

# The Progressive Thinker

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

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## SPIRITUALISM.

### ITS RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

Anniversary Address at Sturgis, Michigan, by  
J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

Thirty-two years ago this sunny month of June I delivered by invitation a dedicatory address at the opening of this house of worship, erected and furnished by Spiritualists of Sturgis. The day was fair, the fields were green, the atmosphere was heavy with the odors of flowers, the desk neatly trimmed was fragrant with roses, and the auditorium was literally crowded with sincere and earnest worshippers. The very air on this memorable occasion seemed alive with enthusiasm, and the heart-felt amen rung out audibly and often from the glad worshippers in attendance. It was an hour of triumph and inspiration—a day of baptism and angel benedictions.

There were present Judge Coffinbury, Joel Tiffany, Selden J. Finney and other distinguished exponents of the spiritual philosophy; the majority of whom, now clothed upon with immortality, have gone to increase that ever-attending cloud of witnesses mentioned by an ancient apostle. Some remain. Before me are the Hon. J. G. Wait, the venerable Harrison Kelly and a few others. These were men of faith, men who never shirked responsibility nor faltered in the defense of their convictions. Their presence to-day is an inspiration for the good and the true. And, bending as they now are under the weight of years, they look westward towards life's golden sunset in peace and joy. They know that death is but the masked angel of life. They know that the morning gates of immortality stand for them ajar, and that the white hands of their loved ones are kindly beckoning them over the river to the land of the fadless forever.

This house was dedicated not to occultism, atheism or any form of agnosticism; but to the elucidation and dissemination of such uplifting principles and religious teachings as the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the demonstrated ministry of spirits, and the necessity of free thought, intellectual growth and spiritual culture. These principles are as rational as they are immortal and beautiful; and they will live in increasing moral splendor when this structure shall have crumbled to dust.

Since the dedication of this edifice a whole generation—thirty and two years with their sunshine and their shadows have rolled backward into the abyssal past. And when will the night be? Their lessons whether of joy or sorrow have not been lost. Only the evil perishes. The stinging bee may have perished, but its honey sweetened some well-spread table. The faithful horse that died had lightened many a toilers task. The uncouth caterpillar ceased to crawl, died, and rose a beautiful butterfly. Upward all things tend.

These thirty years and more, as such, are dead; and yet out of them have leaped new thoughts, new discoveries, new inventions, new methods, new sciences and new ameliorating movements for the elevation and perfection of humanity—all these, and more, out of them have sprung a thousand joys for a single sorrow, and ten thousand smiles for a single tear. Days and years like seeds and showers. "Go underground to dress, and come forth flowers."

Thirty years! Permit me to go back not only thirty years, but over two-thirds of a century to 1822, the year in which I was born away down by the Green Mountain foot-hills of Vermont. James Monroe, author of the Monroe doctrine, was at the time President. The population of the country was about 9,000,000, and the Union comprised seventeen States, slavery existing in all of them except Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Ohio. What astounding changes since! Kingdoms have become Republics, Islands have risen from the ocean, and time and space by steam and electricity have been nearly annihilated.

And though to-day upon the border-land of seventy my memory of prominent events occurring sixty years ago and more is vivid and clear as a crystal. Agriculture was then the chief source of profit. The old wooden plough with an iron point broke the soil. Labor-saving machinery was almost unknown. Our fathers raised the sheep and the fax, and our clothing was spun, woven and made by our sterling mothers. In the place of a piano was heard the hum of the spinning wheel, and instead of a brass band of music on each recurring fourth of July we had the life and the drum, with gingerbread four cents a cake, and hard cider a cent a glass. Everybody drank, priests and people. At the ordination of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the great expounder of

Calvinism "John Loomis gave half a bushel of malt; Matthew Grant, two quarts of rum and John Stoughton a sum of wine money." And in the Rev. Edwards's account book occurs this record:—"Bought of Joshua Loomis seventy-nine and one-half barrels of cider," which in the shape of "brandy," he sold to his own parishioners the next year." (See New England Magazine, April 1890). This was a bad mixing of rum, hard cider, brandy and Calvinism. It may be added that this Rev. Edwards, as did Presbyterians generally, preached the damnation of both non-elect infants and Pagans. The first minister that I remember of hearing was Elder Lamb, a stern close-communication Calvinist Baptist. He preached in hollow sepulchral tones the hissing gospel of hellfire, election and reprobation, and the eternal damnation of the heathen. He was a ghostly terror to me. Sulphur in its crudest form, now used as a disinfectant, was then employed religiously and freely as a means of grace.

Many preachers sixty years ago preached the doom of the heathen, infant damnation, drank brandy and engaged in the lottery business.

Trinity Record publishes the following extract from a letter written in 1763 by the Rev. Samuel Seabury, of Hempstead, L. I.: "The ticket No. 5,366, in the Light-house and Public Lottery of New York, drew in my favor, by the blessing of God, 500 pounds (of which I received 425 pounds, there being a deduction of 15 per cent), for which I now record to my posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God, the giver of all good. Amen."

Farmers at that period thrashed their grain with flails. Candles were employed for illuminating purposes. Open wood fire places were used for heating and cooking; and, heavy clumsy stage coaches for general public conveyances. Steam had not been applied to the promotion of our industries. I must have been nearly twenty years of age before the first steamer crossed the ocean. Now, George Francis Train, by steam and rail, girdles the globe in some sixty-five days.

The Erie Canal completed in 1825 was considered at that period a rapid and luxurious method of travel. When the first American railroad was constructed (1826) I must have been about four years old; now, in round numbers, we have 150,000 miles of rail ways with their circuitous branches intersecting and spanning the continent.

A summary of modern inventions, comforts, improvements, and conveniences such as stoves, hot air, steam, gas, electric lights, the telegraph, the Atlantic cable, the spectroscopic, the telephone, the photograph, the phonograph, phrenology, psychometry, with other scientific discoveries, coming into practical use during the last fifty years, almost seemed to me for the moment, with my vivid recollections of boyhood time like the fairy tales of the Arabian Nights. And yet, they are not only tangible every day realities, but are considered by most of the busy thinking masses, as absolute necessities.

There are lost arts. And there have been many golden ages of history, the Ptolemies in Egypt, Pericles in Athens, Augustus in Rome; but our golden age, the last half of this century, resplendent with art, science, research, discovery, and religious aspiration was a befitting time for the re-discovery and propagation of Spiritism. I say re-discovery, for to agnostic materialists and Protestant Christians, Spiritism, demonstrating conscious communications, between mortals and the over-arching invisible worlds of immortals was literally a discovery—a new revelation.

The world moves in cycles. And this upward-tending progressive world of ours, constantly moved upon by the Divine Spirit, was now ripe and ready for the "Rochester rappings." They came—came naturally causing excitement even to consternation in social, sectarian and scientific circles. The wonder grew, and no Samson was on hand to solve the riddle.

The Buffalo "toe-joint" doctors, that pretended to expose the marvels died as might be expected, from taking their own doses. Investigations and prejudicial reports, instead of putting down the spirits, only gave wings to their manifestations. They had evidently come to stay. They have staid. And they will stay manifesting in some form, so long as this earth remains a race-bearing planet. These spiritual intelligences from different spheres were and are to-day God's living witnesses of the souls future existence.

The fact of spirit intercourse in 1848, was not absolutely new, however, for every student of history knows that all ages and races had in some form witnessed and echoed these phenomena. They were con-

sidered at different periods miracles, magic-possessions, apparitions, oracles, special providences, witchcraft, demons and angels. Their persistence, surviving the decay of thrones and empires, is according to Herbert Spencer a proof of their reality and their value. One of our poets has said:

"If ancestry can be believed  
Descending spirits have conversed with man  
And told him secrets of the world unknown."

Well do I remember a conversation while in Canton, China, (the guest of Dr. Kerr, both physician and missionary) upon mesmerism and Spiritism. When I had got well warmed up in my descriptions of American spirit manifestations, he coolly exclaimed: "Why, Sir, those manifestations are very old in this country—China is an Empire of Spirits." And to prove it, he took me out to temples, shrines, and booths where I witnessed spirit writing and other forms of mediumism.

Spiritism is never to be used interchangeably with Spiritualism. For weary years I have pressed this point—in my books, essays and lectures. Spiritualism inheres in and originates from God, who is Spirit, and therefore naturally and necessarily refers to man as a spiritual being, the offspring of God. Spiritualism then, from spirit and spiritual, is the direct antithesis of materialism, which posits the origin and present condition of all things in matter, plus some unknowable potencies. Like the Greek arch materialism rises only a little above the earth to come back to it again—and so death ends all.

The terminologies of Spiritualism and Spiritism absolutely necessitate, as every scholar knows, different meanings. Chinese, Indians and Utah Mormons are Spiritists, believing in spirit communications. Most of the African tribes of the dark continent worship demons and believe in spirit converse—but certainly they are not intelligent Spiritualists. Correct definitions, ever indispensable to the elucidation of truth, would if properly heeded by our writers and speakers save a vast amount of unprofitable discussion, if not of non-fraternal feeling.

Spiritism like anatomy and telegraphy, is a fact—simply a fact of physical and mental science. And properly and religiously studied ought to lead up to Spiritualism. But it necessarily belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism to the category of the sciences; while Spiritualism rooted and grounded in man's moral nature is a fact, and infinitely more—a fact, plus reason and conscience—a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime fact ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful and the true. Spiritualism proffers the key that unlocks the mysteries of the ages. It constituted the foundation stones of all the ancient faiths. It was the mighty uplifting force that gave to the world its inspired teachers and immortal leaders. The spiritual is the real. God is Spirit.

Pythagoras the famous Samian taught that angels and spirits exercised a guardian care over mortals.

Socrates had his ever-attending spirit-helper to whom he listened.

The Apostles healed the sick, saw visions and witnessed the Transfiguration.

Constantine saw a flaming cross in the heavens with the ominous words "In this sign shalt thou conquer."

Joan of Arc saw visions and conversed with risen saints.

Torquato Tasso frequently heard the voices of spiritual beings.

Antony of Egypt met angels by the way side and had holy visions.

St. Francis of Assisi put down demons and talked with angels.

George Fox the Quaker was entranced and had the spiritual gift of healing.

The Wesleys heard spiritual sounds and mysterious noises in their home when at prayer.

Baron Swedenborg conversed with spirits and angels during twenty-seven years of his eventful life.

Savonarola, Bruno, Boehman and Roger Bacon were Spiritualists, inspired and possessed of mediumistic powers.

John Bunyan and Richard Baxter were Spiritualists. Just before Baxter's death he published his work: "The certainty of the world of spirits fully evinced by unquestionable histories."

Dr. Adam Clark declares his belief that there was a "spiritual world in which human spirits, both good and bad, lived," and that "these spirits have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals."

The French President Thiers said: "I am a Spiritualist, an impassioned one; and I am anxious, I repeat to confound materialism in the name of science and good sense."

Senor Castelar, Professor of History in a Spanish University, is a Spiritualist. "I believe," said he, "that I commune with loved ones lost to my sight during this my troubled earthly life."

M. Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer, is an avowed Spiritualist.

John Bright, the British Statesman, said to me in his own mansion in presence of Mr. Bailey, a poet of some note, that he "had witnessed marvelous manifestations with D. D. Home and others that he could account for only upon the hypothesis that the agencies were spirits."

Ex-Primer Gladstone, who has investigated the spiritual phenomena, said: "I know of no rule which forbids a Christian to examine into the signs of preternatural agency in the system called Spiritualism."

While lecturing several months in London

upon Spiritualism and cognate subjects, I had no more patient listeners than A. R. Wallace the Naturalist and C. F. Varley the Electrician.

Memories of the past remind me that in other lands I sat in seances with Victor Hugo, H. R. H. the Prince of Solms, William Crookes, F. R. S., Leon Faure, Consul General of France, and other eminent statesmen, scientists, savans—all Spiritualists! What a chain of testimonies stretching in golden links adown the ages!

My thought, this hour, is fully expressed in the clear-ringing language of that eminent English Naturalist and Scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.—"My position therefore," says he, "is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

The consensus of opinion through the enlightened world to-day admits, no doubt, the verities of Spiritualism. The battle, however, is not yet fully fought. Far from it. There is commotion and mental warfare in the very air. And the great moral and religious battle-ground in the future will be, not between Spiritualism and Christianity, but between Spiritualism and Naturalism. The bitterest and most merciless opponents to-day of Spiritualism are such prejudiced scientists as Haeckel, Lancaster and Huxley. And the psychical research investigators are not much better. Their pseudo-methods lead to Saduceism, agnosticism and bald materialism.

It requires no proof that a perfect circle can have but one center—no proof that space is—no proof that God exists. Intuition feels, consciousness knows. If my physical body had an earthly father, it is just as certain that my spiritual nature had a spiritual father. That which is spiritual is spiritually discerned. The blind can not see the sun. It's their misfortune. They require optical treatment. Saying nothing of not seeing angels and spirits, the gross, dull physical senses do not see such potent forces as cohesion, attraction, gravitation, sounds, thoughts, principles. What do the sense know about life—about vitality? Love, hope, thoughts, can not be measured by yard-sticks, nor can ideas be melted with a blow pipe. Spiritual realities and spiritual beings are seen and sensed through clairvoyance, clairaudience, consciousness, intuition and the more refined and etherealized senses of the inner spiritual man.

Does the Materialist say? "I never saw a spirit?" Quite likely. Did he ever see an atom? Did he ever see the unit of matter? "The ultimate unit of matter," says Spencer, in his Principles of Psychology, "must remain absolutely unknown." And yet, while the atom—while the unit of matter are by confession unknown, these arrogant materialists talk learnedly about "thought being a property of matter," and about intelligence being evolved from matter and force—evolved to flicker a few years and then die away into nothingness. Thinkers are tiring of such dogmatic babble!

If reason and logic mean anything, non-intelligence can not produce intelligence and rational beings. The effect can not exceed the cause. Just what is put into matter can be gotten out of it, and nothing more. Involution necessarily precedes evolution. When materialists in their reasonings put force, life, thought, consciousness into matter they unwittingly put God into it, for God is the infinite consciousness, the absolute will, the absolute soul of the universe. And we are made in the image of God—we are birthright citizens of the city of God, and our aspiration is the measure of our destination.

It is not matter for sea-slime nor protoplasm that constitutes the basis of life—but spirit—that is to say, spiritual, or divine substance. Spirituality is the substantial reality. And man is a spirit now—a spirit living in a material body, which body bears something of the same relation to the real conscious invisible man that the husk bears to the corn. Evidently, man is a trinity in unity. He is constituted of a physical body, a spiritual body and conscious undying soul—trine here, dual over there, and one uncompounded, indestructible divine substance in his inmost, forever.

I repeat, man is a spirit now, and spirits are but men and women divested of their mortal bodies. They have taken with them consciousness, memory, reason, sympathy, character. And they walk by our sides, often felt, and yet unseen. Philosophically considered, there is but one world, and that one world embraces the yesterdays, the to-days and the innumerable to-morrows of eternity. And mediums stand midway between the visible, and invisible states of existence. They are conscious and unconscious sensitives—they are mesmeric instruments most delicately tuned—they are towering palms, that catch and reflect such morning sunbeams of light and love as gladden other spheres—they are the trumpeters upon the mountain—they are the message bearers of immortal truths from gods and angels to men, and to be successful in their missions of good tidings they need the most pleasant surroundings, the most perfect conditions. Doubtless there are "frauds." Such is the case in all life's callings. Let them first be reprimanded in private, then reproved more sternly, and then punished. And the proper ones to do this are kind, generous, full-orbed men, and genuine Spiritualists rather than pretentious, unprincipled thugs. The greatest frauds among Spiritualists are the fraud-hunters.

They get out from a seance just about what they take into it, and so fools are answered according to their folly. If these fraud hunting Psychical Researchers had been among the night-watching Shepherds of Palestine, instead of looking up trustingly, joyfully, at Bethlehem's star, and listening to the songs of the angels, they would have been ogling around some old Syrian's table, scenting out the odors of the offal—that would be their natural element!

Mediumship is innate in all human organizations, awaiting development, and demanding the most careful culture. It should be relegated to where it naturally belongs, the select seance, the quiet family, the religious home circle. Judge Edmonds opened his seances with prayer. And mediums should be guarded and surrounded by kind sympathetic and calm religious influences: then would there come,—continually come richer and still grander pentecostal out-pourings of the spirit from the heavenly world.

Spiritualism has not only demonstrated a future life, but it has explained the philosophy and psychic methods of spirit intercourse; it has liberalized the public mind; it has encouraged the philanthropic reforms of the age; it has given us a revised geography of the heavens and disclosed some of the transcendent beauties awaiting us in the many-mansioned house of the Father.

It does not say "good-night" in the hour of death; but rather gives the glad assurance of a welcome "good-morning," just across the crystal river. It does not drape the mourner's home in gloom, but lifts the curtain, permitting us to hear words of undying affection from those we love. Oh, let us rejoice, then, and be glad in these Easter years of Spiritualism, for they give life a new meaning. They put new courage, new strength, new intelligence into our daily tasks.

Spiritualism, the compliment of Christianity, sweetens the bitterest cup, helps bear the heaviest burden, lightens the darkest day, comforts the saddest heart, and, gathering up the kindly efforts we make in behalf of our fellow men, transfigures them with its brightness, ennobs them with its moral grandeur, and throws around them the circling aureole of fadeless splendors. And further, by and through its holy ministries we know that the grave is no prison-house for the soul, but that life, progressive life, is ours, eternal in the heavens.

As to organizations, State and national, Spiritualists have made a signal failure. They never can organize permanently. There are too many diverse opinions, too many materialistic tendencies, too many opposite teachings, and too much mulish individualism. What, then, have they done? Much every way. They have proved a future life, fought old-time errors, grappled with bigotry, dethroned superstitions, liberalized thought, inspired reforms, and diffused the life-giving, spiritualizing principles of Spiritualism through the minds of millions. The sheaves of their precious sowing are already in sight. The denominational churches are gathering them in. They have been long hungering for a better, higher grade of spiritual food. Calvinism is no longer digestible. And accordingly, Spiritualism is now being preached in many church edifices under the euphonious phrase of angel ministries.

Neither the workmen nor their works die. Demosthenes and Cicero live in their masterly creations; Apollonius lives in his travels and spiritual marvels; George Fox and Ann Lee in the truths that streamed like pearls from their lips; Judge Edmonds lives in his judicial decisions and spiritual visions; Robert Dale Owen lives in his foot-fall boundaries upon the shores of Immortality; Brittan lives in his spiritual relations of man; Denton in his soul of things; Newton in his sound and substantial essays pointing to the "Better Way;" Fishback in his sermons, visions and unpublished writings; Sargent in his proofs palpable; Mrs. Farnham in her ideal attained; Mrs. Mary F. Davis in her poems and self-sacrificing deeds and sweet, saintly life—these and many other Spiritualist workers live, not only in memory, not only in their surviving books and kindly work of good to others; but they live as conscious men and women, disrobed of mortality; live in and among that glorified and ever-increasing throng of witnesses that minister to mortals.

Though many of the fathers in our Israel have passed to the higher life; though National and State organizations have perished, will Spiritualism die? No—a thousand times no! Never a truth of God died. It may assume other clothing; it may be presented in a different form, and under different names—but the truth itself was and is imperishable.

Spiritualism under the guidance of God and angel hosts was never making such rapid strides as to-day. And all the concentrated and malicious potencies of earth and demons—all the infernal machinations of Hindu occultism, German materialism, religio-nationalism, psychical-researchism, and a score of other beggarly isms, floating like dead-wood upon the great agitated ocean of thought, can not check the onward, upward march of true Spiritualism. God is in this universe of ours, and governs it too, pessimism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Am I still pressed with the inquiry, what the general trend? What some of the leading tendencies among the present toilers in the intellectual and spiritual harvest-fields? The writing blazons upon the wall. The half-blind ought to so comprehend the signs

of the times as to see the two well-marked drifts in the mental and spiritual current of this free-thought era, the one towards materialism, the other towards a broad, liberal Christianity. That once trance speaker and always eloquent platform orator and debater, W. F. Jamieson, is a confirmed materialist now, doubting a future immortal existence. Others, because of mediumistic frauds, jealousies, wranglings, and malicious criminations, are standing upon the agnostic border-lands of doubt, half ready for the dizzy leap down into the psychical-research leproths of Saduceism. Among the chilly and hopeless words spoken in the past by that sound and solid yet materialistic writer, B. F. Underwood, at the grave of Dr. Barak, Michener, Iowa, were these: "We are now about to commit our dead to the care of mother earth, in whose bosom he will sleep the quiet, unbroken, everlasting sleep of death. No vicissitudes of earth, no event of time, can disturb our brother's rest, or wake him from his dreamless sleep; his career is finished, his conscious life ended, he belongs now to that vast realm whose monarch permits no sound, not even a whisper or a sigh, to break the silence that reigns throughout his wide domain. What though the storms of winter sweep coldly over him, or the lightnings flash and the thunders roll above his narrow home, he will feel not, he will hear not, he will heed not those conflicts and commotions; the convulsions of nature, even a world's dissolution will, to him, be no more than the decay of a flower on his grave, or the mouldering of the marble that marks his burial place."

"Brother, farewell. Careful hands and loving hearts will guard and deck thy grave, and keep thy monument whole and thy memory green. Farewell forever." Cold and icy is the cup that this materialism puts to the mourner's trembling lips, and doleful as the echoes of an arctic tomb are its final words, "farewell forever."

Naturally, just as naturally, then, as night's dew-laden flowers turn toward the light of the East in morning-time, do the sad, the sorrowing and the spiritually-minded turn towards the gospel of Spiritualism with its psychic demonstrations of a future life and its awaiting greetings and good-mornings in heaven.

The other drift referred to is towards Christianity—not Roman Catholicism, with its infallible Pope, not Calvinism, with its eternal decrees, not old-style, orthodox theology—these are but priestly travesties of that New Testament Christianity whose exponent was Jesus Christ.

Such religious teachers, once Spiritualist lecturers, as W. Brunton, C. B. Lynn, G. B. Stebbins, A. J. Fishback and many others, who have knocked at the door and entered Christian denominations, becoming preachers and lay members, have not renounced Spiritualism. It is well known that a majority of some Unitarian and Universalist congregations are Spiritualists. In the Baptist, Methodist and Congregationalist denominations are many believers in the present ministries of spirits. The same may be said, to my knowledge, of the Episcopal church, which by the way, is the only religious body that has manfully grappled with and candidly considered the claims of Spiritualism.

At a church congress of the Established Church of England, held a few years ago, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, presiding, speeches were made and papers read upon the "Duty of the Church in respect to the prevalence of Spiritualism." Here are some of the scattered gems gathered from this church congress. The Rev. Dr. Thornton said that Spiritualism "in its very nature is antagonistic to all Saduceism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, and of a future state of personal and conscious existence." "Spiritualists claim to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Now I am far from denying the possibility of such intercourse; on the contrary, I believe that in God's providence it sometimes does take place." "We are terribly afraid of saying a word about the intermediate state. We draw a hard and fast line between the seen and the unseen world. In vain does the creed express our belief in the communion of saints." "Here perhaps some one will say to me 'You seem half a Spiritualist yourself.' Well, I am just as much a Spiritualist as St. Paul was, when he wrote, 'I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell. God knoweth—such an one caught up to the third heaven.'"

"Just as much as St. John, when he bade his beloved 'try the spirits;' and said of himself that he was 'in the spirit on the Lord's day.'"

"Let us thankfully acknowledge the truths of Spiritualist teaching, as weapons which we are too glad to wield against positivism and secularism, and all the anti-Christianisms of this age of godless thought."

"Churchmen must be careful not to imply that these phenomena were incredible because they were supernatural. The church was founded on the belief of supernatural

"—If Mr. Jamieson, Underwood and others of less distinction, have recently modified their opinions, becoming Spiritualists, and believing in a future conscious existence, I shall rejoice in the information and do rejoice already in the many brave words they have spoken in behalf of investigation, free thought and free speech.

(Continued on third page.)



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SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

## Sensitiveness of the Blind.

It is well known that in the blind the loss of sight is in a measure compensated for by the increased acuteness of the other senses. The development of hearing and of touch become phenomenal. To this cause the wonderful ability of the blind has been referred, and the explanation regarded as satisfactory. But it by no means accounts for the facts. The blind differ in their ability to receive impressions quite as much as those who see. Some never recover from the shock of the loss, and literally group in blindness, while others are so sensitive they receive so much assistance they scarcely feel their loss. Their capabilities under their deprivation furnishes a most interesting and valuable study to the student of man's spiritual nature. We observe in them the awakening of a new mental power or faculty, which may be called intuition or sensitiveness. It is nearly allied to clairvoyance; in fact, in some instances, is indistinguishable from it. This may be taken as an explanation of the astonishing performances of "Twaddles Family," which was one of the most remarkable of which there is on record. The last aged member attended the church at Mooretown, O., on a recent Sunday evening, and after the services was found dead in his seat. Seventy years ago the family attracted great attention. The father and mother had excellent eyesight, and the eyes of their children were large, brown and bright, but sightless. They were without optic nerves. In all other respects they were bright, healthy and intelligent children. The State of Ohio, by a special act of its Legislature, deeded to the parents for the support of their children a quarter of a section—160 acres—of the best of the agricultural lands of Eastern Ohio, and the land is known to this day as the "Blind Twaddles' section." Upon this farm these young men and women—there were seven boys and two girls—grew up in total darkness, became useful citizens, married and settled in the surrounding community and reared families, in which no trace of blindness is shown. They became successful farmers, millers, distillers, etc., and were as able to go to any place upon their farms or to surrounding towns and perform all their necessary farm work without attendance or help, as if they had perfect eyesight. They cut timber in the woods, made rails, built fences, plowed their lands, sowed and harvested their crops, ran their grist mill and a distillery, worked oxen and horses, and, in fact, learned all of that by intuition which is supposed impossible for people without sight.

Their lands are intersected by numerous deep creeks, which were crossed by foot logs, and these people would go unhesitatingly anywhere along these farm paths, crossing the precarious foot bridges and treading the most intricate ways unerringly. They could name any tree in the forests by feeling the bark, select the best ones for any desired purpose, and "fell" them in

the most convenient manner for working. Out of such timber they would make rails and build fences when they desired, having them better and straighter than many farmers with eyes. They could take to pieces, repair and place again in working order any kind of machinery with which they were called upon to be familiar, and two of them successfully conducted a flouring mill for the farmers of the vicinity for years. They were all great lovers of horses, and by placing their hand upon the coat of a horse they would instantly tell its color. And by feeling its head tell to which sex it belonged. They were excellent judges of horses.

A good many years ago "Blind Twaddles" went to town on business. His presence at the hotel gave rise to a discussion of his wonderful power regarding horses, and it was agreed among some of the parties to test it. The landlord had a splendid sorrel team, of which one, however, was a good deal better than the other. When Mr. Twaddle, who was riding a brown mare, called for his horse the stableman placed the trappings upon one of the landlairs' sorrels and led it forth. Mr. Twaddle put his hand upon the animal's neck before mounting he stopped and said:

"You've made a mistake: this is not my horse. I'm riding a brown, and this is a sorrel horse."

The hostler apologized, and, changing the bridle and saddle, brought out the other of Mr. Patton's sorrels.

Twaddle, perhaps, suspected the joke, and going forward, placed his hand upon the horse's head and said at once:

"This is another sorrel horse, a 'single footer,' and a much better one than you showed me before. But please bring out my brown mare, as I am in a hurry to start for home."

This story, as well as many others equally remarkable as instances these wonderful intuitions of these people, is well vouched for. By the death of Andrew the last of this family has vanished, and the "Blind Twaddles section" is now occupied by people with eyes.

## The Rev. Henry Frank.

The Rev. Henry Frank is having an exciting time at Jamestown, N. J. He is a Spiritualist and would be burned or tortured probably, if he didn't live in this nineteenth century. He has been pronounced a heretic, and expelled from relationship with the Western New York Association of Congregational Churches. The association met in the little village of Ellington, and unloosened its pent up vengeance to the extent that when Mr. Frank appeared in response to an invitation to show cause why he should not be expelled he found that he had already been tried and convicted without a hearing, and, figuratively speaking, thrown out beyond the limits of Christian fellowship into the domain of a worldly world.

The judge, jury and prosecuting attorney were all one; the evidence was all in before the court opened, and the verdict rendered before the accused had time to recover from his astonishment. Nothing in the history of ecclesiastical procedure can be found to compare with it for the unrelenting speed with which every movement was executed.

Mr. Frank spoke eloquently in his own defense, but could not overcome the intolerance, bigotry and meanness that confronted him. In concluding his remarks he said: "Look at Lyman Abbott, the most radical preacher in the Congregational church today; there were some who actually frothed at the mouth because of his audacious and scandalous antagonism to certain well-established doctrines of the faith. But when he appeared before the council and explained himself, how glad they were to receive and honor him, and exonerate him from all prejudicial rumors. Are you afraid that something like this possibly might come to pass in my case? It is very evident you are. You are afraid to give me a trial, and you will write yourselves down as inquisitors, worthy of the age of Jeffreys. This action of yours will rebound upon you, and belittle your influence and disgrace your cause. Col. Robert Ingersoll with all his eloquence could not in a century so prejudicially affect the popular cause of Christianity as this outrageous, unwarranted, unscriptural, and tyrannous procedure of yours. If that Jesus whom you pretend to worship were here to-day he would pronounce upon you all the judgments which he did upon the scribes and Pharisees of old. But I pity your ignorance, and I forgive your barbarity. You know not what you do. Let me only say, as I leave you, I still have faith in the paramount power of love, and I believe the day will yet dawn whose resplendent rays of justice will pierce the murky mists of earth's darkness, and so mingle the fair and the foul, the true and the false, the just and the unjust, in the one white ray of purity and love, as to teach us all how to be brethren, and walk in that heavenly light, in the fellowship of freedom, and by the dictates of truth. Forgiving you because of your ignorance, I bid you all farewell."

## Dr. J. M. Peebles.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, the noted round-the-world traveler, writer and author of several Spiritualist volumes, dropped in upon us quite unexpectedly a few days since. While in the city he was the guest of Mr. Bovee and family, Ogden Ave. The doctor came Westward to attend the National Electric Medical Association (of which he is a member) convening at Niagara Falls, to attend the Michigan State Sanitary Association, held in Battle Creek—to attend the Spiritualists Anniversary Meeting, Sturgis, Mich., and to dispose of his real estate property in this city. The doctor looks remarkably hale and hearty for one verging upon seventy years. He seems nearly as quick and active as when we, a mere boy, first met him at Kelloggsville, N. Y. He was then a young and beardless Universalist preacher at that place. His genial social nature has always given him hosts of friends. At present he is the proprietor and physician to the Hammoniton Sanitarium near Philadelphia. He lectures more or less each year also, upon anatomy, physiology, hygiene and several reformatory subjects. "I look forward," he said "to thirty years more of work on earth before crossing the crystal river. We all ought to live a century and grow old gracefully." We call

special attention to his magnificent address that appears in this week's Rostrum.

## W. J. Colville in Philadelphia.

Elliott Rawson writes as follows with reference to him:

"W. J. Colville, of San Francisco, editor of the *Problem of Life*, addressed a select audience at the rooms of the Christian Science Institute, 1524 Arch street, on Metaphysics, last Tuesday evening.

"He spoke of the different methods and formulas used by many so-called 'faith curists,' and ridiculed their ideas in broad terms. He drew a well-defined line between faith curing and the true teachings of Christian Science as applied to the alleviation of suffering. He alleged that many persons willfully misconstrued the precepts of the doctrine of Christian Science and overstepped the bounds of propriety in their manner of working, and claimed that it was not instituted as a means of gaining wealth, but for the elevation of humanity. Monetary or financial returns were not looked for, he claimed, and said that if practicing scientists would attend more to the uplifting of humanity, showing the proper mode of living and leading them into the bright pathway of health and happiness, instead of reaching out forever after the almighty dollar, Christian Science would be a lasting benefit to the struggling masses. He claimed that the only true road to perpetual happiness was through health, and furnished some interesting facts deduced from his experiences in that respect.

"Mr. Colville commences class lecturing July 10, giving three days, a week to this city and three to New York and Brooklyn. Many names have already been enrolled.

"The *Problem of Life* will be published for the next six months at 9 W. Fourteenth street, New York, Mr. Colville attending to the editorial department as heretofore.

"In an interview with this eminent lecturer, your correspondent gained some interesting information concerning his views on Spiritualism. He said he heartily disliked the cutting and slashing, the forever pulling down and not building up, now in vogue with spiritual lecturers. He said that if they would only stop and consider the irretrievable wrong they were doing both to themselves and the public in this warfare against the Bible, he thought they would stand a better chance of being appreciated. "It is a well-known fact among those who have heard or read Mr. Colville's lectures, that he never did pull down nor attack the Bible in any way; on the contrary, he labored zealously to explain what he terms 'the hidden mysteries' of that book.

"He spoke very highly of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER and its editor, and hoped the paper would come to the front as a champion of truth, science, and knowledge of things spiritual."

## Dr. G. W. Brown.

J. G. Jackson, of Hockessin, Del., after reading the lecture delivered by Dr. G. W. Brown, of Rockford, Ill., writes to us as follows: "That lecture by Dr. G. W. Brown on the first page, is very interesting. Some of it is new to me. I have been rather inclined to believe that the story of Jesus of Nazareth had a historical basis, though very unreliable as to its facts, and very mythical and unreal as to what the Christian world now builds upon it. I have been gradually growing more and more convinced that Christianity, on an average, has done and is doing at this day more harm to the world than good; and that most glorious would it be for the human race could we now attain to a simple, rational, true philosophy of human life and prospects. It has seemed to me that the Bible accounts of Jesus, if quietly studied, are of themselves quite sufficient to satisfy us that he has been and is a much over-venerated man, and that much that is erroneous, mystical and unwholesome has been attributed to him. If Dr. Brown and others that have claimed the entire fictitiousness of his character, shall prove to be correct, it need be a cause of neither surprise nor lamentation; but rather of rejoicing; and the thinking world can all the more readily be freed from a superstitious incubus that has so long rested upon it, and been the fruitful cause of so much suffering and depression."

## The Banner of Light.

The late numbers of the *Banner of Light* have been peculiarly excellent, which is saying a great deal for that grand old journal, which for sixty-seven volumes has stood the unshaken exponent of the spiritual philosophy. The beautiful story by Mrs. Longley is just concluded, and it has been followed with unceasing interest by its readers. The editorial page is replete with timely articles and the news of the societies, meetings, mediums and camps most attractive. Luther Colby, a natural-born philanthropist, is the right man in the right place, and holds the spiritual forces concentrated around the *Banner*, in such a manner, that however the conflict with out, as they appear on the bright pages of his journal they pull harmoniously for the good of the cause.

## A Black Prophet.

The *Florida Times-Union* says that Escambia County can boast of a weather prophet to whom Wiggins could not hold a candle. This prophet is a negro boy, seven years of age, who, it is said, makes prophecies about the weather many days ahead which, in nine cases out of ten, come true. It is alleged that he is as black as the ace of spades, has red eyes, and lives near Millview, a village on Perdido River, about seven miles west of Jacksonville.

H. W. Boozer, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Our cause here has recently been given a heaven-sent impetus with two lectures, too fine for my description, through the organization of our faithful and able sister, R. S. Lillie, which have been followed by the telling demonstrations of spirit power in slate-writing through the mediumship of Brother W. R. Colby, who is now with us, doing valiantly and thoroughly a much-needed and acceptable work. He is kept very busy, and we hope he will remain to satisfy the demand of the many who desire to know 'if these things are so.' We call

## Haslett Park.

The eighth annual camp meeting of the Haslett Park Association will be held at Haslett Park, near Lansing, Mich., commencing July 24, and closing Monday, Sept. 1st, including six Sundays.

This year the camp meeting will be under the direction and management of the Haslett Park Association, which was organized under the laws of the state on the 24th day of August, 1890. The following named gentlemen were elected as officers: James H. Haslett, president; M. J. Mathews, vice-president; J. M. Potter, secretary; James H. White, treasurer. The trustees were as follows: James H. Haslett, James H. White, M. J. Mathews, J. M. Potter, John R. Briggs, M. B. Sheets, Charles Day.

The growth of Haslett Park for the last three years has been marvelous, considering the many difficulties under which its projectors have labored. It has been transformed from a brushy piece of woods filled with stumps and logs to an elegant grove with a velvety, green carpet of natural grass. The auditorium represents a large number of generous stockholders, who are now a part of the Haslett Park Association and those who are still filled with the necessary zeal to push the enterprise to a successful end.

## Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Alma.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. and Mrs. Dr. L. Alma, of Grand Rapids, Mich., have arrived in this city, and will make it their future home. Both are prominent as leaders in the new movement now being inaugurated by Mr. Olney H. Richmond, and both are in their praise of his wonderful knowledge and occult powers. Mrs. Dr. Alma is distinguished as a remarkably successful physician. She has three children, the eldest of whom developed a looking-glass disease from the age of three. She will be able in a very short time to say more on the subject, and which will throw a new light upon the so-called science of medicine. Letters of inquiry will reach her, if addressed in care of this office.

## An Important Correction.

By an unaccountable error on the part of the printer, it was made to appear that the excellent address from the pen of Dr. Charles W. Hidden was one which had been delivered at Newburyport, Mass. The address has never been delivered anywhere, having been especially prepared by the Doctor for the columns of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

Written for The Progressive Thinker.

## GOOD WORDS

For the Professional Medium.

Caste is the bane of everything which would elevate humanity—the Chinese wall that shuts out the world's progress. Its root in human pride and selfishness, it invades every place—even Spiritualism reveals its presence.

We have seen much in the papers inveighing against what is termed "commercial" mediumship and the professional medium. If the cavilers would confine their efforts to those who in greed and selfishness seek to use Spiritualism as a means for gain only, the case would be a clean one for them, without dissent; but when, as is usually the case, there is no qualification, it is at once presupposed that every person endowed with mediumship is born rich, and with an over-ruling philanthropic nature. We know such premise to be incorrect; and all who have investigated also know that to present the best evidences of the continuity of life beyond the grave, in any phase of mediumship, it is necessary for the medium to give his entire forces and energies to the work in hand; so that money cannot be earned at other pursuits—to do so would be to make the endowment a secondary matter, and rob the possessor of the forces needful for his exercise. It is not only necessary for the person to exist, but a condition of ease of mind and of freedom from cankering care or blighting despair is needful to secure the best results. This state of habitual passivity can only be obtained by the medium's honorably earning a subsistence through the daily spiritual use of his or her time and energies, as do other members of society in ways material.

It is in bitterness we have to confess that there are people almost everywhere who identify themselves with our cause for the one reason that it costs them nothing to be a Spiritualist; and to these the slurs on "commercial" mediumship are welcome, for they are the natural enemies of mediums who are supposed to want their money, and on whom they will often inflict their presence in such excess as to materially injure through magnetic depletion. The "home circle" costs them nothing, and into this they would force every medium. With this they are content; while the clutch and grasp for the possession of more of this world's goods never lets up. The great lesson the advanced minds on both sides of life teach, that the highest joy of our existence is to assist and lift up our fellows, is not a matter of interest to them; and the query will come up to the thinker, can such souls become immortal?

To the writer it seems little less than outrage, when, in describing a fraud-proof experience, it is stated that all this wonderful experience was through the agency of a "non-professional" medium. Observe, the prefix italicized to emphasize the caste.

An investigation and observation of thirty-eight years has convinced us that the power and influence of Spiritualism as it is to-day, is largely the result of the professional medium's pioneer work. The conversions are comparatively few where the evidence presented is complete from the one circumstance of investigator and medium being entire strangers to each other, without introduction or previous acquaintance.

With this fact ever before us, how can editors and writers continually exalt the home circle as a means of obtaining the highest and best results in spirit-intercourse? While I would give the home circle and the developing room full meed of praise for all they can do in the needful indication, as well as the practice and unfoldment of the mediumistic endowment, I claim that the necessities of the case involved in the general term, conditions, make the stranger ele-

ment the most important of all for the highest attainment; this not only for reasons already stated, but because the foundation of all phenomenal works is based on what we may call magnetic relation, or a condition of the presence of both the positive and the negative to secure manifestations as a result.

This we see illustrated in the universal mediumistic experience which requires after about so long a time, a change of locality. "I have worn out these conditions!" they all say. We find out what this means when we analyze the spirit-chemic constituents of the home circle.

Here are a certain number of persons, most probably united by ties of blood, mingling day by day at least, their magnetic auras, and three times a day, year in and year out, sitting together in a circle to partake of food prepared (magnetically) by one or more of their number. Like all other magnetic bodies when thus often placed together, the positive and negative relations subside in an equilibrium thus established. Now, it would be as futile to expect water to run up hill as to expect phenomenal manifestation on such a basis. And this is why the cry for change, which so often wells up from the breast of the medium in the prison of adverse conditions, is so often heard. Change is a law of the universe, and those who ignore it here, do it at their cost.

Thus we see the work of the phenomenal medium, as such, is based upon immutable law; and that the attempt to belittle it or make it secondary to that of the home, is but suggestive of the old four-by-one prayer to the seven-by-nine heaven, "O Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife—us four, Lord, and no more. Amen."

H. W. BOOZER

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## A General Survey.

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

Summerland, Cal., seems to be in luck, and we are heartily glad of it. Natural gas has been struck there. Mr. H. L. Williams speaks as follows with reference to it: "The importance of this strike to the cause of Spiritualism can not be over-estimated. It means the building up of the colony of colleges and other institutions of learning, temples, and filling our library with books. It means ample means without a tax on the inhabitants, to grade the streets, beautify the parks, and build up manufacturing industries of all kinds, thus furnishing ample employment for all. When the gas was struck I remarked, that enhances the value of lots tenfold, but I do not propose to advance the price. My purpose is to build up a colony of Spiritualists, and offer them cheap homes. I have been pushed into the work, and propose to carry it out. I believe that by the union of the forces of liberal-minded and progressive people acting in harmony with those of the spiritual spheres it is possible to reconstruct society on a basis of equal rights and justice, and great good to humanity result therefrom."

Mr. E. F. Slocum is to visit the Onset Camp-meeting. For twelve years Mr. Slocum has been the efficient Secretary and financial agent for the First Spiritualist Society of this city. He is a hard worker, and we congratulate him on the good showing now made, as the society is free from debt.

N. R. Harrington, magnetic healer, has located at 113 South Hoyne Ave. He has resided for a long time at Sycamore, Ill., where he has been instrumental in doing a good work.

Rosa L. Hardes, Secretary, writes as follows from Reed City, Mich.: "We have organized a Society, to be known as the First Spiritualist Society of Reed City. After a strong effort, we succeeded in organizing with twelve members. Though few, they are earnest workers, and we hope to be able to add to our list at our next meeting. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. A. P. Rosenberg; Vice-president, Miss Emma Baldwin; Secretary, Rosa L. Hardes; Treasurer, Emma O. Rosenberg. Dr. S. A. Thomas and his estimable wife, of Angola, Ind., have been stopping with us for the past two weeks. While here, the doctor delivered a course of lectures, and also assisted us in organizing. He is a fine inspirational speaker, and gets right down to facts, proving his assertions by the Bible. He gained many friends while here, and all join in wishing him success in his good work."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Joliet, Ill., June 1st; at Champaign, Ill., 7th and 8th; (visited friends at and near Milan, Ohio, including Hudson and Emma Tuttle, 14th and 15th); at Friendship, N. Y., 22d; at Bolivar, N. Y., 24th and 25th, arriving home the 28th of June. Address him, box 123, Scranton, Pa., for engagements, etc.

Corra Carpenter, of Hannibal, Mo., known as "the child medium," fourteen years of age, is creating a sensation in the West by her "inspired" lectures. She talks learnedly on subjects suggested by her audience, such as "Progression," "Is the Human Spirit Immortal?" etc. She recently spoke an hour on one of these subjects, and astonished her hearers by the masterly manner in which she treated it.—*Telegraph, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Will C. Hodge desires engagements for the fall and winter months, beginning with September. Address for July, 315 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.; for August, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. He will answer calls for funerals.

Jim writes as follows: "The Quarterly meeting of the Wisconsin State Association, held in Omro, June 27th to 29th inclusive, was a success, notwithstanding the intense heat. There was a fair attendance, and we trust some good was accomplished. The speakers for the occasion were Mrs. Mattie H. Freeman, of Chicago, and Will C. Hodge, of Beloit, Wisconsin. The well-known and thoroughly reliable medium, C. W. Peters, of England, was present the entire session, and was very successful in demonstrating the phenomena. Mr. Peters is not only a genuine medium, but is a gentleman as well, and any parties desiring a good medial instrument would do well to secure his services."

George Hodson, of Palmyra, Me., writes, speaking in high terms of Dr. F. H. Merrill as a test medium.

Mrs. A. L. Andrus, of Liberal, Mo., writes: "It is with feelings of regret that I record the transition of our beloved President, L. L. Suyden, who left us for a brighter, better land on the afternoon of the 26th. Ten days before, he put his worldly affairs in order. He chose J. M. Allen to deliver his funeral address, but he being in Stanton, Ga., and not available at present, the services were deferred until his return, which will be in the near future. Brother Suyden was an old and reliable Spiritualist, and died as he had lived, firm in his knowledge of our beautiful, soul-satisfying philosophy. We shall sadly miss his mortal presence among us, but we know his spirit will be ever with the little flock over whom he has presided the past three years."

Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston, Mass., the well-known trance and inspirational speaker, lectured and gave public readings and tests at Banner Hall, 93 South Peoria St., on Sunday, July 6. Subject: "Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow of Spiritualism."

Wm. W. Lee, of Troy, N. Y., relates a remarkable case where a lady totally blind was restored to sight by spirit power, as manifested through W. H. Vosburgh.

M. S. Liden writes from Milwaukee, Oregon, as follows: "Under the head of 'General Survey,' in number of June 7th, M. S. Liden is quoted in regard to the census. The idea is a little mixed. The 'religious' census is to be taken by an expert, Dr. M. K. Carroll, of Plainfield, N. J. It will be taken through the Secretaries or their proper officers. It is for our people to report to them; that requires some effort—not much bravery. Coward and Spiritualism are not synonymous terms. If you had quoted the entire article, you would have seen I lay no stress on numbers, but much on life and deeds."

The First Spiritualist Society of Hanson, Mass.; officers for 1890: President, Wm. W. Hood, South Hanson; Secretary, Geo. F. Simpson, Hanson; Treasurer, Mrs. D. B. Everson, South Hanson; Executive Committee, I. B. Howland, Caleb White and Frank Corbin.

A true Spiritualist writes as follows from South Deerfield, Mass.: "South Deerfield is only about ten miles from Lake Pleasant, and there are several families of earnest Spiritualists here who are not afraid to express their opinions. Mrs. Mary A. Fisher is mistaken when she says the lecture by Mrs. Brigham, May the 21st, was the first ever given in this town. Several years ago her husband's brother, the late Asa M. Fisher, secured the services of J. Willie Fletcher, who gave a fine discourse in Ockington Hall to our people (when Mrs. M. A. Fisher was in the Methodist Church, which may account for her mistake). The lectures by Mrs. Brigham and Mrs. Banks were very interesting. We are in hopes to have another lecture this coming winter."

The Minneapolis Tribune devotes a large amount of space describing the spirit photographs, as given through the mediumship of F. N. Foster. Mr. Foster says that he is willing at any time to have his methods of procedure put to the strongest test, and invites investigation by those who are interested in the matter.

## A FAVORITE RESORT.

## The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, will be held on their grounds, Cassadaga Lake, Chautauque Co., N. Y., from July 25th to August 31st, 1890.

PROGRAMME.  
 July 25th, Jennie B. Hagan, South Framingham, Mass.; 26th, Hon. Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.; 27th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan and Hon. Sidney Dean; 28th, Conference; 29th, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.; 30th, Hon. Sidney Dean; 31st, Lyman C. Howe.

August 1st, Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo, N. Y.; 2nd, Hon. Sidney Dean; 3rd, Lyman C. Howe and Walter Howell, London, England; 4th, Conference; 5th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Rev. Henry Frank, 7th, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.; 7th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Melrose, Mass.; 8th, J. Frank Baxter; 9th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer and W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.; 10th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and J. Frank Baxter; 11th, Conference; 12th, W. J. Colville; 13th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan; 14th, Walter Howell; 15th, Temperance Day; 16th, Willard J. Hull and Jennie Leys, West Medford, Mass.; 17th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Richmond and W. J. Colville; 18th, Conference; 19th, W. C. Warner, Yorkville, N. Y.; 20th, Rev. Henry Frank, Jamestown, N. Y.; 21st, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 22nd, W. J. Colville; 23rd, W. C. Warner and Jennie Leys; 24th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Hon. A. B. Richmond; 25th, Conference; 26th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond; 27th, Hon. A. B. Richmond; 28th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie; 29th, Walter Howell; 30th, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson, Santa Clara, Cal.; 31st, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and Mrs. E. L. Watson.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.  
 President, A. Gaston, Meadville, Pa.; Treasurer, T. J. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Secretary, A. E. Gaston, Meadville, Pa. A.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES—T. J. Skidmore, Lily Dale, N. Y.; M. R. Knapp, Tiffin, N. Y.; G. B. Turner, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. M. H. Skidmore—Lily Dale, N. Y.; A. Gaston, Meadville, Pa.; J. W. Dennis, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. B. Merrill, Linden, N. Y.

LOCATION AND ADVANTAGES.  
 The Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting Ground is eight miles from Lake Erie, and seven hundred feet above it. Situated midway between New York and Chicago, and convenient of access from all points. It lies on the shore of a beautiful chain of lakes, three in number, and at an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above the level of the sea.

HOTEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS.  
 The Grand Hotel is in fine condition, having been furnished, papered and painted throughout and fitted up with modern conveniences for the season of 1890. Lodging can be obtained at cottages at reasonable prices.

The daily admission to the grounds is 15 cents per day, and for campers inside the gates 10 cents per day.

MEDIUMS.  
 A great many phases of mediumship will be represented on the grounds—clairvoyance, slate-writing, healing tests, etc. Many mediums whose names do not appear will be present, and better opportunities than ever will be offered to investigators.

LYCEUM.  
 The Children's Lyceum will be under the direction of Mrs. E. W. Tillinghast of Petrolia, Pa. It will, as usual, be made a leading feature.

MUSIC.

The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa. (Fred B. Nichols, director), has been engaged for the season. The orchestra will give daily concerts and will play for the dancing parties.

Mrs. E. Marion, of Fowlerville, Michigan, spiritual Healer and Teacher, will treat all cases of chronic







# 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. Emulating from so high a source as Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, we shall follow her by publishing the narrative in *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*.]

## CHAPTER XI.—CONCLUSION.

Greetings over, a few hurried words of additional explanation from the weeping mother to her numerous and unlooked-for party of sympathizing guests, the burden of poor Madame Kaloz's lament listened to—"My Constance is lost!" echoed by little Franz and Ella—and then Herr Muller, with a tone of decision and firmness which commanded attention from all around him, marshaled his forces in the following manner. He first stationed Madame Kaloz by the side of the painting of the clock, in the angle of the passage leading to the postern, charging her to call aloud if she noticed any change in the appearance of that clock. He next despatched old Anna, the family domestic, and little Ella, to collect and bring there all the lamps and candles they could find, one alone to be lighted. Requesting the rest of the party to stand clear of the postern, he then proceeded to open and shut the gate several times. On each opening and closure all present noticed a succession of bell-like sounds, repeated for each occasion. Now the bell sounded once for opening, then once for closing; then twice, then thrice, and so on until eight detonations followed the opening and closing of the gate. After this the blind mechanic paused, and more than once withdrew his hand in hesitancy, or as if he were listening, before essaying the ninth opening. Then it was that, though no lips of that silent party moved or attempted to speak, all present distinctly heard a man's voice enunciating the words, "Go on!" A general exclamation of "Who spoke?" was only followed by profound silence, and then once more the gate swung on its hinges. With the ninth stroke the voice of Madame Kaloz was heard in loud, sharp accents, crying, "Come here! come here!" "Stay!" shouts Muller—"Franz, stand by that door, and whoever comes, or whatever happens, for your life suffer no one to close it. Father Hermann! stay with him, and there! place yourself on that stool, between Franz and the door. For your lives, remember! now, Baron Fritz, son Rudolph, and you, Herren Mannheim and Wagner, light each a lamp or candle and follow me."

Advancing with his guiding stick, and the stately march of the blind, to the angle where Madame Kaloz was stationed, but still passing on with the assurance of one who was perfectly familiar with the path he was treading, he gained the angle, and then silently pointed with his stick. All started back in amazement, for there, instead of the solid wall and the painted clock, so familiar, at least, to Fritz and his family, there appeared the broad aperture and steep staircase down which poor Constance, some twelve hours previously, had made her way. It was quite evident that Herr Muller, at least, was aware of the staircase, for still advancing ahead of the rest, and beginning to descend, step by step, he turned his sightless eyes back upon his followers, and with a smile of triumph observed, "Behold the mystery of number nine and the postern gate!" Before any reply could be made, another recruit joined the party, for leaping and bounding in their midst, with quick, sharp barks, came little Nixie, the blind musician's dog. Pushing his way amongst them, the little creature dashed ahead, and ere any one could arrest his flight, he sprang down the stairs, still barking and whining, until his cries could only be faintly heard in the distance of the underground passages.

"Follow the dog!" cried Fritz, "he knows more than any of us. Heaven itself has sent the little one for our guidance."

And so, indeed, it seemed, for when gaining at length the three circular steps and diverging passages at the foot of the descent, it was the sound of little Nixie's pitiful whining, rather than Herr Muller's guidance, which led them at last to the open door of the small cell, studied round with bags of treasure, where, prostrate on three of them—strangely enough arranged in the form of a couch and pillow—lay the form of her they sought, the much beloved and deeply lamented Constance. By her side and licking the fair hand that had so often fed and caressed him, was her four-footed little friend, whilst tenderly bending over her, the fond mother—no longer an hysterical invalid, but now a woman in whom the exigencies of the hour had awakened a heroine—cried, "Her heart beats, her pulse throbs, our darling lives! Now let us bear back to life and light, and a mother's love." And bear her back they did, Rudolph Muller raising the precious though still unconscious burden in his strong arms, and carrying her up the steps, once more marshaled by the delighted little animal who had found her, and followed by her mother, sister and attendants. The rest of the party by the request of Herr Muller, remained to assist in the work yet before them, when he addressed them as follows: "This morning, at early dawn, he whom you have once known as Baron Paul Kaloz came in person to the bedside of our Baron Frederick here, and bade him come home and rescue his sister. The minute after making this visit he came to my bedside in the room adjoining, and in his own well-remembered tones bid me arise, come hither, and destroy the piece of clockwork machinery which I invented for him, and which his brother, Johan Kaloz, put up some fifteen years ago.

"If you wish to know why it was constructed and placed here, so as to give entrance to these underground halls and passages, I am now free—by Paul Kaloz's own command—to tell you. In a large hall adjoining this, was held the meetings of a secret society—the name of which I may not disclose. Their object was to discover the marvels of animal and mineral forces, called magnetism and electricity. Of their practices in both directions, as well as of the names of the members of Baron Paul's society, I have no permission to speak. It is enough that—secret societies being forbidden by the laws of the land, and the experiments of science, when assuming the form of arts so little known as magnetism and electricity, rendering all who practiced them amenable to the charge of magic and sorcery—these meetings had to be guarded by secret methods, too stringent to be easily detected. Baron Paul discovered these crypts when he first took possession of his castle; and, being wholly devoted to the arts I have named, fitted up the hall and several of the adjacent chambers with electrical machines, galvanic batteries and accommodations for the associates he had gathered around him. Knowing me to have been well skilled in the machinery of clockwork, he employed me to connect the postern gate and the masked door at the top of the stairway with this clock (touching a huge clock on the wall). Thus, when the clock had sounded twice, eight times, and the postern gate had been opened and shut eight times—at the ninth opening all the doors unclosed simultaneously, admitting the members to the secret meeting. The means of returning, as well as the government of the machinery, resides in this clock; and as I was its constructor, so am I now commanded to destroy it, and forever break up and end the purposes for which it was contrived. It only remains for me to say to you, friends, that the Barony of Kaloz was once reputed to be the richest in Bohemia. It was so when Baron Paul took possession of it; but in the infatuation which urged him to devote all he was and all he had to the discoveries which he deemed would revolutionize all forms of art, science, and civilization, this determined scholar sold his estates, turned all his possessions into gold, parted even with all the furnishings of his once splendid castle, and lived and dressed like the miser which the world deemed him, in order that he might lavish all his wealth upon the prosecution of his dangerous and costly experiments."

"And are we to understand Herr Muller," said the notary Wagner, now coming forward, in something like his usual professional way, "that these sacks (which I find upon a cursory examination of those on which our fair friend was lying contain gold coin), were the hoarded-up proceeds of the Baron's once ample fortune?"

"You may so understand, Herr Wagner," replied Muller. "It was for the sake of the wealth contained in this cell, that the clock (the management of which was only known to me and Baron Paul), was placed here, as guardian of the treasure."

"Then," rejoined Wagner, "that same treasure in virtue of documents drawn up by me, and still in my possession, I now claim as the gift of Paul Kaloz to his niece Constance."

"Hold, my friend!" said Fritz, gently interrupting the notary, zealous as he knew him to be in his sister's interest. "We have yet to show that my uncle Paul may be willing to confirm these documents and part with these vast stores of wealth gathered up for a special purpose. That Paul Kaloz still lives, both Herr Muller and I can witness of the strange visitation this very morning."

"Destroy the clock, and have then thy wish!" were words syllabled out in the same voice that had before spoken. Each of the party glanced fearfully at one another, and then around the weird and terrible place in which they were grouped.

The vast height, and wide vistas of the dark hall, plainly visible from the treasure vault; the mysterious and forbidden arts to which the place was devoted, and the obscurity which still surrounded the fate of Paul Kaloz, combined to impress three of the party, at least, with a sense of awe which deepened into terror, as the voice of the invisible speaker rang clearly in their ears.

"It is my uncle Paul that speaks," cried Fritz impetuously. "We shall have our wish presently. Herr Muller do your duty!" Stretching out his hands until they came in contact with the clock, Herr Muller rapidly withdrew some bolts from the wall, then lifting up a ring in the floor, close to where the clock stood, he disclosed a trap-door in the middle of which the clock stood. Loosened from all its supports and chiming, chiming like a sweet peal of bells, the clock descended lower, lower, lower yet, until it disappeared from sight, and then a heavy splash in the water and the sudden cessation of the bells, convinced the witnesses that the mystic clock had been destroyed indeed, by being sunk in a deep well. The portion of what had seemed to be the wall against which it stood was soon discovered to be gone also, and the gap thus disclosed revealed another small chamber like the one in which they were then assembled. Within this, was a table on which stood an immense rudely constructed galvanic battery, long since spent, and by the side of the table seated in an armchair, but so connected still with the battery as to show the manner of his death, sat the skeleton remains of what had once been Paul Kaloz.

The man had kept his word, and the fatal resolve suggested by the last lines of the biography of "a lost soul" had indeed been put into execution two years ago, but even whilst the assembled party gazed in awe and deep sympathy on all that remained of the devotee of a new and ill-understood science, they knew that the spirit still lived; that he had been instrumental in the rescue of the only being for whom his poor starved heart cherished any human affection, and when, in after years, he came back as a returning guardian spirit, and inspired his

beloved Constance and Fritz with visions of the higher life to which he had passed, they found that instead of a lost soul, he had only been a martyr to the first immature dawnings of a noble science, and that the crown of earthly martyrdom had been exchanged for the fadeless amaranth wreaths of a glorious immortality.

Through the hand of the reclusive disciple of electric science, Baron Frederick Kaloz, treatises, glowing with the inspiration of a higher and better world than earth, were subsequently written, and immense progress was made in the knowledge and application of that wonderful and all-pervading force, many years after the Baron, with his married sister, Madame Muller, her beloved husband, Rudolph, and many a fair little Constance and Fritz, had removed from the grim old castle into more congenial scenes and surroundings.

No inconsiderable portion of the treasure found in the castle vaults was bestowed by the rich heiress in converting the castle into a modern but still picturesque building, where hundreds of the helpless blind have found an asylum. With this was a refuge and school for destitute orphans.

Over the blind asylum presided for many years the staunch and faithful Herr Muller, whilst the orphans in the adjoining building under the motherly care of his sister Madame Rheinhold, were never so happy as when, at morning and evening prayers they were joined by the school band, led and presided over by the blind violinist, Father Hermann.

Animal magnetism has gone through many phases. "Mesmerism" was found to be a term too thoroughly identified with the "Charlatan"—as the scientists of the French Academy chose to label good Anton Mesmer—to be acceptable to those who followed in Mesmer's footsteps, but disdained to own their indebtedness to his discoveries. Under the new synonym of "hypnotism," such an array of stupendous possibilities open up to future experimenters, that it seems useless to attempt to review the wonders it has already achieved. Still more undreamed of potencies loom up in the future, for humanity, when the lightnings—the mightiest force in the universe—shall yield more and more to the divine and all conquering spirit of God, in his creature man. What electricity can do when harnessed by mind to the car of progress would take volumes to describe. What it can not do will never be fully realized till time shall be no more.

And now—if we had been privileged to mention real names, and describe actually existing locations, our readers would marvel no more when we claim for the anonymous personages of our little drama that they have been the active pioneers not only of the growth and unfoldment of the great potencies known as magnetism and electricity, but that their still living and honest descendants—whose names we are not at liberty even to hint at—owe as much of their present grand scientific achievements to their noble ancestors—whose early fortunes we have been tracing out—as the march of science to-day owes to its most prominent leaders. And though much of the power they now exert is due to the researches of Paul, the subsequent brilliant writings of our poor Fritz, and the wealth, virtue, and saintly life of our fair heroine—our sweet Constance, there are few who would endure to be told so—few who would be satisfied to attribute any portion of their present repute and worldly standing to the crude experimenters who in their own time were either ranked as "Charlatans" by the wise and learned, as sorcerers and magicians by the ignorant and superstitious, and as "lost souls"—heirs of perdition—by the pious, amongst "great thinkers," as amongst great people generally, there are few on this earth that care to examine the cornerstones on which mighty structures rest. Happy it is, for some of the present age at least, that we do know beyond a peradventure that there is a land where eternal justice is done and that—even in earthly martyrdom, the cold world's ingratitude, or the silent mystery of death itself—THE END IS NOT YET."

Madeline and Other Poems.

"Madeline and Other Poems" by James McCarroll, of New York, (Belford, Clark & Co., publishers, Chicago, New York and San Francisco) is a book of rare merit. Mr. McCarroll's poetry seems to be genuinely natural; nothing cumbersome about it. His Madeline is beautiful; in fact, through the 321 pages, no one becomes tired, but exalted in feeling and made better. Speaking of "The Church of Humanity," the poet says:

We can not build it of the crumbling bones  
Quarried from the grim sepulchres of yore;  
Nor of the hollow, mythologic stones  
That thence so readily in classic lore;  
We can not fashion it of heads or creeds  
That parcel out our God before our face;  
But rather build it of the thoughts and deeds  
That purify and elevate our race.  
Set its foundations deep in every zone.  
Its ritual, on every shining page,  
Is love to God and love to man alone,  
And pity for the errors of the age.  
Let its proud dome fill all the azure steep,  
And its vast chancel sweep from pole to pole;  
So that its mighty and majestic sweep  
Give ample space for every human soul.

His vivid picture of "The Dreamer" is as follows:

I've a world of my own! I've a world of my own;  
That is brighter by far, and more happy than this;  
A creation so pure that the spirit alone  
Is permitted to taste of its fountain of bliss;  
Where the mystical drops, though they glance but in dreams,  
May be quaffed with an exquisite thrill to the last,  
For the depths where they sparkle are fed by those dreams.  
That still sprinkle with verdure the waste of the past.  
I've a world of my own! I've a world of my own;  
With its morning—of blushes that waken no more;  
With its noontide—of smiles that once brilliantly alone;  
And its twilight—of eyes whose last beamings are o'er.  
And further from earth I oft wing my lone flight,  
To revisit the scenes that to me were so dear,  
And to listen again to that phantom of light  
That was once all that heaven could grant to me here.

I've a world of my own! I've a world of my own;  
A bright spot in this desert-like bosom of mine;  
Where I meet with the spirit of joys that are flown,  
In an oasis blooming 'round memory's shrine.  
With the shadows I cherish, there, there let me dwell,  
Would the hand not be cold that could tear us apart!  
Gaze in silence and sadness, but break not the spell—  
Woe be it not—wake me not, from—that dream of my heart.

## AN ALLEGED MESSIAH.

He is Coming to the Crows and Cheyennes.

A special from Fort Custer to the daily papers indicates that a Messiah is expected. The Indians on all the reservations in that section are in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy over the alleged coming of the Messiah. A few days ago Porcupine, the apostle of the new Christ, gave to an army officer the story of his meeting with the Messiah. June 30 he arrived at Ft. Custer with a few followers and related his story with additional details.

He spoke to the officers and ladies of the post for over an hour, and fully explained his religion, which closely resembles the Christian religion of the whites, except that Porcupine claims positively that Christ has come back to earth and is now in the flesh near Walker Lake, Nev.

Porcupine did not know anything about the first Christ, but he says this Christ told him he had been on earth hundreds of years ago, when he appeared to the white people who used him roughly and even killed him. Porcupine says he saw marks on the hands of the Christ, who said he had been nailed to a tree by the hands and that spikes had also been driven through his feet, and his side had been cut open. The Christ did not show the scars on his feet as he had on his shoes; nor did he show the wound in his side, but all knew what he told them was true. Porcupine said he did not believe in the Christ when he first heard of him, but no sooner did he see him than all doubt vanished from his mind and he knew he was looking at a God. He had never seen such a man before, and never would he want to see this man again, which he meant to do.

It was evening when the person came walking into the camp, and they all knew who he was without being told. He described him as a large man with tawny skin, a noble carriage and face. The stranger did not speak the first day Porcupine saw him, but commenced talking the next day soon after sunrise and did not cease until the sun was near the western horizon. Hundreds of Indians, representatives from cores of tribes, heard him, and all understood him. He did not speak in Cheyenne, but Porcupine understood him perfectly, as did the other Cheyennes present.

Porcupine then repeated much of the Indian Christ's sermon to the Indians, and its similarity to the first Christ's teachings was at times astonishing.

The stranger said what grew on the earth grew for all, and all were equally entitled to the earth's products. He said he could not repeat in a day all that was said, but these were some of the things and he, Porcupine, believes in them, and the man he saw was the son of God, and none other. Christ told the white people when they put him to death he would come again, but not to them first—but to the Indian Nation, whose red children, being poor and simple-minded, would hear and believe in him. He commanded them to go forth and preach his doctrine, but to add nothing to it and to hold nothing back. He said he could hear all they said wherever they were, and said Porcupine: "Christ is hearing me now, and is here in the room." The apostle stood with outstretched hands in silence for several minutes before he began speaking, and then broke forth like one inspired. There were commandments, too, such as thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not bear false witness.

Porcupine said the Christ told them all wars were wrong, and they must not kill any one. He answered cheerfully all questions, and said he told only what he saw. Two of the Indians with Porcupine had been to Walker Lake, and when questioned by General Brislin said what Porcupine had told was strictly true, and that they had seen and heard the same themselves. Porcupine is a fine-looking Indian, with large, black expressive eyes, and an abundance of silky black hair. He is over six feet tall. He also preached to the Crow Indians on the "new Messiah."

Let us hope and pray that this alleged Messiah may not be crucified, and if he teaches an exalted morality, brings the untamed red man down to an orderly life, improves humanity generally, exalting them to a higher plane, good will result, even if he is an impostor, or in respect to Messiah, a lunatic. For all such saviors I have a cordial welcome.

Jus Tick.

## A FATAL WHITE HORSE.

Brings Death to the Caldwell.

The recent nuptials of Miss Lena Caldwell and the Baron Zedwitz, now the theme of club-room and society gossip, recalls a romance in the life of the fair fiancée's grandmother that caused a sensation in the fashionable circles of Virginia more than sixty years ago, writes a New York correspondent.

At that day Fredericksburg held high rank in Virginia. Washington was once a familiar figure there, and his mother lived, died, and was buried in the town. Moreover, Marquis de Lafayette had been entertained by its citizens in 1824.

Marie Carter Hall was the daughter of the eminent Robert Hall, who married Ann Byret Carter, a haughty beauty and daughter of Colonel Charles Carter, of Cleve, son of the famous "King Carter," of colonial history, president of her majesty's council at Williamsburg, and one of the ablest, wealthiest men and most autocratic rulers of his time.

With beauty of a rich brunette type, flashing eyes, dark hair, delicate, pale features, a graceful form and stately pose, Marie Carter Hall's youth was unusually brilliant. She was married to Ralph Wormely, a wealthy young Virginia planter, of old name and family, his ancestral name-sake having been in 1649 a Burgess of York County, and member of the colonial council. They lived happily for some years upon a plantation, when at middle age her husband suddenly died while absent from home, his wife being strangely forewarned of the trouble through a dream. In a vision of restless sleep she saw approaching, riding on a white horse, a strange man with dark face and sable garments, who brought her a letter. A day and night passed, nothing uncanny had happened, and the wife was conquering her fears, when she saw, as

she supposed, the apparition again; but it proved to be a real man riding on a white horse. A moment later a servant entered and handed her a letter. She was nervous when she broke the seal. She read the announcement of her husband's sudden death, and with a shriek fell to the floor.

The dream of a man riding on a white horse was twice repeated in the family during the late war, with the same dread news following. The wives were cousins, and each was married to a distinguished confederate officer, one of whom was killed at the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., the other in the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, Va.—Chicago Herald.

## AN ORTHODOX CHRISTIAN.

He Reads The Progressive Thinker.

I enclose stamps to renew subscription, but must admit I have some grave objections to much of the matter in the paper. A few weeks ago I read a paragraph which said: "When you have read your paper, do not give it to an orthodox Christian," etc. Why, Mr. Editor I am an orthodox Christian myself! So I kept thinking, what have Christians done that they should be deprived of the elevating influences of Spiritualism? Are Christians not as good as Materialists, modern adducees, "who do not believe in a resurrection to a higher life, either angel or spirit?" Spiritualists believe in these, and Christians agree with them.

If Christians say harsh and bitter things against Spiritualists, the different denominations do the same thing against each other, when they get into controversies; and even the Spiritualists themselves, who are in daily communication with the purified inhabitants of the higher spheres, sometimes disagree and hurl vindictive anathemas at each other.

A Christian minister once told me that he believed in spirit communion, but did not attend their meetings much; could not enjoy himself with them because they said so much against the bible and Christian ministers. Why should Spiritualists drive this class of people from them, who hold so many sacred truths in common with them, and facilitate so closely with materialists who reject all the sacred spiritual truths held in common by Christians and Spiritualists.

Many Christian ministers preach a great deal of Spiritualism because they find it in their bible without knowing or thinking it is Spiritualism; many others believe it and preach it knowingly as far as they can with out becoming obnoxious to their congregations and impairing their usefulness. In this way they do much good to Spiritualism, because they preach the doctrine to large audiences who never would learn it from any other source, for they would not go to a spiritual meeting. That there are unworthy persons in the ministry can not reasonably be denied; but the general tendency of their preaching is to make men live better lives; and I believe all Spiritualists hold that the better life a man lives here, the better his condition will be over on the other shore; so we see again the ministers are doing good, and ought not to be subject to harsh words from Spiritualists.

The bible is a history of ancient Spiritualism, dating back to the earliest period we have any account of man on this planet, and contains a brief relation of a series of spiritual manifestations extending through several thousand years. The objector says that there are contradictions and inconsistencies in the bible. We know there are evil spirits in the other world as well as good ones; some of the bad spirits can communicate as fluently as good ones, and are very willing to "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." In this way we can readily account for contradictions and inconsistencies. Let the objector take all the communications that have been received in the last forty years through mediums generally accepted by Spiritualists as reliable and we see what a mass of contradictions and inconsistencies he will have; then I think he will cease to complain of inconsistencies in the bible.

The world was not made out of nothing, but the great Supreme Spiritual Power, whom the Christians call God, created the world out of preexisting material, as men create a house or a ship out of trees that a few weeks before were growing in the forest. The house may be only one year old, but some of the material of which it is composed, in its former condition of forest trees may be several hundred years old. So also the world in its present condition may be no more than six thousand years old, while some of the material of which it is composed may be billions of years old. Now, if your correspondents will strive to build up spiritual theories without tearing down the ancient spiritual deliverances of the bible and Christianity, they will do much more good, and much less harm. The authenticity of ancient Spiritualism is the best, the surest basis for modern Spiritualism.

L. M. DAVIS, JR.

We are delighted to have orthodox Christians read *THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER*; it will do them good. When we have sent them sample copies they have generally returned to us an insulting letter, hence we have refrained, as far as possible, from so doing. It is natural that any orthodox Christian would have "grave objections" to much that we publish.

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## GRAND CAMP MEETING!

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 Roster will be open for occupancy, the dates mentioned inclusive by the following gifted and popular speakers: Opening address by President J. S. Leonard, Sunday, August 3rd; Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, August 3rd to 10th; Mrs. East Knight, August 10th to 15th; Edgar W. Emerson, the most noted platform lecturer 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.

Among the mediums engaged, are Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Aspinwall, trance, test and developing medium; Mrs. Leslie Aspinwall, the popular materializing medium; Prof. A. W. S. Rothermel, highly endorsed, a reliable medium for physical manifestations in light; Prof. G. G. W. Vanhorn, healer and spirit test medium; Mrs. S. A. Bartholmes, trance, psychometric and mental healing medium; Frank Foster, who possesses the rare and wonderful gift of spirit photography; Mrs. V. C. Richards, a reliable and safe writing medium; Mrs. A. H. Sals very gifted clairvoyant medium; Mrs. Olive A. Bligh, 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 control.

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

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