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THE NEMESIS OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE: OR CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same."
—Granville.

Fiction is often truth colored by the brush or pen of the artist, or moulded by the chisel of the sculptor.

When I was a child my father lived in the village of Westfield, Chautauqua county, N. Y. He was a physician and surgeon whose practice extended over the county and portions of the country adjacent thereto. At that time there resided a few miles from Westfield, an Indian doctor named McIntosh or McIntire, I am not certain which. He was a half-breed of the Cattaraugus tribe, very well educated for the times and his surroundings, and possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. He was a friend of my father, whom he frequently consulted in relation to his patients when their symptoms were beyond his ability to diagnose.

One summer morning in the year 1832 he called on my father to visit a patient with him who was sick in the village of Mayville. At my earnest solicitation I was permitted to accompany them. As we rode along he related an old legend of the country which interested my boyish curiosity very much, and which I have embodied in the following story. In its narration I have preserved the names of the dramatis personae, and have narrated the incidents of the story as I remember it to have been narrated by the old doctor.

Sixty years ago I read it as briefly published in one of the newspapers of western New York, and the tradition will probably be remembered by a few of the old settlers of Chautauqua county. I have only taken an author's liberty to elaborate and paint its incidents with the feeble pen of narration, yet they are substantially true as narrated by the early traditions of the country.

The incidents of the so-called whisky rebellion in western Pennsylvania are true historic events, as narrated in "Western Annals," published by James R. Albrecht, in 1866. The names of the parties who were prominent in exciting the rebellion are correctly given, and the events are quoted from historical record.

The Indian names of persons and places with their derivation are strictly correct and are quoted from the League of the Ho-De-No-Sau-Nee, or Iroquois, published by the New York Historical Society in 1851.

A few years ago while digging for the foundation of one of the assembly buildings on the Chautauqua Assembly grounds near the lake, a number of skeletons were unearthed, which attracted the attention and wonder of the workmen and visitors. The place was supposed at the time to have been an ancient Indian burial ground. When I read the account I at once remembered the legend as related by the old Indian doctor, and on investigation I became convinced that they were the remains of the victims of "The Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake." This suggested to me the thought of writing the story as narrated in this book, in which I have given the derivation of the Indian names therein contained correctly from the authority of "The League of the Iroquois." The principal incidents of my story are true, although they have long been

"Asleep on lap of Legend Old."

April 26, 1899.

AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."—Byron.

"Their way

"Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horrors of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger."—Milton.

It was the afternoon of a beautiful day in October of the year 1792. The late frost had but recently touched the forest foliage, and now the glory of an American autumn had fallen on hill and valley gilding them with a wealth of coloring that defies the palette and pencil of the artist. The yellow of the poplar, the scarlet of the maple and the crimson of the oak mingling with the dark green of the pine and hemlock, draped the landscape as with a sheen of variegated embroidery. The early fallen leaves covered the ground with a carpet soft as velvet and tinted with colors that rivaled the looms of Gobelin.

The air, mild as a morning in spring, was filled with the odor of dying leaves peculiar to the northern forests in autumn. The sky was covered by a soft haze incident to the season and the locality of our story. The sun was sinking behind the western tree-tops when the stillness of the forest was broken by the tramp of a horse on the fallen leaves that covered the ground, almost concealing the old Indian trail that ran along the southern shore of Lake Erie from Presque Isle to Fort Rice on Buffalo Creek. The rider of the horse was a man in the morning of manhood. His dress and bearing indicated that he was unaccustomed to frontier life, and was better acquainted with the civilization of the Eastern colonies than the hardships and privations of camp and forest. He was unarmed, unless a pair of pistols that hung in holsters at his saddle bow could be called arms; but the contempt with which these weapons were looked upon by the hardy frontier men of that day showed that they were very inefficient either for offence or defence against Indians and wild beasts, the only enemies to be feared in the forests of the lake shore. His companion was on foot, and trod the path they were following with the noiseless tread of a panther. His dark copper color, the fantastic ornaments that decorated his naked breast, his leggings of tanned deerskin ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, the tomahawk and knife that hung in easy reach of his hand from a belt of wampum around his waist, the powder-horn and bullet-pouch suspended from his shoulder, the

long rifle carried at trail, the scalp-lock and eagle feathers it supported, all proclaimed an Indian warrior. The absence of paint on his dark features indicated that his present mission was one of peace, yet his cat-like tread and the quick glance of his dark eye towards the thickets and underbrush that bordered some portions of their pathway, showed the training and caution of an Indian brave accustomed to the dangers of forest warfare, and ever watchful against an ambush or a hidden foe.

For some time the two had traveled along the forest path in silence; the horseman following the steps of his guide, who with the unerring instincts of his race followed the trail almost obliterated by the fallen leaves. At length the path descended into a ravine through the bottom of which ran a small stream of clear, cool water. The thirsty horse plunged his head deep in the grateful current from which he drank for some moments, while the Indian paused upon his brink and leaning upon his rifle stood in an attitude of unconscious grace and dignity that would have delighted the eye of a sculptor.

"Well, Oneida, where are we now? And what stream is this?" inquired his companion, as he loosened his bridle rein and rested his hand on his saddle-bow.

"Ga-a-nun-da-ta, Ga-hun-da," (Ga-a-nun-da-ta, a mountain leveled down; Ga-hun-da, Silver Creek.—Iroquois) the Indian replied sentimentally in the guttural tones of the Iroquois.

"How far are we from a settlement?" continued his interrogator. "It is long past noon, and the air of the woods has given me an appetite I have not had since I was a boy."

"The rifle of Oneida could throw a bullet into the wigwams of the pale faces," replied the Indian, as he pointed to the top of the hill that formed the opposite side of the ravine they had entered.

"Is it so near, Oneida?" Come," continued the rider to his horse as he affectionately patted the neck of the faithful animal, "come, Jet, our day's march is nearly ended, and you shall rest until morning." The wearied horse seemed to understand the promise of his rider, for crossing the creek he followed the guide with a quickened pace until they reached the top of the hillside where a clearing of fifteen or twenty acres had been made in the forest, in the center of which a group of log cabins had been erected. One among them was more pretentious than the others. It was larger, more imposing in appearance, was constructed of logs roughly squared with the axe, the chimneys were more closely stopped, and a wide porch extended along its front from which a pole projected, sustaining on its outer end a rude sign, which informed those who could decipher its hieroglyphical characters, that "Rest for Man and Beast" could be there obtained.

When the traveler and his guide had reached the brow of the hill, the horseman paused a moment as he looked with an enquiring eye over the rude habitation before him. When seeing the invitation of the sign mentioned, he turned to his guide and said:

"Oneida, we will go no farther to-day; both 'man and beast' need the rest that I see can be had here; but at sunrise we must be on our way. I must reach Du Quenee the day after to-morrow; we will stop at the tavern yonder until morning."

"No," said the Indian, "Oneida will sleep in the woods; when the morning sun rises out of the waters of the Great Lake he will meet the young chief on its shore." Then carefully examining the priming of his rifle he disappeared in the bushes that bordered the ravine they had just left.

As the horseman rode up to the inn, or tavern as it was called in the vernacular of the frontier, he observed a group of men on "The Common," an open space of four or five acres in extent in front of the rude dwellings that stood irregularly along one side of the street. The street itself was, but a wagon track that winding its sinuous course among the stumps and deadened trees, was at last lost in the woods beyond the settlement. The forest blazing in the glory of its autumn foliage, seemed to surround the little village with an environment of many-colored flames, unbroken save towards the north where the waters of Lake Erie glimmered through a partial opening in the trees.

The buildings of this primitive settlement consisted of a score of cabins constructed in the rude style of architecture seen only in the woods and clearings of America in the early days of our Republic. The comforts of modern civilization were unknown to the hardy settlers of our frontiers. The necessities of a pioneer life developed an ingenuity in invention that has become a characteristic of the American people, and made them celebrated over the world.

The cabins were constructed of unhewn logs, and on many of them the bark yet remained on their outside surfaces. These logs were notched at their corners, and interlocked in such a manner as to render them secure against the storms that sometimes prostrated the standing forest trees. The crevices between the logs were "chinked" with puncheons of wood secured in their places by wooden pins and wedges. The chimneys were then daubed with clay within and without and the walls were completed. The roofs were covered with bark peeled from the hemlock, or in the better houses with long shingles riven from the oak or elm. These were kept in their places by weight-poles laid lengthwise of the roof, and supported in their places by blocks of wood extending from eaves to ridge-pole. The floors (where there were any) were of puncheons or split logs, and the spacious fire-places of stone with chimneys of sticks plastered with clay. The sashless windows were filled with cloth well oiled to make it translucent. The doors of thin slabs of wood were hung on wooden hinges. In the whole number of houses in that little village in the wilderness, there probably was not a single pane of glass or a nail or metal hinge, or lock of any kind. The furniture and cooking utensils were of the rudest and simplest kind;

plates and bowls of wood with spoons of the same material were laid at meal-time on a rude table in the center of the cabins. Drinking-cups of horn, or gourds, were the substitutes for the crystal and china of to-day; and at that time the possession of a single drinking-glass by a woman in the settlement would have subjected her to the envy of all her female associates. Yet rude as these surroundings were, and as primitive as were the culinary utensils and cuisine of the wilderness at that day, no marble slab in a prince's palace was ever laden with more choice viands than those that graced the rude puncheon tables of the cabins of the early settlers of the wilderness. Juicy steaks of venison, or cullies of bear's meat broiled on the coals; delicious trout from the cool forest streams; wild fowl from the lake, baked or roasted in rude stone ovens, was the ordinary bill of fare of the poorest families in the frontier settlements. For bread, various ingenious compounds of corn formed a wholesome substitute for the dyspeptic loaf of to-day, while a dessert of wild honey and forest berries finished a repast that would have delighted a modern epicure.

When to such a feast as we have described the partaker brings an appetite begotten of a day's travel in the pure air of the wilderness, there remains nothing to increase the gustatory enjoyment of the occasion—so thought our traveler as he sat down at the puncheon board of the "Rest for Man and Beast," and partook of the bill of fare we have given, with an appetite we have but faintly described.

As there was no register for travelers' names in the office of the clerk of the "Rest for Man and Beast," and in fact as there was no office, and no clerk, we are compelled to introduce our traveler as Judge Frank Hall, recently appointed by the Governor of the State of New York to organize several courts in the western part of the State for the administration of the law over that portion of the wilderness known as "Western New York." He had been to Buffalo for that purpose, and was now on his way to western Pennsylvania under a secret commission from President Washington to enquire into the cause of the resistance to the excise laws in that portion of the State.

The recent defeat of St. Clair in his expedition against the western tribes of Indians in Ohio, left an unprotected frontier of a thousand miles in extent reaching from the Allegheny to the Mississippi. This was exposed to the attack of the victorious and infuriated savages. The six nations that had for a number of years been friends and allies of the government were now wavering in their allegiance, and it was feared that their young warriors, at least, would join the western tribes in open hostilities against the hated pale-faces. The armies of the government had been unable to protect the frontiers, and the settlers of western Pennsylvania, who were generally of foreign birth, objected to the payment of taxes of any kind to a government that did not protect them from savage invasion and butchery. In 1786 an attempt had been made to enforce an excise law, when the officer was seized by a number of the settlers, his hair cut off from one side of his head, his papers taken from him, and he was compelled to tear up his commission and trample it under his feet. No effort was made to punish these rioters by the government, and no further attempt was made for a number of years to execute the excise law.

In 1790 when Congress assembled, the nation was burdened with debts, and it was found indispensably necessary to increase the revenue. On the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton a bill was passed imposing certain rates of taxes on distilled spirits. Inspectors were appointed and all distilleries were bound to give the inspector of their district an accurate description of their buildings, the capacity of their stills and to allow their liquor casks to be gauged and branded by the inspector.

This law met with a general and determined resistance in western Pennsylvania; government inspectors were mobbed and beaten, their buildings burned and many of them were compelled to flee from the country. Public meetings were called, speeches were made, resolutions—that panacea for all American wrongs—were passed without a dissenting voice, and our forefathers resolved that "whisky should be free."

This much it has been necessary to say, that our readers may better understand the incidents of our story.

Our traveler, Judge Hall, had been secretly instructed by the government at Washington, to go to Pittsburgh and inquire into the nature, cause and extent of the insubordination to the laws. Ostensibly he went to examine into the military condition of the frontiers; to examine the forts, equipments and means of defense, and to report the same as soon as possible. This part of his mission was open and avowed, the other branch of his duty must of necessity be secret, for had the excited settlers suspected that he was connected in any way with the enforcement of the odious excise laws, his life would have been in jeopardy from the lawless ruffians who perpetrated the outrages sanctioned by the resolutions of the public meetings.

At Fort Reed, near Buffalo, Judge Hall had procured an Indian guide, Oneida, who was an Iroquois warrior past middle age, and but a few years before had been a terror to the frontier, as at the head of a predatory band of Mohawks he ravaged the Lake shore from Niagara to Fort Presque Isle. He was a member of the Oneida tribe of Indians, and for this reason was generally called by the name of his people; but the appellation given him by his warriors was Wah-ne-tau, signifying the foremost in battle. By this name he had been known along the frontiers where the ashes of burned cabins and the graves of the settlers murdered by his band were seen in every primitive settlement. He had been so well known to the frontiersmen for his ferocity on the warpath, that although the Indian tribes of the Six Nations had "buried the tomahawk" and were at peace with the United Colonies, yet the wary savage feared to trust himself within reach of the deadly rifle of the hunters and backwoodsmen of the new settlements, and therefore when he approached the little hamlet we have described, he left Judge Hall at the edge of the clearing, to bivouac in the woods until morning, when he was to meet him at the rising of the sun on the shore of Lake Erie.

After our traveler had finished his meal, he strolled out on the Common, where a group of men and boys had collected to witness a trial of skill with the rifle between a number of the most noted marksmen of the settlement.

The dress of the men thus assembled was characteristic of the times, the place and the people. Underclothing of the coarsest product of the domestic loom, covered with hunting shirts of coarse cloth or dressed deerskin, with leggings and moccasins of the same material, were common to all. The only difference was seen in the ornamentation of fringe with which some of the capes of the hunting-shirts were decorated; and it was noticeable that these faint evidences of untutored taste were seen only on the persons of the young men; an embryonic development

of that love of personal adornment whose esthetic results are now so marvelous in the arena of modern fashion; while peeping from the cabin windows were a number of bright-eyed woodland maidens, who did not fail to recognize in the dress of many of the young hunters the work of their own fair fingers, for even to that western frontier the little god of ancient mythology had found his way, and victims for his bow and arrows.

When Judge Hall approached the men on the Common he was received with looks of mingled curiosity and respect; curiosity to know who he was, where he came from, where he was going, and what was his business? Respect, for his appearance denoted that he was none of the ordinary travelers of the wilderness. His tall form, intellectual, handsome features and noble bearing would have arrested the attention and commanded the respect of all who saw him, even though they were strangers to the fame he had acquired as a soldier, lawyer and statesman. When but a boy of twenty he had been promoted for his bravery in one of the battles with the Indians in Ohio, and a few years later he had distinguished himself in the judicial forum of his native State. He had served a term in the Congress of 1790, and was now selected by President Washington to perform an important mission because of his acknowledged courage and ability.

For a moment the men who were engaged in a contest for supremacy in marksmanship paused as he approached them, when the Judge pleasantly remarked: "Don't let me interrupt your sports, men; I came to witness your skill with the rifle. I am a solitary traveler, resting after a fatiguing journey, and only wish to pass away the time pleasantly to myself, and hope you will not think me intrusive in coming among you."

"Sartilly not, stranger; sartilly not," remarked a veteran hunter as he leaned upon a rifle of unusual length. "Ye are welcome to come to see us as often as ye like, and stay as long as ye want. Go ahead, lyes, and when ye're satisfied ye can't drive the nail, let old Joe show ye and the stranger how it's done. It's not much of a distance to shoot, and it ain't like shootin' a painter on the jump or a redskin on the run, 'specially when the redskin is arter yer scalp with a lot of yellin, painted devils behind him, and ye know if ye miss yer aim once and let them come much nearer, ye'll be dead and scalped in a minnit. I tell ye, stranger, it don't make a feller's nerves any steadier to know he is shootin' fur his life, and that if his flint misses fire or his hand trembles he's a goner; ye see this is kind of lyes' play, to larn the youngsters how to handle their irons when the time comes as they must shoot for their own lives or the lives of them they love best on earth."

"It is the proper training for young men in times like these, my old friend," replied the Judge. "The skill acquired in contests of this kind may be of great service to these young men in times of need and danger. Boys should be taught the use of the rifle as soon as they can cast a bullet or pull a trigger."

At this the contest proceeded. The mark was a white disk of paper the size of a dollar, fastened by a pin in its center, to the charred and blackened side of a stump a hundred steps distant.

A number of shots were fired, but only one or two touched the paper, when old Joe stepped to the score marked on the ground and slowly raised his rifle. For a few seconds he stood with the unconscious grace of a piece of statuary; then as the sharp report of his rifle reverberated along the line of woods that bounded the "clearing," the paper fluttered in the air and fell to the ground.

"That's the way it's done, lyes," remarked the old hunter, as with a smile of self-approbation he looked at the Judge.

"What do ye think of that, stranger? Did ye ever see that done in the settlements whar ye cum from?" inquired old Joe as he turned to the Judge with evident pride. The Judge's only man kin beat that in this neck of woods, an' that's Bill Munson, and he can't beat it much, he can't."

"My old friend," said the Judge, "will you lend me your rifle to try a shot?"

"Sartin, stranger, sartilly!" replied old Joe. "Byes put up another mark while I load my iron for the stranger."

"My friend," said the Judge, quietly, "will you lend me your powder-horn and bullet-pouch and let me load the rifle myself?"

"Ye-as—I will, stranger," answered old Joe, hesitatingly, "but I misdoubt ye can do as it outer be dun; ye see 'Redskin Extirminator,' as I call the ole hussy, is a little particular, and don't allers behave as she outer with strangers; but ye can see what ye can do with the ole gal if ye like."

Judge Hall here removed his coat, slung the powder-horn and bullet-pouch over his shoulder, took the rifle from the reluctant hands of the old man, and walked towards the stump, where a new mark had been placed.

As he proceeded, the men looked at him inquiringly. "The mark's all right, stranger," old Joe called after him as he walked toward the stump. "The mark's all right; ye needn't bother to go an' look arter it; an' the stump's thar, too, as ye'll find if ye git a little clusser," the old man continued in a somewhat sarcastic tone.

By this time the Judge had reached the stump, when turning he started to run toward the group of astonished spectators, loading the gun as he ran, and reaching the score, he turned suddenly and fired apparently without aim. Again the paper fluttered in the air. When it fell, the boy picked it up as he had done the mark hit by old Joe, and brought them both to the old hunter; handing them to him he said: "Uncle Joe, the stranger's is a center shot, while your'n is a little one side, tho' it did hit the pin."

(To be continued.)

But the possibility of doing so depends not wholly and solely upon him, but upon the antecedent fact that the conditions for its appearance are already there.—John Tyndall.

We should avoid whatever may display bad feeling, and attend with civility to what may be addressed to us; all hearts are conciliated by politeness and affability.—Socrates.

The natural rights of men, civil and political, are liberty, equality, security, property, social protection, and resistance to oppression. Liberty consists in the right to do whatever is not contrary to the rights of others.—Thomas Paine.

The church still talks about "evidence," about "reason," about "freedom of conscience" and the "liberty of speech," and yet denounces those who ask for evidence, who appeal to reason, and who honestly express their thoughts.—Ingersoll.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS.

Some Erratic Tendencies in Spiritualism.

To the Editor:—I feel to say a few words. I read with interest the article from W. F. Jamieson in No. 572, and fully endorse the sentiment embodied therein, with one exception, and that is regarding the "conviction" that in his closing paragraph he says is forced upon him, of which I will speak further on.

Mr. Jamieson, once with us, but not now of us, seems yet to have some interest in us, else he would not care to read The Progressive Thinker. Our Agnostic brother sees the future of Spiritualism from the same viewpoint that some of the ranks do. He says: "I have sometimes thought your great movement was drifting onto 'secularian shore,' and there is every indication that such is the fact. The effort to popularize Spiritualism by making it ally with Christianity, that is now being made, is sickening to some of us, but just what to do about it is not quite plain. The fact that our speakers and lecturers are preaching and affirming to their names the old, offensive, orthodox titles—pastor, reverend, D. D., etc., that the progressive, up-to-date Christian ministers, at least some of them, are sloughing off; the fact that our balls and lecture rooms and societies are giving place to churches, and the silly and narrow formalism and ceremonies of Christianity established therein, the Bible used as the great text book, the 'Lord's Prayer' made a part of the service; the fact that our lyceums are giving place to the Sunday-school; the fact that our leading speakers are doing their utmost to foist upon societies long-term engagements, the formulating of a creed, the sending out of 'missionaries' over the land to proselyte, with a nice fat salary attached; the fact that the 'golden rule' and 'Sermon on the Mount' as the rule of action—all this savors nicely of Christian sectarianism, and is disheartening to those who would keep Spiritualism free from all that hampers and cramps and fetters. With the building of churches comes greater begging for money; with church organizations comes the luscious and praise and flattery and glory that must be accorded 'our pastor,' and after a time we shall have the full old-time 'worship,' and worship implies a belittling and degradation and stunting of one's own powers of being. And I cannot see why those who want all these things do not go back to the 'flesh pots of Egypt,' join the hosts of Christianity at once and leave Spiritualism to grow its own natural life as it did the first fifty years. It is plainly to be seen that with Spiritualists as with Christians the rank and file thereof are influenced and led by those who set themselves up as leaders; just so fast as they can make the average Spiritualists believe that all this paraphernalia is needed to boost Spiritualism into popular favor, do they aid the effort, and it is plain to see whether we are drifting.

I am in harmony with Mr. Jamieson regarding polemic discussion; the time is not yet past when this is not needed. The writer is at the present writing engaged in just such controversy through the home press; but I am hardly in accord with his conviction regarding free discussion by Spiritualistic organizations. He asks where the platform is as free as the air, the light of the Progressive Thinker? While all true Spiritualists glory in The Progressive Thinker, yet I think the Cassadaga camp platform is equally as broad. I cannot speak for the other camps, not having been in attendance from year to year as I have at Lily Dale. There, all shades of opinion are given a hearing; not only the Spiritualists; but the Agnostic, the Materialist, the Christian, the Theosophist, the Hindu, the Scientist and Philosopher, the learned and the common-place—all are welcome and invited to its rostrum. And then, too, in the evening Thought Exchange meetings the sharpest of criticisms (always friendly) of one with the other is indulged in. Camp Cassadaga believes in agitation of thought. Agnosticism boasts of its broad, liberal spirit, and yet I question if anywhere in the ranks of Materialism (including the Agnostic), would be made the effort to aid a Spiritualistic publication as that put forth just one year ago by the writer in behalf of one of the leading free-thought journals, securing a nice little club of subscribers therefor, and accompanying the order with cash. I know of no platform quite so free as that upon which Spiritualism now stands, but alas! I fear breakers are ahead.

Mr. Jamieson states that two years ago he sent courteous invitations to various Spiritualistic societies for joint debates, and that no society accepted his invitation, and because of this he concludes that Spiritualists are afraid of free discussion. One of these invitations reached our society here in Jamestown, and for this body I wish to speak, and no doubt my words will be applicable to many other societies. I think there is no member of our society who would not have enjoyed listening to such debate, but we are not a body of debaters. Indeed there is no one of us capable of such public work. While all of us may be able to give a reason "for the hope that is within us," yet none of us would think of holding a public debate with any body. And then we are a small body with no millionaires among us, or in other words, no wealth to represent us. It would have been out of the question to have made effort to hire a "debater," for lack of funds. The fact that no society accepted our brother's invitation to debate, I think hardly sufficient proof that fear of free discussion was the cause.

CLARA WATSON.

Jamestown, N. Y.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.—F. W. Farrar.
Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided that he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.—Herbert Spencer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of HUDSON TUTTLE. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal hearing compels the answers to be made in condensed form. Prof. Loeb has been the most frequent contributor, and the style becomes thereby assertive, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and write letters of inquiry. The supply of material is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and it is impossible to give more information than I am able. The ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected. HUDSON TUTTLE.

B. Lamanda, Cal.: Q. (1) A spirit in reply to a question said that "a spirit was like a thought, and 10,000 could get into the cabinet." How near correct is this?

(2) I conceive that the first great need of humanity is economic equality or socialism. Spirits give us very little on the subject. Why?

A. (1) As correct as to say man is like a thought. The thoughts of "ten thousand" spirits could be placed on a given point, as ten thousand telegraph wires might center at one office, but that would not require personal presence.

(2) The utmost government can do is by just laws to give free opportunity for all. It cannot give capabilities, nor restrain those who possess these qualities. The cause of the world's ills is that government should change its form by growth—evolution—and not by revolution. Every effort to encourage this great work is praiseworthy and will be successful in proportion to adaptability in the line of advance. In other words, the reformer, to be successful, must amend the laws and customs of his time, and not expect to disrupt the foundations of government with new devices. If the leaders in socialism and economic equality succeed, it must be through the growth of their ideas in the minds of the people, by educational methods and not by radical changes involving new processes.

But on these great political questions, spirits widely differ in opinion. The wisest are silent because they await the proper time.

Frank O'Connor, Q. You would please me by giving the address of all the Shaker societies east of Ohio.

A. The Shakers among themselves are known as the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. They are in their decadence. There are now, societies at New Gloucester and Alfred, Maine; Canterbury and Tyngsboro, Mass.; Enfield, Conn.; two in Canada, N. Y.; one in Groveland, Mount Lebanon and Watervliet, N. Y.; North Union, Union Village (abandoned), Watervliet and Whitewater, Ohio; Pleasant Hill and South Union, Ky. The Mount Lebanon society is considered as the central and most prosperous. No new societies have been organized, and the movement based as it is on an erroneous view of human nature, and false notions of God, will disappear with the death of those who now control it.

Temperance: Q. What is the meaning of "tee-total," as applied to temperance?

A. The word is said to have been coined by an ignorant English weaver, who had been converted to temperance and became an exhorter on the subject. In a vehement address he stammered the word and said, "Nothing but a tee-tee-total pledge would do." This was caught up by his audience, and ultimately adopted by the movement as meaning total abstinence, not only in Lancashire where the speech was made, but in all the civilized world.

T. T.: Q. Prof. Loeb, of Chicago, claims that by the addition of certain chemicals to the water in which the unimpregnated eggs of the sea urchin are placed, they will mature just the same as though that function had been performed, and it is claimed with sufficient knowledge this might hold true of the higher animals. How far is this true?

A. Unmerited applause has been bestowed on the promulgator of this hypothesis. This method of reproduction—by the female alone—is common among a great number of species of the lower order, and even among insects as the aphids and thus separating into two, which soon again divide. But the differentiation of the sexes soon takes place and when this has occurred in permanent form, Prof. Loeb, assisted by all the scientists of his culture, cannot make an unfertilized germ expand into a perfect form. With all due deference to the scientific knowledge and skill of the experimenters, the conclusion is that they have referred a natural occurrence to their own skill in manipulation, and when they reach a plane of specific development where parthenogenesis has no part, they will find that artificial means of fertilization is absolutely abortive. In fact this "great discovery" is no discovery at all, but simply following well known principles of embryology. The honey-bee conforms to this law in rearing the population of the hive. The fertilized egg of the queen, according to its nourishment develops into a female, a drone, or a neuter worker; the unfertilized egg, under the most stimulating food matures into a drone.

In the aphids, or plant hoppers, for an indefinite number of generations, parthenogenesis has counted blue—reproduction proceeds without fertilization, all individuals alike propagating. At the end of this series there is a division into wingless females and winged males, and the next generation must be produced by fertilization. Had Prof. Loeb taken the aphids instead of the sea urchin for experimentation and applied his chemicals to their food, and for successive generations met with success, he would plausibly have drawn the conclusion that it was the result of the food. But continuing there would come the inevitable member in the series where the male element is essential and unless supplied, the conditions he furnished would destroy instead of fertilize.

This delicate and profound problem of the origin of individualized life, the separation of a living being from the matrix of physical matter, allows of no hasty experimentation or snap conclusion. Although living forms must have been originated by the living forces of nature, no one has yet succeeded in imitation by artificial means, or even in changing the drift of the immutable laws of life.

Prof. Loeb has so strongly stated his discovery that it is possible to rear the highest animals with only the mother, surrounded it with such scientific glamour, and has been supported so unqualifiedly by his college conferees, that he has even made an impression on theologians. As is well known they regard every advance in knowledge as a menace to their dogmas, and either angrily dispute or attempt reconciliation. The Rev. Mr. A. A. Van Hook has made application and is spokesman for the pulpit. He says in a recent article, of the dogma of the immaculate conception, it "is to be vigorously assailed and earnestly defended in the near future." But he is enthused with the idea that science has come to the rescue. He grandly exclaims: "Perhaps now Science as the daughter of God and handmaid of religion may come forward to show that the greatest miracle of Christianity was in perfect harmony with the highest laws of nature, which are the laws of God, but laws with which we have long been unfamiliar. Such a discovery will give additional glory to God, greater honor to the Bible, and divine beauty to Jesus Christ, and richer blessings to the faith of all believers."

The learned professor, in his haste or innocence overlooked that he has given away the foundations of his faith, for if the miraculous conception was not miraculous, if it was a result of some unknown natural law, Christ was not the son of God, in fact was not the son of anybody, and just how "additional glory to God," or greater honor to the Bible, or divine beauty, is a riddle none but a theologian can guess aright. Prof. Loeb was building wisely when he knew. He could not have known to what lengths his development of a starry heaven, moon and sun would lead, or that he was making plain one of the most obscure assertions of the Bible.

LAKE HELEN, FLORIDA. The Southern Cassadaga Camp.

Again I find myself in this sequestered refuge from the cold storms of the North, and the world's tumultuous thinking, and my heart rejoices.

Our party from Lily Dale arrived at the camp in due season, fatigued from the journey, of course, but after a stop at Chatahoga, a ride on the incline railway to the top of the wonderful Lookout Mountain, the thrilling trolley ride, rounding High Bluff, the magnificent views from Point Lookout and other places of interest, the halt at Jacksonville, and visit to the ostrich farm, all felt that the long journey had been interspersed with such pleasant incidents, that the disagreeable, wearisome part of traveling was quickly lost sight of.

We found Mr. E. A. Spencer at the station, with conveyance for our party and baggage to the camp. A warm supper was awaiting us, prepared by the lady Mary Stewart, who has remained on the ground all summer, and whose love and interest in this place is second to none.

Mrs. C. P. Pratt, well known in Spiritualist circles in Boston, was already installed in her pretty cottage overlooking the lake.

Mrs. E. Philbrook was ready to greet us. She, too, has remained on the ground during the summer and says she likes the Florida summers as well as the winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Duzee took rooms in the Apartment House. They are contemplating the building of a cottage soon.

Mrs. N. Nutting is in Mrs. Northup's cottage. Mrs. E. L. Thompson and Miss Belle Gardner have rooms at the hotel.

J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Dr. Brigham, Mrs. Hyde, and Mr. and Mrs. Z. G. Barker are expected every day.

The people are learning that there is no better or more healthful spot in the State than this winter resort at the Southern Cassadaga camp-ground, and the cottages are rapidly filling up. Nearly all will be occupied by the last of this month. Several rooms in Apartment House have been engaged.

Mrs. A. M. Sherman, well known as the superior cook of the Leelyn House at Lily Dale, presides over the culinary department of the hotel, and is ready to cater to the appetite of the most fastidious.

Persons coming at this season of the year must be sure and write the date of their arrival, that a carriage may be sent for them, as the bus does not run regularly to the trains until the yearly meeting commences, and the distance from the station to Lake Helen is three-quarters of a mile.

The weather is delightful; as I am writing the door is open, the sun is shining, and the day is like a Northern June; this is the best of weather of a Florida winter; but it must not be forgotten that cold snaps do occur in Florida, and preparation needs to be made for such times, else exceeding discomfort is felt. All persons should be provided with a warm suit of under-clothing and warm wrap, but most of the time this clothing is more comfortable.

Persons who are desirous of escaping the freezing weather of the North should not wait until the yearly meeting commences, but come at once. We shall have meetings every Sunday from this time on. More will be given later about the yearly assembly commencing in February, and I shall be pleased to answer all questions concerning the details of this place, to any who wish to come here, if they will direct their letters to EMMA J. HUFF.

Lake Helen, Florida.

THE DIVINE PLAN has been carried out successfully by The Progressive Thinker, one continual current of the profits returning to our subscribers. Volume 3 of the Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World only costs our subscribers 25 cents, far less than its actual value. Its regular price is \$1.50. The price should be in every family in the United States. It is elegantly and substantially bound, neatly printed and is an ornament to any library. One million copies of this work should be distributed throughout the country. The Progressive Thinker for one year and this book will be sent for \$1.25.

"Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and Rosa O. Conger. Excellent for every family. Cloth, \$1.50 and \$2.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

ENTIRELY NEW CAMPAIGN

Combining Cheapness and Excellence.

An Effort to Reach One Hundred Thousand Spiritualists.

15 CENTS.

OUR WINTER CAMPAIGN

It will be especially brilliant and attractive, and we desire to reach at least 100,000 Spiritualists who take no Spiritualist paper, and who are actually in midnight darkness in reference to what is going on in our ranks. In order to do this we will make a great sacrifice financially, and will send the paper out twelve weeks for 15 cents to all new subscribers, or those who have not been on our list for one year. We will also send to each trial subscriber a copy of The Progressive Thinker containing the "Crimes of Ministers and Church Members." This issue of The Progressive Thinker contains twelve pages, the largest paper ever issued on this earth from any Spiritualist publishing house. The data presented was collected during three months' time in 1898, from the secular press, illustrating in a marked degree the vast amount of crime among ministers of the gospel and church members. Whenever you hear an orthodox minister defaming Spiritualists, all you have to do is to present him this special issue of the paper in answer. It is a stunner, and will silence him. The data and statistics of this paper alone are worth to every Spiritualist at least ONE DOLLAR. It is a weapon of defense they cannot afford to be without. Any Spiritualist in renewing his subscription can have this remarkable paper sent to him by enclosing a two-cent stamp. We desire to send this paper to every Spiritualist in the United States, a million or more. When we sell this paper to the trade, in

Remember, please, that only those are entitled to the paper 12 weeks for 15 cents, who are new subscribers, or whose names have not been on our list for one year. Bear this in mind, for the paper at the above price costs us more than we get for it. Each of our present subscribers, should try to send in a new yearly subscription, and thus greatly assist us in this missionary work.

Elderly Gentleman's Experience

To the Editor:—While engaged in conversation a few evenings ago with an elderly gentleman who has resided in Canton many years, and whose name he does not care to have divulged at present, he related what he termed some very strange experiences, the first of which occurred back in the fifties.

So he: "In the year 1849 my brother William, getting the gold fever, left Canton in company with a few friends for the gold fields of California, going overland in a wagon, since railroad facilities were not as good then as they are to-day. Days, weeks and months rolled by and not a line did we receive from him, and his failure to write caused my parents no little anxiety and uneasiness. However, one afternoon while my mother was sitting in her sewing room she heard several raps on her chair and when she looked up she distinctly saw Brother William, or, rather, his ghost, right in front of her, and was told by him, the ghost, that he had been killed by the Indians. I will here state that mother possessed in those days what is now known as clairvoyance, and it was through that gift, no doubt, that she saw many things we did not and could not see.

"Soon after seeing this vision, or whatever you may term it, my mother revealed to us what she had seen and heard, but we could not believe it to be true, thinking perhaps she might be mistaken, but our discouragements to the contrary were of no avail. Mother repeatedly told us that she had seen Brother William on that day, and as plainly as she had ever seen him in her life. As a proof that her judgment was correct and her vision only too true, about six weeks thereafter we received a letter from a friend who had written him, and in which he said their party was attacked by a band of Indians and in the melee Brother William was killed.

"In addition to this experience I have a few of my personal experiences to relate if you care to listen to them." To his proposition I readily assented, since I had become very much interested in what he had already related.

"My beloved wife, as you are aware, died quite a while ago, and since her death she has come to me many a time, frequently in my own home, and occasionally has made her presence known when I was away from Canton, and invariably she was clothed in lovely white robes, and sincerely believed she was my guardian angel. It is such a thing, and I believe there is."

To that assertion I assured him that guardian angels did exist, were a fact, and that no doubt his wife was a guardian angel to him since she took as much interest in his happiness and welfare now as she ever took while living with him in the flesh.

"Not long since," said he, "as you are aware, Charlie, poor boy, had to go." (The Charlie referred to is a son of this gentleman.) "Now I must tell you what happened just before and soon after he died. One night when he died he was being away from home, he was awakened by a few loud raps on the head of my bed, and upon my opening my eyes I discovered that it was quite light in the room, so much so that I saw the furniture in the room, and immediately at the foot of my bed I distinctly saw my beloved wife, who motioned to me and then began to move backward in the direction of the window. In an instant she vanished from sight, leaving me and the room in utter darkness. I then awakened my son, who was sleeping with me, and told him what had happened and that we would soon hear some bad news. To all of which he gave little credence; he said I must have been dreaming and that I should go to sleep. The next morning a friend of ours brought me a telegram the contents of which told of the death

dependent of a subscription, the price is 10 cents.

Bear in mind that if your subscription expires now, you should not shift from yourself to another member of your family (or any one else, for that matter) in order to get the reading of the paper for less than actual cost to us, under the pretense that that person is a new subscriber. On the contrary, you should renew at once, and send in all the yearly subscribers you can, to strengthen our hands in this great missionary work. The trick of changing the subscription to another member of the family, when the yearly subscription expires, in order to take advantage of our trial rates, has been played upon us, but we hope it will never be repeated. As the lamented Col. Ingersoll said, "Let us be honest."

We want to do a missionary work this winter among Spiritualists exclusively. We want them to read what the Hon. A. B. Richmond, the Sage of Cassadaga, has to say. His narration will extend through several months of the paper, and will prove highly fascinating and interesting.

This offer is made solely to reach the Spiritualists. We want to take a census, and determine how many Spiritualists can be induced to read a Spiritualist paper when it is sent out almost as a gift. If they will read The Progressive Thinker for three months, we are sure they will read it longer. This is a Special Campaign among the Spiritualists. We want to reach them exclusively. There always have been thousands of Spiritualists who do not read our literature. They know absolutely nothing of the great events constantly occurring in our ranks. They are in midnight darkness in respect to the personnel of our movement. We don't think that one Spiritualist in a hundred knows that the National Spiritualist Association met this year at Cleveland, Ohio. We want to reach this class in this Special Campaign.

"My next strange experience occurred on the evening of the day that the remains of poor Charlie were placed in their last resting place. That evening as I was returning home from up town, and when within about fifty yards of home, I heard a voice say 'Hello, father.' I then looked in the direction from which the voice came and who did I see but my son Charlie, and on the impulse of the moment started over to him, but before reaching him he vanished."

"Are you sure it was he who called to you?" "Certainly was Charlie or his ghost, since it was his voice and characteristic of him. The experiences I have just related are very strange indeed to me, and are hard for one to explain, and in fact I seldom relate them to anyone. So many people, you know, have never experienced them, and if told by one who has had similar experiences he or she will call crazy or drifting in that direction."

If this gentleman and his mother did not see the ghost (astral or materialized form) of a departed loved one, what was it that they did see? Will some wiseacre please explain? That clairvoyance is an absolute fact none but the ignorant or bigoted will deny in this progressive age. Facts are what the people want and must have.

Canton, Ohio. E. R. KIDD.

Appeal to Bury the Hatchet.

The noble tree of Spiritualism must root firmly in mother earth, and spread its ramifications over all departments of moral life, in order to come up to the ideal of the best among its champions; it should develop into a mighty oak, with its base on earth and its crown in heaven. But it cannot develop thus, unless it is given all the help it needs; and it will never get the right help, unless the givers act harmoniously, and harmony can only be established at the sacrifice or modification of certain individual tendencies that are in the way of harmonization. Why not drop minor questions? Why not leave unanswered questions alone? They do not interfere with the growth of that mighty tree. In speculative matters we all have our ways, and have a right to our own opinions, while the cardinal principles of Spiritualism stand firm by the own weight. The N. S. A., by leaving certain questions untouched at its annual convention, intelligent Spiritualists wisely declined to take any position on them, and the assertion that the resolution adopted by that representative body, if energetically pursued and carried into life, will prepare the proper conditions necessary for the firm rooting of that august tree of Spiritualism.

To eliminate our own weak points; to fight against war, capital punishment, lynch law, and other horrible remnants of barbarism; to establish institutions for the education and education of young and old, etc. All that will strengthen the basis of Spiritualism, and bring it into touch with thousands of human beings, who hitherto have looked upon Spiritualists as a body of visionaries and ghost-busters. Nowhere in creation do we see a sound growth or a safe building without a strong foundation. Therefore, dear brothers and sisters, let us bury the hatchet and work harmoniously at a solid foundation for our glorious cause, for a temple of human brotherhood, destined to stand eternally between sphere and sphere.

HENRIETTA STRAUB.

"Human Culture and Cure, Marriage, Sexual Development, and Social Upbuilding." By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., LL.D. A most excellent and very valuable work, by the Dean of the College of Fine Forces, and author of other important volumes on Health, Social Science, Religion, etc. Price, cloth, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"The Bridge Between Two Worlds." By Abby A. Judson. This book is dedicated to all earnest souls who desire, by harmonizing their physical and their spiritual bodies with the universal intelligence, to come into closer connection with the purer realms of the spirit world. It is written in the sweet spiritual tone that characterizes all of Miss Judson's literary works. Price, cloth, \$1; paper, 75 cents. For sale at this office.

"Cleanings from the Rostrum." By A. B. French, Cloth, \$1. For sale at this office.

SOON TO BE ISSUED.

The New Work by Hudson Tuttle.

We are in receipt of advance sheets of Hudson Tuttle's forthcoming book, "The Divine Plan," which shows the trend of the work and Mr. Tuttle's masterly handling of the subject considered. Briefly we quote from "What Is Spiritualism?"

"What Is Spiritualism? Is it a religion and a science. Science the classification of facts, the co-ordination of cause and effect, ultimately in broad generalizations. It is the search after truth. Religion is devotion to and for the truth for its own sake; the abnegation of self for the good of others. Spiritualism, spanning the gulf between this present and the future life, is a religion dominant in both. It forms the golden strands permeating through all religious systems and binding them with common bonds."

"Modern Spiritualism came as a reaction against materialism, and the single idea which gave it birth was that ghosts or spirits were individualized entities subject to law. It is distinguished from the ancient by its sweeping claim that all spiritual phenomena, and the evolution and existence of spirits are by the operation of fixed and ascertainable laws."

"From 'A Condition Negative to Mediumship.' 'The characters of the communications depend on the purity and morality of the medium, but the state of mediumship being of organization, does not. Some persons are mediumistic, and assist at a seance, because they strengthen the vital force that is demanded. On the other hand there are those who with best intentions, but without the organic peculiarities, and without the aid of up or neutralized the vital force. Take up this organic peculiarity may be difficult to ascertain, and yet its presence is one of the most marked features of most seances. The medium feels the presence of such a person in a moment, and at once is aware that no manifestations need be expected."

"Under 'Born With a Veil,' he says: 'There is no reason why a seventh daughter or the seventh son should be more sensitive than the sixth or the first. As far as the veil is concerned, it is always present, and the peculiarity to which so much stress is given is simply an accident, having no significance, pathologically or psychologically.'"

Mr. Tuttle has an article on "The Dangers of Yielding Selfhood to Communications," on "Can the Control Be Thrown Off at Will?" "Communications Reflect the Medium." On "The Health of Mediums." The latter being a question of great interest, the following quotation is taken therefrom: "Professional men break down in their vocation and those who delve with their hands grow rapidly old. The demands made on those who have been able to give reliable manifestations have been such that they could resist with difficulty, and they had been overworked. (The foregoing assertion, however, that 'all the best mediums' stand in health or become discolored, is unsupported by facts. Many of the best have had health and attained length of days. The most remarkable, A. J. Davis, has for more than half a century been practicing his rare gifts, and to-day is a type of health.")

"Judge Edmonds, who possessed wonderful sensitiveness, lived to a ripe old age. Manifested must exceed the three score and ten."

Following is an article on "The Danger of Mediumship," then one on "Mediumship and Morality," and from this we make a brief extract giving a logical and moral answer to a question that is frequently asked:

"A medium cannot be controlled to do anything against his determined will, and the plea that he is compelled by spirits is an excuse for wrongdoing. Mediums, like anyone else, know right from wrong, and if the controlling spirit urges toward the wrong, yielding is as reprehensible as it would be to the promptings of passion or the appetites. While in this earth life the duties and obligations contracted therein are paramount to all others, a proposition which must be admitted by all right-thinking spirits. The medium who is unbiased by his own mind cannot be led away from right-doing by the influence of mortals or spirits."

"How to Overcome Bad Influences" is the title of the next chapter, and the matter, like all of the subjects to which Mr. Tuttle gives his attention and thought, is illuminated by what he may say or write concerning them.

"Memorizing a Benefit to Mediumship," "Diet," "Insanity and Mediumship," "Time Necessary for Development," with "How to Make Mediumship of the Medium," are subjects of some of the other matters considered, and from this last we append as a finish to our notice, this short quotation. Mediumship may be made of most use to the world.

"By cultivating it for the pleasure and instruction afforded by communion with the spirit world, holding it above price and not as a means of livelihood."—Banner of Light.

The above work, which treats of mediumship in all of its multifarious phases, will be sent out for 55 cents. It will soon be ready to deliver. It should be in every family. Address all orders to Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

FOR a moment stop and consider. The Progressive Thinker is the one original dollar Spiritualist paper. It introduced a new era in the ranks of Spiritualism. Its success financially has been all that could be desired. Notwithstanding the rise in the price of print paper, it has still maintained its status as the only one dollar Spiritualist paper. Not only that, but it introduced the Divine Plan in its business with its subscribers—a portion of the profits of the office returning to them. Just think of the Seven Premium Books being sent out to our subscribers for \$2.35. After paying the postage of mailing them, all that the expense of \$1.50. You can readily see that we are furnishing them for less, by far, than the actual cost to us. We do this work in accordance with The Divine Plan, in order to assist in forming a nucleus of a library of books for the Divine Plan, and to introduce our premium list, and you will certainly want to become a subscriber to The Progressive Thinker, if not so already, and obtain the books we announce.

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IS IT GOING TO SEED?

An Important Question Asked and Answered.

To the Editor:—Is the God idea going to seed, or is it only water sprouts and cumulated which engross the minds of men at this present day? Basking in the glories of dreamland, its pictures generally tinted with late past experiences, and upon the same ground, and for similar reasons, I believe the God question is incorporated in the National Spiritualist Association's declaration of faith in the intangible—not to say improvable—and, like a hereditary disease, clings to our very organs, and thus to our very belief; but let us analyze it:

"Take a child in its innocence and without any belief, except what it can gather outside creedal ranks in later years; he finds that other children and lower animals are born, and under favorable conditions do grow to maturity. Hence he has found certain facts: 1, that I was born; 2, that I grew; 3, that a vast incomprehensible nature surrounds me; 4, that I can utilize these forces when I come to understand their nature; 5, that propagation of the species comes instinctively; 6, that some kind of food and some kind of covering becomes a necessity; 7, that music charms while discord grates; 8, that knowledge of things aids me in using Nature's forces; 9, that observation of seasons, measurement of time and comparative distances leads me on to what is termed geometry, and the same teaches me to explore and measure part of the stellar world; 11, my aspiration still grows, and I feel grand workings of cause and effect, and each teaches me a lesson; 11, I see men die, I hear communications from these dead ones, each one retaining his identity, and due from this that these dead ones must have had a prior individual existence; for if selfhood commenced at conception, as a sequence it must end in death, of which I have proof that it does not; 12, through the geological strata I find that this earth has grown, strata by strata, from the lurid fires to this cold outer crust, as the remains of past ages is written in every strata, and that present man is still inharmonious, but an outgrowth of still cruder; 13, I see that four in past ages has created gross deities, and of later years more refined and human deities, and that certain dominant classes have manufactured deities through all historic ages in order to make man clanish, and for the exponents of their beliefs to hold dominancy; I see and understand that the God idea made a new deity named Infinite Intelligence, which must be an impossibility, as Intelligence cannot exist without a something capable of reasoning, and a something capable of reasoning must be an individual; hence a man-god."

The grown child reasons further: I have never seen, only heard of such man-god, and as I only want facts or teachings co-equal thereto, such ancient beliefs in a re-named deity must remain in the same category as earlier superstitions. I deny nothing whereof I know, but in an age fraught with remnants of dying creeds, and alive to investigation, the knowing ones and the framers of articles of belief would act wiser if they copied their codes from the fire-worshippers of the Inner Indies, the Buddhist hero-worshippers or the ancient Mythologists who deified man, and made man grand, noble and good, and also the beauties and powers surrounding them, never going beyond the knowable.

The grown child asserts further: I cannot see the utility of the beliefs in multifarious deities, from the revengeful Jehovah of the past to the Infinite Intelligence of the present, only, perhaps, such deities are intended to be used as the magician's "peep-stone" to center the minds of ignorant worshippers. Evolution of the earth awakens the waters and creates ocean currents, and no Jehovah can stop them, and no Infinite Intelligence can stop them, so far as known, the wise men can with moisture make the verdancy of lawn and flower flourish, and fire can destroy the whole; atmospheric, electric currents may swamp a city or burn a forest—all is done by explainable causes, even before this last-named deity was manufactured. I knew nothing of the deity till someone told me that someone told me that someone told me one. Hence, evidence is inadmissible in courts of justice and in the courts of reason.

Finally, I will admit that all things are made to serve a purpose; the wicked man may need to be taught of an avenging deity to scare him into a moral course; the coward may need a deity to praise and beg forgiveness from; the selfish man prays to his deity for personal favors; the priest may probably be made a useful citizen if scorn of his belief in a revengeful deity, and the Spiritualist who would not allow any state firm upon their own feet, looking up and about them instead of aping moldy superstitions; for "Fear nothing, hate nothing and worship nothing," is a far nobler standard to fight earth's battles under than imitating the creeds whose central teachings are "that all men are wicked sinners, and deserve everlasting punishment." The gates of the spirit world have opened far wider than in past ages, where all can study the lives of the great ones going before, the lowliest, debased criminals in sombre robes, to the bright messengers whose presence dazzles with all its sheen the seer's eyes; the earth has opened avenues of learning where all can familiarize themselves with every science, chemistry, astronomy, geology, archeology and sciences of everyday life, and sees the limitless scope of information, yet to be gained, which would take a million years to master.

Yes, even in this restless age the grandeur of a universal harmony can be fathomed by all when viewed as a grand whole, and man as supreme and uppermost in intelligence can change form and features of many places of Mother Earth to beautify his surroundings for benefit and beauty to himself and others, but never can man discern its true import as long as he trundles the traction device of a motor, or the philtre of reverberating chords in music, the happy notes of the song bird, the kind words of an innocent child, the encouraging words to the disconsolate, the sighs of our majestic mountains and streams, the chemistry of colors in spectral rays or in flowers, the heat of industry and universal progress, all lift the thoughts, moods and tendencies of man to grander, nobler and more aspiring worlds than the Indian potter who manufactures gods of diverse colors to suit the taste—some in sitting posture, some on thrones while the late ones they have left standing, all they get a throne built.

C. J. JOHNSON. Pocatello, Idaho.

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

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They told us that this was to be done, not an easy matter, but still a possibility. They stated that every man contains within himself other and higher vehicles or bodies besides this physical body which you all see; that the faculties belonging to these higher bodies were latent in the man and might be developed. They said: "If you will work in a certain way, gain control of mind or concentration, control of these different principles, if you will school yourselves along a certain line you will gain the necessary sight, and then you will be able to see for yourselves, as we have seen these things and know they are true." Many of us accepted that offer and set ourselves to work. It was very hard, very arduous; much self control and self training, much self discipline of all sorts. I suppose it is no wonder that a great many dropped out by the way and did not succeed, but some went on to the end, and they found that the statement of these great teachers was true; they found that these faculties did exist in man; they found that it was perfectly possible to develop them and to use them, and these other unseen worlds became to them seen and known precisely as this world is seen and known.

CRITICAL INVESTIGATION.

The people who were so fortunate as to succeed in this quest were at once placed in the position of being able to make a number of exceedingly interesting investigations. A group of them worked together for several years, steadily observing, comparing notes, checking everything, trying everything again and again in all sorts of different ways, investigating, in fact, just precisely as we should investigate any other science which we happened to take in hand. That group of people would meet and select their subject; they would then go away to their homes, and while in the state of trance or deep sleep, which is really a state of excitation of the higher faculties, they would all make their separate observations, would write them down and make notes of them when they woke. Then at the next meeting of that group all these people from different places would bring their notes together and compare them, and nothing was ever allowed to enter into the Theosophical teaching of that period as emanating from that group which rested on the testimony of any one person, or even, I think I may say, of any two. Always there was a concurrence of the testimony of those who had made the same investigation and approached it from their own different point of view, and nothing to which all engaged did not agree was put into the books which were published, or the transactions of the Lodge. You may, perhaps, say the whole thing is simply hallucination. But at least you must give credit to the people who undertook that labor (spending sometimes two years in work before they turned out a single book) for at least doing their best not to deceive you, and to make certain that what they teach and put before the world shall be verified as far as it is in their power to verify it. That all these teachings are necessarily imperfect we know, because as yet our knowledge is so small, as we are only at the beginning of the vast subject, which will last us through the ages; but still, as far as they go, they have been verified and checked in every way and every possible precaution has been taken, so that, although we know that we shall add enormously to our stock of knowledge in the future, we do hope that we may not have to unlearn anything that has already been given out.

WHAT ABOUT DEATH?

What does this method of investigation tell us with regard to death? How does it enable us to meet those two great misconceptions of which I spoke? The answer is unequivocal, death is not the end of all; it is simply the putting off of this physical body, just as you might put off an overcoat, and it makes no more difference to the man who dies than the putting off of an overcoat makes to you. You are the same man, of course, after you have done that as you were before. You are, it is true, freer to move; you have put aside a heavy cloak you can move with far greater freedom, but you are you still. Although your outside appearance may have changed, you yourself inside, will not in any way be affected by the change. That is exactly analogous to the change which we call death. The man, the soul (which is the true man) remains absolutely the same. If before death he has been a man of noble aspirations, of high spirituality, or great intellectual power, then he retains all those powers and those noble aspirations after death just as before. If he has been a man of comparatively low type, of degraded feeling, of sensual desire, of mentality perhaps directed to selfish and low aims, then all that undesirable character persists to the day after death just exactly as it did the day before. The whole thing is absolutely natural. It is not a sudden leap into the dark by which the man is suddenly changed. The man remains the same absolutely and goes on living his life in that higher world, amid better thoughts and different conditions perhaps, but still he is just the same man as he was before.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

Then what of these conditions? What is this new life simply, a continuation of this life minus the physical body. Our orthodox friends would tell us that when a man dies he passes into a heaven or hell. Many of these still teach that a man passes directly into these conditions at the moment of death. It is true that what you call the Episcopal Church, the Church of England (of which I was for six years a clergyman) teaches that there is an intermediate state into which man passes at death and that he is brought out of that at the day of judgment.

(Continued on seventh page.)

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