

THE NEMESIS OF CHAUTAUQUA LAKE: OR CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

After the applause that followed the fervid appeal to arms of the Rev. Moses had somewhat subsided, there was an unusual stir in the audience near the entrance to the hall, and presently a man of gigantic proportions was seen approaching the platform. He wore a hunting shirt and leggings of buckskin; from his shoulder was hung a powder horn and a bullet pouch; a small ax and a large knife were suspended from a belt around his waist. In his hand he carried a long, heavy, double barreled rifle of the largest caliber. His face was bronzed by exposure, and brown as the fallen leaf of Autumn; his deep set, piercing eyes gleamed from under his shaggy brows like flashes of lightning from the edge of a storm cloud.

As he approached the speaker's stand with noiseless tread, his tall form towering above those that surrounded him, there was a hush in the crowded room, and the mingling of many whispering voices like the sound of a wind among the branches of a forest in winter. He seemed a specter of the woods, an embodiment of the dread spirits with which the superstitions of the day had peopled its silent depths.

Pushing the crowd aside with no gentle hand as he passed along, he reached the speaker's stand, and stepping upon the platform turned slowly around towards the audience and placing the breech of his rifle on the floor by his side he rested his left hand upon its muzzle, which was on a level with his shoulder. For a moment he looked over the astonished audience with a look so wild and piercing that in an instant all was hushed by the magnetism of his glance, while a chill like that of a cold wind fell upon those who saw him, and the silence of the grave is not more profound than that which ensued for a moment as he looked over the crowded room. At last raising his hand with an imposing gesture he stretched it towards the audience and in a voice that sounded like the rumbling of distant thunder, said:

"O! generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"

"Would ye defy the Lord of Hosts when he spake through the lips of one in whom was the wisdom of God? He said:

"Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup, for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Who hath we? Who hath sorrow? They that tarry long at the wine."

"Woe unto ye hypocrites who blaspheme the name of the Lord. Woe unto ye who in sheep's clothing do deceive the people. Woe unto ye false teachers, for saith Isaiah the prophet of the Most High:

"The leaders of this people cause them to err; and they that are led by them are destroyed."

"The sword of the Lord is in the hand of his archangel, who commands the hosts of Heaven, and shall fall upon this people, and their land shall be soaked in blood. The streams shall be turned into pitch and the dust thereof into brimstone."

Then turning to the Rev. Moses, and pointing at him with an outstretched arm that quivered like an aspen with the frenzy of his emotions, he continued:

"O! thou false shepherd that would deliver to the wolves the lambs thy master hath given thee to keep. You pretend to be a leader in Israel, and behold you are leading your flock down to destruction. Your lips are full of lies, and your heart with corruption. The poison of the asp is on your tongue, while you pretend to be a steward of the Lord. But verily, the time shall come when you shall render an account of your stewardship, when the graves of the drunkards shall open and their inmates come forth and be thy accusers and testify against thee! Then shall you say to the mountains and the rocks: Fall on me and hide me from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of God forever!"

"Once I had a wife I loved. Dear little children played around my knees. I had plenty, and might have been happy in my home in the East by the ocean shore; but I learned to love drink from just such examples and teachings as you are setting before this people. At last it became my master and robbed me of nearly all my property. Strong drink is the only enemy I ever had that I was afraid of, and could not resist. I fled to the wilderness for safety. I tried to escape from the fiend—a depraved appetite—and could only do so when I was far away from the brews of Hell, sold by the avarice of men. In the woods where I was safe from my great enemy, I built me a home. There I lived with my family in peace and plenty, but the accursed savages murdered my wife and children, and now I am a wanderer with no one to love or to welcome me. The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but I have not where to lay my head. I was made an outcast by that curse of a Christian land, whiskey! It drove me from the settlements to the woods where the Indians murdered every one dear to me, and while I live I will fight the demon strong drink, and wreak my vengeance on the accursed race. This is now my only mission, the only object for which I endure life and the burden of recollections of what I once was—what I might have been, and what I am now. And oh, God! he cried in frenzied tones as he raised his hand and turned his face upward, let me not die until my mission is fulfilled, and the vengeance Thou hast ordained me to execute is complete."

He paused a moment, and then turning to the people, he said: "I am commissioned by God and the President of the United States to help execute the laws. I have been through the woods counting the stills, and shall report them at Washington, and if you dare to disobey the law and take up arms against the Government, you shall be driven from the country like a pack of howling wolves as ye are; and the Lord of Hosts will destroy you as He did the army of Sennacherib."

Here he was interrupted by a cry from the audience: "A spy! a spy! Give him a coat of tar and feathers!"

The incensed people rushed towards the platform and would have seized him and executed their threat, but clapping his rifle and swinging it around his head he shouted in mimical tones: "The vengeance of the Most High is hanging like the sword of Damocles over the heads of this wicked people. When the Spring comes the Indian tribes will be on the war-path; the smoke of burning houses of the settlers will darken the heavens; their blood will stain the streams of the land as the waters of Egypt were turned to blood when Aaron stretched forth his rod as God commanded him. You have aroused the barbarous passions of the savages by supplying them with the poison of your stills, and the hellish brews you have made therefrom. Verily have ye sown the wind and ye shall reap the whirlwind. And when the Spring shall come with the horrors of savage barbarities, I will be with the army of Wayne in your defense, while the craven leaders of this unlawful insurrection will hide their cowardly faces in shame and confusion. And you dare to threaten me because I will sustain the government in the collection of this tax? You fools; I care not for your threats. Look out for the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Against my power you are as chaff before the wind."

The people paused in terror before him for a moment,

then encouraged by the shout of "A spy! a spy! Down with him!" they pressed him on every side, but swinging his rifle around his head they fell back beyond the reach of his arm, as step by step he passed through them until he reached the door and disappeared in the darkness without. But for some moments his defiant yell was heard as he shouted: "Woe unto ye hypocrites; woe unto ye blind guides who are leading this people to their destruction; and then he was heard no more.

The next day after Judge Hall reached Pittsburgh he visited General John Neville, who received him with cordiality. He had been informed by letter from Washington that the Judge would visit him and also the mission on which he came. The general insisted that Judge Hall should make his home as long as his business detained him at Pittsburgh. He informed him that it would be much safer for him to do so as he would thereby escape the observation of persons who might suspect him of being a government agent to assist in enforcing the odious tax law. The General introduced him to his wife and daughter, the latter a beautiful girl of seventeen years of age. She was above the medium height, beautifully formed, with a face that indicated intelligence as well as an affectionate nature. As Walter Scott says of the daughter of the Earl of Douglas:

"Her kindness and her worth to spy
You need but gaze in Ellen's eye."

The Judge was charmed with both the General and his wife, while the armor of his bachelorhood was pierced by the glances from the bright dark eyes of the daughter; and he was easily persuaded to accept the invitation of the father, reinforced as it was by the earnest cordiality of the mother, and the approving glance of the daughter.

Judge Hall informed General Neville fully of his mission and what was expected of him by the government at Washington. He found the advice of the General invaluable to him in the investigations he was to make and report from time to time; and in a few days he became a favorite of Mrs. Neville, while Nellie received him with the innocent confidence of an old acquaintance.

"Verily," whispered the Judge to himself one evening as he returned from a stroll with Nellie along the banks of the "beautiful river," "verily this is likely to be a very pleasant campaign, if I only escape without a wound; a fact I seriously doubt. But I am a soldier, and I will take the chances of the battlefield, and if I can only inflict wound for wound on mine adversary, I will never retreat until I have won a victory, and then to the victor belongs the spoils of battle." I never appreciated the good old axiom as fully as I do at present. But then, as Ahab, King of Israel, said to the King of Syria: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off." Perchance I may be defeated, and if I am I will carry the scars of the battle to the end of life; but if I win I will wear the myrtle wreath of victory with pride and a thankfulness.

"I think," continued the Judge in soliloquy, "that I will remain here through the winter, and join the army of Gen. Wayne in the Spring; by that time I am in hopes that this lawless insurrection will be obscured in the conflict with the western tribes, and those I love may need the assistance of my feeble arm to protect them. I will stay here until fate decides my future for weal or woe."

Judge Hall had attended the public meeting described, as an indifferent spectator, and when he saw that Daniel Bradford was called to preside as chairman, he felt thankful to Munson for his timely advice and warning; and as week after week passed he became more and more impressed with the magnitude of the danger to the government from both the insubordination of the citizens, and the certainty of an Indian outbreak. He had not seen Munson since his defiant departure from the meeting, and he continued to wonder how he became aware of his secret mission, as well as the treachery of Bradford. "Munson is a noble ruin," said he to himself, "and I hardly know whether I respect or pity him most. His fealty to the government shows the integrity of his heart, while his bravery in time of danger proves him to be a hero. While my legal instincts condemn him, my pity acquits him. I cannot but acknowledge that if Nellie Neville should be murdered by the Indians, that the allotted period of human life would seem to me to be too short to fill the measure of my desire to avenge her death. But why attempt to smoothe it over with words of softening import? Why not acknowledge at once and be honest to myself? Why not call it revenge in its broadest and most unchristian sense? Yes, I would feel like Munson, that I could devote my whole life to the one purpose of revenging her death. And yet I wonder if I am really in love? It looks like it. If I am capable of making a diagnosis of my own case I have all the symptoms of the disease that first manifested itself in the beautiful garden before man had sinned. In my heart I do not, I cannot blame the 'Nemesis of Chautauqua Lake.' And let my verdict be 'excusable homicide.'"

CHAPTER IX.

"The death shot hissing from afar,
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberates along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale;
Though few in numbers, theirs the strife,
That neither spares nor speaks of life."
—Byron's Giaour.

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by a by a cloud takes all away."
—Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The spring of 1793, as Munson predicted, found all the western tribes of Indians on the war path. Several ineffectual efforts to establish peace with them had been made with only temporary results. The Wyandottes, Delawares, Shawnees, Miami, Mingoes, Pottawattamies, Ottawas and other tribes, under the influence of the English in Canada were combined in a general onslaught on the settlers of our frontiers. A final treaty of peace was not consummated until the 22d of December, 1795. General Anthony Wayne was in command of the United States forces, and in 1793 was with his army in Western Ohio. The whole country west of the Allegheny mountains was in a state of constant alarm, although the principal fighting between the Indians and Wayne's army occurred on the banks of the Maumee river. To add to this dangerous condition of affairs at the North, Spain had long been fearful and jealous of the western colonists and now attempted to sow discord between the Southern Indians and the Americans; and yet amid all this complication of dangers to our government, the whiskey insurrectionists of Western Pennsylvania continued their nefarious attempts to resist the tax law, and persisted in their rebellious and lawless conduct until September, 1794, when President Washington called out the militia of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia into the field under the command of General Hamilton. In the meantime Bradford and a few others who

had been prominent in the insurrection fled to the Spanish country on the Southern Mississippi, while others equally feebly but less notoriously secured their safety in the more sequestered settlements of the "far west," and when our army marched to Pittsburgh—to use the words of an old historian—"Not a dog wagged his tongue against the army, which marched to Pittsburgh and took up their quarters there."—[Wilkinson's Recollections. Western Annapolis 701.]

And thus ended the nefarious whiskey insurrection, but not until it had cost the government \$609,992.34 [Western Annapolis, page 701], an amount that at that time with the sparse taxable inhabitants of the country would be equivalent to three times that amount to-day.

Although the above statement is not a part of our story, yet it is connected with the times and incidents thereof; and here I ask my reader to pause and think of the difference in public sentiment then and now, when as I have said intoxicating liquor is a contraband article; its sale controlled by our courts, and licensees to sell it only granted to a favored few who have some political influence, and possess an unblemished good moral character, and are of undoubted temperate habits. (?) Only think how Christian civilization has advanced since the days of the Rev. Moses Higinbottom.

It is not necessary to the completion of our story that we relate the incidents of the battles of the Army of Gen. Wayne with the Indians in Western Ohio. They are familiar to the students of the history of this country, and consist in narrations of terrible scenes of murder and outrage perpetrated by the savages on the frontier settlements, as well as of the unyielding courage of the soldiers and backwoodsmen of the army of the States. Judge Hall joined the forces of Wayne in the spring of 1793, holding a Major's commission on the staff of the General. He was in a number of battles, and acquitted himself with a bravery that received the commendation of his commander in his reports to Washington. In the month of July there was a very severe engagement between the combined forces of the allied tribes and the army of Gen. Wayne, in which the Indians were driven from the field after great slaughter.

In this battle Judge Hall had his left arm shattered with a musket ball, and was ordered to the rear by Wayne himself. Judge Hall hesitated to obey, when Gen. Wayne said in a peremptory tone:

"Maj. Hall, I order you to the rear to receive the attention of the surgeon; no hesitation, my young friend; obey my order or I will put you under arrest for disobedience. Your life is too valuable to those who sent you here, to be risked, wounded as you are. Now go, and take with you my sincere regard for your bravery on the battle-field. I will remember you in my reports to the War Department." Their with a fervent grasp of his hand he left Maj. Hall and joined the men in front, who were pursuing the Indians now in full retreat, towards the Maumee river.

As Judge Hall passed over the recent field of battle he saw the ground thickly strewn with the bodies of both Indians and soldiers who had been killed or wounded in the forenoon of that day.

As he was passing through a clump of underwood, he was shocked to see the body of old Joe Smiley who had received a musket ball in his head. He stooped down and took the lifeless hand of the old hunter in his own to see if life was extinct. It was cold and rigid in death. While he stood by the side of the body of his old comrade of the shooting match, he saw his familiar old acquaintance, "Red-skin Extirminator," lying by the side of the dead body of its owner. Its barrel was empty and its stock broken at the breech, showing that the old man had been killed in a desperate conflict with some of the Indians who lay dead around him.

Judge Hall passed on a few steps when he heard a groan of pain. Turning towards the sound he was still more shocked when he saw the form of Munson, who had received a mortal wound, but was yet fully conscious of all that had occurred. A few feet from him lay the body of a giant warrior who had been shot and scalped. As the Judge sprang towards Munson, he exclaimed: "My God; my poor friend, are you badly wounded?" and he stooped to raise him from the ground.

Munson opened his dying eyes and recognizing Judge Hall, said: "Let me lie where I am. My wound is fatal, and I feel the approach of death; but see, Judge, my mission is ended," and with dying energy he raised his left hand in which he grasped a reeking bloody scalp. "Yonder," he continued, "lies the body of Ga-wa-nod-as, and this is his scalp. I shot him as he was running towards the body of old Joe Smiley whom he had just killed and was about to scalp. While I was scalping him I received a bullet from yonder bunch of bushes. It is my death warrant, Judge, but I am willing to die, for the last of the marauding band who murdered my family has died by my hands. The promise the Most High has so often made to me in my lonely wanderings in the silent woods has been fulfilled. This scalp is the last trophy of my undying hatred of the accursed race. Judge, please raise my head a little. I have something to say to you if my strength holds me fast."

The Judge knelt by his side, and raising his head from the ground, laid it in his lap, and placing his canteen to the lips of his dying friend, told him to drink, but in vain. The movement of Munson seemed to cause an internal hemorrhage, and he closed his eyes as if in the last extremity, while the pallor of death spread over his face. He lay for some time thus supported by Judge Hall, when suddenly opening his eyes he gazed upward with a look of ecstasy, and in a voice more distinctly audible than before, he said:

"Judge Hall, I know the spirits of the dead do sometimes return to earth. See! See! There is my mother, and my wife, and my little boy Harry. It is no illusion, Judge; I see them as plainly as I ever did in my life. Don't you see them, too? They smile at me and seem to beckon me to come to them. But I don't see Helen, my little pet; she must be in the angel world. Why, oh! why, don't she come with mother and Mary and Harry to accompany me to my spirit home?"

His voice here sank to a whisper, as he said: "Yes, yes, darling, I am coming; I'm coming," and his eyes closed never to open again on earthly scenes. His heart beat once more, and then was still forever. He had solved the great mystery; and the cloud over his disordered brain vanished before the sunlight of God's infinite justice and mercy."

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

The Judge, attended to the surgeon's tent, where after having his shattered arm put in splints and bandages, accompanied by two of the attendant soldiers, he returned to the place where he had seen the bodies of old Joe Smiley and Munson. Under the outspreading branches of a venerable oak he had a grave dug wide and deep; then laying the bodies of the two old comrades side by side, and covering them with laurel boughs, the grave was filled, and its place marked by a large granite boulder. The broken rifle of Smiley had been placed in the arms of the old hunter, when his body was laid in its last resting-place. And thus dust was returned to dust, to sleep until that day when the Great Commander above shall call the roll of those who will enjoy His presence forever.

A few days after the battle, and burial of the two old comrades in arms, Judge Hall, with the aid of a "forest guide," returned to the home of Gen. Neville. The General had not yet returned from the campaign in the West, but it is needless to say that a most cordial welcome was extended to the Judge. When Nellie saw his arm in a sling, her beautiful eyes were moistened with an emotion she tried to conceal, but could not. How truly said the sage who was well acquainted with the springs of human conduct: "It is hard to feign love where it is not, but still harder to conceal it where it is." Poor Nellie tried to conceal her joy at the return of Judge Hall, and her grief that he had been so severely wounded, and had suffered in the forest with no one to nurse him with tender care; but all in vain; nature would not be controlled by woman's

feeling will, and bursting into tears, she hastily left the room to conceal her mortification at her want of control of her emotions.

"Silly fool!" she ejaculated to herself after she had closed the door behind her. "What will he think of me? But I will show him that I am no paucal school-girl whose sickly sentimentality makes her the sport of her companions and the vanity of men." Then hastily bathing her eyes, she caroled forth a verse of an old hymn, her sweet tones reaching the listening ear of Judge Hall, who, accustomed to see and hear witnesses in court try to conceal their interest in the issue being tried, smiled a grave judicial smile at the utter failure of the witness in the present case to manifest her indifference to the cause then being argued in the hearts of both.

While cynics and pseudo philosophers are wont to sneer at what in common parlance is called the "tender passion," and while it may be true as Ralph Waldo Emerson says, that "All mankind loves a lover," yet are there many weaknesses in this world who profess to think that love is a silly sentimentality belonging especially to the callow feeling of youth and inexperience. But it is not so; the feeling of love between the sexes has received a judicial recognition in the courts of Pennsylvania, and a decision that it actually exists, and is in accordance with a law of nature and must be acknowledged and respected by mankind. In the case the Commonwealth vs. Stauffer, reported in the 10th Barr. 353 State Reports of Pennsylvania, Lewis, P. J., in speaking of love says: "It is a fundamental law of existence. It is the blessing which tempered with mercy the justice of expulsion from Paradise. It was impressed upon the human creation by a beneficent Providence. Not man alone but the whole animal and vegetable kingdom are under an imperious necessity to obey its mandates. From the lord of the forest to the monster of the deep; from the subtlety of the serpent to the innocence of the dove; from the elastic embrace of the mountain kalmia to the descending fructification of the lily of the plain, all nature bows submissively to this primeval law. Even the flowers which perfume the air by their fragrance, and decorate the forest and fields with their hues are but curtains to the nuptial bed."

Now, Judge Hall was a lawyer, and was of course acquainted with the principles enunciated in the opinion of Judge Lewis, although that decision was not made for over fifty years after the incidents narrated; yet the principle is as old as humanity, and has been recognized during all historic period. Judge Hall was not inclined to attempt to reverse one of nature's laws, so he bowed in obedience to its mandates, and loved Nellie Neville with all the strength of his ardent nature, and he determined to transplant this forest flower to the cultivated gardens of his eastern home.

"But time is as necessary to conduct a campaign of love to a successful issue as it is that of war with the savages," said Judge Hall to that patient listener, himself, "and I must have time. But what excuse can I have for remaining here long enough to be successful? I think I will consult that good old surgeon, Dr. Rich, as to the danger to my shattered arm, of a long journey on horseback through this new country, a portion of which is only traversed by Indian trails, with many unbridged streams to be crossed. I don't think it would be safe for me to undertake the journey for several months, or until my arm is completely healed, and besides, that infernal whiskey insurrection is not settled yet, and I may be needed here until it is ended."

Immediately on the arrival of Judge Hall, Dr. Rich, an old and experienced surgeon had been sent for to redress his wounded arm, and the Judge had hardly finished his cogitations on the subject of his probable detention at Pittsburgh until he was completely convalescent, when the doctor was announced. He had become acquainted with the Judge when he first came to Pittsburgh, and had frequently seen him strolling along the banks of the Allegheny river in company with Miss Neville, at which time he was wont to smile significantly and observe to himself:

"It is not very difficult to diagnose that case, or prognose its final result. They will convalesce before long, and then, like many of my patients, wonder that they were ever sick."

The old doctor examined the shattered arm, shook his head, and after splinting and dressing it in a most scientific manner, he said: "It is a compound comminuted fracture, Judge, and requires the most careful treatment, or it may result in necessary amputation. It will be weeks or months before it will be completely well."

A smile of satisfaction gleamed over the face of Judge Hall when he said: "You know, Doctor, that it is a long road to my home in the East. A portion of the road I must travel on horseback is rough and dangerous; much of the way only an Indian trail through the wilderness, with unbridged streams to ford and often no competent medical attendance to be secured, should my wound need it. Now, do you think it safe for me to venture to travel for several months yet?"

"No! no! my young friend, you must not think of starting on your road home until late in the Autumn, or perhaps not even before Spring. You must be contented with your present quarters until you are able to travel without danger to your wounded arm. I will speak to Mrs. Neville and to the General on his return from this campaign, which will be in a few days, and will represent to him the danger of traveling too soon in your case, and he will cordially agree with me, and insist upon your remaining here where you can be properly nursed and cared for."

"I thank you, Doctor; and now your fee, how much is it? I am willing to be generous, for your skill and attention deserve it." The Doctor named the usual fee in such cases at that time, when Judge Hall remarked: "It is not enough, Doctor," and he laid double the amount on the table. The Doctor shoved one-half of it back, and smiling significantly, said: "Judge, never try to bribe the medical profession; they are above it, you know, and I am really sincere when I say that you will be detained here for weeks, or perhaps months, before you will be able to travel with safety to yourself. But I am very glad you seem so willing to be detained, it will hasten your recovery. Usually patients are very restive and anxious to be able to resume their occupation as soon as possible, but you seem so resigned to the circumstances that surround you that I prognosticate a speedy recovery. Good-bye, Judge, I will call again in two or three days."

When the doctor left the room the Judge remarked to himself: "Poor Munson told me once that I would make a poor gambler, as I manifested my feelings too plainly. I must be careful in the future."

(To be continued.)

SWEET THOUGHTS.

Sweet thoughts of friends, they come and go,
Like sweetest music, soft and low,
Whose strains move kindly thoughts within,
And soul-content and gladness win.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, they come and go,
Like soul-world joys in overflow.

Sweet thoughts of loved ones come and go,
In waves that bear affection's glow:
Almost their forms to us appear,
Almost their voices sweet we hear.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts of angels come and go,
And often we their presence know;
We sense their love, their voices hear,
And joy that angels e'er are near.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, they come and go,
Like soul-world joys in overflow:
Like soul of music in our ears,
Sent forth from higher heavenly spheres.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

Sweet thoughts, sweet thoughts, etc.

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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 bearing compels the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is sacrificed to brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse as a telegram. It is to be regretted that the correspondence is so heavily burdened with waiting for the appearance of their questions and answers, that 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 while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.
HUDSON TUTTLE.

F. H. Carr.—Addendum to his question on the Koran and Mohammedanism:

The following letter from one of the most distinguished advocates of Mohammedanism will be read with deep interest, as it presents the claims of the great prophet of that faith as held by those who have made it a life-long study. There was no intention in the answer to convey the idea that Mohammed wrote the Koran consecutively as a writer would produce a book. In my lecture on the "Prophecy as a medium and his religion," it is shown at length how it was delivered during periods of ecstasy and was written down by some scribe. The Koran, as such, cannot fail to admire the strength and integrity of character of Mohammed; his charming simplicity, his reliance on the power which impelled him, his singleness of purpose, and comparatively with the times and his people the pure morality he advocated. He made no claim to being a god-man, or son of god, as the founders of all other religions have done. He was a plain man, intensely human:

Mr. Hudson Tuttle:
Dear Sir:—I read The Progressive Thinker with much interest, and in the issue of 1st March, 1907, I read that portion of your reply to E. H. Carr, which relates to the Koran and, although a portion of it has evidently been omitted by the printer, it seems to me that you have been very kind in this book, which prevails among the masses of the Occident and which is erroneous. I am a Moslem and have devoted many years to the careful investigation of the so-called Oriental religions. I have had unusual opportunities to learn of the real history of Islam and the teachings of Mohammed and feel competent to speak with much confidence of the Koran.

This book did not exist during the life of Mohammed, although some historians have written of his reading and writing it. He could neither read nor write. In fact, the system of religious, social and civil laws which he revealed has been given in a form that is not founded upon the Koran wholly or in part for it was formulated and established long before the Koran was compiled. The Koran in its present form, compiled during the Khalifate of Othman and consists of fragments of writings gathered from various sources. These have never been considered by the learned Moslems, as perfectly accurate and authentic. The method of their compilation precluded this. While there are many Moslems who hold it to be the most profound revelation and superstition, as many Christians do the Bible, the more enlightened and educated do not consider it as the foundation of Islam. In other words it is a sacred book to some while to others it is no more so than the hadithes or traditions. Mohammed was a teacher, and not a savior. When he spoke in public or in private his utterances were usually taken down by one or more of his hearers for future reference and these were then subject to the imperfections and misconceptions liable to occur where the words of any speaker are taken down in the course of a sermon or address. Several attempts were made to collect and compile these memoranda in book form during the Khalifate of Abu Behr, with more or less success, and it was because of the existence of these various compilations that Othman caused the present Koran to be compiled and all others destroyed. In my opinion the only really perfect record of the Prophet's teachings ever made was that of Solomon, the Persian, who was a highly educated and unusually able man as well as a devout and earnest disciple of the Prophet. This record Solomon took with him to India soon after the Prophet's death and, although it has been translated from Persian into English, it has never been printed.

The foregoing facts may be of use to you in replying to other enquirers and I give them to you for that purpose; not in the spirit of criticism of your reply to Mr. Carr. Yours respectfully,
MOHAMMED ALEX R. WEBB.

T. K. Rodney: Q. Is there benefit, physically or psychically, as is claimed, by deep breathing, as taught by those having apparatus to promote this object?

A. Of the great benefits arising from deep breathing there can be no doubts. To fill the lungs to the utmost extent of every air-cell, gives full and complete oxygenation, which means the destruction of effete matter, pure blood, and high tension of vital force. To half fill the lungs, is like an effort to breathe through a straw. The blood is not sufficiently oxygenated and its waste matter remains unsecreted to change and become poisonous. But happily man's nostrils and the air-tubes are so constructed that he requires no patented device to breathe correctly. All he has to do is to inspire slowly as long as possible, holding his breath for a moment and then expelling it. Repeating the process rapidly for five or ten minutes, then acquire the habit of breathing deeply by practice. Always, if possible, breathe through the nostrils, never through the mouth. The air taken through the mouth at once impinges on the delicate structure of the lungs, and being untempered, chills and irritates the mucous membrane. When it passes through the convolutions of the nostrils, however cold, it becomes reduced to the temperature of the lungs

before entering. There is not the least advantage in any breathing machine, except as it brings dollars into the pockets of the maker and seller.

The directions for correct breathing are simple and easily practiced. The body should be erect, shoulders thrown back, and the chest allowed to expand freely by light and loosely fitting garments. The air should be inhaled through the nostrils until no more can be drawn in.

Deep and measured breathing has a remarkable psychic effect. It will allay fear, calm nervousness, and is one of the best remedies for insomnia. It is so cheap all may share its benefits, and laugh at the agents who would sell machines that are improvements on the nostrils.

Farmer: Q. Is it true that wheat found in mummy cases in Egypt, and at least 3,000 years old, has been planted and grown, producing wheat again?

A. The story started by some irresponsible newspaper writer has gone through the hands of the press, and has been gravely quoted by some authoritative agricultural writers, yet it is absolutely untrue. The vitality of some seeds when carefully preserved, may be astonishingly prolonged, but wheat and corn are of the number that under the most favorable circumstances lose vitality in a few years. The so-called Egyptian wheat, mummy wheat, and Aztec corn, did not originate as claimed, and are valuable only to those who would profit by their sale to the credulous.

Simon Emery: Q. How was the earth brought into existence?
A. To answer this question fully would require volumes. The story is told in the Aeneas of Nature, as that of spirit is given in the Philosophy of Spirit. It was evolved from nebulous matter, and by a constant growth has reached the present. But this only gives the process, the sequence of events, by the laws of process immutability in matter, and does not touch on final causes. It cannot be said to have been created, it was evolved. It was a growth during a length of time utterly inconceivable by the human mind.

Q. Is heaven a condition or a location?
A. The word is indiscriminately used to denote both. The mind in harmony and peace, is said to be in heaven, and again the abode of the blessed is called heaven. Francis E. Willard rightly affirmed the latter meaning.

Q. Is the distinction of sex preserved in spirit life?
A. An extended answer to this question was given in a previous number of The Progressive Thinker. Briefly for a time the distinction is preserved. But as it belongs to earth life, as a necessity of physical existence, as the spirit advances, the physical and psychical characteristics of sex disappear.

SOUL COMMUNION.

Views on Independent Educational Work.

To the Editor:—I trust to the broadly eclectic spirit of your journal to publish my views on independent spiritual education. A New Spiritualism is being ushered in; the season of "the full corn in the ear" is upon us.

I will not ask space to consider, by anticipation, opposing views, nor shall I engage to reply to them when they are presented—as they have been in your journal, through much argumentation within the last two years. I simply ask you to present my views, to be endorsed or ignored, as the reader may be spiritually disposed.

This is to be the key-note of the New Spiritualism: God rules, and spirits minister. The conflict has been and now is between Polytheistic Spiritualism and Monotheistic Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism is only the latest expression of the Spiritualism that is coeval with the race, and will continue, with varying expressions, throughout the human destinies. From particulars we rise to comprehension of general, by the units we may understand the aggregates. Through the stages of growth of spiritual systems that have become history we may know somewhat of the universal governing law. All annals special and general, past and present, advanced to monothelism, the line of advance being marked by moral, intellectual and material improvement. There is reason to believe the first Israelitish form was that of ancestor worship—individual spirits adored, feared and obeyed as very God—though from the beginning the Jehovah idea was struggling for expression. In the early infancy of the race they had no well-defined autonomy—were struggling, wandering tribes, internally discordant, and constantly menaced and sometimes enslaved from without. It was in the full development of the Jehovah idea, the conception of a One-God Providence, that they rose to the zenith of their spiritual and material greatness. Without this Divine Unifying Life Principle all bonds of union are as ropes of sand. Witness the confused, distracted condition of the spirit worshippers of China, numbering a third of the earth's population.

The difference between Polytheistic Spiritualism and Monotheistic Spiritualism—between resting upon the authority of the spirit message, and having faith and trust in and being inspired by the Universal Life Principle, or God—is irreconcilable. All efforts to bring the two schools into unity by convention resolves have proven and always will prove futile. It can never be done. What communion hath light with darkness?

An independent system of educational work is now the only feasible method of carrying the truth of angel ministry to the millions who are in darkness regarding it, but whose reason and intuition assure them one Supreme will must run through and govern all. They are hungering for the truth, but cannot be reached under the existing methods. The call is for workers courageous enough to go into the field to work in line with the will of God, having faith to leave the results with God. Entering the work in this spirit, God (or the Law) will be with such workers—doing His work in their way. He will do their work in His way. They will be cared for and fruit will follow, and follow abundantly.

Of course there must be an intelligent plan of carrying on this independent educational work, but in no sense need it take the form of a creed. I submit the following propositions as the basis of such system:

1. The human soul is immortal.
2. Spirits belong to man and do come into the consciousness of human beings.
3. The spiritual condition and aspiration of the mortal determines what is spiritually revealed.
4. Only internal evidences can fully satisfy the spiritual nature of man.
5. There is an Infinite Power of Love and Wisdom, and this Supreme Power manifests to the finite understanding by means of the voices in the Whole World Soul Communion.
6. Co-operation is admissible without avowing belief in the above propositions, or any of them, and is invited.

No Spiritualist will object to the first and second propositions; few will object to the third, with fully understood and intelligently considered; but the fifth will meet criticism, and some will attack it as an attempt to establish a gigantic ecclesiasticism.

They who will be disposed to attack the fifth proposition are not ready for the full comprehension of the truth of the fifth proposition. To free their minds of this prejudice to new truths that comes from stubborn adherence to preconceived ideas, are not ready to join in a universal invocation for the inflow to humanity of light from the Universal Source of Light. But their opposition, being outside the spirit of Soul Communion, cannot impede its progress. It is above and beyond the reach of factious opposition. Every system of spiritual teaching devised by man, down to the latest formulated, has been rent by schism, by internal discord. Soul Communion cannot be: it is a common bond of union for all, regardless of creed, caste and nationality, who desire to unfold and improve their spiritual natures. It is as important as a simple, distinctive thought.

By no ingenuously can this fifth proposition be tortured into a tenet of faith, a conventionally imposed obligation on the conscience, like an article subscribed to in a creed. It is simply the promise that truth shall be realized to the inner consciousness of those who will seek it in the true spirit of the call. If this promise is fulfilled, there is no restriction, no limitation, no inhibition of individual judgment.

Having now received the Light, having come into consciousness of the Divine by breathing the Divine life essence, the happy possessor of the priceless treasure is absolutely free of will to search out his own way of coming and living in line with the Supreme Will, which he now knows in his soul and through and binds all in one harmonious Whole. But the invariable influence and tendency for all will be, as Soul Communion is a Universal According Principle, to universalize the human affections and bring all into unity of thought, aspiration, life.

What floods of inspiring and outpouring inspiration must result to such according souls! Then, too, the point will extend to Spiritualism will cease to be a confusion of heterogeneous elements, the philosopher in obscurity and the pretender and novice proclaiming their fame from the house-tops; it will become the recognized hope and glory of the world.

For those Christians who believe in personal redemption coming of Christ, Soul Communion is the only conceivable solution of the mystery as to how the mission is to be fulfilled; and it solves it completely. Telepathy or thought transference is now accepted by most people as scientifically demonstrated. If the will of God in the inauguration of a new order of life for humanity is to be promulgated through a special messenger, how else can it be done than by the messenger delivering his message to the millions who may be ready to receive it collectively? This condition of collectivity in delivering and receiving the message is assured by Whole World Soul Communion—all in the communion spirit being of one accord, the message and power would simultaneously electrify the whole mass—a world-wide personal experience, "as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west."

Demonstrators, through their special gifts, are to be considered as indispensable in carrying on the proposed independent educational work, and will be forthcoming as needed. They are being developed for the work in Whole World Soul Communion. They will not be workers of the class of Simon of old.

The long neglected fields should receive first attention of the apostles of the New Spiritualism. These are the villages and smaller towns. In all of these are hungry souls, though it might be no avowed Spiritualists, but few heretofore the professional workers have only gone to them when special patronage was guaranteed. A more zealous, a more disinterested missionary spirit is demanded. The light should be carried, and through Soul Communion will be, to every nook and corner of the land, everywhere establishing spiritual educational centers on the basis of the above propositions, with "signs following." The time is ripe for a great Spiritualistic revival. "Q. where are the workers?"
Chicago, Ill. H. N. MAGUIRE.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Old and new, death and life, December, in dreary monotone, across the bare brown fields.
Thy winds, O cruel month, proclaim the coming storms,
Desolate harbingers, whose unwelcome sounds brought
Wild terror to each straying moss or woodland fern.

In sunlit rows the orchard trees thy death cry scorned,
With arms upraised, slow moving to thy stern command.
Against dull gray sky they stood, and, waiting, slept.

Yet is it ever so? Do pain and grief precede all just reward?
O power divine; O wisdom wondrous; Thou with impart dost pervade all things.

And ye, wild winds,
Are e'en as breathless.
Perchance Eolus from his mighty caves
Has sent thee forth—yet shall old Neptune

Hold thee back within his realms.
Toss, uncontrolled, the dying leaves;
Moan; for thy power is feeble.
And thou, wild, angry month,
Shalt yet lie low with all the past.

JANUARY.
All silence. O'er earth, the fair young year,
Has dropped his snowy mantle, gazing
He bids you sleep, O earth, and to all
Pain and grief be dumb.

The lips of streams are still,
The forest trees are spellbound—
No longer moan,
As in the month gone past,
For all the winds
Obey the new-born power.

Is this then, death?
Nay, Sleep, and life for death and sleep are one.
Mourn not. The life chain will fall at
Spring's first smile,
As, through her awakened veins
Glad nature's heart will send her warning flood.

Joyfully her songsters will acclaim
The youthful ruler and his reign exalt
To all the land.
So may all turners and in peace.
Who then can grieve when once
He sees the mighty
Purpose of all things?

Behold, with vision infinitely sure,
Nature's eternal, unchangeable Law, in
all things.
Truth, the underlying reality in all,
great and small, and in the
Universe, is life and death, undisturbed law.

MRS. MAY J. HEALY.
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

"Nature Cure." By Drs. M. E. and Rosa C. Cough. Excellent for every family. Dime, \$1.50 and \$2.

IMPORTANT MATTER FROM
OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES

LIGHT, LONDON, ENGLAND. HARBINGER OF LIGHT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

WE ARE APT TO LOOK FOR GOD only in miracles, to see his workings only in great surprises, to find him only in one or a few exceptions. But it is in universals we always find the deep truths and God. We are in God, and yet we say—"Where is he?" "In him we live and move and have our being," and yet we ask, "When did he become 'God manifest in the flesh'?" It reminds us of the curious little poem by one of our American philosophers who condescended to a playful expression of a sublime truth:

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through:
"We've heard from old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue."

The wise ones speak of the infinite sea;
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"
The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings,
And this was its song—"I see the light,
I look of a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air!"

Pope's "Essay on Man" is even now only beginning to be grasped, with its massive thought:

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature's self, and God the soul;
See, through this alley this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth:

Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

Vast chain of being! which from God begins,
Beats up the scale of things, and ends in man;
Natures ethereal—human, angel, man;
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see.

No glass can reach from infinite to thee.
This is the splendid fact of Incarnation. The infinite creative Power seems to delight to fill every crevice with at least experiments of form, to light the lamp of life in myriads of modes; and every one is a manifestation of the hidden life and power.

Of course, the highest expression known to us is Man. Why? Only because, so far as we actually know, Man is the highest intelligence on the plane which at present is ours. As one of our bright teachers lately said: "It is plain why no sight on earth—no sunset mountain-top or June of blossoms—so beautiful and so inspiring as a human face. It is because the intelligent, morally aspirating of the generations are gathered into the faces of the latest born and there are focused by the aspirations and endeavors of another thirty years of human life! There is a great truth in the incarnation doctrine. God is dim in rock and flower and bird; when most himself, he becomes human flesh, and in human eyes we look most clearly into the eyes of God."

This is not mere mysticism or poetry; it is vital to any reasonable view of God and his activity on this plane. Man has emerged from lower planes. He is surely not by accident! Evolution is only the creative method of God. Feeling our way back on the lines of Evolution, we seem to find:

"Hear a Heavenly Friend,
And through thick veils to apprehend
A labor working to an end."

First the body was elaborated by infinite gradations, free from religious predilections or bias; and from the tone of their writings, inspired from a source above the planes pertaining to this world, hence free from earthly error. The teachings are not mythical, but rational and coherent, appealing to the unprejudiced mind with a sweet reasonableness, and opening to the vision a clear and practicable road to higher conditions. Belief in any doctrine is no help to the traveler on this side, and we will very much if it will be on the other. All intelligent Spiritualists are agreed that our condition immediately after death is determined by the use we make of our opportunities here, and if we try our best to cultivate and harmonize ourselves, at the same time losing no opportunity to help our less fortunate fellows, it matters little what our beliefs are with regard to later developments. Mrs. Harris gives us 700 years of spirit life, Mr. Sinnett a much longer period, and very few expect to return under a century. If we have to take this apparently retrograde step to get forward, we shall probably be in a better condition to understand it and make preparations for it when we get to the other side, and it is wiser to concentrate our energies upon the attainment of the best conditions for the first important step in our upward progress. Wherever beliefs in reincarnation, elementaries, or planetary life are congenial to the mind and productive of happiness, we have no desire to disturb them, but where they distress individuals and arrest their progress, we would urge them to read some of the basic works on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, which, if carefully studied, will make them independent of beliefs that are undependable to their reason.

"The Divine Pedigree of Man," or the Testimony of Evolution and Psychology to the Fatherhood of God. By Thomas Jay Hudson, LL.D. This is a most remarkable work, demonstrating the existence of the Soul and Future Life. It is scientific throughout. Price \$1.50.

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In our correspondence columns appears a letter from Truthseeker, who is befogged by the contrary teachings of Spiritualism, or, more properly speaking, of

SPIRITUALISTIC MEDIUMS.

For, as we showed in a series of articles which appeared in this paper, the seers and prominent mediums who unfolded the modern spiritual philosophy were generally in accord, and only differed in some minor details or in modes of expression. The central fact of Spiritualism, viz.: the continuity of sentient life after the dissolution of the physical and the power of the disembodied ego to communicate with those still in the physical body, are to all Spiritualists indisputable, but the numerous theories and affirmations as to the nature of the after-death states are mystifying to many truthseekers besides the one who now writes to us for light on the subject. For us to authoritatively say who is right and who is wrong would be presumptuous, and of no real value to our inquirer; we could not personally take the dictum of any one in the body or out of the body on so large a subject—every theory or affirmation must be brought to the bar of reason, subjected to the closest scrutiny and comparison, and adjudged its position on its merits. By this means alone can we arrive at approximately sound conclusions.

In the reception of teachings from the spirit world, there are two separate difficulties to contend with which militate against the influence of undiluted truth: First, the various idiosyncrasies of both mediums and investigators, which prevents them seeing a truth in the same light and through the same sense avenues, and secondly, bias (conscious or unconscious), which few are free from, and which closes more or less completely their souls, to anything contrary to their predilections. "Divine truth cannot flow into minds that are unresponsive." Then again, in all the spheres pertaining to the birth world, are congeries of spirits still holding to beliefs that were dear to them in the body; they are drawn together by congeniality of idea, and having an affinity for those still in the body, their utterances are, naturally, attracted towards such who are seeking spiritual light, and teach them truth as they know it, just as we have highly intelligent and truthful men in the body teaching doctrines diametrically opposed to each other. There is as much conflict of opinion on doctrinal subjects in the spirit world or among the mass of spirits who communicate with mortals, as there is here, but naturally less distinct as to matters of fact that become apparent through the changed conditions. The materialist has to realize that man is a spirit and to alter his conceptions of matter; the believer in a literal heaven or hell, to realize that he is in neither, and perhaps to wonder whether he is in purgatory. Our experience goes to show that the good living man or woman, who would by the world be termed irreligious, not having been connected with any particular church, makes the most rapid progress in the spirit world, because, unimpeded by creeds and dogmas, which are a dead weight and have to be got rid of before the spirit can ascend to higher altitudes.

If our correspondent will refer to the Spiritual Philosophy supplements to the Harbinger, he will find a harmonious accord, because the seers and mediums through whom the revelations came, were from the evidences attainable about them, free from religious predilections or bias; and from the tone of their writings, inspired from a source above the planes pertaining to this world, hence free from earthly error. The teachings are not mythical, but rational and coherent, appealing to the unprejudiced mind with a sweet reasonableness, and opening to the vision a clear and practicable road to higher conditions. Belief in any doctrine is no help to the traveler on this side, and we will very much if it will be on the other. All intelligent Spiritualists are agreed that our condition immediately after death is determined by the use we make of our opportunities here, and if we try our best to cultivate and harmonize ourselves, at the same time losing no opportunity to help our less fortunate fellows, it matters little what our beliefs are with regard to later developments. Mrs. Harris gives us 700 years of spirit life, Mr. Sinnett a much longer period, and very few expect to return under a century. If we have to take this apparently retrograde step to get forward, we shall probably be in a better condition to understand it and make preparations for it when we get to the other side, and it is wiser to concentrate our energies upon the attainment of the best conditions for the first important step in our upward progress. Wherever beliefs in reincarnation, elementaries, or planetary life are congenial to the mind and productive of happiness, we have no desire to disturb them, but where they distress individuals and arrest their progress, we would urge them to read some of the basic works on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, which, if carefully studied, will make them independent of beliefs that are undependable to their reason.

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UNPURIFIED WATER—Kills 250,000 people annually. Causes 250,000 cases of Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel troubles, Kidney and Bladder diseases, Piles, Constipation, all kinds of Tumor, Typhoid, Yellow, Enteric, Cholera, also Rheumatism, Female life, Blood diseases, etc. Investigate, and you will find **DR. JAMES E. RAY'S** **PURE WATER** is the only safe water for drinking, bathing, etc. It is a Chemical and Absolutely Pure Water, he obtains it only by distillation. **DR. JAMES E. RAY'S** **PURE WATER** can now, without extra expense or trouble, purify their drinking water by distillation—making it absolutely safe and pure, removing all impurities, germs of disease, lime and other health-wrecking matter by using the

"FURITAN" NEW PROCESS WATER STILL
A new and simple device, invented by a genius of Cincinnati, O. Entirely different and far superior to any filter. Simply set it over your cook stove, and fill with any kind of water—it does the rest—Purifies, clarifies, softens, and makes it delicious to drink. It is a true and reliable water purifier, and has cured thousands of hopeless cases. **DR. JAMES E. RAY'S** **PURE WATER** is the only safe water for drinking, bathing, etc. It is a Chemical and Absolutely Pure Water, he obtains it only by distillation. **DR. JAMES E. RAY'S** **PURE WATER** can now, without extra expense or trouble, purify their drinking water by distillation—making it absolutely safe and pure, removing all impurities, germs of disease, lime and other health-wrecking matter by using the

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