

A Lecture  
BY OLNEY H. RICHMOND,  
Of the Grand Temple of the Magi,  
Chicago.

The question is often asked of us: "If the astral, or soul of man, has lived in other bodies, why is it that we have no memory of it in our present state of existence?" For the same reason that a sleep-walker has no memory, when awakened, of what he thought, said and did in the somnambulistic state. He may have composed a beautiful poem; or, on the other hand, he may have taken a pleasant moonlight stroll upon the parapet of a four-story building; in either case he has acted from the knowledge possessed by that "inner man," and when he comes back to the use of his present faculties, he knows nothing of what has occurred. An impassable bar has been erected between the astral and the mental. A wise conclusion is that this is so. Let a child

But this I can say: Man's astral body is a work of his environments during all the time that has passed, its future growth will come from all environments to come. But the time when the period

large and very interesting meeting is held in the pavilion Sunday evening, in charge of Mr. F. A. A. Heath, who spoke of the grand change that had taken place in religious thought. Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, of Boston, spoke of the pleasure afforded those who stand, as it were, between the living and dead, to give consolation to the bereaved. Several of the names were those of John Newton, of providence; Judge Thomas, of Boston, and Jennie Norton, who passed away from Chicago; all well remembered by friends present. Several fine readings and tests were given by Mrs. Lillian L. Woods and Dr. Mary Wright, of New Haven. Many inquiries are made for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

When I am moved about in various positions of the night, so I might test the matter I was freshly amputated, to see if I did sense its real position and tell me they had placed it, and I was able to sense any change they made in it. Now, after twenty years, I feel the same numbness, though not to the same degree, in that hand that was severed from my chest. Sometimes my hand is cold and itches in places. Sometimes the most excruciating pain seizes my little finger at the edge of my hand above it; almost always, and probably always.

Atmospheric and magnetic conditions, I have no doubt, affect it. I am very sensitive to such changes as well as to the magnetic force of the earth. I have a *very* fine, in that hand these va-

about; but, oh! the "breaking up" that has first to be done! Mediums are here and are kept here, some spirits (my own controls for instance, for centuries of power from which may be taken by the Spirit-world silent forces to disintegrate and vitalize the old and material mortality. There appears to me to be some reason in it, and there is evidently a necessity for it. When I get away from the financial entanglement that holds me here I shall make a dash for Chicago. That's the city of realities for me.

I. W. Everts says that he attended materializing seances at Springfield, Mo., and saw a thirteen foot-tall materialized forms. Among the number was Prof. Wm. Denton.

the home and happy place I'm in;  
I welcome that with all its joys,  
I love, dry those tears, sweet mother mine,  
My life and love are true.

Come, walk with me in the Vale of Peace  
Where the sweetest flowers bloom,  
I lay your head upon my breast  
And your earth-work all is done;

I know that Death is but the door  
That leads to endless life!  
I lay you upon the grass where  
The angels all toll and bitter strife.

For mother, gather to your heart  
The gems of kindness true,  
For the living pearls of thought  
Are other eyes to view.

When the angel, Death, shall call you home,  
And your soul will be set free,  
I meet you at the shining gate  
And I'll be glad to see you there.

*Primitive Catholic*, of Brooklyn, speaks as follows of the Rev. P. A. n.: "Rev. P. A. Seguin preached the Reformed Catholic Church on every evening, July 12, on his conversion from Romanism, where his impressive testimony to the power of the gospel and cleanse even those who, like myself, were steeped for years in the pernicious influences which surround the priesthood, was so evidently accepted by the audience." Mr. Seguin's address is now 333 Mercy street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**BEYOND THE GATES. BY ELIZA-**  
beth Stuart Phelps, author of "Gates Ajar,"  
"The Story of Avila," etc. Cloth \$1.25. For sale at "







## NEW HIGH PRIESTESS.

### Countess Cathness Chosen to Succeed Mme. Blavatsky.

#### An Eccentric Old Lady.

The warring disciples of Theosophy and Spiritualism have declared a truce and have elevated Marie, Countess of Cathness and Duchesse de Pomar, a Spiritualist to the head of the theosophical society in Europe, as successor of the late Mme. Blavatsky. This was accomplished last Saturday in London. The new leader of the Theosophists is a pronounced and earnest Spiritualist, and the pursuit of the mysterious and marvelous has led her to abandon the conventionalities of aristocratic English society and to establish the world's most amazing eccentricities of character and conduct. Like the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, though, unlike the latter, the Countess of Cathness has not yet gone so far as to isolate herself from civilization by living among the Arabs of the desert and adopting their dress and habits.

A singularly gifted and accomplished woman, possessed of a fortune that brings her an income of more than \$100,000 per annum, and the widow of one of the most blue-blooded Earls in the British peerage, the Countess of Cathness has for nearly twenty years set the god of social conventionalities in England at defiance, upset its most cherished traditions, and discarded its traditions. Though nearly seventy years of age she still retains much of her brilliant creole beauty. She was the widow of a wealthy Cuban planter when the Earl of Cathness and Baron Berriedale first met her, with a handsome eighteen-year-old son whose good looks and extraordinary talents in spiritualism and clairvoyance made him a social pet. The Earl was poor. He was a retired naval officer, possessed of a dwindled and barren estate in the Highlands, and he died a few years after his marriage, leaving only a title to his charming widow.

During the lifetime of Lord Cathness, his wife resided for several years in New York City, where she became deeply interested in Spiritualism and clairvoyance and had become to some extent developed as a medium. In 1878 Mrs. Fletcher, the well-known American Spiritualist, delivered an address before the Occult Order of the White Cross in London, which purported to have been made under the "control" of the spirit of Marie Stuart, under whose supervision the White Cross Society was organized in England and afterwards in America. Lady Cathness, remembering the story of the imprisonment of Scotland's queen at Holyrood, visited Holyrood subsequently, moved by this address, and in a little book entitled "A Night in Holyrood," she claims to have seen the spirit of the queen just as the Edinburgh clock was striking the midnight hour, and walked and talked with the royal shade until dawn, when it vanished in air.

Through her husband's family and by purchase Lady Cathness has obtained many relics of the Scottish queen, and claims to have her sculptured hand, taken from a waxen mold made during her midnight march with the spirit. Her name for titles is well known. At her earnest wish her first husband, the Count de Pomar, purchased from Pope Pius IX. the title of Count de Pomar, of the holy Roman empire, but the title fell into comparative insignificance after the fall of the pope's temporal power. Not content with the English title, she became Marie Stuart, and claimed to have been in the presence of the queen in the tower of London, and to have seen the queen's face in the tapestries of the Spanish and King Alonzo secured her election to the rank of a duchesse and gave her son the title of the Duke de Pomar, also confirming her title of Countess de Pomar. The Earl's son died in Scotland a few months ago, but her own son, who is still living, is her earthly lord.

Lady Cathness was always a great friend of Mme. Blavatsky, and to her she confided that Marie Stuart had reincarnated herself in her. To carry out this role she fitted up a state drawing-room and throne at her villa in Nice, occasionally donned the crown and royal robes, and in the morning and afternoon, in the drawing-room, she would sit in a "throne" to address her "royal majesty" and to attend upon her. To her friends and followers she gave frequently audience. She lives now in a palatial residence overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, and there dispenses princely hospitality. A motley collection of mediums and clairvoyants, and Spiritualists, and any one professing Spiritualism, has the key to her house. She is, however, an earnest student of occultism and philosophy and an industrious investigator and writer on these subjects. Lady Cathness presents a striking contrast to her predecessor in the office of high priestess. She is of slim figure, elegant manners, refined tastes, always magnificently dressed, and there is nothing in her outward semblance to suggest the fat, frothy, untidy, cigarette-smoking Russian. Blavatsky denounced Spiritualism as a delusion, while Lady Cathness reverently accepts the theory of spiritism, and even proclaims a Spiritualist and even proclaims a Spiritualist medium. Blavatsky preached that clairvoyance was an essential of spiritual development, while Lady Cathness believes that the high and holy mission of woman is to be developed only by love.

She uses high-toned Theosophy better, thoroughly in display, jewels of amazing splendor, and at her ear, tips on all occasions, diamonds of the purest water blaze upon her brow, sparkle about the substantial throat and glitter upon her white limbs. Her speech is simply a flow of pure light, and she is so sure of her words that she never has been before. Some twenty years ago she appeared with her return at the Brevoort House in New York City and dawned upon the guests at the breakfast hour arrayed in gorgeous splendor and blinding with her jewels. With her was James Sinclair, the third Earl of Cathness, her then husband, an eccentric, little, old gentleman with a rather rubeous countenance, a cheery smile and a wonderfully fitting morning jacket; her own son, the young Duke of Pomar, a dark youth with a fine, aristocratic type, and Lady Cathness's only daughter, the young Countess of Cathness, who is only one year and nine months of age, and her son and heir, the then Lord Berriedale.

The Progressive Thinker is glad to pay tribute to the Countess of Cathness, the best of God's children, and the Progressive Thinker gladdens and brightens her home. Spiritualists, you who are blessed with ample means to render the world a better place, are doing and extend our circulation. No other Spiritualist paper makes any pretension of doing this philanthropic work. Call the attention of your neighbor to the paper. It is sent twice for 25 cents.

a quiet, fair girl of an unmistakably Scottish type of good looks. Their advent in the hotel dining-room is described by a witness as creating a wonderful sensation.—Chicago Herald.

#### Jottings.

TO THE EDITOR:—No 87 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER has just come to hand. I noticed that Mrs. Blavatsky had been mentioned in the article on the "Comparisons are odious," and in the main I presume the old lady was just about right. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from its infancy has always been so inspiring to the faithful that it is quite unnecessary to compare the various editions by pronouncing one better than the other, but the number now before me certainly indicates that your valuable paper has been properly named, and it is to be hoped that it will continue to prosper, and the cause of theosophy and spiritualism for many centuries to come. In looking over its columns I meet with familiar names, among them Moses Hull and his good wife, whom I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing at Cassadaga Lake in 1881. The solid reasoning and every detail of the work of the late Mr. Hull impressed me at that time are still fresh in my memory. I recollect his gifted wife was kind enough to play a charming accompaniment upon the organ to his violin, at an entertainment which we gave at the Lake. Mr. Hull is still in the world, and I have often wished that he might be heard once more in New York City. The interesting letters from Mr. Lyman C. Howe are always fresh and instructive, and carry with them an essence of truth which cannot fail to enlighten all who read them. I recollect meeting this genial and highly-gifted gentleman at the obsequies of the late good and noble Mrs. Leah Fox Underhill, and also at a reception tendered him in the parlors of Mrs. M. E. Williams. Although very retiring in his manner, the courteousness of Mr. Howe could light up at times with almost the brightness of a cathedral, making music in the hearts of those who saw him even more eloquent than words. Such men as Moses Hull and Lyman C. Howe are a blessing to their race, and can but leave the world better for having passed through it. The obituary notice of Mr. Howe is a noble and fitting tribute to his life, and will better, do not hesitate to give the result of their investigations to those who hunger after truth. Another name which must strike a tender chord in the hearts of all who love the noble and the good—I refer to the venerable Samuel Watson, whom I met through your columns at the late London Convention. I remember when his book "The Clock Struck One" first made its appearance, and I think, perhaps, it has done as much good as any book of its kind that has ever been published. THE FACTS contained in this work none can gainsay. Mr. Watson is not a dreamer, and while the "clock" of his life has struck the hour of his death, his work has been taken by many *cum gratia*, and has set thousands to thinking that there are many things that are not dreamed of in their philosophy.

J. JAY WATSON.  
New York, 255 West 43d street.

#### SPIRIT WARNINGS.

I solicit the favor of insertion for the following personal experience in the columns of your paper, with the object, if possible, of obtaining some explanation. I write the experience at the request of friends and believers in modern Spiritualism. My first mysterious experience occurred about four years since. I was awakened by my wife, who said, "What can that light be over the mantelpiece? See! It moves and grows larger. I contented myself by saying, 'only a shadow, and the light should subside.' I went to bed, and the following day we received intelligence that her nephew had died during the night. Our next experience was on December 29, 1887. On this occasion the position of the light was different, it being directly opposite to me. I got up and looked about to see what could have the light. I returned to bed, and the following day, which was 1:30 A. M., the same morning about 7 A. M., when my wife and I were dressing, the door knob was turned and the door opened; neither of us were near it, and no one else was in the house. My wife at once remarked, "That is a signal; be careful, for my father died at that time." During the day I read the news that my father had died at 1:50 A. M., that morning. The mystic light appeared again in January, 1891, about two months after the death of my wife. To avoid harrowing up my own feelings I shall not enter into much detail on this subject, but on this occasion I was standing by the bed in the morning, and the light appeared in the room, and the light, first in the intense darkness, and afterwards by raising the blind so as to admit light artificially, but try as I would I could not obtain any like result. I may add, the first time my wife was over in the locality of the cemetery where she was standing by the bed in the morning, she did not know the situation of the cemetery, was not within half a mile of it, neither had she the remotest idea of ever being in that neighborhood. Although the walk alluded to was taken fourteen years prior to her demise, yet she used the following words to me on higher up the road than the cemetery, and that is the way I shall go when I am buried." Yours faithfully, W. L.

[Our friend need not at all lose account for lights which have a supermundane origin and significance—many spirits can only manifest their presence in this way. If we may use the term of the spirit-spheres approximate more nearly to electricity than to any other element or form of element known to man; hence those spirits who are not mediumistic enough to present their images to earthly mediums, can often so condense their spirit-matter around their forms as to appear as lights. By the application of these same spirit forces also they can occasion sounds, as knockings, or the sounds as of falling bodies. As to the promulgations of death—no mortal can know beyond a peradventure when an infant is to be born, or when a child is to die. We know, can anticipate, and can warn—mortal of the time when a new-born soul will enter the spirit world. Mortal death is a spiritual birth, and the times are as surely set, and as inevitable as human births.]—The Two Worlds.

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## THRILLING WORDS.

### "She Has Outlived Her Usefulness."

Not long since, a good-looking man in middle life came to our door, asking for the "minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned, he said, "I was in the habit of having lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lives here, we have come to lay her to rest here."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have not with a great loss." Well—yes," replied the strong man with some hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general; but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, and she was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of trouble, and she was moved about when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then, she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours; those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness—she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!" and we hoped that before such a day would dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid we should outlive the love of our children! Rather, we would die with them, and in their own, that our graves may be watered with their tears and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary, to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give no more. We were not alone, though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day," and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself and a burden to everybody else!" These heartless, cruel words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled for the mother's burial, and the tongue had chronicled the tears of the toll-woman mother. One, two, three, four, five, how clearly, and almost merrily, each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at night on her weary father's knees. Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, rang out the tale of her sports upon the lawn, and her life in the meadow, and beside the brook. Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, sounded out the enraptured visions of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with love for the mother to which God had awakened in her bosom. Then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves and cares, and hopes and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and motherly, living over again her own joys and sorrows, and the life of her children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark, the bell tolls! Seventy, seventy-one, two, three, four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child to another, and so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty, eighty-one, two, three, four. Ah, she is now a second child—now "she has grown from one child to another, and so that no one place seems like home." She murmurs in plaintive tones, that after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty, eighty-one, two, three, four. 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some word of comfort in a whisper seeming to rise in the air, to be the deepening shadows. There a little distance from the table a rocking-chair, which all at once to rock. Gradually it slid nearer the table, and pushed itself in between the persons sitting there. It stopped for a moment, and slowly a few inches from the floor, fell again with a loud thud, almost

These different forms of oaths reflect the diversity of human nature. As salutations differ among nations, so do religions differ: as customs differ. Oaths, salutations of religions of all kind, are of origin, hence are as varied as the minds that produced them.

and Slavs, about even divided  
there has been great rivalry be-  
tween the two nationalities. Finally  
priest, Father Maratouze, de-  
clared services for the Slavs in the  
hold and for the Hungarians in the  
churchyard. The Hungarians  
wished to dedicate a banner, a  
priest gave them half of the  
When he began to speak in Bo-  
the Hungarians left the church-  
created a disturbance outside.  
Slavs went out and drove the Hu-  
the churchyard, using clubs and  
the police arrived and put a  
hostilities. It was necessary to  
priest to his home under police

test mediums on the Pacific Coast volunteered their services, and the paper reaches any of those who are capable and willing to volunteer for good cause, we hope they will communicate with me.

KATE L. SCOTT  
Box 350, Oakland, Cal.

**Camp Meetings.**  
Saturday morning, Aug. 15, we ourselves confronted with camp reports to the extent of about fifteen, enough to almost overwhelm. These camp meetings are potent for good; the grand work they are for is almost incalculable. They

"Liberals desiring to leave a substantial testimonial behind them which to help in carrying on the work of enlightening the world, can incorporate the following for their use:

"I give to Richard B. West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the American Secular Union, to establish the principles of perfect liberty in this country, and to see complete separation of Church and State" (amount here.)

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...the work  
...do so by  
...run into

...brook, of  
...trust for  
...aid that  
...to es-  
...religious  
...secure the  
...rich and

...our work

...S. U.  
...dial de-

...EVERY  
...who would lose  
...would desire an  
...manly energy,  
...cure at once the

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...lose: harmony and lost vitality, and re-  
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