

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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Questions and Answers.

"The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Material Progress.

"AN INVESTIGATOR."—The philosophy of the progressive development of primates, to which you allude, is peculiar to the Harmonical Revelations of Nature. The hypothesis cannot be traced to any other form of truth. We hold that all matter goes on in a number of times through every link of the endless chain of progression. It flows back and forth, down and up, in and out, without cessation from the commencement of one eternity to the birth of another, before it reaches the highest form and sphere of organic life—i. e. the physical body and spiritual constitution of MAN. We are delighted with the latest chemical discoveries. They bring out and establish among scholars, and therefore in the schools of our land, the very principles for the perception and advocacy of which the world labels us with unbrotherly names.

Unity of the Universe.

JAMES T.—CHICAGO, ILL.—The atmosphere of truth is never darkened by the clouds of fear. Only those go astray who do not realize the holy influences of truth. Can you not attract higher intelligences? The chain of causation is never severed, though it may seem to be broken, when some unseen spiritual confusion disturbs the general harmony. Nature's empire is governed by immutable laws. Hence the poet was misinspired when he wrote,

"In Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Not so, Brother! Nature is the conjugal mate of the Infinite Mind. Each is a perfect translation of the other. And the higher the intellect, and the purer the affections of man, the greater is his appreciation and enjoyment of the "stupendous whole."

The Old Alchemists.

CHARLES T.—NEW YORK.—Your questions are rather too deeply immersed in the uncharted ocean of metaphysics. The public is seldom prepared for a protracted voyage upon unknown seas. Your proposed subject is replete with deep matters for professional men. For the Alchemists and hermetic investigators of past centuries, we entertain the highest respect. These secret and self-consecrated philosophers—with beautiful interior meanings, known for the most part only to each other, conveyed by the terms "salt," "sulphur," "Mercury," "Sol," "Luna," etc., etc.—held MAX as both the subject and the object of all their investigations. The manna for the transmutation of base metals into gold, was the result of a selfish enterprise which crept in among them from contact with a few unworthy associates.

The Charge of Infidelity.

W. S. WAIT, GREENVILLE, ILL., writes us very fraternally as follows:

DEAR SIR:—You are described by many as an infidel; a disbeliever in the doctrines taught by Jesus. This report disciplines many good men and women, who are Christians, from inquiring into the new and blessed doctrines which assure us of a present and continued intercourse with the spirit world. Your opinions, as quoted or misquoted, being frequently brought forward by the enemies of Spiritualism, your friends, and your honest opposers, would be alike gratified and instructed by a public and direct exposition of your views on the character, the teachings, and the mission of Christ.

We have received many applications of precisely this kind, within the past twelve weeks, which have had the effect of directing our attention once again to the whole subject. Therefore we will now promise in some not very far future issue of THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, to give a full and plain definition of our "impressions" touching the birth, life, miracles, lessons and benefits of Jesus, through the efficacy of whose sufferings and blood, millions hope for ultimate purity and blessedness.

Personal Progress.

JAMES C.—BELLFONTE, O.—This well-known correspondent is a physician of the Eclectic School. For considerable time he has had satisfactory experience as a medium "for

personating, speaking, drawing, seeing, and for giving tests." But he does not make progress, and writes in confidence to ascertain the cause. "I am not," he says, "one of those who believe that God, or some spirit with the name of Gabriel or Jesus, desires to make me the biggest gun on the ramparts of Spiritualism." This reasonable brother is in quest of more light. His path is not "clear" before him. He sees the Mountain of Use, but cannot easily ascend its rugged acclivities.

Many conflicting answers and worthless explanations have been given to such questions and conditions. The causes, remote or immediate, why the sensitive mind of man, in open daily intercourse with the inhabitants of the Better Land, does not attain to the beautiful summits of private hope and aspiration, are various, and differ with different temperaments. The most common cause, however, and one which has long had much potency in the experience of our Brother, is—the irregular or unmethodical elevation and indulgence of such intercourse. The holiest functions are thus checked and perverted. A fine experience, full of world-exalting instruction, may thus be coerced and educated out of wisdom's ways, and into directions the most zigzag and haphazard. We have knowledge of sweet natures made bitter and skeptical or converted to a belief in evil and degraded spirits, by the operation of no other evidence or cause than that of undesigned, sometimes unconscious, private mismanagement. The divinest good, orderly and systematic in itself, may be temporarily inverted. Then it, in spite of every incidental blessing, begins to develop effects the most disorderly, perplexing, painful. But we do not mean to imply that all this is applicable to our correspondent. In order, however, to make progress in the finest ways of wisdom—in order to harmonize one's body with the beautiful requirements of the inward mind—the orderly and punctual appropriation of one hour out of every twenty-four to purposes of spirit-contemplation and intercourse, and no more, is the first step essential. This hour should be selected from the most agreeable portion of the day, and no external disturbance should be permitted to break over its boundaries.

Maternal Sorrow.

MARY C.—OF WILMINGTON, DEL.—is the wife of an intelligent and kind husband, and her home rich and cheerful in the presence of two beautiful children. Yet, as she writes us, her "spirit is trembling on the verge of despair." Her yearning to know of one lost, is driving her heart to distraction. She says: "If the extreme passionate love of my darlings sway me too much, and is too selfish, I trust the excuse of sincere affection will obtain the Redeemer's mercy and pardon." This correspondent is a religious woman, belongs to a popular church, believes the Arminian creed, and very naturally doubts the eternal happiness of a baby boy whose spirit passed skyward three years ago. "The world," she writes, "is all a blank when thinking of the loved lost one, and I suspect the soundness of my judgment. If it be within your power to give me hope, for the sake of my husband and children, if not for mine, I pray that you will do so at once."

The power, wisdom, and unchangeability of the Divine Mind, are attributes which, when contemplated, can inspire you with more hope and satisfaction than any power or words of ours. But our spiritual experience may aid you. All infants and children that have crossed the door of death are received into heavenly homes. Infant spirits have no evils to be saved from, although they may have imperfections of the negative kind inherited, which the eternal law of Spiritual Progress, the blood of any crucified man, will surely wash away.

You "suspect the soundness of your judgment." We, on the other hand, suspect the soundness of your theology. All superstition, mythology, unholiness, and mental darkness, cannot but depart when eternal Truth sheds its glorious beams upon the throne of reason. Seek to know the truth, Sister—open your mind to the resplendent light of other spheres; then the angel presence of your ascended boy will bring gladness and knowledge to your heart and home.

Mediums and Believers.

"A SPEAKING MEDIUM," for whom we entertain sentiments of the highest respect, wants to know "whether the number of mediums in the United States is as great this year as last." Having scanned and mapped the field very carefully, we can reply with a considerable degree of accuracy, as follows: Of healing mediums there are, at this day, 147; of those who enter the state of "Trance," profoundly or otherwise, nearly 200; test mediums for various physical manifestations, are very rare, but not more so now than heretofore, perhaps 55; for personating, writing, painting, etc., the number cannot be less than 38,000; of openly avowed believers the percent multitude, both in and out of the church, is mighty, being over 2,000,000. In 1853 we computed the number of believers and mediums, when, of the former, only 250,000 could be found on this side of the Atlantic; of the latter, including every known type of psychical experience with its personal representative, there were just 7,000. "The world moves!"

Industry and Justice.

C. R. GRIFFING, PLAINVIEW, MINN., after assuring our readers that both he and his

gifted wife, whose prose and verse compositions convey unmistakable evidences of genius and inspiration, will occasionally write for the Herald of Progress, proceeds as follows:

"You are engaged in an arduous, yet noble cause, and in the course you are pursuing, merit the sympathy and support of every friend of education and reform. Though this young State lies deep in the bosom of the North, yet the roots of that Banyan Tree of superstition and error have taken a stronghold here. But I hope and pray that Minnesota is a stepping stone in the world's progress, and that but a few centuries more will elapse ere that light will be attained whose base is below the frosts, and whose apex is above the bath of all the Western stars."

"Circumstance," that unsympathetic god, made me a shoe-string of poverty during my boyhood and youth, but (please pardon the egotism) with aspirations that cannot be quenched, I have surmounted all difficulties thus far; and, unless embarrassed by some extraordinary misfortune, will, in a few years, possess a pecuniary competence, and, I hope, a surplus, with which to assist in ameliorating the condition of mankind."

Our Brother's words and efforts must be an encouragement to every young person who, at present within the entanglements of worldly disadvantages, is about to enlist in the "battle of life." First, for the sake of self-independence, and then, not less, to speed the cause of human freedom—by means of impartial Reason and harmonious Education. With regard to "the roots of superstition," which our correspondent regrets to confess within the soil of youthful Minnesota, we would suggest that benighted or sectarian views of man, religion, destiny, Deity, etc., invariably precede superior and wholesome conceptions of those questions and subjects, on the same principle of Progress by which brambles, fruitless vines, and spreading undergrowth, appear in the soil of every country in advance of the flora, botany, and harvests of golden grain, which delight and nourish humanity.

The Electric Eel.

GEORGE THOMPSON, OF LONG BRANCH, a diligent investigator of the faculties and habits of certain fish and insects, asks to be aided "by a few impressions on two points," first, whether the lightning bug is endowed with a power of collective and discharging electricity the same as the torpedo, electric eel, and electric fish; and, second, whether the lightning bug is under the control and direction of an "insect's will." Your questions, Brother, reach down and jut out into the realm of particulars. Our impressions may be too general for your purpose, but they are at your service. The lightning bug, so called, is capable of generating and emitting light from the presence of that mysterious substance which was first discovered by the Alchemists, but now everywhere known as Phosphorus, an essential element of all animal organization. The generation and employment of this phosphorescent light seems to be subject to the insect's will. There are many impressive instances on record where this firefly has destroyed poisonous spiders and consumed their webs when the necessity of self-defense urged the little creature to persistent action.

But nothing of this is true when we come to examine the means of self-defense peculiar to the torpedo, ray-fish, electric eel, etc. With these beings of the ocean, the truth seems to be that, by means of their digestive membranes, they can generate and accumulate the electric fluid in large quantities. This they do with wonderful rapidity when excited by either fright or anger. The under-skin becomes distended and puffed like that which holds the quills of the "fretful porcupine." Thus the electric eel is charged like the Leyden Jar, and can, unlike the jar, emit sparks without coming in contact with any other body. It is now prepared to wage an aggressive war, or to do battle in obedience to the instinct of self-preservation. Fishes of this class can at will emit sparks in all directions, can give off brilliant emanations which often prove fatal to the recipient, and can direct the lightning of their privately-forged thunderbolts, which seldom fail of hitting the mark. The electricity employed is identical with that formed in the vital centers of all animal organisms.

The Beef Eaters.

WILLIAM C.—SALEM, MASS., the exuberance of whose mirthfulness is hardly admissible, wants to know "What amount of beef-steak a man must eat, in order to devour as much as the weight of the whale which swallowed Jonah?" This correspondent is certainly not in earnest. He probably knows that thousands believe the story of Jonah and the whale. Such see in it a wondrous display of the Divine will and wisdom. We, however, are free to confess that our eyes do not discern anything but typical truth in the statement, and even that is not adapted to the moral circumstances and necessities of this age.

If, however, our questioner means to ask a question touching the intemperate habits of some anti-Grahamites in his vicinity, we will answer: The full-grown sperm whale, sometimes called Cachoele, measures about twenty-three yards and a half. Every foot of this length stands for a solid ton of animal matter. The whole weight would be not less than seventy tons. It would therefore require almost four hundred of the best cows, or at least three hundred of the fattest oxen, to balance the whale's ponderousness. We will leave the rest of the sum to the calculating faculties of our correspondent.

Philosophical Department.

"Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of nature."

For the Herald of Progress.

AN ESSAY ON LIFE, ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECTS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

CHAPTER I.

Of all the varied problems which have claimed the attention of mankind, life, while it has called forth the speculations of all classes of minds, from the most profound and elaborate to the most visionary and fanciful, ever has been and still remains one of the most intricate and deeply interesting. The various terms, *vis vitalis*, *vis medicatrix naturæ*, *vital force*, etc., are in reality but so many expressions of "learned ignorance." But we do not wish to be severe in our criticisms; the design of the following articles is to present facts as exhibited in nature, and free and candid suggestions, which, if they commend themselves to the reason and intelligence of the age, will be received, and if not, we are thankful no dogmatism will compel an acceptance of them. The panorama of life, in its infinitely diversified and varied forms, is a grand and mighty lever in the hands of the Infinite Father for raising matter to a higher and more refined plane. The Divine Power is here putting millions of arms under matter and saying in unmistakable language, "come up higher." It is God speaking, as well in the lowliest flower—in the worm that crawls upon the earth—in the huge animals that roam o'er land or sea—as in man that walks erect, the compendium of all below and before him, stamped more fully with the image of the Divine.

Life is the highest, the noblest, the most beautiful expression of God to man. Here He invites us to come and talk with Him in all those grand and sublime spheres of so much lavish beauty. In all the innumerable forms of life He is ever saying to man "come and let us reason together."

Matter may be classed under three forms. First.—That which is gross and palpable—perceptible to the senses—ponderable matter—having weight and form. There are many individuals who are so organized that they consider this, if not the only form of matter, the chief and most important.

Secondly.—We have imponderable matter divided by the schools into heat, light, electricity, magnetism, etc. This form of matter is usually considered to be perceptible only by its effects.

Thirdly.—We have what I shall term spiritual matter, which is invisible, intangible, and imponderable, and never has been perceived by the senses.

If we examine these forms of matter, beginning with the first, we shall find that it contains more or less of the other two, but it is not probable that spirit matter contains any of the others.

The question of the eternity of matter is to our mind very simple, believing that whatever has had a beginning must have an end. From the fact that the Divine Principle—the central sun of the universe—is without beginning or end and that such a Principle could never have existed without matter, the inference is logical that matter has been from eternity, that it never had a beginning and can never have an end. Though as finite beings we cannot fully comprehend this proposition, yet we feel that it is true. Creation means only a rearrangement of matter in new forms and combinations for varied purposes. The proposition of the theologian, that matter was made out of nothing, is simply absurd.

The first form of matter has been subject to the observation of mankind in all ages, although unnumbered millions of human beings have walked the earth with scarcely a single idea of the character of the material on which they trod, much less of that which entered their physical organisms and made them part of that earth. Only in comparatively modern times has man pushed his investigations into this field, and the chemist and geologist of to day are but studying the rudiments which lie on the threshold of this magnificent temple. The field is exhaustless; the researches of the last century, rich and varied as they are, have only opened to us a wider domain—a more comprehensive field in which the skill, the talents and the energy of the most expanded intellect, will find ample room to revel amid the magnificent truths that are hidden and revealed in the wondrous mysteries of the material universe.

The external form of matter is evidently an outgrowth, a result, a coming together of matter governed by an interior principle which must be allied to spirit matter. It has the capacity of being made invisible and impen-

derable by the application of a certain amount of heat which changes most bodies, first, into a fluid condition, then a gaseous, then an ether, more refined, and lastly an imperceptible condition, which has been called impersonal; and if the grossest form of matter can thus escape our cognizance, by reversing the process it may be brought back to a condition similar to its original.

Natural philosophers have discovered that this form of matter consists of sixty-four primates, each of which is believed to be an elementary or simple substance, and we shall admit this to be so for the present.

It is this form of matter, in these and other primates, in various combinations, that constitutes the globes that form the stellar and astral systems that make up the Universe. But it is of our solar system, and especially of our earth, that we shall speak. There was a time in the history of the material elements which compose this system, when they were in a liquid mass, in a state of combustion, occupying a space extending beyond that now circumscribed by the orbit of the planet most distant from the central sun. What is combustion? A condition of matter in which the particles are so far separated, as to weaken their attraction, and allow of very considerable freedom of motion and play of affinities among them. What are affinities? They are certain attractive conditions that exist throughout the realm of matter and of mind.

Experience proves that the law of affinity is fundamental and universal, without which neither union nor combination could exist. We speak of certain forces as positive and negative: these terms invariably imply, and the forces produce, attraction. The relation of certain primates and compounds to each other is such that they are constantly and undeviatingly impelled in a direction to unite and form compounds; though conditions may prevent this for a time, yet the impulse remains as an inherent property of matter.

Where the forces are similar, as two positives or two negatives, they invariably produce repulsion; which is a condition directly the reverse of the former one, in which the particles are driven from each other, and cannot form a union or compound.

These forces of positive and negative power—attraction and repulsion—are more strikingly manifested in the domain of the imponderables, and in the sphere of mental and spiritual action, but it must be confessed that, in the language of a modern writer, "we are sufficiently ignorant" of this law, and our knowledge of it is confined to a limited number of its effects.

This law, like everything in the universe, is adapted to the purpose for which it was designed. The positive and negative forces of the mineral kingdom are as much more gross than those which operate in the realm of mind or spirit as is the mineral itself more gross and unrefined than mind or spirit; hence the positive and negative forces of the external material world, when they act on the mental or spiritual sphere, are discordant and inharmonious in their effects.

Let us endeavor to carry our thoughts back, not thousands of years, but millions of ages, to the period when our solar system was a liquid mass in a state of combustion. The same elements and particles of matter, which are now marshaled around us in majestic continents and islands, in oceans and rivers, in the infinitely varied forms of inanimate matter, as well as in the multitudinous forms of living beauty that are basking in the sunshine of a joyous existence, were then rushing hither and thither in confusion, apparently without law, but in reality under the same great law of positive and negative forces.

The first perceptible change in such a liquid mass, thus violently agitated and convulsed, would be the condensation of certain portions; the particles coming together, and finding their appropriate associates, repose in nearer proximity.

It is a general rule that solids are positive to fluids. Thus the earth retains the ocean within its bounds, and fluids are with few exceptions, held in solids.

This partially consolidated mass, assuming gradually a more positive character, would, in time, become equally positive with the whole mass of fluid in which it was immersed, and two positives by the law already referred to, would repel each other, and thus the first planet, the outermost of the system, was born of its parent, and sent forth to walk alone in its beautiful orbit forever—the first-born of our sun sent out into the star-gemmed vault amid the orbs;

"Forever singing, as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

The same causes continued to operate in the central mass, and in succeeding cycles new planets were born and sent forth, each one leaving the central mass more concentrated, and from its diminished size unable to send

out its children so far as those which had gone before, from their mother sun. Thus was our earth, in common with the other planets, projected into space. In order that the motion of the planets on their axes, and the form they assume, may be understood, we must here refer to certain phenomena in relation to electric and magnetic currents which have been recently discovered. In every atom, as well as in every world, and in all the intermediates between the atom and the world, there are two currents, a radiating and a circular, or revolving current. And if the atom or the world be so far removed from the influence of surrounding atoms or worlds as to allow these currents to operate positively, they will manifest themselves.

The radiating currents flow out in right lines as radii from a center. These lines which are electroid, or similar to electricity, have been described by Baron Reichenbach in his Dynamics. He found that certain persons, whom he calls "sick sensitives," but whom we call impressible, perceived, when in the dark, lines of light emanating from various bodies in radii; these were most conspicuous when magnets were employed, and most persons can perceive these emanations from bodies which are overcharged with electricity, and placed in the dark. Substances in which chemical decomposition was going on actively, presented these phenomena strikingly, hence the "will o' the wisp"—and the appearance of lights over graves, were accounted for.

In extremely sensitive persons these appearances could be perceived more or less distinctly as emanating from all bodies. This aura, which thus emanates from all substances, necessarily partakes of the character of the body from whence it emanates; that of the mineral being the most gross, was the first to be perceived; other and finer emanations required finer and more delicate tests of their presence.

It is a very significant fact that the saints and martyrs of all ages have been very generally painted with a magnificent halo radiating from their brains, the brain being the culminating point of matter—the most beautiful and refined structure to be found in the material universe. And if the two extremes—the most refined and subtle, and the most gross and ponderable forms of external matter—exhibit this phenomena, may we not reasonably infer that all that lies in the broad plain intermediate between these will be subject to similar influences.

The observations and experiments of Baron Reichenbach were confined to a limited scale and applied to small objects, but they beautifully confirm the statement we have made, that the world, as well as every atom which constitutes it, is attended with and influenced by these phenomena of radiating currents.

We know the existence of these facts has been questioned and ridiculed by a class of scientific men, but they are so perfectly natural and appropriate that we accept them.

The development of the nervous system, and especially of the great sympathetic system of nerves, is daily rendering mankind more and more susceptible to influences which, under other circumstances, they could have no more perception of, than the blind could have of light.

The influence of these electroid currents opens a new and interesting field to us. The explanation of many of the most intricate and important phenomena of life, of health, of development, of accumulation on different parts of the globe, of the migration of animals, etc., are involved in this, and we shall hereafter devote a chapter especially to it.

The circular currents, though not so clearly manifest as those of which we have been speaking, have been discovered, and their effects are so patent that their existence cannot longer remain a question; they revolve as a belt, having their greatest force concentrated in the equatorial regions, and gradually diminishing as they approach the poles. The magnetic needle stands at right angles to their currents. Their motion in our globe is in a direction from east to west, and the reaction which they produce causes the earth to revolve on its axis, in a direction from west to east, with a uniform velocity.

That such a motion would be thus produced is daily illustrated, by the movement of a steam propeller through the water, the current of which being thrown back propels the vessel forward. It is also shown by the movements of the Electrical Ortery in which the currents passing out into the atmosphere impel the machine to revolve in an opposite direction.

When any mass is separated from its parent, and thrown out into space so far as to be partially free from the positive and controlling influence of that parent, these currents produce a rotary motion, which, acting on the mass in a semi-fluid condition, must produce expansion by centrifugal force at the equator, and consequently flattening at the poles.

The laws of affinity, which have been so actively engaged, are still arranging the particles and forming the solid crust of the earth. This is the igneous strata—the primitive rocks consisting of the granites, greenstone, porphyry, and the various lavas formed, containing within and upon them all the primates of the globe.

In this condition, with numerous volcanoes belching forth their volumes of liquid fire and clouds of dense sulphurous smoke, and convulsed by fearful earthquakes, our common mother went whirling through space. No pools of water or cooling streams were there, but all was arid and desolate. There was neither life nor anything that could sustain it. Mountains rose up suddenly, valleys were spread out, the earth's crust was broken, and lava and smoke issued from the fissures, and

fragments were thrown about in confusion, and exposed to the action of the elements around them. The law of affinity, ever yielding to higher influences, was operating upon the rocks. The granites, which are composed of quartz, mica and felspar, and quartz, mica and hornblende, in the slow moldering decay of ages, were decomposed, the quartz being disintegrated, formed the sand, the mica being friable, crumbled into small masses, the felspar, by a partial decomposition, furnishes alumina, potassa and other ingredients in clay; these three form the basis of most of the soil of earth.

The surface in process of time became sufficiently cooled to allow waters to be condensed and collected in pools and aid in producing changes on the earth. By the eruption of internal fires, these pools were frequently converted into seething cauldrons; at other times red-hot masses were thrown into the waters, and by a sudden change of temperature, splintered into fragments.

Thus, new affinities, under slower and more favorable circumstances, took place; particles selected their associates with a nicer discrimination and precision, and the resulting compounds were of a better type. The first affinities were characterized more by strength than by refinement, each succeeding step was toward a better union, more of the primates entered into combination, and the mineral kingdom ascended to a plane fitted for the introduction of other and higher forms in which the life principle is manifested.

Having thus briefly turned over the preface and contents of the great volume of Nature, and read the first chapter, in which the birth of the world is chronicled, we will now leave it. In our next we shall be ready to turn over the leaves of another chapter, the pages of which are illustrated with the beautiful pictures of vegetable and animal life.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dumbed, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

For the Herald of Progress.

THE IDEAL REALIZED IN THE ACTUAL.

BY C. M. BEERE WILBOUR.

EVER since the world began, a continual moon has been ascending from most earnest souls, over the natural wickedness of human kind. The heathen world began it before the death of the first created man, and some few millenniums afterward, Christendom took up the wail with such fresh lungs and painful proselyting zeal, that all men of strong faith, and weak hearts have joined in one wild cry of agony.

In weary, decrepit Asia, devotees have, for scores of centuries, proven their faith, and expiated their original sin by petrifying themselves in some horrible contortion, until they became callous to all the joys of life, and nothing remained of them but an aspiration toward the infinite.

In hoary old Europe, many a St. Stylites has manifested his peculiar fervency, by mounting upon some pious post, and standing there, fixed and immovable, from summer to summer and from winter to winter.

Here, too, in this fresh young America of ours, men and women are eager for this gratuitous, this amateur martyrdom. Assiduous devotees here torture themselves into frightful monstrosities of belief, which they likewise maintain for scores and scores of years, till they also become callous to all the joys of life, and scarcely an aspiration remains.

Saints Stylites, genuine and otherwise, here mount their select pillar of religious faith, and they also stand fast, from winter to winter and from summer to summer, until they drop into their graves. Why is it that this deplorable delusion has almost become the common lot of humanity? Why was Christ's welcome of the child-sold to heaven so soon forgotten by his followers?

It may be very beautiful to say, that this grand lesson of self-denial is needed to prove the too great luxuriance of life and growth; that fasting and watching are necessary to clarify this mortal clay, so that the soul may shine through, and that gold can be separated from dross only by refining fire; all this has been said a great many times, but it still proves itself as unsatisfactory as it is beautiful.

The eternal longing of every man, who has not undergone some deadening process of self-abnegation, of every woman who has not, with white hands clasped, chanted from pulpit lips the hymn of renunciation, points to a far truer life than this; to a life in which the highest earthly pleasure is compatible with the highest spiritual enjoyment, and where the ruddiest health of the body is a condition of the keenest and strongest clairvoyance of the soul, where every faculty performs its function, and every propensity is hallowed and allowed its legitimate place.

We are always asking that the nameless obstructions, which forbid our soul life, our real life, to flow out freely and fully into our outward life, may be removed. We are continually hoping that some day things may seem as they are, and that our deed may be the true and harmonious embodiment of our idea; for all men like, at the bottom of their hearts, to be honest and generous; all hearts desire nothing more than this—to beat in concord with all others, and in union with the grand pulsations of the universe. And every human action, whether we presume, in our little knowledge, to call it right or wrong, is the product of an idea, which even we can see to be good, and coming from the Go-

like aspirations of the soul, if we will but look.

Take the miser, meanest of human kind, he directs his energies toward the accumulation of that which is indispensable to any and every project, great or small. He is all the while treasuring up power, as much, as truly, as the conqueror whom we call great. And it is one of man's first duties to be strong; to be strong in body and in soul; strong in brain and in heart; mighty to save weak ones, who else would perish. It is the right and the duty of every man to be rich, and to surround himself with all the healthful luxuries of life, so that his soul and the soul of his dear ones may move on their upward path toward the everlasting beauty and holiness, secure from all fear of want and the petty perplexities of poverty, wearisome to the spirit as well as to the flesh.

It is this cardinal necessity of manhood which, when pursued to the exclusion of all else, becomes the meanness of the miser. He looks ever toward the future with eager apprehension. He is all his life laying a foundation upon which, when he is gone, a Girard College or an Astor Library may or may not rise to illuminate the future. Men should look into the future, but they should never forget that they live in the present. It is the master art of life, to know how much to look forward, and how much to look around us. If we are told that we should take no thought for the morrow, and that the best and truest life to-day, prepares for the best and truest life to-morrow, we can answer with equal force, that the best preparation for a true life to-morrow is the noblest life we can live to-day.

The justification of the idea, of which avarice is the excessive and exclusive application, involves the justification of that other very laudable impulse, of which prodigality is the overgrowth. The principle which the spendthrift adopts as his guiding star, enters into the composition of the symmetrical man.

The fearful vice of drunkenness, and its disgusting narcotic kindred, owe their origin also to a noble aspiration. In the kindly circles of intimate social life, humanity finds the sympathy which fills the heart's wants; in the mild, pure flame of tempered passion, the soul glows with the deep delight of a divine enthusiasm; and in that effect upon the brain, of which the mind becomes immediately conscious, alcohol is a most cunning counterfeiter of sympathy; and the weak soul that fancies it is shut out from the loving influences of its fellows, forgets its loneliness, and drowns its chagrin in the seductive sparkle of the flashing wine foam. The brow that should have found at once rest and excitement in the soft soothing of some gentle hand, finds a ready substitute in the caresses of opium, or the extatic visions of hashish.

All passions and all ambitions are, in their ideal conceptions, good and noble, and only become vices when they are warped and distorted by the inadequacy of the corporeal medium through which they attempt to realize themselves in acts.

He who would be a man, must be so miserly as to be provident, and so prodigal as to be generous. He must be fanatical enough to be in earnest, and conservative enough for self-control. He must be an inebriate so far as to court the serene joys of friendship, or the gentle delirium of a happy love; and he must be a prohibitionist, so far as never to lose himself. He will be cruel and headstrong enough to be resolute and brave; and he will be cowardly enough to be prudent and discreet—so proud as to be independent, and so abject as to be affable. Thus he will be symmetrical in all. The man of all the virtues is the man of all the virtues.

And this is the natural outflow of the unobstructed spirit, but it has for many years been the realm of poetry and dreams alone. The coarse crudities of the clods which fetter the soul, have always prevented, in a greater or less degree, her free and normal movements. Could she inform matter, were it pliant and plastic under her power, then mortals would live in millennial bliss.

To achieve this supreme influence, this creative activity, the universal ocean of spirit has been beating against its material shores, through all the ages. This is the task of time and of eternity.

In childhood, when the physical is soft and pliant, the young soul plays with it as its own sweet will inclines. Then action is unconstrained and liquid, flowing spontaneously, and following only the spirit's impulses. The actual world is idealized, and the ideal world is realized in the actual. The divinity of all things is felt through the glory with which the free spirit surrounds them. But when the cartilage becomes solid bone, and the muscle is hardened into strength and manhood, it is no longer so.

The old battle between God and Satan, between the spirit and the flesh, has been fought out, in most of all the living sons and daughters of this world.

Few are the favored ones to whom it has been given to preserve the spontaneity of their childhood; to whom the bravery and the opportunity have been vouchsafed, to live out their own heart-life, and to remain such as of whom is the kingdom of heaven. For the most part, the warm human sympathies, and the generous desires, which are ever gushing forth from the heart, are stifled back, to weary and sadden each other.

There is no more sorrowful sight to look upon than these fresh flowers of human love and sympathy, chilled by the frosts of conventionalities. The milk of human kindness has under the rules of etiquette, become

distasteful; it serves only to paint an epigram or poison a sneer.

O, sadly earnest soul, looking forth from the kindly beaming, deep, clear eye, how many times, when with prophet vision, you have recognized some spirit of mildness and love, when you have heard a voice, whose sweet tones reminded of home and heaven, and the quick heart divined that amid all the headlong chaos of worldliness, this angel voice had some master word to speak, which would lead to the life-harmony you had so long been seeking; how many times you have arisen to go to that other one—that new life—and the fatal hand of custom and prejudice held you back, so that you could speak no word of recognition, and you shrank again into your seeming self; and all the while the inmost heart was yearning toward that gentle strong one, with the deep yearning of divine fellowship.

How often it happens, when the heart is pining for the confidence, the sympathy of some good soul, that we refuse to accept what could be ours; ceremony censures the outgushing heart as foolish, and lacking caution. So if some happy circumstance cut the gordian knot for us, how cold and hesitating, even husky, is the voice; how sweet words seem on our tongues to have lost their melody and richness, and a few commonplace remarks are all the treasures unlocked when we would have confided our hopes and sorrows, indeed ourselves, but we dared not. The world has taught us a bitter lesson, and we have not been unfaithful pupils. Yet it was from no lack of inner confidence. It was from the utter disuse of language to tell those things which are most real to us; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth has long since learned not to speak. But even this half-speech has not often been granted us. For the most part the world has held us back altogether; we could not advance, and remained as mute as the voiceless grave. The ice of etiquette was too hard for the shrinking heart to break.

We need a child-heart to come between us and our fellows; something simple, pure, and free in action, that speaks in its simplicity sincerely to both. The Nameless Phantom which stood there, with forbidding finger pressed upon his awful lip, cannot endure this innocent presence in this limpid medium, all souls may meet and mingle.

Innocence and child-nature disarm deceit and diffidence. Few can tell a willful lie to any simple, trusting soul. We would, in some sense, have all become children, and as children, meet and partake of the joys of life together.

It is the crowning glory of this, our inter and super-communion, that it renews the childhood of all who have living faith and experience; that, while the influence of spirits is around us, while their heavenly airs sweep over our brows, or thrill in our hearts, while a hand more lovely than any mortal's is clasping our own, we are pervaded by its essential freedom, the fetters fall, and we are again children—the boundless universe is our birthright once more.

The soul catches this inspiration of liberty from its enfranchised fellows; the barrier through which our spotless ideals used to make their way with pain and stain imperfectly, is suddenly removed; we wonder where it has gone; we more wonder why it was ever there.

Now the liberated soul can flow forth unobstructed into full round life. The impulses which come to us from a celestial world we dare cherish, and even have faith to follow. No longer is the warm, affectionate heart of the world, compelled by the cold crust which confines it to burst through all in volcanic spasms, blasting and blackening the life which it should cherish and strengthen. It sheds itself like the sunshine from heaven, gently and gently throughout all actual things. It is a never-ending joy to all who will receive it.

It calls forth from the animate dust of the earth fresh and fragrant blooming flowers of kindness and soft soul communion. It awakens the half-forgotten harmonies of heaven, and revives the ethereal visions which come to every soul in moments of supreme transport. We live a new life. Heaven has indeed come nigh to us. The angel hosts are our companions and our counselors. That grand idea of soul-freedom of which poets have dreamed and prophets spoken, which has fired the imagination of heroes on the battle field and at the stake, which has inspired every noble deed that history, delights to tell—that is ours, in its fullness and in its fruition.

In the world's youth-days, giants, and fairies, and multifarious goddesses, gave life divine to every rock and river. Then men dimly recognized the heavenly spirits which did really encompass them.

In temple or in cave, the pale pythoness or the writhing sybil gave herself up with many a pang, to an influence which the vast moving sea of life worshiped, listening in awe and wonder, as she uttered abrupt and half-defined prophecies, which at once became the hope or the terror of the nations. This misty fragmentary faith, which believed in ghosts, and witches, and sought sorcerers, and shuddered when it crossed the grave of a murdered man, this clouded impulse departed with advancing years and advancing knowledge.

It retreated into the prejudices of the ignorant, and superstitious half wisdom curled its lip and called it superstition; earnest exterminating bigotry gathered faggots and called it diabolism; only the truly reverent, and they have always been very few, felt that in this great tide of the untutored heart, setting so strongly toward the unseen, there must be

a dim glimpse of some living vital truth.

Now, in this new age, the world is coming round to this old recognition of the divinity which encircles and permeates our life, our universe, with which the very atmosphere we breathe is warm and life-giving. The old faith was the feeble instinct of ignorance and undeveloped ideas; but true, nevertheless, in its real essence, ours is the clear perception of knowledge. Moving onward in its spiral path of progress, the world has come round again to precisely the same point, but on a higher plane.

It is our glad duty to aid in realizing for ourselves and for others, the glorious realities which are placed within the reach of all. Never was cause so inspiring; never was reward so instant; the army of those we once called departed, is with us; the shining hosts of beloved ones do battle for us. Immortal arms sustain us when we are weary, immortal hearts pillow us when we are fainting.

Life, love, and the deathless spheres, are before us. The deep-eyed Future beckons us on with commanding gesture. Let us go forth to meet her in her terrible beauty, fearless and with unfaltering feet, and do our work with brave hearts and eager hands, for in every action we strike chords that shall vibrate long after we have passed from mortal sight to our true homes in the immortal spheres. The waves of our influence shall beat upon the shore of the distant future. Let us then be strong with the faith that is in us, buoyant with a deathless gladness and a heaven-born trust, striving in our own lives to realize the ideal of the ages as our actual.

For the Herald of Progress.

A PARISIAN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. KARDEC BY DR. LEWENDIAHL.

SKETCH. I tell you, sir, that I have never believed in supernatural things; therefore my reason cannot admit the reality of the strange phenomena attributed to spirits which, I am sure, exist but in the imagination. However, as we must bow before evidence, I should do so with pleasure if I could have incontestable proofs. I come, therefore, to ask of you the permission to give me only one or two experiences, in order to convince myself if there be a possibility.

A. Since your reason refuses to admit, sir, what we consider as established facts, you think your reason superior to that of all people who are not of your opinion. I do not doubt your merit, sir, and have not the pretension to esteem my own intelligence higher than yours; so you may admit that I am mistaken, and this ends our discussion.

S. However, if you succeeded to convince me, who am known as an antagonist to your ideas, it would be a miracle, eminently favorable to your cause.

A. I am sorry for it, sir, but I have not the gift of miracles. You think that one or two sittings will be sufficient to convince you? This would be almost a miracle indeed; I required more than a year's labor to become convinced; this shows you that, if I am convinced, it has not been easy work; moreover I hold no public seances, sir.

S. Is it then not your object to make proselytes?

A. When I meet with persons sincerely desirous to instruct themselves, who ask me for explanations, it gives me pleasure to answer them according to my knowledge; but as to the antagonists, who, like you, have their own once settled convictions, I take no pains to unsettle these convictions, as I find persons enough, well prepared, without losing my time with those who are not. I know that full proof will come, soon or late, by the power of things, and that the most incredulous will be carried with the stream; a few partisans, more or less, cannot make any odds in the balance for the present; you will therefore never see me anxious to win for my own ideas, those who have such good reasons as you to keep aloof from them.

S. There might, however, be more interest to convince me than you believe. Will you permit me to express myself frankly, and promise me not to be offended at my words? I wish to express my ideas on the subject, and not on the person with whom I speak; I may respect the individual without being of his opinions.

A. Spiritualism has taught me to be above the miserable susceptibilities of self-love, and not to feel offended at words. If your expressions are not becoming and urbane, I shall conclude that you have not been well educated; that is all, as far as I am concerned. I prefer that others may be wrong, than to be so myself. You see by this alone, that Spiritualism is good for something. As I have told you, sir, it is of no importance to me that you may be of my own opinion; I respect yours, if it is sincere, and wish that mine may be respected. As you treat Spiritualism as a hollow dream, you said to yourself in coming to me, "I am going to see a fool." Confess it frankly; I shall not feel offended. "All Spiritualists are fools, this is a settled matter." Well, sir, as you think it a mental disease, I shall be very scrupulous not to infect you with it.

S. One may be mistaken, deluded, without being a fool for all that.

A. Speak the word; say, like so many others, that this is a mania which will last only a time; but you will agree, that an illusion, which, in a few years, has won millions of partisans in all countries, among whom are men of science of all ranks, an illusion which propagates itself principally among the en-

lightened chases, is a singular mania, which deserves well to be examined.

S. I have my own ideas on this subject, it is true; but they are not so absolute, that I should not be willing to sacrifice them to a contrary evidence. I told you, sir, that it is of a certain interest to you to convince me. I am going to publish a book, in which I intend to demonstrate, *ex professo*, what I consider to be an error; and as this book must be of great importance, and better down the spirits, I would not publish it in case I became convinced.

A. I should feel sorry, sir, to deprive you and the world of the benefit of a book, which must be of great importance; I wish you on the contrary great success with it, as this will economize my expenses of prospectus and advertisements. When a thing is attacked, it awakens attention; there are many people who wish to see the *pro and con*, and this makes it known to those even who did not think of it; so it is that we often advertise for the benefit of those whom we intended to wrong. The question of the "Spirits" is, moreover, so full of interest. It awakens the curiosity to such a degree, that it is sufficient only to call attention to it, to create a desire for deeper knowledge.

S. Then, in your estimation, criticism and public opinion are good for nothing.

A. I do not consider any criticism as the expression of public opinion, but as an individual opinion which may be mistaken. Read history and see how many, many master works have been criticised at their appearance, which has not hindered them to remain master works. If a thing is bad, no panegyrics can make it good. If Spiritualism is an error, it will fall; if a truth, all criticisms of the world cannot make it a lie. Your book will be a personal appreciation from your own stand point. Truthful public opinion will judge whether you have seen right; people will see; and when hereafter it will be recognized that you have been mistaken, your book will be ridiculous, as those that have been published against the theory of the circulation of the blood, vaccination, &c., &c. But I forgot that you must treat the subject *ex professo*, which means that you have studied it in all its aspects; that you have seen all that can be seen, read all that has been written on the subject, analyzed and compared the different opinions; that you have been in the best conditions to make your own observations; that you have for years devoted your night-studies to it; in one word, that you have not neglected anything to find the truth. I must believe that it is so, if you are in earnest; for he only who has done all this, has a right to say that he speaks with perfect understanding.

S. Do not believe, sir, that my opinion has been lightly formed. I have seen tables turning and tipping; persons said to write under spirit influence; but I am sure it was all humbug.

A. How much have you paid for seeing this?

S. Nothing, surely.

A. Then these *humbugs* were of a somewhat extraordinary and new character, bringing the word to honor again. Hitherto we had not yet seen such disinterested humbugs.

S. You see, however, that the fashion of turning tables is passed; during a time it was in vogue; to-day nobody thinks of it. Why this, if it is a really serious thing?

A. Because from the turning tables has come a still more serious thing; a whole science, a philosophical doctrine, far more interesting to thinking men, has emanated from it. When the latter had nothing more to learn by seeing a table turn, they did not occupy themselves any more with it. For frivolous people, who do not examine anything, it was a pastime, a mere toy, which they put aside when they were tired of it; those persons are of no account in scientific researches. The period of curiosity has had its time; that of scrutiny has begun. Spiritualism has invaded the domain of thinking minds, who do not amuse, but instruct themselves by it. Also, those who make a serious study of it undertake no experiment for mere curiosity's sake; as they do not amuse themselves, they do not want to amuse others; and I am of the number.

S. There is, however, nothing but experience that can convince, though one may have, in beginning, mere curiosity in view. In case you operate only in presence of those actually convinced, you are like a missionary sent to converts.

A. There is a difference between being convinced and being inclined to be convinced; to the latter I address myself, and not to those who believe to humiliate their reason by listening to what they call mere dreams. I do not occupy myself with those; others, more powerful than I, will take care to convince them in due time. As to those who say that they have a sincere desire to enlighten themselves, the best method of proving it is, by showing that they have perseverance, and wish to work seriously, instead of witnessing one or two experiences. Full proof comes only in time, by a number of observations made with peculiar care. Spiritual phenomena differ essentially from those of our exact sciences; they cannot be produced at our choice; we must take them as they come; by observing much and long, we discover a number of proofs, which escape at first sight, particularly when we are not familiar with the required conditions, and still more so when we begin our investigations with a prejudiced mind. For the thinking and assiduous observer, there are proofs in abundance; for him one word, one apparently insignificant fact, may become a flash of light, a confirmation; for the superficial and way-

side observer, the mere curious one, they do not exist; therefore I do not like experiences without a probable result.

S. But everything requires a beginning; the novice who has not seen anything is like a blank paper; he is desirous to learn; how can he do so if you do not give him an opportunity?

A. I make a great distinction between the incredulous from ignorance and the incredulous by system. When I meet with favorable dispositions in anybody, I like to enlighten him; but there are people who want merely to make show of a wish to be instructed; I lose no time with those; for if they do not find all at once that which they seem to look for, and which they may perhaps be sorry to find,—the little which they do see is not sufficient to destroy their prejudices; they judge it badly and make it ridiculous, for which purpose it is useless to furnish them an opportunity. To him who has a sincere desire to instruct himself, I would say: "One cannot pursue a course of experimental Spiritualism, as one goes through a course of physics or chemistry, because one is never master to produce the phenomena at will, and because the acting intelligences, who are their agents, often baffle all our provisions. Those which you might accidentally see, presenting no connection, would be of little interest to you. Instruct yourself first theoretically, by reading and thinking over the works which treat of this science, there you will learn the principles, you will find the description of all the phenomena, you will comprehend their possibility by the explication given of them, and by the history of a number of spontaneous facts, of which you may have been a witness without knowing, and which will recur to your memory; you will be enlightened on all difficulties which may present themselves, and so acquire first, moral conviction. Then, when circumstances allow us to see or operate through yourself, you will comprehend, whatever may be the order in which facts present themselves, because nothing will be strange to you." This, sir, is my advice to everybody expressing a sincere wish to instruct himself.

A SECOND VISITOR. I comprehend, sir, the usefulness of the introductory study of which you have just spoken. As far as I am personally concerned, allow me to tell you, that I am neither for nor against Spiritualism, but that the subject, in itself, excites my interest to the highest degree. Among my acquaintances there are partisans and adversaries; I have heard very contradictory arguments. I intend submitting to you some of the objections which have been made in my presence, and which must be of a certain value for me at least, who confess my ignorance.

A. It will give me pleasure, sir, to answer your questions, if they are made with sincerity, without flattering, myself, however, to be able to answer them all. Spiritualism is a science, only just born, and there is a great deal to be learned yet; it would therefore be presumptuous in me to pretend to explain all difficulties; I can only say what I know.

V. If Spiritualism is a science, why then have the savans not occupied themselves with the phenomena of the turning tables? Had they seen anything important in it, they would not have neglected. I think, such extraordinary facts, and still less, have rejected them with contempt, and become all your antagonists. Are not the savans the light of the nations, and is it not their duty to enlighten? Why should they have suppressed it, if there was such a fine opportunity to reveal a new power to the world?

A. You have just pictured the duty of the savans in an admirable way; but before answering this very judicious remark, allow me to correct an error which you commit in saying that all savans are against us. In which class propagates Spiritualism most? Among what ranks finds it most partisans? Exactly among the enlightened classes of all countries of the globe. There are a great many Spiritualists among the physicians of all nations, and physicians are scientific men. Magistrates, Professors, Artists, Officers, Functionaries, great Dignitaries, Ecclesiastics, &c., &c., taking rank under its banner, are all people enlightened to a certain degree. There are no savans but in official science and constituted scientific corporations. Because Spiritualism has not yet citizenship in the official scientific world, is this a reason to condemn it? If science had never been mistaken, its opinion might be of importance; unfortunately, experience proves the contrary. Has it not repulsed, as chimeras, a number of discoveries which afterwards glorified the memory of the discoverers? Is it not owing to the report of our first scientific corporation that France has been deprived of the precedence of steam? Must we therefore conclude that the members of the so-called French Academy are ignorant? Surely not; no reasonable man would refuse to acknowledge their eminent talents, still we cannot hold them infallible; so you see that their judgment and wisdom are not always reliable, particularly as far as new ideas are concerned.

V. I admit that they are not infallible; but it is nevertheless true that their opinion, on account of their knowledge, is of importance, and that if you had them on your side, it would give a great weight to your system.

A. You will also admit that nobody is competent to judge, but in his own branch of business. If you want to build a house, would you employ a musician? If you are sick, will you apply to an architect? If you have a law suit, will you take advice of a dancing master? No; everybody in his sphere of action. Vulgar sciences are based on properties of matter that may be manipulated at will; material forces are the agents of the phenomena pro-

duced. Those of Spiritualism have, as their agents, independent intelligences, not at all submissible to our whims; so they escape (do not belong to) the proceedings of our laboratories and calculations, and hence cannot be classified as hitherto known. So it happened that science made a false step when it endeavored to experiment with the spirits, as with voltaic piles. Science failed and must fail, because it operated in view of an analogy which did not exist; then without going any further, it concluded negatively; temporary judgment which time takes care to reform every day, just as it has reformed so many others, and those who have pronounced it will be ashamed to have inscribed their names too carelessly and falsely against the *infinite power of the Creator*. Scientific corporations will never have to decide the question; it is no more of their domain than to decree that there is a God; it is, therefore, erroneous to accept them as judges. When public opinion will have been established in this respect, they will also accept it as individuals, and submit to the power of things. Let only one generation pass, and with it the prejudices of obstinate self-esteem, and you will see it will be with Spiritualism as with so many other truths that have been combated, and which it would be ridiculous now even to doubt. To-day believers are called fools; to-morrow it will be the turn of unbelievers, exactly as those were once called fools, who believed that the earth moved.

But all savans have not judged alike. Many have reasoned in the following manner:

"There is no effect without a cause, and the most vulgar effects may lead to the discovery of the greatest problems. If Newton had misapprehended the falling of an apple, if Galvani had rebuked his servant and treated her as a fool and visionary when she spoke of the frogs dancing in the plate, the admirable law of universal gravitation and the important virtues of the galvanic battery, might perhaps be undiscovered. The phenomenon, which is designated under the burlesque name of dancing of the tables, is not more ridiculous than that of the *dancing frogs*, and it may perhaps also contain some of the secrets of nature which revolutionize the human race."

They have said further: "Because so many people occupy themselves with it, and serious men make it a study, there must be something in it; an illusion could not have this character of generality. Let us, therefore, be careful not to deny the possibility of what we do not understand, from fear of being contradicted, sooner or later, which would not make an eulogium to our perspicacity."

V. Very well, this is a savant who reasons with wisdom and prudence, and without being a savant myself, I think like him, but, observe he affirms nothing; he doubts; on what, then, shall we base a belief in the existence of spirits, and particularly in the possibility to communicate with them.

A. This belief is based on reason and facts. I have not adapted it till after thorough examination. The study of exact sciences having given me the habit of positive reasoning, I have sounded and scrutinized this new science in its most hidden aspects. I have wished to account for all, for I do not accept an idea without knowing the *why* and *how*. The following reasoning was given me by a learned physician, formerly incredulous, now a fervent believer: "It is said that invisible beings hold communication with us, and why not? Before the invention of the microscope, was the existence of millions and millions of animalcules supposed, which cause so many ravages in agriculture? Where is the material impossibility that there are in space beings who escape our senses? Should we perchance have the ridiculous pretension of knowing everything, and of saying to God, that he cannot teach us anything more? If the invisible beings that surround us are intelligent, why should they not communicate with us? If they are in relation with men, they must exercise an influence on their destiny and events. Who knows but this is one of the powers of nature; one of the occult forces which we do not suppose to exist. What a new horizon this would open to thought! What a vast field of observation! How far superior the discovery of the world of invisible beings would be to that of infinitely small beings; it would be more than a discovery, it would be quite a revolution in ideas. What light may spring from it! How many mysterious things explained! Those who believe in it are ridiculed; but what does this prove? Has it not been the same with all great discoveries? Has not Christopher Columbus been rebuked and considered a fool?"

These ideas, it is said, are so strange, that one cannot believe them; but would not he have been laughed at, who, only half a century ago, would have said that in a few minutes we should correspond from one end of the globe to another; in a few hours we might travel through France; by means of the steam of a little boiling water, we might cross the ocean and bid defiance to the storms; that water would also furnish us light and heat; that one reservoir of invisible matter would be sufficient to lighten all Paris in an instant.

Is it then more marvellous that space be peopled by thinking beings, who, after having lived on earth, have quitted their material envelope? Do we not find in this fact the explanation of many creeds of the remotest antiquity? Such things are worth while to be examined. These are the reflections of a savant, but of a savant without any pretensions; he is also those of a number of enlightened men; they have looked into the matter, not superficially and with a prejudiced eye; they have earnestly studied; they have been modest enough not to say: "I do not un-

derstand, consequently this is not so." Their conviction has been formed by observation and reasoning.

Were these ideas chimeras, do you think all these superior men would adopt them? Could they long have been dupes of an illusion?

So we see that there is no material impossibility of invisible beings inhabiting space, and this consideration alone ought to engage us to more cautiousness. Who, a short time ago, would ever have thought that a single drop of clear water could contain thousands of living beings of a smallness that confounds our imagination?

Therefore I say that it is more difficult for our reason to conceive beings of such a diminutive size—provided with all our organs, performing the same functions as ours—than to admit the existence of those we call spirits.

(To be continued in our next.)

Human Rights.

"The highest expression of true religion, is universal justice."

For the Herald of Progress.

WOMAN, AS A MEMBER OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

BY MARY E. DAVIS.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This is a saying that was uttered by a noble band of patriots, on the eve of the greatest Revolution recorded in history. It was the cry of the free soul. It was the brave utterance of hearts that spurned the sway of a despot, though luxury and ease were to be exchanged thereby for midnight slaughter, and for weary marches over frozen grounds, which might be marked by blood from the feet of the wanderers.

To-day that word of God is repeated. By the lips of woman it is uttered, and in tones not to be mistaken is she demanding of our government what the United Colonies once demanded of the proud old Fatherland—Justice. In the mad whirl of revolution, she, the quiet and gentle, was forgotten, or remembered with the heart's loyalty alone; now, she feels herself akin to her brother in all that is great and noble, and, like him, aspires to the dignity and intelligence that are alone born of freedom.

Though pride and selfishness seem to be the motive power in most of the legislation of our country; though our politics are bespread with the slime of duplicity and fraud; still there is a simple truth at the foundation of our government which is mightier than an infinity of policies. This truth consists in the recognition of *human nature as the basis of human rights*. By this recognition, man stands out, superior to precedent, or custom, or law, or creed, prepared to demonstrate the problem of self-government. And now it only remains to be seen who are *human*. This is the only question to be settled in all this controversy concerning the rights of woman: "Is she human?"

We ask this question concerning the four millions of men and women that are held in bondage by this free Republic, and this Republic, knowing that, by the genius of its very formation, they cannot be thus enslaved, gives the lie to its inevitable convictions, and calls them *brutes*. We ask this question concerning thirteen millions of the white population of our land, when lo! the knights of this nation fly to the other horn of the dilemma and, in mock deference, call them *angels*!

But human nature cannot be thus deluded. Neither on the plea of inferiority nor superiority can woman longer be deceived and defrauded; but claiming her birthright as a real human being, she demands the exercise of human rights. Woman calls upon our nation to-day to redeem the pledges it once gave humanity—to bring into practice that glorious theory of democracy which burst from the earnest heart of the past, like a well-spring of eternal hope.

It is plain to be seen that this demand is neither an offshoot of addle-brained fanaticism, nor the uprising of insane ambition on the part of a few turbulent Amazons. "Ought woman to learn the alphabet?" has come to be one of the most serious problems of the age. It is a question that defies restriction; the world must think of it; and beardless boys, no less than grave editors of popular journals, have fallen into disquisitions more or less profound on, "How our girls should be educated;" "What women talk about;" "What is woman's sphere?" Thank God! woman has commenced defining her own sphere, and some there are who dare to question Nature, and thus learn their own powers. Nay, more. Having learned, they dare to free the largest, freest life of which they are capable. What avails the sneer of conservatism, when such as Lily Spencer and Rosa Bonheur take rank with princes in the world of art? Who shall limit the genius of woman when Miss Lander and Harriet Hosmer, with "strong young arms," thus mold the silent marble into forms instinct with undying beauty? When Laura Keane, in the midst of masculine opposition and overwhelming disadvantages, can establish one of the most attractive shrines of art in this great metropolis, who shall say that woman may not aspire to the noblest achievement?

"Straws show which way the wind blows;" and by observing these signs of the times, we can see in what direction the popular tide is setting with regard to this great subject of human destiny. Talent and genius are enlist-

ing on the side of justice, and the literature of the world is more than ever instinct with living ideas concerning the true life of woman. Jane Eyre cleaves her way, like the shadow of a future triumph, through the homes of the old and the new world; and Aurora Leigh is hailed as the harbinger of a coming career, great and glorious.

The power and influence of the legal profession are no longer withheld, as heretofore, but testimonials of genuine interest and ready aid in the elevation of woman, are being received from men of liberal culture and high position. Among the most remarkable of these is a concession on the side of human rights, in a volume by Judge Story, a man whose humane spirit and forensic genius may well be emulated by his countrymen. These are the words of that eminent man:

"In respect to the powers and rights of married women, the law is by no means abreast of the spirit of the age. Here are seen the old fossil footprints of feudalism. The law relating to women makes every family a barony, or a monarchy, or a despotism, of which the husband is the baron, king, or despot, and the wife the dependent, serf, or slave. That this is not always the fact is not due to the law, but to the enlarged humanity that spurs the narrow limits of its rules. When man shall despise that right which is founded only on an equal level with him—a friend, and not a dependent. Unity of man and wife can never be created by law, but by nature; and where there is discord, no legal rules can create harmony. No bad results can follow from enabling woman to hold what is her own; but while the fact of marriage entitles the husband to the fortune of his wife, he has her entirely at advantage, and may abuse his power to her injury."

Thus we see that all parties are beginning to feel the force of this self-evident truth, namely, that woman, by virtue of her humanity, should be secured to the possession and exercise of all the rights of American citizenship.

But at present this is far from being the case. Consequent upon, or parallel with, certain degrading legal restrictions concerning woman's person, property, and children, which I will not pause to specify, she finds herself, even at this late day in the world's progress, wholly deprived of all political privileges. In a commonwealth, by the laws of which she is controlled—in a government, to the power of which she is obliged to yield obedience, she has not even the shadow of participation. This country, then, which makes a boast of its "Republicanism"—this government, which professes to "derive its just powers from the consent of the governed"—is as truly despotic in its sway over its thirteen millions of white slaves, as is the most absolute monarchy on the face of the earth over the trembling serfs that crouch before its throne! Thus deprived of any voice in our legislation, have we no cause of complaint? Thus exposed to the tyranny of "taxation without representation" have we no reason for discontent? While intemperance, upas-like, is blasting the nobility of our population; while War is hovering over the track of our nation like the shadow of a mighty pestilence; while Slavery, with its iron heel, is striving to plant its hideous form on the vast and fertile savannas of the west; while civil, political, and social oppression is still resting with deadly, mountainous weight on the daughters of this Republic; shall woman be compelled to sit with folded hands, powerless to aid, impotent to redress?

Why did not our patriot fathers rest quietly under the fostering wing of Great Britain, when by so doing, they could have avoided all the horrors of war, and have been supplied with the "necessaries," and some of the luxuries of life, on the easy terms of *begging* the same from the lenient hand of power? Would it not, after all, have been better; were not the people of the united colonies more lovely in their dependence; were they not by nature fitted for retirement and seclusion; would they not have been the gainers in avoiding the responsibility of forming and carrying on an independent government; were they not "getting out of their sphere," and giving themselves a dreadful publicity among the nations of the earth, by laying aside their beautiful trust in the Fatherland and launching out on the stormy sea of revolution? By all that is noble in the soul of man I answer, no! Their love of freedom was stronger than their love of life. They spurned the despot's chain, though woven with links of gold. They hurled defiance at the commands of a tyrant, though couched in honied terms; and it was the voice of Humanity's soul that echoed over our mountains and valleys in the startling war-cry: "Give me Liberty or give me Death!"

Who will say that the exercise of that freedom, then so nobly won, has not elevated and ennobled the American character; and who can believe that woman, when once enfranchised, will not reveal more perfectly than is now possible, the beauty and dignity of her true nature? The slave cannot be a man. While the iron rule of despotic power is over him, his energies are paralyzed, his hope destroyed, and his soul dwarfed, and the fire of genius smoulders and dies within him. Thus it is with woman. While society holds her in vassalage, she cannot but be, in many respects, weak and contemptible; but give her freedom—make her an active and responsible, instead of passive and powerless, member of the commonwealth—and she will prove herself the companion and compeer of man. Then will she, in reality, walk by his side over the rugged path of life, sustain him in trouble, counsel him in perplexity, engage with him in the pursuit of knowledge, and, by the voluntary exercise of her genius, help to brighten and beautify the circle of existence.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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SALUTATORY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

THE establishment and regular publication of an independent weekly journal aiming at the objects indicated, perhaps vaguely, by the above title, has been cautiously contemplated for more than five years. Its birth and objective appearance, in the present form and proportion, have been postponed from time to time, because of the existence or probable development of certain well-conducted periodicals, each dedicated more or less distinctly and positively to the elucidation and inculcation of those all-comprehensive truths, which we cherish and profoundly reverence.

"Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God."

BY JAMES FLAGLER.

copy, benevolence, a

Not without hope does the friend of man look forward to a redeeming haven, when he contrasts the present with ages past. The masses, in all lands, are gaining in the scale of manhood and amelioration. Education is on the increase, slowly but surely, and liberty and self-government are being hoped for by all nations. Not only in a national capacity, but individually, is it desirable to attain to self-government. Working men and women, especially, should feel the indispensable importance of self-control. Until that becomes the rule of life, it matters little what the form of the national government is. When the people, individually, can intelligently

Peradventure, now and then, a disconsolate one may catch the inspiration of hope for a brighter future in the onward journey of life. Also, some favored son or daughter of culture and fortune, may be prompted to lend a helping hand and heart towards such a consummation, which is most devoutly to be wished.

"Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake,
The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, kindred, neighbor, that it will embrace;
His country next, and next, all human race;
Wide and more wide the overflow'g of the mind
Takes every creature in of every kind;
Earth swims around with boundless bounty blessed,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast."

On the other hand, a periodical which exaggerates, beyond its intrinsic importance, any particular branch of progress and reform, while other branches, of equal magnitude and moment, are either wholly overlooked or greatly underrated, fails in a just perception of the unity and sacredness of all truth, and hence cannot impress her heavenly image and likeness on the world's great heart. It seems to us that there is demanded of the Press—that mighty agent of influence at the present tide in the affairs of men—a mission which is as yet barely prefigured, a work world-wide and universally redemptive.

To such a mission the present journal will be sacredly and earnestly devoted. And all work of this kind, like the principle of electricity, presents a negative and a positive side. To detect and expose error and superstition, to proclaim against the existence of moral wrongs and wretchedness, to paint and portray in vivid colors the miseries of the ignorant, degraded, and down-trodden, is only the negative pole of the true reformer's mission. His positive and self-rewarding work is seen in the discovery and application, and strenuous inculcation, of those gracious truths and essential reforms, which strike at the minutest footholds of evil within the soil of sects, systems, and institutions.

The holy, harmonious light of another sphere, has descended and diffused its immortal radiance upon ours. Only those who "have eyes" can discern it; and none comprehend, save those attentive ones who have "the heart to understand." Yet thousands of human minds, in consequence of that heavenly light, have arisen, as it were, from the dark-age sepulchre of ignorance. Inspired with a divine courage, and appreciating, to some extent, the intrinsic dignity of individual existence, they have thrown off every clog and chain with which heathenish superstition had fettered them. Such emancipated intellects begin freely and fearlessly to think and to propound questions upon almost all thinkable subjects. In the spontaneous freedom of their newly awakened aspirations, and in the yet unsystematized exercises of their recently unshackled reason, not a little extravagance and extremism are manifested. These intellects, however, are the real friends of humanity. They ask important questions, sometimes without much reverence for either the problem or the solver of its mysteries, but they are stout and stubborn in

This unpopular, unsectarian, important, and impartial task—of discovering and justly reporting truths in all possible directions—we have thoughtfully, and deliberately assumed. The many and weighty responsibilities, incident to such a position, we have also assumed; and are resolved to deserve the possession of both light and strength adequate to the objects at which we shall aim all our efforts.

But the proprietors and conductors of this journal have at heart the accomplishment of greater ends than the foregoing—in harmony, as they fully believe, with the desires, and aspirations, and labors of all the good and true of every age and denomination—first, the *harmonization of the Individual*; secondly, the *harmonization of human Society*. For the unfolding of these blessings we shall unceasingly pray and untiringly labor. But we differ greatly from the convictions of sectarians and politicians, regarding the means of obtaining these sublime results. If it were not so—if our convictions and inspirations had flowed into the popular form—this journal would not exist. But we hold that the development and establishment of the kingdom or government of heaven, all over the globe on which we live, is possible only by and through man's spiritual interior—the elevation and harmonization of all the faculties and affections of the individual.

For the present, however, further explanations are deemed unnecessary. Realizing that mankind's physical and spiritual needs are identical with the ample supplies in Nature's bosom, and appreciating the beautiful laws of the universe as the unchangeable *thoughts* of the Eternal Intelligence, and believing that true religion consists in reverencing and harmonizing with the Divine Will—which is perpetually flowing forth through all spheres, revealing itself to human reason only—and by means of, the fixed laws of Nature—so perceiving, and so believing, we promise to endeavor to live the true life on earth ourselves, and from week to week, to instruct and encourage our fellow men to believe, think, and do likewise.

It is the design of the editors and publishers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, notwithstanding the number and variety of subjects and shades of opinion to which their columns will be impartially and hospitably open, that a *spirit of love and good will shall be the perpetual incense of its teachings*. They design that universal and eternal TRUTH—scientific, mechanical, natural, spiritual—shall be the all-engrossing attraction. It is proposed to conduct this journal so that, over all the explorations and discussions of human interests and beliefs, only the pacific atmosphere of unity and distributive justice can emanate.

They do not wish, however, to disguise their paramount objects. The pages of this journal will be faithfully devoted to an exposition and inculcation of the principles of Nature, as seen in the light and appreciated in the spirit of "the Harmonial Philosophy." But such devotion and vigilance shall not blind our eyes to the essential truths which the Infinite Father has consigned to any other system or revelation. Truth is spiritual, and it is natural; it is the same in Gravitation as in Morals; the same, and as welcome, when found sequestered in ancient Books as in the Stones or Stars. We can not be unmindful of the intrinsic worth of many creeds. But because we love honey and feast on it, and because we also admire the faithfully working bee that collects and constructs the sweetness, no man must therefore conclude that we shall ever become enough fanatical to swallow the hive! We recognize that there is neither time, space, latitude, sect, nor nation, in the sphere of Truth.

Therefore, the conductors of the HERALD OF PROGRESS cordially solicit co-operation, and confidently expect contributions, from minds of every form of political and religious faith. They desire to receive carefully written papers from either their friends or opponents. We shall cheerfully publish communications which may be prompted by the laudable spirit to convict us of wrong and error, and to lead us into truth and righteousness; and we shall gratefully acknowledge and print any information that can instruct the world, giving greater force and sublimity to the facts and principles we openly advocate.

Articles upon any subject offered for our columns will be examined and judged not by the uncertain decisions that are too frequently prompted by favoritism or prejudice, but invariably by their intrinsic merits and adaptation. It is believed that this just and rational standard of judgment,—by which articles will be either accepted, modified, or rejected—cannot but meet with approbation.

GREETINGS EDITORIAL

The most enthusiastic want of our nature is, to live and move on terms of cordial good will with all men—especially, just now, with the mighty army of mercile Editors. It hath been written: "The pen shall supercede the sword." We think that this positive prophecy is well nigh fulfilled. Instead of that senseless aristocracy which the military skill and achievements of the "Middle Ages," established in the castles, fortresses, and palaces of the eastern continent, we have a nobler race of Lords—a standing army of indomitable Sovereigns—whose field of drill and parade is the composing room, whose strongholds and fortresses are ponderous printing presses, and whose unailing weapons are WORDS, (not swords,) which convey countless powers either for good or for evil, all the way round the globe. And each Captain in this multitude of moving powers, like each Leader in the ranks of orthodox theology, "hath a devil." This personage is indispensable; indeed, nothing good could hardly be accomplished without him.

But we take the position assigned to us in the unbroken line of this army—in obedience to the inward monitor—and hereby extend the right hand of universal respect and friendship. The editorial fraternity is omnipotent in this country. Its vital forces, its evening fancies, its self-made facts, and its inevitable factions, penetrate and pervade almost every home and institution below the eternal stars. The influence of this Brotherhood is the lining membrane of every nook and corner of civilization. These knights of the Pen exert a power at once more dreadful and more beautiful than that exerted by any government. In fact each faithful soldier in this rapidly-increasing army is mightier than any living Cardinal, Saint, Sinner, or Senator. Many names of this fraternity are recorded on our books; to such we forward this first number. Will they reciprocate?

Through the promptness and direct instrumentality of our esteemed associate in Progress,—Charles Partridge, editor and publisher of the *Spiritual Telegraph*—we are possessed of a letter, addressed to him, by a gentleman, resident of South Carolina, designed, no doubt, to exert some influence upon our future inspirations and movements. Its contents are precisely as follows :

"I have been a great admirer of Andrew J. Davis, until, about a year back, he thought best to show himself an Abolitionist. He seems to mix this question up with his spiritual affairs. What a pity he can't attend to his religious instructions, and let other affairs alone. I have heard that Davis intends coming south. Please, if so, dissuade him from such a step, for he is thought here to be an Abolitionist of the Brown stripe. From what he has written on the subject lately, he has lost many, many friends. I would not see him wronged, but I can assure you that a visit here now, during these exciting times, would certainly guarantee him a coat of tar and feathers, and perhaps a hempen cravat."

—“Let every man have due liberty
to speak an honest mind, in every land.”

We desire to express our sincere thanks for the spirit of fraternal kindness, which evidently prompted our South Carolinian Brother to write us the important suggestions conveyed by means of this extraordinary epistle. We are deeply moved by the gentle influences of the golden Rule, and we also respond, but with different feelings, to that out-spoken, straightforward, spirit of *honesty* which pervades this fraternal message. Our Brother unquestionably, *means just what he says*, and he knows that we are constituted upon like principles, and hence *always say just what we mean*. He knows that we would promptly admonish him to turn aside and escape unharmed, any danger which he might suppose him to be approaching. If we believed that the population of the North would molest him, and imperil his life, should he see fit to visit us—and all for the sake of his deep-rooted and heart-born convictions of truth and duty—he knows that we would forthwith write him a brotherly letter of timely intelligence and counsel. It may not always be wise or expedient to expose one's life to the unsparing treatment of an excited multitude, nor to suffer and die for the exemplification and glory of one's cherished principles; after all, may not be the "whole truth." Therefore, under the existing circumstances, we can not but be grateful for the spirit of brotherly love and good will which, we fondly hope and try to believe, was the primal and immediate cause of the letter that our disaffected friend was moved to write.

But, in truth, we are at a loss to determine what particular sentence, or sentiment, or proposition, it is—in any one of our books or printed lectures—which so powerfully repels our "many, many friends," and offends, to indignation, the goodly people of South Carolina. Will the Brother inform us? Recalling may be unprofitable and unsatisfactory, to all parties; for we do not practice the art of making the inspirations of to-day bend and cringe to those of yesterday. We write just what we feel that *we must*, and neither ask ourselves to be "consistent," nor insist that others shall so interpret what is written. The tide of spontaneous inspiration perpetually ebbs and flows. It is ever swelling and retreating with old truths in new relations to the wants and necessities of mankind. Its musical heavings, always beautifully loyal and gracefully obedient to the unchangeable will of the Infinite, never untold the same facts twice alike. Hence, yielding to the educational influence of this vibratory or expanding and contracting principle, we may have uttered yesterday what we cannot realize and express to-day. We have many times remarked, while in the act of going through such an experience, that mutations and revolutions, in the affairs of persons or nations, are the inevitable accompaniments, but not the causes, of progress. Changes in men's opinions are, therefore, to be expected not only, but welcomed and promoted as means to more glorious ends. And what is still more important, these intellectual changes and new moral convictions should be permitted the largest liberty of expression. Any legal or ecclesiastical attempt to check the law of Progress is certain to meet with eventual defeat—more especially, when such tyranny and despotism are directed against the freedom of Speech.

But the general reflections are not designed to evade the question, nor to conceal our present relation to it. We hold ourselves individually responsible, both in this rudimentary sphere, and in that holier world which everywhere embraces ours, for every word we have ever spoken or written on FREEDOM. What we mean to say is, that, being teachable under this law of progressive inspiration, we are open to "more light" upon this unhappy question of chattel slavery. Perhaps you, although somewhat disaffected, may cast a ray of wisdom into our reason. We are waiting, with hope largely developed, for another "fair day." Certain threatening storm-clouds, which now fill the whole sky of American Government, will ere long depart. Sentiments of deadly hostility, which now obscure the reason of some of our noblest intellects, will subside, at least for a brief season, and the social heart, now thumping and palpitating with mingled emotions of fear-panic and bitter-distrust, will begin to beat more tranquilly. When this period of comparative quiet shall reign, and when men and women begin once more to love their reason, and to use it, then we mean to seek for impartial inspirations—fresher, higher, broader, and bolder, if possible, than any convictions we have as yet obtained—upon the *cause, effect, utility, and remedy*, of what is commonly denominated "American Slavery."

We mean to acquire more wisdom upon this question, because, although fully pledged to maintain the sublime position of eternal friendship for the principle of Liberty, we yet know that our ignorance, touching the political bearings and local applications of the principle, is as infinite as the spirit of truth. Very many minds are bound to certain foregone conclusions. They regard "a change of convictions" as symptomatic of intellectual weakness. Such become inveterate politicians and stagnant dogmatists. We know lawyers, doctors, ministers, public politicians, and hosts of lesser popes, who are, as a general thing, wholly *posé* and therefore "infallible." But we do not hesitate to make the humiliating acknowledgement that, owing to the teachableness of our progressive spirit, we are not incapable of further enlightenment. Our education is not "finished." Therefore, Brother, will you aid us by your positive facts and personal knowledge? But lest you may not fully appreciate the nature and extent of our present convictions, we will specify:

First, That Free Speech is the strongest
 scepter in the hand of Truth and Progress.

Second, That priests and princes are strong
when the people fear to examine their follies and
expose their crimes ;

Third, That each healthy and properly organized human being has a natural right to the possession and enjoyment of *four sets of circumstances*, namely: 1st., to a *FARM*, or a just proportion of God's own earth, without mortgage; 2d., to a *HOMER*, composed of companion and offspring, without discord; 3d., to a *COUNTRY*, or rather a world, without slavery of any kind; 4th., to a *RELIGION*, or a system of being and doing good, without creeds or checks to the progress of opinion. And it is our present conviction, also, that America, both North and South, is simply the exponent of Liberty as a *sentiment*, not as a *PRINCIPLE*. Her democracy is not organic, but undeveloped and time-serving; and her republicanism is transitional, not constitutional. We hold that this explains, philosophically, why political antagonism, vice, deception, and prospective *monarchy*, characterise our institutions, governmental and ecclesiastical. Let us further specify our present inspirations, and explain the results of obedience to the following needs of these United States:

First, *Free Speech*, unlimited discussion ;
Second, *Free schools for the masses* ;
Third, *Freedom of the press*, by the fecundating power of which, we may shower upon the people the *evangel of peace on earth* : in

the shape of newspapers, periodicals, pamphlets, tracts of the hour, songs of truth, and books for children;

Fourth, *Free churches and honest teachers*;

Fifth, *And Nature's own religion*;

Thus, dear friend, you see our field, our glorious work, and our means of warfare. We do not undertake to disguise the design, which is given to us to feel, that our Harmonial Philosophy must be at once our politics and our religion. We will further remark, that, with these principles in our souls, inspiring us with the desire to make universal Love the bridal companion of universal Wisdom, we shall exercise "the right of suffrage." By so doing, and using the means already specified, men may refine, private sentiment, and advance public policies; purge the existing parties of their gambling propensities, thereby destroying them root and branch; and secure more correct conclusions on all public questions. And so, friend, we may teach the masses to venerate the principles of universal truth and unity; teach the rising generation to apply the right of suffrage to the highest and holiest purposes; obtain the enfranchisement of the slave; secure the fraternization of all Europe; the analysis of all religions; the elevation of the heathen into harmonious nationalities; unlimited commerce; and the establishment of the Spiritual Church of Humanity.

Such, we repeat, are some of the doctrines and spiritual principles which we mean to advocate through the HERALD OF PROGRESS. But not being "infallible" in our perceptions of truth—that is to say, not having "completed our education" in the ways and schools of wisdom—we are at all times, as before remarked, "open to conviction." And we hereby promise to make public any future inspirations we may obtain on the subject of LIBERTY versus SLAVERY. We shall, moreover, take our positions and maintain them regardless of consequences, either commercial or personal. Having unshaken faith in the ability of human reason to discern the truth—when not assailed by ruthless passion or blinded by the mists of prejudice—we believe that no human Brother will be repelled by our straightforward declarations.

But we may be mistaken. Perhaps the world will not sustain FREE SPEECH. Suppose, for example, that our newer inspirations (future) do not change, but only add more vividness and strength to our present "impressions" and convictions? Suppose, after all, that we should arise from our chair avowing ourselves yet more in sympathy with the logical dictations of the principle of individual Sovereignty? Suppose, in short, we should with more emphasis proclaim the inherent right of everything human—irrespective of sectional lines, party fences, or national peculiarities—"to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

This, remember, is our present creed both in Church and State. What then, Brother? Will you thereupon declare yourself our enemy? Will you answer our honest convictions with arguments having only the consistency and logical coherence of "tar?" For various reasons we have long since abandoned the use of "feathers," either for beds or pillows; they are not healthy; but would you treat us to "a coat" of them, contrary to our tastes and necessities, having one of a different manufacture presented by the hand of love? And surrounding our indispensable trachea, with the thousands of delicate threads which convey and maintain the sacred principles of earthly life, is a silken tie of beautiful construction. It was formed and presented to us one day by "the angel of the house." Now would you, simply because we may cherish and urge convictions contrary to yours, remove that useful gift of affection from our neck, and substitute the "hempen cravat" of which you speak?

We can not believe in the possibility of any such unholy proceeding. Do you? Perhaps it might occur somewhere beyond the reach of the Golden Rule. According to our philosophy, you are endowed with all the glorious attributes which the Infinite has vouchsafed to the spirit of any other man. This is a part of our "religious instructions"—it is the gospel of Spiritualism—and we are in duty bound to proclaim it. Would you, having these immortal endowments, and crowned with such faith in them, become a convert to any system which employed Force, Fire, Persecution, Assassination, and Death, as its aids and ministers? It was the discovery of such instruments as these, in the institutions of Judaism, which drove thousands into antagonistic forms of religion. It was in part owing to the physical tyrannies and persecutions of the Romish Church that produced the tremendous "resistance" which, in these latter days, is applauded and praised under the ambiguous title of "Protestantism."

Now, Brother, you will observe that we are, per force of our religious instructions, more "Protestant" than the lineal descendants of the Reformation. We do not believe in Force as an agent of moral progress. That it is sometimes unavoidable—and perhaps, also, justifiable in certain extreme circumstances—we do not undertake to deny. But to force conviction upon any man, to tar-and-feather his body in order to convert his soul, to bind him in chains of iron (not those of love), so that his spirit may see the error of its ways and accept of opinions cherished by his persecutor—this, this, is the folly of all undeveloped minds. We believe not at all in the force-theory and logical practice of the ascended John Brown. And it may be equally shocking to affirm that, according to our inspirations, the world has never been much advanced in Freedom and Righteousness by the crucifixion of

any man. Yet do we expect more martyrs and more protestant sufferings, ere America passes the impending crisis of church-and-state mortification and development.

We are not partisans; yet we belong to the party of peace-makers. We side with those in and out of church who pray sincerely and pray earnestly for the era of "Peace on earth and good will to all men." Hence, although of no party in politics or religion, we have no friendship for fanaticism of any kind or degree; and we take sides against Force, either as an agent of constraining convictions, or of securing rights, or of hastening the dawn of boundless Liberty. You will, therefore, conclude that we are not powerfully attracted by your external means of effecting a change in our present positions on Slavery. Indeed, were we to go through the bodily ordeal which you suggest, the spiritual result might be just opposite to that anticipated.

Your concluding sentence conveys the fearful and sad acknowledgment, that you, in harmony with the force-theory of the unphilosophical and mistaken of every age, would become our opponent, were we to attempt to invade, not your State rights and domestic institutions, (which we could not do with the teachings of our philosophy,) but merely your lecture-rooms and perhaps private opinions upon the sublimest of human problems. We believe in and practice the most unbounded Freedom of Speech! We grant this spiritual luxury to all men of every country. It is their eternal prerogative, inherited as much from Mother Nature as from Father God. And this divine right which, in the heart of our hearts, we concede to others, we are accustomed to take and enjoy wherever we go. But if the South Carolinian plan of proscription should invade the North, and become incorporated as part of the religion and government of each State of the Union, we would doubtless be numbered among those whose existence, on earth, would be terminated by means of "choked utterance." Why is this, Brother? Or is it not so, and are we both mistaken? Let us hear and learn more of the facts. Write us at least once again—when ever the spirit of fraternal love will prompt the utterance—and explain the source of these State storms and private grievances. In closing, permit us, in the language of an inspired mind, to ask the wide world—

"Can ye burn a Truth in the martyr's fire?
Or chain a Thought in the dungeon dire?
Or stay the Soul when it soars away
In glorious life from the moldering clay?
The Truth that liveth, the Thought that goeth,
The Spirit ascending, all answer, 'No!'"

AN INVITATION TO SUBSCRIBE.

All who receive the first number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, save those who have already responded to our subscription circular—and these responses are large and encouraging—will please consider themselves invited to become subscribers and to solicit others to subscribe also. We would bespeak from our friends in every part of the country, prompt and efficient effort in bringing our paper to the notice of all who desire to read it. The extent of its circulation, and our consequent ability to aid, by this means, the great cause of progressive truth, depends very much upon those to whom this number is sent. May we not therefore hope for your co-operation? The issue of the second number will be delayed a sufficient length of time to allow of returns, from which we may judge how large an edition to print. The terms of subscription will be seen by reference to another column. All who wish to receive future numbers will therefore send us their subscriptions at once.

THE SECOND NUMBER.

The publication of the HERALD OF PROGRESS is a fixed fact—well guaranteed—with no contingencies about it. The time of commencing our regular issue, is, however, for obvious reasons, undetermined, though it will not be delayed many weeks. The length of this interval depends upon those to whom this number is sent, and the promptness and extent of their returns.

We hope to make each succeeding number fully equal to this. Indeed it is but reasonable to presume that we may so "profit by experience," as to make future issues greatly superior in interest and value to this, our specimen number.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We shall feel obliged to all who will furnish us with the address of any of their friends or acquaintances, to whom we may send the first number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. We have already received many names, and should be glad to place a copy of our paper in the hands of every individual who is in harmony with one or more of the great reforms of the age. Let our friends continue to send us names, and thus bring us into correspondence with the friends of progress in all parts of the world.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS DEALERS.

We have made arrangements with Messrs. Ross & Tussey, No. 121 Nassau Street, New York, to supply News and Periodical Dealers in all parts of the country with the HERALD OF PROGRESS, on favorable terms. Dealers will therefore, find it to their advantage to order direct of the above firm, or of their agents, that they may receive the HERALD OF PROGRESS with the other weekly papers.

Those merchants, however, who prefer to receive their papers by mail, can be supplied direct from this office, at the usual rate by the quantity.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE "PRINCIPLE."

The proprietor of the PRINCIPLE would inform his subscribers and friends that he has handed his subscription list to the Publishers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, for the first number of that paper.

As the publication of the PRINCIPLE will be suspended from the next issue, his former readers are recommended to substitute the HERALD OF PROGRESS therefor.

J. B. CONKLIN.

NAMES AND PLACES.

We are receiving many names of subscribers, all new to our office clerks. Will not all who write us, be particular to give names and places with the utmost distinctness? Let the initials be so plain as not to be misunderstood. In all cases give not only the Post Office but the County and State. The last is frequently omitted. Nothing should be left to be inferred.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have one important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will, as far as possible, crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as is consistent; also, give them a legible form, suitable for "copy."

HOW TO REMIT.

Money may be sent to us by mail, in all cases without being registered, at our own risk. We prefer eastern currency, when it can be procured. And all large sums should be remitted by draft.

Persons and Events.

"He most lives, who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

Too Merciful to Preach.—A very promising young minister "has been recently discontinued from his connection with the Alabama Conference, because he professes to believe that the souls of the wicked are annihilated after death."

Cheerful, Very!—Under the head of "Books for the Holidays," the *Independent* of Dec. 22d, notices editorially the following, and no others: Alford's Greek Testament, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and the Life and Sermons of Dr. John Tardier!

Judge John W. Edmonds is still a resident of this city, devoting himself to his profession in which he enjoys a large practice, notwithstanding his unpopular opinions. The day hastens when merit and not conformity to established dogmas, shall measure the extent of a man's business.

Rapid Sale.—The first edition of 2,000 copies of ROBERT DALE OWEN'S new book, "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," which is noticed elsewhere in this paper, was sold within one week from the day of publication! This is an indication of the just appreciation on the part of the reading public, of the value of that interesting volume.

Rev. Thomas Starr King has received a call from the Unitarian Society of San Francisco, and his congregation in Boston have extended to him leave of absence for fifteen months, that he may spend a year in California, to find relief from his present laborious duties, as well as anticipated benefit by a change of climate.

French Publications.—We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a package of pamphlets devoted to spiritual inquiry, from M. LAURENCE, of Paris, with a fraternal message accompanying. Such indications of a spirit of investigation on the part of our transatlantic friends are indeed cheering. We shall be happy to know more, from time to time, of their progress.

Milo A. Townsend.—We observe from the *New Brighton Times* that this, our brother, has been wielding his pen in behalf of the cause of Truth, having for a contestant one A. Hamlin. The gentle influences of Nature's ever soothing spirit, come to our brother in his "tree-environed home," and the words from his pen cannot but prove powerful for the right, which will surely prevail.

Lucy Stone.—This eloquent apostle of human rights, as her many friends may be glad to know, is not "dead" nor "sleeping," but rather withdrawn for a time from the wider and more turbulent sea of public labor, to the quiet and attractive haven of "home." We doubt not the time will yet come for her voice to be heard again in public. Her residence is Orange, N. J.

Mrs. C. M. Beebe Wilbour.—Those who were fortunate enough to hear Miss BECKE when in the lecturing field, will hail with pleasure, so satisfactory and valuable proof that she has not withdrawn from intellectual pursuits as is found under the department of our paper entitled "Tidings from the Inner Life." The words from her pen are those of the truly inspired soul.

Mrs. WILBOUR is now a resident of this city, and performing the pleasing duties of wife and mother with the same fidelity and grace that characterized her public labors.

The Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell preached recently, on "The Signs of the Times." *The Tribune* says:

"She thinks that a new era has come, in which philosophy is to discover the truths of religion as it has been discovering those of science, and in which reason and knowledge are to take the place of implicit faith and belief."

Especially the Friends!—The corresponding secretary of the Am. Congregational Union says in his report: "We are grateful to Almighty God, and a few christian friends, that our receipts for December are so much better than those for the previous month." He proceeds to urge an increased monthly contribution from the "few christian friends," to whom his *importance* if not his *gratitude* is chiefly directed.

The Harmonial Association at Newark.—We have received, and shall hereafter publish as a model of liberality and unsectarian independence, the preamble and resolutions adopted by the friends of free thought, in Newark, N. J., upon the opening of the New Year. We are glad to know, also, that this "Harmonial Association" begins the year upon an independent basis, and that much good may be expected from the establishment of a free platform in this beautiful city.

Delicate and Prudent!—We trust the *Evening Post* will suffer no loss of subscribers on account of occupying so decided a position respecting the fifth volume of *The Harmonia*, as is indicated by the following notice:

"The estimate formed by readers of modern Spiritualism, and the character of Mr. Davis, will decide their judgment in regard to this volume."

In this age of non-committalism, how refreshing is such a bold avowal of opinion!

Dr. Cummings' Great Tribulation.—In all the fields and vineyards of creation, we observe that the advent of *positive good* is uniformly preceded by beautiful signs and attractive indications. Trees blossom before fruiting. Grains wave beneath golden beams for weeks ere they swell their berries and "laugh with a harvest." Not so, however, in the realm of superstition. The good God must herald his approach by an irregular series of volcanic and national paroxysms. The gentle and loving Jesus cannot visit mankind without first unloading a few bottles of *wrath*. The above learned expounder of superstition, thinks that "the last vial was in all probability poured out in 1848, from which time to 1867 we may expect to feel its intensest effects." The Doctor regards the literal fulfillment of prophecy as near at hand, and discourses eloquently of the judgment to come.

The Physician.

"The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

THE MEDICAL VALUE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

BY A. J. D.

The judicious employment of clairvoyance in the diagnosis and treatment of Disease, is a legitimate use of the power. The best natural judgment, though crowned with the diplomatic glory of a scientific education, is often incapable of reaching with certainty below physical disturbances to their primal causes. In the detection of the hidden sources of human misery, and of the conditions that generate corporeal disorders, no sight less penetrative than that of the genuine clairvoyant can ever avail much. No professional man is more willing to acknowledge and publish this incapacity among medical men, than the vigorous editor of the *Scalpel*. We are ever and anon refreshed with his Carlylish style of proving and showing up the emptiness of the pretensions of the regular Faculty. The impossibility of discerning the deep-seated causes of many diseases, by mere sensuous observation of symptoms, is very generally confessed. The ordinary inferences, drawn from indications external, are frequently erroneous. The world of sick and suffering people can attest to the truth of this assertion. They groan day and night, or hobble about with congenital deformity, because their parents were once patients.

And yet the careful instructions of the scientifically-trained judgment are to be preferred as superior, and as being more in harmony with rational sense, than the blunderings of undeveloped or non-medical clairvoyants. There are many and various kinds of seers and seeresses. Only the few, however, of a certain kind, can truly diagnose and divulge the causes of Disease. The real sources and philosophy of human suffering are discoverable only by such of the seers as possess an appropriate faculty. The condition of seership is one of the greatest impressibility. It is too apt to take on and reflect the fears, surmises, or established convictions, of the patient. Every sufferer, whether blessed with intelligence or not, will entertain some definite conclusions regarding the nature and probable cause of his misfortunes and diseases.

And the clairvoyant is very certain to become involved therewith, and will be misled by contact with the dominant feelings and judgment of such a patient, unless, as above mentioned, the seer or seeress be in the full self-possession of the faculty of sight, while in the act of diagnosis.

It is unphilosophical to suppose that all clairvoyants are equally or similarly endowed. It is rarely the good fortune of any one genu-

ine medical-clairvoyant to possess abilities commensurate therewith in other departments of investigation. In fact, a first rate seer of disease is seldom more than a second or third rate prescriber. This incapacity is sometimes manifested immediately subsequent to an examination and prognosis which have been pronounced satisfactory. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that only the faculty to prescribe is perfect. That is to say, certain seers and clairvoyants can survey the field of nature and detect the exact remedy for a disease, the origin, location, or symptoms of which they possessed no power to discern. In such case it is wisdom to obtain your diagnosis from one seer and your remedy from another. But this course presupposes your belief in the existence of the power. With this faith, you can avail yourself of much benefit by candidly informing the *Prescribing seer* what the *Describing seer* reported your disease to be—the remedy for which is what you now seek.

Certain faculties are peculiar to certain temperaments. For example, some persons are only perfect in the *sympathetic* detection of your disease; while others, though obtuse as stone jugs to the lines of sympathy, have brilliant powers and fascinating gifts in other directions. But here let it be observed that the degree of the endowments, as well as the kind or class, must enter into your account. A high development of excursive clairvoyance is incompatible with a low employment of the faculty. If a mind is endowed with the power to discern objects through the mystic distance—if it can discriminate between fancies and facts—then, it is a *misuse*, a sad devotion of that mind, when its powers are pressed into the treatment of bodily diseases. Of course the reverse is equally true; that is, to urge a purely medical seer to probe Space in quest of distant objects of interest. The penalties of mis-employment, in either case, are mistakes and doubts.

In the flowings of inner life it may happen that the seer accomplishes a silent spiritual unfoldment. Its immortal attributes may one by one bloom in the garden of the soul. In its clairvoyant proclivities and exercises there may occur a sort of apotheosis; an ascension of the ordinary powers to rank and fraternize with sublimer uses. The whole mind, pulling its attachments to material things up by the roots, may take interest in things trans-mundane. The seer may thus silently and unconsciously advance to the perception of great questions, of truths, of principles, of ideas. What then? Why, then, the investigation of Disease is next to impossible. The divine law of seership on that plane is repealed, so to speak; and the clairvoyant is no longer useful on the corporeal side of humanity. Any such use of the powers of a seer thus unfolded, would be attended with penalties not less severe than visual degradation. The transgression is against the operations and requirements of a divine law. In many cases mere worldly wants, necessities, or poverty of the moral faculties, have urged very high seers into the most unprofitable forms of the medical business; or still more external, into telling fortunes, reading the stars, psychometry, &c., to the exclusion of those excursive and spiritual exercises which expand the soul and develop its latent abilities. Such transgressions are attended with a loss of virtue in the spirit, a retardation of the normal processes of growth, and sometimes they ultimate in a total suspension of the clairvoyant faculty.

But we began this article with the impression that something must be said to our readers on the subject of "Disease; its causes and cure," and that we must pledge ourselves to render a weekly installment of such service for the sake of mankind. In the department of physical suffering we have had ample experience, sufficient to make us "feel another's woe," and the lesson is not lost. In the diagnosis of disease, too—and in the practice of pilgrimizing through creation's empire in quest of remedies to remove disease—our experience is not less manifold and available. Nor are we this day negligent of "golden opportunities" whereby fresher inspirations flow through the temple of reason. We do not, however, employ the power of clairvoyance for the benefit of individual applicants. The reason of this was suggested in preceding sentences—viz: because such use and application would check our growth and usefulness in more important directions. Not only this, but because there is imminent danger in mis-employing a high faculty. A power of comprehensive vision may be impaired, by mental unfaithfulness or devotion to small things, on the same principle that shortness of natural sight is frequently caused by too constantly looking at near objects, and at fine points, by which the scope of vision is permanently circumscribed.

Therefore we do now refuse *positively* and finally—refuse, too, even when the voice of a brother or a sister calls loudest and most touchingly—because we cannot do otherwise! We are not unsympathetic! In the book of Life we are recorded among those "who love their fellowmen." We know that, notwithstanding the appearance of uncharitableness in such refusals, we are in reality rendering to the world a more substantial service. And we mean to do something for the sick and bodily afflicted. We are preparing to present papers on the *origin and remedy* of the multifarious "ills that flesh is heir to;" and to impart physiological instructions, also, from week to week; whereby it is believed many maladies may be escaped, painful disorders overcome, and all suffering ultimately prevented. With these explanations and promises, we withdraw till our next number.

Attractive Miscellany.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

THE PARTING SPIRIT.

BY E. J. JAMES.

"Save the sacred defined
And mystic questions of the parting mind
When freed from mortal time, what viewless world
Shall first receive her wing, but half-achieved?"

Whither, oh! whither wilt thou shape thy course
O'er the wide waters of that shoreless sea?
To what far port, devoid of human force,
Shall the bark steer that is to carry thee?
Hear'st thou no voice upon that solemn river,
Telling thee where the Soul shall dwell for ever?
Now, while thy thoughts sweep tow'rd Eternity
Spirit! oh, parting Spirit! answer me!

In what strange region of the vast Unknown
Shalt thou commence thy new, untrod career?
What shall await thee there, when thou hast thrown
Off the stained mantle that envelops thee here?
Wilt thou bear with thee to that realm, O Spirit!
Aught of the love thou didst for me inherit?
Shall I overstep the grave to meet with thee?
Spirit! oh, parting Spirit! answer me!

Wilt thou be roaming through the viewless air—
Or midst those very stars I now survey?
A part of all the glorious splendor there—
A new link in a new, unending day?
Or, breathing 'mid the elements of Heaven,
Shall its bright tribute to thee be given?
Shalt thou redeemed, regenerate, godlike be?
Spirit! oh, parting Spirit! answer me!

Speak! I adjure thee! for I fain would know
Ere the dim shadows close my falling eye,
Ere the cold seal is stamped upon my brow,
Point thou the pathway where thy home doth lie!
Is not the Future opening now before thee?
Is not the Eternal Secret hovering o'er thee?
Past—past the reach of mortal inquiry—
Oh! parting Soul! thou canst not answer me!

[Extract from Philothea.]

THE DEATH OF ANAXAGORAS.

BY L. MARIA CHILDS.

The galley that brought Plato from Athens was sent on a secret political mission, and was not expected to revisit Lampsacus until the return of another moon. Anaxagoras, always mindful of the happiness of those around him, proposed that the constancy of faithful Geta should be rewarded by an union with Milza. The tidings were hailed with joy; not only by the young couple, but by all the villagers. The superstition of the little damsel did indeed suggest numerous obstacles. The sixteenth of the month must on no account be chosen; one day was unlucky for a wedding, because as she returned from the fields, an old woman busy at the distaff had directly crossed her path; and another was equally so, because she had seen a weasel, without remembering to throw three stones as it passed. But at last there came a day against which no objections could be raised. The sky was cloudless, and the moon at its full; both deemed propitious omens. A white kid had been sacrificed to Artemis, and baskets of fruit and poppies had been duly placed upon her altar. The long white veil woven by Milza and laid by for this occasion, was taken out to be bleached in the sunshine and dew. Philothea presented a zone, embroidered by her own skillful hands; Anaxagoras bestowed a pair of sandals laced with crimson; and Geta purchased a bridal robe of flaming colors.

Plato promised to supply the feast with almonds and figs. The peasant, whose goats Milza had tended, sent six large vases of milk, borne by boys crowned with garlands. And the matrons of the village, with whom the kind little Arcadian had ever been a favorite, presented a huge cake, carried aloft on a bed of flowers, by twelve girls clothed in white. The humble residence of the old philosopher was almost covered with the abundant blossoms brought by joyful children. The door posts were crowned with garlands anointed with oil, and bound with fillets of wool. The bride and bridegroom were carried in procession, on a litter made of the boughs of trees, plentifully adorned with garlands and flags of various colors; preceded by young men playing on reeds and flutes, and followed by maidens bearing a pistle and sieve. The priest performed the customary sacrifices at the altar of Hera; the omens were propitious; libations were poured; and Milza returned to her happy home, the wife of her faithful Geta. Feasting continued till late in the evening, and the voice of music was not hushed until past the hour of midnight.

The old philosopher joined in the festivity, and in the cheerfulness of his heart exerted himself beyond his strength. Each succeeding day found him more feeble; and Philothea soon perceived that the staff on which she had leaned from her childhood was about to be removed forever. On the twelfth day after Milza's wedding, he asked to be led into the open portico, that he might enjoy the genial warmth. He gazed on the bright landscape as if it had been the countenance of a friend. Then looking upward, with a placid smile, he said to Plato, "You tell me that Truth acts upon the soul, like the sun upon the eye, when it turneth to him. Would that I could be as easily and certainly placed in the light of truth, as I have been in this blessed sunshine! But in vain I seek to comprehend the mystery of my being. All my thoughts on this subject are dim and shadowy, as the ghosts seen by Odysseus on the Stygian shore."

Plato answered: "Thus it must ever be, while the outward world lies so near us, and the images of things crowd perpetually on the mind. An obolus held close to the eye may

prevent our seeing the moon and the stars; and thus does the ever-present earth exclude the glories of heaven. But in the midst of uncertainty and fears, one feeling alone remains; and that is hope, strong as belief, that virtue can never die. In pity to the cravings of the soul, something will surely be given in future time more bright and fixed than the glimmering truths preserved in poetic fable; even as radiant stars arose from the ashes of Orion's daughters, to shine in the heavens an eternal crown."

The old man replied, "I have, as you well know, been afraid to indulge in your speculations concerning the soul, lest I should spend my life in unsatisfied attempts to embrace beautiful shadows."

"To me likewise they have sometimes appeared doctrines too high and solemn to be taught," rejoined Plato: "Often when I have attempted to clothe them in language, the airy forms have glided from me, mocking me with their distant beauty. We are told of Tantalus surrounded by water that flows away when he attempts to taste it, and with delicious fruits above his head, carried off by a sudden wind whenever he tries to seize them. It was his crime that, being admitted to the assemblies of Olympus, he brought away the nectar and ambrosia of the gods, and gave them unto mortals. Sometimes, when I have been led to discourse of ideal beauty, with those who perceive only the images of things, the remembrance of that unhappy son of Zeus has awed me into silence."

While they were yet speaking, the noise of approaching wheels was heard, and presently a splendid chariot, with four white horses, stopped before the humble dwelling.

A stranger, in purple robes, descended from the chariot, followed by servants carrying a seat of ivory inlaid with silver, a tuft of peacock feathers to brush away the insects, and a golden box filled with perfumes. It was Chrysippus, prince of Clazomena, the nephew of Anaxagoras. He had neglected and despised the old man in his poverty, but had now come to congratulate him on the rumor of Philothea's approaching marriage with the son of Pericles. The aged philosopher received him with friendly greeting, and made him known to Plato. Chrysippus gave a glance at the rude furniture of the portico, and gathered his perfumed robes carefully about him.

"Son of Basileon, it is the dwelling of cleanliness, though it be the abode of poverty," said the old man, in a tone of mild reproach.

Geta had officiously brought a wooden bench for the high-born guest; but he waited till his attendants had opened the ivory seat, and covered it with crimson cloth, before he seated himself, and replied: "Truly I had not expected to find the son of Hegesibulus in so mean a habitation. No man would conjecture that you were the descendant of princes."

With a quiet smile, the old man answered,—"Princes have not wished to proclaim kindred with Anaxagoras; and why should he desire to perpetuate the remembrance of what they have forgotten?"

Chrysippus looked toward Plato, and with some degree of embarrassment sought to excuse himself, by saying, "My father often told me that it was your own choice to withdraw from your family; and if they have not since offered to share their wealth with you, it is because you have ever been improvident of your estates."

"What! Do you not take charge of them?" inquired Anaxagoras. "I gave my estates to your father, from the conviction that he would take better care of them than I could do; and in this I deemed myself most provident."

"But you went to Athens, and took no care for your country," rejoined the prince.

The venerable philosopher pointed to the heavens, that smiled serenely above them, and said, "Nay, young man, my greatest care has ever been for my country."

In a more respectful tone, Chrysippus rejoined, "Anaxagoras, all men speak of your wisdom; but does this fame so far satisfy you, that you never regret your sacrificed riches to philosophy?"

"I am satisfied with the pursuit of wisdom, not with the fame of it," replied the sage. "In my youth, I greatly preferred wisdom to gold; and as I approach the Stygian shore, gold has less and less value in my eyes. Charron will charge my disembodied spirit but a single obolus for crossing his dark ferry. Living mortals only need a golden bough to enter the regions of the dead."

The prince seemed thoughtful for a moment, as he gazed on the benevolent countenance of his aged relative.

"If it be as you have said, Anaxagoras is indeed happier than princes," he replied. "But I came to speak of the daughter of Alcimenes. I have heard that she is beautiful, and the destined wife of Paralus of Athens."

"It is even so," said the philosopher; "and it would gladden my heart, if I might be permitted to see her placed under the protection of Pericles, before I die."

"Has a sufficient dowry been provided?" inquired Chrysippus. "No one of our kindred must enter the family of Pericles as a slave."

A slight color mantled in the old man's cheeks, as he answered, "I have friends in Athens, who will not see my precious child suffer shame for want of a few drachme."

"I have brought with me a gift, which I deemed in some degree suited to the dignity of our ancestors," rejoined the prince; "and I indulged the hope of giving it into the hands of the maiden."

As he spoke, he made a signal to his attendants, who straightway brought from the chariot a silver tripod lined with gold, and a bag containing a hundred golden staters. At the same moment, Milza entered, and in a low voice informed Anaxagoras that Philothea deemed this prolonged interview with the stranger dangerous to his feeble health; and begged that he would suffer himself to be placed on the couch. The invalid replied by a message desiring her presence. As she entered, he said to her, "Philothea, behold your kinsman Chrysippus, son of Basileon."

The illustrious guest was received with the same modest and friendly greeting that would have been bestowed on the son of a worthy peasant. The prince felt slightly offended that his splendid dress and magnificent equipage produced so little effect on the family of the philosopher; but as the fame of Philothea's beauty had largely mingled with other inducements to make the visit, he endeavored to conceal his pride, and as he offered the rich gifts, said in a respectful tone, "Daughter of Alcimenes, the tripod is from Heliadora, Priestess at Ephesus. The golden coin is from my own coffers. Accept them for a dowry; and allow me to claim one privilege in return. As I cannot be at the marriage feast, to share the pleasures of other kinsmen, permit the son of Basileon to see you now one moment without your veil."

He waved his hand for his attendants to withdraw; but the maiden hesitated, until Anaxagoras said mildly, "Chrysippus is of your father's kindred; and it is discreet that his request be granted."

Philothea timidly removed her veil, and a modest blush suffused her lovely countenance, as she said, "Thanks, Prince of Clazomena, for these munificent gifts. May the gods long preserve you a blessing to your family and people."

"The gifts are all unworthy of her who receives them," replied Chrysippus, gazing so intently that the maiden, with rosy confusion, replaced her veil.

Anaxagoras invited his royal guest to share a philosopher's repast, to which he promised should be added a goblet of wine, lately sent from Lampsacus. The prince courteously accepted his invitation; and the kind old man, wearied with the exertions he had made, was borne to his couch in an inner apartment. When Plato had assisted Philothea and Milza in arranging his pillows, and folding the robe about his feet, he returned to the portico. Philothea supposed the stranger was about to follow him; and without raising her head, as she bent over her grandfather's couch, she said: "He is feeble, and needs repose. In the days of his strength, he would not have thus left you to the courtesy of our Athenian guest."

"Would to the gods that I had sought him sooner!" rejoined Chrysippus. "While I have gathered foreign jewels, I have been ignorant of the gems in my own family."

Then stooping down, he took Anaxagoras by the hand, and said affectionately, "Have you nothing to ask of your brother's son?"

"Nothing but your prayers for us, and a gentle government for your people," answered the old man. "I thank you for your kindness to this precious orphan. For myself, I am fast going where I shall need less than ever the gifts of princes."

"Would you not like to be buried with regal honor, in your native Clazomena?" inquired the prince.

The philosopher again pointed upward as he replied, "Nay. The road to heaven would be no shorter from Clazomena."

"And what monument would you have reared to mark the spot where Anaxagoras sleeps?" said Chrysippus.

"I wish to be buried after the ancient manner, with the least possible trouble and expense," rejoined the invalid. "The money you would expend for a monument may be given to some captive sighing in bondage. Let an almond tree be planted near my grave, that the boys may love to come there, as to a pleasant home."

"The citizens of Lampsacus, hearing of your illness, requested me to ask what they should do in honor of your memory, when it pleased the gods to call you hence. What response do you give to this message?" inquired the prince.

The philosopher answered, "Say to them that I desire all the children may have a holiday on the anniversary of my death."

Chrysippus remained silent for a few moments; and then continued: "Anaxagoras, I perceive that you are strangely unlike other mortals; and I know not how you will receive the proposal I am about to make. Philothea has glided from the apartment, as if afraid to remain in my presence. That graceful maiden is too lovely for any destiny meaner than a royal marriage. As a kinsman, I have the best claim to her; and if it be your will, I will divorce my Phœnician Astarte, and make Philothea princess of Clazomena."

"Thanks, son of Basileon," replied the old man; "but I love the innocent orphan too well to bestow upon her the burden and the dangers of royalty."

"None could dispute your own right to exchange power and wealth for philosophy and poverty," said Chrysippus; "but though you are the lawful guardian of this maiden, I deem it unjust to reject a splendid alliance without her knowledge."

"Philothea gave her affections to Paralus, even in the days of their childhood," replied Anaxagoras; "and she is of a nature too divine to place much value on the splendor that passes away."

The prince seemed disturbed and chagrined by this imperturbable spirit of philosophy; and

after a few brief remarks retreated to the portico.

Here he entered into conversation with Plato; and after some general discourse, spoke of his wishes with regard to Philothea. "Anaxagoras rejects the alliance," said he, "but take my word for it, the maiden would not dismiss the matter thus lightly. I have never yet seen a woman who preferred philosophy to princes."

"Kings are less fortunate than philosophers," responded Plato; "I have known several women, who preferred wisdom to gold. Could Chrysippus look into those divine eyes, and yet believe that Philothea's soul would rejoice in the pomp of princes?"

The wealthy son of Basileon still remained incredulous of any exceptions to woman's vanity; and finally obtained a promise from Plato, that he would use his influence with his friend to have the matter left entirely to Philothea's decision.

When the maiden was asked by her grandfather, whether she would be the wife of Paralus, smitten by the hand of disease, or princess of Clazomena, surrounded by more grandeur than Penelope could boast in her proudest days—her innocent countenance expressed surprise, not unmingled with fear, that the mind of Anaxagoras was wandering. But when assured that Chrysippus seriously proposed to divorce his wife and marry her, a feeling of humiliation came over her, that a man, ignorant of the qualities of her soul, should be thus captivated by her outward beauty, and regard it as a thing to be bought with gold. But the crimson tint soon subsided from her transparent cheek, and she quietly replied, "Tell the prince of Clazomena that I have never learned to value riches; nor could I do so, without danger of being exiled far from my divine home."

When these words were repeated to Chrysippus, he exclaimed impatiently, "Curse on the folly which philosophers dignify with the name of wisdom!"

After this, nothing could restore the courtesy he had previously assumed. He scarcely tasted the offered fruit and wine; bade a cold farewell, and soon rolled away in his splendid chariot, followed by his train of attendants.

This unexpected interview produced a singular excitement in the mind of Anaxagoras. All the occurrences of his youth passed vividly before him; and things forgotten for years were remembered like events of the past hour. Plato sat by his side till the evening twilight deepened, listening as he recounted scenes long since witnessed in Athens. When they entreated him to seek repose, he reluctantly assented, and said to his friend, with a gentle pressure of the hand, "Farewell, son of Ariston. Pray for me before you retire to your couch."

Plato parted the silver hairs, and imprinted a kiss on his forehead; then crowning himself with a garland, he knelt before an altar that stood in the apartment, and prayed aloud: "O thou, who art King of Heaven, life and death are in thy hand! Grant what is good for us, whether we ask it, or ask it not; and refuse that which would be hurtful, even when we ask it most earnestly."

"That contains the spirit of all prayer," said the old philosopher. "And now, Plato, go to thy rest; and I will go to mine. Very pleasant have thy words been to me. Even like the murmuring of fountains in a parched and sandy desert."

When left alone with his grandchild and Milza, the invalid still seemed unusually excited, and his eyes shone with unwonted brightness. Again he recurred to his early years, and talked fondly of his wife and children. He dwelt on the childhood of Philothea with peculiar pleasure. "Often, very often," said he, "thy infant smiles and artless speech led my soul to divine things; when, without thee, the link would have been broken, and the communication lost."

He held her hand affectionately in his, and often drew her toward him, that he might kiss her cheek. Late in the night, sleep began to steal over him with gentle influence; and Philothea was afraid to move, lest she should disturb his slumbers.

Milza reposed on a couch close by her side, ready to obey the slightest summons; the small earthen lamp that stood on the floor, shaded by an open tablet, burned dim; and the footsteps of Plato were faintly heard in the stillness of the night, as he softly paced to and fro in the open portico.

Philothea leaned her head upon the couch, and gradually yielded to the drowsy influence. When she awoke, various objects in the apartment were indistinctly revealed by the dawning light. All was deeply quiet. She remained kneeling by her grandfather's side, and her hand was still clasped in his; but it was chilled beneath his touch. She arose, gently placed his arm on the couch, and looked upon his face. A placid smile rested on his features; and she saw that his spirit had passed in peace.

She awoke Milza, and desired that the household might be summoned. As they stood around the couch of that venerable man, Geta and Milza wept bitterly; but Philothea calmly kissed his cold cheek; and Plato looked on him with serene affection, as he said, "So sleep the good."

A lock of gray hair suspended on the door, and a large vase of water at the threshold, early announced to the villagers that the soul of Anaxagoras had passed from its earthly tenement. The boys came with garlands to decorate the funeral couch of the beloved old man; and no tribute of respect was wanting; for all that knew him blessed his memory.

He was buried, as he had desired, near the clepsydra in the little brook; a young almond tree was planted on his grave; and for years after, all the children commemorated the anniversary of his death, by a festival called Anaxagoreia.

Pericles had sent two discreet matrons, and four more youthful attendants, to accompany Philothea to Athens, in case she consented to become the wife of Paralus. The morning after the decease of Anaxagoras, Plato sent a messenger to Lampsacus, desiring the presence of these women, accompanied by Enago and his household. As soon as the funeral rites were passed, he entreated Philothea to accept the offered protection of Enago, the friend of his youth, and connected by marriage with the house of Pericles. "I urge it the more earnestly," said he, "because I think you have reason to fear the power and resentment of Chrysippus. Princes do not willingly relinquish a pursuit; and his train could easily seize you and your attendants, without resistance from these simple villagers."

Aglonice, wife of Enago, likewise urged the orphan, in the most affectionate manner, to return with them to Lampsacus, and there await the departure of the galley. Philothea acknowledged the propriety of removal, and felt deeply thankful for the protecting influence of her friends. The simple household furniture was given to Milza; her own wardrobe, with many little things that had become dear to her, were deposited in the chariot of Enago; the weeping villagers had taken an affectionate farewell; and sacrifices to the gods had been offered on the altar in front of the dwelling.

Still Philothea lingered and gazed on the beautiful scenes where she had passed so many tranquil hours. Tears mingled with her smiles, as she said, "O, how hard it is to believe the spirit of Anaxagoras will be as near me in Athens, as it is here, where his bones lie buried!"

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHER.

We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet and cracking their jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat house to cut frozen stake for dinner; this is not as it should be. There is much work about the house that is too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps which should be done by those more able. Boys, don't let your mother do it all. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough at best. It is a long work, too, it being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think. We wish some busy, all-day house worker, would count her steps for one day and let us have the result in miles, let it be noted how many times she goes into the cellar, to the wood pile, to the pump, and especially how many times from the stove to the buttery.—Morning Star.

SELF-SACRIFICE.—Can anything be more touching than this incident, described in the *Sentinel du Jour*? A tin worker of Louhans, in his drunken rage, swore that he would kill his daughter, a girl in her sixteenth year, of whom he was very fond. The poor child, shut up in a room near the roof of the house, struggled away from the knife with which the drunkard threatened her. At last, unable to appease her father, and finding it impossible to escape, she said—"Father, if I must die, let me at least save you from the scaffold." She then rushed to the window and threw herself into the street.

Apotheosis.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand his flower-encircled door, to show us those we love."

Departed: From Ann Arbor, Michigan, on Friday, Dec. 9th, at 10 o'clock A. M., MARY WENDELLINE, only child of G. B. and CATHERINE A. F. STEPHENS. She was born to a higher life the day before her third birthday.

A bird, to cheer our changeful sky,
Sped, singing as a cherub sings,
And in our very heart of hearts
She folded her immortal wings,
And lovingly she nestled there,
Till white-robed angels hovering near,
Won, by their heaven-born harmonies,
Our birdling to their own bright sphere.

Nearer is now that holy home,
Since she became its welcome guest;
Precious and dear the guardian hand
That bore our darling there to rest.
And we, with consecration new,
Turn to humanity once more,
And strive to point the tearful eye
To yonder blest, immortal shore.

M. F. D.

Departed: IRA ARMSTRONG, of Huntington, Ind. This industrious, economical, benevolent, intelligent, thoughtful man—whose kindness and consideration the writer most gratefully remembers—is now among the nations and generations, and myriads of the summer-world. His affectionate son, Frederick, writes us from an overflowing heart stricken with grief, and relates how his "dear father died on the 25th of October last—leaving their Indiana home at peace with God and man." Every reader of the "Maggie Staff" will recall the name of "Ira Armstrong." In the voice of that departed brother there was at times a certain tone which thrilled to our soul's depths. May we hear it once more! Our soul is reverently open to such a blessed evidence of his presence. "While he was sick," his son writes, "it was a great pleasure to him to read your description of heaven." At some period not far distant we feel that we shall both see and converse with him.

Paraphrased.

"Life is but an endless flight of winged facts or events; a series of surprises."

THE HEARTHSTONE CLUB.

This is the unpretending, yet significant name, chosen by an association of ladies of this city, who meet monthly for the discussion of questions connected with home, and the household. The organization has been some months in existence, and its meetings are attracting a wider attention, and developing a deeper interest on each occasion. The purpose is a noble one, and much good may result from the movement.

At the last regular meeting, held in room No. 24 Cooper Institute, Mrs. Johnson presiding, the subject for discussion was, "The House." From the *Tribune's* report we learn that:

"Mrs. Bogert read a paper, in which she maintained that most women thought too much of their furniture and too little of their children. She did not think it right to shut out the sunlight for the sake of carpets, and vindicated children's rights to general enjoyment of the house."

Mrs. Wilbourn suggested that it was the duty of every mother and daughter to do something toward creating the adornments of the house. Furniture was not selected with sufficient reference to fitness; most women could not resist the persuasions of the furniture dealer, when they were assured that such a chair, sofa or mirror was the latest style, and Mrs. Black or Madame la Blanche had just ordered an entire set. Good taste was often violated by placing elegant articles where they did not belong; she had even seen a wardrobe in a parlor, and a washstand in a hall. Delicacy of feeling dictated that small, choice souvenirs should not be placed in a parlor or drawing-room, where they might be touched by careless fingers; the private chamber, though finished ever so simply, was the place for all dear gifts and loved tokens. She would have the dining-room as pleasant as any in the house, the walls adorned with pictures and the furniture immaculate. Light had much to do with the enjoyment of a dinner. If the sunshine could be admitted into the room without inconvenience, it lightened the flavor of the viands, or at least the appreciation of it. Houses in the city were generally kept too dark, producing dampness, injuring furniture and ruining painting. It was a great comfort to have the admissible portion of a house in different degrees of light; in gas-lighted rooms to have some shaded place for the nervous or sad. A home-ear could be given to every nook and corner, and an atmosphere of welcome not only for the family and their friends, but also to the worthy stranger who might accidentally be within their gates.

Committees were appointed to prepare a list of officers for next year, the next meeting being the annual meeting; and to alter the constitution so that there may be two Secretaries—a Corresponding and a Recording Secretary—and a Treasurer. The Club then adjourned to meet on the last Saturday in January.

"THE PALACE HOME."

A circular has been thrown upon our table, setting forth the details and advantages of a "Palace Home," proposed to be built and constructed by "The Central Home Association," in the neighborhood of the Central Park. G. Hardesty Johnson is the architect. G. H. Pollock, Wm. J. Baner and others provisional committee. Office of the Association 13 and 15 Appleton's building, 346 Broadway, New York.

Among the advantages hoped to be secured by the contemplated combination is, that a family may obtain for a dollar and fifty cents per week, a better home than can now be obtained in any part of the city for five dollars a week. By the terms of arrangement for payments, it is within the reach of persons of very moderate means to become shareholders, and when the shares are paid for, the tenant "becomes his own landlord, and lives rent free."

We quote from the circular, a copy of which we trust may find its way to many houses in our city, heralding as it does the dawning of a better day for the weary, gasping denizens of city attics:

"Upwards of one hundred individuals have already signified their wish to become members of this organization, and that before any mention is made of the subject publicly. There are indications that the number of applicants will be large enough to form more than this pioneer association, and it will be a recognized necessity, that care be taken in such a movement to secure a strong moral force which shall serve as a motive power to carry forward the objects contemplated. It is proposed that this shall be a work untrammelled by laws; and it is intended that it shall simply meet a necessity which there is for comfortable homes, with less of servitude than now exists. It is also hoped, that through a successful result in this enterprise, the industrial classes will follow in the wake, and a step will thus be taken towards doing away with the pauperism now so prevalent and rapidly increasing.

The projectors seek to add to their number such as take a true interest in this direction, and from among these the organization of the association will be completed.

Applications for subscriptions will be received at the office of the Association."

OUR TRANSLATIONS.

The interesting account of a French Spiritual Conference, the publication of which we commence in another column, is from the report of A. Kardec, Paris, 1859. It will be found to well repay perusal. The translation is by Dr. Lewendahl, whose advertisement will be found in that department of our paper, and our readers may expect not only a continuation of M. Kardec's report of the "Little Spiritual Conference," in future numbers, but also other interesting translations from current French and German literature.

FATHER SMARIUS.

We design that the HERALD OF PROGRESS shall recognize, and so far as by diligent attention to passing events it may be possible, reflect the movements of every leading power in the realms of political, theological, and scientific progress, whether they be accepted as powers by the world or not.

The proposition, that the coming time is to witness a contest between Roman Catholicism and Harmonial Philosophy, is not new to many of our readers. The conviction that the battle is to be fought between these two opposite and antagonistic forces, and that Protestantism is but a middle ground, a transition or uncertain stage, belonging neither to the *old* of Romanism, nor to the *flow* of Rationalism, is deepening each day; and the position of leading Roman Catholics, furnishes corroborative proof. Such, emphatically, is the declaration of CORNELIUS FRANCIS SMARIUS, of St. Louis, from whose lectures we shall make extracts in future numbers.

This prominent leader of Romanism in America, is a native of Tilburg, a town in the north of Holland, and is now about thirty-seven years of age, having been in this country since his eighteenth year. He held the chair of Professor of Rhetoric in St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, for some years, and also in the St. Louis University, of which institution he was afterward president for three years. Then turning his attention to divinity, during four years spent at Fordham, New York, he returned to St. Louis, and was in 1848 appointed pastor of St. Xavier's church, which place he continues to fill. Father SMARIUS ranks very high in intellectual power among the St. Louis clergy, and is an earnest and sincere churchman. He is destined to exert an important influence at the West. He takes the position, that the religion of Nature is destined to overthrow Protestantism, and that then will come the contest between "Rome" and "Reason." But more of his peculiar opinions hereafter. We only desired at this time to point him out to our readers as one of the "men of the times."

DR. CHILD'S ARTICLE.

We commence with this number a series of philosophical essays on "Life," etc., by a well known citizen of Philadelphia. He is intellectually and spiritually competent to impart valuable instructions, and we are pleased with the style which pervades his present contribution to the sum of science.

But there are two excellent thinkers and writers known to the public by the same surname, and for this cause each is sometimes held responsible (getting either blame or praise) for the cogitations and writings of the other, which, perchance, may be not a little embarrassing. We volunteer, therefore, to explain for the sake of all parties. Be it known, then, that Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, is not Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia. And, further, that Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, is a successful physician in all departments of his profession; that Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, is a dentist, of the first rank in his branch of science, being also very successful; that each, so far as we know, is a true friend of the best, and both are publicly pledged to the best interests of mankind; and, lastly, that each Child is a good man, and each man a good Child of the Universal Father.

GARIBALDI AND ITALIAN FREEDOM.

General Garibaldi, though compelled to relinquish his command of the Italian troops, is hopeful still of his national independence. He has recently addressed a proclamation to the ladies of Italy, calling upon them to make contributions of their "superfluities," for the redemption of their country. Concerts and fairs are being held to raise money for "Garibaldi's million of muskets." At an important concert recently in Florence, Piccolomini sang a Prayer to the Piedmontese Cross, composed for her. As she sang it with her hand upon the Italian tricolor with the Piedmontese Cross, it is said that the enthusiasm produced was comparable to nothing since Rachel chanted the Marseillaise in Paris in 1848. She sang it three times.

WARM IMAGINATION AND PERIVID FIFTY!

The Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, thus writes:

"We were a member of the Southern Opposition in Congress, before we would occupy the paltry and contemptible attitude of creeping after a party that had spurned us by its deliberate acts, we would see the Capitol of the nation, and all the territory north and south of it, sunk to eternal perdition. Nay, we would see all the political organizations in America as far as in— as a pigeon could fly in a thousand years, or a force hammer would fall in twice that length of time! Sooner than thus degrade ourself, under a pretence of battling for the homes and rights of our children, we would see them all starve to death, and then seat ourselves upon their coffins with a Southern gentleman and play push-pin for a drink of lager-beer."

LEGAL SUASION WITH SPIRITS.

By a letter in the *Spiritual Telegraph* from Dr. Redman, we learn that the Legislature of Alabama has passed a law imposing a fine of \$500 per day upon all public mediums for spiritual manifestations. We had become familiar with the banishment of Yankee school mistresses, book peddlers, and patent medicine vendors from the South, but this enactment would seem to indicate that our Southern brethren fear not only "incendiaries" in the flesh, but also those who come in spirit form. Credulous and superstitious as are the negro race, the movement may have more significance than would at first appear! There is no knowing what "visions" of freedom these mediums might conjure up before the slaves, or what new lines of "underground railroad" the spirits might open! We think the Alabama Legislature have done a safe thing!

Of Writers and Speakers.

"Our Philosophy is affirmative, and readily accepts the testimony of negative facts, as every shadow points to the sun. No man need be deceived. When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

WARREN CHASE spends the month of February in Philadelphia.

J. M. PEEBLES speaks each Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER will speak in Cleveland the first three Sundays in April.

REV. T. W. HIGGINSON continues to reside at Worcester, Mass., and thence radiates in the reform field.

REV. SAM'L LONGFELLOW speaks in Brooklyn every Sunday at the church corner of Congress and Clinton streets.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH speaks every Wednesday evening at Clinton Hall, 8th St., New York.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT is laboring through New England, and may be addressed at Medford, Mass.

G. B. STEBBINS continues his labors at Ann Arbor, Mich., and places in that vicinity during the week.

ANDREW J. DAVIS will occupy the platform at Dodworth's Hall, New York, every Sunday in February.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN may be heard each Sunday morning and evening at the Universalist Church, 548 Broadway, New York.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM speaks morning and evening at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street, New York.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER can be heard every Sunday, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, by all who are able to secure seats or standing room.

REV. GEO. F. NOYES continues his faithful and serviceable efforts in behalf of a Free Gospel, at Hope Chapel, Broadway New York, every Sunday.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will speak in February at Cincinnati and Cleveland, and in March and April at Philadelphia, Providence, &c.

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, of Newark, N. J., speaks at Goldbeck's Music Hall, Broadway New York, every Sunday evening.

JOSEPH BARKER has left Philadelphia and is fulfilling a few engagements in various parts of the country, previous to his departure for England.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.—This eloquent and truly inspired speaker will move westward during the month of February, having been laboring in Troy and vicinity.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivers his lecture on Toussaint L'Overture before the Albany, (N. Y.) Young Men's Association on the evening of Feb. 2nd.

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will labor in Michigan and Indiana during February, afterward through Illinois and Iowa. His address is Pontiac, Mich.

MRS. AMANDA SPENCE lectures in Providence, R. I., in February; at Norwich, Ct., in March; Willimantic and Boston in April; and at Philadelphia during May.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, the venerable ex-congressman is now in the lecture field, speaking in behalf of human rights. His home and address is at Jefferson, O.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held in Association Hall, Albany, on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 2d and 4th. Addresses will be delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS, REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE, J. ELIZABETH JONES, MRS. TRACY CUTLER, and others.

STATE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The New York State Annual Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Association Hall, Albany, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 31, and Feb. 1 and 2.

Speakers: WENDELL PHILLIPS, PARKER PILLSBURY, M. R. ROBINSON, LEONARD GIBBS, AARON M. POWELL, MRS. J. ELIZABETH JONES, SEAN B. ANTHONY, and others.

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