

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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## Questions and Answers.

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

## BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### The Higher Life.

MARIA T.—PHILADELPHIA.—"BROTHER DAVIS: It seems almost impossible for me to think what life is to those who dwell in heaven. Everything is vague on that point. Can you say something that will remove this mist?"

Did you ever commune with the beautiful works of Nature? Did you ever look into a flower so tranquilly and receptively that the life of it became a part of your own? Did you ever stand by the brookside and lose your life in the healing melody of its waters? Did you ever see a field of ripe grain, and thank the Great Spirit for it? Did you ever love the influence of truth among men? Did you ever do a day's work for the human family? Do you worship the good you see in others? Do you experience the joys of harmony? If so, you know somewhat how they live in the higher spheres.

### Shakespeare's Interior Light.

HENRY R.—CH.—"Is it your opinion that Shakespeare was a medium for spiritual impressions?"

All human minds are, at times, receptive of the psychical influence of higher spheres. We say of the Bard of Avon that he was intuitively. His knowledge was instructed by unfolded wisdom. He discerned truths inside of facts, principles behind events, life within death, and lessons of "good in everything." With what touching pathos, in the play of Henry V., he makes York, "all haggled o'er," breathe pure Spiritualism into the dying Suffolk's ear and soul, thus—

"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-broast;  
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!"

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, expos'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-endeared love."

### Searching for Glory.

U. S. ARMY, NEW YORK.—"DEAR SIR: All intelligent officers in Naval and Military departments encourage the theory of personal ambition, in the art and practice of war, as the only certain impulse to valorous conduct and consequent glory. . . . Write me."

However magnificent the written history of the world's conquerors, or however eloquent the speeches of formidable officers in defense of the art and utility of war, we admonish you to believe that

"Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to naught."

War is the systematic expression of pride and passion. Its glory is black with discord. The disciplined sentinels of an army resemble black posts and stiff-fingers pointing "fools the way to dusty death." Better suffer a wrong than do an evil deed. Rhetorical declinations of the glory of the battle field can excite the imagination of that mind which is fed by the oozy fires of an over-large cerebellum. "Learn war no more." Reject all temptations of place, degree, and form of "creating awe and fear in other men." Throw up your Commission at whatever sacrifice. Stand for sad-eyed justice and universal peace.

ANSWER: Nature, interpreted by logical Reason, will explain. She teaches us to behold consistency in opposites. In obvious contradictions, confounding the senses and judgments of her children, (men and women,) she pronounces the choicest benedictions. Her antipodes are left and right handed pivots. She converges and diverges, and returns from the large to the small, whence she started, with the precision of musical vibrations.

"All discord, harmony not understood."  
A planet is one of Nature's significant beads on the endless rosary, which consists of countless decads of orbs. Our earth rolled out of the Sun's constitution—a vast body of fire-mist, a comet at first, with a great nucleus, and with a tail of most respectable length and dimensions. How the principles of progressive solidification straightway proceeded to accomplish their appointed ends, and how the vastly-expanded primordial fire-fogs and chaotic nebulae were cooled down and stratified into existing spheroidal proportions, you will find fully set forth in the aforementioned Revelations. And such descriptive process is, we believe, sustained by the investigations and deductions of the most learned geologists and astronomers.

Strictly speaking, however, there was no earth until the condensation had reduced the elemental chaos to the smallest dimensions. When, in other words, the globe-germ was

4. That the reason of the people can educe from the works of God a more reliable system of religious truth.

5. That the people are about to throw off the theory of original sin by applying common sense to the teaching of the Bible.

6. That the leading theological teachers of the chief sects of America have virtually confessed that evil is not attributable to "Adam's fall when we sinned all," &c.

But we wonder why Miss Beecher did not go a little further, and affirm that, when the people acquire more common sense, the world will reject any parchment or book as an infallible revelation of God's mind. The Beecher family have a magnificent ability to see, and do, and say many—almost—magnificent things. We love the Beechers, and would like to admire them as well.

### What is a Vampire?

GEORGE T., NEW YORK.—"MR. DAVIS: I am unable to comprehend what it was in departed times that originated the belief in Vampires, a class of beings said to start from their graves, with revengeful force, and to cause the death of men and brutes by sucking their blood. Can you give any impressions on this curious matter?"

ANSWER: There is a Spanish fable founded on a very ancient fact, traditionally descended from the earliest population of that country, to the effect that persons buried in a *tranco* would, in a few weeks, revive and ask for food and fresh air. On one occasion the learned doctor ordered the arisen patient to drink a cup of blood taken from the arm of a healthy person. The result was astounding. While the man, from whose arm the blood was drawn, soon languished and died, (no doubt from the operation of some other cause,) the patient, who so greedily imbibed the crimsoned fluid, rapidly recovered and lived long in the land. But he was feared by the superstitious, and after his death the most alarming stories were told of his midnight wanderings in quest of living blood.

In a few instances thereafter, where persons, entombed in a trance state, experienced a bodily resurrection, the doctors fed them the blood of bullocks. This also had the restorative influence, and so rapidly that *blood puddings* became a rare but popular dish, in southern and central Europe.

This was the origin of the fable of Vampires. But it would be interesting to trace the fancies of mankind upon the Vampirism of the middle ages, and even not more than an hundred years ago. See the very extraordinary report of a surgical and military commission, made about a century since, on the subject of Vampirism in Hungary or some province adjacent—many of the victims were "hey-dukes." The so-called Vampires, it would appear, were buried alive, in a state of epidemic trance, and their neighbors complained of being grievously haunted by their appearances. A number of them were exhumed, (some after a burial of many weeks,) and exhibited signs of life, in fresh blood at the lips, and in cries and groans, when their heads were cut off, or when a stake was driven through them, as they revived.

Naturalists, rejecting the demoniac significance of the term, apply the word to various kinds of bats and vulturous birds; many of which, even by the best writers, are supposed to destroy human beings by sucking their blood. But this is no more true of certain bats than it is of spiders and other crawling creatures of the tropics.

There is a moral, however, to all this: that human beings should never be entombed alive, nor while in a death-like trance, however profound, but only when *real disorganization* shall have commenced.

### Explanation of Geologic Contradictions.

S. M., CONNEAUTVILLE, PA.—"MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: In your reply to William H. M., Ohio, in your issue of the 9th inst., you say: 'The earth is slowly enlarging and increasing in rarity. All solar and cometary bodies follow the law of growth, perfection, and decay.'"

"In 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' page 219, sec. 33, you say: 'The primitive diameter of this great agglomeration of particles (the earth) could not be well determined, for it subsequently and continually decreased in magnitude according to the condensation and consolidation of the particles of the whole mass.'"

"This last quotation, which is in harmony with geology, as I understand it, seems to be contradicted in the reply referred to. Will you please explain for the satisfaction of an inquirer?"

ANSWER: Nature, interpreted by logical Reason, will explain. She teaches us to behold consistency in opposites. In obvious contradictions, confounding the senses and judgments of her children, (men and women,) she pronounces the choicest benedictions. Her antipodes are left and right handed pivots. She converges and diverges, and returns from the large to the small, whence she started, with the precision of musical vibrations.

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Strictly speaking, however, there was no earth until the condensation had reduced the elemental chaos to the smallest dimensions. When, in other words, the globe-germ was

formed, when the cooling-off process had reached the minimum degree of reduction, when the smallest demi-semi-quaver in the music of geologic progress was sounded, then, strictly speaking, the earth began to exist upon its own account, with enough material centrifugated to form for itself one satellite, and, as we are impressed, eventually still another's.

Now let us inquire, and briefly: What are Nature's methods subsequent to the organization of her minimum points? After the elements from surrounding space are gathered together in the form of a germ, or globe, (which is an egg,) what does she then proceed to accomplish?

We answer, that, after condensing and solidifying her fluids and gases down into a germ-center, Nature continues her work of progression through a series of growths, expansions, rarifications, or until the maximum degree of maturity is reached; then the process of disorganization commences, which is characterized by a shriveling and contraction, and reduction of the body; and thus, when our planet shall have moved onward in its expansion and organic growth, until the maximum point of maturity is established, then will it, like a fully ripened human being, begin to dwindle, grow less year by year, contract and shrink, (as its vitality departs,) and thus will our youthful earth pass away.

### Lack of Profundity.

ADDISON TAYLOR, ALBANY.—"The opinion is prevailing that modern literature lacks the elements of strength and profundity. Professional men regard this fact as significant, and charge the consequences upon such as yourself, who, some say, advocate education without schools—in other words, ignorance and faith is Spiritualism. What is your explanation? For myself, I have no knowledge of your system."

We utterly deny that we ignore schools and books. From the first we have advocated them as *agents* of individual progress in science and civilization. But we do not like the present tyrannies of schools, neither do we hold to the orthodox plan of prepossessing young minds with religious absurdities; and think no education far better than a stupendous mass of lifeless knowledge without wisdom.

By "knowledge" we mean a recollection of facts, things, histories, language, artistic employments, and the like; and by "wisdom" we mean facts, principles, subjective logic, ideas, truths, and whatever else may exalt and dignify the mind.

That popular literature is superficial, we confess and sometimes regret, but not a particle of this superficiality is attributable to Spiritualism. We have an explanation, which is also a hopeful justification, but we decline giving it at present.

In the Spirit Land, so blossomed o'er with fadeless truths, there liveth a fine-tempered intellect, from whose ante-mortem writings we take a few severe, but just sentences: "We have lost the art of reading, or the privilege of writing, voluminously, since the days of Addison. Learning no longer weaves the interminable page with patient drudgery, nor ignorance pores over it with implicit faith. As authors multiply in number, books diminish in size; we cannot now, as formerly, swallow libraries whole in a single folio; solid quarto has given place to slender duodecimo, and the dingy letter-press contracts its dimensions, and retreats before the white, unadorned, faultless margin."

Modern authorship is become a species of stenography; we contrive even to read by proxy. We skim the cream of prose without any trouble; we get at the quintessence of poetry without loss of time. The staple commodity, the coarse, heavy, dirty, unwieldy bulion of books, is driven out of the market of learning, and the intercourse of the literary world is carried on, and the credit of the great capitalists sustained by the flimsy circulating medium of magazines and reviews.

Those who are chiefly concerned in catering for the taste of others, and serving up critical opinions in a compendious, elegant, and portable form, are not forgetful of themselves—they are not scrupulously solicitous, idly inquisitive, about the real merits, the *bona fide* contents of the works they are deputed to appraise and value, any more than the reading public who employ them. They look no further for the contents of the work than the title-page, and pronounce a peremptory decision on its merits or defects by a glance at the name and party of the writer.

"This state of polite letters seems to admit of improvement in only one respect, which is to go a step farther, and write, for the amusement and edification of the world, accounts of works that were never either written or read at all, and to cry up or abuse the authors by name, though they have no existence but in the critic's invention. This would save a great deal of labor in vain; anonymous critics might pounce upon the defenceless heads of fictitious candidates for fame and bread; reviews, from being novels founded upon facts, would aspire to be pure romances; and we should arrive at the *bona fide* ideal of the commonwealth of letters, at the euthanasia of thought, and millennium of criticism!"

### A Child's Question on Marriage.

L. P. WESTON, MASS.—"MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Will it please you to tell me if you think the time will ever come, when it will no longer be considered improper or unbecoming for women to ask the man whom she loves to marry her, any more than it is now for man to ask the woman he loves to marry him?"

"Thoughts upon this subject forcibly presented themselves to my mind, when, a few days ago, (after having read a book) my little daughter came to me with the inquiry: 'What does a woman do when she wishes to marry any one?'"

Of course I could not tell the innocent child that woman must not breathe a word on the subject, but that many women set all sorts of traps to catch men, and invent all sorts of artifices to induce men to 'pop the question!'

"All the answer which I could consistently give her was, that she must diligently cultivate such virtues as should make her beloved by all who come to be acquainted with her, and especially try to improve her heart and intellect in those qualities which she perceived in that man whom she loved, respected, and admired the most."

"But society has no right to condemn in woman what she approves and sanctions in man, and I shall be very glad to peruse a few suggestive thoughts from your pen upon this important subject."

ANSWER: The above startling question was propounded by a darling little innocent daughter, only nine years of age, to her faithful and conscientious mother, whose answer is given in the above paragraph.

Be very candid, honored reader, and inform us whether the popular and intelligent response of the regardful mother is *final* and *satisfactory*. Does it meet the child's deep-flooding interrogatory, which tends like the tide of eternal justice toward the ocean of equality, fraternity, and unity? We are free to confess, before the full-spread prejudices of superstitious millions, that the sweet-minded mother's reply does not fill our soul with perfect satisfaction. And yet, when morally interpreted, her maternal counsel is tenderly prudential and tremulously applicable to the child's future welfare, as society is now constituted.

But the mother herself is dissatisfied. She writes, therefore, and petitions for "more light." What! Did you not give your daughter to understand that your answer was *final*? Does she not this very moment believe that her "ma" has imparted all the *possible* intelligence upon such a question? When the weeks, and months, and years shall have planted the seeds of experience within her constitution, will there not grow up in their midst this deep-rooted weed of superstition? Will she not retain the memory of very early years that her affectionate and wise mother gave her "the whole truth" upon the relative position of the sexes? And will she not, in consequence thereof, become a bigot or a slave in the matter of public opinion? In short, have you not perjured your noble soul just as millions of blessed parents have done, and are doing? We urge you to review the whole ground on which, spiritually speaking, you stood before the questioning mind of your honest-hearted daughter.

You realized the hollow-heartedness of Custom with regard to the wife-hunting rights of men. You involuntarily crimsoned at the thought that your darling daughter, just like the millions of daughters in human homes everywhere, is destined to *fix herself artificially* and superficially, in order to attract the handsomest and best young man in her neighborhood. She may conceive an attachment for some worthy gentleman, himself companionless and honorably in quest of a true mate, but society imperatively denies the right of your daughter to signify her sacred interest. She must blush and pretend to cherish different feelings; or, in silence and society, she is constrained to conceal every honest emotion. Should she take an hundredth part of the liberties with the chosen one that society accords to him, the chances are that both men and women, young and old, pious and impious, editors and readers, would *howl* and *insult* and heartlessly *misrepresent*, until frightened, or entrenched in her pride, she would either precipitously retreat, or advance still further in the forbidden way. Then, O, then, "think of her tenderly!"

We ask you, intelligent mother, why you did not inform your daughter that, for the present, society is bound by customs which cannot be overpassed without incurring this, *that*, and the other misfortune—especially so, with respect to the rights of courtship and liberties in the marriage relation—but it was your sincere conviction, that, when mankind were more civilized and refined, more noble and pure, and less given to misconstrue the best impulses of the soul, then—but not a day before—"it will no longer be considered improper or immodest for a woman to ask the man whom she loves to marry her." That this era will dawn we ardently believe, and we shall labor to hasten it.

### ORIGIN OF THE BIBLE BOOKS.

G. A. R., BOSTON.—"DEAR SIR: Realizing, to some extent, the power and influence which the Bible has had, and will continue to have, upon mankind, and desirous of knowing more about the origin of this Book of Books, can you inform me if there is extant a thorough, complete, and reliable history of the Bible, and if so, where it may be found?"

The most reliable information to be obtained by the English reader as to the origin of the Bible, must be sought in multitudes of scattered volumes of criticism upon the separate books of the Old and New Testaments. There are histories of the Bible written in English, but they are pervaded with the idea of a supernatural guardianship extended to the book, and give no authentic details of the origin of its several parts. In studying the history of the Bible, the inquirer should, however, investigate each book on its own merits. The best sources to which a merely English reader can resort for the Old Testament, is Parker's translation of De Wette, read in connection with Newman's "History of the Hebrew Monarchy." These are not orthodox writers, but they are honest and thorough. There is also a translation of Dr. Michaelis's "Introduction to the Old Testament," which is very

liberal in its tone. For the New Testament, we have nothing thorough in English, except the scattered notices to be gleaned from Strauss' "Life of Jesus." Taylor's "Diagnosis" is altogether too superficial and one-sided.

In German, however, there is a very good popular history of the Old and New Testament by Heribert Rau, in which all the essential *known* facts in regard to each book are concisely stated, and clearly arranged. On the Gospel of John, the Germans have two very thorough inquiries into its origin and genuineness—one in Latin by Dr. Bretschneider, and another in German by Dr. F. C. Bauer. A criticism on the first three Gospels, by Bruno Bauer, shows very clearly that these books proceeded from no companion of Jesus. How and when these books first appeared in the Church, is not yet a matter of history. The Church traditions upon these points are unreliable. A criticism upon the Acts of the Apostles, by Dr. Edward Zeller, gives some glimpses into the probable origin of that book, while damaging its credibility beyond redemption. But we will return to this subject again ere long. D. L.

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

S. S., ELGIN, ILL.—Your success in the paraphrase was admirable, showing that you appreciated in spirit and truth that passage in the "Reformer."

"JESSIE," LOGANSVILLE, WIS.—Your kind recognition of great truths and their advocates is beautiful, welcome, and encouraging. Our columns are too much crowded, however, to allow an insertion of your letter "entire."

WILLIAM A., STEUBENVILLE, O.—Your request was attended to. If you do not get satisfactory information from the parties, write us again; for we are ever willing to befriend a companion in progress.

JOHN FINN, ATCHISON, KANSAS.—The paper was promptly mailed to your address. Your expressions of interest are most grateful. This journal is a progressive institution, but it is *fixed* so far as its publication is concerned.

MISS LYDIA H. R., PLEASANT RGN, TEXAS.—Your communications, while interesting to us, and profitable to yourself, do not impress us as useful to the public. Yet we hope they may some day hear from you.

S. R. P., ST. LOUIS.—Through all the many weeks and months, and in spite of all the mountains between us, the life of faithful friendship flourish steadily onward. The tokens of your interest are substantial, and ours will be a *HERALD* once a week.

E. D. V., NATICK, MASS.—Your kind and earnest spirit meets a response in our deeper nature. The sentiments of your poem are a feast to our private heart and reason, but a feeling that the public might deem the article too favorably personal deters us from its publication.

J. C. K., SOUTH BEND, IND.—The French work of Chagnet has not been translated into German. The Secret of Pro-vost is a German work, and there are a few volumes on mesmerism phenomena, but we know of no American work on the New Philosophy that has been fully published in Germany.

B. F. NEWKIRK, LA PORTE, IND.—Your efforts in behalf of this journal are appreciated. It is our intention to deal justly and fully with the facts on subjects that may come up, for no question can be settled to the satisfaction of reasonable beings without due investigation.

G. M. H., RYON, WIS.—Your communication respecting the unaffiliated blood is welcome. It is perfectly consistent with what we have been preparing for the pages of this journal on the spiritual causes of insanity and idiosyncrasy. Perhaps we may extract something from your vision.

"EARLY."—We have many times proclaimed the gospel of conjugal love and wisdom as far as we comprehend it. The man who resolves to live a bachelor and the woman who resolves to die a spinster, are unfaithful to the higher laws of the Infinite; and yet, as society is at present constituted, we would recommend any one to choose a companionless journey to the Spirit Land in preference to a marriage of mere flesh and convenience.

C. F. D.—The sphere of your letter is mixed, as if it had passed through the hands of several magnetic persons, and does not, therefore, yield any definite impression. The only drawing medium of whom we have recently heard, is W. P. Anderson, Marseilles, Ill. The proper method is to tally pray (request) any loved departed spirit to sit for a portrait in the presence of Mr. Anderson. But it is well to apprise the medium of your will and wishes by letter. The result may be satisfactory.

WILLIS K., JOLIET, ILL.—This correspondent writes to convey the kindest sympathies. He says that by protracted researches and observation, he is convinced that the philosophy of "Producing Rain" is correct and practical. "With a powerful Rain" is correct and practical. "The mercury was electrical machine," he says, "was just in proportion to fall 12" in five minutes—or just in proportion to the amount of electricity thrown into action"—showing that element to be cold, (negative) and magnetism to be warm, or positive. What say the electricians?



## Tidings from the Inner Life.

"And the angel said unto them: 'Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.'"

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

BY VELOSCH.

NUMBER THREE.

Reader, you remember how I "was sold" into Egypt; you saw me making theological "bricks without straw;" and know how well I succeeded; you beheld also my exodus from "the house of bondage," and now, why should I not trouble you with "incidents of travel" on my way toward the promised land.

I cannot, however, appeal to your wondering propensity, credulity, and curiosity, by miraculous stories of plague-smitten Egypt, the pass of any red sea on dry land, or the quaking of any but theological Mount Sinai; neither shall I be able to tell you of a "shower of quails" three feet deep for a circuit of 190 miles around my private camp, although some few dozens fly, occasionally, around and across my farm. And, as I am not a Moses, thank God, I cannot relate to you how I cooled the anger of the "Most High," on Sinai's shivering summit, when, in his passions, he forgot his promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and was subdued to sanity and serenity by the "moral suasion" of this leader of the Jews. Perhaps if I were sufficiently imaginative I could find, in the records of my private experience, correspondences to those awful stories of the Pentateuch.

Neither can I astound you with stories of "Apostolic" travels, sufferings, martyrdoms, &c., &c., for humanity generally has treated me justly and sometimes generously. *In no place on earth did I ever lack a friend.* In many cities and villages of this continent, the homes and hearts of noble men and women have welcomed me to their sacred precincts and hospitalities. My memory is teeming with sunny and sparkling records of unselfish and blessed kindnesses freely pushed upon my thankful heart. In the genial atmosphere of many homes where life is real and not spent in apologies, have I felt my manhood renewed, quickened, and cultured. I graduated from no college. I never enjoyed the advantages of a "liberal education," nor was ever introduced into any society or family by a piece of parchment signed by the President and Faculty of any institution of learning. An honest, honorable object, backed by a true heart behind it, is the only introduction into the world of humanity any man needs. I took the world upon its honor, and it reciprocated the feeling, increased by a large compound interest. This is the spirit in which I wish to relate to you some incidents of my experience.

First, then, let me whisper to you the secret of my public life and its incidents. I entered public life because I could not help it. Could not help it, say you? Why not? Because so all-absorbing, so beautiful, so resistlessly attractive, were the motives within, the influences above, and the needs around me. I will out with the whole truth. From a child I have dreamed (wide-awake dreams they were) of public speaking. A fine, manly, truthful oration always had more power over me than all the pagantry and bedazzling shows that fancy could devise, or wealth execute. It must have an object, however, and that object must be as grand as humanity's weal. I remember when a boy, boiling the sweet sap of maple-trees alone in the grand old forests that once skirted the banks of the beautiful Seneca, with no watchers but the silent stars beaming through the leafless branches upon me, of being seized with a strange uprising of soul, until the shocks of celestial magnetism ran along my spine and through my whole being, like waves of light from heaven, that fain would lift me to their own blessed source. Soon I found myself standing on a mound, addressing a vast audience in a language which I myself did not understand. It was a speech of soul to an audience of souls, if so there was an audience at all. This allusion soon subsided, but not its effects. The memory thereof, like a golden halo of blessed visions, lingered in my affections, casting around me the shadows of the possibilities of a future world of activity and triumph. Accompanying this surge of nature, and at its core, too, there was the quieting, satisfactory faith, (not belief) of an actual realm of effort till then undreamed of, but never forgotten since. My whole after life has swung on the impulse of that primal hour. I felt no shrinking from sap-boiling as a provisional employment, but there stood in the temple of my soul a silent image of all attainable human excellencies, and the especial idea of the perfected orator and reformer. And it is still there, this ideal manhood. But alas! alas! I am as far as ever from its attainment.

6th. So much for my own organic predisposition, as it awoke in its own hour, to become the power of destiny to me. I took it then as the revelation of my genius, and shall do so forever. What a vast "difference in one and another hour of life in their power, importance, and subsequent effect." No doubt, sooner or later, every soul has its primal hour—a single moment, perhaps—when the whole vast landscape of the future deepens into daylight before the illuminated sight, but how few see this hour in the flesh, let history declare. "Our fortune is seeking us, let us await her coming," said an ancient.

I wandered, with my chest of tools, far

from that grand old forest and its star-enchanted hour, through many cities of our glorious country, stopping a short time in some of them, to accumulate funds for travel; but around me there constantly floated the music of that higher moment, when I somewhat came to myself. I saw the world, nations, individuals, politics, preaching, poetry, and mechanics, only as so many factors seeking destiny. All history seems, in its grand import and sum total results, as only the aggregation of the powers and effects of those primal moments when its geniuses have come to themselves. Such hours are the fountains of history. And the degree of perfection which we attain in the use of and obedience to them, determines our own condition of culture and our value to humanity. As far short of its ideal as I am, yet I know it was the Genius of Life who spoke to my untrained nature then, and whose spheric tones will forever echo along the corridors of time. It gave firmness to my tread along the dusty path of duty. I consecrate it in my heart of hearts as the "Spirit's natal hour."

Added to this organic tendency, there came upon me, in the autumn of 1851, another surge from the land of souls, of which I spoke in a previous number. This last event demands a more careful description than I before gave it, for it was the visible crisis in my earthly destiny. In the town of A—, Ohio, resided a large family of my relatives and friends, nearly all of whom were free and cultured minds. The fame of the "Poughkeepsie Seer," with a copy of "Nature's Divine Revelations," had reached one of the best minds in this family. Its profound and far-reaching philosophy took deep root in the already prepared soil of this man's heart. He talked and read, until the whole circle of his immediate friends became interested in the Harmonical Philosophy. Then came the startling news of the "Rochester knockings," as they were called, and after this the first vol. of the "Great Harmonia," with its sublime and gleaming "Philosophy of Death," and the communications from the great Grecian spirit. These combined influences beginning one after the other, but mingling their streams together at the last, fully awoke my friends.

Just at this juncture, I made my advent among them from the back woods of Michigan. I had gone to Michigan a Methodist in name, and, to a limited extent, in belief also. There I made myself acquainted with Swedenborgianism and with some of its most gifted teachers. The unwarranted misrepresentation of New Church doctrines by my Methodist brethren first set me at the investigation of its contents. The beauties of its teachings at first charmed my idealism, and partially influenced my judgment. "Now," thought I, "here is what I so long have sought," the true interpretation of the Word of God. I began in earnest the study of the "Arcana Celestia." I soon became wearied with its overreaching explanation of the science of correspondences, its constantly recurring repetitions, its vague double and triple meanings of self-contradictory passages of Jewish Scriptures, and its often far-fetched conclusions. It served to awake my whole being to a new world of thought, but it could advance me only to the boundaries of the blessed land of intellectual and spiritual freedom. Still, it contained certain great spiritual truths which found an answer in my now unfolding inner life. When I contemplated its great ideas by themselves, I breathed the atmosphere of a higher life; but, work as hard as I might, I could never for an hour descend to its minutiae and attempt to make practical its formularies in their application of the science of correspondences to the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, but weariness, and at length disgust, would get hold of me.

At first I could not understand the cause of these paradoxical states of mind, but can do so now, on this wise. It contained some great central truths, in common with all isms, in connection with many thoughts and groundless speculations. While the former were universal, eternal, axiomatic, and instantial, the latter were local, fragmentary, egotistical, and circumstantial. My spirit yearned for the eternal Revelation of Divine Ideas; and it could not be put off with the local egotisms, or solisms, of the really great author of Arcana Celestia. To sum up my experience of New Churchism, it was a good servant but a bad master. I graduated from its temple into the world of intellectual and spiritual freedom, just after my advent among my friends in Ohio. They were anxious to form a circle for spiritual communion. We all entered heartily into the experiment, and convened regularly twice a week for eight months, ere a single response came to us from the spiritual world.

On the eve preceding the Christmas of 1851, while our circle were anxiously waiting for some manifestation from the land of the blest, there took place the first great actual demonstration of spiritual intercourse I ever witnessed. And I was its immediate subject. I had been looking at the light on the center of the table around which we sat. It gradually faded from my vision, or rather dwindled down to a mere point. Suddenly I felt a cool aura streaming down my head, running over and through my whole being. Presently it centered on my lungs, and they began very deep forced breathings, as if propelled by some voluntary outward superior force to my own. I felt then the near approach and actual presence of some superior personage above and behind me, of whose volitions I was made unmistakably aware. I turned my head to see who it was, so instinctively did I recognize

that Presence. At last this power raised me upon my feet, and, taking entire control of my whole physical nature, put me upon the table and off again, read the thoughts of the members of the circle and answered them, often contrary to their wishes and convictions; and finally seized my organs of speech and literally forced these words through them: "Good time coming." For three hours of that night I was the echo of this unseen but blessed influence. During this experience I was told that angels had come to prepare me for public life, and that if I should be blessed with abundant power of inspiration and speech; that a new era full of hope and promise had opened upon the world; that I was to become a worker for humanity; that I should never lack inspiration in the path of duty; and many more blessed words of celestial promise. Those words, on the angels' side, have all been redeemed.

But, kind reader, it was a stretch of faith, for me to believe that I should ever be a successful or even ordinary speaker. When this inspiration was upon me I did not doubt it, but alas! I, too, with the author of the "Magic Staff," was living something of a "double and twisted existence." I found myself living between two worlds, on that somewhat doubtful penumbral ground where the lights and shades of the spiritual and mundane worlds blend themselves in a sort of Spirit-intellectual twilight. Sometimes in deeper light, sometimes in dreary shadows, I pursued my devious way along the highway of personal development. But I never flinched. I was resolved to test the pledges of these invisible powers to the last point. *Not one of them was ever violated.*

From that eventful night our circles became intensely interesting and instructive. Science and philosophy, poetry and history, in their deepest significance, were the subjects of revelation from the higher life. Angel hands swung open the door of the long entombed but now arisen ages, and I saw behind me, streaming through the corridors of historic life, a sublime providence whose souls were golden with a beneficent tendency; and before me the prophetic dawn of the "Ideal Republic." I felt my being expanding on all sides. My latent energies became vaguely conscious of their own intrinsic power and worth. I turned within, and began the solution of this organic mystery: "I am what? whence? whither?"

But how was I to get to, and succeed before, the public? Week after week, month after month, this influence was with me, teaching me in the principles of Nature, Reason, and Intuition. I went through a regular system of training under these celestial teachers; and not all the wealth of the world could tempt me, were it possible, to go back to my intellectual state just preceding this grand change in my life. Of the vast value to my mind, of this training, I never doubted; but how to get before the much dreaded public—this was the question. It tortured me when not inspired by celestial visitants. I left this event in the hands of my guides, promising to be obedient to their wishes only in so far as they were just and reasonable, and it was duly accomplished in their own order of arrangement. In my next I will give some incidents, conversations, and reflections as a Reformer.

## Laws and Systems.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

## THE UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

None but the hard-handed toiler, delving beneath the burning sun, or in the stifling atmosphere of factory or workshop, for a pittance scarcely sufficient to feed and clothe his dependent family, can feel in all its remorseless tyranny the inequality which exists between the children of men. With him it is not theory, it is practice. He does not think so much as he feels. How can he help seeing the contrast between the lordling, passing his time in ease and luxury; spending more on a single meal than he can earn by the hardest toil in a year; sporting over fields, the occupation of a single acre of which would make his heart rejoice; spending the wages of ten working men on his hounds; of fifty on his horses, and riding in a coach which has eaten the bread of a dozen families!

On the other hand, he sees himself ragged, and feels the gnawings of hunger; obliged to toil from infancy, and that for starving wages; obliged to labor every day, or lose so much necessary bread; in short, to become the slave of a tyrannical master. While the children of the wealthy have every facility for learning, for acquiring position and honor, he sees his own loved offspring compelled to pursue the same life that he has led, without possibility of escape from the thralldom which binds their bodies in chains stronger than those of slavery.

Is it just and right that the few should rule the many? That the laborer should be at the mercy of the capitalist? Is it for the best interests of humanity? No, it is wrong,—a direful wrong against the birthright of every man. The existence of man on earth presupposes his right to live, and he cannot live without food and clothing. Hence his existence presupposes his right to the means whereby these can be obtained.

All men have bodies, which proves that all should physically labor; and all have intel-

lectual and moral natures, which proves that their cultivation should engross a due share of life. If labor is written in the bone and muscle of man's physical organism, the necessity for thought and spiritual culture is written on his brain.

But, under the present system of things, the hands are severed from the head; the toiler has no time left to think, and the thinker is separated from the path of toil. From youth upwards the present system of education separates society into two classes: the thinkers and the workers. Work, the hard strain of the bone and muscles, is thought vulgar, and is avoided as much as possible. If obliged to labor now, men look wishfully to the time when they will have acquired a competency, and can live in a supine indolence. Life has become a strife with the lower to ascend into the so-called higher places of society. The wealthy are honored and respected, the poor and delving are neglected and despised. The rich have five thousand dollar suppers, while the weary laborer goes home, from the hard day's toil, to a crust of bread and a glass of water. Such are the inequalities which fill the world with misery; inequalities fatal alike to rich and poor, for indolence is far worse than unending toil, far more prostrating and unmanly.

The great thinkers, the geniuses of the world, its inventors and discoverers, are not of the rich and powerful. They are of the poor, who have been taught in the buffeting school of adversity, and have grown into masculinity by the severe lessons there taught.

The wealthy, having no necessity for exertion, fall into effeminacy and soon lose their capabilities for the long and protracted efforts genius is compelled to sustain. Degenerating in body and mind, the family of wealth soon expires. In England the entailment of estates exerts its baleful influence; few families are of more than three centuries' standing, so rapidly do they degenerate, and their places are filled by the lusty commoners who have, with indomitable industry, worked their way up to the privileges of the nobility.

The opposite extreme, poverty, is equally fatal to greatness. Men, when they cannot see any possibility of escape, are apt to sink into an apathetic state, and plod through life in the beaten path of their fathers. But far more frequently do great men arise from the very dregs of poverty than from the other extreme.

To support the few in idleness and extravagance, the many are forced to unnatural and destructive exertion. It is evident that no man can toil from fourteen to sixteen hours a day without injuring his physical organization. Such is the duration of the day to the mass of toilers. Not only the body, but the mental, moral, and spiritual natures, sink beneath this herculean burden. The mind suffers more than the body; it becomes weak, puerile, obtuse. The toiler's thoughts are clouded, he cannot arrive at correct conclusions.

Since the feudal ages, when the tyrannical barons made the laborer a serf, a villan, a menial, there has been a war between the oppressor and the oppressed. Among all races this conflict reaches to immemorial time. The landlord stands where the baron stood. He works not. He devotes himself to pleasures, while the renter supports him in idleness. He owns the capital and has the mind to use it. He outwits the toiler whenever he comes in contact with him, for while one has his mind dwarfed by overtaxing his physical strength, the other is active; while one is at work, the other with eagle eye overlooks the whole country for an opportunity to speculate. If a poor man is obliged to sell his cow or acre of land, capital devours it, and then complacently turns to the owner and offers a price for the monthly or daily ownership of his body!

But it is said that all can become wealthy if they exert themselves. Only the idle are poor. On the contrary, it is impossible for all to become wealthy. A tyrannical system has so long crushed the toiling millions into the dust that they cannot rise. Their children inherit perverted natures, and are incapable of the achievement. Every year increases the difficulties which poverty must overcome to rise to opulence. "Let them go where land is free or nearly so," do you exclaim? Where is the place? Has not capital laid its greedy hand on every desirable locality, and will it not wring from the hardy pioneer, who braves the dangers of western life, the last farthing?

Even this avenue, which offers, it is true, inducements to the laboring man, will be closed. At length there will be no more public lands. The population will be close pressed, as now in the Eastern States, and then will poverty be entirely at the mercy of wealth. Then will the great wrong be apparent in all its glaring deformities. Even so it is now loudly calling for a just and equitable system. If man has a mind it should be cultivated, and its due cultivation is incompatible with the excessive toil now required. Six hours, daily, of rightly directed industry, should supply all the wants of the body, and the remainder of the day should be applied to mental and spiritual culture. Look at the present system. Even the independent farmer labors three-fourths of the year from twelve to sixteen hours daily. How little time he can devote to intellectual culture, and how dwarfed must his mind become. When the body is worn and jaded, study or thought is impossible. The worker falls asleep over his paper, and fails to remember what he has read. The wear of the body in-

damages the basal organs, and he is excitable, combative, and ungovernable. His spiritual nature is blighted and obscured, and he sinks in aspiration to the level of the ox or horse he drives.

It is the destiny of man to be immortal. This world is the preparatory stage for the next, and it is man's duty to cultivate a harmonious development of mind and body. The eager grasper after gold, perhaps, cannot now appreciate the sublime destiny of every human being; but he will sooner or later awake to the full consciousness of the truth, that the object of living is to love and be loved—an angelic instead of demoniac life. Mankind must have a high spiritual culture to destroy the ignorance from which all these abuses flow. The toiler must be elevated; not taught in the dusty theories of the theological schools, but in the hardy truths which appeal to real life.

The wealthy must unlearn the false ideas which have been so long propagated, and by which they have maintained that, as superiors, they have a divine right to trample the millions beneath their feet, and learn the beautiful lesson of love. If your brother is weaker than you, it is your duty to assist, not to oppress him. Give him the helping hand, and not the fettering chain. If fortune has smiled on you and frowned on him, your duty as a human being is to share her blessings with him. As well might you justify the murderer, Alexander, or any, or all the destroyers and scorers of the earth, as yourself, in the practice of the theories of the present on the rights of capital.

Have you wealth? for what do you possess it? To obtain more, to grind down your neighbor by exorbitant usury? Do you keep it in trust for your heirs? The heirs will be far better without than with it. Educate and set them at work in the world rather than idly awaiting your death. Do you keep it against adversity? Throw it upon the waters, and you will find, when you need it, it will return ten fold. Do you speculate or take usury—fattening on the marrow of your toiling brother? Ah, remember that in the upper sphere you will meet him, and he will read your black and scarified soul. Help thy weak brother. Magnificent office of wealth, by which it becomes the lever to overturn the world!

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

## MIDNIGHT HINT OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

PAINESVILLE, O., April 25.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR:—I am not a Spiritualist, and do not believe one tenth of what I hear and read from that source, but I am not so hostile to your system as to desire that any evidence in its favor shall be suppressed, but rather that everything which may throw light upon the subject may be fully stated. I therefore send you the following account of an incident in my own experience, which, trivial as it may seem in some of its aspects, has always made a stronger impression on my mind than any of the greater wonders I have heard from others, perhaps because I know it is strictly true, and I have always some suspicion that what I hear from others of this nature, is in some way or degree deceptive.

About eight or nine years ago, while residing on my farm in Massachusetts, I awoke one night about midnight with an intense thirst, or longing for a drink of milk. So intense and irresistible was the desire, that I arose, lighted a candle, and, putting on my slippers, went in my night dress from my chamber down to the kitchen, found a bowl and spoon and went down cellar and commenced dipping from a pan which stood on a shelf. Immediately I heard a loud noise like the bursting of a hoop in a corner of the cellar, and on going to the spot saw that the lower hoop of a barrel full of soap, which my wife had made and placed there a few days before, had burst and let out the bottom and the soap was rapidly oozing from beneath the barrel upon the floor. A couple of empty washtubs were near, and I seized an empty milk-pan and dipped the soap as quickly as possible from the barrel into the tubs and saved the whole of it, except, perhaps, a gallon or so. If my interposition had been delayed ten minutes, the whole of the soap would have been wasted and the cellar bottom put in a very unpleasant condition.

After saving the soap, I went back to get my milk, but found that my appetite for it had entirely vanished, and that I had been lured down cellar on a false pretence, though for a very good purpose.

Now, what makes this case remarkable, and hardly to be accounted for as a mere coincidence, is, that never in my life before that time or since did I have any such desire for milk as to leave my bed in the night and go for it, and in this case, after I had dipped it from the pan I had no desire to taste it, although, but a few minutes before, my longing for it had been as intense and irresistible as that of a drunkard for his accustomed dram, so that I left my bed (which I always hate to do) and went down two flights of stairs to get it, and then found I didn't want it, but was myself wanted for another purpose.

Now, it is ridiculous to suppose that a glorified spirit would care so much about soap as to take the pains to tickle my palate with a thirst for milk in order to send me down cellar for such a purpose. But, on the other hand, what did send me there at midnight,



for only once in my life, and just in season to save the soap? Ten minutes sooner I should have returned without doing any good, and ten minutes later would have been too late. "Doth God care for oxen?" inquired St. Paul. Do the spirits care for soap? asks your humble servant.

DANIEL MANN.

#### PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITS.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, June 15, 1860. Believing that the advancement of the world in Science, Philosophy, and Morals, depends upon human observation and experiment, and the promulgation of the same upon the credibility of human testimony, we hereby submit to the many readers of the HERALD OF PROGRESS what we deem a candid and impartial statement of the phenomena we have witnessed.

We have just been favored with a visit from those wonder-working mediums, the Davenport boys (Ira and Wm. Henry) accompanied by their father and a host of angels. Their stay at this place comprised a series of actual public circles, where those who preferred actual demonstration in the "living present" to a blind faith in the "dead past," could obtain incontestable proof of the reality of a life beyond the "flowing tide." The experiments performed, and tests witnessed, were under conditions the most favorable for skeptical inquiry. The boys were confined in a box constructed for the purpose by spirit direction—large enough to accommodate four or five persons, if it were necessary, and sufficiently high for a person of medium height to stand erect in. In this box they were strongly secured, (sometimes by skeptical persons in the audience, and sometimes by the spirits themselves) with stout ropes, by having their hands firmly pinioned behind them, and made fast to a stationary seat, and likewise by having their legs tied above and below the knees, and the rope fastened to a permanent bench, and the whole secured by strongly tied knots. Every person in the audience was particularly invited to examine the tying, to prevent all opportunities for fraud and deception. The box was then left entirely to the occupancy of the mediums; no other persons being allowed to approach it. Invariably, within a few seconds, the demonstrations would commence, either by the exhibition of spirit hands, or melodious strains of instrumental music.

These demonstrations furnish such powerful proofs of their extra-mundane origin, that each class seems deserving of special notice. While the mediums were firmly and securely tied, there would be heard in the box most beautiful instrumental music. First would be heard the tuning of the instruments, consisting of a violin, guitar, snare-drum, and tamborine, accompanied sometimes with a small dinner bell, all of which would be performed in concert in the most lively pieces, exhibiting much skill and musical talent.

They usually played upon three instruments, occasionally upon four, and several pieces were skillfully and tastefully performed upon the whole five in concert. Immediately on the cessation of the music, the doors of the box would be thrown open and the audience invited to examine the mediums, who invariably were found secured as first tied. It would be truly marvellous were the boys to perform such music upon so many instruments at once, even with the free and full use of all their limbs, but when we hear such enchanting music without any possibility of human action to produce it, we are forced to admit its extra-mundane origin. But the exhibition of spirit hands seemed to bring the audience into the tangible presence of denizens of another world. There was an opening in the upper part of the box door, fully six feet from either medium, through which spirit hands were thrust in the bright gleam of a lamp, held within three feet. The hands were presented in numbers varying from one to ten at a time, and also, varying somewhat in size, and could be distinctly seen by every one in the room. During the course of the circles, several persons shook hands with them; one testifying that the hands were cold, while, on immediate examination, the hands of the mediums were found to be warm. A bouquet of flowers, hanging in the box, and out of reach of the boys, was passed out to a lady while shaking hands, the mediums being firmly tied and secure as above stated during the time. A large trumpet would frequently be thrust out of the aperture in the door, and spoken through. On every occasion, immediately on the disappearance of the hands, the doors would be opened, and the mediums examined by the audience, and found, in every instance, securely tied.

Such is a brief outline of the general character of the demonstrations, though several special tests were instituted, which deserve a passing notice. On the fifth evening of the series of sittings, a committee of skeptics, consisting of J. W. Williams and E. Bailey, went forward and tied the boys with ropes, as securely as they pleased, and reported to the audience their full faith in the entire security of the same, one remarking "when the boys are untied I shall have to come and untie them, or help do it." The box-doors were then closed, and not a minute elapsed before the tuning of the instruments was heard, after which a lively piece was skillfully performed upon the five instruments in concert. The mediums were then examined by the committee, and reported secure, and tied as at first. A spirit hand was presented six feet from either medium, and the boys were examined as soon as a door could be thrown open, and reported tied, as before. These phenomena were witnessed by the entire an-

dience, while the faithful and patient mediums were suffering from the tightness of the ropes drawn by their skeptical auditors. The spirits finally untied the mediums, relieving their benumbed limbs, and the evening's entertainment closed.

On the sixth evening two gentlemen were admitted into the box, one at a time, the boys being secured by ropes so that they could not possibly participate in the demonstrations. They witnessed many tangible demonstrations, of a very striking character, which they detailed to the audience; but space will not permit us to enter at large into an account of all those varied and interesting phenomena. A skeptical gentleman was permitted, on the seventh evening, to go inside the box and hold the boys' hands, and guard himself against every possibility of imposition, at which time he received several soft blows upon his head, and was touched perceptibly upon other parts of his person—facts which he testified to before the audience. During the course of these meetings, Mr. Davenport proposed to meet a company of skeptics afternoons or evenings, as they pleased, and give them every opportunity to investigate and institute any reasonable and scientific test they thought proper, promising, in case they (the Davenports) should fail, to charge nothing for their time, but they (the skeptics) concluded, with characteristic dignity, to rely entirely upon street gossip. A member of the committee also proposed to furnish a convenient room, and pay one dollar per day, for his share towards defraying expenses, that unbelievers might investigate to their hearts' content, but they chose to stand on the prominent street corners and cry, as usual, "Humbag." At the close of the public meetings, a member of the circle submitted the following resolution, which was adopted without a dissenting voice:

"Resolved, That we believe these demonstrations are produced by a power entirely foreign to the boys, save their mediumistic influence."

Resolutions were also adopted extending a cordial invitation to Mr. Davenport and sons to visit us again, as soon as practicable, and authorizing the undersigned committee to report proceedings, etc. On the evening following the close of these public exhibitions of spirit presence and power, a circle of a less public character was held. It was composed of some thirty persons, of both sexes, invited by the presiding spirit, every individual of which circle can testify to the witnessing of the most overwhelming proof of the actual existence and presence of those who have "shuffled off the mortal coil." Musical instruments, three or four at a time, were played upon, while passing through the air, sometimes slowly, and sometimes with the rapidity of thought, and in every possible direction. A large dinner bell was called for, and rung, while passing through all parts of the hall and over the heads of the circle, with almost deafening din. Several persons shook hands with spirit friends, and conversed with them audibly, with and without the aid of the trumpet. A lady of the circle was seized with what was claimed to be a spirit hand, and pulled from the circle upon the floor. Many other demonstrations, alike powerful and convincing, were witnessed, all wrought under circumstances entirely precluding all possibility of human agency, as every member of the circle can testify.

We commend to the skeptical multitude the Davenport boys, through whose mediumship the dark mantle of materialism is being rolled up, and immortality, with all its glowing beauties, presented to an anxious world. They will attend the Jubilee Meeting, to be held at or near Middlesfield, Geauga Co., Ohio, commencing Saturday, June 30, and continuing two or three days, at which time and place they will hold public circles, where all who desire can obtain tangible proof of spirit presence and power. Without comment we submit the foregoing facts to the candid consideration of all scientific and reasoning minds, with a full consciousness of stating the truth as developed by thorough investigation of the phenomena.

A. HARLOW,  
H. B. VINCENT,  
EDWARD WHITFIELD,  
HENRY CHURCH,  
Reporting Committee.

#### Voices from the People.

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

#### Union or no Union.

BROWNING, Schuyler Co., Ill.,  
June 8, 1860.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD, DEAR SIR: The unlimited freedom of discussion, permitted on all proper subjects in the columns of the HERALD, induces me to send you a communication; but my intention is not merely to find fault, as the HERALD, in my view, is just what it should be, with one exception.

It was understood, I suppose, that the HERALD would be entirely neutral in politics, or at least would abstain from any course tending to increase political agitation. And thus far the HERALD has been sparing in the expression of political preferences; but still enough has appeared to indicate a preference for a certain great Northern party. In the HERALD of March 6th, under the head of "An Example to the Civilized World," is an allusion to the Charleston Convention, peculiarly objectionable on this ground. In the issue of May 26th, is an article still more pointedly political. Other short, but bitter allusions to that Convention, have appeared in other numbers. Such allusions give the paper a political and partisan aspect.

While I agree with you on the subject of Reform and Progression, in nearly every par-

ticular, I cannot but think that on some subjects a little more conservatism is needful. I do not mean by this term a disposition to cling to any idea because it is old, fashionable, or popular, but simply a disinclination to forsake old paths until new ones are proved, by reason and evidence, to be indisputably right. [Would our correspondent require the evidence of "experience" before entering on a new path?—Ed.] In the articles referred to, there seems to be an intention to represent the Democratic Party as emphatically pro-Slavery, and as favoring the existence and extension of that institution. This, we wish it to be understood, is an error. Nearly all Democrats, who are residents of free States, believe Slavery to be an evil and a wrong. [Now, if it would not be expressing a political preference, we would take occasion to say that we are glad to learn this.—Ed.] Probably a million of Democratic voters, like myself, would be glad to see Slavery entirely and forever done away. [Is the indulgence of such a feeling what you call "conservatism"?—Ed.] But remembering that we are citizens of free States, where the evil does not exist, and that the Constitution made the National Government entirely free on that question, we believe that any policy, contrary to that originally stipulated in the terms of union, would be dangerous to its peace, and lead to its dissolution. [The Union—called the Confederation—which carried the thirteen colonies through the Revolution, was dissolved. Were any bones broken in consequence?—Ed.] We are not prepared to give up a Union which has produced so many benefits to the American people and the world at large; nor do we see any great advantage to be derived from its dissolution, which would not be more than counterbalanced by the evils almost sure to follow. What might ensue from a dissolution, no prophet could fully foretell. If we had an infallible guide, we might march boldly forward at his bidding. But no one will assume to lead on the ground of infallibility. To-day we may fondly imagine that we can conjecture all possible results, but to-morrow may prove us sadly mistaken. These are my reasons for advising a little caution. [The caution is very proper. Meanwhile, as we express no "political preferences," we advocate neither Union nor Disunion. We leave both—or rather Disunion in Union—to our friend's one million brethren in the free States.—Ed.]

I would like to call your attention to the following questions:

1. What right does the fact that we of the free States are joined with the South under one National Government, give us to interfere with slavery in the Southern States?
2. Does the constitution, or any part of the original compact between the States, authorize or empower the National Government to dispose of, or to decide the merits of the slavery question in any manner whatever? If so, where and when was the power given?
3. If the North and South, instead of uniting under one government in 1788, had formed two distinct governments, in what respect would either section have been better situated than it is now?
4. If the Constitution, as we Northern Democrats believe, intended the National Government to be perfectly neutral on the slavery question, and if no Union could have been formed originally on any other terms, and if the formation of two governments could have gained nothing more than has been secured by the establishment of one—on what grounds do any anti-slavery men desire the destruction of the Union?
5. How can any man who admits the benefits of the Union, and the perils of disunion, and that contracts are sacred, oppose the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law?
6. If by a treaty with a foreign government, we consider ourselves bound to deliver up fugitives from its criminal jurisdiction, whether we believe them innocent or guilty, why should we refuse to deliver up the Fugitive Slave according to agreement, merely because we think he ought to be free?
7. If we of the North should universally repudiate and nullify the Fugitive Slave Law, would not such a course probably lead to a dissolution of the Union?
8. Under all the circumstances, are we prepared to dispense with civil governments, and all existing institutions?

Yours, respectfully and fraternally,  
J. D. W. M.

[In reply to as many of the above interrogatories as can be answered without expressing "political preferences," we would say a few words.

Answer to No. 1. Interference is a thing of degree. It is claimed in the South that bare discussion of the moral right of Slavery by Northern people is interference. Accepting this definition, would our correspondent prohibit it?

Ans. to No. 2. If we say yes to this question, we are Republicans; if we say no we are Democrats. Will our correspondent inform us how we can answer it without expressing a "political preference?"

Ans. to No. 3. We do not know. Do you?

Ans. to No. 4. Consult the *Liberator* and *Anti-Slavery Standard*, *passim*, for reply; though even these journals do not advocate disunion for its own sake; but holding Slavery to be an exclusive, aristocratic privilege, conceded to the Slave masters as a class by Northern and Southern non-slaveholders, they advocate simply a dissolution of the Union with slaveholders. But this is properly a political question, and we have no right to touch it. Have we?

Ans. to No. 5. We cannot see how any man who is ready to apologize for his existence, and for being born in the North, can possibly oppose the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. But is not this a political question?

Ans. to No. 6. Personal freedom is not of much consequence, to be sure. But we imagine that anti-slavery fanatics have taken it into their heads that there is some difference between delivering up a man who has a natural right to freedom, to a master, and the delivery of a man whose criminality is in question, to a judicial tribunal whose decisions are settled by a jury of the criminal's peers. The right crazy anti-slavery people, moreover, think that a contract to perform an act self-

evidently wrong, is not binding. We Democrats and Republicans are a little too conservative to avow such sentiments.

Ans. to No. 7. If we say no, we should seem to say that there is no good ground for a Fugitive Slave Law; if we say yes, we shall appear to be Democrats—and that would appear to be showing "political preferences." You would not have us do that, would you?

Ans. to No. 8. "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," after everything else had gone, we should cling as to a last plank, to the Fugitive Slave Law, and on this make for the port of Universal Human Liberty and Fraternity! Could we possibly choose a nobler ark to ride out the deluge?

On looking over these questions, they have quite a political hue, we perceive. If the answers are a little tinged that way, our correspondent would certainly relax his own rule for once. We do not like even to be dragged into such discussions.—Ems.]

#### Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

#### ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD SESSION.

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

Question: (continued.) "How can social equality best be realized?"

DR. GOULD: That we need a clearer statement of what we understand by equality is manifest from the incident that a learned gentleman arose, near the close of the last session, after listening two full hours at the opening, and two more on the subsequent occasion, and desired to be informed as to what the Conference was talking about. In the estimation of some, political and civil equality appears to be thought to cover the whole ground. But political equality only secures the right to vote and the right to hold office; civil equality gives us legal justice—the right of appeal to law, *habeas corpus*, and the trial by jury. Now, social equality goes farther. The civil code demands that we pay what we owe—that we do exact justice to the neighbor; but the social law requires that we do more than legal justice; it bids us pay, where, in judgment of the civil law, we do not owe. It makes, not the written obligation, but the existing need the measure of indebtedness. Anything short of this is not social equality. And how is this to be secured? Only through moral integrity. We must come to that at last. Moral integrity is both the inspiring power and the perfect standard of judgment in all neighborly acts. For example, I have a thousand dollars, which I do not need for twelve months, but at the end of that time shall need. My neighbor needs it immediately. By virtue of social equality I am bound to loan him that money on one condition, to wit: that he is a man of moral integrity. If he be not it is my duty to refuse him.

MR. FOWLER read the following paper: To possess social equality is to be associated together as equals, in which case each would be equally benefited by the association. Therefore the question really is, how may we associate ourselves together so as to be equally benefited thereby? and not, how may we monopolize equal amounts of wealth? as most have spoken seem to think.

One speaker intimates that to be equal in soul-value is social equality enough. We only see in it a reason for social equality; except we view it in the light of a prophecy, for this equality of soul is not yet recognized in the human associations of this world.

Another appears to think that social equality consists mainly in the equal amount of dollar and cent wealth monopolized by each individual, and that such equality would not be desirable for the world, because no great work could be prosecuted without the accumulation of great wealth by individuals. We think this a great mistake, because we cannot see that such persons often perform great works for general good, such works being generally done by associated effort. We think the world is not poor because of any inherent lack of wealth.

What is wealth? Does not human wealth comprise all that may be turned to account in the promotion of the happiness or the prevention of the misery of humans? and is there not an abundance of such wealth, naturally belonging to this world, for the supply of every human necessity? We think so; nevertheless, we own that the world of humans is even poorer than represented, for there is a poverty pervading all, even in the midst of infinite wealth, that beggars description; and so long as monopoly is the ruling policy, this poverty will continue. But when equitable distribution becomes the ruling policy of society, all will become abundantly rich and happy.

He thinks, with some who have spoken, that the annulling of all partial and unjust laws, and the substitution of impartial and just laws, would greatly promote social equality. But, it is asked, how can this be done? We answer, let the people do the legislation themselves, and not allow drunken spend-thrifts to usurp the legislative function. To this end we would inaugurate a policy, that would supplant partialism, and thus introduce a new order of society.

DR. YOUNG: It has been advanced here, that the tendency of wealth to concentrate, will cure itself. He looks upon the doctrine as a fallacy. The facts are the other way. At the South the nabobs not only own the land, but the laborer as well; and unless a

power that is mightier than avarice is speedily invoked, by the time the continent of North America is under parchment titles, Slavery will be universal. Even now, probably less than one-twentieth of all the people own all the property; whereas, by comparing the estimated wealth of the United States with the population, it would give to each family of five persons the comfortable sum of twenty-five hundred dollars, or five hundred dollars to each person. Now, to suppose that a system which has made every seventeenth human being here, in the free and wealthy State of New York, a pauper, will cure itself, is to look for a miracle. Our entire system of thought and action—theory and practice—social, civil, political and religious, needs a thorough examination. We need a fearless statement of absolute human rights, and a persistent determination that they shall be respected. We must abandon policy and look to principle. The Devil never goes out of a man of his own accord, he must have notice to quit from a superior power. Hear what a German thinker is reported to have said:

"The shallower the man, so much the more isolated will everything appear to him, for on the surface all lies apart. He will see in mankind, in the nation, eye even in the family, mere individuals, where the act of the one has no connection with that of the other. The deeper the man is, so much the more do these inward relations of unity, proceeding from the very center, force themselves on his notice. Yea, the love of our neighbor is itself nothing but the deep feeling of this unity, for we love him only with whom we feel and acknowledge ourselves to be one. What the Christian love of our neighbor is for the heart, that unity of race is for the understanding. Christianity effects in history an advance like that from the animal kingdom to man, by its revealing the essential oneness of mankind, the knowledge of which had died out of the ancient world."

MR. RORR: There is great difficulty in the way of social equality, arising from inequality of mental powers. While this exists, he does not see how the former is to be secured. If the Spiritualists can find the means by which moral and intellectual equality may be realized, social equality will necessarily follow. Up to the present speaking, as he is informed and believes, every organic effort at social equality, whether originating with the French, English, or American philanthropists, has come to naught, or is rapidly approaching that goal. The reason of failure he takes to be the natural inequality of mind. In fact, the verdict of impossibility may be rendered here and now. This conference may resolve itself into a jury, and, for witnesses, examine each his own likes and dislikes, and it will find not a few of its own number who would feel it an unbearable slavery to serve themselves even, at the bidding of a board of directors, though the philanthropic Ira B. Davis, or the philosophic S. P. Andrews occupied the chair, and governed the association with the wisdom of Solomon and the science of Newton. The misery of despotism is sharper than that of poverty, and the tyranny of the many over one is as bad as that of one over the many. This world will never march to the millennium under a drill sergeant, until the spirit of independence is first drilled out of it. Why did not God make the earth one vast prairie—one dead level of flowers and grasses? The inequality we behold in nature, is at once its beauty and its use. The prairie of humanity belongs only to the infancy of humanity. Social equality is allied to barbarism; it can prevail only where ignorance is universal. Civilization is the product of inequality. Where there is perfect equilibrium there is a standstill. Were the planets and central orb of the solar system exactly equal, they could neither help each other nor themselves. The very existence and growing perfection of the globe we live on, is due to the law of inequality, and the same is true of the human world. To it we owe the development of art, science, mechanics, law, gospel, liberty, happiness, yea, existence itself.

MR. IRA B. DAVIS: The doctrine of the last speaker appears to be, that we (the million) should labor for the few, and trust to them for a proper use of it. What for? Does wisdom culminate, in the substitution of doubtful charity for personal independence? He thinks not. And because aboriginal equality never got beyond hoe-cake and possum-fat, is science and art, therefore, born of an aristocracy? Not so, they are born of necessity, of the increase of members which demands a supply of sustenance and comfort beyond the spontaneity of soil and climate. Then why preach the blessings of a monied class which never did anything for the world but oppress it and eat up its earnings? The wants of the millions are the same as the wants of the few; the subject has a stomach as well as the prince. Why should it not be filled as well? Universal intelligence, independence, happiness, should be the aim of a great people; not the building up of private fortunes. We want men to be in a position which shall be no temptation to become sharks. Temptation lost paradise to Adam; temptation destroyed a "Bakers' Union" which he (not Adam) had established in this city, and which, but for that, ere this, had transformed the world into paradise. The journey-men bakers were actual partakers of its glory, and blacksmiths and wheelwrights were on the march, when the Devil appeared in the form of five hundred dollars in ready cash, and the worthy treasurer of paradise could not withstand his seductive wiles. No man can. For this universal weakness, Jesus taught us to pray—"Lead us not into temptation." He would make that prayer effectual by removing every motive to sin. Friend Gould makes moral integrity the basis of reform. There is



no moral integrity which is proof against temptation, hence the prayer Jesus taught us. It was precisely this trusting to moral integrity which crucified the "Bakers' Union"—the world's new Saviour. Had he trusted to *ample security* instead of moral integrity—to money, which is *real*, instead of to principle, which is *naught*, the Devil might have flown away with the treasure, but he must have left the bond of indemnity behind him, and so the world would have been saved, and the apostles of Progress sanctified, and only a Judas lost. He has no faith in moral integrity. The only one eternal principle applicable to man is *interest*. His cure is, to construct a machine so perfect, that a man once fairly in it, can't go wrong. Social equality is as much the product of manufacture as a barrel of flour, and the beauty of his proposed mill is, that everything will come out superfine, though that which goes in should "chance to be wheat, or some other grain."

DR. GRAY: We cannot justly be said to establish social equality, for it already exists; equal values among the immortal children of God is a postulate of pure reason; we may, however, perceive the eternal verity of social equality and diligently promulgate it for the mitigation of the evils and miseries which spring from our great rudimentary error of caste or class reverence. Public opinion may be modified by the spiritual estimate of the infinite value of each human life; in fact, it is so modified already in the breast of every man and woman who has observed and felt the absolute equality of respectful attention with which the inhabitants of the other life approach and commune with each and every one of earth. The practice of the Inner Life everywhere and in all ways confirms the greatest maxim of our spiritual discipline—human equality. The rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the renowned and the humble, may more, the virtuous and the hardened victim of vice, are all alike approached from the same divine plane of love, hope, wisdom, sympathy. As a mother pitieth her child in its hours of pain, so doth the spirit world pity us all, each and every one, in our manifold infirmities. No class distinctions are recognized or felt in the spirit circle; no saints, no sinners, no patrician, no plebeian, no wise, no foolish; only so many deeply, ineffably beloved human exponents of the divine love and wisdom, the equal and infinite value of each to be testified in its own due time and order.

To establish social equality in sober fact, we must first change our own erroneous estimate of the relative value of human beings—to learn the great incontrovertible maxim of the spiritual philosophy, that *each human is an unending series of life actions, as indispensable to the grand total of the universe, as is each and every other individual of our immortal race*. In the high and only real sense there is no such thing as social inequality; nor does any inspired medium contemplate one human being as of more value or less value than every other. Pythagoras, Socrates, Jesus—do they make any distinction of value? Is not a servant, a babe, just as respectfully treated, by these spiritual thinkers, as is the prince or the gray-headed philosopher? Put your lowest convict *en rapport* with your highest trance medium, and you behold (glorious spectacle!) how profound, how lovingly earnest, is the respect with which that poor convicted felon is treated. Just as well, no better, no worse, is the strong, the rich, and the virtuous citizen, or the prince, or king, treated by your clear seer—or rather your sanely human perceiver.

How is this, friends? Are your philosophers, your human redeemers, your best developed and purest mediums for true psychical intercourse, are these all, everywhere, and in all the age, hallucinated, brain-cracked, insane? Is only the animal stage of our growth capable of reasoning correctly about the meaning of human life—of estimating truly the value of human souls—of seeing clearly the wisdom, power, justice of God?

Are the distinctions founded on money, titles, and the other transient baubles of our child-world, more real than the eternal and altogether divine characteristics of each human soul?

Does the mother-love estimate value less accurately than the mammon-love? Is the wedding, whilst trying to be deaf to his inner monitor, the only sane man among us? I say nay, a thousand times nay! Social equality is an unchangeable verity in the sight of God and of all the humans who by any true means have been enabled to look at their race in the light of heaven, even for one single fleeting moment.

What is social equality if it be not an equilibrium of value?

Each soul is of infinite value—is eternal in duration—is to derive from each one of its sins and sorrows, its virtues and joys, an endless series of results, each of which is sure, under the infinite law of use which governs all souls and all phenomena, to ultimate in a good which could not otherwise have been born.

Moreover, how can there be a comparison of value between things of infinite series and which are so related that the states or predicaments in each are absolutely essential to the other's evolutions in direction as well as duration? Is not the pinch-pin as valuable as the wheel, the use of the combination being the measure of value?

We misuse terms when we apply the language of self-love and its wisdom—the vocabulary of mammon—to the solution of the spiritual problems of either life. The estimate of values in the wisdom of selfishness is altogether different from that of fraternity. In the first, the ability to live forever without

work and without pain—that is, in exhaustless wealth of money and animality—is the measure of value; whilst in the latter, use to all, use work for all, at whatever cost to the individual, is the measure of value.

In the animal the instrumental is supreme; in the spirit, the essential, the only changeless real, is supreme; nevertheless, the transient, instrumental, self-loving, case-seeking animal plane, is a necessity; phenomenality is the body and condition of individuality; order and use could not be without an equipoise of these two forces, the centripetal and the centrifugal forces of the moral world. But we should make our theory of the motion of the heavens from the equiponderance—not from the separate actions of either single force.

The question is continued. Adjourned.  
R. T. HALLOCK.

## Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.

### MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

BY M. W. HAMMOND.

O, for those days of common sense,  
Those good old days when men were strong;  
When human hearts were formed of flesh,  
And human arms repelled the wrong.

When human lips spake honest words,  
Such words as honest men might hear;  
When mind responded back to mind,  
And woman sometimes dropped a tear.

When man might feel a noble soul  
High throbbing in a manly frame;  
But which pure woman might control  
With love's dear words and gentle claim.

When souls were knit, and hearts were wed,  
And glided o'er life's silver stream,  
Well freighted with the golden sheaves  
Of Christian deeds and love supreme.

But oh! how changed that sober world  
To one of dalliance and show!  
Soft words, and meaningless, I ween,  
A gilded shroud for hearts of woe!

I look not with a jaundiced eye,  
But hope in faith for joys unknown;  
When, lo! a shade comes dancing by,  
And mocks me with its hollow tone.

O God! is man fore'er to be  
A thing of sport? a toiling slave?  
A slave in some menagerie?  
A puppet for some subtle knave?

O man! look to thine inner self,  
See there the throne that God should fill;  
Mark well that no deluding elf  
Assumes his place, to shape thy will.

And thou, my soul, in faith arise  
To God's own strength—in Him repose;  
His light shall fill thy longing eyes,  
His love shall ease thy mental throes.

PHILADELPHIA, May 20, 1890.

### THE STORM KING.

I am Storm—the King!  
I live in a fortress of fire and cloud,  
You may hear my batteries sharp and loud  
In the Summer night,  
When I and my warriors arm for the fight;  
And the willows moan,  
And the cedars groan  
As they bend beneath the terrible spring  
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!  
My troops are the winds, and the hail, and the rain;  
My foes the woods and the feathery grain;  
The mail-clad oak  
That guards his front to my charge and stroke,  
The ship on the sea,  
The blooms on the lea,  
And they writhe and break as the war-cries ring  
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!  
I drove the sea o'er the Leyden dykes,  
And, a deadlier foe than the burglar pikes,  
To the walls I bore  
The "Ark of Delv" from the ocean shore,  
O'er vale and mead,  
With war-like speed,  
Till Spaniard fled from the deluge-ring  
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!  
I saw an armada set sail from Spain,  
To sprinkle with blood a maiden's reign;  
I met the host  
With shattering blows on the island coast,  
And tore each deck  
To shreds and a wreck;  
And the Saxon poets the praises sing  
Of Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!  
My marshals are four—the swart Simoon,  
Sirocco, Tornado, and swift Typhoon;  
My realm is the world,  
Wherever a peacock is waved or furred,  
My stern command  
Sweeps sea and land;  
And none unharmed a scoff may fling  
At Storm—the King!

I am Storm—the King!  
I scold the earth, the sea, the air,  
And drag the trees by their emerald hair,  
And chase, for game,  
With a leap and a scream, the prairie flame,  
The commerce ark  
And the pirate bark,  
And none may escape the terrible spring  
Of Storm—the King!

PRETTY FANCY.—B. F. Taylor, one of the finest western poets, thus writes: "When the day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings, like a bird, but it climbs softly up a ladder. It sets its red sandals on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps to the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridges of the roof; from the ridge to the chimney, and from the tall chair to the church spire, and then to the cloud, and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus, from round to crimson round, you can see it go as though it walked up roses."

If we should read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Another chapter in the life of a "Human Spirit," will be found on our second page.

See the "Medical Whispers" for timely suggestions to the sick and suffering.

The respectable *Century's* ministerial article on the ascended Theodore Parker is opened and "weighed" in this number.

A curious "Voice" from one of "the People" is speaking on our third page, in connection with a few "irrepressible" replies and comments.

It is deemed appropriate just now, while the Japanese are promenading the Broadway of Western civilization, to re-publish the "Voice from the Spirit Land" with respect to this event, which the reader will find on the following page.

We consider our New York "Spiritual Lyceum and Conference" one of the metropolitan institutions, with decided cosmopolitan tendencies. It is well attended, notwithstanding the warm season, and many excellent words are uttered at each session.

### Children and their Teachers.

"I SHALL NOT," says Paley, in his work of Natural Theology, "I shall not be contradicted when I say, that if one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of Nature, with a constant reference to a supreme, intelligent Author. The world thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration." In this train of thinking we propose the education of the Children of the future—that is, of all generations born after the dawn of that glorious day when Nature is received by humanity as the only manifestation of Deity.

Children are naturally shy of ministers, but they love fishermen and travelers. Children shrink from the baptismal font, but they love to leap from the moss-covered rock, and to swim in the flowing stream. Is this depravity? Children fear to encounter the dogmas of Theology, but they love the frolicsome pet lambs just over the fence.

There is nothing compulsory in Nature; her lessons are easily learned; but in Theology everything is arbitrary and incomprehensible. "Invisible things," in Nature, "are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." But, in Theology, "invisible things" are incomprehensible or nonsensical, because the "things that are made" are never intelligently studied. Excellent parents there are who gravely imagine themselves acquainted with Nature, because they remember to have once taken lessons in botany, physiology, natural philosophy, and geography. They are superficial enough to fancy themselves profound. They are ignorant enough to suppose that a Bible is necessary to explain "the ways of God to man." They are popular enough to send their children to the fashionable Sunday School, and superstitious enough to believe that the New Testament is more surely from God than the blossoming universe of life and harmony. These are the conceited few who "can get nothing new." They have read all theories, have scaled all the far-stretching and lofty mountains of philosophy, have comprehended every problem in Spiritualism, have exploded all pantheistic systems, have tied the threads of possibilities together, and the result is—they do not read anything further, but instead are willing to attend "divine service."

With these remarks we turn to the subject matter of this writing. The natural principles and inner characteristics of the Child-spirit were considered briefly in our last article. (See HERALD OF PROGRESS, number 17.) In that paper, also, we systematized and mentioned the several inversions and excessive manifestations of the original or primitive elements of human life. It will be remembered that we classified all defects, deficiencies, perversities, and extremisms of the young Spirit, under the head of the SECOND CHARACTER; meaning, by this term, those particular combinations and organizations of the original elements generally denominated "hereditary peculiarities."

The Second Character, so variously diversified, is the bestowment of the immediate parents. Children bring into the world with them the peculiar attributes and conditions of their progenitors. Some young spirits are, in consequence, more social and affectionate than others. By constitutional differences certain little ones are selfish and quarrelsome, while others, perhaps originating from the same parents, inherit benevolence and the finest intellectual powers.

Why this contradiction? Because the parents impart their natural dispositions and habits not only, but also the effects which certain external circumstances planted within the mind of the parents. Thus, for example, one Child-Spirit may be conceived and organized under the natural play of parental characteristics—in which case the child's disposition will, for the most part, resemble that of whichever parent was most positive in the early stages of utero-gestation, while the body and face will follow the pattern of the most negative parent during the same period—and then, perhaps, the very next Child will exhibit a disposition unlike either parent, but it is certain that, by careful analysis of the conditions and circumstances which surrounded and acted upon the parents during gestation, the whole mystery will be explained. While progenitors are economizing and studying how to save property and become wealthy, they are likely to produce selfish and almost theistic offspring; but as soon as the ease and idleness of wealth have entered into their affections and experience, their Children will from birth be more benevolent, and perhaps prodigal. The same law obtains in other respects, by which parents impart bodily habits, disease, and other deformities, making up the Second Character.

But the Third Character is wholly educational. This form of mind is manufactured by whatever impresses and educates the young Spirit. And because it is the last form, it is therefore the most immediately influential upon the forms of the more hidden Characters. "Nature will out," but it almost invariably takes the shape of the educational bias. A New Englander, for illustration, born and reared in Constantinople, receiving the social and religious instructions of the Mahomedans, will, notwithstanding his parentage, manifest his mind and spirit in general harmony with the shape of his education. He would be more Oriental than Yankee, in all his manifestations and personal tastes. And the reverse would be equally true; for the principle is applicable to everybody in all parts of the universe. And yet, however well educated or impressed by tertiary influences, one thing is certain: that the Third Character will yield by slow degrees to the inherited character; and so, this in its turn, but far more gradually, is destined to depart before the yet more powerful form (the First Character) which is innate, divine, beautiful, and eternal.

In view of these three Characters, this question naturally arises: *What is the true object and aim of education?*  
ANSWER: The true and only end of education should be the harmonization of the individual.  
QUESTIONS: But does not this imply a pattern or standard by which to fashion and measure the individual from childhood?  
A. Yes!  
Q. What and where is that standard?  
A. The natural character, with its six loves in natural play.  
Q. But is it natural for every individual Child to possess the six loves to the same degree, and in the same relative position to each other?  
A. No; but it is natural for each Child to possess them, and to a degree, and with internal relationships, consistent with its natural temperaments; yet it is neither best nor good, nor natural for any one of the loves to be either inverted or excessive in manifestation. (See HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 17.)

The true method, then, is to ascertain the leading organic temperament, the predominating constitutional proclivity of the Child, and then, instead of fighting against it as a wicked propensity, just proceed with the educational process in order to balance the Character in accordance with such temperament, which is the key-note.  
By "temperament" we do not mean a perversion or extremism in the disposition of the Child, but the chief, organic, inborn, constitutional, integral tendency of both the mind and body. For instance: Some children are muscular and mechanical;

others, emotional and musical; some are nutritive and agricultural; others, spiritual and artistic; some are cold and intellectual; others, affectionate and intuitionist; one learns by seeing, another by hearing, a third by feeling, a fourth by thinking; one is calculating and mercantile; another is scientific and inventive; and still another is mystical and religious. Thus the predominating temperaments are describable in almost every Child before its tenth year, and true education consists in harmonizing the loves and wisdom attributes of the soul with the natural demands of such proclivities. If this method be not applied, the consequences are that the individual, male or female, grows up in discord and out of place.

Thus, the natural mechanic is educated to merchandize; the natural artist is forced to till the ground; the natural inventor is put into the pulpit; the true lawyer is a sea captain; the true clergyman is at the head of an army; the true physician is sawing wood and digging ditches; and the natural fool is put upon the throne of an empire; and the next stratification of consequence is the world-wide discord in all these, and yet other, departments of human interest. There is here no social music, because the notes, as well as the musicians, are sadly out of their natural places! "Where is my sphere?" "What is my true gift?" "To what am I adapted?" These questions are put by almost every tongue in every land. One says: "I was educated for the legal profession, but I don't like it." Another: "My father placed me in a dry goods store, but I yearn for a farm in the West." A third: "I am in the ministry, but I would gladly change situations with the thrifty mechanic." A fourth: "My father sends me to school, but I would rather learn how to build ships and houses." Who ever heard a word of complaint from the rightly-occupied mind and body? He who is truly employed is happy. The industry of the congenially employed is attractive and pleasurable. But discord emanates from the wrongly-situated and the falsely-employed; or rather, the world's trouble is generated by persons in absurd relations to the public good; the result of human activities in departments and positions by persons naturally incompetent to fill them. That these misplacements exist, and that they occur in consequence of ignorance and the arbitrations of poverty, no one attempts to deny.

No thinker ever deemed the existing situations and occupations of men and women in society as natural and wise. But these universal misplacements are inevitable, under the world's religious creeds and systems of education. Those, therefore, who would improve the circumstances and morals of their fellow men must first improve the institutions and theories by which society is governed. No beautiful castings can result from an ugly pattern. Society, with its theories and institutions, is the pattern; the individual's outside Character is an exact copy thereof; if you do not like the latter, then improve the fashion of the former.

The Child-Spirit is cast into the popular mold. It must be measured by the ruts of the conservative wagon, else society will unmercifully jolt the individual upon the corrugations of misrepresentation and unpopularity. Parents know this full well, many of them too well for immediate happiness; and such, therefore, consent to "bring up" their children "in the fear of" the world's Opinion. Thus a Third Character is manufactured for your little daughter and for your precious darling boy, which will be worn by each into society, just like the fashionable clothing upon the body.

Can you expect truth and spontaneity under these conditions? As well might we look for pleasure in pandemonium, or for happiness in the carnage of a battle field. Children, especially, are creatures of sympathy and imitation. They yield to the predominating attraction, and very soon take upon themselves its image and tendencies. Therefore how essential that Nature, not Society, should be their teacher! The relation between the Child-Spirit and the Spirit of Nature is most intimate. There is a spontaneous friendship, a sweet love, binding them inseparably together. Children may be shy of strange human beings, but they are never afraid of Nature, for there is nothing obtrusive or repulsive about her. The truest influence of Nature is spiritual. She exalts and ennobles the intellectual powers of her Children, but only after she has won their hearts through the loves that inspire and fill them. Nothing is more positively certain than this: that the only true teacher of little children is Mother Nature, and that the best parents are they who, regardless of a weak and superstitious public sentiment, will take their innocent ones forth into the temple of motion, life, sensation, and intelligence, and thus by observation and from actual facts and things, in the presence of the young minds, deduce and induce those divine truths which polish the intellect and exalt the affections. We have much more to write on this subject.



## EXPIRING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

As the end of our first half year approaches, we would remind our subscribers that those who have paid for six months, or whose terms of subscription to the *Telegraph* have nearly expired, can save us inconvenience, and avoid delay or interruption in the receipt of their paper, by renewing their subscriptions before the expiration of the time for which they have subscribed.

We shall hope to hear soon from all such parties, that their names need not be erased from our mail books. If each one, in renewing, would send another subscription, our sphere of usefulness would be widely extended, and our ability to aid the great cause of Progress be correspondingly increased.

¶ We would call attention to the narrative, in another column, of an important exhibition of spiritual phenomena through the Davenportes. They were witnessed at Chagrin Falls, O. It will be seen that the written statement is attested by several names. We can vouch for the reliability of the signers of the article.

These statements of fact are highly acceptable. Spiritualism will for a long time need the support of this class of facts to extend the evidences of a future state of being among those whom appeals to the senses can alone affect. We invite all who are in possession of similar well-attested phenomena to send us accounts of them.

¶ As will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns, Dr. Rae will not receive patients during the month of July. During that time he may be consulted at Olean, N. Y.

¶ Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, addressed his congregation on Sunday week upon the Life and Character of Theodore Parker. From those present we learn that a faithful and merited tribute was paid the memory of the risen Philanthropist.

## THE JAPANESE—A FULFILLMENT.

While the public attention is largely engrossed by our national guests, and congratulations are in every mouth, over the late treaty between this nation and Japan, it may interest our readers to see the words of the Japanese delegation to the Spiritual Congress of 1892. The language uttered when no one entertained the thought of free commerce with Japan, has now a significance that cannot fail to be appreciated.

It will be remembered, that, on the occasion referred to, a vast assemblage of spirit personages met, for the purpose of inaugurating and advancing the progressive intents of earth's people. Among these friends of the race were "delegations" representing most of the nations and countries of the globe.

The "Exordium," addressed by the Japanese delegation to that nation, as recorded in the "Present Age," page 100, is as follows: "THE EXORDIUM.—Japan! From the elder nation, the Queen, you were born. Her sympathies are thine. Wealth and intelligence, and a love of peace are thine! And we are thine. The western nations think you abandoned to the night of ignorance—buried in the depths of idolatry—nay, Japan, we beheld thee as thou art. The admirer of the beauties of the Mind; the Patron of elegant manners, the friend of education; hence come we to thee. Let the western nations enter thy gates! Let the stranger enter the Mosque; for the day of sudden destruction is entombed amid the piles of bedarkened eras. In thy Temples are records of thy science and art. The symbols of thy religion unroll from lamps of purest brilliancy. Suspended from the shining walls in the Jedd, on silk, with golden embroidery, is written a song of God. No nation can super-conceive it. Unite, O Japan, in the cry of the world—'Love Universal and Justice, O our country! Let this be proclaimed, O Emperor, from thy lofty places!'"

Eight years have passed, and lo! "the western nations" have entered the gates of Japan! The stranger has entered the Mosque! and we now behold her as she is—"the patron of elegant manners," the friend of education, and within her temples are "records of science and art." May the prayers of every "delegation" for national progress be as completely if not as speedily realized, and the beneficent and glorious purpose of that memorable Congress clearly understood by all the nations of the earth.

Ch. Empe.

## THE ANGEL MOVEMENT.

We have had submitted to our inspection eight pages of manuscript under the following portentous caption:

"New Phase in Spiritualism! Great National symbolic out-wrought spiritual manifestation! All sects, denominations, creeds, parties, nations, kindreds, tongues, and peoples now existing on the face of the earth, to be dissolved and pass away; and a new divine governmental order to arise instead. The judgment day, millennial morn, and resurrection of the dead at hand."

Mr. J. Van Dusen of 164 Taylor Street, Williamsburgh, is individually convinced of the importance of this "movement," of which he is one of the alleged mediums. Another is an African girl residing in Liberty Street, New York. At the house of the latter person certain symbolical representations have been made upon the walls, ceiling and floor of a room, designed, it is said, as the first lesson of a series. The next are to follow so soon as the medium is supplied with the necessary funds, since he and his family have been reduced to "complete destitution and almost starvation" by the expenses incident to the "movement" thus far. In his own words, the reason of this is "to keep the medium in an extreme humiliated condition." This state of humility

does not, of course, preclude the most extravagant notions of the importance of the "movement," and the exalted character of the "angels" communicating through their chosen medium.

We have no idea of ridiculing the claims of this new candidate for public credulity and confidence, though not enthusiastic in our convictions of the utility of the proposed movement. We would candidly investigate all claims, and pass upon their real merits, irrespective of the social rank or mental qualifications of the claimant. We sincerely hope that the "millennial morn" is as comfortably near as our friend Van Dusen imagines. As for the "judgment day," we incline to the opinion that the "Angel movement" will be benefited by an indefinite postponement of that occasion, fatal as the verdict probably would be to its pretensions. The "impending crisis never before known on earth, which is now at the door of this nation especially," we contemplate with unmoved calmness. We have heard so often of great crises, startling developments, wonderful changes, that we tranquilly await whatever the progressive law of the universe may unfold.

"The principal feature of the manifestation now in Liberty street," so writes the revelator, "is a symbolic representation of the dissolution of all existing sects, creeds and parties, both religious and political, and the representation of the new divine governmental order."

The most significant symbol to our unenlightened minds (if we may be permitted to offer a suggestion,) would be the dissolution of the circle of which Mr. Van Dusen is the center, and the introduction of the "divine order" of industrious faithful effort by the medium in some useful employment, whereby his family may be rescued from their present "extreme humiliated condition of complete destitution."

"Angels" who contemplate making the writer a medium for any purpose, no matter how elevated, will find us humble enough—without being brought to the "verge of starvation," and we have no fancy for a modus operandi of which ignoring bodily wants, and normal duties is a part. We trust our friend will be rational, and adopt some honest calling, earn a decent support, and thus advance a truly "humanitarian" movement.

C. M. P.

## Paraphrased.

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

## PRAGMATICAL CHRISTIANITY.

A Cincinnati secular paper thus notices the case of a manufacturer in that city, who is so rigidly orthodox and so spiritually narrow that he will not allow such heterodox publications as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Dial*, and kindred periodicals, to pass through his post-office box to his employees.

"It is pitiable to see such wretched narrowness, such miserable smallness in this enlightened and liberal age, and all the more so when it conceals itself behind the body and garb of religion."

"This habit of saving others' souls by interfering in their worldly affairs, and of preaching Christ and his love, at the same time that the preaching is made odious by some despicable act of daily life, is the worst possible mode of furthering the cause of religion or morality; and it would be a great blessing, if persons, so intimately concerned for their neighbors' souls, would enlarge their own a little by the exercise, to a limited degree of free thought and generous toleration."

## THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

We make the following extracts from a very candid and able review of the Divorce Controversy, from the pen of S. B. Brittan, the New York editor of the *Banner of Light*.

"The marriage vow, and the form of the ceremony, in which Mr. Greeley finds something vastly more sacred than human happiness and the soul itself, only regards marriage as having relation to the flesh. It provides that all marriages shall be dissolved when one party to the contract gets rid of the animal nature. According to this vulgar and groveling view of the subject, it is only the flesh that renders the obligation of the marriage covenant binding for a moment. A man may be released from the divine law of his nature (as that law is apprehended and explained by the *Tribune*), by catching the small pox; or he may be divorced from a disagreeable companion by taking a dose of oxide of arsenic, whereupon the divine law is abruptly suspended; Mr. Greeley's 'indissoluble marriage' is dissolved; and at once this heart and conscience-chaining obligation terminates by the limitation of the contract."

But here a very important question arises, and an answer is respectfully solicited. Does God really put these people together whose *intrinsical connections are only, or chiefly, productive of discord, misery, and crime*? Should Mr. Greeley insist that the basest alliances are of divine ordination, we respectfully ask why he complains of the nature or the existence of such unions. If a profligate, beastly and loathsome creature—who casts the divine image into the ditch, and lives to libel the mother that bore him—is divinely commissioned to be the keeper of a pure woman—body and soul—is the Editor of the *Tribune* authorized to impeach the wisdom of the Divine administration on that account? But should our neighbor maintain that such discordant, unlovely and vicious marriages are not in harmony with natural law and the Divine requirements, as perhaps he may—that *God does not put such incongruous and conflicting natures together*—then, manifestly, the act of putting them *annul* involves no violation of the *Divine Law as it relates to marriage*. Indeed, whoever would compel them to live together, in such a false relation, either by force of law or otherwise, attempts to legalize adultery, and make the

prostitution of both soul and body respectable by the authority of an unnatural and corrupting public sentiment."

## Persons and Events.

"He must live, who feels most—the noblest—acts the best."

**A New Sewing Machine.**—We observe in the *Bordentown* (N. J.) *Register*, a notice of a new Sewing Machine, the joint invention of our friend, W. W. Allen, and Mr. Molyneux, of that place. The feed of the machine is so arranged that it will sew both ways of the cloth, without turning it. We welcome every improvement that tends to the saving of labor, and trust that sewing machines will soon be furnished at prices that will put them within the reach of the poor who most need their benefits.

## PERSONAL ITEMS.

**Mr. Theodore Tilton** recently occupied the platform at the Music Hall, Boston, and addressed Theodore Parker's congregation.

**Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald** has resigned his membership in the General Convention of the New Church, (Swedenborgian,) for the following reason:—"Not because of any alienation of charity or of Christian sympathy, but because of limitations and contractions characteristic of that body, inconsistent with his freedom and manhood."

**Mrs. Dr. Lydia Sayer Hasbrouck** in the last *Sibyl*, speaks of her Fruits and Flowers, concluding with the following happily written paragraph:

"But above all the fruits, plants and flowers, we have another little nursing plant to tend and nestle to our hearts, in the form of a little Boy of ten days old, who lays quietly sleeping near us as we write this. A blue-eyed, fair-skinned, golden-haired and tender plant, he seems to meet the roughness of this little world in striking contrast to our dark-eyed little Daisy, whose place here seems, if possible, more vacant, that the little brother she so often asked us to get her has come among us. Darling in Heaven, May thy little active spirit even now watch over and guard thy little brother's earthly pilgrimage."

## BRIEF ITEMS.

—John B. Gough, who has been lecturing for three years in England, is to return to this country in July.

—A priest has recently been convicted in Turin of the most extensive seductions, by means of the confessional. No less than 33 victims appeared against him.

—Among the fishermen wrecked in the late hurricane on the Ohio, were two brothers of the name of Gibbons. When the boat went down one of them was rescued, but the other sank and perished beneath the waves. The survivor, after searching in vain for the body, returned to his home in Pittsburgh. Saturday night he dreamed his brother came to his bedside and told him that his dead body might be found buried by the side of that of a relative who perished on the same day in a like manner with himself. The brother immediately started down the river, and found, sure enough, that his brother and relative were interred side by side.

—A Mrs. Fenwick and four children left Melbourne for England in the Royal Charter, and all were lost. Mr. Fenwick, the husband and father, remained in Melbourne, and about five days before the wreck, wrote to a friend in Hobart Town, saying he had seen his wife and children in a dream, battling with the waves, and calling to him for help. The dream so preyed on his mind that he committed suicide by cutting his throat, and that on the very night of the wreck.

—Brigham Young is reported as having frequented billiard and drinking saloons in Philadelphia during his stay there.

—In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasant spot on earth to me. And now that she is gone my worldly loss is perfect."

—The Old School Presbyterian General Assembly at Rochester, have passed resolutions condemning amusements "kindred to the pleasures of the ball room and the theatre," viz:—"social dancing and private theatricals."

—The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad have agreed to pass for half fare all passengers going to Independence to attend the Spiritual Convention, July 12.

—At the annual meeting of the Dress Reform Association, the following, with other resolutions, was adopted:

*Resolved*, That we can never expect woman to be recognized the equal of man, until she emancipates herself from a dress which is both the cause and the sign of her vassalage.

—The city of Jedd, the capital of Japan, is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world. It contains 1,500,000 dwellings, and the unparalleled number of 5,000,000 inhabitants.

—An exchange says that all the farm work on a snug farm in the town of Onondaga, is done by two daughters of the proprietor. They "plow and sow and reap and mow" almost equal to men. They wear the Bloomer costume upon all occasions, whether at home or abroad. It is said that they can "finger the piano," talk politics, discuss the sciences, literature, &c., equally as well as they can handle the pruning hook or drive the plow.

—Dr. C. H. Higby, of New Brighton, Pa., a gentleman of fine literary taste and culture, recently became insane from too intense mental application, and committed a homicide, when he was removed to an asylum where death restored him to reason. Of course Spiritualism was alleged as the cause of his insanity, but the charge has no foundation in truth.

—The *Tribune* says of the reported intention of Henry Ward Beecher to start a new religious daily:—"On a careful search for pious men, connected with the newspaper profession, Mr. Beecher has not been able to find a sufficient quantity of pious, aside from persons already employed in leading newspapers, to justify the establishment of the proposed new journal."

—A matrimonial advertiser, in the N. Y. *Times*, speaks of himself as "gently born."

—Mysterious bell ringing continues in Providence, R. I. At one house the servant was called to the door sixteen times one evening to find no one there.

—A new cure for deafness—"sulphuric ether poured into the ear in a dose of four to eight drops a day"—is creating much excitement in France.

Archbishop Hughes flatly refuses to obey the statute requiring clergymen to keep a registry of the marriages celebrated by them, and to report the same to the city Inspector. The alleged reason, though not clearly stated, is obviously one not flattering to Catholic morals.

—The U. S. Zouave Cadets, a fine military company recently organized in Chicago, are soon to visit the East, for trial drills with other companies. They have adopted a code of regulations that will not only prove a wonder to most other military organizations, but which entitle them to the unqualified respect of the public. Every member of the corps is interdicted from entering, under any circumstances, drinking saloons at any hour of day or night, except when compelled by imperative business; from entering houses of ill-fame on any pretext whatever, or gambling saloons; or from playing billiards in any public saloon whatever. The penalty of violating any said rules is expulsion. Their adoption of the company a loss of nearly one half the members, now made good, however, by new recruits.

## The Physician.

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

## MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY A. J. D.

"Common Sense."—Your inquiry is thus explained: "One of the English kings, Edward III, in the year 1344, picked up from the floor of a ball-room, an embroidered garter belonging to a lady of rank. In returning it to her, he checked the rising smile of his courtiers with the words, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*!' or, paraphrased in English, 'Shame on him who invidiously interprets it!' The sentiment was so greatly approved, that it has become the motto of the English national arms. It is one which might be not inaptly nor unfrequently applied in rebuking the mawkish, skin-deep, and intolerant morality of this hypocritical and profligate age."

"Pisa."—The climate of Pisa, in Italy, has been long considered favorable to persons afflicted with bronchitis and consumptive diathesis. It is very mild and moist, but many times relaxing and oppressive, to persons of northern nationalities. We would recommend you to remain in your own climate, obey the laws of Nature, keep your spirit happy by doing good deeds, and take those simple remedies prescribed in this journal for consumptive conditions.

"Pity."—Your child's disease is what the doctors term "pityriasis." The skin is at first only red and rough, but soon becomes bran-like, or mealy and scurfy. After the scales repeatedly form and separate, the exfoliations become rapid and troublesome. *Remedy*: Take equal parts of Witch Hazel (Hamamelis Virginica) and butternut bark (Juglans Chinensis) boil them with fresh lard down to the consistency of an ointment. Use it once a day. Eat plenty of tomatoes; no animal food; and abstain from salt.

"Lightning."—Never use the magnetic current upon persons stricken down by a flash of lightning. Open their clothing at once, giving free scope to lungs and blood, and drench them with frequent buckets of cold water. Try artificial respiration also—i. e., breathe into the patient's mouth, pressing the breast immediately after inflating the lungs, and apply vigorous friction to the hands and feet.

"Student."—Persons who sit several hours per day, should frequently, while at their labor, inspire large quantities of air, thus filling every part of the lungs with the element of life. The shoulders should be thrown back, the head erect, so that the smallest crevice of the pulmonary structure may be perfectly filled and expanded by the breath of heaven.

"A Sufferer."—If your physician is an intelligent and sympathizing friend, he is a million times more valuable to you than the priest. The true physician is always the best clergyman. In fact, the time is almost at hand when the latter profession will be merged in the duties of the former—and the expense of church-buildings will be thenceforth reduced, and hospitals and prisons will be proportionally improved.

"Secret."—It is hardly possible, in the present state of public morals, to argue down the vice of licentiousness. There is a way, we think, to reach the core of the evil. Perhaps the day is near at hand when a practical movement will be inaugurated.

"Oxygen."—We shall give you our impressions in a few days after the investigations are completed.

"Electricity."—The presence of unutilized electricity is detectable by means of the new air electrometer. By breathing on the conductor the pendulum will revolve to the right when the air is healthy, and to the left when a gross, negative, unutilized electricity pervades the atmosphere. The Odic force likewise may be indicated and tested in this manner.

"Thin Shoes."—It is useless to amplify and moralize upon this fertile source of female suffering. Thousands pass from girlhood into the grave—but many times not before they have injured the world by the bestowal of one sickly child—solely in consequence of habitually wearing *shoddy* shoes. *Remedy*: Get wisdom, take exercise, breathe plentifully of pure air, add a pair of easy, thick-soled shoes, and improve the style of your dress.

"De Bility."—Read our last number. There is "hope" always, although your system might well despair under the drugopathic treatment which it has been forced to receive. "Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light," to leave the old paths, and to obtain health from simple obedience to natural principles.

"Strength."—We will give you a portion of the interesting testimony of Dr. Winship, of Boston, whose experience in power-generating habits is good authority:

"I was nearly seventeen years of age," he says, "before I seriously undertook to improve my physical condition. I was then but five feet in height and a hundred pounds in weight. I was rather strong for my size, but not strong for my years, and my health was not vigorous. I am now twenty-six years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and one hundred and forty-eight pounds in weight. My strength is more than twice that of an ordinary man, and my health is as excellent as my strength."

"What has produced this astonishing change in my physical condition during the last nine years? I will attempt to sum up a few of the proximate causes that may have led to this result."

"I have breathed an abundance of pure, fresh air almost constantly."

"I have exposed myself sufficiently to the sun."

"I have eaten an abundance of wholesome food."

"I have drank less than a quart of spirituous liquors, and less than a gallon of fermented."

"I have used less than an ounce of tobacco."

"I have taken, nearly every day, about a half-hour's gymnastic exercise in the open air."

"I have conformed to the customs of society only so far as they were not at variance with health."

Among other important conclusions we find the following:

"That increase of the muscular power was attended with increase of the digestive."

"That one means of increasing the digestive power was to increase the muscular."

"That many articles of food had formerly proved injurious to me, not because they were really unwholesome, but because I was unable to digest them."

"That a person may become possessed of great physical strength without having inherited it."

"That by increasing the strength a predisposition to certain diseases may be removed, and diseases already present, removed or mitigated."

"That increase of strength cannot long continue on a diet exclusively vegetable."

"That increasing the strength made excretion take place less from the skin, but more from the lungs and the other excretories."

"That what benefits a part of the body, benefits, more or less, the whole."

"That long before I succeeded in lifting 1,100 pounds with the hands, or in shouldering a barrel of flour from the floor, I had ceased to be troubled with sick-headache, nervousness, and indigestion."

"That a delicate boy of seventeen need not despair of becoming, in time, a remarkably strong and healthy man."

"Deafness."—An aged man must not expect to keep his senses in full force. Many, however, suffer the misfortune of deafness to creep upon them from inattention to the ears during a cold or after a fever. In all cases where the wax is dry, the tympanum sound, but hearing imperfect, we have prescribed, with curative effect, the following: Nitric acid, 1 drachm; water 1 ounce, phosphorus 1 grain; mix, and filter through a fine cloth, into a table spoonful of burnt olive oil. Keep it tightly corked. Dose: 1 drop in each ear, (or in the one affected,) every morning.

"Serpent Poison."—For the bite of any venomous creature, reptile, spider, bee, or locust: Mix gun powder and sweet oil together (just enough oil or lard to make the grains of the powder adhere,) and apply immediately. Do not fear; the result will be favorable. Change the poultice several times during the day.

"Hope." H. L. WILLIAMSBURG, L. I. Cannot promise to make a prescription. Send a brief statement of the case to serve as a substitute for diagnosis, which we have not time to make, except through the columns of this journal.

## Brotherhood.

"Let no man call God his Father, Who calls not man his brother."

## SOCIAL GOOD AND SOCIAL EVIL.

BY M. DUBAIS.

The *Revue de l'Quot* (Western Review) published at St. Louis, contains an admirable criticism on a pamphlet recently issued in that city, under the title, "Right of American Slavery." The author of the pamphlet in question is Mr. T. W. Hoit, a citizen of St. Louis. The *Revue* condenses the arguments of Mr. Hoit into the following syllogism:

"Right is invested with a legitimate and celestial authority over Wrong."

"Barbarism is an evil, as it leads to misery and degradation. Africa is peopled by a race of barbarians."

"Civilization is a good; it leads men to elevation and happiness. America is inhabited by a civilized people."

"Civilization, therefore, is invested with the rights of supremacy over barbarism. It is just that barbarism should serve civilization; that is, that Wrong should serve Right. It is just that the African should serve the American."

"Therefore, American Slavery is just."

The *Revue* assails the first premise of this argument, by showing that an absolute distinction between whole classes of human beings, one of which is *entirely good*, and the other *entirely bad*, is a wretched and pernicious fiction, the very basis of all religious tyranny, the very principle upon which the old persecutions of the Canaanites by the Hebrews was justified. On this point the *Revue* says:

"Evil is nothing, or it is but the negative of the Good. Good is Reason eternally in process of self-revelation. This revelation, or manifestation, considered as unfolded in time, is necessarily and perpetually progressive, it is, necessarily, which progressive evolution it is, without which a vain effort of Reason would be but an abortion, a vain effort of Reason. So long as Reason is not considered



as infinite and absolute, there is place in the human mind for the idea of a power hostile to Good, or of a genius of Evil; but as soon as we recognize the infinity or universality of Reason, the idea of real and substantial evil vanishes from the mind. Moral evil, then, is nothing but the progress accomplished by rational beings endowed with self-consciousness. Is this good, or this progress, confined between two determined boundaries, below one of which it ceases to exist, while the other can never be overpassed? No; the Good is good only in relation to what is inferior to it, to the state whence it emerged; and good has no existence except on the condition of always advancing, and of being arrested by no limit. On the other hand, moral evil is but an inferior degree of the good. We call it evil only in comparison with what is better, and we should style it a good already nascent, if we were to compare it with what has preceded it. Moral good and moral evil, then, are not two essences, two natures absolutely distinct, one of which is invested with certain rights which can never belong to the other; they are two successive states of existence, two conditions linked together, and which ever blend, having no determinate limit, and through which all beings must necessarily pass."

The *Renue* then goes on to illustrate these principles by examining them as manifested on a large scale in the progress of nations and the race. Turkey, for example, is barbarous or it is civilized, according to the point of view from which it is contemplated. Compared with the States of Western Europe, it is barbarous, and we should declare its condition bad; but when compared with New Zealand, it is highly civilized, and its condition is relatively good. And these civilized nations have passed through their barbarous and savage states. They were all truly barbarous nine centuries since.

"The negroes of Africa are cannibals, you say. But do you know how long your ancestors were so?"

"Are you quite sure that you are not still? Is war anything else than a frightful butchery of human beings? And the two heroes of the day, the two pugilists, whom England and America never weary of applauding, are they not cannibals of the meanest and most stupid kind? And what are the two great nations that admire them?"

"Black men, red men, yellow men, white men—savages, barbarians, civilized—we are all perfectible beings, but very far from being perfect. Whether we are of the same race, or whether we have sprung from four, ten, or a hundred different stocks, we are all alike in moral constitution, and constitute but one family, one humanity. No portion of this humanity can say to the other portions, 'I am the good, you are the bad.'"

To Mr. Holt's syllogism, the *Renue*, in conclusion, brings forward the following as an offset:

"Wrong for all men is servitude; the Right is liberty."

"Barbarism is the perpetuation of servitude; civilization is an apprenticeship in liberty."

"Those who are farthest advanced in this apprenticeship are invested with the providential mission to guide those who are less advanced, and to deliver them from servitude."

"The white race is a little more highly civilized than the other races; its duty, then, is to show them the way to escape from barbarism, and to teach them to enjoy liberty. It owes them education and the example of fraternal treatment, not tyranny and the use of them as property."

We think the syllogism of the *Renue* is quite as ingenious as that of Mr. Holt, and it is certainly more humane in spirit.

#### PHARISEISM ON THEODORE PARKER.

"It is not in our hearts to disturb the calm slumbers of his mortal dust, much less to summon before our imperfect tribunal, the immortal spirit which has gone to meet the righteous judgment of God. In his dying moments, he wished the words of Jesus Christ read to him. Yet he had preached and published to the world, as I am prepared to show, that Jesus Christ was a fallible man, that he erred in his views and teachings, that he was even a sinner! and was but the forerunner of other Christs, to be wiser and better than he."—Rev. HENRIED WISSLOW, in *The Century*.

There is no hatred so intense as the *odium theologum*. Is it too much to say that a very slight touch of satisfaction mingles with this divine acquiescence that the mortal remains of Theodore Parker should slumber in the grave? that there is some pleasure in the remembrance that his spirit has at last met "the righteous judgment of God"? This judgment was not sufficiently decisive nor apparent, it seems, while Parker lived. God was not so "hard" upon the heretic preacher as the attributes of the Deity and the interests of Calvinistic theology required. The Dathan and Abiram policy was not so conspicuous in the treatment of his case as it would have been had the Church had at its command the powers of nature. But at last the spirit—the immortal spirit—will learn what the Deity thinks of heresy and infidelity. How unfortunate it would be, if it should prove in the end that God "winks" at heresy—rather likes it on the whole! We cannot account on any other hypothesis for the enormous spread of Mr. Parker's opinions. Certainly, in the realm of mind, the divine maxim seems to be: Let everything be uttered that can be, that every ray of my truth may be seen! This was why God let loose upon the Church, just before Martin Luther's day, that terrible engine styled the Press. Theology has been in a bad way ever since, and the Church—decomposing into venomous little papacies, just as some polyps, by vivisection, live again in myriad parts, each with its own private head and tail—is likely to give place altogether to the Brotherhood of Man.

If Mr. Parker wished the words of Jesus Christ read to him in his dying moments, it must be remembered that he was rather fond

of them during health—at least, of such as were probably really uttered by Jesus, for in the Gospels many things are attributed to him that he never could have uttered—and so, loving in health and in death the true words of Jesus, orthodoxy need not chuckle over any imagined recantation of his opinions, because in his last hours he asked them read. Meanwhile, it would, perhaps, be well if orthodoxy were to spread abroad the statement, on the strength of that fact, that he did recant his views about Jesus. There need be no scruple about such a misrepresentation; it is nothing but a "pious fraud." The eloquent Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople, in the fourth century, proved that deception is justifiable when it advances the interests of the Church; and this one in regard to Mr. Parker, would be just now very reasonable. Nothing tends more to bring a man's opinions into discredit, than the rumor of a dying recantation by him who held them.

We think the Doctor must be mistaken in the statement that Mr. Parker preached and published that Christ was a fallible man, and a sinner. Christ, as Mr. Parker well knew, is the idea of an immaculate, sinless man, who has existed from all eternity. He could not have attached the conception of sinfulness to that impersonation of ideal perfection called Christ. He was far too logical for that. As to the man Jesus, on the other hand, the historic reality, who, in dusty sandals, traveled Judea, and preached the "end of the world" to the "generations of vipers" that infested the cities of that region, it is a fair supposition that he may have been a sinner. If he were not, how could he have said to the noblest samples of Boston piety in Jerusalem: "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when ye have made him, he is two-fold more the child of hell than he was before." Jerusalem respectability called Jesus "Beelzebub;" and he must have done something just a little wrong, to be called such a name by so pious people. The testimony of contemporary piety, and Jesus' own disclaimer in regard to his sanctity—"Why call ye me good? There is no one good but God!"—seem, after all, to furnish some ground for the mistake of Mr. Parker.

D. L.

#### 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."

#### REFORM.

BY J. WESLEY HANSON.

I hear a tumult from the heaving sea  
O' human life, and ocean waves,  
Like Ocean's billows, lift their mighty voices,  
And, with a deep and solemn sound, they ask  
A change. The awful din startles the ear  
Of guilty Sin, and scowling, blue-eyed Wrong;  
And old Conformities, with chattering teeth,  
Surink back affrighted; Forms and Rites, and old  
Observances, upon whose wrinkled brows  
The gray and grizzly locks of Age are seen,  
Bend low, and speed away, like ghosts, before  
This roar of many voices. Lo! they cry:  
"Reform! Reform!" Blind old Conservatism,  
Feeling advance, looks timorously on;  
And in the distant sound, hourly more near,  
It hears in low, deep-thunder tones, "Reform!"  
God speed that day! The World's great aching  
heart

is wildly throbbing for the issue and  
Perfection of this prophecy of Heaven!  
The Church—God's holy Church—arrayed in  
weeds,

And weeping, like a widow, moans "Reform!"  
Within her Gothic piles and stately temples,  
Wealth and magnificence are broadly strewn.  
The golden light streams duly in through carved  
And painted windows; and, with splendid hue,  
Sleeps on high pillar and gilt organ-pipe.  
Ten low-crowned Conings, and red-lashed Sins,  
Ga-shaking up the crimson skirts of sin,  
High nave and choir are trembling with a burst  
Of organ-music, sharp-set, keen-eyed men,  
Are hoarsely whispering of "Loss and Profit,"  
"Bank Stocks," and "Six-percents." And o'er  
the edge

Of yonder desk, silk-canopied, three peers,  
In sacerdotal vestments, one who prays  
And preaches, but who bows a willing knee  
At Mammon's gilded shrine. Nay, when a storm  
Of music sweeps yon cloistered aisle, the ear,  
May, in the pause of anthems, hear sick cries  
For bread and Holy Truth; the Poor, who cry  
In vain for that which God made free as air,  
And, "neath the very Sanctuary's eaves,  
They cry, and beg, and pray for Life—unheard.

And then the World—the weeping, bleeding World  
Where God's high Law is rudely jested, and Might  
And Strength make Right; where sickly Poverty,  
Clotted with vile rags, sits weeping by the way;  
Where the great highways thronged by busy forms,  
Who, in the rush and whirl of gain, see not,  
Below the dust, poor Woe's writhing hot tears  
That wet the soil. O! Brothers! Pause ye now!  
And see in Life's great Ca at how low beams  
But the stera will of Wealth and Pride; how weak  
And feeble men must bow the knee, and sweat  
And strive in vain to shake the iron yoke  
From their gaired, weary necks; how Poverty  
Must bend to Wealth; and Truth, with double  
tongue,

Deal falsely; and e'en Virtue, pure and spotless,  
Sell all her good to pampered, bloated Vice.  
Hear—far above the low, sweet prayer of Faith  
And Piety's clear music, and the song  
Of the good angel Hope—the scream of Sin,  
The curse of Blasphemy, the shouts of men  
Drunk with the blood of souls, the roar and din  
Of Vice, and Sin, and Crime, and deadly Wrong!

But Light, like bright Aurora's streaks, streams  
Along the distant Orient, and waves  
Its golden banners; and, from distant shores,  
We catch the glad, harmonious songs of men  
Redeemed, released, and clothed in the white robes  
Of Freedom and of Light. O! hear their shouts,  
And list their heavy trampings! On they come,  
Shaking the firm-set earth, which rocks beneath  
Their mighty footsteps. Hear their song! It thrills  
With its great barthen, and the trembling air  
Is filled with anthems of triumphal music.  
Beneath their feet bright flowers spring up and  
smile

From their blue eyes; and the old worn-out Earth  
Renews her youth, and rustles sweetest music  
To the mild answering Stars, who gladly pour  
From out their golden urns a heavenly blessing.  
Earth is renewed, and Man redeemed again;  
Great Right and Truth have conquered Wrong and  
Sin.

#### Hortensia;

#### THE DOUBLE LIFE.

BY HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

The charm, elegance and retirement of the villa, the hospitality of our rich host, Ambrosio Faustino, and the grace of his lovely wife, contributed not a little to the healing of our wounds, received in the battle of Molito, (we were four German officers,) but still more the pleasing discovery, that both the generous Faustino and his beautiful wife were of German descent. He was formerly called Faust, and was, by a singular chain of circumstances, induced to settle in Italy and to change his name. The delight of being able, far from our native land, to exchange German words, made us mutually confidential.

I had the liberty of passing my morning hours in Faustino's library. There I found, in magnificent rows, the choicest works, and also some volumes of Italian manuscripts, written by Faustino. They were memoirs of his own life, mingled with observations on painting and sculpture. I asked the favor of being permitted to read them, which Faustino was not only good enough to grant, but also drew out one of the volumes, and pointed out what I should read.

"Read it," said he, "and believe me, however incredible it may appear, it is true. Even to myself, it seems at times a deception of the imagination, though I have experienced it all."

He also imparted to me many smaller circumstances. But this is sufficient for an introduction. Here follows the fragment from Faustino's, or rather Faust's, memoirs.

#### ADVENTURES IN VENIZONI.

On the 12th of September, 1771, I crossed the stream of Tagliamento, at Spilzenberg. I approached with firm steps the German confines, which I had not seen for many years. My soul was full of an indescribable melancholy, and it seemed as if an invisible power drew me back. It constantly cried to me to return. In fact, twice did I stop on the wretched road, looked toward Italy, and wished to return again to Venice! But then, when I asked myself, "What argues it? To live! for what?" I again proceeded onward, toward the dark mountains, which rose before me in clouds and rain.

I had but little money in my pocket, scarcely sufficient to reach Vienna, unless I begged on the way, or should sell either my watch, linen or better clothes, which I carried in a knapsack. The finest years of my youth I had passed in Italy, in order to improve myself in painting and sculpture. At last I advanced sufficiently in my art to discover, in my twenty-seventh year, that I should never accomplish anything really great. It is true, my Roman friends had often had the kindness to encourage me. Many of my pieces had occasionally sold well. Nevertheless, this gave me but little comfort. I could not but despise creations which gave me no satisfaction.

I experienced the painful feeling, that I was and should remain too weak to call into life, with pencil or chisel, the living conceptions within me. This threw me into despair—I wished not for money—I longed only for the power of art; I cursed my lost years, and returned to Germany. At that time I still had friends there: I longed for a solitude, where I could forget myself. I would become a village school-master, or engage in my humble employment in order to punish my bold ambition, which had attempted to rival Raphael and Angelo.

The rainy weather had already continued several days, and increased my uncomfortable feelings. The thought frequently awoke in me, if I could but die! A fresh shower drew me aside from the road, under a tree. There I long sat upon a rock, looking back with deep melancholy upon the destroyed plans and hopes of my life. I saw myself, solitary, amid wild mountains. The cold rain fell in streams. Not far from me a swollen torrent roared through the rocks. What will become of me? sighed I. I looked at the torrent to see whether it were deep enough to drown me if I threw myself in. I was vexed that I had not already made an end of my sufferings at Tagliamento. Suddenly an unspeakable anguish, and the pangs of death, seized me. I sprang up and ran on in the rain, as if I would escape from myself. It was already evening, and homing late.

I came to a single large house not far from Venzoni. The increasing darkness, continued rain, and my own fatigue, induced me to stop at this building, which exhibited the friendly and inviting sign of accommodation for travelers. As I passed the threshold of the door, a violent shuddering and the same mortal agony seized me, that I had experienced while sitting on the rock in the wood. I remained at the door to take breath, but quickly recovered myself. I felt lighter than I had for some days, when in the warm public room I again felt the breath of man. Without doubt it had been merely an attack of bodily weakness.

They welcomed me, and I cheerfully threw my knapsack on the table. I was shown a small room, where I could change my wet clothes. While undressing, I heard a quick step on the stairs; the room door opened, and some hasty questions were asked about me, such as whether I should remain over night—if I came on foot and carried a knapsack—if I had light hair; and many more of a like nature. The interrogators went away—came again, and another voice asked similar questions. I knew not what it meant.

When I returned to the public room all eyes examined me with curiosity. I seated myself as if I remarked nothing. Yet I was tormented to discover wherefore any one had made such particular inquiries about me. I led the discourse to the weather—from the weather to traveling, and from thence to the inquiry, if any more strangers were in the house. I was informed that there was a noble family from Germany, consisting of an old gentleman and a very beautiful and sick young lady, an elderly lady, probably the mother of the young one, a physician, two servants and two maids. The party arrived at mid-day, and had been detained, partly by the badness of the weather and partly by the weakness of the young lady. I learned, besides, that both the physician and the old gentleman had come into the public room, in great haste, and had inquired with some anxiety and astonishment about me. The host was certain that the party knew me well. He urged me to go up, as I should certainly meet

old friends and acquaintances, since they appeared to expect me. I shook my head, convinced that there was some mistake. In the whole world I had no noble acquaintances, and least of all could I claim any of the German nobility. What confirmed me still more in this belief, was that an old servant of the count came in, seated himself at the table near me, and in broken Italian called for wine. When I addressed him in German, he was delighted to hear his native tongue. He now related to me all that he knew of his master. The gentleman was a Count Hornegg, who was carrying his daughter to Italy for change of air.

The more the old man drank, the more talkative he became. At first, he seated himself gloomily by me; at the second flask he breathed more freely. As I said to him that I thought of going back to Germany, he sighed deeply, looked toward Heaven, and his eyes filled with tears. "Could I only go with you! could I only go!" said he sorrowfully and softly to me. "I can bear it no longer. I believe a curse rests on this family. Strange things occur among them. I date confide them to no one, and if I dare, sir, who would believe me?"

#### THE MELANCHOLY COMPANY OF TRAVELERS.

By the third flask of wine, Sebald, for so he was called, became open-hearted. "Countryman," said he, and he looked timidly round the room; but no one was present except ourselves; we were sitting alone by the dim burning candles. "Countryman, they cannot blind me. Here is a curse under the veil and abundance of riches—here rules the bad spirit himself; God be merciful unto us! The count is immensely rich, but he creeps about like a poor sinner; he is seldom heard to speak, and is never gay. The old lady, companion, governess, or something of that kind, to the Countess Hortensia, appears to be in constant fear from a bad conscience. The countess herself—truly a child of paradise—can scarcely be more beautiful; but I believe her father has united her with the devil. Jesu Maria! what was that?"

The frightened Sebald started from his seat and became deadly pale. It was nothing but a window-shutter dashed violently to by the wind and rain. After I had tranquilized my companion, he continued:

"It is no wonder; one must live in constant fear of death. One of us must and will shortly die! That I have heard from the young woman, Catharina, God be merciful to me! May I not, in the meantime, with my comrade, Thomas, refresh myself with wine? Sir, there is no want of what we desire, to eat, to drink, nor of money; we fall only in a happy mind. I should have long since have run off—"

Sebald's fable appeared to me to be full of his wine.

"From what do you infer that one of you must die?"

"There is nothing to infer," replied Sebald. "It is only too certain. The Countess Hortensia has said it, but no one dares speak of it. Look you—at Judenbergl, fourteen days ago, we had the same story. The young countess announced the death of one of us. Being all in good health, we did not believe it. But as we were proceeding on the highway, Mr. Muller, the secretary of the count, a man generally beloved, suddenly fell, together with his horse and baggage, from the height of the road, over the rocks, into the abyss beneath, ten times deeper than the church steeple. Jesu Maria! what a spectacle. Hearing and sight left me. Man and horse lay shattered to pieces. When you pass through the village where he lies buried, the people will relate it to you. I dare not think of it. The only question now is, which of us is to be the next victim? But if it comes to pass, by my poor soul, I will demand my discharge from the count. There is something wrong here; I love my old neck, and do not wish to break it in the service of the God-forsaken."

I smiled at his superstitious distress, but he swore stoutly, and whispered: "The Countess Hortensia is possessed by a legion of devils. For a year she had frequently run over the roof of the castle Hornegg, as we scarcely could do on level ground. She prophesies; she often, unexpectedly, falls into a trance, and sees the heavens open; she looks into the interior of the human body. Dr. Walter, who is certainly an honest man, affirms that she can not only see through people, as if they were glass, but also through doors and walls. It is horrible. In her rational hours she is very sensible. But, oh God! it is in her irrational hours that she governs us, when those evil spirits speak out of her. Could we not have remained upon the high road? But no! Immediately upon leaving Villach, we must go on sumpter horses and mules over the worst roads and most frightful precipices. And wherefore? Because she so willed it. Had we remained on the great road, Mr. Muller (God be merciful to him!) would still, to-day, have drunk his glass of wine."

#### ATTEMPT AT AN ENGAGEMENT.

The return of the people of the house, with my spare evening's meal, interrupted Sebald's gossip. He promised when we were again alone to disclose many more secrets. He left me. In his place, a small, thin, gloomy-looking man seated himself, whom Sebald, on going away, called doctor. I knew, therefore, that I had before me another member of the melancholy travelers. The doctor looked at me, at my supper, for awhile silently. He appeared to be watching me. He then began to ask me, in French, from whence I came, and where I thought of going? When he heard I was a German, he became more friendly, and conversed with me in our native tongue. In answer to my questions, I learned that Count Hornegg was traveling with his sick daughter to Venice.

"Could you not," said the doctor, "give us your company, since you have no particular object in going to Germany? You are more familiar with the Italian language than we are—know the country, the manners, and healthy parts. You could be of great service to us. The count could take you immediately in the place of his secretary. You will be free of expense; have a comfortable life, six hundred louis-d'ors salary, and to that added the known liberality of the count."

I shook my head, and remarked, that neither did I know the count, nor the countess, sufficiently to foresee whether we should be agreeable to each other. The doctor now made the count's eulogium. I replied, in re-

turn, that it would be very difficult to say so much to my advantage to the count.

"Oh, if that is all," cried he, hastily, "you are already recommended; you may, therefore, rely on it."

"Recommended! by whom?"

The doctor appeared to be seeking for words, in order to rectify his hastiness.

"Oh, why through necessity—I can promise you, that the count will pay you a hundred louis-d'ors down, if you—"

"No," replied I, "I have never in my life labored for superfluities; only for what is necessary. From childhood, I have been accustomed to an independent life. I am far from being rich, yet I never will sell my freedom."

The doctor appeared to be irritated. In truth, I was serious in what I said. Add to this, that I particularly desired not to return to Italy, in order that my passion for the arts should not resume its power. I do not deny, also, that the sudden importunity of the doctor, and the general behavior of these travelers, were disagreeable to me, though I certainly did not believe that the sick countess was possessed by a legion of devils. As all his persuasions had no other effect than to make me more unwilling, the doctor left me. I then reflected on all the different little circumstances—weighed my poverty against the comfortable existence in the train of the rich count, and played with the little money in my pocket, which was all my riches. The result of these reflections were—"Away from Italy; God's world stands open before you. Be firm! only peace in the breast—a village school and independence! I must first endeavor to recover my individuality. Yes, I have lost all—the whole plan of my life—gold cannot replace it."

#### NEW OFFERS.

My surprise was not a little increased, when, scarcely ten minutes after the doctor's departure, a servant of the count appeared, and begged me, in his name, to visit him in his room. "What in the world do these people want with me?" thought I. But I promised to go. The adventure began, if not to amuse, at least to excite my curiosity.

I found the count alone in his room; he was walking with great strides up and down—a tall, strong, respectable-looking man, with a dignified appearance, and pleasing, though melancholy features. He came immediately to meet me, and apologized for having sent for me—led me to a seat, mentioned what he had heard of me through the doctor, and repeated his offers, which I as modestly, but firmly declined. He went thoughtfully, with his hands thrown behind his back, to the window, returned hastily, seated himself near me, and taking my hand in his, said: "Friend, I appeal to your heart. My eyes must deceive me much, if you are not an honest man—consequently sincere. Remain with me, I entreat you—remain only two years. Count upon my deepest gratitude. You shall have, during that time, whatever you need, and at the expiration of it I will pay you a thousand louis-d'ors; you will not regret having lost a couple of years in my service." He said this so kindly and entreatingly, that I was much moved, more so by the tone and manner, than by the promise of so large a sum, which secured me, with my trifling wants, a free and independent fortune. I would have accepted the offer, had I not been ashamed to show, that at last I had yielded to vile gold. On the other side, his brilliant offers seemed to me auspicious.

"For such a sum, my lord, you can command much more distinguished talent than mine. You do not know me."

I then spoke to him openly of my past destiny and occupation, and thought by that means, without vexing him, to put aside his offers, as well as his desire to have me.

"We must not separate," said he, as he pressed my hand entreatingly. "We must not, since it is you alone that I have sought. It may astonish you; but on your account only, have I undertaken this journey with my daughter; on your account have I chosen the worst road from Villach here, that I might not miss you; on your account have I stopped at this inn."

I looked at the count with astonishment, and thought he wished to jest with me.

"How could you seek me, since you knew me not? Since you knew the road I wandered? I, myself, three days ago, knew not that I should take this road to Germany."

"Is not this a fact?" continued he. "This afternoon you rested in a wood; you sat, full of sorrow, in a wilderness; you leaned on a rock, under a large tree; you gazed at the mountain torrent; you ran on impetuously in the rain. Is it not so? Confess candidly—is it not so?"

At these words, my senses forsook me. He saw my consternation, and said: "Well, it is so! you are, indeed, the man I seek."

"But," cried I, "I do not deny that some superstitious horrors seized me," and I drew my hand out of his. "But who watched me? Who told you of it?"

"My daughter—to my sick daughter. I can easily believe that to you it appears wonderful. But the unfortunate one says and sees many strange things in her sickness."

[To be Continued.]

The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read; we expurgate it. Within a hundred years woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read. Woman, too, is now an author; and I undertake to say that the literature of the next century will be richer than the classic epochs, for that cause. Truth is one—absolute; but opinion is truth, altered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator. Man has looked at creation and given us his impression, in Greek literature and in English, one-sided, half awry, all awry. Woman now takes her stand to give her views of God's works and her own creation; and exactly in proportion as woman, though equal, is eternally different from man, just in that proportion will the next century be doubly rich, because we shall have both sides.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

He that voluntarily continues in ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces.



## 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, the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens."

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

**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.

**THE McNEIL BOYS** hold circles for tests and physical manifestations. Address, Akron, Ohio.

**R. P. AMBLER** speaks at Lyons, Mich., July 1st, 8th, and 15th.

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

**HENRY C. WRIGHT**, of Boston, will speak at Dedworth's Hall, Sunday, July 1.

**F. L. WADSWORTH** will speak July 8th at Marlboro, Mass.; 15 and 22, Putnam, Conn.; 29th at Milford, Mass. Address accordingly.

**JOHN MAYHEW, M. D.**, will speak in Farmington, Ill., June 24, and Davenport, Iowa, July 8. Between these dates he will visit Galena, Oneida, Cambridge, Monmouth, Kewanee, &c.

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

**MISS EDMA HARDINGE** will lecture during June at Lowell and Plymouth, Mass. Oswego, in July; Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities West and South during the fall and winter. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

**WM. DENTON** will answer calls to lecture on Geology, Theology, and Spiritualism. His geological lectures are illustrated by paintings occupying several hundred square feet of canvases, and numerous specimens of minerals and fossils. Address, Painesville, Ohio.

**G. B. STEBBINS** will speak at Ann Arbor, Mich., every other Sunday during the year, and in places in that vicinity when called upon.

**MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL**, inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture in Central New York the coming summer. Address, Phoenix, N. Y. She speaks in Hastings, July 1st, and every fourth Sunday.

**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 1828 Catharine st., Philadelphia.

**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.

**MISS MARTHA F. HULETT** (Post office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak during the month of June at Chicago, September, St. Louis; October, Hannibal and Quincy, Ill.; November, Bardonia and Springfield, Ill.; December, in Macon, Georgia; January, 1891, 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. During July and August, the Hall will be closed for hot weather; September, Martha F. Hulett; October, Lizzie Doten; November, Emma Hardinge; December, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

**MRS. S. E. WARNER**, will answer calls to lecture in any part of Ohio and Western New York, during the summer. Mrs. W. has been nearly six years a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred topics. Address Mrs. SOPHONIA 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.

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The *anima* of this extraordinary sermon may be best illustrated by a few quotations: "To those who are most thoroughly conversant with the results of modern Spiritual Manifestations there is no room left for a doubt, that the multitudinous inhabitants of the Demon World are engaged in a universal movement for the conquest of the human soul."

"The Christian Gospel divides the inhabitants of the Demon World, or general sphere of spiritual evil, into two classes; first, rebellious spirits of some other race than ours—sources of the world's wickedness, tempters of mankind to crime; and second, members of our own human family, who here were given up to work unrighteousness, and who, subsequently to the decease of the body, exist as tempters, and, if possible, as ruiners of mortals in the flesh."

"What if earth's old invader is gathering his gloomy and ferocious hosts for the last great conflict! What if the destructive side of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism is a putting forth of the power of that wicked one, with signs and miracles and lying wonders, whom the Lord shall destroy with the breath of His mouth, and consume with the brightness of His coming?"

The view of modern Spiritualism taken in this sermon, as will be readily inferred from the above extracts, is that it is in part the development of a conflict between two opposing camps of hostile spirits—one of souls utterly evil, the other of souls perfectly good—the one camp under the marshaling of the Devil, (not the Bible worthy of that name, but an infernal spirit, the king of a lost planet, whom Brother Harris ferreted out and portrayed in his excursions "behind the veil")—the other under the control of Christ. The sermon is mainly occupied with a delineation of the various devices by which the infernal hosts are making their entrance into this world, disseminating false doctrines, and infecting earth's inhabitants with destructive immoralities. It also explains how we mortals, through mediumship in Christ, can secure ourselves against the assaults of the infernal hosts—it being understood always, that mediumship in Christ is just now regulated and administered through the subordinate mediumship of the author of the sermon—who, as the successor of Swedenborg, holds the keys of the kingdom.

We have seen many bad men in this world; but the first instance of a human soul loving evil for its own sake, has yet to come under our cognizance. We have seen licentious men, envious men, jealous men, avaricious men, and they were all instances of impulses in themselves good, pushed to an undue extreme. The worst man is simply an ill-balanced good man. And we have never known a case in this world where large masses of men have combined in the persistent pursuit of an evil end, where the combination did not on the one hand result from the pressure of some animal want, or, on the other, did not spring from an effort to achieve some end in a measure justifiable.

Take the case of the Papal Church. Here is a tyrannical combination; but it is not maintained for the sake of the tyranny, but to perpetuate a mistaken view of spiritual and religious unity. Or, take the case of a pirate crew; their aim is not robbery and murder for their own sake, but money and the delights that money can bring. Let these pirates love their brothers more and money less, and they will cease to be pirates.

As the worst combination of human beings that we know of in this world is the Papal Church—a combination to extend and perpetuate therein of horrible superstitions—we should expect that the worst camp of spirits to be met with in the other world, would be a body combined in that world to disseminate a church creed of which they are themselves the victims. The hosts that in this world combine to gratify the appetites, have no permanent cohesion, and even they are controlled by the Church and the State—worse societies, because they are animated by greater truths. Thus at the foundation of the Church lies the untruth, that God loves men unequally, and at the basis of the State the untruth that men are natural and eternal enemies. The passion that animates the one organization is self-righteousness; that which inspires the other is distrust. The one body rules by menaces of indescribable horrors; the other, by taxation and the sword.

If there is in the other world a very bad combination of spirits, according to analogies, they should consist of a large multitude of advocates of some Christian creed united to enforce upon the inhabitants of this world a dogma to be received by "faith alone." In other words, it should be a mere extension of the Papacy beyond the border, who have refined upon Church doctrines till they hardly bear a resemblance to those originally promulgated. It is only such a body that would have cohesion enough to warrant any genuine devil to keep house among them a twelve-month. We are not so uncharitable as to say that Brother Harris has sunk into the mere mouth-piece of such a combination. But we do say, that, given a brilliant imagination, a delicate and sensitive temperament, a craving for spiritual authority, and religious fear, with a *disordered liver*, and such sermons might be produced by dreams.

We discard utterly, therefore, the dogmas that pervade this discourse, to wit, that two persons are struggling for the mastery of this world—one good and omnipotent everywhere

but here, the other evil and only not omnipotent here; that they marshal, the one a host of out and out devils, and the other a host of immaculate angels; and that the phenomena of Spiritualism are but the first flurry of dust, the first discharge of shot from the outlying skirmishers of both camps; and that when the battle is fully joined, the whole system of things that now are, is to be put through a general topsy-turvy, from which the race is never to emerge except as converts to the creed of the newest New Jerusalem Church, as explained by mediumship in Christ, and Christ's latest mediator.

"THE MARBLE FAUN," 2 vols., by Hawthorne. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Publishers.

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His former stories were mostly of New England life; this is a tale of classic Italy, with a mingling of New England characters among its persons.

It has many descriptions, said to be most appreciative and excellent, of the marvels of Art in Italian galleries and halls, and spiritual life, are wrought out with great beauty and power.

In the opening chapter, Kenyon, Miriam, Donatello, a sportive graceful young Italian, and Hilda, a New England artist-girl, are in one of the saloons of a sculpture gallery at Rome, before the "Marble Faun" of Praxiteles. This antique master-piece is described as a figure of a young man, graceful, sensuous, clad only in a lion skin thrown over the shoulders, and with a strange something in its human beauty that reminds one of a deer. The only departure from the human type is in the ears, which are delicate and pointed like a fawn's.

The closing paragraph is as follows: "Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate sense, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in fields and woods, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear."

Miriam playfully suggests a resemblance between Donatello and the Faun, and goes near to lift the locks of hair from his ears to see if they be pointed. He bounds sportively away, but their lives and sympathies become interwoven. Love springs up between them, crime darkens their path, and the deep insight of the author, his fine descriptions of the feelings and experiences universal in humanity, and made rich by the personal life of the character in the story, grow in interest to the thoughtful reader.

EL FUREIDIS is written by the authoress of "The Lamplighter," published a few years since by the same house, and which reached a sale of nearly 100,000 copies. It was a story of New England life, pure in thought and style, noble in its moral lesson of trial and conquest over passion and poverty, and the growth of a true womanly character.

With rich gifts of character and culture she has changed the scene of her story, and this last work opens in Syria. Meredith, a young Englishman, with his oriental guide and companion in travel, Abdoul, looks down from the mountain side on "El Fureidis, (the Paradise) the happy valley, watered by the springs of Baruk, the home of the mountain-rose, the garden of Lebanon. Resting in the heart of the mountain, a lovely village lies before him, its white flat-roofed cottages gleaming in the brilliant moonlight."

This is the home of Havilah, the child of an American father and an Eastern mother. Born beneath an Indian sun, but with the fresh life of the West glowing in her veins; at once the imaginative child of the Orient, and the active, intelligent representative of a race as diverse to the Asiatic type as is the sun's rising to that of his going down."

Thus we enter upon the incidents and experiences of life in the East, and, in the words and acts of the various characters in the story, see and know human life as modified by the atmosphere and scenery of Asia, human passion and emotion as tinged by the golden haze of the Oriental temperament. The story teaches, in eloquent and well-chosen words, lessons of purity, sweetness, strength, and discipline.

Like all the publications of Ticknor & Co., the typography of these books is clear and excellent, a model in that respect. G. B. S.

## New Music.

We have several times noticed briefly the excellent music of our enterprising friend, H. M. Higgins, of Chicago.

We would again acknowledge the receipt of the following choice pieces, from the same source:

Song—"I AND JENNY DAVIS."—Music by J. P. WEBSTER. This composer, who writes exclusively for Mr. Higgins, is the author of some of the most beautiful and artistic music in the country. In this sweet song—"I and Jenny Davis up the Hill went Berrying"—the very natural sequel is revealed in the last verse.

"This is up-hill work," said Jenny, "So is life," said I, "shall we Climb it up alone, I, Jenny, Will you come and climb with me?" Redder than the blushing berries, Jenny's cheeks a moment grew, While, without delay, she answered, "I will come and climb with you."

We would recommend this song to all—particularly to those unfortunate individuals who find climbing life's hill, alone "up-hill work."

Song—"LITTLE WILLIE'S LAST QUESTION: 'WILL THE ANGELS TAKE ME UP?'" Words by Rev. E. H. SEARS. Music by J. P. WEBSTER. The music in this song is admirably adapted to the words, which are sweetly narrative.

The song will be especially appreciated by the paternal hearts who number among their "jewels" those who early passed to the spirit home.

"THE SPIRIT DAUGHTER'S VISIT TO HER FATHER."—Poetry by THOMAS ROGERS. Music by R. T. CURTIS. This is one of a class of songs—beautifully illustrating the idea of Spirit Communion—which Mr. Higgins has, from time to time, placed before the musical and spiritual public.

Our musical readers (we hope they are many) will please bear this in mind. Also, the address of the publisher, 117 Randolph Street, Chicago.

"CHRIST, THE SPIRIT"—AN EXPLANATION.

St. Louis, June 5, 1890.

EDITORS OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS: While I thank you for the liberal spirit of your notice of my book, entitled, *Christ, the Spirit*, in your issue for May 12, I beg you to allow me to state the object of the volume, which is not to demonstrate the proposition that Truth is two-fold in the OBJECT and in the SUBJECT, as suggested in your notice.

The object of the book is to explain the true place of the written New Testament, and especially of the Gospels, in the history of the Bible; and to show, for this purpose, that the Gospels were originally a portion of the secret books of the sect of the *Essenes* among the Jews, the design of which was to interpret the old Testament for the edification of the members of that secret sect. The *Essenes* were a secret society, a Brotherhood among the Jews, described with considerable minuteness by Philo, who tells us expressly that the *Essenes*, or Therapeutae, a portion of the sect, regarded the Scriptures of the Old Testament as a living animal; its letter as the Body, its soul as the Spirit.

The purpose of the volume entitled *Christ, the Spirit*, is to show that the Gospels were a portion of the secret books of the *Essenes*, written to illustrate the power of the Old Testament upon those who received it and understood it in spirit. That *Spirit* is the *Christ*, personified in Jesus. The same *Spirit* was recognized in the Church, as is plainly stated by St. Paul, who speaks of the Church as the Body of Christ; whose spirit, therefore, is the eternal and invisible Spirit of Truth—not a historical person. The Apostle Paul also saw the *spirit* in the letter which, in Philippians, chapter 3, is called the "flesh," that is, the flesh of Christ. The flesh of Christ is the external church, or the Scriptures, while the *spirit* of the two is one and the same spirit, called by Christ, that is, by those who wrote the Gospels, the *Spirit of Truth*. This Spirit of Truth is the true interpreter, in every one, of the Old Testament. Personified, it is the Christ of the New Testament, the Gospels being written in Symbolism because the members of the *Essene* Sect were sworn to secrecy in regard to their doctrine, and were forbid to cast pearls before swine, or give the children's bread to the dogs; the children's bread meaning, simply the *Essene* doctrine.

In the belief that this explanation will tend to further the doctrine of Progress, the author respectfully submits it for insertion in the HERALD.

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