

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

VOL. I.]

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[No. 39.]

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the Photographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system.

Let no contributor conclude, because we post-pose or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.

We have one important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as possible.

We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

Dr. M. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Excursionist clairvoyants are rare. We know of no one adapted to your wants.

"KATE," PITTSFIELD, MASS.—No message yet. In your next state more distinctly your question, or rather, what you want to do by means of control.

ANNA M. B., ATTLEBORO.—It will be best for you to look faithfully upon present opportunities, but do not give your promise until your judgment is fully convinced.

L. P. BRINGS, WIS.—Your friendly communication, giving some account of your humanitarian efforts in the Badger State, was very welcome. Let us hear from you again.

WM. PHILLIPS, OREGON.—The question why men love stimulants—tea, coffee, tobacco, &c.—was generally answered in our twenty-ninth issue. Your medical question will receive attention.

OTTO K., PITTSBURGH.—Your request shall receive attention. Glad to see the impress of your hand on paper. We have long known that your mind was receptive of harmonious principles.

"INQUIRER," NEW YORK.—The First Independent Society, of which Rev. George F. Noyes was Pastor, is still in existence, though its Sunday meetings have been suspended for a few weeks. The resumption is doubtful.

L. M. E., WAUPUN PRISON, WIS.—Shall be glad to hear from you at any convenient season. The perpetual conflict between your disciplinary duties and your duties as a Brother to all men, must be perplexing and painful.

HERMANN STUDER, PEORIA, ILL.—Your new vocation is a harbinger of great benefits to your fellow men. Thanks, Brother! for your personal testimony concerning the psychological effects consequent upon the use and abuse of animal food. We shall make a few extracts from your epistle.

J. T. L., BOSTON.—This friendly correspondent reports an interesting case of healing, recently performed, by spirit-power operating through the system of Dr. Wm. Nutter, No. 105 Pleasant St., Boston. "The laying-on-of-hands" is making rapid strides in all parts of our country.

T. J. H., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Sends us very good replies to "the six questions" put by our valued correspondent. "Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged (always) understand judgment. Therefore, I said, hearken unto me, I also will show mine opinion." Very true, Brother, but you will pardon us for not publishing more, just at present, upon questions so abstract.

M. E. C., HARTFORD, CT.—Your inspirational impressions will be published. Yes, the lecture-field is open to you. Struggle on through the first few months. Earn the friendship and the protection of strangers. To do good you should practically know what good is. When you bestow truths of life and immortality on a multitude, many of your best sayings will be thrown away for a single one that reaches a congenial mind.

E. P. H., SOUTH DAVENPORT.—Bro. DAVIS: Is there, within the circle of your acquaintance, an institution, for the education of young men, where the teaching and surroundings are calculated to develop harmoniously all the faculties—the physical and spiritual, as well as the intellectual? Answer: All institutions of learning, within our knowledge, are defective, especially when measured by the standard erected by our Brother "E. P. H." But we will whisper this: Send to Theodore D. Weld, Principal of Eagleswood School, Perth Amboy, N. J., and request him to forward you one of his circulars.

P. W. M., EASTON.—Your over-cautious desire, if we comprehend it, is this: that Spiritual Reformers combine in all parts of the country, and get up an Organization that will suit the people and the age. We object in toto, and will oppose any such time-serving effort. For what is true Reform but that power which strikes a death-blow at the falsehoods and errors of the times, and points out the ways of wisdom to the down-trodden and straying millions?

—We have a cordwainer friend who advertises his business thus: "A perfect yet easy fit guaranteed, no matter how many tender promissories may be on the feet." Some so-called Reformers would in like manner have us put in our prospectus a sentence like the following: "A perfect and easy Religion guaranteed, no matter how many tender propensities and popular errors may be in the reader's head or heart." No, Brother—a thousand times, NO!

JOHN RICK, BLOOMFIELD, PA.—The ways and writings of Andrew B. E.—, the self-styled ambassador of Jesus Christ, are quite familiar to us. He has never been able to awaken in our mind but two emotions—Astonishment and Pity. The first, because he could not seem to comprehend the utter impracticability of his cogitations and measures; and the second, because he would persist in leading a life of poverty, of consecration, and unbroken sacrifice, in behalf of convictions, which, in themselves, are neither true nor useful to any human being. Because we have not permitted him to consume our time, and to occupy our thoughts, he superstitiously assigns the cause to the intervention of "evil spirits."

—We shall rejoice heartily when Spiritualists attain sufficient intellectual growth to abolish superstition from among themselves. The sour old "leaven" is mixed with almost all their new bread. We believe that more genuine reasoning will greatly assist very many doubting minds. But we repeat, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees"—that is to say: Do not be wrecked in your investigations by the superstitions of either the Orthodox or the Infidels.

## For the Herald of Progress. LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

BY EARL MARBLE.

Look on the sunny side,  
Cheerily bright,  
And whate'er fate betide,  
See but the light;  
See but its glimmer rich,  
Faint though it be—  
See not the dark clouds, which  
Hide it from thee.

What though the gloomy clouds,  
Lowering low,  
Seem as the wrapping shrouds,  
Draping in woe—  
All the bright dreams which thou  
Cherished in truth,  
All the hopes faded now,  
Flown with thy youth?

For a glad, brighter morn,  
On thee will break,  
If thou'lt thy heart adorn,  
If thou'lt awake  
To the grand beauties, which,  
Even in gloom,  
Scatter their blessings rich,  
Yield their perfume.

Why thy walls drape in gloom,  
Gloom dark as night?  
Why speak thy spirit's doom,  
Stifling it quite?  
Why change its gushing song  
Into a moan?  
Why change its yearning strong  
Into a groan?

Oh! 'tis the wiser part  
Merry to be,  
Schooling the spirit-heart  
To songs of glee,  
Rather than sorrow o'er  
Days that have fled,  
Fearing that many more  
Are o'er thy head.

Look on the sunny side!  
Soon, through the gloom,  
Will a gleam be descried  
From Heaven's dome,  
Lighting up dreary days,  
Which, in thy thought,  
With the sun's golden rays  
Ne'er would be fraught.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 7.

## EXPLANATION OF THE PROPHECIC FACULTY.

MRS. HENNING, 12 ROYAL TERRACE, KINGS-TOWN, IRELAND, being a subscriber to the HERALD OF PROGRESS, will feel obliged by an answer, in some future number, to the following query:

Reichenbach says, "Somnambulists, as a class, have an insight and prophetic faculty within the sphere of their own subjectivity, inexplicable to us in the present condition of our psychological knowledge."

Query: May not the insight and prophetic faculty admit of the following explanation? Man exists in two different states, bearing polar relation to each other, *e. g.*,—the central, when the cerebral concentrative activity prevails, as in wakeful life, and the peripheral, when the cerebral function is more passive, when the cerebral power and its vehicle, the organic vital ether, is withdrawn to the ganglionic centers, dispersed throughout the body; such is the state in somnambulism and clairvoyance, either induced or spontaneous. The peripheral subjectivity may be of infinite extension; consciousness awakens partially therein during dream, when the cerebral center is depersonated and inactive; the past when it fades from memory, registers itself in the periphery, as is exemplified by the possibility of recalling to memory (in certain states) all that has occurred during past life; this page we shall have to read when we awake after death in the transition sphere. As the peripheral is the receptive state, is the sphere of influx from the surrounding universe, with its realms of beings, and stands in connection with them, much of our future possibility must also be registered there, and many points may become lucid to the individual. When consciousness awakens in the peripheral state, he then utters prophetic perceptions, of which he usually recollects nothing when returned to his central, cerebral, normal state of wakeful existence.

[Our reply to the foregoing will be found in the first part of Nat. Div. Revelations; in the first volume of the Harmonical series; and lastly, in the Magic Staff; wherein we have set forth the doctrine that, although man lives sensuously in this world, he is spiritually already conjoined to the After Life, or to the principles of that higher existence to which, with fearful but certain speed, all are progressively ascending.—Ed.]

## Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy,  
Fixed in the harp of every human soul;  
Which by the breath of Kindness when 'tis swept,  
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

For the Herald of Progress.  
SPIRIT CHARITY.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

EMPIRE RANCH, Cal., Sept. 1860.

DEAR HERALD OF PROGRESS: As you go forth on your mission, heralding the unity of two worlds, allow me to inscribe on your pages, in the "Moral Police" column, an act of spirit charity.

In June, 1852, I was a steerage passenger on the Northern (steamship) from Acapulco to San Francisco. The deck was crowded with passengers from Panama; and other ports, many of whom were in distress. Some were from ships that had been wrecked or abandoned above Panama, the owners having got the passengers' money and put to sea without half an outfit, then gone ashore at the first port. I noticed one young man in particular, whose clothes had rotted nearly off from him. His coat, once a fine black cloth one, was now more than threadbare; it was hanging upon him in strips, and his whole dress was marked by the same insignia of destitution. The wind blew quite cold, and many of us gathered around the chimney to keep warm. He was very pale, calaverous. He did not look as though he could live the voyage through. I gave him a blanket, to try to save his life from the cold. It was only a common blanket for saddles, but he, "who looked every inch a gentleman," seemed to have known nothing but affluence all his days, wore it, wrapped around him, all the way to San Francisco.

Accompanying me, in my journey, was a young medium, a boy of eighteen; an independent, or fully developed writing medium—John Preston Williams—and if this record should meet his eye, he will recall with delight the sensations of his heart at the incident I relate.) We landed at the city in the morning—stopped at a hotel on the wharf, awaiting the departure of the evening boat for Sacramento. About three o'clock in the afternoon the poor stranger came into the bar-room of the hotel, looking very weary, dejected, and ghastly pale. The medium's hand was immediately magnetized by the spirits. I gave them a pencil and a little blank book I kept for them to write in, and they wrote me the following communication:

"My DEAR GEORGE: Knowing your goodness of heart, I would fain make an appeal to your charity, in the name of humanity. At this house there is a poor, sick, and spirit-broken young man, one that came in the same boat you did. He is in distress—without money or friends—a stranger. He has been shipwrecked, and is poor through no fault of his own. He is in want, and now, for my sake, give him some relief. I do not ask much, but a penny now is worth more to him than a dollar is to you. Do me this favor, and you shall lose nothing by it."

(Signed,) "CLARA. I. W. C. LAWSON. A deed of charity. J. W. W."

All names of guardian spirits who often wrote to us. I had a Peruvian doubloon in my pocket, worth, at that time, seventeen dollars. I took it in my hand and went up to him, and asked him to accept it. I shall never forget the intense emotion of his countenance, the lightning change from despair to hope, that shook his emaciated frame as he hesitatingly received it in his hand. It was a relief so strange and unexpected to him that he could scarcely find words to speak, and, in confused wonder, finally requested my name, that he might one day repay me. I told him no; that he owed me nothing, but he could repay by relieving some other in distress.

He then informed me that he had been wandering about all day to find employment, but no one would even give him his board for his work. The reason I knew well enough: he looked so ghastly pale and corpse-like, so livid, from a long spell of Panama fever, that any one, instead of employing him for work, would think only of having to bury him in a day or two. He further said that he had spent his last half dollar that day, for something to eat, and was utterly destitute and despairing when I approached him. He said

he had a brother near Stockton, and the money would enable him to get to him. His gratitude was so great that, exhausted as he was, he would go to the boat with me, and would carry one of my carpet bags, though I could much easier carry both than he could move himself along. He left me just in time to get on to the Stockton boat, which lay near, and I never saw him again.

His emotions of gratitude, his vivid sense of relief, overcame me almost as much as they did him; and probably I shall never have another doubloon that can purchase for me the one-thousandth part of the pleasure and happiness which that one did, bestowed by spirit direction for the benefit of a suffering brother in humanity.

Fraternalty, &c.,  
G. W. LAWSON.

## A TOTAL ECLIPSE OF TOTAL DEPRIVITY.

WISCONSIN, Iowa, Sept. 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: It is highly gratifying to read in your "Moral Police" department, the noble deeds performed by those whom evangelical theology declares "totally depraved." It is refreshing to see any truthful thing done to dispel the gloom, and gladden the hearts of those whom unenlightened teachers have made to believe they are born children of wrath, and fit for no good thing.

I will quote one paragraph from "Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary," written by an Episcopalian, and endorsed by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"All are totally depraved in consequence of the fall of one man; which corruption extends over the whole soul, and renders it incapable to turn to God, or to do ANYTHING TRULY GOOD. They neither will, nor can, turn to God, amend their depraved nature, nor dispose themselves for its amendment." Watson, p. 56.

Let the facts narrated in the HERALD disprove this. May I add a few suggestions for your fact department? It seems to me those isolated facts do not tell enough. Every day, every hour, is teeming with deeds of love and kindness, in every department of life. All the papers, monthly, weekly, and daily, could not contain a simple statement of all of the unselfish acts performed. Parent working for child, child for parent, neighbor for neighbor. To attempt to enumerate them is to depreciate their due weight. Is a person sick? See the neighbors gathering around the couch, weeping with those who weep, laboring to soothe the sufferer, and bringing nice, simple delicacies, to suit the appetite of the unfortunate.

Is a house destroyed by fire, lightning, or wind? Almost all classes hasten to repair the loss. A few years ago, Ireland was starving, when this nation was aroused, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and ship loads of provisions were sent to the far-off island. Are we, then, totally depraved?

The American Anti-Slavery Society has had as many as sixty lecturers in the field at a time, laboring with no other incentive than disinterested love for the race; and for that, staking their fortunes and honor, and sometimes their lives; and supported by those who get nothing in return but the sole satisfaction that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The same may be said of the whole Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Peace, Woman's Rights, Land-Reform, Prison-Reform, and Communitistic efforts, and of the present Spiritual and Harmonical movements. Humanity—the good of others—is the soul of all of these enterprises.

There are but few family residences so neat, clean, and comfortably supplied as are our Deaf, Dumb, Blind, and Lunatic Asylums. Look at our poor-houses, poor laws, &c., though all, of course, susceptible of improvement. The school laws of all the northern States tax the rich to educate the poor. Those who are able to educate their own children stand transcendently in the majority. Yet year after year, they march to the polls and vote money out of their own pockets to educate other peoples' children. Thus, in this latter day is even the rich man entering into the kingdom of heaven.

Let all who believe that man is created in the image of God, and consequently God-like, contribute to the Moral Police department, and aid in dispelling the saddening thought that man is not able to do any good thing.

J. P. D.

## THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

A young English woman was sent to France to be educated in a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in some part of the town where there were sentinels placed on the walls. When a soldier is on guard he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, until another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water,

saying that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth, to go and fetch it himself. The ladies walked on, much offended at the man for presuming to speak to them, all but the young English woman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and brought it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate, for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young English woman, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

## Philosophical Department.

Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of nature."

For the Herald of Progress.

## An Essay on Life, its Origin and Objects.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

CHAPTER XV.

VEGETABLE LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

## THE PALMS.

The Date Palm.—The Palmetto.—The Ivory Palm.—The Tulip.—The Dragon Tree.—The Pissaba.

[We are fortunately enabled to resume the publication of this valuable series of articles. The reader will find the preceding chapter (xiv) in our twenty-seventh number.—Ed.] In that burning clime intersected by the equator, where the sun pours down his perpendicular rays of heat and light upon the earth almost constantly, warming up the land and evaporating the waters and charging the atmosphere with their vapors, causing vegetation to grow with a beauty and a luxuriance unknown to any other part of the world, we find the Palms, one of the most magnificent and useful families of plants. Here Phœbus and Tellus, the sun and earth, have united in the full vigor of their strength, and their beautiful children, among the most fascinating of whom are the Palms, are presented, tall, stately, graceful, and surrounded by magnificent leaves, flowers, and fruits, giving us beauty for the vision, cooling shade for the weary body, and wholesome and nutritious fruits for food. Of all the productions of the tropics, there are none more useful to the natives.

The family of the Palms belongs to the Monocotyledons. They are perennial, living from twenty to several hundred years. Some species grow in dry sandy soils, but they mostly prefer the more fertile and moist ones. The seed, when placed in the ground under favorable circumstances, sends up its single cotyledon, or leaf, and from this a single straight stem rises, varying in different varieties from a few inches to two hundred feet in height. These stems, or trunks, are usually tapering, some quite smooth and others rough, with concentric rings, many having cylindrical or flat spines. They grow up very rapidly, are always branchless, and surmounted with a large brush or tuft of leaves, often resembling a huge umbrella. These leaves are large, often gigantic, varying from a few inches in diameter, to the enormous size of fifty feet in length by eight in width; they are often composed of long narrow leaflets standing out at right angles to the midrib. When the leaves fall off they leave scars or notches in the parent stem. The flowers of these trees do not present so great a display of beauty as many of the tropical plants. Their fruits and other productions will be considered as we describe each variety.

The Palms, while they produce a large amount of food for man, differ very much from the cereals and sugar-bearing plants in their mode of growth and cultivation, the former growing spontaneously, and without any care from man, the latter requiring much labor and skill in their cultivation. Hence the palms, like the climate in which they grow, are calculated to gratify and encourage luxurious ease, and to render a life of indolence and inactivity common. In those tropical lands, where the burning rays of the sun are poured down incessantly, where the orange blossom perfumes the air with its sweetness, and the rich fragrance of the spice groves is wafted over sea and land by the gentle breezes of the morning, and the rude hurricane and the fierce tornado of the evening, man seeks repose and luxurious ease, and labor is looked upon as a curse, and all its sweet fruits and rewards, the brightest and best of God's gifts to man, are unknown and unrealized.

Man may feel, when toiling and laboring to draw from the bosom of mother earth those elements which shall sustain life, and make



In contrast with the Palmetto is a species of Palm which produces the real ivory. The nut of this plant is one of the most remarkable products of the vegetable kingdom, acquiring, at a certain stage of growth, a solidity and hardness almost equal to the best Ivory. These nuts grow on a palm called *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, two of these names meaning Elephant and Tree. These trees grow in the valleys of the Amazon, in Peru, and the tropical countries of America.

land, in his History of the Vegetable Kingdom, says: "Two fine specimens of Sanskrit written upon the leaves of the Talipot, in the library of the Royal Asiatic Society, are invaluable. The one is a complete copy of the Pali book, called the Pansyapana Sutta, written upon eleven hundred and twenty-two laminae of the finest description. The other book contains the whole Moral and Religious Code of the Buddhists, and is so scarce that it was for some time believed there was no complete copy extant. Sir A. Johnston, then President of His Majesty's Council in Ceylon, being, from the various benefits which he had conferred upon the priests of Ceylon, much in their confidence, was allowed by them to have copies taken of all the different parts which were dispersed among the most celebrated temples on the island, and of them formed a complete book. The former is a very fine specimen of a Burmese name on the Buddhoo religion, written upon the laminae of the Talipot leaf, lacquered over,

The traveler standing upon the di-

More than one Paul has been translated into the third heaven without seeing death. The things he witnessed were as impossible to utter as they were to see.

"Oh, my dear brother, is not now beautiful? Trees wreathed with blossoms, forests waking into softness, bright with verdure, the very

with melody,  
the soft May  
unfathomable  
lies—but sin  
makes know  
is another  
love shall be  
not the col  
those unat  
now come t  
the light  
above."

"How b  
direct of t  
wrong, an  
reward?  
other rew  
The good  
near alon  
years of  
while th  
etern fee

"Be-  
the ever  
Allegha  
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with melody. How I love to go forth beneath the soft May moonlight, and look up into the unfathomable deep, and dream—nay, rather live—but such a life as words may not here make known! What a joy it is to think that, in another sphere, the holiest thought and love shall be, in itself, a language that needs not the cold interpretation of words—that those unutterably blissful feelings, which now come to us like angel visitants, shall be the light, the very air, of the home above." D. M. Q.

"How beautiful, how sublime, even, is the career of that soul which lives to combat the wrong, and to succeed the right. And his reward? 'Tis always in his hand. And yet other rewards lie about him and before him. The good act tells not on the present and the near alone. Its results are in the uncounted years of the future, and run into eternity, while the remotest intelligence of the universe feels its benign influence." ASKY K. F.

"Several times, while straying through the ever-glorious pine woods of these mighty Alleghenies, I have thought of you, and it seemed to me that you and I would seek ourselves upon one of the prostrate monarchs of these speaking solitudes, and listen and muse for hours or days, finding an all-sufficient happiness for the present, and a healing balm for the wounds of the past, and strength, too, for the future. We would not talk. Words seem to profane this sacred silence, where, I know not why, we seem so near to God. "I have just returned from a long ride with Dr. G. Fine hours, delicious freshness of the landscape after the late rain, the setting sun at our backs, tinting the clouds with enchanting hues of pink and gold over the whole heavens, just in our face the great round moon, rising majestically from a dark mountain of cloud below. We stop our horses to gaze awhile, undisturbed, and to watch the mist settling into exquisite little silvery lakes, in the gorges of the mountain. This is my supreme happiness here—the fields, mountains, and woods. And I have admirable companions, too. Dr. G. is one of—I was going to say the *releasers* of the world, but I meant only to say, that in intelligence, generosity, and tenderness, he compensates one for the wounds and innumerable afflictions made by other hands." E. H. S.

### Voices from the People.

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

Question: IS "WHATSOEVER IS, RIGHT?"

Yes, undoubtedly—in the connection that it was first used by Pope. He was speaking of the "Order of Creation" as usually considered, and in that relation it is always wholly and altogether true. For instance: It is right that the sixty-four primates (usually recognized in our elementary nomenclature) should adhere, in their respective proportions and spontaneous combinations, in order to produce air, water, and all other forms known to our physical organizations. So is all "discord Harmony not understood, and all partial evil universal good"—in the same sense and connection; and the only exception to the rule seems to be the application of the doctrine of free agency as operating on the human WILL. Aye, there is the rub.

But does man possess a free agency, as usually understood? Ans. Yes, sometimes, to a certain extent, and that extent is just equal to the extent of his mental and spiritual development. If he is only an animal, he will rise up and lie down in pursuance of his animal instincts, and thus act from a kind of necessity; but if he has developed the mental and spiritual faculties, sufficient to control and guide the animal instincts, then he will act in some degree independently of his animal impulses, and to that extent he is a free agent.

How is this doctrine to be applied in order to eradicate the great "evils" of the age, viz: War, Slavery, Intemperance, and the host of lesser demons which now afflict the human race? Not by forming "Peace" societies, "Abolition" associations, or passing "Maine" laws; but, rather, by developing the interior MAN. Then the spiritual consciousness will discover that where there is no violence, or any disposition to overreach, there will be no necessity to provide against it. That Slavery is only a temporary contingency, and fitted for a peculiar state of society, and if left alone, will cure itself in much less time than it can be accomplished by all the outside tinkering.

You speak of letting slavery alone to cure itself. Indeed! Would not the slave trade, with all its horrors, be at once reestablished?

Probably it would. I do not pretend to be wise enough to map out the exact results in detail as they would occur, but as far as my observation has reached, I have discovered that "Father God and Mother Nature" always work up their materials to the best possible advantage, and never make any waste in anything. As to the horrors of the Slave Trade, they are no doubt dreadful. Perhaps the sufferings are equal to those of thousands who, under present conditions, are doomed to work in mines, factories, and various other situations in so-called civilized life, and that too, for generation after generation, without hardly eliciting a passing remark.

But if the Slave Trade was reopened, would not the cupidity of our countrymen deluge out country with Africans?

Ans. The number would probably increase greatly for a time, but as they could be imported in much less time and expense than they are now bred, it would spoil that Trade for our Middle and Slave-border States, the barbarity and moral depravity of which trade is scarcely inferior to the Slave Trade itself. Besides, our Southern brethren maintain that the African is greatly improved, both in his mental and physical condition, by being transplanted here and put in contact with a higher civilization, and so I should suppose that if they (the Africans) are susceptible of improvement, and progression, that they would in a comparatively short time (by their numbers and intelligence, be able to displace the white population in all the territory) and climate,

\*Witness Hayti. And Cuba would have been free, or nearly prepared for it, probably, if the slave trade had been continued.

where they are, by constitution, better fitted to exist than the white man.

Therefore, without taking my time and your space to frame a regular built logical argument, and to follow out all the details according to approved systematic programme, I will sum up by concluding, that, in considering the operations of "Father God and Mother Nature," the maxim of "Whatever is, is Right," is true; but that, in considering the actions and policies of men, in relation to their mental and spiritual development, the reverse is also true that "Whatever is (not wrong) is right." E. HANCOCK.

### THE SILURIAN AGE AND SECTARIANISM.

MR. EDITOR: You say, "We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?"

Yes, Brother, we will! We have been for ten years using our feeble efforts to that end. The present "age" is emphatically an age of sectarianism.

The future structure of the "Harmonical Mind" may justly be compared with the "Silurian age" in the earth's structure. The rocks of the Silurian age were indispensable. They furnished the material, in part, of which the present soil is composed. And reduced by the action of countless ages, such soil was made susceptible of producing vegetation; then from vegetation sprang the lower animal organizations, which, in turn, produced the perfect form of MAN, whose organization finally culminated in Mind.

Now, in like manner, the various creeds of theology contain the crude material, and must be well "pulverized" before they can unite with certain other elements, and construct higher forms of thought; and judging from the amount of *debris* which has been thrown down within the last ten years, we may reasonably hope to have a sufficiency of material to make a soil that will yield higher intellectual and spiritual productions.

We say, then, let us "work and wait"—not doubting but that it will require much less time to "pulverize" the now prevailing theological creeds, than was necessary to pulverize the Silurian rocks. But let us avoid getting impatient. Let us not expect the disintegration to go on too rapidly, as if the whole work was to be done in one year, or even a lifetime, inasmuch as these rocks (creeds) have been considered unchangeable, and have not until recently showed any signs of being "pulverized" and forming a material for a richer soil.

Yours, in favor of Pulverization, E. H.

### REPORT OF THE FREE CONVENTION IN MICHIGAN.

LIVONIA, Mich., Oct. 17, 1860.

EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: A free Convention held at the Union Meeting House in this vicinity, having just closed, it occurs to me that a brief notice of its proceedings may not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of the HERALD. Owing to delay by the cars, our much expected friends, Giles B. Stebbins and S. J. Finney, did not arrive in time to participate in the meeting to any extent, until the evening of the 16th; upon which occasion, it being the anniversary of the attack on Harper's Ferry by John Brown, Mr. Stebbins very eloquently and earnestly alluded to that event, its influence upon the nation, the motive which prompted such a singularly desperate act, and the position assumed by the so-called Christian Church and the political parties, towards the act and the actors.

On the occasion of the morning session, Mr. S. presented a series of Resolutions, which, from their length, I am unable to copy here, but which were eminently true to Freedom, true to Christianity, and true to the Harmonical development of mankind. He showed it to be the function of true conservatism to be "conservative of man" as superior to all institutions, creeds, or books. In an exceedingly lucid and logical speech, Friend Stebbins endeavored to show the exceeding truthfulness of the Resolutions, and at the same time showed the lack of the genuine Christian element in the sectarian organizations of the present day. He alluded to the missionary enterprise as productive of many and great evils; spoke of the treatment of the Hindoos by the Christian British; instanced General Havelock as a man lauded all over the world for his Christian graces, and measured all these by "pure religion and undefiled before God."

Mr. Finney followed on the same subject, and connecting his remarks with those of Mr. S., he asserted the duty of Man to be guided by his own consciousness of Right, regardless of the assumed authority of creeds, books, or an ordained Priesthood. In the course of his remarks he questioned the justice of the vicarious atonement. This position called out an orthodox minister—Mr. Cochran, of Ann Arbor—who had been sent for to defend the doctrines of the past.

The afternoon and evening were devoted to the comparison and discussion of the merits of the Christian Religion and the Harmonical Philosophy. In the course of the session, the Reverend gentleman claimed that no nation had ever progressed one inch, except to the Devil, without the Bible being the immediate cause of that progression. That the Bible contained the "roots" of all modern mechanical improvement, such as the steam engine, magnetic telegraph, &c. He said that he once listened to a sermon from Theodore Parker in which that gentleman asserted that mankind were sprung from "apes and idiots," and afterwards found that that part of the sermon was plagiarized from the writings of *Lucretius*. He likewise narrated a portion of his experience in the Anti-Slavery field, where in it appears he met with divers "hair-breadth escapes by flood and field," from the snares of the ungodly—all of which was highly interesting, but the pertinence of which to the question at issue before the Convention, your correspondent failed to apprehend.

Friend Finney very beautifully and earnestly presented, and very logically and eloquently defended, the teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy—asserting that although the Christian Religion might be an improvement upon the forms of Religion which had preceded it, it was not a finality in religious truth, and not an adequate incarnation of the aspirations, true impulses, and high possibilities of Humanity to-day.

It has been truly said that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and the advocates of truth have nothing to fear, but everything to gain, from free discussion. In the light of these truths, I think that our meeting has been eminently a success.

Truly yours, R. L. ALEXANDER.

### WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF LIFE?

NEW YORK, October, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: "When the dream of life is over, what then will avail all its agitations, if not one trace of utility remains behind?" Brought into being without our knowledge or consent, and being possessed of instincts, propensities, wants, and desires, we are impelled to act under these influences, guided by such reason and knowledge as circumstances have furnished us; happy if we are able to grow old wisely, and descend to the tomb with a well-spent life.

Care of self, physically, morally, and intellectually, so as to present an example worthy of all imitation, is our principal duty. Did all do this, the world would soon be redeemed from all sin.

"Habit is second nature;" hence the importance of correct ones, that the pleasant ways and peaceful paths of wisdom may crown our career. A correct life should be determined upon, and practiced, till it becomes interesting, and is followed from choice.

It was the saying of a once distinguished man, that "the world was his country, and to do good, his religion." It would seem that such a sentiment might prompt to noble deeds in the reformation of the world. It commands itself to all well meaning persons in every land. The least that we can do is to act, by precept and example, in that direction, and hope for the best.

Humanity needs strength to govern its passions. It is the perversion of the appetites which leads to excess and crime. If we practice the true and beautiful, soon we shall become so in our daily walk and conversation.

"Man is of soul and body formed for deeds Of high resolve: On Fancy's boldest wing To soar unweary'd; fearlessly to turn The keenest pang to peacefulness, and taste The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield."

Yours, for the right use of Life, JAMES FLAGLER.

### ANSWERS TO A CORRESPONDENT'S QUESTIONS.

LANCASTER, Oct. 25th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR:—In your paper of the 20th (No. 35) under the head of "Questions for Correspondents," we notice six questions.

As a general reply we would say that nothing is great or small but by comparison. So, too, nothing is right or wrong, or good or evil, &c., but by comparison. "Man's highest capabilities," says Prof. Hare, "cultivate the realization of the happiness of his race. It would therefore follow that the standard of human judgment is this happiness. Anything militating against it, being wrong; and all which promotes it, right."

This is our answer to the three first questions. To the fourth we respond, "Yes! there is moral wrong, but no *evil per se*, that is, no positive evil. The authors of all acts, tending to diminish human happiness, are those who commit them."

Fifth: "Yes! Because, if all actions in the sight of Deity were equally right, then all actions would result in man's happiness; therefore, (since man is sometimes unhappy) the performance of some actions in the sight of Deity must be wrong. If all actions are equally right, why are some productive of misery? Misery being the opposite of happiness, it follows, that any course of action resulting in misery must be essentially different from that course of action resulting in happiness. As happiness and misery are essentially different, so the courses of action producing either must be essentially different. If, then, that course of action producing happiness be right, that course of action producing misery must of necessity be wrong"—and as man cannot see anything outside of himself that is higher than his capacity warrants, he, from necessity, can but see degrees of perfection, or "right" and "wrong."

Sixth: If we understand the sixth question, we answer that we interpret Nature by Nature's laws. F. & O.

### THE PEOPLE'S MEETING EVERY SUNDAY.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to call attention to the People's Meeting, which is held every Sunday in the Bowery, afternoon and evening.

These meetings are very interesting and instructive. There, all subjects are discussed freely. The first lecturer has forty minutes, and each subsequent speaker ten. No person is allowed to speak more than once at the same meeting, thus giving a fair opportunity to all, and a chance to develop new speakers, and new truths. There is no priestly rule or gag-law here, to allow one man to get up and monopolize the whole time to himself, (as they do in the churches,) in order to convince the people that what they say is all law and gospel, and must not be questioned or discussed.

Free discussion is the motto of the People's meeting, and I believe if the remarks at these meetings were reported in your paper, they would do a great deal of good in counteracting the errors of orthodoxy and priestcraft. These meetings are self-paying institutions—paying as they go every Sunday—by voluntary contributions from the audience. The utmost good feeling always prevails. The chairman is always chosen from the audience at the beginning of every meeting. And I think, Mr. Editor, (as you have said,) that "the Pulpit must soon give way to the Forum," and that meetings such as these must soon be held in every church in this country. Free speech and free discussion, on all subjects, will soon take the place of long-faced and gloomy sermonizing. S.

### A QUESTION FOR H. B. VINCENT TO ANSWER.

De Soto, Jefferson Co., Mo.,

Oct. 29, 1860.

MR. DAVIS: Your paper suits me better than any paper I ever read. I frequently read matter in one number, which I think is better than anything ever could be of the kind; then again, perhaps in the succeeding number, I see something else just as good! For instance; in the last number (Oct. 27th), there is a communication from H. B. Vincent,

in which he says some great things. He says, "Education of all the faculties of mind is the Archimedean lever that shall overturn that weight of ignorance which keeps humanity subject to misery and discord." The above sentence, with a very little addition, is the text I have been preaching from, publicly and privately, for twelve years or more. The functions of the body, as well as the faculties of the mind, must be educated.

But I do not exactly understand what Mr. Vincent means in the following sentence: "Nature works with imperfect tools, and hence presents imperfectly manufactured articles."

Query: Does not Nature work with her own tools? W. LONG SMITH.

### A TRINITY OF FALSEHOODS.

FORT MADISON, August, 1860.

DEAR SIR: The human race appears to be cursed by the presence of a trinity of abominable falsehoods. These three errors seem to have unlimited control over the affairs of this American continent, if not over the entire Christian world. Allow me to name them:

Error No. 1: That the Soil is property.

Error No. 2: That Man can make property of his fellow man.

Error No. 3: That a combination of men, calling themselves "The State," can make laws for other people, whether they consent or not.

I sometimes think that falsehood is the primary cause of evil; but, whether that be so or otherwise, I am quite certain that the reverence paid to these infernal dogmas by Christian nations, is the real cause of the poverty and crime that are found and committed in those nations.

Being one of the sufferers by this condition of things, I look to the HERALD OF PROGRESS for an "Application of Truth," which, I believe, will free us from the evils of Land-monopoly; (consequently, from the evils of poverty) from the evils of Slavery, also; and finally, from the evils of all kinds of Despotism. Yours, for the application of Truth, C. WILSON.

### The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Development Theory.

### PROOFS OF SPIRIT EXISTENCE.

### MR. LELAND'S REPLY.

PROSPECT MOUNTAIN, Oct. 25, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER WARREN:—Perhaps it is not advisable to continue our discussion longer on the Development Hypothesis. We have each presented our ideas on this question, together with many facts, &c., and I have sufficient confidence in the intelligence of the readers of the HERALD to believe them capable of deciding. Let us, therefore, proceed to consider the proofs of immortality. I shall avoid, as far as possible, all metaphysical arguments and revert at once to Facts—the only true authority by which any scientific question can be decided. I proceed to prove that facts in Spiritualism establish beyond a successful contradiction the existence of spirits, who once lived in bodies like our own, but who are now inhabitants of another sphere or state of existence, which sphere was only attained by passing the change we have been taught to call "Death." I will argue the subject under the following heads:

1. Communications of Intelligence.
2. Spirits have been seen by living individuals.
3. Physical manifestations.
4. Proofs of the conscious, immortal existence of spirits, drawn from the sciences of Phrenology, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, &c.

In proof of the first of these propositions, I will let facts speak. While lecturing in Pikesville, Alabama, last winter, I one day visited the plantation of Mr. Henry Grans, about three miles from that place, and with him went to see an old slave of his, who, he told me, had recently had some "strange developments." As soon as we entered the "cabin" she was influenced, shook hands with me, asked for a pencil and paper, and wrote the following, addressed to me:

"DEAR SAMUEL: When we parted at Alliance, O., last summer, our parting promise was that the one who died first should communicate to the other at his earliest opportunity. I now redeem my pledge. I died in Raleigh, Wisconsin, two weeks ago to-day. I am happy. I will come again soon. Good-bye. Your ever dear Brother, GEO. B. SHAW."

Now I had not thought of the promise for weeks, and did not know that he was dead; on the contrary, the last letter I had from him, dated in Iowa, (not Wisconsin) stated that he was well and was going to return to Ohio soon. He said nothing about visiting Wisconsin before returning home. A letter from his sister has corroborated all the statements in the communication relative to his death. And more: Mr. G. told me that he had owned that slave forty years, and positively knew she could neither read, nor write, nor spell, in her normal condition: yet the above was written in a fair, round hand, very nearly resembling my friend's own style; every word was rightly spelled, and the whole properly punctuated, and her eyes were tightly closed during the whole time! When I returned from the South, I published this fact in the *Rising Tide*. The truth of the circumstance can be ascertained by writing Mr. G., as above.

Another fact: A young lady in Geneva, Ohio, a daughter of Mr. C. S. Sanford, while influenced, has written two communications at a time, on different subjects, one with each hand, and her eyes closed while writing.

Again: Mr. Lyman Peck, of New Lyme, told me that some three years ago, S. S. Foster, and other anti-Slavery lecturers, visited

that place and held a meeting. Nearly a week before their notice arrived by mail, it was foretold by the spirit of J. W. Walker (who was an early pioneer in the anti-Slavery cause in Ohio and the West,) by means of the raps on a table, exactly who would come, when they would be there, &c., all of which was perfectly fulfilled. I have several times, while with a medium who was entranced, requested the controlling spirit to go to some place specified, there control another medium, and give notice that I would lecture there on a certain time, and though I have in a few cases experienced failures, yet it has been done for me on several different occasions.

A son of Mr. C. H. Loomis, of Grafton, Ohio—a boy only six or seven years of age—will, while under spirit influence, lecture on subjects worthy of the profoundest minds. I have heard him, an hour at a time, on Phrenology, Geology, Chemistry, and other sciences; when, in eloquence, arrangement, and accuracy, he fully equaled the greatest efforts I ever heard. I am informed by my friend B. P. Barnum, a well-known lecturer in Ohio, that there is a child in Loraine county, in that State, who, when only sixteen months old, would write most convincing communications on different subjects. I have never seen the child, but the fact is so well established that it can admit of no doubt.

But I need not multiply facts under this head. Multitudes of them are familiar to every investigator. When these are explained away, I will introduce more. In these facts it will be noticed that there are manifestations of intelligence in each case, higher than the medium possessed. You will doubtless treat them accordingly.

Secondly: *Spirits have been seen by living individuals.*

In the "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," p. 367, Mr. Owen gives a fact which I take the liberty to abridge as follows: When the celebrated Anna Maria Porter was residing in Surrey, an old gentleman of her acquaintance was in the habit of visiting her house every evening, reading newspapers, and taking his cup of tea. One evening she saw him enter, seat himself at the table, but did not speak. She spoke to him, but he did not answer, and in a few seconds left the house. Fearing he was ill, she sent a servant immediately to his house, which soon returned, informing her that he died one hour previous to her seeing him.

Again: On p. 368, he relates that a lady in a concert-room was suddenly taken nervous, and after pressing solicitations from her friends to know the cause, she said she saw a naked corpse lying on the floor at her feet, with his face partly concealed by a cloth cloak, but enough was visible to enable her to recognize it as the body of a friend, and the following day it was learned that the individual whom she saw was drowned that very evening in Southampton River! In this case the spirit presented himself in that way in order, doubtless, to give her an idea of the cause of his death.

I see spirits almost every day and talk with them, as I do with my earthly friends. And my testimony in this case is only one among hundreds. Among those who see disembodied spirits, I may enumerate the following—many of whom have communicated the fact, *ore tenus*, to me, and those who have not, have made a public acknowledgment of it, viz: Wm. Denton, Dr. H. F. Gardner, A. E. Newton, W. A. Danskin, Dr. L. K. Coonley, Dr. A. B. Child, Warren Chase, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, J. M. Peebles, S. B. Brittan, Judge Edmonds, Joel Tiffany, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Mrs. Anna Denton Cridge, Miss Emma Harding, and hundreds of others I might enumerate, who are less known, but whose testimony is deserving of credit.

I give these facts without comment. I will let them speak for themselves, and hope they will force a conclusion accordingly. Hoping to hear your explanations soon,

I remain yours truly, S. P. LELAND.

### The Spiritual Theory of Suns and Comets.

COMMUNICATED TO THE LANCASTER CIRCLE.

LANCASTER, Oct. 13th, 1860.

Before entering on a description of the nature and uses of Comets, the present undeveloped condition of earthly science renders it essential that a short introductory explanation shall be given, without which the whole subject must remain unintelligible.

Let it then be observed that what you are in the habit of calling animal and vegetable life, is an influx from the great central sun of the universe, communicated first to the primary of each system (by comets,) and from thence emanating to each and every satellite throughout Creation. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this influx is in itself electrical, or that it contains in combination all the principles of vital and physical electricity. The primary of each system being always positive, when compared with its satellites (in Aphelion), naturally exerts over them, while in that position, an attractive affinity, drawing them towards itself—but, as they approach their Perihelion, they also become positive, and are of course to a certain extent repelled, but are again attracted when they become negative—as they do when reaching their

\*It must be observed that spirits use the term "Primary," to designate Suns or Centers of systems, and the word "Satellite," synonymously with what Astronomers term primary planets. This subject will be continued in weekly contributions until completed. W. B. F.



Aphelion. Thus, twice in a year they are attracted and repelled.

To make this understood, it will be necessary to state, that, contrary to the received theory, the sun is in the center of the earth's orbit, which is an ellipsis, about four millions of miles less in its shortest diameter. The sun being in the center, we have consequently two points at which the planet is near the sun, and two at which it is farthest off. Or, the planet is twice in one year in Perihelion, and twice in Aphelion—the former corresponding to the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, and the latter to the summer and winter solstices. [All readers may not understand the meaning of these terms. *Aphelion* means farthest from the sun; *Perihelion*, nearest the sun.—Ed.] In this great fact will be found a substitute for your doctrines of centripetal and centrifugal forces—the motion of each planet around its primary, resulting from, and producing its own electrical equalization, as well as its motion around its own axis.

If conditions continue favorable, we design to give you our views on the nature and uses of Comets, as there probably is no point in astronomical science less understood, or more ridiculously misrepresented. Comets are not confined in their orbits to your solar system, as is supposed by some; but they traverse the various systems in the universe, as messengers of electrical equalization. It therefore follows that the theory of periodic return of any given comet must of necessity be fallacious—the near agreement of the elements of any two comets not establishing their identity, but only proving that they both have entered your system from the same system beyond. Your entire theory of the motion of planetary bodies is too mechanical, and your laws of centripetal and centrifugal forces, when applied to comets, &c., must eventually land them in the sun, especially if their centrifugal force was destroyed for five or six hundred days, as in the case of the celebrated comet of Halley.

What are the facts in the case? All orbs, whether stationary suns or moveable planets, have been brought into being by the Great Creative Sun of the Universe, at the bidding of the Almighty Father, and by him endowed, *per se*, with all powers essential to the performance of the various functions and uses for which they were designed. H. & F. (*Spirits of the sixth sphere, to the Lancaster Circle.*)

## Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.  
IN THE MORNING.

BY AMY LESTER.

Even now the sky is painted  
With faint rays of morning light,  
Breaking slowly o'er the hill tops  
From the prison-tomb of night;  
And a few red prophesies  
Of a clear and tranquil day,  
And they wait, with patient trusting,  
For the night to flee away.  
But the multitude are shrouded  
In a pall of deepest gloom,  
Seeing not beyond the portals  
Of the dark and silent tomb.  
Holding fast within their bosoms  
Thoughts of blood, and wrong, and crime;  
Riveting the bondman's fetters,  
Heeding not that truth sublime—  
Which the lowly Jesus uttered—  
"Do ye only unto men  
That which ye would wish to have them  
Measure unto you again."  
But the blessed morn is dawning,  
Slowly fades the night away,  
And baptized shall be the nation  
In the light of golden day.  
Courage take, for in the morning  
No worn slave shall wear a chain;  
Liberty shall wave her banner  
From bright Florida to Maine.  
And each soul that's bowed in bondage,  
Then unfettered, strong, shall be,  
And the nation join with angels  
In the "anthem of the free."  
OBERLIN, O.

For the Herald of Progress.  
THE WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

BY N. M. STHONG.

This world is full of beauty,  
Enrobed in golden light;  
Let man but do his duty  
And live what'er is right.  
Oh, plant the bright, sweet flowers,  
To cheer thy Brother's way;  
Shed forth in gentle showers,  
Love's sparkling, golden spray.  
This world is full of beauty,  
Breathe not the mournful sigh!  
Press onward in thy duty,  
The mourner's tears to dry;  
Move upward in the realms  
Of light, and active life,  
Ere darkness overwhelms  
Thy soul in deadly strife.  
This world is full of beauty,  
Of flowers of fadeless hue;  
Bind them upon thy spirit,  
And live the life that's true;  
Crush out the selfish impulse,  
In preference to our Brothers;  
Live not for gold or pleasure,  
But for the good of others.

This world is full of beauty,  
Of pearl-drops from the spheres,  
Of love, and hope, and duty,  
That point to future years;  
Press onward in thy mission,  
The wrongs of life to right;  
Though clouds may gather darkly,  
They soon will glow with light.  
FREDERICKSTOWN, O.

## HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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The present number is enriched by the continuation of the instructive Essay on "Life."

"THE SILURIAN AGE," in theological stratifications, is very plainly visible.

ANOTHER link, "In a beautiful chain of Tests," has just arrived from New Orleans. It will appear in our next issue.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE has replied to the previous article by the "Lancaster Circle." It will probably appear in our next.

WE HAVE on file another chapter of the "Defense" made by friend Thwing before the Baptists of his locality.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS will appear next week; also more medical "Whispers," and timely hints to the afflicted.

"THE TRINITY OF FALSEHOODS," stated in a brief letter, stands among the evils to be overcome by future progress and friendly legislation.

LET every one read the contents of our sixth page. That the instructive story is founded on "facts" must be self-evident to every observer of human nature.

READ the beautiful, tender, and encouraging letter from California. We have long known and felt that the *invisible* powers were members of the world's "Moral Police."

IF Nature is full of signs and symbolism—if the phenomena of matter are but the embodiments of divine intentions—the spirit of man should know the truth.

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT"—considered in this number by our Pennsylvania correspondent—contains valuable suggestions and salutary conclusions.

"ADDRESS TO A KATY DID," printed in this number, is a touching inspiration. Blessed are they who have a spiritual eye to discern the interior lessons of Nature.

"PEARL DROPS FROM FRIENDSHIP'S FOUNTAIN"—quietly glittering on our second page—are worth more than those material jewels worn by our citizens at the Prince's Ball.

"THE SOUL'S DEMONSTRATIVE POWER"—a contribution in this number from an ex-clergyman—is replete with practical truths. The reader's attention is attracted to the grand and immortal energies of mind.

"THE SPIRITUAL THEORY OF SUNS AND COMETS" will be found in this number. It will bear the examination which it challenges, and we hope that *thinkers* will report their deliberate conclusions.

THE late Free Convention in Michigan—an imperfect sketch of which is printed this week—must have left the world better in that region. It seems that a minister of the "past" was present—pertinaciously adhering to several preposterous opinions respecting ancient inspirations.

It will be observed that Mr. Leland has dropped the first part of the discussion on "Development," and appears this week in the second division, on the evidences of future and immortal existence. We think the present stage of the controversy will still more interest our readers.

THAT man loves truth instinctively, and hates falsehood, is clearly illustrated in the "Voices from the People." The most inveterate infidel is only hostile to theological dogmas—to the shallow forms of religion; but for the essence of reason, for the practical life of true religion, we find that the so-called infidel is as earnest and steadfast as the Christian.

OUR PREMIUM LIST.—Associated efforts are many times the most efficient and beneficial. We have drawn up a series of valuable inducements for the purpose of interesting our friends everywhere in the objects and aims of this enterprise. As far as possible we have made the interest mutually advantageous,

and we hope and believe that every friend of our movement will cooperate with us in the effort to extend a knowledge of the Harmonical Philosophy, to promulgate the facts of intercourse between earth and higher spheres, and to augment our opportunities of doing good by increasing the circulation of the HERALD OF PROGRESS. The premium lists of books, pamphlets, tracts, &c., will be found on our eighth page. These arrangements for the bestowal of premiums are made to terminate with the present year—only six weeks from this date—and, for this reason, we trust our active friends will not procrastinate the day of labor in behalf of an enterprise which contemplates the pulverization of all creeds, and the fraternization of all mankind.

## Spiritual Destitution.

We find in the religious daily a lengthy editorial upon "The progress of heathenism in this city." It is there stated that in the lower part of the fifteenth ward there are no less than *five* churches for sale, and that during the last twenty years *thirty-two* churches have been sold out below Grand street, and no others been erected in their places, though "the resident population below that line is far larger now than then." We learn from other sources that during the last ten years twenty more churches have been sold between Grand and Houston streets.

The present places of worship in the city, "including some twenty-five mission stations, twenty-five Catholic churches, and twenty others termed *un-evangelical*, number 274," with seats for 205,580 people, out of a population of 850,000, leaving over 600,000 unprovided for. In other words, two-thirds of the population of the city could not go to church if they would. Four hundred more edifices are needed to accommodate the whole city.

But in the language of a report made to the N. Y. Evangelical Alliance, "this is not the worst feature of the case." Many of the present places of worship are never filled. The congregations do not probably average more than four hundred. "Many capable of holding a thousand often seat less than two hundred." Not more than from one-third to one-half of the 200,000 seats in the churches are regularly occupied.

This Evangelical Alliance, composed of members and pastors of various city churches, who have silently permitted, or themselves aided this disposal of down-town churches, and the erection of up-town pagodas—palatial temples of worship, cushioned and carpeted to shut out the poor—now profess to awake to a painful consciousness of the destitution of the residents of the lower wards of the city, who most need religious instruction, and propose renting temporary places of worship, and calling the people in. They may accomplish this work to a limited extent, but we fear they have retraced their steps too late.

The World, admitting that "seven-tenths of the people of our lower wards live on, as destitute of religious instruction as the heathen in the interior of Africa," and that "there is rank heathenism in our midst, daily gathering more colossal magnitude and strength," still expresses its confidence in Christianity as "vastly—may we not say infinitely—more efficient than any other agency in suppressing crime and immorality." This they claim because it "does not bury itself with physical relations, but applies itself directly to the primary seat of the evil, and cleanses out the heart, which, with such terrible truthfulness, has been likened by the inspired penman to 'a cage of unclean beasts!'"

After thus complimenting "poor human nature," how bitter the irony of this passage, which follows:

"If there is one trait of the Christian religion more distinctive than any other, it is its identification with universal humanity."

After degrading and insulting "universal humanity" by likening it to "a cage of unclean beasts," "identification" is a poor salve. As if a rum seller should be applauded for identifying himself with the drunkard in the gutter! Such "identification" is no compliment to the "instrumentality."

Falling utterly to see that in the fact of "an immense mass of human beings in this city, which the Christianity of the city has hardly touched," there lies proof of "something rotten in Denmark"—of something wrong in the system; they propose nothing, seem to see nothing additional to be done. We turn from the religious paper, and find in a secular journal, the *Evening Post*, a full and clear statement of the same condition of things deplored by *The World*, and a careful attempt at an analysis of the causes. The *Post* quotes from the Earl of Derby, who, in attempting to explain the same neglect of religious instruction in England, assigns two reasons: (1.) "The cost of attending churches, in which all the best seats are reserved for the rich, and (2.) the natural reluctance of the poorer classes to make their appearance among the splendidly dressed in their shabby attire."

The first alone is largely applicable to this country, where it certainly is a powerful motive; since "many families" in moderate circumstance do not expend more in rent for the houses in which they live than is required for the rent of a single pew for two hours a day, one day in seven.

But this paper sees other than pecuniary reasons for desertion of the sanctuaries:

"We fear that the ministrations there are not always of a character to entice the crowd. We fear that the dull dogmas of theology, traditional doctrines, remote and impractical themes, usurp the place of living religion and a hearty morality."

"What Carlyle imputes to editors, namely, that they day after day thresh over the same old straw, is more applicable to clergymen. The editor finds new topics in the events and incidents of the times; but the clergymen, ignoring these, repeats stale homilies and the threadbare common-places of doctrine—threadbare even a hundred years ago."

By gathering the more wealthy classes into the churches, and making themselves dependent for comfortable livings upon their opinions, their usefulness has been impaired. Their position compels them to deal in husks. They are restrained from meeting the great spiritual wants of the place and the hour. The grand topics of current interest are shoved aside. People find in their teachings little guidance for the practical duties of life, as it is now and here; and they get weary of the dull lecturer. They stay away to save themselves the indelicacy of yawning. Or else they go away to a Beecher, who is a live man, as well as a preacher, and whose aisles are thronged each Sunday as soon as the doors are open; to a Spurgeon, who preaches as Whitfield preached, to the hearts of men, not their brains merely; or perhaps to the meetings of Spiritualists, in the hope of finding there some food for their deeper spiritual cravings. We are not sure they find it there, but the earnestness of the seeking shows that they want something which they ought to but do not find at the regular fountain-heads."

The *Post* reveals an important source, without fully fathoming the depths of this indifference to popular preaching.

People are learning to love religion more, and theology less. Plain, practical common-sense, is an element that enters more largely into the effective working character of the people than ever before. While no doubt many stay away from church because disinclined not only for religious worship, but for intellectual instruction; and because fond alone of hilarity and dissipation; there are many others who feel that they can make better use of their time than in attending upon theological teachings.

It is a groundless assumption that the more intelligent are church goers, and that it is chiefly the ignorant and vicious who stay away. The fact that society, even in New York city—where a religion whose devotees pride themselves on its ignoring "physical relations" has full sweep—and where these very physical relations are of the worst possible character—the fact that even here society is not altogether bad—that in proportion to the population, goodness preponderates quite largely over vice, that a fair, honest morality, good-will and charity to mankind is the popular feeling—shows that there is an influence at work upon the world outside of churches; and that it is not the rich who own pews or the devoted who choose to occupy them, who really mold public opinion. Above and behind these there are the common-sense intelligent masses, who may give few thoughts to religion, because their intelligence is so diverted to the necessary acquisition of the means of support, but who, when they think at all, do so with a clear and hearty appreciation of human obligations, and of the great law of brotherhood.

These people find religion in their own hearts, they do not need religious teachers, and are satisfied to move on in the even tenor of their way, doing good perhaps to few, but harm to none; scarce ever desiring religious instruction, unless it be to seek for summary and decided proofs of immortality, which they hold by faith all too vaguely.

The difference in tone between the religious and secular papers, indicates the classes to which they go. The one read by blind followers, dogmatists, or sincere worshippers, denounces the human heart, and deplores every normal craving. The other read by the intelligent, busy, worldly-minded, careless, yet sincere, honest, and neighborly masses, recognizes natural tastes, universal intelligence, and the dignity and wealth of the human spirit.

The "spiritual destitution" of our city is chiefly found among the down-town poor and unadvanced, and the up-town wealthy church goers.

The middle class, between these two, the great bulk of the population, the progressive element in society, the working men, artisans, traffickers, mechanics, who love their families, and live for and in them, do not need the preaching proposed by the Evangelical Alliance, and what is more, would not listen to it, were it a hundred fold more accessible.

Those in want of "preaching" are they whose "physical relations" of either poverty—with hunger, destitution, and despair, or wealth with fullness, arrogance, and pride, sadly unfit them for being benefited by it; and a religion which "does not busy itself" with those relations, will be a long time in essentially elevating humanity.

The spiritual want of the remaining class, is the intelligent direction—indeed independent of theology—of those impulses which it is base calumny to liken to "fierce and impure animals." It is these generous, tender, sympathetic, manly, normal impulses, which, latent in every person, are to be quickened into activity, and wisely directed.

The sooner there is associated effort to this end, the sooner will there be tangible human progress, and society be built up in man's healthy development.

The exciting political contest is closed, resulting in an election by the people of a President for another four years. Up to the hour of going to press, we do not hear of the withdrawal of any State from the Union. We hope for a speedy calm to succeed the violent storm of sectional feeling. May the beneficent powers hasten the time of universal peace and good will.

## The Physician.

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

### MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY A. J. D.

We wish every patient to apply our prescriptions in accordance with the general principles laid down in our leading chapters on Disease. It will not be possible for us to reiterate the Laws of treatment in every installment of "Medical Whispers."

"Wash Your Mouth," and cleanse all parts of your tongue and teeth, punctually before breakfast and directly after supper. This simple act of devotion will silently sweeten your whole body.

"Habitual Costiveness."—J. H. H. BROOKLYN, (watchmaker,) is hereby informed that a constant constipation may be cured without recourse to artificial means.

REMEDY: Graham bread and plenty of apple sauce for breakfast; no meat, no hot cakes oftener than twice a week; no coffee at any time; and very little fluid of any kind. This method is adapted to all persons whose occupation keeps them within doors.

"An Easy Test for Eggs."—M. L. LEBLANC, a practical chemist at Louviers, has communicated to the world an easy method of ascertaining whether eggs are sound or not. He makes a solution of chloride of sodium (common salt) of a specific gravity represented by 1040 (water being 1000.) If an egg, thrown into this solution, sinks to the bottom, it is fresh enough to be boiled in the shell; if it does not sink quite to the bottom, it is still fresh enough to be eaten, but not under that form; and if it swims on the surface it is totally spoiled.

"Bad Dreams every Night."—P. M. C., NEW YORK, a truly refined and poetry-loving person, is troubled nightly with dreams the most grotesque and detestable.

REMEDY: Stop tempting the appetite with too many kinds of food. When a child you were injured with affectionate expressions in the shape of *candy, raisins, nuts, and rich cake*. Yes, you were, good patient—don't deny it. These are the worm-generating "evil spirits" that now beset you in dreams. Sleep with your head toward the North pole hereafter, and always go to sleep on your right side. Eat or drink nothing after seven o'clock, P. M.

"An Unhealthy Occupation."—GEORGE W. . . . OSWEGO, N. Y.—Nothing is more beneath the estate of either Man or Woman than sacrificing health because some money is to be gained by it. If your occupation is not agreeable to your happiness and bodily health, leave it at once and forever, just as you should flee from the presence of any o'er-mastering evil, and henceforth pursue some calling in which you will feel at home and healthy. Allowing the love of dollars to eclipse our manhood, and especially to do evil that a selfish good may accrue, is worthy the execration and the condemnation of every honest and philanthropic mind.

"How to Keep Children Quiet."—M. T. T., NEWTOWN, wants to know how to keep children quiet during the night.

REMEDY: Let them have a goodly supply of bodily activity during the day-time. Give them nothing *sweet*, except your smiles, after the second meal. Avoid domestic contradictions in their presence; and never give way to any anger in their absence. Never give a child either tea or coffee. The little ones naturally want stimulants, because of hereditary bias and the force of daily example. If your child is very irritable, give its body a good rub-down (the same as you would dress the limbs of a young colt) just before delivering it over to the safe keeping of the guardian angels of the Night.

"Irritation in the Throat."—J. D. & G., OF SYRACUSE, and some ten other correspondents, have written for a specific in cases of continual irritation in the throat. We know by the hand-writing of these persons, that (except two) each is a constant drinker of coffee at the breakfast hour. And now, good friends, we must inform you that nothing can cure your throats while you continue the use of coffee as a beverage. Besides, no one can reasonably expect medicine to heal diseased membranes, unless the limbs are perfectly protected, and the extremities kept habitually dry. The climate of this Continent will not justify any long-continued physical exposures, not even occasional dampness of the feet. No reader of our HERALD need plead ignorance of the laws of Health.

"Sweet Oil in relation to Poison."—In the first of the Harmonical series of volumes, we urged the immediate use of sweet oil, to be followed by an emetic, in cases where active and deadly poisons had been swallowed. The prescription was treated as worthless by many so-called scientific physicians. Now, however, we learn by the *Tribune* that "M. Blandlet, of France, has called attention to a very curious toxicological fact, namely, that greasy matters have the power of diminishing considerably the solubility of arsenious acid, either in pure water or in acid and alkaline liquids. Thus, in contact with grease, the poisonous properties of arsenious acid are very much decreased, and, at the same time, it becomes more difficult to render its presence evident by chemical reactions. A very slight quantity of greasy matter, according to M. Blandlet's experiments, reduces the solubility of arsenious acid to one-fifth or one-twentieth of what it is when it is in a pure state."

"This explains why arsenic, taken in the form of powder, remains sometimes for a considerable interval in the body without producing injury; it explains also how it is that, in cases of poisoning by arsenic, this substance has not readily been detected in such portions of the body or the aliment which contain much grease. It seems to teach, also, that cream, for instance, is an excellent antidote for arsenious acid. Margagnoli states, in his writings, that, in his time, the Indian boatmen used to astonish the bystanders by swallowing, without hurt, large pinches of arsenious acid, having taken the precaution beforehand of drinking a quart of milk, or eating some greasy matter. As soon as the public had retired, the boatmen got rid of the poison by vomiting."



**"The Parasitical Nature of Croup."**

In these days of diphtheritic affections, by which many, both children and adults, are hastened prematurely into the transmundane sphere, the scientific treatment of croup may appear to be inappropriately considered. We know, by clairvoyant inspections, that the membrane of the throat will, when inflamed or thickened by cold, produce quite a crop of moss-like scores, fungi, which may be destroyed by the prompt administration of diluted nitric acid, and gargles of red pepper tea, sweetened with honey. The Dublin Hospital Gazette states that Dr. Jodin, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences, on the nature of croup and on the treatment of the same, says that his researches have led him to the following conclusions: First, that croup and pseudo-membranous angina are merely parasitical diseases, due to the formation of fungi; second, that the treatment of these affections requires neither general medication nor incendiary cauterizations, and that they may be cured by simple parasitocidal applications. After enumerating the various therapeutical means resorted to in this and analogous diseases, Mr. Jodin declares that he much prefers to those uncertain, alarming, or dangerous remedies, the *nosochloride* of iron, which completely impregnates the fungus, exercises its action on the surface only, and may be absorbed without danger. This medicine destroys the parasitic growth, and also modifies favorably the hemorrhagic condition constantly observable in the affected parts and their neighborhood; it further induces expectoration, and thus promotes the rejection of the false membranes.

**"How to Keep the Teeth Clean."**—G. PARSONS, of WARSAW, wants to know what we deem the best substance for keeping the teeth clean, and the breath sweet.

**REMEDY:** In order to keep the luxury of a sweet breath, we advise, first, a cheerful and grateful disposition; second, regular meals, temperance in quantity, and a prompt digestion. On the subject of teeth cleaning we quote the teachings of modern chemistry: Microscopical examinations have been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals, selected from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition; and in nearly every case animal and vegetable parasites in great numbers have been discovered. Of the animal parasites there are three or four species, and of the vegetable one or two. In fact the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free from them cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap once. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of the parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco smoke and juice did not impair their vitality in the least. The same was also true of the chlorine tooth wash, of pulverized bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular dentifrices. The application of soap, however, appeared to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most proper specific for cleansing the teeth. In all cases where it has been tried, it receives unqualified commendation. It may also be proper to add, that none but purest white soap, free from all discoloration, should be used.

**"Aerial Method of Warfare."**—The World reports an interesting movement in the direction of balloons: "If we may believe a communication made by Mr. Isham Baggs to a foreign technological journal, we are on the eve of a startling change in the mode of conducting war—a change almost as wonderful as that brought about by the introduction of gunpowder. In connection with the system of balloon warfare advocated by Mr. W. H. James, Mr. Baggs suggests 'the use that may be made of these balloons in immediately introducing a totally new agent in warfare—an agent altogether unknown to the world, except in the most refined chemical laboratory—namely, chloride of nitrogen. The very mention of this compound,' he goes on to say, 'as a proposed element in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished of their number would scarcely dare to experiment with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and even then, only at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation. And yet not one of these chemists will be bold enough to deny that, with two or three chemically clean carboys of this terrible compound present in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cuttings of phosphorus, or a single drop of olive oil, coming into contact with it, would, in one instant, decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants.' Mr. Baggs then proceeds to affirm that he 'can manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, and in any required quantity, and that it may be safely conveyed to its destination by James' system of balloons.' If this be true, even the present generation may soon be able to boast that they have

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew  
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue."

for no city will willingly submit to allow balloons to scatter this terribly destructive composition upon its dwellings, and the only way to prevent it will be to send another fleet of balloons to repel that laden with the death producing material.

**IT MOVES.**

The *Liberator* of last week contains the account of the Boston mob of 1835, as published at that time. A quarter of a century since, WM. LLOYD GARRISON was dragged through the streets of Boston, his clothes torn from him, bruised and maimed, and his life only saved by being locked in a cell by the authorities. And all this for reiterating the truths of the Declaration of Independence. Who shall say, looking at Boston now, that the world does not move? These words were written by Garrison on the wall of his cell at that time:

"Confining me as a prisoner—but bind me not as a slave.  
Punish me as a criminal—but hold me not as a chattel.  
Torture me as a man—but drive me not like a beast.  
Doubt my sanity—but acknowledge my immortality."

**European Confederacy.****IMPORTANT PAPER FROM GARIBALDI.**

The *Independent*, a journal conducted at Naples, by M. Alexander Damas, publishes, under the title of a Memorandum, an important paper, bearing the signature of Garibaldi. Some of the Italian journals regard it as the last political testament of the great Liberator. If so it will be remembered with no less regard than Washington's farewell address.

It is a grand argument for peace from a General fresh from the battle-field, a manly and powerful effort to do away with wars, made by a great warrior! It can but be regarded as a most commendable production, proving that the son of Italy is inspired by a love of universal freedom. Will the great powers listen to the proposition for a European confederacy?

We have not space for the document entire. It opens with a statement of the standing armies and navies of each of the great nations, following which we quote:

"We may, however, justly ask, why does this agitated and violent state of Europe exist? Everybody speaks of civilization and progress. It seems to me that we do not differ much—luxury excepted—from primitive times, when men made war on each other to secure a prey. We pass our lives in menacing each other continually and reciprocally; and yet the great majority in Europe, not only of men of intelligence, but of common sense, perfectly understand that we might pass through this perilous life of ours without that perpetual state of menace and hostility one against the other, and without necessity—which seems fatally imposed upon nations by some secret and invisible enemy of humanity—of slaying each other with so much science and refinement."

For example, let us suppose one thing—that Europe formed a single State. Who would think of disturbing her? To whom, I ask, would come the idea of troubling the repose of Europe, the sovereign of the world?

"In the supposition we have made, there would be no more army, no more fleets, and the immense capital which is now almost wrung from the wants and the misery of the people, and is prodigally spent in murderous and unproductive services, would be converted to their advantage in a colossal development of industry, in the improvement of roads, the building of bridges, the cutting of canals, the foundation of public establishments and the erection of schools, which would rescue from misery and ignorance so many poor creatures, who, in all countries of the world, whatever be their degree of civilization, are condemned to a state of brutishness, to prostitution of soul and body, by the selfishness, calculation, or bad administration of privileged and powerful classes."

The basis of a European Confederacy he concedes to France and England—"an arrangement between the two greatest nations of Europe, having for its object the welfare of humanity."

To the objection, of what is to become of the mass of men now employed for warlike purposes, he answers:

"With the disbanding of these forces, nations would be delivered from oppression and injurious institutions, and the minds of sovereigns, ceasing to be occupied with schemes of ambition, conquest, war, and destruction, would be directed toward the creation of useful institutions, and would descend from the study of generalities to that of families, and even of individuals."

Moreover, by the extension of manufactures and the security of trade, the mercantile marine would immediately absorb the active portion of the military navies, and the incalculable quantity of work produced by peace, association, and security, would afford ample occupation for all the armed population, even were their numbers double what they are. War, being next to impossible, armies would be useless. But it would still be advisable to maintain the people in warlike and generous habits, by means of national militia, who would be always at hand to repress disorder, and any ambition that might attempt to infringe the European pact.

"I ardently desire that these words may come to the knowledge of those to whom God has confided this holy mission of doing good, and that they will indeed do it, preferring, to a false and ephemeral grandeur, the true grandeur based upon the love and gratitude of nations."

G. GARIBALDI.

All who receive sample copies of our paper, or extra copies for distribution, will render a service by placing them in the hands of those likely to be interested in the cause of Universal Progress.

**NEGATIVE CHRISTIANITY.**

We imagine *The World* newspaper has, during its brief existence of five months, met with much success. For though started preeminently as the pious paper, we find it now promising that, "without being a daily religious paper, or even a religious daily," it shall "never offend Christian purity."

We had hoped it would be positively, not negatively, a Christian paper. Not a secular paper in Christendom but claims to occupy the same position now adopted by *The World*. What one of them ever offends "Christian purity," according to their own standard of such negative excellence.

But it seems this daily is giving offense to some of the religious papers, by advertising theatricals. The *Intelligencer*, in administering a very mild rebuke, expresses the hope that:

"The *World* will get out of its cloud, and shine with a luster borrowed direct from the great Sun of Truth and Righteousness."

We hope that it will not shine with a borrowed light at all; but let the impulses of a positive, living, interior Christianity govern all its positions. The world is full enough of negations. We want fair and square affirmations. We need papers that aim not to avoid offending Christian purity, but to create and

elevate the popular estimate of what constitutes Christian purity.

Any one with eyes can avoid collisions. But it wants intelligence over the optics to direct the steps in paths of positive use.

Keep sending us names of all friends of freedom, all temperate, charitable, aspiring, spiritual men and women—all who love good deeds, and cherish noble impulses. We wish to fraternize with all these.

**THE OUTRAGES AT SING SING.**

The *Police Gazette* fortifies its statements respecting the atrocities committed at the Sing Sing Prison, by the deposition of a credible witness. The deponent alludes to the fact that he has been present at the execution of fourteen murderers, to show that he has no "squeamish sentimental sympathy" for criminals. Yet he could witness the application of the shower bath to poor Kelley but fifteen minutes! The torture was so great it excited within him feelings of agony, and he walked away. Yet that torture was continued for forty minutes, and repeated for forty days!

It is claimed that the Governor has promised a thorough investigation. It is time, and time the Legislature took the matter in hand also.

**RELIEF FOR KANSAS.**

Le Grand B. Cushman is concerting at the West in aid of the Kansas sufferers. He has pledged himself to give the proceeds of his concerts for the next six months to that cause. Valuable aid is rendered by the public wherever he goes, in the way of contributions of money and clothing.

WANTED.—A few more copies, in good condition, of *HERALD OF PROGRESS* No. 28, dated September 1, to complete our files.

Our columns will continue to furnish a complete history of political, social, and theological changes, revolutions, and movements, at home and abroad. Read Garibaldi's proclamation in another column. His name surely is destined to be enrolled among the world's benefactors.

**Notes of Progress.****THE QUINCY CONVENTION.**

We find in the *Banner of Light* a Report of two days' proceedings of the Speakers' Convention at Quincy, Massachusetts, October 30th and 31st, and November 1st.

The officers chosen were as follows:

President—Hon. Frederick Robinson, of Marblehead.

Vice Presidents—F. L. Wadsworth and Mrs. A. M. Spence.

Secretaries—A. E. Newton and Miss Lita H. Barney.

Business Committee—Henry C. Wright, Miss A. W. Sprague, F. L. Wadsworth, Daniel F. Goddard, Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

The first sessions were occupied in the discussion of a resolution relating to Individualism, and the evening session the question of pay for lecturers was considered.

The second day was devoted to the consideration of sundry resolutions, none of which were adopted. The following was offered and supported by Mr. Coonley:

*Resolved*, That we hail with approbation every effort to ameliorate the condition of mankind; and as we deeply sympathize with the plan proposed by our sister, Emma Harding, we also recognize a more practical duty in extending the hospitalities of our own homes to aid in reclaiming the unfortunate, so far as circumstances shall permit.

We judge from the brief report furnished, that the deliberations of the Convention were conducted in a fraternal spirit, and harmony of feeling, while diversity of sentiment, prevailed.

**THE LAST DAY.**

Through the kindness of A. E. Newton, one of the secretaries, we are put in possession of the proceedings of the last day's session of the Convention, too late, however, for extended extract.

The discussions continued to partake of a miscellaneous, though highly interesting character. An address by A. E. Newton we may publish hereafter.

Father Beeson was present in behalf of the North-western Indians. He complained of sudden withdrawal of ministerial support on the discovery by some of the D. D.'s that he (Mr. Beeson) was tainted with Spiritualism. This indicated the depth of their sincerity.

The various resolves which had been offered, were, with one or two exceptions, called up and adopted.

A committee of seven, consisting of A. E. Newton, H. B. Storer, Leo Miller, Mrs. A. M. Spence, Miss A. W. Sprague, F. L. Wadsworth, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, was appointed, to call a similar Convention another year.

The Business Committee presented for adoption the following address to absent writers and speakers, which was agreed to:

"Our Convention of Lecturers is about to close its sessions—prior to which we cannot forego the pleasant duty of greeting you as present with us in spirit. The words of sympathy received from many of you have indicated to us a 'unity of purpose' and feeling for which we had hardly dared to hope."

"Our sessions have been characterized by unusual harmony. No serious jar has been felt—few discordant sounds heard—and thus far we have proved that harmony can coexist with variety."

"Our Convention has accomplished its purpose. That is, by association, acquaintance, and interchange of views, we have been drawn nearer to each other, and formed a nucleus of future, broader and more harmonious action. This meeting is not—was not intended as—a finality. We shall separate to

meet again—when we hope to meet more, and to do more, and feel more in reference to the great wants of humankind."

In the meantime, we must all work. We send you, each and all, our God speed in all earnest and sincere labor, and assure you all of our deepest sympathy in the particular work to which you are called, and of our interest in your individual welfare and progress."

**THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.**

This gathering of working men and women, called by the new Commonwealth Association, is to meet in this city on the 20th inst., to discuss questions connected with the laboring interests.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia call the attention of strangers visiting that city to Meetings of Conference, and circles held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Penetralium," No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th street, north side.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will speak at Metropolitan Academy, No. 93 Sixth Avenue, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Seats free.

A good speaker and test medium would be well received at Wyand, Bureau county, Illinois, on the C. Q. & B. R. R.

**Persons and Events.**

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

**PERSONAL ITEMS.**

Mrs. Caroline H. Dall gave the fourth lecture of the Fraternity course at Boston. Her theme was the Progress of the Woman's Cause.

Miss Dickenson, a young girl of seventeen, from Philadelphia, is reported as having addressed the Pennsylvania anti-Slavery meeting, with great eloquence and power.

Miss Stebbins, the sculptor, is designing a work, the subject of which will be "The Lotus-Eater," from Tennyson's poem.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is about to publish a collection of poems, entitled, "Songs in many Keys."

J. G. Whittier has nearly ready a new volume, called "Home Ballads."

Theodore Parker left a work in manuscript entitled, "Historic Americans." It is to be published soon by Ticknor & Fields.

**BRIEF ITEMS.**

The General Conference of the M. E. Church of Ohio have resolved that they will not receive any person into full communion who persists in the use of tobacco.

The London ladies have found a new object for their charities, and lately established a "Home for Lost and Starving Dogs."

Bonner is said to have offered Mr. Buchanan a thousand dollars as a retaining fee, when the President of the United States was engaged to write for the *Ledger*. The fee was declined.

Mrs. Dame, of Boston, has just finished a bust of Prof. McCoy, of Albany, said to display rare genius for sculpture. It is at Palmer's studio.

The *Home Journal* having adopted as a heading for its last reading column "Little or Nothing," an unfeeling person suggests transferring it to the head of the first column!

The N. Y. *Evangelist* feels badly about Henry Ward Beecher's preaching. Says the editor: "His words, scattered far and wide, are like millions of drops of rain falling on the mountain side, and loosening the soil, the result of which, by and by, will be a tremendous land-slide into Unitarianism or Universalism."

A city paper says of the Prince of Wales' ball, "that one gentleman, whose wife was expected to support thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry at the ball, got a five-year-old dress-coat lengthened in the skirt and enlarged in the sleeves at an expense of five dollars, rather than expend thirty dollars for a new coat!"

There is a memorial before the Vermont Legislature asking for the Troy Conference Academy authority to confer the degree of "Mistress of Literature." We hope it will not be granted. Will not learned women teach titled men a lesson of the superiority of individual merit to parchments and titles?

We find in a secular exchange the following specimen of the religious mode of conducting a controversy, taken from the *Independent*:

"The *Christian Intelligencer*, in alluding to our recent increase of subscribers—some of whom have been among its former readers and friends—expresses an amiable wish towards the *Independent* in these words: 'We hope the Devil does not take it.' We take pleasure in assuring our contemporary that, whatever accession may have been made to our subscription-book of persons who have, for various reasons, become dissatisfied with the *Christian Intelligencer*, we have not as yet added the name to which it refers; nor, indeed, have we heard, on the part of that questionable subscriber, of any contemplated change in his present subscription."

We venture the assertion that there is as much ambition among the clergy of this generation, and of this country, to aspire to high offices, and posts of honor and distinction, in their respective churches, as there is among politicians; and that there is as much secret plotting, wire-working, and clerical log-rolling, to work one party out, or keep it down, and to exalt another party to power, as there is among politicians, is a fact which we presume no man of general intelligence will call in question.—REV. J. W. HUNNICUTT.

At a late session of the Synod of Virginia (Old School Presbyterian,) a resolution was offered to strike out from the minutes of the body all honorary titles. Two D. D.'s took part in the discussion, claiming that the terms Doctor of Divinity and Reverend, were appropriate and proper, that ministers ought to be revered. Of course the resolution was tabled. That it was offered at all indicates progressive tendencies.

A Methodist correspondent of the *Petersburgh (Va.) Express*, indignant at the action of the General Conference at Buffalo, on the subject of slavery, styles that body "a Church that stands out before heaven and earth as the most gigantic Abolition organization in the world, and which has done more to disturb the peace of communities and the harmony of Churches on the border, than the world and the Devil combined." How we do love one another!

The French Academie des Sciences has received a communication from a savant of Wurtemberg, M. Wirtchow by name, announcing the fearful discovery he has made, of the existence of a dreadful microscopic animal—the *Trichina spiralis*—in the flesh of hogs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausages, or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterwards; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A post-mortem examination shows the muscles of the body to be filled with *Trichina spiralis*, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the attacks of this horrible little monster. Moses knew well what he was about when he forbade the use of swine's flesh to his countrymen.

There are 20,000 idiots in Great Britain, many of them in asylums, while many live at their homes. An institution has just been opened at Lansdowne House, Greenwich, for the training of idiots of the upper classes.

The *Saturday Review* says that "it cannot be denied that an uneducated idiot is unfit for public office," and the new institution is probably for the purpose of educating the upper classes for their hereditary duties.

It is said that under the inspiration of H. W. Beecher, and the members of his church, the Young Men's Christian Association, of Brooklyn, are proposing a large gymnasium, for both sexes.

An Albany paper mentions the death of a young man from the habit of sucking his pen. The poison from the ink penetrated a slight wound in his lip.

The papers say New Yorkers are discussing the feasibility of having gardens on the roofs of their houses.

It is said there are 30,000 needle-women in London.

In the Eastern Prison, Philadelphia, there is a cell most beautifully painted from ceiling to floor with colors extracted from the yarn given to the occupant to weave. Charles Dickens, in some one of his writings, makes mention of this most gloomy cell, rendered beautiful by the hand of art.

**FOREIGN ITEMS.**

By the latest arrivals from Europe, we have the result in part of the vote on annexation. In the city of Naples 154,000 votes were cast for annexation. In Palermo, 36,232 for and 20 against!

The King of Naples issued a protest, declaring the voting null and void.

It was reported that, after annexation was effected, the title of Prince and the rank of General would be offered to Garibaldi.

The Pope has assured the representatives of France at Rome, that he has no intention of leaving the eternal city.

On the 19th, the British Legion immediately attached to Garibaldi, were under fire for the first time. They drove the Royalists before them within the walls of Capua.

The King of Sardinia says in reply to the Neapolitan deputation:

"Austria is preparing for next spring; but then, with your assistance, I shall have 400,000 men in arms. I shall perform my duty as king and soldier. Let us all do our duty as Italians."

The Pope himself now writes to me with kindness. The Powers of Europe are displeased, but none of them, except Austria, threaten.

I am satisfied with Garibaldi. He may be a little capricious, but Italy has no nobler spirit or son. I have several times offered him artillery, but he has refused it. He flattered himself that he could take Capua by a bayonet charge."

The prophecy of E. V. Wilson, that on the 20th October, Victor Emanuel will be "King by invitation, proclamation, and annexation, and the Pope without a throne," lacks confirmation. It seems, at least, an overstatement of existing conditions at that time. As the Popish throne had not yet been disturbed, and Emanuel was hardly King of Naples by "invitation and proclamation," however the vote on annexation resulted."

A curious instance of political naivete has just occurred in Hungary. A peasant presented his son at the baptismal font, desiring that the infant might be christened "Garibaldi." The priest looked agitated, and remonstrated with the rebel, declaring him to be guilty of treason in choosing such a name.

"Treason!" cried the unconscious offender, "why, I hear every one praising him, and though I don't know who he is, I am sure he must be a saint or an angel!" The priest having enlightened the father on the subject, the latter lost no time in substituting the name of "Francis Joseph" in place of that of "Garibaldi."

A gentleman writing in the *London Star*, over his own name, gives some interesting statements of spiritual phenomena under the mediumship of Home, (Hume.) "I distinctly saw the accordion moving, and heard it playing when held only at one end, again and again. I held it myself for a short time, and had good reason to know that it was vehemently pulled at the other end, and not by Mr. Home's toes, as has been wisely surmised, unless that gentleman has legs three yards long, with toes at the end of them quite as marvellous as any legion of spirits."

I have heard Blagrove repeatedly, but it is no libel on that master of the instrument to say that he never did produce such exquisite distant and echo notes as those which delighted our ears. The instrument played, too, at distant parts of the room, many yards away from Mr. Home, and from all of us."

Free speech and the free expression of opinion thereon do not appear to be confined to this country. Prof. Blackie, while delivering a lecture on "Mechanics," in Dumfriesshire, enunciated an opinion which drew down upon him the hisses of part of his auditory. "Hiss on!" said the Professor, "observe that I am always hissed when I announce any important truth."



## Attractive Miscellany.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

BY C. K. KENTON.

From a far-distant shore,  
There cometh evermore  
A sweet, low voice, full of heart-melody;  
A tender, plaintive tone,  
Sighing, "All, all alone,  
My bird, my wanderer, come home to me."  
"I cannot live alone,  
My love, my life, my own,  
My comforter, my sunshine, and my joy;  
Here drop thy buoyant wing,  
And sweet home-cards sing,  
While loving ministries thy soul employ."

## Might versus Right.

BY MISS C. M. REDGWICK.

"There is no wealth but the labor of man"—or woman.

Anne Cleveland was the daughter of a wealthy farmer. She had a good New England school education, and was well bred and well taught at home in the virtues and manners that constitute domestic social life. Her father died a year before her marriage. He left a will dividing his property equally between his son and daughter, giving to the son the homestead, with all its accumulated rural riches, and to the daughter the largest share of the personal property, amounting to six or seven thousand dollars. This little fortune, the earnings of a life of labor and frugality, became at Anne's marriage the property of her husband. She had no longer any right to control it; to keep, or expend it. It would seem, to the perceptions of common sense and common justice, that the property of a woman received from her father should be hers, and should be so appropriated as to secure her independence, and to maintain and educate her children. But the laws of a barbarous age decided otherwise, and it was found very hard to right a wrong deeply fixed in the usages of society, and long-transmitted habit. Anne Cleveland married John Warren. He was the youngest child, daintily bred by his parents, and let off from all heavy work and difficult tasks, by his good-natured elder brothers. Anne's judgment was perhaps warped by his agreeableness, and an exterior with a little less of the rustic, and a little more of the gentleman than belonged to her other admirers; for many admirers had Anne Cleveland attracted by her charming countenance, her virtues, her sweet manners, to say nothing of the "plenty that feeds the lover's fire."

This plenty, obtained with Anne's hand, was soon vested in a stock of goods, and Warren opened a dry-goods shop in the vicinity of Boston. He had not thought of his qualifications for merchandise, but only of escaping from distasteful farming, and frugal life. He went on tolerably for five or six years, living gently and recklessly; expecting that next year's gains would bring round the excess of this year's expenses.

When sixteen years of their married life had passed, they were living in a single room in the most crowded street of Roxbury, Massachusetts. Mrs. Warren's inheritance had long been gone from them, every penny of it. The lives of three children had been sacrificed to unhealthy locations, and to the overtaken and wasted strength of their mother. Three survived—a girl fifteen years old, whom the mother, by incredible exertions, was educating to be a teacher, a boy of twelve, who was still living at home, and a delicate, pale, little struggler for life, Jessie, a girl of three years. Mrs. Warren was much changed in those sixteen years. Her round, blooming cheek, was pale and sunken. Her dark, abundant chestnut hair, had become thin and gray. Her sweet, dove-like eye, overtaken by use and watching, was faded, and her whole person shrunken. Yet she had gained the great victory. The buoyancy of youth had given place to a most gentle submission and resignation, and the light of hope to a most sweet patience.

This blessed patience, and even a certain degree of cheerfulness was visible, as she sat one July evening, sewing by the light of a single lamp, while her boy was getting his Latin lesson beside her, and at intervals threading her needle.

"Dear mother," he said, "I will always thank your needles if you will not wear those horrid spectacles; they make you look a hundred years old; besides hiding your sweet eyes."

"Ah, George, all children hate their mother's spectacles, I believe. They do not like to see those they love getting old; but you must make up your mind to it. I cannot leave off work, and I cannot see in the evening without them."

George picked up the lamp-wick and then said, "There is no use—the oil is bad. I wish we had some of the lights that are burning away for nothing in rich men's houses."

"Covet not your neighbor's goods, my son."

"Covet! I don't covet, mother, I only wish. It makes me feel so, mother, to see you working your eyes out. Why do you work so late, mother? You work later and later, and that shoe-binding, you say, is so trying to your eyes."

"I have good reason for doing extra work now, George; I have kept up without debt, and have now fifty-five dollars due to me at Mr. Doyle's."

"Then you have a good right to stop your work, mother," said George, affectionately, taking the shoe from her, "and if you won't I shall make you."

"No; give it to me George. I must have sixty dollars, and then I shall treat myself to rest and recreation too. Anne must have some new clothes, or she cannot remain in the Rev. Mr. Howe's family, and you know what privileges she has there, and what a

\*Much has been said and is saying about the rights of women. If the right to their own property, by inheritance, or by their own labor, (the first of social rights,) and the right of the mother to the custody of her children (the first of natural rights) were secured to them, the rest might be left to the accidents of character and conduct.

struggle I had to get the place for her. In one year more, Mr. Doyle says she will be qualified to be head teacher in a school, or governess in a private family. By-and-by, George, my children will take of my spectacles indeed, and give my eyes and heart, too, rest."

"I hope so, mother, I hope so," and resolved and joyous visions for a moment checked George's utterance. But he returned to the subject. "Sixty dollars, mother! Anne surely can't want sixty dollars!"

"Oh, no, I can make her quite comfortable with fifteen, or twenty at the utmost, and the rest I want to take poor little Jessie to the shore; the doctor has advised me to make some change for her. Last week he said if anything would do her good it was sea-bathing."

"If anything, mother!—is Jessie so ill?"

"She is very ill, George. She seems to be going just the way my other little girls went. Have you not observed that every day she gets weaker and paler?"

"No, mother, but now I remember that she fell down twice to-day, when I was walking up the street just a little way with her, and I brought her home in my arms!" George went to the crib where the child was sleeping quietly, kissed her attenuated arms, and kissed over and over again her almost transparent little hands, and bending over her whispered, "Pettest of pets!"—then returning to his mother's side, his eyes brimming with tears, he said, "Oh, mother, Jessie must not die!—Do not wait to make up the sixty dollars. I will give up my school, and go into the cord and tassel factory. They give boys high wages there."

"No, my son, we must pursue a steady plan. All that is gained will be lost if you are interrupted now; no, at the end of the week I shall have made up the sum, and then, without the fear of running in debt, I shall set out with my light little burden, and return with it heavier I trust—but much less a burden."

"Oh! dear mother, if you only had some of that money that father says he lost in business." George paused thoughtfully for a few moments, and then added, "How did my father ever get any money, mother? Was his father rich?"

"No, my son, but father was—at least what is called very rich—for a farmer."

"Then it was yours after all. Surely my father would not take it from you; he is not such a man—at least he was not always," added the boy, blushing with a painful consciousness.

"Your father took it, used it, and lost it, my son; but you must not blame him—the money was his according to law."

"What! your money his? I don't understand that, mother. I don't see how money can belong to a person that does not earn it, nor inherit it, nor have it given to him. Oh, I suppose you did give it to him, mother?"

"No; the law gave it to him."

"It's a mean, dishonest law, then—a law, fit to have been made by pickpockets. Who made such a law? when was it made, mother?"

"Oh, a long while ago."

"Why don't they alter it, now they know better?"

"They probably think it is better as it is. Men are bound to support their families, and they are supposed to be more capable of earning property than women, and of taking care of it."

"Well, I suppose some men are much more capable of earning and keeping property than some other men, but for that, all the property is not given to them. And certainly some women are every way more capable than some men. What would we have done, mother, but for what you have earned and saved? And if you had kept your own property, how comfortable and happy you might have been, instead of having half your heart in the grave of my poor little sisters, and the other half contriving how to take care of the rest of us."

"I have but done my duty, dear, and you must look on the best side, George; and the mother was proceeding to show that best side, when she was interrupted by the entrance of her husband, whose loud voice and thickened utterance indicated that he was in a state of partial inebriation. He was accompanied by a Mr. Hutton, one of his early friends, who, for the sake of Mrs. Warren, still endured her husband's society. George's color rose at the sight of his father, and a mist came before his eyes. His mother perceived this, and saying, "Good-night, my son," she pushed an unlighted lamp toward him. He lighted it, and after pausing a moment at Jessie's crib, and drawing a deep sigh, he withdrew to an adjoining closet bedroom."

"Well, Madam Warren," said her husband, in a loud, husky voice, "have not you a bit of pie, or crumb of cake to give us? Hutton and I have walked out from Boston, and are sharp set."

"I am sorry then I have nothing to offer you."

"Oh! women always say there is nothing; I guess I can find something!" said Warren, setting open her cupboard-doors, but discovering nothing but very clean shelves, and a few cups, plates, etc. After muttering his disappointment, he perceived in a corner a black bottle, and taking out the cork, "By Jove!" he said, "here's a bottle of wine! this is luck! We've no wine-glasses, but we'll drink Mrs. Warren's health in the tumblers! They'll do. Pleasant provisions you keep, Mrs. Warren! A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband—hey, Hutton?"

"Oh put up the wine, Warren," said Hutton, "I shan't taste a drop of it!"

"I shall, then. Here's a health to you, wife and friend!" and he tossed off a glass of it.

Mrs. Warren rose, and putting her hand on the bottle, said mildly, "You must not drink this, John. The doctor ordered wine-when for Jessie, and I have bought it for that."

"Never mind," and wresting the bottle from her hand, Warren set it down violently on the table, and lighting a cigar, sat down beside it. Mrs. Warren was so accustomed to his coarseness and selfish indulgence that this caused little sensation, and she returned quietly to her sewing. Hutton did not so easily digest the matter. He sat down to the table, and after biting his nails for a few moments, he said, "Warren, why do you go to that Roger Smith's? If you must haunt a grocery, go elsewhere; he is a rascal!"

"A rascal? I find him a very liberal fellow."

"Liberal! yes—running up accounts with the husband for the wife to pay. Did you hear how he served poor Mrs. Warren, the best wife—always excepting yours—in Roxbury?"

"No; you know I hate gossip."

"Well, this is too true and too sad a story to be called gossip. That poor woman had laid up a pretty sum of money. She was obliged to hide it to keep it from her good-for-nothing husband. He got wind of it some way or other, and turned over her trunks and drawers till he found it. He then carried it to Roger Smith, and paid his drinking account with it, and then, boasting how he got the money, began a new score! Hear me out. The next day poor Mrs. Warren went penniless to Smith's to buy a loaf of bread for her children's breakfast. The scoundrel refused it!"

"That was rather tough, I own; but then what business had she to hide the money? She knew it was his, not hers, by the law of the land."

"By the law of the land it may be, but not by the law of God; and there is neither truth, honor, nor manhood, in a husband who will avail himself of such a law to take away the rightful property of his wife."

"Tut, tut! what nonsense you talk, Hutton! A married woman can't have any rightful property. Her husband is bound to protect and support her, and that is quite enough for her."

"And if he does not?"

"Why, he is compelled to—the law compels him." At this moment the door of the little bedroom to which George had gone was set ajar.

"The law abounds in fictions," rejoined Hutton. "Does the law compel him? You and I know some wives who have supported their families, including their lordly husbands, for years—Warren filled another bumper of wine and drank it off—and yet the money they earn is not their own, and is at all times subject to the husband's rapacity. There is no end to the wrongs done by men who fancy that old and barbarous laws give them rights that no human authority can give."

"I knew a gentleman, so-called, who married a charming woman; she had a fortune of forty thousand dollars—he, not a penny. He was rather a good fellow, but idle. He lived on his wife's fortune, never earned or acquired in any way a shilling, and when he died he bequeathed his wife's property to her while she remained unmarried, but he made some other disposition of it if she married again! This was strictly legal, Warren—good old Norman law for it no doubt; but I call it an impudent piece of projected robbery as ever was done on a highway."

"Nonsense! when he married, the property, if it was personal and passed into his hands, became his of course. There may be hard cases now and then, but women don't know how to take care of property, and it's best they shouldn't have it."

"I deny that. They take better care of property than men. They do not expose it to so many hazards. They rarely jeopard children's happiness by a foolish second marriage, as men continually do. I have heard a man, older and wiser than either you or I, say that he has never known a woman left a widow, who, if she had but a roof left over her head, did not support her children. No, Warren, it does not become us to talk about women not being trusted with property because they don't know how to take care of it. At any rate, it is rather an Irish way of teaching them, to deprive them of it. 'My girls are all boys,' as they say, Warren. When they marry, if their wives have property, it shall be secured to them, or I'll no longer own them as sons of mine."

"But, Hutton, would you have a division of interests in a family? You must if you have a division of property."

"I know no division so bad as that which gives all the rights to one side, and all the wrongs to the other. This argument of yours, that women are not qualified to take care of property, is a very common and specious one. But cannot women with large fortunes pay for wise counsel and faithful agency? It is that large class of poor women who work for small wages, whose wants demand the rectification of the laws. When they are permitted to control their earnings, their management is, for the most part, discreet and efficient. If common justice should be done to women, and the laws be repealed that annul their right to their own property, it would soon become a part of their education to learn to take care of it. Why, in France, where married women possess and control their own property, they conduct a vast amount of mercantile business. They are principals and book-keepers in large commercial establishments. In Germany, a woman is regarded as an equal partner with her husband, it being there admitted that she does half the business of the partnership in performing those duties that naturally fall to her sex. She is the possessor of half the property he acquires; that half he cannot dispose of, nor can he apply it to the payment of his debts; it is absolutely hers. And it is acknowledged, that in no country are there more domestic, devoted, and care-taking wives than in Germany."

"Fol de rol, Hutton! I don't talk to me of German wives and French women. I should like to know where there are finer women and better wives than here in our own Yankee-land, where, according to your doctrine, they are so oppressed and defrauded—Mrs. Warren for example?"

"And it is because we have such women as Mrs. Warren that I think it fitting we should prove our appreciation of them by restoring to them their rights; making them as independent as we ourselves are."

"Not quite, Hutton, not quite; it does not do to have two commanders to the ship."

"No; but I have heard some seamen say that if the mate is the better man, the command is very apt, when a storm arises, to fall into his hands; and in the storms of life, women show how capable they are. When I see how strong they are in their calmness and patience, my blood boils that they should be so shackled and made the victims of the follies or the misfortunes of their husbands."

Hutton paused. Warren was becoming sobered under the influence of arguments that came home to him. He made no reply, but thrummed vehemently with his fingers on the table. "Matters, however," resumed

Hutton, "are righting. Little Rhode Island was, I believe, the first champion among the States against this Goliath of old abuses. I read the debates of their Legislature at the time; they were full of sense and wit, with some touches of the pathetic," he added, turning to Mrs. Warren, who, ever and anon, by a smile, or a nod, or a gentle "I think you are right," had manifested her attention to the conversation. "I remember," continued Mr. Hutton, "a lawyer describing the ruthless seizure, for the husband's debts, of silver tea-spoons cherished as a wedding gift, and the gold beads transmitted through a long maternal line. And there was a funny story told of an Irish woman, to illustrate a wife's voluntary devotion, a woman who turned out a pig to save her husband from jail, saying, 'A poor husband is better than none; he's a hand, if no head; he can draw the water and lug the wood!'"

Indeed, sense of us, Warren, are only fit to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to our good wives."

"Speak for yourself, Hutton, speak for yourself."

"I have acted for myself," replied Hutton, with perfect good temper. "I secured before my marriage, to my wife's separate use, her own property, and I have since made over to her half of what I have acquired. I do not say this boastfully; the first act was simply honest, and if some grains of generosity entered into the second, it was but a small testimony to the excellent woman who has made my home happy. A wife and mother, Mr. Warren, can make a home a sort of Paradise regained."

The sense of what, in spite of his excellent wife, he had made his home, stung Warren through all the indurations of long years of wrong-doing. He arose, thrust back his chair, clasped his hands over his bald head, and groaned aloud.

His conscience is awakened," thought Hutton; "now is the time," and rising, he laid his hand gently on Warren's shoulder. "My friend," he said, "look at your wife. See how, without intermission, she toils for you. For years, Warren, she earned the bread of your family—she educates your children. You see what can be done even by a woman's unproductive labor. Doyle told me yesterday he owed your wife more than fifty dollars on account; and all for this stitching early and late. Be a man, Warren; put your shoulder to the wheel. Her strength is failing. Forswear drinking—take the pledge. In God's name do anything that will help you in the course of duty to your family. Life is short, my friend; God help you, good night!"

Warren felt humbled by his friend's admonition. But it takes far more virtue than he possessed to endure humiliation, and turn it to account; so instead of cherishing the holy monitor that had entered his bosom, he rushed out of the house, and did not return to it till he could scarcely find his way to the bed which he dis honored by his brutal intoxication.

During the rest of the week he was more surly and more uncomfortable than usual. He, two or three times, hinted to his wife that he was in pressing need of a small sum of money—that forty or fifty dollars would relieve him—that he could do nothing till he was relieved—that if he were, and his mind at ease, he would turn over a new leaf. On Friday morning he suddenly came into the house, and said that he had an employment he liked offered to him, and that if he could have his mind at ease he would accept it. But he owed one fifty dollars, for which he was dunned every time he went up the street. His wife understood perfectly in what direction this discourse pointed. She had understood his hints before as an indirect demand for the fifty dollars due from Mr. Doyle. But she had devoted this fifty dollars to the prosperity of one child, and the life of another. "I am perfectly sure that if I could get rid of this one little debt I should be a new man," he continued. "But I can't undertake any business with this constant torment hanging over me. Hutton told me I must decide to-day. He got the offer of the place for me."

"Then, John, ask the loan of fifty dollars from him. I know he will lend it you."

"Ah! you hear me, do you? I thought you were deaf. No, I can't demean myself to Hutton. I won't, that's flat. If my wife can't lend me—yes, I say lend—I give in to Hutton's notions, though I don't believe a word in them, so far as to say lend—if you can't lend me, madam, your fifty dollars, I won't humble myself to strangers for it."

"John," said his wife calmly, "I have fifty dollars and more; to-morrow it will be sixty dollars due to me. I have, as you know, worked early and late to earn it—I have, in my mind, devoted it to the good of our children. Hear now poor little Jessie moaning. See, she can hardly sit in her chair. Her life—the doctor says so—depends upon a change of air, and this money from Mr. Doyle is to pay the expense of our journey to my brother's. You have the right to it—but I am sure, John, you will not take it—and I cannot give it to you." Warren said nothing, and his wife ventured to ask, "Who is this hard creditor?"

"Roger Smith—curse him!"

"I thought so—he cares not how many families he ruins, how many hearts he breaks, if he can make a little money by it! As fast as I can earn the money I will pay it, John, if you will have no more accounts with this man. Go and tell him so—and oh, John—for your own salvation, for my sake, for your children's, for God's sake, go no more near that bad man. Enter on this new path that is open to you."

"I will, Anne; I will, if I can get the fifty dollars; I can do nothing without it." And without waiting for further expostulation, or answer of any kind, Warren rushed out of the house.

His wife was left in perplexity—in the saddest of all perplexities, uncertainty as to her duty. If her husband had told the truth, this might be a turning point in his life. Mr. Hutton had offered him a place on certain conditions, which he professed himself ready to accept. Warren might be restored to temperance and industry—if he had told the truth!

"But my child! my child!" cried the poor

mother, taking poor little Jessie into her lap and giving way to an unwept burst of tears. "And yet have I a right to put her life against her salvation? possible, direct me! Oh heavenly Father, enlighten, direct me! After a while she became quite calm, the little girl fell asleep stroking away her mother's tears, and Mrs. Warren laid her in her crib, and then bent over and kissed her, saying, "It will be all gain and not loss to you, Jessie, had come to the conclusion to give the money to her husband, helped to this, as good people often are, by the very difficulty and bitterness of the duty turning the scale."

One thing remained to be done. Mortifying as it was to impart to any one her distrust of her husband, she determined to ascertain the truth of his statement before she voluntarily parted with her precious little sum of money. She accordingly went herself to Mr. Hutton's.

"My good friend," he said, "your husband has decided you. I did tell him, last week, that if he would remain sober for one month, I would find a place for him. You know what a beginning he has made this week. Not a day of it but I have seen him at Roger Smith's. But, take courage, my friend; you have good children. God spare them to reward you for your devotion to them. Mrs. Warren turned away, I believe, with a lightened heart, for her husband had worn out her affection for him, and she now saw her way clear to pursue her project for little Jessie."

She did not see her husband till late that night, and then he was in his customary condition.

The next morning, at breakfast, he launched forth in invectives against Hutton, and his new-fangled notions, on which he freely bestowed his favorite epithets. When he went out, banging the door after him, "It is too bad!" said George. "If I get into the Legislature when I am a man, I'll do what I can to give these old laws a smoking."

"Oh hush, my son," said his mother; "I trust they will be righted long before that time; till they are, we must suffer and do as best we can. I feel as if I could bear anything just now; I am all ready for ourst; we are to boat at one, and I am going now to settle accounts with Mr. Doyle. Write a letter to Anne while I am gone to the shop, and tell her I enclose twenty dollars in it. The doctor says Jessie is a little better to-day. Providence smiles on us, my son; the weather is lovely." The world without and within was all smiling to the happy mother. She went with a light step and a light heart to Mr. Doyle's. He was alone in his counting-room, where he received her kindly, for Mr. Doyle is one of the few men who put a heart of humanity into all his business relations. "You are always punctual, Mrs. Warren," he said; "you have finished your last lot of shoes."

"Yes, sir, and if convenient, I should like to settle my account with you."

"Certainly, there is a small balance due to you."

"Small, Mr. Doyle! to me it seems very large. You who have to do with hundreds and thousands can scarcely conceive what fifty is to me, nor what good I expect it to do me." Mr. Doyle's countenance clouded, but Mrs. Warren, not perceiving this went on. "My youngest child has been sick all summer, and nothing, the doctor says so, and I am sure of it, could do her any good while she is in the bad air in—Street. But I shall have her on the sea-shore by Tuesday morning; and owing to the captain's goodness, who gives George a free passage, he is going down to his uncle's with me. But excuse me, Mr. Doyle; I am so happy, I know you will feel with me."

"I do with you, and for you, Mrs. Warren, and it grieves me to tell you that your husband came here last night and asked for your dues, and I, not suspecting that he came unknown to you, paid him fifty-five dollars, so that there are but five dollars coming to you."

The sudden change from light to darkness was too much for poor Mrs. Warren. The flush of sweet hopes vanished from her face. She became fearfully pale, and sank back into a chair. She did not faint, she did not weep, she did not speak.

Tears gushed from Mr. Doyle's eyes. He thrust his hand into his money-drawer, and eagerly counted out sixty dollars. He put the money into Mrs. Warren's hands. She looked up, scarcely comprehending what he was doing. "It is yours, ma'am," he said; "accept it—no, take it as your due. I could not swallow down the kind words you spoke, when you said you knew I would feel for you, if I did do this. A plague on the laws that give a husband the right to take his wife's earnings, I say. No, no! don't thank me—don't say a word—you have no time to lose; get to the boat with the children as quick as you can, and I will take your thanks out in pleasant thoughts of all you are enjoying."

Mrs. Warren did not speak—she could not; but the tears now flowed plentifully, and they were like the rain in sunshine, when every drop is bright as a jewel.

N. B.—We have simply recorded a recent fact in the life of a tradesman. Whether his name be Doyle, or whether he is a shoemaker, does not matter. If in the odd chances of life this page should meet his eye, his modesty will pardon the publicity given to his beneficence, in consideration of the value of so rare an example.

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VIRTUE, like some flowers, blooms often faintest in the shade.

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## The Question of Noah's Flood.

## "WHICH FLOOD DO YOU PREFER?"

[The following letter emanates from one who has read Prof. Durais' late pamphlet with the above title.]

MR. EDITOR:—In common with orthodox people, and the "rest of mankind," I have always believed in the Flood. Whatever else of biblical history I may have essayed in vain to swallow, the great rain in Noah's time was "taken down" without difficulty.

The proofs of an early and extended Deluge, afforded in the legends of diverse nations, were ever as a wet blanket to my unbelief—the Flood a damper to every skeptical impulse. If any misgivings as to the reality of the events recorded in the early chapters of Genesis, chanced to rise in my mind, they were quickly extinguished, and faith refreshed by the facts of the Flood; and its geological confirmations poured like a torrent into my awakened perceptions.

Noah's Deluge was my first and best remembered Sunday-school lesson, and from that time, in spite of diverse antediluvian opinions, I have been forced to admit that it was "considerable of a shower." Convictions similar to these prevail among the class to which I have until recently belonged, namely: orthodox Christians.

I have just risen from the perusal of M. Durais' little tract, entitled, "Which Flood do you Prefer?" Its interrogative form awakened my curiosity, which was in no ways abated till I had reached the conclusion, and found my faith in the Flood swept away by two distinct accounts, arrayed in parallel columns of Bible passages—one of a forty days' flood, and the other of a hundred and fifty days' flood.

My inability to answer M. Durais' question as to which Flood I preferred, has diminished my faith in the Deluge altogether, and led me to doubt whether the people in Noah's time ever got as wet as is alleged.

The words of the Poet—  
"It rained forty days, and rained forty nights,"  
though to common understanding implying a very protracted shower, have little force when arrayed beside Scripture proof of a rain of one hundred and fifty days' duration.

The solution of M. Durais to this Bible problem is quite rational and seems well sustained. The investigation has evidently been conducted with candor; and no slight timidity lest the world be found drenched by two great Floods instead of one, has restrained this careful Biblical student.

The tract is made up quite largely of Bible quotations, and should be placed in the hands

of every Christian. Though at first the subject may appear too deep for common inquirers, when it is made clear that the waters in Noah's time prevailed only to the depth of fifteen cubits, or twenty-seven and a half feet, (covering all the mountains at that,) we find it shallow enough for all purposes!

Let these two Floods be widely distributed. They will set many a soul, anchored fast in the mud of superstition, afloat, when they will drift to the harbor of reason.

The Jewish Sphinx, which is published in the same pamphlet, is a curious and inviting riddle. Both will promote fertility of thought and freedom of opinion.

Yours, &amp;c.

A READER.

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## BRIEF REVIEW OF DR. GRAY'S REMARKS.

I read in No. 35 of the *HERALD*, in the report of the New York Spiritual Conference, among the remarks of Dr. Gray the following passage: "Of those who maintain the right to reason, there are two schools, Deistic and Atheistic, the one affirming the being of God by authority of reason, and the other denying it."

I find this assertion to be a mistake. There are no Atheists by authority of reason; if there be any at all, they are such only by authority of intelligence. Intelligence is naturally analytic and skeptical, and hence has a relatively limited and subordinate domain. Intelligence is not at all designed for the contemplation of supreme ideas. Intelligence is an inch-rod, only to examine things of a certain extension and character. If you wish to sound the ocean, you do not take the inch-rod, but you resort to the log-line. So with Deity. Intelligence is not the proper means to conceive of the Deity; intuitive reason is the only instrument; and because a great many humans, being undeveloped or benighted by prejudice, can and do not apply this instrument, they cannot find Deity. Intuitive reason is the same in all persons, not only here, but everywhere in the vast realms where rational beings may enjoy an existence; and, therefore, if we would employ pure reason, we should all come to the same result, and then have the same view of absolute ideas and of Deity.

Away with the false conception—that there are Atheists—provided they take the right way; that is, the rational way. I have never met with any so-called "Atheist," that I did not recognize my affirmation to be true. I always found Atheists to be thinkers, often strong and penetrating ones; but only thinkers, not intuitive reasoners. As there are persons who are not unfolded enough to think logically, so there are persons who lay in the swaddling-clothes in regard to reason. It dawns only—the sun is yet behind the horizon. If mankind once will begin to reason, taking thought only as a faithful servant or companion, and having cleansed their mind of the innumerable false conceptions respecting our soul and its functions, then will the day of peace, concord, and unison, shine in all its glory!

ARKTOS.

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

## ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD SESSION.

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

SUBJECT.—DEATH.

MR. ADAMS said: He had some facts he would like to state before entering upon the topic proposed. Two weeks past next Thursday evening, he was at the house of Mrs. French, No. 8 Fourth Avenue. There were present six ladies and six gentlemen. Soon after the party had entered the parlor, Mrs. French separated herself from the group and went to a piano which was in the room. While standing by it, the piano was raised from the floor six inches. Neither Mrs. French nor any other visible human being exerted the least muscular strength to produce this result. The room was lighted. Soon after, the party formed a circle around a table. While thus seated, he was entranced and spoke a poem. Mrs. French also entered the trance state and addressed the circle. After her address, (still entranced), she left us and was seen to enter another room and seat herself at a table upon which was a sheet of drawing paper. We saw her take this paper and wet it. He examined it himself and knows that it was completely saturated with water. In less than five minutes from the time of the wetting, this paper was found to be dry again, and, apparently, as perfect as before. Be it understood, no means known to us were used to dry that paper. Next it was requested through Mrs. French, that the gas should be turned down, which was done to the extent of leaving the room in a state equivalent to twilight. It was then said (as before) that they would draw a picture for a gentleman from Pittsburgh then present, who had never before witnessed anything of the kind. We were then directed to sit together near the side of the room and across the doorway, leaving Mrs. F. alone at the table. This arrangement complied with the word, "time," was pronounced by Mrs. F. Three watches were immediately consulted, and at the end of exactly three minutes and fifteen seconds, came a signal from her that the drawing was finished. On examination, it

was found to be a fruit piece, consisting of over one hundred different drawings of fruits, vines, etc. There was neither blot nor blemish upon the paper, nor the slightest erasure or amendment discernible in any of the details. During the drawing, they could see that Mrs. F.'s arms were in rapid motion, and could distinctly hear the sound of two pencils (held by Mrs. F., one in each hand,) traveling rapidly over the paper. From beginning to end, Mrs. F. was not out of their sight; she did not leave the room in which the picture was drawn, after she had first entered it, and the paper was the identical sheet that had been wetted by her and then dried in the mysterious manner before stated.

On Sunday evening last, after the lecture in Dodworth's Hall, he went by invitation to the house of Mr. Freeman. Several persons were present, among them Dr. Green. They had a circle, himself being the medium. The communications on that occasion were by tipping, and the *modus operandi* was as follows: A paper, with the letters of the alphabet upon it, was fastened to the top of the table, near its edge. A small stand was then set near the table, and on this stand was placed a book, into which was inserted a knitting-needle, the outer end of which projected horizontally over the alphabet upon the table. In communicating, the letters were noted upon which the shadow of this needle fell as the table was being tipped. By this process, it was affirmed that a spirit was present who said his name was William Hunting. In answer to the appropriate questions, he said that he was twenty-six years of age and had died six years ago. To the question as to the cause of death, he said, in bringing a pail of water into the house he fell and broke his leg; the limb was amputated, and death was the result. "Dr. Green, I am your wife's sister's son, and you cut my leg off; do you know me now?" Dr. Green, in answer, said that it was even so. The statement was substantially correct in every particular.

DR. GOULD: The subject proposed for consideration, he thought had been too thoroughly analyzed to admit of much further elucidation. Death and the tax-gatherer are no rarities. The practical question is, How can we divest death of its terrors? He is called "the King of Terrors." Now, as Spiritualists, what can we do to dethrone a monarch who, throughout the ages, has held dominion over the nations? All the religions have this victory for their object, and while the most have signally failed, none have fully succeeded. Can we do any better? Better than the Jews, perhaps, we may do; the American Indians have less fear of death than they; the modern Spiritualist has succeeded better in this respect than the modern Christian; but he thinks we all fall short of the Primitive Christians. Their triumph consisted in the fact that they passed on without seeing death, according to the promise, and, as he thinks, according to the plain teachings of various Scriptures; whereas, our modern spiritual triumph is due to the auxiliary force of sepulchral decomposition. Those disgusting allies—the worms—are indispensable to our victory. He is convinced there is a cheaper victory yet to be achieved; that is to say, we may so live that there shall be no death of the body even. He has been for more than five years in devising ways and means to conquer this peace, during which time he has made one convert, who is ready to take the field with him, and he is in the firm faith that the exhaustless Scripture texts bearing upon this topic, fired from the right kind of batteries, will eventually annihilate all the worms on this planet, by reason of there being no human bodies for them to prey upon.

DR. GRAY: It would be well to inquire what is the result of our own experience. To him, the most welcome effect of open intercourse with those who have passed through death has been, that it restores to him his friends, and at the same time has taken from him the dread of entering upon a new and unknown field. "The unknown is ever the feared." We are not braver than our neighbors; our peace consists in that we have seen. Two things man especially needs—to be freed from the unnecessary fear of death, and to know how to govern his passions without the aid of superstition. Our means to both these ends are preëminent. The love of life is a passion, and the old philosophers nobly strove to govern it by reason and philosophy. Zeno believed, but could not prove. We have proof of a continued life; we know of the help it gives us. Far beyond him who trusts to poets and reputed seers, or him who rejects them all, is he in his strength of soul who knows, from his own powers of reason and observation, that death is in no sense the end of human life.

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

## Of Writers and Speakers.

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DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture.

J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Carbondale, Penn.

L. P. GRIGGS will answer calls to lecture, addressed Evansville, Wis.

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

MRS. TAMAR DAVIS, Bridgeton, N. J., will answer calls to lecture on God, Christ, the Bible, Christianity, Man, etc.

O. J. MULLEN, Wayne Station, Du Page Co., Ill., will answer calls to lecture in that State.

MRS. S. E. COLLINS, Inspirational Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 1030 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

CHARLIE HOLT, Trance Speaker, may be addressed, for the present, at Delphi, Ind., care of Dr. Beck.

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

H. B. STORER, New Haven, Ct., has again entered the lecturing field. For engagements, address as above.

MRS. S. L. CIAPPELLI, Inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture addressed, Phoenix, N. Y.

MRS. HELEN E. MONELL will lecture in the New England States during the fall and winter. Address Hartford, Conn.

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will answer calls to lecture, addressed care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, box 2213, Buffalo, N. Y.

MRS. M. J. KUTZ will answer calls to lecture, addressed, Laphamsville, Kent Co., Mich.

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

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak at Putnam, Conn., Nov. 18 and 25. Address accordingly.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of December. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. H. M. MILLER will receive calls to lecture inspirationally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Address, Ashtabula, O.

L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed care of C. E. Sargent, 907 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

JOHN MAYHEW, M.D., will answer calls to speak on the route from Minnesota to New York during the coming winter. Address, Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn.

MISS L. E. A. DeFORCE will speak at La Crosse, Nov. 18 and 25. She will also receive calls to lecture South during the winter. Address La Crosse, Wis.

GEO. M. JACKSON will speak at Northville, N. Y., the third Sunday in November. Friends in Central New York wishing his services will please address as above.

SELDEN J. FINNEY will speak at Oswego, N. Y., during November, and will spend the season at the East. Address till November, Plato, O., during November, care J. L. Pool, Oswego.

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

MRS. S. E. WARNER will lecture in Toledo, Ohio, Sundays during the month 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.

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

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

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Lyons, Mich., through November. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2d and 9th. Beloit, Wis., 16th. Janesville, Wis., 23d and 30th. Milwaukee, Wis., through January. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be punctually attended to.

S. P. LELAND is now lecturing on Spiritualism, Sundays, and on Geology during week evenings. His geological lectures are illustrated with a beautiful panorama of paintings, consisting of a canvas 6 feet high and 800 feet long, presenting the progressive growth of animated tribes, from the shell-fish up to man; together with paintings of extinct animals, and over seventy life-size portraits of the different races of men, with fossils, charts, &c. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures during the month of November, at Cincinnati, Ohio; during 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.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S visit to the South being postponed this winter, she has the month of January, 1861, free, and will be happy to receive applications for that month from cities in the East. Miss Harding lectures in Chicago and St. Louis during October and November; Terre Haute, Columbus, and Cincinnati during December; Boston and the east in March and summer months. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

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