

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

VOL. 1.]

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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.

C. R.—The expression in our last issue, "from the commencement of one eternity to the birth of another," is designed to impress the idea that one cycle of material and spiritual formation is equal in duration to the largest conception which any human mind can form of an Eternity. Eternity may be composed of an infinite number of innumerable "cycles," just as the ocean is composed of an innumerable number of drops—each by itself considered, being a tiny representative of the whole ocean.

W. G.—The front robe of the brain exerts an influence which is invigorating and refining to all the senses and the nervous system, but its effect upon the muscular and osseous systems is somnolent and debilitating. Harmony is possible only when both brains, back and front, are equally exercised.

P. B. W.—I have received the first number of the "HERALD OF PROGRESS." With its aims, objects, form and spirit, I am exceedingly well pleased; and I trust my eyes have been longed to see for at least five years. But its physical body, the paper you use, is very frail and will soon fall to pieces.

Our correspondent but echoes the expressions of sympathy which have flowed in, like dancing streamlets, during the interval of four weeks; but he complains, with many others, of the frailty of the paper. To this we make answer by assuring all our patrons that the manufacturer, of whom we ordered the fabric for our first number, did not send us as firm material as we had requested. The reason of this mistake we have not yet ascertained; but, with greater precautions, we hope to print all future numbers on first-rate paper.

J. W. M.—Your long and misty article is not adapted to give useful instructions. Let your higher faculties dictate more, and your organs of antagonism less, then write to us and we will gladly publish.

A. N. H.—Sympathy or contagion is the general law of human nature. Every act of a human being is referable to some particular organ of mind. These faculties emit an influence which acts correspondingly upon the like faculties of other persons. Hence, vice, as well as virtue, is contagious. Those who live in the midst of fraud, poverty, vice and profligacy, necessarily absorb the degrading nervous magnetism thus generated, and lose some of that higher influence which stimulates and builds up the superior faculties.

JOHN T. C.—The testimony of the early Friends against using the prefix "Reverend" to any man's name, was brave and righteous. Clergymen have appropriated a title which occurs but once in all the Bible. (See Psa. 8: 9.) And then it is applied with great reverence only to Deity.

B. F. ROCHSTER.—I noticed one thing in your paper that I was sorry to see there. It was this closing remark in an advertisement for wine: "It will do you good to take if you are not sick!" This reminded me of the epitaph: "I was well, wanted to be better, and here I am." Such an advertisement in a Reform paper I fear will lead people to make use of wine as a beverage, and thus keep up an appetite for strong drink.

This criticism is very just and welcome. We design to teach temperance both by pen and life, and would have induced our advertiser to omit "the closing remark" had we made it a matter of reflection. But the stumbling block is now removed from the path of temperance, unless drinking "wine for communion purposes" is equally objectionable.

M. V. T.—That spiritual inspiration which moved the pen of Solomon was sometimes very wise and beautiful—but it was more impressive for the men and fathers than for the women and mothers of the human family: "It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman." (See Prov. 21: 19.) Here is to many an authority which makes it right, wise, "better," for a man to get a divorce from a wife of discord and bad temper; but not one word is written to justify a wife in fleeing from a drunken and quarrelsome husband, or from a man whose sensuality and cruelty wear away the virtue and sweetness of her inner life.

G. W. G. E., JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE, PHILADELPHIA.—We cannot translate the hieroglyphic characters you sent to this office. You should get interpretation from that intelligence which gave the signs.

L. J. P., CINCINNATI, O.—Your article is in our possession. You ask us to insert it "unabridged, unexpurgated, unamputated." We cannot comply. But if in future inspirations you will compact the same news, thoughts, and illustrations, in language more intelligible to the common reader, and within two-thirds the space your present contribution would occupy, if printed, your friendly message will find a local habitation in our columns. The MSS. are subject to your order.

LUTHER BURT, WALPOLE, N. H., will soon receive all the "light" which his experience demands.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a printed "communication from the spirit of Jesus Christ," through the instrumentality of L. M. Arnold, Poughkeepsie. We prefer to publish messages from that exalted Child of Father God as they have come through the translations of an hundred scholars, or as first reported by those careful writing mediums, known as "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John." In this last message the spirit says: "In the future I shall appear upon the earth with a prepared body." Again, we have a decided preference to express, namely, that the Principle of Christ (i. e. Love) be incarnated more absolutely and palpably in the laws, institutions, and governments of the world. His bodily presence will only lead to more John Brown trouble.

G. P.—In the history of the investigations of phrenological science, we first meet with the celebrated Gall. This physician was the first to make practical observations upon the living brain. But Doctor Spurzheim's classifications and works have superseded those of Gall, in popular estimation, because the former was the most successful in bringing the facts of mind more clearly and simply before the world.

WILLIAM C.—The Bible is extremely contradictory on the subject of "Anger." For example, "God is angry with the wicked every day." (Psa. 7: 11.) And in another place, (Eccl. 7: 9,) we read, "anger rests in the bosom of fools." In Psa. (80: 5) we are told that God's anger "endureth but a moment." Still we are led to conclude that the Lord was angry with the children of Israel for the whole forty years of their wanderings. In the 4th chapter Eph., 26th verse, we receive the counsel, "be angry and sin not." But in Prov. 22: 24, we are admonished to have "no friendship with an angry man."

E. B., GRANBY, MO.—Your valued questions are filed, and will appear in chronological order. Very many communications—from subscribers and readers living in all parts of this political Union—are waiting their turn to be answered. Let patience have its perfect work.

## The Law of Spirit Gravitation.

PETER THOMAS, of LONGPORT, wants to know "whether we recognize or believe in the existence of any such law as that of spirit-gravitation?"

We do, and more: We believe that the possibility of "peace on earth" is confined to or dependent upon the operations of this law. In his admirable description of the death of Minnehaha, Longfellow gives full expression to the force of this principle of soul-communication. In her last earthly moments, hundreds of miles removed from her heart's beloved, the suffering Minnehaha calls:

"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha,  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

The blood-relationships of the world are as nothing when compared with the holy ties of spirit-gravitation. They operate independently of parentage, and regardless of material obstacles. Than this law by which soul answers unto soul, through great mountains and distances, there is none more positive, unalterable, universal or divine.

## "What is Evil?"

ALLEN ROGERS, of DOVER, is greatly troubled with the puzzle of Christendom, namely, the Origin of Evil, and writes for "a few words of illustration." We answer briefly that the Origin of Evil is Ignorance, and that the Origin of the Devil is Evil. The blue heavens are a mixture of darkness and white light. Nature is a vast magnetic machine or battery, with a positive and a negative pole, and man is the armature. Man is an intermediate being and connects the two opposite poles. He joins the animal and the angel worlds into one. The consequence of which is that he receives the antagonisms of the one and feels the attractions of the other. Evil is the raw material of this life; the incident of that good which is to come. Darkness is driven away only by the approach of light. Our want of development is the only absolute evil. The devil never lives in the presence of Wisdom and Integrity.

## Positive Philosophy vs. Metaphysics.

A. PRUSSER, BROOKLYN, L. I. "The metaphysician," says Auguste Comte, "believes he can penetrate into the causes and essences of the phenomena around him; while the positivist,

recognizing his own incompetency, limits his efforts to the ascertainment of those laws which regulate the succession of these phenomena." No man can know anything without being "positive."

"We know that spirits talk with men."

## No Sectarianism.

J. F. LAMING, of PHILADELPHIA, writes to ascertain the possibility of appearing through these columns in advocacy of views in opposition to our own:

"Suppose I should be inclined to contribute a few ideas, differing from yours—say, on the subject of WAR or SLAVERY, would you allow them to be published in your journal? If, for instance, I should write that I believe that War is one of the instrumentalities ordained in the wisdom and economy of the Infinite, for the advancement of the race, and endeavor to prove it, would you allow me a hearing? Or, should I say in a respectful way that I think Slavery to be a Divine institution, and has as holy a mission to fulfill as the church, would you put it in type?"

Our correspondent is informed that this journal is not a party organ—will not close its columns to opposite views of any profitable or debatable question. Our object is, "The discovery and application of truth." Therefore, Brother, prepare and forward your thoughts for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

## Henry Ward Beecher.

JOHN SKINNER, of CHAPINVILLE, N. Y., may rest assured that every genius, or scholar, is compelled to begin, like the common laborer, at the bottom of the hill. In a sweet and familiar discourse on the evening of 16th November last, in the lecture-room of his church, Mr. Beecher thus sketched the initial steps of his ministry, which, at this day, is most practically grand and good:

"I have got to begin to talk about myself as an old man, before long. I have been, thus far, talking as though I were young; but I find that I am remembering back too far for that, when I go back to the time when I first became the pastor of a church. It was twenty years ago. I remember that the flock which I first gathered in the wilderness consisted of twenty persons. Nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing. I remember the days of my poverty—our straitness. I was sexton of my own church at that time. There were no lamps there, so I bought some, and I filled them, and lit them. I swept the church, and lighted my own fire, I did not ring the bell, because there was none to ring! I opened the church before prayer-meetings and preaching, and looked it when they were over. I took care of everything connected with the building. And do I not remember every one of those faces? They were poor widows. I think there were but two persons among them that did not earn their daily living by actual work; and these were not wealthy—they were only in moderate circumstances. We were all poor together. And to the day of my death, I never shall forget one of those faces, or hear one of those names spoken without having excited in my mind the warmest remembrances. Some of them I venerate, and the memory of some has been precious, as well as fruitful of good, to me, down to this hour."

## Compliment by Prince Albert.

At the twentieth annual meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who had accepted the office of President, uttered, among other fine things, the following:

"Philosophers are not vain theorists, but essentially men of practice; not conceited pedants, wrapped up in their own mysterious importance, but humble inquirers after truth, proud only of what they may have achieved or won for the general use of man. Neither are they daring and presumptuous unbelievers—character which ignorance has sometimes offered to them, who would, like the Titans, storm heaven by placing mountain upon mountain, till hurled down from the height attained by the terrible thunders of outraged Jove; but rather the pilgrims to the Holy Land, who toil on in search of the sacred shrine, in search of truth, God's truth, God's laws, as manifested in his work—in his creation."

## Impure Mediums.

JOHN J. WILLIAMS, WYOMING.—Your allegations are not from the convictions of your own careful judgment. Your neighbors say "that spiritual media are in the habit of speaking and writing impure and unsuitable things." Of no real, reliable, worthy medium can any such thing be said. You request us to quote a passage from the Old Testament for the benefit of Bible-believers. We refuse, because it is not worthy of publication, except in its present connections. (See 4th ch. of Ezekiel, and read from the 9th to the 15th verse.) The spirit making the communication purports to be a no less distinguished personage than "The Lord God." It is far below any spiritual intelligence of this age.

## The History of Writing.

DAVID W., of LANCASTER, writes for "an explanation of the law of development in the art of writing." Our investigations have conducted us to the following synopsis: In primordial periods there was no writing—man just emerging from the animal instincts, as in the Papuan, Esquimaux, Hottentot and Patagonian types of this day; then followed the pictorial age, current in the ante-monumental days of Egypt and China, as seen upon ancient Peruvian and Mexican monuments, and now practiced by American Indians, Polynesian, African and Asiatic barbarians; then the Hieroglyphical and semi-Alphabetical age on pyramids and tombs of Egypt, and Babylonian inscriptions; finally the Alphabetical age, and the printing press. (See Types of Mankind, page 630.)

## Money Diggers.

"PHILIP W., of WILLIAMSBURG, L. I."—Very fair and logical indeed, Brother, are all thy words. What habits of benevolence you would be addicted to, if you only had

"ten thousand a year." But do you not know that the world's prosperities—in science and philosophy, in agriculture, commerce, and religious literature—have flowed not from riches, but out of the ambitions and combativeness which Poverty has developed. You are hereby informed, Brother, that the true use of the sacred powers of moral vision—"clairvoyance"—is not to peep and dig for the contemptible metallic deposits of some old miser or bloody pirate. The ministry of mind is to aid mind—to exalt its affections above the valley-state, where selfishness and dreams of pampered idleness haunt the soul, and where every spiritual excellence is eclipsed—into regions of contentment where truths are beautiful as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

## Another World.

GEORGE M., of WATERFORD, N. Y., is being instructed and satisfied, in many historical matters touching the possibility of intervention from another world, for he has obtained the new work entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by the clear-headed, classic, and reasonable Robert Dale Owen. We can assure our correspondent that he will not be disappointed. Mr. Owen justly holds that investigation should precede human opinion. He says:

"All reasoning *a priori*, if resorted to at all, tells in favor of such intervention. One of the strongest natural arguments in proof of the soul's immortality, has ever been held to be, the universality of man's belief in an after life—a sentiment so common to all ages and nations, that it may claim the character of an instinct. But the belief in the occasional appearance, or influence on human affairs, of disembodied spirits, is scarcely less general or less instructive, though it is to be admitted that, in the dark ages, it commonly degenerated into demonology. The principle, however, may be true, and the form erroneous; a contingency of constant recurrence throughout the history of the human mind, as when Religion, for example, assumed, and maintained for ages the Pagan form."

## Modern Aristocracy.

ANNA M., of MILFORD, MASS.—You may send us your thoughtfully written papers, the "Evils of American Aristocracy." We want them. They shall be published in the order and style in which you compose them, if you so desire. To the just exposition and remedy of such, and other "evils," our journal will be devoted. On this subject a writer has estimated that the Spanish titled aristocracy consists of 2 princes, 82 dukes, 489 marquises, 516 counts, 74 viscounts, and 63 barons. The American titled aristocracy consists of 575,327 captains, 143,476 colonels, 102,349 majors, 4,321 generals, 526 excellencies, 97,325 honorables, 374,532 deacons, 46,196 able editors, and 1 baron.

## Man's Voluntary Powers.

DR. M. LANE, of HARRISBURGH, questions the possibility of human nature. Our philosophy teaches us that man, beginning his earth-life as any automatic being, will, when ultimately unfolded in all the hidden centres of spirit, become wholly voluntary; that then, solely through the energetic fiat of his untrammelled will, he may direct or withdraw vital forces to and from any part of his organization.

In this way we hold that man will "heal himself" when afflicted with disease, and shield his body from the ruthless assaults of epidemics and contagious disturbances. In short, we believe that man is organized to triumph over all his enemies.

At this proposition, the Doctor, our scientific correspondent, levels his shafts of ridicule. "I scout the doctrine," he writes, "because the mind's voluntary powers are fixed within certain well-defined and unalterable limits," &c.

We reply, that no intelligent physiologist can venture to fix the domain of mind without some knowledge of psychology; a department of science as yet scarcely known to our best medical scholars. Man is unspeakably superior to fish, bird, or beast; and is endowed with powers greater than all the millions below him. The voluntary powers of the inferior brains are but partially understood.

The Alpine hunter will tell you that the Chamols, a beautiful creature among the everlasting mountains, is capable of running at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles per hour.

The Ostrich will run swifter than the fleetest horse.

Certain fish seem to fly rather than swim. Some birds can dart against, and through, the adverse aerial currents, and will make nearly two miles per minute, showing that they might, if kept in one course, encompass the earth in less time than is required for a fast steamer to cross the Atlantic.

The crushing might of a cannon ball is less than the awful force with which a whale strikes the ocean's bosom. The powerful drumming of the Gorilla upon its own breast, can be heard at the distance of half a mile. Some muscular animals, like the Buffalo, can dive from ten to twenty feet under water.

And all these exhibitions of velocity and strength, take their rise from the voluntary centers of the animal's brain. Is not Man destined to be and to do more than any creature which is inferior to his exalted make and station? We believe that he is—do you still doubt, Doctor?

## Youthful Rudeness.

HENRY W., of CHARLESTOWN.—It is a source of continual sorrow to your mother, but to you it is a matter of rude indifference. You say that "you are timid, bashful, and self-distrustful." Perhaps this will explain why you are "coarse, clownish, rough, and awk-

ward when in the presence of strangers, either at home or abroad."

You want us to grant you "an indulgence." You seem to think that, because we believe in childhood and spontaneity, we will encourage you to "let your headstrong nature have its own way."

You do not get our meaning, Henry. We believe that the Divine Spirit has endowed you with FEELING, REASON, and WILL.

These attributes are adequate to the complete arrangement, development, and government of your existence. Be civil, kind, and courteous to your mother, Henry; begin at home; strive to acquire easy and respectful manners; then, whether alone or in society, your conduct will betoken a love of the just and beautiful.

## 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 II.

### VEGETABLE LIFE.

HAVING briefly traced some of the prominent causes which have operated in the production of our common mother earth and her sister planets, and having followed some of the evolutions of matter in its progress through the plane of the mineral kingdom, we come now to examine more minutely the changes and combinations upon this planet.

We find, even upon this low scale, evidences and foreshadowings of those wonderful phenomena which fall within the domain of the life-principle. First, there is a combination of similar elements forming a homogeneous mass, the particles having selected their kindred associates. Then, with more favorable conditions for combination, under the beautiful law of crystallization, the positive and negative forces have marshalled their hosts of particles in more exquisite order than the most skillful commander could arrange his battalions of men. The step from the amorphous carbon in charcoal to its beautiful congener, the diamond, is as marked a progress as is that of vegetation, from the beautiful forms of water crystals to be seen upon our windows of a frosty morning. The form of the crystal is fixed as soon as its particles have been arranged; it dies as soon as it is born. The plant is always changing. To be born, to grow to maturity, to decay and to die, are stages which characterize all living things. The forms of the crystal are straight lines and plain surfaces, making angles at their intersection; the forms that life presents are in curved and spiral lines, without angles and on a higher and more complex plane.

How little can we comprehend the grand depths of that profound philosophy and foresight which planned and directed the mechanism of this world. Long ages before the first plant or the first animal was brought into existence, the elements, which now enter into their organisms and furnish them with external bodies, existed, and were arranged in proportions adapted to all conditions, past, present and future. So accurately was this plan devised and calculated, that not an atom could have been different without changing the aspect of the world.

In the first chapter, reference was made to the electro-magnetic currents radiating in and revolving around the globe and its constituents; we shall soon speak of the effects of these currents on a higher plane of matter.

The circular current manifests itself by producing the globular form of a drop of water, and its power is more strikingly manifested when the drop is thrown upon a red-hot surface, where it not only assumes a globular form, but revolves rapidly upon its own axis as a miniature world. These currents are also manifest in the spiral and rotary motions of fluids passing through small apertures.

In the mineral kingdom the masses or compounds range from a union of two to ten or twelve of the primates or elementary substances. The law of affinity, ever moving onward in its progressive development, is gradually increasing the number of primates in a compound, and when this family numbers fourteen or more, and the compound is a semi-fluid mass, floating in water, these currents manifest themselves, first by producing a nucleus or central point, and then by molding a ring or cell around it, which cell is the first rudiment—the basis—of that beautiful kingdom known as the vegetable world.

Here we have the beginning of life. What grand thoughts cluster around this first cell! This basis of all organisms, and of all life! All the forms that ever have been, that are



now, or ever will be, are first multiples and extensions of this primary basis of cell life. Here is the type of life throughout the vegetable world; and from the first nucleus, or single cell of animal life, through all the varied grades up to the varied hosts of man, each one of which is a living animal, that are reaching imperceptibly through the great river of life driven by the human heart, and the good and evil forces through a million arteries, veins and capillaries, carrying with them the elements for building up the various tissues of the human organism, that most beautiful and wonderful temple which the life-principle in its culmination has formed.

An eloquent German writer has said:

"Let us carry a moment with the vegetable world. From the slender pine, waving its elegant crown in the refreshing breeze, high aloft over the hot vapors of the Brazilian forests, to the delicate moss, barely an inch in length, which clothes our damp granite with its phosphorescent verdure, from the splendid flower of *Victoria Regia*, with its long leaves cradled in the silent folds of the lakes of Guyana, to the inconspicuous yellow blossoms of the duck weed of our own ponds, what a wonderful play of fashioning, what wealth of forms! From the six thousand year old Baobab, on the shores of the Senegal, the seeds of which, perhaps, vegetated before the foot of man, to the earth, to the fungus, to which the fertilizing warmth of a summer night gave an existence, which the morning closed—what differences of duration! From the first wood of the New Holland oak, from which the wild Aboriginal carves his war-club, to the green alga upon our stagnant pools, what uniformity, what gradations of texture, composition, and consistency! Can one really believe it possible to find order in this bewildering wealth, regularity in this seemingly disorderly dance of forms, a single type in these thousand fold varieties of form? The basis of the structure of all the so very dissimilar vegetables is a 'cell'."

We have said life is a lever for raising matter to a higher plane. As soon as affinity had brought matter to a plane high enough for the introduction of vegetable life, it is probable that innumerable myriads of these simple cells were formed, and the matter which passed through their organisms, in the brief period allotted to them for life, would be left upon a higher plane. The combination of the external forms of these primitives, formed the bodies of living organisms, while the union and combination of the internal principle that governed these primitives composed the life-principle. The vital principle of plants, as well as animals, is not simple, but a compound of all the principles which have been operating in the lower kingdoms, and each step in advance is the result of some addition to the former principles which have been acting, and which still continue to act. This rule extends throughout every grade of vegetable and animal life up to man, whose vital principle not only contains all the principles which have existed below him, and which are now combined more or less harmoniously in him, but by virtue of his more perfect organism, spiritual and material, has something added to all these.

The first cells had, by virtue of the life-principle, a certain absorbing power by which they selected particles adapted to build up and sustain the organism for a limited period, which would constitute the life-time of that cell. It is not probable that so important a function as reproduction was introduced at this early period; on the contrary, spontaneous generation—the birth of cells by the plastic force of nature without any specific and distinct parentage—would seem to have been required to advance matter in this early stage of its progression to a plane high enough for the introduction and establishment of the important function of reproduction.

At the present day there are three modes of propagation observed in vegetable cells. First, that in which in a single cell or ring, a line is formed across it, causing it to assume the appearance of the figure 8 when viewed under the field of the microscope. This is soon followed by an entire separation, forming two cells of one. Secondly, we have what is called germination, or budding, in which a small loop is formed upon one side of the cell, which rapidly becomes as perfect a cell as that from which it proceeded. These new cells are sometimes separated, as in the former case; at other times the new cells or buds continue attached to the parent, and, giving off in a similar manner other cells, that form a chain-like stem or body. This process may be readily seen under the field of a microscope in the common mold and various other plants of this character. The common mold is a beautiful plant, composed of nucleated or dotted cells, which, in the growing plant, are linked together in the form of a chain, sometimes in a single stem and sometimes having branches. When dried, each separate cell forms a distinct plant, and they are so small and light that they float about in the atmosphere in incalculable numbers, and are so generally diffused as to become annoying from their frequent appearance in places and substances where they find suitable conditions and soil for development, as in various articles of food, sweetmeats, paste, ink, &c., &c.

\* Baobab is the common name of the *Adansonia digitata*, an enormous tree found on the western slopes of Africa, which was supposed to be the largest tree in the world. Its trunk of some of these measuring thirty feet in diameter, though their height is said not to exceed 100 feet.

Recent discoveries in California would indicate that our continent has produced the largest known vegetable form on the globe, and it is a significant fact, which we shall attempt to explain hereafter, that the western slope of each mountain should produce these enormous specimens of life. Mr. Greeley says: "A fair assessment of the largest trees would make them no less than one hundred feet in circumference and over thirty feet in diameter, at a height of six feet from their respective bases, and several of them have an altitude of some three hundred feet."

Another familiar illustration of this chain-like cell growth, which may be seen in like manner with a common microscope, is the yeast plant, *Saccharomyces*. The third mode of propagation in cells, and the most common and rapid, is by the formation of numerous cells in the interior of the primary or parent cell. The first act of life in the cell after its formation, is the absorption of nutrient matter: all parts of the surface take this up and pass it into the interior of the cell; when this matter accumulates there, new cells, called secondary or daughter-cells, are formed, and when these are matured the parent cell is ruptured and dissolved, its elements going to supply nutriment to the new cells.

Doubtless at one period of the earth's history, these were the only modes of growth or development of plants; they continue and may readily be seen at the present day. The rapidity of the multiplication of cells is almost beyond credulity. It has been estimated that in the *berberis pinnata*, a fungus plant, new cells are formed at the rate of twenty thousand per minute. The cryptogamia, or flowerless plants, which are the lowest in the scale and the oldest, have the property of absorbing oxygen and giving off carbonic acid gas, a function similar to that found in the animal kingdom, while the phanerogamia, or flowering plants, absorb more carbonic acid gas and give off oxygen. The mission of these early plants was evidently to prepare the carbon, which is so essential an ingredient in the structure of the higher plants, for their use. It may be mentioned that the chief ingredients in the structure of plants are carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, while in animal organisms nitrogen holds a prominent place in conjunction with the other three.

The primitive cell plants lived in and upon the surface of the waters, and their prototypes of the present day are found in stagnant waters, in temperate and warm latitudes, forming the green scum which presents such a loathsome appearance to the natural eye, but which under the field of a microscope presents views of unsurpassing beauty. The observations and discoveries with the microscope, within a few years, have revealed a new world of living beauty, a world as marvellous and wonderful as any which can claim the attention of the human mind. Forms as perfect and as wisely adapted to their design as any that are to be found in any portion of the wide domain of nature, are here seen.

Agas untold number must have rolled away in which these lower forms of vegetable life were thus silently and industriously performing their mission of refining and progressing the elements and especially the carboniferous elements which necessarily form so large a portion of the earth's crust, vast quantities of which must be locked up in the coal beds and in the living vegetable world before any breathing animal could exist. We may turn to God's great Bible, Nature, and all through, from the Genesis of Geology, from the mosaic dispensation of animal life to the highest revelations on the plane of humanity, we find chapter after chapter revealing to us the changes which have taken place in these various epochs of the world's progress. Our globe was once "without form, and void." It escaped from this condition and "the spirit of the Lord," or attraction, "moved upon the face" of this fluid mass and moulded it into form, and then chapter after chapter were written by the hand of the Infinite. The chapter of the coal beds, though not one of the longest in the book, written as it is with the pen of a diamond, took its Divine Author more than a hundred thousand years to print and bind up.

We learn from this same divine and inspired volume, that very great changes must have taken place in the temperature of the globe. At the period when the first plants were introduced, and for countless ages after, the temperature of the earth and of the waters, in which these plants lived, was much above that of the present day; and from the distribution of the coal, and the character of the plants found therein—the *Triletes* used by the Divine Author in publishing these books—we perceive the character of these changes; but of these we shall speak in the next chapter, on flowering plants.

The flowerless plants, and the mineral kingdom, though far from being devoid of beauty and interest, present as a most prominent trait, *use*. While on the plane of the flowering plants we have an admirable union of *beauty* and *use*—a poetical combination which, when considered in conjunction with the fragrant aroma, the incense, that is so commonly attendant upon these little ministering angels from the plane of vegetable life, gives us a most exalted and sublime idea of the great Poet of the universe.

#### VIRTUE AND VICE DEFINED.

In the *Boston Investigator* we find, in a letter from Joseph Barker, the following very truthful definition of virtue and vice:

"I condemn nothing but what is a real injury to myself or others. The harmful tendency of an action or a course of life is the measure of its immorality or impropriety; and the beneficial tendency of an action or a course of life is the measure of its virtue or propriety. In human conduct, nothing is virtuous but what is useful, beneficial; nothing is vicious but what is hurtful, injurious. Everything is virtuous and commendable, in proportion as it is useful; everything is vicious and censurable in proportion as it is hurtful. That which is expedient, or conducive to our own good and the good of others, is virtue; that which is inexpedient or inimical to our own good and the good of others, is vice."

#### Voices from the People.

"Let every man have the liberty to speak as he pleases and in every land."

THE spontaneous showings of the human spirit are needed and refreshing. We have to receive and are grateful for "letters" which have not been written under the constraint of art, in which each sentence is unadvised and familiar "as household words"—not studied and picked up like warlike weapons for battle—but simple, easy, graceful, spontaneous, unforced and unforced, yet beautifully honest expressions of the sentiments and wisdom of the mind and spirit of the loved friend or imaginative correspondent. We say to all: "Speak! and let the world be wiser." But whether we shall publish all we may receive or not, is doubtful. Ed.

#### From a Lover of California.

HAMMOND, Chester Co., Pa.,  
2d Mo., 1st, 1890.

REMOVED FRIEND:—The first number of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* came to our door. As soon as we looked into its eyes we said, "welcome! three welcome here!"

Mostly devotedly do I believe true religion to consist in reverence towards the Infinite God and justice and love to man. The Society of "Progressive Friends" set out with the recognition of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of humanity. It is a truth which has come to me for years past, that we ought to separate between religion and the documents which men have written upon it. People seldom differ about the divine principles which constitute the soul of religion; but they do differ continuously about the *form* in which religion appears. I love God and little children. God tells me to visit the young scenes of immortality, and when I appoint conventions for them they come in great numbers. I feel as did the son of the dear God who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is a spirit-stirring thought that when an old man who has lived nobly passes into the life beyond, he leaves his silver head on the lower plane and in the resurrection is young, vigorous, and beautiful. My love for the little ones has been a key to open several orthodox churches to me. After I speak to the children upon integrity, purity, unselfishness, punctuality, guarding, guide, and other "Ps and Qs," then they open the doors of their temples and I preach of righteousness, temperance, and of the judgment that is and is to come. I only took up my pen, however, to bless thee and thy noble wife, who is thy equal co-worker. We can (thanks to the dear Father!) reach through space and grasp each others hands. Horace Mann once said: "To the soulless matter is a vacuum. It runs through space as electricity runs through iron."

Thy Friend,  
JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

#### From one who is tired of Sermons.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1890.

A. J. DAVIS: I see you have promised Wait of Illinois to tell what you think about Jesus and his teachings. Now we have had Jesus and his teachings for many centuries. You have given your views concerning him in "Nature's Divine Revelations," commencing at page 559 to page 561, inclusive, and more or less they are to be found in all your publications. Rev. T. L. Harris preached Jesus from Mountain Cove in Virginia to England on his way to the heathen; Brother ——— preaches Jesus until he is, as an aptly says of him, "developed up to the sphere of devil" and concludes there is eternal progression both ways—down and up! T. L. Nichols preaches both Jesus and his mother, once a staunch reformer, now, from the bidding of Loyola's spirit (through his wife's mediumship) he has landed in the Roman Catholic church; Chapin and Beecher preach Jesus every week, &c., &c. Now I, as one of "your friends," protest against long proxy articles in the *HERALD* about Jesus and his teachings. Let us have something ennobling, gushing forth from the spirit of reformers who stand self-poised on their own individuality. Certainly, I feel for those Christian men and women who will not believe in "the blessed doctrines of intercourse with the spiritual world" because you are "described as an infidel." But I do not believe you will have their minds from error if you do repeat what you believe of Jesus.

Now, I will wager that your friends will not care a fig whether you fulfill your promise to wait, and write about Jesus, or not. Neither do I believe those "good Christian men and women" would ever take the pains to read it if you should do so.

Yours, for New Truths,  
ISAAC ALLEN.

[Your protest is all right enough for you, Brother; but we must redeem our deliberate promise.—Ed.]

#### The Signs of the Times.

CHAGRIN FALLS, O., Feb. 7, 1890.

FRIEND DAVIS: Having examined the specimen number of "THE HERALD OF PROGRESS," I am confident of two things: first, you are conferring a great benefit on the public in entering upon your present enterprise; and second, your labors and kindly-directed efforts will soon be liberally rewarded in an extended patronage seldom met with in this country. I think now that you can reasonably depend on a number of subscribers from this place and its vicinity.

Permit me to assure you and Sister Lucie that at Chagrin Falls, where she so faithfully labored and lectured a few years ago, Spiritualism has been steadily gaining in character and importance, till now we number more in our ranks than the six or seven churches in our midst. Churches formerly supporting each a pastor with a liberal salary are confederated together, and two or three poorly supporting but one. The friends of reform and progress are permanently organized here, having adopted a platform sufficiently liberal in its character on which all having the good of our race at heart can intermingle.

Mathews of interest to the cause we love and cherish will soon be communicated.

For the present believe me internally yours,  
H. HAMMOND, M. D.

#### From a Hegelian Philosopher.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 4, 1890.

DEAR SIR: I have purchased your fifth volume of *Harmonia* and read it through, and think it will do much good. It brings the names of great men into good repute among the million who read your works. Of course I do not deny that I disagree with some elements of your philosophy, if we take them literally, but if taken figuratively I have no objections to offer.

What I wish to ask you now is: Will you publish an article on the *Development of Spirit*, written from the Hegelian standpoint? If you can entertain it in your new paper I should be pleased to send it on.

Very respectfully, W. T. H.

[Inspiration from any standpoint are welcome, and will be published as fast as our space will permit. Please forward your essay.—Ed.]

#### Spiritual Inspirations in Philadelphia.

LETTER FROM MR. A. G. POTTER.

To the Editor of The Herald of Progress.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12, 1890.

DEAR BROTHER:—As I sit in our Hall, Sunday after Sunday, listening to the most glorious discourses—upon the most glorious subjects—my soul awells within me for an opportunity to make myself useful in some way, either by sending you some bright extracts from what I hear, or the privilege of making comments worthy of being inserted in your valuable paper.

I am a Spiritualist and a child of affliction. I have been all my life passing through "the dark valley of the shadow of Death"—as Mrs. Townsend explained it—and I know of nothing that has ever thrown a ray of light upon my path of sorrow but the teachings of our beautiful Philosophy. It is an angel of brightness descending from the world of Spirits, bidding darkness disappear, bidding our wounds, cheering us on through the trials of life, ever pointing upward and onward. How inexpressibly dear to us (who believe in the communion of our beloved friends) is every word of comfort and hope that falls from the lips of some favored organism! I have sometimes envied the mediums their power; and a sigh of disappointment has escaped me to think that I was not selected as one in whom Angels love to dwell.

I have heard all the best lecturers, and I find that they exord in various ways. Some are deep and learned, going into abstruse paths, drawing forth knowledge and forcing it upon us—at times above our comprehension, straining the eager brain beyond its finite capacities. To this class belong Thomas Gales Potter, and Miss Harding. Others are brilliant and changeable in their style. Some seem to have a style peculiar to themselves, varying only as they progress; but when I hear Mrs. Townsend, my soul not only expands, but my heart is touched and my eye is dimmed. I behold the rough places of life gradually disappearing, and its storms abating. Like a being of light from an upper sphere, she stands—to my vision—on the edge of the rolling sea or boisterous lake, and, with a countenance radiant with smiles, commands the waves, "Peace, be still!" and the angry billows stand back, the waves of life sink beneath the calm, placid stream of hopeful serenity. We rise from the outpouring of her spirit much exalted, much improved, seemingly bathed in the waters of Progression. I shall never forget the impressions I received during the first lecture I listened to from her. She took for her text these beautiful lines: "Oh! Death where is thy sting? oh! Grave where is thy victory?" I could only wish that every poor unhappy child of earth could have heard and been benefited by it. She seems to be particularly adapted to this kind of influence. She was with us only two weeks; but, during that time, made many true friends. After listening to her last lecture—to a crowded house—we all bid her good-bye with regret, and some in tears.

We have been recently favored with one of the best lectures we have ever heard, by Warren Chase. The subject was: "Idols, and Ideal Gods of all Nations." He labored to prove that all the different Gods and forms of worship were adapted to each state of development, and that as the worshippers advanced, the characters of their Gods advanced in equal ratio—showing that the intelligence of mankind governs and adapts all things and creeds to its progression.

Last Sunday Mr. Chase compared the ministers of the present day to leeches on the cars. He said we could not do without them in the cars, and we could not go on without them in religion! If Progression was more rapid it would be less effectual.

To-night (Feb. 12th), on the "Creeds of Christendom," he excelled himself. His comparisons were beautiful. The trunk of the tree was the Catholic Church, the other denominations were the branches, diverging

more and more from the straight path until they reach the top, which is *Heaven*. His lecture contained sarcasm, humor, profound logic, new ideas and new theories, and showed him to be perfectly fearless of the opinions of the world in his expression of truth. It is always a treat to me to meet with a person who is not afraid to speak his thoughts, for fear of what his neighbors think.

Yours truly,  
A. G. POTTER.

#### What a Child thinks of his Father.

Barnum, Feb. 2, 1890.

BROTHER DAVIS:—In the enclosed article (which I hope is not too long) I have attempted to give a plain statement of those few and simple ideas respecting God which Nature teaches, and which constitute all that we may hope to learn upon so incomprehensible a subject. I have also entered my protest against those *vain and profitless speculations* upon the divine essence which have so long engaged the attention of theologians, and which, for the benefit of mankind, ought now to be abandoned. They have been the mother of creed, and have caused only bitterness of soul, persecution, and bloodshed.

Amongst my personal thoughts for the medium which your paper offers for the free and independent written and thinkers of this country to exchange ideas. Spiritualism is that crystallizing into a sect, but you and those with you know no power, no point of perfection, but go still onward and upward along the endless path of progressive knowledge and wisdom.

Yours, for Truth and True Religion,  
R. H. BROWN.

[Your essay is written in a spirit of intelligent good will, breathing important propositions for the thinking world to consider, and it will therefore appear in this paper as soon as possible.—Ed.]

#### From Our Occasional Correspondent.

##### A White Steer in the Field.

PHILADELPHIA, February, 1890.

DEAR HERALD:—The city of Brotherly Love, from her quiet influences, sends a welcome greeting to the new "HERALD OF PROGRESS." Many of her sons and daughters are pointing after light and knowledge "as the hart panteth after the water brooks."

The just past lecture season (which commenced in the Autumn) has been a very popular and profitable one. Among the speakers we have had Rev. T. Starr King, of Boston, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, G. W. Curtis, Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher of your city. The largest and most intelligent audiences have attended these lectures that have ever assembled on similar occasions in our city. The public lecture system, by affording an opportunity for persons of the various religious sects to meet and listen to great truths and noble sentiments, as they flow out from the thinking minds of the age, has been quite a success, and may now be ranked as one of the institutions of the time.

Mr. Beecher's lecture on "Heads and Hearts" was one of his best efforts, full of those brilliant, sparkling *becherisms*, which characterize him. There is a comprehensive ness in his feelings and philosophy that is very attractive to thinking minds. The chiming of sect hang loosely on him! He reminds me of a fine white steer that belongs to an agricultural friend of mine. The steer aforesaid is a very large and beautiful animal, is the master of the drove, and at the same time is perfectly gentle, and a great yet. He has one fault, however, being what farmers call "tricky." For instance: he will be grazing in a field and come up to one of the fences which have been put up to mark the lines thereof, when, looking at it, he seems to say: "Well I suppose this was put up to keep us in, but it is of no use;" and straightway he walks right over it into the next field, and after him all the drove. So with Mr. Beecher! his large soul walks up to the lines which the sects have set up, and says: "These may be well enough for some minds, but they are of no use for me," and over he goes, and with him many, if not all, of the flock.

Spiritualism has been moving on steadily in this city. Mr. Mansfield, of Boston, spent about six weeks with us last autumn, and presented many startling test-facts. After him came Doctor Redman, with his wonderful physical and intellectual tests, and though he remained but a short time they awakened considerable interest. Our meetings at Seaton Street Hall have been well attended. Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Hyer, Mr. Foster, Mary F. and A. J. Davis, &c., &c., have occupied our stand very satisfactorily.

Spiritualism has cut a wider swath and run a deeper furrow (to use an agricultural simile) this season, than it ever has before. Its gentle and refreshing showers have fallen beautifully upon the hard clay soil of religious conservatism, which had become so baked by ancient superstition and bigotry, that but few green things could thrive upon it. But these showers have softened and refreshed it, so that a beautiful crop of humanitarian feelings have grown on it. And even in some cases the plowshare of investigation has run through it, and turned up the soil, and permitted the germs that had been buried for centuries to feel the warm rays of the sunlight of truth, and they too are growing.

In the world of science, spiritual intuition, like Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp, has been put into the cap on the head of the mine who has been heretofore compelled to labor very much in the dark, picking away with his axe without seeing what he was striking, fearing to take a light into the mine lest some terrible choke-damp of theological error might



explode and blow all the miners up. Now this light shines upon every point where he is to strike, and the gems that were liable to be crushed by the groping stroke of ignorance are carefully taken out and presented to the world. So in every field, its light beams with calm serene radiance, shedding a halo of beauty upon all things.

But I must close. A youth once said to his father, "I go out into the world, sword in hand, to defend truth against error. She has reared her mighty head, and I fear she will conquer unless all the friends of truth fight manfully for her." "My son," said the old man, "you are young. When you have lived as long as I have, you will probably have learned that truth is not only able to sustain herself against all the malignant shafts of error, but she will also sustain all those who, in calm reliance, trust to her guidance."

Yours, for Unending Progress,  
H. T. C.

### Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gazed, nor conscience dungeoned, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall, Eighth st., near Broadway.

#### EIGHTY-FIFTH SESSION.

QUESTION: As between natural and revealed religion (so called), what is the criterion of truth? or, in other words, What is the Word of God to us?

MR. PARTRIDGE: The question calls for a standard of criticism applicable to the God-words, which are many, and the religions, not a few, which have, or do still claim to be, of Divine authority. To make an inquiry of this nature, of the least value, we must lay aside our prejudices; and unless we can do so, the question ought not to be raised.

On a review of our own experience, we are aware of having been taught to believe the word of God to be the Bible which is usually found in Protestant families. But the Catholic has another, the Mormons yet a different, and the Mohammedans (in their judgment,) the one only, and altogether infallible. In short, there is no disputing the fact that these claims are at least as numerous as the nationalities, and as conflicting as the different races into which the human family is divided. Now, all these Bibles claim to reach quite beyond our experience, both as to the past and the future. They speak of things which, if accepted at all, must be taken on authority. What authority? If by authority of religious teachers, then has the Bible of Joseph Smith the preference; because he had some personal knowledge of its production, which no religious teacher of any other existing sect has. But to return to the book that we have been taught to believe the only genuine word of God; there are flat contradictions in it—contradictions both as to fact and doctrine. The so-called Christian world disposes of the difficulty by splitting itself into sects, each of which gathers the texts deemed most precious, which texts, through the potent chemistry of creed, are converted into a lens through which every other is distorted into harmony, or diminished into forgetfulness, as is most convenient. The "New Church" insists that this compound of apparent truth and error has only to be subjected to the crucible of "correspondences" to be resolved into perfect truth in every particular. These examples indicate what is and what has been the method of determining what is religious truth, or the word of God. We are asked, what is our method? He answers by saying, that in the first place it is to be noticed that all these revealed religions or God-words came through alleged intercourse with the spiritual world. The people to whom the revelation was given, accepted or interpreted their facts as they best could; but it is not rational to suppose those who lived before us were any more capable of judging or interpreting their seer-utterances, or other facts of spiritual intercourse, than we are. He thinks the contrary is true; and hence, to make their interpretation the standard, or what is still more absurd, to take for gospel the interpretation of some Pope, Bishop, or Ecclesiastical council, alike void of all experimental knowledge of spiritual fact or truth, whether ancient or modern, is fallacious in the extreme. In place of this, he would make the criterion of truth to consist of a personal interpretation of the facts of today. The observation of existing phenomena, and the principles or laws therethrough revealed, is the word of God to him, and the standard by which he tries all that claims to be of Divine origin or authority. In his opinion it is neither just to man, nor honorable to God, that we should shut our own eyes and refuse to exercise our own reason in spiritual matters, and be governed instead by the notions of God and the Divine Government entertained, or rather supposed to be entertained, by the ancient Jews and other nations.

DR. HALLOCK: The question before us has been many times answered in this Conference, but it may not be unprofitable to illustrate the answer, so that it may be seen to be an answer, and why. So soon as a man realizes the existence of a departed friend is demonstrated to him—so soon as the fact is born into his consciousness, that spiritual existence stands upon individual demonstration, and not upon faith in history; in that perfect birth there is open proclamation (conscious or otherwise) of what is the word of God or criterion of truth to that soul. When, for example, one consents to inquire for truth through a table unconsacrated by priest, and unsanctified by altar-railing; he moves his

cause from the court of history to the court of observation; he takes an appeal from what men say of being, principle, and law, to what being, principle, and law, say of themselves. This bare consent is a prophecy of the true standard of judgment that soul would fairly realize; and its justice and truth once fairly understood, will hold dominion over it forever. The first lesson of the Spiritualist is, that the invisible is made sure through the visible; that within the sweep of reason and the senses lies the realm of demonstration. It is a blessed thing that this criterion or judgment-standard is fully come to light in these years, for the reason that we were rapidly approaching a mental state wherein it was being more and more openly affirmed, that, in the matter of revealed religion, God, and the human soul, there is nothing whatever to judge, the whole subject being below criticism. Human civilization was being pushed inevitably to that point by the leverage of success in every other direction. God, the soul, and revealed religion, being about the only things it could not demonstrate, what was to save it from the conclusion that there was in reality nothing to be demonstrated?

But Civilization took an appeal from *astrological* lore to the stars themselves; and out of that astronomy was born—astronomy, which said the earth was round, and the sun never changed its relative position, though the Bible did teach that the one was a revolving light, and the other an extended plane. Civilization has demonstrated that the appeal in that case was well taken. The stars justified themselves—revealed their own laws—refuted the old errors. So much for that; but where was modern civilization to carry her appeal from *theological* lore? She could take it nowhere but to the court of annihilation and utter night, until the inner heaven unveiled its wealth of stars—its constellations of celestial being—to the telescope of patient observation. Then was the criterion of truth perfected and a court of appeals established whose jurisdiction is universal. Before this scientific recognition of Spiritualism; that is to say, before its recent demonstration, the method of verifying nouns by verbs—determining being by doing—was only applicable in practice to the present. It could not be applied to the future life, because it had no recognized facts of that life, save and except always the fact of—nothing; and the student, therefore, when he came to apply his method of investigation to the future, or spiritual life, could only say that *nothing* was the fact.

Not so, from this time henceforth. We study the spiritual world now, as we do the natural, in the light of what it does. The ancient Spiritualist looked into the same heaven with the modern; his experience as to facts, inspiration and intercourse, by authority of history, was substantially the same, and what of truth he discovered we do thankfully receive; but the test, or criterion, of the truth, is not in him, not in the modern Spiritualist, but in heaven itself as it stands revealed. So the ancient astrologer and the scriptural Joshua gazed upon the same sun and moon with the modern astronomer; but with a result somewhat different—less satisfactory, less true, less useful. And so it has come to be, that astrology is not the criterion of astronomy. Even the mighty Joshua has ceased to be quoted as an astronomical authority, by so much as a Roman Catholic Pope. He and his ram's horns have considerably retired to the Sunday School, where they occasionally play a concerto for the amusement of children; and that is all.

The test of chemistry—is it in alchemy, or in the revelations of the crucible and the retort? Yet the substances to be examined are not different. Modern civilization accepts nothing by authority but its *religion*; and that it cannot, by reason that it has outgrown it. The diversity of sects in endless procession shows that it has—not religion—but simply the *instinct* of religion—that it would be religious if it only knew how. It has cultivated its faculties until they can no longer be insulted with impunity, even in the name of God; and it is transmitting this added growth of intellectuality to its children. That which was taught to us and believed by us in our childhood, cannot be accepted by them. The researches of this age have culminated in this heresy—that *which we teach we must prove*. Its experiences and methods have impressed themselves upon its constitution, and will go down to its posterity by authority of natural law. The baby that it will bring forth shall awake from its sleep and demand to know where its cradle came from, and woe to him who cannot answer in very truth. In that day, what is to become of these religions or of any other that cannot verify itself in the light of day? The criterion of truth is, that it is true to-day; that is, that it can be verified to-day; that, of these religions which cannot abide this test, must go where astrology has gone, where alchemy has gone, where all error must ultimately go. Truth alone is without change. God's Word is written in things; it is *done*, not said; when one hears talking or sees writing, however he may label the one or the other "*holy*," the authority of universal experience is warrant, that a human being stands behind the expression. That God stands there instead is not quite so clear.

DR. GRAY: Revealed religion he defines to be what the spiritual senses have accepted as just and true. Natural religion is what of truth the external senses have revealed to us. The former has been mainly derived through the trance. The word of God to him is what his Spirit senses tell him is true, but the criterion of their integrity is, that what they affirm is true also on the external plane; that is to say, when the facts of affirmation correspond with the facts of observation. The spir-

itual man perceives the truth, and the external man proves it. Were Mahommed to come to him insisting on the observance of some precept, he should bring it to the test of reason on the external plane. This is his criterion for revealed religion, or that which comes to us through the spiritual senses, that it shall accord with that which is revealed to us by the external senses. It is our business to collate and kindly consider the claims of all nations and times in this respect—what the angels have said to others through the trance, and what they say to us—judging each and all by the facts of our own observation.

Our own facts and inferences therefrom first; then the facts of others, adapted to our facts and inferences; and, lastly, the inferences of others, adapted by us to our inferences, from both classes of facts. In this way only can any one be enrolled among men; this is human adolescence, as distinguished from puerility; any other order of philosophizing belongs to childhood of the mind. To be a man in mind is to be able to produce, on the mental plane, children of the mind; to proliferate ideas. This cannot be done unless the masculine powers be in absolute freedom from outward restraints. Fear introduced into the spiritual organs of a man renders them impotent; a man can not beget ideas in his own image and likeness any more than he can children, physically, by the help of another man. A man can educate his children by the aid of others, but he must beget them himself, with no extraneous masculine helps.

A child in mind may inhabit the body of a man; and this is readily seen in the mental products of such a being. Until the mind has entered the adult plane, its attempts at begetting a family of ideas are incomplete paroxysms of a feverish kind, full of vices and follies, and terminating in prostration.

MR. ROTZ: Finds himself unable to conceive why any Spiritualist should reject the doctrines of the Bible, seeing that they were spiritually revealed. The Bible is from the same source whence the modern Spiritualist claims to derive his inspirations—to wit: the Spiritual World; and it is in bad taste to reject a draught which comes from the same fountain that supplies our daily wants, merely because the cup is presented to us by an elder brother. But alas! the Spiritualists of the present day receive for authority the teachings of such Spirits only as were their own kindred and friends on earth, or at most can date back but a generation or two. To the question direct, he would answer, "The word of God to him is the Bible." That is his criterion of truth; because, reading it understandingly, he finds nothing therein offensive to sound judgment or good morals. Not that he would take the constructions or interpretations of it insisted upon by various sects and individuals; but the Bible as he understands it is both law and gospel to him.

DR. YOUNG: His standpoint is, that modern Spiritualism is a continuation of ancient Spiritualism, and that both Spirits and mortals differ in opinion and character then as now. He also felt to lament, or rather to repeat his lamentation, over the muddled state of his perceptions, consequent upon the doctrines advanced here from time to time with respect to evidence *per se* of Spiritual intercourse, and also of the universally good intentions of Spirits to us-ward, as the natural result of a corresponding betterment of private character on their part. On taking a careful inventory of his faith and opinions, he finds himself a believer, on the whole, that Spirits do exist; which faith is supported by the fact that we receive communications that cannot be referred to mortals. But, then, no sooner is he seated in the comfortable lap of this conclusion, than he is ousted by the statements of those who declare that human hands, etc., are produced and made palpably present, which is to him monstrous, and therefore cannot be true. Then, before he is fairly freed from that nightmare, they (the authors of the aforesaid doctrines) conjure up the hideous phantom of psychology, which throws him into a cold sweat, and his faith begins to ooze out, like Bob Acre's courage; so that he is left at last with barely sufficient strength to oppose everything and find fault with everybody, which is the bounden duty of every genuine advocate of human brotherhood. To begin the good work, then, he denies that children are born sixty years old to-day. The present generation is in advance of the ancients in some respects, but behind them in others. Knowledge is better diffused, but it is less profound, than of old. In painting, sculpture, mathematics, the ancients were our superiors. The same is true of morals, music, and Spiritualism. What are our singers compared with "the sweet singer of Israel?" Where are we to match the character of Jesus? Now that the more rational among the moderns are rejecting the supernaturalism of Jesus, he feels it a relief to his pent-up piety to declare that he was, in very fact, "before Abraham," that great rejected Saviour. Concerning the question of the evening, his criterion of truth is *growth*. There is but one truth in nature to him, and that is brotherhood.

DR. WEEKS: It seemed to him that the answer to the question is simple and easy. There are two rules which he thinks applicable: First, that is the most reliable which can be interpreted alike. This will not apply to any Bible or system of revealed religion, as a whole, nor can it ever. The reader sees in them only what is in himself naturally or by education. The sects are proof of this disagreement in seeing. Not so with natural theology or the truths of nature; those can be seen alike by all peoples. They are seen alike as universally as they are seen at all. Second, that is the most reliable which pro-

duces the deepest and most earnest conviction. History proves this. Astronomy, geology, and other revelations of natural truth, have produced a conviction which has outrooted Scriptural interpretation, and overturned theological creeds. It is easy to see by men's acts that the teachings of their creeds make but shallow impression. The sects retain them in form, but practically they are of little account. It is the sensational rather than the doctrinal preacher who gathers the multitude to-day. Natural rights, human liberty—these strike their roots deep; and the preacher who appeals to these is heard where creeds would be preached to empty pews.

DR. GOULD: As the question stands, it looks as though there were opposition between natural religion and the Bible. This is not so; they simply treat upon different topics. Science has to do with rocks; religion is concerned with morals.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

#### EIGHTY-SIXTH SESSION.

[Question of the last session continued.]

MR. FOWLER'S PAPER: Can religion be the criterion of truth? The question before us implies that it is. What is Religion? and what is truth? I should define religion to be moral obligation; and truth, morally, to be that fitness of adaptation which is the basis of right social relation, and the source of inherent moral obligation.

If these definitions are correct, as I assume, truth is the criterion of religion, and not religion of truth, and to make religion the criterion of truth would be like putting the cart before the horse. In that position drive the horse forward and the cart must go backward, and if the cart goes forward the horse must go backward; or, in plain English, if you put religion before truth, one or the other must go backward; but put truth before religion and both can go forward in harmony. Then religion may be a safe criterion of moral action. Therefore, with your consent, I will substitute moral action for truth, so that religion shall be the criterion of moral action instead of truth.

Then let me substitute Inherent for Natural, and Extraneous for Revealed, because I think they better represent the ideas referred to. I would then analyze, by dividing Inherent Religion into the Undiscovered, or Unrevealed, and the Discovered, or Revealed; and the Extraneous into the Assumed and Imposed. Then I would define religion to be moral, or social obligation; and this obligation I would divide and subdivide according to the already mentioned divisions and subdivisions of religions; and for each of these, I claim a degree of authority.

For the Undiscovered, I would claim a negative; for the Discovered, a positive, or affirmative; for the Assumed, a passive, and for the Imposed a transitive degree of authority.

Inherent religion is primary to, and independent of, extraneous; unrevealed, to revealed, and assumed to imposed religion.

Each phase of society has its own obligations peculiar to itself, and therefore its own religion. And that religion is a criterion of moral action for the members of that society, and only for that.

The unrevealed and undiscovered obligation, or religion, inhering in any social compact, or society, can have only a negative authority, but when revealed it becomes a positive or affirmed authority.

In the absence of the revealed, the assumed must needs take its place as a basis of experiment by which to discover the inherent obligations—as in mathematics where an assumed number is used to discover the real, though unknown number.

The assumption may be correct, or not; yet, in either case, it would be correct, passive authority to be affirmed or nullified, according to the discovery or revelations made in the experiments.

When an inherent obligation is affirmed, by discovery, or even supposed to be affirmed, it may with propriety be imposed on the members of the social compact, as a transitive criterion of moral action, to be changed as discovery may dictate. By the above it may be inferred that inherent moral obligation, or religion, has a circumstantial and progressive unfoldment, and that it becomes positively authoritative *only* as experience discovers and makes it known.

What is the word of God to us, I leave for another time.

DR. GOULD'S PAPER: Our question being as to whether we shall accept the assumptions of natural or revealed religion as the word of God to us, it seems to me that the first thing in order is to agree upon the definition of its terms. The word of God is a Scripture term, and, as I understand, is used to convey quite different, if not opposite meanings. Sometimes it means the law of Moses, as in Mark, 7: 13, or preaching, as in Romans, 10: 17, or the spirit of Christ, as in Hebrews, 4: 12; but it generally means truth, and is compared to the hammer that breaks, the fire that burns or melts, or to water, that washes or invigorates. But in all its moral results it is supposed to operate in conjunction with spiritual influences. But the significance of the term, "word of God" as standing, in our question, must necessarily be confined to the reality and verity of the assumptions of natural and revealed religion. As our question asks us whether we will accept natural or revealed religion, I deem it equivalent to an assertion that they contradict each other so positively that if we accept one we must reject the other.

Before we can answer this question in-

telligently, it seems to me necessary that we ascertain whether this antagonism does really exist or not.

I am quite well aware that this antagonism is either believed or supposed to exist by a large number of persons, both in and out of the church.

Skeptics have believed, and Christians have feared, that natural science would drive revealed religion to the wall; and while the former have continued to advance, with a firmness worthy of a better cause, theologians have presented rather a sorry figure in their vacillating and recessive movements.

Although popular theology has very justly suffered great loss, by reason of modern scientific developments, no irreparable damage has been done to revealed religion. The latter has to do with moral science, dealing with motives, and not matter; constructing character, by cultivating and directing the passions, department of our nature; while natural science, is but a record of the grand march of matter, from the solid to the fluid, or rather, from the ponderable to the imponderable state, through all the various stages of inanimate and animate life. The two religions, being entirely distinct, and constituting two separate departments of science, it is irrational to suppose that the professors of one department should understand the other department as well; hence, it follows that revealed religion should not be rejected as the word of God to us, simply because its professors, or seers, in some compulsory allusions to a foreign science, had betrayed their ignorance of the latter; and to reject it on that account would be as illogical as to reject Chemistry because its professors did not understand biology or etiology.

Much has been said about the flagrant misstatement that the sun and moon stood still, at the bidding of Joshua. Scientifically false as this may have been, it was, nevertheless, conventionally true; and while, by common consent, the earth had no diurnal motion, no other method remained, by which to communicate the idea of a suspension of time, but to attribute to the Sun the motion that belonged to the earth.

If it be said, that the fact must be alike at variance with either supposition, I answer, that if the statement was not literally true, it was still strategically true. But says the objector, can stratagem be supposed to be countenanced by the word of God; I answer, yes. But is not this doing evil, that good may come? I answer, no. Strategy may be but the falsification of language, and methods, to overcome prejudice and imbecility; and this method of instruction, or principle of adaptation, I hold to be lawful, and believe is practiced by all competent teachers when instructing pupils in their rudimental stage, whether they are studying the natural or moral sciences; for instance, the scholar cannot be the leading clerk in the counting-house till he is rid of his school copy handwriting; nor does the learner ever make good music until he abandons his notes. Strategic teaching is plainly observable in the case of the ancient seers, and proverbially so with the apostle Paul; and if any further proof was wished, to show its use among angelic teachers, I have only to refer to the experience of every modern Spiritualist, to prove that it is practiced more freely by our spiritual than by our mundane teachers. If we would comprehend revealed religion, we must always bear in mind the various and sometimes obsolete methods of teaching used by its ancient exponents, such as the Symbolic, Allegoric, Parabolic, with their hyperbolic contingencies, as also the conventional obstacles and strategic necessities imposed upon them by their barbaric age and condition. Bearing these circumstances in mind, including defective translations, we shall find no occasion to reject revealed religion as the vehicle of the word of God to us, because of the contradictions of natural religion, but that both, in the generic sense, are susceptible of harmonic concordance.

DR. WEEKS: In considering this question, he speaks of revealed religion as that which is popularly accepted as such, viz: the sacred books. Natural religion he considers to be the moral bearing of facts and their laws scientifically demonstrated. This latter is his criterion of truth, as referred to at the last Conference. The doctrines of the churches have been obliged to yield in many important particulars to the demonstrations of science, indicating thereby, what is in reality the true standard of judgment even for them. When science was as speculative and uncertain as scholastic theology, when, for example, astrology represented astronomy, and alchemy stood in the place of chemistry; that is to say, while demonstration was in abeyance, and great truths rested solely on the authority of great names, the sacred books and their not less sacred expounders reigned supreme. The world of matter being as inexplicable as the world of spirit, left the materialist with nothing to oppose to the wildest assumptions of the advocate of a supernatural religion, but assumptions alike vague and unsatisfactory. But this has altogether changed; and, of late years, as between religious dogmas and scientific demonstration, the latter carries it. The Protestant church is not practically what it is in theory, for the reason that its dogmas do not produce conviction. Hell torments, total depravity, etc., remain only on paper. The church no longer hopes to "win souls" by their potency. To gather a flock, resort is had to the social nature, with other known instincts of the soul. In many ways we are let to see that she has lost her faith in dogmatic theology as a power. The preacher is argumentative; and this does not







toleration, nay, of absolute Liberty, be taught as a part of every child's education? "To quarrel with one who thinks differently from ourselves, would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own." Free, bold, healthy, respectful, courageous, philosophic thinking is not inculcated by the sectarian Pulpit. Neither do the classically educated Professors impart the sublime instructions of Nature, Reason, and Progress. What, then, can we do? We can turn, as we do, to the almighty and beneficent PRESS; the solid throne and scepter of all intellectual power. And we propose to deserve the good will of the unlimited Editorial Fraternity. If our progressive messenger shall impart glad tidings from the inner life, unfold useful knowledge, enforce elevated principles, and breathe the spirit of universal love, we believe that the world's real magnates, its intelligent Editors, will be fraternally moved to aid both us and it.

#### DR. HALLOCK'S REPORTS.

We would direct the special attention of our readers to the Report of the New York Spiritual Lyceum and Conference by Dr. R. T. Hallock, commenced in this number of our paper. The New York Conference has become well known as an important weekly gathering of Spiritual Thinkers, and by the aid of Dr. Hallock's vigorous pen, the reports have a fixed and high value, with progressive minds. To the former readers of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, we need say nothing commendatory of them, and we doubt not the perusal of this week's reports, will insure their reception in future, by all our readers, with eagerness; for we are happy to be able to say that arrangements have been made with Dr. H. to continue the Reports in each number of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

#### A WORD OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

ONE of our most gratifying experiences connected with the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* enterprise, has been the reception of letters from friends in all parts of the country, containing words of sympathy, proffers of active co-operation, and names and money in encouraging measure. Could those who doubt the progressive qualities of humanity, read these impromptu expressions of the heart, they would, we feel assured, awake to a more hopeful and just appreciation of the Angel within the human soul. The consciousness of the support of the hundreds of true-hearted friends of Progress inspires us with untold courage and strength in entering upon our new labors.

We have also occasion to recognize many kind expressions from our editorial brethren. One and all have our thanks.

#### FUTURE NUMBERS.

Our regular weekly issue having commenced with this number, our subscribers may look for the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* as confidently as they do for the periodical changes in Nature. By living in harmony with natural laws, and bringing our business operations to conform to the same untiring, ceaseless regularity, we hope not soon to disappoint any of our readers of their regular Saturday visitor—the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

#### PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Mr. M. W. Robison, No. 307 North Eleventh street, Philadelphia, will act as Agent for the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. He has made arrangements to deliver the paper regularly to subscribers in that city. Notices through the Dispatch will be promptly attended to. The paper may also be had of Mr. Barry, 4th and Chestnut street, and at the paper stands generally.

#### TO OUR CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

We have made arrangements with Mr. W. H. Sagar, an experienced and faithful carrier, to deliver the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* to all subscribers in this city, and with sufficient encouragement, also in Jersey City, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg. His charge will be five cents a week, or two dollars and a half a year.

Mr. Sagar will be in attendance at the meetings at Dodworth's Hall, and elsewhere, to receive the names of subscribers, and to furnish those who may desire, with extra copies of the paper. He will also fill any city orders for books on our list.

We solicit the co-operation of our friends in the city, in this work of securing a regular, prompt and, if possible, extensive city delivery.

It will gratify our friends to know that during the interval between the issue of our first and second number, so far from being idle, we have been receiving names at the rate of about one thousand a week, and still they come!

The publication of two Conference Reports this week, to bring the record up to date, compels us to defer several articles of interest.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ADVANCE.

The readers of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* will see, by a reference to our published terms, that subscriptions are, in all cases, to be paid in advance. We confidently expect that those who have ordered the paper, will be prompt in forwarding their subscriptions, as the only conclusive evidence on our books of a wish to receive the paper, is the fact of prepayment. We are receiving most encouraging returns from subscribers, and others, to whom specimen copies were sent. Immediate compliance with our terms of cash in advance, can alone insure the receipt of the third and succeeding numbers.

#### Persons and Events.

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

A Life of Robert Owen is announced as in preparation by Mr. Wm. Sargeant, to be issued by Smith & Elder.

Gerrit Smith has given undoubted proof of his usual degree of benevolent sanity, in sending a generous donation to the Lawrence sufferers. His health is improving.

Miss Emma Hardinge—A Macon, Ga., paper, states that at Columbus, in that State, Bishop Kavanaugh, Methodist, and the Rev. Dr. Hawks, Episcopal, have attended and manifested much interest in the lectures of Miss Hardinge.

Grace Greenwood.—This well known author is now before the public as a Lecturer. Her last subject is "The Heroic in Common Life." A new feature at her lectures is the issue of tickets for reserved seats, containing the Photograph and Autograph of the Speaker.

H. Grattan Guinness, the celebrated Irish Revivalist, has commenced his labors in New York. Prayer meetings have been held to secure the "Divine blessing" upon his labors in the "revival of saints and conversion of sinners." We add our prayer for the conversion of both saints and sinners.

Mrs. Swissheim, the editor of the St. Cloud, (Min.) Democrat, has been appointed Surveyor of Logs and Lumber. The appointment having been ridiculed, she maintains the fitness of the position, and adds that she "would rather saw logs into boards with a hand saw, for her bread and butter, than to take the doled pittance which keeps most women's souls inside their bodies."

Dr. Leewendahl.—This medical friend, through whose valuable efforts our readers are permitted to see in English the report of the Parisian "Little Spiritual Conference," has changed his location from Broome st., to 102 East 14th st., where the afflicted can apply with confidence in his faithfulness and skill.

The Translation for this week is deferred, owing to an accumulation of other matter.

A Spirit at the Tombs.—From the card of the two clergymen who attended Stevens, before his execution for the murder of his wife, we learn that, "His confession of sin before God was marked by the presence of the Holy Spirit."

Unattractive Literature.—The St. Louis Mercantile Library Association, having invited H. W. Beecher to lecture before them, suggesting that he "eschew all matters pertaining to politics and religion," Mr. Beecher responds, that "A course of lectures from which had been strained out all matters pertaining to politics and religion, must afford a very meagre diet to the young people of St. Louis," and declines to accept the call.

School of Design.—The Women's School of Design in the Peter Cooper Institute is in a flourishing condition, at least as far as a good attendance of pupils is concerned. There are 130 women who regularly attend their studies, some of them practicing at wood engraving, some at drawing from models, some at oil paintings, and others at water colors.

The Flying Artillery.—The Praying Band will be at the Green st., M. E. Church, all next Sabbath. Prayer Meeting at 10½ and 7½. The Lord's Supper and Prayer Meeting at 3 o'clock.

We transfer the above from the paid Religious notices in the *Daily Tribune*, waiving the customary charge of ten cents a line.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.—Mother Nature, the only infallible preacher and translator of the Infinite God, gives man to understand that all days are holy, and that each is the Lord's day; but the above distinguished revivalist recently announced (so says the *London Times*) that, from conscientious motives, he was about to retire from the Surrey Music Hall, because arrangements were being made—if not already completed—to open the hall for amusements on each Sunday evening. He had, therefore, given the proprietors notice to discontinue his weekly tenure. At the risk of any amount of censure he would maintain the sacredness of the Lord's day, even if it should involve his "going forth, not knowing whither he went." He thought, however, that Exeter Hall would be the temporary place for him to address the masses, until the great Tabernacle was built.

Manificent "Providence"—The Rev. H. W. Beecher intimates that he is not a model "Pastor," so far as visiting goes. He says: "I am, in the providence of God, so circumstanced in reference to public speaking, which seems to be my speciality, that I put my whole strength into that, and give up everything else to it."

One of his own church members, we are informed, intimated at a meeting of the society recently, in plain terms, that it was not "the providence of God"—but "one hundred dollars a night" that called him so much away from his "flock!"

Important Temperance Movement.—We have noticed with pleasure brief accounts of a Temperance movement, inaugurated with the new year, among a class of politicians and others, at Albany, N. Y. That there has been among officials, and the large class of attendant "hangers on," a lamentable tendency to intemperance, none familiar with the Erie Canal can deny. Days of official duty have become occasions for carousal and debauchery, and the example of men in public position has tended to introduce most unfortunate practices among the young. Indications of a work "begun at home," by that class of men who are well known to succeed in whatever they undertake, inspires us with hope. May it prove a second Washingtonian Reform!

Not Idlers.—A writer in the *Tribune*, whom we suspect to be F. D. G., gives a few facts respecting the little army of laborers in the cause of "Woman's Rights," recently engaged in the Empire State Conventions, showing that they are not "sour old maids," "desolate widows," or "unhappy wives," but rather active members of society, heads of families, and self-supporting individuals. The names mentioned are Mrs. E. L. Rose, Mrs. Antoinette B. Blackwell, Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones, Mrs. H. M. Tracy Cutler, and Mrs. F. D. Gage, all the heads of households. Mrs. Lucy N. Coleman, though a widow, "has fought life's battle bravely," and Miss Susan B. Anthony, though unmarried, is by no means dependent upon the "cause" for support.

Spiritual Jealousy.—A writer in the *Investigator* objects to Jos. Barker's farewell letter, because in his abundant charity he "compliments almost everybody as doing good, except Infidels." Christians are always sensitive as to the admitted importance of their sectarian claims, and too many "Reformers" and "Spiritualists," start quickly, when they hear their "names" called, lest they be treated too lightly. Pleasant would it be for us all, if no "word," no "title phrase," had power to awaken jealousy within us. Good there is in all, and names are perishable. If we recognize no special "ism," adopt no peculiar title, we may listen calmly to what of good or ill we hear of any, and gladly acknowledge the merit of another, be he Pagan or Christian, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, conservative or liberal.

Prison Reform.—An improvement upon the present system of arbitrary and vindictive punishment, by the substitution of corrective enactments which do not ignore the presence of the divine element in every human heart, is earnestly sought by many efficient laborers in our country. Prominent among these we may mention the name of EDWARD M. McGRAW, of Waupun, Wisconsin, at present State Prison Commissioner of that State. In a recent letter to M. H. Bovee, respecting the abolition of Capital Punishment in Wisconsin, the result of which has been most gratifying, he says:

"I doubt if any other State, containing nearly or quite a million of people, congregated from all parts of the world, where life is taken for life, can show less than one murder in eighteen months. Yet this, as I have said, is all we have received in that time, nor do I know of any now awaiting trial. As I am of the opinion that like produces like, it cannot be otherwise than that the adoption of a Christian system by the State government, must produce Christian feeling among the governed."

We shall not fail to make the columns of this paper serviceable in bringing before the people additional light, respecting this much needed reform.

Important Progress in Music.—Those who love music and appreciate its value in civilizing and refining the people, will be glad to hear that a method of teaching it, which is at once popular and scientific, has been introduced among us. Mademoiselle Sauvageot, a lady from Paris, and a co-operator with Chev   the leader of the celebrated new French School there, has opened courses of popular instruction for young and old, parents and children, at 835 Broadway. By this method we understand that persons wholly ignorant of music, but with average understanding, may, in a very short time, become so thoroughly acquainted with it as to be able to read it, even when difficult, at sight; to write a tune on hearing it played or sung, and in short, to become musicians in the sense of beings as thoroughly acquainted with the science of music as they may be with arithmetic or geometry. Certainly there has dawned a bright day for us, if music can be so commended to the people, and made a part of their daily enjoyment. While it has a direct appeal, not merely to the memory and the fingers, but to the understanding as well, the people cannot fail to become better, more refined, and harmonious under its influence. We commend Mlle. Sauvageot and her subject to the earnest attention of all.

#### Paraphrased.

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

#### NAPOLEON AND THE POPE.

Something quite unheard of in imperial movements hitherto, is a literal newspaper controversy between Louis Napoleon and the Pope. The Emperor first published a pamphlet, setting forth his views of the true basis for a settlement by the Peace Congress of the Italian question, a leading feature of which was the limitation of the Pope's temporal power. To this the Pope, or his Cardinal, made reply in the Roman official journal, and these manifestos have been repeated. The Emperor has the decided advantage of best preserving a calm and unruffled temper, and dispassionately maintaining his ground. Of course he has the lively sympathy of Italian liberalists. We are glad to see this contest go on, and if the Pope's "eldest" and best "beloved" son does not get the better of his pontifical parent, we shall be content to wait for some one else to accomplish what the French Emperor seems in a fair way to do, for the cause of human freedom.

#### CONGREGATIONAL POPERY.

A more striking and peculiar Book Notice we never met, than the following, of "FOOT-FALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD," from the N. Y. *Independent*. Read it attentively:

"We have read enough of this fascinating volume to say, just here, that every minister who would know what theological questions are discussed outside of the pulpit, and how these are handled, ought to study it with care;—and to refrain from saying as yet one word that would favor the indiscriminate circulation of the book among those who know not how to meet its subtle errors. More of this hereafter."

The ministers whom the *Independent* addresses will find ample employment for their leisure moments, if they study with care "all theological questions which are discussed outside of the pulpit." And they may awake to the discovery that laymen have taken the work of theological investigation somewhat into their own hands.

We trust, however, that the dear people will not fail to ask their minister, after he has "studied with care" Mr. Owen's book, to inform them "how to meet its subtle errors," that they may "indiscriminately" enjoy the perusal of so "fascinating a volume!"

#### SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

At a recent public meeting, held at the Cooper Institute, N. Y., Henry Ward Beecher, following Mrs. Lucy Stone, maintained the affirmative of the above question, in an able and entertaining address, from which we hope to quote a few axiomatic paragraphs hereafter.

The *Independent* publishes the address in full, which it would not have done a few years since, but puts in an editorial disclaimer. The truth is safe anywhere, and this method of giving both sides, is a triumph of latter day journalism—a point Louis Napoleon has not reached, in his advocacy of freedom from Popish rule, for he "extinguishes" the *Univers* for publishing the Pope's letter contrary to law.

We would always trust the right with H. W. Beecher against the wrong and the editors of the *Independent*. Mr. Beecher seems to us to make by far the strongest points.

The editor "trembles for the interests of virtue" if the polls were left open indiscriminately to women, in our great cities. This is one peculiar phase of strict conservative orthodoxy—a firm conviction of the fallen condition, the depraved morals of everybody else. We take a more hopeful view of woman-kind. What sheer folly to conceive that in practice the 8,000 abandoned women of New York city would outweigh the votes of the hundreds of thousands of virtuous women in the country.

The *Independent* objects to women's exercising their civil rights, and assuming their political duties, because of their liability to maternity. The editor of course means "enforced" maternity, as no other would conflict with claims regarded as at least temporarily paramount. Why, then, urge the fact of the wife's subjectivity to the will of the husband as an argument against the enjoyment of her rights. A Congress and a State Legislature or two, with a fair proportion of women as members, would scarcely interfere with the "inexorable organic law" of nature, to an extent threatening the "extinction of the family and the State!"

#### THE BIBLE A SAFEGUARD AGAINST ISMS.

The chairman of the Richmond, Va., Young Men's Christian Association, withdraws the invitation to Mr. Bayard Taylor to lecture before them, for two reasons, the first being his connection with the *Tribune*. The second is:

"The skeptical character of certain parts of your lecture on Humboldt, which indicate that you do not fully believe the Divine Inspiration and authority of the Sacred Scriptures—a belief firmly held by Christians of the Southern States, and which they consider an indispensable safeguard against Abolitionism, Spiritualism, Free Loveism, and all the other forms of fanaticism so prevalent in the North."

Mr. Taylor's reply concludes as follows: "You speak of my lecture on Humboldt with so much assurance, that I presume you must have heard it. I cannot suppose that you, the President of an association which claims to be pre-eminently Christian, would make so grave a charge against any one from

hearsay or imperfect knowledge. You know, therefore, that the only points in that lecture which have any reference to religion are these: I defend Humboldt from the charge of infidelity, stating my belief that a deep religious feeling formed the basis of his character, and, furthermore, I dissent from the assertion of a few narrow-minded theologians, that Science is necessarily atheistic in its tendencies. I confess to a profound astonishment that you should consider such opinions an evidence of 'skepticism,' indicating a want of belief in 'the Divine inspiration and authority of the Sacred Scriptures.' If the belief that Humboldt was not an infidel, makes me one, by the same logic, if I believe you to be an infidel, I prove myself a Christian.

In conclusion, let me say that I have traveled in all the principal portions of the earth—that I know all forms of government and all religious creeds, from personal observation and study; but that nowhere, in any of the lands or races most bitterly hostile to Republicanism and Christianity, have I ever been subjected to a narrower or more insulting censorship.

Yours, for free thought and enlightened Christianity,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

#### ECCLIESIASTICAL INTERVENTION.

At the enthusiastic mass meeting held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, February 17th, to express sympathy with the people of Italy in their struggles for independence, the following, with other resolutions, was adopted:

"Resolved, That ecclesiastical government in secular affairs is destructive alike of freedom of conscience, independence of thought, and the purity of religion."

Three distinguished Protestant clergymen were present, and participated. We may desire hereafter to apply the above resolve to some existing questions of civil reform in our own country, where ecclesiastical influence is powerfully exercised against a change.

#### ELDER JACOB KNAPP.

After due consideration, no doubt, the *Christian Era* concluded to give this evangelical personage a little "faint praise," in the following style:

"It was not expected that this noted revivalist would arrive in Boston before the last of next month; but a release from a prior engagement enabled him to come here early in the last week. He at once commenced his meetings in Baldwin-Place, and they are well attended. He evinces few eccentricities, and thus far his sermons have been simple, plain, and pungent presentations of divine truth in a manner quite unobjectionable to any reasonable person."

One of the secular papers of Boston, however, alludes more pointedly to his unsuccessful efforts, and says: "He seems to have lost much of his personal magnetism." Did the writer comprehend the dangerous proximity of his suggestion to the vital truth respecting all "revivals?"

#### ITEMS.

—He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

—Stevens and Hazlett have been sentenced to be hung publicly, on Friday, the 16th of March.

—A petition has been presented to the Senate, signed by perhaps one thousand prominent business firms, merchants, &c., of the City of New York, asking the Legislature to re-enact the old law which permitted slaveholders to bring their ebony chattels to this State, remain here with them for nine months, and then return with them to their homes.

#### FROM EUROPE.

—The latest news from Europe is of an interesting and important character. The Austrian Empire seems on the eve of revolution, and the crisis is hastened by the stubborn bigotry and stupid injustice of Francis Joseph. The political discontent in Hungary is assuming more of a religious character. The Emperor has persecuted the Protestants "till even the Roman Catholic prints cry shame." Hungary is to a great degree Protestant, and her Protestantism is of the most turbulent and uncompromising character. Calvinism, with which tolerance is a crime, is rife among the Hungarians, and now finds itself the subject of persecution. Instead of restoring the institutions which had been taken away, Francis Joseph has made even petitions for such a restoration a crime. A deputation sent to Vienna, to pray for the old State recognition of the "Evangelical Church of Hungary," was insultingly refused audience. Their return was the occasion of great enthusiasm among the people.

—The policy of England and France, with respect to the Italian question, is clearly defined, by the *London Morning Post*, to be this:

"That no intervention shall take place in Italy, and that the people shall be left to their own devices. It is, therefore, agreed that the States of Central Italy shall dispose of themselves. Fresh elections are to be held, and the assemblies resulting from popular choice are free to decree the annexation of their constituents to the Sardinian kingdom. The French troops are to be withdrawn from Northern Italy and from Rome at an early opportunity."

—Garibaldi's marriage with the daughter of the Marchese Raimondo took place near Como, on the 24th of January. The General and his bride had arrived at Milan.

—The Mazzini party was said to be active at Rome. Gen. Goyon had taken measures for preventing any manifestations.

—It is rumored that Kossuth has left England and gone to Hungary.



## Attractive Miscellany.

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

## GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY D. H. Q.

Down, far down, were the mists of even;  
Up, far up, were the stars of heaven;  
In the west was a gleam of glory  
Fading over the mountain hoary.

Angels moved in the space enchanted,  
Twist the sky and the valley haunted,  
Moved as guarding the twin that slowly  
Wander'd there in the silence holy.

Curle on the brow of one were lying,  
Hardly raised by the wind's low sighing;  
Long bright looks in the air were waving,  
Brow and cheek of the other lying.

Love was around them; love pervaded  
All the air as the twilight faded—  
Faded slow, and a summer even  
Slept alone in the cloudless heaven.

All was still, and the angels only,  
Brooding there in the quiet lonely,  
Knew how strong was the love that bound them,  
Knew how pure was the sphere around them.

Every thought was a holy prayer;  
Every sigh was an earnest air;  
Every word was a tone of heaven,  
But in love to the earthly given.

Dark hair droop'd o'er the golden tresses;  
Sweetly calm were the fond caresses;  
Slow the steps, and the hours flew by them,  
Smiling back to the angels high them.

On they passed, and the shades descended,  
Hiding whither the lovers wended;  
On they passed, and a wanderer lonely  
Walked with God and the angels only.

(From "My Third Book.")

## LEONA: A BLIND MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. MOULTON.

Ye have a world of light,  
Where love in the loved rejoices;  
But the blind man's home is the house of night,  
And its beings are empty voices.

(ELIZABETH LYTON.)

I ken the night and day,  
For all ye may believe,  
And often in my spirit lies  
A clear light as of midday skies;  
And splendours on my vision rise  
Like gorgeous hues of eve.

(MARY HOWITT.)

I had not been blind from my birth. Sitting alone in the utter darkness, my closed eyes could make pictures. I could call back glories of nature and glories of art, blue sky, and wind-swept fields; and, above all, dear faces—faces whose very memory lightened my night-time—my father, my gentle mother, my young, dark-eyed brother. There was another, too, not of our blood, whose face I saw oftener than any. This was strange, for Leona Ashland, the daughter of my mother's most intimate friend, was but a child of ten, six years younger than myself. She was very dear to me, however. She had been in and out of our house as familiarly as a daughter. She was the pet of every one save me; but, child as she was, my own feeling for her was too tender and reverent to admit of gay familiarity. I had never heard any one call her beautiful, but to me her face always seemed that of an angel. I used to tremble, lest, some day of summer, God should give her wings, and we should see her no more forever—her features, framed in those long brown curls, seemed so spiritual, so delicate. When I looked into her thoughtful eyes, at school or at church, life seemed a holier, a more earnest thing. But the time came when I could see them no longer.

For fifteen years the world had been visible to me, with its beauty, its mystery, its romance. Then darkness began to steal gradually over me. It was a whole year before the last ray of light had faded. I was stone-blind at sixteen. I was thankful that it was not a sudden stroke. Day after day I had sought in vain for some cherished object of vision. Once it had been the blue range of the far-off hills; again the familiar outline of a distant tree. After a time the darkness came nearer. Day after day some tender grace would fade out from a beloved face, and I could only reproduce it in my fancy. At length I seemed to dwell in a world of shadows. Shapes, whose dim outline I could only faintly catch, floated by me; but still I could tell day from night; still heaven's blessed light was welcome. But what shall I say of the anguish of desolation when the last ray was gone—when they told me the midday sun was shining clear and bright, and I, alas! sat in blindest, deepest midnight! No light, no hope?

I had so much to give up. It was not alone the joy of sight, the dear faces, the beautiful world, but all my high hopes, my plans for the future, my ambition, my pride. I had meant to be a student. I had had visions of fame. There were months of stormy, surging discontent before I could settle calmly down to my destiny. I secluded myself even from those dearest to me on earth. The very sound of their voices maddened me, for it made more intense the longing to look upon their faces; Day after day I sat alone in my room, where I had brought them not to come to me.

Sometimes my mother, who loved me more than ever in my sorrow and my helplessness, would steal into the room, and sit for an hour beside me in silence. She was so still I could scarcely hear her breathe; but I knew that at those times she wept much. Once, in an irresistible impulse of maternal tenderness, she folded her arms around me, and drew my

head to her bosom. "Oh my child!" she cried; "my dear child, be comforted! Believe that there is something left in life, or this blow will kill us both."

But my rebellious spirit would not struggle with its despair, even though I felt that it was breaking my mother's heart.

Once—and I think this did me more good than anything—Leona came to me. She had so long entreated to see me that at length my mother consented. She came in alone. I knew her footsteps as soon as it crossed the threshold, but I did not speak. She came to my side. She laid her hand—her little child's hand—upon mine. I knew, as well as if I had seen it, the sorrowful pity with which her eyes were lifted to my face. She seemed striving to gather self-command enough to speak calmly. At length, low and quiet, yet earnest, her words fell upon my ear.

"Oh, Mr. Allen, the pastor says God knows just what is best for every one. He is our father, and he does not love to make us sorry. This is the passage Mr. Green told me to say to you: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.'"

Her childish voice had deepened into thrilling energy as she recited the words of inspiration. Then she turned to leave me; but I detained her. Already she had comforted me.

"How came Mr. Green to tell you to say that to me?" I asked.

"You are not vexed, Mr. Allen?"

"No, I am grateful. I only wished to know how it happened."

"He was at our house last night, and he spoke of you. He pitied you very much; but he said you had a great deal left in life yet, if you would not be in despair. After a while, mother went out of the room, and I told him you had been very good to me, and I wanted to tell you something to make you feel better. Then he said I might repeat that verse to you. Does it do you good?"

"Much good, blessed child! Your words have helped me more than you can ever know."

She left me then. I did not strive to keep her. I felt the need of solitude to receive reverently the light, brighter than earthly dawning, which was rising upon my spirit.

Her words had thrilled me as if they had dropped downward from some angel's lips, leaning from the far watch towers of the celestial city. "A great deal left for me yet in life!" And, as I repeated those words, my blessings seemed to rise up before me and reproach me. For me Agur's prayer had been answered. I had neither poverty nor riches; but a competence was mine in my own right, which would secure me against want. I had health and strength, and many friends. The paths about our little village were all familiar to me. I could traverse them without a guide; I could feel the free winds sweep my brow; I could inhale the sweet breath of the flowers; I could hear the beloved voices of home. Verily, God had not forsaken me. I had been willfully shutting his mercies out of my heart. I knelt now, and thanked him for what had been left—prayed him to teach me to bear patiently the loss of what had been taken.

When the bell rang for supper, I rose, and went quietly down stairs. They gave me no noisy greeting to the son who had not sat beside them there since the spring flowers had blossomed, though now the summer lay green and luxuriant upon hill and woodland. But I understood my father's welcome—the unuttered tenderness which deepened my mother's voice—the eager grasp in which my brother Richard held my hand. I found my plate and my chair in their old place. After that, I never secluded myself from them again.

When supper was over, I went out to go to evening prayers at the church. I had not thought I could ever go there again. I had dwelt morbidly on the curiosity with which the congregation would look at me. I never thought of that now. God had opened the eyes of my spirit. I went there to thank Him for this great mercy. I had never before been so deeply thrilled with the church music. Hearing seemed to me like a new sense. Through it, I drank in deep draughts of pleasure. I had sat in the choir; and, when prayers were over, I entreated the organist to play for me again. Soon we became fast friends. I think that my enthusiasm pleased him, for twilight after twilight found us alone in the church, with only the little boy who blew the bellows—John Cunningham playing, and I listening and dreaming.

But I soon felt—I think an intuitive sense of power revealed it to me—that the organist was no artist. Sometimes I longed to sweep him off the stool, and interpret with my own fingers the music that was in my soul. This idea that I could be a musician dawned upon me slowly; but day by day the sense of power strengthened.

At length I asked him to let me try. I think he was astonished. My soul was flooded with harmony. Wild, sweet strains came to me like the whispers of angels. From that night I was the master, he my pupil. Sometimes I would persuade my brother to go with me to church, and then, for hour after hour, the organ would indeed be the voice of my soul. I breathed out in music all the dreams of my long dreaming boyhood, before the one stern stroke had come, under which I bowed my head, and rose up a man. God was very merciful. With this resource, I could never be entirely lonely, wholly desolate.

When I was twenty-one, John Cunningham had left Ryefield, and I had been chosen the organist of our village church. It was my business, for which a small salary was paid

me. This was all I was, all I ever could be; but I was content.

My brother was in college. He was taking my place; he would realize my early dreams.

The world called him a brilliant young man. At home there was little change, save that Leona's light footfall less often crossed our threshold. For some years she had been at school in Boston. In the vacations she came home, and then I could tell by her voice that she was good and innocent as ever. The next spring—it was winter now—her school-days would be over. At last the time arrived. I welcomed her joyfully, though I scarcely knew why her presence seemed so infinitely precious. We wandered together into the fields; and she told me how fresh and green the grass was springing under foot—how blue and bright was the May-time sky. I could smell the bloom of the fruit trees, which were dropping their fragrant blossoms in our path. She never wearied of making all things visible to me. She would tell me how the mist was lying white and purple in the valley—how the far, hazy hills were sleeping in the sunshine; and, seeing with her eyes, I scarcely realized that I was blind.

But this dream also had an awakening. My brother Richard came home. He had finished his course at the University with high honors, and his advent in Ryefield was the signal for a series of parties, and picnics, and merry-makings, in which I did not join, and which took Leona from my side. I heard from all quarters the praises of my handsome, manly brother. He was only nineteen now, but he was six feet tall, and, they said, looked older than his years. I was not surprised to hear that his wit and his manly graces were making sad havoc with the hearts of the village girls. Already over my soul had begun to steal a presentiment of sorrow.

I think my brother was very fond of me. He had always made me his confidant. One night he came to my room, and said, with a hesitation which seemed very singular in his frank, fearless nature, that he had something to tell me. Then he talked of indifferent subjects for a while; and at length, suddenly—alas! it seemed to me pitilessly—the blow fell. He loved Leona Ashland!

Oh, heaven pity me! God have mercy on me! I knew in that moment that I, too, loved her. I, blind, helpless fool that I was, had made her my idol. I had not known before what was the spell which bound me to her, or, rather, I had resolutely closed my heart against the conviction. The veil was ruthlessly rent away. I could not choose but look on my own stupid imbecility. A voice in my soul mocked me. It cried, "You cowardly idiot! You thought, did you, to darken your life by fastening yourself upon her, a blind, helpless shadow! You thought that young girl could love you—that girl, radiant with youth and hope, all the glory and brightness of life, before whose feet the future stretches out green, and fresh, and smiling. You thought you could win her. Selfish! insensate! mad!"

I bade the voice cease its upbraidings. I shut my ears against it; I ordered my brother from the room. For the first time in my life I was harsh and stern with him. He had a generous temper. I do not think he blamed me. He reproached himself, rather, for speaking to me of a love from which he thought my misfortune had shut me out forever. Begging me to forgive him, he went out.

I closed the door behind him. I locked it. The key turned with a sharp click. Then I threw myself down upon the floor, as a traveler might prostrate himself before the poison wind of the desert. Lying there, this fierce, scorching simoon swept over me. Unknown to myself, I had been cherishing one sweet flower in my heart, watering it day and night with the dew of hope. It lay there now, torn up by the roots, its buds blighted, its fair blossom withered.

Blind, helpless idiot! So the voice in my heart had called me. Ay; but the blind idiot could love. Who else could pour such wealth of tenderness on one who could never grow old to his sightless eyes—whose brow would always be smooth—whose hair would never lose its brightness—whose eye would never grow dim, because forever he could clothe her with the fair garment of his fancy? And a new voice in my heart answered, "I am worthy, for I love."

With those words strength came to me, and I rose up, and stood erect in my darkened world, lonely and grief-stricken, but still a man. I was not one to inflict my sorrow upon others. I strove to go out among my fellows with a cheerful face. But I listened with tremulous eagerness to every inflection of Leona's voice when she talked with my brother. I knew she must love him; but there was a curious fascination in watching how this passion would spring up in her pure heart—how the tenderness which could never be for me would grow into her beloved voice. Day after day it seemed to me to become full of a sweeter pathos. Richard was constantly by her side. Often they roamed together over the fields. Sometimes they asked me to go with them; but I was too sensitive to intrude. I always refused. Once or twice, when I had declined going, Leona insisted on remaining with me. Then she would be so cruelly kind to me, read to me, talk to me, bewilder me with torturing glimpses of an impossible happiness. Then Richard would come back with a floral offering—a spray of honeysuckle or a bunch of wild roses; and, sitting beside her afterward, I smelt all day the fragrance of his flowers upon her bosom.

One night she asked me if she might go alone with me to evening prayers, as she used before Richard came. It was a pleasant walk, that half mile between our house and the church, in the summer sunset, with the trees over our heads all odorous with bloom. There was a curious joy, which was more than half compounded of pain, in knowing that she was by my side, in feeling the light pressure of her hand upon my arm.

When the services were over, she asked me to stay a little longer, and play for her, as I had often done before. Hitherto, at such times, she had chosen the tunes; but now the fever fit of inspiration was upon me. I poured forth the story of my hopeless love. I used no words; but the music explained itself. It thrilled, it trembled, it pleaded, it despaired, it struggled, it hoped; then, as if for the dead, it wailed, and died out, at last, in a long, helpless cry of sorrow. I heard Leona sobbing. She stood, at a little distance, alone in the darkness. I left my seat. I went to her and took her hands. In the darkness she laid her tender, pitying arms around my neck. I felt her wet cheeks against my own. Alas! I knew the language of that silent caress. She loved Richard; but, with all the fullness of her angelic nature, she pitied me. She would be my sister.

No word was spoken by either of us. We went out of the church, and went home, under the night and the trees.

Soon after this Richard was obliged to leave us for two or three weeks on some business for my father. I did not know whether he had declared his love previous to his departure. I watched Leona's voice jealously for signs of sorrow, but it was clear and full of music as ever. Indeed, I thought it more joyous than was its wont. I said to myself, "How certain she must be of his love, to bear his absence so calmly. The joy of knowing that he is her own forever makes her insensible to sorrow."

Oh, how kind she was to me during those two weeks. It was almost like the old days before Richard came, save that a barbed arrow was rankling in my heart. The unconscious hope I had cherished in those other days could never return again.

At last the time came for Richard's return. Leona was with us. Frankly, as one who has nothing to conceal, she talked of the pleasure there would be in having him back. At noon he arrived. With eager step he entered the room; but his voice trembled when he spoke to Leona. I could only tell by that token how his heart thrilled to be once more by her side. She was not demonstrative. The tone with which she replied to his greeting was very quiet; but I had never known Richard's manner so eager, so restless as that afternoon.

In the evening we three were alone in the long parlor. I sat at one end among the shadows. Richard and Leona were at the other, where the moon—for I heard them talking of it—shone in at the open window. Perhaps Richard thought I could not hear, or that I slept. He did not know what a second sight hearing is to the blind. Not a murmur, not a quiver of their voices escaped me. It seems that he had never told her of his love before. He poured it forth now with passionate, fervid eloquence. I listened breathlessly for her answer; I held tight to the chair where I was sitting; I commanded every nerve to do its duty; I bade my self-control to be vigilant at its post; I would bear the torture without a moan; I waited to hear her low words of love. Her voice fell on my ear. Hush, rebellious heart, thou hadst no business to throb so wildly.

"I cannot," she says; oh, I cannot! I thought you knew—I thought you must have known—" And here the tender, troubled voice breaks up into pitiful sobs, as she beseeches him to leave her—only to leave her. Richard makes no attempt to comfort her. I hear him go out. Then I cross the room; I kneel beside her; I tell her I have heard all; and then a mad impulse seizes me; I pour out at her feet the libation of my love. I cannot help it. Blind and poor, and helpless as I was, I had dared to love her. I did not mean to tell her. I knew she could never return it. But when I had heard her grief, I had longed so to comfort her; I had wanted her to know how gladly I would die to give her peace.

Oh! how can I tell the story? She did not spurn me. Once more, in the darkness, her tender arms were laid about my neck. For the first time I felt upon my mouth the kisses of her fresh, pure lips. Her words were solemn and earnest: "Do not die for me. Live, live, dear Allen! and, if you love me, let me be your wife."

When our betrothal was made known, there was a struggle in my brother's heart. He loved me; he strove to rejoice in my happiness; but he could not stay to witness it. I, who knew Leona's worth, did not blame him. He left home the next week for a year of foreign travel; and, three weeks after, Leona became my wife.

Our wedding was a very simple one. We chose to be married in the old church at twilight, for to us that had been the blessed hour of destiny. When the ceremony was over, and the witnesses had departed, we walked slowly homeward under the trees. Leona told me the moon was flooding all things with a silver rain of peace, and we felt that it would be the emblem of our future.

My wife insisted on a short bridal tour. She must take her blind husband to Boston. I was a little sensitive about exposing my misfortune to strangers. This step seemed unlike Leona; but I wished to please her, and I consented.

The next morning after our arrival we sat alone in our room at the Whittier House. I wanted to talk to my wife, but she could scarcely listen. She flattered around the apartment, arranged and rearranged the fur-

niture a dozen times. I had never known her so restless. Every now and then she would drop for a moment upon my knee, and, lifting up my face, would cover it with kisses; but even there she would not set still.

At length there came a tap upon the door, and she sprang hurriedly to open it. There were a few whispered words with the newcomer, and then Leona said, gravely, "My love, this is Dr. Williams. I have heard much of his skill, and I brought you here because I longed, for my own satisfaction, to have him examine your eyes. I did not wish to mention it at home, for there was no use in making any one else a sharer of my suspense."

Dr. Williams' voice was very kind. I liked that. He proceeded gently with his examination. For five moments I was in an agony of hope. In fancy I saw again earth and sky, and, dearer still, the sweet face of my bride. Leona held my hand tightly.

At length the doctor's verdict came. I know he pitied us, two poor young things, looking to him to crush or confirm a hope as precious as life. His voice trembled. He said, in low, earnest tones, "God soften it to you! There is no hope!"

He went out of the room. Leona closed the door after him, and then came back and threw herself into my arms. I could feel her heart throbbing tumultuously against my side. But she commanded herself, and strove to comfort me. "My poor, poor darling!" she said, tenderly, "can you forgive me for disturbing you with this vain trial? I did so long to know the worst. I could not help hoping before. Now we shall be at rest. It will not be like a doubtful sorrow."

"And you, Leona, can you indeed be content to share a blind man's darkened life?" She stopped my words with her kisses. "Hush, beloved! I will be your light—your eyes."

She has kept her word. I miss no pleasant sights or sounds of nature, for in her I have all things. I do not even need to look on her beloved face, for I see it in my heart forever, fresh, and young, and fair as when my eyes last beheld it. She was but a child when she first aroused me from my blind despair. She was my comforter then. She will be all the days of my life. The two years since our bridal have been full of joy. My heart has hardly space for more.

A month ago Richard brought home his bride. They call her more beautiful than Leona, but her voice is not so thrilling in its music. I do not believe so much soul looks from the eyes they call so dark and bright. I am full of content. I know, when God's own angels shall unseal my vision—when, in the everlasting light of heaven, the blind shall see again—fairest among women, fairest and truest will stand by my side, my God-given—my wife LEONA.

## Apotheosis.

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

**Departed.** On the evening of the 8th of February, ROSA, wife of Col. J. W. FANLAGE, of Detroit, aged forty-three years, left the perishable earthly form and ascended to a higher life. Many among her nearest and dearest friends are "sustained and soothed" in their affliction by "an unflinching trust" in the sublime realities of the Spirit world. Mrs. Phillips was a devoted wife and mother, a sincere and faithful friend. Her faith in the elevated truths of the Harmonical Philosophy, was sure and steadfast. Death appeared to her but a gentle angel come to conduct her to a higher and a better life. Embracing her children, she bade them good-bye "for a season," saying to them: "My dear children, though you will not be able to see me, yet I will be where I can see you, and I will watch over and protect you." Could those stern-hearted bigots of the old theology, who mock at the truths of Spiritualism, have witnessed that scene, their mouths would have been forever closed.

Death, they tell us, is an iron door That opens for the dying only. Barred up, and closed forever more, Behind the soul, as sad and lonely, It greets forth to meet its doom, In yonder world of doubt and gloom.

They wisely shake an empty head, And ever are repeating— "That 'twixt the living and the dead There never yet was friendly greeting."

Oh, God! how long are all the earth Shall bear the bright and glorious truth, That death is but a second birth— The blossoming of immortal youth.

Oh, Father! shall we longer wait For all the world shall know, There is a radiant golden gate Through which the angels come and go? DUMFRIES, February 8, 1881. E. E. A.

**Departed:** From Hudson, N. Y., Jan. 2, in her 88th year, MARY SMITH TAYLOR, wife of JOSEPH W. TAYLOR. Then the beloved of an earthly home has gone to join kindred Spirits in the home, "beyond the veil." She was a refined and lovely woman, and was only the light of the present plane in which her social but was not, but her soul was deeply imbued with the principle of reform. For many months, disease prostrated her delicate physical frame, but she passed through the "pearly gates" was cheered by the presence of the angel hosts and met members of the Spirit Land.

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## 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** lectures in Baltimore, Md., the first two Sundays of March; at West Winfield, N. Y., the third Sunday, and Syracuse the fourth. The five Sundays of April in Oswego.

**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 Sunday afternoon and evening at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, 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, the first two Sundays in March.

**WILLIAM DENTON, AND ANNE DENTON CRIDGE.**—These valued co-workers in the Reform field, start from Cleveland early in April, going as far west as Dubuque. They will answer calls to speak at intermediate points.

**WM. DENTON** gives full courses on Geology and Theology.

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On the subject of Ancient Religions and Free Masonry, the author remarks:

"That Masonry and ancient Religion once kept house together; that Materialism and Superstition quarrelled in the serving up of the dishes; that superstition established a nursery for all the weaklings (who could not digest the strong meat of the God-spirit) doctored knowledge, and proclaimed that ignorance was the mother of Devotion. The war having thus commenced, Materialism ran to the other extreme, rejected all truth that could not be made tangible to the merely animal senses, and was well nigh lost in the mazes of the blackest Atheism. In this *specimen of Materialism took the Head and Superstition the Heart, and each commenced house-keeping independently of the other.*"

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**THE THEORY OF TATTOO; or, the Science of the Progressive Knowledge:** containing the foundation and elements of a system for attaining at absolute certainty in all things. By FREDERICK L. L. L. pp. 240. Cincinnati: Truesdell & Spafford. Price \$1.00.

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a conscientious reasoner, and a valuable power in the ranks of Progress. In a note to the great public he affirms that "he publishes this work, and will (God permitting,) in due time, follow it up with a series of volumes, all designed to benefit man, (the individual,) the nation and the race, not only by the facts and truths therein disclosed and inculcated, but also by applying the *not* proceeds resulting from the sale thereof entirely to the benefit of man and the relief of suffering HUMANITY. Among other suitable means for effecting that object, the establishment of a MODEL INSTITUTION OF EDUCATION, more comprehensive, liberal and humane than any yet existing, claims a prominent place of the first rank, and his cherished wish, to be actualized by a co-operating association, as soon as the means are so ready."

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**BOHEMIA, UNDER AUSTRIAN DESPOTISM; Being an Autobiography.** By ANTHONY M. DUBOWITZ, M. D., of San Antonio, Texas. In one volume. pp. 256. New York: S. T. Munson, 143 Fulton st., 1899. Price 75 cents.

This excellent record of private experience, written in the style of familiar narrative, should form a part of every reformer's library; not that it will withstand, unharmed, the advancement of time, but because of the nobleness and liberty-inspiring tendency of its teachings. The author is of opinion that American impressions of Bohemia are principally via the unreliable mediumship of Germany. The latter are very prone to ascribe to themselves the exoduses that properly belong to the Bohemians. The Slavonic family numbers some seventy-five millions, nearly double that of the Germans. Being one of the northern States of Germany, Bohemia is geographically German, but not in its nationality, nor struggles for human freedom. The real source of the Reformation is traced a century back—through Calvin, Zwingli, Oecampinus, Melancthon, and Luther—to the Author's countryman, John Huss, and to the plans of noble-minded persons, who, in different sections and eras of that country, have attempted to break the fetters of religious tyranny and political despotism.

In his younger days the author indulged great hopes of Reform by means of the Germans; "but now," he says, "I am convinced that the beer-drinking and tobacco-smoking Germans are too phlegmatic to undertake any movement where quick activity is requisite to give force to grand impulses." He holds that the Poles, Hungarians, and Bohemians, have shown more intemperance than the Germans in the overthrow of despotisms, but that in most cases these more energetic nations or peoples have been in turn overthrown by Germanic combinations, and thus are held down to laws and systems, both in Church and State, for which they entertain only sentiments of hostility and destruction. The Poles, the Hungarians, the Bohemians, the Italians, and other nations, (according to this author,) have been brought down by the German mercenary soldiers; even the downfall of the great Napoleon—the People's Democratic Emperor—was effected mostly by the German forces. "When once their prejudices are directed into certain channels, they are powerful, any invincible auxiliaries, to all despots." Once in his younger days the author dreamed of a general revolution all over Germany, but his dream has vanished, and all he now hopes or expects is, "a slow mental process of development, to which even the prince and aristocracy are gradually compelled to yield, and which will eventually revolutionize Germany, and that all such men as Louis Napoleon are, perhaps, unconsciously, the grand architects of this much-to-be desired structure of universal Freedom."

The Austrian government for many generations has had hard work to hold in check a spirit of reformation with which the Bohemians and relative peoples are perpetually inspired. The spirit of the martyr, John Huss, is to the Austrian crown what the martyr's spirit of John Brown is likely to become in the Government of America. France has had its Napoleon, Austria its Metetrich, England its Pliglin Americans, and America is to a fair way of having its Reformers. In the year 1899 we may imagine a youthful descendant of the Reformers of America, standing by the grave of John Brown, as our author stood at the tomb of John Ziska, when, perhaps, something of the following will be repeated:

"I recalled on one occasion, when a lad of ten years, I stood on the green, damp flagstones, near the tomb of Ziska, and was absorbed in deep reflections of the past, when two visitors approached, and one of them said to the other, in German, which I understood:

"This is Ziska's, the great Bohemian hero's tomb."

On the marble slab was a full size representation of the killed hero, very much defaced. The other traveler contemptuously com-

menced boring with his walking stick into one eye of the statue, and observed:

"I wish he was alive, and I had the pleasure to blind him the second time, I would do so with a heated iron."

I cannot describe the feelings that took possession of my youthful breast. I felt my chest expanding, and I clenched my little fist, until the blood almost gushed from my finger nails. I stepped up to the strangers, and in their language said:

"I wish, sir, I was a grown up man, and I would have levelled you as low as the statue."

"They looked surprised, and contemptuously remarked:

"You are very spunky, young fellow."

A word of contempt generally applied by the Germans to my countrymen.

"I replied: 'I wish my father was here; he could strike you lifeless with his hand, and could whip a dozen such German curs as you are.'"

I left them with contempt, but as I left the Cathedral, I commenced crying most piteously, but could not tell what for. From the foregoing, the reader will better understand my feelings even on this day, some forty years after this has transpired; the memory of that intrepid blind man will carry me back four centuries, to the period of those remarkable events."

It is, perhaps, just to remark that, although much of this excellent volume is suggestive of spiritual truth and universal freedom, it is largely devoted to the author's individual career, and may not for that reason be as acceptable as though principles were more discussed.

## New Music.

We have received the following choice music recently issued from the publishing house of H. M. HOSKINS, 45 Lake st., Chicago.

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**OVER THE RIVER.**—Another of Webster's "Vocal Gems." The publisher has displayed his customary taste, embellishing the title page with a fine likeness of the composer. We received only the outside pages of this beautiful song—"Over the River."

"And I'll sit and think when the sunset's gold,  
Is fading the river, and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.  
I shall watch for a gleam of the lapping sail;  
I shall hear the boatman's oars as they strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the pearl-like shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved ones who've gone before,  
And joyfully greet them the meeting here;  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me."

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The only secret of any ailment known in the treatment of Chronic Disease is simply this: I study the magnetism of the mind as well as that of the body, and it would be well for all magicians if they would do the same; and then I operate to remove both the voluntary and involuntary cause of disease, by Animal and Electro Magnetism, as well as by Magnetic Remedies.

In offering my services to the public, I do so in full confidence of my own power as a Medium, and of my knowledge of the Therapeutic agency of Electro and Animal Magnetism, in the relief and cure of Chronic Complaints heretofore deemed incurable.

This mode or system of treatment will be found highly efficacious and eminently successful, when all other systems have failed, either to cure, or even to afford relief.

Neuritis, Sick and Nervous Headaches, frequently cured in a few minutes; Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles, Paralysis, Palsy, Kidney Complaints, Weak Backs, Diseases of the Spine, Heart Liver, and Lungs, Curvature of the Spine, Bronchial Affection, Asthma, Pulmonary Phthisis and Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Weak Eyes, and sometimes Blindness—when caused by Paralysis of the Optic Nerve—Fit, St. Vitus's Dance, or Chorea, Dementia, Nervousness, Tremor, Epilepsy, Hysteria, Tremor, King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, Venereal Venereal, Leprosy, and various other diseases.

Local cases of FEMALE DYSMENSA, such as Frequent Menstruation, or Falling of the Womb, Pains Above, or Below, Leucorrhoea, Chlorosis, Suppressed and Excessive Menstruation, Menorrhagia, I have never failed in performing a permanent cure.

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There are many Diseases that can be treated successfully at a distance, but they require all the symptoms clearly and distinctly described, (even when a Physician's examination is to be made,) may be desired, together with a full and accurate history of the complaint, age, habits, and occupation of the person.

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It is all over the charges for treatment and medicine will be moderate.

Persons of a foreign residence of visiting the city, for treatment, may be accommodated with board and attendance at moderate rates.

As I desire to be judged by my works, I assure a few testimonials of some recently made by me. From all, every and respect to the feelings of the patients, the addresses are omitted, but will be deposited with the editors of this paper, so that persons desiring of consulting with them may receive their names and address.

**CASE 1, Mr. P.**—Rheumatism in feet and ankles, of six weeks standing. Rode to the office. One application removed swelling and pain, enabling him to walk home, and to go to work at his trade the next day. Perfect cure in eight operations.

**CASE 2, Mr. M.**—Rider in church—Rheumatism in feet and lower limbs, effects of mercury and cold. Mercury removed and Rheumatism cured in twelve operations.

**CASE 3, Mr. M.**—Rider in church—Rheumatism in back and lower limbs. After third application, was enabled to go to work. Perfect cure in fourteen operations.

**CASE 4, Mr. J. H.**—Spine in back, was nearly drawn double. Cured in one application and was able to walk home.

**CASE 5, Mr. M.**—Curvature of Spine and chronic Rheumatism. Spine straightened and Rheumatism cured in 15 minutes.

**CASE 6, Mr. M.**—Chronic Rheumatism in legs, feet, arms, and back, 10 years standing. Thirty-two operations cured; greatly relieved after the seventh.

**CASE 7, Mr. W.**—60 years old. Palsy 10 years standing. Cured in seventeen operations; after the fourth, was enabled to work at his trade, Watch Maker.

**CASE 8, Mr. T.**—Liver Complaint and Indigestion of bowels. Cured in four operations.

**CASE 9, A. Derman.**—Severe case Bronchitis, 14 years standing. Breathed free and natural after the first application. Cured in about twelve operations.

**CASE 10, Mr. F.**—Tumor. Removed by absorption in about five weeks.

**CASE 11, Mr. J.**—Paralysis of right side; had lost all control of the right side, from the hip down. The voluntary motion was restored in eight operations, though patient continued weak for some time.

**CASE 12, Mr. E. J.**—Curvature (laterally) of the spine, hypertrophy of liver, compressed lungs, indigestion of kidneys. Perfect cure in about two months.

**CASE 13, Mrs. L. H.**—Spasm of the womb, and neuralgia. Pain and spasms removed in ten minutes, and the patient was sleeping in less than thirty minutes from the time the head was applied.

A Book of Cases is kept by me, and all persons desirous of coming under my treatment, can be referred personally to cases that have been cured by me. My Medicines are put up separately for each case, as the symptoms are exhibited, so persons wishing Remedies for any particular complaint should be very explicit in their explanations.

Money can be sent at any risk. All letters containing the consultation fees, will be answered by return of mail.

J. H. RAE, 54, Great Jones St., New York.

**Homoeopathische Heilanstalt.**

**HOMOEOPATHIC HEALING INSTITUTE**

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In order that every family may be convinced that their interests are the primary objects of the Institute, medicines will be applied gratis, and in case of death the quarterly dues will be remitted.

Human life may be regarded as a continual struggle towards perfection; thus even the most trifling deviation from nature, moral or physical, becomes an evil, which can only be corrected by the advice of a really enlightened and conscientious Physician, who has opportunity to study the habits, constitutions, weaknesses and inclinations of each member of the family under his care. It is to a worthy physician this opportunity is afforded, his advice may be made instrumental in the regulation and development of the mental as well as the physical system; for the faculties of the mind exercise a greater influence on the bodily organism than the latter exercises on the former.

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2. The culture of the body in general as well as in its different parts, in order to attain the most noble and graceful form, as well as durable vitality.

3. The promotion of the highest possible degree of health and vigor to the mental powers.

4. The attainment of the most perfect harmony in all the faculties and powers of the body and mind.

5. The bestowment of such instruction and advice in relation to the harmonies or antipathies of temperaments, as shall enable any individual to enable them to form such antipathies or relations as may be detrimental to the character and health of offspring.

6. The prevention or restriction of noxious influences during the period of pregnancy.

7. Consultations and medicines even for the most trifling indispositions, in order to prevent their aggravation.

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