

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	1
WHISPERINGS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	2
SHAKY OR LAZY.....	2
SHIRT AND SHIRT.....	3
GENIUS AND KNOWLEDGE OF A HUMAN SPIRIT.....	3
VOICES FROM THE FUTURE.....	3
N. E. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE (2nd Session).....	4
THE DRUMMER..... (Poetry)	4
MY SPIRIT CHILD.....	4
THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.....	4
MEMOIRS OF THE SOUTHWEST (Editorial).....	4
LETTERS OF DISPELLING.....	4
SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH ENCLAVES.....	4
PERSONS AND EVENTS.....	4
PARADOXICAL INTELLIGENCE.....	5
PARADOXICAL VIRTUE.....	5
LECTURE BY J. F. WALKER.....	5
MAN'S DEEDS RECORDED ON THE SCROLL.....	6
OF THE FUTURE.....	6
VALUE OF A WIFE TO A HISTORIAN.....	6
OF WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.....	7
OUR AGENTS.....	7
GUIDE TO TRAVELERS.....	7
NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.....	8

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.

A. M. S., NEW YORK.—Your sad and painful disappointments, in obtaining tests of Spirit-identity, resemble those experienced by the pioneer gold-seekers at Pike's Peak. Try again! the true metal is not far off.

ORIS BARNES, CLAY, N. Y.—We have not as yet seen anything to change the description of the Spheres, given in "Nature's Divine Revelations," and we therefore agree with you that they involve *locality* as well as state and condition. What we have further received is printed in the fifth volume of Great Harmonia.

ROBERT S. PUGHKEEPSIE.—Your few fraternal words came to us like rose-leaves pressed in Memory's album, revealing a necklace of pearls wishes for the success of every good and perfect work. Our recollections of Poughkeepsie are rolled up in the treasured visions that came to us upon the westward mountain top. Every such reminiscence "flows the heart with singular and thrilling pleasure."

E. P. W., DANVILLE.—Your path out of "Doubting Castle" was wading and thorny, but do you not reverently thank Heaven for every unavoidable struggle? You have escaped the fearful grasp of the "Giant Despair," and, though your best loved ones did not bear you company, do you not now stand in full freedom on one of the "Delectable Mountains?" Your paper will appear in this Journal.

C. CONSTANTINE, MICH.—THANKS! Your valuable communication is safe, and waiting its turn; it will soon be on the performance of its public mission. Other contributions from the quiet sanctuary of your own "domestic circle"—the beautiful and lucid communications (of which you speak), upon subjects involving the harmonical philosophy and the occult phenomena of Nature—will, doubtless, not only interest, but instruct our readers. Prose or verse—both will be welcome.

JAMES C. BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.—Yes, Brother, We design to publish fresh facts, conveying convincing internal evidence of human intercourse with the inhabitants of the summer land. "Line upon line" is a necessity in a moving world of transient memories, but we do not propose to give "facts upon facts," unless they amount to something more than what the lawyers term "accumulative testimony." Your experiences may also yield evidences not only many, but various also; please forward them, Brother, and we will be frank in the examination.

THINKER, NEW YORK.—How can a medium or an irresponsible person resist the bad influences emanating from certain kind of persons?

The resisting power reposes in the temperament; so, also, the impossibility in relation to others; and, therefore, in many instances, as with Spirit-mediums, the only immediate remedy is *avoidance*. But where the temperament is forearmed with natural resistance, as in cases where persons do not even take on epidemics, the simple course is to summon such resistance into practical operation. Almost every person can resist "the devil" (or evil) of indiscriminate society if they will and want to do so.

T. S., NEW YORK.—If we were created by God, why did he not create us Spirits in the first place, with Spiritual bodies, instead of compelling us to stay here on earth sixty or seventy years, with a physical body?

There is no creation—that is, no bringing something out of nothing—but formation, incessant and eternal. We cannot become individualized, as Spirits, except by means of that organic factory, which we termed "the body." Every person should live or be permitted to live by means of our Laws, and Judges, and Doctors. Why? Because the advantages of a mere material existence here (to say nothing of the moral benefits growing out of the inevitable discipline) are too important after death to be disregarded.

Of the Six Loves.

G. W. E., NEW YORK.—Can Fraternal or Filial Love be developed before Conjugal and Pa-

rental, or is it necessary that they succeed one another in their natural order?

Love is the life of man. It is the eternal Spirit living in the form of the finite. Some anthropologists divide man's brain into special compartments. We do not; and yet, there is truth in the theory that special organs in the cerebral substance are empowered with certain powers for the performance of definite missions in the life of the individual. Man's energizing and sympathetic powers, yea, and all the glorious faculties of penetration and knowledge, are summed up in that much dishonored term, "Love." The subversion of love is hatred or repulsion. Its inversion is seen in selfishness, arctic rigidity, and misanthropy. And from its unrestrained, but extreme energies, issue all violence, passion, vice, and consequent misery.

The six human Loves grow naturally and progressively each out of the other. Their inter-dependence and polar attractiveness are mutual and beautiful. Their proper unfoldments are like the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, of the beautiful flower that the Great Spirit planted in your garden. And although it is possible to feel, and to be powerfully actuated by Fraternal and Filial Love in advance of the normal growth of their ancestral affections, yet it must be remarked, as very self-evident in practical life, that none of the Loves are truly *wise* and happy, unless educated and naturally unfolded by its appointed predecessors.

The Sun of Righteousness.

W. NUTTMAN, NORTHAMPTON.—What do you understand by the scriptural expression 'the sun of righteousness,' &c.?

This biblical expression originated in the oriental hemisphere, but embodies a glorious future truth. All intelligent mythologies are based upon a recognition of the radical principles of man's Spiritual constitution. The graceful metamorphosis of Ovid, no less than the mystic wonders and supernaturalisms set forth in writings of more ancient poets, foreshadow the hidden realities of human nature.

But here is our translation of the passage: When the whole human consciousness shall have unfolded and asserted itself, and shall begin, through scientific knowledge and harmonical philosophy, to reign triumphant over the social or moral world, then "The Sun of Righteousness" (*i. e.* pure Reason), will arise, like a new revelation of immortal effulgence—"with healing in its wings."

Reproduction in the Spirit Land.

G. M. HENDERSON, RIFON, WIS.—What are the relations of the sexes in the second sphere, Spirit Land? Do they reproduce in a manner corresponding to this world?

The divine law of Use is the governmental source of every organ and function. Nothing lives a day after its real usefulness in the boundless economy of the universe has absolutely terminated. This world is the *manufactory* of individualized minds, adapted to a future life. The productions of this existence are gathered into that which is to come. The organic machinery of our terrestrial bodies, by which reproduction is carried forward, is not demanded by the law of Use in the Spirit Land.

But the relation of marriage, between the sexes, is far more perfect in the next life. Love, not passion, prevails. And the objects of love are exalted far above the reproductive impulses of the blood. The wondrous and beautiful cerebrum, or front and superior lobe of the brain, spiritualizes the blood just in proportion to its predominance over the cerebellum and its visceral appendages.

In the other world, where the moral and intellectual powers are naturally balanced and supreme, the reproductiveness of blood is transferred to that of spirit. Thus the correspondence is kept up. The offsprings of Spirit-love are high-born acts of wisdom and philanthropy; and it is worthy of all consideration and gratitude, that, in the Spirit-world, no great individual deeds are possible outside of the true marriage. Indeed, without union between adapted natures there is neither happiness nor procreation.

Can Spirits See Material Objects?

W. JILSON, WAUKEGAN, ILL.—In some of your writings you have put forth this proposition: "It is a law of nature, that Spiritual things are seen only by Spiritual eyes, and material things by material eyes." (I quote from memory.) Then, on page 174, Penetralia, you say: "While the party entertained themselves in conversation, concerning the diagrams that were hanging on the wall, we (Catherine and I) &c., &c." Some persons seem to think the statement of Spirits seeing the diagrams "on the wall," contradicts the above proposition. Will you please explain?

Simplicity of conception and expression is a partial test of truth—not crudity nor flaunting extravagance of style—and yet, some truths are so fine, so exquisitely attenuated, that to treat them with simple words seems somewhat like dressing a divine and gentle spirit in homespun sackcloth. We must be speak attention, close and patient, to the brief explanation we have to give. It has been asked,

—Who can paint a sunbeam to the blind, Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?

Still, it becomes necessary to "paint a sunbeam," and to feel a shadow, in classifying and explaining the class of truths to which our correspondent refers.

Spirit eyes discern material and corporeal objects, by means of the *aura* which emanates from the objects; that is, the internal eye sees the rose through its fragrance and its qualities, a stone through its latent life principle, a tree through its expanded life, a physical man through his animating soul, a diagram on the wall through the *neura* with-

in the markings of the artist, (by which subtle principle a letter is psychometrized;) and so on, throughout the whole empire of material forms, the Spiritual eye discerns physical bodies only through their Spiritual qualities, showing that spirit-sight is exactly the reverse of bodily-sight, just as matter is the opposite of mind; and yet, these exact opposites meet in one common center, as all extremes do and must.

In Behalf of Neglected Reformers.

EMMET DENSMORE, BLOOMING VALLEY, CRAWFORD CO., PA.—FRANCIS DAVIS: "So far as I am able to learn, you have never noticed Percy B. Shelly, in any of your works. I would like to read impressions concerning him—his 'Central Idea,' and his relative power, as compared with the world's great Thinkers. It has seemed to me that you have given too great attention to some persons and too little to others. As an instance, look at the prominence given to Garrison in the 'Penetralia,' and 'The Thinker,' and no mention of William Godwin, Mary Wolstonecraft, Shelley and wife, Robert Owen, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Joseph R. Buchanan, Joseph Barker, and many others that might be named. I hope I do not underrate those of whom you have written; but the thought that I wished to give expression to is this: that while, in some instances you have paid much attention to certain individuals, you have failed to mention others that have been, and are now, of more intellectual and moral worth, and consequently of more use to the world."

ANSWER.—It has been our abiding impression from the first contact with the opulent mind of Percy B. Shelly to this hour, that almost the whole tide of his masterly powers was bent upon the *destruction of error and superstition*. Yet, it is but justice to ourselves, as well as to the readers of the wonderfully gifted Poet, to say that we have not *psychometrically* investigated either his capacities or their adaptability to the world's needs and wants. Perhaps this ineffable luxury is in store for us; if so, we shall make haste to spread the table before all our readers.

With regard to the apparently neglected ones, we remark that several of them have been presented in the 4th vol. of the Great Harmonia, viz: Moses, Jesus, Swedenborg, Fonner, Robert Owen, H. C. Wright, Stephen P. Andrews, Thomas L. Nichols, Horace Greeley, &c.—(See pp. 404 and 414 inclusive); and the day, we hope, is not distant, when a true knowledge of the fine powers and absolute value of Prof. Buchanan, Joseph Barker, &c., &c., will dawn with inextinguishable light upon our interior understanding. Of both these men, so very different by organization, we have already many most precious impressions. There is in our heart no wish or will, either *for* or *against* any living human being, unless, by means of an unsought but satisfactory measurement and comprehension of the status of the individual, we acquire some definite intelligence upon which a just verdict may be predicated. In such case, regardless of "what will people say," our spirit is free to make a full declaration. But we never mean to urge any such "impressions" as absolutely infallible.

Do Spirits Wear Clothing?

INVESTIGATOR, NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1860.—"In your 'Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,' page 131, you describe the formation of the spiritual body of a man who was killed by a well-caving in upon him. You say you saw 'a form finely wrought, a body beautifully, organically, and symmetrically constructed.' Did the body appear clothed or naked? Another question: Can a Spirit enter a house through a wall, or any solid substance? There seems to be much difference of opinion existing amongst believers in Spirit intercourse in regard to the ability of Spirits as to seeing, hearing, &c. Why is this? Cannot their habits and powers be ascertained correctly beyond any doubt?"

ANSWER.—While engaged in the perception of the apotheosis described in the work in question, we could not discern corporeal and material things, for the reason that the Spiritual eye can see only what is essential and celestial. But garments suitable for the dress of the Spirit-body, had there been any, would have reflected themselves upon our vision. There were no habiliments born with the Spirit-body, and hence it was raised naked and unconcealed, just as you and we were delivered into this world at the moment of birth. But more concerning this at some future time.

Your query, regarding the power of Spirits to pass unimpeded through "a house wall, or solid substance," is answerable in many ways.

Spirits can travel through all substances by reflection, or by vision, or by extemporaneous energy, but not in organic form, not in bodily personality, as we can walk through water, or as we do separate the abounding atmosphere whenever moving through the spaces. Where there is one seer or one Spirit who asserts the power of unembarrassed penetration through material bodies, there are ten seers and as many Spirits who will, from a superior and more philosophical plane of discernment, testify directly for the decision above expressed. The reason why certain seers and Spirits testify differently, can be found in the want of inmost and upward judgment. They resemble the *ante-astronomical* nations, who held that the earth was an endless plain of land and water, and that the sun was the good God's gorgeous chariot, in which he drove with lightning speed around this immovable and all-important mass of flat matter. And why? Because nothing, they thought, could be more evident to sight, and therefore to reason, than the flatness and immobility of the earth, and the rotundity and rotation of the fiery source of every blessing; while, in fact, it was the flatness and immobility of their own heads, and not that of the globe, which covered their judgments with such absurd convictions.

We say all this merely as a practical suggestion to our correspondent; in part explaining why men, and Spirits, and seers, differ upon matters where opposite convictions seem impossible. Wisdom, besides sight and testimony, is required.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

P. W. D., AFFRED, ME.—Your interrogatories shall receive attention.

"D. J. to A. J." is received. We will report our decision soon.

J. P., AYR, C. W.—The work is not on our shelves, therefore we appropriate all for postage.

L. L., LANINGBOROUGH, N. Y.—The "Poem" is hardly to our taste. Shall we return it to your address?

W. TURNER, SOMERSET.—We cannot find the book you order. The balance is subject to your order.

W. H. VOSHUGH, WEST TROY.—Medical articles cannot be prepared every week. By the words "our next," we meant the next article, not issue.

HENRY S. D. C., HOBOKEN.—By "Common Sense" we mean that which is true and right in your mind and mine—the universal sense composed of individual contributions.

DELLA R., PEKIN.—The time you mention will be satisfactory. We trust there will be a spiritual compensation for the "hard work," that will amply reward you.

JONATHAN KIRK, GRANFAN HILLS, PA.—Your disease will yield to some remedial power, no doubt, which we shall at once communicate as soon as the intelligence is in our possession.

J. T. W.—The expression of Sir Thomas Brown was this: "Even Sylla, who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument."

J. M. KENNEDY, PHILADELPHIA.—"Divine and Natural Life" is waiting its turn to be typographically incarcerated. The subject is metaphysically important, and may shed light upon some dark thoughts.

J. R. P., PORT CLINTON, PA.—"The Mother's Consolation" is true and beautiful in essence, but the prosaic prevails in its style. The thoughts therein expressed should be preserved. Shall we send it to thee, brother?

J. R. W., NEW YORK.—We refer you to our reply to "The Tribune's Criticism" in our last issue, No. 5, on the first page. Our resolution to stand upon that platform, is fixed; yet we are open to "more light" in that direction.

MR. HENRY L., COLUMBIA, S. CAROLINA.—The information you so earnestly desire can be obtained, perhaps, of Judge Edmonds, of this city. It will give us pleasure to have an interview with you at our office.

C. P. R., BROADWAY.—It is impossible to read more than half of your carelessly written paper. The type-setters have rights as well as writers. We have no right to impose illegible "copy" upon any "compositor," and we do not often do it. Write carefully, plainly, and tersely.

DR. A. M. S., FORT MADISON, IOWA.—The renunciations and erratic course of the individual to whom you refer, give us no anxiety or unbrotherly emotions. When authentic reports reach us, they shall be duly considered. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

JOSIAH B., HUMBOLDT, ALLEN CO., KANSAS.—"What's in a name?" is a question well answered by your extemporization. But we prefer to keep the poetry a secret. Hence do not expect its publication. Please send our readers any valuable information respecting the present condition or future prospects of Kansas.

A. B. CONNEAUVILLE, PA.—Your congratulatory epistle is fully appreciated. We feel, with you, that the efforts of this journal are aimed against "Ignorance and its first begotten child, Error." Will you enlist in this army, and march with us upon the royal road of Progress? All men move, whether they know it, or not.

J. C. C.—, ARKRIGHT, N. Y.—The hope that you will see in this journal "a full and minute philosophical exposition of the psychological revolution experienced by the candidate" at a so-called revival of Orthodox religion, will not belong deferred. It is a subject fraught with much mystery to the unphilosophical. We shall be glad to delineate the interior process.

GEORGE D.—Cynics are natural growths where pomp and profusion of artificial refinement are associated with ignorance in high places. The Cynic Apemantus was even more captious than Diogenes. These men at first regarded all human fashion and passion with splendid disdain; but, failing to make impressions upon the minions of folly, they became sullenly, snarling, and grossly satirical.

W. D. H.—, WAUKESHA, WIS.—Amount received and deposited to your credit. Your words of cheer, and the intelligence of the far westward-bound individuals, were both welcome and amusing. May the cause of unbounded free thought and brotherly love flourish in your fine town, notwithstanding "the nine orthodox sectarian churches in full blast," and the prejudices which they intentionally stimulate against the expansion and enlightenment of eternal Reason as each one's guide.

H. W. F., NEW YORK.—Thank you, kind friend, for your generous words of sympathy and encouragement. Most truly should that branch of reform which proposes *woman's elevation*, claim the attention of the philanthropic; in order, as you justly remark, that she may be "aroused to a true sense of her inherent capabilities, and enlightened as to what her destiny may be in the future, as the beloved and honored companion of man rather than his indulged and indolent subject."

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 V.

VEGETABLE LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

On the uses of Flowerless Plants to Man, and in the Economy of Nature.

We have already spoken of the law of Isomerism, but as technical terms are, when not fully understood, rather calculated to bewilder the mind than to render the subject more clear and plain, we shall lay these aside as far as possible, and in this case call this the law of Order, or the orderly arrangement of elements and compounds.

This law is of universal application, and lies at the basis of every movement of progression. First, in the mineral kingdom, it operated in arranging elements and compounds in crystalline forms, and refining and elevating all the matter on this plane; then, in the vegetable world, performing still higher functions, arranging and progressing matter into finer and better conditions; and in the animal kingdom the same beautiful law of order has ever been silently but incessantly working; and to each and every living thing in all the countless ages of the past has come, and in the eternal now comes the deep toned and prophetic inspiration of God, saying ever, "set thy house in order, for thou shalt die."

Not alone in the broad domain of life, but everywhere in the vast universe the law of order and of progress are one and the same. Herein lies the grand distinction between the civilized man and the savage; the luxuries, refinements, and comforts of the one, are only denied to the other because he does not know how to arrange and combine the elements and materials which are around him so as to produce them. Art, with her million conquests over matter, is but the working of this great law; the labors of genius in sculpture, in "pillar and temple, in altar and obelisk," in everything, are but grand and glorious reunions of elements and forms of matter which are as old as the universe itself. The steam engine, that wonderful machine that, through the guidance and development of human intellect, is now doing the work of so many millions of human hands, is but the chaining and bringing into order, a power that in the primeval days, in earthquakes and volcanoes, played such fantastic tricks as made old earth shake and tremble from pole to pole, from center to circumference.

In our last chapter we were speaking of the uses of fungi. These play an important part in the economy of Nature, in renovating and purifying the air, and preparing the soil for higher and better conditions of vegetable and animal life. They exist almost everywhere; thousands of recognized species are known. Badham says: "To enumerate but a few of those of the microscopic kinds; (there are some which the arms could scarcely embrace;) the *muco* *mucedo* that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *ascophora mucedo* that makes our bread moldy; the *uredo segetum*, that burns Ceres out of her corn fields; the *uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive, and the *puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses. So is the gray *milla*, that rots and then fattens upon our fruits; and the *muco herbariorum*, that destroys the careful gleanings of the pains-taking botanist. When our beer or vinegar becomes mothery, the mother of the mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns rosy and putrid, funguses have a finger in it all! Their reign stops not here; they prey upon each other; they even select their victims! There is the *myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry agraries. The *muco cryosporinus* attacks the flesh of a particular *Boletus*; the *steretium cornutum* which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some *xylomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow exclusively.

The *racodium* of the low cellar, festoons its ceilings, shags its walls, and keeps our wines in bonds, while the *gestrum* has been found suspended on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul's. The close cavities of nuts, afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry; these pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum; nor do they confine their selective ravages to plants alone; they attach themselves to animal structures and destroy animal life; the *oxygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses, and for the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone; the abdomen of the tropical fly is liable, in autumn, to break out into vegetable tufts of fungus growth; and the caterpillar to carry about a

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clearer larger than himself. The fungous disease called *muscardine* destroys many silkworms, and the vegetating wasp, of which everybody has heard, is only another mysterious blending of vegetable with insect life. Funguses visit the wards of our hospitals, and grow out of the products of surgical diseases. Where then are they not to be found? Do they not abound like Pharaoh's plagues, everywhere? Is not their name legion, and their province ubiquity?"

Almost every form of decaying vegetable or animal matter becomes a nidus, or point on which some of these fungi are developed, and in which they arrest and modify the putrefactive process, and lock up in their own organisms, often in a harmless condition, elements and principles which, if left free in the atmosphere and on the earth, would generate disease and pestilence. The operation and influence of poisonous vegetables, reptiles, and animals, in changing the atmospheric and other conditions of our globe, is but little understood. When the light of science has revealed more of these mysteries, we shall probably find that this chapter in God's inspired volume, from which we have so long been disposed to turn in disgust, contains some of the most interesting and important lessons that are to be found in that volume. Are not these chosen instruments in the Divine Hand, for the purpose of gathering up those deadly exhalations which necessarily exist in a progressive world, and having concentrated them, finally removing them altogether from the fair face of nature?

Next in order we shall consider the Lichens, class analogous to some of the Algae, though of very different habits, the one growing in the water, and being soft and succulent, and the other growing in the air, and being dry and crisp. The lichens always grow upon trees, fences, rocks, &c., exposed to the light and air. There are a great variety of these; almost every tree, rock, or old fence, has more or less of them attached firmly to its surface. Their color varies; it is generally of a pale grayish green. They are dry on the upper surface, and have root-like fibres from the under surface, some of which absorb moisture from the atmosphere and the elements of nutrition, while others fix the plants firmly and securely upon the substance to which they are attached. They are propagated by spores, and manifest a power of choice in selecting their place of attachment.

Thus, in the autumn and winter season, a southern exposure is selected, in our latitude, while in the spring and summer this selection is not made. It has been supposed that some of these plants could prognosticate the character of the season and place themselves in a position to be protected from the most severe weather. There are many very beautiful and interesting forms among these humble plants, and some of them are quite useful to man and animals. Thus the *comomyce rangeferina*, of Lapland and Greenland, "is the lichen which, for the greater part of the year, and especially in winter, is the support of vast herds of reindeer, in which consists all the wealth of the Laplanders. No vegetable," Linnaeus tells us, "grows throughout Lapland in such abundance as this, especially in woods of scattered pines, where, for many miles together, the surface of the sterile soil is covered with it as with snow. On the destruction of forests by fire, when no other plant will find nutriment, this lichen springs up and flourishes, and after a few years, acquires its greatest size. Here the reindeer are pastured, and whatever may be the depth of snow during the long and severe winters of that climate, they have the power of penetrating it, and obtaining their necessary food."

Another of these, the *cevaria islandica*, an arctic plant which, however, grows as far south as our latitude, is used as an article of food, "being boiled in broth or milk, after being freed of its bitter taste by repeated soaking in water, or dried and made into bread." Immense quantities are gathered in Norway and Iceland, not only for sale but for home consumption, as an article of common food. These plants grow to the height of two or three inches and have a rugged, bushy aspect. The bitter quality being extracted by steeping, it is then dried and reduced to a powder and made into cakes. The natives are very fond of these and "confess that a bountiful Providence sends them bread out of the very stones."

Another of these plants furnishes a purple dye; it is the *lecanora*, of which there are several varieties. The *L. tartarea* is the famous cudbear; so called after a Mr. Cuthbert, who first brought it into use. It is employed to produce a purple for dyeing woolen yarn. It is imported largely from Norway, where it grows abundantly; it is also found in Scotland, and many an industrious peasant gets a comfortable living by gathering this lichen and sending it to Glasgow. These plants are epiphytes, and do not injure those substances on which they grow. They are auxiliaries to the other cryptogamia in producing changes on the surface of the earth. Closely allied to these, and connecting them with the mosses, are the liverworts, hepaticæ, but they present so few distinctive characteristics that we need not notice them further.

Next in order, we find the beautiful family of the Mosses, *Musci*. These little plants are very common and widely diffused; they are numerous in cold and damp situations, growing mostly in the shade, in woods, and upon the protected sides of rocks. They are among the most beautiful of the Cryptogamia, and have attracted more attention than any other of this class. They are winter plants, reviving in humid air, abundant about the poles, rare at the equator. They cover the moun-

tains of the earth as high as the limits of perpetual snow, growing in patches. They clothe the most barren spots with verdure, preserve trees from heat and cold, prepare the earth for nourishing more perfect plants, and fill up bogs and morasses with vegetable matter. They are more subservient to the economy of nature than to the purposes of man. Their color is mostly of a beautiful dark green, some are purple, and when dried, gray. Their organisms are very fine and delicate, some so small as to require a magnifying glass to see their construction. They may be found at all seasons, but are more common in winter and early spring. Some grow on old roofs, and cause the decay of the wood; the *Tortula muralis* may be found on almost any old roof. In dry seasons they become crisp, but a slight shower will revive them. A few are considerable in size, even reaching the length of two feet; one (*Polypodium commune*) is used in making brooms and hassoaks; in Lapland it is very valuable. Linnaeus says, "The Laplanders cut out a surface of this moss, as large as they please, for a bed, separating it from the earth beneath; and although the shoots are scarcely branched, they, nevertheless, are so entangled by the roots as not to be separated from each other. This mossy cushion is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and if a similar portion is made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be more warm and comfortable. The natives fold their bed together, tying it up into a roll that it may be grasped by a man's arms, and thus, if necessary, carry it with them to the place where they mean to sleep the night following. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture." Dried mosses are used for making cushions, mattresses, &c.

Three of the four remaining orders of Cryptogamia do not require much consideration. The *marcellaceæ*, of which there are very few plants, as the quillwort and pillwort, both of which are only two or three inches high, and grow under water; the *lycopodiaceæ*, also a small family, including the club mosses and the *equisetaceæ*, or horse tail. This is a peculiarly harsh and brittle plant; it grows in marshy places and is sometimes used for scouring; it has the property of taking up a considerable quantity of silica or flint, and combining in its organism more of this than any other known plant. The *equisetæ* have been used in medicine on this account, it being a homœopathic remedy for certain forms of gravel. It is probable that the real object of this plant is to raise this silica into an isomeric condition, to fit it for the systems of other plants and for animals.

The only remaining order, the Ferns, is the highest and most important of all the cryptogamia, being not only the most perfectly organized, but the one which has left the most permanent autobiography in those most valuable and interesting records, the coal beds. This order, and these beds, will be the subject of our next chapter.

It is in the domain of Nature that these lichens and mosses perform their great work as ministering angels, carrying blessings from our common Father's hand to our mother earth. The lichens are the John the Baptists, clothed in rough garments, crying in the wilderness to the very rocks, "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"—"harden not your hearts as in the day of provocation," when the volcanic fires burned around you; and then, embracing these, like true missionaries, they wait and minister at their sides until the rocks crumble into dust. Then, in the true spirit of the martyr, they offer themselves up as an atonement, giving up their lives, proving that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church;" for behold! out of their mingled remains is born the beautiful church of vegetable life—a church more grand than temple, or fane, that man has erected, being part of that

"Vast cathedral, mighty as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!"

Who has not worshipped at the shrine of flowers and listened to their sweet music as they "gaze on us, with gentle, child-like eyes;" or stood beneath the lofty old trees, and felt that God was there, and that these were His altars and His priests, ministering ever in tones of gentleness and love!

The Mosses are missionaries to another class of heathen, their labors lie among the wet and cold places, and yet they preach the same great gospel of progression. They work silently but incessantly in preparing the soil, mingling the various elements and compounds together, and making many waste places to blossom as the rose. How beautifully these humble plants fulfill their mission, going where there is no life, seeking only the dreary and waste places, knowing that "the whole need not a physician."

The story of Mungo Parks' moss is a beautiful and impressive sermon. In the year 1796 this hardy pioneer was traveling under Africa's burning sun, and on the road from Kooma to Selidooloo, he was waylaid, stripped and robbed of everything; treasures that to him were invaluable were destroyed before his eyes by rude savages in human form. "After they were gone," he says, "I sat for some time looking around me in amazement and terror. I was in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, surrounded by savage animals and still more savage men. I considered my fate certain; I had no alternative but to lie down and perish; I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement." Thus, sad and alone, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, weeping over his forlorn condition, his eye caught

the sight of a little tuft of moss, (of the species *finlaysoni* *zebra*) not larger than the end of his finger. It was alive and beautiful, in that desolate place. It was one of God's missionaries, and it found a tongue. But it did not say to him, "thou art a member of a different sect—ye worship at Jerusalem but we worship at this mountain"—but it spoke thus: "Brother, God is here; He is our Father; He visits me; He feeds me with his dews, and gives me my daily bread, in this lone wilderness; He sent me here to do a work, and while I work He is ever with me; His own hands formed my little stems, and leaves, and seeds; He painted me so beautifully, and now He bids me tell thee, Brother, that He is with thee, and thou must arise and go thy way." When the lone traveler heard this sermon he wept for joy; picking up the little moss, he started, and in a few hours he came to a small native village, where he found friends, no more true, but in human form. Thus are these little ones ever preaching to us when we can hear them, but to many, trials seem necessary to open their ears.

"Yet I believe in each affliction
There lies a hidden benediction."
A Scottish poet, Robert Murray McCheyne, in alluding to the above, has given a poem, part of which we quote:

"The sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light
On Africa's barren land;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind,
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it babbling from its source,
In wilds untrod before.

Sad, faint, and weary, on the sand
Our traveler sat him down, his hand
Covered his burning head;
Above, beneath, behind, around,
No resting for the eye he found—
All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone,
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Filled his delighted gaze;
Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendrils wild,
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

Oh, shall not He who keeps these green,
Here in the waste, unknown, unseen,
Thy fellow exile save?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave.

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired,
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along,
Till, with the evening's cooling shade,
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song."

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.
SIGHT AND INSIGHT.
Thoughts and Records of Nature and Common Life.
BY A NORMAL SEER.
NUMBER ONE.

To know the external aspect of things, is Sight—a rich gift. To question, think, and feel, leads to that intuitive perception of causes, relations, and the significance of things, which is Insight—a richer gift, to which the first is tributary. Insight is gained by the free, serene, earnest, and receptive.

—Nature's varied aspects, of common life and passing events, are rich in deep and prophetic meaning.

—High possibilities of Seership, clairvoyance, and a fine foresight that men call prophetic, are in common men and women—not as supernatural gifts, to amaze the superstitious, but as natural powers that wise and loving effort and patient waiting call out here or hereafter.

—We think too lightly of Common Things, what they mean, and what they foretell.

—Not alone in ancient Egypt and Judea, in classic Greece and mighty Rome, were great thoughts, grand deeds, significant events, but here and now, with you and me as spectators—possibly unconscious actors—are the marvels of the Past transcended by those of the Present.

—Not only in the Alps and Andes, on Asiatic steppes, beneath tropical palms, or among polar ice, is Nature grand and beautiful; but the Alleghanies and Monadnock, the prairies and homestead elms, the white bloom of orchards, the familiar fragrance of the rose, are for us, at home!

—The lives of John and Sarah, of Maria and William, in our parish or country—working, enjoying, laughing, weeping, planting, harvesting, inventing, and succeeding, tell and foretell more and more each day.

—We may meet again in these columns, from time to time, if such meeting shall possibly add to the common weal. Meanwhile I leave a fact for you, good readers. Its purport you must solve. Here it is:

—Ten miles west of Lockport, on the "Ridge Road," and just north of the Railroad, is the little village of Pekin. Northward from it one street the eye ranges over a wide expanse of field and forest, with the blue waters of Lake Ontario in the distance. Near by is the home of Marian S. and Paulina J. Roberts.

Last year Mrs. Roberts and her four daughters—from eleven to eighteen years old—were farmers, real workers! While the husband carried on his mill, they tilled a hundred acres,

all in crops. Plowing was done for them in the spring, after which they planted, hoed, plowed, and garnered, with as good crops as their neighbors in the same kind of soil. They dug 1,250 bushels of potatoes, hiving a man or two, but doing their full share *womanfully*. They grubbed, dragged together, and burned stumps and logs on fifteen acres of what was heavily timbered land, and then plowed it. Last fall the girls ploughed a hundred acres,—driving and caring for their own horses.

This year, by an exchange of property, they have 350 acres, and intend to till over 200 acres. Eighty acres in oats, thirty in broom-corn, twenty in Indian corn, fifteen in potatoes, &c., &c.

With hired girls they mean to do this. Three are soon coming—two from New Hampshire—for farm-work, and one for housework. A good workman is to be hired in the fall to instruct and oversee, that the girls may make the ten tons or so of corn into brooms.

The raising of willow is also to be commenced. It sells at paying prices, and it is hoped that, in coming time, they may start a factory for making willow ware, and giving women work, somewhat less severe than this heavy pioneer farming.

The Bloomer dress, of course, is worn. American girls of good families can be had without trouble to work out of doors.

Mrs. Roberts has a good constitution, but was in poor health from family cares and indoor confinement. She is now healthy.

The daughters are much like many hearty, cheerful farmers' daughters—frank and natural in manners, strong and healthy; the mother has perseverance, energy, and practical sagacity, with most kindly qualities of character.

The father is an energetic man of business, is manly, and willing his girls should work if they wish. This season he will be occupied in digging a large ditch to drain his own and his neighbors' lands, which will cost over \$1,000. They have met with but little slight or ridicule, and it is decreasing. "Nothing succeeds like success," is a true saying!

Here is courage, effort, success, and a plan in the future for work for women, at paying prices—as good as men get for the same labor. Who will sneer, and thus show their want of Insight?

(In a private note from our gifted "Normal Seer"—G. B. S.—we found the following: "My idea is to say, in an easy, familiar way, what rocks, trees, hills, waters, journeys, home life, marked men and women in public or private, speeches, events of note, &c., &c., may suggest, in the light of the Philosophy of Harmonical Progress.")

For the Herald of Progress.
THE GENESIS AND EXODUS OF A HUMAN SPIRIT.
BY VELOUSOUS.
NUMBER ONE.

How truly do I to-day realize the truth, that "Man is one world, and hath another to attend him." Every passage of life is proof of this statement. What is it that I, that all persons, remember most clearly? Is it not experiences? And what are experiences! Are they mere proximities of bodies, of events of physical life? Are they not rather the events of inner life—events, it is true, which are not the theme of ordinary historians, but which, nevertheless, are the fountains of historic life, the motor forces of societies, and of national as well as individual life?

This age, more than any other, demands of us all, a clear revelation of what we are, not of what we seem, objectively viewed, to others. This can be done in literature only by our truthful relation of those inner events which most nearly concern ourselves, and which are really the greatest events of being and doing. It is in thought, in reflection, in ideas, that we most exist and act, and are, therefore, most fully revealed to ourselves. We know the world only in thought, in ideas, in feelings. We first come to ourselves in the realms of thought, and nothing is so certainly known to us as our thoughts and ideas.

Hence, the great doctrine of Descartes, "I think, therefore, I am." This may seem abstract to some, but who does not know that the whole concrete world rests upon abstract principles. All individual acts of an outward character are produced by the inward forces of thought, just as all social institutions are begotten by the inward yearnings of human souls. And I see the time will come, when, if we have given the temperaments of a person and his thoughts or ideas of to-day, we can, to a mathematical certainty, tell what he will be five or ten years hence. "Out of the abundance of the heart," not only "the mouth" but the whole life "speaketh." Every emotion, each thought and idea, will become, sooner or later, more or less perfectly, fact. The material worlds that people the vast stellar spaces, are not more the symbols of divine ideals, than the acts of a person are symbols of his inward life. Confucius exclaimed, "How can a man be concealed—how can a man be concealed!"

You give the narrowest bigot a single free, truthful thought, let it get fairly before his mind, no matter from what point of compass, and his spiritual emancipation is as certain as the revolution of the stars. Truth operates like the logic of God, slowly it may be, but none the less surely. As I find from experience, man is an instrument of vastest compass—myriad sided—but so delicately strung as to vibrate under the influence of the smallest forces. An unkind word has turned the finest resolution of my life into a failure, and poisoned the waters of emotion for a whole month; while a single smile from one I loved, has been my angel in clouds and storms for years together. But I find this also, that as

my spirit becomes larger, it is more susceptible from within, but at the same time, less easily disturbed from without. I have learned, also, that the difficulties which I most dreaded and shrank from, have been the best spiritual schools for me. The sailor learns his skill and develops his best strength in the storm; and our spiritual life "renews itself as a vigorous pulse under the sleet of winter as under the sky of June."

And now, while I reflect, I see how cowardly are men in their best aims. If we had the control of things, there would never be a storm, either in the social or material world; not a frost to cleanse the face of nature; not an island or a continent that would need cultivation, but spontaneous nature would yield into the lap of our shiftless civilization a full supply, that would rob us of the primary conditions of manliest culture. We would soften the winds to our bloodless backs, till the life-tide would stagnate for want of that vigor which it can gather only amid the pulses of the storm. I thank God for every storm through which my spirit has passed. I grant I have shrank, and shivered, and dodged, and whined even, as do the rest of half made up civilizations; but still, I did not stay in port, but pushed out into the open sea on my solitary plank, and thus have developed some of those latent immortal energies which make up this strangely but divinely wrought being, called human nature. I feel some more latent powers that will have to pass their ordeal also; but I have enough strength now to breast the crisis cheerfully, and in sublime hope and faith of final triumph.

As the "world globes itself in a drop of dew," so the laws and principles of universal human nature, enshrine themselves in each individual consciousness and its experience. "The commonest minds have thoughts worthy the rarest," and the latent power of greatness—of intellectual and moral grandeur—lies engemered in the soul-center of the humblest child of our Infinite Father and Mother. If we only have eyes to see it, the commonest events of our life are only the husks which enclose the possibilities of angelic beauty. Many a diamond has been overlooked for want of a power of insight into common experiences. Who would not give ingots of gold to know how Jesus felt, what he thought, as he tugged his cross up Calvary's summit! Who is insensible to the fact, that the great forces of historic life have sprung out of private hearts!

One awakened soul is more powerful than all the institutions of the world. Was it not the private Idea of Jesus that began the "Christian era?" And was it not the single Idea of Socrates that gave life and power to the philosophy and science of modern days? The whole philosophy of the historic world, is but the aggregation of Ideas which were at first only the intuitions of private souls. A single pulse of one great, earnest heart, becomes the revolutionary power of a whole era; and a superficial view of the Idea born there, of sometimes makes apes—miserable mimics—of whole generations of men for a thousand years! Individual Spirits are the fountains whence the waters of the ocean of life are derived; and he who would justly estimate mankind, need only get at the bottom of a human soul.

Let me illustrate these remarks by reference to a few private experiences. But how shall I state myself to you, kind reader! It is seen that we reveal ourselves best when we least intend it; and, if so, how shall I uncap myself in print to the eyes of critics! If I were writing a work of fiction, I might, doubtless, do it easily enough; just as Mrs. Stowe has put the private sentiments of her own head and heart into the life and words of Dr. Hopkins, Aaron Burr, the French lady, Mary Scudder, and James Marvin. If I could do this, I might whisper to you of things that else are forbidden utterance. Works of fiction, indeed! They are in such cases as the above, only the excuses for the revelation of the author's heart. Who, that has any sense, thinks of reading "The Minister's Wooing" to find out what Dr. H., Aaron Burr, or Mary Scudder, believes or thinks? It is not these private souls that stand revealed there, but Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe! Such works of fiction are often the most blessed fact. Very few persons have pluck enough to look themselves squarely in the face, and so wink and dodge their own features; but if they can see themselves in another's garments, transfer themselves under assumed names into print, behold their own weaknesses under an objective personality, even if that personality be a fictitious one, you stand some chance of getting at them. Some of us can look ourselves in the face secretly, but when asked to paint our features for the public eye, we would rather be excused. I grant it may be cowardly, but if so, it is because our life is mean, and should, therefore, be kept in the dark, to all but ourselves, on the ground that "evil communications corrupt good manners." This desire to conceal our vices and weaknesses is "the grand impediment by which the soul makes its enormous claim" on the possible, ideal Perfection. It is only self-judgment, and the clear confession of the quality of our being and doing; the former of which sits in judgment on the latter, "excusing or else accusing it." In this self-judgment, the spirit announces its sublime destiny, namely: that "perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

The history of one mind and its progress is the record of a whole generation of men. Let me describe to you the genesis and exodus of a human spirit that I have just become a little acquainted with, but whom I shall know much better in a hundred years.

He began his material career at the base of the Catskill mountains. His father was crushed by a falling beam five months before his birth, which event stamped in his mental constitution, through his mother's grief, a strong tendency to sadness, sorrow and solitude; and this tendency, displaying itself in early youth, was mistaken by certain devout old ladies for "early piety." Through the ordinary machinery of Sabbath-schools, tracts, "good plans books," and Biblical bear stories, this youth became a "promising member" of the church called Methodist, at the hopeful age of fifteen years. The awful attributes of the orthodox God cast a still deeper shade upon his spirit, while the terrible doctrines of "original sin," "fall of man," "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," "general judgment," and the "final damnation of the wicked," all conspired, with demonic power, to stifle in the bud the unfolding aspirations of his Reason and Intuition. From the pulpit, sometimes, as if in jest, called "sacred," he heard Reason denounced as "carnal," Intuition called "devil," and free thought ignored as rank "Infidelity." With all Christians, he was taught self-distrust, self-abnegation, self-condemnation, until the heavens over his head seemed brass, the earth iron, and life itself a terrible struggle on a world hung suspended between heaven on the one side, and hell and devils on the other.

The terrible themes of orthodoxy "kept running in his head," until, half crazed, he began to tell man to "flee from the wrath to come." His blind monomaniacal zeal attracted the notice of the leaders of the church, who insisted that God had "called him to preach," and that he would be damned if he did not. Tremblingly he accepted a license to exhort, and the superintendency of the Sabbath-school. And here began his career of theological reflection. Compelled to expound Scripture texts to his scholars, he soon found himself involved in a more than Herculean task, of trying to reconcile Biblical discrepancies and untie knotty theological problems. Urged to enter the Conference, he began to examine the doctrines of the creed. Sad mistake! The poor, ignorant, but honest youth, supposed them capable of a rational solution, according to principles of Science, Nature, and Reason. In this state of mind he went to one of the authorized teachers of eligion, to get the vicarious atonement "elucidated and explained." The question he put to the reverend gentleman was this: "How can God be just, and yet punish the innocent Jesus (who is God himself) for the crimes of a guilty world?"

Voices from the People.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

A Word to the Charitable.

NEW YORK, March, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Why will not some philanthropic gentleman, possessing the requisite means to allow him to do so, give away ten thousand or one thousand guitars to children belonging to poor, but deserving families in this city?

It would be like sowing a crop of Egyptian Wheat in the fertilist of soils, and in five, ten, or less years, there would be brought forth from among these favored little ones, an overwhelming harvest of refinement of taste, love of art, softness and delicacy of feeling, and spiritual love and light. Let some rich gentleman try it.

There is a poor family in New York, which possesses, among its other members, a bright little girl of fourteen, of talent and genius; the mother spends her days over the wash tub, and sleeping off. I induced a sister to give this one lesson upon the piano, and she is doing finely.

I believe that rays of light, full of hope and promise, have penetrated the spirit of that family from every tone of melody which the child has learned to love and call forth.

[Such private charities are sweet and healing to the over-taxed and everywhere down-trodden; and we would have the might of wealth directed rather against the causes which generate and perpetuate poverty.—Ed.]

Plymouth Church versus Wendell Phillips.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress:

New York, March 21st, 1860. By the N. Y. Tribune of this morning, I learn that the Trustees of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, refused to grant their edifice to Wendell Phillips, in which to deliver his lecture upon "The Advantages of a Dissolution of the Union."

Now 'tis a well known fact that Mr. Beecher is a warm advocate of anti-slavery principles (when applied to the physical enslavement of the negro race) and that several colored individuals have been purchased and ransomed by the generous contributions of his church—the said Trustees doubtless sharing both pecuniarily and sympathetically in these humane acts. But here comes one of our own race—a white man, forsooth—whose unrivalled eloquence has ever been exerted on the side of justice and humanity—who asks no dollars and cents—no "rings of diamond," but merely for the inborn right of every freeman—the Liberty of Free Speech. But lo! the doors of Beecher's church are closed, the hearts of Beecher's congregation melt not in sympathy—the Trustees of Beecher's church move not in just and manly action.

Now, Mr. Editor, we would like to ask, what has all this immense talk of Henry Ward Beecher against slavery amounted to? Has it had the effect to implant deep in the understanding of his hearers the principle of freedom for all? Has it taught men that Free Speech—denied in the land of slaves—should always be encouraged and sustained as the handmaid of Liberty? Is this intolerant transaction the result of teachings based upon Universal Brotherhood and equality? And is the eloquent, the admired Beecher, exerting

his talents to play upon the sympathies, rather than to cultivate the principle of Liberty in the minds of his hearers?

It seems to be vastly more easy to talk of slavery in the South, and denounce the absence of Free Speech there, than to fearlessly face the slavery of Public Opinion in New York city. It seems much easier to admit the slave woman or girl to plead for her individual freedom than to admit a white orator for the candid and able expression of unpopular measures aiming at the universal good. How can we reproach our Southern brethren so severely for intolerance when we see such moral cowardice in a professedly liberty-loving church in the Free North?

Mr. Phillips finally delivered his lecture to a large and appreciative audience in the Brooklyn Athenaeum, and the Tribune has published the same in full—showing the superiority of the public rostrum and secular press, to pulpits and churches, in the practical advocacy of Free Speech.

Letter from Father Robinson.

HOLLEY, N. Y., March 15, 1860.

I see by the prospectus of the HERALD OF PROGRESS that among the numerous subjects to be treated is "the Oppressed and the Oppressor," which is synonymous with capital and labor, one of the most important and far-reaching questions that can possibly be considered among the inhabitants of earth. It involves every other question, material, physical, moral, religious, social and scientific. It lies at the foundation of human society! The savage, even, is not exempt from its power in some degree.

The struggle between labor and capital will never end till justice and humanity triumph over selfishness and misanthropy, which will be a long time hence. Labor belongs to the first law of man's being, it is that only that supplies his daily wants, out of it all capital flows; and from the beginning of man's existence on the earth, and labor introduced the production of capital, the struggle may be dated. The many labored while the few monopolized. Numerous have been and are the devices of capitalists to take advantage of the laborer, to take from him a part, if not all of his just earnings, by usury, rents, profits, keen bargains, &c., &c.—a system of fraud ramifying through all society like the roots of the mighty oak in pliable soil. Seemingly every man's hand is against his brother, for, as a slaveholder cannot emancipate his laborers at home and pay them wages if he would, because he is in a framework with his neighbors and he would thus break a link or a timber, so many philanthropic souls cannot act out their high promptings of benevolence lest they themselves fall and are crushed in the treadmill of society.

Thus will the world continue to move on till more ennobled by that great, primal, godlike principle—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you." Then the rum-seller will give up his nefarious traffic, the money-lender cease his exactions, the merchant content himself with a prudent income without extravagance, the farmer, mechanic, laborer, man of business, all, all will toe the line of justice, and remember that all men—black, yellow, red or white—are neighbors, near or remote. Yours for Brotherhood, C. ROBINSON.

Miss Hardinge in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1860.

DEAR HERALD:—This morning our Hall was crowded to overflowing, and a death-like stillness reigned throughout, when our gifted lecturer, (Miss Hardinge), pronounced these words, in a supplicating tone, "Give us this day our daily bread!" This she said as a mockery. Instead of "Give us this day our daily bread," we should say, "Lord! let the bread which thou hast given, be distributed among thy creatures!"

The evening found us again in our places, expecting a rich treat, for the subject was the "Creation," of all themes the most sublime and speculative. After giving the most popular theories respecting the formation of earth, she gave us the spiritual view of its present, past, and future; first alluding to its unprogressed state in the earliest periods of its existence, in reference to its own appearance, to the heavy, dull, half creeping plants that lived in the soil, to the animals that then roamed over its surface, and lastly, to man's intellectual development at that time, contrasting all with the present era of exaltation and progression. The retrospect was truly one of the greatest pieces of oratory we have ever listened to. In regard to the future, she said that our earth was advancing towards a period when it would dispense with the assistance of the Great Sun, (the center of the universe) and would feed on its own internal fires, (if I may so express it,) gradually receding from the sun, and gaining other satellites having already one. Thus have lived and progressed Jupiter and Saturn.

What a sublime idea! and how rational to the thinking mind. What a glorious era is the present! what opportunities for improvement exist within our reach, and yet how many reject them, willing to take ignorance for their fortune, and chance for their future. What a gulf exists between such an one and he who thirsts for knowledge, who is ever drinking in some lesson of wisdom from every passing incident, whose keen perceptions are alive to every emotion, and open to every truth, who turns the pages of earth's history, finding in its brightness some delight, but who never recoils from reading on its darker pages the lessons of sadness and reflection. The difference found between these two, is the same as that which exists between the world when in a chaotic mass and its present state of radiance.

Our next lecture, by the same gifted speaker, will be on the "Creator."

Truly yours, A. G. POTTER.

The Case of Mrs. Harriet Porter.

84 WEST 26th STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR FRIEND:—I noticed in the Banner of Light, under date of March 3d, that D. Gardner, at the Conference, in speaking of the influence of what he calls Devils or Evil Spirits upon mediums to their injury, cites Mrs. H. Porter's case, and thinks the influence of evil spirits upon her was the cause of her death.

Now, with all due respect for the opinion of such eminent men, I must beg the privilege of differing from them, at least so far as the

death of Mrs. H. Porter was concerned. The writer was with her the three last weeks of her illness, and in fact was with her when she breathed her last, therefore, to the best of my knowledge and belief, consumption, and not the influence of evil spirits, was the cause of her death.

As I understood at the time it was caused in this way: Mrs. Porter, together with her husband and her mother, attended the funeral of her grandmother at Bridgeport, Connecticut; and the weather was very cold and disagreeable, so much so that Mrs. Porter, to use her own words, "became chilled through," and took a violent cold, accompanied with severe spells of coughing. These never entirely left her until her death, and I think I speak within bounds when I say I think she threw off an amount equal to her entire weight in the form of expectation, &c. Her mouth became extremely sore, from the effects of medicine previously taken, so much so that she could not take any solids into the mouth, only the pulp of the apple and the juice of the orange. Her tongue also was covered with a thick yellow coating, which would partially peel off by using as strong a wash or gurgle as she could endure.

My wonder was that she remained so long with us after the disease had taken such a strong hold of her, and reduced her to such a state of almost entire helplessness. She was a mere skeleton. She has often said to the writer, "Why do you magnetise me so strong? You are keeping me here by your magnetism; I want to go." And she died (if I may use the word) without a struggle. Her husband, her mother, and the writer, witnessed her death. A few short coughs, a few gasps, and all was still. Her freed spirit took its departure for the better land.

Yours for truth, and spirit friends, J. E. F. CLARKE.

An Alleged Spirit Communication.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE, March 10, 1860.

MR. A. J. DAVIS: Having read your able remarks upon the "Lion and the Lamb," permit me to enclose a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Old John Brown. It was given through the medium in answer to a desire to get a brief report from his spirit, February 25, 1860.

Yours for Humanity, R. D. WING.

[We present the following because we have confidence in the intelligence and sincerity of our correspondent, Mr. Wing; and because, also, we think our readers individually capable of judging a matter from its own merits, and without prejudice.—Ed.]

COMMUNICATION.

"John Brown is here himself. I know I was rash in insurrection. I know I did not realize my peculiar condition. Light has given me power to see this: That God has no prerogatives to work as I expected. Therefore, I was deceived. I thought that it was right. But let me say that it was not right, and let me tell you more than this: That the men that hung me, or who consented to my death, have a penalty attached to them that ages will not wipe out. I am not far above them, but my design was for good, though it proved a failure.

"Now let me say that no leagued designs of murder or forcible means can remove Slavery; but it must be accomplished through the Gospel of Christ, and in this way it will be done in due time. When men learn wisdom by their rashness, they will reform. My life was to me dear as any man's; but that is of no moment to me now. I have passed the flood; I have passed the Jordan stream, and you will find it soon.

"But let your soul come up here free from blood guiltiness, and it will find a higher sphere than I have. I warn all to come up with clean hands and true hearts, imbued with the truth of God's love in the fullness of their own souls, that there may not be a cloud between you and the ethereal throne of God. Let men learn wisdom by faith purified in the pool of truth. Learn wisdom by hopes of a glorious immortality, which is the reward of all when light shines upon their paths; then they will find the road that leads to bright and happy spheres. This comes from Old John Brown."

[By desire, the spirit returned and said:] "I have come back to tell you about the Theology of the present time. In the history of man it comes and exists under the head of Damnation in wrath. But a better light begins to shine out of darkness, to show its deformity. It is to be abandoned and given over to the winds and the bats.

"Let me say one word more about the truth of the Manifestations of to-day. It shines out of darkness and will certainly dispel all theories and all creeds of church or State; and then will come the resurrection of the just to a condition to relieve the earth of the burdens of false faiths.

"Go no more after false faiths; they may lead you down to the graves of the culprit. "If I could have had the truth of God taught me in the earth, I might not have imbrued my hands in innocent blood. But my teachings were of a different character. I was taught to believe all things would and must come under certain conditions, contained in the laws of popular Theology.

"Let the slaveholder once feel the true power of Christ's teachings, as they will be brought to light in this nineteenth century, and he never would hold a slave for a moment."

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

NINETIETH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

(Question of the last Session continued.)

MR. FOWLER read a paper on the question, a portion of which is as follows: "What light does Spiritualism throw on reform?" The question involves this other: What is Spiritualism? One speaker defines it thus: It is the relation of spirit to spirit, of man to his brother man, to his brother Spirit and to

his Father God. "According to my reasoning, the definition amounts to this: that true Spiritualism is the true doctrine of relations. I think this the most comprehensive, truthful, and concise definition I have yet heard. It seems to me that reform is grounded almost, if not wholly, on relationship, for therein lies the principal difficulty to be overcome. Hence Spiritualism, or the true doctrine of relations, would seem to be almost the only source of reform light; and therefore I would inquire, what is the doctrine, and what are its revelations?"

(The paper then recites Mr. Fowler's answer to the inquiry, whence he draws the following conclusion: "In the light of these revelations, we are taught obedience to the corresponding conditions of essence in all relations, which implies also a regard for the comparative conditions of substance. And we are also taught by this light, that all reform consists in obedience to these governing conditions of the soul's substance and essence, whose adaptive truths are just laws of action. With me, all reform is comprehended in one word, obedience—in one command, obey the truth."

MR. PARTRIDGE: Spiritualism reveals to us, ourselves, and the spiritual laws which relate us as separate entities. The common idea with respect to these relations, limits their existence to this life. They are held as conventional, expedient, respectable, rather than as natural, spiritual, and eternal; and hence, in all the departments of practical life, they are more or less sacrificed to the supposed interests of self. But few stop to consider that a wrong done to the neighbor will assuredly "return to plague the inventor," because the few only know of the spiritual relation which makes that result inevitable. The man absorbed in his merchandise does not think of this. To achieve what he deems success in this world occupies his whole power, and he goes through this life, if not wholly indifferent to any other, at least, wholly ignorant concerning it. There are commercial men among us who do not so much as know that a spiritual paper has been published in this city for years; what can they know, then, absorbed as they are in the things of commerce, of the laws which belong to man as an immortal? Commerce regards man as an essential wheel in the machinery of fortune-making; as a profitable substance to work up into cotton, sugar, and rum, one down, and another come on—Spiritualism reveals him as amenable to no such object; it reveals to us that the master does not get rid of the slave by selling him "down the river," that human obligations cannot be wiped out by any bankrupt law; that, throughout the future, man is to meet man as a brother, with the law of brotherly relation ever present, ever pressing its violated claims upon him who has been unmindful of its Divine requirements. There has been, perhaps, no man so bemoaned and bethelaked as Jesus; but after all, what of reform has been derived from all this preaching and talking? To recite his good deeds every Sunday, does not make us any better. We can only become like him by a discovery of the laws which made him what he was. Now, Jesus was a Spiritualist—a man whose life was molded in the light of heaven. His actions were squared by eternal principles, not by Jewish precepts; and reform is only possible through comprehension of these principles.

It was the appreciation of spiritual truth applicable to both worlds, which made him so wise and good, and this alone can make us like him.

DR. MASSEY: Head and heart, he is devoted to the discovery of the better way. The remarks he had to make, would be on the assumption that the inquiry is, have we derived any better light or knowledge from modern Spiritualism upon the subject of Reform? But first, what is meant by Spiritualism? If to believe that man is a spirit, and that he is inspired by God, then he is a Spiritualist. But he finds that many who claim that name, set up their own conclusions derived from what they vaunt as their own experience and observation, as the true criterion, ignoring all previous light and knowledge. In that sense, he is not a Spiritualist. In what the Spiritualist claims as experience and observation pertaining to spiritual facts, he is utterly barren, all his efforts at fruit-bearing in that direction having come to naught. Not that he wholly denies the fruitfulness of others in these particulars, and, for the same reason, he is pained to see the modern Spiritualist reject the light of former experience. The truth is, the world has been in good hands. What would have been our condition without Jesus and the Judiciary—the law and the gospel? Not that he takes all the old dogmas for absolute truth; he shall doubtless startle the ears of his personal friends, and it may be, shake the entire fabric of religious thought, when he states as his most solemn conviction, (and he hopes the reporter will underscore it,) that God is not the Devil! that is to say, he will not doom us to everlasting torment, for the misuse of this life. No; with the Spiritualist he finds himself compelled to abandon that ancient doctrine, but he cannot sympathise with them in their contempt for truth, simply because it has received the veneration of ages. He would not have the past abused. The raps could have had no meaning to the Spiritualist, unless an idea of spiritual existence had been in the world before. Some good suggestions have been made by Spiritualists, but he is compelled to say that they have added no new light to that previously extant. His idea of reform will be best illustrated by citing a speech delivered by himself, on a Sunday afternoon in a school house in Philadelphia, pending the execution of John Brown. When he had entered that temple of

reform, a brother was shaking his fists at "Old Virginia," defying her power and denouncing her institutions, from her Governor to her oyster-beds. He was asked to speak. He inquired, what is the question?—"Practical righteousness." Well; does that begin at Harper's Ferry? He defines a Spiritualist as one who is willing to be taught by the spirit, and "practical righteousness" begins with a right organization as receptive of such teaching. We are not as God made us, we have marred his work, and disturbed the primeval relation of the human to the Divine. It is only by becoming rightly organized in our bodies, that we can come into right relations with the spirit of truth. It is with regret that he sees Spiritualists place their own departed relatives and friends above Jesus, and it is of Spiritualism, which rests upon this modern basis, that he says, it has added nothing to the reformation of mankind.

MR. BROWN: As a stranger, to whom all he had been listening to was as Greek, he desired to know what is Spiritualism, as distinguished from other professions of religious belief.

DR. GRAY: It differs in this: The modern Spiritualist believes that we can talk with our friends who have passed into the other life. This is not inculcated by the existing religions. Even the founders, in their spiritual intercourse, supposed that they talked with God. The Spiritualist may hold many opinions in common with others, but in this he is peculiar.

DR. HALLOCK: The modern Spiritualist may be said to differ from cotemporary religionists in that his faith is founded upon his own knowledge and experience, instead of the history of an experience. Wherein there is agreement, the grounds of affirmation are as unlike as a loaf of fresh baked bread and the statistics of the wheat crop of 1859. The Spiritualist compares doctrines recorded in books, with principles incarnated in life, and hospitably accepts of the former, whatsoever will stand this test. He does not arraign James and John before Paul; he tries the old-time utterances, by the present-time realities. His motto is, that which is good is eternal. From this ground of affirmation (personal observation and experience) comes the clearer light upon the problem of reform. This power of affirmation, is reform itself. The measure of its power is the difference between demonstration and precept. Until truth in words becomes truth in experience, it does nothing in the way of reformation. The truth of "Daboll's arithmetic" makes no boy wiser until he proves it to be truth. So with what is termed religious truth: it is demonstration which reforms and saves. This has redeemed the Spiritualist from a false faith on the one hand, and a false philosophy on the other—this, and nothing but this. There stood the affirmation of a future life, old as tradition, common as Sunday sermons, but it did not save us, nor yet those who preached it. It is affirmation by authority of demonstration which effects that work, not affirmation by authority of history; and hence, the light of Spiritualism upon reform, compared with the light of religious creeds and social schemes, is like the light of the sun upon the earth compared with that of the moon.

MR. BROWN: These views are to him novel, and are not without some force; but one point is not so clear. He had asked, what is Spiritualism as distinguished from the common faith? and he is answered, it is to believe in the fact of intercourse between the two worlds. Now, if this be a fact, then it has only to be made common, and the world becomes a community of Spiritualists. But what are the facts? Is a rap proof? Not to him. He must have better evidence. The philosophy is acceptable; it is the right method, doubtless, to demonstrate, because when a man sees the error, he instinctively forsakes it. That must be conceded by authority of human nature; but with respect to the fact of spiritual intercourse, so far as he is concerned, the evidence is incomplete. He requires to be shown the connection between the physical and spiritual worlds. As he gathers the idea, it is that Spiritualism is to benefit us here, by dissolving the doubts and fears which rest upon the other life, by a disclosure of its true character and conditions. This is of the highest importance if true, because it goes quite beyond what has been heretofore claimed as knowledge on the part of theologians or philosophers. He would rejoice to see it proved.

MR. DAVIS: Spiritualism has a wholesome effect upon reform, as evinced by his own experience. Prior to his acceptance of it, as a proved fact, he had cast off all belief in God and the future, and supposed that most men had done the same, notwithstanding their professions; which was equivalent to branding them all as hypocrites. This was not a healthy condition of mind, and his recovery from it is due to Spiritualism. Here are two great mistakes which it has refuted—mistakes which inevitably lead to wrong practice. The Christian has been taught to believe that Christ would wipe out all his sins, provided he could only find time to ask him; and so has naturally gone on sinning; and the materialist, who held to nothing, found in it open invitation to make expediency, rather than principle, the rule of his actions. Spiritualism reforms both these errors. It shows us, on the one hand, that human existence is not terminated by the death of the body, and on the other, that the actions of a bad man are not relieved from their unhappy consequences by the death of a good man. A knowledge of this fact must, and does, tend to reform.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	page 1
WHISPERINGS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	1
ESSAY ON LIFE.....	1
SIGHT AND INSIGHT.....	2
GENESIS AND EVIDENCE OF A HUMAN SPIRIT.....	2
VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.....	3
N. Y. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE (9th Session).....	3
THE DEBARS.....	4
MY SPIRIT CHILD.....	4
THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.....	4
MINES OF THE SOUTHWEST, (Editorial).....	4
LETTERS OF DISFELLOWSHIP.....	4
SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH EXCHANGES.....	4
PERSONS AND EVENTS.....	5
PARAGRAPHERS.....	5
PHYSIOLOGICAL VIRTUE.....	6
LECTURE BY J. F. WALKER.....	6
MAN'S DEEDS RECORDED ON THE SCROLL.....	6
OF THE UNIVERSE.....	6
OF A WIFE TO A HISTORIAN.....	6
OF WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.....	7
OUR AGENTS.....	7
GUIDE TO TRAVELERS.....	7
NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.....	8

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.

A. M. S., NEW YORK.—Your sad and painful disappointments, in obtaining tests of Spirit-identity, resemble those experienced by the pioneer gold-seekers at Pike's Peak. Try again! the true metal is not far off.

ORIS BARNES, CLAY, N. Y.—We have not as yet seen anything to change the description of the Spheres, given in "Nature's Divine Revelations," and we therefore agree with you that they involve locality as well as state and condition. What we have further received is printed in the fifth volume of Great Harmonia.

ROBERT S., PUGHKEEPSIE.—Your few fraternal words came to us like rose-leaves pressed in Memory's album, revealing a necklace of pearly wishes for the success of every good and perfect work. Our recollections of Poughkeepsie are rolled up in the treasured visions that came to us upon the westward mountain top. Every such reminiscence floods the heart with singular and thrilling pleasure.

E. P. W., DANVILLE.—Your path out of "Doubting Castle" was winding and thorny, but do you not reverently thank Heaven for every unavoidable struggle? You have escaped the fearful grasp of the "Giant Despair," and, though your best loved ones did not bear you company, do you not now stand in full freedom on one of the "Delectable Mountains?" Your paper will appear in this Journal.

C., CONSTANTINE, MICH.—THANKS! Your valuable communication is safe, and waiting its turn; it will soon be on the performance of its public mission. Other contributions from the quiet sanctuary of your own "domestic circle"—the beautiful and lucid communications (of which you speak), upon subjects involving the harmonical philosophy and the occult phenomena of Nature—will, doubtless, not only interest, but instruct our readers. Prose or verse—both will be welcome.

JAMES C., BELLEFONTAINE, OHIO.—Yes, Brother. We design to publish fresh facts, conveying convincing internal evidence of human intercourse with the inhabitants of the summer land. "Line upon line" is a necessity in a moving world of transient memories, but we do not propose to give "facts upon facts" unless they amount to something more than what the lawyers term "accumulative testimony." Your experiences may yield evidences not only many, but various also; please forward them, Brother, and we will be frank in the examination.

THINKER, NEW YORK.—How can a medium or an impressible person resist the bad influences emanating from certain kind of persons?

The resisting power reposes in the temperament; so, also, the impressibility in relation to others; and, therefore, in many instances, as with Spirit-mediums, the only immediate remedy is avoidance. But where the temperament is forearmed with natural resistance, as in cases where persons do not even take on epileptics, the simple course is to summon such resistance into practical operation. Almost every person can resist "the devil" (or evil of indiscriminate society if they will and want to do so.

T. S., NEW YORK.—If we were created by God, why did he not create us Spirits in the first place, with Spiritual bodies, instead of compelling us to stay here on earth sixty or seventy years, with a physical body?

There is no creation—that is, no bringing something out of nothing—but formation, incessant and eternal. We cannot become individualized, as Spirits, except by means of that organic factory, which we termed "the body." Every person should live or be permitted to live by means of our Laws, and Judges, and Doctors. Why? Because the advantages of a mere material existence here (to say nothing of the moral benefits growing out of the inevitable discipline) are too important after death to be disregarded.

Of the Six Loves.

G. W. E., NEW YORK.—Can Fraternal or Filial Love be developed before Conjugal and Pa-

rental, or is it necessary that they succeed one another in their natural order?

Love is the life of man. It is the eternal Spirit living in the form of the finite. Some anthropologists divide man's brain into special compartments. We do not; and yet, there is truth in the theory that special organs in the cerebral substance are empowered with certain powers for the performance of definite missions in the life of the individual. Man's energizing and sympathetic powers, yes, and all the glorious faculties of penetration and knowledge, are summed up in that much dishonored term, "Love." The subversion of love is hatred or repulsion. Its inversion is seen in selfishness, arctic rigidity, and misanthropy. And from its unrestrained, but extreme energies, issue all violence, passion, vice, and consequent misery.

The six human Loves grow naturally and progressively each out of the other. Their inter-dependence and polar attractiveness are mutual and beautiful. Their proper unfoldments are like the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, of the beautiful flower that the Great Spirit planted in your garden. And although it is possible to feel, and to be powerfully actuated by Fraternal and Filial Love in advance of the normal growth of their ancestral affections, yet it must be remarked, as very self-evident in practical life, that none of the Loves are truly wise and happy, unless educated and naturally unfolded by its appointed predecessors.

The Sun of Righteousness.

W. NETTMAN, NORTHAMPTON.—"What do you understand by the scriptural expression 'the sun of Righteousness,' &c.?"

This biblical expression originated in the oriental hemisphere, but embodies a glorious future truth. All intelligent mythologies are based upon a recognition of the radical principles of man's Spiritual constitution. The graceful metamorphoses of Ovid, no less than the mystic wonders and supernaturalisms set forth in writings of more ancient poets, foreshadow the hidden realities of human nature.

But here is our translation of the passage: When the whole human consciousness shall have unfolded and asserted itself, and shall begin, through scientific knowledge and harmonical philosophy, to reign triumphant over the social or moral world, then "The Sun of Righteousness" (i. e. pure Reason), will arise, like a new revelation of immortal fulfilment—"with healing in its wings."

Reproduction in the Spirit Land.

G. M. HENDERSON, RIFON, WIS.—"What are the relations of the sexes in the second sphere, Spirit Land? Do they reproduce in a manner corresponding to this world?"

The divine law of Use is the governmental source of every organ and function. Nothing lives a day after its real usefulness in the boundless economy of the universe has absolutely terminated. This world is the manufactory of individualized minds, adapted to a future life. The productions of this existence are gathered into that which is to come. The organic machinery of our terrestrial bodies, by which reproduction is carried forward, is not demanded by the law of Use in the Spirit Land.

But the relation of marriage, between the sexes, is far more perfect in the next life. Love, not passion, prevails. And the objects of love are exalted far above the reproductive impulses of the blood. The wondrous and beautiful cerebrum, or front and superior lobe of the brain, spiritualizes the blood just in proportion to its predominance over the cerebellum and its visceral appendages.

In the other world, where the moral and intellectual powers are naturally balanced and supreme, the reproductiveness of blood is transferred to that of spirit. Thus the correspondence is kept up. The offspring of Spirit-love are high-born acts of wisdom and philanthropy; and it is worthy of all consideration and gratitude, that, in the Spirit-world, no great individual deeds are possible outside of the true marriage. Indeed, without union between adapted natures there is neither happiness nor progression.

Can Spirits See Material Objects?

W. JILSON, WAUKEGAN, ILL.—"In some of your writings you have put forth this proposition: It is a law of nature, that Spiritual things are seen only by Spiritual eyes, and material things by material eyes." (I quote from "Memory.") Then, on page 174, Penetrabilia, you say: "While the party entertained themselves in conversation, concerning the diagrams that were hanging on the wall, we (Catherine and I) &c., &c." Some persons seem to think the statement of Spirits seeing the diagrams "on the wall," contradicts the above proposition. Will you please explain?"

Simplicity of conception and expression is a partial test of truth—not crudity nor flaunting extravagance of style—and yet, some truths are so fine, so exquisitely attenuated, that to treat them with simple words seems somewhat like dressing a divine and gentle spirit in homespun sackcloth. We must bespeak attention, close and patient, to the brief explanation we have to give. It has been asked,

—Who can paint a sunbeam to the blind, Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?"

Still, it becomes necessary to "paint a sunbeam," and to feel a shadow, in classifying and explaining the class of truths to which our correspondent refers.

Spirit eyes discern material and corporeal objects, by means of the aura which emanates from the objects; that is, the internal eye sees the rose through its fragrance and its qualities, a stone through its latent life principle, a tree through its expanded life, a physical man through his animating soul, a diagram on the wall through the *nervaura* with-

in the markings of the artist, (by which subtle principle a letter is psychometrized;) and so on, throughout the whole empire of material forms, the Spiritual eye discerns physical bodies only through their Spiritual qualities, showing that spirit-sight is exactly the reverse of bodily-sight, just as matter is the opposite of mind; and yet, these exact opposites meet in one common center, as all extremes do and must.

In Behalf of Neglected Reformers.

EDMUND DENSMORE, BLOOMING VALLEY, CRAWFORD CO., PA.—FRIBEN DAVIS: "So far as I am able to learn, you have never noticed Percy B. Shelly, in any of your works. I would like to read impressions concerning him—his 'Central Idea,' and his relative power, as compared with the world's great Thinkers. It has seemed to me that you have given too great attention to some persons and too little to others. As an instance, look at the prominence given to Garrison in the 'Penetrabilia,' and 'The Thinker,' and no mention of William Godwin, Mary Wolstonecraft, Shelley and wife, Robert Owen, Stephen Pearl Andrews, Joseph R. Buchanan, Joseph Barker, and many others that might be named. I hope I do not underrate those of whom you have written; but the thought that I wished to give expression to is this: that while, in some instances you have paid much attention to certain individuals, you have failed to mention others that have been, and are now, of more intellectual and moral worth, and consequently of more use to the world."

ANSWER.—It has been our abiding impression from the first contact with the opulent mind of Percy B. Shelly to this hour, that almost the whole tide of his masterly powers was bent upon the destruction of error and superstition. Yet, it is but justice to myself, as well as to the readers of the wonderfully gifted Poet, to say that we have not psychometrically investigated either his capacities or their adaptability to the world's needs and wants. Perhaps this ineffable luxury is in store for us; if so, we shall make haste to spread the table before all our readers.

With regard to the apparently neglected ones, we remark that several of them have been presented in the 4th vol. of the Great Harmonia, viz: Moses, Jesus, Swedenborg, Fonner, Robert Owen, H. C. Wright, Stephen P. Andrews, Thomas L. Nichols, Horace Greeley, &c.—(See pp. 404 and 414 inclusive;) and the day, we hope, is not distant, when a true knowledge of the fine powers and absolute value of Prof. Buchanan, Joseph Barker, &c., &c., will dawn with inextinguishable light upon our interior understanding. Of both these men, so very different by organization, we have already many most precious impressions. There is in our heart no wish or will, either for or against any living human being, unless, by means of an unsought but satisfactory measurement and comprehension of the status of the individual, we acquire some definite intelligence upon which a just verdict may be predicated. In such case, regardless of "what will people say," our spirit is free to make a full declaration. But we never mean to urge any such "impressions" as absolutely infallible.

Do Spirits Wear Clothing?

INVESTIGATOR, NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1860.—"In your 'Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,' page 131, you describe the formation of the spiritual body of a man who was killed by a well-caving in upon him. You say you saw 'a form finely wrought, a body beautifully, organically, and symmetrically constructed.' Did the body appear clothed or naked? Another question: Can a Spirit enter a house through a wall, or any solid substance? There seems to be much difference of opinion existing amongst believers in Spirit intercourse in regard to the ability of Spirits as to seeing, hearing, &c. Why is this? Cannot their habits and powers be ascertained correctly beyond any doubt?"

ANSWER: While engaged in the perception of the apotheosis described in the work in question, we could not discern corporeal and material things, for the reason that the Spiritual eyes can see only what is essential and celestial. But garments suitable for the dress of the Spirit-body, had there been any, would have reflected themselves upon our vision. There were no habiliments born with the Spirit-body, and hence it was raised naked and unconcealed, just as you and we were delivered into this world at the moment of birth. But more concerning this at some future time.

Your query, regarding the power of Spirits to pass unimpeded through "a house wall, or solid substance," is answerable in many ways.

Spirits can travel through all substances by reflection, or by vision, or by extemporaneous energy, but not in organic form, not in bodily personality, as we can walk through water, or as we do separate the abounding atmosphere whenever moving through the spaces. Where there is one seer or one Spirit who asserts the power of unembarrassed penetration through material bodies, there are ten seers and as many Spirits who will, from a superior and more philosophical plane of discernment, testify directly for the decision above expressed. The reason why certain seers and Spirits testify differently, can be found in the want of inmost and upward judgment. They resemble the ante-astronomical nations, who held that the earth was an endless plain of land and water, and that the sun was the good God's gorgeous chariot, in which he drove with lightning speed around this immovable and all-important mass of flat matter. And why? Because nothing, they thought, could be more evident to sight, and therefore to reason, than the flatness and immobility of the earth, and the rotundity and rotation of the fiery source of every blessing; while, in fact, it was the flatness and immobility of their own heads, and not that of the globe, which covered their judgments with such absurd convictions.

We say all this merely as a practical suggestion to our correspondent; in part ex-

plaining why men, and Spirits, and seers, differ upon matters where opposite convictions seem impossible. Wisdom, besides sight and testimony, is required.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

P. W. D., AFFRED, ME.—Your interrogatories shall receive attention.

"D. J. to A. J." is received. We will report our decision soon.

J. P., AVR, C. W.—The work is not on our shelves, therefore we appropriate all for postage.

L. L., LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.—The "Poem" is hardly to our taste. Shall we return it to your address?

W. TURNER, SOMERSET.—We cannot find the book you order. The balance is subject to your order.

W. H. VOSBURGH, WEST TROY.—Medical articles cannot be prepared every week. By the words "our next," we meant the next article, not issue.

HENRY S. D. C., HOBOKEN.—By "Common Sense" we mean that which is true and right in your mind and mine—the universal sense composed of individual contributions.

DELLA R., PEKIN.—The time you mention will be satisfactory. We trust there will be a spiritual compensation for the "hard work," that will amply reward you.

JONATHAN KIRK, GRAMPTON HILLS, PA.—Your disease will yield to some remedial power, no doubt, which we shall at once communicate as soon as the intelligence is in our possession.

J. T. W.—The expression of Sir Thomas Brown was this: "Even Sylla, who thought himself safe in his urn, could not prevent revenging tongues and stones thrown at his monument."

J. M. KENNEDY, PHILADELPHIA.—"Divine and Natural Life" is waiting its turn to be typographically incarcerated. The subject is metaphysically important, and may shed light upon some dark thoughts.

J. R. P., PORT CLINTON, PA.—"The Mother's Consolation" is true and beautiful in essence, but the prosaic prevails in its style. The thoughts therein expressed should be preserved. Shall we send it to thee, brother?

J. R. W., NEW YORK.—We refer you to our reply to "The Tribune's Criticism" in our last issue, No. 5, on the first page. Our resolution to stand upon that platform, is fixed; yet we are open to "more light" in that direction.

MR. HENRY L., COLUMBIA, S. CAROLINA.—The information you so earnestly desire can be obtained, perhaps, of Judge Edmonds, of this city. It will give us pleasure to have an interview with you at our office.

C. P. R., BROADWAY.—It is impossible to read more than half of your carelessly written paper. The type-setters have rights as well as writers. We have no right to impose illegible "copy" upon any "compositor," and we do not often do it. Write carefully, plainly, and tersely.

DR. A. M. S., FORT MADISON, IOWA.—The renunciations and erratic course of the individual to whom you refer, give us no anxiety or unbrotherly emotions. When authentic reports reach us, they shall be duly considered. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

JOSIAH B., HUMBOLDT, ALLEN CO., KANSAS.—"What's in a name?" is a question well answered by your extemporization. But we prefer to keep the poetry a secret. Hence do not expect its publication. Please send our readers any valuable information respecting the present condition or future prospects of Kansas.

A. B. CONNEAUTVILLE, PA.—Your congratulatory epistle is fully appreciated. We feel, with you, that the efforts of this journal are aimed against "IGNORANCE and its first begotten child, ERROR." Will you enlist in this army, and march with us upon the royal road of Progress? All men move, whether they know it, or not.

J. C. C., ARKWRIGHT, N. Y.—The hope that you will see in this journal "a full and minute philosophical exposition of the psychological revolution experienced by the candidate" at a so-called revival of Orthodox religion, will not belong deferred. It is a subject fraught with much mystery to the unphilosophical. We shall be glad to delineate the interior process.

GEORGE D., CYNICS are natural growths where pomp and profusion of artificial refinement are associated with ignorance in high places. The Cynic Apemantus was even more captious than Diogenes. These men at first regarded all human fashion and passion with splendid disdain; but, failing to make impressions upon the minions of folly, they became splotchy, snarly, and grossly satirical.

W. D. H., WAUKESHA, WIS.—Amount received and deposited to your credit. Your words of cheer, and the intelligence of the far westward-bound individuals, were both welcome and amusing. May the cause of unbounded free thought and brotherly love flourish in your fine town, notwithstanding "the nine orthodox sectarian churches in full blast," and the prejudices which they intentionally stimulate against the expansion and enlightenment of eternal Reason as each one's guide.

H. W. F., NEW YORK.—Thank you, kind friend, for your generous words of sympathy and encouragement. Most truly should that branch of reform which proposes woman's elevation, claim the attention of the philanthropic; in order, as you justly remark, that she may be "aroused to a true sense of her inherent capabilities, and enlightened as to what her destiny may be in the future, as the beloved and honored companion of man rather than his indulged and indolent subject."

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 V.

VEGETABLE LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

On the uses of Flowerless Plants to Man, and in the Economy of Nature.

We have already spoken of the law of Isomerism, but as technical terms are, when not fully understood, rather calculated to bewilder the mind than to render the subject more clear and plain, we shall lay these aside as far as possible, and in this case call this the law of Order, or the orderly arrangement of elements and compounds.

This law is of universal application, and lies at the basis of every movement of progression. First, in the mineral kingdom, it operated in arranging elements and compounds in crystalline forms, and refining and elevating all the matter on this plane; then, in the vegetable world, performing still higher functions, arranging and progressing matter into finer and better conditions; and in the animal kingdom the same beautiful law of order has ever been silently but incessantly working; and to each and every living thing in all the countless ages of the past has come, and in the eternal now comes the deep toned and prophetic inspiration of God, saying ever, "set thy house in order, for thou shalt die."

Not alone in the broad domain of life, but everywhere in the vast universe the law of order and of progress are one and the same. Herein lies the grand distinction between the civilized man and the savage; the luxuries, refinements, and comforts of the one, are only denied to the other because he does not know how to arrange and combine the elements and materials which are around him so as to produce them. Art, with her million conquests over matter, is but the working of this great law; the labors of genius in sculpture, in "pillar and temple, in altar and obelisk," in everything, are but grand and glorious reunions of elements and forms of matter which are as old as the universe itself. The steam engine, that wonderful machine that, through the guidance and development of human intellect, is now doing the work of so many millions of human hands, is but the chaining and bringing into order, a power that in the primeval days, in earthquakes and volcanoes, played such fantastic tricks as made old earth shake and tremble from pole to pole, from center to circumference.

In our last chapter we were speaking of the uses of fungi. These play an important part in the economy of Nature, in renovating and purifying the air, and preparing the soil for higher and better conditions of vegetable and animal life. They exist almost everywhere; thousands of recognized species are known. Badham says: "To enumerate but a few of those of the microscopic kinds; (there are some which the arms could scarcely embrace) the *mucoz mucedo* that spawns upon our dried preserves; the *ascophora mucedo* that makes our bread moldy; the *uredo setorum*, that burns Ceres out of her corn fields; the *uredo rubigo*, whose rust is still more destructive, and the *puccinia graminis*, whose voracity sets corn laws and farmers at defiance, are all funguses.

So is the gray *monilla*, that rots and then fattens upon our fruits; and the *mucoz herbariorum*, that destroys the careful gleanings of the pains-taking botanist. When our beer or vinegar becomes mothery, the mother of the mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy and putrifies, funguses have a finger in it all! Their reign stops not here; they prey upon each other; they even select their victims! There is the *myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry agarics. The *mucoz cryosporinus* attacks the flesh of a particular *Bolotus*; the *sclerotium cornutum* which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some *zytomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow exclusively.

The *raedium* of the low cellar, festoons its ceilings, shags its walls, and keeps our wines in bonds, while the *geastrum* has been found suspended on the very highest pinnacle of St. Paul's. The close cavities of nuts, afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry; these pick timber to pieces as men pick oakum; nor do they confine their selective ravages to plants alone; they attach themselves to animal structures and destroy animal life; the *oxygena equina* has a particular fancy for the hoofs of horses, and for the horns of cattle, sticking to these alone; the abdomen of the tropical fly is liable, in autumn, to break out into vegetable tufts of fungous growth; and the caterpillar to carry about a

classier larger than himself. The fungous disease called *muscardine* destroys many silk-worms, and the vegetating wasp, of which everybody has heard, is only another mysterious blending of vegetable with insect life. Funguses visit the wards of our hospitals, and grow out of the products of surgical diseases. Where then are they not to be found? Do they not abound like Pharaoh's plagues, everywhere? Is not their name legion, and their province ubiquity?

Almost every form of decaying vegetable or animal matter becomes a nidus, or point on which some of these fungi are developed, and in which they arrest and modify the putrefactive process, and lock up in their own organisms, often in a harmless condition, elements and principles which, if left free in the atmosphere and on the earth, would generate disease and pestilence. The operation and influence of poisonous vegetables, reptiles, and animals, in changing the atmospheric and other conditions of our globe, is but little understood. When the light of science has revealed more of these mysteries, we shall probably find that this chapter in God's inspired volume, from which we have so long been disposed to turn in disgust, contains some of the most interesting and important lessons that are to be found in that volume. Are not these chosen instruments in the Divine Hand, for the purpose of gathering up those deadly exhalations which necessarily exist in a progressive world, and having concentrated them, finally removing them altogether from the fair face of nature?

Next in order we shall consider the Lichens, class analogous to some of the Alga, though of very different habits, the one growing in the water, and being soft and succulent, and the other growing in the air, and being dry and crisp. The lichens always grow upon trees, fences, rocks, &c., exposed to the light and air. There are a great variety of these; almost every tree, rock, or old fence, has more or less of them attached firmly to its surface. Their color varies; it is generally of a pale grayish green. They are dry on the upper surface, and have root-like fibres from the under surface, some of which absorb moisture from the atmosphere and the elements of nutrition, while others fix the plants firmly and securely upon the substance to which they are attached. They are propagated by spores, and manifest a power of choice in selecting their place of attachment.

Thus, in the autumn and winter season, a southern exposure is selected, in our latitude, while in the spring and summer this selection is not made. It has been supposed that some of these plants could prognosticate the character of the season and place themselves in a position to be protected from the most severe weather. There are many very beautiful and interesting forms among these humble plants, and some of them are quite useful to man and animals. Thus the *Cenomyce rangiferina*, of Lapland and Greenland, "is the lichen which, for the greater part of the year, and especially in winter, is the support of vast herds of reindeer, in which consists all the wealth of the Laplanders. No vegetable," Linnaeus tells us, "grows throughout Lapland in such abundance as this, especially in woods of scattered pines, where, for many miles together, the surface of the sterile soil is covered with it as with snow. On the destruction of forests by fire, when no other plant will find nutriment, this lichen springs up and flourishes, and after a few years, acquires its greatest size. Here the reindeer are pastured, and whatever may be the depth of snow during the long and severe winters of that climate, they have the power of penetrating it, and obtaining their necessary food."

Another of these, the *Cetraria islandica*, an arctic plant which, however, grows as far south as our latitude, is used as an article of food, "being boiled in broth or milk, after being freed of its bitter taste by repeated soaking in water, or dried and made into bread." Immense quantities are gathered in Norway and Iceland, not only for sale but for home consumption, as an article of common food. These plants grow to the height of two or three inches and have a rugged, bushy aspect. The bitter quality being extracted by steeping, it is then dried and reduced to a powder and made into cakes. The natives are very fond of these and "confess that a bountiful Providence sends them bread out of the very stones."

Another of these plants furnishes a purple dye; it is the *leucora*, of which there are several varieties. The *L. tartarea* is the famous cudbear; so called after a Mr. Cuthbert, who first brought it into use. It is employed to produce a purple for dyeing woolen yarn. It is imported largely from Norway, where it grows abundantly; it is also found in Scotland, and many an industrious peasant gets a comfortable living by gathering this lichen and sending it to Glasgow. These plants are epiphytes, and do not injure those substances on which they grow. They are auxiliaries to the other cryptogamia in producing changes on the surface of the earth. Closely allied to these, and connecting them with the mosses, are the liverworts, hepaticae, but they present so few distinctive characteristics that we need not notice them further.

Next in order, we find the beautiful family of the Mosses, *Muci*. These little plants are very common and widely diffused; they are numerous in cold and damp situations, growing mostly in the shade, in woods, and upon the protected sides of rocks. They are among the most beautiful of the Cryptogamia, and have attracted more attention than any other of this class. They are winter plants, reviving in humid air, abundant about the poles, rare at the equator. They cover the moun-

tains of the earth as high as the limits of perpetual snow, growing in patches. They clothe the most barren spots with verdure, preserve trees from heat and cold, prepare the earth for nourishing more perfect plants, and fill up bogs and morasses with vegetable matter. They are more subservient to the economy of nature than to the purposes of man. Their color is mostly of a beautiful dark green, some are purple, and when dried, gray. Their organisms are very fine and delicate, some so small as to require a magnifying glass to see their construction. They may be found at all seasons, but are more common in winter and early spring. Some grow on old roofs, and cause the decay of the wood; the *Tortula muralis* may be found on almost any old roof. In dry seasons they become crisp, but a slight shower will revive them. A few are considerable in size, even reaching the length of two feet; one (*Polypodium commune*) is used in making brooms and hassocks; in Lapland it is very valuable. Linnaeus says, "The Laplanders cut out a surface of this moss, as large as they please, for a bed, separating it from the earth beneath; and although the shoots are scarcely branched, they, nevertheless, are so entangled by the roots as not to be separated from each other. This mossy cushion is very soft and elastic, not growing hard by pressure; and if a similar portion is made to serve as a coverlet, nothing can be more warm and comfortable. The natives fold their bed together, tying it up into a roll that it may be grasped by a man's arms, and thus, if necessary, carry it with them to the place where they mean to sleep the night following. If it becomes too dry and compressed, its former elasticity is restored by a little moisture." Dried mosses are used for making cushions, mattresses, &c.

Three of the four remaining orders of Cryptogamia do not require much consideration. The *marcillacae*, of which there are very few plants, as the quillwort and pillwort, both of which are only two or three inches high, and grow under water; the *lycopodiaceae*, also a small family, including the club mosses and the *equisetaceae*, or horse tail. This is a peculiarly harsh and brittle plant; it grows in marshy places and is sometimes used for scouring; it has the property of taking up a considerable quantity of silica or flint, and combining in its organism more of this than any other known plant. The *equisetae* have been used in medicine on this account, it being a homoeopathic remedy for certain forms of gravel. It is probable that the real object of this plant is to raise this silica into an isomeric condition, to fit it for the systems of other plants and for animals.

The only remaining order, the Ferns, is the highest and most important of all the cryptogamia, being not only the most perfectly organized, but the one which has left the most permanent autobiography in those most valuable and interesting records, the coal beds. This order, and these beds, will be the subject of our next chapter.

It is in the domain of Nature that these lichens and mosses perform their great work as ministering angels, carrying blessings from our common Father's hand to our mother earth. The lichens are the John the Baptists, clothed in rough garments, crying in the wilderness to the very rocks, "repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand"—"harden not your hearts as in the day of provocation," when the volcanic fires burned around you; and then, embracing these, like true missionaries, they wait and minister at their sides until the rocks crumble into dust. Then, in the true spirit of the martyr, they offer themselves up as an atonement, giving up their lives, proving that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church;" for behold! out of their mingled remains is born the beautiful church of vegetable life—a church more grand than temple, or fane, that man has erected, being part of that

"Vast cathedral, mighty as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky!"

Who has not worshiped at the shrine of flowers and listened to their sweet music as they "gaze on us, with gentle, child-like eyes;" or stood beneath the lofty old trees, and felt that God was there, and that these were His altars and His priests, ministering ever in tones of gentleness and love!

The Mosses are missionaries to another class of heathen, their labors lie among the wet and cold places, and yet they preach the same great gospel of progression. They work silently but incessantly in preparing the soil, mingling the various elements and compounds together, and making many waste places to blossom as the rose. How beautifully these humble plants fulfill their mission, going where there is no life, seeking only the dreary and waste places, knowing that "the whole need not a physician."

The story of Mungo Park's moss is a beautiful and impressive sermon. In the year 1796 this hardy pioneer was traveling under Africa's burning sun, and on the road from Kooma to Sebidooloo, he was waylaid, stripped and robbed of everything; treasures that to him were invaluable were destroyed before his eyes by rude savages in human form. "After they were gone," he says, "I sat for some time looking around me in amazement and terror. I was in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, surrounded by savage animals and still more savage men. I considered my fate certain; I had no alternative but to lie down and perish; I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement." Thus, sad and alone, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, weeping over his forlorn condition, his eye caught

the sight of a little tuft of moss, (of the species *fusoides exilis*) not larger than the end of his finger. It was alive and beautiful, in that desolate place. It was one of God's missionaries, and it found a tongue. But it did not say to him, "thou art a member of a different sect—ye worship at Jerusalem but we worship at this mountain"—but it spoke thus: "Brother, God is here; He is our Father; He visits me; He feeds me with his dews, and gives me my daily bread, in this lone wilderness; He sent me here to do a work, and while I work He is ever with me; His own hands formed my little stems, and leaves, and seeds; He painted me so beautifully, and now He bids me tell thee, Brother, that He is with thee, and thou must arise and go thy way." When the lone traveler heard this sermon he wept for joy; picking up the little moss, he started, and in a few hours he came to a small native village, where he found friends, no more true, but in human form. Thus are these little ones ever preaching to us when we can hear them, but to many, trials seem necessary to open their ears.

"Yet I believe in each affliction
There lies a hidden benediction."
A Scottish poet, Robert Murray McCheyne, in alluding to the above, has given a poem, part of which we quote:

"The sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light
On Africa's barren land;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind,
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it babbling from its source,
In wilds untrod before.

Sad, faint, and weary, on the sand
Our traveler sat him down, his hand
Covered his burning head;
Above, beneath, behind, around,
No resting for the eye he found—
All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone,
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Filled his delighted gaze;
Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendril wild,
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

Oh, shall not He who keeps three green,
Here in the waste, unknown, unseen,
Thy fellow exile save?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave.

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired,
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along,
Till, with the evening's cooling shade,
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song."

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.
SIGHT AND INSIGHT.
Thoughts and Records of Nature and Common Life.
BY A NORMAL SEER.
NUMBER ONE.

To know the external aspect of things, is Sight—a rich gift. To question, think, and feel, leads to that intuitive perception of causes, relations, and the significance of things, which is Insight—a richer gift, to which the first is tributary. Insight is gained by the free, serene, earnest, and receptive.

—Nature's varied aspects, of common life and passing events, are rich in deep and prophetic meaning.

—High possibilities of Seership, clairvoyance, and a fine foresight that men call prophetic, are in common men and women—not as supernatural gifts, to amaze the superstitious, but as natural powers that wise and loving effort and patient waiting call out here or hereafter.

—We think too lightly of Common Things, what they mean, and what they foretell.

—Not alone in ancient Egypt and Judea, in classic Greece and mighty Rome, were great thoughts, grand deeds, significant events, but here and now, with you and me as spectators—possibly unconscious actors—are the marvels of the Past transcended by those of the Present.

—Not only in the Alps and Andes, on Asiatic steppes, beneath tropical palms, or among polar ice, is Nature grand and beautiful; but the Alleghanies and Monadnock, the prairies and homestead elms, the white bloom of orchards, the familiar fragrance of the rose, are for us, at home!

—The lives of John and Sarah, of Maria and William, in our parish or country—working, enjoying, laughing, weeping, planting, harvesting, inventing, and succeeding, tell and foretell more and more each day.

—We may meet again in these columns, from time to time, if such meeting shall possibly add to the common weal. Meanwhile I leave a fact for you, good readers. Its purport you must solve. Here it is:

—Ten miles west of Lockport, on the "Ridge Road," and just north of the Railroad, is the little village of Pekin. Northward from it one street the eye ranges over a wide expanse of field and forest, with the blue waters of Lake Ontario in the distance. Near by is the home of Marian S. and Paulina J. Roberts.

Last year Mrs. Roberts and her four daughters—from eleven to eighteen years old—were farmers, real workers! While the husband carried on his mill, they tilled a hundred acres,

all in crops. Plowing was done for them in the spring, after which they planted, hoed, plowed, and garnered, with as good crops as their neighbors in the same kind of soil. They dug 1,250 bushels of potatoes, hiring a man or two, but doing their full share *remanfully*. They grubbed, dragged together, and burned stumps and logs on fifteen acres of what was heavily timbered land, and then plowed it.

Last fall the girls ploughed a hundred acres,—driving and caring for their own horses.

This year, by an exchange of property, they have 350 acres, and intend to till over 200 acres. Eighty acres in oats, thirty in broom-corn, twenty in Indian corn, fifteen in potatoes, &c., &c.

With hired girls they mean to do this. Three are soon coming—two from New Hampshire—for farm-work, and one for house-work. A good workman is to be hired in the fall to instruct and oversee, that the girls may make the ten tons or so of corn into brooms.

The raising of willow is also to be commenced. It sells at paying prices, and it is hoped that, in coming time, they may start a factory for making willow ware, and giving women work, somewhat less severe than this heavy pioneer farming.

The Bloomer dress, of course, is worn. American girls of good families can be had without trouble to work out of doors.

Mrs. Roberts has a good constitution, but was in poor health from family cares and indoor confinement. She is now healthy.

The daughters are much like many hearty, cheerful farmers' daughters—frank and natural in manners, strong and healthy; the mother has perseverance, energy, and practical sagacity, with most kindly qualities of character.

The father is an energetic man of business, is manly, and willing his girls should work if they wish. This season he will be occupied in digging a large ditch to drain his own and his neighbors' lands, which will cost over \$1,000.

They have met with but little slight or ridicule, and it is decreasing. "Nothing succeeds like success," is a true saying!

Here is courage, effort, success, and a plan in the future for work for women, at paying prices—as good as men get for the same labor. Who will sneer, and thus show their want of Insight?

[In a private note from our gifted "Normal Seer"—G. B. S.—we found the following: "My idea is to say, in an easy, familiar way, what rocks, trees, hills, waters, journeys, home life, marked men and women in public or private, speeches, events of note, &c., &c., may suggest, in the light of the Philosophy of Harmonical Progress."]

For the Herald of Progress.
THE GENESIS AND EXODUS OF A HUMAN SPIRIT.

BY VELOSUS.
NUMBER ONE.

How truly do I to-day realize the truth, that "Man is one world, and hath another to attend him." Every passage of life is proof of this statement. What is it that I, that all persons, remember most clearly? Is it not experiences? And what are experiences! Are they mere proximities of bodies, of events of physical life? Are they not rather the events of inner life—events, it is true, which are not the theme of ordinary historians, but which, nevertheless, are the fountains of historic life, the motor forces of societies, and of national as well as individual life?

This age, more than any other, demands of us all, a clear revelation of what we are, not of what we seem, objectively viewed, to others. This can be done in literature only by our truthful relation of those inner events which most nearly concern ourselves, and which are really the greatest events of being and doing. It is in thought, in reflection, in ideas, that we most exist and act, and are, therefore, most fully revealed to ourselves. We know the world only in thought, in ideas, in feelings. We first come to ourselves in the realms of thought, and nothing is so certainly known to us as our thoughts and ideas.

Hence, the great doctrine of Descartes, "I think, therefore, I am." This may seem abstract to some, but who does not know that the whole concrete world rests upon abstract principles. All individual acts of an outward character are produced by the inward forces of thought, just as all social institutions are begotten by the inward yearnings of human souls. And I see the time will come, when, if we have given the temperaments of a person and his thoughts or ideas of to-day, we can, to a mathematical certainty, tell what he will be five or ten years hence. "Out of the abundance of the heart," not only "the mouth" but the whole life "speaketh." Every emotion, each thought and idea, will become, sooner or later, more or less perfectly, fact. The material worlds that people the vast stellar spaces, are not more the symbols of divine ideals, than the acts of a person are symbols of his inward life. Confucius exclaimed, "How can a man be concealed—how can a man be concealed!"

You give the narrowest bigot a single free, truthful thought, let it get fairly before his mind, no matter from what point of compass, and his spiritual emancipation is as certain as the revolution of the stars. Truth operates like the logic of God, slowly it may be, but none the less surely. As I find from experience, man is an instrument of vastest compass—myriad sided—but so delicately strung as to vibrate under the influence of the smallest forces. An unkind word has turned the finest resolution of my life into a failure, and poisoned the waters of emotion for a whole month; while a single smile from one I loved, has been my angel in clouds and storms for years together. But I find this also, that as

my spirit becomes larger, it is more susceptible from within, but at the same time, less easily disturbed from without. I have learned, also, that the difficulties which I most dreaded and shrank from, have been the best spiritual schools for me. The sailor learns his skill and develops his best strength in the storm; and our spiritual life "renews itself at a vigorous pulse under the sleet of winter as under the sky of June."

And now, while I reflect, I see how cowardly are men in their best aims. If we had the control of things, there would never be a storm, either in the social or material world; not a frost to cleanse the face of nature; not an island or a continent that would need cultivation, but spontaneous nature would yield into the lap of our shiftless civilization a full supply, that would rob us of the primary conditions of manliest culture. We would soften the winds to our bloodless backs, till the life-tide would stagnate for want of that vigor which it can gather only amid the pulses of the storm. I thank God for every storm through which my spirit has passed. I grant I have shrank, and shivered, and dodged, and whined even, as do the rest of half made up civilized; but still, I did not stay in port, but pushed out into the open sea on my solitary plank, and thus have developed some of those latent immortal energies which make up this strangely but divinely wrought being, called human nature. I feel some more latent powers that will have to pass their ordeal also; but I have enough strength now to breast the crisis cheerfully, and in sublime hope and faith of final triumph.

As the "world globes itself in a drop of dew," so the laws and principles of universal human nature, ensphere themselves in each individual consciousness and its experiences. "The commonest minds have thoughts worthy the rarest," and the latent power of greatness—of intellectual and moral grandeur—lies engendered in the soul-center of the humble child of our Infinite Father and Mother. If we only have eyes to see it, the commonest events of our life are only the husks which enclose the possibilities of angelic beauty. Many a diamond has been overlooked for want of a power of insight into common experiences. Who would not give ingots of gold to know how Jesus felt, what he thought, as he tugged his cross up Calvary's summit! Who is insensible to the fact, that the great forces of historic life have sprung out of private hearts!

One awakened soul is more powerful than all the institutions of the world. Was it not the private idea of Jesus that began the "Christian era?" And was it not the single idea of Socrates that gave life and power to the philosophy and science of modern days? The whole philosophy of the historic world, is but the aggregation of ideas which were at first only the intuitions of private souls. A single pulse of one great, earnest heart, becomes the revolutionary power of a whole era; and a superficial view of the idea born there, of sometimes makes apes—miserable mimics—of whole generations of men for a thousand years! Individual Spirits are the fountains whence the waters of the ocean of life are derived; and he who would justly estimate mankind, need only get at the bottom of a human soul.

Let me illustrate these remarks by reference to a few private experiences. But how shall I state myself to you, kind reader? It is seen that we reveal ourselves best when we least intend it; and, if so, how shall I uncap myself in print to the eyes of critics? If I were writing a work of fiction, I might, doubtless, do it easily enough; just as Mrs. Stowe has put the private sentiments of her own head and heart into the life and words of Dr. Hopkins, Aaron Burr, the French lady, Mary Scudder, and James Marvin. If I could do this, I might whisper to you of things that else are forbidden utterance. Works of fiction, indeed! They are in such cases as the above, only the excuses for the revelation of the author's heart. Who, that has any sense, thinks of reading "The Minister's Wooing" to find out what Dr. H., Aaron Burr, or Mary Scudder, believes or thinks? It is not these private souls that stand revealed there, but Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe! Such works of fiction are often the most blessed fact. Very few persons have pluck enough to look themselves squarely in the face, and so wink and dodge their own features; but if they can see themselves in another's garments, transfer themselves under assumed names into print, behold their own weaknesses under an objective personality, even if that personality be a fictitious one, you stand some chance of getting at them. Some of us can look ourselves in the face secretly, but when asked to paint our features for the public eye, we would rather be excused. I grant it may be cowardly, but if so, it is because our life is mean, and should, therefore, be kept in the dark, to all but ourselves, on the ground that "evil communications corrupt good manners." This desire to conceal our virtues and weaknesses is "the grand imposture by which the soul makes its enormous claim" on the possible, ideal perfection. It is only self-judgment, and the clear confession of the quality of our being and doing; the former of which sits in judgment on the latter, "excusing or else accusing it." In this self-judgment, the spirit announces its sublime destiny, namely: that "perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of Nature."

The history of one mind and its progress is the record of a whole generation of men. Let me describe to you the genesis and exodus of a human spirit that I have just become a little acquainted with, but whom I shall know much better in a hundred years.

He began his material career at the base of the Catskill mountains. His father was crushed by a falling beam five months before his birth, which event stamped in his mental constitution, through his mother's grief, a strong tendency to sadness, sorrow and solitude; and this tendency, displaying itself in early youth, was mistaken by certain devout old ladies for "early piety." Through the ordinary machinery of Sabbath-schools, tracts, "good pious books," and Biblical bear stories, this youth became a "promising member" of the church called Methodist, at the hopeful age of fifteen years. The awful attributes of the orthodox God cast a still deeper shade upon his spirit, while the terrible doctrines of "original sin," "fall of man," "total depravity," "vicarious atonement," "general judgment," and the "final damnation of the wicked," all conspired, with demonic power, to stifle in the bud the unfolding aspirations of his Reason and Intuition. From the pulpit, sometimes, as if in jest, called "sacred," he heard Reason denounced as "carnal," Intuition called "devil," and free thought ignored as rank "infidelity." With all Christians, he was taught self-distrust, self-abnegation, self-condemnation, until the heavens over his head seemed brass, the earth iron, and life itself a terrible struggle on a world hung suspended between heaven on the one side, and hell and devils on the other.

The terrible themes of orthodoxy "kept running in his head," until, half crazed, he began to tell man to "flee from the wrath to come." His blind monomaniacal zeal attracted the notice of the leaders of the church, who insisted that God had "called him to preach," and that he would be damned if he did not. Tremblingly he accepted a license to exhort, and the superintendency of the Sabbath-school. And here began his career of theological reflection. Compelled to expound Scripture texts to his scholars, he soon found himself involved in a more than Herculean task, of trying to reconcile Biblical discrepancies and untie knotty theological problems. Urged to enter the Conference, he began to examine the doctrines of the creed. Sad mistake! The poor, ignorant, but honest youth, supposed them capable of a rational solution, according to principles of Science, Nature, and Reason. In this state of mind he went to one of the authorized teachers of eligion, to get the vicarious atonement "elucidated and explained." The question he put to the reverend gentleman was this: "How can God be just, and yet punish the innocent Jesus (who is God himself) for the crimes of a guilty world?"

Voices from the People.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

A Word to the Charitable.

NEW YORK, March, 1860.

DEAR SIR:—Why will not some philanthropic gentleman, possessing the requisite means to allow him to do so, give away ten thousand or one thousand guitars to children belonging to poor, but deserving families in this city? It would be like sowing a crop of Egyptian Wheat in the fertilist of soils, and in five, ten, or less years, there would be brought forth from among these favored little ones, an overwhelming harvest of refinement of taste, love of art, softness and delicacy of feeling, and spiritual love and light. Let some rich gentleman try it.

There is a poor family in New York, which possesses, among its other members, a bright little girl of fourteen, of talent and genius; the mother spends her days over the wash tub, and sleeping offices. I induced a sister to give this one lesson upon the piano, and she is doing finely.

I believe that rays of light, full of hope and promise, have penetrated the spirit of that family from every tone of melody which the child has learned to love and call forth.

Yours, A. HOPER.

[Such private charities are sweet and healing to the over-taxed and everywhere down-trodden; but we would have the might of wealth directed rather against the causes which generate and perpetuate poverty.—Ed.]

Plymouth Church versus Wendell Phillips.

To the Editor of the Herald of Progress:

NEW YORK, March 21st, 1860.

By the N. Y. Tribune of this morning, I learn that the Trustees of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church in Brooklyn, refused to grant their edifice to Wendell Phillips, in which to deliver his lecture upon "The Advantages of a Dissolution of the Union."

Now 'tis a well known fact that Mr. Beecher is a warm advocate of anti-slavery principles (when applied to the physical enslavement of the negro race) and that several colored individuals have been purchased and ransomed by the generous contributions of his church—the said Trustees doubtless sharing both pecuniarily and sympathetically in these humane acts. But here comes one of our own race—a white man, forsooth—whose unrivalled eloquence has ever been exerted on the side of justice and humanity—who asks no dollars and cents—no "rings of diamond," but merely for the inborn right of every freeman—the liberty of Free Speech. But lo! the doors of Beecher's church are closed, the hearts of Beecher's congregation melt not in sympathy—the Trustees of Beecher's church move not in just and manly action.

Now, Mr. Editor, we would like to ask, what has all this immense talk of Henry Ward Beecher against slavery amounted to? Has it had the effect to implant deep in the understanding of his hearers the principle of freedom for all? Has it taught men that Free Speech—denied in the land of slaves—should always be encouraged and sustained as the handmaid of Liberty? Is this intolerant transaction the result of teachings based upon Universal Brotherhood and equality? And is the eloquent, the admired Beecher, exerting

his talents to play upon the sympathies, rather than to cultivate the principle of Liberty in the minds of his hearers?

It seems to be vastly more easy to talk of Free Speech there, than to fearlessly face the slavery of Public Opinion in New York city. It seems much easier to admit the slave woman or girl to plead for her individual freedom than to admit a white orator for the candid and able expression of unpopular measures aiming at the universal good. How can we reproach our Southern brethren so severely for intolerance when we see such moral cowardice in a professedly liberty-loving church in the Free North!

Mr. Phillips finally delivered his lecture to a large and appreciative audience in the Brooklyn Athenaeum, and the Tribune has published the same in full—showing the superiority of the public rostrum and secular press, to pulpits and churches, in the practical advocacy of Free Speech.

NOT A DISUNIONIST.

Letter from Father Robinson.

HOLLEY, N. Y., March 15, 1860.

I see by the prospectus of the HERALD OF PROGRESS that among the numerous subjects to be treated is "the Oppressed and the Oppressor," which is synonymous with capital and labor, one of the most important and far-reaching questions that can possibly be considered among the inhabitants of earth. It involves every other question, material, physical, moral, religious, social and scientific. It lies at the foundation of human society! The savage, even, is not exempt from its power in some degree.

The struggle between labor and capital will never end till justice and humanity triumph over selfishness and misanthropy, which will be a long time hence. Labor belongs to the first law of man's being, it is that only that supplies his daily wants, out of it all capital flows; and from the beginning of man's existence on the earth, and labor introduced the production of capital, the struggle may be dated. The many labored while the few monopolized. Numerous have been and are the devices of capitalists to take advantage of the laborer, to take from him a part, if not all of his just earnings, by usury, rents, profits, keen bargains, &c., &c.—a system of fraud rife, running through all society like the roots of the mighty oak in pliable soil. Seemingly every man's hand is against his brother, for, as a slaveholder cannot emancipate his laborers at home and pay them wages if he would, because it is in a framework with his neighbors and he would thus break a link or a timber, so many philanthropic souls cannot act out their high promptings of benevolence lest they themselves fall and are crushed in the treadmill of society.

Thus will the world continue to move on till more ennobled by that great, primal, godlike principle—"Do unto others as you would have them do to you." Then the rum-seller will give up his nefarious traffic, the money-lender cease his exactions, the merchant content himself with a prudent income without extravagance, the farmer, mechanic, laborer, man of business, all, all will toe the line of justice, and remember that all men—black, yellow, red or white—are neighbors, near or remote. Yours for Brotherhood,

C. ROBINSON.

Miss Hardinge in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1860.

DEAR HERALD:—This morning our Hall was crowded to overflowing, and a death-like stillness reigned throughout, when our gifted lecturer, (Miss Hardinge,) pronounced these words, in a supplicating tone, "Give us this day our daily bread!" This she said was a mockery. Instead of "Give us this day our daily bread," we should say, "Lord! let the bread which thou hast given, be distributed among thy creatures!"

The evening found us again in our places, expecting a rich treat, for the subject was "Creation," of all themes the most sublime and speculative. After giving the most popular theories respecting the formation of earth, she gave us the spiritual view of its present, past, and future; first alluding to its unprogressed state in the earliest periods of its existence, in reference to its own appearance, to the heavy, dull, half creeping plants that then roamed over its surface, and lastly, to man's intellectual development at that time, contrasting all with the present era of exaltation and progression. The retrospect was truly one of the greatest pieces of oratory we have ever listened to. In regard to the future, she said that our earth was advancing towards a period when it would dispense with the assistance of the Great Sun, (the center of the universe) and would feed on its own internal fires, (if I may so express it,) gradually receding from the sun, and gaining other satellites having already one. Thus have lived and progressed Jupiter and Saturn.

What a sublime idea! and how rational to the thinking mind. What a glorious era is the present! what opportunities for improvement exist within our reach, and yet how many reject them, willing to take ignorance for their fortune, and chance for their future. What a gulf exists between such an one and he who thirsts for knowledge, who is ever drinking in some lesson of wisdom from every passing incident, whose keen perceptions are alive to every emotion, and open to every truth, who turns the pages of earth's history, finding in its brightness some delight, but who never recoils from reading on its darker pages the lessons of sadness and reflection. The difference found between these two, is the same as that which exists between the world when in a chaotic mass and its present state of radiance.

Our next lecture, by the same gifted speaker, will be on the "Creator."

Truly yours, A. G. POTTER.

The Case of Mrs. Harriet Porter.

84 WEST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK.

DEAR FRIEND:—I noticed in the Banner of Light, under date of March 8d, that D. Gardner, at the Conference, in speaking of the influence of what he calls Devils or Evil Spirits upon mediums to their injury, cites Mrs. H. Porter's case, and thinks the influence of evil spirits upon her was the cause of her death.

Now, with all due respect for the opinion of such eminent men, I must beg the privilege of differing from them, at least so far as the

death of Mrs. H. Porter was concerned. The writer was with her the three last weeks of her illness, and in fact was with her when she breathed her last, therefore, to the best of my knowledge and belief, consumption, and not the influence of evil spirits, was the cause of her death.

As I understood at the time it was caused in this way: Mrs. Porter, together with her husband and her mother, attended the funeral of her grandmother at Bridgeport, Connecticut; the weather was very cold and disagreeable, so much so that Mrs. Porter, to use her own words, "became chilled through," and took a violent cold, accompanied with severe spells of coughing. These never entirely left her until her death, and I think I speak within bounds when I say I think she threw off an amount equal to her entire weight in the form of expectation, &c. Her mouth became extremely sore, from the effects of medicine previously taken, so much so that she could not take any solids into the mouth, only the pulp of the apple and the juice of the orange. Her tongue also was covered with a thick yellow coating, which would partially peel off by using as strong a wash or gargle as she could endure.

My wonder was that she remained so long with us after the disease had taken such a strong hold of her, and reduced her to such a state of almost entire helplessness. She was a mere skeleton. She has often said to the writer, "Why do you magnetize me so strong? You are keeping me here by your magnetism; I want to go." And she died (if I may use the word) without a struggle. Her husband, her mother, and the writer, witnessed her death. A few short coughs, a few gasps, and all was still. Her freed spirit took its departure for the better land.

Yours for truth, and spirit friends, J. E. F. CLARKE.

An Alleged Spirit Communication.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE, March 10 1860.

MR. A. J. DAVIS: Having read your able remarks upon the "Lion and the Lamb," permit me to enclose a communication purporting to come from the spirit of Old John Brown. It was given through the medium in answer to a desire to get a brief report from his spirit, February 25, 1860.

Yours for Humanity, R. D. WING.

[We present the following because we have confidence in the intelligence and sincerity of our correspondent, Mr. Wing; and because, also, we think our readers individually capable of judging a matter from its own merits, and without prejudice.—Ed.]

COMMUNICATION.

"John Brown is here himself. I know I was rash in insurrection. I know I did not realize my peculiar condition. Light has given me power to see this: That God has no prerogatives to work as I expected. Therefore, I was deceived. I thought that it was right. But let me say that it was not right, and let me tell you more than this: That the men that hung me, or who consented to my death, have a penalty attached to them that ages will not wipe out. I am not far above them, but my design was for good, though it proved a failure.

"Now let me say that no leagued designs of murder or forcible means can remove Slavery; but it must be accomplished through the Gospel of Christ, and in this way it will be done in due time. When men learn wisdom by their rashness, they will reform. My life was to me dear as any man's; but that is of no moment to me now. I have passed the flood; I have passed the Jordan stream, and you will find it soon.

"But let your soul come up here free from blood guiltiness, and it will find a higher sphere than I have. I warn all to come up with clean hands and true hearts, imbued with the truth of God's love in the fullness of their own souls, that there may not be a cloud between you and the ethereal throne of God. Let men learn wisdom by faith purified in the pool of truth. Learn wisdom by hopes of a glorious immortality, which is the reward of all when light shines upon their paths; then they will find the road that leads to bright and happy spheres. This comes from Old John Brown."

[By desire, the spirit returned and said:]

"I have come back to tell you about the Theology of the present time. In the history of man it comes and exists under the head of Damnation in wrath. But a better light begins to shine out of darkness, to show its deformity. It is to be abandoned and given over to the winds and the bats.

"Let me say one word more about the truth of the Manifestations of to-day. It shines out of darkness and will certainly dispel all theories and all creeds of church or State; and then will come the resurrection of the just to a condition to relieve the earth of the burdens of false faiths.

"Go no more after false faiths; they may lead you down to the graves of the culprit.

"If I could have had the truth of God taught me in the earth, I might not have imbrued my hands in innocent blood. But my teachings were of a different character. I was taught to believe all things would and must come under certain conditions, contained in the laws of popular Theology.

"Let the slaveholder once feel the true power of Christ's teachings, as they will be brought to light in this nineteenth century, and he never would hold a slave for a moment."

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

NINETEETH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

(Question of the last Session continued.)

MR. FOWLER read a paper on the question, a portion of which is as follows: "What light does Spiritualism throw on reform?" The question involves this other: What is Spiritualism? One speaker defines it thus: It is the relation of spirit to spirit, of man to his brother man, to his brother Spirit and to

his Father God. "According to my reasoning, the definition amounts to this: that true Spiritualism is the true doctrine of relations. I think this the most comprehensive, truthful, and concise definition I have yet heard. It seems to me that reform is grounded almost, if not wholly, on relationship, for therein lies the principal difficulty to be overcome. Hence Spiritualism, or the true doctrine of relations, would seem to be almost the only source of reform light; and therefore I would inquire, what is the doctrine, and what are its revelations?"

(The paper then recites Mr. Fowler's answer to the inquiry, whence he draws the following conclusion:) "In the light of these revelations, we are taught obedience to the corresponding conditions of essence in all relations, which implies also a regard for the comparative conditions of substance. And we are also taught by this light, that all reform consists in obedience to these governing conditions of the soul's substance and essence, whose adaptive truths are just laws of action. With me, all reform is comprehended in one word, obedience—in one command, obey the truth."

MR. PARTRIDGE: Spiritualism reveals to us, ourselves, and the spiritual laws which relate us as separate entities. The common idea with respect to these relations, limits their existence to this life. They are held as conventional, expedient, respectable, rather than as natural, spiritual, and eternal; and hence, in all the departments of practical life, they are more or less sacrificed to the supposed interests of self. But few stop to consider that a wrong done to the neighbor will assuredly "return to plague the inventor," because the few only know of the spiritual relation which makes that result inevitable. The man absorbed in his merchandise does not think of this. To achieve what he deems success in this world occupies his whole power, and he goes through this life, if not wholly indifferent to any other, at least, wholly ignorant concerning it. There are commercial men among us who do not so much as know that a spiritual paper has been published in this city for years; what can they know, then, absorbed as they are in the things of commerce, of the laws which belong to man as an immortal? Commerce regards man as an essential wheel in the machinery of fortune-making; as a profitable substance to work up into cotton, sugar, and rum, one down, and another come on—Spiritualism reveals him as amenable to no such object; it reveals to us that the master does not get rid of the slave by selling him "down the river," that human obligations cannot be wiped out by any bankrupt law; that, throughout the future, man is to meet man as a brother, with the law of brotherly relation ever present, ever pressing its violated claims upon him who has been unmindful of its Divine requirements. There has been, perhaps, no man so bepreached and belalked as Jesus; but after all, what of reform has been derived from all this preaching and talking? To recite his good deeds every Sunday, does not make us any better. We can only become like him by a discovery of the laws which made him what he was. Now, Jesus was a Spiritualist—a man whose life was molded in the light of heaven. His actions were squared by eternal principles, not by Jewish precepts; and reform is only possible through comprehension of these principles. It was the appreciation of spiritual truth applicable to both worlds, which made him so wise and good, and this alone can make us like him.

DR. MASSEY: Head and heart, he is devoted to the discovery of the better way. The remarks he had to make, would be on the assumption that the inquiry is, have we derived any better light or knowledge from modern Spiritualism upon the subject of Reform? But first, what is meant by Spiritualism? If to believe that man is a spirit, and that he is inspired by God, then he is a Spiritualist. But he finds that many who claim that name, set up their own conclusions derived from what they vaunt as their own experience and observation, as the true criterion, ignoring all previous light and knowledge. In that sense, he is not a Spiritualist. In what the Spiritualist claims as experience and observation pertaining to spiritual facts, he is utterly barren, all his efforts at fruit-bearing in that direction having come to naught. Not that he wholly denies the fruitfulness of others in these particulars, and, for the same reason, he is pained to see the modern Spiritualist reject the light of former experience. The truth is, the world has been in good hands. What would have been our condition without Jesus and the Judiciary—the law and the gospel? Not that he takes all the old dogmas for absolute truth; he shall doubtless startle the ears of his personal friends, and it may be, shake the entire fabric of religious thought, when he states as his most solemn conviction (and he hopes the reporter will underscore it,) that God is not the Devil! that is to say, he will not doom us to everlasting torment, for the misuse of this life. No; with the Spiritualist he finds himself compelled to abandon that ancient doctrine, but he cannot sympathize with them in their contempt for truth, simply because it has received the veneration of ages. He would not have the past abused. The raps could have had no meaning to the Spiritualist, unless an idea of spiritual existence had been in the world before. Some good suggestions have been made by Spiritualists, but he is compelled to say that they have added no new light to that previously extant. His idea of reform will be best illustrated by citing a speech delivered by himself, on a Sunday afternoon in a school house in Philadelphia, pending the execution of John Brown. When he had entered that temple of

reform, a brother was shaking his fists at "Old Virginia," defying her power and denouncing her institutions, from her Governor to her oyster-beds. He was asked to speak. He inquired, what is the question?—"Practical righteousness." Well; does that begin at Harper's Ferry? He defines a Spiritualist as one who is willing to be taught by the spirit, and "practical righteousness" begins with a right organization as receptive of such teaching. We are not as God made us, we have marred his work, and disturbed the primeval relation of the human to the Divine. It is only by becoming rightly organized in our bodies, that we can come into right relations with the spirit of truth. It is with regret that he sees Spiritualists place their own departed relatives and friends above Jesus, and it is of Spiritualism, which rests upon this modern basis, that he says, it has added nothing to the reformation of mankind.

MR. BROWN: As a stranger, to whom all he had been listening to was as Greek, he desired to know what is Spiritualism, as distinguished from other professions of religious belief.

DR. GRAY: It differs in this: The modern Spiritualist believes that we can talk with our friends who have passed into the other life. This is not inculcated by the existing religions. Even the founders, in their spiritual intercourse, supposed that they talked with God. The Spiritualist may hold many opinions in common with others, but in this he is peculiar.

DR. HALLOCK: The modern Spiritualist may be said to differ from cotemporary religionists in that his faith is founded upon hitherto knowledge and experience, instead of the history of an experience. Wherein there is agreement, the grounds of affirmation are as unlike as a loaf of fresh baked bread and the statistics of the wheat crop of 1859. The Spiritualist compares doctrines recorded in books, with principles incarnated in life, and hospitably accepts of the former, whatsoever will stand this test. He does not arraign James and John before Paul; he tries the old-time utterances, by the present-time realities. His motto is, that which is good is eternal. From this ground of affirmation (personal observation and experience) comes the clearer light upon the problem of reform. This power of affirmation, is reform itself. The measure of its power is the difference between demonstration and precept. Until truth in words becomes truth in experience, it does nothing in the way of reformation. The truth of "Daboll's arithmetic" makes no boy wiser until he proves it to be truth. So with what is termed religious truth: it is demonstration which reforms and saves. This has redeemed the Spiritualist from a false faith on the one hand, and a false philosophy on the other—this, and nothing but this. There stood the affirmation of a future life, old as tradition, common as Sunday sermons, but it did not save us, nor yet those who preached it. It is affirmation by authority of demonstration which effects that work, not affirmation by authority of history; and hence, the light of Spiritualism upon reform, compared with the light of religious creeds and social schemes, is like the light of the sun upon the earth compared with that of the moon.

MR. BROWN: These views are to him novel, and are not without some force; but one point is not so clear. He had asked, what is Spiritualism as distinguished from the common faith? and he is answered, it is to believe in the fact of intercourse between the two worlds. Now, if this be a fact, then it has only to be made common, and the world becomes a community of Spiritualists. But what are the facts? Is a rap proof? Not to him. He must have better evidence. The philosophy is acceptable; it is the right method, doubtless, to demonstrate, because when a man sees the error, he instinctively forsakes it. That must be conceded by authority of human nature; but with respect to the fact of spiritual intercourse, so far as he is concerned, the evidence is incomplete. He requires to be shown the connection between the physical and spiritual worlds. As he gathers the idea, it is that Spiritualism is to benefit us here, by dissolving the doubts and fears which rest upon the other life, by a disclosure of its true character and conditions. This is of the highest importance if true, because it goes quite beyond what has been heretofore claimed as knowledge on the part of theologians or philosophers. He would rejoice to see it proved.

MR. DAVIS: Spiritualism has a wholesome effect upon reform, as evinced by his own experience. Prior to his acceptance of it, as a proved fact, he had cast off all belief in God and the future, and supposed that most men had done the same, notwithstanding their professions; which was equivalent to branding them all as hypocrites. This was not a healthy condition of mind, and his recovery from it is due to Spiritualism. Here are two great mistakes which it has refuted—mistakes which inevitably lead to wrong practice. The Christian has been taught to believe that Christ would wipe out all his sins, provided he could only find time to ask him; and so has naturally gone on sinning; and the materialist, who held to nothing, found in it open invitation to make expediency, rather than principle, the rule of his actions. Spiritualism reforms both these errors. It shows us, on the one hand, that human existence is not terminated by the death of the body, and on the other, that the actions of a bad man are not relieved from their unhappy consequences by the death of a good man. A knowledge of this fact must, and does, tend to reform.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

thing intended for our eye, we shall be thankful if they will mark and mail it to our address, or to the HERALD OF PROGRESS. We will say here, that a little delay occurs in filling orders for missing numbers in the different volumes of the *Telegraph*. We shall soon supply all that we are able to.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

TO THE "TELEGRAPH" EXCHANGES.

We send this week's paper to the entire list of exchanges furnished us by Mr. Partridge. Many of them have little actual value to us, but we shall be happy to continue an exchange to all such as come addressed to the HERALD OF PROGRESS with a marked notice of our paper, its objects, terms, &c.

As our circulation cannot unfavorably affect the local support furnished secular papers, we shall hope to receive an occasional notice from editors, not unfriendly to free inquiry upon all subjects, that the existence of such an independent journal as the HERALD OF PROGRESS may be widely known.

A CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.

From our most efficient co-laborer, Dr. MATHEW, we learn that it has been determined to have a convention, (Spiritual) at Mokena, Kankakee county, Illinois, in the early part of June, of which due notice will be given. We have indubitable proofs of the progressive character of the people of that vicinity, and predict a large and successful gathering. Speakers from the East are desired.

Owing to the unexpected length of our Report of the Lecture at Dodworth's Hall, we are compelled to omit our usual selection of Miscellany. As we desire that each number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS may contain a healthful and pleasing variety, we shall seek to avoid the recurrence of this omission in future.

Persons and Events.

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

A Correction.—In our review of "Baron Reichenbach's ONIC-MAGNETIC LETTERS," we gave its price incorrectly. The work is furnished, postage paid, by C. Blanchard, 76 Nassau street, for 37 cents.

A Child's Question.—Mrs. F. D. Gage gives the following question as propounded by a little daughter of a Puritan mother, who had been taught that Heaven would be one long, long Sabbath; that little girls who played, and sang, and laughed, and danced on Sunday, would be sent to hell. "Mamma," said this young child, "if I am good when I go to Heaven, and learn my Sabbath-school lesson, and don't play or make any noise for a good long while, don't you think God will let me go down to hell, some afternoon, and have a good play?"

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.—This gifted woman recently addressed the New York Senate and Assembly Committees, on the subject of extending the elective franchise to women. The house was filled, and Mrs. Stanton was introduced by Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany. The Albany letter-writers say Mrs. S. spoke "earnestly of woman's sufferings, sweetly of her endurance, and eloquently of her rights." But her argument for political justice these doubting brethren considered "earnest, eloquent and plausible, but not convincing." Well, we can wait for the slow process of growth, the light will some time penetrate the thickest skull. Even selfish interest and contemptible pride, must yield to the powerful claims of simple justice.

Goods, not Principles, for Sale.—The *Tribune* says, the announcement made during the Castle Garden excitement, by Mr. Bowen, (of the firm of Bowen & McNamee), that the firm had resolved to "sell their goods, and not their principles," is not yet forgotten in mercantile circles. "A few days ago, during a conversation in the private office of this establishment, (now Bowen, Holmes & Co.) with a Kentuckian, on the "Union," a Western man—a stranger—entered, and, without waiting to introduce himself, said to Mr. B., "I have come to get a silk dress for my wife." "We don't sell at retail," was the reply. "I can't help that," said the stranger, "I am in from the West, and I want to buy my wife a dress from the man who 'sells his goods, and not his principles.'" Mr. B. called one of his clerks, and directed him to show the gentleman the finest silks in the establishment. The Kentuckian put on a look of ludicrous surprise, and on resuming his conversation, changed the topic of discourse."

Why Not be Just?—The *Independent* devotes a column to an account of the last hours of Stevens and Hazlett, narrating with truthful minuteness the calm and cheerful spirit characterizing them. It carefully avoids mentioning what the telegraph report to the Associated Press makes very clear, "That they were both Spiritualists, which enabled them to meet their fate with cheerfulness and resignation," and takes especial pains to lug in as some of Stevens' "favorite hymns," the following: "Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move;" "To-day the Saviour calls;" "We're traveling home to heaven above."

The *Independent* knows that it was the glorious knowledge of the Spiritualist, not the faith of the Christian, which sustained these young martyrs. Why not be honest once, and say so?

Clerical Scandal.—A friend has thoughtfully sent us several papers and a pamphlet filled with details and proofs of the moral delinquency of a person recently engaged at Sandy Hill, N. Y., as a "preacher of the Gospel." We have examined them no farther than to observe that the charges against the reverend gentleman seem to be clearly sustained. Those residing in the immediate locality, had, doubtless, a duty to do in exposing hypocrisy and villainy. But the details are too disgusting, and the fact itself too sickening, for us to make use of them in giving additional publicity to the errors of the party implicated. Clergymen are but men, and while we do not object to such an array of facts as shall dispel the illusion, afflicting many minds, of the superior qualities by nature of those who profess to "stand between the Bible, God, and his people," we can not feel any species of exultation over the proofs of their inferiority in point of moral excellence. The entire affair imparts a sadness to our spirit.

Paraphrased.

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

Signs of the Times.

It is worthy of record, that WENDELL PHILLIPS addressed a Brooklyn audience on Tuesday evening, March 20th, in behalf of a dissolution of the Union, and was undisturbed—indeed applauded! This is a triumph of Free Speech such as we take pleasure in noticing. The friends of the Union will soon learn, we trust, that its perpetuity rests not upon the despotic prohibition of any disloyal sentiment, but rather upon the purity of the principles cementing it; with the unabridged liberty the people enjoy of open discussion in reference thereto. The "Union" was tenfold nearer—in point of absolute danger—to dissolution, when New Yorkers mobbed the man who dared question its value, than when they listened calmly—though unbelieving—to an argument for its dissolution.

Another.

We heartily respond to the *Tribune's* rejoicing over the fact, that, "in spite of discouraging appearances, the world does move," as evidenced in the recent passage by the New York Legislature of a bill for the Protection of the Property Rights of married women. This act provides for the separate use and control, by married women, of their own property or earnings, independent of the interference or control of the husband. It constitutes the wife joint guardian of her children with her husband, and makes each heir to the property of the other, to hold during the minority of their children. This measure is an absolute attainment of exact equality in point of property right, so far as we can discover, and is, hence, a propitious augury for the future.

Still Another.

How refreshing are such confident utterances as these, which we find in the *Tribune*. First concerning Land Reform:

"I am constrained to tell you, my Lords," said Henry Brougham, addressing the Peers of Great Britain on the Reform bill which they had once or twice already rejected, "that through this House or over this House, Reform will be carried." Land Reform will not be carried over the Senate, but through it—the only question is one of time. Whoever looks calmly at the matter, and notes the formidable and ever-increasing momentum with which the Homestead bill is urged, the manifest waning of the force opposed to it, must realize this."

And again, in respect to the abolition of Capital Punishment:

"The Death-Penalty—its reasons, necessity, and influence—is set down for discussion in our Assembly this evening. We urge members of all parties to be present, and give to the arguments which will be advanced on either side their calmest attention. We feel so sure that the gallows is a doomed institution, that we can well afford to await its natural demise; but we are none the less anxious that the subject shall receive present and earnest consideration."

By external reasoning, the editor of the *Tribune* reaches the positive conclusion found at the outset by the true philosophical believer in Progress. To one reposing with unflinching trust in the progressive principles of the universe, it requires no reference to outward facts to insure the firm conviction that the only question is one of time. Still, it is with unmixed satisfaction that we note this true, manly, progressive tone to the *Tribune's* utterances, and desire to invoke the attention of all reformers to this true attitude respecting the sure results of progress in the world. Those who are compelled often to labor for years, seeing no fruits of their efforts, will find great consolation in this abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of Justice and the Right.

THE NEW DIVORCE LAW.

The would-be pious daily papers, which are growing doubly pious because a religious daily is to be started on the first of May, are in a fever of vexation over the new divorce bill before the legislature. Horace Greeley, who has just been used up, "horse, foot, and dragons," by Robert Dale Owen, on the subject of divorce, and in the columns of the *Tribune*, is excited. He thinks nothing but adultery should separate a couple when legally made man and wife. Constant drunkenness is no excuse, in his judgment; nor is brutality, or prolonged absence, or anything else. But what does society gain by compelling a woman to waste the best part of her life with a beast all the time under the influence of liquor? or a brute, against whose

cruelty all the neighborhood rebels? It gains just this: so many more unfortunate women in our streets; so many more wantons in our houses of ill-fame; so many more suicides. What is left a woman in her despair, but to turn upon the laws that bind her to misery, and revenge herself by becoming an outcast, or by ending her sorrows in the river. That's the gain, Mr. Greeley.—*Sunday Mercury*.

REGENERATION SECONDARY.

We find the following in a four column sermon, by HENRY WARD BEECHER, published in the *Independent*. Good as it is, we doubt not our readers will thank us for removing the thick shell from so small a kernel:

"I am in a strait, often, betwixt two. I do believe in conversion, and in the power of new spiritual life; but, after all, my own observation has gone to show that a naturally good man is very apt to have his meanness stick to him after he becomes a professor of religion. A good Christian needs to be born again, but it is very necessary that he should have been well born when he was first born. When, therefore, a man wants a trustworthy man, he wants he should have natural honesty to begin with. But natural honesty, like all beginnings, needs to be educated and developed; and a Christian ethical education induced upon natural integrity makes a man valuable beyond gold or silver, in the community."

Aye! but the real value is in the original timber—in the man—before the systems of ethics shaped him. Let us hear Mr. Beecher further on the same subject:

"I do not mean by this that experienced business men seek professors of religion; but I do mean that they seek such men as professors of religion ought to be. The church has come to be popular; and getting into the church is not getting into God's kingdom, by any means. Men do not take a bank-bill simply because it is a bank-bill. They see whether it is a genuine bill, and whether the bank it is on is able to pay; and if it is a good bill, and on a good bank, they take it, on account of the gold there is behind it. And so with professors of religion. When a man knows there is a great deal of bogus religion, he scrutinizes professors to know whether they are counterfeit. He wants to know whether there is the gold of performance behind them. And unfortunately there are so many who are Christians only in name, that there is prevalent in the community a prejudice against professors of religion. I have heard men who were not jesting or sneering, who supposed they were speaking their honest convictions—and I am afraid they were—say that they made no difference in favor of a professor of religion, and that, if anything, the difference was rather against him. Oh! it is the severest stroke I have ever heard of at religion, it is the most terrible commentary I have ever heard on the effect of preaching or Christian education in the community, when a man who is himself a friend of religion says, as the result of his own observation, that being a professor of religion is no presumptive evidence of his integrity. It is a terrible thing to say; but if it be true it ought to be said, that we may be warned of the danger involved in such a state of things, and rectify the evils to which it must inevitably lead."

But you can never "rectify the evils" by undervaluing the "natural honesty," which, in this moment of candor, you confess to be primarily essential, or by placing so false an estimate upon the superadded qualities coming from a religious faith.

REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY DEPARTMENT.

Perhaps no single nominally trivial thing, aided more effectually in giving character abroad to the young Republic of America, than the extreme simplicity in habits and manners of our early representatives at foreign Courts. Men like FRANKLIN were not dependant upon compliance with artificial standards, and prescribed rules of etiquette, for position.

The home and habits of WASHINGTON were equally worthy of respect, and were no less potent in giving character to our government. To all who respected the principle of holding personal wants and inclinations in subjection to the general good, how gloomy must be the contrasted picture of present artificial life at Washington, as faithfully described by a lady correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*:

"A dinner which I attended at Senator Seward's may serve as an illustration of the style on such occasions. At six o'clock we were set down at his residence; found a number of the guests already assembled—the others arriving not long after. A formal presentation to the gentleman who is to be your escort to the dining-room takes place; you have a pleasant chat in the drawing-room, during which time, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room; a waiter in white gloves meets you at the door, designates your seat, where you find your name attached to the napkin placed by your plate. The host then mentions the names of his guests, to see if they are properly seated. Turtle soup is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number—the plates being changed for each course; wine-glasses, five in number, of different size, form, and color, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are carved by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and being placed in silver dishes, are handed to you by a waiter in white gloves, always at your left hand."

"Upon entering the dining-room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, containing the confectionery and preserves for the grand finale; beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, oranges, French kisses, &c., all beautiful to look at, but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine."

"You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner that you entered—when coffee is served, and liqueurs of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests, one by one, begin to leave—all, no doubt, only impressed by the honor done them, fully conscious of the hospitable manner in which they have been entertained, and

doubtless convinced that their host is the man best fitted for the Presidential mansion. Certain I am that round him cluster the affections of the lady representatives of the North, and if we had the direction of political affairs, Mr. Seward would be the next candidate by general acclamation."

One important view of the subject we should not overlook. It is this: the salary of a United States Senator is not sufficient to support an establishment upon the scale here represented. Where, then, does the money come from that is expended in such extravagant dinner parties? If from the private resources of the public officer, how culpable is an indulgence in excesses that will surely be copied by those not honestly possessed of means to warrant the expenditure. If contributed by friends to aid in securing reputation for their chosen candidates, how are these friends to be repaid? Where must the burden ultimately rest?

Is not the extravagance witnessed in both the social and political affairs at Washington, a flagrant wrong to the people, an unmixed evil, and a gloomy prophecy? How long shall the state of things current at Washington be tolerated? "Seventeen courses on silver dishes" for the public servant—one course, and a meager one at that, for thousands of those whose will he is chosen to execute, and whose good he is bound to conserve.

DRESS REFORM.

Some months since, the "Autocrat" of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Dr. HOLMES, of Boston, "freed his mind" respecting trailing skirts. We have kept the extract in our drawer until it cries for ventilation:

"But confound the make-believe women we have turned loose in our streets; where do they come from? Why, there isn't a beast or bird that would drag his tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or a duchess wears long robes on great occasions, a maid-of-all-work, or a factory girl, thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up dirt and carrying it about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarly into your bones and marrow. Making believe be what you are not, is the essence of vulgarity."

"Show over dirt is the one attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she takes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I wouldn't let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Paul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts!"

"Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all around her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I won't believe it of a lady."

"There are some things which no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of these things."

"If a woman wishes to show that her husband or father has got money, which she wants and means to spend, but doesn't know how, let her buy a yard or two of silk and pin it to her dress when she goes out to walk, but let her unpin it before she goes into the house; there may be some poor woman that will think it worth disinfecting."

"It is an insult to a respectable laundress to carry such things into a house for her to deal with."

The Physician.

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

Physiological Virtue:

A PERFECT REFUGE FROM THE ASSAULTS OF DISEASE.

By A. J. D.

Go to the superficial and therefore pompous teacher or professor of Physiology and Health, and he will merely educate your perceptive organs and train your memory. It is the inherent tendency of his school to educate and store your retentive faculties by means of isolated facts and multifarious observations. The experimental and never-certain character of his so called science and skill, is, therefore, inevitable, and beyond the necessity of logical illustration. Even the most unlearned—the unpretending and common mind—can discern, at a glance, the unreliableness of much of the so termed medical science of the day. The fact, we believe, is conceded that very few diplomatized and college-bred physicians pretend to master any of our continental diseases—such as Dyspepsia, Hepatic disorders, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, and Consumption.

We trace the secret of this impotency, among medical men of learning and research, to this cause: the Professors of our colleges of medicine—with few, but glorious exceptions—take the student out of himself, as though he were a spectator, a foreigner, a secondary and subordinate fact, to the science of health and the uses of medicine. The Regular Faculty seem shorn of the natural faculty of truth-seeing. They are splendid in the department of ritualism, of formulas, of routine, of factarianism; they can remember and quote illustrative remarks, from this, that, and the other medical authority; but how impoverished and used-up, how unscientific and shallow, how wordy and flatulent, when we call their attention to the deeper truths, to the sublimer realities, to the philosophical principles of Life.

On the other hand, to see the undisguisable contrast, observe how naturally the harmonial teacher of health approaches his subject and the student. He establishes, to begin with, the common profound principle, that "Health is Harmony"—that any, even the least, variation or departure from this fine balance and adjustment of the vital energies, is "Disease." If this departure and derangement be recent

and severe, it is termed "Acute;" if of remote origin, congenital, or superinduced by violations upon healthy organs and conditions, it is termed "Chronic."

And now observe further, how the harmonial teacher of Physiology and Therapeutics appeals, not to the student's perceptive and memory merely, but to all the groups of organs, which are the physical foundations of the temple of Reason! He interests the pupil in himself; he attracts and brings him home. He then opens up to his intellect the realities of his own wondrous constitution. He explains the marvellous harmonies and fair proportions of the physical organization. He persuades the student out of his books into himself, and reveals the invisible fountains of recuperative energy, that rise and fall, that repel and attract, that expand and contract, that repose and labor, in the beautiful empire of individual physical existence.

What a glorious medical revelation! The great men of the Colleges pretend to disdain it, do they? Shallow pretense! Say, rather, that they envy the possessor of such simple, yet sublime, knowledge of Nature and her Laws. Under the influence of this harmonial teaching, the student himself becomes a systematic work on Physiology. His self-healing energies constitute the most scientific Pharmacy of curative preparations. The inexhaustible treasures of scientific lore are secreted in man's organization. The true physician, the unritual, but spiritual teacher in the departments of physiology and health, is certain to reach the unseen springs of life, and he invariably depends upon the immutable flowings of vital energy for the success of his prescriptions. But patients seldom take any interest in the workings of the natural powers. Hence, frequently, to the efforts of the true physician the words of Pope are lamentably applicable:

"Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? All fear, none aid you, and few understand."

By physiological "VIRTUE" we design to imply, not a careless confidence in the never-failing operations of bodily functions—by which abuse and neglect are oftentimes surrounded and defended—but we mean the co-operation of habits and daily conduct with the requirements of the laws of life and happiness.

For example: If your lungs demand pure air, in order to circulate and purify the crimson current of life, you are vicious—morally and intellectually vicious—unless you supply that virtuous demand. If your mouth asks for bread and you give it tobacco instead, then you are not physiologically virtuous. If your body calls for rest, quiet, or a change of occupation, and you heed it not, or, instead, give it brandy and irritating stimulants, you are then violating the laws of organic virtue.

What follows? All the vagabond troupe of vicious feelings which pervade, torment, betray, and crucify you, when you would be at peace within the temple. The reverse of these conditions is equally—yea, even more—impressive and forcible. That is to say, give your bodily organs the free use of whatsoever they in health demand, and cease feeding them while they yet have the still small power to cry, "Hold, enough!" and your virtuousness will bloom beautifully out upon every look, word, and deed.

Rheumatism and analogous diseases are frequently caused by inattention to—i. e. vicious treatment of—some of the expanding and contracting principles that regulate the organism. The two inseparable processes common to all animal bodies, termed endosmosis and exosmosis—first, the attraction of fluids and others from the external to the interior, and second, the repulsion of similar elements from the mucous membranes to the exterior surfaces—must be kept in a balanced condition, otherwise health is overthrown in an hour, and "disease" (of the sort natural to the person or the climate,) is the inevitable consequence. Vice, not virtue, prevails in such case. And the sufferer, like Job, is wicked enough to fancy that "the arrows of the Almighty" rankle in the marrow of his bones and in the nerves of his flesh.

A bad state of the liver is inseparable from evil impressions of men and things. A bitter-tongued and sour-stomached individual is no lover of music, though it may excite him, and his opinions of his fellow men will very nearly correspond to the state of his bodily vices. "The green-eyed monster" was never blest with fine digestion or a sweet breath. His food was changed into the gall of "bitterness," and his cup of milk into the tea of "wormwood," and even thus were all his impressions of men and the world. The doctrine of demons, of devils, of evil geni, was conceived in the womb of physiological vice. "Hell" is the shortest phrase to express "burning discord"—a great boil, on the way to suppuration—an inflammation of the brain, on the gallop to a hot delirium—an erysipelas, burning destruction into the flesh—an itch, with no power to scratch it—a violent discord, in short, resulting from physiological viciousness, is the bottom of the oriental conception of the "bottomless pit." The "pit" here referred to is no other than the pit of the stomach, whereon the great fulcrum of the lever of Health works, good or evil, just as the possessor, by his habits and conduct, may at any time determine. "Our young people," says a Thinker, "are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination, and the like. . . . These are the soul's mumps, and measles, and whooping-coughs, and those who have not caught them cannot describe their health or prescribe the cure."

We present these general impressions as a basis for future hope and better practice.

Pulpit and Restrum.

"Every man's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom serves, at the time, to have a suggestive influence, but it is not given place to a new."

Lecture of J. F. Walker.

AT BOWDITCH HALL, SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1890.

The theme of the Lecture was "The Gospel of Jesus in its application to practical life." He commenced by quoting a remark of Carlyle, that "It is not true that men have ever lived by delirium, hypocrisy, or any form of unreason, since they came to inhabit this planet"—and then proceeded in substance as follows:

Moral science has generally been the product of metaphysical thinking while the moral practice of mankind have been mostly instinctive. The former are written in books, the latter in history. They have always not merely differed, but antagonized, and the result of the antagonism has been, not to conform the ethics of conduct to those of theory, but to render theories unstable and multiform, and, so far as any progress is secured, that progress has been to bring the ethical theories into conformity with the moral practices of the race. This powerlessness of ethical theories over the moral practices of humanity, is generally accounted for by supposing that the moral instincts of the race are so radically depraved, as to resist, in the pursuit of wrong, the plainest obligations of ethical theories. Perhaps the time will come when men will reconsider this solution of the matter, and will decide that the theories of the thinkers have been in the wrong, and the moral instincts, which make human history, in the right.

But how far does the ethical theory of Jesus' gospel come within the description thus given? The answer to this question shall be the business of the present discussion.

The underlying conception of his entire gospel is, that matter and spirit are antagonistic, and that all true spiritual growth and progress are only to be attained by a crucifixion of the physical life, with all its impulses and appetites. This is evident, both from His teachings and practice. He fasted, spent whole nights in prayer, gloried in having no place to lay His head, and disregarded the tenderest relations of human life, the fraternal and filial, and drove His affections out into the unfenced common of philanthropy. He demanded of His disciples an immediate renunciation of worldly goods and social relations, and that they should follow him in the daily cross of penance and self-mortification. And that such is a true representation of the religious philosophy and practice of Jesus, is also sufficiently evident from the language of Paul, and the general character of the theology which names itself Christianity. The religion of Jesus is in one word—Asceticism.

Was Jesus then in error in this teaching and practice? I answer: by no means. I presume he was right, and that my body is a clog to the present spiritual development of my soul. I presume the apostle was perfectly correct when he said he found a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and that it brought him into captivity to the law of sin which was in his members. I make no doubt that he felt himself a very wretched man, and was very wretched in consequence. I make no doubt that he saw deliverance from this, to him, great spiritual evil, in or through Jesus Christ—for the whole system of Jesus proposes, advises, and demands such deliverance; and I find the apostle practiced the attempt at delivering himself in just the way Jesus prescribed, for he says of himself, that he strives to keep his body under, lest he should become a cast-away from this kingdom of heaven—and to such extent did he carry this effort, that he was at last able to say that he was crucified with Christ, and that the life he lived in the flesh he lived by or through the faith of the son of God, or Christ.

Christ and Paul are not the only men who have taught and practiced this same bodily mortification and denial of the physical impulses and affections, as the source of all spiritual growth and development. The ancient oriental religions were full of it, a thousand years before Jesus and Paul were born. It is a sentiment as old as human history. We read of men who made themselves eunuchs, and otherwise mutilated their bodies, for the kingdom of heaven's sake, among all nations.

The facts of history, and our own experience, will convince us of the truth of this fundamental teaching of Jesus. And first, our own experience. We have only to be brought into any intense spiritual emotion, of sorrow or joy, to discover how quickly our appetite for food is taken away, and every worldly pleasure loses its luster and desirableness. Again, we have only to fast, to a certain degree, to clear the brain of its usual muddiness, and arm it with tenfold more keenness of perception—and sharpen every sensibility of the spirit to a higher relish of beauty, harmony, and sublimity—or, reversing the treatment, we have only to eat too much dinner to confuse our thoughts, stultify our logic, and deaden our wits. The law is simply this: The largest amount of spiritual growth, and the most brilliant manifestation of mental power in a given time, is incompatible with three meals a day, especially if they be of the epicurean type. And not only our own limited experience is in point, but the whole tenor of human history. The actual accomplishments of many great thinkers have been, by themselves, attributed to their abstemious

habits. But there is a class of phenomena, not so well understood by the world at large, which are, nevertheless, avouched to, by persons who have been the subject of them, in such clear and decided manner that we are not at liberty to disbelieve their statements: Jesus attributed certain marvelous and out of the way works, which he was able to perform, to his prayer and fasting.

When spiritual mediums, of the present day, are under spiritual control, there are well attested cases where they have gone without food for many days. When such persons are under spiritual influence they lose their appetite, and are often, by these spiritual agencies, kept without food, for a day or two at a time, in order to increase the facility and improve the character of the control.

There is no rational doubt but that these phenomena point to a law of the spiritual life, and that is, that by suitable bodily privation, and depletion, the spirit comes into immediate and visible contact with either an imaginary or real spiritual world, peopled with existences. The same result may also undoubtedly be reached, or approximated, by the skillful use of stimulants, such as alcohol, chloroform, opium, tobacco, or hashish.

The world has not been in error then. Jesus was not mistaken when he enjoined and practiced bodily privation as the means of attaining, in the present state of existence, to increased spiritual perception, joy, and power. The veil of the flesh shrouds the spirit in darkness from this glorious realm. It needs only that that veil shall be burst, to let in the sights, and sounds, and fragrances of that realm, and there are perhaps a thousand ways besides death to do it, yet discoverable by human science.

I most fully believe that the rigorous asceticism of Jesus' gospel had its foundations in a great physico-spiritual law—that the practices of bodily mortification, which he and a host of other men taught and practiced, did so break up the relations between the body and the soul, as to let the soul into very large and glorious glimpses of the spiritual world, and give it large attainments of spiritual truth.

But, now, when all this is admitted, there comes up the ulterior and more radical question: Is it remunerative to the general or individual interests of humanity, to practice that religious system? For some reason or other we are here with bodies and souls. There is nothing in our constitution, nothing in the compact by which our bodies and souls are united into the federal government of humanity, which would indicate that a priority of claim has been vouchsafed to the soul, and the body must recognize its control.

Why is my soul assumed to be of so much more value than my body? And why is it taken for granted that the only possible business of my body is to render itself the minister to my soul's progress, even at the surrender of its rights and the sacrifice of all its enjoyments? Why that I am put here simply to get development of soul, and if there occurs a juncture where either my body or my soul must suffer a temporary privation, why does everybody vote that it shall be the body instead of the soul that shall sustain the privation? How comes it to be so certain that my body is only to be tolerated so long as it uses all its energies and exhausts its resources to help the soul, but in so far as it is suspected of applying any of its powers, to an enhancement of its own pleasure at the delay of the soul, is to be starved, and pinched, and punched, and mobbed, either into order or out of the world? The analogies of the universe would seem to teach otherwise, and I apprehend that is a false and foolish vanity which thus exalts itself, at the expense of its peers in the realm of nature.

While, therefore, I admit the correctness of the principle, that spiritual insight and ecstasy may be attained by bodily denial and privation, I do not meanwhile believe that the analogies of the universe, or the conclusions of a right reason, teach me that it is my duty to make that truth the rule of my life. It is not my only business in this life to become spiritually minded, and I am not engaged about the only righteous business of life, when I am so regulating my diet and physical habits as to get the greatest amount of thinking, or spiritual insight, or ecstasy out of myself in a given time; I am not matched against time in this great work of spiritual development.

But, now, granting that all the advantages claimed for this ascetic practice be real, are there not drawbacks, in the form of reactions, upon either body or soul, which will more than compensate for all the gains?

If the practice is a reversal of nature's order, we may safely infer that our question must be answered in the affirmative. And is not that a reversal of nature's order, which requires the privation, starvation, and destruction of any of those appetites and functions with which the laws and God of nature has endowed a man's bodily life. Is it not a law of the universe, that a life which is forced up by hot-bed discipline—a development which is premature—is, by just so much, unhealthy, because it is a violation of nature's laws. And is not the mind of a precociously developed child almost sure to descend, by a retributive reaction, into an early imbecility and, thereafter, ungrowing state? And shall the lesson be lost upon us in its application to the soul?

I believe, therefore, that, so far from its being my religious duty to practice such ascetic treatment of my body, as fasting, privation, and penance, and mortification, it is my religious duty not to do it—my duty both

to my body and soul; because, by the eternal laws, it is a violation of nature's order, and will be sure to be visited with retribution.

But there is still another consideration that I wish here to enforce: I have, in all my previous argument, assumed that all the attainments made in the practice of asceticism were real attainments of spiritual truth, without admixture of error; and yet it will be observed that I have all along spoken with reserve concerning the sights and scenes, which, to the soul who had gained a glimpse of them, appeared to be real. I have done so advisedly. I have counseled with my suspicions in the choice of my phrasing.

There is a power of the human spirit we call imagination, or, in strict philosophy, fancy. In some conditions of the human mind we are unable to discriminate between the conjurings of this weird faculty and the impressions made by real objects. The thousand and one fanatical schemes and dreams of ascetics, in the history of religion, are quite enough to satisfy the most skeptical of the truth of this affirmation. When we remember how many recluses—with shaggy beards and unkempt hair, spare diet, sawny bones, and emaculated virility—have set up for Saviours, and paraded the theatre of human history in the foolscap of some ephemeral religion, and been run after by their thousands of silly dupes, crying: "Lo, here is our Christ!" we ought to be quite certain that what appears to a man, in these abnormal states of his spiritual faculties, as true, is not necessarily so, and what shapes and fancies pass before his disordered vision are not necessarily realities. The honest mistakes and blunders of psychologized subjects and spirit mediums are illustrative of the same truth.

And there is another subject to which, at this point, I must be allowed to allude: Jesus was of an extremely sensitive organization. As such he was most acutely susceptible of spiritual impressions, and, therefore, the subject of most remarkable spiritual influences. This susceptibility, I make no doubt, he had induced by his abstemious habits. He had acquired such familiarity with the spiritual world, and so many of its resources were, by this means, placed at his command, that you remember he said, on occasion of one of the last of his trials, that he could presently command whole legions of angels to his assistance. A blessed privilege, one would think, and I have sometimes wondered that he did not more frequently avail himself of it. And yet we do not precisely know how frequently he may have done so. On one occasion, at least, we are assured that the good spirits, to whom he was doubtless familiar, came and ministered unto him. But it was not with impunity that he had opened so broad an avenue of communication between himself and the spirit world. The same susceptibility which opened his soul to the communion of the good, exposed him also to the inroads of the bad. What proof of this find we not in the declaration of the evil spirits, over whom the sons of Seeva had no more power than to elicit a response, "Paul we know, and Jesus we know," and if further confirmation were needed that Jesus came, at some periods of his life, unresistingly under the control and observation of the evil tenants of the spirit realm, behold it in that narrative of Matthew, concerning one of the earliest experiences of Jesus—when he was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted, &c.

It could not be that God, who is not tempted of evil, neither tempteth any man, should have subjected him to those evil influences. We must regard it only as proof of the terrible cost at which such intimacy, as he enjoyed with the spirit realm, is purchased; and the only consoling thing about it is, that it also discloses how, under the last extremes of diabolic influence, the individuality of a man is, at least sometimes, aroused, to assert and recover its own god-like rights of self-control, and its power to shake off the hellish influences that as unmistakably infest the planes of spirit-life, as they are populated by the good and angelic. But it may not always be so, and that which is inevitably purchased, at such cost, should be carefully and wisely used. I make no doubt there is a power in most, especially in the good and the pure, to resist these diabolic influences, and choose their associates in the spirit realm, as they do in the material, and that, by the law that like attracts like, most well disposed people will draw to themselves such influences and communion as will ward off these terrific results. But it is best for us all to open our eyes to the fact, that evil is everywhere, and if we voluntarily lay bare, by any process whatever, the cords that link us to the realm of spiritual agencies, we shall do well to see to it, that by a knowledge of its laws, and fortified by good associations, we are protected from the evil.

While, therefore, I am quite willing to admit that in these abnormal and excited mental states, superinduced by long privation, by stimulants, or by magnetic or psychologic influence, or spiritual control, the spirit is temporarily released from the veil of the flesh and let out into the realms of spiritual life, and comes into contact with spiritual truths and realities; yet, because in the same instant, by the same causes, the fancy is roused to that degree of activity in which it is unable to distinguish its shapes from real experiences, there is no certainty that, in the narration of the experiences of the most honest and spiritually developed ascetic the world ever saw, we do not get more error than truth.

While, therefore, Jesus was correct in his

method of attaining to spirituality, or communion with spiritual truth and spiritual intelligences, by crucifying the body, I nevertheless, condemn the ascetic system as a rule of life which I am under any righteous obligation to obey. Because

1. Even supposing it does no injury to either body or soul to compel them both into this abnormal mode of living, I am very far from satisfied that I am doing my duty when I am condemning my body to a life of denial and privation for the sake of my soul.

2. The analogies of my experience convince me that I cannot compel either body or soul into such an abnormal condition without an injury to both, which will be sure to mete out retribution to me somewhere, both in my physical and spiritual career.

3. The laws of mind are such that, in these abnormal and induced states of spirituality, the faculty which creates unreal fancies is in such excited activity, that its creations cannot be discriminated from the real revelations and disclosures of the spirit world, and so the moment a man enters the charmed circle of asceticism, he exposes himself to take thousand vagaries of his fancy for truths, which I fear will greatly outweigh, in their injurious tendencies, the few truths he may attain.

4. The laws of the universe are such that they who cherish the communion of the good in the spirit world expose themselves to the encroachments and designs of the bad.

It seems to me the world has had experience enough in these schemes of religion, which base themselves on this fanatical idea of attaining to a personal holiness and divine communion, through a crucifixion of the physical nature and excessive contemplation and absorption of the soul in spiritual things. Its first, and middle, and last result is to draw away the energies of men from the attempts to beautify and adorn the life that now is with spiritual graces and holy fruit, and absorb them in a ceaseless and vain effort to attain by stealth the truths of a sphere lying wholly outside of this, as the fabled Prometheus attempted to steal the sacred fires of heaven while the gods were off guard on an Olympian spree.

Everything that derogates from the healthy expansion and growth of the functions of our present compound nature, into the beauty and perfection of practical life, making us better men and women, husbands, wives, neighbors, farmers, mechanics, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and ministers, should be repudiated and banished from among us. We should long ago have learned by the bitter experiences of our common humanity, under this common delusion, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, and should long ago have given up all violent attempts to take that kingdom by force. If Jesus concluded to do so he went a warfare at his own charges, and we are not bound to follow his example, and men generally will not. They will preach the extremest asceticism as the only means of attaining to spiritual life, but will not so much as touch it with one of their fingers—as a mass. And it is well that it is so, for these abnormal efforts to reach spiritual communion are the attempts of men to live by delirium and unreason; but the history of those attempts, when written, taken with the instinctive unwillingness of the masses of human society to practice these attempts, will sufficiently vindicate the truthfulness of my text.

For the Herald of Progress.

MAN'S DEEDS ALL RECORDED ON THE SCROLL OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY GIBSON SMITH.

It is a startling thought, that all our words and actions, good and bad, performed in the darkness and in the light, make an impression upon the universe. We may be able, when we lay aside the material form, to read the same, engraved on the elements of Nature, which shall form the written record of all man's deeds. Place a man before a mirror, and it will record faithfully his image and every action. The universe itself is a vast mirror, which records faithfully, not only his outward image and actions, but also the thoughts, motives, and secret purposes of his soul.

Action and reaction are principles or laws of Nature. All bodies, material and spiritual, act and react upon each other. Cast a small pebble into a lake, and it will move every particle of water in that lake, from top to bottom, and from the center to the circumference. A stone dropped into the Atlantic ocean out of a boy's hand, will influence every particle of water which the Atlantic contains.

This influence, as it extends itself through out so vast a body of water, may not be capable of detection by the senses of man. Yet science and philosophy teach us that, in all elastic and fluid bodies, motion in one particle will create motion in a contiguous particle, until the whole is influenced. A vibratory wave is produced, and must of necessity roll on till it has reached the limits or boundaries of the element in which it was first started. But if that elastic body is boundless, the vibratory wave will never cease, but roll on through eternal ages! Indeed, it is a truth acknowledged by all scientific men, that a body, once put in motion, where there is no resisting medium, will continue in motion forever. And a body can offer no resistance to itself. The planets of the Solar system perform their circuits around the sun, and their revolutions upon their own axes, in the same time now that they did three thousand years ago. They have not varied a sin-

gle second in this long period of time, because there is no appreciable resisting medium through which they pass. As it is not possible for a body to offer resistance to itself, it is not possible for a wave of motion to find any resisting medium in the elastic body where it is produced. And hence, that motion must continue so long as the body which it agitates shall have an existence. I trust you see the principle which I would illustrate. I will now apply it to the words, thoughts, and deeds of men.

We live in a body of air, which envelopes completely this earth. It is a very refined and elastic body. By means of this element, life is not only sustained, but we are enabled to communicate the thoughts of our minds to each other. This is done through certain sounds; a combination of which sounds form words, which represent our thoughts.

What are these sounds? Simply vibratory waves, produced through our vocal organs upon the atmosphere. Every time we speak, the air is put in motion, or vibrates in perfectly spherical waves; these flow against the tympanum or drum of the ear, and the auditory nerves, as telegraphic wires convey the impression to the brain and mind. In some localities, when you attempt to speak, you are startled by hearing your exact words repeated in the distance. This is called the echo. In this case, the waves of sound which you have started in the atmosphere, flow against some solid surface, and are reflected back to you in almost the precise tones and modulations of the human voice. So you perceive that the waves of motion in the air repeat faithfully your very words and thoughts. By raising your voice, or producing a greater disturbance of the atmosphere, your thoughts are easily conveyed to your friend who is many rods distant from you.

Sound seems to extend much farther into the regions above than it does upon a horizontal plane with ourselves. The reason is, the air is less dense in the upper regions of the atmosphere than it is near the earth's surface; and of course a wave of motion would act with more force there than it would here. But understand, that every word which you speak, and every whisper which you breathe, is wafted on the wave of motion which is thus produced, through every particle of the atmosphere which encircles this globe. The gross senses of man in the form may be unable to detect the words beyond certain distances. But the wave of sound passes on, recording faithfully the bitter oath, the curse, or the blessing, which you may have invoked upon your fellow-man, upon every element of the earth and the universal heavens!

And so every word spoken and every deed done will be faithfully recorded on the scroll of the heavens. And although man, in the mortal body, may not be able to read this record, yet, angelic beings, who see with a more refined sense, may be able to read it perfectly. Nay, more, when you put aside the material forms, and find yourselves in possession of the infinitely more exquisite and refined sensations of the Spirit, you may then be able to read the astounding record of your past lives for yourselves on every particle of matter comprising the universe.

This is an astounding idea! And according to the established principles of Nature and of science, the thing is not only possible, but probable.

Behold, what astonishing things have been revealed by the faculty of Clairvoyance! The exact words of a man, more than a thousand miles distant, have been reported by a clairvoyant who was regarding him at the time of their utterance. How was the clairvoyant enabled to hear and report these words? By the wave of sound produced in the electrical atmosphere, and falling upon the more sensitive clairvoyant ear. Indeed, we consider the clairvoyant sight and hearing to be nearly identical with these senses of the Spirit when the body is put off. Perhaps the clairvoyant perceptions are less perfect than the Spiritual, because the soul is cumbered by a material body.

The vibration of the air is only perceptible ordinarily to the sense of hearing. We cannot perceive it with our material vision, but with the spiritual sight it will be different. We shall then be able to see the air itself, and also every wave of motion or sound that is produced in it, however slight it may be. And then we shall be able to see human words and thoughts which record themselves on the atmosphere, as well as to hear them.

VALUE OF A WIFE TO A HISTORIAN.

Under the above caption—which, to our mind, is not flattering to women,—the Boston Courier states that the wife of Sir Wm. Napier rendered her husband most important aid in compiling his "History of the War in the Peninsula," now a standard work; having undertaken to arrange, translate and epitomize a large collection of materials.

"Many of the most important documents were entirely in cipher; of some letters about one-half was in cipher, and others had a few words so written interspersed. All these documents and letters Lady Napier arranged, and with rare sagacity and patience she deciphered the secret writing. The entire correspondence was then available for the historian's purpose. She also made out all Sir Wm. Napier's rough interlined manuscripts, which were almost illegible to himself, and wrote out the whole work fair for the printers—it may be said three times, so frequent were the changes made. Sir William mentions these facts in the preface to the edition of 1851, and in paying this tribute to Lady Napier, observes that this amount of labor was accomplished without her having for a moment neglected the care and education of a large family."

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WARREN CHASE speaks at West Winfield, N. Y., March 18th; Syracuse, March 25th; and in Oswego, during April. He will go from Oswego to St. Louis in May, via Buffalo, Cleveland, and Terre Haute. Friends on that route, or on the Mississippi above St. Louis, will address him during April, at Oswego, N. Y.

J. M. PEEBLES speaks every alternate Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

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

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.

L. JUDD PARDEE will answer invitations to speak. Address Louisville, Ky.

G. B. STEBBINS may be addressed at Rochester, New York, for a few weeks. He will occupy the platform at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday, April 15.

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.

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JASON F. WALKER will speak at Dodworth's Hall, New York, the third and fourth Sundays of March. He can visit points in the vicinity during the weeks following March 12th. Address, Glen's Falls, N. Y.

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

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during March at Philadelphia.

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, of Newark, N. J., speaks at Goldbeck's Music Hall, 765 Broadway New York, every Sunday evening.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.—This eloquent and truly inspired speaker will answer calls to lecture, upon the Harmonical Philosophy. His address is Plato, Lorain Co., Ohio.

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will labor after the first of March through Illinois and Iowa. His address is Pontiac, Mich.

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

F. L. WADSWORTH spends the four Sundays of March at Lyons, Mich.; Syracuse, N. Y., April 1 and 8; Utica, 15th; Troy, 22 and 29.

H. MELVILLE FAY, Akron, Ohio, will answer calls to lecture the coming Spring.

MRS. OLIVE M. HYDE speaks each alternate Sunday at Marcellon and Randolph Center, Columbia Co., Wis. During the week at points near Kingston, Green Lake Co., Wis.

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R. P. AMBLER will speak in Rockford, Ill., the two last Sundays of March; in Milwaukee, during April; in Cincinnati, the last three Sundays of May and first Sunday of June.

BENJ. TODD will labor in Michigan and Indiana until the middle of April. Address, Elkhart, Ind.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in St. Louis the two last Sundays in March. April 1st and 8th in Terre Haute, Ind., and April 15th and 22d in Cincinnati, O.

E. V. WILSON will lecture the 18th and 25th of March, in Waukegan, Ill. During April, between Waukegan and Cleveland. Parties wishing to engage his services east of Cleveland, will address him at Cleveland, up to the 1st of May.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON is for the present speaking at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

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Through trains for the West leave New York (foot of Cortlandt street) Morning Express, 7 A. M.; Evening Express, 6 P. M. Sleeping and smoking cars on all trains. Fare always as low, and the time as quick, as by any other route.

By this route, freights of all descriptions can be forwarded to and from any point on the railroad of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, or Missouri, by Railroad direct, or to any point on the navigable rivers of the West, by steamers from Pittsburgh.

The rates of freight to and from any point of the West by the Pennsylvania Railroad are at all times as favorable as are charged by other Railroad Companies. Merchants and shippers intrusting the transportation of their freights to this Company can rely with confidence on its speedy transit.

This Company also maintains an Emigrant Accommodation Line, by which parties emigrating Westward enjoy a cheap and comfortable mode of conveyance at one-half the first-class rates of fare. J. L. ELLIOTT, Passenger Agent, No. 2 Astor House.

NEW JERSEY RAILROAD. FOR PHILADELPHIA AND THE SOUTH AND WEST VIA JERSEY CITY.

Mail and Express Lines leave New York at 7 1/2 and 11 A. M., and 4 and 6 P. M.; fare \$3. Through tickets sold for Cincinnati and the West, and for Washington, New Orleans, and the South, &c.; and through baggage checked to Washington in 7 A. M., and 6 P. M., trains. J. W. WOODRUFF, Assistant Sup't.

No baggage will be received for any train unless delivered and checked fifteen minutes in advance of the time of leaving.

NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAILROAD. FARE, TWO DOLLARS TO ALBANY.

On and after Wednesday, January 18, 1859, trains will leave Twenty-Sixth Street Station, New York, as follows: For Williamsbridge—8:30 and 11 A. M.; and 2:30 and 5:30 P. M.

For White Plains—12:30 and 5 P. M. For White Plains—6:15 P. M., from White St. Depot. For Croton Falls—4 P. M., from Twenty-Sixth Street Depot. For Millerton—3 P. M., from Twenty-Sixth Street Depot.

Returning, will leave Williamsbridge—6:40 and 9:30 A. M., 1 and 3:40 P. M. White Plains—5 and 7:20 A. M., and 4:50 P. M. Croton—7 A. M. Millerton—7 1/2 A. M. Albany—11 A. M., Mail, and 4:10 P. M., Express train. The 9 A. M. Mail and 3:30 P. M. Express trains connect at Chatham Four Corners for all stations on Western Railroads.

Baggage checked for Mail and Express trains corner White and Centre Streets, from 7 to 8:15 A. M., and from 1 to 2:40 P. M.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

From December 22, 1859, trains will leave Chambers Street Station as follows: Express trains, 7 and 11 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. For Sing Sing—3:45 and 6:40 P. M. For Zouhickpeepie—7:50 A. M., and 12:20 and 2:20 P. M. For Peekskill—5:15 P. M.

A Montreal and Buffalo passenger train (with sleeping cars) leaves Thirty-First street daily at 9:30 P. M. The Poughkeepsie, Peekskill and Sing Sing trains stop at most of the way stations. Passengers taken at Chambers, Canal, Christopher and Thirty-First streets. Trains for New York leave Troy at 6:15 and 10:10 A. M., and at 4 and 9 P. M.; and Albany about fifteen minutes later. On Sunday, at 6:15 P. M. A. F. SMITH, Superintendent.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave pier foot of Duane street, as follows: Dunkirk Express, at 7:00 A. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal intermediate stations. Newburg Express, at 3:30 P. M., for Newburg, Middletown, and intermediate stations.

Night Express, at 4:30 P. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal stations. The Express Trains connect at Elmira with the Canandaigua and Niagara Falls R. R.; at Binghamton with the Syracuse R. R.; at Corning with the Buffalo and New York R. R.; for Rochester and Buffalo; at Great Bend with the R. R. for Seneca; and at Buffalo and Dunkirk with the Lake Shore R. R. for Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, &c., and the Canada Railroad. CHA. MINOT, General Superintendent.

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