 years since; materialized outside the cabinet, in plain sight of all; another and distant relative, deceased three years ago, met her husband visiting us here at the time from the State of Indiana, and presented him a bunch of mountain flowers which the recipient has carried back with him to Indiana, and prizes above all money value.

E. V. Wilson, the late bold and uncompromising spiritual apostle, walked steadily across the floor, preaching as he went, and after returning to the cabinet, continued his discourse for some time, in his old pungent style of oratory. His face was recognized by all who had known him in earth-life, and his sentiments thrilled every one present. Besides the above, quite a number of others appeared, all friends of persons in the assembly, and all recognized and acknowledged.

C. P. PERRY, M. D.

## GRAND CAMP MEETING!

Of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Association.

## At Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

Commencing Sunday, August 3rd.  
Seventh Annual Grand Camp Meeting, of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists Association, at Mount Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Commencing Sunday, Aug. 3rd, and closing Sunday, Aug. 31, 1890.  
The Park will be open to cottagers and tenters from June 15th to September 15th, 1890.

Arrangements have been made with the Western States and Central Traffic and Passenger Association and assuring a rate of one and one-third fare.  
The Rostrum will be occupied on the dates mentioned inclusive by the following gifted and popular speakers: Opening address by President J. S. Loveland, Sunday, August 3rd; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 3rd to 6th; Mrs. A. H. Colby Luther, August 3rd to 10th; Lyman C. Howe, August 10th to 17th; Edgar W. Emerson, the noted platform test medium of the day, will give public tests after each lecture from August 17th to 21st; Mrs. R. S. Lillie, August 20th to 24th; Miss Jennie B. Hagan, August 24th to 31st; J. H. Randall, will assist in platform and lyceum work.

Music will be provided by Prof. Fred Kreyer's band. Mrs. Frankie Cole, whose qualities as a vocalist all eyes please, will have charge of the vocal music. Among the mediums engaged, are Dr. and Mrs. S. N. Aspinwall, trance and developing mediums; Mrs. Bessie Aspinwall, the popular materializing medium; Prof. A. W. S. Kothermel, highly endorsed as a reliable medium for physical manifestations in the light; Prof. G. W. Vanhorn, healer and spirit test medium; Mrs. S. A. Bartholmes, trance, test, psychometric and mental healing medium; Frank N. Foster, who possesses the rare and wonderful gift of spirit photography; Mrs. Mott Knight, a reliable test, pellet and materializing medium; Mrs. H. S. Sawyer, gifted clairvoyant medium; Mrs. Olive A. Blodgett, of Davenport, Iowa, the noted medium for various phases of spiritual phenomena, will occupy Liberty Cottage, on Grand Avenue, the entire season; Prof. A. B. Severance, the noted psychometrist, will give private readings and teach a class in physical and social culture.

Single admission 10 cents, weekly tickets \$50.00, season tickets \$2.00.  
Carries dealers on board themselves can order provisions, including fruits and milk, on the grounds, tents with floors can be rented from the Association.

Every Sunday during the season, at 9 o'clock, a. m., a progressive lyceum will be held in the interest of the children, to which all, old and young are cordially invited.

The weekly program will consist of lyceum, lectures, medium meetings, conferences, fact meetings, dances and entertainments by talent selected from campers.

Transient visitors lodged in tents or in cottages at from 25 cents to 50 cents, according to accommodations. Campers are requested to bring blankets and pillows. Camp Post Office on the ground. Mail should be addressed, Clinton, Iowa, (Mount Pleasant Park). Business meeting of the Association Saturday, Aug. 2nd, at 2:30, p. m.

For additional information address Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary, 229 Honore Street, Chicago, Ill., until July 25th; after that date to Clinton, Iowa, (Mount Pleasant Park).

## STUDIES IN THE OUTLYING FIELDS

## PSYCHIC -- SCIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

This work essays to utilize and explain the vast array of facts in its field of research, which hitherto have had no apparent connection, by referring them to a common cause and from them arise to the laws and conditions of man's spiritual being. The leading subjects treated are as follows:  
Matter, life, mind, spirit; What the senses teach of the world and the doctrine of evolution; Scientific methods of the study of man and its results; What is the sensitive state? Mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism; Clairvoyance; Sensitiveness proved by psychometry; Sensitiveness during sleep; Dreams; Sensitiveness induced by disease; Thought transference; Intimations of an intelligent force superior to the actor; Effect of physical conditions on the sensitive; Unconscious sensitiveness; Prayer, in the light of sensitiveness and thought transference; Immortality—What the future life must be, granting the preceding facts and conclusions; Mind cure; Christian science, metaphysics—their psychic and spiritual relations; Personal experience and intelligence from the sphere of life.  
It is printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, 252 pages. Sent, post paid, \$1.25.  
This work may be called the first attempt to correlate the phenomena usually called occult, and subject them to law. It has received unqualified endorsement from the best thinkers and critics. It is a *deus in mensura* about any question which may arise in the minds of the investigators of Spiritual phenomena. For sale at this office.

## PHILADELPHIA GOSSIP.

## PARKLAND CAMP—SWEDENBORGIAN—A CURIOUS WILL—AN ANNUAL RAID.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 15.—The First Association of Spiritualists of this city open their camp-meeting grounds at Parkland, Pa., on Sunday June 29, with the Hon. Sidney Dean as speaker. Mr. Dean occupied the platform at that place to-day.

The grounds have been improved and many new features added for the comfort of the thousands who annually visit that resort.

The Committee on Improvements have spared no pains or expense to make this place a family resort, where pure air, healthy exercises and kind attention will bring thousands of careworn people from the heated and dusty city to breathe pure air and enjoy a day's recreation amid the beauties of nature.

The railroad facilities are perfect, while everything in the way of comfort has been provided for the pleasure-seekers.

The officers of the camp-meeting look forward to a prosperous season. Capt. F. J. Keffer is superintendent of the grounds.

Very little is said in other spiritual periodicals of the great work being performed by the Swedenborgian minister—the Rev. Chauncey Giles, at his church, corner Chestnut and Twenty-second Sts., this city.

While pursuing his labors in a quiet, unassuming manner, he reaches a class of people that Spiritualists cannot approach, and is disseminating his liberal views to a vast audience each Sunday.

The Rev. Giles instills into the minds of his constituency the necessity of living a life of honor, free from the petty vices to which many of the members of other denominations are addicted.

In a recent sermon he said:—"The eleventh hour atonement system in vogue in other churches is a veritable cloak for all kinds of vices practiced among the members—especially the younger portion. I abhor such an outrage. It should be abolished as a nuisance to the community. As you live, so shall your reward be in the life to come. Live a pure, honorable life, make no enemies by a prattling tongue, and above all, bear in mind that hypocrisy is the greatest bar to eternal happiness. Be sure to live as your conscience dictates, and you need have no fear for the future."

It is surprising that the Rev. Giles' efforts in behalf of religious reformation have not been noticed by other correspondents for the many spiritual publications.

I believe in giving credit where it is due, and while not precisely spiritual as we understand it, the efforts of Rev. Giles and others of his belief should be acknowledged and encouraged in our so-called liberal (?) journals.

But after all, it is only so many roads leading to the same place.

Philadelphia can turn out some very queer people if she wants to.

In 1887 Henry Eberle left a will bequeathing \$16,000 for a tombstone to be placed over the graves of himself and wife. He ignored his relatives entirely and having no children, chose this eccentric method of disposing of his money.

Yesterday a portion of it arrived. It took twenty-five horses and two dozen men to carry it from the railroad station to the cemetery. Another nearly as large is being finished at Woodbury, Vermont. These two massive pieces of granite alone cost \$10,000. How is that for Philadelphia eccentricity?

There is talk among the newspaper men here of inaugurating another annual raid among the mediums of this city. It generally ends in talk, however, but if they should consider to ride the "gullible public" of these "wily schemers,"—honest mediums need have no fear of not being treated well. For myself, I rather favor the idea. There are many so-called "mediums" in this city who are not only a libel on Spiritualists, but practically rob the masses of their hard-earned dollars by pretending to give them messages from their friends on the other shore.

"The men who conduct these 'raids' are not brutes, dear reader, as you may have been led to infer from the lurid descriptions of them and their methods given in prominent spiritual journals. Far from it. In their rounds they visit many for whom they have a profound respect for truthfulness and veracity. Of course, these are not mentioned in their reports. But suffice to say, are in all cases treated in a gentlemanly manner, and in no case do they overstep the bounds of propriety. If they do, it is in direct violation of their orders."

In company with a friend, I visited a well-known medium of this city last week. In the course of our conversation our hostess said, in tones of terror:

"And I hear that those dreadful beasts of reporters are going to interview us mediums! It's positively dreadful, the injustices to which we poor defenseless mediums are put!"

To which my friend replied quietly: "They don't pretend to expose honest mediums—only those who obtain money under false pretense. They are instructed where to draw the line."

She looked immensely relieved at this explanation, and said laughingly:

"Oh, I didn't know they had a line to go by. I just thought they would come to the house, take your name, swear out a warrant for your arrest—and go ahead."

No, dear reader, reporters are not bested by any means. ELLIOT RAWSON.

Nictetown, Pa.

## Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

Pomeroy's *Advance Thought* speaks of her as follows:

"On the evening of April 21, in Chicago, on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday, friends of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond assembled and surprised her by presenting to her a purse of one thousand dollars, as a trifling evidence of their esteem for one of the purest



## THE VOICES.

## They Come With no Uncertain Sound.

Appreciative words come from Mrs. M. A. Darling, E. D. Moore, O. S. Ladd, Miss M. E. Briggs, S. B. Hughes, C. H. Grant, and many others.

Appreciative words come from Mrs. Charles Dean and Mrs. H. H. Hamilton.

Anrilla Richardson, of Fallaburg, Mich., writes: "Your valuable paper is a welcome visitor every week."

Miss Ella Hosen, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "A few days ago a friend sent me a copy of your fine paper, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and I like it so much that I want to see more of it."

Joseph Carr, of E. Epping, N. H., writes: "I have known your paper three months, and am pleased with the general character of the same. Now put my name down for twelve months."

A. Ramey, of Fredricktown, Ohio, writes: "Yes, I will continue to add my mite in assisting to keep up the best paper that ever came to our house. It always brings with it something new, and we think it has got the right name. We always believed that way, but have had no help. Your paper has helped us progress a little faster."

J. H. Waite, of E. Dorset, Vt., writes: "We like the spirit of the paper very much; it makes people think."

Clint Chase, of Fort, N. D., writes: "As for my part, I would not read your paper now, if it cost me five dollars a year instead of one."

A. C. Cotton, of Vineland, Ind., writes: "Enclosed find the necessary" to make it constitute me a brick in the publishing house that is to be. It seems to me that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, though good at first, grows better."

S. F. Sterling, of Boston, Mass., writes: "I am glad to see so live a paper in circulation, and for so small a price."

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Lydla B. Golding, of Wilsonville, Oregon, writes: "I am much interested in the accounts of Prof. Richmond and his occult phenomena."

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Lathrop Burgess, of Salem, Wisconsin, writes: "I received a copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, dated Jan. 1890; and I was so well pleased with it, that I made it a rule to have my mind to subscribe to the paper before I had half read the lecture."

Mrs. Jane L. Whitmore, of Ceres, California, writes: "I like your paper very much, and it is so cheap that no good Spiritualist or progressive person need be without it or borrow it from his neighbor. God and good angels be with you in my wish."

Elizabeth Hale, of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes: "Your paper fills a long felt want." George Hinel, Jr., of Louisiana, Mo., thinks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER a grand paper.

Appreciative words come from E. R. Walrod, John Leach, B. C. Clinton, Hiram Rix, Sr., Mrs. Dr. C. S. North, H. E. Cadman.

John A. Hoover, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I rather like your paper and believe that you are putting every nerve forward to do the best you can, to please and instruct your subscribers; and I think that will continue to be the case. At least, parts of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, after my trial of sixteen weeks have expired;—not that I think you are right in all your conclusions, but when a man is trying to climb up a steep bank away from the spirit, the philosopher will ever stand by such, and try to help them along; neither is it wise to forsake those who differ in sentiment with us in matters of occult science that can never be fully explained to the sons of men."

Isaac Gabriel, of New Haven Center, Mich., writes: "I like the paper very much. The Boston department is splendid. I find in every paper food for thought. In the March 15th number, the address by Charles W. Hidden, M. D., was worth more than the price of the paper for sixteen weeks."

Wm. Allen, of Montpelier, Indiana, writes: "We have been taking your paper on the trial trip, and like it very much."

Mrs. Charles Carey, of Kimball, S. D., writes: "Your paper is very nice indeed; it helps us to live, and lights up our house, and gives it a cheerful look around. Long may it wave over homes of brave and laid of free."

F. P. Baker, of Maple Hill, Kansas, writes: "I never took a paper that I liked so well. I can not think of doing without it."

R. H. Bradley, of Anaconda, Montana, writes: "I am greatly interested with the paper; can hardly get along without it."

J. G. Garretson, of Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I find THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER articles very interesting as well as instructive reading; in short, am highly pleased with the paper, and wish you abundant success in the publication."

R. H. Wood, of Aspen, Colo., writes: "I like THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER very much, and consider it one of the great educators of our enlightened age. Long may it live and prosper."

Daniel Mann, of Onsted, Mich., writes: "Your paper has the right ring; it kept at its present high tide, it is most successful."

SPRITUALISTS, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKERS' NECTAR will bring to you from time to time the advanced thought of the day. Just think, only twenty-five cents for sixteen weeks, and yet this department equal in all respects to the same amount of space in any of the high-priced magazines. It

## OVER THE THRESHOLD.

and intimately relates us to the great beyond.

We can, perhaps, lead up to the idea of this strange sleep best, by considering the hibernating animals, which sleep almost the sleep of the dead during the long, cold months of winter. Though apparently dead, they still live. During this long, death-like sleep, breathing is suspended. This singular state is produced by throwing open a tiny space between the auricles of the heart, which the hibernating animals, and indeed many human beings, control at will. This is thrown open at the approach of winter; the animal is then, to all outward appearance at least, dead; in the springtime it is closed, and the animal awakens to life once more.

If we go to sleep with the idea impressed upon our minds that we shall awaken at a certain hour, nine times in ten we are aroused to consciousness at the appointed time. The hibernating animals apparently go to sleep with the idea of awakening in the spring. With the glad-some sounds and balmy air of gentle spring the animal seems impressed with the idea that it is time to wake up; the brain becomes active; the blood begins to course through arteries and veins; the eyes open—life has come back—the lethargic sleep is at an end.

The thought of living without breathing is a stupendous one to most people. Men who are willing to concede that the hibernating animals apparently live without breathing, deny that this gift is possible to human beings. Such persons limit the resources of man; as a matter of fact such resources seem, to the careful student, unlimited. Cataleptic sleepers have lived for months without manifesting a sign of life, and absolutely without food or drinks.

The unborn babe certainly lives without breathing, and it is believed by many that if the babe, or fetus if you prefer, could be transferred to a tub of water heated to the requisite temperature, its life could be prolonged for a long while without the aid of air. But immediately on coming in contact with the air the tiny opening referred to is closed; on the instant our ears are greeted with that first sharp and well known cry, and we have the living, breathing baby. Physicians will recognize the opening alluded to as the foramen ovale, which is situated at the lower part of the muscular septum, between the auricles, and above the orifice of the inferior vena cava. Thrown open it removes the necessity for the aeration of the blood, hence breathing is easily suspended, as in the case of the fetus.

In the cataleptic state there is sleep of the involuntary powers; breathing is suspended, and the sleeper seems to be dead. When this sleep occurs it is doubtless for some wise purpose; and it becomes needful that we know more of the chemical laws governing decomposition, to prevent the burying of our friends alive. In the cataleptic sleep the laws governing decomposition are suspended, and, although apparently dead, our friends still live, and need but the application of vital force to be restored to health and happiness. The undertaker should never be called in until decomposition begins; it is the only certain test of death. While warmth remains, life remains; and many, many times, when the body is icy cold, our friends listen to our lamentations and cannot respond, being held in the clasp of the cataleptic sleep.

In every age of the world men have been able to induce this strange, death-like sleep. Col. Townshend, of the British army, was a noted example. The colonel could enter and leave this state at will; he could simulate death so perfectly as to defy every effort on the part of physicians and surgeons to detect the slightest sign of life. Bishop, the mind-reader, was subject to fits of catalepsy, and always carried papers on his person warning doctors of this, in order to avoid being buried alive. It is believed by men familiar with Bishop and his methods, that, at the close of that fatal entertainment before the Lambs' Club, the poor fellow intended to give those present a scare, by suddenly throwing himself into the cataleptic sleep; a great sensation would be created over his supposed sudden death, and a still greater sensation and advertisement would be the result of his coming back to life. The surgeons, in their mad desire to trace out a human soul, to ferret out some supposed peculiar brain formation, began to cut; the mighty curtain of doubt was rung down; the play was over; Bishop, the odd and incomprehensible, was dead.

Through the courtesy of Mr. S. S. McClure, we are enabled to present abstracts from an article on the cataleptic sleep in India, from the pen of Kellar, the magician. Kellar, in describing some of the wonderful feats of a party of Hindoo Fakirs, says that one of the men was thrown into the cataleptic sleep. Of his appearance and condition, he says:

"The man lay on the parlor floor, to all appearance dead. His face was of the ghastly pallor of the tomb. His arms, legs and fingers, were as though they had been suddenly turned to ice. His blood seemed to have been frozen on a day when we living spectators were almost suffocated by the heat."

"We felt his fingers. They were as rigid as though modelled from marble. Dr. Crawford raised his eyelids. The pupils had been upturned, and nothing but the white was visible. The doctor examined his heart and felt his pulse. His blood had stopped flowing through his veins. To make the test even more complete, the doctor stopped his nostrils, and his eyes and his ears and mouth, with a thick putty-like paste, that made breathing an impossibility." The man was aroused from the sleep as easily as he had entered it, and without apparent injury.

Kellar then says that an old man, the leader of the party, entered this wonderful state of his own volition. Numerous experiments were tried upon the aged sleeper, and Kellar adds that: "We drove steels through his limbs, and scorched the palm of his hand with a living coal. We stopped up his nostrils, ears, eyes and mouth and then the doctors worked on him for half an hour or more. The effect of death was in this case more pronounced than in the former. The natural pallor of the old man's face, his flowing white hair and beard, made him appear like the carved figure of some old Indian chieftain in one of the royal burying grounds. It

impressed us as though we were in the presence of actual death, and we instinctively spoke in whispers." After the doctors had tired of experimenting, the Fakir's wife easily restored the old man to consciousness.

Of the remarkable stories told of the cataleptic sleep, that related by Col. Jenkins, commander of the British forces at Lucknow, in India, easily takes first place. Kellar had the story from Col. Jenkins' lips, as follows:

"In 1877 a party of Indian Fakirs visited the colonel's headquarters, to give an exhibition. The old man of the party threw himself, while in a sitting or rather squatting position, into a trance, and his assistant proceeded to place his tongue far back in his mouth. Then they swathed his body with bandages, as a mummy is prepared for the tomb. They filled his ears, eyes, mouth and nostrils with paste, and bandaged his face and neck, arms and chest, as they had done the lower part of his body. When this was done he was turned over to the colonel. Mind you, all this had been done in the presence of the colonel and his officers. There was and could be no deception about it."

"The colonel had a deep hole dug in the barrack-yard, and into this he placed the bandaged Fakir, after first putting him into a box, sheathed with metal and hermetically sealed. The earth was spread over this box, and the grave was placed under guard of a squad of soldiers. Every second of the time, day and night, for forty days, the grave was under guard. The box could not have been meddled with by any human being and have escaped detection. At the end of that period the box was exhumed and opened, the body was unwashed and a woman breathed upon its face, and passed her hands over his limbs, and, precisely as I have described before, the man came to life, apparently none the worse for his long burial. How much longer he could have remained under ground, of course I cannot tell. All I know is that he certainly was buried, and remained there 40 days without air, food or drink."

In a recent interview Kellar informed the writer that there was no reason to doubt that the story told him by Colonel Jenkins at Lucknow, India, was true in every particular. He added that the cataleptic sleep is practiced at any time by these fakirs, for a small stipend, and a similar statement has also been made to me within a short time ago, by Baboo Bhimmaul Singhji, a high-caste Hindoo, who is at present making a tour of this country. Bhimmaul declares that two Hindoo priests who were able to enter this state, were buried, and kept under guard for six months; he says that at the end of that time they were taken from the grave and readily restored to consciousness. He also says that the fakirs make a common practice of entering the "deep mesmeric sleep," as he styles it, and, with ears, nostrils and mouth plugged with paste, "really can and do live without breathing."

These statements are made to impress upon the mind of the reader that the cataleptic sleep is a fact, and that we should exercise caution in preparing the bodies of the so-called dead for the tomb. In my library may be found a carefully-attested record of one thousand persons buried alive, and numerous cases of the restoration to life and happiness of men and women who had been pronounced dead. In view of the fact that this state may be brought about without warning, in health as well as in disease, do not be in haste to consign bodies to the grave. In every case of doubt, give the silent sleeper the benefit of that doubt, and summon a physician or hypnotist who is familiar with trance and cataleptic phenomena.

In our address we have presented facts which tend to show that mortal is ever in touch with immortal; that there is another life, a bourne whence our loved return; that death does not, cannot end all. Soon we shall cross the threshold. We shall pass through the "valley of the shadow," which leads past "the green pastures," and beside the "still waters," up into the brightness and glory of eternal life.

Viewed in the light of modern teachings, death becomes, not an enemy to be dreaded, but a friend, an emancipator, whose presence should be welcomed with song and smile. Then let us press on with a light heart, for the day is not distant when we shall all be "outward bound," and, crossing the "rainbow bridge," we shall pause to listen while the evening stars sing together Time's last good-night.

## THE PRAISES OF MEN.

A poor little girl in a tattered gown, Wand'ring along through the crowded town, All weary and worn on the curb sat down By the side of the way to rest;

Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown, Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching and winter's chill blast, That fell on the child as it huddled past, Congealed the tears that were falling fast From the poor little maiden's eyes;

The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast, Unheeding her pining cries.

Now, hurriedly passing along the street, She catches the sound of approaching feet, And eagerly rises, as if to entreat Some aid from the passer-by;

But slowly and sadly resumes her seat, Repelled by the glance of a eye.

He saw the wild tempest resistlessly hurl The gathering snowflakes with manly a whirl, Upon her bare head, where each soft shining curl Was swept by the breath of the storm;

But what did he care for the little girl, His raiment was ample and warm.

He went to a charity meeting that night, And spoke, to the listeners' great delight, Of how 'twas the duty of all to unite

The suffering poor to relieve; And held up his check for a thousand at sight, So all of the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when The audience applauded again and again; But the angel who holds the recording pen This sentence, methinks, did record:

"He doeth his aims to be seen of men, Their praise is his only reward."

The papers next morning had much to say Of how the "good gentleman" did display His generous spirit, in giving away So much to the poor man's cause.

He smiled as he read his own praise that day, And thought of the night's applause.

Near by, the same paper went on to repeat A story they'd heard, of how, out in the street, A watchman, at dawning of morn, on his beat,

A poor little child had found, With only the snow as a winding sheet, Frozen to death on the ground.

Ah! who can declare that, when God shall unfold Eternity's records, He will not hold Him guilty of sin, who weeks with his gold

In charity's name to buy The praises of men, while out in the cold He leaves a poor child to die.

—N. Y. Mercury.

## AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

## Cogent Reasons Why Cremation Should be Adopted.

The three most important events in the history of mankind are birth, marriage and death. The first and the last come but once. As regards the individual the last is the most important and most permanent. It is also the one which is inevitable.

How to get rid of the dead was one of the earliest problems presented to mankind for solution. It has been answered in four ways—interment, embalment, entombment and incineration. Earth burial is the most ancient. All these methods have been practiced by different peoples, and in succession by the same people, from time immemorial. The same sentiments and motives have actuated all mankind in all countries and in all ages. The primary idea respecting burial is concealment of that which must soon become offensive and injurious to those surviving. The word burial is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word, meaning concealment. Other ideas, growing out of natural affection, reverence for the great, religious belief and social consideration, have modified the customs of different peoples and brought about the diverse practices above referred to. But three of these customs are at present practiced by civilized man—earth-burial, entombment and incineration. In discussing these three modes of interment, ancient precedent, heathen origin and religious prejudice need not enter as factors either for or against, for precedent may be urged either affirmatively or negatively, while the second has lost all its significance in the light of modern civilization and progress, and either form is perfectly in harmony with the most advanced religious views of the age.

In Italy, where the question of sanitary burial is better understood than in any other country, the Catholic Church has withdrawn all opposition to incineration, and Rome and Milan vie with each other in the extent and magnificence of their crematoria.

Both earth-burial and entombment are pernicious practices. No dead body is ever placed in the soil without polluting the earth, the water and the air around it. As a source of disease and infection a tomb containing a cadaver stands pre-eminently in the front rank. Next in the order of harmfulness is a grave. The average duration of a dead body while undergoing putrefaction, is about ten years. This process may be protracted to twenty or even fifty years owing to the surroundings. During this loathsome process the earth, the air and the water become saturated with deadly germs, which are inhaled or imbibed, as the case may be, by the living.

In 1828 Modena was visited by a pestilence, the result of infection from germs liberated by excavations made in the ground where 300 years before the victims of the plague had been buried. The epidemic of London in 1854 was due to the turning of the soil wherein the plague-stricken of 1665 had been buried. The epidemic of 1896 in New York ensued upon converting Potter's Field into Washington Square. Earth-burial and entombment are dangerous—nay, more, deadly—even when scientifically conducted. What then must be the results of the usual methods which are unsanitary and careless of the effect upon the living?

Crematory crowding, which is practiced in all large cities, increases the danger of earth-burial a thousandfold. In Naples 365 pits are dug, one for each day in the year. All who die in 24 hours are put in one of these. Referring to this wholesale method, Dr. Curtis, of Chicago, facetiously said: "After enjoying for 364 days the sweet repose of the grave of which the poets sing, the trump and in this case spades are trump bids the dead arise." At the cemetery on Hart's Island there are no single interments; the bodies are placed in trenches dug in regular rows forty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide and ten feet deep. Each trench holds 150 bodies, which are laid three deep in six rows of twenty-five each. In this manner 60,000 people have been buried in this cemetery since 1869. The average is thirty per day. In the poor quarter of Calvary Cemetery the dead are buried in trenches seven feet wide and ten feet deep, in which the coffins are piled up in tiers, making steps five or more high. These festering, poisonous masses will continue as centres of infection for years, and be handed down to unborn generations, a legacy of death, to pollute their water, their air and blight their lives.

The destination of the soul after death is a question of great importance, and has engaged the attention of the race throughout time. This question affects, however, the individual principally, the State incidentally. Conversely the question of the disposal of the mortal part affects the individual not at all, while it concerns the welfare of the State immeasurably.

Cremation offers the only rational and scientific solution of the question of the sanitary disposal of the dead. It is the acme of scientific measures. It cannot be improved upon, as it absolutely meets every hygienic and sanitary requirement. It is vastly superior to all other methods in every detail, viewed from a religious and economic standpoint also, and is not in real conflict with any sentiment or social consideration. Among those who are enrolled as friends of this greatest sanitary reform of the age are, many of the most illustrious and devout of the clergy, both at home and abroad.

In view of these considerations the writer hopes to see the day when the universal adoption of this method of burial shall have been accomplished.—J. A. BEBE, M. D., in the Medical Independent.

## Sample Copies.

If you receive a sample copy of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, it is intended to do missionary work. Read it carefully and critically, and then pass it to your nearest Spiritualist friend, and when he reads it, he will pass it on. Passed from one to another, it will do most effective work. Each sample copy, if judiciously used, will secure from one to ten trial subscribers. Try it. Who so poor that they can not aid the good work by subscribing at least for 16 weeks, costing only 25 cents, only about 1½ cents per copy.

## EXPERIENCES OF A MEDIUM.

## Visitations from Popes, Priests and Others.

C. H. Keech, of New York writes, that he is often asked what becomes of those whose bodies are diseased through fleshly lusts, of which we see so many instances in our cities? Some have answered that it was like any other disease of the system, and when the body is consigned to the earth there is an end to it. I would like to give my views, and what I have gleaned by observation, having had relations with two mediums in the past eight years, who were used as instruments through whose organizations a low order of spirits were brought forth for development. There is a well organized Catholic influence in spirit life, which is seeking to perpetuate its power, both in spirit and in earth life. In order to carry out their aims, they seek to crush all mediums through whom the higher intelligences can bring advanced thoughts for the bettering and developing of humanity.

My guides have brought popes, bishops, priests, ministers, and lay members of all denominations and conditions of life as they left earth, who were invited to control the medium. Sometimes they are forced to control, just as the condition of the spirit required. Sometimes they are very refractory, and it requires a great amount of mesmeric power to be thrown upon them by myself, also from the spirit side by our guides.

I then talk to them of the error of their wrong doing; how they are binding their own spirit to the earth by seeking to wreak their vengeance on sensitives here; that the true law of progression is, that we develop our own spirit only as we reach out and seek to help others; that they are not happy in trying to injure others, and they "should do to others as they would be done by."

In proof that they were in error in thus seeking to destroy mediums through whom higher intelligences were working, I tell them of the fact that babes and innocent children who pass out are not suffered to remain in the lower earth sphere, except they are brought to sensitives to grow up, and through them to get their earth experience before passing on to the higher spheres of development. Their mothers, sisters, wives perhaps not remaining long in their sphere, the low undeveloped, and passing on to higher spheres were not able, to any great extent, to return and help them, owing to the insurmountable barrier of dark conditions that undeveloped spirits were enveloped with. I think that most spirits on passing from earth life have to come *en rapport* with sensitives here in order to gain strength and a quickening of their spiritual perceptions, that they may be able to pass on to a higher development. The Catholic leaders in spirit do not throw the condition consequent on their passing out on the medium, as a general thing, when they control, for the reason they have controlled different sensitives until they have entirely thrown off that condition; but when they maliciously wish to throw conditions on the medium they can more readily, and to a greater extent throw on those conditions with which they passed out. I do not think any individual can pass to spirit life and then control a medium without throwing upon him or her the conditions through which they passed out. A short time since the medium was controlled suddenly while sitting in a chair, and fell to the floor. The shock was so sudden the spirit was obliged to leave, but spelled out by the aid of the alphabet through a stand, his name, and that he committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. This was all confirmed by letter from a western State soon after. The lower grade of spirits throw upon the medium the conditions of the foulest of diseases, and for the time being he or she suffers just as the spirit suffered in the mortal. The medium I now speak of has suffered about every symptom of disease that flesh is heir to, and sometimes it takes a few hours to get rid of the conditions thrown upon her.

Many spirits are brought that do not realize that they have passed to the immortal, being weakened by disease, and still feeling the conditions of sickness, they, if they realize at all, think they are still sick in the earth life. Insane spirits are also brought, and it requires great tact and strategy to control and manage them, just as it would were they in earth life, until a power can be brought to bear upon them to strengthen the brain and restore it to its normal condition, but what surprises meet these spirits as they leave the medium, and find themselves in the immortal!

When sick spirits are brought, I treat them while they control the medium for their disease, just as I would were they here in the form (I being a magnetic and electric healer), and they soon are all right, but in some cases they hold the medium four or five hours before their condition is wholly thrown off. When the medium began to be used for this work she was in poor health, but improved rapidly, physically and spiritually.

Spirits certainly do return with the same propensities for good or evil that were inherent in earth life. At one time a spirit was brought to me, and I soon discovered that he had not yet severed the ties that bound him to the mortal body. I treated the medium (or spirit), and he felt better and left, but not until he had given me absolute proof of his identity as an acquaintance of mine. In about two weeks the spirit was brought again. I then saw that the ties that held him to the mortal had been severed. I worked on this spirit sometime, as he threw a great physical weakness upon the medium.

As soon as the spirit was strong enough to talk, he said: "Give me a chew of tobacco!" I told him I did not use the weed, but would magnetize his mouth and throat so that he would not want it, and proceeded to do so. The spirit soon said that "the hankering for tobacco had all gone, and that he was very thankful to be rid of the habit, as his desire for it had been so intense that he would draw near to any sensitive he could find, who used the weed, to get the spirit essence of it. He would also throw upon that person the condition with which he passed to spirit life, and no amount of medicine would cure the difficulty, and the doctors not understanding the case for want of a better name, would call it nervous prostration. This spirit was form-

erly a Methodist minister, and had become so addicted to the tobacco habit, that he could not preach without a piece in one corner of his mouth. In three days after this spirit came, I received a letter from a distant State informing me of this person's death and condition in passing out.

At another time the medium was controlled and the spirit said: "For God's sake give me a drink!" I told him I could not give him any. He begged for it with tears in his eyes. I magnetized his throat and he said, "The taste is all gone." This is only one of dozens of cases of spirits returning and begging for liquor.

Think of this, friends, ye who use spirituous liquors; you are certainly binding your own spirits in the mortal, and there is no knowing how long in the immortal. Have pity and charity for the man or woman addicted to strong drink, for we do not know how many influences are impelling them on to dissipation and crime. Many sensitive persons are influenced by insane, sick, or malicious spirits, and those about them not understanding these facts, the doctors pronounce them insane, and they are taken to an asylum where insane persons have been passing out of their mortal bodies for years and their spirits quickly cling to all new comers, making the chances for recovery of these persons small indeed.

These are cases where the brain is unbalanced, but I do think that in most cases, what is called insanity is spirit influence or obsession. I have been successful in treating obsessed persons at a distance, curing them in a short time, and it is better to have them at my home where they can be surrounded with better conditions. I would like to hear from mediums who are used in this way to help spirits, and for curing obsession, for the purpose of exchanging ideas on our different experiences, which might be of benefit to humanity.

Onset, Mass. AMOS A. KIMBALL.

## BISHOP A. BEALS AND HIS WORK.

We have been sojourning for a brief season in



## THE MYSTERY OF THE POSTERN GATE.

A Remarkable Narrative Illustrating Spirit Power.

Marvelous Occurrences, as Given by Emma Hardinge Britten.

[NOTE.—This most wonderful narrative is taken from *The Two Worlds*, Manchester, England, an excellent paper devoted to the dissemination of Spiritualism, occult sciences, ethics, religion and reform. Its editor, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, stands pre-eminent as an orator, author, medium and seer, and the weird narrative which she publishes under the head of "The Mystery of the Postern Gate," would never have been given to the world had she not felt deeply impressed that every word of it is true. The circumstances of the narrative were communicated to Mrs. Britten by a descendant of the family whose fortunes they detail, and the curious episode connected with them was only permitted to be repeated on condition that the real names of the actors should be concealed, as well as the scene of the occurrence, under fictitious titles. Emanating from so high a source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.]

## CHAPTER IX.

Lonely and sorrowfully did Constance Kalozy bend over the MS. of "The Lost Soul's Confession," and freely did her tears of sympathy fall on the ominous lines of the concluding page, as given in our last chapter. Unlike most of those who had ever come in contact with the so-called Baron Paul, Constance's only interview with her grim old uncle had filled her with sentiments of curiosity and pity rather than fear or dislike, and these feelings were greatly deepened by the perusal of the strange reclusive biography, the finding of which by his niece we have already described.

Laying the MS. down, and fixing her eyes reflectively on the cold stars, which gleamed down upon her through the uncurtained gothic window, Constance reasoned in her own clear analytical way thus: "Why should my poor uncle have deemed his soul lost, or even in danger, because he exercised the faculty of reason that his Creator inspired him with? Are there any mysteries in God's universe which he designs to hide from his children, or rather, does he not give us the impulse to search, in order that we may, by wisdom and knowledge, turn them into means or progress? Father Manheim, because he was brought up as a priest, would tell me these thoughts are very wicked, and like those of Mother Eve, when she determined to eat of the forbidden fruit. Forbidden! How do we know that story is true? Fritz says it was only an old Jewish fable, invented thousands of years ago, to account for the creation, and kept up by priests to make us afraid of God. I am not afraid of Him. Why should I be, if he made me? As he made me so I am; and as he inspired me with the desire to know and to search out all that he has made, it is right to do so; and I don't believe, and I can't believe, my uncle Paul is a lost soul. Oh, that I could know what has become of him! He says the spirit in man cannot die, for he has seen the dead all in life and glory. Oh, that I could see him, and know where he is, and what has become of him!"

Even as these thoughts passed through the young girl's mind, a low knocking, such as she had often heard at the postern gate, sounded in her ears. That gate was too far off for her to hear any sounds produced upon it, and yet the conviction was irresistible that the knockings came from thence. Mentally she blamed herself that she had not counted them, and no sooner did this idea pass through her mind than the vibrations, now seemingly far more distant, were repeated. This time she did count them. They were nine in number; and without any intention to speak, the words involuntarily broke from her lips, "It is Uncle Paul knocking for admittance. I must go and let him in."

It was still the grey of a young spring dawn. The sun had not yet risen, and many a pale star shone in the misty sky. Within the tower chamber it was still only partially light, and the errand to which she was about to devote herself would carry her through many long and obscure passages. Pausing then for a moment, to raise up the wick of her oil lamp, now nearly spent, Constance drew her shawl around her, for the morning was yet chill, and, lamp in hand, firmly descended the winding stairs, and threaded her way through the passages and devious turnings that led to the mystic postern gate. Arriving there she opened the gate, as usual, without difficulty. As she swung it back, the sound of nine distinct detonations of the sweet-toned bell she had so often before noticed, struck on her ear, but this time they were so loud and clear that she felt persuaded they proceeded from some source close to where she then stood. Lowering her lamp, so as to inspect the gate, the light was suddenly extinguished. There was no air stirring, no apparent cause for this. Determined, however, not to be baffled, Constance turned from the still open gate, and hastily passed into the old broad flagged kitchen, where the lamps were kept, with the intention of procuring another and fresher light. This done, she began to retrace her steps, when, arriving at the angle in the last passage leading to the gate, what was her amazement to discover, not the painting of the tall clock which she had always before observed in that angle, but an open space from which descended a flight of steps. For a few moments Constance stood spell-bound, but the next minute, with the indomitable will that pervaded her courageous nature, she turned her light on the steps, and though they were steep and dark enough to discourage any less resolute explorer, she unhesitatingly began to descend them, not paused until, after many turnings and windings, she reached a short stone platform, succeeded by three broad circular steps, these again diverging to three several wide passages.

Taking the nearest to the point where she landed, on the right-hand side, she proceeded to trace her way through a number of other passages, as she at first deemed them, but which she presently found to be entrances to cells, the doors of which were all unfastened, so that by holding her lamp on high she could perceive that they were quite empty, although the remains of a chain in each of the walls plainly enough told the sad tale of the cruel uses to which in old feudal times they had been devoted. Passing by these awful and repulsive dungeons, the dauntless explorer found at the end of the passage a much narrower

way, evidently leading to the left. For some time she followed this passage, though with little expectation of discovering anything more than the same gloomy succession of cells that she had already passed. But in this she was disappointed, for she presently arrived at a huge arched double door on one side of the passage. Pushing slightly against this, it at once yielded to her touch, and she found herself in a vast hall, with a smooth stone pavement, high vaulted roof, benches on the sides, as if to accommodate many people, and tables scattered here and there on each side.

By holding up her lamp she could perceive some machines of an unknown construction on the tables, numerous lamps pendant from the high roof ready for lighting, and several doors at regular intervals on either side of the vast hall. Whilst gazing around, in silent wonder and admiration at this singular chamber, she perceived that one of the doors in the wall, close to where she stood, was open. She at once entered it, and found a small square room, piled up on every side with huge and apparently very full canvas bags. One of these was partly open. Drawing aside the loose cover, and at the same time holding her lamp in such a position as to enable her to view its contents, she beheld, to her astonishment, a mass of large gold coins. Pushing them aside, she reached her hand down to the bottom of the sack, only to discover that it was full of the same precious metal. Touching several of the other sacks piled up around the walls, she discovered, both by touch and the chink of the coin, that they contained the same treasures.

It was during this astounding examination of untold wealth that the daring explorer heard, far above her, a violent slam, as of a door suddenly shut, at the same moment a clock on the inside of the wall within which she stood, struck in loud clear tones nine strokes of a sweet-toned bell, after which the door of the little chamber closed inwardly, with a slow but powerful action, and the lamp she held became at once extinguished. It has often been said that in the act of drowning, or any sudden and revulsive condition of the physical system, all the power of mind and memory is brought at once into full play. This was the case with Constance Kalozy in the emergency above described. She knew, without doubt or hesitation, that she had left the postern gate wide open when she went to the kitchen to replenish her light. She remembered that she had seen and descended the stairs behind the clock in the passage before reaching the postern gate, and so had left it unshut. She also now, by a vast sweep of mental perception, for which no external means of observation could account, knew that some one above had shut the postern gate; that the nine strokes of the bell corresponded with the nine strokes which had opened the clock gate in the passage, and enabled her to descend into these hidden vaults.

She also knew, though she might never after disclose the fact, that with the second nine strokes of the bell, the clock door in the passage was closed, and might never more be opened; also that the clock which communicated with the postern gate was a curious piece of mechanism, the source and power of which was the clock she had seen for a moment inside the wall of the treasure vault. She knew now that the talisman which opened the doors both in the passage behind the painted clock, and in this treasure vault, was the sound of the nine strokes, no doubt given by connected lines of clock-work. She was now sure that this number not only opened these entrances, but also closed them, and that the closure must have been occasioned by some one having shut the postern gate, the machinery of which governed all the other entrances. All these points now arrayed themselves in succinct order before the mental vision of the unfortunate prisoner, for such she was, and knew herself to be. Evidently she was imprisoned, and perhaps forever, in that dread place, with limitless wealth piled up around her—wealth for which thousands would have sacrificed their very souls,—and yet what use was it to one who might never more see the light of day? For who on earth would know of her whereabouts, or who be enabled to release her? For a few minutes the awful realization of being thus buried alive, and the pitiful fallacy of possessing countless treasures which could never be utilized, bore in upon the young girl's human nature with a sense of despair too awful to be described; but the next moment a wonderful change came over her. A sound as of very, very distant bells rang in her ears, succeeded by the realization of an equally distant but delightfully sweet choir of voices singing an anthem, so peaceful, so soothing and sweet, that care, sorrow and fear all melted away at once, and involuntarily murmuring, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that in my flesh I shall see God," Constance Kalozy sank slowly and softly back upon the piled-up heaps of bags of gold. Strange hands, yet palpable to her half-conscious sense of touch, were busy in laying her down and pillowing her fair head against something that supported it. And then—earth and all its sorrows vanished—green fields, shining waters, lovely landscapes, and gorgeous blossoms then filled her perception of existence.

Many forms of those she had known, but who were long since dead, flitted before her, smiled tenderly on her, and passed away. Last of all came her Uncle Paul, no longer the grim old baronet, but habited in a professor's robe of purest white, with a crown of bright stars around a college cap which he wore on his head. His arms were extended to her. Spontaneously she rushed towards him, and heard, in the sweetest and tenderest accents, his murmured words, "My brave girl! my soul's deliverer!" and then—yes—she was passed on into the arms of her kind, loving father—not the cold mute form of mystic death she had last remembered to have seen him, but a grand, noble form, habited in the same white robes and shining college cap as her uncle—and lying on that sheltering bosom, to the sweet and inspiring words, "My child!

my own beloved one!" she slept—and knew no more.

To be Continued

Written for *The Progressive Thinker*.

## PSYCHIC REMINISCENCES.

## Experiences at an Early Day.

During the past forty years I have made psychic phenomena an especial study, in so far as my limited opportunities would permit; and inasmuch as you may know but little about me, I would introduce myself to you and the readers of your paper by relating some memoirs concerning Priscilla Hunt, as she, at one time, was somewhat publicly known. Her maiden name was Priscilla Coffin. She was married to Jabez Hunt. They settled on a farm in Washington County, Indiana, near to the village of Canton about the same year, 1810. They were members of the Society of Friends. She was my grandmother on my mother's side, therefore, I shall in this article speak of her in that relation. Grandfather Jabez Hunt died when my mother—their first and only child—was an infant. This left grandmother with her child alone on the farm.

In those days wild animals, such as bears and panthers abounded in that, then, almost unbroken wilderness of timber-land. One evening she had placed her little child on the floor and was about the work of the house, the doors being open, when, as she after related, she was forced to instantly close the doors, and had them but just secured, when a panther uttered a terrific squall at the door, doubtless desiring the child. A little while after that, she went out about sunset one evening to milk the cow, taking the child with her, and placing it upon the ground near to the cow, began milking, when suddenly she was forced to seize the child and flee to the house and close all doors and windows. Then looking out through a window, she saw a huge panther bounding about where the child had just been sitting on the ground. Then the animal made furiously towards the house, bounding against the door with a howl of disappointment. Then calling up its mate, the two animals attempted to get into the house, without avail; but grandmother said she "felt as if in the arms of perfect safety."

At the time of the great separation of Orthodox and Hixite Friends, grandmother went with the Hixites, and finally got to be an accepted minister among them, and was well and favorably known to most of the Hixites in the United States; frequently visiting Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, and later, Illinois and Iowa quarterly and yearly meetings, in her ministerial capacity. Doubtless, therefore, there are Friends and Spiritualists in various parts of the United States, who will recognize some of the matters which I herein attempt to relate concerning her. Although her ministerial life was full of psychic phenomena, very little of it was ever published, except what is called her "Gettysburg Prophecy;" and that I have not seen for twenty or more years. A portion of this prophecy was, as I remember, published in the *Banner of Light* about the time of the Battle of Gettysburg, perhaps a little before. I will relate, as nearly as I now remember, concerning this prophecy; some Pennsylvania people, at least, may remember it. There are, no doubt, a few of the copies of this event, as published in Philadelphia at the time, yet extant.

About the year 1832, as grandmother was on a ministerial visit to Philadelphia Friends, she also had a call to visit the Gettysburg Friends; and on one occasion after having preached concerning slavery, she sat down. In a few moments she again arose, saying: "I hear in the distance, and approaching, the sound of war's dread alarms. I see the Southern men, like tigers, leaping in the arena. I see the horses and the horsemen rushing to battle. I hear sword clashing against sword. I see blood running like water, in which are rolled many thousands of human garments. The sons of many of you, who now hear me, will be in that awful carnage! Many of them will be slain; birds of the air will devour their flesh, and their bones be left bleaching in summer's sun and wintry winds! I may live to see these dreadful times, or I may not; but many of you will hear from yonder hills [pointing to hills about Gettysburg], the sounds of the awful conflict, bursting the bondmen's fetters; yea, the very ground whereon we are to-day, will tremble as by an earthquake. I do not know when these things will be, but whoever lives fifty years longer will see this government all changed—and that, too, by the sword, in regard to African slavery. When that awful day shall come, then woe, woe, to the inhabitants of this land."

Father's house at Highland, in Washington County, Indiana, the latter part of her life time, was grandmother's home. Near there was the Friends Meeting House, which we generally attended. Formerly "Blue River" was our meeting, but it was merged into "Highland."

As near as I remember, about forty-four years ago, at Highland, after her sermon, she arose again saying: "I hear in my ear a sounding as of the last trumpet, calling some one home. Thou art within sound of my voice. Put thy house in order and get thou ready. Soon the gates will swing wide open for thee. Yea, I see them already ajar. Leave the green and wooded hill as pasture for thy little flock, for nevermore, as now, wilt thou be with us here. Farewell, dear friend,—but for a time, and we'll all be gathered home. Dread not to go—all is well, and the Good Shepherd will care for thy little lambs!"

The "green and wooded hill" and "little flock" pointed to one Samuel Coffin. He was that day at meeting. The next "First Day," he was not there—did not "feel well enough"—in a few days more was gone from the old body, though but middle-aged. The lifeless form was taken to the same meeting house. Then among other things, grandmother said: "This, to me, is as a great wedding. To the great company whom no man can number on the other side, a soul is newly born; there, sitting down at its marriage supper, drinking the wine anew, in our Father's Kingdom." And so it was, that Samuel's widow and children, seven, I think, lived and subsisted upon the "green and wooded hill," till all could care for themselves.

This is but a sample of a great number of

tests of prevision given by her in many parts of the Middle, Atlantic, and North Central States.

When I was about 21 years of age, I had an almost fatal attack of pleuro pneumonia, and for several weeks physicians and friends regarded my case as absolutely hopeless. Grandmother then was on a ministerial journey—East to Philadelphia, thence up through New York to Rochester, and there for a time; as usual, she stopped with her much esteemed friends, Isaac and Amy Post. While at Post's she "received impressions to go home at once." Home she came. My people at home, all supposed that in a day or two, at most, "Jabez must be gone." But I told them, "No! for I saw grandmother yesterday, and she said I would live a long time on earth yet." My vision was about the time she left Rochester for home. In two or three days grandmother got home, came into the room where I lay, looked at me, and took me by the hand. I wept for gladness at her presence. She said: "All is well,—these needs sleep." I felt well at once. I went to sleep for about three hours, and to the utter surprise of all my folks and neighbors, awoke very much better, and wanted some nourishment. This occurred about 1850 or 1852.

While convalescing, I asked her: "How is it that thee feels such absolute confidence in a conscious existence after death?" She said that when on her trip of 1832, she stopped over with a friend in Ohio; I think at, or near, Zanesville. While there she was taken very sick, was attended by a botanic physician, and came near dying; in fact, so near to it, that her friends thought she was dead for about one hour, there being no perceptible signs of animation. During the time they thought her dead, she was perfectly conscious. She experienced herself passing out of her body at the crown of her head, until all out, except her feet lingered in the brain. She could see the body; could see the friends in the room; could hear them talk of her being gone; could see their sadness; but she felt exquisitely and serenely happy,—such sweet pleasure she had never known before nor since. While her feet were thus lingering in the brain, the Doctor came in and placed a few drops of the "Third preparation of Lobelia" upon her tongue, and it seemed to her that the Doctor took her by the feet and pulled her back into the body. In a little while she revived, and said: "Oh, Doctor! why didn't thee let me go? I was going so happily!" She told me that that experience taught her of the actual fact of the soul, of its future existence, of the manner of the "New Birth," and of the resurrection, so forcibly that it was with her an ever present and living reality. To the question, "Why does thee not tell the people more of such rare experiences?" she answered: "Because they are not ready to receive it—would not believe it, and at best, would think it illusion, and would not receive anything from me as truth."

"Well, this sounds much as if there might be something of the 'Fox Children Mystery'?"

"Yes," she said: "Isaac and Amy were telling about that, and it is likely all true. I feel that as fast as the world can receive it, they will be taught of the glorious realities of an immortal life; and that the 'Veil' will not only be rent in twain from top to bottom, but will be taken entirely away, so that by and by a brilliant effulgence from immortality will illuminate the whole earth, and as fast as they can receive it, will receive it."

It was observable that, at the meetings where she spoke, before arising she was all tremulous. By this, those acquainted with her, would know in a few moments after she would be seated, whether she would address the meeting that day. About the time of the publication of "Dr. Dod's Lectures on Psychology," which I read as soon as issued, there appeared one Prof. Henry, also a lecturer on the subject. I attended a course of his lectures as a pupil. Being now interested in psychics, I had observed that sometimes the very words grandmother would utter, would be presented to my mind as soon as the meeting would sit, and some minutes before she would begin her sermon. So, on one occasion, I thought to reverse the matter, and I fixed my mind on the text: "And I saw an angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth." Upon that I fixed a line of thought, portraying the opening of the present Angelic Administration. Grandmother soon arose, repeating the text and the very words as formed in my own mind. In following these experiences, however, it soon became evident to my mind, that neither she copied from my mind, nor I from hers; but that some independent intelligence prompted us simultaneously, and I finally concluded that very much of what the "Savans" would relegate to mesmerism, psychology, biology, and laterly "hypnotism," depends upon, and is, largely due to some "decarate" intelligence. After grandmother's return from Rochester, as before stated, she made no more extensive ministerial journeys, nor did she preach much more near home. She said: "My career is nearly ended here. Soon I shall go." November, 1858, she was "born into spirit life." Her remains rest in old Blue River Burying Ground of Friends. Her last words were: "Put no marble slab to mark the resting place of this form. It will only be a mass of corruption; but I will be dwelling in incorruption."

J. H. NIXON.

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Why do we attach so much importance to "25 cents"? Why do we advertise so liberally for trial subscribers? Why do we make 16 weeks the superstructure on which to rear a magnificent publishing house? Simply because the whole spiritual pathway is filled with the wrecks of newspaper enterprises, and the Spiritualists, always liberal, always generous, will not, as a general rule, advance more than that sum until they see some legitimate fruits. Commencing with the *Religio-Philosophical* Publishing House, of this city, *The Progressive Age*, and *The Universe*, all started with the most honorable intentions, and so conducted, the loss to some Spiritualists who invested therein almost beggared them! We have started on an entirely different basis. No stockholders to lose anything, and no bequests to be squandered.

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HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

## He Defends Himself From the Attack of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

[The Religio-Philosophical Journal, June 14.]

DEAR COL. BUNDY: In the last number of your most excellent paper I observed with some surprise that you had devoted a whole page to describing an alleged incident in my investigation of so-called spirit phenomena. At first I was astonished that a cool, level-headed investigator like yourself could be imposed upon by such a person as you describe your confederate to be. For a moment I was provoked that you should lend your aid in publishing such a manifest misrepresentation. Then my natural amiability of temper gained the ascendancy and I thought I would write you a brief narration of what did occur. I believe it will be interesting to the candid, fair-minded readers of *The Journal*, who have no malice to gratify, no enemies to persecute, and only desire to know the truth in relation to so-called spirit phenomena.

On the afternoon of the day that I received the communication you caricature in *The Journal*, as I was passing the door of a room in the hotel of Lily Dale, a lady of my acquaintance called to me and remarked: "Mr. R., I have written two interrogatories to my husband—who died two years ago—I wish you to see them as I wish to have a test in slate-writing." She handed me the interrogatories to read. One was an inquiry as to the manner in which the spirit left the body; the other asked for a description of the Spirit-world. These interrogatories she placed in an envelope and laid them on the table in the room. She then took two slates from a stand and washed them thoroughly. As we passed out of the room I observed that she had forgotten the sealed envelope that contained the interrogatories. She locked the door and I walked, with her to the cottage of the medium, Mrs. May Graham. I returned to the hotel and seated myself on the porch in such a position that no one could enter her room and take the sealed envelope from the table without my knowing it. I waited about an hour, when I saw the lady emerge from the cottage of the medium. I met her about two hundred feet from the hotel. She had the slates clasped to her bosom and was weeping.

Well, said I, what was the result? "Oh," said she, "it is wonderful. I put a piece of pencil between the slates, tied a napkin around them, suspended them to a hook in the center of the ceiling. I heard the pencil write, and see here, they are written full, two perfect answers to my interrogatories, which I forgot, and left on my table." We returned to her room, the envelope was where she had laid it. I opened it, the interrogatories were there. I read the communications on the slates, and there were two answers, one on each slate. The answers were beautiful in phraseology and description, and in composition far above the capacity of the medium to write. She then gave me two of her slates, of which she had a number. I selected them with peculiar grain marks on the frame that could not be counterfeited, and absolutely prevented substitution without detection. With these we went to the medium and I suspended the slates as described in my article in the March number of the *Arena*, and the phenomena absolutely occurred as I described it. I know the medium did not touch the slates; I know they were the ones I had taken from the room of the lady, and I do most positively know that your confederate never saw them, for he had left the camp-grounds more than a week before.

I took the slates to the hotel, where many people saw them. I set them on a bracket in the parlor where they remained several days, and I saw one newspaper reporter copy them. There might have been a number of copies made of them while they were thus publicly exhibited. On my return home they were borrowed by a number of my acquaintances, and were out of my possession for a number of days, until at last they became soiled and the drawings and writing obliterated. The slate you have copied in your paper is a very poor imitation of mine. In mine the angel had the hands raised toward heaven, with the word excelsior written just beneath. The figure at the bottom corner is entirely unlike mine. The last two lines of the writing are a correct copy, the remainder wholly unlike and meaningless. The spelling of some of the words is vulgarly incorrect—while there was not a misspelled word in mine. In fact the whole thing in your paper is a very poor copy of my slate, but such as could easily be made from a written description of them by some one who saw them at Lily Dale. Your confederate says that he prepared the slates weeks before, as a joke on me. This could not be true, unless he had the gift of prophecy, for I did not think of going there for a season until after the lady had hers; and then what was written on my slates was a reprieve to a remark I made to the medium, a few moments before I suspended them to the ceiling.

Your confederate further states that "he can show me how the independent slate-writing is done," and you have repeatedly stated your desire to purge so-called spirit phenomena of all fraud. Why then, do you not show the world how it is done?

You know that the belief in this peculiar phenomena is universal among Spiritualists, and that it has never been explained. That even scientists admit its existence, and are unable to account for it, and yet the Graham combination of Chicago could if they would, solve the mystery, expose a fraud, and enlighten the world; yet they will not do so.

I have no time to spend in newspaper controversy, but I do most positively know that the experiment occurred just as I have narrated it. I now regret that I did not have the slates photographed and preserved, but the subject matter of the communication was of no consequence; it was only the manner in which it was obtained that was at all worthy of notice, and this I have stated truthfully in every particular.

Since writing the above, an explanation has occurred to me, which will account for Graham's knowledge of slate-writing, referred to in your paper. At the time, Graham and his wife, the medium, were living together, apparently on the most affection

ate terms. Of course she would relate to him the séance, and to the best of her ability describe the slates and what occurred. Afterwards, when they appeared in court in a controversy about a divorce and an allowance, which the court decreed to the wife, he made use of the information he obtained from her during the sunshine of matrimonial felicity; and when the storms of connubial discord arose to injure his wife, he fabricated the silly falsehood and caricature, and palmed it off on Col. Bundy, which resulted in a most striking instance of the credulity of incredulity. Had you written me before you published your article, I would have cheerfully given you the benefit of my recollections of the occurrence. Respectfully yours, A. B. RICHMOND.

## LIBERAL LECTURES.

The Liberal Lectures by A. B. French are embraced in a volume of 140 pages. They contain rare gems of thought, beautifully expressed, which will enrich any mind that is brought in contact with them. Thousands who have listened to this gifted speaker will want to see his thoughts in print, and come more directly in contact with him. The volume contains the following: 1.—Conflicts of Life. 2.—The Power and Permanence of Ideas. 3.—The Unknown. 4.—Anniversary Address. 5.—The Kingdom of Our Age. 6.—The Spiritualist's Creed. 7.—The Duties and Rights of the Spiritualist. 8.—The Future of Spiritualism. 9.—The Emancipation Proclamation. Price, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

## THE PSYCHOGRAPH.

—OR—

## DIAL PLANCHETTE!

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

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Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, writes as follows: "I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more effective in spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

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