

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

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Questions and Answers.

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

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Charge of Pantheism.

J. D. W., HAMILTON.—"Mr. A. J. DAVIS, BROTHER: In a recent sermon against modern infidelity, you were frequently referred to as a 'Pantheist.' Please inform me, if not inconsistent with your convictions of propriety, whether the accusation be a truth."

Our reply, Brother, will convey the truth so far as we are self-conscious. We are self-conscious of being a believer in the Pauline doctrine that "God is all in all." Is this Pantheism? When not in harmony with the stupendous totality of Nature, and when un mindful of the omnipresent good (or God) in everything, we then find it easy to sympathize with those who adore an abstract and personal intelligence. In short, when our mind is pervaded by little conceptions of men and the universe, we are inclined to Montheism in the orthodox sense. We fear that we are neither good enough nor large enough to be a Pantheist. But our watchword is "Progress," and therefore expect to become pure enough to see the Divine Spirit in all things.

Incorrigibility of Blood.

A. K., CINCINNATI.—"Does a religious education overcome, as some assert, all the inherited predispositions to evil?"

No; for the original or progenitary bias of blood is the root-life of the mind. Education is a graft upon the life tree, which will bear fruit like unto itself, but the vital source is organization. You will remember Amintor's speech to Evadne, in the play of the "Maid's Tragedy," wherein ante-natal propensities, stronger than education, are thus painfully acknowledged:

"Do not mock me: Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs, Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness, And do an outrage. Prithce, do not mock me!"

An important question suggests itself just here, with respect to the remedy for constitutional defects of character, but which we will not now consider. Let the first birth be right; a treasury of pure love and sweetness; a harmonious infancy "that opens like perpetual spring."

History and Progress of Education.

HORACE D. F., GREENWICH.—"BROTHER DAVIS: Pardon the liberty of thus approaching you with questions of mere external matters, but my apology is an earnest desire to make myself proficient as a Teacher of the young, upon harmonial principles. Can you inform where, in what recent publication, I can find an authentic history of the progress of education?"

God speed you, Horace, and strengthen your judgment to meet and overcome the obstacles in the line of your worthy mission. Through Fortune's sun and shower, amid the storm and tempests of misfortune also, we bid you be dutiful, faithful, and progressive. The life of some young spirits flows like the fountain, silently, and such need the tenderest aids in educational efforts. Others there are, of strong impetuous blood, who require unyielding fidelity on your part to laws of love and justice.

There is a work recently published purporting to be just what you desire. It is entitled the "History and Progress of Education, from the Earliest Times to the Present. Intended as a Manual for Teachers and Students. By Philobibulus. With an introduction by Henry Barnard. New York: Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1860." The object of this work is to prepare a manual for the student, rather than a work of greater pretensions for the mere literary man. The education usually given in India, Egypt, Ethiopia, Japan, Persia, Judea, Greece, Rome, Arabia, and Modern Europe, is delineated, giving many valuable ideas to the general as well as to the professional reader.

The Organ of Ideality.

HENRY J., FALL RIVER.—"Assuredly, Brother, the organ of Ideality is a temple-door opening upon the boundlessly spiritual. Phenologists have, we think, greatly misnamed this function. As they term it, it implies a mental or cerebral power to perceive 'Ideas.' This is affirming that the spirit, which is deeper and higher than all organs, is dependent upon a certain quantity of brains in order to acquire 'Ideas.' We, on the other hand, teach that man's spirit, within the envelop-

ing matter, is compounded of 'ideas,' and that the brain, simply as an agent, is necessary to the evolution or development of what is intrinsic and permanent to the spiritual constitution.

The poetry of which you speak is inferior to the following:

"The breeze that hangs 'round every bush,
Steals sweetness from the tender shoots;
With here and there a perfume gush
From violets among the roots."

"Of all the bright seasons the year doth unfold,
Oh, give me, oh give me sweet Spring!
When morn decks the hills in mantles of gold,
And the valleys in melody ring."

The Pleasures of Home.

THOMAS D. M., SPRINGFIELD.—"BROTHER DAVIS: Suppose all marriageable persons should from this day, marry in accordance with what you term 'temperamental adaptation,' do you think the ordinary broils and vexations of human homes would cease altogether?"

If friend M.—had made a more comprehensive supposition (including all the married throughout the world) we should reply affirmatively; excepting, of course, all such ordinary "broils" as those which are indispensable to meet the demands of honest hunger.

Let the already truly married practice the principles of Harmonial love and wisdom toward each other, and let those about to embark upon the conjugal existence regulate their attachments and lives by spiritual delicacy and private truthfulness, and we can guarantee that such a home will be a natural Sanctuary of heavenly blessedness. "The family circle" would shine like a ring of diamonds. Each throbbing heart would be a well-spring of love, tenderness, grace, and gladness. Good angels would go in and out of such a sunny home, just as the healthy children thereof would glide to and fro, on the swift feet of unrestrained enjoyment. A divine joy is certain to pervade such a happy home, and one tender bond is sure to embrace all hearts; for it would be the royal house of the indwelling God, and the very "gate of heaven."

Weight of the Spirit Body.

PERRY A., GREENE, CHENANGO CO., N. Y.—"I would like to have Mr. Davis explain to me a certain paragraph which I find in the 5th volume of the Great Harmonia, page 406, in relation to the weight of the spiritual body, to wit: 'The entire form would not perhaps weigh at spiritual birth more than three ounces!'"

"Now what I should like to know is this, how can a substance which weighs three ounces escape a sight and touch? I can both see and feel a substance, of the size of the human body, which will weigh less than one ounce. I had supposed, and still do, that the human spirit was as light as air."

ANSWER: Our correspondent is mistaken in regard to the powers of his natural vision. He thinks he can "both see and feel a substance of the size of the human body which will weigh less than one ounce." Did he ever try the experiment in a manner parallel to what the spiritual body would be?

Atmospheric air weighs 15 pounds to the square inch. Can friend P. discern the immense weight that would fall within the compass of a human form? A grain of musk will diffuse its odor through every part of a large house, and a pound of the same would saturate a wide area of country air, yet neither the eye or the touch could detect its presence or existence.

Trees and plants grow from substances absorbed out of the circumambient air, but who can see or touch those substances until they concentrate, through months and years, in the appropriate external forms? So with the spirit substance. It might weigh pounds instead of ounces, and that substance and that weight might exist within the dimensions of the physical body out of which it emanated, yet no human eye or hand is fine enough to detect its presence. It is so rare, so refined, so ethereal, so attenuated; but neither of these attributes can lessen the actual weight of the substance.

Control of One's Thoughts.

JACOB C., VICTORY.—"FRIEND DAVIS: Why can I not control my thoughts; or can a man control his thoughts?"

There is just one road to victory in this direction, and even such conquest will be partial, so that you will conclude that thought is uncontrollable. The straight road is concentration of mind. This habit is favorable to self-control. It is the opponent of chaos, and sets the mind in order. For the acquisition of this mental custom, and in the prosecution of studies, we cannot do better than quote Tranio's advice to his master in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," as follows:

"The mathematics, and the metaphysics, Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you: No profit grows, where is no pleasure taken: In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

The human mind, being a substance, acquires a momentum by exercise. When once set in motion it performs like a ball projected from the hand, and keeps rolling, (or thinking) until the primal impulse is exhausted, just as a ball will stop when the original force is wholly spent. This fact in the mental constitution demonstrates its essential substantiality. The melancholy poet said: "My thoughts on awful subjects roll—damnation and the dead." We suggest a more cheerful exercise. Some minds can easily control their emotions, and even their thoughts, sufficiently to fix them upon a given subject; but others, impetuous and enthusiastic, and chaotic by turns, think over and over the same few unwelcome themes. Still others are

"Like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, that renders back
His figure and his heat."

Are there no Bad Spirits?

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR:—"In your edition of the HERALD of the 21st inst., in reply to a correspondent relative to the speech of spirits, it is stated that, 'Inasmuch as spirits are transparent in respect to their thoughts and affections, therefore they can never say one thing and mean another as mankind, alas! too often can and do.' &c."

"Now, sir, I would like to know if this is given without qualification, as applicable to all spirits? And is it meant that there are no bad spirits at all? If so, I have then to remark that this teaching is not conformable with Swedenborg's, and as you excerpt from him in the reply to said correspondent, am I to infer you regard him as anything of authority in matters of this nature. Besides, does not Judge Edmonds testify, from experience, that spirits are not always reliable?"

"I have an acquaintance, he was once a teacher, in the Universalist persuasion, who, if I mistake not, tells me explicitly that he knows from personal knowledge many spirits are bad men; and it was from discovery of this fact his faith in the peculiar doctrinals of that persuasion was subverted. But if I am to understand you as inculcating that all spirits are good, by what process, then, pray, did they become so? Not by the article of death surely, for what is there in the fact of translation from one sphere of being to another that could work so extraordinary change in the inmost grounds of human being as to change a bad into a good man? Does not one's love, in the complex, go with him, constituting the very fact of his personal individuality? Is it not reasonable to suppose so, and to believe so?"

ANSWER: We do not recognize all spirits, either in this world or the next, as occupying the same relative positions to truth and goodness. Some are ignorant, dark, discordant, and unprogressed; while others are wise, bright, harmonious, and beautiful; but intrinsically (in the heart and core of life) we can discover "no high, no low, no great, no small." In the essence of being all are alike, but the world-wide discrepancies occur in the region of relations; same materials and identical principles, infinitely diversified by difference of combination. We have never taught that all spirits are pure and reliable; but that all are progressing Center-ward.

We do not quote Swedenborg as an authority in religion, nor in philosophy, except where he struck the vein of interior truth. Our test of such truth is not private, but general, universal experience.

All the literature of the Age of Elizabeth was impregnated with the symbolical propensity. Beauty, sublimity, pathos, morality, philosophy, metaphysics, and even history, went into type under the poetic guise, so that the correspondential methods of the eastern world were once again reproduced and represented in the western imagination. Milton's poetry, like the vivid pictures of Dante, refer to only subjective facts. Whosupposes they are real images of literal truths? Swedenborg was a religious dramatist, with but very little poetry in his mechanism, hence the literalness of his *dramatis personae*. He saw into the spirit world through the elements of Nature and man. Each element was an embodiment—had a counterpart, a representative—in his view of the two-fold universe. It would take on life and live just like an actual creation; and so a dream was a vision, and a vision was a reality; and everything imagined was treated as though it were real and literally true.

In reading Swedenborg one is reminded of the curious dramatic allegory "Microcosmus," by Thomas Nabbe, of the Elizabethan Age. The following is a list of his personages:

NATURE, a fair woman, in a white robe, wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, stars, &c.; on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with stars.

JANUS, a man with two faces, signifying Providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes, as he is *deus anti*; on his head a crown. He is Nature's husband.

FIRE, a fierce-countenanced young man, in a flame-colored robe, wrought with gleams of fire; his hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.

AIR, a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers colored clouds; his hair blue; and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant or silvan.

WATER, a young woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves; her hair a sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge bound about with waves. Her creature a syren.

EARTH, a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.

LOVE, a cupid in a flame-colored habit; bow and quiver, a crown of flaming hearts, &c.

PHYSICIAN, a perfect rosy man, in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white lilies and roses mingled.

CHOLER, a fencer; his lothes red. BLOOD, a dancer, in a tawny-colored suit. PHLEGM, a physician an old man; his doublet white and black trunk hose.

MELANCHOLY, a musician; his complexion, hair, and clothes black a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.

BELLANIMA, a lovely woman, in a long white robe; on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soul.

BONUS GENIUS, an angel, in a like white robe; wings and wreath white.

MALUS GENIUS, a devil, in a black robe; hair, wreath, and wing black.

THE FIVE SENSES—Sight, a chambermaid; Hearing, the usher of he hall; Smelling, a hunt man or gardeners; Tasting, a cook; Touching, a gentleman's hand.

SENSUALITY, a wanton woman, richly habited, but lasciviously dressed, &c.

TEMPERANCE, a lovely woman, of a modest countenance; her garments plain, but decent, &c.

Swedenborg, in precisely this manner, saw "evils" and "goods." Infernal passions would appear in their appropriate form and dress. They would talk and affirm, or deny, just what they should, according to Swedenborg's conviction. So of the celestial spirits and the angels in the higher heavens. Their appearance, habits, thoughts, religion, &c., &c., were strictly Swedenborgian. The best angels received the "Word" in the Swedenborgian way, and such read it just as Swedenborg read it, and thus the literal was made to correspond to the inward conviction. For this reason, together with several others, we refuse the authority of Swedenborg, as we do that of every other man.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

MARY T., BROOKLYN.—The N. Y. Sunday Dispatch is the best for your purposes.

HENRY P., HUDSON ST.—"Nothing succeeds like success." Amen!

G. W. S., JERSEY CITY.—Call in person upon Horace Greeley.

JAMES F., BROADWAY.—Glad you do not forget the working classes. Your articles will soon be on their mission.

H. M., GALENA, ILL.—We cannot serve in the matter proposed, nor do we know any medium who will aid you. There is no royal road to physical riches.

E. M., ST. JOSEPH, MICH.—We shall examine your discourse on "Association." Thanks for the order on G. V. The world needs to comprehend the simple science of "Human Happiness."

JOSEPH B., SHEPHERDSTOWN, PA.—We shall put Jacob Behmen's prediction in the HERALD. His prevision of the "Theosopher," and of the destruction of priestly rule, is very remarkable.

A. C. C., PHILADELPHIA.—Your package of MS. on "The Philosophy of Mind," with the few lines addressed to us, was received and filed for use. It will be published in due time.

CHAS. R. C., MONTELO, WIS.—Yes, Brother, "Man was made for enjoyment." But remember this: Pleasure is exhaustive and passionate, while Happiness is refreshing and spiritual. Seek happiness, not pleasure. For a knowledge of the Seven Temperaments, read Vol. IV Great Harmonia.

WM. B. A., HUMBOLDT, K. T.—Your interesting inquiry, in regard to the control of aerial currents is answered in the pamphlet entitled "The Harmonial Man" a copy of which we duly mailed to your P. O. address.

J. D. L., HOPE, WARREN CO., N. J.—We give you joy, Brother, in the possession of that spirit which proveth all things. Positive evidence may come soon. Look at the sentence under Apotheosis in this number.

G., NEW YORK.—"Boots pulled off by spirits" is (a curious fact) respectfully declined. We think the world does not need such illustrations, but to a private circle they may be both entertaining and convincing.

"VERITAS," WEST WALWORTH.—You must be saved; "Where there's a will there's a way." Work to save thyself and the over-watching powers will aid thee. We can give you no information on the particular point. Be frank and strong. Write to the person direct, and make all suitable inquiries.

JOSEPH B., HUMBOLDT, KANSAS.—We do not recall the exact impression which moved us to use the word "secret"—but this we know, it does not refer to the Englishman's art of prophesying. Glad that you will report progress in the land of struggle and triumph.

M. J. F., ALBANY.—We can get but just one word out of the hieroglyphs you forwarded—"Georgiana." What does it mean? All the rest of the writing is illegible Hebrew. Do you know of any spirit bearing the above name? Or have you recollections of any event in life, or a story, or a poem, in which that name occurred impressively?

J. H. A., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Many grateful thanks for your practical interest in our enterprise. A series of Articles on "The rise, progress, and downfall of Sectarianism" we mean to prepare for this journal. When ready, we shall duly announce our intentions.

P. N., STANTON, ILL.—Your request is all right, Brother; but we do not feel competent to grant it. You are not forgotten, and will not be, but do not expect specifications. Mother Nature will attend your footsteps, and acquaint your whole spirit with the Laws of Father God.

CATO.—Learn, dear James, "to suffer and be strong." The poet's Scripture saith that such endurance is "sublime." We cannot assure you of success in health, should you come East; but there are many persons this way highly gifted with the Healing power. Never despair, Brother.

S. B., NEW YORK.—We can impart no instructions for self-regulation in the presence of an audience. If you feel internally assured that your subject is truthful and important to mankind, then fear not; if you should tremble at first, you will soon forget self in the presence of principles. Lose yourself, your egotisms, your private selfish thoughts, in the subject. This is the sure path to successful inspiration from heaven.

L. M. R., BEARDSFORD, ILL.—Cannot visit the West except in the form of this HERALD. The popular doctrine of "individualism" is but the half of a great truth; the other side is "institutionalism." But when the latter transcends its bounds, the former puts on the "Veto power;" the next events are Protestantism and Revolution. Inspired speakers will visit you no doubt.

N. B. B., LA HARPE, ILL.—Would it not be well for your rheumatic friend to make an ointment of gunpowder and swine's lard? Make a thin oil by adding alcohol while cooling. Proportions: 4 ounces of powder to 1 pound of lard, well mixed by boiling and stirring steadily. Anoint every joint with this preparation after first manipulating vigorously with the open hand, and twice a week bathe his whole person with a light quantity of olive oil. Be sure to magnetize the surface just before applying the ointment. Angels bless him and you!

FRANCIS P. T., TWIN MOUND, K. T.—The papers will be mailed to yourself and friend T. The papers in your letter. If you think of preparing yourself to comprehend Health and to cure Disease, we would counsel initiatory reading of such works as "System of Anthropology" by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Cincinnati, O.; "Constitution of Man," by Prof. E. L. Youmans; another work, with same title, by Geo. Combe. After which read systematic works on Anatomy and Physiology, by Swett, Richards, and Hahnemann. Of course you will attend Clinical Lectures; perhaps take a full programme at some Reform Medical College; but don't study Medicine unless your soul assures and applauds the undertaking. A great work for you is the "Soul in connection with the Body," by J. G. Wilkinson.

Voices from the People.

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

[From the Knickerbocker.]

The Shaker Controversy.

LINES BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE SHAKER SETTLEMENT, NEAR ALBANY.

Mysterious worshippers!
Are you indeed the things you seem to be,
Of earth—yet of its iron influence free—
From all that stirs
Our being's pulse, and gives to fleeting life
What well the Hun has termed "the rapture of the strife?"

Are the gay visions gone,
Those day-dreams of the mind, by fate foreflung,
And the fair hopes to which the soul once clung,
And battled on;
Have ye outlived them? All that must have sprung,
And quicken'd into life, when ye were young?

Does memory never roam
To ties that, grown with years, ye idly sever,
To the old haunts that ye have left forever—
Your early homes?
Your ancient creed, once faith's sustaining lever,
The loved who erst prayed with you—now may never?

Has not ambition's pean
Some power within your hearts, to wake anew
To deeds of higher enprise—worthier you,
Ye monkish men?
Than may be reaped from fields? Do ye not rue
The drone-like course of life ye now pursue?

The camp—the council—all
That woos the soldier to the field of fame—
That gives the sage his meed—The bard his name
And coronal—
Bidding a people's voice their praise proclaim;
Can ye forego the strife, nor own your shame?

Have ye forgot your youth,
When expectation soared on pinions high,
And hope shone out on boyhood's cloudless sky.
Seeming all truth—
When all looked fair to fancy's ardent eye,
And pleasure wore an air of serenity?

You, too! What early blight
Has withered your fond hopes, that ye thus stand
A group of sisters, 'mong this monkish band?
Ye creatures bright!
Has sorrow scored your brows with demon hand,
Or o'er your hopes passed treachery's burning brand?

Ye would have graced right well
The bridal scene, the banquet, or the bowers
Where mirth and revelry usurp the hours—
Where, like a spell,
Beauty is sovereign—where man owns its powers,
And woman's tread is o'er a path of flowers.

Yet seem ye not as those
Within whose bosoms memories vigils keep:
Beneath your drooping lids no passions sleep;
And your pale brows
Bear not the tracery of emotion deep—
Ye seem too cold and passionless to weep!

[From the Russellville (Ky.) Advertiser.]

A SHAKER GIRL'S ANSWER

TO "LINES BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN," IN THE KNICKERBOCKER.

We are, indeed, the things we seem to be,
Of earth, and from its iron influence free:
For we are they, or halt, or lame, or dumb,
"On whom the ends of this vain world are come."
We have outlived those day-dreams of the mind—
Those flattering phantasms which so many bind;
All man-made creeds (your "faith's sustaining lever")

We have forsaken, and have left forever!
To plainly tell the truth, we do not rue
The sober, Godly course that we pursue;
But 'tis not we who live the drossy lives,
But those who have their husbands, or their wives
But if by drosses you mean they're lazy men,
Then, Charlotte Cushman, take it back again;
For one, with half an eye, or half a mind,
Can there see industry, and wealth, combined.

If camps and councils—soldiers'—fields of fame
Or yet a people's praise or people's blame,
Is all that gives the sage or bard his name,
We can "forego the strife, nor own our shame."
What great temptations you hold up to view
For men of sense or reason to pursue!
The praise of mortals! what can it avail,
When all their boasted language has to fail?
And "sorrow hath not scored with demon hand
Nor o'er our hopes pass'd treachery's burning brand!"

But, where the sorrows and the treachery are,
I think may easily be made appear.
In "bridal scenes," in "banquets and in bowers!"
Mid revelry and variegated flowers
Is where your mother Eve first felt their powers.
The "luscious scenes," you say, "we'd grace right
well!"

"Long ago" there our first parents blindly fell!
The bride scene! Is this your end and aim?
And can you this pursue, "nor own your shame?"
If so, weak, pitiful, superficial thing,
Drink silent drink the sick Hymenial spring.

"The bridal scene! the banquet or the bowers,
Or woman's [bed of thorns, or] path of flowers,
Can't all persuade our souls to turn aside
To live in filthy lust or cruel pride.

Alas! your path of flowers will disappear;
E'en now, a thousand thorns are pointed near;
Ah! here you find "base treachery's burning
brand!"

And sorrow's score the heart, nor spare the hand;
But here "Beauty's sovereign"—so say you—
A thing that in one hour may lose its hue,
It lies upon the surface of the skin—

Aye, Beauty's self was never worth a pin;
But still it suits the superficial mind—
The slight observer of the human kind;
The airy, feely, vain, and hollow thing,
That only feeds on wily flatterings.

"Man owns its powers?" And what will not man
own?

To gain his end—to captivate—dethrone?
The truth is this, whatever he may feign,
You'll find your greatest loss his greatest gain;
For like the bee, he will improve the hour,
And all day long he'll hunt from flower to flower,
And when he sips the sweetness all away,
For ought he cares, the flowers may all decay.

But here, each other's virtues we partake,
Where men and women all their ills forsake:
True virtue spreads her bright angelic wing,
While saints and seraphs praise the Almighty King.

And when the matter's rightly understood,
You'll find we labor for each other's good;
This, Charlotte Cushman, truly is our aim,
Can you forego this strife, "nor own your shame?"

Now if you would receive a modest hint,
You'd surely keep your name at least, from print,
Nor have it hoisted, handled round and round,
And echoed o'er the earth from mound to mound.

As the great advocate of "—(O, the name!)
Now can you think of this, "nor own your shame?"
But, Charlotte, learn to take a deeper view
Of what your neighbors say, or neighbors do;

And when some flattering knaves around you tread,
Just think of what a SHAKER GIRL has said.

Spiritualists and Shakers.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

HARVEYSBURG, Warren Co., O.,
Dec. 21, 1859.

TO DANIEL BOLAR AND FREDERICK EVANS.

DEAR BROTHERS: You are both what the world might call strangers to me, because in the external form we have never met, and it may be that we never shall; though I hope we may. I am one almost alone amongst the Spiritualists. I have many very good friends, but I find the fewest few, ready to accept the life which I believe the angels are calling us to prepare to live. I love the Shakers (or Believers,) better than any other division of the organized sects, or divisions of our race, with which I have ever become acquainted. I have known them from the days of my childhood to the present time. Some of them who live at Union Village, in our county, have long been my intimate friends.

I was born and raised to manhood, (so far as bodily growth may be called such,) a member of the Society of Friends or Quakers. Like many others, I married without knowing much of the laws of life, or the nature of love. I have lived a sort of two-fold life, mingling with, and dealing with the external world, and also meditating and thinking much alone I have from the days of my childhood desired to live, and always hoped, that I should one day be able to live in true brotherhood relations with a society whom I hoped to find somewhere, who should put into actual practice all the knowledge which they possessed. When the channels of communication were opened between the two worlds, I hoped much for a time from the teachings of the "spirits of just men made perfect." I have not been entirely disappointed in this hope. I have had many pleasant and very instructive interviews with spirits and angels. I have had counsels given me from many spirits, those of remarkable experience both whilst they have lived on the earth, and since they have entered the spiritual life. I often feel when I meet persons, as well as when I am writing to them, "I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now." I am satisfied that I have more than once had direct counsel given me from one very dear to you. Mother Ann, should I ever meet with you, I may speak upon these things more fully.

Every church in existence, and every nation, and every government, is being now tried to its very foundation. This is the voice of God to men. The laws of Nature are the laws of Creative Wisdom; if understood and obeyed, they will bring the "Kingdom of Heaven by Harmony and happiness upon the earth."

Protestants are accusing Catholics of granting indulgences to commit sin. Are not most of the so-called marriages amongst Protestants a mere license for indulgence in a ruinous sensuality? Most of the children which have come into life on the earth, have been the offspring of lust, instead of the result of chaste, pure, undefiled love. When shall the change come—how shall it come—of these things?

I wish to counsel with you. All this noise in the world about "Free Love" is a fore-runner of something which many of those who are clamorous for freedom, little dream of. Every emotion of the human heart, worthy to be called by the sacred name of Love, is as free as God, and as pure as God, and is really a portion of the Love of God—"God manifest in the flesh"—and has the equal right with the great Love flowing forth from the Divine Center, to go forth free as the sunshine to the flower permeating most where the best recipient is found.

The old marriage bonds are being broken now all over the country. They are more

ropes of sand in many instances, and yet some of those who escape from them are running wild in the opposite extreme. I am satisfied that no true and peaceful heavenly rest and happiness will ever be fully realized by either man or woman, on the earth or in the heavens, until each has found one true, dearest, and most loving conjugal mate; one who, above and beyond all others, whom they had ever met, will continue to be the most dear, continue to be their own. The children of these will be children of love, will be (if these are healthy and chaste,) children of heaven, and will be able to live the millennium when they come to the age of maturity. Wise and chaste, and loving generation, will do away with the fabulous regeneration, there is so much superstition and blind talking of in those companies of people who impiously, I sometimes think, style themselves Christian churches.

Dear Brothers, I hope you will not deem me officious or egotistical. I make no claim to wisdom. I do not profess to be able to teach others. I only know the whisperings of truth in my own soul. When this voice, in the center of my spirit, bids me write, or speak, or ask to be admitted to counsels of others, then I must obey. The spirit prompts me now to write to you. I am impressed to speak with you plainly and kindly, earnestly, sympathetically and lovingly.

It has been shown me, it has been told me that the time is at hand when there will be a union between the most chaste and wise Spiritualists, and your people. It may not be wisdom in me, to attempt much explanation, or statement in this letter of things which have come to me from the interior world. Words are imperfect; language is imperfect; I almost fear to write, lest I be misunderstood, lest my words may convey more or less than I would wish them to. "Ye have an unction and need not that any man teach you, except as this holy anointing teacheth you, which is truth."

I cannot close this without alluding to one great fact in connection with this anointing power. Those are sometimes anointed, whom the people would least expect, and in a manner which they themselves had least expected. Nature always asks to be obeyed. The laws of Nature are the laws of God. The penalties of Nature are the penalties of God. The deep asking in every male and female heart for love from the other sex, is the voice of God through Nature to the soul. This, as king in the heart, must and will grow deeper, and stronger as the heart grows more and more chaste and pure.

Be not astonished, be not troubled, my Brothers, when you find this want increasing, this demand for love growing stronger and asserting its rights in the secret depths of your own quiet spirits, in the silent hours of meditation. The voice of the dear Christ may speak to you, and may say, "Fear not, it is I. Behold a new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another."

There was to be, there will be, there is even now a change coming over all the earth. To the impure it creates confusion, conflict, restlessness, and noise unmeaning. To the servants of the Christ life, to the pure, the humble and loving in their qualities and natures, it is coming in the power of love, the wisdom of love, the greater and continual demand in the soul to love, as it must, as it does. I must again ask you not to consider me entering upon forbidden ground, in either my thought or my speech. To the truly chaste and impressive spirit, even while yet in the body, there is to be nothing secret which shall not be revealed, nor hid that shall not be made known.

This is the beginning of a new era in human life on the earth. The good are to draw nigh unto God, by coming nearer to pure, unperturbed Nature. We cannot turn back; we must go forward. We shall never enjoy the old manna. Each new day must and will bring with it the new rewards of a fresh arising of the morning sun.

Wisdom has the right to rule. Wisdom in man is to save the race. Children rightly born, children of purity, harmony and love, are yet to bless the earth by both precept and by example, but most by example.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Little children must be permitted to come unto the Christ life of wisdom and of love, through the chaste action of loving brothers and sisters of Christ on the earth. And then, with this plain and simple child-right, to a wise and harmonized generation, the world will see examples of human capacity and beauty, and manly and womanly wisdom, such as the earth has not yet been favored with through all the long ages of its human inhabitants.

I perceive by the light of spirit vision that hearts are being prepared among you to teach, lead, encourage, and direct, in the establishing of conditions from which will grow the millennium on the earth. A few, a very few as yet amongst the Spiritualists of the world, are called away from the tumultuous and contending multitude of experimentalists. There is a finding of chaste and heavenly companionship of one with one. The parties are sent many times to distant places by spirit direction to find each other.

In one instance a youth, the son of a wealthy English nobleman, has been influenced by spirit power, to leave all the wealth, all the grandeur, all the luxury, all that is called great and desirable in external, and come in poverty to America, for some purpose apparently connected with the better life, which the angels desire to aid in establishing upon earth. This young man has already

attained much in the way of spiritual gifts and spiritual impressibility. He was sent to America by this invisible and active spirit power. He has come to me. I find him one of the most remarkable young men, one who has enjoyed all the advantages of education which money and position could give to a child in England. He is a graduate of the Oxford University; reads several languages; is a very complete artist, and makes beautiful pictures of the ancient apostles and teachers. He is at times able to see and converse with spirits, and if he chooses to do so, can make pictures or drawings of the faces of spirits as they appear in the spiritual world. I am impressed that he is controlled for a wise purpose, but I feel that he has much yet to learn, and perhaps much to unlearn, before he can begin his main work, if there be one appointed.

I know there is a work for me, as well as for others, yet in this life, in a direction, too, such as those who see only with the external vision little dream of. Hence I follow my impressions in thus writing to you, asking your acquaintance and your counsel, and your aid, so far as you may feel to give them, influenced by the interior counsels of the soul.

Elder George Rubush was here to visit me, and stayed over night, this week. Brother Charles Hampton and four sisters, and one other brother, were to visit us in the spring; and Brother Charles preached in the Methodist Church, in our village, to a crowded house of attentive listeners.

I shall be pleased to hear from either of you at any time you may feel to write me.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

True Grounds of Shakerism.

BROTHER EVANS' REJOINER

NEW LEBANON, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1860.

TO VALENTINE NICHOLSON:

RESPECTED FRIEND: Your kind and loving letter of the 22d ult. has been handed to me by Elder Daniel Bolar, with a request that I would reply to it. The one fact, that you were raised a Quaker, and another fact, that you have from "childhood been acquainted with Believers," and have "loved them," have had a molding influence upon your character. Then again, Spiritualism has added another controlling element, which has produced a marked effect upon the formation of your present opinions and views. Nor do I gather from the spirit of your letter, that you are now in an unchangeable condition of mind, or that you are so finally settled in your theological sentiments as not to be subject to the law of progress. In fine, I judge that you have hitherto been, and that you still are, a living man; and, as such, I now write you; and if, as my wont, my speech be free and plain, you will not, I trust, find it either unfriendly or discourteous.

You say, "The laws of Nature are the laws of creative Wisdom." This is quite true, and where these laws are disobeyed, unhappiness must be the inevitable result. Now, we claim that, even so far as this life is concerned, the people called Shakers are, above all other people, the most contented and happy. The logical conclusion is, that they are the most subject to, and do the most implicitly obey, "the laws of Nature."

We cheerfully endorse most of your remarks respecting "the corruptions that are in the world through lust," and the gross palpable abuses of the generative powers and faculties. We can also see, understand, and approve of the rectified system of generation, which you so ingeniously and vividly describe, and so strenuously advocate. You are also powerfully impressed that the Shakers are of that system destined to be the inaugurators and chief supporters, inasmuch as for it none others are so fully and properly prepared.

We do not doubt the reality of "the spirits impressing you to write" us; and our desire is, that by our thus communing together, not only ourselves, but also those kind ministering spirits who visit you under different names, may be thereby benefited. Indeed, I feel quite encouraged respecting these spirits, from the genial and liberal character of your letter, which is due (in part at least,) to those denizens of the spirit spheres.

I suppose that you are administered to by angels from the "third" and highest generative "heavens," for it is peculiarly their province to correct and perfect the work of generation, by expurgating from it all "lusts of men" as in the case of the generation of Jesus, who was begotten, "not by the will of man (in the body) nor through the lusts of the flesh, but by disembodied spirit agency. The angel Gabriel (perhaps old David himself, for Jesus is said to be his son) and the virgin Mary were as near the true standard of generation, perhaps, as any case we can cite. And, if you could see their state and condition generally attained, in this respect I presume you would feel pretty well satisfied; and so should we, ourselves, so far as others are concerned.

But Alps rise o'er Alps, and rising still from these appear more Alps, like billows on the sea. And that mountain which, to the aspiring traveler seem to touch the skies, proves to be only the pedestal on which still higher Alps do rise.

Thus, my friend, in the present instance. For, from the top of the hill which you have so skillfully reared, we find our starting point; it is the base upon which "the mountain of the Lord house," which is "exalted above the tops of the hills," does rest. Jesus was the first fruits of the most loving couple of conjugal partners of which we have

any well authenticated record. And what have we next? a continuance of that order? Does Jesus seek him an affinity? and thus, to all his followers in after ages, set an example for them to live a loving, natural, Godly, angelic, religious, and heavenly generating life? By no means! He does no such thing! Jesus lived and died a SHAKER; not a Quaker, not a Methodist, not a Catholic, not a Presbyterian, nor a Baptist, nor a Spiritualist, nor a Mormon; but a non-property-holding, non-fighting, non-marrying, CELIBATE—a SHAKER!

"The end of the world," "the harvest," "the day of judgment," "the sharp sickle," "the reaping," and "the reapers," and a hundred other synonymous terms (to be found in the Scriptures) of the same significance, all have reference to the final termination of the reproductive order, with every individual of the human family, (equally as certain, and after much the same fashion, as that they pass from this earth into the spirit world), and the opening of a new degree in human existence, by the breaking of another "seal" in the book of life. All nature shows instances of latent, dormant powers and faculties. We see it in the young of the feline species, which come into existence without the faculty of vision. The youth is latent in the child; the man, or woman, is latent in the youth; and the spiritual man, or woman, is latent in the natural or generative man or woman, as the butterfly is latent in the worm, but the worm must die before the butterfly can live. "I kill and I make alive." He that would save his (generative) life shall lose (his spiritual life) it, and he that shall lose it (his generative life) for my sake and the gospel, shall save it (his spiritual life) unto life eternal."

The procreative life, in its highest, purest form, innocent and animal as the "lamb that was (destined to be) slain from the foundation of the world," which must pass away even as the "lamb of God," Jesus, was slain, or cut off from that which all admit to be the foundation of the world—generation. "His life was cut off from the earth, and who shall declare his generation?" He lived a virgin life, and those who would be his true followers must be sure to follow him in a life of sexual "purity of flesh and spirit."

But perhaps, my friend, I have said enough at this time to define my position. I assure you that I am not more fully established in the consciousness of my own existence than I am in the fact that every human being, yourself included, possesses, though to themselves unknown, the germs of an order of being as much above the earthly, sensuous, animal plane of physical procreation, as the heavens are above the earth; or as divinely spiritual things are superior to mere dead, inanimate matter. In that divine order the social relation of the sexes is productive of a hundred times as much enjoyment and happiness as the earth order, even in its highest and redeemed state is susceptible of affording to its subjects. In all ages, the pleasures of the intellect have taken precedence of the pleasures of sense. How much more shall the joys of the spirit exceed those of the body and intellect combined. If this were not so, miserable indeed would be the condition of human intelligences in the millions of ages of eternity that lie before them.

It makes no difference, as to the plane of existence, whether a soul be in or out of the body. It may be in the spirit world, and yet be on the generative plane. The loves of the spirit, whether in or out of the form, determine at once upon what plane it is living. If they are generative loves and affections, of brother and sister, of father and mother, or children, or wife, or property, or honor, or pride, or selfishness, or lusts of sensual things; these are the keys with which to unlock the door of the "mansion" in which the soul resides. Thus may the soul be following after the lusts and affections of the old man in the spirit land. Or, it may be in the body, and yet have its "life hid with Christ in God." And thus, "if our gospel be hid, it is hid to those who are lost, in whom the God (generation) of this world has blinded their minds," and darkened their spiritual understandings, so that they cannot believe the higher forms of truth.

The young man of whom you speak had better visit New Lebanon. It is the center of the Shaker order, and the Shaker order is undoubtedly the spiritual medium of the race. As you well know, (I suppose) it brought forth Spiritualism. The old prophets said: "The law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." The whole work of God with men is described as being "wheels within wheels," and all we claim is, that Shakerism is the inner center wheel that moves the whole. "Yet once more," said an old medium, "and I will shake not only the earth (civil organizations) but the heavens (religious institutions) also; that those things which can be shaken may be shaken, and that all those things which cannot be shaken or moved, may remain." As you very properly remark, "all people will be tried by truth."

The Shakers have no fear of being shaken. Shaking will not injure them in the least, but rather do them good. A green tree that is well rooted, has no fear of winds; it would die without them; but trees of short roots, and all dead, dry trees, cannot bear to be shaken; shaking would ruin them, by breaking them in pieces. The inner wheel is the Shaker order, and those who are in it, as Jesus said, do "neither marry nor are given in marriage," but are as the angels, live as the angels live, a regenerative, or non-generating life, leaving "the children of this world to marry and be given in marriage," and keep up the

work of propagation, and the world from running out.

The number of the beastly man (see Rev.) is said to be "six hundred, threescore and six," that is, as I suppose, there are so many ways in which the generative nature of man will twist itself like a "Serpent," in order to save its head from the blows which the man of God is aiming, and will continue to aim at it. For "the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;" and among all the "lusts of the flesh and of the mind," the lust of generation is supreme—the head.

The statement in your letter of the assumed fact, that the life of a Shaker is not natural, even in the highest sense of that term, we controvert most pointedly; for, contrariwise, we claim that it is simply the entrance upon another stage of human existence.

Also, the assumed consequence from that assumed fact, that there is a want, an unsatisfied feeling in our souls, in consequence of the separation of the sexes as *sexes*, is not true, being contrary to the universal experience of all true, genuine Shakers; for, while the element of spiritual love is gaining increasing power and influence over us, we find that the generative lusts and affections are gradually dying out; leaving us in possession of that "rest which remains for the people of God," and blest with that quietness, comfort, and fullness of content which makes us "satisfied with the goodness of the Lord."

And we know that, if any one who bears the name of Shaker, finds him or herself in the condition which you impute to us as a people, it is either some one who has not been faithful to his or her profession, or else some young person who has not yet come to years of discretion, or to the turning point where is to be made the voluntary choice to be a follower of the second and not of the first Adam.

Should circumstances permit of your coming so far from home, we shall be pleased to take you by the hand, and welcome you to our Shaker hospitalities. I trust that what I have written will be received by you as we have received your own beautifully-written communication.

Your friend in the lines of truth,
FREDERICK W. EVANS.

For the Herald of Progress.

SLAVERY AND CATHOLICISM COMPARED.

CARACAS, Venezuela, Feb. 20, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: The question of domestic Slavery seems to be the great topic of discussion in our beloved country. Though the principle is wrong, the effects must be considered. If you have a bad wound or an old sore, and continually irritate it, it will not heal; in like manner, the agitation of the question of Slavery tends to rivet its chains the tighter. Let the question of Slavery alone in the Free States, go on prospering, and thereby show the slave proprietors by example, that free labor is preferable to involuntary labor.

Look at the Catholic church; every Catholic is stronger bound in chains than any southern slave, not only in body, but in soul likewise. The Pope of Rome being the grand inquisitor, by the instrumentality of his bishops and priests, he holds nearly two hundred millions of his subjects in perpetual bondage, who stand in more dread of their masters than the negro slave is of his master, or the whip of his overseer. Now compare the enslaved and priest-ridden Catholic with the free Protestant, and mark the difference. Look at Rome, the Italian States, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and all the South American States; behold the difference between the North and South of Ireland; observe the difference between the English Protestants and the French Catholics in Canada. Even in France, there have been nine changes of Government, in my day. All this is the effect of Popery. Revolutions, treason, blood-shed, murders, idolatry, superstition, and bigotry, are inculcated as the best means of holding the down-trodden millions in perpetual bondage. Example alone will eventually emancipate the Catholic, as well as the negro slave.

When these matters are brought about, the world will progress in rapid strides; harmony and love will supersede anger and strife; it is then we can ejaculate—"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man." The mind of the Catholic is enslaved as well as his body, by the Pope; while the negro slaves are perfectly free to think as they please, without fear of priestly rule. Which, then, is preferable, to have the body bound to labor, with the mind free, or the mind enslaved, and the body free? An enslaved mind which cannot commune with its God, only through a priest, who would not say "God bless you," without an ample fee! Here in Venezuela, ten thousand souls have flown from their earthly tenements since the 2d of August, by violence, brother against brother; and why is it so? I will answer, because the mind is chained in darkness by the Pope of Rome and his satellites. The Catholic education inculcates superstitious ideas, and shuts out the light of reason; pernicious habits are planted in infancy, which spring up during youth, and mature in manhood, fitting men for strife and rebellion, murder and destruction.

Here in Caracas, we behold a black of wood brown in the shape of a female, decorated with costly robes, ornamented with a profusion of jewels, a crown on the head, and paraded through the streets, and a whole population, prostrating themselves before it! Should the mother of Christ look down upon such low, idolatry—the mock and lowly Mary—

she would feel indignant indeed at being thus metamorphosed into a block of wood. We also behold almost every hour in the day the host passing; consisting of a priest who bears the consecrated wafer, which is called the Almighty God! Two men precede him with lighted candles, a boy in front with a bell and guarded by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. *God Almighty guarded by soldiers!* The bell is kept ringing, and the people fall upon their knees in the street as it passes, and as far off as they can hear the bell. What must the man of Nazareth think of such superstition and idolatry? he who said, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." I ask, which is preferable, to be a slave bound to labor, or a Roman Catholic? Will not Spiritualism do its work, and bring about the true principles of the spirit of Christ, love, harmony, benevolence, faith, hope and charity?

SARA DRIGGS.

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

HARMONIES OF MAN WITH THE ELEMENTS.

BY DR. M. E. LAZARUS.

Health is true self-poise, or the harmony of our internal with our external life. Internal Harmony is the equilibrium of our animal or voluntary with our involuntary or vegetative and nutrient functions. External Harmony is the equilibrium of our action and reaction on elements, plants, animals and men.

Disease is confirmed disorder. Order springs either from instinct or from acquired knowledge of the harmonies of Nature. We lost our instinct in becoming civilized; instinct, being the perception and tendency to individual destinies, does not embrace the complex sphere of moral relations. We have then nothing to rely on, except acquired knowledge of the principles of Harmony.

The Harmonies of Nature are solar, planetary—elementary, vegetative—animal and human. The atmosphere is our first elementary relative.

Man is the culminating expression of the solar forces, taking form in the fertile mold of the receptive Earth. He is the natural king and destined harmonist of that organic life which is developed in those exposures of the Earth to the Sun, which lie between the equator and those high northern and southern latitudes, which, by the obliquity of the Earth's presentation, receive too little heat to permit the expansion of life. Man, like all other organic beings whose phenomenal existence announces the energy, the qualities, ideas, passions, sentiments, of creative forces, is essentially and substantially divine, a manifestation of the solar character under those particular conditions which it accepts on entering our terrestrial medium in certain climates and environments of natural and social influences, by hereditary organization, nurture and education. Wisdom for him consists in discovering and obeying the conditions of his present incarnation, until such time as "the body shall return to the dust whence it came, and the spirit to the God who gave it." The air is the natural medium between spiritual and material beings, between solar and planetary forces. It is the sphere of all the electrical phenomena we witness, and of those which render us unconsciously passionate electroscopes of the Earth life. It is well known by those who use magnetism as a curative agent, that the breath is the most powerful communicator of vital force, and by blowing upon sick parts they restore the normal actions and relieve pains. This is also employed to resuscitate the drowned, or babes still-born. I proceed to illustrate some of the harmonies of the air with the life of man.

The atmosphere acts as the lungs of the planet, sustaining in correspondent relations with it, the lungs of all animals and plants. It inhales from the earth and water oxygen and hydrogen, in the form of aqueous vapor; oxygen and carbon, in the form of carbonic acid; and hydrogen and azote in that of ammonia. It inhales from the sun electricity, which its exhalations distribute to all the surface of the earth, both by vivifying showers and by its ordinary contact. It thus represents or becomes the medium of the male or solar principle in fecundating Nature, in imparting fertility to soils, quickening the germs of plants, and sustaining from instant to instant the lives and powers of animals. They abstract from it the oxygen principle which plants restore to it. The passage of oxygen into their tissues, is invariably coincident or identical with the development of electricity, and with one of the varied forms of animal force; such as secretion, motion, passion, thought or will. Its preponderance in the organism over the passive elements of its structure, emacimates and destroys it, as occurs during long fasts, in the absence of supplies of the passive or combustible elements of tissue, leaving the air by its oxygen to consume the existing structure.

The elementary harmonies prelude to the social harmonies of the air, especially to its uses in the conveyance of sound and language. Winds have their murmurs, streams their musical purl, mountains their echoes, forests their rustle, the sea-shore its roll, animals

their voices and ears, and Man, language expressing the affections of his soul by all the modulations of the air.

Of all the harmonies of the air, the divinest is that vibration by which it becomes the vehicle of music—the great instrument of which all our voices and our wind and stringed instruments of music, are but so many chords or pipes. Music is the bridge between Man's heart and God Almighty—the great transition between us and the celestial angels; as mirth, "that humbler harmonist of care on earth," is the lesser transition that performs the same office of friendly mediation in our human or social communion. Music gives our most intimate and supreme assurance of the ultimate harmony of the individual with the race, of our redemption and future existence in at-onement with Nature. But listen to Bettina Von Arnim ("Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.")

"Does not music so touch our senses that we feel them melted into the harmony of the tones. The senses flow on the stream of inspiration, and that exalts them. All which spiritually lays claim on Man here, goes over to the senses; therefore is it that through them he finds himself moved to all things. Love and friendship, and warlike courage, and longing after the divinity, all boil in the blood, the blood is hallowed; it inflames the body that it becomes of one instinct with the spirit. This is the effect of music on the senses; this is the glorifying of the body."

As the atmosphere is the laboratory of electrical forces, and medium of the solar activity, so it is, as analogy might have disclosed to us, indisputably the medium of relations between matter and spirit, and between our own and subtler forms of spiritual life. Of these music is not the only interpreter. The air is the scene of spectral apparitions, and bears to our ear those vibrations which, as in the recent case of the knockings in New York and elsewhere, beings of another sphere seem still to determine at their pleasure in this neutral field between our two modes of existence. The annals of the "Night side of Nature," as it has been appropriately termed, teem with analogous records attested by evidence not easily set aside. One of the most remarkable is the "Cry" of Mademoiselle Clairon, a celebrated French actress, whose rejected lover swore to pursue her after his death, caused by her cruelty, and fulfilled his threat by this unearthly scream, which was heard by all in Mademoiselle Clairon's company on the most unexpected occasions.

These things seem to show, in spite of the cheap benevolence extended to the denizens of the other world by our Universalist friends, that, setting aside that theological nightmare of eternal punishment for an individual, there is but little safety for any in the other world while this one is still upside down.

AERIAL USES.

"Man exerts over the air a power sufficient to his wants. He makes it light his fire, draw his water by means of the pump, or grind his corn by the arms of a wind-mill, warble music in a flute, waft him over the seas by the sails of a vessel, or through the atmosphere itself in the balloon."

But the power of Man over the elements is the result of his social harmonies.

I shall not speak at present of those immense combinations by which, in the integral conquest of our planet, society expending in useful enterprise those forces now wasted in wars and intestine conflicts, will reclaim the parched deserts of the South, or the ice-bound plains of the North, by integral culture and electrical operations, and regulate harmoniously the distribution of winds and rains.

I shall first consider the natural king of our planet, subjected himself to the power of the air—a naked infant on his mother's breast.

"Voice and hearing, active and passive, are twins in the harmonies of the air; the other senses have separate enjoyments—these faculties are reciprocal. The eye sees not odors, flavors, or touch, and the organs of these qualities cannot smell, taste, or touch colors, but the voice speaks to the ear, and the ear understands the voice. It is less for elementary relations than to unite souls in sympathy, that Nature gives to each of us an active and a passive sense, not separating and distributing them like the isolated, sexes which are only to ally us at certain epochs, but uniting them in the same individual, so as always to connect them in a double harmony. A suffering being cries and is heard by a sensitive being that answers it, and is in turn understood by it. Such is the double tie by which Nature forms the first passionate harmony."

"What is more touching than the cry of an infant? What subtle relations have those inarticulate sounds, apparently without art and without method, with the fibers of pity stretched by Nature in the human heart?"

"Whatever noise be made around a new-born child during the first six weeks, it does not turn its head, whence it has been too hastily concluded that it does not hear."

"If it pays no attention to noises, it is because it is not in relation with the causes which produce them. It hears its own cries, which announce its necessities, and doubtless also its mother's voice, as a lamb discerns its own mother's bleat in the midst of a herd of sheep, and runs to it without attending to the other sheep which bleat around it. It is by its cries that the new-born babe asks for its mother's breast, of which it feels the need and the pleasure before it conceives the idea of it."

"It has been called infant from the Latin *in-fans*, not speaking. It makes itself well understood, however, with its cries and moans, whose sounds, superior to all eloquence, move the maternal heart."

"The philosopher may demonstrate to a mo-

ther, by physical laws, for the sake of good order and the love of her country, that she ought to nurse her child. What will you answer if she opposes to your general reasoning, her particular reasons, her delicacy of health, those exhausting vigils, the ever renewed anxiety, the oppression of society, the indifference of her country to her necessities, and the child himself, object of so many cares, who, when a man grown, will perhaps be her most cruel tormentor? But she hears the plaintive voice of her infant, and she gives it the breast without reasoning."

"How happens it that parents become insensible to the cries of their children? How is it that they should ever provoke them by punishments at once obscene and cruel? The savages, most cruel towards their enemies, would blush to employ such; yet in our schools are seen masters and mistresses, their hands armed with rods and whips, and vainly appealing to pain and fear to supply their ignorance of human nature, and correct the inherent vice of their methods of teaching, and their own incapacity for the sacred function they have assumed. Let them pass for mercenary masters, who seek to govern only by terror, and who see only slaves in the children of strangers. But the parent, who, deceived by bad examples and false authorities dares to violate towards her child the first compact of pity, formed between them by Nature, violates it at the same time toward the human race!"

These general considerations do not invalidate the fact that now, in the absence of those harmonic arrangements which are possible only in and through Association, and which will enable us always to lead children out of evils, or rather to anticipate and prevent them by presenting a rich succession of legitimate interests and pleasures, a whipping may be a very convenient though inverse method of changing an existing evil state. It is especially homeopathic to fits of bawling, and has been administered to torpid children as a stimulus *a tergo* before setting them to work.

"The infant needs to have the air about it very often renewed. Air is, after warmth, their first element and nourishment. The mother must not only take care that it breathes fresh air, but that the delicate skin of its body is surrounded by it. She must therefore, clothe it lightly, and maintain the utmost purity and the free circulation of a bland, soft air, of pleasant summer heat, through its clothes, its cradle, and its bed-chamber, so as to remove the mephitic exhalations produced by animal respiration and transpiration, which otherwise fix themselves everywhere."

The warming of houses by hot-water pipes, coming up from a furnace in the basement, is the most perfect and economical of known processes.

"The windows should be opened during the day, and a vent-hole during the night. Infants languish without fresh air, and grow pale and blanched like plants in a close room. Nothing strengthens them so much as exposure to the open air, even in winter, when warmly clothed. Their uneasiness vanishes as they leave the chamber, and they often show their satisfaction by ceasing to cry, and going quietly to sleep. Every child is gay when it is naked; it cries when its clothes are put on, and rejoices when they are taken off. This is not merely because tight fitting dresses embarrass their motions, but because the air feels pleasant to their skins, penetrating by its pores, and facilitating the motion of fluids and the insensible transpiration, from whose obstruction many diseases proceed. The rapid and vigorous growth of negro children and those of savages, is mainly due to the free play of air and sunshine on their skins. The same influence protects them in great measure from our influenzas, catarrhs, and rheumatisms. If our mawkish "morality" objects to their going naked, or the roughness of our climate forbids it, we may at least accustom little boys to go very lightly clothed in the fine season. At every school, instruction ought to be given part of the day in the open air. The studies of geology, botany, and other of the natural sciences, are peculiarly favorable to this. It is only necessary to take care that children heated by play should not get chilled. Let them then put on their clothes and keep moving, whilst they are exposed to cold air. Thus every inconvenience will be avoided and hardihood attained."

The aerial harmonies illustrated by their toys, initiate children into the greatest marvels of science. The fall of their balloon makes them sensible of the attraction of the Earth, and the curve it describes in the air gives the theory of the parabola, composed of its perpendicular movement of gravity and its horizontal force of projection. Whilst they raise their kite with joyous cries, and watch it balanced high in air, explain to them the mechanism of its ascent, and the laws of the decomposition of forces, as the wind acts on the inclined plane of its surface. You may even, if the weather permits, cautiously give them the surprising evidence of atmospheric electricity, by a kite whose cord is twisted with a brass wire, which draws the electric fire, and terminated near the hand by a silken cord, which arrests its current.

"You can tell them that atmospheric electricity is the solar fire invisibly spread around us; that this fire is communicated to the clouds, and appears as lightning, when it seeks its equilibrium. That electricity is distinguished into positive and negative, in allusion to its quantity, or into vitreous and resinous, as to its quality, which more perfect knowledge will probably recognize simply as the two sexes of electricity. Show them the metals which serve as its conduct-

ors, especially iron and copper, and the lightning-rods which are placed on buildings—not to draw the lightning, but to conduct it away from the body of the house. It is especially necessary, in speaking to children of the general laws of physics, to apply these laws to the uses of society. Fix their attention on facts which interest them. Give to principles a body and action—it is the only means of making them understood."

SOLAR HARMONIES.

The Sun by its presence and absence is the first cause of all the harmonies of the atmosphere with the waters, the earth, plants, animals and men.

The varied species, qualities and aromas of plants and animals, furnish a natural sundial, by which we detect the varying relations between the Earth Soil and the Solar Ray, connected with the angles of incidence and reflection, at which the different portions of the surface are exposed. The mineral constitution of the different parts of the earth will also modify these phenomena. The distinct effect of the solar ray upon the human organism, has been nicely observed by Baron Reichenbach, on sensitive persons, in his valuable work entitled, "Physico-Physiological Researches in the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemistry, in their Relation to Vital Forces," section 97, et seq.

Let us now connect these peculiar solar influences on the sensitive, as observed by Reichenbach, with the equally obvious and more general effect of sunshine upon the skins and bodies of these tropical nations who go habitually naked, or nearly so, like many African tribes, and the natives of the West Indies and the South Pacific Isles, as first discovered. The Camanche Indians are now healthy and robust, as the wild creatures of the forest, and their firm dark skins and flesh heal at once when wounded. They may take little heed of our physiological laws, and know no other restraint than that of instinct, but they live in the full solar daylight, and this redeems them, and supplies to their instincts and to their organs a force, sanity and power of self-recovery, which we have lost in secluding ourselves in houses, covering our bodies with clothes, and kindling the torches of intellect upon the ruins of instinct. Finally, the whole of their relations with Sun, Earth, air, water, plants, fish, beast, and bird, are resumed in the fact, that they live at Home.

The circuit of man's indigenous harmonies once broken, and the elements which sustained them destroyed—as in Civilization, which commences its subversive work by destroying every native plant and animal that the axe, the plow, or the gun can reach—the individual man has no longer a home, but must range through the climates and races of the globe, to baffle the anguish of a broken destiny in continual change, excitement, and energetic struggle.

The indigenous races, who are still really at Home, in a sense no civilizee can be, possess some characters with spherical affinities, which give them a home throughout the zone, or even beyond, by their stronger and wider range of assimilation. (See the sketch of Marnoo in Melville's "Typee.") The Yankee is a very powerful subversive creature of this sort. He makes himself everywhere at home, after his fashion, though it is a very ill fashion, greedy and destructive, with little sense of harmony, expelling Nature to make room for puritanic hypocrisy and the exploitations of trade, and as deficient in the passionate elements of friendship and love, as it is potent in those of ambition and cabalism. For the civilized chronic invalid—as there exists no longer any true home, the only chance of recovery lies in travel. If the zone be well selected, the long-locked springs of Life which feebly trickle in our frost-bound climes, respond in free gushes to the melting passionate aromas of the South, and every changeable grace on the features of the fair Earth, wakes a slumbering energy in the soul of her destined harmonist.

We cannot speak of the solar harmonies of Man without blending at every step the planetary, elementary, vegetable, animal, and human, any more than we can have true religion without loving our fellow creatures; because the sun is the pivot or focus of movement for all planetary and terrestrial relations, and the representative in the finite limits of this solar system, of those properties which in their infinitude we ascribe to God.

Here, then, is the point at which we should speak of the influences of religion on health, influences so potent that every physician may have observed how much better is the chance of life or of recovery from chronic diseases, in one whose heart and faith are serenely fixed. This sunshine of the soul, by which Christ has so richly repaid for their trials and crucifixions in the cause of Social Harmony, those who sincerely cherish and cultivate the spirit and principles of his life, is an interior proof to be added to those exceedingly curious coincidences which I have compiled in my work entitled, "The Solar Ray" (section "Zend Avesta and Solar Religions,") where Christ is examined as the Solar Man; a position which at once renders perfectly natural those miracles which announced the entire sympathy and consonance of the physical and organic as well as of the spiritual world, with his will, in the subsidence of the storm, (elementary movement,) the conversion of water into wine, the multiplication of loaves and fishes (organic movement,) the cure of diseases, and resuscitation of the dead, (vital movement,) and the cleansing of the soul from sin, (spiritual movement.)

Analogous phenomena occur daily and an-

* The quotations are from Bernardina de St. Pierre: *Harmonies de la Nature*.

nally under the pure virtue of the sunbeams, without our thinking strange of them. The Sun, as He rises and waxes in strength, dissipates the storms and restores calm to Nature, or calls the winds again from their chambers; converts into grapes and wine the rain-water which percolates through soil and rock, multiplies the ears of the harvest from every seed that is sown; hatches the eggs of the fish and the turtle, or forms the young vivipara within the womb; infuses fresh life into every worn and wasted frame, and restores the dead to life each spring in the vernal resurrection; for even the rose, as it drops its leaves and petals under the snow, may say in the sweet voice of Harriet Winslow:—

"I know, though I am gone,
The rose will still live on;
The soul, the beauty I now body forth
Immortal and divine,
In other forms than mine
Will still add glory to the glorious earth."

And Man, in whose more complex organism glow the same solar fires, may well adopt the fragrant prophecy which the rose exhales with her last sigh, and trust in faith and hope to the kind bosom of our mother Earth, the loved ones whom she shall soon restore to infant life, reorganized by a solar alchemy, which no chemist has recovered from the fabulous cauldron of Medea—

"Ah! gentle Death that lulls to rest
The aged head with sorrows white,
Life lies an infant on thy breast,
Its day crowned with thy night."

The influences of the Solar Ray on human thought and action, are only less appreciable than those upon the growth of a melon vine, because it affects the former through so many media of external relations, besides its direct action. Yet the direct influence of the sunshine on my thoughts, feelings, and actions, as a source of inspiration, a harmonist and a curative, is as familiar a subject of consciousness as the renovation of my strength by the food which the sun has equally prepared for me, and which is a mediate or indirect effect of sunshine.

[In this book Man is considered soul and body together, or integrally, and also as an integral element of society and Nature. Hence the term *Passional*, which includes, at once, all the relations of our senses and of our social affections, of our material instincts and of our spiritual affinities. *Passion* derives from the Latin *pati*, and the Greek *paskein*, signifying to suffer, to experience emotion. It is the fusion of the celestial with the demonic upon the human plane.]

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.]

NINETY-SEVENTH SESSION.

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

QUESTION, (continued.)—"What is the true meaning and use of miracle?"

Mrs. FRENCH: A little incident among modern miracles recently transpired, which she would state, suppressing names. A lady from Boston, who knew nothing of Spiritualism except through rumor, and was wholly skeptical, recently visited a medium in this city. Before going to the lady who was the medium, she was advised to prepare all her questions so as to guard herself against deception, which she declined to do, professing entire confidence in her own ability to protect herself against fraud. She commenced her investigation by writing several names upon strips of paper, which she rolled into pellets, which she shuffled promiscuously together, but did not let go out of her hand. She was then requested to throw her handkerchief upon the floor under the table, and to hold her hand containing the pellets, also underneath it, which was done; when the name of the spirit purporting to be present, and to have proposed the test, was taken from among the others in her hand, and was found very curiously tied up in the handkerchief she had but a moment before, thrown loosely upon the floor. The medium's hands during the whole experiment, remained upon the table. She also made a mental request, as a further test of spiritual identity, that she might be touched in a peculiar manner, which request was exactly complied with, even before she could render it in the form of words in her own mind.

Dr. GOULD thought we suffered loss from a want of system in the conduct of our meetings; that is to say, the topics introduced and discussed from week to week, do not accord with the nature of Spiritualism, nor with the needs of the age. Our questions are impractical: Such, for example, as to whether spirits do communicate, or whether or not there are evil spirits. Everybody knows that spirits communicate. That fact is as fully settled as it ever can be; and that some of them are evil spirits, is as certain as it is that there are evil men. What, in his judgment, we need is, questions of a more religious nature.

Dr. GRAY: A miracle, as he defines it, is a phenomenon, the elements of which we do not understand. Its effect upon the observer is to excite the faculty of wonder, which gives birth to inquiry, through which mental growth is secured. In all the ages certain phenomena have excited this faculty, and the inquiry consequent thereon has developed the religions. The soul has been educated through the faculty of wonder. Our own experience is in proof. We have miracles now, and these have led us to inquire. Out of the results of this inquiry he constructs his religion. Every phenomenon not produced by human beings

*G. W. CURTIS

*From his interesting work entitled, "Passional Hygiene and Natural Medicine; embracing the Harmonies of Man with his Planet." (Dedicated to the most Vigorous Man and the most Beautiful Woman; to Social Harmony and a Divine Humanity.) 12mo. 438 pp. \$1. All of this author's works are for sale by A. J. Davis & Co.

here, and not explainable by any known science, is a miracle; a divinely useful miracle. No matter how apparently trifling may be the fact, its true dignity is not impeached, so long as human science cannot explain it. The raps are of this character. They transcend all human science; they are miraculous as he defines miracle. They belong to a series of phenomena which naturally suggest a useful analysis of life. Out of them he constructs his religion, and in their light he walks calmly on through the trials of this life, and shall enter upon the other with trust and confidence.

Dr. HALLOCK: It is not without suggestion (assuming a fair degree of truthfulness in Biblical history) that the Jewish miracles decreased in external pomp as they increased in spiritual significance. The Spiritualism of the first century was unacceptable for this reason. The Jews expected a Saviour direct from God, in some such manner as they believed they had received their law. They could not accept him from a stable. There was, to them, but very little of what Dr. Gould calls the religious element in the miracles he wrought, and those of that time who boasted a great deal of it, doubtless thought the Nazarene and his friends quite as much off the track as the Doctor thinks us. What is now, by the many, held as the very basis of faith and religion, was then, by the many, most devoutly persecuted as blasphemy and sedition. An appeal to the religious nature, in which it is said this Conference is wanting, depends for its effect somewhat upon the character or status of the person appealed to. The greater the soul, the greater the significance of what it sees. A little child moved the religious element in Jesus, while it only stirred the life in his disciples. It is only the little soul that feels the need of established objects, places and times; genuine devotion does not require an altar; it finds its natural incentive in all that illustrates the eternal life to which it is allied—in every fact which reveals a spiritual presence or spiritual power. The facts of Spiritualism—modern miracles—are religious facts, par excellence; they bear directly upon that emotion in the human soul, but the fruit they will bear this autumn, will depend upon the growth and thriftiness of the stock upon which they are ingrafted. Miracles and their significance, as has been said, make the sum total of the world's religion. Whatever is false in it, is a mistaken inference, or wrong interpretation of a spiritual fact. We are reviewing these religious to-day in the light of the miracles of to-day, and so far as it is done in a brotherly spirit, it is a work of religion. What greater work is demanded of this age, than a faithful digest of the spiritual facts and conclusions of all the ages?

Dr. GORDON: There is a side to Spiritualism, which, so far as he has observed, has been altogether ignored by this Conference. He alludes to moral influence. He has attended here for over three years, and cannot now remember that the term has been so much as named. He doubts whether Spiritualists have any settled convictions on the subject of moral action. It is his opinion that topics of a moral nature would excite a deeper interest and be far more useful. But few who have usually spoken here, he thinks, have any proper opinion or clear conviction, that moral action has the least effect upon the future.

Mr. PARRIS: Miracle is defined as natural law not understood. Its use is to convince man that he cannot arrive at the ultimate of law, any more than he can fathom eternity. There is no ability of thought to adjudicate natural law. Newton could not have told by thought that an apple would fall, or rise, or remain stationary. It is simply that we have five senses, and the power to register their observations. There is no one thing in the domain of phenomena that will yield its ultimate secret to human thought. We ought to reflect that one great use of miracle is to break up the confidence of man in his assumed knowledge of natural law. Take the supposed fixed truths in science of fifty years ago, and not ten per cent. will stand the test to-day. This should banish the egotism which has led us to suppose that we so understood natural law that we could explain it in five minutes to any man who should ask. Take any law and you will find a point of infinity in it. We are in the perpetual observation of miracles—of phenomena which reach beyond our power of comprehension. Intuition is miracle. We know the fact, but like every other, we comprehend it only in degree. The observation of miracles is wholesome discipline. Men have presumed too much concerning their knowledge of natural causes; they are too apt to say this contradicts reason, or that is contrary to common sense, when to man can so much as say by authority of reason or common sense alone, which will dissolve sugar the moment hot water or cold. We need a solvent for our egotism, and miracle is the very best. We need to realize the true humility, which is to see truth without prejudice.

The topic proposed for the next meeting is *Miracles*. Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

The musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inward being, so that he may turn it outward. The sense of the eye may not flatter. The eye easily corrupts the judgment of the ear, and allows the spirit from the inward to the outward. Plastic artists should dwell like kings and gods; how else are they to build and decorate for kings and gods? They must at last so raise themselves above the common, that the whole mass of a people may feel itself ennobled in and by their works.—GORDON.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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The world is moving from its center in every direction.

See our eighth page for interesting notices and criticisms.

The question of LABOR versus CAPITAL, will soon come up in these columns.

Medical articles will appear next week. We shall labor to extirpate discords and diseases of every shade and magnitude.

Let no one overlook the "Harmonies of Man," on our third page, from the gifted pen of Dr. LASARUS.

An original reply to the question, "How are we to ascertain what the Harmonical Philosophy teaches upon any given point?" awaits room in our next.

The Shakers are shaking the world on the ever-rising questions of Marriage and Parentage. Our readers will find their poetical and prose contributions under "Voices from the People." Let every earnest lover of truth read and ponder.

Occult Demonstrations.

We promised last week to offer a few remarks upon this subject. Our Philadelphia correspondent, under the head of "Spirit Mysteries" in our last issue, opened up a rich chapter for psychologists. The mysterious correlation of the Spirit world to the mind, of the mind to the brain, of the brain to the body, and all to the biography and destiny of a human being, are subjects worthy of the most searching investigation.

The case of Alex. S. is not new in the annals of mystery. The introverted action of the mind is possible, but rarely experienced. Swedenborg's condition was oftentimes not unlike that of Mr. S., showing the naturalness of such visitations whenever the mind's internal arrangements are propitious. In such experiences it is simply absurd to reject the hypothesis of spiritual instigation. But it would be equally absurd to suppose that spirits were personally present, superintending each metamorphosis of internal action, as many persons are disposed to conclude from the mysterious novelty of the experience. In examining the mind's internal mechanism, we get at not only the action of organs, but also discern the nature of the action.

Each part of the mind diffuses a particular influence all over the constitution, and the influences that have emanated from all the parts constitute "sensations," or the lightning of the nervous system; and, inasmuch as human beings are organized upon the same principle, so it happens that an influence imparted to another awakens in that other effects analogous to those felt by the one who imparted it. Thus a combative person, on imparting his original influence, will cause another to experience identical sensations. The same is true of every other organ.

These facts are familiar to modern psychologists. They stand in the gateway between heaven and earth—preventing at once too great credulity, and too much doubt—for such facts demonstrate the double nature of man, and, at the same time, that he is not the cause of all spiritual phenomena. The automatic hemisphere of mind is quite as marvellous as is the counter-hemisphere of voluntary powers; and when truly studied, man becomes as much of a wonder before death as when he returns in the state of spirit.

It would seem, judging from our correspondent's testimony, that his own spirit carried on the process originally instigated by invisible intelligences. They had diffused an influence upon his nervous system, which, entering into chemical combination with the sensitive elements, they (the spirits) could neither control nor extract from their subject. It is evident that many spirits have little knowledge of their own abilities to control the influence they cast upon mediums. The consequence was

that what should have become voluntary, and under the control of the wishes or will, became, instead, automatic and beyond management.

The vibrations and concussive sounds, and the instantaneous representations of the nervous system, &c., by means of beautiful lights, were inevitable effects whenever his own and the foreign influence met, like two tiny thunder-clouds of opposite polarity. His vision was not with the eyes, but by means of the pervading optical influence; that is to say, the sensitive medium of physical sight was impressed with the internal facts and recurring phenomena. This explanation is intended to cover all cases of this kind.

But one thing is remarkable, yet agreeing with our explanation; we refer to the repetitions or recurring character of his experience. No other fact more clearly illustrates the occult operations of his own mental machinery. The spirit guardian, for example, would start a tune in his memory—perhaps impart an influence to the organal center, where music is perceived by the mind—then the impressed and propulsed faculties would go forward with the operation. We have seen this phenomenon, many times, in persons who were impressed to address an audience, or to write a poem, &c.; the spirit guardian of the medium would set the machinery in motion, and then retire, whereupon the medium's mind would take up the operation and continue as though it were an unthinking automaton.

But there is no evidence better than the hearing of one's name pronounced by tongues in the air. In this case the spiritual ear is reached. The floor, roof, and leagues of atmosphere, vanish from the spaces between the speaker and the listener. They seem to stand in each other's presence. The whole ocean of human existence is stilled for the moment, and the person addressed, by a voice from heaven, is either paralyzed with fright, or exuberant with gratification. Such a moment is sublime, because it seems to dissipate all doubt, and to reveal the eternal Future. Heaven grant that all men may know the truth and be free!

The paragraphical department of our paper, it will be observed, is this week chiefly gathered from the current Anniversary Meetings of Religious and Reform Societies. This reflection of the chief features of these assemblies will, we trust, interest and benefit our readers.

We are glad to be able to promise the frequent repetition in the future, of our department for children. The happy pens of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and Hudson Tuttle, are pledged for valuable contributions.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

We make but brief allusion this week to this branch of human rights, as represented at the recent annual convention. We hope, however, hereafter to give a more extended notice of the able addresses of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, and others. On Friday the Marriage and Divorce question entered largely into the proceedings. Both of the above named women advocated a larger freedom of divorce. The conservative ground was sustained by Mrs. ABRAMSON BROWN BLACKWELL.

See advertisement of Mrs. Spencer's lectures at Clinton Hall.

Brief Items.

A Nursery and Daily Home have been established at Chicago, where the poor who are obliged to work can leave their children for five cents a day. There is a crying necessity for such institutions in every city.

The junior proprietor of a daily paper in Boston, residing in the suburbs, was "outraged" on Sunday by the sexton of his church, who seated in his pew a young lady of a rather dark complexion. The editor, with his family, immediately withdrew. Imagine their surprise and shame on learning that the young lady was the daughter of a rich Cuban planter, and a slaveholder.

In Mendota, Ill., people digging fifteen or twenty feet for water have discovered a large supply of combustible gas.

In China it is said people don't shake each other's hand, but each strikes his own.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, there are in London 30,000 children trained to crime, 5,000 receivers of stolen goods, 15,000 gamblers, 25,000 beggars, 30,000 drunkards, 180,000 habitual gin drinkers, 150,000 persons subsisting on profligacy and 50,000 thieves.

Fine lumber is being shipped from Georgia to Palestine.

An enthusiastic critic thus speaks of an actress: "It is to be hoped that he will recover. 'Inspiration' quivers down her snow white arms, and trembles on her fingers' ends, passion warbles in her shivering knees, and shudders through her fainting limbs. Her soul flickers in every accent, and looms up in every pantomime."

The Music Hall Society, in Boston, has paid Rev. Theodore Parker the salary of \$2,500 during his absence, the past year, and has had 41 discourses from his desk, 26 of which were delivered by laymen, nearly all denominations having been represented.

Mr. E. G. Goodrich, more widely known as "Peter Parley," departed very suddenly from his residence in this city, on Wednesday last, of disease of the heart. He was about 67 years of age, and a man of most consummate industry in the world of letters.

The *Sunday Dispatch* answers the question of a correspondent, respecting the wonderful "Calculator" now exhibiting at Barnum's, as follows: "We are inclined to look upon the gentleman as a 'mathematical prodigy,' another Colburn, who is enabled, by the extensive cultivation of certain of his mental faculties, to arrive at remarkable results in figures by intuition rather than by reflection."

In a farewell letter to the *New York Mercury*, Bayard Taylor thus sums up his labors for the past sixteen months: "250 lectures, 30,000 miles travel, 48 *Mercury* articles, two books published, and one house built."

Public Meetings.

Gems from the Anniversaries.

SOUND AND UNSOUND.

At the anniversary of the Union Theological Seminary, several noticeable addresses were delivered. One by H. W. Ballentine, of Bloomington, upon "Unitarianism in Philosophy," contained the following sweet moral for Unitarians to ponder. Mr. B. is reported as saying that: "The God of the Unitarians was not the God of his hearers; he was an imaginary being, constructed to suit themselves. Both on its human and divine sides Unitarianism was antagonistic with true religion, and was the parent of Deism and Pantheism."

At the same anniversary Mr. D. Stuart Dodge, in his discourse on the "Silence of Scripture," took the safe and novel position that the omissions of the Bible which we should wish to have supplied, "are but evidence of inspiration, or else why should we not have had fuller and more exact particulars of the creation of the world? And then again in the New Testament, in the narrative of Christ, why have not the same particulars been handed down to us as in the case in biographical notices of eminent and celebrated men? Why do we really know so little of his appearance, the date of his birth and of his death, and of his early years? So also in the case of his mother—how small is the amount of our knowledge, and how very little we in reality know! The question, 'How far Man is responsible, and how far God will exert His influence for Man's conversion,' was also left only partially answered by the Scriptures."

"These omissions are purposely done; they are the work of a divine hand, and in the time to come we shall see the divine wisdom in what is now to us but the silence of Scripture."

Granting that Mr. Dodge's authoritative statement is correct, that the omissions of the Scriptures are not accidental, but "purposely done," we confess ourselves little better pleased with the explanation. Things "purposely done," are legitimate subjects of criticism, while "accidental omissions" might be overlooked.

The "gems" found in the report of the Union Seminary Anniversary, are so numerous, that we took the pains to verify by a comparison of reports, but find the speakers, and not the reporters are deserving of the credit. "The Risks of Thinking" was the subject of an address by Arthur T. Benson, of this city. He said:

"It was a solemn thing to think, for thinking brought us into risks. The whole history of thought was full of the evil fruits of the unanchored intellect. In our day there was a strong tendency to set the mind above the heart. Intellect might make the scholar—it could never make the man or the Christian. The first risk of thinking was that of supreme devotion to intellect. With God, one holy feeling, one emotion of love, outweighed a hundred sparkling thoughts."

Per contra, Mr. David H. Taylor, of Romeo, Mich., spoke upon "Philosophy in the Pulpit." He said:

"Without philosophy, religion was impossible. Religious feeling could not be separated from the intelligent action of the reason. Philosophy was needed to interpret Revelation. Theology was unable to do so, from its very elevation. Its language must be interpreted to Man by a lower means. The creeds of the Church, equally with its faith and love, were symbols and strengtheners of its power. But it was chiefly as a means of defending the truth against its enemies, that Philosophy was indispensable to the Church. Its great and best champions through all ages—St. Augustine, Luther, Calvin, and others, had chosen to meet the foes of religion with their own weapons of logic and thought. It was only with these weapons that we could meet the Pantheism of the present age. The evils of thinking must be done away with by thinking. The ghost of The Absolute, which had come to us from the land of Hegel and Schelling, would not down at our bidding. To leave the high vantage-ground of Reason was to plunge into the quagmires of Difficulty."

THE CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Mr. Theodore Tilton said that when Dr. Spring declared the Bible was no agitator, he slandered the Word of God. (Loud hisses and applause.) Infidelity, he said, was the religion of Fifth Avenue Church, asserting the divinity of Christ, but denying the humanity of man.

We make the following extracts from the speech of Wendell Phillips:

"I used to say, some eight or ten years ago, when we were charged with mudily accusing the American Church, that whenever the American Church really and heartily adopted the anti-slavery platform, they would come to us in such a crowd that we should find no room upon our own platform. The day is dawning when Mr. Garrison and I struggle up to try to get as much as two that is not Christened."

In democratic Christian New York we have noticed in the streets the name of an unfortunately notorious individual, maligned by priests as an infidel, and proclaimed by politicians a traitor. You ask his name and his office. He is the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, William Lloyd Garrison. In defiance of those Stuart Dodge, he asserted that the Bible makes neither a slaveholder nor a slave. In defiance of the Irish

renegade who heads your bar, he denies that the doctrine of human bondage is the command of Union. (Applause.) Then men turn round and say, 'Why don't you respect the Christian churches?' I think it is a miracle which future ages will puzzle their brains to account for, how evangelical religion, as it is called, retains the shadow of decent respect for any body loaded down with the Frost Society and the New York Observer. (Applause.) I moved at the patient and willing faith that should mock-eyed, and with folded arms, before the recent church and waits to see what good deed shall blossom upon its granite and bloody surface. Humboldt said that the chameleon was the only animal that could keep one eye up to heaven and the other down on earth. Said he, 'It is just like a priest.'"

We have called this meeting to address for William H. Seward the liberty to speak what he thinks. I am the mouse; he is the lion; but the mouse gnawed the net that held the lion, and we are here to-night to tear down, with our fingers, this contemptible network of orthodoxy in which William H. Seward has enmeshed. (Applause.) I should be sorry that he never should sit in the President's chair; but if he misers it because he has gone lower than the American people required, and they trample on him as they walk up to Jerusalem, I shall bless God for the help to the nation, though I regret his defeat. When William H. Seward enters the Presidential chair, he means that his name, if it lives to posterity, shall go down painted with one hand upon the American eagle, and the other upon the jugular vein of the slave system. (Loud applause.)

MRS. STANTON ON GARRISON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her address before the A. A. S. Society, paid Garrison the following tribute:

"I have always regarded Garrison as the great missionary of the Gospel of Jesus to this guilty nation, for he has waged an uncompromising warfare with the deadly sins of both church and State. My own experience is, no doubt, that of many others. In the darkness and gloom of a false theology, I was slowly seeing off the chains of my spiritual bondage, when, for the first time, I met Garrison in London; a few bold strokes from the hammer of his truth, I was free. Only those who have lived all their lives under the dark clouds of vague, undefined fears, can appreciate the joy of a doubting soul suddenly born into the kingdom of reason and free thought. It is the bondage of the priest-ridden slave galling that of the slave, because we do not see the chains, the indelible scars, the festering wounds, deep degradation of all the powers of the God-like mind? To Garrison we owe more than to any other one man of our day, all that we have of religious freedom. But for him, I doubt whether our Cliveens, our Beechers, would have yet found backbone enough to stand where they now do, (applause and hisses) for when he first called the American church to its awful reckoning, it was as dead as the twelve apostles of solid silver which Cromwell melted into coin, and sent through the English nation to do the will of their master. The mission of this radical anti-slavery movement is not to the African slave alone, but to the slaves of custom, creed and sex, as well; and most faithfully has it done its work. We are but just now emerging from the savage idea that God is the special patron of all human calamities—of war, slavery, and governments of violence and force. As we rejoice this day in our deliverance from the old train of fears and errors that have so long crippled and dwarfed the greatest minds of earth—as we thank the Lord that we are neither Hindoo, Mohammedan, or New York Observer Christians—laughter and applause—let us seek a new and holier legislation for the work that lays for each of us in the future. The last fear from which man may hope deliverance is the fear of man."

Progress of Reforms.

INEBRIATE REFORM.

The first anniversary of the Inebriate Reform Society was held on Monday Evening last. The principal feature of the meeting was an address by P. T. BARRUK.

"The Society is but a few months old, having been organized January, 1890. In its aims it differs very materially from the temperance associations—the other societies, or at least the greater part of them, being content with getting men and women to sign the pledge, and then letting them return again to the temptations to which they were before subject. This society does more; it watches over the unfortunate victims of intemperance and guards them, as it were, from evil. It has an establishment at No. 154 Chatham street, where it boards and lodges those who may apply to them for assistance, and keeps them away from all temptations—all they feel that they have again confidence in themselves to face the evil from which they before fled. And they even do more than this; for if the person under their charge has not the means of living when he graduates from the institution, they supply him with a situation, or keep him until he is able to obtain one."

The Society is in need of aid.

THE MAGDALENE REFORMATORY SOCIETY.

From the Report of the Treasurer of this Society, read at the anniversary, we learn that it was founded in 1833, and has since that time for twenty-seven years pursued its efforts for the rescue of the fallen. The year commenced with 57 inmates. During the year 57 had been added. Of those, forty-four had obtained employment in respectable families, twelve had returned to their relatives, thirteen had been sent to the hospital, nineteen had escaped, and three relapsed into vice. Three since the last anniversary professed faith in Christ, and they continue to exemplify the Christian character. The time of the inmates has been appropriated to useful occupations adapted to them for respectable self-support.

This society makes a strong appeal for aid in liquidating its debt, and providing for increased expenses. We observed an allusion in the Treasurer's report to the deceased of Mrs. Julia Huntington, one of the Board of Man-

gers, by which we infer that the affairs of the society are in part, as they obviously should be, managed by women. But no woman's name appeared in connection with the anniversary exercises, and no woman's voice was heard pleading the cause of her own sex. The platform was occupied by Reverends alone. Why was it?

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Anniversary of the American A. S. Society was unusually large. Wm. Lloyd Garrison presided. Rev. George B. Cheever made his first appearance upon the platform of this Society, without, however, endorsing all of the peculiar views of Garrisonians respecting the Constitution. Something like a half dozen other (so-called) reverend gentlemen also addressed this meeting, enough it would seem to shield the Garrisonians from the charge of infidelity. This popular cry was alluded to by Giles B. Stebbins, of Ann Arbor, Mich., who said:

"The anti-slavery cause is one of the great educational influences in the land. Not to the pulpit, but to this and other reforms, are people indebted for their true religious education—for the calling out of their humane feelings. It takes hold of the teachings and laws of God written on the heart of man—those teachings holier than all books, older than all creeds. It is based, not on book or creed, but on the great law of liberty. If we stand in allegiance to this law God has written on the heart, we are in unity with the anti-slavery movement, living in the inspirations of the glorious present. How little the miserable cry of infidelity was worth. The anti-slavery cause was melting away sectarian barriers, melting all into one brotherhood. His own reverence for the capacity of man for improvement gave better tools for him than any orthodox clergyman could give him for the battle for the overthrow of Slavery. Let the clergyman work with his own tools, and let every other man use the tools he can work with best. The anti-slavery cause was teaching men to be true to themselves. 'To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the day the night, thou canst not then be false to any man.' At the time of the John Brown excitement, at a large public meeting in Ann Arbor, all classes, all professions, were represented, excepting the clerical profession, although they were specially invited. The great test is not the books or the creeds you do or do not believe in; but do you believe in the rights of man? are you willing to be true to the great principle of human rights? Fidelity to humanity is the true test, not a sectarian creed."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The tenth National Woman's Rights Convention was held at the Cooper Institute last Thursday and Friday. The attendance was large, and the addresses able and entertaining as usual. Mrs. Martha Wright, of Auburn, presided.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, from the Business Committee, reported the following Resolutions:

Resolved, That inasmuch as man, in the progress of his development, found that at each advancing step new wants demanded new rights, and naturally walked out of those places, customs, creeds and laws that in any way crippled and trampled his freedom of thought, word or action, it is his duty to stand aside and leave to woman the same rights—to grow up into whatever the laws of her being demand.

Resolved, That inasmuch as on woman are imposed by her Creator the duties of self-support and self-defense, and by government the responsibilities of taxation and penalties of violated law, she should be protected in her natural, inalienable rights, and secured in all the privileges of citizenship.

Resolved, That we demand a full recognition of our equal rights, civil and political—no special legislation can satisfy us—the enjoyment of a right to-day is no security that it will be continued to-morrow, so long as it is granted to us by a privileged class, and not secured to us as a sacred right.

Whereas, The essence of republican liberty is the principle that no one class shall depend for its rights on the mercy or justice of any other class, therefore resolved, that woman demands her right to the jury box and the ballot, that she may have, as a man has, the means of her own protection in her own hands.

Resolved, That woman, in consenting to remain in any organization or church where she has no voice in the choice of officers, trustees or pastor—no right of protest against false doctrine or action—is wanting in a proper self-respect, in that dignity which, as a philanthropist and a Christian, she should ever manifest.

Resolved, That we, from this platform, instruct our legal representatives to make no more appropriations to colleges for boys exclusively. Now that we are large property-holders and taxpayers, we protest against the injustice of being compelled to build and endow colleges into which we are forbidden to enter.

Resolved, That we advise women to apply to the trustees and heads of public libraries, galleries of art and similar institutions, for employment as clerks and attendants, thus securing to themselves, when admitted, a more liberal means of support, and furnishing a stepping-stone to other occupations.

We have space for but a few extracts from the proceedings. Miss Susan B. Anthony alluded to the progress in this cause noticeable in the altered tone of the Bench, the Bar, and the Press; the donation of \$5,000 to the cause by a wealthy merchant of Boston; the bequest of \$400,000 by a millionaire of Poughkeepsie, to found a Woman's College equal to Yale or Harvard; the passage of the recent act by the New York Legislature, securing rights of property to woman; the increasing liberality of literary institutions; the school of design for woman, and the liberality of Peter Cooper in granting the use of this Hall for their meetings—all these things denoted the approach of the freedom of woman to command her person, her wages, her children, and her home.

Mrs. E. L. Rose paid a just tribute to the memory of Frances Wright, as a reformer far in advance of the times in which she lived.

Mrs. J. Elizabeth Jones said: "Capacity determined the sphere of action. Woman, doubtless, if diversified employments were opened to her, would make mistakes in undertaking to do that which she had no ability to perform. Let adaptation be the rule of pulpit occupancy, and while it would exclude some who were no honor to it nor benefit to the people, it would open it to many an Anna, Miriam, and Deborah. The world did not care now who wrote, chiseled, or painted, provided it was well done. It was ready to acknowledge literary and artistic talent."

We avail ourselves of the brief report in the New York Herald of the closing speech, Thursday A. M., by Wendell Phillips, who said:

"Social life began with the recognition of man. Woman was nothing but a drudge, a toy, a chattel, a connecting link between man and the brute. That was Oriental civilization. As civilization moved westward it became based on ideas, thought, soul—and what was the result? Woman became man's equal—yes, his superior. In social life she dictates, and from her judgment there is no appeal. Intellect summoned literature into being, and woman as a reader demanded that it should be decent. The advocates of woman's rights were only trying to enforce upon the civil state this element of power which had made the social state. It was not necessary to-day to say to a husband, 'Your wife has a right to read.' Nobody now contests her right to choose her religious creed. The last Legislature of this State has granted the whole question. You cannot stop with an inconsistent statute book. You can't make one side of the face laugh and the other cry—one-half of the statute book Jew and the other Christian. Woman may be hung—therefore she may vote; she may be taxed—therefore she ought to have a voice in fixing the laws of taxation. This is, in fact all we claim. Men said women hadn't sense enough to vote. Then—shame on your public schools—educate her. If she hadn't sense enough, then men were brutes, for they knew that she had sense enough to earn her own living, and made her do it. It was said she was different from man. If so, man could not know how to vote for her. She was either exactly, tee-totally like man, or she was different. If she was just like man, then she ought to vote; if she was different, man could not vote for her. (Applause.) It was exactly like the question of the races. He did not think woman was identical with man; if so, marriage would be a very stupid thing. She was man's counterpart. It was said that it would be indelicate for woman to go to the ballot box and the Legislature. What would she see there? Men. Well, she saw men, now, everywhere—in the omnibus, in the theater, in the church, and in these meetings. And she could not meet any worse men at the polls than she had met in this hall on a late occasion. (Laughter and applause.) It was too late to say she shan't go to the polls. Go back to Turkey; shut her up in a harem. Go back to Oriental civilization, where she was not allowed to show her face to enlighten man's pathway. There you are consistent. But we have broken down that centuries ago. My dear friend, you don't belong to the century of ballot boxes, but to Lamerlane, Timour the Tartar, and China, where women have no feet because it wasn't meant they should walk. (Laughter.) A hundred thousand petticoats in Broadway are so many answers to your position. (Applause.) A man said to me, after reading of the passage of the recent statute in New York in relation to woman's rights, 'Why, I have been in favor of that for fifteen years.' Said I, 'This agitation has given you ideas, or the courage to utter them, for I never heard of it till to-day.' (Applause.) Many of those who came here to-day no doubt thought they had all the rights they wanted. The question was not with them, but with the houseless wife of the drunkard; with the ground down daughter of toil, whose earnings were filched from her; with the educated woman, saying, 'How shall I earn my bread?'—orthodox society, cribbed in St. Paul's, said, 'Go sew, Jane; wear yourself to death with the needle, or cook, or teach school.' People blamed the shirt makers, the employers for paying two cents where they ought to pay fifty. It was not their fault. They paid as much as it was necessary—no more. A thousand women begged for work at their door, offering to do it for two cents; two hundred of them got it; eight hundred turned themselves into the streets, to drag down this city into the pit which it deserves. (Applause.) What is the remedy? It is no use to take the employer by the throat and pillory him in the daily press. By the door, where these women applied for work, on one side stood the orthodox disciple of St. Paul, on the other the dainty dandy. One thinks it is not religious, and the other that it is not fashionable for woman to do anything but drudge. Strangle the one in his own creed, and smother the other in his own perfume, and let these women find work. (Loud applause.) The conservative class never yielded a privilege without being bullied out of it. The upper classes must be forced to do justice in some way. We should not ask them for it. We did not go to the drunkard to ask him if he wanted a prohibitory law, nor to the ragged urchin if he wanted free schools. The present failure of a democratic municipal government in New York was attributable to two causes—cheap grog and prostitution. A man could earn enough in half an hour to keep him drunk a week. Prostitution was born of orthodox scruples and aristocratic fastidiousness, which denied woman a right to choose her own work. What you call an orthodox pulpit is a concealed brothel. (Hisses and applause.) Your hiss cannot change it. Go clear out the gehenna, sweep the Augean stable that makes New York the lazar house of corruption that it is. (Loud applause.) Give a hundred women remunerative employment adapted to them, and ninety-nine will disdain to win it by vice. (Applause.) You cannot anchor this western continent as the Jewish footstool of Paul. It is the religious prejudice bound in the mistaken interpretation of the New Testament that we have to encounter and smother, and when we have done it, forty thousand pulpits will say that St. Paul said just what we have been trying to maintain." (Applause.)

State of Religion.

ALUMNI OF N. Y. SEMINARY.

The annual meeting of the Alumni of the New York Theological Seminary, appears to have partaken more of the character of a humorous convivial assemblage than a gathering of grave Reverends. Some twenty-five graduates reported themselves, and we find their returns to embrace the following, with other interesting particulars. One reported the manifest display of God's power in a powerful revival. Another in the birth of a daughter. One clergyman had had twelve converts and two children. Another could only report spiritual children. One reported himself a bachelor, another under a contract to be married in six months. Two reverends reported a wife and three children each, a third though young, avowed that he had four children! "His brethren need not look with incredulity, he would explain. He was married when graduating."

One half of these ordained dispensers of the Gospel, seem to have made the size and condition of their families the prominent item of remark. The reports evidently were intended to meet the two commands, "Go preach the gospel," and "Be fruitful and multiply."

Ministers' children never have been regarded as remarkable in disposition or constitution, and hence the world may not feel a very deep interest in these Alumni reports, and would not suffer greatly, were the graduates to confine their attention exclusively to Regeneration.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

By means of a little skillful management, the Tract Society had a "harmonious" meeting one evening. By appointment, the "friends of the Society" met preliminarily, and Hiram Ketchum, Esq., occupied the chair, and in opening the meeting, remarked, that this night, for once, they intended to have a brotherly time. The next day controversy might possibly ensue, but it should not mar the harmony of one evening, at least.

The regular report of the Secretary was then read. From this we cull the following figures:

"Since its organization, the Tract Society has issued nearly 16,000,000 of volumes, 210,000,000 of tracts, and more than 50,000,000 copies of its periodicals. By means of colporteurs, during the year it had made 630,000 family visits on the errand of salvation, and offered prayer in 425,000 of them, and circulated 443,000 volumes by sale, and 120,000 by grant. Since the commencement of this work the colporteurs have made nearly 8,000,000 of family visits, and offered prayer in some 4,000,000 of habitations. They had circulated by sale, in 19 years, 6,860,000 volumes, and bestowed 2,000,000 upon the poor."

There have been 649 colporteurs and students at work during the past year, by whom these 425,000 prayers have been offered, or an average of about 650 prayers each, being nearly two per day. These colporteurs seem to report the number of prayers offered, the same as they do volumes distributed. It may, therefore, be legitimately asked, what are these prayers valued at a piece? How much do they cost the Society? and do they pay?

The regular annual meeting was held the next day—and was summarily adjourned, as will be seen by the report, even before the election of the Executive Committee, on account of the introduction of certain resolutions.

Previously, however, the Executive Committee report that

"The American Tract Society was intended to be, has been, and still is purely a gospel-publication Society. This is its grand distinction. While it antagonizes no reform associations, conflicts with no social or political organizations laboring wisely for human weal, but rather underlies them all, still it should never be forgotten that the aim of the American Tract Society is to promote vital godliness by the employment of those vital truths which only are productive of sound morality, by having first penetrated the hearts and subjugated the consciences of men."

Being a "gospel publication Society" why do the Society refuse to publish compilations of texts of Scripture? But we desire to quote a few modest sentences—the Committee's opinion of their own course:

"Shunning the strifes of passion, and distrusting carnal expedients, we have an abiding conviction that the more excellent way in which we have endeavored to persevere, has given augmented proofs that the Word of God is the sufficient weapon in the hands of the Spirit for the accomplishment of God's purposes of mercy and grace to apostate man. This has been rendered the more clear in the rise and spread of the revival spirit which has of late so extensively prevailed."

They very delicately allude to the Anti-Slavery agitation and state their plan of evasion as follows:

"Performing our duties in times of much popular confusion of thought and of violent party commotions, we have been obliged, in consequence, to encounter no little adverse criticism. To this we have no liberty of reply. Our duties are not controversial, but simply the fulfillment of a trust."

The Committee believe that, when temporary excitements shall have passed, and calm-judging reason shall have conquered the passions and the prejudices of the hour, it will be seen by all candid men, that the American Tract Society has done *Christ's work, in Christ's way*, sowing the seed of Divine truth by all waters, knowing that it will spring when God shall be pleased to quicken it, and that the glad harvest will be gathered in the day which sovereign love shall designate."

The explosive incident was the introduction, by Dr. Walcott, of Chicago, of resolutions approving the publication of tracts setting forth the iniquity of the African Slave Trade.

Much confusion followed. Rev. Mr. Lee gained the floor, and offered a resolution directing the Executive Committee to publish tracts denouncing the evils of Abolitionism.

Ex-Judge Bronson immediately moved an adjournment, which, after various attempts to be heard on the part of several persons, was declared not debatable, and being put, was carried, amid applause, hisses and confusion, and thus the Tract Society has for one year more shirked the responsibility of meeting this question squarely.

But for the emphatic disavowal of the Executive Committee, one might regard this adjournment as a "carnal expedient" to avoid an issue, as it is, however, we are to take their word for it, that the adjournment, like other acts of the Society, was "Christ's work, in Christ's way." While it is, perhaps, impious to doubt this, we are puzzled to recall any record of Christ's moving an adjournment, to avoid expressing an opinion.

Paraphrased.

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

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A writer in the *Millwaukee Free Democrat*, is furnishing a series of sketches entitled, "Visits to our City Churches." The last is an account of a visit to the "Church of the Redeemer," Rev. N. A. Staples, Pastor. The old idea that "church" is a place where one man goes to talk, and the rest to listen, is represented as pleasantly and profitably exploded at this place. We quote.

"We visited this handsome church last night, for the purpose of listening to the talented teacher whose name heads this article, and were surprised at finding, instead of the regular church service, a debating society in full blast! It seems there has been recently inaugurated, in this church, a system of Sunday evening meetings, at which some subject shall be selected for mutual discussion, and every person present invited to speak. The subject selected for last night was, 'The observance of the Sabbath.' After singing and a prayer, Mr. Staples introduced the subject by some interesting historical information, on the origin and observance of one day in the week as a Sabbath or day of rest. He then, without expressing any opinion on the subject, submitted it to the consideration of the assembly. A gentleman in the congregation then arose, and read a short, ably-written article on the subject, taking the position that there was no peculiar holiness in the day, and, aside from questions of expediency, there was really no absolute religious necessity for such a day. A passage was then read from one of Theodore Parker's sermons, and one other gentleman spoke, after which there was a solemn stillness for a while, and then Mr. Staples arose and finished the discussion by some eloquent and interesting remarks."

This plan is a most excellent substitute for endless sermonizing, as it affords opportunity for individual culture and growth, and establishes the true fraternal relation between pastor and people. The writer concludes:

"The discourse was often colloquial in character, and the audience 'laughed in church' without any compunction. At the close of the exercises a vote was taken, and the congregation decided in favor of continuing these discourses instead of the regular church service."

GARRISON'S INFIDELITY.

Wendell Phillips has recently written to the *Independent* vindicating William Lloyd Garrison from the imputation of infidel sentiments. The tribute he pays his friend is creditable to both; but however successful the attempt to prove Mr. Garrison a Christian, we would prefer not taking the trouble. Reformers are quite too ready to pass by lives of fidelity to great principles of justice and right, and enter upon a verbal proof of loyalty to popular dogmas. It is time this work was laid aside. And the comments of the *Independent* but serve to deepen our conviction of the folly of such attempts. We trust they will sufficiently disgust Mr. Phillips with the business of dragging down the world's philanthropists to the level of its creeds, that he may never again permit his friendship to thus blind his judgment. Let us see what are the *Independent's* strictures upon Mr. Garrison, and judge whether they are worth noticing by him or his friends: The *Independent* says:

"We have cast no stigma upon Mr. Garrison's character, and have made no assault upon his personal reputation. We have to do only with his apparent contempt for the authority of the Bible."

And again:

"All that he (Mr. Phillips) says of the moral integrity of Mr. Garrison, may here be accorded without controversy; but the character of that gentleman is not under discussion, and this may be better reviewed when his career is finished. We are behind none in honoring his life-long devotion to the emancipation of the oppressed. . . . What we have said, editorially, of Mr. Garrison, is simply this: The tone of mind which could lead or suffer one to speak of the Bible contemptuously as a 'parchment' to which he would not think of looking as an authority upon moral questions, is utterly inconsistent with a humble and devout recognition of the Bible as the word of God. . . ."

"We look in vain, in the utterances of Mr. Garrison, for any such reverent recognition of God's Word as a supernatural revelation, as marks the Christian's faith in opposition to the infidel fables of these times."

We quote finally:

"A word from Mr. Garrison would define his position in this matter better than all the eulogies of his friends. One word acknowledging Christ as a Redeemer from sin, or the Bible as an authoritative record of God's revelation and God's promises—one such word now or recently proceeding from Mr. G. would be worth more than all these poetic effusions,

which we suspect were written and published before the poet had lapsed into the position which the *Liberator* now occupies toward a supernatural Christianity."

With these final and decisive demands—for a verbal acknowledgment of "Christ as a Redeemer from sin," and "the Bible as an authoritative revelation," for the *Independent's* absolute tests of Christianity or infidelity, we leave it to the honest judgment of Mr. Garrison's defenders, whether they are not in very small business in trying to make a word *Christian* out of a man who has lived a quarter of a century faithfully up to his highest conception of what constitutes a true lover of his fellow men. We have a feeling akin to shame at an attempt to prove William Lloyd Garrison to be anything by selecting passages containing such words as "Lord Jehovah," "Church," "Christian," "Bible," &c. "We live in deeds, not words."

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom secures, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

Lecture at Dodworth's Hall,

ON "CRIME AND CRIMINALS." BY G. B. STEBBINS, OF ANN ARBOR, MICH. Sunday Evening, March 6, 1860.

The speaker said he could but make suggestions that might help thought and action on so great a matter.

We see, more than ever before, in prison discipline efforts, and Five Point Missions, &c., effort for the criminal as a fallen brother. Yet how little is done. Vengeance, not reform, is the prevailing spirit of law and public sentiment. Society makes its own criminals, and then turns over its own poor work to jails and hangmen.

Children are born in vice and poverty in great cities—truly "shapen in sin and conceived in iniquity." They grow up with this bad organization, with no culture, with filth and vice on every side, and help to swell the ranks of thieves, and murderers, and fighters—the dangerous classes of society.

Women fall sadly, from want of strength or blind excess of affection, and her less tempted sister spurns her.

Jealousy of the favored classes is born with such, grows with them; they feel like Ishmael of old, that "every man's hand is against them."

At last the law seizes them, and grave men on the bench, who might be worse in their places, render "most righteous judgment" of imprisonment, and the culprit comes out, at the end of his term, with the jail-mark on him harder than ever.

There have been great improvements; criminal codes are less severe than in England, centuries ago, when stealing a £5 note, and seventy other crimes, sent a man to the gallows.

Efforts for discharged convicts are nobly begun, yet the great ends of safety to society and the reform of the erring and depraved are little thought of as they should be.

Prisons should be asylums for moral lunatics, the best men and women as keepers in them. Lead a bad man up, above perverted passion and appetite, and there is one less dangerous and one more useful person living.

Society should give all its members a good culture for the common safety and good.

We need wisdom and strength. The poor are often their own worst enemies—spending more for hurtful indulgence of appetite and passion than for all else, and thus losing respect of others and self-respect. In this, those with larger means often set them but poor example.

In your city, more money is daily and nightly spent in vice, for spirits and tobacco, than for bread—enough, indeed, to banish poverty, were it but wisely used to help the weak in helping themselves. A false theology stands in the way of effort for human elevation. The torments of the pit, the poverty, and agony of endless misery, make Deity the great prototype of selfishness, abuse, and wrong. Man, depraved in nature, hopelessly, can but act out that nature. Is not God the great slaveholder? Shall man be better?

So we find the orthodox clergy advocates of legal murder as a remedy for illegal.

"Vengeance is crime," should be written over every prison door and judge's bench in the world.

We can all do something to remove this danger of crime and criminals, by a spirit of kindness toward the erring, by a recognition of their capacity for better things, by a wise example of self-control, and a natural use of appetite and desire, that shall bless and not curse, by aid for good works begun in that direction.

Surely if we have outgrown the gloom and fear, and hopeless despair of old theology, we should show our faith and reverence of man's capabilities. As Gerald Massey says:

"Probe Nature's heart to its red core, There's more of good than evil, And man, down-trodden man, is more Of angel than of Devil."

Seek to call out the angel then. Slowly, but surely, the world's customs and institutions change, beginning from the good word and wise deed of common men and women in daily life.

John Augustus, of Boston, a shoemaker on the bench, redeemed in the last twenty years of his life a thousand fallen men and women by his excellent efforts.

Let us be wise, just, humane, and remember that the good of our brother or sister in their blindness is our own good.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

[From Pitman's Phonetic Journal.]

A VOICE FROM THE RIVER.

A summer's eve had laid its spell on mountain, vale, and stream,
And Nature stood all glorified, beneath the golden beam,
With something holy in her looks, as if the Spirit-world
Were bursting thro' the lucid veil that kept its glories hid.
O! how my weary heart rejoiced to open wide, and feel
The gentle spirit of the hour thro' all its pulses steal;
For all that day the city's din, and strange, sad woe of life,
With a calm, sweet trust of better things, had waged a bitter strife.
But now, stretched out upon the sod, I felt, like one of old,
That over all the depths of woe a flood of mercy rolled.
There was stillness all around me, save the river murmuring by,
It seemed the consecration hour of the glowing earth and sky:
The calm earth knelt in rapture, as the monarch's hand laid down
Upon her fair beloved head the golden nuptial crown.
But soon the splendor faded, and the cold, gray eve came on
From isles of deepening shadow, like a consecrated nun
Whose lifted eye is fixed on heaven, not on the day-god's blaze;
But seeing stars shine one by one thro' evening's misty haze;
No golden glory round her brow, lights up her dusky hair,
But the starlight weaves a silvery crown—a sacred halo there.
The river's song was deeper now, and on my soul had power,
Like the far-off sound of vesper bells at the holy evening hour.
Thus thro' the mystic gate of dreams my spirit slowly past,
And I wandered thro' the shadowy land, 'neath the spell the scene had cast.
The river's voice still blended with the phantoms of my dream,
And like an undertone of life did its quiet music seem;
The spirit of the golden hour a gorgeous pageant sent;
Time had reversed his mutter'd spell—his misty veil was rent.
I stood within a mighty fane of the old chivalric days;
The sunshine poured thro' stained glass its rain-bow-tinted rays
Upon a goodly company—they fell with dazzling sheen,
But paler were they than the hues they blended with, I ween:
For there were pomp and pageantry, fair dame and lordly knight,
And all the dazzling blazonry of the days of papal might.
Before the altar, decked with gems, a youthful lady stood,
But the fairest gem that deck'd her was her own true womanhood;
A tint, like rosy morning light, lay on her graceful cheek,
But clear and truthful glances told the love she could not speak.
And oh! if woman e'er may lean on aught beneath the skies,
I deemed no blight would dim the trust in that fair lady's eyes;
For one there stood beside her, whose noble brow and form,
With the soul of antique chivalry and lofty love were warm.
I saw their glances mingling, and I knew that each had read
The solemn words, "forever one!" in what those glances said.
Then thro' the lofty vaulted roof I heard the anthem flow—
Methinks it was the river's song my dream did echo so.
But soon the pageant faded—fair dame and knight were gone;
Thro' the proud windows now no more the golden sunlight shone.
Still I beheld that gorgeous fane, but all its aisles were filled
With the dim twilight shadows. The music's notes were stilled.
Oh! solemn was the weight of awe that on my being fell,
As the spirit of the darker hour threw over me its spell.
I heard a low faint murmur, was it still that voiceful stream?
That ever rung its changes thro' the changes of my dream.
I looked, and lo! a lady's form before the altar bowed,
The nun-like vestments but revealed the grace they could not shroud.
Anon she raised her head, a struggling moonbeam played
On a face where beauty, youth, and woe, a strange, sad contrast made.
The murmur grew an utterance, and I heard, with bleeding heart,
These words of bursting agony from her storm-tost bosom start:
"They are gone, and it is over!
And my voice has joined with theirs,
In the joyful bridal chanting,
In the deep and solemn prayers.
"Thou art gone, my angel sister,
And—I will not breathe his name,
What right have I?—yet, oh Nature!
Strong within I feel thy flame.
"Waves of anguish breaking o'er me,
Hide! oh hide those dreams of youth,
When we three in summer woodlands
Wandered, full of hope and truth.
"Clear they rise, those buried pictures,
That I strive to dim with tears;
All the woman lives within me—
What is now the work of years?
"Where is now the calm devotion
That sustained my soul of yore?
Oh! to-day bathed in the sealing
Of the stone that lay before

"That deep sepulcher! where buried
All these fearful yearnings lay—
Phantoms, all too lovely, stealing
Round about my lonely way.
"Spare, oh spare! my anguished bosom;
Blessed Virgin! lend thy aid;
Lo, the moonbeam's kindly greeting
Lifts thy form from out the shade!
"But, ah me! that soft look kills me,
Heavenly love with earth's is blent
On that angel babe with rapture,
See thy mother's eyelids bent.
"Is then earth for me a desert?
And has heaven no healing balm?
Oh, Eternal Father, Saviour,
Grant me thy own spirits calm!"

Then methought a calm descended from the source
Of light and love,
For I saw her pale hands folded, and her glances
Razed above;
But, as I gazed, the fair face faded; all the vision,
Like a scroll,
Rolled away, and breaking daylight called to earth
My wandering soul.
Then I woke, and lo! before me at the eastern
portal far,
Like a glorious herald angel, stood the beauteous
morning star.
I had wandered, in my vision, to the heights of
earthly gladness;
I had tasted, in my vision, of the gale of earthly
sadness;
In humanity's rejoicings, and its depths of bitter
pain,
Had my dream baptized my spirit thro' its wild
and wizard train.
Now I saw the fitting shadows, and the day-star
rose on high,
And I thought, how swift life's changes—so will
break eternally.
Now the river's song had teaching, and its music
seemed to say:
"Time flies on, in light and shadow bearing thus
thy life away,
But the love that leads the morning, from the
depths of ancient night,
(And whose covenant with darkness, strews the
sky with stars of light.)
Has unfathom'd depths of blessing, and from thence
one healing draught
Of the bright eternal morning, by the weary spirit
quaff'd,
Shall make all the joys and sorrows of this short
life journey seem
But as lights and shadows falling on the pathway
of a dream.
Mourn not, then, oh child of Sorrow! for the gall
thy cup may bring,
But press forward to the fullness of the everlasting
spring!
Grieve not with such heavy anguish o'er thy brother's
clouded lot,
But trust all things to the guidance of the love that
faileth not;
For thou knowest how that over all the depths of
human woe,
An immortal sea of mercy doth to everlasting flow;
In the love that thro' Jehovah, as the Saviour from
above,
Are all heights and depths included—an Infinity of
Love."

The Bride of the Wreck.

A SPIRITUAL STORY.

I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style 'the passion.' I had enough, as my old maid yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice; and his arm once, in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same chip cling together, when drifting at sea. We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from my boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England. And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he had existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer.
I was very young and strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of the rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pined on shore. You will easily understand, then, why I built a yacht and spent much of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh, now, the happy days I have spent in the "Foam." I used to read considerable in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in the fact. Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.
One summer I was at the old hall in which my uncle died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised while looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman hastily announced, and giving indications of no little excitement.
"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is watching over him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."
Of course my consent was instantly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.
Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about fifty miles from me: and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way, in company with his son, to his son's house, there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me, but I made them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.
Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door since I had been possessor of the hall. And well might she have been loved by a better man than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a soft blue eye, strangely shaded by jet black brows,

her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion set off by raven hair; and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust and complete confidence either in all around her, or else in her own indomitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far seeing one too. She was nineteen then.
Her father died in my house, and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love or be beloved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of those. What, then, could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charms of that exquisite beauty, or graces which I knew were in her soul.
A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of London society, and was lost in the whirlpool.
One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near a window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, "You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not? Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."
It was inexplicable to myself; but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I did not know, but I did so.
Thrice afterwards I was warned of her presence in this mysterious way, till I believed that there was some mysterious link between us two, of unknown, but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.
I heard of her frequently as engaged to a Mr. Waller, a man whom I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love. When at length I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went aboard my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set my foot on shore.
One sultry day, when pitch was frying on the deck, in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck. Toward evening, I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it, fifteen seconds before the watch on deck, called suddenly to the man at the wheel, "Port—Port your helm! a sail on the lee bow! steady! so!"
I was on the deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our forefoot within pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the northwest. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to account for the emotion I had felt, in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the "Foam" and as I would advance towards her the form of Waller would interpose—I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her form was resting against my side, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller, that was holding her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them; and she would kiss him, and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the foam went before it.
Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck, lashed to the wheel, by which I stood, with a knife within reach to cut the lashing if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again, a blue wave went over us, but she came up like a duck, and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on her bow, that might have staved a man of war, but she kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly, but never abated the swift flight towards shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream; now a shriek; now a wail, and a laugh of mocking madness. On, on we flew.
I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a blackness ahead; and the next with a crash and plunge, the "Foam" was gone! Down went my gallant boat, and with her, another vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy, and I cut it away, and it went down in the deep sea above my boat. And seeing a spar, I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate figure of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night, we two floated away over the stormy ocean.
My companion was senseless—for ought I knew dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left? and how could I fan it to flame? Would it not be better to let her

sink than to float off with me, thus alone to starve or to die of thirst and agony.
I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars, had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sparkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.
At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone in the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tightened, I bowed my head towards hers. She drew me close to her, laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm hers, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom and answered, "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at the whispered sentence? She knew not where she was—that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating dock. I cut the lashing from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to the part of the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and all that time that arm was round my neck, and rigid as if in death.
Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking up of the storm. The air seemed filled with viewless spirits, mournful singing and sighing. I never thought of her as anything else than a human being. It was that humanity, that dear likeness of life, that endeared her to me. I wound my arms around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wildness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony. She gave it back, murmuring some name of endearment, wound both arms round my neck, and laying her head on my shoulder with her forehead pressed against my cheek, fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now as then! It was madness with idle worship of the form God gave in the image of himself which in that hour I adored as ever God! I feel the unearthly joy again to-day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair.
I only knew and rejoiced with joy untold, that she was human, mortal, of my own kin, by the great Father of our race.
It was a night of thought and emotions, and phantasms that never can be described. Morning dawned gravely, the first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head—it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light. I wanted to float over that heavenly ocean with that form clinging to me, and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.
But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawning light; as my eyes began to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I mourned aloud in my agony, "God of heavens, she is dead!" And it was Mary Sinclair.
But she was not dead.
We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off. Every man from the "Foam" and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht, belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother, and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started but three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill, as the schooner crossed our bow the night before the collision, and which I felt again at the moment of the crash, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long dreary night.
I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterward; and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 28, 1860.

Another has joined the Angels: Yesterday I returned from Mexico, in this county, where I had been called to administer the consolation of our philosophy to the relatives and friends of Miss PATIENCE DOOLITTLE, who on Tuesday evening last gave up to the earth the body which belonged to it, and which she had borrowed and worn for over half a century, but which she needs no longer and will never call for again. Her gentle spirit longed for its hour to escape from its entangling connection with its body, for the pale hand of consumption had laid hold of it with unrelaxing grasp. With intellect bright, and the full assurance of a spiritual life and intercourse, she rejoiced when the hour arrived, and death "was swallowed up in victory!"
For many years our sister has joined her home with one of her brothers, who lost the use of his eyes while quite young, but who possessed an active mind and grasping intellect, which she has long been accustomed to feed by reading and seeing for him, and thus she has certainly been "eyes to the blind." Few persons have done more, in a humble way, to make others happy (which is true religion) than our sister, and all who know her bear testimony to her gentle nature, kind heart, and religious life. The Baptist Church was kindly opened to us, and many came to hear the gospel which was so true and beautiful to her, and her brother, and some other relatives, and which has blessed them in life and her in death.
WARREN CHASE.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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

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

L. JUDD PARDEE will answer invitations to speak, addressed Providence, R. I.

MRS. ALMIRA F. PEASE will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Terre Haute, Ind.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture the coming summer and fall.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH speaks every Sunday afternoon and evening at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, New York.

R. P. AMBLER will speak in Cincinnati, the last three Sundays of May and first Sunday of June.

F. L. WADSWORTH will spend May 20-27 in Providence, R. I., June 3, 10, and 17, at Willimantic, Conn.

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.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture in the States of New York and New England, during the months of July and August. Address her, as early as practicable, at 1328 Catharine st., Philadelphia.

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.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON is for the present speaking at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, every Sunday at 3 and 7 o'clock, P. M. She spends the first and second Sundays of June at Providence, R. I.

LAMARTINE HALL, NEW YORK.—Meetings for free Spiritual discussion are held every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Hall corner Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. Lectures by Trance Speakers every Sunday Evening.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture May 6th to 13th at Providence, R. I.; 20th to 27th at Willimantic, Conn.; throughout June at Oswego, N. Y.; July and August address Seymour, Conn. All applications from the West, for the fall and winter, should be made immediately.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Portland, Me., and adjacent places during May. Address care of N. A. Foster, Esq., or No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.
In June at Lowell and Plymouth, Mass. Address care of Mrs. Wm. N. Owen, Lowell.
In July at Oswego. Address care of F. L. Pool, Esq., Oswego, N. Y.

MISS MARTHA F. HULETT (Post office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak in May at Milwaukee; June, Chicago; September, St. Louis; October, Hannibal and Quincy, Ill.; November, Beardstown and Springfield, Ill.; December, in Macon, Georgia; January, 1861, Cincinnati, Ohio; February, Toledo, Ohio; March, April, and May in the East.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held regularly every Sunday at Mercantile Library Hall. Speakers engaged for May, Miss Ella E. Gibson; June, Warren Chase; July and August, closed for hot weather; September, Martha F. Hulett; October, Lizzie Doten; November, Emma Hardinge; December, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

MRS. S. E. WARNER, who has been lecturing in Michigan during the winter, expects to return to her home in the vicinity of Milan, Ohio, in the month of May, and will answer calls to lecture in any part of Ohio and Western New York, during the ensuing summer. Mrs. W. has been in the field nearly six years, as a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred topics. Address Mrs. SOTERBORN E. WARNER, Milan, Ohio.

S. P. LELAND having returned from his tour to the South and West, is now permanently located at Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, where he is engaged to lecture on Sundays until July. He will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals, at places in that vicinity. Friends, between Cleveland and St. Louis, via Ft. Wayne and Attica, who desire lectures in July, on Geology or Theology, in their places, will please address him as above.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in the East, through the summer. Sundays of October and November in Oswego, N. Y., and Cincinnati, Ohio. She will probably spend the winter in the West, and South. Applications should be sent in as early as possible. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

FIRST INDEPENDENT SOCIETY: Hall, south-east corner of Broadway and 20th st., entrance on 20th st. On the following Sunday evenings, at 7 P. M., Mr. Noyes will give a series of discourses as to the special principles differing this from other Religious Societies, with the subjects, as announced.
April 29, The Uses and Significance of an Independent Religious Society.
May 6, Natural Religion vs. Unnatural Theology.
May 13, The Bible and its True Position.
" 20, Jesus of Nazareth.
" 27, The Future Life.
June 3, Athens, Pantheism, and Theism.
" 10, Practical, everyday Christianity.
" 17, The True American Gospel.
The public are cordially invited to attend.

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KINGSTON, Wis., May 3d, 1890.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: The *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, of the 21st of April, which contains your private opinion of my book, publicly expressed, is before me. Since you have thus taken the liberty, and done me the injustice to herald to the public your unfavorable opinion of the work, before it was put in circulation to enable the public mind to judge of its merits, you will do me the justice to insert this, my reply, in the same circulating medium.

It appears that you have expressed an uncalculated sensitivity at the name of "another Davis" being enrolled among those who have their fellow men, and have seemed to labor quite hard under that excitement to guard the public from confounding the name of Dr. Alexander H. Davis, M. D., with that of Andrew Jackson Davis. This is as I would have it; and all would have passed off very well had you not judged it necessary to guard that point farther, by expressing your distaste for my work, entitled "Angel Teachings in the Book of Nature," by unwarrantable criticism.

If you shall please to publish any one of the subjects at length in your paper, claimed in my book as coming from Franklin, you shall have the liberty of a free criticism, providing that I shall have the liberty to reply; then the public can have the opportunity to judge whether or not a Franklin is behind it, and whether your opinion shall help them in forming theirs.

The first exception I take is the closing of a quotation from the introduction, in the middle of a sentence, which made it read very stupidly. And farther: the omission of that part of the paragraph which aims at a modest introduction of the work to the reader, whereas, if the whole paragraph had been quoted, your criticism would look quite uncalled for and out of place. The whole paragraph reads as follows—the part quoted is italicized—"I will remark that I have given the contents of this volume, as I have received them, to the public mind for perusal and examination of the principles and philosophies therein contained. I claim no infallibility for them more than they clearly prove to the mind of the reader. The motto of this age is individual investigation. Let every one apply his powers of reason and philosophy to all things, for all Nature contains interior truths to invite the expanding mind forever onward."

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Thirdly, "But the most remarkable feature of the work is its peculiar religiousness." This is a very indefinite term indeed, to be left without showing what the remark was predicated upon. As you have left it, it is well calculated to convey the idea that the work taught some strange fanaticism peculiar to myself; and that it might be analogous to Mormonism or some other ism repugnant to reformers. The only theology the work aims to teach is that of Nature. "That obedience to law is the Divine gateway to Nature's storehouse, wherein is contained every blessing intended for man."

Fourthly, "We see nothing in the book to impress us with a conviction that the great mind mentioned (Franklin) performed any part upon the theater of its productions. His personal presence was too remote to exert a fertilizing influence upon the really good germs deposited." I think no mind can be so stupid as not to discover the object of this uncharitable thrust at, first, the author, and secondly, the merits of this book. First, it represents the author in the light of one claiming a great mind behind it to humbug on to the public for no object but gain. In this light the author is represented as a humbug, instead of a philanthropist who loves his fellow man. On the other hand, if you wish it to imply that a clairvoyant and clairaudient

writer may be so easily humbugged by spirits, that he may receive audible communications for power, and by the volume—and most that spirit, face to face, often during the time—and during the whole time he is vainly supposing that he has the honor of the association of the outside Benjamin Franklin, when in reality it shall turn out to be some other spirit of low degree, historically and mentally. This position would give to the world of spirits the character of being the worst humbuggers extant, and to the writers as being the worst humbugged men living. Therefore you cannot fail to perceive the baneful influence that would be exerted upon the cause of spiritualism, and the unfriendly feelings that would be engendered, among its most active members, should this precedent generally prevail, for one spiritual writer to take the liberty to publicly denounce the authenticity of another spiritual writer's work—to prejudice the public mind against the free circulation of the work necessary to the fulfillment of its mission of love to the brotherhood of man. Should such a course be persisted in, it would not be long before we should bring Spiritualism into disrepute, and sink ourselves into that state of derision justly due to such unwise and uncharitable conduct.

Secondly, The statement that "his (Franklin's) personal presence was too remote to exert a fertilizing influence upon the really good germs deposited." This remark is well calculated, if not expressly designed, to represent the work as occupying a low plane of mentality, so much beneath that of the mind of Benjamin Franklin that no intelligent mind would care to read it. All I have to say under this head is, had you published any of the subjects at length, given by Franklin in this book, your remarks would have been harmless, for the public could then have judged for themselves of their value. If you wish to do me justice, publish "The Laws of God," (14 pages); "The Order of the Spheres," (24 pages); and "The Spirit Land," (5 pages), all by Franklin.

Yours, A. H. DAVIS.

REMARKS: The reason why we explained the matter of names in this: Several letters arrived requesting "Angel Teachings," by A. J. D., supposing perhaps that the initials were misprinted, or overlooking them entirely. It was simple justice that prompted the explanation, and nothing more.

"We think our quotations from your introduction better calculated to interest the public than your present defense. But this may be a mistake, for we are not infallible."

"We do not vacate our position on the scientific revelations of your production, but decline substantiating our criticism for the present, thinking there are many minds who would prefer reading and judging for themselves. We shall be glad to hear from some one who has read it."

"Of spiritual inspirations, by either friends or strangers, whether in the body or beyond it, we claim the glorious privilege of free thought and expression. We live and work for no party."

"Finally, We thank our friend Davis need not feel disturbed. 'Truth is mighty and will prevail.' According to his testimony, which is unimpeached, he is not the author of the contents of the volume; and we believe that the large fraternal spirit of Benjamin Franklin will not grow restive under our criticism. The parts designated as suitable to demonstrate the cooperation or authorship of Franklin we do not quote, because we want both the spiritual and the outside public to purchase the volume for their own profit and perusal."

If, hereafter, we should come to a knowledge of any injustice done our friend's work, we shall very cheerfully and promptly make all honorable and necessary acknowledgments. Let our readers may forget the review complained of, we refer them to "Book Notices," No. 2, April 20. We repeat our first verdict: "That the work will impart truth, and give satisfaction to many."

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