

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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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 postpone 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."

"SAMOSET," PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Will consider your case and prescribe as soon as possible.

MARY T., BROOKLYN, will find the lady at her residence in Fifteenth Street, in this city.

"PHILIP,"—No, Brother—not for the wealth and circumstances of all the kings—no!

"ALCOB," GEORGIA, will not be too sadly disappointed if the solicited information is not imparted.

JOHN M. S.—Your article on the practical movements which should be organized in this country, is received.

D. J. BALDWIN, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—The reception of your fair and frank letter is hereby acknowledged. It will shortly appear.

"GOLDEN HILL," LA.—Our friendly and sisterly correspondent need not restrain her inspirations, even though we may not find space to publish them.

JOHN W. W., NEW LIMA.—Do not expect us to prescribe for cases which demand the immediate attention of a physician. We are willing to treat "hard cases."

"WILLIAM HENRY," BOWLING GREEN, N. Y.—The next steamer will convey your soul's companion to Europe. Let no temptation ever come between you.

O. C. H., NORTH GROTON, N. H.—Rest assured (as we know you will after reading this) that all you have sent is acceptable. It will appear in appropriate season.

MR. W. E., OF RICHMOND, VA., has favored us with a letter glowing with earnest friendship, and very fully avowing his faith in the ultimate triumph of freedom and truth.

W. A. L.—Your vigorous and truthful lines are received. Such common sense views of theological "mysteries" tend to the complete emancipation of the mind.

L. B. M., SOMERVILLE, OHIO.—In "Twilight Masings" the idea mainly is valuable. That beautiful idea gives rise to much "unwritten poetry."

H. R. I., GROTON, N. Y.—Best things come last. Inferior, and therefore unsatisfactory intercourse with the loved departed, is not desirable. It is far better to wait, and pray, and use your reason, and thus the best will grow up from within.

E. F. D., PHILLIPSTON, MISS.—We send the greeting and bid thee be of good cheer. We have no special light concerning thy soul-needs, but we urge thee to be hopeful, patient, and cheerful, and trust the inward monitor and the angel world. The reward comes at last.

J. M. B., BROWNSVILLE.—Your "dream," Brother, may have a mixed signification: though it seems to point, in the main, toward the attitude of the disturbed political parties. Our prayer is that the sword of strife may fall thus harmless from the hand of power.

"S. A.," PROVIDENCE, is hereby informed that her testimonial, received in July, was not written in vain. We have treasured your words and have felt the peculiar condition of spirit that inspired their utterance. Will you not chronicle once more the effects of willful exertions?

P. M. M., NEW YORK, writes that his bodily health has failed rapidly ever since he attended a certain political convention at the Cooper Institute. He wants to know why he experiences "such a heat in his throat and burning in his stomach, especially after taking any kind of nourishment?"

ANSWER: The secret is, that, unconsciously to himself, no doubt, our correspondent ate considerable "fire" while at the political meeting aforesaid. The true remedy consists in avoiding the society of "Fire Eaters," drinking plenty of slippery-elm tea, and bestowing more attention to daily occupation.

S. SPENCER, HALFMOON, PA.—The Will power is the best medicine for you. A change of climate would facilitate your restoration—where the air is warm and dry most of the time. If you do not change your residence, take a *rum sweat* once a week, and then rub your whole body over with sweet oil. Let mind control matter!

M. J. P., CHIFFEWA FALLS, WIS.—The least act of sympathy and love, guided by wisdom, adds to the sum of human happiness. Hence, the most obscure of occupations, if pursued with a constant

desire to benefit those immediately connected with us, becomes dignified and ennobling. May the angels aid you and yours.

J. S., OF ROMK, N. Y., writes that he has thrown overboard "pork, physic, tea, coffee, spices, and saleratus." We congratulate him, and think that his bark will not now be likely to sink. Time is painting many mystical pictures on the prison walls—they are not so full of sadness as one might think—can you not see and comprehend their significance?

POEMS RECEIVED.—"Right and Wrong," by V. V.; "The Air-Inflaming Builder," by M.; "My Lady Adair," by M. H. W.; "My Poppies," by H. D. P.; "Formal Prayer," by B. O.; "The Law of the Spirit," by T. A. W.; "Where the Word of God may be Found," by L. H. S.; "The Invitation," by J. B. G.; "Be Thyself," by S. E. B.; "Dreams," by S. S. T.

W. E. H., BOSTON, gives signs of uncommon intelligence and generosity. He writes that, having sufficient of this world's goods, he designs to be the administrator of his own Estate, the executor of his own Will, and thus "bequeath sums to charitable and reformatory objects whenever they present themselves."

—Here is a man in his "right mind." Good angels help him to remain so! The present custom of making a "Will" for lawyers and relatives to quarrel over is unworthy the intelligence of our age. Better educate your children thoroughly, both physically and mentally, then give your wife half of all your property, and with your share do all the good you can.

DR. CHARLES VAN GELDERN, OF SANOMA, CAL., writes that at a circle, on the 5th of Sept., 1859, he asked this question: "Is wine injurious to men?" To which the following curious answer came through a writing medium:

"No, my friends, far from it. Wine is ordained of God, but, like many other of our Creator's most precious gifts, 'tis misapplied and abused; and note, O most beloved disciples! you must drink wine such as gushes pure and rich from the blushing grapes of Sonoma, and not that mixture of all abominations, whose only vintage is in cellars—sunless, damp, and fetid—where gully men fabricate poison for a nation. Wine, however pure, however free from foreign influence, when used to excess, instead of being man's greatest blessing, may and will become a curse. Even in the antediluvian age wine disgraced a man of God—the patriarch Noah—and rendered him a laughing-stock to his children. Can you then expect to brave the flame and pass unscathed?"

A. T. S., BREWSTER, MASS.—This friend asks an important question:

"Do you mean to convey the idea that a person who has inherited nervous infirmities may ever, by careful, conscientious use of the internal, self-healing powers, become so 'redeemed and sanctified' as to have 'a sound mind in a sound body'?" Can one with undeveloped concentration make use of the practice recommended in Pneumogastric remedies?"

ANSWER: Yes, Brother, we certainly mean to teach that mind is destined to stand sovereign master over all below its exalted plane. Matter—the body—is below the soul; therefore the soul is capable of instituting an absolute government. "Practice makes perfect" is an old and a true proverb. The method of applying the Will power is as simple as walking, moving your hand, or speaking, for all such motions are from the Will. Why not extend the operations of this power over all parts of the dependent organism?

H. B. S., OF CONNECTICUT, speaking of the late article in this journal, by C. M. P., entitled the *Spirituous and the Spirituol*, says:

"I am reminded of the old couplet—
"There's a spirit above, and a spirit below—
A spirit of weal, and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above is a spirit divine,
But the spirit below is the 'spirit of wine.'"

"This 'getting one's spirits up by pouring spirits down' is an ancient practice, but I do not believe that even father Noah (favored of God as he is said to have been) was brought into intimate sympathy with the Divine Spirit when he lay in his drunken trank after coming out of the ark. Hashish or Dowamnesh may possibly induce clairvoyance, it may stimulate the mental faculties to unwonted and abnormal action, but must there not be corresponding depression and inaction as a consequence? I think there can be no doubt of it. Alcohol induces a species of clairvoyance—a clear seeing of *devis*, horrible imps, and other repulsive things—and Hashish may induce a correspondent of *Mama-a-Potu*, more pleasant to the subject of it, perhaps, but as little reliable as that. My present opinion is, that any practice, or the use of any article which tends to destroy the healthy activity of our faculties, ought to be discontinued and abandoned, whatever temporary advantage it may promise us, notwithstanding even the magnetic trance, if the subject be fully persuaded that it is injurious to the health, and cannot be made consistent with other proper and necessary habits and duties, should be abandoned."

J. S. N., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Your epistle was most welcome. We know that you wrote every word of it with a hearty and intelligent good will. The mellow beams of fraternal love, blowing in from the boundless prairie of human life, are more precious than silver or gold.

Your question, concerning the probable results of the Lincoln administration upon the temple of our glorious Republic, we have answered in a former number. (See *Whisper to J. Brooks* in No. 21.) Congress is the President. The Constitution and Congress, not the President, are intimately and vitally related to the destiny of our country. As our country is organized, it is our opinion that a President can do little either of good or evil. Presidents may temporarily embarrass or promote a movement, but not unless Congress and the People, who are outside of government, second the motion.

—For ourself we are free to say that our hand has never yet cast a vote either for the defeat or election of any political candidate. We have not yet seen or heard of the individual whom we would

like to help into the Presidential Chair. We will vote when we find a Man or a Woman who is capable of straightforward self-government—one whose heart, without passion, is filled with universal Love—one whose brain, without weakness or prejudice, is inspired with the impartial principles of Wisdom. This standard may be too high, and we therefore may never exercise the right of voting, but we believe that we shall one of these years.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

[M. B. F., Burlington, Vt., sends us the following friendly chat, assuring us of benefits received by the Pneumogastric remedy.—Ed.]

A famous old saying, with age it is rife,
Oft applied both to work and to play,
Its own truthful meaning we are sure giveth life,
That "where there's a will there's a way."

In a state of repining, of sickness and pain,
We hopelessly languished for aye;
If any one told us to have a good will
There was no one to point out the way.

Kind friends came to see us—when called to depart
They would often encourage us say:
"You must try to get well and keep up a good heart,
For where there's a will there's a way."

These mystical words, so cheerfully said,
We rang o'er again and again;
Has "the will" all clear to our aching head,
Sure the way had been never made plain.

We thank thee, dear friend, that thy medical talk
Has "whispered" the darkness away;
And now we rejoice—when we ride, when we walk—
That where there's a will there's a way.

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

Spiritual Theory of Planetary Movements.

GIVEN TO THE "LANCASTER CIRCLE" BY F. AND H.

(Continued from HERALD, No. 39.)

The planetary orbs are made to revolve around their parent suns for the purpose of electrical equalization, and around their own axis, for its accumulation upon their own surfaces.

The cylinder of an electrical machine gathers the fluid on its surface, abstracting it from the earth, through the rubber; so, the earth, by its revolutions on its own axis, with the extreme atmosphere for its rubber, gathers electricity from surrounding space, that it may be applied for all the purposes of animal and vegetable life.

It is true other ends are accomplished by these motions, but they are secondary and subservient in their design. As, for instance, the motion of your earth around the sun produces the vicissitudes of temperature, while that around its own axis gives every portion day and night—the duration of either being to some extent regulated by the semi-annual change in the plane of those axes themselves.

Having given you, in our introductory remarks, a brief synopsis of the doctrine of planetary motion, it only remains, before treating of comets, to state that the change of temperature on the earth's surface is produced by its varying positive and negative electrical conditions. For example, suppose we take the twenty-first of June as a starting point. The earth is now, so far as regards the Northern hemisphere, in the summer solstice. Its electricity is now, in a great measure, found to have been exhausted by a luxuriant vegetation, &c., and when the whole is compared with the sun, it is in a negative condition. Solar attraction is the result. It now traverses that portion of its orbit between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox, and receives from the parent source a farther supply, in consequence of which it becomes positive. The condition of both hemispheres being now equal, the earth is repelled from its Northern perihelion towards the winter solstice, while the Southern is rapidly becoming negative, which state is fully reached when it gets to the winter solstice.

Its negative condition now produces attraction until the vernal equinox, when the perihelion of the Southern hemisphere is reached, and a state of equalization between these hemispheres produced, the Northern giving out until the summer solstice, when the same result is again renewed. Electricity once given off by the earth, or consumed for the purposes of vegetable or animal life and nutrition, is, of course, not available for further use.

It therefore follows, that that supply which is annually given off by the primary suns must be replaced from some source beyond their own immediate system. Your largest telescopes, pointed to the heavens, bring to the eye of the observer a distinct,

milky cloud, far off in the realms of space. This, for want of a better name, man has called a "planetary nebula." He is ignorant of its nature, but supposes that a yet stronger instrument will resolve it into stars. This is, however, the great central sun of the *pigmy universe* to which your system belongs, around which, you, with your neighbors, the visible fixed stars, are moving.

The diameter of this central sun would fill the entire orbit of Saturn, and yet, this center, with thousands of others like himself—centers of God's universe—are but secondaries moving around the Great Omnipotent representation of Deity—whence they receive their influxes of progressive life and germinating vitality, and impart again this divine energy, through cometary messengers, to the systems and worlds placed by the Creator under their guardian charge.

We are now ready to enter on our subject. We have stated that the supply of electricity exhausted by each system of satellites in the Universe is replenished by the parent sun of that system. It must, therefore, be evident, that unless that sun itself had some outside reservoir whence this constant drain could be kept up, it must, with its system, be hurried by the attractive force of its great central into the central itself. To prevent such a contingency comets are called into requisition.

Comets are electrical globes, varying in size and density according to the necessities which called them into being, and of the number of migratory revolutions they have accomplished. Suppose the great central sun of a given universe—the recipient of delegated life and progressive vitality—quietly floating in the center of the orbits of thousands of dependent systems, his attractive parental influence extending and extended with full effective force to the utmost limits of his universe. A given system has exhausted its electrical supply, and planetary death would be the result of such a state. Instantly a positively electrical globe is detached from the parent mass, which, with the velocity of the lightning's flash, untrammelled by conductors, makes its way to that system to supply the demand.

Having entered the negative system its motion is now retarded, and it begins to give off its electrical freight, which, from your earth, assumes the appearance which has secured for it the name of "tail." Should your system be less negative on the approach of a comet, instead of a tail it would assume the form of a nebulous star. Let it be observed that the sun of any system is always sufficiently positive to repel the electrical discharges and keep it in opposition to himself. A comet having thus equalized any given system, is necessarily repelled from that system with a velocity equal to its diminished electrical condition; that is to say, if its positive condition has been little altered by the loss sustained in equalizing the system, it will rapidly pass out, and, in this case, instead of returning to its parent source, will pass to any other system requiring its services, while, if its supply has been entirely exhausted, it will of necessity be called home by parental attraction and influence. In the last case its course in entering and leaving the system will be nearly parallel—a little more than the diameter of the sun being the distance between the courses. No comet would return to the same system in ages (except, perhaps, the last mentioned,) but would be likely to traverse the various systems in the universe for periods too remote for human comprehension either to grasp or specify. A careful scientific examination of the electrical wants of a system is the only certain means of determining the time when comets will visit any system. Just let it be known that your system is in a negative condition, and, with certainty, you may predict a comet's approach within a few weeks. All calculations of a comet's identity or return, based upon its supposed elements, as we have already stated, are really ridiculous, and can serve no other purpose than to give a short-lived popularity and a "name" to some astronomical aspirant for fame and distinction—for where the elements of any two comets happen to agree in some of their particulars, they only prove that the comets thus agreeing have visited your system, either from the parent sun direct or from the same system beyond. It may happen that an earth-born objection will militate against the theory here advanced. This objection, however, is the result of your limited conception of a comet's velocity beyond the bounds of your system. How long would an electrical current be in passing across the earth's orbit, (but a few minutes,) and what is this speed compared with the untrammelled velocity of a comet previous to entering your system? For, let it be understood, that infinitely the slowest portion of their journey is performed within the limits of your system.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

(From the Atlantic Monthly for December.)

The Confessions of a Medium.

It is not yet a year since I ceased to act as a Spiritual Medium. (I am forced to make use of this title as the most intelligible, but I do it with a strong mental protest.) At first, I desired only to withdraw myself quietly from the peculiar associations into which I had been thrown by the exercise of my faculty, and be content with the simple fact of my escape. A man who joins the Dashways does not care to have the circumstance announced in the newspapers. "So, he was an habitual drunkard," the public would say. I was overcome by a similar reluctance—nay, I might honestly call it shame—since, although I had at intervals officiated as a Medium for a period of seven years, my name had been mentioned, incidentally, only once or twice in the papers devoted especially to Spiritualism. I had no such reputation as that of Hume or Andrew Jackson Davis, which would call for a public statement of my recantation. The result would be, therefore, to give prominence to a weakness, which, however manfully overcome, might be remembered to my future prejudice.

I find, however, that the resolution to be silent leaves me restless and unsatisfied. And in reflecting calmly—objectively, for the first time—upon the experience of those seven years, I recognize so many points wherein my case is undoubtedly analogous to that of hundreds of others who may be still entangled in the same labyrinth whence I have but recently escaped, so clear a solution of much that is enigmatical, even to those who reject Spiritualism, that the impulse to write weighs upon me with the pressure of a neglected duty. I cannot longer be silent, and, in the conviction that the truth of my statement will be evident enough to those most concerned in hearing it, without the authority of any name, (least of all, of one so little known as mine,) I now give my confession to the world. The names of the individuals whom I shall have occasion to introduce are, of course, disguised; but, with this exception, the narrative is the plainest possible record of my own experience. Many of the incidents which I shall be obliged to describe are known only to the actors therein, who, I feel assured, will never foolishly betray themselves. I have therefore no fear that any harm can result from my disclosures.

In order to make my views intelligible to those readers who have paid no attention to psychological subjects, I must commence a little in advance of my story. My own individual nature is one of those apparently inconsistent combinations which are frequently found in the children of parents whose temperaments and mental personalities widely differ. This class of natures is much larger than would be supposed. Inheriting opposite, even conflicting, traits from father and mother, they assume, as either element predominates, diverse characters; and that which is the result of temperament (in fact, congenital inconsistency) is set down by the unthinking world as moral weakness or duplicity. Those who have sufficient skill to perceive and reconcile—or, at least, govern—the opposing elements are few, indeed. Had the power come to me sooner, I should have been spared the necessity of making these confessions.

From one parent I inherited an extraordinarily active and sensitive imagination—from the other, a sturdy practical sense, a disposition to weigh and balance with calm fairness the puzzling questions which life offers to every man. These conflicting qualities—as is usual in all similar natures—were not developed in equal order of growth. The former governed my childhood, my youth, and enveloped me with spells, which all the force of the latter and more slowly ripened faculty was barely sufficient to break. Luxuriant weeds and brambles covered the soil which should have been plowed and made to produce honest grain. Unfortunately, I had no teacher who was competent to understand and direct me. The task was left for myself, and I can only wonder, after all that has occurred, how it has been possible for me to succeed. Certainly, this success has not been due to any vigorous exercise of virtue on my part, but solely to the existence of that cool, reflective reason which lay *perdue* beneath all the extravagances of my mind.

I possessed, even as a child, an unusual share of what phrenologists call Concentrativeness. The power of absorption, of self-forgetfulness, was at the same time a source of delight and a torment. Lost in some wild dream or absurd childish speculation, my insensibility to outward things was chastised as carelessness or a hardened indifference to counsel. With a memory almost marvellous to retain those things which appealed to my imagination, I blundered painfully over the commonest tasks. While I frequently repeated the Sunday hymn, at dinner, I was too often unable to give the least report of the sermon. Withdrawn into my corner of the pew, I gave myself up, after the enunciation of the text, to a complete abstraction, which took no note of time or place. Fixing my eyes upon a knot in one of the panels under the pulpit, I sat motionless during the hour and a half which our worthy old clergyman required for the expounding of the seven parts of his discourse. They could never accuse me of sleeping, however; for I rarely

even winked. The closing hymn recalled me to myself, always with a shock, or sense of pain, and sometimes even with a temporary nausea.

This habit of abstraction—properly a complete possession of the mind—after a while developed another habit, in which I now see the root of that peculiar condition which made me a Medium. I shall therefore endeavor to describe it. I was sitting, one Sunday, just as the minister was commencing his sermon, with my eyes carefully following the fingers of my right hand, as I drummed them slowly across my knee. Suddenly, the wonder came into my mind—How is it my fingers move? What set them going? What is it that stops them? The mystery of that communication between will and muscle, which no physiologist has ever fathomed, burst upon my young intellect. I had been conscious of no intention of thus drumming my fingers; they were in motion when I first noticed them; they were certainly a part of myself, yet they acted without my knowledge or design! My left hand was quiet; why did its fingers not move also? Following those reflections came a dreadful fear, as I remembered Jane, the blacksmith's daughter, whose elbows and shoulders sometimes jerked in such a way as to make all the other scholars laugh, although we were sorry for the poor girl, who cried bitterly over her unfortunate, ungovernable limbs. I was comforted, however, on finding that I could control the motion of my fingers at pleasure; but my imagination was too active to stop there. What if I should forget how to direct my hands? What if they should refuse to obey me? What if my knees, which were just as still as the hymn-books in the rack before me, should cease to bend, and I should sit there forever? These very questions seemed to produce a temporary paralysis of the will. As my right hand lay quietly on my knee, and I asked myself, with a stupid wonder, "Now, can I move it?" it lay as still as before. I had only questioned, not willed. "No, I cannot move it," I said, in real doubt. I was conscious of a blind sense of exertion, wherein there was yet no proper exertion, but which seemed to exhaust me. Fascinated by this new mystery, I contemplated my hand as something apart from myself—something subordinate to, but not identical with, me. The rising of the congregation for the hymn broke the spell, like the snapping of a thread.

The reader will readily understand that I carried these experiences much farther. I gradually learned to suspend (perhaps in imagination only, but therefore none the less really) the action of my will upon the muscles of my arms and legs; and I did it with the greater impunity, from knowing that the stir consequent upon the conclusion of the services would bring me to myself. In proportion as the will became passive, the activity of my imagination was increased, and I experienced a new and strange delight in watching the play of fantasies which appeared to come and go independently of myself. There was still a dim consciousness of outward things mingled with my condition; I was not beyond the recall of my senses. But one day, I remember, as I sat motionless as a statue, having ceased any longer to attempt to control my dead limbs, more than usually passive, a white, shining mist gradually stole around me; my eyes finally ceased to take cognizance of objects; a low, musical humming sounded in my ears, and those creatures of the imagination which had hitherto crossed my brain as thoughts now spoke to me as audible voices. If there is any happy delirium in the first stages of intoxication, (of which, thank Heaven, I have no experience,) it must be a sensation very much like that which I felt. The death of external and the birth of internal consciousness overwhelmed my childish soul with a dumb, ignorant ecstasy, like that which savages feel on first hearing the magic of music.

How long I remained thus I know not. I was aroused by feeling myself violently shaken. "John!" exclaimed my mother, who had grasped my arm with a determined hand—"bless the boy! what ails him? Why, his face is as white as a sheet!" Slowly I recovered my consciousness, and the church and the departing congregation, and mechanically followed my parents. I could give no explanation of what had happened, except to say that I had fallen asleep. As I ate my dinner with a good appetite, my mother's fears were quieted. I was left at home the following Sunday, and afterwards only ventured to indulge sparingly in the exercise of my newly discovered faculty. My mother, I was conscious, took more note of my presence than formerly, and I feared a repetition of the same catastrophe. As I grew older and my mind became interested in a wider range of themes, I finally lost the habit, which I classed among the many follies of childhood.

I retained, nevertheless, and still retain, something of that subtle instinct which mocks and yet surpasses reason. My feelings with regard to the persons whom I met were quite independent of their behavior towards me, or the estimation in which they were held by the world. Things which puzzled my brain in waking hours were made clear to me in sleep, and I frequently felt myself blindly impelled to do or to avoid doing certain things. The members of my family, who found it impossible to understand my motives of action—because, in fact, there were no motives—complacently solved the difficulty by calling me "queer." I presume there are few persons who are not occasionally visited by the instinct, or impulse, or faculty, or whatever it may be called, to which I refer. I possessed it in a more than ordinary degree, and was generally able to distinguish between its suggestions and the mere humors of my imagination. It is scarcely necessary to say that I assume the existence of such a power, at the outset. I recognize it as a normal faculty of the human mind, not therefore universal, any more than the genius which makes a poet, a painter, or a composer.

My education was neither general nor thorough; hence I groped darkly with the psychological questions which were presented to me. Tormented by those doubts which at some period of life assail the soul of every thinking man, I was ready to grasp at any solution which offered, without very carefully testing its character. I eagerly accepted the theory of Animal Magnetism, which, so far as it went, was satisfactory; but it only illustrated the powers and relations of the soul in

its present state of existence; it threw no light upon that future which I was not willing to take upon faith alone. Though sensible to mesmeric influences, I was not willing that my spiritual nature should be the instrument of another's will—that a human being, like myself, should become possessed of all my secrets and sanctities, touching the keys of every passion with his unhalloved fingers. In the phenomena of clairvoyance I saw only other and more subtle manifestations of the power which I knew to exist in my own mind. Hence, I soon grew weary of prosecuting inquiries which, at best, would fall short of solving my own great and painful doubt—Does the human soul continue to exist after death? That it could take cognizance of things beyond the reach of the five senses, I was already assured. This, however, might be a sixth sense, no less material and perishable in its character than the others. My brain, as yet, was too young and immature to follow the thread of that lofty spiritual logic in the light of which such doubts melt away like mists of the night. Thus, uneasy because undeveloped, erring because I had never known the necessary guidance, seeking, but almost despairing of enlightenment, I was a fit subject for any spiritual epidemic which seemed to offer me a cure for worse maladies.

At this juncture occurred the phenomena known as the "Rochester Knockings." (My home, let me say, is in a small town not far from New York.) I shared in the general interest aroused by the marvellous stories, which, being followed by the no less extraordinary display of some unknown agency at Norwich, Connecticut, excited me to such a degree that I was half-converted to the new faith, before I had witnessed any spiritual manifestation. Soon after the arrival of the Misses Fox in New York, I visited them in their rooms at the Howard House. Impressed by their quiet, natural demeanor, the absence of anything savoring of jugglery, and the peculiar character of the raps and movements of the table, I asked my questions and applied my tests, in a passive, if not a believing frame of mind. In fact, I had not long been seated, before the noises became loud and frequent.

"The spirits would like to communicate with you," said Mrs. Fish; "you seem to be nearer to them than most people."

I summoned, in succession, the spirits of my mother, a younger brother, and a cousin to whom I had been much attached in boyhood, and obtained correct answers to all my questions. I did not then remark, what has since occurred to me, that these questions concerned things which I knew, and that the answers to them were distinctly impressed on my mind at the time. The result of one of my tests made a very deep impression upon me. Having mentally selected a friend whom I had met in the train that morning, I asked, "Will the spirit whose name is now in my mind communicate with me?" To this came the answer, slowly rapped out, on calling over the alphabet, "He is living!"

I returned home, very much puzzled. Precisely those features of the exhibition (let me call it such) which repulse others, attracted me. The searching daylight, the plain, matter-of-fact character of the manifestations, the absence of all solemnity and mystery, impressed me favorably towards the spiritual theory. If disembodied souls, I said, really exist and can communicate with those in the flesh, why should they choose moonlight or darkness, graveyards or lonely bed-chambers, for their visitations? What is to hinder them from speaking at times and in places where the senses of men are fully awake and alert, rather than when they are liable to be the dupes of the imagination? In such reflections as these I was the unconscious dupe of my own imagination, while supposing myself thoroughly impartial and critical.

Soon after this, circles began to be formed in my native town, for the purpose of table-moving. A number of persons met, secretly at first—for as yet there were no avowed converts—and quite as much for sport as for serious investigation. The first evening there was no satisfactory manifestation. The table moved a little, it is true, but each one laughingly accused his neighbors of employing some muscular force: all isolated attempts were vain. I was conscious, nevertheless, of a curious sensation of numbness in the arms, which recalled to mind my forgotten experiments in church. No rappings were heard, and some of the participants did not scruple to pronounce the whole thing a delusion.

A few evenings after this we met again. Those who were most incredulous happened to be absent, while, accidentally, their places were filled by persons whose temperaments disposed them to a passive seriousness. Among these was a girl of sixteen, Miss Abby Fetters, a pale, delicate creature, with blond hair and light blue eyes. Chance placed her next to me, in forming the ring, and her right hand lay lightly upon my left. We stood around a heavy circular dining-table. A complete silence was preserved, and all minds gradually sank into a quiet, passive expectancy. In about ten minutes I began to feel, or to imagine that I felt, a stream of light, if light were a palpable substance, a something far finer and more subtle than an electric current, passing from the hand of Miss Fetters through my own into the table. Presently the great wooden mass began to move—stopped—moved again—turned in a circle, we following, without changing the position of our hands—and finally began to rock from side to side, with increasing violence. Some of the circle were thrown off by the movements; others withdrew their hands in affright; and but four, among whom were Miss Fetters and myself, retained their hold. My outward consciousness appeared to be somewhat benumbed, as if by some present fascination or approaching trance, but I retained curiosity enough to look at my companion. Her eyes, sparkling with a strange, steady light, were fixed upon the table; her breath came quick and short, and her cheek had lost every trace of color. Suddenly, as if by a spasmodic effort, she removed her hands; I did the same, and the table stopped. She threw herself into a seat, as if exhausted, yet, during the whole time, not a muscle of the hand which lay upon mine had stirred. I solemnly declare that my own hands had been equally passive, yet I experienced the same feeling of fatigue—not muscular fatigue, but a sense of *dada*, as if every drop of nervous energy had been suddenly taken from me.

Further experiments, the same evening,

showed that we two, either together or alone, were able to produce the same phenomena without the assistance of the others present. We did not succeed, however, in obtaining any answers to our questions, nor were any of us impressed by the idea that the spirits of the dead were among us. In fact, these table movements would not, of themselves, suggest the idea of a spiritual manifestation. "The table is bewitched," said Thompson, a hard-headed young fellow, without a particle of imagination; and this was really the first impression of all; some unknown force, latent in the dead matter, had been called into action. Still, this conclusion was so strange, so incredible, that the agency of supernatural intelligences finally presented itself to my mind as the readiest solution.

It was not long before we obtained rappings, and were enabled to repeat all the experiments which I had tried during my visit to the Fox family. The spirits of our deceased relatives and friends announced themselves and generally gave a correct account of their earthly lives. I must confess, however, that, whenever we attempted to pry into the future, we usually received answers as ambiguous as those of the Grecian oracles, or predictions which failed to be realized. Violent knocks or other unruly demonstrations would sometimes interrupt an intelligent communication which promised us some light on the other life; these, we were told, were occasioned by evil or mischievous spirits, whose delight it was to create disturbances. They never occurred, I now remember, except when Miss Fetters was present. At the time, we were too much absorbed in our researches to notice the fact.

The reader will perceive, from what he knows of my previous mental state, that it was not difficult for me to accept the theories of the Spiritualists. Here was an evidence of the immortality of the soul—nay, more, of its continued individuality through endless future existences. The idea of my individuality being lost had been to me the same thing as complete annihilation. The spirits themselves informed us that they had come to teach these truths. The simple, ignorant faith of the past, they said, was worn out; with the development of science, the mind of man had become skeptical; the ancient fountains no longer sufficed for his thirst; each new era required a new revelation; in all former ages there had been single minds pure enough and advanced enough to communicate with the dead, and be the mediums of their messages to men, but now the time had come when the knowledge of this intercourse must be declared unto all; in its light the mysteries of the past became clear; in the wisdom thus imparted, that happy future which seems possible to every ardent and generous heart would be secured. I was not troubled by the fact that the messages which proclaimed these things were often incorrectly spelt, that the grammar was bad, and the language far from elegant. I did not reflect that these new and sublime truths had formerly passed through my own brain as the dreams of a wandering imagination. Like that American philosopher who looks upon one of his own neophytes as a man of great and profound mind because the latter carefully remembers and repeats to him his own carelessly uttered wisdom, I saw in these misty and disguised reflections of my own thoughts the precious revelation of departed and purified spirits.

How a passion for the unknown and unattainable takes hold of men is illustrated by the search for the universal solvent, by the mysteries of the Rosicrucians, by the patronage of fortune-tellers, even. Wholly absorbed in spiritual researches—having, in fact, no vital interest in anything else—I soon developed into what is called a Medium. I discovered, at the outset, that the peculiar condition to be attained before the tables would begin to move could be produced at will. I also found that the passive state into which I naturally fell had a tendency to produce that trance or suspension of the will which I had discovered when a boy. External consciousness, however, did not wholly depart. I saw the circle of inquirers around me, but dimly, and as phantoms—while the impressions which passed over my brain, seemed to wear visible forms and to speak with audible voices.

I did not doubt, at the time, that spirits visited me, and that they made use of my body to communicate with those who could hear them in no other way. Beside the pleasant intoxication of the semi-trance, I felt a rare joy in the knowledge that I was elected above other men to be their interpreter. Let me endeavor to describe the nature of this possession. Sometimes, even before a spirit would be called for, the figure of the person, as it existed in the mind of the inquirer, would suddenly present itself to me—not to my outward senses, but to my interior, instinctive knowledge. If the recollection of the other embraced also the voice, I heard the voice in the same manner, and unconsciously imitated it. The answers to the questions I knew by the same instinct, as soon as the questions were spoken. If the question was vague, asked for information rather than confirmation, either no answer came, or there was an impression of a *wink* of what the answer might be, or, at times, some strange involuntary sentence sprang to my lips. When I wrote, my hand appeared to move of itself; yet the words it wrote invariably passed through my mind. Even when blindfolded, there was no difference in its performance. The same powers developed themselves in a still greater degree in Miss Fetters. The spirits which spoke most readily through her were those of men, even coarse and rude characters, which came unsummoned. Two or three of the other members of our circle were able to produce movements in the table; they could even feel, as they asserted, the touch of spiritual hands; but, however much they desired it, they were

*In attempting to describe my own sensations, I labor under the disadvantage of speaking mostly to those who have never experienced anything of the kind. Hence, what would be perfectly clear to myself, and to those who have passed through a similar experience, may be unintelligible to the former class. The Spiritualists excuse the crudities which their Plato, St. Paul, and Shakespeare utter, by ascribing them to the imperfection of human language; and I may claim the same allowance in setting forth mental conditions of which the mind itself can grasp no complete idea, seeing that its most important faculties are paralyzed during the existence of those conditions.

never personally possessed as we, and therefore could not properly be called Mediums.

These investigations were not regularly carried on. Occasionally the interest of the circle flagged, until it was renewed by the visit of some apostle of the new faith, usually accompanied by a "Frothing" Medium. Among those whose presence especially conduced to keep alive the flame of spiritual inquiry was a gentleman named Stilton, the editor of a small monthly periodical entitled "Revelations from the Interior." Without being himself a Medium, he was nevertheless thoroughly conversant with the various phenomena of Spiritualism, and both spoke and wrote in the dialect which its followers adopted. He was a man of varied, but not profound learning, an active intellect, giving and receiving impressions with equal facility, and with an unusual combination of concentrateness and versatility in his nature. A certain inspiration was connected with his presence. His personality overflowed upon and influenced others. "My mind is not sufficiently subservient," he would say, "to receive impressions from the spirits, but my atmosphere attracts them and encourages them to speak." He was a stout, strongly built man, with coarse black hair, gray eyes, large animal mouth, square jaws, and short, thick neck. Had his hair been cropped close, he would have looked very much like a prize-fighter; but he wore it long, parted in the middle, and as meek in expression as its stiff waves would allow.

Stilton soon became the controlling spirit of our circle. His presence really seemed, as he said, to encourage the spirits. Never before had the manifestations been so abundant or so surprising. Miss Fetters, especially, astonished us by the vigor of her possessions. Not only Sampson and Peter the Great, but Gibbs the Pirate, Black Hawk, and Joe Manton, who had died the previous year in a fit of delirium-tremens, professed, strode, swore, and smashed things in turn, by means of her frail little body. As Oriskany, a noted pugilist of the last century, she flogged an inactionable spectator, giving him a black eye which he wore for a fortnight afterwards. Singularly enough, my visitors were of the opposite cast. Hypatia, Petrarch, Mary Magdalen, Abelard, and, oftenest of all, Shelley, proclaimed mystic truths from my lips. They usually spoke in inspired monologues, without announcing themselves beforehand, and often without giving any clue to their personality. A practical stenographer, engaged by Mr. Stilton, took down many of these communications as they were spoken, and they were afterwards published in the *Revelations*. It was also remarked, that, while Miss Fetters employed violent gestures and seemed to possess a superhuman strength, I, on the contrary, sat motionless, pale, and with little sign of life except in my voice, which, though low, was clear and dramatic in its modulations. Stilton explained this difference without hesitation. "Miss Abby," he said, "possesses soul-matter of a texture to which the souls of these strong men naturally adhere. In the spirit land the superfluities repel each other; the individual souls seek to remedy their imperfections; in the union of opposites only is to be found the great harmonia of life. You, John, move upon another plane; through what in you is undeveloped, these developed spirits are attracted."

For two or three years, I must admit, "my life was a very happy one. Not only were those occasional trances an intoxication, nay, a coveted indulgence, but they cast a consecration over my life. My restored faith rested on the sure evidence of my own experience; my new creed contained no harsh or repulsive feature; I heard the same noble sentiments which I uttered in such moments repeated by my associates in the faith, and I devoutly believed that a complete regeneration of the human race was at hand. Nevertheless, it struck me sometimes as singular that many of the Mediums whom I met—men and women chosen by spiritual hands to the same high office—excited in my mind that instinct of repulsion on which I had learned to rely as a sufficient reason for avoiding certain persons. Far as it would have been from my mind, at that time, to question the manifestations which accompanied them, I could not smother my mistrust of their characters. Miss Fetters, whom I so frequently met, was one of the most disagreeable. Her cold, thin lips, pale eyes, and lean figure gave me a singular impression of voracious hunger. Her presence was often announced to me by a chill shudder, before I saw her. Centuries ago one of her ancestors must have been a ghoul or vampire. The trance of possession seemed, with her, to be a form of dissipation, in which she indulged as she might have catered for a baser appetite. The new religion was nothing to her; I believe she valued it only on account of the importance she obtained among its followers. Her father, a vain, weak-minded man, who kept a grocery in the town, was himself a convert.

Stilton had an answer for every doubt. No matter how tangled a labyrinth might be exhibited to him, he walked straight through it. "How is it," I asked him, "that so many of my fellow-mediums inspire me with an instinctive dislike and mistrust?"

"By mistrust you mean dislike," he answered; "since you know of no reason to doubt their characters. The elements of soul-matter are differently combined in different individuals, and there are affinities and repulsions, just as there are in the chemical elements. Your feeling is chemical, not moral. A want of affinity does not necessarily imply an existing evil in the other party. In the present ignorance of the world, our true affinities can only be imperfectly felt and indulged; and the entire freedom which we shall obtain in this respect is the greatest happiness of the spirit life."

Another time I asked— "How is it that the spirits of great authors speak so tamely to us? Shakespeare, last night, wrote a passage which he would have been heartily ashamed of, as a living man. We know that a spirit spoke, calling himself Shakespeare; but, judging from his communication, it could not have been he."

"It probably was not," said Mr. Stilton. "I am convinced that all malicious spirits are at work to interrupt the communications from the higher spheres. We were thus deceived by one professing to be Benjamin Franklin, who drew for us the plan of a machine for splitting shingles, which we had fabricated and patented at considerable expense. On trial, however, it proved to be a miserable

failure, a complete mockery. When the spirit was again summoned, he refused to speak, but shook the table to express his malicious laughter, went off, and has never since let of Spiritualism, the more A. B. C.; we can gauge in a day than a child to read Plato after learning his letters."

Many of those who had been interested in the usual phenomena gradually dropped off, tired, and perhaps a little ashamed, in the reaction following their excitement; but there were continued accessions to our circle, and we formed, at last, a distinct class or community. Indeed, the number of true believers in Spiritualism would never be expected by the uninitiated. In the sect, however, as in Masonry and the Catholic Church, there are circles within circles—concentric rings, whence you can look outwards, but not inwards, and where he alone who stands at the center is able to perceive everything. Such an inner circle was at last formed near town. Its object, according to Stilton, was to obtain the plan originated, was to obtain a purer spiritual atmosphere, by the exclusion of all but Mediums and those non-mesmeric believers in whose presence the spirits felt at ease, and thus invite communications from the farther and purer spheres.

In fact, the result seemed to justify the plan. The character of the trances, as I had frequently observed, is vitiated by the consciousness that disbelievers are present. The more perfect the atmosphere of credulity, the more satisfactory the manifestations. The expected company, the dim light, the conviction that a wonderful revelation was about to dawn upon us, excited my imagination, and my trance was a sort of delirium, in which I spoke with a passion and an eloquence I had never before exhibited. The fear, which had previously haunted me at times, of giving my brain and tongue into the control of an unknown power, was forgotten; yet, more than ever, I was conscious of some strong controlling influence, and experienced a senseless pleasure in permitting myself to be governed by it. "Prepare," I concluded, I quote from the report in the "Revelations," "prepare, sons of men, for the dawning day! Prepare for the second and perfect regeneration of man! For the prison-chambers have been broken into, and the light from the interior shall illuminate the external! Ye shall enjoy spiritual and personal freedom; your guides shall no longer be the despots of ignorant laws, nor the whip of an imaginary conscience, but the natural impulses of your nature, which are the melody of life, and the natural affinities, which are its harmony! The reflections from the upper spheres shall irradiate the lower, and death is the triumphal arch through which we pass from glory to glory!"

I have here paused, deliberating whether I should proceed further in my narrative. But no; if any good is to be accomplished by these confessions, the reader must walk with me through the dark labyrinth which follows. He must walk over what may be considered delicate ground, but he shall not be harmed. One feature of the trance-condition is too remarkable, too important in its consequences to be overlooked. It is a feature of which many Mediums are undoubtedly ignorant, the existence of which is not even suspected by thousands of honest Spiritualists.

Let me again anticipate the regular course of my narrative, and explain. A suspension of the Will, when indulged in for any length of time, produces a suspension of that inward consciousness of good and evil which we call Conscience, and which can be actively exercised only through the medium of the Will. The mental faculties and the moral perceptions lie down together in the same passive sleep. The subject is, therefore, equally liable to receive impressions from the minds of others, and from their passions and lusts. Besides this, the germs of all good and of all evil are implanted in the nature of every human being; and even when some appetite is buried in a crypt so deep that its existence is forgotten, let the warder be removed, and it will gradually work its way to the light. Persons in the receptive condition which belongs to the trance may be surrounded by honest and pure-minded individuals, and receive no harmful impressions; they may even, if of a healthy spiritual temperament, resist for a time the aggressions of evil influences; but the final danger is always the same. The state of the Medium, therefore, may be described as one in which the Will is passive, the Conscience passive, the outward senses partially (sometimes wholly) suspended, the mind helplessly subject to the operations of other minds, and the passions and desires released from all restraining influences. I make the statement boldly, after long and careful reflection, and severe self-examination.

As I said before, I did not entirely lose my external consciousness, although it was very dim and dream-like. On returning to the natural state, my recollection of what had occurred during the trance became equally dim; but I retained a general impression of the character of the possession. I knew that some foreign influence—the spirit of a dead poet, or hero, or saint, I then believed—governed me for the time; that I gave utterance to thoughts unfamiliar to my mind in its conscious state; and that my own individuality was lost, or so disguised that I could no longer recognize it. This very circumstance made the trance an indulgence, a spiritual intoxication, no less fascinating than that of the body, although accompanied by a similar reaction. Yet behind all, dimly evident to me, there was an element of terror. There were times when, back of the influences which spoke with my voice, rose another—a vast, overwhelming, threatening power, the nature of which I could not grasp, but which I knew was evil. Even when in my natural state, listening to the harsh utterances of Miss Fetters, or the lofty spiritual philosophy of Mr. Stilton, I have felt for a single second, the touch of an icy wind, accompanied by a sensation of unutterable dread.

Our secret circle had not held many sessions before a remarkable change took place in the character of the revelations. Mr. Stilton ceased to report them for his paper.

*The recent experiments in *Hypnotism*, in France, show that a very similar psychological condition accompanies the trance produced by gazing fixedly upon a bright object held near the eyes. I have no doubt, in fact, that it belongs to every abnormal state of the mind.

"We are on the threshold, at last," said he, "the secrets of the ages lie beyond. The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil, fold by fold. Let us not be startled by what we hear, let us show that our eyes can bear the light—that we are competent to receive the wisdom of the higher spheres, and live according to it."

Miss Fetters was more than ever possessed by the spirit of Joe Manton, whose allowance of grog having been cut off too suddenly by his death, he was continually clamoring for a dram.

"I tell you," yelled he, or rather she, "I won't stand such meanness. I can't come all the way here for nothing. I'll knock Erasmus all to thunder, if you go for to turn me out dry, and let him come in."

Mr. Stilton thereupon handed him, or her, a tumbler half full of brandy, which she gulped down at a single swallow. Joe Manton presently retired to make room for Erasmus, who spoke for some time in Latin, or what appeared to be Latin. None of us could make much of it; but Mr. Stilton declared that the Latin pronunciation of Erasmus was probably different from ours, or that he might have learned the true Roman accent from Cicero and Seneca, with whom, doubtless, he was now on intimate terms. As Erasmus generally concluded by throwing his arms, or rather the arms of Miss Fetters, around the neck of Mr. Stilton—his spirit fraternizing, apparently, with the spirit of the latter—we greatly regretted that his communications were unintelligible, on account of the superior wisdom which they might be supposed to contain.

I confess, I cannot recall the part I played in what would have been a pitiable farce, if it had not been so terribly tragical, without a feeling of utter shame. Nothing but my profound sympathy for the thousands and tens of thousands who are still subject to the same delusion could compel me to such a sacrifice of pride. I am curious enough, (as I thought then, but not now,) the enunciation of sentiments opposed to my moral sense—the abolition, in fact, of all moral restraint—came from my lips, while the actions of Miss Fetters hinted at their practical application. Upon the ground that the interests of the soul were paramount to all human laws and customs, I declared—or rather, my voice declared—that self-denial was a fatal error, to which half the misery of mankind could be traced; that the passions, held as slaves, exhibited only the brutish nature of slaves, and would be exalted and glorified by entire freedom; and that our sole guidance ought to come from the voices of the spirits who communicated with us, instead of the imperfect laws constructed by our benighted fellow-men. How clear and logical, how lofty, these doctrines seemed! If, at times, something in their nature repelled me, I simply attributed it to the fact that I was still but a neophyte in the Spiritual Philosophy, and incapable of perceiving the truth with entire clearness.

Mr. Stilton had a wife—one of those meek, amiable, simple-hearted women, whose individuality seems to be completely absorbed into that of their husbands. When such women are wedded to frank, tender, protecting men, their lives are truly blessed; but they are willing slaves to the domestic tyrant. They bear uncomplainingly—many of them even without a thought of complaint—and die at last with their hearts full of love for the brutes who have trampled upon them. Mrs. Stilton was perhaps forty years of age, of middle height, moderately plump in person; with light-brown hair, soft, inexpressive gray eyes, and a meek, helpless, imploring mouth. Her voice was mild and plaintive, and its accents of anger (if she ever gave utterance to such) could not have been distinguished from those of grief. She did not often attend our sessions, and it was evident that, while she endeavored to comprehend the revelations, in order to please her husband, their import was far beyond her comprehension. She was now and then a little frightened at utterances which no doubt sounded lewd or profane to her ears; but after a glance at Mr. Stilton's face, and finding that it betrayed neither horror nor surprise, would persuade herself that everything must be right.

"Are you sure," she once timidly whispered to me, "are you very sure, Mr. —, that there is no danger of being led astray? It seems strange to me; but perhaps I don't understand it."

Her question was so indefinite that I found it difficult to answer. Stilton, however, seeing me engaged in endeavoring to make clear to her the glories of the new truth, exclaimed—

"That's right, John! Your spiritual plane slants through many spheres, and has points of contact with a great variety of souls. I hope my wife will be able to see the light through you, since I appear too opaque for her to receive it from me."

"Oh, Abijah!" said the poor woman, "you know it is my fault. I try to follow, and I hope I have faith, though I don't see everything as clearly as you do."

I began also to have my own doubts, as I perceived that an "affinity" was gradually being developed between Stilton and Miss Fetters. She was more and more frequently possessed by the spirit of Erasmus, whose salutations, on meeting and parting with his brother philosopher, were too enthusiastic for merely masculine love. But, whenever I hinted at the possibility of mistaking the impulses of the soul, or at evil resulting from a too sudden and universal liberation of the passions, Stilton always silenced me with his inevitable logic. Having once accepted the premises, I could not avoid the conclusions.

"When our natures are in harmony with spirit-matter throughout the spheres," he would say, "our impulses will always be in accordance. Or, if there should be any temporary disturbance, arising from our necessary intercourse with the gross, blinded multitude, we can always fly to our spiritual monitors for counsel. Will not they, the immortal souls of the ages past, who have guided us to a knowledge of the truth, assist us also in preserving it pure?"

In spite of this, in spite of my admiration of Stilton's intellect, and my yet unshaken faith in Spiritualism, I was conscious that the harmony of the circle was becoming impaired to me. Was I falling behind in spiritual progress? Was I too weak to be the medium for the promised revelations? I threw my-

self again and again into the trance, with a recklessness of soul which fitted me to receive any, even the darkest impressions, to catch and proclaim every guilty whisper of the senses, and, while under the influence of the excitement, to exult in the age of Reason which I believed to be at hand. But darker, stronger grew the terror which lurked behind this spiritual carnival. A more tremendous power than that which I now recognized as coming from Stilton's brain was present, and I saw myself whirling nearer and nearer to its grasp. I felt, by a sort of blind instinct, too vague to be expressed, that some demonic agency had thrust itself into the manifestations—perhaps had been mingled with them from the outset.

For two or three months my life was the strangest mixture of happiness and misery. I walked about with the sense of some crisis hovering over me. My "possessions" became fiercer and wilder, and the reaction so much more exhausting that I fell into the habit of restoring myself by means of the bottle of brandy which Mr. Stilton took care should be on hand, in case of a visit from Joe Manton. Miss Fetters, strange to say, was not in the least affected by the powerful draughts she imbibed. But, at the same time, my waking life was growing brighter and brighter under the power of a new and delicious experience. My nature is eminently social, and I had not been able—indeed, I did not desire—wholly to withdraw myself from intercourse with non-believers. There was too much in society that was congenial to me to be given up. My instinctive dislike to Miss Abby Fetters, and my compassionate regard for Mrs. Stilton's weakness, only served to render the company of intelligent, cultivated women, more attractive to me. Among those whom I met most frequently was Miss Agnes Honeywood, a calm, quiet, unobtrusive girl, the characteristic of whose face was sweetness rather than beauty, while the first feeling she inspired was respect rather than admiration. She had just that amount of self-possession which conceals without conquering the sweet timidity of woman. Her voice was low, yet clear; and her mild eyes, I found, were capable, on occasion, of both flashing and melting. Why describe her? I loved her before I knew it; but, with the consciousness of my love, that clairvoyant sense on which I had learned to depend failed for the first time. Did she love me? When I sought to answer the question in her presence, all was confusion within.

This was not the only new influence which entered into and increased the tumult of my mind. The other half of my two-sided nature—the cool, reflective, investigating faculty—had been gradually ripening, and the questions which it now began to present seriously disturbed the complacency of my theories. I saw that I had accepted many things on very unsatisfactory evidence; but, on the other hand, there was much for which I could find no other explanation. Let me be frank, and say, that I do not now pretend to explain all the phenomena of Spiritualism. This, however, I determined to do: to ascertain, if possible, whether the influences which governed me in the trance state came from the persons around, from the exercise of some independent faculty of my own mind, or really and truly from the spirits of the dead. Mr. Stilton appeared to notice that some internal conflict was going on; but he said nothing in regard to it, and, as events proved, he entirely miscalculated its character.

I said to myself, "If this chaos continues it will drive me mad. Let me have one bit of solid earth beneath my feet, and I can stand until it subsides. Let me throw over the best bower of the heart, since all the anchors of the mind are dragging!" I summoned resolution. I made that desperate venture which no true man makes without a pang of forced courage; but, thank God! I did not make it in vain. Agnes loved me, and in the deep, quiet bliss which this knowledge gave, I felt the promise of deliverance. She knew and lamented my connection with the Spiritualists; but, perceiving my mental condition from the few intimations which I dared to give her, discreetly held her peace. But I could read the anxious expression of that gentle face none the less.

My first endeavor to solve the new questions was to check the *abandon* of the trance condition, and interpose it with more of sober consciousness. It was a difficult task; and nothing but the circumstance that my consciousness had never been entirely lost enabled me to make any progress. I finally succeeded, as I imagined, (certainty is impossible,) in separating the different influences which impressed me, perceiving where one terminated and the other commenced, or where two met and my mind vibrated from one to the other until the stronger prevailed, or where a thought which seemed to originate in my own brain took the lead and swept away with me like the mad rush of a prairie colt. When out of the trance, I noticed attentively the expressions made use of by Mr. Stilton and the other members of the circle, and was surprised to find how many of them I had reproduced. But might they not, in the first place, have been derived from me? And what was the vague, dark Presence which still overshadowed me at such times? What was that Power which I had tempted—which we were all tempting, every time we met—and which continually drew nearer and became more threatening? I knew not; and I know not. I would rather not speak or think of it any more.

My suspicions with regard to Stilton and Miss Fetters were confirmed by a number of circumstances which I need not describe. That he should treat his wife in a harsh, ironical manner, which the poor woman felt, but could not understand, did not surprise me; but at other times there was a treacherous tenderness about him. He would dilate eloquently upon the bliss of living in accordance with the spiritual harmonies. Among us, he said, there could be no more hatred, or mistrust, or jealousy—nothing but love, pure, unselfish, perfect love. "You, my dear," (turning to Mrs. Stilton), "belong to a sphere which is included within my own, and share in my harmonies and affinities; yet the soul-matter which adheres to you is of a different texture from mine. Yours has also its independent affinities; I see and respect them; and even though they might lead our bodies—our outward, material lives—away from one another, we should still be true to that glorious light of love which permeates all soul-matter."

"Oh, Abijah!" cried Mrs. Stilton, really distressed, "how can you say such a thing of me? You know I can never adhere to anybody else but you!"

Stilton would then call in my aid to explain his meaning, asserting that I had a faculty of reaching his wife's intellect, which he did not himself possess. Feeling a certain sympathy for her painful confusion of mind, I did my best to give his words an interpretation which soothed her fears. Then she begged his pardon, taking all the blame to her own stupidity, and received his grateful, unwilling kiss, with a restored happiness which pained me to the heart.

I had a growing presentiment of some approaching catastrophe. I felt, distinctly, the presence of unhalloved passions in our circle; and my steadfast love for Agnes, borne thither in my bosom, seemed like a pure white dove in a cage of unclean birds. Stilton held me from him by the superior strength of his intellect. I began to mistrust, even to hate him, while I was still subject to his power, and unable to acquaint him with the change in my feelings. Miss Fetters was so repulsive that I never spoke to her when it could be avoided. I had tolerated her, heretofore, for the sake of her spiritual gift; but now, when I began to doubt the authenticity of that gift, her hungry eyes, her thin lips, her flat breast, and cold, dry hands, excited in me a sensation of absolute abhorrence.

The doctrine of Affinities had some time before been adopted by the circle, as a part of the Spiritual Truth. Other circles, with which we were in communication, had also received the same revelation; and the ground upon which it was based, in fact, rendered its acceptance easy. Even I, shielded as I was by the protecting arms of a pure love, sought in vain for arguments to refute a doctrine, the practical operation of which, I saw, might be so dangerous. The soul had a right to seek its kindred soul; that I could not deny. Love found they belonged to each other. Love is the only law which those who love are bound to obey. I shall not repeat all the sophistry whereby these positions were strengthened. The doctrine soon blossomed and bore fruit, the nature of which left no doubt as to the character of the tree.

The catastrophe came sooner than I had anticipated, and partly through my own instrumentality; though, in any case, it must finally have come. We were met together at the house of one of the most zealous and fanatical believers. There were but eight persons present—the host and his wife, (an equally zealous proselyte,) a middle-aged bachelor neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Stilton, Miss Fetters and her father, and myself. It was a still, cloudy, sultry evening, after one of those dull, oppressive days when all the bad blood in a man seems to be upermost in his veins. The manifestations upon the table, with which we commenced, were unusually rapid and lively. "I am convinced," said Mr. Stilton, "that we shall receive important revelations to-night. My own mind possesses a clearness and quickness, which I have noticed, always precede the visit of a superior spirit. Let us be passive and receptive, my friends. We are but instruments in the hands of loftier intelligences, and only through our obedience can this second advent of Truth be fulfilled."

He looked at me with that expression which I so well knew, as the signal for a surrender of my will. I had come rather unwillingly, for I was getting heartily tired of the business, and longed to shake off my habit of (spiritual) intoxication, which no longer possessed any attraction, since I had been allowed to visit Agnes as an accepted lover. In fact, I continued to hold my place in the circle principally for the sake of satisfying myself with regard to the real nature and causes of the phenomena. On this night, something in Mr. Stilton's face arrested my attention, and a rapid inspiration flashed through my mind. "Suppose," I thought, "I allow the usual effect to be produced, yet reverse the character of its operation? I am convinced that he has been directing the current of my thought according to his will; let me now render myself so thoroughly passive, that my mind, like a mirror, shall reflect what passes through his, retaining nothing of my own except the simple consciousness of what I am doing." Perhaps this was exactly what he desired. He sat, bending forward a little over the table, his square jaws firmly set, his eyes hidden beneath their heavy brows, and every long, wiry hair on his head in its proper place. I fixed my eyes upon him, threw my mind into a state of perfect receptivity, and waited.

It was not long before I felt his approach. Shadow after shadow flitted across the still mirror of my inward sense. Whether the thoughts took words in his brain or in mine, whether I first caught his disjointed musings, and, by their utterance reacting upon him, gave system and development to his thoughts—I cannot tell. But this I know: what I said came wholly from him—not from the slandering spirits of the dead, not from the vagaries of my own imagination, but from him. "Listen to me!" I said. "In the flesh I was a martyr to the Truth, and I am permitted to communicate only with those whom the Truth has made free. You are the heralds of the great day; you have climbed from sphere to sphere, until now you stand near the fountains of light. But it is not enough that you see; your lives must reflect the light. The inward vision is for you, but the outward manifestation thereof is for the souls of others. Fulfill the harmonies in the flesh. Be the living music, not the silent instruments."

There was more, much more of this—a plentitude of eloquent sound, which seems to embody sublime ideas, but which, carefully examined, contains no more palpable substance than sea-froth. If the reader will take the trouble to read an "Epic of the Starry Heavens," the production of a Spiritual Medium, he will find several hundred pages of the same character. But, by degrees, the revelation descended to details, and assumed a personal application. "In you, in all of you, the spiritual harmonies are still violated," was the conclusion. "You, Abijah Stilton, who are chosen to hold up the light of truth to the world, require that a transparent soul, capable of transmitting that light to you, should be allied to yours. She who is called your wife is a clouded lens; she can receive the light only through John—, who is her true spiritual husband, as Abby Fetters is your true spiritual wife!"

I was here conscious of a sudden cessation of the influence which forced me to speak,

and stopped. The members of the circle opposite to me—the host, his wife, neighbor, and old Mr. Fetters—were silent, but their faces exhibited more satisfaction than astonishment. My eye fell upon Mrs. Stilton. Her face was pale, her eyes widely opened, and her lips dropped apart, with a stunned, bewildered expression. It was the blank face of a woman walking in her sleep. These observations were accomplished in an instant; for Miss Fetters, suddenly possessed with the spirit of Black Hawk, sprang upon her feet. "Ugh! ugh!" she exclaimed, in a deep, harsh voice, "where's the pale-face? Black Hawk, he like him—he love him much!" and therewith threw her arms around Stilton, fairly lifting him off his feet. "Ugh! fire-water for Black Hawk! big Injun drink!" and she tossed off a tumbler of brandy. By this time I had wholly recovered my consciousness, but remained silent, stupefied by the extraordinary scene.

Presently Miss Fetters became more quiet, and the possession left her. "My friends," said Stilton, in his cold, unmoved voice, "I feel that the spirit has spoken truly. We must obey our spiritual affinities, or our great and glorious mission will be unfulfilled. Let us rather rejoice that we have been selected as the instruments to do this work. Come to me, Abby; and you, Rachel, remember that our harmony is not disturbed, but only made more complete."

"Abijah!" exclaimed Mrs. Stilton, with a pitiful cry, while the tears burst hot and fast from her eyes; "dear husband, what does this mean? Oh, don't tell me that I'm to be cast off! You promised to love me and care for me, Abijah! I'm not bright, I know, but I'll try to understand you; indeed I will! Oh, don't be so cruel!—don't!" And the poor creature's voice completely gave way.

She dropped on the floor at his feet, and lay there, sobbing piteously.

"Rachel, Rachel," said he, and his face was not quite so calm as his voice, "don't be rebellious. We are governed by a higher Power. This is all for our own good, and for the good of the world. Besides, ours was not a perfect affinity. You will be much happier with John, as he harmonizes."

I could endure it no longer. Indignation, pity, the full energy of my will, possessed me. He lost his power over me then, and forever. "What!" I exclaimed, "you blasphemer, beast that you are, you dare to dispose of your honest wife in this infamous way, that you may be free to indulge your own vile appetites—your, who have outraged the dead and the living alike, by making me utter your forgeries? Take her back, and let this disgraceful scene end! take her back, or I will give you a brand that shall last to the end of your days!"

He turned deadly pale, and trembled. I knew that he made a desperate effort to bring me under the control of his will, and laughed mockingly as I saw his knit brow and the swollen veins in his temples. As for the others, they seemed paralyzed by the suddenness and fierceness of my attack. He wavered but for an instant, however, and his self-possession returned.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "it is the spirit of Evil that speaks in him! The Devil himself has risen to destroy our glorious fabric! Help me, friends! help me to bind him, and to silence his infernal voice, before he drives the pure spirits from our midst!"

With that, he advanced a step towards me, and raised a hand to seize my arm, while the others followed behind. But I was too quick for him. Weak as I was, in comparison, rage gave me strength, and a blow, delivered with the rapidity of lightning, just under the chin, laid him senseless on the floor. Mrs. Stilton screamed, and threw herself over him. The rest of the company remained as if stupefied. The storm which had been gathering all the evening at the same instant broke over the house in simultaneous thunder and rain.

I stepped suddenly to the door, opened it, and drew a long, deep breath of relief, as I found myself alone in the darkness. "Now," said I, "I have done tampering with God's best gift; I will be satisfied with the natural sunshine which beams from His Word and from His works; I have learned wisdom at the expense of shame!" I exulted in my new freedom, in my restored purity of soul; and the wind that swept down the dark, lonely street, seemed to exult with me. The rains beat upon me, but I heeded them not; nay, I turned aside from the homeward path, in order to pass by the house where Agnes lived. Her window was dark, and I knew she was sleeping, lulled by the storm; but I stood a moment below, in the rain, and said aloud, softly: "Now, Agnes, I belong wholly to you! Pray to God for me, darling, that I may never lose the true light I have found at last!"

My healing, though complete in the end, was not instantaneous. The habit of the trance, I found, had really impaired the action of my will. I experienced a periodic tendency to return to it, which I have been able to overcome only by the most vigorous efforts. I found it prudent, indeed, to banish from my mind, as far as possible, all subjects, all memories connected with Spiritualism. In this work I was aided by Agnes, who now possessed my entire confidence, and who willingly took upon herself the guidance of my mind at those seasons when my own governing faculties flagged. Gradually my mental health returned, and I am now beyond all danger of ever again being led into such fatal dissipations. The writing of this narrative, in fact, has been a test of my ability to overlook and describe my experience without being touched by its past delusions. If some portions of it should not be wholly intelligible to the reader, the defect lies in the very nature of the subject.

It will be noticed that I have given but a partial explanation of the spiritual phenomena. Of the genuineness of the physical manifestations I am fully convinced, and I can account for them only by the supposition of some subtle agency whereby the human will operates upon inert matter. Clairvoyance is a sufficient explanation of the utterances of the Mediums, at least of those which I have heard; but there is, as I have said before, something in the background, which I feel too indistinctly to describe, yet which I know to be Evil. I do not wonder at, though I lament, the prevalence in the belief of Spiritualism. In a few individual cases it may have been productive of good, but its gen-

eral tendency is evil. There are probably but few Stiltons among its apostles, few Miss Fetters among its Mediums; but the condition which accompanies the trance, as I have shown, inevitably removes the wholesome check which holds our baser passions in subjection. The Medium is at the mercy of any evil will, and the impressions received from a corrupt mind are always liable to be accepted by innocent believers as revelations from the spirits of the holy dead. I shall shock many honest souls by this confession, but I hope and believe that it may awaken and enlighten others. Its publication is necessary, as an expiation for some of the evil which has been done through my own instrumentality.

I learned, two days afterwards, that Stilton (who was not seriously damaged by my blow) had gone to New York, taking Miss Fetters with him. Her ignorant, weak-minded father, was entirely satisfied with the proceeding. Mrs. Stilton, helpless and heart-broken, remained at the house where our circle had met, with her only child, a boy of three years of age, who, fortunately, inherited her weakness rather than his father's power. Agnes, on learning this, insisted on having her removed from associations which were at once unhappy and dangerous. We went together to see her, and, after much persuasion, and many painful scenes which I shall not recapitulate, succeeded in sending her to her father, a farmer in Connecticut. She still remains there, hoping for the day when her guilty husband shall return and be instantly forgiven.

My task is ended; may it not have been performed in vain!

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Recent Manifestations in France.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MR. HUME, THE MEDIUM, NOW IN EUROPE.

[We publish the following article, detailing certain spiritual manifestations which occurred last September near Paris, in France, both on account of their intrinsic value as instructive phenomena, and also as indicating the interest felt in that country in Spiritualism. We translate from the *Revue Spiritualiste*, and the article is from the editor of that journal, Z. J. Pierard.]

I have often spoken in this *Revue*, and heretofore in the *Journal du Magnétisme*, of Mr. Hume, and of the remarkable phenomena which he has the power to evoke. I must say, however, that I had never seen him engaged in their production. I mentioned them on the faith of the most honorable and unanimous testimony, and because I had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with the illustrious medium, and had been enabled to appreciate the sincerity and simplicity which constitute the basis of his character. When I became acquainted with him in Paris in 1858, there was a suspension of his mediumship, and I was unable, from actual sight, to verify the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed.

Mr. Hume having called upon me on his arrival from London, I went to return his visit (on Sunday, Sept. 16th,) to the country seat where he has been kindly received by one of his friends and admirers, Mr. T—. This country seat is the castle of C—, a delightful residence, situated on one of those chalky hills that flank the enchanting valley of Hyeres.

He had come down there with his young wife and his child—a charming little creature that certainly shares the spiritual tendencies of its parents; for a more sprightly, intelligent, and precocious child was never seen. Being kindly and courteously received by Mr. T— and his lady, and having exchanged friendly greetings with their guests, I was informed of a very singular fact that had occurred but the evening before, and the indications of which were still to be seen.

Mr. Hume is recruiting from the fatigue which he has recently undergone in London, in the quiet and healthful amusements of country life. The pure air, beautiful scenery, and a season of abundant game, have led him to explore every day, gun in hand, the whole extent of the vast park of C—. We might almost say that he has conceived a peculiar passion for this species of sport. The surrounding plain against one of the sides of the hill runs out in the form of a right angle. At the point of this angle, and at the termination of a little path that penetrates the thicket of the park, Mr. Hume had been for some days in the habit of taking his post for hours, to wait for the passage of birds that fly across the park, or for the partridges and hares which the chances of the chase might drive into the close corner before him. On the afternoon of the day mentioned then (Sept. 15) he was at this place, when, in the midst of a profound silence, his gun resting against a hedge of thorns, and with no breeze stirring, he suddenly heard at his side a voice cry out sharply: *Here! Here!* This cry in English surprised him, for there are no English in the castle of C—, and no one who habitually converses with him in that language. The voice, besides, did not seem to him to be that of any person who attends him. He, however, turned his head, but immediately resumed his first position, with his gun ready to fire. The same cry, *Here!* more emphatically uttered, was again heard, and at the instant he turned his head a second time, he felt himself seized by the collar of his overcoat and borne three feet distant to the right. Hardly was he thus dragged from his habitual standing place before an enormous bough nearly forty feet in length instantly fell from a height of more than fifty feet, from a large tree behind him, upon the spot from which he had been snatched, and buried itself nearly a foot in the ground. Had it not been for the miraculous force which thus lifted Mr. Hume to one side, he would doubtless have been crushed by its fall. Reflecting upon the facts subsequently, and upon the great danger to which his life had been exposed, he did not hesitate to believe that he had been saved on this occasion by the good spirits who are attached to his destiny, and who never leave him.

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"MEDICAL WHISPERS" will be heard next week; and several interesting articles will appear; also brief answers to valued correspondents.

We call the reader's attention to the contents of our sixth page. Wendell Phillips is pictured by the Tribune's correspondent. Whether the delineation is truthful, or not, is a question for the reader to decide. We think there is "more truth than poetry" in the writer's impressions.

The Report of the N. Y. Spiritual Conference for this week embraces an account of the most surprising production of drawings. It will be seen that the time employed precludes the possibility of the execution of the drawings by any ordinary process, with pencils. What the method is, remains a matter for study.

The "manifestation" is one of peculiar interest, and commands attention.

We trust no one will fail to read the article on "Prostitution" which we copy for this number from The Dial. The writer of this article has, with great ability, delicacy, and discrimination, set forth many startling facts relative to a horrible social evil, made a candid inquiry into its cause, fearlessly vindicated the true nature of woman, and given our selfish and unjust society some useful suggestions in the direction of Reform.

IN A RECENT SERMON by the REV. DR. BELLOW, published in the Christian Inquirer, the organ of the New York Unitarian Association, we find the following confession: "The enormous progress of Spiritualism, which, whatever it is to be said of it, has the merit of a liberal theology, indicates the aptness of the people to throw away, upon the slightest opportunity, the dogmas of orthodoxy; while the tendency to neglect public worship, and convert the Sabbath into a holiday, shows how little appetite the people have for the food offered them at the common table of the orthodox churches." We shall take occasion ere long to show that there are positive reasons, as well as negative, why Spiritualism must displace orthodoxy, and even "liberal Christianity," and clear the way for the religion of the future.

THE demonstrations of intercommunication between the spiritual world and the material, for the present, seem to be increasing to a greater extent in England and France than in our own country. Spiritual manifestations are attracting great attention in England, and, during the past summer, have been remarkable both for beauty and variety. In France, they have assumed very novel phases; the photographing of spiritual forms, an account of which was published in a previous number of our paper, being among the most remarkable. An account of other phenomena of a different nature, observed recently in the presence of Mr. Hume, by the Editor of the Revue Spiritualiste, will be found in another column. It will repay perusal.

"THE LANCASTER CIRCLE" 's concluding statement will be found in this number. While we do not vouch for the unlimited reliability of spiritual communications, we think it well that our brethren "beyond the bourne" should have a free chance to express their minds. If they err in the facts they teach, we at least learn the great lesson of their fallibility. The spirits of the circle above mentioned, evidently maintain positions incompatible with the accepted doctrines of modern science; but they also suggest some very plausible hypotheses, as for example, that the comets are electrical matter. Let the reader examine candidly, and make up his mind without undue bias from the reputed source of the suggestions.

"THE CONFESSIONS OF A MEDIUM," which occupies so much of our space this week, will be read with peculiar interest. We publish it entire, to the exclusion of matter vastly more profitable, in order to define pseudo-mediumship in its most attractive and seductive form. The Confessor was no more in contact with higher intelligences than is the psychological subject of a skillful magnetist. He violated the fundamental laws of true mediumship. Genuine intercourse with the spirit world is

obtained and maintained by a peculiar mental state, which is at once passive to the higher sphere and positive to the surrounding persons and circumstances of this world. This law was violated in his case, and the penalties were just and useful. By his "Confession" we are informed that he was more passive and more vulnerable to the sympathies and conviction of those about him, on earth, than receptive of superior wisdom. This point is worthy of much thought.

The Tendencies of Mediumship.

MR. STILTON AND MISS FETTERS.

The advent of any new and grand truth into the world is sure to call into intense activity all the strong passions of the human heart. And particularly is this the case with truths that affect the social relations. For society is but an aggregate of relationships of person to person, and new beliefs in regard to those relationships necessarily involve a change in them. But these changes disturb old and settled habits, and thus alarm many, and irritate and harass more. In no department of human concerns is this tendency to alarm and vexation from the recognition of new truth more apparent than in that of religion. Religion includes a faith in super-mundane personalities, and binds the possessors of a common belief by ties ordinarily second in strength only to those of the family. As a sentiment it springs from the aspiration for what is highest and best, and that to which the sentiment attaches is an object of supreme worship. New views of this beloved object, if they essentially modify its form and features, are, therefore, always exceedingly unwelcome, and must always provoke hostility in the devotees of the old. Now the objects of devotion in the popular religion are to so great an extent the pure creation of faith, that they are incessantly exposed to destructive modifications by the invasion of new views. The adorer of Christ would be shocked to think that any intelligible communication could be established between himself and his Redeemer. A dreamy, mystical union with the Lord is all that he expects, all that he desires in this life. Aught beyond this, he relegates to a post mortem experience. So with the Heaven into which he seeks admission. It is peopled with ideal beings, whose intangibility and misty unreality constitute half their claim to his affectionate regard. After death, he will converse with angels in a light inaccessible and full of glory, but during this, his present life, he would prefer that they shall keep their sacred distance from earthly contact.

The one unpardonable offense of Spiritualism is that it gives substance to some of these shadows of the popular religion. But in doing so it reveals very unpalatable arrangements "behind the veil." The respectable angels of our fathers retire to very distant heavens; Christ becomes a simple human brother, and deceased friends and relatives become our spiritual guardians. But what is worst of all, they can manifest themselves! This fact the churches can neither accept nor forgive. It ruins whole libraries of sound theology, and is dissolving multitudes of sectarian congregations. The new fact that spirits can and do communicate is found, as is generally true of new facts, to be a disturber of the peace, and as it disturbs the peace of the saints, it can of course be nothing but an instrument of Satan. Various forms of attack upon it have been tried, but thus far without notable success in obstructing its disclosures. At first, the phenomena through which the truth of spiritual communication is verified, were denied; then they were admitted, and proved over and over again to be the product of jugglery and fraud; next they were all explained as recondite mysteries of clairvoyance and mesmerism; and finally, they were attributed to the devil, and there are not a few clergymen who even now assail Spiritualism with all these objections at once.

A more serious objection to Spiritualism, and one that deserves attention from those that accept its cardinal fact is, that "its general tendency is evil." This is set out with much force, and more prejudice, in the December number of the Atlantic Monthly, in the "Confessions of a Medium." The main purpose of the article, which will be found on another page, is to show that Spiritualism generally produces among its advocates, and especially among mediums, utter laxity in the relations of the sexes. For this end, the writer, personating a medium, develops the history of the successive stages through which he supposes such an one to pass from simple voluntary and deep abstraction up to a "semi-trance," in which, under the influence of the circles with which he frequently sits, he becomes an oracle of frothy rhetoric and incoherent ravings, till finally, while fast becoming the slave of licentious desire, he is saved by a virtuous love. Another medium is represented as passing through a similar career, but with the fatal result that she turns out the victim of seduction, the seducer abandoning his wife for his new-found affinity. The lesson taught is, that these are the legitimate tendencies of Spiritualism; though some regard to truth induces the writer to confess that "there are probably but few Stiltons among its apostles, few Miss Fetters among its mediums." To which we would add, that the remark is so far true, that persons in whom such results appear as the writer depicts, are never genuine mediums, and are never likely to be. Furthermore, none have been louder in their warnings against those impure phases of mediumship than Spiritualists themselves; and to this day no one but a

Spiritualist has analyzed and explained all the grades, forms, and peculiar traits of these abnormal states that resemble true mediumship.

If it be asserted, that licentiousness with the development of false mediumship is a necessary concomitant of the spread of the spiritual phenomena, then we have to say, once for all, that these phenomena made their appearance at first, and are still appearing, without the desire or the bidding of man. Man have been evoked, it is true, by voluntary investigation, but it is altogether too late in the day to proscribe investigation of any phenomena by voluntary experiment. We are not to be deterred from any inquiry in a candid method, by fear lest we may "raise the devil." This is the mandate of sheer superstition. That we should be on our guard against spurious mediumship, none know so well as Spiritualists themselves, and they are willing to be reminded of it, even by their enemies. And that we should guard against loose relations between the sexes we also know full well; for we are aware that all great movements of the human mind that produce profound changes in religious convictions, are particularly apt to produce licentiousness. Let us exhibit the manifestations of Spiritualism as described by Saint Paul, on their bright and on their dark sides. In his first letter to the Corinthians he enumerates the spiritual phenomena in vogue among them. (Chap. xii.) "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit."

"For to one is given by the spirit (1) the word of wisdom; to another (2) the word of knowledge; to another (3) faith; to another (4) the gifts of healing; to another (5) the working of miracles; to another (6) prophecy; to another (7) discerning of spirits; to another, (8) various kinds of tongues; to another, (9) the interpretation of tongues."

In this matter of speaking with tongues, Paul's converts seemed to make no better headway than Miss Fetters under the influence of Black Hawk.

"For he that speaks in an unknown tongue, speaks not unto men, but unto God; for no man understands him."

Exactly so; we have heard "mediums" speak in the same style, and we have thought with Paul, that they would better interpret. But whether they merely babbled à la Miss Fetters, or really spoke a human language, matters not. In this Corinthian church, according to Paul, we have nine varieties of spiritual phenomena, and if we knew what he meant by the "gift of working miracles," it is possible that our rapping, and table-tipping might come in among them. The spiritual influence abroad in Paul's day opened prison doors, and transported Philip from some nameless locality in Judea to Azotus. Who knows what other spiritual "signs and wonders" it may have wrought?

But that to which we especially wish to call attention is the fact, that this church, so wonderfully gifted, was troubled as follows (Chap. v.):

"It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not so much as named among the Gentiles."

So in this same church the marriage relation stood on so loose a footing that Paul (Chap. vi.) was obliged to enjoin upon its members:

"And unto the married I command— Let not the wife depart from her husband— and let not the husband put away his wife."

Was it the first impulse, then, of Paul's Corinthian converts to consider the marriage relation dissolved upon the reception of the Christian faith? If the vice above mentioned was prevalent among them, it seems a fair inference. Similar vices make their appearance upon every wide-spread change in religious convictions. It has been so from the days of Paul to modern American Perfectionism. The Reformation had its Anabaptists of Munster, with their spiritual matrimony; and nearly every American revival is attended with one or more instances of flagrant scandal. What revelations of this character might not the unhappy Harden make through a suitable Miss Fetters! The reason is twofold. First, the change from an oppressive to a freer faith always undoes some tie of accepted morality, and weak souls, when released from one obligation, naturally incline to discard all. Next, religious fervors give intensity to all the passions, the amorous among others. Under the pressure of the new-born zeal, the passionate devotee is often forced to vail his appetites, as did Harden, or eradicate them with Origen. (In the early ages of the Church, the great saints became monks—in whom the religious life was one long war with sexual desire.)

The point to which we would come, then, is that though the development of spiritual gifts, or the faculty of mediumship, is attended with perils in the direction of the sexual relations, there is no reason why Spiritualists should not follow the advice of Paul, and seek "the best gifts." But, as most Spiritualists acknowledge, those varieties of gifts should be most sought that require least control of the person and consciousness of the medium; and where such control is taken against the will of the person, it should be yielded as little as possible. As for the spiritual movement itself, as it was introduced uncalled, so it will probably continue in spite of our resistance. Its essence is a natural revelation of the laws of the future life, for which the world, distracted with the confused clamors of hundreds of infallible religions, yearns with inexpressible longings. The so-called physical sciences are undermining faith in a life continued beyond death. Nature, in her wisdom, through Spiritualism, designs to offer

disputed and made a subject of ridicule, but the investigation of which must now be entered upon. For me there exists a spiritual world, which is the essence and source of the material, which is anterior and superior to this; for me it is at length established, that spirits may not only act upon matter contrary to the known laws of physics, but may transform and even seem to create it.

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

THE LOST ONE'S LAMENT.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

"Had she a sister? Had she a brother? Or was there a dearer one Still, and a nearer one Yet, than all other?"

Gone, gone! Passed out from my sight forever! Distance and darkness sever All that was dear to me. He has gone in his manhood's glory; My heart throbs the olden story, Despairing and silently. Once I was worth his wooing; Alas! for the dark undoing Of misery and shame. O, would I had died of hunger Ere you dissolute passion-monger Had blasted my soul and name!

Gone, gone! Too late has he crossed the gloaming Where my weary feet are roaming. And my withered hopes are strown. Had he come when my heart was beating Its innocent girlish greeting To the friends now silent grown— Had his eyes then beamed upon me, And his tones of music won me, As they win my spirit now— How fondly my heart had bound him, How purely had twined around him The wealth of its changeless vow.

Gone, gone! In the path of sublime endeavor, Shut out from my view forever, Do his noble footsteps tread. How strong in womanly beauty, How cheerful in wifely duty, Could I by his hand be led! 'Twas but yesternight I saw him, 'Twas but yesternight I heard him, When the thousands thronged to hear; And his voice, like a dream of Eden, Floated over my spirit laden, As it rang out calm and clear.

Gone, gone! My dreams do but mock my yearning: To my desolate path returning, I will stifle the anguished moan; For, what has the world in keeping But passionate, bitter weeping For the outcast, lost and lone? I must shut from my heart the glory, As a mocking, dream-like story, Of his deep and earnest eye. Oh, God! there is none to love me! Let the dark waves close above me, 'Neath the wailing, midnight sky.

ORANGE, December, 1860.

LEONA.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Leona, the hour draws nigh, The hour we've awaited so long, For the angel to open a door thro' the sky, That my spirit may break from its prison, and try Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night Came o'er me with peace-giving breath, The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight Those windows which look on the kingdom of light That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet, Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land; I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat, And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling To their clay with a struggle and sigh, When life's purple autumn is better than spring, And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed, And lay your dear hand on my brow; The same touch that blessed me in days that are fled, And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead, Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart, And your trust was too generous and true, For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart Was ranking deep in my desolate heart, I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this, That our love is not lavished in vain; Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss, And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss, Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught That my labor is only begun; In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth, and behold, From headland, from hill-side, and deep, The day-king surrenders his banners of gold, The twilight advances thro' woodland and wold, And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncured Down the broad-breasted mountains away; Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled, On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world, I shall rise in a limitless day.

I go, but weep not o'er my tomb, Nor plant with frail flowers the sod; There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom, And life where the lilies eternally bloom In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn Which bind me to you and to earth, And I sometimes have tho't that my being would yearn In the bowers of its beautiful home to return, And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay, And walk by your side to the last; But the land breeze of heaven is beginning to play— Life's shadows are meeting et'ernity's day, And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-by; should the grief That is gathering now, ever be Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief; And remember, the journey, tho' lonesome, is brief, Over lowland and river to me.

On the 16th of September, Mr. Hume, in my presence, questioned his spirits upon this point. It was answered that the voice which had uttered the word Here, was that of his departed mother, and that the spirits who had removed him from his place were those of his old friends, Leo and Ezra, who never leave him, who, with his beloved mother, are his principal assistants in the work of his manifestations. The same spirits added that five other trees of the park, which they pointed out, were also likely to fall, and that the children should not be suffered to go near them. The sister of our medium, his wife, and Madam T—, were present at this sitting of the evening of September 16th. After these first communications, we had the most beautiful manifestation which I could expect. Spirits announced their presence by strong blows, and soon by the raising of the table, (a table nearly four feet in width) covered with a large cloth, the edges of which hung below the knee. The light was diminished, and the lamp set upon the floor in a corner of the apartment, but shining with brightness sufficient for one to distinguish objects, as well as the slightest movements of each of those present. Then hands of spirits assumed consistency, and raised the cloth all around the table, but chiefly at my side. Mr. Hume having requested me to feel these hands from above the cloth, I did so. I pressed them gently, and they returned my pressure. I found them as solid as the hands of the living would have been, and I repeated the experiment more than ten times, though I ought to say that I did not try to see whether this solidity would resist a stronger pressure. The ladies also exchanged with the spirits these claspings of the hand. Mr. Hume joked pleasantly with the spirits, calling them by name, and conversing with them by conventional raps, and by the alphabet. For my own part, I kept silence, having enough to do to observe closely, to see that the hands of all rested upon the table, and that no movement of the foot could be made under the cloth.

After these experiments, Mr. Hume having taken an accordion in his right hand, held it in that hand alone under the table; the instrument immediately began to play a tune, the charming and seducing melody of which I shall never forget. He finally cast the instrument upon the floor, put his right hand again upon the table beside the left, and the accordion continued to play. When the music ceased, we heard in the distance another similar tune, as it were, the feeble echo of the former, played softly on an accordion by some one at a great distance in the castle park. Finally Mr. Hume conversed with his spirits by means of the instrument. For an affirmative answer, the instrument gave forth several sounds; for a negative, a single sound. Five distinct notes signified that the spirit desired to converse by the alphabet, and then Mr. Hume commenced calling each of the twenty-six letters, and the spirit caused three hurried sounds when the letter was called which it needed to form a word. The spirit also said in this way that the instrument had false notes, and that he could prove it by sounding these notes, by themselves; which he did by giving us the most discordant and disagreeable sounds which it is possible to hear. He then said that he could imitate on the accordion the tuning of a violin, which he immediately did so well that we seemed to hear the sound of a bow scraping one of the fine strings of a violin. After these experiments, the accordion, while playing, was struck against my legs with some force. I regret that it did not occur to me to take it in my hand; but what I did not do with the accordion, I did with a little bell which lay on the table.

Mrs. Hume had presented this bell to the spirits under the table-cloth. They took it from her, and when she replaced her hand on the table, they rang the bell clearly and sharply, as one would do it in the open air. Finally, the bell moved toward my feet, re-ascended gently along my left leg, and, while ringing, rested in my lap. Mr. Hume told me to lay hold of it lightly, below the cloth. I was about to do so; but I reached my hand too far forward, and in place of the bell I touched and felt a hand that held it—a little hand, warm to the touch, along which I moved my hands from the wrist to the nails, which I very distinctly felt. I then took the bell and placed it back on the table. I was strongly moved by this experiment, and, for the first time during the sitting, expressed aloud my lively satisfaction.

Once, in the interval between these manifestations, the cloth rose so high above the table that it seemed as if a spirit were standing there at its full height. Mr. Hume himself was alarmed at the sight, especially when reaching his hand over the point thus raised he felt the form of a head; but he soon recovered his self-possession—the spirits explaining to him that the phenomenon was due to the momentary materialization of the spirit head of a young child that Mrs. H. had lost, which often manifests itself in her presence, and which other spirits had, on this occasion, supported and raised aloft. There were also white hands exhibited at various points, which rested on the dark dresses of the persons present. Among these, one was seen on the breast of Mr. Hume.

Finally, after the putting out of the light, apparitions and luminous forms were seen. Two flowers were taken from a little bouquet on the table and laid on the back of the medium's hand; but for this fact I must rely on his testimony, as the absence of light, and my slightly mediumistic organization, did not permit me to see it. All that I can say is, that the light having been brought back, at the demand of the spirits, the accordion came to me under the table. Upon inquiry as to the reason of this, it was answered that my particular guardian spirit wished to manifest himself to me—a spirit to which I have already been beholden for remarkable manifestations during my labors, of which I shall speak hereafter. Being requested by me to give proof of his identity, or at least of the interest he feels in me, he began to play a grand and noble air, in a style which Mr. Hume declared he had never seen equaled, and by which I was peculiarly moved.

to science facts on which faith and reason can repose in indissoluble alliance. "There is something," says the writer, in the Atlantic, "in the background [of Spiritualism] which I feel too indistinctly to describe, yet which I know to be Evil."

The Physician.

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

The Business of a Medical Student.

The Tribune prefaces an editorial in the following style: The business of a medical student we have always supposed to be the contemplation of the human skeleton, the dissection of the human interior, and the consumption of beer.

Sources of Consumption.

It is profitable to learn, even from monkeys, and humanity may well take a lesson from the report of the Zoological Garden of London, as given by Dr. Arnot: "A new house was built to receive the monkeys, and no expense was spared which, in the opinion of those entrusted with the management, could insure to those natives of a warm climate all attainable comfort and safety."

dreds of workshops in which milliners work in this metropolis, (London.) During the season of four months, the shortest time these poor young creatures work is from six in the morning until twelve at night, and when they are very hard pressed for time, they are obliged to take their meals standing.

Misfortunes of Ignorance.

If any one doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well.

WORDS THAT ARE CANNON-SHOT.

If anything could seriously endanger the Papal influence throughout Italy, it is the open and undisguised announcement by Garibaldi to its population, that he puts no faith in the Pope.

SICKNESS AND SIN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the progress of his Professor's Story in the Atlantic, takes occasion to define quite clearly the differences between Doctors of Medicine and Doctors of Divinity.

The Medical Doctor thus addresses the Reverend Doctor:

"We are constantly seeing weakness where you see depravity. I don't say we're right; I only tell what you must often find to be the fact, right or wrong, in talking with doctors. You see, too, our notions of bodily and moral disease, or sin, are apt to go together."

Herman Snow, of Rockford, Ill., formerly a Unitarian Minister, but now an independent advocate of all truth, will answer calls to address Spiritualists and other friends of Progress within reasonable distance of his present abode.

Mr. Snow is fully authorized to act as agent for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

E. V. Wilson, whose appointments will be found in our column of "Writers and Speakers" is authorized to act as agent for this paper.

All other Lecturers noticed in our columns, will confer a favor on us, and perhaps a benefit on communities they visit, by calling attention to the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Brief Items.

In the Patent Office at Washington there is a model of a steamer furnished with air chambers, for the purpose of rendering the vessel so buoyant that it may pass over bars or through shallow water without discharging its cargo.

Two distinguished poets, William Cullen Bryant and John Greenleaf Whittier, will cast votes in the next electoral college.

The daily World has advanced in price from one to two cents per copy.

The fact is noted that every Episcopal Clergyman in Charleston, Sunday before last, omitted the usual prayer for the President of the United States.

Another feature of the Burch Divorce case is the allegation by Mr. Burch that his wife's youngest child is not his. And "on this ground," the report reads, he will not allow her to see it!

The most novel theories are promulgated by the French philosophers. The last of these singularities is put forward by M. De Broussac, in which he maintains that by feeding the negro races continually on animal food, they would in time be converted into white men!

Why I know men—pious men—who actually perjure themselves about the value of their property, that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes. They are as man as well—meanness has tunneled them from end to end, and the biggest one lies through the heart, and the devil daily runs his trains through and through.—H. W. BECHER.

An eccentric clergyman, in a discourse on religious charity, told his hearers that on occasions when they are called upon to aid in benevolent enterprises, many of them were in the habit of "trying to hide their souls behind a three cent piece!"

Rev. W. Gilpin, of the Episcopal church, in a published volume of sermons, expresses his wish to banish the subject of everlasting punishment from all pulpits, as containing a doctrine at once improper and uncertain.

Upwards of seventy-five thousand pounds of provisions have been already distributed by the Kansas relief committee.

It is said that at Springfield, Ill., hundreds of political Lazaruses are trying, all at once, to get into Abraham's bosom.

Will some one move that I may take the chair?" said Sheridan, when he went to a crowded meeting before it was organized.

Rev. Dr. Tyng (Episcopalian) has been guilty of the enormous crime of assisting to lay the corner stone of a Methodist Church! Hear how the Churchman is scandalized thereby:

The public behavior of Rev. Dr. Tyng is grossly inconsistent with his obligations as a presbyter of the church, and quite as disgraceful to himself as if it were intended for the purpose of deriding Christianity. This is a case in which the Bishop is imperatively bound to exercise his Episcopal authority, and we trust that Dr. Potter will at once bring his erratic and unruly presbyter to an account for his conduct.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe are to the 18th of November.

The Prince of Wales's fleet had reached England. The cause of its long detention was a prevalence of head winds during most of the voyage. Within a day's sail of the English coast on the 6th, a heavy gale for some days prevented any further progress, and the royal party were reduced to salt and preserved provisions, on account of the leanness of the fleet's larder.

The Empress of the French was traveling in Scotland incognito for her health. She was to be received with great festivities at Hamilton Palace by the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.

Dispatches from Naples state that the Piedmontese were vigorously pushing on the siege of Gaeta, the last foothold of Francis II upon the soil of the kingdom now so nearly wrested from him. Some Piedmontese troops and a siege train had been landed at the small town of Mola di Gaeta, and the headquarters of their force advanced to Lissi.

Victor Emmanuel, who now assumes the title of King of Italy, was to visit Sicily for a few days, but to return again to Naples. Garibaldi had resigned his Dictatorship to the King, and had retired to the Island of Capri. On his farewell address to his companions in arms, he makes use of these expressions: "Once more I repeat my battle-cry: 'To arms—all of you! If March, 1861, does not find 1,000,000 of Italians in arms, then alas for liberty, alas for the life of Italy. To-day I am obliged to retire, but for a few days only. The hour of battle will find me with you again, by the side of the champions of Italian liberty.'"

Advices from China state that the rupture of negotiations between the Allied Ambassadors and the Chinese Commissioners took place on the 7th of September, and on the next day the army moved forward on Peking. On the 11th of September, the allied army was within forty-five miles of the celestial capital.

By recent accounts from Vera Cruz, we learn that some 10,000 men under Gen. Marquez, a subaltern of Miramon, were met and defeated by the Liberal army under Gen. Zaragoza, near Guadalajara; and that city was surrendered to the Liberals Oct. 13th. The forces of the latter party were rapidly advancing against Mexico, which is held by Miramon with 9000 men.

The robbery of the funds in keeping of the British Legation by Miramon, to the amount of \$900,000, is confirmed.

We hear of renewed commotions among the South American States, and of a rumored war between Peru and Bolivia, but the details of events are yet uncertain.

Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

AN ARGUMENT ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION; OR, A Dissertation on the coincident Mysteries of Nature and Revelation, with their correlative Attestations, and Analogies. By S. S. REMBERT, Galveston.

The object of this work is similar to that of the famous "Analogy" of Bishop Butler, to remove the difficulties in the way of the reception of the Christian System, arising from the mysterious doctrines embodied in it. The line of argument pursued by Butler, and resumed in the work before us, is based on the assumption that Nature is full of inscrutable mysteries, and abounds in facts apparently inconsistent with the supposition that she is under the control of a benevolent Creator; and that, consequently, if we have a Revelation from that Creator, we are to expect in it like mysteries, and facts similarly troublesome to the moral sense.

To the whole course of reasoning adopted by Butler, there lies this grand objection, that a Revelation full of mysteries is in none

but a sophistical sense, any revelation whatever. It is a mere pretense, simply a disclosure undisclosed. So when we examine the several particulars in which Butler endeavors to trace an analogy in obscurities between Revelation and Nature, we find that the analogy claimed is not made good. It is true, for example, in the course of nature, that man and animals are violently destroyed by earthquakes; but it never is disclosed by nature that such destruction is inflicted as a punishment by God. On the ground of analogy, then, we cannot credit that God caused the ground to open simply to swallow up Dathan and his troop for their sins. And so, while we recognize the mystery involved in the growth of a blade of grass, there is no analogy in it to the self-contradiction that God can "come in the flesh" as his own son. In short, the difficulties that embarrass the supposition that God has condescended to dictate a written revelation—that, for instance, he made it a long time ago, in Hebrew and Greek, suffered the original stone tablets and parchments to which it was committed to be lost, and then left it to the fallible faculties of scholars to be translated, and to the uncertain virtue and slender resources of a quarreling and factious Church to be disseminated among a hundredth part of the race—these, with other and still greater difficulties, are forcing the world to look at things as they are, and the laws by which they are governed, for the only true, genuine, and indubitable divine revelation. But as we may often get a ray of valuable light by endeavoring to discover that which things are not, so the defenses of the Bible, and of its claims to be God's word, are frequently worthy of study, because the more cunningly they are elaborated, the more plainly does it appear that only a very miserable fraction of the Divine Word has ever been committed to writing. So the Argument above announced, is very neatly and clearly put, but is of more worth in showing that the Christian System and the course of Nature are not analogous, than for the purpose for which it was composed.

THE DIVINE AND MORAL WORKS OF PLATO, with Introductory and Notes. First American, from sixth London edition, from Sydenham & Taylor, pp. 420. C. Blanchard, 76 Nassau Street, New York, Publisher.

Mr. Blanchard has done a good work in giving this reprint of an excellent English translation from the Greek; a choice and valuable selection of some of the best writings of Plato, in a form and price accessible to every reader.

All thinking persons should know something of this great philosopher, this master in the realm of spiritual realities. His erudition, his classic beauty of thought and style, his golden temperament, lending its rich glow to his words, and his wondrous depth of intuitive wisdom, have made his name immortal; and after the lapse of many centuries, the greatest of our day study him with loving reverence.

Especially should those who believe the soul a living fountain of power, and love, and wisdom; who feel and see that Ideas are the eternal realities, the spiritual prototypes, the ruling influences in all affairs of life, as a true spiritual philosophy teaches, commune with this old Greek through his works.

In this volume we have an "Introductory on Plato"; "The First Alcibiades, or of the Nature of man"; "Of Prayer"; "Theaetetus, or of Wisdom"; "Of Holiness"; "Crito, or what we ought to do"; "Phaedon, or of the Immortality of the Soul"; "Of Valor"; "The Rivals"; "The Sophists"; "The Cology of Socrates";

The introductory "Discourse on Plato," although justly commending his abilities and character, is not appreciative of the beauty of his ideas, and is marred by some "orthodox" absurdities, easily seen. The rich pages that follow we forego the temptation to quote from, and advise every lover of wisdom to send the publisher \$1 25, for which the book is sent per mail, postage free. G. B. S.

THE HEAVENLY MARRIAGE. A Discourse by a Layman. London: Edward T. Whitfield, 178 Strand.

The most significant feature in the religious tendencies of the times is a growing faith in the Invisible. The devotion of Science itself to purely external phenomena, generates a counter tendency—a disposition to look within matter for something more than matter. The cardinal movement of nature is seen to be inward toward an ideal state, which, for the very reason that its goal is inward and ideal, has a sure guaranty for endless continuance. Nature develops upward through mineral, vegetable, and animal, to the human kingdom, and the human gravitates inwardly and everlastingly to the immutable First Fair, and the Supreme Good.

From over the sea, comes to us this little pamphlet of the Heavenly Marriage; but the marriage set forth is that of humanity at large with its divine destiny, which is the conquest over its own excesses, its weaknesses, its crimes, and its errors, and its entrance into the heaven of self-control, and the consequent subjugation of all the resources of nature to its peace and joy. The achievement of such a destiny is argued on the ground of the intrinsic purity of the essential internal man, that in the form of Conscience and Aspiration is at once the judge, corrector, and purifier of the animal man, and like a chemical solvent, tends to burn up and burn out the grosser nature. When the soul has "come to itself," the celestial marriage is consummated. We are greatly pleased with the clearness and beauty with which this idea is wrought out in the discourse, and cannot but commend it favorably to our readers.

Laws and Systems.

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

Prostitution.

It is a fact well known to those acquainted with the history of biblical criticism, that the passage in the New Testament which records Christ's treatment of the Woman taken in Adultery, was for a long time enclosed by black lines, indicating that it had best be omitted in the public readings, so that in many corrupt versions, as of the Evangelists, it came to be omitted altogether. It was considered dangerous that such leniency should be commended! Such we have always had in the Church—

"Who, taking God's word under wise protection, Correct its tendencies to diffusiveness."

But even now, when it stands there an inevitable portion of the New Testament, is not the black line, however invisible, still around it? Does not the Church practically draw it? Does not Society? Where else do men stand silent and paralyzed before as much evil and wretchedness? Who has a kind helpful word for such? What lady does not gather aside her skirts as the prostitute passes—valuing her contempt as the halo of her virtue? By how many an action and look is the cry still uttered, "Yes, stone her to death! Heap up your anathemas and sneers; let her not touch the remotest vesture's hem; name her not; look another way as she passes; bring forth stoniest glances, sneers and words to cast at her!"

May God pity the heart which does not stir with adoration at seeing the lordly soul rise about that poor stained spirit as a defending tower and fortress! Even that remnant of all that was a woman once shall not be crushed to the dust in his presence—never so long as he walks upon the earth to seek and save that which was lost! Then and there he founded the first Home of the Outcast.

Outcast! in that inhuman word may be shown how far we are from any similar spirit—a goddess word which signifies too well our attitude toward the prostitute. Also the popular phrase speaks of the abandoned woman. Who has abandoned her! Not He whose sun still smiles upon her, whose sky bends pure and blue above her! None of those who have searched into this degraded life have failed to report that the woman is never extinct in the prostitute. All the writers testify to their utter self-sacrifice in caring for the poor and sick whom they can approach. There is abundant evidence that they have a sense of honor and of shame, and that they acknowledge and respect purity. In addition to the many instances corroborative of this affirmation which may be found in the works of Mayhew, Sanger, and others, the writer of this paper will here give several which have come under his own observation. Having been appointed once by the City Council a commissioner for the poor during a very severe winter, we visited many wretched tenements: among these we entered one where the inmates utterly refused to accept any money. Though seeing that these were what Mr. Longworth would call "the unworthy poor," we were willing to help them; but they sternly refused, saying, "The city didn't mean the money for such as we." Another case: the Unitarian Minister at large in St. Louis was called upon a few weeks since by the female keeper of a brothel, and told of a young woman who had been enticed from Covington, Ky., and deceived, and who was invincibly hostile to the life designed for her. This female keeper urged the minister to save her, and offered secretly to assist him, which she faithfully did, and the misguided girl was returned to her friends in Covington. Never shall we forget the expression used by a street-walker in New York, who, on the very pavements of Broadway, caught hold of our arm. We turned in horror, and there before us was a face in which every loathsome disease had set its signature. "Woman, you have been drinking," we said. "Of course I've been drinking," she replied. "And why do you besot yourself so?" "Ha, ha," she laughed. "do you think a woman would have the cheek to stop a man in the street unless she had liquor in her?" Alas, what a story did that sentence tell of the WOMAN back there, which would cry out, which must be drugged into stillness ere the "cheek" could be despoiled of its blush, and the nameless sin committed!

But our whole social treatment seems ingenuously contrived, like some Devil's masterpiece, to bleach that "cheek" more and more, to take sides with the brandy and burn the woman out of her as far as possible. By a complete ostracism we say, "If you cannot make yourself out to be snow-white, you shall be held to be jet-black." We thus consign her to that ante-chamber of Hell, *Recklessness*. Once let them be reckless, and the work of perdition, so far as society can carry it, is complete. The last restraining tie is snapped. What is expected of them? Nought but evil. Who cares whether they struggle to be better or not? No one. Who will venture to treat them as other than vile, even if they should be Madonnas? None. Now they shall know the meaning of the words, *Outcast, Abandoned*. Society thus builds a high, smooth wall over against them, with no ladder let down—nay, with sharp spikes on it to mangle them if they should dare aspire to climb back. If they have tears to shed, or hearts that can break, let them flow, let them break on the breasts of the profligate who have ruined them! Ah, it is pitiful—indeed, it is—to think how willing men and women are to let their own flesh and blood go, even to shove them on by looks of scorn and words of gall, to the verge of the abyss, to shake themselves free of their clutches, to let them fall over their several precipices, to cast no glance after, but go on smiling and light-hearted to their homes and churches.

When Samuel Adams, in the olden days, came into his house one day, he saw a negro woman shivering over the fire, and asked who it was. His wife replied that it was a poor slave who had run away from her master. Then did the grand old man thunder out, "She became free when she entered that door!" We will borrow his voice for the present, and naming the prostitute here, she shall not be to us the soiled and miserable one who passes you on the street returning cursing for jearing; she shall be to us a being

of awful grandeur, an immortal child of the Omnipotent, bearing his image, living by his protection; through the tatters and rags of earthly defilement we pierce to the Heaven-descended soul burning within her—flame-clouded, indeed, but imperishable as God.

We need not dwell on the terrible statistics of this evil. Every city of much extent has recently secured more or less perfect statistics; and in every case the return has been like the shock of an earthquake. Fathers and mothers stand aghast to find that their children are growing up and walking their daily rounds amongst quicksands and on the edges of precipices. A thousand, openly declared, walk the streets of our own city; and the number ascertained is known to be but a small proportion to the number veiled under that secrecy with which this vice of all others most conceals its deformities. It is only in the lowest steps of the descending scale that it can be investigated. When so much is known, one may well shudder at the unknown. What we have learned, however, is sufficient to establish a few general facts and laws attendant on this vice, which it is well we should discern and confront.

- 1. The majority of prostitutes are between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.
2. One-fifth, on the average, are married women.
3. Half of these have children growing up around them and under their influence. Many of these children live in abodes of vice. The mortality among them is four times greater than that among other children in cities.
4. Nearly one-half of these women are sufferers from the most fearful and infectious diseases.
5. The average duration of a prostitute's life is only four years—about one-eighth of the average of life's duration.
6. Education, even rudimental, is very rare among them.
7. Six-sevenths of them drink intoxicating liquors.
8. In New York city there are more than eight thousand prostitutes, officially known; and the annual expenditure on account of the evil is more than \$7,000,000. And the proportion is about the same to the population in the other American cities.
9. The causes which have led them to this course of life range as follows: 1. Destitution; 2. Seduction, generally under promise of marriage; 3. Ill-treatment by parents, husbands, or relatives; 4. Ill-assorted marriages; 5. Intemperance; 6. Bad company.

Let us pause on these causes, which are, after all, the most important to us, since Causes, clearly seen, imply Remedies. Nearly all of these causes may be comprehended under the first one named, Destitution is the poisonous tap-root of Prostitution in our cities. Starvation lashes the woman into the street. Want makes her an easy prey to the seducer with his promises of plenty. Ill-assorted marriages come generally of the eagerness to seize on anything which seems, by offering a support, to save, whilst it really brings new temptations. This is an ascertained and important fact: that not once in a thousand cases does the woman take this step willingly.

This evil will never be understood, much less successfully grappled with, until it is clearly understood, as it has been again and again attested, that animal passion very rarely rages in the breast of a woman, and almost never uncontrollably. Sanger, Tait, Mayhew, and all the French statisticians agree, that if houses of ill fame depended on simple animalism in that sex, there would scarcely be one in the world. It is, we know, almost impossible for men to conceive this, yet it is true. One or two cases are reported where, from curiosity, or the love of adventure, they have adopted this life for a while and found it impossible to return; but not one is reported as the result of sensual craving, except in cases of disease. We are, then, forced to face as the real cause of this overshadowing evil—Poverty.

The Captain of Police in New York says he has known young women to struggle, as with death, for months and months, "sleeping in station-houses at night, and living on bread and water during the day," before they would take the awful step. Dr. Sanger, Physician of Blackwell's Island, N. Y., who has pursued the subject more thoroughly than was ever done before, comes to this conclusion: "The most prominent fact is, that a large number of females, both operatives and domestics, earn so small wages that a temporary cessation of their business, or being a short time out of a situation, is sufficient to reduce them to absolute distress. Provident habits are useless in their cases; for, much as they may feel the necessity, they have nothing to save, and the very day that they encounter a reverse sees them penniless. The struggle which a virtuous girl will wage against fate in such circumstances, may be conceived; it is a literal battle for life, and in the result life is too often preserved only by the sacrifice of virtue." We must remember, too, that this poverty leads these destitute ones into those poor and wretched lodging-houses, where the decencies of life cannot be regarded, where all ages and sexes herd together, where the barriers of modesty and virtue are gradually broken down.

Society, then, up to this noon of the nineteenth century of Christ's religion, has discovered no sufficient occupations for women except sewing or prostitution; and the latter is more frequently than otherwise her only sure protection from absolute want. Therefore society has built the brothels. Whether it is willing to license them or not, it must bear the hateful burden. Few employments are open to women; those few furnish so little and so precarious pay, that the loss of body's life or soul's life are often the horrid alternatives. How little know we of the Moral Waterloos, the Spiritual Crimea that are waging in the humblest hearts all around us!

In the memorials of Thomas Hood, lately published, an etching is given of his monument. The Poet drew for his own tomb a design of a thread-needle piercing a heart; under it is written, "He sang the song of the Shirt;" above is a hawk. On the side next this is a representation of the scene of the "Bridge of Sighs." The suicide, so slender and fair, is borne up by tender hands, and in the heart is the dirge—

"Oh, it was pitiful, Near a whole city full, Home she had none!"

It is well that next to the heart pierced by the thread-needle should be the story of the self-destroyed prostitute. They are obverse and reverse of the same picture. They were fearful facts strung on the same thread of fire; and they stand in their true relation there on the tomb of one who gave his heart-strings to sing the plaintive songs of the destitution and the death in life. When the sewing machine came it threw thousands out of employment, society not being up to the progress of invention, and having not secured other branches of occupation; and the death of account of her pitiful dollar per week, on which her mother and perhaps others must be supported. As she goes home with her meager wages, her sick heart, her weary nerves, her wet eyes, the gayly dressed prostitute flaunts past her; and a whisper is in her heart that her shame is well paid for—from five to fifty dollars a week!

Let us veil our faces over the rest. How shall this evil be dealt with? Many are the replies given. And it is a hopeful sign that the questioning has reached in earnest minds a consideration of the License-system of France. It is natural that our feelings should revolt at the idea of legalizing any evil, and especially of licensing this, the most degraded of all. But if it is a name we are frightened at, and no real evil; if by the license-system not one item is added to the catalogue of crime, but the serpent is taken out of the grass where it may wound the heel unperceived and placed where we may deal with it; if loathsome diseases are checked because of the right of society to supervise and control whatever it allows; if rape and seduction are diminished—why, then, the change would be desirable. The facts are strong which seem to indicate this, and many excellent men bear testimony in its favor. But we require more facts before we can see clearly the propriety of such a momentous step. Two things, however, may be suggested without hesitation:

- 1. Every city should have Lying-in Hospitals and Foundling Hospitals. We should not be frightened by the cry that such institutions smooth the path of vice, which should be made and kept thorny—Heaven knows the path is in no danger of being made flowery. It begins in pain, it ends in agony. Nor should we apprehend that the Foundling Hospital makes the concealment of the results of Crime too easy. If the Hospital does not conceal the fruits of Crime, Abortion and Infanticide will; and wherever the former exists, the latter almost disappears. It is never dangerous to be humane; and we can leave with Him who has said "Vengeance is mine," the strewing of all necessary thorns and flints in the path of sin.
2. No community can for a moment regard itself as semi-Christian which does not have a home, furnished with kind hearts at least, which shall say, "We are not set here to condemn thee; come in peace, and sin no more." Our facts go to show that there are few of these sisters to whom their lives are not loathsome; few who, if they knew of one heart in the wide world which would beat with tenderness for them, or one hand which would be extended to them, would not fly to that heart, and cling to that hand, and cry: "Save me! Help me to return!" This is true, whatever aversion they may have shown to repairing to those sunless religious caverns prepared in some quarters for them, where penances are assigned them, for trust and instruction, and they are treated as subjects for hell-fire, instead of being regarded as deeply-wounded martyrs of an unformed social state, for whom no smile is too sunny, no voice too hopeful. We read of a ring and a robe given to the prodigal, but not of a tract under the plate and a catechism on the pillow; of dancing and music, but not of hard work all day and no freedom, lest he should run back again to the husks and swine.

Who shall rise up and be the friend of the prostitute? The prison has had its Howard; the slave his Clarkson; the drunkard his Father Matthew; the insane their Dorothea Dix; who will be the Messiahs of the Brothel, and bring us up to find our duty, and to do it in the love of man and the reverence of God?

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress. "Lead us not into Temptation."

BY C. B. WILBOUR.

This prayer is swelling my inmost soul for expression, and I know it will find a response from many troubled ones in this whirlpool of temptation, where vice puts on so virtuous a dress that virtue blushes for the meanness of her robes.

I am sad. Those I care for are mad; so I love are blind. They tell me I am selfish; that there is a broader benevolence, a wider love than I know. It may be true, but I would not be intemperate even in love. I would that mine should bless and advance, not curse and blast its recipient.

I have seen to-day youth and middle age blighted in soul and name, objects of affection, families severed and driven out, naked and alone, to face the unrelenting, unforgetting world. They may not forever write in their agony, but a shriveled, scarred seam will close over the deep burning, an everlasting monument to the dead hopes that lie buried past all resurrection.

If this one love, true to its deep center, and creating a wide circle of its reflection, is selfish, the love of narrow souls, then I must pray to be enlightened, and wait calmly for that light, meanwhile speaking the truth as it is in me.

Husbands! love your wives. Wives! love your husbands. Cherish and cultivate the tenderness of affection, and beware how you complain of a lack of this tenderness—rather stimulate it by excellent example. Man! it is a greater prize to win again the wandering love of your wife than to make another conquest; it is better to create love than to find it. Woman! it is a richer testimonial of your attractions, a fuller evidence to your worth, to revive the withered root of affection in your husband's soul than to rear into blossom a hot-

house exotic in another's bosom, that will need an unhealthy atmosphere to thrive in.

Is your husband thoughtless, or indifferent, or cold-hearted? Make about him an atmosphere of love so warm that he must become permeated with it. Is your wife fretful, careless of your wishes, or indifferent to your feelings? Perhaps she is weary, perhaps she is sick, perhaps she needs soothing and sympathy, perhaps she needs change; it may be more of your company and attention, more lover-like tenderness, or more recognition of her sex and condition. Look out for light-houses on the journey of life, and so avoid the rocks, and the barren shores of domestic discord and wretchedness.

There is something wrong in the sequence of the premise that says, "This world is made to roam in, seeking love to-day where we can find it, and to-morrow forgetting the things that are behind and passing on to a broader experience." The philosophy that says, "God loves everybody, therefore I ought," and applies this speciously to the most intimate of earthly relations, lacks the element of equipoise, of equality. I think it is false, because it lacks one of the dearest elements of love—*reciprocity*—and the surest confidence that one other soul feels with me, that the world cannot come between our locked affection; and the whole world will bear me witness that in proportion as we feel the overlastingness of that love do we feel happiness.

I have husband and children, (God bless them—young sisters of the angels!) and I love them. It cannot be that the deepest, holiest feelings of my nature, are but proofs of my miserable selfishness. That fact would develop a new law in mathematical science, for I grow broader in spirit in proportion as that love deepens and concentrates. My affection instructs my sympathy. The channel of my love runs through their hearts to all mankind.

Let us echo no thought till we know its import, and with pure hearts let us pray: "Lead us not into temptation."

Voices from the People.

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

HOW TO GOVERN CHILDREN.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: In No. 36 of the HERALD you say, in a Whisper to L. E. Y., Charleston, S. C., "We trust some one will be inspired to discourse, as you desire, ere long, on the proper management of children."

I do not intend to discourse on this subject, nor am I conscious of any special inspiration; nevertheless I venture to present my view, as the fruit of my experience and reflection on this important matter. I think that the management of children should be regarded and conducted from the following standpoint:

All our thoughts, feelings, and actions, ought to be arbitrarily ruled by wisdom. Only when this master bears the scepter can we be good and harmonious beings. The child is not yet unfolded—that is, wisdom has not yet appeared in the center of its soul—therefore it must be governed by this divine sovereign. How can this be accomplished? Having no wisdom yet of its own, the child must be guided by wisdom from abroad; and whence can it emanate, if not from parents and teachers? As we obey and must obey our wisdom, so the child must absolutely obey the wisdom of its guardians—the parents and teachers.

Parents and teachers! To you I speak: Labor to make yourselves good, and wise, and harmonious—to become whole men and women—for only then are you able to "manage children." No system of exterior rules, no compilation of superficial prescriptions, can fix the place of this central rule—this law of laws. The child must learn to obey, strictly and unhesitatingly, with an innocent and loving faith in the excellency of his guardians; for only thus will the child be able, in ripier years, to obey its own unfolded wisdom. Our education must needs be obedience. But how can a child, in many cases, show obedience—the treatment being so unwise?

Therefore, parent, teacher, first cultivate yourselves, and you will become capable, without any rules, to "manage children," and these, rationally managed, will govern themselves afterwards according to the holy whispers of Wisdom. ARKTO.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[Mr. Phillips, the great Anti-slavery Orator, delivered a lecture in the Fraternity Course, immediately after the late elections. The Tribune's Boston correspondent was present, and the following are some of his subsequent reflections:]

"O Wendell! Phillipic, fiery Wendell! We were in all our election joy. The triumph of Lincoln was new, and too good to be true. We went about, as do the Russians at Easter, who say to every one they meet, 'The Lord is risen!' This event, and the great successes in Italy, made us feel that while the bridegroom tarried we had all been sleeping, and our waking eyes were yet dim with the mists of our unbelief. We had a Governor, too, after our own heart, and when we went to Tremont Temple to hear you lecture on the election, we went as if to give God thanks for its result, expecting you to aid us in doing the same. But you, Wendell, never give God thanks for anything. You cannot say grace at dinner, without especially vilifying the butcher who provided the meat, and the cook who prepared it. Nay, did one hand you a hospitable cup of tea, you would be sure to say, 'It's a pity it's no better.' And so, at the Fraternity lecture, when the organ had finished playing all sorts of jubilant marches—'Buchanan's Retreat,' 'Lincoln's Quickstep,' and 'God save the Governor,' and when the eyes of all men were fastened upon you, you pitched into everybody and everything, made our great victory contemptible, knocked over Gov. Banks, held Gov. Andrew aloft, to his great discomfort, pummeled the dignified

Seward, and, in a moment of returning calmness, enunciated your solemn and invariable proposition: 'In the beginning Garrison created the heavens and the earth, and I said to Garrison, let us make man in our own image, which we have ever since been trying to accomplish.'

"But I cannot draw your portrait in wrath. I sympathize too much with the old lady from the country, who took up one of Theodore Parker's best mornings, in her anxiety to have it proved that you were a child of grace. Theodore satisfied her at last, but, unhappily, he has not bequeathed to us the process by which he did it. I heard you, however, at the Music Hall, when you spoke of him to his afflicted congregation, when sweet words and pathetic tones showed me a deep vein of tenderness in you, and gave me a new criterion whereby to judge you. Now, as I know not, moreover, by what unkind usage the fine gold of your nature has been fretted and twisted into so crooked a pattern, I want to disentangle the lost tissue from its adventitious complications, and to give, if I can, the good ideal of your oft-mistaken character. Whoever reads a speech of Mr. Phillips is wounded, or perhaps angered, by injustice done to some one. Somebody's conduct is sure to be stated according to the worst construction—that uncharity can put upon it, with an ingenuity of malice and keenness of ridicule which go far to make the speaker the first satirist of our day. But Mr. Phillips, in his desires, is something more than this. He wishes to be a reformer, a philanthropist, and always uses his pitiless weapon on the side of humanity, virtually or supposedly assailed. But he forgets the humanity of those whom he, in turn, assails—forgetting even his own limitations and infirmities. So his Christian intentions are not Christian in their expression, and the deep music within him oftenest does not waken the music of other hearts, waking but a sharp echo from the angle of the wall that lies nearest. This, however, is the result of a poetic power of abstraction common to all powerful imaginations. He impersonates the evil that he pursues, and from those who seem to uphold it he for the time strips off their personality, that, like a great general, he may smite his enemies like pawns, nine-pins, cabbage-heads, and make death and carnage themselves objects of art. This is simply one manifestation of a great, admirable power, and the expression of such moods and moments must not be construed with cold and mean literality. When Wendell cusses us all in a heap, to use Artemus Ward's happy expression, why then Wendell is poetical, and goes a little beyond what is allowable to say of one's fellow creatures. But you cannot have the power without having, sometimes, its abuse. The natural forces, which are the winged messengers of heaven, sometimes overlap their mark; and freshets and thunderbolts do not make Atheists of us. When there is a real vital force, we feel that it is, on the whole, more helpful than hurtful; we wish it moderated, not destroyed.

But whoever hears Mr. Phillips, believes for the time as he, the orator, pleases, and, however unwillingly, is swept off his feet and carried along upon a burning stream of words and figures, to be landed, at the orator's convenience, in some new region of thought, far from the household gods of his familiar opinions. This tyrannous genius sweeps an assembly like lightning—alouse, decision, awe, even unfairness, grow, for the time, admirable in his hands. Mr. Sumner is a slow speaker, and his battalions of thought are long in their manœuvres; but Mr. Phillips' fancies are Zouaves—wild, cruel, swift, impetuous. Mr. Sumner's language is rhetorical, Ciceroian, a little too remote, perhaps, from the parlance of common men. Mr. Phillips possesses, in perfection, the popular phraseology; he can talk the veriest Yankee and ennoble it, as Burns ennobled his broad Scotch by the jewels of thought that flash through the homely robe of the homespun dialect. So, as all power awakens for the time a sense of exultation in those who behold its manifestation, we, for the time, are rapt, moved, carried away, by the dynamic Phillips. When he has done, he has laid out a large field for criticism, but he has taken us with him. If in the crowd and hurry of his inspiration he has said what had better have been left unsaid, we who have profited by that inspiration must help him to a forgiveness he is more likely to need than to seek.

Apotheosis.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Burrville, Jefferson Co., N. Y., on the 7th of Nov., G. DEMOTT STREBERT, aged twenty-five years and eight months: He was all the child of his father's house, the pride and hope of his family. During a long decline he felt that it was hard to die so young—to leave the friends he loved so well, the parents, the young wife, and the little one; but ere he went, his spiritual vision was opened, and then he departed joyfully.

He told us of his future home, of its glorious beauties and advantages, assuring his family that they were none the less his after the departure, bidding them be comforted for he had no doubt as to the reality of what was vouchsafed to him of angel presence and the spirit home. He felt that he was going to roam in a beautiful country, to meet old friends who had gone before, and to form new acquaintances. His last words were to ask if we saw that beautiful river. We saw it not; but he went over the river and we beheld him no more as he was.

We know that the angels will love him, for he was noble and good. The vacant chair at the hearthstone brings sad remembrances, and did we not feel that sometimes a bright form rested thereon to hold sweet communion with us, we should be desolate indeed. Thanks to our glorious faith, it has no "grim monster" to mar its beauty; and while in solemn sorrow we lay the dear form away, the assurance that the spirit is walking in brightness and wearing the mantle of purity, gives life a deep and holy significance, and makes it more blessed to us the waiting ones. S. M. S.

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ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIXTH SESSION.

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

SUBJECT.—DEATH.

DR. YOUNG read a paper on this topic. MR. PARTRIDGE said he had a thought to add to his remarks of last week. He had in those remarks defined the death change as an advance, common to all forms of life, from a lower to a higher state or condition of being.

We also know that, as life rises in the scale of refinement, there is a corresponding refinement in all the conditions essential to its higher existence. Thus, the animal subsists upon the blade or stalk, and man upon the fruit, or ultimate perfection thereof, or upon the animal itself, which is a degree higher still.

DR. GOULD said he should be glad to have it made appear that he was all wrong in his philosophy of sin and its existence in the other life. It was a dismal doctrine even to himself. He accords with the fair weather philosophers, as to some of the changes produced by death.

PHOTOGRAPHY OUTDONE.

DR. HALLOCK said he had some facts to relate. On Thursday evening, the 22d inst., he met by invitation a party of ladies and gentlemen at the residence of Mrs. E. J. French, (No. 8 Fourth Avenue), the object being to witness certain alleged manifestations on the part of spirits, in the art of drawing in crayon, or, more strictly speaking, in black lead pencil.

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

pouring upon its quantity of the wine sufficient to wet the entire surface, and then with the palm of her hand spread the wine all over it. This was done to all the sheets in succession, the whole party looking on. Next commenced the process of drying. She took these sheets one by one, rolled them up, blew through them, and waved them gently through the air.

Laying one of the sheets of drawing paper upon the table before her, and placing several lead pencils between her fingers, she requested that when she said "time," as many as chose should examine their watches; with a special injunction, jocularly expressed, that Dr. Hallock should keep his eyes particularly upon her, which he very readily promised to do, and did throughout.

No. 2 is also a group of flowers, but the kind cannot be stated here, the picture having been given away, and this statement is made from the facts before him, and not from memory. The time used was twenty seconds. No. 3 is a very beautiful bunch of grapes, with stem, leaves and tendrils, all complete. The time occupied in the drawing was twenty seconds.

No. 4 is a stem and leaves, with five distinct representations of full-grown fruit attached. The fruit resembles apricots, but the leaves, in structure though not in shape, look more like some of the ferns. When all was arranged for the drawing of this picture, (No. 4 of the series,) Mrs. F. asked in how long a time they (the party) would have it done?

No. 5 represents a stem from a gooseberry bush. On it are twelve beautifully drawn gooseberries, represented as in the green state, with blossoms and leaves to match; and also a partial background of leaf belonging to some other order. This picture was presented by Mrs. F., while in the trance, to Mr. Buckmaster, of Pittsburgh, Pa., as a token from his spirit daughter, promised him on a previous occasion. The time was twelve seconds.

No. 6, which may be considered the chef d'oeuvre of the series, is a drawing, nine by fourteen inches in dimensions, consisting of flowers and foliage, in white, upon a shaded background—that is to say, they are the natural color of the drawing paper, their outlines being distinctly marked in pencil, and the interstices colored with the lead nicely shaded.

When it had been examined and the paper upon which it was drawn identified, Mrs. French (still entranced) invited such of the party as felt willing, to testify under their own signatures to what they had witnessed. The following is a copy of the certification written at the time upon the blank margin of the picture.

Executed in thirteen seconds, in our sight, by Mrs. French, on the 22d of November, 1860, at No. 8 Fourth Avenue.

LOOKING UP!

The New York Leader, under the caption, "Spiritualism Looking Up," quotes from the article in the Cornhill Magazine, to which we have before alluded. The author of this very candid contribution to Thackeray's magazine is Robert Bell, whom the Leader styles "one of the astutest commentators, editors, and literateurs of London, and one who has chiefly devoted his large capacities to the comparison of probabilities, the weighing of evidence, and the minute sifting of facts."

The Leader concludes that "the whole matter is deserving attention, if nothing more," and confirms this opinion by the following: "The phenomena witnessed by Robert Bell were witnessed at the same time by Dr. Gully, the eminent physician of Malvern; by the eminent Dr. Collier, of London, and by other persons distinguished for the social positions they have attained by learning, genius, ability, and vigor of mind. William Howitt, the author, has seen and vouches marvels equally startling. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a Minister of State; Newton Crossland, one of our most successful lecturers and acutest annotators; Parker Snow, of the Arctic expedition; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, celebrated in literature; Sir David Brewster, Dr. Bird, Lord Brougham, and many others of equal note are all believers in the spiritualistic theory. It is also known that Louis Napoleon is a firm and ardent student of these phenomena, and that he received many messages through Mr. Hume, purporting to emanate, and believed by him to emanate from the spirit of Napoleon the First."

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A Kansas letter writer, alluding to a visit to Capt. Montgomery, gives the following illustration of hereditary bias: "I will digress, to give a little incident from our 'interior life.' While stopping as the guest of Capt. Montgomery a few nights since, my attention was attracted from our earnest conversation, by the movements of one of his children—a little boy, less than three years old. He was amusing himself before the fire in the fire-place at the end of the cabin, by constantly discharging his pop-gun, with paper wads, at the kitten in the corner. His bed-time soon came, when Mrs. Montgomery placed him in his snug little bed. Then came his military order: 'Mother, I want my pop-gun put under my head.' 'His order was promptly obeyed, and his generalship soon fell asleep with his gun under his pillow. 'When the Captain's bed-time came, I noticed that he had some half-a-dozen firearms near his head—showing that in this case, as the tree is bent, the twig is inclined.'"

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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, Killawog, Broome Co. N. Y.

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

BENJ. TODD may be addressed during the winter, care of E. C. Manchester, Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. C. M. STOWE may be addressed, Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan.

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, Impressional 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.

MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture addressed, Phenix, 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.

S. P. LELAND is now lecturing on Spiritualism, Sundays, and on Geology during week evenings. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

WM. DENTON will answer calls to lecture on Geology, Theology, and Spiritualism. Address, Painsville, Ohio.

L. JUDD PAIDEE may be addressed care of I. G. Atwood, 88 East Sixteenth St., New York City.

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

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

S. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Chicago, Ill., December 9th, Beloit, Wis., 16th, Janesville, Wis., 23d and 30th, Milwaukee, Wis., through January.

E. V. WILSON will spend December in Michigan, January, 1861, in Chicago, February in Milwaukee, returning eastward in March. Will receive calls for week evenings till 1st of March as above.

MRS. S. E. WARNER will lecture in Elkhart, Ind., during December; in Olney, Ill., in January; and in Lyons, Mich., in February. She may be addressed at the above places, or to the care of Ebenezer Warren, Norwalk, O.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures during the month of December at Milwaukee, Wis.; in January, Lyons, Mich.; February, Elkhart, Ind.; March, St. Louis, Mo. Address Lowell, Mass., box 815, or as above.

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

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON will speak at Metropolitan Academy, No. 98 Sixth Avenue, every Sunday at 10 1/2 o'clock morning, and 7 1/2 o'clock evening. There will be a public circle or conference at the same place, at 3 o'clock, P. M. Seats free.

MRS. LAURA McALPIN will answer calls to lecture in Ohio, or elsewhere, during the coming winter. Address, care of H. McAlpin, Port Huron, or D. Davis, Esq., Dayton, Ohio.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak at Portland, Me., in December; Oswego, N. Y., in February; Chicago, Ill., in March; Toledo, Ohio, two first Sundays of April; Adrian, Mich., the third Sunday, and Cleveland, Ohio, the last Sunday in April. Address as above, or at Putnam, Conn., care of Abner Plummer.

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

H. B. STORER, will lecture at New Haven, December 9th. Also in places in that vicinity during the remainder of the month. At Portland, Me., Jan. 6th and 13th; Bangor, 20th and 27th, Feb. 3d and 10th; Bucksfort, 17th; Bradley, 24th; Putnam, Ct., five Sundays in March; Providence, R. I., April 7th and 14th. Will speak three evenings per week at places near these towns.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE'S engagements are formed for the West up to March, when she will lecture in Boston, and the East. Address, during December, care of O. Lowell, Esq., Cincinnati; in January, C. Waterman Esq., Detroit, Mich.; in February, Russell Green, Esq., Chicago, Ill.; or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

LEO MILLER will speak in Bangor, Me., Dec., 2d, 9th and 16th; Williamamantic, Conn., Dec. 23d and 30th; Providence, R. I., during January; Lowell, Mass., Feb. 3d 10th, 17th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 24th and March 3d; Quincy, Mass., March 10th and 17th; Philadelphia, four Sundays in May. Calls to lecture week evenings should be addressed, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

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