

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.

Imperfect Mediumization.

D. C. H., BATTLE CREEK.—From your description of the symptoms, and also from the peculiar sphere of your handwriting, we are led to conclude that some spirit friend has attempted to form a communication with you. The influence showered down upon your nervous system for this purpose has not yet assimilated with your own life. It often happens that spirits cannot withdraw the influence they shed upon a human soul, any more, for example, than you can recall a word spoken, or extract a drop of ink from a pail of water.

Many persons are prone to denominate such nervousness an "evil," and to fancy themselves swayed and driven hither and thither by a powerful combination of infernal powers, while the cause is precisely and only an undistributed spirit-influence upon their nervous systems. To restore the proper balance: use the pneumo-psychical methods as prescribed in the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

But in your particular case, Brother, we would simply counsel you to interpret the shocks upon your shoulders, neck, and arms, as vibrations of a benign influence which has been imparted for your intellectual advancement. Distribute it by the mandates of your Will only if so be it should check the healthy activities of your consciousness, either physically or spiritually. Believe the largest creed, hope for the best ends, desire the purest gratifications, read the Harmonical Philosophy, always act up to the dictates of your highest faculties, and leave the rest to our Father and Mother "who are in Harmony." AMES!

Inspiration of Dr. Thomas Dick.

DAVID TROWERIDGE, PERRY CITY, N. Y.—"MR. EDITOR: I will send you soon the first of that promised series of articles on the 'Nebular Hypothesis.' I am waiting to get what you have to say about Dr. Dick. Was he not a partially developed medium? He developed many truths relating to the 'spheres.' I will send you a sketch of his life, and a letter which I got from him. I think highly of that man. Did you ever have an interview with him?"

ANSWER: Perhaps we ought to regret that the spirit of this truly great Scotch philosopher has never visited our South. But it was once made clear to our understanding that his intellect did perform a high function in many departments of philosophical knowledge.

About two years ago, while writing a few sentences concerning the solar galaxies as revealed to the physical eye by the darkness of night, we heard a note of music, and then a voice from an unseen spirit interposed, as nearly as we can recall the words, with this ejaculation—"Deliciously true! Let every philosopher unfold the amplitudes of the universe. No mind, however vast its genius, can comprehend the all of the eternal spheres."

A silence of considerable duration ensued, during which we breathlessly waited to catch another word from the invisible speaker; but at length the clear voice added: "Dr. Dick, whose transcendent abilities too few admitted, was intellectually lifted to perceive the lights and shades of his present life."

In answer to our immediate question, whether he was intellectually illumined to conceive of the real life after death, and whether his philosophical teachings respecting the employments and enjoyments of the inhabitants of the heavenly state were in the main truthful, a response was made substantially, that—"It requires all the breadth of human capacity to admit the celestial enigmas, and the acutest action of every faculty to dispose of the infowing light; yet the earth-neglected philosopher, who wrote of the Future State, did not fall far short of the requisite disc and activity."

We waited long and patiently for more, but in vain. Circumstances did not admit of the exercise of personal clairvoyance at that moment; neither had we time, from positive engagements, to pursue the investigation further from that point; and the consequence is, the above constitutes all the knowledge in our possession respecting the philosopher. We trust, however, that our esteemed correspondent will early send a biographical sketch of Dr. Dick for the benefit of our readers. From the oral testimony of the unseen spirit,

we are authorized to infer that the large-minded author was inspired at times with the light of upper spheres.

Od-Force and the Odoscope.

CHARLES L., NORTHFIELD.—"DEAR SIR: It is difficult for me to understand the meaning of many words frequently used by writers and speakers on the new philosophy. One of these is the 'Odic light,' or 'odyle force,' which phrases, I believe, originated with Baron Reichenbach, the scientific Spiritualist of Germany. Can you inform me what meaning is designed to be conveyed by these terms?"

ANSWER: The etymology of these terms has been given by the learned Baron himself, in the following translation by Hittell: "Od is a force analogous and nearly related to the other forces already known to science. It includes a group of natural events (*Yorgänge*), improbable but perceptible to the senses, for which we have no measure or agent save the human senses, and even these only under peculiar circumstances of the sensitive impressibility."

"The reason why it has hitherto escaped scientific investigation, and has even been directly and stubbornly repelled and excluded by science, lies in the want of a universal odoscope or odometer, which might be placed within the reach of every one and whereby its existence might easily be denominated before the eyes of all the world."

"And again the reason why no odoscope has yet been discoverable springs from the nature of od itself, because of its power to pervade all things and all space, without accumulating in any place sufficiently to become perceptible to mankind generally. There are insularities for heat, electricity and light, but I have been unable to find any for od. This want of confinability, I have thought proper to use as a hint for a name which might be suitable for the varied combinations of scientific nomenclature."

"Va in Sanscrit means to blow. In Latin *Vado*, in old Norse *Vada* means I go quickly, I hasten away, I flow. From that *Wodan* in old German means the all pervading; it changes in various dialects to *Wudan*, *Odin*, signifying the all-pervading power which is finally personified in a German deity. 'Od' is consequently the name for a force which with irresistible power rushes through and pervades universal nature."

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"TOBACCO."—Yes, Brother, it is a poison of the nastiest and surest character. A quarter of an ounce of tobacco, infused in a pint of liquid, would be sufficient to destroy three full-grown persons.

S. A., PROVIDENCE.—Now that the Convention is over, do you still think the "spirit of Roger Williams" was the prime cause of the gathering? Your letter came too late for publication.

JAMES M., CLYDE, O.—Such a scene as you describe as a dream will be too soon realized in the political circumstances of America. The fair form of Liberty will appear like the woman you saw by the open door.

MRS. EDWARD FALES, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The package containing "conversations" with the spirit of the inspired Shelley, and "poems" from the same author, is received and will have due examination as soon as time permits.

M. M. M., KILLBUCK, CONN.—Thy "Dream," which was not all a dream, is somewhat symbolic of psychical experiences. It teaches, first, the reality of angelic guardianship, and second, the lesson of self-help in overcoming the effects of ignorance and error.

J. M. W., WILMINGTON, DEL.—It would require too much of our time to prepare your papers for the press; but we trust that many "drops" of healing may fall from thy reservoir of generous sympathy and health—giving energy into the seething "ocean" of human suffering.

"C." RICHMOND CITY.—There is a rich stream of heavenly truth and good purging through the landscape of your experience. Your interpretation of the sign given was natural under all the circumstances. What a positive test of spirit agency!

BURDETT C. M., SAN ANTONIO.—Thanks for the reformatory communications. We will use them as it seemeth best. Your several interrogatories are received. Have you read what is written on those points in "The Thinker"?

ROBERT MILLER, NORTH GOWER.—The pell-mell poetry, purporting to emanate from the spirit of Robert Burns, does not impress us favorably. We shall retain your letter, however, and report further if it be deemed wise. It is reasonable that the poet is animated with the benevolent wish to address and improve his countrymen.

P. M. M., BOSTON.—We are moved to answer you in the language of the good Fichte: "Blessedness is unwavering repose in the One and Eternal. Wretchedness is vagrancy amid the manifold and transitory. Therefore the condition of becoming blessed is the return of our love from the Many to the One."

S. P. L., MIDDLEBURY.—"Wish you would put the HERALD OF PROGRESS in a form to bind." Glad you feel thus to cherish our evangel of good tidings. We have several physical objections to the magazine form. If you desire to preserve the HERALD in book form, it will be easy to make a stout pasteboard cover, or inexpensive to obtain one of the book-binders in town. A new and durable invention for filling newspapers has just been introduced, and may be ordered from the office of this journal.

H. ALLEN, CALIFORNIA.—Have read every word of your letter, Brother; it imparts an influence of dissatisfaction and unrest. Better not return to the "States." A brighter sun will shine on your soul. Be neither cast down nor riled with discontent, for the "ways of wisdom" will be opened to thee.

J. D. L., HORN, N. J.—Dr. Dodd's last debate was not published. He did openly affirm the Spiritualism of the Bible.

—Your intuition is awakened in the direction of thought-reading.

—We would recommend the teachings of "Phrenology" as useful for your judgment.

MRS. C. R., GORHAM, O.—Aged Sister, do not expect a ray of special light from this quarter of the firmament. The several pages have been carefully read; but it is not given us to befriend your understanding; neither can we find time to prepare your inspiration for printing. Much of what you sent is exceedingly novel. Let your watchword be, *Onward Forever!*

"EVIL SPIRITS." JERSEY CITY.—These manifestations are given to teach mankind that the other world is as natural as this. Do not count every disorderly impulse as of spirit origin. Discord is of the soul and of the earth. If you expect "evil" you will not be disappointed. The universe is ample. Each mind may find what it seeks, and lose what it might possess.

THOMAS SIMPSON, CAL.—The rewards of a true benefactor are not always neglect and persecution. But the fate of many a good soul is faithfully and touchingly pictured in Ecclesiastes, ix Chap. v. 14, 15, thus: "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

A. WARREN, BIRMINGHAM, O.—Your late brief word to Mr. Leland is withheld, because the last two letters, from him, addressed to you, are intended to be reconsiderations of fundamental principles and conditions, by which he expects to "come to the point" and establish his philosophy of development. In his next, as we understand him, he proposes to reply to your last published letter; then, Brother, our readers will expect to hear from you in a series of well-founded objections. He is compelled to do all the work in the premises; so, therefore, it is but just in you to be generous.

L. W. R., OHIO.—Layard was writing for Christian readers. That explains everything. Since Champollion opened the buried history of Egypt, it is thought that no man has added more light to the darkness of ancient life than Mr. Layard. He gives an account of a visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan; also says he visited the *Yezides*, or *Devil worshippers* of the Oriental world. We wonder why he did not save his time and money, and visit the "Devil-worshippers" in palaces and temples nearer home.

MARY T., BRIDGEPORT.—The gift of healing by laying on of hands was exercised by the early kings of England. The Church of England recognized this "spiritual gift" as one evidence of her Apostolicity and faithfulness to Christianity. Rogers, an eminent and learned divine, in his work on the Thirty-nine Articles, published 1681, plainly represents what are called miraculous gifts, as still forming part of the qualification for the ministry. He says, "Lastly, we do read that God hath ordained to the Church some to be Apostles, some prophets, some teachers, some to be workers of miracles. (1 Cor. xii. 28.)"

"SISTER," CLEVELAND, O.—It is well, Sister, that the word has been spoken: "Choose you this day whom you will serve." May the holy inhabitants of the Spheres keep your brain clear and your heart single to the true object. Our advice is,

"Arise! for the day is passing,
While you be dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
Your place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has a part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

L. A. REAVIS, BRIDGEPORT.—It is even so. We seldom refer to any book; not often to the indispensable Dictionary. When we seek the books of authors, it is mainly to compare and authenticate what we have quoted from them. It sometimes happens, however, that we can obtain direct aid from a reference. But it is not necessary to hunt through a volume for a particular passage. We go instantly and unerringly to it, as the honey-bee by instinct finds the flower, or as the beaver constructs its dam, "not having learned."

W. P., SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.—The harder the conflict the more glorious the victory. You have obtained your spiritual liberty; but you have lost "the world." 'Tis well! Luxuries too easily obtained are too lightly valued. "These are the times to try men's souls." It is beautiful and grand, Brother, to contemplate such as you resigning home, friends, fortune, all! for the sake of the eternal Truth. Now, noble friend, watch for the first solid step whereon to plant your foot in business, then step forward and stand firm in the Right. We cannot point the way for you. You have eyes and a capable judgment.

T. M. C., CHARLESTOWN.—We are compelled to regard the main statement contained in your letter as remarkably incongruous. It reminds us of the sentence of a certain lecturer on the History of Chemistry, who thus described the celebrated Dr. Boyle: "He was a great man, a very great man! He was the Father of Modern Chemistry, and the BROTHER OF THE EARL OF COCK!" In like manner, we find you asserting that "Prof. M— was the author of experiments in psychometry, and the father of the promising young minister at P.

Try again, good friend. The only "Prof." entitled to the credit of scientifically discovering and demonstrating "Psychometry" is Mr. J. R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, O.

BELIN OTIS, POINTE.—If you earnestly desire and earnestly design (or will) to act the noble part which God designed man to perform, there is not the faintest shadow of doubt but that you will progressively assimilate to him

"Whose love alike for all mankind
In quenchless glory burns."

The Kingdom of Harmony is within thee, so also are its archangels and seraphims (or intuitions and reasoning powers), and the only certain course to pursue to obtain permanent possession, is: *become a King!* "Greater than the conqueror of a city" is he who ruleth and harmonizeth himself. For your bodily state, Brother, select from our medical department the right remedies.

"MEDITATION."—Yes, we have been many times impressed that the Poet Wordsworth was endowed with rare powers to appreciate the beauties and spirituality of Mother Nature's scenery. A certain writer well said: "First in the great walk of Poetry is Wordsworth, who, if he stood alone, would vindicate the immortality of his art. He has, in his works, built up a rock of defense for his species, which will resist the mightiest tides of demoralizing luxury. Setting aside the varied and majestic harmony of his verse, the freshness and the grandeur of his descriptions, the exquisite softness of his delineations of character, and the high and rapturous spirit of his choral songs, we may produce his 'divine philosophy' as unequaled by any preceding bard."

"A TRUTH SEEKER," NEW YORK.—We did not witness the execution of the pirate Hicks. You ask: "Do you not think he was a medium?" Ans. We do not believe he was, except for the unfortunate influences hereditarily imparted to his soul, and aggravated by the undisciplined powers of his own determined personality. These warring elements, combined with quick reasoning powers, constitute "the Devil" in every instance. "Every good and perfect gift cometh from above." No genuine receiver of spiritual influence is discordant while so baptized; the "Devil" is exhibited whenever a turbulent character is left to itself, unguided by the celestial influences. It is impossible for any soul to be, *per se*, a source of evil. When will Christians, lawyers, judges, jurors, and witnesses, and Spiritualists, see man as he is?

"SPIRITUALISM," IRVING PLACE, N. Y.—No reader of the wonderful Poetry of Shelley can resist the conviction that he was, at times, under a spiritual affluence. The following is extracted from *The Memorials of Shelley*, recently published and edited by Lady Shelley: "One night loud cries were heard issuing from the saloon. The Williamses rushed out of their room in alarm. Mrs. Shelley also endeavored to reach the spot, but fainted at the door. Entering the saloon the Williamses found Shelley staring horribly into the air, and evidently in a trance. They waked him, and he related that a figure wrapped in a mantle came to his bedside and beckoned him; he followed the imaginary (?) figure into the saloon, when it lifted the hood of its mantle, ejaculated '*riche sodigato*?' (are you satisfied?) and vanished."

P. P. C., NEW YORK.—The direct method of a well-ordered life was stated by Confucius five centuries before the Christian era. From an inferior translation of the Sage's injunctions, suggestions, and counsels, we quote the following:

Do nothing that is unhandsome, although thou shouldst have art enough to make thine action approved; thou mayest easily deceive the eyes of man for a time, but thou art always in danger of detection.

Never contract friendship with a man who is not better than thyself.

The wise man blanches at his faults, but is not ashamed to amend them.

He who lives without envy and covetousness may aspire at everything.

Wouldst thou learn to die well? learn first to live well.

Desire not the death of thine enemy; thou wouldst desire it in vain, if his life were not in thine hands.

Acknowledge thy benefits by the return of other benefits, but never revenge injuries.

THE YOUNG GIRL'S GRAVE.

(We find the following beautiful little poem floating about: we know not the author.)

Here, in a little cave,
The prettiest nook of this mossy vale,
All amid lilies pale,
That turn
Their heads into my little vault and mourn—
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot—
A small house stream murmurs close by my pillow,
And o'er me a green willow
Doth weep,
Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep,
The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
Come to my cave and sigh; they often bring
Rose leaves upon their wing,
To strew
O'er my earth; and leaves of violet blue—
In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh in my mossy bed,
The frequent pity of the rocks falls here,
A sweet, cold, silent tear;
I've heard,
Sometimes, a wild and melancholy bird
Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er,
That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl:
"Here lies a simple girl,
Who died
Like a pale flower cased in its sweet spring tide,
Ere it had bloomed"—No more.

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 CELESTIAL SPHERES.

ANSWER TO "AN INQUIRER."

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

DEAR SIR: I fully appreciate the kind yet penetrating spirit which pervades the questions you address to me in the last number of the HERALD. It gives me pleasure in attempting their solution. I shall not do so, however, formally, but in a general manner. Alone I cannot penetrate their mystery, and hence can only transcribe the words of those who have passed to the great Unknown. I shall answer your questions by extracts from the forthcoming volume of the "Arcana," for it discusses these and kindred questions in a manner so simple yet so exhaustive it seems to me perfect of its kind.

ORIGIN OF THE SPIRIT.

"To study this important subject, we must commence at the same point where we would to study the origin of the body. If the spirit exists it is supported by law; thence it originated by law, and its intimate relations to the body presupposes a common origin. The microscope looks far into the mysteries of life, but clairvoyance sees farther and with clearer eye. By either method we find that the first intimation of the new being is the birth of two cells, (germ and sperm, male and female.) The growth of the foetus from this point to its birth is described in the preceding volume, (ARCANA, Vol. 1.) If the parents have immortal spirits, as well as mortal bodies, and if their corporeal frames support the corporeal being of the foetus, then their spiritual notions must in an equal measure support the spirit of the foetus, and the growth of its spirit and body be similar, both receiving nourishment from the mother."

MAN A DUALITY.

"Man is a dual structure; a spirit and a body blended into a unit; the body related to the external world by the senses, the spirit taking cognizance of the spiritual world through its spiritual perceptions. So long as the two are united, the spirit perceives the relations of the external world through and by the aid of the corporeal senses. So intimately are they blended that it is with difficulty its existence is perceived."

PROOFS OF IMMORTALITY.

"One fact of clairvoyance, one manifestation of spirit presence outweighs all the logical argumentative of the world has ever heard."

THE SPIRIT BODY.

"The spiritual body is matured with the physical form, which it pervades, and when the latter is cast off, we find it existing independently, and that it has emerged from the wreck of the latter, in which it existed, organ pervading organ in the most perfect manner."

WHAT CONSTITUTES IMMORTALITY?

"A unity harmoniously preserved, is the prime necessity of immortality."

ORIGIN OF THE SPHERES.

"Matter is subject to eternal progress. From the granite rock which juts to the sky, to the atoms of blood coursing through the veins of man, matter arises from the crude to the refined. Still farther is this process carried in spirit, which is sublimated matter. From all worlds the latter ascends as it is produced by the processes of life. We can see it escape from the rock within which chemical processes are at work; from the growing and decaying vegetable, set free by light, and from the dying animal, like vapor."

"Thus derived, we have but to follow in its course to know what becomes of it, and what office it fulfills. If we do so we shall be carried in a slightly spiral line through the polar opening and find ourselves in the Second Sphere. There we shall see these currents disperse. They go there to build the second sphere, the home of spirits."

ITS FORM AND DIMENSIONS.

"The First Sphere surrounds the earth like a very broad belt extending sixty degrees each side of the equator. Hence sixty degrees are left unoccupied at each pole, which explains the term 'polar opening,' previously used. It is about sixty miles distant from the earth's surface, and is nearly fifty miles in thickness. It is a solid belt or zone. We say solid, for it is so to us, and holds the same relations to us as solid bodies do to man. It is constantly increased by additions of new material brought from the earth by ascending currents. Substance—a word we use to denominate spiritual matter—arises to the level, where its repulsive and attractive tendencies are equal, which is the position of the First Sphere. There its ascent is arrested and it enters at once into its formation."

STILL SUBJECT TO PLANETARY LAWS.

It rotates around the earth as its center. "The zone rotates, and hence its plane of rotation must coincide with that of the earth. The period of rotation around the earth is a little more than seventy-four hours."

"ONLY ITS SURFACE."

is inhabited by spirits, as man inhabits only the surface of the earth."

THE SECOND SPHERE.
 "In the First Sphere the same refining process goes on, as in the Rudimental, or earth-sphere. Three spheres extend in a similar manner around the earth, the most external lying beyond the moon, that luminary revolving between the Second and Third spheres."

THE SIZE OF THE THIRD SPHERE.
 is almost incomprehensible. If we consider it situated at the distance of the moon, and do not make allowance for the polar openings, by mathematics, its surface is determined at 782,601,572,000 square miles, or to be equal to 395,291,736 worlds the size of earth, providing its surface be entirely inhabitable."

THE DIVISION INTO SPHERES.
 is real, but that of Circles and Societies is purely arbitrary. It is from this cause so much confusion exists in descriptions of the spirit-land. But in this confusion there is no real contradiction. Each planet has spheres in size, rotation, and number, as diversified as their satellites. The earth regarded separately, has three, but the whole solar system, as one, conjoins to throw around itself, as a whole, spiritual spheres, held in common; and carrying the analogy further, this entire world continent, the vast galaxy, or what is usually called the Universe, throws around itself by emanation a series of ascending zones. These unite and blend the Universe into one whole, permeable throughout its whole extent for refined spiritual beings."

These I transcribe and give you as broken fragments of the previously mentioned work, to which I must refer you for further light, as a volume alone can do justice to this vast and interesting subject. Many questions remain unanswered in this narrow column, for reason that Friend Davis cannot afford the room I should require, and if he should I could but transcribe more at large the writings of my invisible angelic friends.

Truly yours, H. T.

WALNUT GROVE FARM.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

A Short Sermon.

BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS.

"Know ye not of yourselves what is Right?"—BIBLE.

BRETHREN:
 I am no worshiper of Christ nor of his alleged sayings. Worship—that twin of Veneration—so deeply engraven in the soul of humanity, is due only to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. That Christ is not God, in that foolish sense in which we have been taught, I have not doubted since I took him at his word and judged him by the light of my own Reason. Much of his sayings and conduct we love to contemplate; but there are some things imputed to him that look foolish and inconsistent.

It is said of him that he went out of his way to see a fig tree, and although it was not fig time he cursed the tree for its barrenness, and it died. Of course the tree was not to blame for not furnishing fruit out of its season, and it would doubtless take a great deal of hard cursing to affect its vitality.

The scourging and driving of the people out of the synagogue, and the violent denunciations of his brethren, the Scribes and Pharisees, are in strange contrast with the sentiment, "Father, forgive them—they know not what they do."

But I would that all men appreciated the importance of heeding the appeal at the head of this article, and thus turn from the dogmas of the Church to that "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Who, amid the one hundred thousand ministers that are claiming to teach the people on the great theme of religion, ever appeal to our high and holy intuitions for the truthfulness of their ministrations?
 Man's reason has been but too fatally ignored. In the Church, we are cited, for authority, to Moses, Christ, Paul, Peter, Luther, Wesley, Fox, Campbell, Beecher, &c.; and in matters of State, to Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, the Constitution, &c.—all good for what they are worth; but the individual who sacrifices his own immortal selfhood, by pinning his faith to any or all of these authorities, is, to say the least, living far below the proper dignity of man or woman. Every sane human being who has entered upon an immortal career, possesses talents which he is in duty bound to cultivate; and one of the most hopeful features of the present age is the development of individual responsibility.

But the question may be asked, Are not the Bible, in religion, and our American Constitution, in matters of state, standard works, upon which every good citizen will surrender his individual opinion? Our answer is, No! Such supreme authority exists not on earth. The highest tribunal to which a human being can bring his thought is his own soul. Bibles and Constitutions are of men, but moral obligation is of God. Our brethren that have preceded us, and given us their (in many respects) excellent papers, had a right to do their own thinking, but they exceeded their legitimate authority if they intended their opinions should silence or circumscribe the restless yearnings after Truth of your soul and mine.

It matters not a fig if Bibles and Constitutions were piled high as heaven, and their binding force insisted on by all the priests and statesmen this side of perdition, the moment their authority is brought to strengthen the hands of the oppressors of mankind, they (in this respect) deserve the silent—perhaps I should say active—contempt of every man and woman. • • • • •

In conclusion, we would say that, amid all the buildings, persecutions, and despairing darkness through which we have passed for opinion's sake, the truth of the Most High has sustained us, and thanks to Him that we now enjoy what our poor soul was longing for, and that the ideas of a universal Father, the unity of our race, and the soul-inspiring principle of universal progress, have been presented to our eager minds.

Voices from the People.

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

Notes from the West.

NUMBER 2.

DEAR HERALD:—In my last, I promised you an account of the Independence Convention; but, upon farther reflection, conclude to refer you for facts and fables to the newspapers. The party interested in these gatherings is apt to picture the sunny side, only, and those who hate our faith, see only darkness and depravity among us, while the disinterested, honest-hearted on-looker will see both sides—the light and shade—and judge righteously. One paper tells you the Convention was a glorious gathering of Spiritualists, Garrisonians, advocates of Woman's Rights, and independent thinkers in general—that the great thoughts of Warren Chase truth-laden—found a welcome in many hearts—that A. T. Foss uttered words terribly truthful as the thunders of Sinai—that "the woman spoke only as women can speak in behalf of the sisterhood." Another class of editors saw from another standpoint. They report the Convention a shocking affair—a gathering of fools, vagabonds, and blasphemers. Dear law and order loving souls! They saw, through our influence, the glorious Union dissolved, the Church creeds torn to tatters, and all the world destruction bound.

As this is my first, and perhaps last visit to Iowa, I am far more interested in viewing the land than in discussing the merits of public speakers. To this end I have thankfully accepted the aid proffered me by the good souls in Independence.

Independence is the terminus of the Western railroad, and I wished to see how the people live out of reach of highways, canals, and railroads. The wish has been granted. Mr. W. had business in Cedar Rapids, a flourishing town on Cedar River, forty miles south of Independence. He kindly offered Mrs. Doctor E. and myself seats in his carriage. The morning of starting was cool and cloudy—a fortunate thing in these July days.

Out of town I saw, for the first time, a vast plain—a great earth sea it seemed. Little groves scattered here and there, reminded me of ocean islands lifting their emerald heads out of the sea. A few solitary oaks stood sentinel-like along our way. The many-hued flowers, growing luxuriantly, with the tall grass bending and surging as the breeze swept along, reminded me of the ocean-waves coming beachward. The cattle grazing upon the unfenced plains, and the numberless prairie chickens, were of great interest to one raised amid the New Hampshire hills. Indeed, this surpassingly beautiful panorama was to me suggestive of the "green fields," about which the poet so sweetly sings. If this is not the place referred to, it is not less beautiful. God has in truth a grand picture gallery—living, breathing glorious pictures. How truly the poet sings:

"The leaf tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips of the sod,

The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the ear of God,

The summer wind that bringeth music o'er land and sea,

Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of songs to me;

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above, And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

One thing along the prairies seemed a little peculiar—the multitude of roads. It seemed as if every settler had built a house and then marked out a road for its express accommodation. The consequence was, four times in a mile we came to "the forks," and as there was no "main road," and no guide-boards, we must guess our way till we reached the house—often at the end of the path. But even this annoyance was not without its advantages. It gave us an opportunity of seeing the country and the enterprising settlers. Mr. W. is decidedly a merchant prince among the thought dealers. Every hap and mishap he turned to account by collecting facts. No matter how poor a spirit we found, he managed to enrich himself by truth worth knowing. There was, however, a single exception. We called at a cottage for a drink of spring water. "What is the name of your town?" asked W., addressing a pretty woman. A half-pronounced six-syllabled word threw but little light upon the name of the town of four houses. "Please spell the town's name," said Mr. W. The prairie beauty was nonplussed. She did not "quite remember how to spell it." He found, for once, there was little chance for information; so, giving rein to the horses, he remarked, "How can one woman be expected to know everything?"

The reader must not infer that the prairies of Iowa are peopled with handsome, uneducated women. I have seen less refinement, and far more ignorance in the cities of the East than in the prairies of the West. I have seen but few foreigners in the State, and not a single negro.

For some miles our way lay along the track of the late tornado. Many things of interest are connected with the march of the Storm King. Trees were blighted as if a fire had singed them.

Upon the same limb were often green leaves and dry. One tree would be twisted to fragments—the next, untouched. Some houses were unroofed—others, the basements torn out. We found men repairing a mill-dam, and learned that about ten feet deep and twelve broad were scooped out of the center of the dam, leaving a channel for the water. It is a little singular that in twenty years the same locality has been three times visited by a like storm.

The second day brought us around to Marion, the county-town of Lynn. So fine a town one seldom sees in a new country. The streets are broad, clean, and shaded by oaks of a century's growth. All seemed so Yankee-

like, I half believed a New England hamlet, in her Sunday suit, was on a visit to the queenly Iowa. Toward evening of this day we turned Independenceward. The night came on earlier than we had supposed.

The clouds threatened rain, and the cool land-breeze hinted of chills. That was not all. We were out of sight of human habitations, and the prairies were seamed with roads. The harness gave way—the creaking wheels said "grose, grose!" What was to be done? We three being genuine Yankees, devised ways and means to meet all emergencies. The harness was mended with straps and strings, the horses had the liberty of choosing their home way, and we, having been pupils in the school of patience, waited the result. A little after midnight the quiet town was reached in safety.

Yours,

FRANCIS BROWN.

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

For What is Man Living?

CHAGRIN FALLS, O., July, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS:—When I look about me and see the great, busy world, teeming with life and activity, I instinctively inquire, what is the object of all this activity? For what is humanity laboring? Does the great world at large see any beauty in anything above the engrossing cares and external pleasures of life? Do mankind see anything to love and admire in the silent but beautiful whisperings of the unseen musicians in the air, in the trees, in the flowers, on the mountains, or in the ocean? Do their souls catch the thrilling melody that comes floating on the air in angel voices? Do they feel the soft caress of friends who have gone to the better land? Do they comprehend the grand significance of life and the glorious birthright of their nature to an immortal crown, "eternal in the heavens?"

Oh, how few thus live in the interior world. External things, which perish with the using, absorb their time, and energies, and attention. They are living for the gratification of sense. They are selfish in their pursuits, desires, and occupations. Ignorant of the latent powers slumbering in the silent depths of their interior nature, not heeding the "still, small voice" proclaiming the needs of the spirit, they are more attracted by that which promises immediate and outward gratification.

Oh, how much the world suffers for want of knowledge! How little it comprehends the true source of happiness! But humanity is steadily progressing. Taking superficial views of things, we conclude that human nature is wholly corrupt; but when we penetrate deeper into the laws of matter and mind, we find that individual action comes within the sphere of relations, and in the unfolding of the inner life, that ultimately every faculty of mind, as an integral part of the human constitution, will bloom with immortal beauty.

The pen of history, pointing to monuments reared in the long ago, indicate the progress man has made in civilization and refinement, all along up through the dull centuries. Progress is from the basilar towards the frontal and coronal regions of the brain; and as the brain expands in this direction, character becomes correspondingly more beautiful in its expression. So we find that character depends on organization. Those who understand the laws of mind, can become instruments of elevation and enlightenment to their fellows. They will not be disposed to blame the unfortunately organized, but will tell the vicious man the cause of his depravity, and the remedy; will make him feel that there is some good in his nature which can be developed, some flowers of love which can be cultivated and beautified; that he is our brother, and heir to a crown immortal.

As we unfold the love-elements of our nature, we shall perceive more beauty in the spiritual, be less selfish, more charitable, and endeavor to labor more to build up the temple of divine harmony. It is the power of love which will ultimately redeem man from selfishness and sensuality.

E. W.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

"LEAVES."

BY GEORGE GRAY.

NUMBER TWO.

A VOICE FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.

The history of the origin of the more liberal features of the British Constitution, though very obscure, is invested with great interest to all observers of the progressive recognition of inherent, equal human rights. Especially in these days of agitation upon the question of universal suffrage, is it instructive to mark the correspondence between the earlier and the later objections urged against the extension of the elective franchise. And while, as Americans, we are proudly grateful that we live under a government that affirms the right of all men to an equal voice in selecting makers and executors of laws to govern all men, we cannot fail to feel indignant at the unwillingness of our English ancestors to extend to the handholders a voice in the Commons. Hence, I was much pleased to find, the other day, in Univerus' Grammar of History, a fragment of middle-age correspondence upon this subject, which (rendered in modern English) I beg leave to lay before the readers of the HERALD. It seems to be one of those circular letters which, before the era of printing, were carried from castle to castle by special messengers; thus foreshadowing the newspapers of this age:

"LONDON, June 19th, 1261.

The Bishop of Buckenham, to the Lords Spiritual, and Lords Temporal, the Abbots, and greater Barons of the Realm of England, Greeting:

There has been another assembling of the common people in the Forest of Arden to contrive means to obtain for themselves a representation in Parliament.

"My Lords! Forty-six years ago this day was signed at Runnymede the solemn charter

* See Webster's second definition of man—also

Judge Taney's commentary on the Constitution.

† See Webster's first definition of man.

of English liberties. It is my privilege to address the free peers of the best government upon earth. And ere the lapse of a half century, shall we lay sacrilegious hands upon the Magna Charta for which our fathers struggled, merely to please a few discontented peasants, who should be at home mending their gardens? The condition of the lower orders is better in England than in any other nation in the world; praise to the enlightening influence of Mother Church! Are they not now, in verity, the rulers of the land? Are we not all dependent upon their daily offices for our subsistence? Do they not form our households, and have charge over the training of the young lords soon to be the rulers of the realm? Have they not influence in the castle, whence all great enterprises proceed? I have known an Archbishop to be completely controlled by his barber; and a timely word from his page has often saved a knight's reputation for sagacity. Let them seek to extend their influence over their rightful lords by a pleasant demeanor; and by making desirable the chamber, the hall, and the court-yard.

Verily, my Lords, we are fallen upon evil times. Where are the good old Feudal days, when your fathers and mine dwelt each with his chosen retainers in his own secure castle, resounding with joyous sounds of revelry? Then the cheerful vassals polished the trusted armor, and girded the stalwart knight, as he went forth to manly deeds of chivalry and fame. And when, at night, he returned weary from the tournament, he was received with open arms; and kind and skillful hands disarmed the galled limbs, and washed the fretted wounds, and with silent gentleness, soothed the irritated spirit. It is no marvel that we have now no more such noble lords, since the retainers go forth unsent from the castle gates to meet in assemblies, and clamor for rights. It is not strange that the sacred claims of religion are disregarded; and no more brave knights are found willing to grasp the pilgrim's staff for the Holy Land, to rescue the sacred sepulcher from infidel hands. Not strange that the realm is torn by faction; and corruption reigns everywhere.

These evils are justly chargeable upon our vassals, who, by rendering discordant the castle, have deteriorated the knight errantry, and vitiated the court. I know what these people impudently say: "That this decay and misrule is evidence that the lords are not worthy to govern the country alone." But what do they know of government? Their minds are constituted differently from those of blood. They are perfect in their place; and that place is just as important as our place; but it is not to know of public affairs. Their manual duties leave them no time to learn the laws of the judicial combat, and the judgment of God, and the principles of Feudal tenure. And we are their servants; for, is it not rudgerly to mingle in the corruptions of the court? Their simple minds should not be contaminated by the rough and vicious influences which we have to encounter. We would shield them—we love them.

"Many a baron has spilled his blood in defense of his retainers. Many a pilgrim upon the plains of Palestine has spent his last breath in prayer for the people of his estate. But for those who are haranguing for rights—they excite our disgust. God be thanked, they are not fair specimens of the class for which they assume to speak. The laborers of England do not desire civil power. They would never exercise it, were it granted to them."

"The greatest evils would follow the yielding of these demands. If the tenants had a public voice, they would have no mind of their own, and would only be used as tools by the over-lords. Thus, corruption would be engendered—discord, too, would abound, for the vassal would disagree with the lord upon questions of State—refusing to do the bidding of the lord, quarrels would ensue—the estates would be scenes of interminable dispute—the castle no longer a cherished abode—alas! the road to barbarism would be short, indeed."

"I have no fears; but should our gracious Henry, the third of that name, be prevailed upon to grant the petition for a branch of Parliament, elected from common people, dissolution would be inevitable, and the future of England would then surely be dark. Our Holy Catholic Church would not long be respected by those who now disregard her Scriptures—'Servants be subject to your masters with all fear. Learning would fall, for is not learning upheld alone by the Church? and they would go out together. We should be as the savages of Arabia Deserta, who have no pope."

Three years after the date of this letter the Deputies of Boroughs were first summoned to Parliament, but the fall of the Church did not occur as soon as the bishop had anticipated, for it was over two hundred and fifty years ere Luther started the reformation that eventually overturned the Romish religion in England.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Sweden is making some progress toward religious liberty. Until now, the punishment for leaving the Lutheran Church, and joining some other, has been banishment. From Sweden ago, six women were banished from Sweden for becoming Roman Catholics. Now, the punishment has been reduced to fine and imprisonment. It is generally supposed, in this country, that there is more religious liberty in Protestant countries in Europe, than in Catholic countries. This is a mistake. The very contrary, in point of fact, is true. Protestants, for example, have more liberty in France and Austria, than Catholics enjoy in any Protestant country in the world. There is no country in Europe where Jews are compelled to keep the Christian Sabbath, with the strictness required in the United States, where they are allowed neither profitable labor nor amusement.—Sunday Times.

The soul of man imperatively demands a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment, that it may be built up in strength for the accomplishment of its high and holy mission, in its struggle for the acquisition and extension of "peace on earth and good will to man."

People frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence as for want of an inclination to search for it.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

NEW BIBLE READINGS.

LATTER DAY MIRACLES.

CHAPTER I.

1. And it came to pass in the reign of Buchanan, about the seventh month, there came from the East a woman, whose name was Annie.

2. Now the fame of this woman had gone abroad over many of the towns and cities in that region, as having power to communicate with departed spirits.

3. Divers rumors were abroad that a powerful Indian chief, who had ruled many tribes, now came to this Annie, and in her presence played upon stringed instruments, and did many wonderful things.

4. And it came to pass that in these latter days there were many people in the region, and round about the goodly town of Formill, who believed that these strange things might be done.

5. And many of the people did believe in the wonderful stories which are found in the Scriptures; how Moses and Elias appeared to Jesus on the mount and talked with him; also, that two angels appeared at the sepulcher and rolled away the stone.

6. So many of these Formillites believed that departed spirits had power to perform miracles in the reign of Buchanan.

7. Now Annie, the medium, came and appeared at the house of one bootmaker, whose name was John, and Sarah his wife.

8. And there abode with them one Fannie, who was a teacher of the people. (Now Sarah, the bootmaker's wife, and Fannie, the teacher, were reputed as honest women, even until this day.)

9. And there was a small village in the region of Formill, called The Dale; and many of the people believed in the strange things which Annie taught.

10. And it came to pass that a goodly number of the Daleites went down to John's the bootmaker, to see what might be done!

11. And these Daleites being a wise people, thought it best to take along with them their high priest, who is called William. And there accompanied them one Jabez, the prophet, and who in these days followed the craft of printing. Pliny, the mail-carrier, (who was an unbeliever,) and Emily, the healer, journeyed with them.

12. And lo! and behold! when these wise Daleites were seated in the presence of Annie, the medium, they heard the stringed instruments and bells pass over their heads, making a great noise, so that the high priest marvelled within himself.

13. And many of them did believe that the spirit of the great Indian chief did move among them, and neither the priest, nor the prophet, nor the healer, nor the mail-carrier could detect how these wonderful things were done.

14. But it came to pass that on another evening, Edward, the jeweler, and his wife, Abby, (the detector,) went down from Formill to the bootmakers to test the wonders which had been there performed.

15. And Edward, the jeweler, and Abby, his wife, did deem themselves wiser than all the multitude which had before assembled in the presence of Annie. So Abby did, by the aid of a lucifer match, (now Edward, the jeweler, did not believe in Lucifer until this day,) discover that Annie was a deceiver.

16. So the jeweler and his wife were filled with holy wrath and righteous indignation, and did declare in the presence of all the believers, that they would expose the sorceries in all the region round about Formill. And they departed in great wrath, shaking the "dust from their feet."

17. Then when they had departed, lo! and behold! the spirit of the Indian chief did come again, and so great were the wonders performed that the people did greatly marvel among themselves at these things.—Spiritual Reformer.

EXPERIMENTS AT A CIRCLE.

THURSDAY EVENING, July 19, 1860.

At a circle held at Mr. Taylor's, on 15th Street, Mr. Foster, Medium, Mr. Bill called mentally for his spirit friends. His mother came, and the name of Mary appeared in large Roman letters on the medium's arm, just above the wrist. The medium under influence wrote the following:

Mr. Sox: You ask for a communication. I can only say that it is delightful for me to come to you at all times, and assure you that all your friends are well pleased with the medium you consult, and we can give you all that is deemed necessary through her.

Signed, YOUR MOTHER.
 The medium saw a spirit standing by the chair of a lady; a name appeared on his arm, and in large, distinct, Roman characters. The lady said it was correct.

A lady wrote several names. The spirits selected one by loud distinct raps. The medium in a shrill scream announced the name "Margaret." The pellet was opened, and the name Margaret was on it.

Another lady wrote several names. The spirits through the medium rapped in the negative to several names and then "res" to a certain one. The medium cried out "Lords"—which was the name.

The medium requested a person to write a slip or paper full of names. The party wrote eight. The medium erased all but one; the name left was "Lettie." The medium wrote under the table on a slip of paper, and the writer's own pencil, and the name "Hammond"—which was correct.

The medium joined hands with several, and the table rose entirely clear of the floor for a moment.

The mother of a person present was seen standing by him. He was requested to write a number of names. That of "Melstah" was selected out of five.

A female medium, Mrs. S., of Broome street, was entranced, and wrote a character-

Mysteries.
Readings.
Miracles.

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into communication to the same party from the same spirit.
The medium Foster wrote a communication to Mr. Watson from his (Watson's) father, and signed the father's name "Joseph," to it.
The writer of this put down thirteen names for a lady: the right one was immediately designated. He again wrote thirteen names, and seven degrees of relationship. These were correctly and immediately answered.

MYSTERIOUS THROWINGS OF MATERIAL OBJECTS AT PARIS AND DIEPPE.

The hurling of physical objects by invisible hands, is a fact well known in the annals of Spiritualism, both in this country and Europe. The last number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, published in Paris, relates a phenomenon of the kind as now occurring in Nogers street in that city. It quotes from a paper called *Le Droit*, as follows:

"M. Lesage, Superintendent of the Palais de Justice (Hall of Justice), occupies a room in that street. For some time missiles sent from no one knows where, have broken his glass, and entering the room have hit the inmates in such a way as to wound them more or less severely. These missiles are large fragments of half-burnt brands, heavy pieces of stone-coal, and of what is called Paris coal. The servant girl of M. Lesage has been hit upon the chest by many of these, and has been much hurt.

"The victim of this witchery finally called the aid of the police. Persons were hired to keep watch; but they were themselves hit by the invisible artillery, but were unable to ascertain whence the blows came. As it was impossible to live in a house where it was necessary to be always on the alert, M. Lesage requested of his landlord the cancelling of his lease, and to draw up the writings, a notary, M. Vaillant, was called in, whose name seemed to suit with circumstances in which perilous exploits were to be performed.

In fact, this functionary had hardly begun to draw up his instrument, before a large lamp of coal, hurled with extreme violence, entered the window, and was dashed into a fine powder against the wall. Not in the least disconcerted, M. Vaillant made use of this coal dust to sand the page he had just written, as Junot, on a former occasion used the dust raised by a falling bomb-shell.

It is hoped that the inquest set on foot by M. Huland, overseer of the district of the Sorbonne, will clear up this mystery."

Says the editor of the *Revue*: "The police have discovered nothing at all, which is very extraordinary, as nothing escapes the researches of the Paris police. We have ourselves visited Nogers street, No. 46, and have made a minute investigation of the locality. We must mention, however, that the facts have transpired, not in the house of M. Lesage, but in that of his son-in-law, M. Bigot. It is a room in the fifth story of a house which has an L wing on the south side. It was supposed that the missiles were thrown from this wing, because when the sash of M. Bigot's room was open, the half of each one opposite the wing alone was hit. But all the windows of the wing were entirely closed, with the exception of one and sometimes two, and through these there was a clear view; and during the eight days that the invisible artillery kept up its fire, neither the police, nor the neighbors who were constantly on the watch, ever saw through the windows, or were able to find in the rooms to which they belonged, the least creature, or the slightest instrument that could hurl the missile. From the velocity and the direction given to the objects thrown, they could reasonably be supposed to come only from that locality. But the hands which threw them, certainly did not belong to visible, physical beings. A remarkable circumstance is, that the course of the missiles, which were never visible till they had reached the end of their flight, was several times seen as if they descended from the upper atmosphere. But what is most amazing is, that the glass of the broken panes fell outside, although the sash, as in all cases when the windows are open, turned in. [The sash, in French windows, generally open to the right and left, like our blinds.] Explain these facts, who can; the incredulous and wiseacres, meanwhile, will obstinately persist in attributing them to some wag, who, under the very eyes of the police, must have had the patience to devote himself night and day to the singular amusement of throwing objects in this way. But since the incredulous are always endeavoring to find natural explanations for every fact which men of conscientious observation cannot explain, let them exercise their invention on the following facts, recently narrated by the *Vie de Dieppe*, (Dieppe Beacon,) facts which most of the journals have republished, and which have besides been attested to by eye-witnesses."

THE DISTRACTED BAKERY.

"Yesterday morning, M. Goubert, one of our city bakers, with his father, employed in his establishment, and a young apprentice about sixteen years old, were about to commence their ordinary labor, when they perceived that many objects spontaneously left their appropriate places and leaped into the kneading-trough. They were thus obliged to free the dough upon which they were at work several times in succession of bits of coal, two scale weights of different sizes, of a tobacco-pipe and a candle.

"Notwithstanding their extreme surprise, they continued their labor, and were just about to turn their bread, when all at once, a lump of dough weighing some five pounds, escaping from the hands of the young journeyman, flew to a distance of some yards. This was the prelude and, as it were, the signal for the strangest disorder. This was at nine o'clock, and from that hour till noon, it was absolutely impossible to remain in the bake-house or the cellar adjoining.

"Everything was turned topsy-turvy, upset, and broken; the bread, tossed into the

middle of the shop, with the shelves which supported it, amid the litter of all sorts, was completely lost; more than thirty bottles full of wine were broken one after another, and while the cistern windlass turned of itself with extreme velocity, the broaders, shovels, trestles, and weights kept leaping into the air and executing evolutions of the most diabolical character.

EXHIBITION OF SPIRIT HANDS.

MR. HUME IS LONDON.

In the *Spiritual Magazine* of London, are some interesting letters addressed to the editor, detailing some interesting sittings with Mr. Hume, enjoyed by the writers. We give two of them.

LONDON, May 1, 1860.

First Sitting. The circle was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Hume, and seven other persons.

After remaining seated some time around a table, we saw a very beautiful female hand suspended in the air; we saw a part of the arm, also, and this phenomenon appeared to us so heavenly, that our hearts were filled with gratitude toward the all-powerful Creator who permitted us to be witnesses of it. The hand was visible to us through the internal light which appeared to issue from it, than by external light. Soon after its disappearance, we saw the hand of a man placed on the table, much more material than the other. Finally we saw the hand of a very small child, which at length showed its head; and at last spirit hands held the child in such a way as to allow us to see its shoulders and size. After this a hand with the arm arose, covered with a white transparent drapery, and this hand remained at least for five minutes. At length spirit hands held before us an admirable garland of white flowers; we never saw a garland, made by mortal hands, so perfect. The spirits then told us, by means of the alphabet, that they were going to show us the emblem of superstition—and we saw a black hand. They next declared that they wished to show us the emblem of truth; and we saw a fountain of pure water which threw up a silvery jet, and disappearing left in our remembrance the ideal of perfection. In short, the events of the sitting were so marvellous, that I begged the friends who were with me to read the following attestation, and give it their signatures.

[Here follow the signatures.]

May 9, 1860.

Second Sitting. At eight o'clock in the evening I was present in a saloon containing nine persons, among others Mr. Hume. We heard sweet tunes played upon the accordion by invisible hands. A gentleman called for the national air, *God save the Queen*, and it was immediately played. The spirits immediately raised Mr. Hume aloft. His limbs rested in the air; the body was in a horizontal position, and floated like a feather. Thus placed, he said he would have been pleased to have a pencil to make a mark upon the ceiling, but as he had not, he was contented to make a cross with his nail.

[Here follow the signatures.]

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)

ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH SESSION.

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

QUESTIONS: What are the characteristics of the Spiritual Philosophy?

MR. PARDEE: It is the clearest exposition of the divine methods; it unfolds more rationally the nature of human existence both here and hereafter. But, as in the discovery of a philosophy, there is needed a philosopher; he would ask, what constitutes a truly philosophic mind? A man may have philosophic tendencies without being a philosopher. One, to lay just claim to that title, must be able to perceive the divine method on all planes—the external, internal, and inmost. To be able to affirm from one of these only, does not constitute a philosopher. The true philosopher therefore is a religionist as well as a scientist. He is at once a sage, a seer, and a prophet—a sage, that he may gather wisdom from experience; a seer, that he may cognize spiritual verities; a prophet, that he may declare the future from the things past, the things present, the truth external, and the truth internal. Socrates represents the sage, Swedenborg may be held as a type of the seer, and Isaiah, of the prophet. These three in one, make the philosopher. Without the power of the sage, all human history is a blank; without the power of the spiritual faculties as exemplified in seership, the spiritual universe is a fable; without the power of prophecy, we could have no assurance that the sun will rise to-morrow. Now, it is characteristic of the spiritual philosophy that it aims at the entirety of knowledge with respect to the divine method; that is to say, the divine method in the outer, the inner, and the inmost planes of manifest being.

MR. BORN: The speaker has gone beyond his power to follow. He has furnished meat, when for him, only milk is wanted. He would be really glad of a plain statement of the distinguishing traits of the spiritual philosophy. He is disposed to think favorably of Spiritualism (though he knows nothing of its facts or philosophy) for the simple reason that he sees it engaging the earnest attention of so many rational and intelligent persons. It has at any rate, that characteristic in contradistinction to the dogmas of the popular faith, which have long since ceased to claim the respect, if not the attention of philosophic minds. He would say also, that it is

characteristic of the Spiritualists who meet here (whether or not it is a result of their philosophy) that the topics treated are worthy of universal consideration, and the manner of treatment, of universal imitation.

MR. DEAN: The spiritual philosophy is one great step in religious progress. It presents a view of the future life immeasurably superior to all the religions. Its affirmations rest upon a broader basis. The Bible writers, or at least some of them, leave us in doubt as to the very fact of immortality. Consult Eccl. 9: 5—"The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward." Or, Is. 26: 14, "They are dead; they shall not live; they are deceased, they shall not rise." Or Eccl. 9: 10, "For there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." Or again, 3: 19, 20, "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth the beasts, even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast. . . . All go unto one place." Now, the religion which is of authority must needs find in these and similar expressions scattered throughout the records upon which it relies, serious cause of doubt; which the opposite ideas therein set forth cannot wholly remove. Indeed the totality of religious teaching with respect to man and his destiny beyond the grave, as compared with the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, is as Astrology to Astronomy, or as Alchemy to Chemistry.

DR. GOULD: A prominent feature in the spiritual philosophy is its liberalizing tendency. That man has profited little therefrom, who refers to ancient Spiritualism as to something antagonistic. A sound spiritual philosophy must embrace the whole. We need the ancient landmarks to keep certain of our modern philosophers from going astray. For example, some of them are in favor of the abolition of all penal laws, or physical punishment of the vicious and depraved; and we need to foster a due reverence for the wholesome doctrines and practices of antiquity with respect to the wicked, in order to save us from the disastrous consequences of the modern heresy, that goodness and not vengeance, leads to repentance.

DR. HALLOCK: As the spiritual philosophy shapes itself to his mind, a few of its salient points may be stated as follows:

1. It inculcates and confers unwavering faith and confidence in God. This is seen in the fact that the Saviour which it reveals, is Truth, or a knowledge of the divine laws; or in other words, that when a man understands a law of God, he is at once reconciled to it, and is forever after saved from all fear of it. In the spiritual philosophy, then, God is the absolute good; and truth, or a knowledge of the natural methods of God (what we call laws of matter and mind) the only and universal Saviour. The superiority of this philosophy is apparent. None but its disciples dare trust in God. Others require an intercessor or advocate—an advocate who qualifies himself for the office by becoming a sacrifice to appease the divine wrath. When you ask a disciple of the old school for his "plan of salvation," he points you to the biography of a young man born in a distant province of the Roman empire, who, at about the age of thirty-four years was publicly executed as an infidel to the religion of the country, and tells you with all imaginable gravity, that, but for the violent death of the young person aforesaid, God neither would, nor could save a single soul of the entire human race! This is not trusting in God, it is trusting in biography. Nay, it is not even that, it is trusting in the *misunderstanding* of a biography.

2. The spiritual philosophy is peculiar as to method. As its God is not a monarch, and its Saviour is not a man, it necessarily goes a different way to find them. This peculiarity of method is perhaps one of the most prominent characteristics of the new school. The old school looks for its God in history, for its Saviour in history, for its immortality in history—its every dogma rests solely upon history. Not so in the new school. It does not determine truth by the affirmations of history, it determines history by the affirmations of truth. Here is a broad distinction. It studies God and man, forces and laws, in the light of what they do; precisely as men study astronomy, by looking at the heavens instead of consulting the records of astrology. In the old school, the prophet's word is final; Paul stands for God. In the new, God stands for himself, and Paul for himself. Truth, as she reveals herself in open daylight is final; and not the prophet's opinion of her; that only is acceptable when it corresponds with the manifestations of truth herself. When the prophet's saying accords with what is daily seen of God's doing, then, and then only, have we the "sure word of prophecy" where-to it will do well to take heed."

3. The spiritual philosophy is a complete reversal of the plan of human government. According to the national notion, which is based on the credities of ancient tradition, its God is away off somewhere outside of his universe, and its Saviour, too, is gone off after him, loaded down with national petitions for divine mercy upon here and there a man of us; it only truth a book, and its true religion a ritual—everything outside, dramatic—as though man had no inside. From the days of the old myth, that man is made of clay, the old school has mistaken him for an underdone brick, to be brought into symmetrical shape only by external pressure. To this end, we have, here a church, and there a prison; on the one side, a priest, and on the other a hangman—all our boasted

institutions but so many pressing machines—the natural result of which is not wholly satisfactory. Now, it is a specialty of the spiritual school, that man is not a brick, and therefore is not at all to be thus treated. Instead of a prison, he wants affection; in place of a priest, he needs a teacher; he is a child to be educated, and not a devil to be tormented. Thus stands he in the light of all spiritual philosophy. So Jesus saw him—his God within, his government within—a spiritual germ, whose development is not by compulsion, but by invitation.

MR. WAITE: Another characteristic is, that it represents man as essentially and originally good. It also abolishes hell. It also demonstrates the fact of continued existence, and by revealing the true effect produced by the natural process called death, it saves us from the fear of it. The emancipation it has wrought in this respect within the last few years is truly wonderful. It is also characteristic of this philosophy, that it harmonizes with fact and reason, everywhere. Hitherto, religion and science have been at variance. Now, theology and philosophy, for the first time, after a warfare which is as old as history, meet as friends. The spiritual philosophy has no quarrel with any truth.

MR. BRUSHMAN: As he understands the ground principle of Spiritualism it is, that our finite souls here in the body, are in communion with the infinite life of the spheres. All this has been left out of the old religions. Now, Spiritualism comes to us with a rational hereafter. It alike ignores endless hell and endless psalm-singing. It has opened a magnetic relation with the inhabitants whereby we are being initiated into a new life. This is practically new, and it is as interesting as it is novel. This city pays \$105,000 to get into communion with the people of Japan. The instinct of intercourse is irrefragable; and whatever may be the philosophy evolved, the fact of intercourse with the spiritual world is itself the great fact. What surprises him is, that this Spiritualism comes down upon this matter-of-fact age, and to decidedly the most matter-of-fact nation on the face of the whole earth. Had it appeared in Germany, it would have given speculatists less trouble. But no, it falls plump down upon this Yankee nation with its time and talents wholly absorbed in the infinite intricacies of fortune-making. Extremes have met. We have had to do with hard facts and this has taught us to think. The universe is a large place and the impulse of discovery is inherent. Theology was worn out; but we could not rest in negation. Then came Spiritualism to break the crust of this hard, matter-of-fact age, and then for the first time the Yankee founded a philosophy. What must come of this? A thorough consciousness of the divine love and harmony which pervades that realm of order and peace which spiritual intercourse has revealed, must ultimate in its final establishment upon the earth. The brotherhood which is seen in heaven, felt in the spirit, will yet be realized in the flesh, and molded into the institutions of the present life.

DR. GRAY: There is only time for him to say now, that it teaches us there is no such thing as a separation. The heart that loves, loves forever. It says to the mourner by the side of the open grave, the risen is more intensely here than before. This is more than any other system has said.

The question is continued.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

The Aurora Borealis;

WHAT IS ITS NATURE, AND WHAT ARE ITS CONSTITUENT PARTS?

WRITTEN BY SPIRIT IMPRESSION.

This brilliant phenomenon, which, at certain seasons, attracts all eyes to the regions beyond the northern pole of your earth, has not been clearly understood by the scientifically cultivated minds of your sphere. Unable to account for this occasional lighting up of the heavens in varied and beautiful colors, not comprehending the laws which govern this manifestation of divine power, they have simply stated that it was produced by the presence of electricity in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

This is an indefinite and unsatisfactory attempt to solve a most interesting scientific problem. We will, therefore, if the condition of the medium will allow us to impress the thought upon his brain, present our view of this mystery as obtained from our spiritual standpoint.

That electricity is present when this brilliant illumination of the northern heavens occurs is true, for electricity, in a greater or less degree, pervades all space—animates all nature—permeates and vivifies every form of matter, every condition of material life.

Electricity is the motive force which carries the mineral forward into the vegetable, the vegetable into the animal, the animal into the human, and the human into the angelic state. Like the life current which flows from the center to the extremities of the human system, carrying on its stream that which nourishes and invigorates the entire structure, so electricity is the efflux of the divine heart, passing ever through the countless channels of the material universe, imparting in its flow, the elements of continued vitality and unceasing expansion.

Let the arterial flow be stopped, and the form which it has nourished will fall into decay; so, if the electric fluid should cease its action, the globe on which you dwell, which has been molded in wondrous beauty of proportion and perfect adaptation of parts, would crumble into chaotic confusion, and man, animal, vegetable, and mineral, would alike lose their animating principle, and decay, or disintegration would necessarily ensue. Electricity not only animates the entire visible creation, but it is the interior principle of all invisible matter. The various gases, distinguished from each other by as many different names as you may, all contain this essential element from which they derive their impulsive force; like the material human form which is quickened and moves under the controlling influence of the indwelling spirit.

Electricity fills your earth, from its dense and darkened center to its open, smiling surface; it permeates the atmosphere which emanates from and surrounds your globe—it fills the etherial ocean beyond, and with its mighty chains binds all the members of your solar family in harmonious accord. It fills the burning sun which illumines with his effulgent rays even the far distant Neptune on his gigantic pathway through the infinite abyss. It flows beyond the range of your constellated system into interminable space, and clothes all worlds, all systems, all universes, with its mantle, as the morning mist envelops the mountain in its vapory folds. It forms the current upon which all thought flows from the Great Deific Mind to the beings of His creation; it weaves the spiral columns of the sky along which all aspiration ascends from the creature to the infinite Creator. Electricity, therefore, must necessarily be present when the Aurora Borealis bursts in sudden splendor upon the celestial archway; but 'tis not electricity alone that adds this many-tinted radiance to the golden glories of the etherial realm.

'Tis the refraction on the sun's rays when brought in contact with the dense particles of vapor which arise from the immense icebergs found floating in the polar seas.

The exhalations from these stupendous frozen masses are, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, rarified, and congealed in distinct atoms; forming long columns or lines of minute crystals, extended, in some instances, many degrees—which, catching the rays of the receding luminary reflect the radiance thus received, thereby producing that brilliant display of celestial pyrotechnics known to your earth as the AURORA BOREALIS.

For the Herald of Progress.

Comets.

A. J. DAVIS:—I saw a little notice of Comets in your HERALD two or three weeks ago, and that induces me to send the following information:

One statement which I saw there, and which I concluded was a misprint, said that the comet of 1856 was predicted to return to its perihelion during the present year, (1860). I suppose it meant the great comet of 1556, the comet of Charles V. That comet was said to have been one of the finest comets of modern times; and could we suppose that there is the least probability that it would return, it might well excite us; for the prediction of its appearance, within moderate limits of the truth, would be quite an achievement for the astronomer. It was to have returned in 1848, but as it did not, some astronomers found, according to one set of elements, after making due allowance for the retarding influence caused by the attraction of the planets, that it would return in 1856; and by further modification, in 1858. Another set of elements gave its return in August of the present year. Astronomers have searched for it, but up to now in vain.

It is well known that the return of the great comet of 1556 during the present year, depends upon its identity with the great comet of 1264. It is now known, however, that the two comets are not the same. The best elements of these two comets are,

Comet of 1556.	Comet of 1264.
Time of perihelion passage, 1556, Apr. 22, 1264, July 20.	
Longitude of perihelion, 274° 19'	300°
Longitude ascending node, 174° 57'	141°
Inclination, 30° 15'	16°
Perihelion distance, 0.507	1.651.

It will be seen that the inclinations alone differ by 14½°; and while the perihelion distance of the first is but about forty-eight millions of miles, that of the second is one hundred and fifty-three millions; that is, when the first is nearest to the sun, its distance is half that of the earth; and when the second is nearest to the sun it is fifty-seven millions more than the earth's distance. "The hypothesis of their identity has been fully and completely disproved by a Dutch astronomer named Hock, who has also shown that neither of them can be identical with the comet of 961. But the prediction of its return still dwells in newspaper corners."—From a letter of Dr. Gould, dated Albany, Oct., 19, 1858.

Comets have a wider sweep in the solar system than any other class of bodies with which we are acquainted. The great comet of 1858 requires about 2,300 years to complete a revolution around the sun. This great comet yielded more information to the astronomer respecting its internal structure, than all its predecessors. It is thought that its interior parts (in the center) may be metallic. The great comet of 1811 requires about 3,800 years to complete a revolution around the sun. It was 1,000,000 of miles in diameter. According to Encke's calculations the great comet of 1680 is 8,800 years in completing one revolution; and one that appeared in 1844 is thought to take 100,000

SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This number of our paper completes the first half year of its publication. Those who subscribed for this term, have received the paper long enough to understand our purposes, and the probable manner in which they will be realized.

All whose terms of subscription expire this week, received a notice to that effect with the last paper. We shall continue to send one or two weeks more, to give time for renewal. All names from whom we have not then heard will be erased from our mail books.

In sending for the continuation of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, we trust our friends and co-workers will not be too selfish, but seek to extend the benefits of free journalism to their neighbors and acquaintances.

What is Doing in the Reform Field.

The following meetings have been advertised heretofore:

Grove Meeting at Lyons, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 1st and 2d.

Fort Recovery, Mercer county, O., Friends of Progress, Sept. 1st and 2d.

West Grove, Jay county, Ind., Grove Meeting, September 8th and 9th.

Ashtabula Annual Convention, at East Ashtabula, O., September 1st and 2d.

North Newbury, Grange county, O., Friends of Progress, Aug. 25th and 26th.

South Royalton, Vt., the seventh Annual Convention of Vermont Spiritualists, August 24th, 25th, and 26th.

Putnam, Conn., Picnic and Grove Meeting, August 22d.

MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

At Sturgis, Saturday and Sunday, August 25th and 26th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

A meeting to strengthen free thought, to encourage true and free speech, to awaken and perpetuate active interest in Reforms, Freedom, Progress, and Spiritual Life.

Come, one and all! men and women, who would examine the *great living questions* of today.

S. J. Finney, of Ohio, J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, T. S. H. Willis, of Coldwater, G. B. Stebbins, of Ann Arbor, and other speakers will be present to take part. The people of Sturgis will hold open doors for strangers.

PICNIC AT FORT LEE.

A grand Picnic of the New York Spiritualists will be held on Thursday, August 16th, 1860, at Fort Lee, N. J. Eminent speakers will be present, and every effort made by the Committee of Arrangements to secure to all who may participate in the festivities of the occasion, a season of intellectual and social enjoyment, as well as of physical recreation. Boats leave foot of Spring street, at 8 1/2 and 10 P. M., touching at Twenty-second street. Tickets 10 cents; children under 15, gratis; Fare on the boat, 10 cents each way.

WILLIAM V. NOE,
Secretary of Committee.

THE GROVE MEETING AT TONTON-ANY.

Dr. JAMES COOPER writes:

"Our meeting at Tontogany, on Saturday and Sunday, (Aug. 4th and 5th) was largely attended, and the best of feeling manifested. It was the first public meeting held by Spiritualists in that neighborhood, and consequently every effort was made by old fogies to keep its adherents away. A school house within a stone's throw of the grove in which we met was used by them to hold meetings all day. (They commenced an hour before we did, and kept up the meeting an hour later.) And we were told that any number of prayers were offered up by the Christians for rain! But a good and impartial Father blessed us with beautiful weather and harmonious feelings, and the day will be long remembered by both speakers and hearers."

THE CAMBRIDGE MEETING.

We had overlooked a letter from Isaac Paden, of Woodhull, Henry Co., Ill., in which he says of the Convention at Cambridge:

"We have had one of the best Conventions I ever attended. Some nine or ten regularly ordained preachers, who had left their old fogies and come out into the open light, bore honorable testimony to the value of a religion of Reason. We had a variety of good lectures on different subjects, also an epistle of encouragement from the Penn Progressive Friends."

PROGRESS IN BANGOR, MAINE.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER appends to a business note the following cheering words, respecting the state of things at Bangor, Maine.

"A few words concerning the progress of Spiritualism in Bangor, the place where I am now lecturing, will perchance interest you. But a few months have elapsed since Spiritual meetings were first established in this city. Now, our friends are engaged in remodeling a building of their own, formerly a church. It will be finished in two or three weeks in a chaste and elegant manner. The care and responsibility of this movement falls upon two heroic men—Mr. Benson and Mr. Taylor. I call them heroic, because they are not rich in gold, and therefore incur risk.

Bangor has heretofore been noted for sectarian proclivities, but the people are fast rising above darkness and superstition, into the clear light of truth. One cheering sign, is the fact that the celebrated Methodist Divine, Dr. Taft, has recently commenced preaching

to an independent congregation. Everybody loves him, and Spiritualists, Unitarians, Universalists, Methodists, flock in great numbers to hear him. I may also state that the learned D. D. is bold enough to give notice of a lecture from a trance medium, from his pulpit."

THE PROVIDENCE CONVENTION.

The *Banner of Light* publishes a detailed report of the first day's proceedings of the Convention of Spiritualists at Providence, on the 1st and 2d of August.

From this we learn that the attendance was large. A list of not less than thirty-five speakers being given as among those present. Dr. H. F. Gardner of Boston was chosen President, with the usual number of Vice Presidents, &c.

The Business Committee reported for adoption a definition of Spiritualism and its aims, which recognizes the kinship of a true spiritual faith with physiological, educational, parentage, Theological and Social Reform; the emancipation of woman, and "the equal enlightenment, enlargement and consequent ultimate liberty of all human beings."

We learn from one in attendance that the sessions were harmonious to the close. The "woman element" largely prevailed, which generally insures harmony.

The festivities of the third day excursion were largely participated in, and doubtless correspondingly enjoyed.

Brief Items.

—An ingenious French statistician has lately calculated the approximate value of the crumbs of bread which all the people of France lose at their meals in the course of a year. According to his calculation, the amount lost would suffice to feed a whole city of 20,000 inhabitants for five years.

—The young Prince of Wales, whose advent this side the waters is stirring up, from a century's sleep, "Her Majesty's Provincial subjects in America," is said to be quite prepossessing in manners and personal appearance. His figure is erect and well formed, his face marked with delicacy and refinement of expression. His hair is light, complexion fair, his eye keen and bright. At a ball given in honor of him at Halifax, he danced with many of the Halifax belles and beauties.

—Out of one family in Walworth county, Wis., within a few years, four of the brothers and two of the sisters have committed suicide.

—A "smart" little job of work was done in Tippecanoe, not long ago. Mr. Lutz cut a lot of wheat one morning, threshed it and had it ground, going two miles to mill, and then his wife baked it into bread, and had it ready to eat before eleven o'clock—only three hours from the standing grain to the warm bread.

—An order for a Sewing Machine has been sent to this country from China—the Chinese being delighted with this "foreign" improvement.

—The papers notice the advent of another Arithmetical prodigy from Kentucky. He is uneducated, but answers the most difficult questions in figures, with rapidity and precision.

—John Adams, being called upon for a contribution for foreign missions, remarked: "I have nothing to give for that cause, but there are, in this vicinity, six ministers; not one will preach in the other's pulpit; now I will give as much and more than any one else to civilize these clergymen!"

—In Alexander Hamilton's first political speech occurs these memorable words:

"The sacred rights of man are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or rusty records; they are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

—Henry Ward Beecher says: "People have the idea, now-a-days, that the churches are cradles, ministers spectacle nurses, while the burden of their song is, 'hush my dear, lie still, and slumber.'"

—A learned man once said: "The three hardest words to pronounce in the English language, are, *I was mistaken*! and when Frederick the Great wrote his letter to the senate, 'I have just lost a battle, and it was entirely my own fault,' Goldsmith says: 'This confession displayed more greatness than all his victories.'"

—The following is said to be a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake: Take ten drops of No. 3 hartshorn, (ammonia), and repeat the dose in one, ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, according to the condition of the patient, and wash with hartshorn. Or use saleratus, or lobelia, or sweet oil taken internally.

—A shameful evidence of the corruption prevailing in some departments of California government, is seen in the recent "trial" of Judge Terry for shooting Senator Broderick in a duel. The case was called, and the witnesses not having arrived, all delay was denied, the case submitted to the jury without evidence, and the verdict of *not guilty* rendered. A more complete farce was never enacted by a legally constituted court.

—Rev. James Martineau, brother of Harriet Martineau, is soon to visit this country.

—A very touching incident occurred at the funeral of Mr. W. B. Clifton, who died in Louisville recently. Prior to his decease he manumitted his slaves, numbering some 40, a large number of whom attended his funeral. During the march an old slave who had been much attached to his master came up quietly to the hearse, the fringe of which he respectfully kissed, and behind which he walked the whole distance to the cemetery. After the prayers at the grave were ended and all had gone save the blacks, the old man signed to them to kneel, and throwing himself upon the ground prayed most vehemently and tearfully for his master and those he had left behind, which so affected the listening mourners, that the place was filled with cries and groans.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the Europa steamer at Boston, Aug. 9, we are in possession of European news to the 27th of July.

Engagements between Garibaldi and the

Neapolitans occurred before Melazzo, on the 16th and 17th of that month, in which 580 of the Neapolitans were killed or disabled. On the 20th inst. Garibaldi assailed the town with the bayonet, and after a desperate combat the Neapolitans withdrew to the citadel.

Gen. Clary, the Neapolitan commander at Messina had abandoned the outposts of the city, and had concentrated his *corps d'armée* in the citadel. The rest of his troops had been dispatched to Calabria. These movements had given occasion for the premature report of the abandonment of Sicily by the Neapolitans.

The latest news received from Naples announces the popular disaffection was not so violent in its manifestations as it had been.

A project for European intervention in Syria, agreed upon by all the great powers, was about to be submitted to the Porte. Meanwhile, by latest advices from Syria, we learn that there has been a cessation of hostilities between the Maronites and Druses.

In Mexico, Miramon, the church leader, is stated to be at Lagos, unable to make his escape through the lines of the beleaguering Liberals.

The Physician.

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

MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY A. J. D.

"Powerless." CHRISTOPHER L. MICKLEBURG, PA.—It is very hard to inform thee, Brother, that as yet no remedy is given for thy daughter.

"Deafness." P. M. H. GLENS FALLS.—In our *HERALD* for June 30th, you will find a "Whisper" adapted to the affliction now upon you. Best wishes for thee and thine.

"Ontons."—These popular roots are filled with medical properties. The magnetic power of the compass-needle will be entirely changed or destroyed by the touch of onion juice.

"Tetter." J. P. D., WISCONSIN, IOWA.—Physicians have classified this affection under various titles. Dry and humid, either, may be cured by oil and turpentine, as directed.

"Lameness." M. M. W., PAVILION, ILL.—We know of no application suitable to the suffering occasioned by the fracture of your right leg. You should be thoroughly treated by hand-magnetism.

"Sore Throat." HANNAH S. P., ROYALTON, VT.—From the atmosphere of your letter we are led to the "*Hypophosphites* of lime and soda" as the true remedy for your affliction. Address, J. Winchester, American and Foreign Agency, 43 John street, New York.

"Memory." J. W., LA FAYETTE, IND.—The secret cause, to which you may refer the temporary suspension of the recollecting faculty, is the reversal of certain cerebral polarities. Get some powerful operator to magnetize you from the neck and cerebellum, the passes terminating at the center of the forehead.

"Sympathy." J. T. F., CINCINNATI, O.—Brother: It is impossible for our eyes to see anything serious in the parts you describe; although, in several tissues, magnetic disturbances are very vivid. Would you not thrive, during the less painful attacks of your diseased tissues, upon the electro-magnetic current?

"Sore Eyes." B. R. S., ALGONQUIN.—Here is what we prescribe for the afflicted young lady. Take a large pinch of bayberry bark (*Myrica Cerifera*), not "barberry" remember; make a strong tea of it; when cold, wash her eye-lids with it, both at night and first thing in the morning. Congress water is adapted to her bodily condition, and would expedite the restoration.

"Homeopathic Infinitesimalism." Dr. T. J. HARVEY, of LOS ANGELES, has forwarded a paper on the connection of Spiritualism to the principles of Homeopathy. He thinks he has solved this problem in "his normal state." His statements will be in order when the subject is being discussed in our columns.

"Gen. De Bility."—A number of constant readers, having tried the pneumogastric remedy, in connection with methods for the overthrow of Gen. De Bility, write us the most unequivocal testimony. We treasure these certificates and shall print them in answer to certain critics who doubt the correctness of our New Discovery.

"Tuberculosis."—Taking as a basis the sum generally considered as that of the population of the globe, it is fair to estimate that from eighty to one hundred millions of its habitants succumb, by a premature death, to some form of this disease. It destroys nearly a sixth of the population of England. We prescribe *Breathing* as the remedy and preventive.

"Tea-Drinking." C. M. S., MUKWONGO, WIS.—Your dependence upon nerve-exciting and nerve-exhausting "tea" is unworthy a person of your rare constitutional powers. The use of tea, after considerable hard labor, is sometimes beneficial; not otherwise, unless when prostrated by illness of the bilious character. Sister: stop your tea as a beverage. We cannot give anything but this counsel.

"Forgetful."—O. W. T., BOSTON, writes, regretfully, that he cannot remember half he hears or reads. There are thousands of sinful souls who would gladly exchange thousands of dollars for the power to forget. One writes hastily, and adds:

"But I have been patient; let me be so yet. I have not forgotten half I would forget. But it revolves. Oh, would it were my lot, To be forgetful, as I am forgot."

"Magnetizing." JOHN B., HIGHLAND, ILL.—There is no danger in absorbing the diseases of those you magnetize, except as a penalty of ignorantly or knowingly operating upon cases to which you are not adapted. Excessive use of the power is attended with nervous debility; and in such state, also, the diseases of others may be absorbed. The only true safeguard is self-magnetization, while alone; by using the Will power as prescribed in the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

"Bronchitis." J. L., NEW HAVEN.—Your prayer to live a wiser and truer life will not be answered by your "reasonable service" to that end. The new light, Brother, will shine into the past, revealing its blackness, and into the future, opening brighter paths for thy feet to press. For thee and thine, in particular, we have no word of counsel. Be of good cheer. The air of the West would certainly benefit the bronchial irritation.

"Specific." GEORGE, WISCONSIN.—There is no specific for gonorrhea. The divine order of the universe is established and maintained upon strict conjugal virtue and healthfulness. Yet, there is hope and health for all. All popular specifics for these disorders are absolute cheats. The electro-magnetic current is most certain to reach and heal the parts debilitated. Use this remedy, Brother, and eat whatever contributes to appetite and subsequent happiness.

"Putrid Sore Throat." W. R. H., SANDGATE.—Scarlet fevers, or rather the atmospheric conditions which produce croup and fevers among children, are sure to ultimate, in some cases of predisposition, in throat diseases of the *dytheritic* character. In the early stages of the attack, before the soreness and inflammatory symptoms are severe, stop all nutriment and apply cold bandages. Give the patient small bits of ice frequently to hold in the mouth. Good nursing, promptly administered, with magnetism by hand, will save every case.

"Chemistry."—The Boston *Medical Journal* says: "Not only is chemical science capable of pointing out the exact chemical constitution of the body, and the changes and transformations which are constantly occurring, but it has proved competent to direct us respecting the proper methods by which certain elements, or agents, may be furnished when pathological symptoms indicate an insufficient supply." If this be true of chemistry, why is it that physicians, with such an aid in the treatment of disease, do not accomplish more cures?

"Paralysis." CHARLES, BALTIMORE, MD.—The case you describe, good Sister, is too important to be passed by with only general treatment. We cannot assume the responsibility of watching the symptoms and meeting the ever-varying alterations in cases so critical and deserving of sympathy. It is our impression that the primary cause of the whole paralysis is cerebral. The infirmities now existing are, of course, associated with functional weaknesses and alternate disabilities. It is very necessary that his brain, especially, should be fully magnetized. After that, another's strengthening influence will blend with his own volition; and the possibilities of beautiful health will come within the circle of your home once more.

"Spasmodic Cough." H. L., WILLIAMSBURG.—The disease of your wife is a mixture of spinal affection and catarrhal asthma. She should begin the practice of *Breathing*. Fix a damp sponge over the month and inhale the fumes of brimstone once a week, or oftener, if symptoms are painful. Tell her that *sulphur* is good, except in theology. Get the homeopathic preparation of *phosphorus*, low dilution, and smell of it a little just before retiring for the night. Oil silk jacket should be worn next to the skin. Keep the surface of the body free of dry perspiration. There is hope for her; she must, however, drink very little either of hot or cold fluid. Heaven help her and thee!

"Prurigo Pruritis." WILLIAM T., KANKAKEE CITY.—In papulous eruptions, characterized at first by soft and smooth elevations of the cuticle, the surface-skin becomes diseased. Hence, when not cured in youth or successfully treated when it makes its appearance, the disease slowly establishes itself in chronic form. It is now exceedingly difficult of management. The most convenient remedy is: *equal parts spirits turpentine and sweet oil amalgamated by alcohol*. Rub this thoroughly into the skin wherever the symptoms are excessively troublesome. If the tingling and stinging is too intense, add a coating of light cream. Dieting will make no difference. Avoid the extravagant use of salt. Your cure is doubtful.

"Superfluous Hair." ALBERT, WORCESTER, MASS.—It sometimes happens that the conditions for the production of hair exists in parts of the face or body where Mother Nature did not design to fix them. In such cases the tuft of extra growth is many times a source of annoyance. It should be understood that each hair, in growing through the skin, carries with it a transparent sheath. Each hair, in fact, consists of several hairs; among them, there is a passage for the growing fluid to flow out and in. The true way to obliterate hair, therefore, is: to eradicate the *minute canals* which convey the nutrient liquids to the visible stems. This can hardly be done without injury to the skin. The simplest remedy within our knowledge, in this country, is the active principle of *Chelidonium* (get the alkaloid extract), moisten with weak vinegar, apply it to the parts after shaving the hair down, and cover the medicine with court-plaster. Renew the remedy a few times; keeping the air from the parts under treatment.

"Softening of the Brain."—This condition is very common; the heart is proportionally hardened. "Professional," but more frequently business men, are its subjects. The predisposing cause is sumptuous living. After a morning fully occupied with business matters, a man comes regularly to a dinner of various and highly-seasoned dishes of fish and fowl and flesh, with every adjunct to excite and gratify the appetite. He partakes freely of food and wine, in excess to be sure, though perhaps never to the extent of gluttony or inebriety. The papers are read, cigars are smoked, a few hours are passed socially, and the evening closes with a hot supper and abundant punch. If a man living thus continues successful in his plans and his business, he may go through life with no other physical or mental infirmity than the pain and irritability of gout or the distress and gloom of dyspepsia. But if it be otherwise, if he meet with a reverse of fortune, or if some grief or chagrin come upon him, then he is exceedingly liable to this fatal disease, which is the joint product of luxurious living and some torturing anxiety or disappointment.—Report of Dr. John E. Tyler, Superintendent of the McLean Asylum.

Gleanings from Correspondence.

A HINT TO CONTRIBUTORS.

WM. G. B.—A correspondent offers the following excellent suggestions, valued for their truthfulness, and for the delicate appreciation they evince of the real and true end for which we all should labor.

"Contributors and Correspondents need not be ambitious to see themselves in print, as indispensable to their influence. If the Editor himself reads what is sent to him, he will assimilate whatever it is best that he should, and reproduce it in more ways than one. Their responsibility ceases where the editor's begins, so far as publishing is concerned; and editors would rather pay for articles that do not appear, than lose the benefit that may accrue occasionally from rejected articles. It is a great privilege to act upon an editor by private correspondence. If we are pure in heart, our main object will be to get life and light into the world, directly or indirectly, with or without the credit of it; and if the editor is pure in heart he will always give credit so far as he can."

A MOTHER'S RIGHT TO HER CHILD.

"JUSTITIA," a spirited correspondent, invites our attention to the recent *habeas corpus* case, in which the Massachusetts Supreme Court gave the custody of the child Charles T. Rice, to the father.

The boy was placed in a school at Nahant, from which he was forcibly removed. The mother was doubtless "the power behind the throne," in the removal. The *Tribune* styles the men who engaged in the worthy cause of restoring the child to its mother, "ruffians" and "kidnappers." Upon the use of these terms, and the general points of the case in question, *Justitia* thus writes:

"One of the worst features of Southern Slavery against which institution the *Tribune* wages a continual warfare, is the separating of the mother from her offspring. But here in the free (!) North we see and know that a child can be forever separated from its white mother, be she ever so worthy; and the *Tribune*—that defender of the *negro* mother, and the denouncer of her oppressors, has not one word to say against this northern 'outrage,' and no sympathy to express for the wrongs of the *white* mother here at home. Every door of escape would they close to her—every fugitive restore to hopeless bondage. And if in spite of all obstacles she flees oppression—the *Tribune* and the whole northern anti-slavery press, with scarcely an exception, sanctions the inhuman act of robbery, by which she is forever separated from her own flesh and blood.

"Consistency is a jewel that we do not expect the *Tribune* and kindred journals to possess, until it becomes as popular and profitable for them to espouse the cause of northern *white* slaves, as it now is that of the southern colored slave.

"Whoso robs a mother of her child—be that mother white or black—is unworthy the name of man; and whoso defends and aids her in securing her right to it is no 'ruffian,' but a hero! And when we shall have enough moral heroes in New York as well as in Massachusetts to legislate for *Mothers* then will there be no need of resorting to *force* to secure justice. But until then, I hope every mother may find friends who will—'peacefully if they can, but forcibly if they must'—sustain her in asserting her God-given right to her offspring. I pray that the mother alluded to—until she be proven a much worse person than the father—will be able to retain the custody of her child. But \$500 reward are offered for its capture—the legal bloodhounds of Massachusetts are upon the track, and the feet that tread the soil of Bunker Hill will rest not till the 'law' be maintained and our boasted 'Liberty, Justice, and Equality' to woman's bleeding heart, be again proven a cruel mockery!"

ONLY SOMEBODY'S SUSAN.

Another indignant correspondent observes the following news item clipped from a daily paper:

"We regret to notice under our obituary head the death of Susan, the esteemed wife of the venerable—, D. D., which took place this morning."

We suppress the name, since its publication is unnecessary to illustrate the desired point. But hear our nameless correspondent.

"We are grateful for the qualifying adjective by which we know that it was not the Reverend Doctor's 'horse' Susan, or 'dog' Susan, or 'slave' Susan, but his 'wife' Susan that is deceased! In either case she was probably but an adjunct, an inferior and subject. Her only name a handy appendage to be called by when wanted. Her father and mother were either too poor to give her a whole name, or she never dared or cared to use it."

"All thanks to such a bold innovator as Lucy Stone, who refuses to be anybody's 'Lucy' but her own. Had we a few more like cases of men known as 'somebody's' husband, Lucy Stone's husband, Mr. Blackwell, and Jenny Lind's husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, the 'rest of mankind' might soon learn that even women are individuals, and the preservation of their individuality, even in so slight a matter as a name, is as important to them as to their husbands and brothers."

"It is notorious that women not only bury their family names, but are often known as 'Mrs. John Smith,' 'Mrs. Peter Jones,' &c., and they can hardly get a letter from the post-office without it is addressed to the 'care' of their husband or some other male."

"It is time women felt that they were created to be something more than 'wife,' or perchance simple 'relief' of some masculine individual."

TOO GOOD FOR WRAPPING PAPER.

D. B., NEW YORK, mentions as one of the ways of "preaching the gospel of truth," which he—a man over sixty years of age, standing ten hours a day to earn the "bread and butter," adopts. It is to send the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* after reading, on another mission, in company with the *Banner of Light*, to editors and clergymen, in "my own native creed-fettered Scotland." "I do not like to convert papers containing matter of such vital importance, into wrapping paper."

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 signposts; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

THE PRIZE RING.

BY RICHARD BRAVE.

Eighteen hundred and sixty years
Of Christward leverage under the spheres;
And what is the thing that now appears?

Troops of golden prophecies come
Up from the beautiful martyrdom
That struck the jeering world so dumb.

Wherefore, far on the outer verge
Of tangled cycles of sorrow and scourge,
Where 'mid the passionate Ages' surge,

I catch the shining of those white days
For which the Universe moans and prays—
Soft hours wherein is no dispraise.

But what of beautiful and of sweet
Dust the earth, made green by touch of His feet,
Yield to the Holy Paraclete?

The lips of a glorious brotherhood
Fling to the Jasper gates of God's realm
A cry that sounds as a voice of blood.

Under the clear compassionate skies,
Two men glare in each other's eyes;
And yet they are not enemies!

Amethyst pure are their affluent veins;
Royal their strength of love and reins;
Dark their ghastly gashes and stains.

Poet, whose super-sensual ken
Cleanses to the souls of things and men;
Where was your scorn of scorning then?

Priest, in the shadow of the Cross,
Naming the things of the earth for dross,
Why did you stand at such outer loss?

Mother-queen of the isles and seas,
Throned in purple regalities;
You, with your children round your knees,

Singing of love and of innocence—
Where was your law's just vehemence,
And where your own large woman-sense?

The poet withheld his awful breath;
The craven priest was still at death;
He did not whisper of Nazareth.

The Queen sat silent; the strong law slept;
And a roar of horrible laughter leapt
From the throat of Hell to the heavens that wept.

Eighteen hundred and sixty years
Of Christward leverage under the spheres;
And this is the thing that now appears.

Hortensia;
OR,
THE DOUBLE LIFE.

BY HEINRICH SCHÖCKE.

CHAPTER VIII.

[CONCLUDED.]

He thrust me out of the door. Upon this sign, the huntmen seized me and dragged me down the stairs before the castle. Sebald stood before the stable. There I lost all power and sense. I lay, as Sebald afterward said, a full quarter of an hour, senseless on the earth. I had scarcely recovered, when he lifted me upon one of the horses, and we hastened from the castle. I rode as if in my sleep, and was often in danger of falling. By degrees, I gained full consciousness and power. The past was now clear before me. I became desperate, and determined to return to the castle, and know Hortensia's fate. Sebald entreated me, by all the saints, to give up so frantic a design. It was in vain. I had just turned my horse, when I saw a rider coming toward us at full gallop, and heard some one cry, "Cursed assassin." It was Charles' voice. At the same time, some shot struck me. As I grasped my pistols, my horse fell dead. I sprang up. Charles rode toward me with a drawn sword, and as he was about to cut me down, I shot him through the body. His attendant caught him as he fell. Sebald pursued them in their flight, and sent some balls after them. He then returned, and took the portmanteau from the dead horse; I mounted with him, and we hurried on at a quick pace.

This murder had occurred in the vicinity of a little wood, which was soon reached. The sun had already set. We rode through the whole night, without knowing where. As we stopped at daylight, at a village inn, in order to give our horse some rest, we found him so exalted by the saddle, that we gave up all hope of using him further. We sold him at a very low price, and continued our flight on foot by a secure road, carrying our baggage by turns.

NEW ADVENTURE.

The first rays of the setting sun, as we journeyed on, fell on the diamonds of Hortensia's ring. I kissed it, and wept over the recollections it brought to my mind. Sebald had already told in the night, that he had heard from one of the servants, while I was lying insensible near the horses in the yard, that Hortensia, who had been considered dead, had returned to life. This news had strengthened and consoled me. I was perfectly indifferent about my own fate. Hortensia's greatness of soul had inspired me. I was proud of my misery. My conscience, free from reproach, raised me above all fear. I had but one sorrow—to be eternally separated from one I must ever love. When we reached Ravenna, we took our first day's rest—it was a long day's rest—for I, shaken by the late events and exhausted by my unusual fatigue and exertion, was very ill. For two weeks I lay in a fever. Sebald endured the most painful anxiety, since he feared, and justly, the murder of the prince would necessarily bring us into the hands of justice. He had given us both feigned names, and bought other clothes. My good constitution, more than the science of my physician, at length preserved me, though great weakness remained in my limbs. But as we had determined to go by ship from Rimini to Trieste, I hoped to recover my health on the way.

One evening, Sebald came to me in the greatest fright, and said, "Sir, we can remain here no longer. A stranger stands without, and wishes to speak with you. We are betrayed. He asked at first my name, and I could not deny it. He then asked for you."

"Let him come in," said I.

A well-dressed man entered, who, after the first exchange of politeness, inquired after my health. As I assured him that I was quite

well again, he said, "So much the better. I may then give you some good advice. You know what passed between Prince Charles and yourself. He is out of danger, but has sworn to take your life. You had, therefore, better leave immediately. You intend to go to Germany by Trieste. Do not do so. There is only a Neapolitan vessel that goes back to Naples. When once at sea, you are safe; otherwise, in a few hours, death or a prison. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan captain. He is my friend, and will receive you with pleasure. Now go immediately to Rimini, and from thence to Naples."

I was not a little embarrassed at seeing this stranger so well informed. To my question how he acquired his knowledge, he smiled and only replied, "I know nothing more, and can tell you nothing more; I reside here in Ravenna; I am a clerk of the court. Save yourself."

Sebald affirmed that, and finally, that the man must be possessed by a devil, or he could not have known our secrets. As the stranger spoke with several of the people of the hotel, we learned afterward, that the unknown so-called court's secretary, was a good, honest man, wealthy and married. It was incomprehensible how our most carefully concealed plan of going to Germany by Trieste, could be so exactly known, as no one but ourselves was privy to it. The enigma was, however, soon solved, when Sebald confessed to me that he had, during my illness, written a letter to his former comrade Casper, at Battaglia, begging to know whether the prince was dead or not. He expected the answer in vain. Without doubt, the letter had fallen into the hands of Charles or his people, or the contents were betrayed to him.

Sebald was now in the greatest anxiety. He engaged a carriage for Rimini without delay, and we set out that same night. These untoward circumstances made me not quite at ease. I knew not whether I was flying from, or going to meet the danger. The justice's clerk might be an agent of the prince. In the meanwhile we not only reached Rimini, but found there the Neapolitan captain. I gave him the letter of the clerk—though I do not deny that I had before opened and read it. I soon agreed with him as to our voyage to Naples. The wind became fair—the anchors were raised. Besides ourselves, there were some other travelers on board; among others, a young man, whose sight at first was not very agreeable to me, as I remembered to have seen him once, though very transiently, at the baths of Battaglia. I, however, became easy, as I judged from his conversation that he had not observed me, and that I was completely a stranger to him. He had only left Battaglia three days since, and was returning to Naples, where he carried on a considerable business. He mentioned the acquaintance he had made at the baths, and spoke of the German countess, who was a wonder of grace and beauty. How his remarks made my heart beat! He appeared to know nothing of the wounding or death of the prince. The countess, whose name was unknown to him, had gone four days before him, but where he had not troubled himself to inquire.

However imperfect this news was, it served not a little to tranquillize me. Hortensia lived—Hortensia was in health. "May she be happy!" was my sigh.

The voyage was tedious to all but myself. I sought solitude. Upon the deck, I watched through many nights, and dreamed of Hortensia. The young merchant, who called himself Tufaldini, remarked my melancholy, and took much pains to enliven me. He heard I was a painter; he passionately loved the art, and constantly turned the conversation upon that subject, since nothing but that appeared to interest or make me talkative. His sympathy and friendship went so far, that he invited me to stay at his house in Naples, which I was the less inclined to refuse, as I was an entire stranger in that city, and my own and Sebald's joint stock of gold, particularly after the deduction of traveling expenses, had considerably dwindled away.

NEW WONDER.

The kindness and attention of the generous Tufaldini, in fact put me to the blush. From a traveling companion he made himself my friend, though I had done little or nothing to gain or merit his love. He introduced me as his friend to his aged and respectable mother and his charming wife. They prepared the best chambers for Sebald and myself, and treated me, from the first day of our arrival, like an old family friend. But Tufaldini did not rest here. He introduced me to all his acquaintances, and orders soon came for pleasures. He was as eager to make me known, as if it were for his own advantage. He consented at last to receive payment for my board and lodging, though he was at first much mortified by my offering it. But when he saw my determination to leave his house, if he would not accept any remuneration, he took the money, though more to gratify me than indemnify himself.

I was, above all expectation, fortunate in my works. My pictures were liked, and I was paid what I demanded. One finished order brought on another. Even Sebald found himself so comfortable in Naples, that he forgot his home sickness. He thanked God for having escaped from the service of the count with a sound head, and would, as he expressed it, rather serve me for bread and water, than the count for a whole bowl of gold. My plan was to gain sufficient by my labors to enable me to travel to Germany, and there settle myself. I was industrious and economical. So passed one year. The love which I enjoyed in Tufaldini's house; my quiet life in the dissipated city; the charm of the soft climate, and then, that I was without a vocation, without friends in Germany, induced me to forget my first design. I remained where I was. Joy bloomed for me as little in Germany as in the Italian soil; only the thought, that perhaps Hortensia dwelt on the estate of her father; that I might then have the consolation to see her once more, though at a distance; this thought alone, sometimes drew my desires toward the north. But then I recollected the parting hour and the words she spoke; I saw my earthly union with him; as before her father, she solemnly, and with such heroic greatness renounced me; I again roused my courage, and determined to suffer all and cheerfully. I was an oak, which the storm had shattered, without branches, without leaves, solitary, unregarded, and dying in itself.

It is said that time's beneficent hand heals all wounds. I myself had believed the saying, but found it untrue. My melancholy continued the same—I avoided the gay. Tears often gave me relief, and my only joy was to dream of her—when I again saw her in her greatest and loveliest. Her ring was my treasure, nothing should have prevented my plunging in after it.

The second year passed, but not my sorrow. A faint gleam of hope sometimes refreshed me even in my darkest hour, that perhaps an accident might bring me in the vicinity of my lost chosen one, or that at least I should have some news of her.

It is true, I did not see the possibility of it. How could the distant one know, after years, where the solitary one dwelt? It was all the same. What has hope to do with impossibilities?

But at the end of the second year, I gave up this hope. Hortensia was dead for me. I saw her no longer in my dreams, except as a spirit shining in the rays of a glorified being.

Tufaldini and his wife had often asked me, in our confidential conversations, the cause of my melancholy. I could never prevail on myself to violate my secret. They no longer inquired, but they were the more careful of my health. I felt that the powers of my life were sinking—and the thoughts of the grave to me were sweet.

All was suddenly changed. One morning, Sebald brought some letters from the post. Among them were some new orders for pictures, and a little casket. I opened it. Who can imagine my joyful fright? I saw Hortensia's image—living, beautiful—but dressed in mourning—the face softer, thinner, and paler than I had actually seen it. On a small piece of paper, in Hortensia's hand, were written three words: "My Emanuel, hope."

I reeled through the room like an intoxicated person. I sank down speechless on a chair, and raised my hands prayerfully to Heaven. I shouted—I sobbed. I kissed the picture and the little paper which her hand must have touched. I knelt, and with my face bowed to the floor, weeping did I thank Providence.

Thus Sebald found me. He thought I was deranged. He did not err. I feel that man is always stronger to bear misfortune than happiness; while against the one he always approaches more or less prepared, the other comes upon him without preparation or foresight.

Again my hopes bloomed out youthfully, and in them my health and life. Tufaldini and all my acquaintances were delighted at it. I expected from day to day fresh news from my dearly beloved. There was no doubt she knew my residence, though I could not comprehend how she had acquired the intelligence. But from what part of the world did her picture come? All my researches and inquiries on that subject were in vain.

THE SOLUTION.

At the end of eight months, I received another letter from her. It contained the following lines:

"I may see thee, Emanuel, only once more. Be in Leghorn the first morning of May, where thou shalt receive further information from a Swiss mercantile house, if thou inquest for the widow Marian Schwartz. Tell no one in Naples where thou goest; least of all speak of me. I belong no longer to any one in this world, except, perhaps, for a few moments to thee."

This letter filled me with new delight, but at the same time with an anxious foreboding, on account of the sad secret which seemed to pierce through it. Nevertheless, again to see the most perfect of her sex, though only for a moment, was sufficient for my soul. I left Naples in April, to the great sorrow of the Tufaldini family. Sebald and every one believed that I was going back to Germany.

I arrived at Gaeta with Sebald. We had there an unexpected pleasure. In passing by the garden door of a villa, before the city, I observed, among many other young ladies, Miss Cecilia. I stopped, sprang down, and made myself known. She led me into the circle of her relations. She had been married for three months. I learnt from her, that she had left Hortensia about a year since. She knew nothing of the residence of the countess, only, that she had gone into a nunnery. "It is already a year," said Cecilia, "since Count Hornegg died. From the sudden contraction of his accustomed expenditure, I soon remarked that he had left his affairs in a sadly confused state. The countess diminished her train of domestics to a very few persons. I had the favor of remaining with her. As she soon after, by an unfortunate lawsuit, lost all hopes of preserving anything from the paternal estates, we were all discharged. She retained only one old attendant, and declared she would end her days in a cloister. Oh, how many tears did this separation cost us! Hortensia was an angel, and never more beautiful, never more charming, never more exalted than under the heaviest blow of destiny. She resigned all her accustomed splendor, and divided, like a dying person, all the riches of her wardrobe, among her dismissed servants—rewarded all with a princely generosity which must have placed her in danger of want, and only begged us to include her in our prayers. I left her in Milan, and returned home here to my family. She has declared her intention of traveling to Germany, and there seeking the solitude of a cloister."

This relation of Cecilia quickly solved the enigma in Hortensia's last letter. I also learned from her that Charles, who was severely but not mortally wounded, had immediately on his recovery, entered into the service of the Order of Malta, and soon died. I left Gaeta in a pensive, yet happy mood. Hortensia's misfortune and the loss of her father excited my compassion, but at the same time gave birth to a bolder hope than I had at any time ventured to conceive. I flattered myself that I might be able to change her determination for a cloister life, and with her heart, perhaps, win her hand. I was dizzy with the thought of being able to share the fruits of my labors with Hortensia. This was my only dream the whole way to Leghorn, which I entered one fine morning, eight days before the allotted time.

I did not delay a moment in seeking out the Swiss mercantile house, to which I was directed. I ran there in my traveling dress, and asked the address of the widow Schwartz, in order that I might learn whether the countess had yet arrived in Leghorn. A menial servant conducted me to the widow, who lived in an obscure street, and in a very simple private house. How great was my vexation to learn that Mrs. Schwartz was gone out, and that I must call in two hours. Every moment of delay was so much taken from my life. I returned again at the appointed hour. An old servant woman opened the door, led me up stairs and announced me to her lady. I was invited to enter a simply furnished, but neat room. Opposite the room door, on a couch, sat a young lady, who did not appear to notice my entrance, or to return my salutation, but covering her face with both hands, endeavored to conceal her sobs and tears.

At this sight, a feverish shudder ran through me. In the figure of the young lady, in the tone of her sobs, I recognized the form and voice of Hortensia. Without deliberating or assuring myself of the fact, like one intoxicated, I let hat and cane fall, and threw myself at the feet of the weeping one. Oh God! who can say what I felt? Hortensia's arms hung round my neck—her lips met mine. The whole past was forgotten—the whole future seemed strewn with flowers. Never was love more beautifully remunerated, or constancy more blissfully rewarded. We both feared, simultaneously, that this moment was merely a dream of felicity. Indeed, on the first day of our meeting, so little was asked or answered, that we separated without knowing more of each other than when we had met.

On the following day, one may easily believe that I was ready in good time to take the advantage of the bewitching Hortensia's invitation to breakfast with her. Her servants consisted of a cook, a housemaid, a waiting-maid, coachman and footman. All the table service was of the finest porcelain and silver, although no longer with the arms and initials of the old count. This appearance of a certain opulence, which was quite contrary to my first idea, and went far above the powers of my own fortune, was very humbling to the dreamy plans I had indulged in during my journey from Gaeta to Leghorn. I expected, yes, I even wished to find Hortensia in a more limited situation, in order to give courage to offer my all. Now, I again stood before her poor painter.

I did not conceal, in our confidential conversations, what I had heard at Gaeta from Cecilia, and what feelings, what determinations, what hopes had been awakened. I described to her all my destroyed dreams, and hoped that she, perhaps, would give up her cruel design of burying her youth and beauty in a cloister; that she would choose me for her servant and true friend; that I would lay at her feet all that I had saved, and all that my future industry might gain. I described to her, with the colors of loving hope, the blessedness of a quiet life, in some retired situation—the simple house, the little garden near it, the workshop of the artist, inspired by her presence. I hesitated—I trembled—it was impossible to proceed. She threw her bright eyes upon me, and a heavenly color flew over and animated her countenance.

"Thus have my fancies revealed," added I, "after some time, and shall they not be realized?" Hortensia arose, went to a closet, drew out a little ebony casket, richly studded with silver, and handed it to me, together with the key.

"In order to deliver you this, I requested your presence in Leghorn. It belongs not in part, but in completion of your dream. After the death of my father, my first thought was to fulfill the duties of my gratitude to you. I have never lost sight of you since your flight from Battaglia. A fortunate accident brought into my hands the letter of your servant, written to one of his friends in my service, from Ravenna, giving your traveling plans. Mr. Tufaldini of Naples, was persuaded by me, in a secret conference, to take care of you himself, forever. He received a small capital to defray all expenses, and even, if necessary, for your support. I would also, willingly have rewarded him for his trouble, but it was with the greatest reluctance that the good man would accept from me the most trifling present. Thus I had the pleasure of receiving, every four weeks, news of my only health. Tufaldini's letters were my only comfort after our parting. On the death of my father, I separated myself, as regards fortune, from my family. Our estates must remain in the male line, all the rest I converted into gold. I no longer thought of returning to my native country—my last refuge should be a cloister. Under the pretense of impoverishment, I avoided all the old vicinities of my father, parted with my former domestics, and took a private station and name, in order to live more concealed. It was not until I had accomplished all this, that I summoned you, in order to finish the work, and redeem the vow which I had made to Heaven. The moment is at hand. You have related to me your beautiful dreams. Perhaps on yourself, more than on any other, depends their realization."

She opened the casket, and drew out a packet of papers, carefully secured and directed in my name; she broke the seal and laid before me a deed prepared by a notary, in which, partly as a payment of a debt, partly as sacred interest which belonged to me, and partly as being heir to an inheritance, left by the widow Marian Schwartz, an immense sum in bank-notes of different countries, was made over to me.

"This, dear Faust," continued the countess, "is your property—your well earned, well deserved property. I have no longer any share in it. A modest income is sufficient for me at present. When I renounce the world and belong to a cloister, you will, also, be heir to what I possess. If I am of any value, to you prove it by an eternal silence as regards my person, my station, and my true name. Yet more, I desire you to say not a syllable which can indicate refusal or thanks for this, your own property. Give me your hands to it."

I listened to her speech with surprise and pain, laid down the papers with indifference, and replied:

"Do you believe that these bank-notes have any value for me? I may neither refuse, nor yet be thankful for them. Be not fearful of either. When you go into a cloister, all that remains, the world itself, is superfluous to me. I need nothing. What

you give is dust. Ah! Hortensia, you once said that it was my soul which animated you; were it still so, you would not refuse to follow my example. I would burn these notes, and your fortune also! Oh! that you were mine! Hortensia, mine!"

She leant tremblingly toward me, clasped one of my hands in both of hers, and said passionately, and with tears in her eyes:

"Am I not so, Emanuel?"

"But the cloister? Hortensia!"

"My last refuge—if thou forsakest me!"

Then made we our vows before God. At the altar, by the priestly hand, were they consecrated. We left Leghorn, and sought the charming solitude, in which we now dwell with our children.

INSTINCT OF THE HONEY-BIRD.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bees' nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bees' nest, alighting every now and then and looking back to ascertain if the traveler is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees by burning grass at the entrance of their domestic dwelling, the honey bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion. The wild bee of Southern Africa, exactly corresponds with the domestic garden bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa, beeswax forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the gold and ivory coasts, and the deadly districts of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.

Interesting as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as when following the warm spoor or track of elephants, I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost importance, resign the spoor of the beasts, to attend the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are "sold," it being a well-known fact among the Hotentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther.

I remember on one occasion, about three years later, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hippopotami which roam the vast forests and sport in the floods of the fair Limpopo, having mounted a pair of unwieldy shot-bells, I sought recreation in the lumbering pursuit of quail shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by a gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and gave him chase; after following him to the distance of upwards of a mile, through to the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible about the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten large bull buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the water of the river, were cracking through the dry reeds as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.

HE REMEMBERED THE TEXT.

A pious old lady, who was too unwell to attend meeting, used to send her thick-headed husband to church to find out the text the preacher selected as the foundation of his discourse. The poor dunce was rarely fortunate enough to remember the words of the text, or even the chapter and verse where they could be found; but one Sabbath he ran home in hot haste, and with a smirk of satisfaction on his face, informed his wife that he could repeat every word without missing a syllable. The words were as follows: "An angel came down from heaven, and took a live coal from the altar."

"Well, let us have the text," remarked the good woman.

"Know every word," replied the husband. "I am anxious to hear it," continued the wife.

"They are nice words," observed the husband.

"I am glad your memory is improving, but don't keep me in suspense, my dear," said she.

"Just get your big Bible, and I will say the words, for I know them by heart. Why, I said them a hundred times on my way home."

"Well, now, let's hear them."

"Ahem!" said the husband, clearing out his throat. "An Ingun came down from New Haven, and took a live coal by the tail and jerked him out of the halter!"

At the age of seventy-five, one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness. I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to our earthly eyes to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. Even while sinking it remains the same sun.—Goswami.

The mind, like the soul, rises in value, according to the nature and degree of its cultivation.

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L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed care of I. G. Atwood, 88 E. 16th St., N. Y.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH will speak at Lamartine Hall, corner of 29th street and 8th Av., New York, every Sunday evening.

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

R. P. AMBLER will receive calls to lecture at the West during the fall or winter, addressed Lyons, Mich., care D. M. Fox.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture addressed 1828 Catharine st., Philadelphia.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Trance Medium, will answer calls to lecture in New York and vicinity, and will attend funerals.

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.

E. CASE, Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., will visit Central and Western New York for lecturing purposes. For engagements, address as above.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed at Quincy, Mass., in August. Applications for the West for next winter and spring must be made soon to be responded to.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture Sept. 2d and 9th in Troy, N. Y.; 16th and 23d, Willimantic, Conn.; 30th, Stafford, Conn. During the month of October, in Portland, Me.

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will lecture in Western Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Wisconsin, during the summer. Address care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, box 2213, Buffalo, N. Y.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities West and South, during the fall and winter. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

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

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in the East, the Sundays of September. During October, at Oswego, N. Y.; November, Cincinnati, Ohio; December, Milwaukee, Wis.; January, Lyons, Mich.; February, Elkhart, Ind.; March, St. Louis, Mo. Applications for week evenings should be sent in advance, addressed Lowell, Mass., box 815, or at the above places.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Willimantic, Conn., the last Sunday in August, in Bristol, Conn., the two first Sundays in September, and in Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of December. The friends of Progress who may wish to engage his services the coming fall and winter will do well to write him early at Greenwich Village, Mass.

S. P. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals at places in that vicinity.

He will be at the Convention at Lyons, Mich., Sept. 1, 2, and 3, and will have on exhibition his geological panorama.

MRS. S. E. WARNER's post-office address for the month of October will be "Kenia, Clay County, Illinois." She will lecture in Toledo, Ohio, the four Sundays of November, and in Elkhart, Ind., the Sundays of December next. Those who wish to secure her labors for the winter and spring of 1861, will address her as above, or at Milan, Ohio.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will lecture during August and September in Wisconsin, and at Toledo, Ohio, in October. The balance of the fall and winter Mrs. S. intends visiting Ohio, New York, and the New England States. Those desiring her services on week evenings, in places near her Sunday appointments, also during the fall and winter, may address her, care of A. C. Stowe, Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan.

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WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. By A. B. Child, M. D. Boston: Berry, Colby, & Co., 31 Brattle street, 1860. For sale at the HERALD OF PROGRESS office. Price, \$1 00.

The seal of the last book is opened. The vials of wrath are empty. The great bottle of destruction is broken. A book of extraordinary value is before us. It is unlike all the creeds of Christendom. It is as much in advance of Unitarianism as this form of faith is superior to old-fashioned New England Calvinism. It is overflowing with faith, credulity, marvellousness; with the spiritual sun-flashes of wisdom, also. It is the first unmitigated attempt to establish the poetic philosophy of Pope. It has, consequently, "approbation for everything, and condemnation for nothing." It recognizes no merit, no demerit, in human souls; no special heavens for pretended self-righteousness, and no special hell for a bleeding, suffering humanity. It accepts every creed, belief, and doctrine, every action, good and bad, as being the lawful effect of a cause that lies in unseen spirit, which cause is above the power of human volition.

We celebrate the auspicious day when the germ of this book was deposited by the Author of All Things, or by whatever you choose to name the source of "every good and perfect gift." We rejoice exceedingly, not because we believe in the entire philosophy promulgated, not because we think it will act beneficially upon the thronging multitudes; but because the doctrine is presented, as it must be, in the Necessitarian's "magic circle," from which no thoroughly involved logician can ever hope to escape. There flows a sweet "River of Life" through this garden of flowers. This monotonous stream singeth both day and night—

"All things work round like worlds. The orb of hell Hath yet its place in heaven, as thine and all. * * * spirit is the substance of all matter, * * * in all existence. Look at your spirit."

Philosophy and sophistry are blended. "Is it wrong to curse and swear?" the author asks; and he answers, after a few sentences, that "cursing and swearing are very foolish, but we cannot say the cause is outside of nature." Therefore we are left to conclude that some things are "foolish," although inseparable from the constitution of things. Foolishness pre-supposes a fool. If a fool is one of nature's designs, then nature is not always and everywhere wise. Yet whatever is, is wise, is right, is not wrong; therefore Dr. Child's stigma of cursing and swearing is right also; and not only so, but the thing stigmatized is not foolish, but just right; so that cursing and blessing are different parts of the same thing. The author seems everywhere to consider explanation the same as justification. Because effects can be traced to causes, the qualitative difference between the two is forever annihilated. For example:

"What is a lie?" he asks. Answer: "A lie is true to the cause that produced it; so what we call a lie is a truth that exists in nature, just as real as is what we call a truth. The cause of a lie exists in nature; the cause of a truth exists in nature, and the effect of each cause is wrought out in nature. Nature is always true in her work; so both a truth and what we call a lie are lawful and right in the great plan of existence. A lie is a truth intrinsically; it holds a lawful place in creation; it is a necessity."

Again: "Is murder wrong?" One would at first say, "yes." But, presently you will answer, "no." Why so? Because "Whatever is, is right." You will reject this doctrine unless you believe it. But suppose you do reject it and combat it; will such a course be wrong? No. Why not? Because "Whatever is, is right." The circle of this philosophy is expansive and contractive both, and every moment it is pervaded with an irresistible enchantment. Once get in, once view the universe and all things from its delightful standpoint, and your verdict will be, "Whatever is, is right." If you do not enter the charmed ring of logic, it will then be natural for you to oppose it, and this again will not be wrong, because, "Whatever is, is right."

"Self-excellent and self-righteous men will say in their hearts, 'Why, this book brings all men upon one common level; if no one is better, if no one is worse, all have equal claims to happiness. Where is my reward for my excellence and my righteousness above the man who is not so excellent and so righteous as I am?' To such this book will give offense, and from such it will receive unmeasured scandal. But such treatment (of views not contained in their own creeds) is perfectly right, for it is lawful in nature."

What will the Seditarian Press say about this book?

Answer, by the author: "I suppose sectarian editors will hold this book with the tongs, turn its leaves over with the poker, and speak of it as being as fatal to their religion and morals as the scrocco, the upas, and the serpent's venom is to human life. If sectarian newspapers notice this book at all, it will be presented in the light of only one creed, and will be condemned with severity. This will be right."

Thus, our good Brother's gospel is comforting to the last degree of heavenly peace. We cannot say anything wrong. All persons are henceforth just as good as they can be. Every ignoramus is as wise as Plato, and every philosopher is no wiser than the smallest ignorant. Everybody is infallible—because "Whatever is, is right."

Yet it may be wrong if we should withhold the expression of our conviction that some of the lessons of this book are divinely sub-

lime and all-embracing. We find herein some of the purest aphorisms, and some of the largest hints at eternal principles of truth; and, "live or die, survive or perish," we hereby extend to this loved Brother our "Right" (not wrong) hand of fellowship and greeting.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES. Published by the Ladies' Religious Publication Society, Albany, N. Y.

The experiment of publishing a series of tracts upon Liberal Christianity entered upon in the month of October, 1858, has been eminently successful, with only a moderate outlay of effort and expense. The publications of the Society, under the following titles, are before the public:

VOLUME ONE.

1. Liberal Christianity, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.
2. The Gospel of the Day, by Rev. O. B. Frothingham.
3. Liberal Christianity a Practical Religion, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.
4. The Father the only and the sufficient God, by Rev. S. Longfellow.
5. The Natural History of the Devil, by Rev. M. D. Conway.
6. What is Infidelity? by Rev. A. D. Mayo.
7. Thy Holy Child Jesus, by Rev. Wm. H. Furness, D. D.
8. The Relation of this Life to the Next, by Rev. T. Starr King.
9. A Church and its Methods, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke.
10. The Bottomless Pit, by Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D.
11. The Reformation of the Nineteenth Century, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.
12. A Case of Evangelical Church Discipline, by Emerson W. Keyes.

VOLUME TWO.

1. Cornering Religion, by Rev. C. A. Bartol.
2. On the Alleged Decay of Faith, by Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.
3. A Religious Experience, by Rev. A. D. Mayo.
4. What do Unitarians Believe? by Rev. Samuel J. May.

The last Tract is of Theodore Parker, by Mr. Mayo.

"When I look back on my acquaintance with Theodore Parker," saith the preacher, "I seem to forget the scholar, the preacher, the thunderer on the platform. I have seen him in his study, with his deep eyes searching the volume before him, as if he would tear the innermost soul out of the author. I have listened to his most forcible addresses, and marveled how a plain, homely man, with a low, monotonous voice, reading a big manuscript through his spectacles, standing like a block, could so pour the fiery flood of his passion and intellect through and through the thousands that sat as one hearer below his desk. I have sat out the night with him by my own fireside, when his strong talk poured on resistless as the Atlantic waves we could hear in the pauses breaking on the beach, carrying along men, systems, institutions, peoples, as floats on its mighty tide. I have climbed three pair of stairs in a Western hotel, and in a little room under the roof, found this man, before breakfast, glued to his chair, writing sermons as with his whole fist. But I never could retain anything of him but the mighty, brave, aggressive, righteous manhood, that made him so dear to all lovers of liberty, so terrible to all who love evil and tyranny."

Bound copies of the first series of Tracts for the Times, can be obtained at fifty cents per volume.

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THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE: A discovery of the eighteenth century. An Address before the old settlers of Bond, Montgomery, Fayette and Clinton counties, Illinois. Delivered at Greenville, July 4, 1860. By Hon. WILLIAM S. WAIT.

This brief address is characterized by patriotism and loyal citizenship. Our friend Wait very rationally esteems Free Speech and party discussions, when conducted with a due regard to the character and feelings of political opponents, as admirably calculated to promote that investigation which is necessary to the best administration of government.

"The Constitution of the United States," says the speaker, "is a compact made and sanctioned by the whole people, and it is the right of no State or minor combination of States to deny or to oppose its requisitions. Any serious attempt on the part of one or more States to secede from the confederacy, must be opposed by the Federal authorities, which are vested with full power for such purpose, and whose duty it is to preserve the integrity of the Union. But security against a division of the Union, more perfect than any constitutional pledge, must forever exist in the fact that no motive can arise which would justify the act from the consideration of any possible benefit that could be obtained by the separation."

"All power is now in the hands of the people. Every right consistent with mutual independence and just government is amply secured to each individual. It would not only be a total misapprehension of our duty and interest as citizens, and of every just view of moral obligation, but an act of desperation and folly to make the attempt of dividing the Union. Not simply on account of its evident impracticability, but because, if successful, no political or social change for the better could be obtained, and no just responsibilities avoided."

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There is much both in the matter and spirit of this book calculated to do no great good to the cause of popular liberty. There is "too much" antagonism; too little benevolence. We are not of the party who hold that all Religion is priestcraft. It is true, nevertheless, that *Theology* is the work of learned and conscientious ignorance. It is true that Orthodoxy (not Christianity,) has long held the scepter of power over the heads of the multitude. The people are moral cowards in consequence; but the days of Dogmatism are numbered. Justice ever works to the development of Truth. Hence, slowly, the real value of Thomas Paine is coming out in clear characters on the page of history. To more perfectly accomplish this end the present work is designed; how well, we leave to the judgment and taste of the reader to decide.

THE UNVEILING; or, What I Think of Spiritualism. By DR. P. B. RANDOLPH. To which is appended his world-famous "Medicinal Formulas." Address Mary Jane Randolph, Boston, Mass. Price 35 cts.

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