

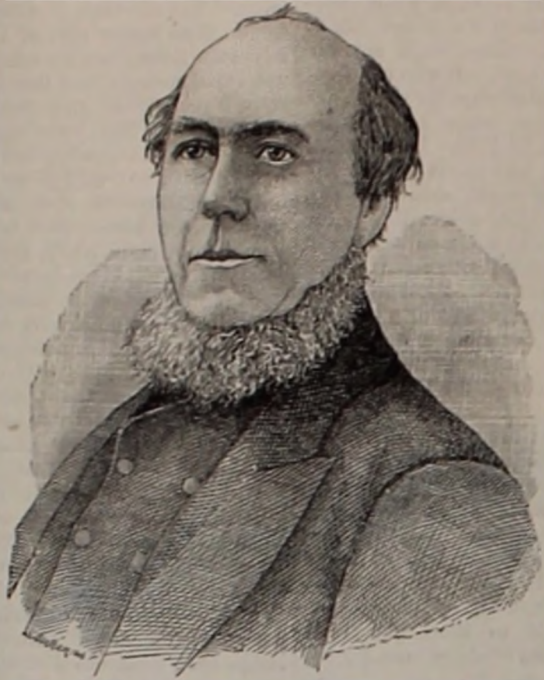
THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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

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THE ASSASSINATION.

LINCOLN AND CHINIQUEY.

We can not know One Without Becoming Acquainted With the Other.

The Startling Story Told by Charles Chiniquy in his "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome."

On July 30 of last year, at the town of St. Anne, Illinois, was celebrated the 80th birthday anniversary of "Father" Chiniquy, a likeness of whom is given above. There was a large assemblage of people composed not only of those who were citizens of the place, but a goodly number were gathered there from all points of the compass as well. They met to do honor to one who had passed his life in *doing good* and in *being good*. There were addresses, speeches, letters and telegrams and a fitting response from Father Chiniquy himself, from which we extract the following:

"The truth having made me free, and rejecting now in the liberty of the children of God, I invited you, people of St. Anne, to look in the same glorious light, to feed upon the same divine bread, and to enroll under the banner of Christ. The voice of God found an echo in your noble hearts and thousands of you accepted the message of life which God had chosen me to offer you. Our acceptance of the truth was considered by bishops and priests of Rome as a declaration of war to them. Ever true to their imperial principles, ever thirsty for the blood of those who break the papal yoke, they determined to exterminate us, according to the teachings of their great theologian and guide, Thomas Aquinas. Thirty-nine times they brought me before criminal courts to answer to their false accusations. I have been a prisoner under bail fifteen years; many of you have been called to testify in the courts to my innocence, and can today bear me out in what I say.

"But if God is for us, who can be against us? We trusted Him, in Him alone, and He has not forsaken us. He has delivered us from the hands of our enemies. He has rescued us from their plots to kill us. Many of them have already been called to their own reward. Bishop Duggan lost his mind and ended his life in an insane asylum; Bishop O'Regan, after having been degraded by the pope on account of his depravity, died a miserable death. These two bishops had been, in the hands of the church of Rome, the two main instruments of persecution against us as you will remember. They have passed away, and the same identical flag (referring to the stars and stripes) which we raised at their first attack and on which we had written 'no surrender,' unfurls yet today its inspiring folds over our heads and bears witness to our victory."

It was during the criminal persecutions, or rather persecutions, above referred to, that Mr. Chiniquy secured the services of Abraham Lincoln, then a lawyer of Illinois, as his attorney. Between these two a warm attachment sprang up. When Mr. Chiniquy had been triumphantly vindicated by Abraham Lincoln, then it was that the latter became an object of hatred of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The history of Mr. Chiniquy, his labors, travels, sufferings, triumphs, persecutions and marvelous escapes from death, form one of the most wonderful narratives of the century. He is the most remarkable character, religiously, of modern times. His life, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," a work of 832 pages, has run through 30 editions, of 1500 copies each; the publisher, Adam Craig, informs me that the plates, his office, and editions of the book, have twice been mysteriously destroyed by fire. But the publisher is plucky. When other publishers refused to print the book he came forward and has in the face of continual reverses supplied the book to the world. This work contains, among other matters of a national nature, a chapter showing by whose efforts the death of Abraham Lincoln was brought about and which we print in this article by permission of the author and publisher.

Charles Chiniquy was born July 30, 1809,

at Kamoraska, Canada. Five years later his parents emigrated to Murray Bay, at which place he received his early education at the hands of his mother, there being no schools located there at that time. The bible, printed in Latin and French, was the book in which he was taught to read and it was from this circumstance that Mr. Chiniquy learned so much of it and, when the time came when he could no longer be a Romanist without giving up the bible, he chose to leave the priesthood. It was his devotion and love of the bible that made his life as a priest of Roman paganism one that was incessantly full of toil, hardship, trials and peril. His history reads like a romance. At all times and places he was discovering where the bible and the church conflicted, and, in his loyalty to the book his mother taught him to read, he was ever being placed in antagonistic positions with his ecclesiastical superiors and his fellow priests. There was in all his experience as a priest one broad and grand work, that of becoming the foremost figure in the cause of temperance in Canada, and he was so successful in that work that he was the means of reforming not only the various parishes he successfully had charge of as a priest but the neighboring parishes and priests, and lastly his bishop, as well. This work was of so pronounced a character that he was officially named "The Apostle of Temperance of Canada," by the bishop of Montreal. It is a remarkable fact that a work so successfully performed, in the face of a strong clerical opposition, was the result of a visit to him of his spirit mother. He had in his parish a married lady who, becoming addicted to drink, had in one of her drunken spells, accidentally killed her child, the effect of which was so severe upon the mother as to cause her death. From being the witness of such a terrible sequel, Mr. Chiniquy felt in need of solitude and shut himself up in his private room for two days where he gave himself up to meditation and prayer. Page 286 of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" tells what happened the second night, which is of deep interest to all who believe in the immortality of the soul and its power to return:

"In the middle of that horrible night, when the darkness was most profound and the stillness fearful, was I awake, was I sleeping? I do not know. But I saw the calm, beautiful and cherished form of my dear mother standing by me, holding by the hand the late murderer, still covered by the blood of her child. Yes! my beloved mother was there standing before me; and she said, with power and authority which engraved every one of her words on my soul, as if written with letters of tears, blood and fire: 'Go all over Canada; tell every father of a family never to put any intoxicating drink before his children. Tell all the mothers never to take a drop of those cursed wines and drinks. Tell the whole people of Canada never to touch or look at the poisonous cup, filled with those cursed intoxicating drinks. And thou, my beloved son, give up forever the use of those detestable beverages, which are cursed in hell, in heaven and on earth. It bites like a serpent, it stings like an adder.'"

Mr. Chiniquy's mother had at this time been in the Spirit-world for many years, yet the message she gave him was faithfully carried out for upward of twelve years after, from 1839 to 1851, at which time the "Governor and the two Chambers of Parliament of Canada" voted him public thanks and presented him with \$2,500 as a public testimony of their kind feelings for what he had done in the cause of temperance. The city of Montreal also presented him with a gold medal.

These facts in Mr. Chiniquy's early history prove incontrovertibly that he was a man of unwavering devotion to what he believed to be right. He had the courage of his convictions so as to act them out; in a word he was all that goes to make a brave and upright man. It is no wonder, then, that, after his signal success in the cause of temperance, he was selected to be the standard bearer for the French Canadian Catholic colonies that were designed to be planted upon the broad prairies of Illinois. The Bishop of Chicago invited him to carry out this work, and Mr. Chiniquy accepted the task. Shortly after arriving in Illinois he selected the site of what is now the town of St. Anne,

his present home, as the best place for a colony, and inside of ten days after, fifty families located on the spot. His great success aroused the jealousy of some disreputable priests who sought to create trouble between him and his bishop by writing letters of a defamatory nature and attributed their authorship to Mr. Chiniquy. The priest who wrote these letters was detected, and Mr. Chiniquy was exonerated. The bishop finding so much wickedness among his priests, resigned and a new bishop, Rev. O'Regan, was appointed in his place. This bishop was influenced against Mr. Chiniquy, however successfully, and he forbade Mr. Chiniquy to circulate the bible. Bishop O'Regan becoming guilty of depriving the French Catholics of their church, etc., Mr. Chiniquy remonstrated, and the bishop done all in his power to remove him. In this the bishop was unsuccessful, for he could not find anything against Mr. Chiniquy's character. Other causes also led to a rupture, such as trying to make Mr. Chiniquy associate with dissolute and drunken priests. Failing in all these things a plot was concocted against Mr. Chiniquy, and he was several times brought before the criminal courts; each time, however, Mr. Chiniquy defeated his enemies. Lastly a charge was brought against him of a terrible character and the case was set to be tried in a distant county where Mr. Chiniquy was unknown. Instead of being tried at Kankakee where he was known, a change of venue was brought to the court of Urbana, in Champaign county. Mr. Chiniquy in the meantime being held as a prisoner, under bail, by the sheriff. In this "dark hour" a stranger advised him to secure the services of Abraham Lincoln, and meeting with a favorable response from his lawyers, he telegraphed Mr. Lincoln if he would defend his honor and his life at the next May term of the court at Urbana. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln replied:

"Yes, I will defend your honor and your life at the next May term at Urbana."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Of the first trial at Urbana, Mr. Chiniquy says: "I spent six long days at Urbana as a criminal. During the greater part of that time all that human language can express of abuse and insult was heaped on my poor head. I never heard anything like the eloquence of Abraham Lincoln when he demolished the testimony of the two perjured priests who with a dozen other false witnesses, had sworn against me." Through the mistake of having one Roman Catholic on the jury, it was unable to agree—the Catholic being like the man who never met eleven such men before. And the case was again set for trial for the following October.

Now came the greatest trial of Mr. Chiniquy's life. His enemies, rich, powerful, high in position, scrupled at no means and left no stone unturned to crush him. At the last trial so positive was the perjured evidence that when it was once heard the Chicago papers were telegraphed that he would be convicted. Yet this very circumstance saved Mr. Chiniquy's being a victim to his foes. A lady in Chicago reading the papers said it would be too bad, for she knew Mr. Chiniquy was innocent. Not being able to go to Urbana, her husband prevailed on another lady who knew the same facts to go in her place. Upon her arrival the whole plot was exposed and Mr. Chiniquy was saved—the witnesses leaving town before court opened the second day for fear of being lynched. Indeed, so grave was the case and so strong the evidence that at the close of the first day Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Chiniquy, "The only way to be sure of a favorable verdict to-morrow is, that God Almighty would take your part and show your innocence! Go to Him, and pray, for He alone can save you." Mr. Chiniquy went to his room, but not to sleep as we may readily suppose, but to pray. When the lady arrived from Chicago she went direct to Mr. Lincoln and told him all. At three o'clock Mr. Lincoln told Mr. Chiniquy he was saved. At the opening of the court the next morning the prosecution withdrew the case acknowledging the innocence of Mr. Chiniquy. "Mr. Lincoln," says Mr. Chiniquy, "having accepted that reparation in my name, made a short, but one of the most admirable speeches I had ever heard, on the cruel injustices I had suffered from my merciless persecutors, and denounced the rascality of the priests who had perjured themselves, with such terrible colors that it had been wise on their part to fly away and disappear before the opening of the court; for the whole city was ransacked for them by hundreds." Abraham Lincoln had now defended Mr. Chiniquy for more than a year, yet such was the friendship he acquired for Mr. Chiniquy that he would not accept over fifty dollars for his services, writing a note for that amount for Mr. Chiniquy to sign. We here quote from "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," page 663-4.

When Abraham Lincoln was writing the due bill, the relaxation of the great strain upon my mind, and the great kindness of my benefactor and defender in charging me so little for such a service, and the terrible presentiment that he would pay with his life what he had done for me, caused me to break into sobs and tears.

As Mr. Lincoln had finished writing the due bill, he turned round to me and said, "Father Chiniquy, what are you crying for? Ought you not to be the most happy man alive? You have beaten your enemies and gained the most glorious victory, and you will come out of all your troubles in triumph."

"Dear Mr. Lincoln," I answered, "allow me to tell you that the joy I should naturally feel for such a victory is destroyed in my mind by the fear of what it may cost you. There were, then, in the crowd, not less than ten or twelve Jesuits from Chicago and St. Louis, who came to hear my sentence of condemnation to the penitentiary. But it was on their heads that you have brought the thunders of heaven and earth! Nothing can be compared to the expression

of their rage against you, when you not only wrenched me from their cruel hands, but you were making the walls of the court-house tremble under the awful and superhuman eloquent denunciation of their infamy, diabolical malice, and total want of Christian and human principle, in the plot they had formed for my destruction. What troubles my soul, just now, and draws my tears, is that it seems to me that I have read your sentence of death in their bloody eyes. How many other noble victims have already fallen at their feet!

He tried to divert my mind, at first, with a joke. "Sign this," said he, "it will be my warrant of death."

But after I had signed, he became more solemn, and said, "I know that Jesuits never forget nor forsake. But men must not care how and where he dies, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty," and he left me.

Shortly after these occurrences Mr. Chiniquy and all his people with him withdrew from the Catholic communion, and to this day in the town of St. Anne, Illinois, are pastor and people faithful to each other. We must now introduce Mr. Chiniquy's evidence regarding the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and see how his fears were only too sadly realized.

Why is it that the poor, the bruised, the wounded and the oppressed from every land turn their eyes, their hearts and their steps towards this country? It is because all the echoes of heaven and earth have told them that the United States Republic is *par excellence*, the land of fraternity, fair-play, equality and liberty.

The Pope of Rome and his Jesuits know this better than any one. Hence, their constant and supreme efforts to destroy this Republic. Believing and preaching that it is their duty to exterminate the individuals who differ from them in religion, they assume that it is their duty to destroy the governments and the nations who refuse to submit to their yoke, when they can do it safely.

The mission of Rome being, to teach that the inferior, the people, must obey his superior, just as the corpse obeys the hand which moves it, or as the stick obeys the arm which directs it, she knows well that she cannot fulfill her mission and attain her object so long as this government of a free, sovereign people, stands; she is, then bound to oppose, paralyze and destroy that government when she finds her opportunity.

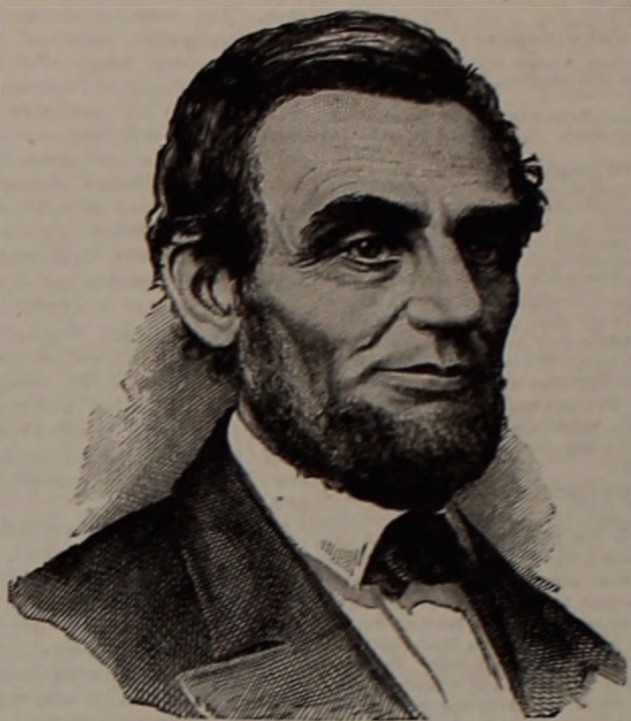
With lynx's eye, she watched that opportunity; and with anxiety and rage she spied from her cradle the onward march of this young giant Republic. She knew that it was in the bosom of every true citizen of the United States to propagate those accursed (by her principles of equality, fraternity and liberty all over the world. She saw that the irresistible influence of those principles were felt on the most distant nations, as well as on the poor, miserable, Irish people she was keeping under her heavy and ignominious yoke; she understood that there was a real danger for her very existence, if those principles would continue to spread; that her slavery star would go down as the liberty star would rise on the horizon. In a word, Rome saw at once that the very existence of the United States was a formal menace to her own life. From the very beginning, she perfidiously sowed the germs of division and hatred between the two great sections of this country, and she felt an unspeakable joy when she saw that she had succeeded in dividing its South from the North, on the burning question of slavery. She looked upon that division as her golden opportunity. To crush one party by the other, and reign over the bloody ruins of both, has invariably been her policy. She hoped that the hour of her supreme triumph over this continent was come. She ordered her elder son, the Emperor of France, to keep himself ready to help her crush the North, by having an army in Mexico ready to support the South, and she bade all the Roman Catholic bishops, priests and people to enroll themselves under the banners of slavery, by joining themselves to the party of Democracy. And everybody knows how the Roman Catholic bishops and priests, almost to a man, obeyed that order.

CHINIQUEY'S FIRST VISIT TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

At the end of August, having known from a Roman Catholic priest, whom, by the mercy of God, I had persuaded to leave the errors of popery, that there was a plot among them to assassinate the President, I thought it was my duty to go and tell him what I knew, at the same time giving him a new assurance of gratitude for what he had done for me.

Knowing that I was among those who were waiting in the ante-chamber, he sent immediately for me, and received me with greater cordiality and marks of kindness than I could expect.

"I am so glad to meet you again," he said, "you see that your friends, the Jesuits, have not yet killed me. But they would have surely done it, when I passed through their most devoted city, Baltimore, had I not defeated their plans, by passing incognito, a few hours before they expected me. We have the proof that the company which had been selected and organized to murder me, was led by a rabid Roman Catholic, called Byrne; it was almost entirely composed of Roman Catholics; more than that, there were two disguised priests among them, to lead and encourage them. I am sorry to have so little time to see you; but I will not let you go before telling you that a few days ago, I saw Mr. Morse, the learned inventor of electric telegraphy; he told me that, when he was in Rome, not long ago, he found out the proofs of a most formidable conspiracy against this country and all its institutions. It is evident that it is to the intrigues and emissaries of the



Abraham Lincoln

pope that we owe, in great part, the horrible civil war which is threatening to cover the country with blood and ruins."

Shortly afterward the President excused himself and made an appointment to see Mr. Chiniquy the next day, saying:

"Please come again to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I have a very important question to ask you, on a matter which has been constantly before my mind, these last few weeks."

The next day, I was there, at the appointed hour, with my noble friend who said:

"I could not give you more than ten minutes, yesterday, but I will give you twenty, to-day. I want your views about a thing which is exceedingly puzzling to me, and you are the only one to whom I would like to speak on that subject. A great number of Democratic papers have been sent to me, lately, evidently written by Roman Catholics, publishing that I was born a Roman Catholic, and baptized by a priest. They call me a renegade, an apostate, on account of that; and they heap upon my head mountains of abuse. At first I laughed at that, for it is a lie. Thanks be to God, I have never been a Roman Catholic. No priest of Rome has ever laid his hand on my head. But the persistence of the Romish press to present this falsehood to their readers as a gospel truth, must have a meaning. Please tell me, as briefly as possible, what you think about that."

"My dear President," I answered, "it was just this strange story published about you, which brought me here yesterday. I wanted to say a word about it, but you were too busy."

"Let me tell you that I wept as a child when I read that story for the first time. For, not only my impression is, that it is your sentence of death; but I have from the lips of a converted priest, that it is in order to excite the fanaticism of the Roman Catholic murderers, whom they hope to find, sooner or later, to strike you down, they have invented that false story of your being born in the church of Rome, and of your being baptized by a priest. They want by that to brand your face with the ignominious mark of apostasy. Do not forget that, in the church of Rome, an apostate is an outcast, who has no place in society, and who has no right to live."

"The Jesuits want the Roman Catholics to believe that you are a monster, an open enemy of God and of his church, that you are an excommunicated man. For every apostate is, *ipso facto* (by that very fact) excommunicated. I have brought to you the theology of one of the most learned and approved of the Jesuits of his time, Bussambaum, who, with many others, say that the man who will kill you will do a good and holy work. More than that, here is a copy of a decree of Gregory VII., proclaiming that the killing of an apostate, or an heretic and an excommunicated man, as you are declared to be, is not murder; nay, that it is a good, a Christian action. That decree is incorporated in the canon law, which every priest must study; and which every good Catholic must follow."

"My dear President, I must repeat to you here what I said when in Urbana, in 1850. My fear is that you will fall under the blows of a Jesuit assassin, if you do not pay more attention than you have done, till now, to protect yourself. Remember that because Coligny was an heretic, as you are, he was brutally murdered in the St. Bartholomew night; that Henry IV. was stabbed by the Jesuit assassin, Revillaud, the 14th of May, 1610, for having given liberty of conscience to his people, and that William the Taciturn, was shot dead by another Jesuit murderer, called Girard, for having broken the yoke of the pope. The church of Rome is absolutely the same to-day, as she was then; she does believe and teach, to-day, as then, that she has the right and that it is her duty to punish by death any heretic who is in her way as an obstacle to her designs. The unanimity with which the Catholic hierarchy of the United States is on the side of the rebels, is

an uncontrovertible evidence that Rome wants to destroy this Republic, and as you are, by your personal virtues, your popularity, your love for liberty, your position, the greatest obstacle to their diabolical scheme, their hatred is concentrated upon you; you are the daily object of their maledictions; it is at your breast they will direct their blows. My blood chills in my veins, when I contemplate the day which may come, sooner or later, when Rome will add to her other iniquities, the murder of Abraham Lincoln."

When saying these things to the President, I was exceedingly moved, my voice was as choked, and I could hardly retain my tears. But the President was perfectly calm. When I had finished speaking, he took the volume of Bussambaum from my hands, read the lines which I had marked with red ink, and I helped him to translate them into English. He, then, gave me back the book, and said:

"I will repeat to you what I said at Urbana, when for the first time you told me your fears lest I would be assassinated by the Jesuits. 'Man must not care where and when he will die, provided he dies at the post of honor and duty.' But I may add, to-day, that I have a presentiment that God will call me to him through the hand of an assassin. Let his will, and not mine, be done!" He then looked at his watch, and said: "I am sorry that the twenty minutes I had consecrated to our interview have almost passed away; I will be forever grateful for the warning words you have addressed to me about the dangers ahead to my life, from Rome. I know that they are not imaginary dangers. If I were fighting against a Protestant South, as a nation, there would be no danger of assassination. The nations who read the Bible fight bravely on the battle-fields, but they do not assassinate their enemies. The pope and the Jesuits, with their infernal Inquisition, are the only organized power in the world which has recourse to the dagger of the assassin to murder those whom they cannot convince with their arguments, or conquer with the sword."

"Unfortunately, I feel more and more, every day, that it is not against the Americans of the South, alone, I am fighting, it is more against the pope of Rome, his perfidious Jesuits, and their blind and blood-thirsty slaves, than against the real American Protestants, that we have to defend ourselves. Here is the real danger of our position. So long as they will hope to conquer the North, they will spare me; but the day we will rout their armies (and the day will surely come, with the help of God), take their cities and force them to submit; then, it is my impression that the Jesuits, who are the principal rulers of the South, will do what they have almost invariably done in the past. The dagger or the pistol of one of their adepts, will do what the strong hands of the warriors could not achieve. This civil war seems to be nothing but a political affair to those who do not see, as I do, the secret springs of that terrible drama. But it is more a religious than a civil war. It is Rome who wants to rule and degrade the North, as she has ruled and degraded the South, from the very day of its discovery. There are only very few of the Southern leaders who are not more or less under the influence of the Jesuits, through their wives, family relations and their friends. Several members of the family of Jeff Davis belong to the church of Rome. Even the Protestant ministers are under the influence of the Jesuits without suspecting it. To keep her ascendancy in the North, as she does in the South, Rome is doing here what she has done in Mexico, and in all the South American republics; she is paralyzing, by a civil war, the arms of the soldiers of Liberty. She divides our nation, in order to weaken, subdue and rule it."

"Surely we have some brave and reliable Roman Catholic officers and soldiers in our armies, but they form an insignificant minority when compared with the Roman Catholic traitors against whom we have to

Continued on third page.

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SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1890.

PROF. O. H. RICHMOND.

The Mystic Brotherhood.

A Resume of what has Heretofore Appeared Regarding the Order of the Magi.

Inasmuch as the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has largely increased since we began the publication of interviews, lectures and articles last April, regarding the wonderful and mysterious knowledge of occult forces in nature possessed by Prof. Richmond of Grand Rapids, Michigan, we have deemed it best to give a brief resume of what has heretofore appeared, for the benefit of the thousands of our readers who have not read those articles.

On the 5th day of April, 1890, we published an article taken from the Grand Rapids Daily Democrat, of March 2nd wherein Mr. Richmond gave a reporter of that paper the first public statement of how he started in his occult studies. This article was headed:

"A MYSTERIOUS TALE"

and told, among other things, how the Professor became a member of the Magi, detailing his experience with a mysterious stranger at Nashville, Tenn., 1864, and receiving of the magic Word; an initiation into the secrets of ancient Egypt; his narrow escapes afterwards and adventures while apparently in the hands of fate; his studies and struggles while seeking for light; the visit to Chicago in 1871, and finding the ancient occult book that unlocked the mysteries of the past; an oath-bound order and Magic Temple; visit of the Democrat reporter to the Temple and witnessing of seeming miracles there, etc.

This article awakened such a vast amount of interest among our readers, that we desired more light regarding what appeared to us beyond the range of ordinary matters, nearly to the verge of incredibility. We therefore sent a reliable and scientific reporter to Grand Rapids to interview Mr. Richmond. He made two visits to the Temple, and the result appeared in our issue of May 31st in the shape of two articles covering the entire first page. The first was headed:

"A MYSTIC TEMPLE."

Startling revelations were given regarding the Ancient Magi and the order of Masonry; a full description of the Temple with its planets and satellites moving about an electric sun. The charts and valuable books used in the exercises and instructions in the Temple were fully described. Our reporter, being a Mason of high degree, obtained other information regarding the famous "Lost Word" of Ancient Oriental Masonry, and how the "Word" became lost to the modern world at the building of King Solomon's Temple. The second article was headed:

"THE MAGI—MORE WONDERFUL REVELATIONS."

and contained a full description of our reporter's second visit wherein he was almost paralyzed by seeing his own cane turned into what appeared to be a snake before his eyes, and many mysteries performed that seemed incredible. Prognostications were made and afterwards fulfilled on the spot; and in many ways, as our reporter remarked, "twenty-six centuries back was brought to the doors of the 19th."

These interviews created wide spread excitement, and letters poured in from all quarters, both to us and Prof. Richmond, asking innumerable questions. Mr. Richmond soon published a notice in this paper informing the public that he had nothing to sell, and was not able to answer questions by mail, being engaged constantly in his business as a member of the firm of O. H. Richmond & Co., Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists at Grand Rapids. Notwithstanding this notice, the seekers after light have continued to send letters by the dozen up to this time. So much interest was manifested, that we resolved to obtain reports of all

lectures delivered by Prof. Richmond, if possible; being always determined to obtain the best thought extant upon all scientific and spiritual subjects for the benefit of our numerous readers. In pursuance of this policy, we had a full unabridged report made of a lecture delivered by the Professor at Grand Rapids, in the month of June, which appeared in our issue of July 26, under the title of

"LOOKING BACKWARD—A GLANCE INTO THE PAST HISTORY OF THE EARTH."

This lecture fully sustained the reputation gained by the speaker, by what had gone before, being a comprehensive survey of the earth from remote eras in the past from geological, astronomical, historical and scientific standpoints. He showed that the history of the Magi extended to more than thirteen thousand years before Christ, and an inferential history actually extended to more than 22,000 years ago, as proven by astronomical eras and symbols now in existence. He showed that the so-called "Copernician System," was well known to the Egyptians long, long before the dark ages and the teachings of Ptolemy. He showed where human life probably began at the North Pole, and how mankind retreated Southward to the, afterwards, "Lost Atlantis." This lecture contained many quotations from various scientific works and caused widespread attention and discussion. This lecture was followed by one entitled

"ASTRAL MAGNETISM OR THE OCCULT FORCES IN NATURE"

which we published August 16. We also copied a long and well written article from the Grand Rapids Democrat, giving a reporter's investigation into the new-old philosophy and the result of tests given by Prof. Richmond. This appeared in our issue of July 19, and was copied by several of our exchanges.

September 13th, we published an article from Prof. Hulse of Lowell, Mass., who is a member of the Boston Society of Anthropology. In this article the writer gave a detailed statement of a visit to Prof. Richmond and several remarkable tests witnessed there, together with some comparisons made between astronomical and physical characteristics according to the science of Sarcophony by Prof. Buchanan. The appearance of this article, which was soon followed, September 20th, by a lecture by Prof. Richmond, entitled "Vibrations, or Life and Motion in Nature," intensified the interest to such an extent that we wrote to the Professor to the effect that we thought it advisable to not stir up any more excitement unless he could come to Chicago and open a Temple before long, and thus gratify the public demand. This letter reached Mr. R. at Highland Park, Michigan, where he and his family were spending the summer, and we were gratified with a reply that Mr. R. would come here in a few weeks. He subsequently returned to Grand Rapids only to pack his household belongings, and offer his business for sale; leaving the same in charge of his business partner, Mr. L. Judd Shaffer, Mr. R. and family started for our city and arrived on the 13th of October.

Some time in July last, we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Dr. Alma, whom we found were members of the Order of the Magi and were familiar with the teachings and wonderful manifestations of occult phenomena. These friends assured us that all we had published was true. Our readers will naturally infer from all this, that we were prepared for almost anything. But strange to say, we now see that we did not, nor could not begin to realize the vastness of the new light that has dawned upon the earth through the researches of Prof. Richmond and his colleagues. We saw illustrated the action of the astral forces over the soul or astral man, in a manner to set aside all doubt. We were shown several of the occult mysteries that have been described heretofore by our reporter and Mr. Hulse, and all under the strictest test conditions. For nearly half an hour the editor of this paper performed certain operations usually regarded as mere chance and without any consciousness that he was acting under inexorable laws. All this time a book lay on the table in front of him, containing a prediction dated Sept. 20, 1890, which in plain English told how said editor would come to this house Oct. 15, and would perform certain mysteries with certain results. This prediction was true in every detail. The prognostication was written in ink, and was certainly made before the events it foretold, let the time be long or short. We intended to make a full and detailed account of the entire phenomena, but on writing it out we found it occupied too much space.

PRESENT STATE OF THE WORK.

Prof. Richmond has secured, for a term of years, a large fine dwelling on the South side, at No. 17 Thirty-third street. It is a beautiful locality, between Cottage Grove Ave. and the Lake; it possesses the advantage of being but a few rods from the cable on the Avenue, and yet upon a quiet, clean resident street where the air and surrounding influences are the best attainable in this bustling, growing city. The Temple is just established, and Mr. Richmond will be found at home to seekers after light. He will be glad to meet brothers and sisters of the Valley City who have so nobly assisted him in the work in the past. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has been constituted the official organ of the Order of the Magi in America, and will contain all information necessary to those interested in the work. Details relative to membership, etc., will be found under the appropriate head from time to time.

Prof. Richmond is now prepared to receive applications for membership in the Order of the Magi, and blank applications will soon be ready for distribution. Non-residents can become members when suitably recommended, and subject to full initiation when able to visit Chicago. Particulars will be given at the Temple, No. 17 Thirty-third street, near Cottage Grove avenue.

The Assassination of President Lincoln.

This issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has special importance and significance, as recording history. The details accompanying the assassination of President Lincoln will be read with thrilling interest. It shows throughout the hydra-headed Jesuitism which will prove a curse to any country, and which is trying to subvert our present system of free schools in Illinois and Wisconsin.

OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN.

It Will be Inaugurated by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

We are happy to announce to our readers that we have secured the services of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, one of the finest mediums in the world for the transmission of thoughts from the spirit side of life, and she will deliver twelve addresses, to be reported especially for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. These addresses will be from leading denizens in the Summer-land, who will, among other thoughts presented, detail some of their varied experiences in the celestial regions. These productions will prove of great value to our readers and will appear monthly. Just think for a moment of the feast of good things in store for our readers, and that, too, at the cost of only about 14 cents per week—16 weeks for 25 cents. Mrs. Richmond's lectures will fill an important niche in the Spiritualistic literature with which our paper will be crowded. Remember, Spiritualists, we are bringing you in contact with the leading minds of the age, and that, too, at the lowest possible cost. This week we are sending out thousands of copies at 1 cent each. Where one thousand copies have been ordered to be sent to one address, they have been furnished for \$6, only about 1 cent each. This week our edition will reach 17,000 a larger number probably than issued at any time by any other Spiritualist paper in the world. Our object is not to make money, but to do an educational work, and that we are doing to an extent equalled by no other Spiritualistic paper. Spiritualists, aid us in this work to enlighten the world by extending our circulation, costing each subscriber only a little over one cent a week.

Extend Our Circulation.

Why? Because, in so doing, you give us that support which enables us to send forth the paper at reduced cost to those unable to pay for it. That THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the people, is self-evident. But after all, the field has only been partially worked. Every day we are receiving letters announcing that the writers for the first time had received a copy of the paper. They are delighted with it, and want back numbers. We believe our subscription list can be greatly increased; in fact we know it can. We have already the largest circulation of any Spiritualist paper in the world! We believe that within one year we shall have a larger circulation than all the other Spiritualist papers in this country combined, and even then be not extraordinarily large.

Remember!

Remember, Spiritualists, that we are doing what no other Spiritualist can do to the same extent. We are sending out many copies at 25 cents per year; and many copies at 50 cents per year, and all to God's poor, many of whom are the very cream of the earth. We take particular pleasure in doing this work. It does us good, makes us feel good, and we feel that we are not living in vain. Every yearly subscription and every trial subscription assists us in this work. If you withdraw your subscription to that extent you weaken us in our efforts to gladden some yearning heart.

The Progressive Thinker.

During the last five weeks THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has issued the following editions: 7,900,—8,000,—8,300,—8,500,—17,000. If there is another Spiritualist paper anywhere on this earth that has issued during five weeks as large editions, let them speak out. Bear in mind that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is not a year old. Its subscription list, its daily receipts, and the entire business of the office are constantly open for inspection. The light of heaven shines on our business, and THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper in Chicago where that is allowed.

The Free Thinkers' Magazine for November, H. L. Green, editor, contains much valuable matter. A fine painting of Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan constitutes its frontispiece, and its pages contain a graphic biographical sketch of his eventful life. The leading articles are: "Aristotle's Agreement with Modern Ideas of Virtue," by Sarah A. Underwood; "God in the Constitution," by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll; "The Sorrows of God," by George Jacob Holyoake. The Literary and Editorial Departments are unusually interesting, in which are communications from Parker Pillsbury, Lucy N. Colman, Susan H. Wixon, P. May Holland, "Agnosticus," and other noted liberal writers. Price, 20 cents per copy. Address H. L. Green, No. 383 Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Several subscribers speak enthusiastically of Dr. Greer's position in regard to diet, and think his suggestions invaluable. Another subscriber, Wm. Henry, of Farmersville, N. Y., writes as follows in reference to Dr. G's position: "First, experience has satisfied thousands of people that warm water is one of the best curative agents known to science. Water applied to external wounds or sores as hot as it can be borne often gives relief, and hastens healing. The very best physicians recommend boiling water before drinking, when obliged to drink surface or impure water. Of animal food he makes the broad assertion, 'There is no life in dead animal matter, therefore no nutrition.' This contradicts chemical analysis and experience. Nearly the whole food of the Esquimaux Indians is walrus flesh. When Dr. Kane's men were dying of scurvy, a few draughts of walrus broth and a hearty meal of the flesh following, would immediately put them on the way to recovery. Many times, when a majority of his men were helpless with that disease, they were cured by fresh walrus alone. What seems still more erroneous is his denunciation of all cooked food. The prisoners of Andersonville were confined almost exclusively to Indian meal. Scarcely a man who attempted to live on uncooked meal lived, while those who baked their meal generally lived."

Mark M. Pomeroy.

He gave us a call last week on his way to attend to his mining interests in connection with the mountain tunnel in Colorado. Mr. Pomeroy is a genial gentleman, and he is doing with his *Advanced Thought*, a monthly publication in New York, an educational work much needed. We hope his anticipations of success with his great enterprise will be fully realized, for he has many philanthropic projects that he wishes to carry out, and which would greatly benefit humanity.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook.

We shall publish next week an able address, delivered by Dr. R. B. Westbrook, of Philadelphia, before the Secular Union at Portsmouth, Ohio. The press of matter this week prevents its appearance. The address is full of suggestive facts.

A General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—its Workers Doings, etc.

Bishop A. Beals will lecture during November at Detroit Mich.

Dr. N. P. Phelan, of this city, is delivering a course of parlor lectures on the North side, on "The Ancient Wisdom." Those in attendance seem to be delighted with his explanations of the underlying principles of the universe. We understand he is open to engagements for the coming winter. His address is 619 Jackson Boulevard.

Miss E. F. Porter, of Onset, Mass., writes: "This is the very best Spiritual paper ever printed."

S. K. writes: "The Peoples' Spiritual Society service, held at 2:30 p. m., 26th inst., at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 S. Peoria St., was attended by an interested audience, to listen to Dr. Ferris, the well-known trance and inspirational speaker. The subject was 'Spiritual Gifts, or Gifts of the Spirit.' Dr. J. C. Phillips responded under control. He gave many psychometric and spirit tests, and sang some beautiful songs. The quartette, Messrs. H. Tolman, Wm. Le-Seuer, Miss Tolman and Miss Alice Jenifer sang some beautiful selections."

W. J. Colville, editor of *The Problem of Life*, is now lecturing in Philadelphia, Pa. Mr. Colville is an indefatigable worker, giving lessons week-day evenings on special subjects, and Sundays lecturing to an audience at Corinthian Hall. His Sunday discourses will be on the following subjects: "The Ethics and Economics of Spiritual Science," and "Man's Relation to Deity." "Man's Relation to the Universe and Planetary Systems," and "The Next Step in Human Progress, Spiritual, Social and Industrial." "The Religion of Humanity Compared with Popular Christianity." "Woman's Work in the Uplifting of Mankind." "Can the Ideal Life Presented by Jesus Christ be Lived in Our Day?"

Dr. J. K. Bailey has again taken the field, in the pioneer missionary work of propagating the philosophy of Spiritualism. He spoke at Almond, N. Y., Oct. 5; at West Salamanca, N. Y., 9; at Steamburg, N. Y., 10; at Columbus, Ohio, 15; at Dayton, Ohio, 19; at Richmond, Ind., 20th; at Little Rock, Ark., 26 and 29. We hope the friends everywhere will give the doctor earnest greeting and support.

J. L. Potter of Wonevow, Wis., has our thanks for his efforts in behalf of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Brother Potter is a veteran Spiritualist.

Mrs. Louis Waisbrooker is now located at Kings Point, Tenn. Mrs. Waisbrooker is very radical. She has written some fine things.

Mr. John Collier, a prominent worker in the cause of reform, is now stopping in the city. He is the guest of Miss Nickerson. He and several other prominent Spiritualists were present at the reception given by Mr. J. E. Hoyt and Mrs. E. V. Snell, Monday evening, Oct. 27. A good time was had by all present.

It is useless to waste argument with people who condemn Spiritualism, for this reason. If a man condemns it from sheer ignorance of the subject, then his argument has no weight, for he does not know what he is talking about. If he is acquainted with the subject matter, and then condemns it, he is lying unto himself and using a false argument, for he knows the truth of spirit return and will not own it. DENNIS.

Dr. L. Alma, electrician and specialist, who uses the Astral Remedies, and Dr. Melendy, general practitioner, have removed their offices to the commodious dwelling No. 17 Thirty-third street, near Cottage Grove Avenue.

J. H. Mendenhall writes: "Please correct the sentence in my article of Oct. 25th beginning in 25th line from bottom, first column, to make it read: 'Will he dare assert that snow, ice and water when attenuated into a mode of invisibility, i. e., into gas, air, etc., are capable of thinking, reasoning, and remembering their former states of existence?'"

Lillian Adele Spencer of New York, writes: "Any thing tending to better the condition of poor suffering humanity, whether it be of a spiritual or material nature, ought to receive the approval and hearty support of every intelligent man and woman, regardless of color, creed or sex. From what I have seen of your paper, I am led to believe that it is engaged in a good work, and especially do I feel impressed to say that the showing up of the true inwardness of Roman Catholicism, by you, is an important step in the right direction and one that you cannot dwell upon too much."

A. Fischer, of Cleveland, Ohio, writes: "Your paper is just what we need. I have never seen a better one. The article in the issue of the 25th of October, entitled 'Infinity,' by Prof. Olney H. Richmond, ought to be framed and hung in the parlor of every seeker after truth, as it is a jewel in every sense of the word."

Mrs. Mary L. Danforth, of Englewood, Ill., writes: "Enclosed, please find one dollar for renewal of subscription for the brightest, and for me, the best paper published, and rightly named, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Ascension of a Noble Woman.

She Has Done a Grand Work For Humanity.

Her Beautiful Life Has Borne Rich Fruits.

Ascended to spirit life, at St. Charles, Ill., Oct. 20, 1890, Mrs. Caroline E. Howard, aged eighty years.

Thus ends the earthly career of one of the most wonderful mediums of this century; one, who, without a doubt, has spread the light of modern Spiritualism among the poor and lowly to a greater degree than any other woman now living. She was born at Hanover, Chataqua Co., N. Y., 1811. Her mother died at her birth; her father followed the mother about six months after. Thus she began life an orphan, tossed about from one relative to another, neglected and abused by them.

An eighteen-year-old brother, while chopping wood one day heard his father say to him: "Go and get Caroline; she is not well used, and take her to some one who will treat her right." He started at once for her. When he arrived at the place where he supposed she was, he could not find her. He searched the house over, and was about to give up, when he thought he heard some one call him from the cellar. On descending to the cellar he could not find her, and was about to return, when he heard her again. The sound seemed to come from a washtub that stood bottom up in the middle of the floor. He quickly turned it over, and there was his little "baby" sister, only ten months old, placed there "to be out of the way," as the woman said.

He took her in his arms and carried her more than a hundred miles through the almost trackless forests of New York, on foot, to a good woman named Mrs. Grosbeck, who adopted her, and proved a kind mother to her. It was a great source of pleasure to Mrs. Howard, that in after years, when Mrs. Grosbeck became old and insane, she was able to keep her foster mother and kindly and tenderly care for her until she passed "over the river," twelve or fourteen years ago.

When she was sixteen years old she was married to a young bricklayer, Lenard Howard, with whom she lived a happy life for nearly sixty years, and was the mother of fourteen children, six of whom survive her, and were all present at her translation. In 1857 she lost a favorite son.

Although Mr. and Mrs. Howard were both devout Christians, their religion did not bring the consolation they had reason to expect, hence they were soon numbered among the vast army of doubters. A few months after Walter's death, the family were greatly annoyed by unaccountable raps. Tables and chairs moved mysteriously. Her work-basket would be upset and contents scattered over the floor, and when she would hold the basket, the lamp would be moved about the table so she could not work. This continued for a long time, much to the disgust of her husband, who attributed it to the devil.

About this time her oldest daughter and husband began the investigation of the "Rochester Knockings," which were creating widespread wonder in the land, and liberal minds were earnestly seeking for the cause. They suggested that a trial be made of the mysterious doings at home. They succeeded better than they expected, for at the very first trial, they got a solution of the trouble. By raps and table tips, Walter told them that it was he who caused all the trouble, and he was not dead, but more alive than ever! His mother believed him, and soon after he caused her to write. Then she became a trance medium, and for years the manifestations that took place at her house were the wonder of the town; suffice it to say that every phase of manifestation known to Spiritualists, except materialization, were given free to the multitude who came to see and be convinced. Two of her daughters were soon developed as mediums. Mrs. O. A. Bishop of 79 S. Peoria St., Chicago, is one of them, and Mrs. Millie Kayner, now in the spirit land; both excellent trance mediums.

Finally Mrs. Howard's mediumship became wholly trance and test, and for thirty-three years she has been before the world, and not one word of censure or complaint has ever been spoken against her.

It is estimated that more than 35,000 persons have visited her professionally, thousands of them without price. Her patrons were from all ranks, from presidents to plowmen, and dukes to peasants, and nearly all have been satisfied, enlightened and directed in the right way.

Her home has been a hospital; for years, aged and infirm relatives came to her and were cared for tenderly until they died and were buried. Her purse and house were always open to those in distress. She had a large, kind heart, and was beloved by all who knew her, and no one Christian or Jew, ever spoke ill of her. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people from all walks of life.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast earned the right to go up higher. Thine example is more potent for good than the words of the mightiest priest that ever lived. Good-by for a short time. B.

J. P. Allen, of Springfield, Ohio, writes: "Since having your paper for two months I have taken a new growth and interest in the spiritual philosophy. I have had various phases of mediumship the last twenty-five years, some of them unlike any others heard of, and only partly understood. Through your paper I began to find light. The vibration theory is of great interest to me. It clears up the phase of discerning colors and tints in the aura of strangers as I meet them. The prophetic has been another phase with me, often true to the letter. But the query with me all the time was: 'How did I get it?' What law? There is also clearing to my mind. Another phase I use in diagnosing defects in the eye. When in the semi-trance, my eyes closed or directed away, I sense (see and feel) all the defects, however complicated and varying."

A. J. Champion of Lansing, Mich., writes: "I have been a subscriber to the *Spiritual Telegraph*, *Herald of Progress*, *Banner of Light* and *Religio-Philosophical Journal*. I am well pleased with your *PROGRESSIVE THINKER*, and think it compares favorably with the best of them."

THE ASSASSINATION.

Continued from fourth page

Such is the narrative told by Mr. Chiniquy in his "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," regarding his connection with Mr. Lincoln and the evidence he has obtained in regard to the assassination of that great and good president.

In speaking of Mr. Chiniquy's book, the *Chicago Inter Ocean* of date July 18, 1886, in a book review, said: "It makes the gravest charges against the highest authorities of the Catholic church in a manner which they will scarcely permit to go unchallenged and unanswered. It is not the province of the editor to review these or to give an opinion regarding them. Some of them, like, for instance, the account of the assassination of President Lincoln, taxes belief; but it (is) stated with such an array of evidence as to need explanation or reason for its untruthfulness. It is a remarkable statement. But the book is crowded with sensations. The author says of his book: 'The waves of Romanism are coming as a deluge upon this country, and they threaten to submerge the rights and liberties so dearly bought. My fifty years spent behind her (Rome's) walls (twenty-five of them as a priest), have not only given me the right, but have imposed upon me the duty of warning the honest and too unsuspecting American people about the dangers ahead from Rome!' (It is proper to add that the italics in the above are ours). The lapse of time since that book review was first published gives added significance to the words italicized above. No explanation or reason has been given that the writer knows of. In the face of this terrible accusation of the most dastardly political crime of the century the lips of Rome are silent.

No less than thirty public attempts have been made upon the life of Mr. Chiniquy since his renunciation of Roman Paganism. He has counted his converts from her church by the thousand, and it is claimed that thirty thousand Catholics have renounced Romanism through his efforts. Hence their desire to destroy him. But Mr. Chiniquy still lives, and nowhere in the length or breadth of this great world is there a priest who has the courage to face him openly and manfully, upon the rostrum. When this good man shall have passed away it will then be too late for Rome to attempt to impeach his word. His life on earth will form an impregnable armor against the assaults of his enemies and like John Brown, his soul will "go marching on."

Inuendo and calumny towards Mr. Chiniquy is no answer to his charges. His life and book furnish complete and conclusive evidence of his worth and integrity. The court records of Illinois are an insurmountable wall of facts that his enemies cannot possibly hope to surmount. Their silence now and since these charges were first published prove conclusively that they have no hope of refuting his terrible charges against them. The American people, too, will not be satisfied with any display on the part of Rome after Mr. Chiniquy's death. To set aside these charges proof, positive and certain, must be forthcoming before that event takes place. The Roman Catholic priests of this country must also understand that they cannot plead ignorance of the existence of Mr. Chiniquy, or his charges against them—he spends much of his time traveling and lecturing, and wherever he goes he spreads the evidence printed in this last issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER before the people. The *Boston Pilot* calls it a silly story, or words to that effect, but this shows the weakness of their defense and their positive knowledge of him and his work. At no time or place have we to learn of any serious attempt on the part of Romanists to refute his charges, but on the contrary, since the book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome" was first sold to the public, plates and editions, etc., have been twice mysteriously burned. Mr. Chiniquy has been covertly assailed by those who were believed to be his friends, but were but crafty instruments of Rome, to work his undoing.

Such things as these form no answer to what Mr. Chiniquy has charged. A very large portion of the people of this country are now fully conversant with these facts and their number cannot be computed at less than ten hundred thousand, and we feel safe in saying that if a vote of these were taken to-day on this question that they would be unanimous in believing his charges to be true. Romanism can no longer trifle or sneer, or attempt to belittle Mr. Chiniquy's charges. They must be met, they must be met during Mr. Chiniquy's lifetime—they must also be met in an open, fair, candid and manly way. No foreign methods will avail their defense, the people of America demand such things to be settled in an American way. But will Rome do this? We think not. Were such a thing possible, this would have been done long ago. For nearly six years now Rome has been silent. What, then, must be the conclusion our readers must draw? We have studied, as well as we could, all possible facts in the case, gathered from newspaper files, histories of Mr. Lincoln, and kindred works, and we have found no facts that materially affect the truthfulness of Mr. Chiniquy's charges, but, on the contrary, history is in harmony with them. They are also in harmony with those things happening daily of a similar nature. Brave men go to their death now, through Jesuit traps, just as certainly as they did in the days of Torquemada and the Stuarts. No honest American can study this case without becoming convinced that Mr. Chiniquy's terrible charges are true. That he has so successfully withstood the assaults of his enemies is one of the greatest proofs that this is a land and government of "liberty, equality and fraternity." But the murder of Abraham Lincoln will never be atoned for so long as a monk remains on American soil.

WILLIS F. WHITEHEAD.

Our readers should buy the book "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." It is an eye-opener of the most stalwart kind in regard to Roman abominations and un-American tenants of the Roman Catholic church. It is a book of which one never tires and should be had by every parent and patriot. The 31st edition has just been issued. Copies can be obtained of the publisher, Adam Craig, 77-79 Jackson St., Chicago, who will send it, postage paid, for \$2.25. W. F. W.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Continued from first page.

guard ourselves, day and night. The fact is, that the immense majority of the Roman Catholic bishops, priests and laymen, are rebels in heart, when they cannot be in fact; with very few exceptions, they are publicly in favor of slavery. I understand, now, why the patriots of France, who determined to see the colors of liberty floating over their great and beautiful country, were forced to hang or shoot almost all the priests and the monks as the irreconcilable enemies of liberty. For it is a fact which is now evident to me, that, with very few exceptions, every priest and every monk Roman Catholic is a determined enemy of liberty. Their extermination, in France, was one of those terrible necessities which no human wisdom could avoid; it looks to me now as an order from heaven to save France. May God grant that the same terrible necessity be never felt in the United States! But there is a thing which is very certain; it is, that if the American people could learn what I know of the fierce hatred of the generality of the priests of Rome against our institutions, our schools, our most sacred rights, and our so dearly bought liberties, they would drive them away, to-morrow, from among us, or they would shoot them as traitors. But I keep those sad secrets in my heart; you are the only one to whom I reveal them, for I know that you learned them before me. The history of these last thousand years tells us that wherever the Church of Rome is not a dagger to pierce the bosom of a free nation, she is a stone to her neck, and a nail to her feet, to paralyze her and prevent her advance in the ways of civilization, science, intelligence, happiness and liberty. But I forget that my twenty minutes are gone long ago.

"Please accept my sincere thanks for the new lights you have given me on the dangers of my position, and come again. I will always see you with a new pleasure."

My second visit to Abraham Lincoln was at the beginning of June, 1862. The grand victory of the Monitor over the Merrimack, and the conquest of New Orleans, by the brave and Christian Farragut, had filled every heart with joy; I wanted to unite my feeble voice to that of the whole country, to tell him how I blessed God for that glorious success. But I found him so busy that I could only shake hands with him.

CHINQUY'S LAST VISIT TO LINCOLN.

The third and last time I went to pay my respects to the doomed President, and to warn him against the impending dangers which I knew were threatening him, was on the morning of June 8th, 1864, when he was absolutely besieged by people who wanted to see him. After a kind and warm shaking of hands, he said:

"I am much pleased to see you again. But it is impossible, to-day, to say anything more than this. To-morrow afternoon, I will receive the delegation of the deputies of all loyal States, sent to officially announce the desire of the country that I should remain the President four years more. I invite you to be present with them at that interesting meeting. You will see some of the most prominent men of our Republic, and I will be glad to introduce you to them. You will not present yourself as a delegate of the people, but only as the guest of the President; and that there may be no trouble I will give you this card, with a permit to enter with the delegation. But do not leave Washington before I see you again; I have some important matters on which I wish to know your mind."

The next day, it was my privilege to have the greatest honor ever received by me. The good President wanted me to stand at his right hand, when he received the delegation, and hear the address presented by Governor Dennison, the President of the convention, to which he replied in his own admirable simplicity and eloquence; finishing by one of his most witty anecdotes. "I am reminded in this convention of a story of an old Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion, wisely, 'that it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream.'"

The next day, he kindly took me with him in his carriage, when visiting the 30,000 wounded soldiers picked up on the battlefields of the seven days' battle of the Wilderness, and the thirty days' battle around Richmond, where Grant was just breaking the backbone of the rebellion. On the way to and from the hospitals, I could not talk much. The noise of the carriage rapidly drawn on the pavement was too great. Besides that, my soul was so much distressed, and my heart so much broken by the sight of the horrors of that fratricidal war, that my voice was as stifled. The only thought which seemed to occupy the mind of the President was the part which Rome had in that horrible struggle. Many times he repeated:

"This war would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to Popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. Though there were great differences of opinion between the South and the North, on the question of slavery; neither Jeff Davis nor any one of the leading men of the Confederacy would have dared to attack the North, had they not relied on the promises of the Jesuits, that, under the mask of Democracy, the money and the arms of the Roman Catholics, even the arms of France, were at their disposal, if they would attack us. I pity the priests, the bishops and the monks of Rome in the United States, when the people realize that they are, in great part, responsible for the tears and blood shed in this war; the later the more terrible will the retribution be. I conceal what I know, on that subject, from the knowledge of the nation; for if the people knew the whole truth, this war would turn into a religious war, and it would at once take a tenfold more savage and bloody character. It would become merciless as all religious wars are. It would become a war of extermination on both sides. The Protestants of both the North and the South would surely unite to exterminate the priests and the Jesuits, if they could hear what Professor Morse has said to me of the plots made in the very city of Rome to destroy this Republic, and if they could learn how the priests, the monks, and the monks, who daily land on our shores, under the pretext of preaching

their religion, instructing the people in their schools, taking care of the sick in the hospitals, are nothing else but the emissaries of the Pope, of Napoleon, and the other despots of Europe, to undermine our institutions, alienate the hearts of our people from our constitution, and our laws, destroy our schools, and prepare a reign of anarchy here as they have done in Ireland, in Mexico, in Spain, and wherever there are any people who want to be free, etc."

When the President was speaking thus, we arrived at the door of his mansion. He invited me to go with him to his study, and said:

"Though I am very busy, I must rest an hour with you. I am in need of that rest. My head is aching, I feel as crushed under the burden of affairs which are on my shoulders. There are many important things about the plots of the Jesuits that I can learn only from you. Please wait just a moment, I have just received some dispatches from General Grant, to which I must give an answer. My secretary is waiting for me. I go to him. Please amuse yourself with those books during my short absence."

Twenty-five minutes later, the President had returned with his face flushed with joy. "Glorious news! General Grant has again beaten Lee, and forced him to retreat towards Richmond, where he will have to surrender before long. Grant is a real hero. But let us come to the question I want to put to you. Have you read the letter of the Pope to Jeff Davis, and what do you think of it?"

"My dear President," I answered, "it is just that letter which brought me to your presence again, day before yesterday. I wanted to come and see you, from the very day I read it. But I knew you were so overwhelmed with the affairs of your government, that I would not be able to see you. However, the anxieties of my mind were so, that I determined to go over every barrier to warn you again against the new dangers and plots which I knew would come out from that perfidious letter, against your life."

"That letter is a poisoned arrow thrown by the Pope, at you personally; and it will be more than a miracle if it be not your irrevocable warrant of death. Before reading it, it is true that every Catholic could see by the unanimity of the bishops siding with rebel cause, that their church, as a whole, was against this free Republican government. However, a good number of liberty-loving Irish, German and French Catholics, following more the instincts of their noble nature, than the degrading principles of their church, enrolled themselves under the banners of liberty, and they have fought like heroes. To detach these men from the rank and file of the Northern armies, and force them to help the cause of the rebellion, became the object of the intrigues of the Jesuits. Secret and pressing letters were addressed from Rome to the bishops, ordering them to weaken your armies by detaching those men from you. The bishops answered that they could not do that without exposing themselves to be shot. But they advised the Pope to acknowledge, at once, the legitimacy of the Southern Republic, and to take Jeff Davis under his supreme protection, by a letter, which would be read everywhere."

"That letter, then, tells logically the Roman Catholics that you are a bloody tyrant! a most execrable being when fighting against a government which the infallible and holy pope of Rome recognizes as legitimate. The pope, by this letter, tells his blind slaves that you are an infamous usurper, when considering yourself the president of the Southern States; that you are outraging the God of heaven and earth, by continuing such a bloody war to subdue a nation over whom God Almighty has declared, through his infallible pontiff, the pope, that you have not the least right; that letter means that you will give an account to God and man for the blood and tears you cause to flow in order to satisfy your ambition."

"By this letter of the pope to Jeff Davis you are not only an apostate, as you were thought before, whom every man had the right to kill, according to the canonical laws of Rome; but you are more vile, criminal and cruel than the horse thief, the public bandit and the lawless brigand, robber and murderer, whom it is a duty to stop and kill, when we take them in their acts of blood, and that there is no other way to put an end to their plunders and murders. And, my dear President, the meaning I give you of this perfidious letter of the pope to Jeff Davis, is not a fancy imagination on my part, it is the unanimous explanation given me by a great number of the priests of Rome, with whom I have had occasion to speak on that subject. In the name of God, and in the name of our dear country, which is so much in need of your services, I conjure you to pay more attention to protect your precious life, and not continue to expose it as you have done till now."

The President listened to my words with breathless attention. He replied:

"You confirm me in the views I had taken of the letter of the pope. Professor Morse is of the same mind with you. It is, indeed, the most perfidious act which could occur under present circumstances. You are perfectly correct when you say that it was to detach the Roman Catholics who had enrolled themselves in our armies. Since the publication of that letter a great many of them have deserted their banners and turned traitors; very few, comparatively, have remained true to their oath of fidelity. It is, however, very lucky that one of those few, Sheridan, is worth a whole army by his ability, his patriotism and his heroic courage. It is true, also, that Meade has remained with us and gained the bloody battle of Gettysburg. But how could he lose it, when he was surrounded by such heroes as Howard, Reynolds, Buford, Wadsworth, Cutler, Slocum, Sickles, Hancock, Barnes, etc. But it is evident that his Romanism superseded his patriotism after the battle. He let the army of Lee escape, when it was so easy to cut his retreat and force him to surrender, after having lost nearly the half of his soldiers in the last three days' carnage."

"When Meade was to order the pursuit, after the battle, a stranger came, in haste, to the headquarters, and that stranger was a disguised Jesuit. After a ten minutes'

conversation with him, Meade made such arrangements for the pursuit of the enemy, that he escaped almost untouched, with the loss of only two guns!"

"You are right," continued the President, "when you say that this letter of the pope has entirely changed the nature and the ground of the war. Before they read it, the Roman Catholics could see that I was fighting against Jeff Davis and his Southern Confederacy. But now they must believe that it is against Christ and his holy vicar, the pope, that I am raising my sacrilegious hands; we have the daily proofs that their indignation, their hatred, their malice, against me, are an hundred fold intensified. New projects of assassination are detected almost every day, accompanied with such savage circumstances that they bring to my memory the massacres of the St. Bartholomew and the gunpowder plot. We feel, at their investigation, that they come from the same masters in the art of murder, the Jesuits."

"From the beginning of our civil war, there has been, not a secret, but a public alliance, between the pope of Rome and Jeff Davis; and that alliance has followed the common laws of this world's affairs. The greater has led the smaller, the stronger has guided the weaker. The pope and his Jesuits have advised, supported and directed Jeff Davis on the land, from the first gun shot, at Fort Sumter, by the rabid Roman Catholic Beauregard. . . . They are helping him on the sea, by guiding and supporting the other rabid Roman Catholic pirate, Sommes, on the ocean. . . . The pope has thrown away the mask and shown himself the public partisan and the protector of the rebellion, by taking Jeff Davis by the hand, and impudently recognizing the Southern States as a legitimate government. Now, I have the proof in hand that that very Bishop Hughes, whom I had sent to Rome that he might induce the pope to urge the Roman Catholics of the North at least, to be true to their oath of allegiance, and whom I thanked publicly, when, under the impression that he had acted honestly, according to the promise he had given me, is the very man who advised the pope to recognize the legitimacy of the Southern Republic, and put the whole weight of his tiara in the balance against us, in favor of our enemies!"

Till lately, I was in favor of the unlimited liberty of conscience, as our constitution gives it to the Roman Catholics. But now, it seems to me that, sooner or later, the people will be forced to put a restriction to that clause towards the papists. Is it not an act of folly to give absolute liberty of conscience to a set of men who are publicly sworn to cut our throats the very day they have their opportunity for doing it? Is it right to give the privilege of citizenship to men who are the sworn and public enemies of our constitution, our laws, our liberties, and our lives?"

"The very moment that Popery assumed the right of life and death on a citizen of France, Spain, Germany, England, or the United States, it assumed to be the power, in the government of France, Spain, England, Germany and the United States. Those states then committed a suicidal act by allowing Popery to put a foot on their territory with the privilege of citizenship. The power of life and death is the supreme power, and two supreme powers cannot exist on the same territory without anarchy, riots, bloodshed and civil wars without end. When Popery will give up the power of life and death which it proclaims as its own divine power, in all its theological books and canon laws, then alone it can be tolerated and can receive the privilege of citizenship, in a free country."

"Is it not an absurdity to give to a man a thing which he is sworn to hate, curse and destroy? And does not the church of Rome hate, curse and destroy liberty of conscience, whenever she can do it safely?"

"I am for liberty of conscience in its noblest, broadest, highest sense. But I cannot give liberty of conscience to the Pope and to his followers, the papists, so long as they tell me, through all their councils, theologians and canon laws, that their conscience orders them to burn my wife, strangle my children, and cut my throat when they find the opportunity!"

"This does not seem to be understood by the people, to-day. But sooner or later, the light of common sense will make it clear to every one, that no liberty of conscience can be granted to men who are sworn to obey a pope, who pretends to have the right to put to death those who differ from him in religion."

"You are not the first to warn me against the dangers of assassination. My ambassadors in Italy, France and England, as well as Professor Morse, have, many times, warned me against the plots of the murderers whom they have detected in those different countries. But I see no other safeguard against those murderers, but to be always ready to die."

Much more was said by the President at this interview of a religious character in which Mr. Lincoln expressed his conviction that he would die by the hands of a Jesuit-assassin, just as soon as peace should be declared. After which Mr. Chiniquy bade him adieu for the last time.

Later on Mr. Chiniquy says: "More than once, I felt as if I were in the presence of an old prophet, when listening to his views about the future destinies of the United States." And gives the following as coming from the President which we select as being very important:

"You are almost the only one with whom I speak freely on that subject. But sooner or later, the nation will know the real origin of those rivers of blood and tears, which are spreading desolation and death everywhere. And, then, those who have caused those desolations and disasters will be called to give an account of them."

I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears of blood. It will rise and increase, till its flanks will be torn by a flash of lightning, followed by a fearful peal of thunder. Then a cyclone such as the world has never seen, will pass over this country, spreading ruin and desolation from north to south. After it is over, there will be long days of peace and prosperity: for Popery with its Jesuits and merciless Inquisition, will have been

forever swept away from our country. Neither I nor you, but our children, will see those things."

These significant words of our great President should never be forgotten.

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

Let us hear the eloquent historian, Abbott, on that sad event:

"In the midst of unparalleled success, and while all the bells of the land were ringing with joy, a calamity fell upon us which overwhelmed the country in consternation and awe. On Friday evening, April 14th, President Lincoln attended Ford's Theatre, in Washington. He was sitting quietly in his box, listening to the drama, when a man entered the door of the lobby leading to the box, closing the door behind him. Drawing near to the President, he drew from his pocket a small pistol, and shot him in the back of the head. As the President fell, senseless and mortally wounded, and the shriek of his wife, who was seated at his side, pierced every ear, the assassin leaped from the box, a perpendicular height of nine feet, and as he rushed across the stage, bare-headed, brandished a dagger, exclaiming, 'sic semper tyrannis!' and disappeared behind the side scenes. There was a moment of silent consternation. Then ensued a scene of confusion which it is in vain to attempt to describe."

"The dying President was taken into a house near by, and placed upon a bed. What a scene did that room present! The chief of a mighty nation lay, there, senseless, drenched in blood, his brains oozing from his wounds! Sumner, Farwell and Colfax and Stanton, and many others were there, filled with grief and consternation. "The surgeon, Gen. Barnes; solemnly examined the wound. There was silence as of the grave, the life and death of the nation seemed dependent on the result. Gen. Barnes looked up sadly and said: 'The wound is mortal!'"

"Oh! No! General, no! no! cried out Secretary Stanton, and sinking into a chair, he covered his face, and wept like a child. Senator Sumner tenderly held the head of the unconscious martyr."

"Though all unused to weep, he sobbed as though his great heart would break. In his anguish, his head falls upon the blood-stained pillow, and his black locks blend with those of the dying victim, which care and toil has rendered gray, and which blood has crimsoned. What a scene! Sumner, who had lingered through months of agony, having himself been stricken down by the bludgeon of slavery, now sobbing and fainting in anguish over the prostrate form of his friend, whom slavery had slain! This vile rebellion, after deluging the land with blood, has culminated in a crime which appalls all nations."

"Noble Abraham, true descendant of the father of the faithful; honest in every trust, humble as a child, tender-hearted as a woman, who could not bear to injure even his most envenomed foes; who in the hour of triumph, was saddened lest the feelings of his adversaries should be wounded by their defeat, with charity for all, malice towards none, endowed with 'common sense,' intelligence never surpassed, and with power of intellect which enabled him to grapple with the most gigantic opponents in debates, developing abilities as a statesman, which won the gratitude of his country and the admiration of the world, and with graces and amabilities which drew to him all generous hearts, dies by the bullet of the assassin!"—*History of the Civil War*, by Abbott, vol. ii., page 594. ROME, CAN YOU ANSWER THIS?

But who was that assassin? Booth was nothing but the tool of the Jesuits. It was Rome who directed his arm, after corrupting his heart and damning his soul.

After I had mixed my tears with those of the grand country of my adoption, I fell on my knees and asked my God to grant me to show to the world what I knew to be the truth, viz: that that horrible crime was the work of Popery. And, after twenty years of constant and most difficult researches, I come fearlessly, to-day, before the American people, to say and prove that the President, Abraham Lincoln, was assassinated by the priests and the Jesuits of Rome.

In the book of the testimonies given in the prosecution of the assassin of Lincoln, published by Ben. Pitman, and in the two volumes of the trial of John Surratt in 1867, we have the legal and irrefutable proof that the plot of the assassins of Lincoln was matured, if not started, in the house of Mary Surratt, No. 561 H Street, Washington City, D. C. But who were living in that house, and who were visiting that family? The legal answer says: "The most devoted Catholics in the city!" The sworn testimonies show more than that. They show that it was the common rendezvous of the priests of Washington. Several priests swear that they were going there "sometimes," and when pressed to answer what they meant by "sometimes," they were not sure if it was not once a week, or once a month. One of them, less on his guard, swore that he seldom passed before that house without entering; and he said he never passed less than once a week. The devoted Roman Catholic (an apostate from Protestantism) called L. J. Weichman, who was himself living in that house, swears that Father Wiget was very often in that house, and Father Lahman swears that he was living with Mrs. Surratt, in the same house!

What does the presence of so many priests, in that house, reveal to the world? No man of common sense, who knows anything about the priests of Rome, can entertain any doubt that, not only they knew all that was going on inside those walls, but that they were the advisers, the counselors, the very soul of that infernal plot. Why did Rome keep one of her priests under that roof, from morning till night, and from night till morning? Why did she send many others, almost every day of the week, into that dark nest of plotters against the very existence of the great republic, and against the life of her President, her principal generals and leading men, if it were not to be the advisers, the rulers, the secret motive power of the infernal plot?

No one, if he is not an idiot, will think and say that those priests, who were the personal friends and the father confessors of Booth, John Surratt, Mrs. and Misses Surratt, could be constantly there without knowing what was going on, particularly when we know that every one of those priests was a rabid rebel in heart. Every one of those priests, knowing that his infallible

Pope had called Jeff Davis his dear son, and had taken the Southern Confederacy under his protection, was bound to believe that the most holy thing a man could do, was to fight for the Southern cause, by destroying those who were its enemies.

Read the history of the assassination of Admiral Coligny, Henry III. and Henry IV., and William the Taciturn, by the hired assassins of the Jesuits; compare them with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and you will find that one resembles the other as one drop of water resembles another. You will understand that they all come from the same source, Rome.

In all those murders, you will find that the murderers, selected and trained by the Jesuits, were of the most exalted Roman Catholic piety, living in the company of priests, going to confess very often, receiving the communion the day before, if not the very day of the murder. You will see in all those horrible deeds of hell, prepared behind the dark walls of the holy inquisition, that the assassins were considering themselves as the chosen instruments of God, to save the nation by striking its tyrant; that they firmly believed that there was no sin in killing the enemy of the people, of the holy church, and of the infallible Pope!

Compare the last hours of the Jesuit Ravallac, the assassin of Henry VI., who absolutely refuses to repent, though suffering the most horrible tortures on the rack, with Booth, who, suffering also the most horrible tortures from his broken leg, writes in his daily memorandum, the very day before his death: "I can never repent, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all our troubles to him (Lincoln), and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment!"—*Trial of Surratt*, vol. 1., page 310.

Yes! Compare the bloody deeds of those two assassins, and you will see that they had been trained in the same school; they had been taught by the same teachers. Evidently the Jesuit Ravallac, calling all the saints of heaven to his help, at his last hour; and Booth pressing the medal of the Virgin Mary on his breast, when falling mortally wounded (*Trial of Surratt*, page 310), both came from the same Jesuit mould.

Who has lost his common sense enough to suppose that it was Jeff Davis who had filled the mind and the heart of Booth with that religious and so exalted fanaticism! Surely Jeff Davis could have promised the money to reward the assassins and nerve their arms by the hope of becoming rich. The testimonies on that account says that one million dollars had been asked from him. (*Assassination of Abraham Lincoln*) p. 51-52.

The arch-rebel could give the money; but the Jesuits alone could select the assassins, train them, and show them a crown of glory in heaven, if they would kill the author of the bloodshed, the famous renegade and apostate—the enemy of the Pope and of the Church—Lincoln.

Who does not see the lessons given by the Jesuits to Booth, in their daily intercourse in Mary Surratt's house, when he reads those lines written by Booth a few hours before his death: "I can never repent, God made me the instrument of his punishment!" Compare these words with the doctrines and principles taught by the councils, the decrees of the Pope, and the laws of holy inquisition, as you find them in chapter 55 of this volume, and you will find that the sentiments and belief of Booth flow from those principles, as the river flows from its source.

And that pious Miss Surratt who, the very next day after the murder of Lincoln, said, without being rebuked, in the presence of several other witnesses: "The death of Abraham Lincoln is no more than the death of any nigger in the army;" where did she get that maxim, if not from her church! Had not that church recently proclaimed, through her highest legal and civil authority, the devoted Roman Catholic, Judge Taney, in his Dred-Scott decision, that negroes have no right, which the white is bound to respect! By bringing the President on a level with the lowest nigger, Rome was saying that he had no right, even to his life; for this was the maxim of the rebel priests, who, everywhere, had made themselves the echoes of the sentence of their distinguished co-religionist—Taney.

It was from the very lips of the priests, who were constantly coming in and going out of their house, that those young ladies had learned those anti-social and anti-Christian doctrines. Read in the testimony concerning Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, (p. 122-123) how the Jesuits had perfectly drilled her in the art of perjury herself. In the very moment when the government officer orders her to prepare herself, with her daughter, to follow him as prisoners, at about 10 P. M., Payne, the would-be murderer of Seward, knocks at the door and wants to see Mrs. Surratt. But instead of having Mrs. Surratt to open the door, he finds himself confronted, face to face, with the government detective, Major Smith, who swears:

"I questioned him in regard to his occupation, and what business he had at the house, at this late hour of the night. He stated that he was a laborer, and had come to dig a gutter, at the request of Mrs. Surratt."

"I went to the parlor door, and said: 'Mrs. Surratt, will you step here a minute?' She came out, and I asked her: 'Did you know this man, and did you hire him to come and dig a gutter for you?' She answered, raising her right hand: 'Before God, sir, I do not know this man. I have never seen him, and I did not hire him to dig a gutter for me.'—*Assassination of Lincoln*, p. 122.

But it was proved after, by several unimpeachable witnesses, that she knew very well that Payne was a personal friend of her son, who, many times, had come to her house, in company of his friend and pet, Booth. She had received the communion just two or three days before that public perjury. Just a moment after making it, the officer ordered her to step out into the carriage. Before doing it, she asked permission to kneel down and pray, which was granted (page 123.)

I ask if from any man of common sense, could Jeff Davis have imparted such a religious calm, and self-possession to that woman, when her hands were just reddened with the blood of the President, and she was on her way to trial!

No! such sang froid, such calm in that soul, in such a terrible and solemn hour, could only come from the teachings of those

Jesuits who, for more than six months, were in her house, showing her a crown of eternal glory, if she would help to kill the monster apostate—Lincoln—the only cause of that horrible civil war! There is not the least doubt that the priests had perfectly succeeded in persuading Mary Surratt and Booth that the killing of Lincoln was a most holy and deserving work, for which God had an eternal reward in store.

There is a fact to which the American people have not yet given a sufficient attention. It is, that, without a single exception, the conspirators were Roman Catholics. The learned and great patriot, Gen. Baker, in his admirable report, struck and bewildered by that strange, mysterious and portentous fact, said:

"I mention, as an exceptional and remarkable fact, that every conspirator in custody, is, by education, a Catholic."

But those words which, if well understood by the United States, would have thrown so much light on the true causes of their untold and unpeakable disasters, fell as if on the ears of deaf men. Very few, if any, paid attention to them. As Gen. Baker says, all the conspirators were attending Catholic Church services, and were educated Roman Catholics. It is true that some of them, as Atzeroth, Payne and Harold, asked for Protestant ministers, when they were to be hung. But they had been considered, till then, as converts to Romanism. At page 436, of *The Trial of John Surratt*, Louis Weichman tells us that he was going to St. Aloysius' Church with Atzeroth, and that it was there that he introduced him to Mr. Brothy, another Roman Catholic.

It is a well authenticated fact, that Booth and Weichman, who were themselves Protestant converts to Romanism, had proselytized a good number of semi-Protestants and infidels who, either from conviction, or from hope of the fortunes promised to the successful murderers, were themselves very zealous for the Church of Rome. Payne, Atzeroth and Harold were among those proselytes. But when those murderers were to appear before the country, and receive the just punishment of their crime, the Jesuits were too shrewd to ignore that if they were all coming on the scaffold as Roman Catholics, and accompanied by their father confessors, it would, at once, open the eyes of the American people, and clearly show that this was a Roman Catholic plot. They persuaded three of their proselytes to avail themselves of the theological principles of the Church of Rome, that a man is allowed to conceal his religion, nay, that he may say that he is an heretic, a Protestant, though he is a Roman Catholic, when it is for his own interest or the best interests of his church to conceal the truth and deceive the people. Here is the doctrine of Rome on that subject:

"Sopee melius est ad dei honorem, et utilitatem proximi, tegere fidem quam frateri, ut si latens inter hereticos, plus boni facis; vel si ex confessione fidei, plus mali sequeris, verbi gratia turbatio, necesse exacerbot tyrannum." *Liguori Theologia*, b. ii., chap. iii., p. 6.

"It is often more to the glory of God and the good of our neighbor to conceal our religious faith, as when we live among heretics, we can more easily do them good in that way; or if by declaring our religion, we cause some disturbances, or deaths, or even the wrath of the tyrant."

It is evident that the Jesuits had never had better reasons to suspect that the declaration of their religion would damage them and excite the wrath of their tyrant, viz: the American people.

Lloyd's, in whose house Mrs. Surratt concealed the carbine which Booth wanted for protection, when just after the murder he was to flee towards the Southern States, was a firm Roman Catholic.

Dr. Mudd, at whose place Booth stopped, to have his broken leg dressed, was a Roman Catholic, and so was Garrett, in whose barn Booth was caught and killed. Why so? Because, as Jeff Davis was the only man to pay one million dollars to those who would kill Abraham Lincoln, the Jesuits were the only men to select the murderers and prepare everything to protect them after their diabolical deed, and such murderers could not be found except among their blind and fanatical slaves.

The great, the fatal mistake of the American Government in the prosecution of the assassins of Abraham Lincoln was to constantly keep out of sight the religious element of that terrible drama. Nothing would have been more easy, then, than to find out the complicity of the priests, who were not only coming every week and every day, but who were even living in that den of murderers. But this was carefully avoided from the beginning to the end of the trial. When, not long after the execution of the murderers, I went, incognito, to Washington to begin my investigation about its real and true authors, I was not a little surprised to see that not a single one of the government men, to whom I addressed myself, would consent to have any talk with me on that matter, except after I had given my word of honor that I would never mention their names in connection with the result of my investigation. I saw, with a profound distress, that the influence of Rome was almost supreme in Washington.

Several of the government men, in whom I had more confidence, told me:

"We had not the least doubt that the Jesuits were at the bottom of that great inquiry. Had we been in days of peace, we know that with a little more pressure on the witnesses, many priests would have been compromised; for Mrs. Surratt's house was their common rendezvous; it is more than probable that several of them might have been hung."

But if any one has still any doubts of the complicity of the Jesuits, in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, let them give a moment of attention to the following facts, and their doubts will be forever removed. It is only from the very Jesuit accomplices' lips that I take my sworn testimonies.

It is evident that a very elaborate plan of escape had been prepared by the priests of Rome, to save the lives of the assassins and the conspirators. Let us fix our eyes on John Surratt, who was in Washington on the 14th of April, helping Booth in the preparation of the assassination. Who will press him on their bosoms, put their mantles on his shoulders to conceal him from the just vengeance of the human and divine laws?

Continued on fourth page



A NARRATIVE OF THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Author of *Arcana of Nature; Origin and Development of Man; Career of Religious Ideas and Ethics of Science; Studies in the Outlying Fields of Psychic Science*; etc.

CHAPTER XII.

COMING TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIGHT.

"Where no cruel word is spoken,
Where no faithful heart is broken,
We shall meet, we shall meet;
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
Friend with friend, no more to part,
Ne'er to grieve for those we love,
On that happy shore above."

Scarcely had the Sage completed the last sentence, when Hero exclaimed in astonishment:

"Look, hither cometh Marvin—he of whom we learned so much!"

"Yes, it was he—the self-same individual we described previously, unchanged in countenance, if we except a more haggard expression, and a spark of restless insanity gathering in his eye. Such a bewildered and astonished expression as came over him as he approached is beyond the power of the pencil to express. He felt that he stood on sacred ground. With cautious step, he trod the flowery path, and with a curious gaze, scanned the Eden around. When he beheld the group of spirits engaged in conversation, and recognized them as the same he had so scorned at his entrance into his new life, his chagrin overpowered him. Pain would he have hurried away, had not their united magnetism retained him. He remained speechless, with eyes cast on the ground. The Philosopher, well knowing his situation, and pitying him for the errors which had placed him in such embarrassing circumstances, broke the silence:

"Brother, you are welcome here. We left you many years ago, newly born into this sphere. You were then the slave of a false theology, and were beyond the reach of reason. You then set out on a search for heaven. You have been unsuccessful in your search, or you would not be here. You wronged us then, but if you are right now, that occurrence will be as though it had never taken place."

Marvin's bigotry was much subdued by his unsuccessful search, but he would rather have appeared before the judgment-seat of his Creator than before this Society, who were acquainted with his past history, and were able to read his thoughts. With these impressions, combined with the contracted ideas in which he had been educated, such generosity was as unexpected as astonishing to him. For a moment, feelings strange and sore choked his utterance. The heart of stone has its latent sympathies, and those whose hearts are steeled to all charity, may be easily affected if their character is understood. He reached forth his hand to the Sage, exclaiming:

"Ah, reverend father, if I had listened to your warning voice when I entered this world—if I had sought the source of true happiness in the internal light; had I harkened to your words, and not scorned your sayings, rather than have taken the words of a mythic book, as expounded by a designing priesthood, how much more advanced would I now be! Then might I have enjoyed groves like these, which remind me of the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations—have learned from the great volumes I see around me, fit emblems of the Book of Life. Curse me, but do not pity; I deserve it not; make me miserable by your kindness. I have brought all on my own head and must suffer."

"Curse you! Let not such words be uttered to this society. An erring brother should never be condemned. Nay, we have no ill will against you. All your former words are forgotten; we remember them no longer; but strive to remember the good deeds alone. It is true, that you might have been more advanced and far superior to your present position, had you turned immediately into the path I pointed out. But as you believed firmly in a local heaven, and the tradition of past ages, it was better for you to have made the search, and by *ocular demonstration* become convinced of the fallacies of your position. Blame you certainly not. It was not you who upbraided us, but the blear-eyed superstition in which you were instructed. And the scenes of this life were so new and unexpected, and you were in such an excited state, that you could not act yourself."

"I have searched long and diligently, but have found no heaven such as the bible describes. That book has undone me—utterly, irrevocably ruined me forever. I would that I had been born in a heathen land, and had never read its soul-destroying pages! I have enquired of every spirit I have met, if they knew the locality of heaven; and all the answer I received was a commiserating look, while they pointed around them, as much as to say that *you* said long ago, 'Everywhere.' I have seen multitudes of spirits similarly engaged as myself; yet none ever discovered the object of their search; and I left them and went alone—beginning to doubt in my mind the theory I formerly believed sacred to dispute, and which I so fanatically supported. The few words you spoke to me came up with redoubled force, and I was ready to exclaim, 'Ah! that I had harkened to that venerable man whom I first saw on my entrance into this world.' This day, by some unaccountable reasons, I arose to a higher plane than usual, and without a moment's warning, stood before you. Your forgiveness is worse than your combined curses. I could bear the latter, but this softens me to tears."

"Speak not so harshly of the bible. It has served an important purpose. It has done much for the advancement of mind. It has been perverted—misunderstood, and thus made the occasion of great evils; yet all have resulted in ultimate good. It was your educational prejudice and bigotry which have caused you so much suffering and misery. Because we are at one extreme is no reason for our flying to the other. The 'golden mean' is the center around which all truth gathers."

"You have corrected me aright; I acknowledge your superior spiritual powers of perception reverentially."

"Reverence not me. I am no more than the others. We acknowledge submission to no one. Each is his own individual sovereign, to think and act as best pleases himself, if he is regardful of the rights of others, and is measured by his worth alone. If you are thankful, express it, not by words or gestures, but by actions. Reverence not me, but truth. You are still prejudiced on this and kindred subjects, and your prejudice must be overcome."

"I am prejudiced. I have not striven to conquer my preconceived opinions. If I had sufficiently done so, I might now rest in this beautiful grove, instead of going down to mingle with the low demons, one of whom I am, with this difference, that I know what I am. Ah, must I always suffer for the wrongs of the past—the contriving of plans to cheat the poor and defraud innocence, in order to turn more gold into my coffers! The thoughts of the many wrongs I have committed on my fellow-men are like burning coals upon my heart. Must I go back to the society of those from whom I have this moment escaped?"

"Within you I perceive the humiliation which is the awakening of wisdom. Will you tarry with us? Here you will escape the influence of the unworthy, and dwell continually in an atmosphere which will invigorate your spiritual strength."

"Tarry with you, and enjoy all the sublime etherality of this abode!" exclaimed he in astonishment; "you are but tantalizing me."

"In all truth not." He flung himself down at the feet of the Sage, his once iron heart melted, and his sins washed away in tears of contrition. Beneath the rubbish and conventionalisms which conceal it, every human heart hath a diamond. Circumstances may dim, or entirely obliterate its light; yet sooner or later, it will break through all obstacles and shine in immortal brightness. So in this man of iron, this man of the world, once so niggardly to the poor, so unmerciful

to the unfortunate, who used all means to acquire riches, trampling on social law, and obliterating the moral—the gem was still there.

"Arise! reverence not me by words, I repeat, but by actions meet for repentance. You came hither alone. Where is your companion?"

"My companion? My wife, so called on earth? She died a year since. But we loved not each other, and the wider we are under the better both are pleased. I wished her saving, prudent and laborious, but she would be neither, and the result was one continual broil."

"Enough; rest you here, and as one of us commence this day a new life, advancing upward to perfection."

As Marvin entered its decorated vestibule, Leon, who had been an admiring spectator, exclaimed:

"Is it possible! Marvin—the rich, purse-proud, vain, scornful, bigoted, aristocratic Marvin here! and thus regenerated! I almost must my senses."

"To one who, like mortals, has become contracted with conventionalism it appears strange," replied the Sage, "but to us it is an expected occurrence. This man was once an innocent child. His natural abilities were such as would have raised him head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, exalting him as much in the moral and intellectual firmament as he became in the religious and commercial. He was trained under the iron despotism of false conditions. He was taught that to be rich was to be great, and that nothing but riches was worth striving for. When he approached manhood, he saw those whom the world praised, flattered and adored, were those who possessed a few dollars more than their neighbors; and he was deeply impressed that, to become likewise, he must do likewise. For a long while he was troubled with a conscience, and his intellect would react against the drudgery he imposed on it in his strife to become rich. If you had been placed in his circumstances, you would have done as he has done; therefore, you should not condemn. His natural abilities are as great as ours; and his name shall yet resound through the spirit-home. Saw you not how readily he confessed his errors after he had fully satisfied himself of their falsehood? He is now free from prejudice, and is like a child, which he should have been half a century ago. For this germ, divested of its educational and animal garb, have I accepted him; and soon you will be proud to call him one of us."

To be Continued.

THE ASSASSINATION.

Continued from third page

The priest, Charles Boucher (*Trial of John Surratt*, vol. ii., page 904-912), swears that only a few days after the murder, John Surratt was sent to him by Father Lapierre, of Montreal; that he kept him concealed in his parsonage of St. Liboire, from the end of April to the end of July, then he took him back, secretly, to Father Lapierre, who kept him secreted in his own father's house, under the very shadow of the Montreal bishop's palace. He swears (p. 905-914) that Father Lapierre visited him (Surratt) often, when secreted at St. Liboire, and that he (Father Boucher) visited him, at least twice a week, from the end of July to September, when concealed in Father Lapierre's house in Montreal.

That same Father Charles Boucher swears that he accompanied John Surratt in a carriage, in the company of Father Lapierre, to the steamer "Montreal," when starting for Quebec. That Father Lapierre kept him (John Surratt) under lock, during the voyage from Montreal to Quebec, and that he accompanied him, disguised, from the Montreal steamer, to the ocean steamer, *Peruvian*.—*Trial of John Surratt*, p. 910.

The doctor of the steamer "Peruvian," L. I. A. McMillan, swears (vol. i., p. 460) that Father Lapierre introduced him to John Surratt, under the false name of McCarthy, whom he was keeping locked in his state room, and whom he conducted disguised to the ocean steamer "Peruvian," and with whom he remained till he left Quebec for Europe, the 15th of September, 1865.

But who is that Father Lapierre who takes such a tender, I dare say a paternal care of Surratt? It is not less a personage than the canon of Bishop Bourget, of Montreal. He is the confidential man of the bishop. He lives with the bishop, eats at his table, assists him with his counsel, and has to receive his advice in every step of life. According to the laws of Rome, the canons are to the bishop what the arms are to the body.

Now, I ask: Is it not evident that the bishops and the priests of Washington have trusted this murderer to the tender care of the bishops and priests of Montreal, that they might conceal, feed and protect him for nearly six months, under the very shadow of the bishop's palace? Would they have done that if they were not his accomplices? Why did they so continually remain with him, day and night, if they were not in fear that he might compromise them by an indiscreet word? Why do we see those priests (I ought to say, those ambassadors and appointed representatives of the Pope) alone in the carriage, which takes that great culprit from his house of concealment to the steamer? Why do they keep him there, under lock, till they transfer him, under a disguised name, to the oceanic steamer, the "Peruvian," the 15th of July, 1865? Why such tender sympathies for that stranger? Why go through such trouble and expense for that young American, among the bishops and priests of Canada? There is only one answer. He was one of their tools, one of their selected men to strike the great Republic of Equality and Liberty to the heart. For more than six months before the murder, the priests had lodged, eaten, conversed, slept with him under the same roof in Washington. They had trained him to his deed of blood, by promising him protection on earth, and a crown of glory in heaven, if he would only be true to their designs to the end. And he had been true to the end. Now the great crime is accomplished! Lincoln is murdered! Jeff Davis, the dear son of the Pope, is avenged! The great republic has been struck to the heart! The soldiers of Liberty all over the world are weeping over the dead form of the one who had led them to victory; a cry of desolation goes from earth to heaven.

It seems as if we heard the death-knell of the cause of freedom, equality and fraternal unity among men. It was many centuries since the implacable enemies of the rights and liberties of men had struck such a giant foe: their joy was as great as their victory complete.

But do you see that man fleeing from Washington toward the north? He has the mark of Cain on his forehead, his hands are reddened with blood, he is pale and trembling, for he knows it; a whole outraged nation is after him for her just vengeance; he hears the thundering voice of God: "Where is thy brother?" Where will he find a refuge? Where, outside of hell, will he meet friends to shelter and save him from the just vengeance of God and men?

Oh! He has sure refuge in the arms of that church which, for more than a thousand years, is crying: "Death to all heretics! death to all the soldiers of Liberty!" He has devoted friends among the very men who, after having prepared the massacre of Admiral Coligny and his 75,000 Protestant countrymen, rang the bells of Rome to express their joy when they heard that, at last, the King of France had slaughtered them all.

But where will those bishops and priests of Canada send John Surratt, when they find it impossible to conceal him any longer from the thousands of detectives of the United States, who are ransacking Canada to find out his retreat? Who will conceal, feed, lodge and protect him after the priests of Canada pressed his hand for the last time, on board of the "Peruvian," the 15th of September, 1865.

Who can have any doubt about that? Who can suppose that any one but the Pope himself and his Jesuits will protect the murderer of Abraham Lincoln in Europe?

If you want to see him, after he has crossed the ocean, go to Vitry, at the door of Rome, and there you will find him enrolled under the banner of the Pope, in the 9th company of his Zouaves, under the false name of Watson (*Trial of John Surratt*, vol. i., p. 492). Of course, the Pope was forced to withdraw his protection over him, after the government of the United States had found him there, and he was brought back to Washington to be tried.

But on his arrival as a prisoner in the United States, his Jesuit father confessor whispered in his ear: "Fear not, you will not be condemned! Through the influence of a high Roman Catholic lady, two or three of the jurymen will be Roman Catholics, and you will be safe."

Those who have read the two volumes of the trial of John Surratt, know that never more evident proofs of guilt were brought against a murderer than in that case. But the Roman Catholic jurymen had read the *Theology of St. Thomas*, a book which the Pope had ordered to be taught in every college,

academy and university of Rome; that he had learned that it is the duty of the Roman Catholics to exterminate all the heretics.—*St. Thomas' Theology*, vol. iv., p. 90.

They had read the decree of the councils of Constance, that no faith was to be kept with the heretics. They had read in the council of Lateran, that the Catholics who arm themselves for the extermination of heretics have all their sins forgiven, and receive the same blessings as those who go and fight for the rescue of the Holy Land.

Those jurymen were told by their father confessors that the most holy Father, the Pope Gregory VII., had solemnly and infallibly declared that "the killing of an heretic was no murder."—*Fare Canonico*.

After such teachings, how could the Roman Catholic jurymen find John Surratt guilty of murder, for killing the heretic Lincoln? The jury having disagreed, no verdict could be given. The government was forced to let the murderer go unpunished.

But when the irreconcilable enemies of all the rights and liberties of men were congratulating themselves on their successful efforts to save the life of John Surratt, the God of heaven was stamping again on their faces, the mark of murder, in such a way that all eyes will see it.

"Murder will out," is a truth repeated by all nations from the beginning of the world. It is the knowledge of that truth which has sustained me in my long and difficult researches of the true authors of the assassination of Lincoln, and which enables me to-day, to present to the world a fact, which seems almost miraculous, to show the complicity of the priests of Rome in the murder of the martyred President.

Some time ago, I providentially met the Rev. Mr. F. A. Conwell, of Chicago. Having known that I was in search of facts about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, he told me he knew one of those facts, which might perhaps throw some light on the subject of my researches.

"The very day of the murder," he said, "he was in the Roman Catholic village of St. Joseph, Minnesota State, when, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, he was told by a purveyor of a great number of priests who lived in that town, where they have a monastery, that the State Secretary Seward and the President Lincoln had just been killed. This was told me," he said, "in the presence of a most respectable gentleman, called Bennett, who was not less puzzled than me. As there were no railroad lines nearer than 40 miles, nor telegraph office nearer than 80 miles, from that place, we could not see how such news was spread in that town. The next day, the 15th of April, I was at St. Cloud, a town about twelve miles distant, where there are neither railroad nor telegraph. I said to several people that I had been told in the priestly village of St. Joseph, by a Roman Catholic, that Abraham Lincoln and the Secretary Seward had been assassinated. They answered me that they had heard nothing about it. But the next Sabbath, the 16th of April, when going to the church of St. Cloud, to preach, a friend gave me a copy of a telegram sent to him on the Saturday, reporting that Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been assassinated, the very day before, which was Friday, the 14th, at 10 p. m. But how could the Roman Catholic purveyor of the priests of St. Joseph, have told me the same thing, before several witnesses, just four hours before its occurrence? I spoke of that strange thing to many, the same day, and the very next day, I wrote to the 'St. Paul Press,' under the heading of 'A Strange Coincidence.' Sometime later, the editor of 'The St. Paul Pioneer,' having denied what I had written on that subject, I addressed him the following note, which he had printed, and which I have kept. Here it is, you may keep it as an infallible proof of my veracity."

"To the Editor of the ST. PAUL PIONEER.
"You assume the non-truth of a short paragraph addressed by me to the St. Paul Press, viz:
"A STRANGE COINCIDENCE!
"At 6:30 p. m., Friday last, April 14th, I was told as an item of news by a purveyor of the place, that Lincoln and Seward had been assassinated. This was three hours after I had heard the news."

St. Cloud, 17th of April, 1865.
"The integrity of history requires that the above coincidence be established. And if anyone calls it in question, then the example that reared their sanguinary shadows to comfort a traitor can now be given.
Respectfully,
F. A. CONWELL."

I asked that gentleman if he would be kind enough to give me the fact under oath, that I might make use of it in the report I intended to publish about the assassination of Lincoln. And he kindly granted my request in the following form:

State of Illinois, } s. s.
Cook County, }

Rev. F. A. Conwell, being sworn, deposes and says he is seventy-one years old, that he is a resident of North Evanston, in Cook County, State of Illinois, that he has been in the ministry for fifty-six years, and is now one of the chaplains of the "Seamen's Bethel Home," in Chicago; that he was chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment, in the war of the rebellion. That, on the 14th day of April, A. D., 1865, he was in St. Joseph, Minnesota, and reached there early as six o'clock in the evening in company with Mr. Bennett, who, then and now, is a resident of St. Cloud, Minnesota. That on that date, there was no telegraph nearer than Minneapolis, about 80 miles from St. Joseph, and no railroad nearer than Avoka, Minnesota, about 40 miles distant. That when he reached St. Joseph, on the 14th day of April, 1865, one Mr. Linneman, who, then, kept the hotel of St. Joseph, told affiant that it was not later than half-past six o'clock on Friday, April 14th, 1865, when Mr. Linneman told him this. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Bennett came in the hotel, and told him that Mr. Linneman said the President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated; and then the same Mr. Linneman reported the same conversation to Mr. Bennett in my presence. That there was no railroad or telegraph communication nearer than Avoka, Minnesota, about 40 miles, and reached there about 8 o'clock in the morning. That there was no railroad or telegraph communication to St. Cloud. When he arrived at St. Cloud he told Mr. Haworth, the hotel-keeper, that he had been told that President Lincoln and Secretary Seward had been assassinated, and he handed him, stating he further told Henry Clay, Wait, Charles Gilman, who was afterward Lieutenant Governor of Minnesota, and Rev. Mr. Tice, the same thing, and inquired of them if they had heard anything of the kind, and they replied that they had not heard anything of the kind.

Affiant says that, on Sunday morning, April 16th, 1865, he preached in St. Cloud, and on the way to the church, a copy of a telegram was handed him, stating that the President and Secretary were assassinated Friday evening, at about 9 o'clock. This telegram had been brought to St. Cloud by Mr. Gorton, who reached St. Cloud at 11 o'clock in the morning. Intelligence that had reached St. Cloud of the event. Affiant says further that, on Monday morning, April 17th, 1865, he furnished the "Press," a paper of St. Paul, a statement of the facts above stated. The event took place, he had been informed at St. Joseph, Minnesota, that the President had been assassinated, and this was published in the "Press."

FRANCIS ANDREY CONWELL.

Subscribed and sworn to by Francis A. Conwell, this 15th of October, A. D., 1883.

ANDREW C. ROBERTSON, Notary Public.

Mr. Linneman having refused to swear on his written declaration, which I have in my possession, I take only from him what refers to the principal fact, viz: that three or four hours before Lincoln was murdered in Washington, the 14th of April, 1865, the fact was told as already accomplished, in the priestly village of St. Joseph, Minnesota.

"He (Linneman) remembers the time that Messrs. Conwell and Bennett came to this place (St. Joseph, Minnesota), on Friday evening, before the President was killed, and he asked them if they had heard he was dead, and they replied they had not. He heard this rumor in his store from people who came in and out. But he cannot remember from whom."

October 20th, 1883. J. H. LINNEMAN.
I present here to the world a fact of the greatest gravity, and that fact is so well authenticated that it cannot allow even the possibility of a doubt.

Three or four hours before Lincoln was murdered in Washington, the 14th of April, 1865, that murder was not only known by some one, but it was circulated and talked of in the streets, and in the houses of the priestly and Romish town of St. Joseph, Minnesota. The fact is undeniable; the testimonies are unchallengeable, and there were no railroad nor any telegraph communication nearer than 40 or 50 miles from the nearest station to St. Joseph.

Naturally every one asked: "How could such news spread? Where is the source of such a rumor?" Mr. Linneman, who is a Roman Catholic, tells us that though he heard this from many in his store, and in the streets, he does not remember the name of a single one who told him that. And when we hear this from him, we understand why he did not dare to swear upon it, and shrunk from the idea of perjuring himself.

For everyone feels that his memory can not be so poor as that, when he remembers so well the name of the two strangers, Messrs. Conwell and Bennett, to whom he had announced the assassination of Lincoln, just seventeen years before. But if the memory of Mr. Linneman is so deficient on that subject, we can help him, and tell him with mathematical accuracy:

"You got the news from your priests of St. Joseph! The conspiracy which cost the life of the martyred President was prepared by the priests of Washington in the house of Mary Surratt, No. 541 H Street. The priests of St. Joseph were often visiting Washington, and boarding, probably, at Mrs. Surratt's as the priests of Washington were often visiting their brother priests at St. Joseph."

"Those priests of Washington were in daily communication with their co-rebel priests of St. Joseph; they were their intimate friends. There were no secrets among them, as there are no secrets among priests. They are the members of the same body, the branches of the same tree. The details of the murder, as the day selected for its commission were as well known among the priests of St. Joseph, as they were among those of Washington. The death of Lincoln was such a glorious event for those priests! That infamous apostate, Lincoln, who, baptized in the Holy Church, had rebelled against her, broken his oath of allegiance to the Pope, taken the very day of his baptism, and lived the life of an apostate! That infamous Lincoln, who had dared to fight against the Confederacy of the South after the Vicar of Christ had solemnly declared that their cause was just, legitimate and holy! That bloody tyrant, that godless and infamous man was to receive, at last, the just chastisement of his crimes, the 14th of April! What glorious news! How could the priests conceal such a joyful event from their bosom friend, Mr. Linneman? He was their right hand man among the faithful of St. Joseph. They thought that they would be guilty of a want of confidence in their bosom friend, if they did not tell him all about the glorious event of that great day. But, of course, they requested him not to mention their names, if he would spread the joyful news among the devoted Roman Catholics who, almost exclusively, formed the people of St. Joseph. Mr. Linneman has honorably and faithfully kept his promise never to reveal their names, and to-day, we have, in our hand, the authentic testimonies signed by him that, though somebody, the 14th of April, told him that President Lincoln was assassinated, he does not know who told him that!"

But there is not a man of sound judgment who will have any doubt about the fact. The 14th of April, 1865, the priests of Rome knew and circulated the death of Lincoln four hours before its occurrence in their Roman Catholic town of St. Joseph, Minnesota. But they could not circulate it without knowing it, and they could not know it, without belonging to the band of conspirators who assassinated President Lincoln.

Continued on Second page

before me a Notary Public, of Kankakee County, Illinois, at Chicago, Cook County, the 6th day of September, 1883.

STEPHEN R. MOORE, Notary Public.

Though this document was very important and precious to me, I felt that it would be much more valuable if it could be corroborated by the testimonies of Messrs. Bennett and Linneman, themselves, and I immediately sent a magistrate to find out if they were still living, and if they remembered the facts of the sworn declaration of Rev. Mr. Conwell. By the good providence of God, both of these gentlemen were found living, and both gave the following testimonies:

State of Minnesota, }
St. Cloud, City, }

Horace B. Bennett, being sworn, deposes and says that he is aged sixty-four years; that he is a resident of St. Cloud, Minnesota, and has resided in this county since 1850; that he is acquainted with Messrs. A. Conwell, and was chaplain of the First Minnesota Regiment in the war of the rebellion; that on the 14th of April, 1865, he was in St. Joseph, Minnesota, in company with Mr. Francis A. Conwell; that they reached St. Joseph about sundown of said April 14th; that there was no railroad or telegraph communication with St. Joseph at that time, nor nearer than Avoka, about 40 miles distant. That affiant, on reaching the hotel kept by Mr. Linneman, went to the barn, while Rev. F. Conwell entered the hotel; and shortly afterward, affiant had returned to the hotel, Mr. Conwell told him that Mr. Linneman had reported to him the assassination of President Lincoln; that Linneman was present and substantiated the statement.

That on Saturday morning, April 15th, affiant and Rev. Conwell came to St. Cloud, and reported that they had been told at St. Joseph, about the assassination of President Lincoln, that no one at St. Cloud had heard of the event at this time, that the first news of the event which reached St. Cloud was on Sunday morning, April 16th, when the news was brought by Leander Gorton, who had just come up from Avoka, Minnesota; that they spoke to several persons of St. Cloud concerning the matter, when they reached there, on Sunday morning, but affiant does not now recall the names of those different persons were, and further affiant says not.

HORACE B. BENNETT.

Sworn before me, and subscribed in my presence, this 15th of October, A. D., 1883.

ANDREW C. ROBERTSON, Notary Public.

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For everyone feels that his memory can not be so poor as that, when he remembers so well the name of the two strangers, Messrs. Conwell and Bennett, to whom he had announced the assassination of Lincoln, just seventeen years before. But if the memory of Mr. Linneman is so deficient on that subject, we can help him, and tell him with mathematical accuracy:

"You got the news from your priests of St. Joseph! The conspiracy which cost the life of the martyred President was prepared by the priests of Washington in the house of Mary Surratt, No. 541 H Street. The priests of St. Joseph were often visiting Washington, and boarding, probably, at Mrs. Surratt's as the priests of Washington were often visiting their brother priests at St. Joseph."

"Those priests of Washington were in daily communication with their co-rebel priests of St. Joseph; they were their intimate friends. There were no secrets among them, as there are no secrets among priests. They are the members of the same body, the branches of the same tree. The details of the murder, as the day selected for its commission were as well known among the priests of St. Joseph, as they were among those of Washington. The death of Lincoln was such a glorious event for those priests! That infamous apostate, Lincoln, who, baptized in the Holy Church, had rebelled against her, broken his oath of allegiance to the Pope, taken the very day of his baptism, and lived the life of an apostate! That infamous Lincoln, who had dared to fight against the Confederacy of the South after the Vicar of Christ had solemnly declared that their cause was just, legitimate and holy! That bloody tyrant, that godless and infamous man was to receive, at last, the just chastisement of his crimes, the 14th of April! What glorious news! How could the priests conceal such a joyful event from their bosom friend, Mr. Linneman? He was their right hand man among the faithful of St. Joseph. They thought that they would be guilty of a want of confidence in their bosom friend, if they did not tell him all about the glorious event of that great day. But, of course, they requested him not to mention their names, if he would spread the joyful news among the devoted Roman Catholics who, almost exclusively, formed the people of St. Joseph. Mr. Linneman has honorably and faithfully kept his promise never to reveal their names, and to-day, we have, in our hand, the authentic testimonies signed by him that, though somebody, the 14th of April, told him that President Lincoln was assassinated, he does not know who told him that!"

But there is not a man of sound judgment who will have any doubt about the fact. The 14th of April, 1865, the priests of Rome knew and circulated the death of Lincoln four hours before its occurrence in their Roman Catholic town of St. Joseph, Minnesota. But they could not circulate it without knowing it, and they could not know it, without belonging to the band of conspirators who assassinated President Lincoln.

Continued on Second page

The spirit of Henry Ward Beecher gives a message through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Thomas, of Dayton, Ohio. We only have space for a brief extract. He says: "The grave is the unconscious womb from which the soul of man springs forth into a new and grander life, with conditions favorable to his advancement, with angel guardians to lead him onward and upward until his brightness equals the glory of the sun; yea, and far surpasses it."

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P. T. JOHNSON, M. D., Clairvoyant and Electric Physician. Persons wishing Examination by sending lock of hair, full name and age, and some of the prominent symptoms—\$1 accompanying the order will receive written