

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

- 1. 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.
- 2. A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the Phonographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the levity, utility, and economy of the system.
- 3. 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.
- 4. Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."
- 5. The real name of each contributor must be inserted in the Editor's office; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.
- 6. We have an important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as possible.
- 7. We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Questions and Answers.

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

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Striking the Spirit Body.

C. E. S., PHILADELPHIA.—A. J. DAVIS, SIR: If a disembodied spirit were standing before me, and I should take a stick and quickly swing it through the space occupied, would it in any way disturb the elements composing that spirit body?

ANSWER: According to our investigations and observations, we answer, "yes." The spiritual body would be disturbed by violent contact with any grosser substance. But we have never known of an instance of this kind, and we think such accidents never happen to the inhabitants of any Spirit Land. On one occasion a spirit seer, in a moment of fright, struck several times at a spirit-personage standing before him, but he found, much to his consternation, that his mighty blows were turned off harmlessly on either side of the spirit. Over and over again he attempted to strike straight and hit the apparition, but his cane glanced aside every time, with the speed of thought. It is our present belief that no man can injure the body of a spirit, simply because the spirit is perfectly endowed with the power of self-preservation. Accidents happen only where ignorance or carelessness are characteristics of the inhabitants.

The Speech of the Soul.

MARY J. G., BRIDGEPORT.—"FRIEND DAVIS: Will it be asking too much to solicit from you some illustration or explanation of the speech or voice of a spirit? I read of spirit voices, &c., but my mind can form no idea of what the sound can be."

ANSWER: The speech of spirits drops upon the internal tympanum like music from over the sea. The words are distinct as bugle notes, but they affect the mind as childhood's kisses do the lips, leaving a sweet presence and benediction behind them. Words of wisdom spoken by angel lips exceed the melody of all earthly music. If you can fancy the voice of silvery streams flowing over cascades of golden sunbeams, or the musical throbbings of deathless joys flowing through the rosette chambers of the pure heart, then you may conceive somewhat of "spirit voices" as heard by those who have ears to hear. We know not how radiantly beam the countenances of those who converse wholly in the language of the soul. It is the most expressive, and the least demonstrative. The griefs and cares of the heart—its fairest flowers and the saddest experiences—tremble together in the crystal chalice of pure speech. The voice of a spirit is like the spirit of truth—most eloquent when manifested in deeds—for thus the higher intelligences communicate their thoughts to those beneath them.

The Surface of the Moon.

M. P. C., NEW YORK.—"DEAR SIR: Did you ever investigate the surface of the Moon by the use of clairvoyant sight?"

ANSWER: The moon was the first heavenly object we remember to have seen by clairvoyance. It was made visible in this way, near the spring of 1845. Its appearance filled our soul with unutterable amazement. Forgetting, for the moment, the earthly existence, we seemed to stand on the brink of an awful precipice, behind which was a boundless prairie of broken rocks. It looked like a sea of shattered strata, as if innumerable volcanoes had broken thousands of miles of solid rock into fragments of every imaginable shape. These rocky fragments were tumbled in one confused mass over the vast field behind. In front was the almost bottomless abyss—the fearfully deep precipice—with rivers of lava pouring from its ragged slopes. Not a drop of water, not a tree, not a shrub, was visible in any direction. Deep down the fearful chasm we saw volumes of black vapor issuing and ascending like storm-clouds, and there seemed to be showers of fiery or meteoric bodies, which appeared to form and fall incessantly over the abyss. There was desolation, and gloom, and destruction on every side. The vision was horrible—reminding one of the pit of darkness, or the hell of popular theology. But we all at once realized that we were the only visitor and spectator, and this had the effect to terminate our observations. Since, we have made many interesting and instructive excursions thither.

Method of Spirit Culture.

D. F. C., DETROIT.—"MR. DAVIS: Will you in some future issue define the best means of mutual improvement, or rather how two or more persons may aid each other in the development of spirit and understanding?"

ANSWER: The easiest source of mutual injury, or of mutual benefit, is Conversation. Nothing is more efficient, either for good or evil. Conversation is an art as well as a natural gift. Some persons are chatty, incessant talkers, or drizzling and monotonous tattlers, but few possess the divine gift of imparting high thoughts by beautiful and easy conversation. It is the most useful, the most natural, and the most spiritual means of intellectual culture. Combative conversation is invariably injurious and disgraceful. Small talk is usually interlarded with vulgar stories and contemptible innuendoes. Chat is endurable for a brief period. But of all heathenisms, gossip is the most ruinous; it is insulting and discouraging to the better parts of mind. True, easy, graceful, natural conversation—up-flowing from the heart's deep fountain—is profitable and attractive to the last degree. Do not assume the attitude and importance of an orator while in conversation—make no parade with your hands, as though you were addressing a multitude—but let the tongue give expression, gesture, and emphasis to your thought. Speak your words distinctly, and not too fast, but sufficiently rapid to keep your companion in sympathy with your theme. Never monopolize the time or attention of any company—never talk while another is speaking—but introduce your thoughts only when the way is open. We know of no accomplishment more advantageous than Conversation. A man should talk like a book, and a book should talk like a man.

The Book of Daniel.

JAMES T. W., CHARLESTOWN.—"BROTHER DAVIS: Having just heard a very able discourse on the prophecies of Daniel—the learned divine assuming that the old prophet was inspired of God to reveal the destiny of the human race—I take the liberty of asking for an expression of your opinion in regard to the authenticity of the book."

ANSWER: When the pure Hebrew tongue ceased to be vernacular, and the Jews had returned from Babylon, there was immediately formed a sacerdotal organization, and a committee of Rabbis was appointed to collect and preserve all the known Hebrew manuscripts. This was done; and the parchments placed in the Sacrum. It was not, however, until many years after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity and exilement, that most of the books of the *Old Testament* were heterogeneously bound together. This was, properly speaking, the "Babylonian Canon," because it was originally made by the Chaldean Rabbis. But many years subsequent to this collection there arose some considerable dissatisfactions and discussion among the younger Rabbis concerning the heterogeneity of the first canon. Hence, by permission of the sacerdotal authorities they rejected some books, arranged others in a different order, interpolated a few passages, and made another Testament. This is properly termed the "Jerusalem Canon," because it was made by the Jews of Palestine. During all this time—owing to local oppressions and temporary emergencies—books, by the Jews, containing multifarious speculations and national prophecies, multiplied very rapidly. Parties and preferences became numerous, and began to create dissatisfaction in regard to the *last Canon* which was formed; and so, apparently to keep up with the demands of the times, another *Old Testament* was formed—the "Alexandrian Canon"—in Egypt. All these compilations, be it remembered, were different. At this time, the book of Daniel was generally regarded as the creation of an eccentric old Jew, who was talented, and a seceder from the regular priesthood. Hence, that interesting part of the present orthodox *Old Testament*, was not then universally received as containing reliable inspiration, and we do not yet see any very cogent reasons for supposing Daniel a better authority, or a more reliable medium, than many inspired persons of our day who see visions and dream dreams.

Miss Gazette and Mr. W. Boar.

MUSA, STATEN ISLAND.—Your perplexity is truly perplexing, and the questions you ask are hard to answer, but we will attempt the task by relating a fable:

In a certain human forest, away from the common herd, lived one Mr. W. Boar. Mr. B. is a gross, grunting, selfish individual; but he is exceedingly wealthy, and proportionally influential among his fellow citizens. He is much dreaded and hated by the lower and middle classes, and proportionately honored and loved (for his wealth's sake) by the upper thousand, who reside in the upland regions and attractive avenues. But there is an episode in his life worth telling:

—One day Mr. Boar, while walking and grunting for his health's sake, and more especially to get up an appetite for his late dinner, chanced to meet the beautiful Miss Gazette. Miss G. was a sweet, gay, beaming, graceful creature, and beautiful to look upon. She was a wild young member of the family of plebeian mountaineers—plebeian, because obliged to earn her own food and raiment every day; but, by every natural gift and endowment, she was a high-born and most noble patrician.

—Now Mr. Boar was as yet unmarried. He therefore followed Miss G., and at once sought the young damsel's hand in marriage! Miss G. was gloriously beautiful in the crimson flush of indignation. She detested the touch of the rough and tedious lover, and fled his presence with the speed of the rein-

deer. But her parents, who were morbidly ambitious of gaining position in the Boar family, urged their daughter, and threatened her. She resolutely insisted upon the proffered marriage! She was a Christian Gazette, and had early learned the lesson of obedience to parents. Amid tears of agony, and amid remonstrances, loaded to the muzzle with the ammunition of resistance, she outwardly consented.

—The marriage day was forthwith fixed, and the silver-edged invitation cards were duly distributed among the Boars of all that region. The hour arrived, the occasion was awfully solemnized by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Boar, of Boreas Chapel, corner of Boarway and Fifth Avenue. During the impressive ceremony, the distinguished divine said, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," etc., etc. And then all the editorial Boars in the land responded—"Amen—so mote it be—let God be true," etc. Now it should be recorded that the wedding was perfectly magnificent, superb, princely, a perfect jubilee. Wealthy Boars danced with the relatives of the beautiful bride, and the entire Gazette family were delighted immeasurably. The bride's parents were especially charmed with the elegant attentions and pulmonary flattery of the magnificent Boars. Miss Gazette, although transformed by the priestly wand into the important Mrs. Boar, was still wild and sad, but most beautiful in her deportment, and charming even in all her expressions of displeasure.

—Six months have fled forever, and with them has flown the conjugal happiness of the wealthy Mr. Boar. The beautiful bride grew more and more cold toward her legal lord and "master." On the least approach of Mr. Boar, the blood of her heart would tremble with a chilling hatred, and its surface became frosted with increasing repugnance.

—And yet, notwithstanding all the ice and snow about her affections toward Mr. Boar, to another (a stranger in the forest) she was warm and genial as the sunbeams of mid-summer. At length, the fact was too conspicuous for concealment—she *hated* Mr. Boar and *loved* one who answered to the indwelling voice of her soul. The story is finished.

—What is to be done? Who can tell? Thirty thousand aristocratic Boars may grunt and grumble, and editorial Boars may quote Scripture and expound statute law—but the divine laws of *Mother Nature* are immutable, and no man can long resist their legitimate manifestations.

—The question is, "Can Mrs. Boar (who is still interiorly *Miss Gazette*, and unmarried) depart for her mountain home? Is the right of "secession," in such a case, constitutional and best? Mr. Boar is hourly grunting with selfish agonies irrepressible, and all the wealthy Boars are grumbling with scandal unspcakable, and all the newspapers are selling the scandal to the lower ten millions—and yet, the question is: *Will Nature ever sanction a legal marriage between a Gazette and a Boar?*

Of the Superior Condition.

MR. H. HARLOW HALLETT, OF MAINE, wants a clearer understanding of what we have for many years termed "the Superior Condition." He has studied the several states known as "mediumistic," and yet he says, "My mind is wholly at a loss to determine exactly wherein the *Superior Condition* differs from that state in which certain persons discern spirits and converse with them, as it were, face to face. If there be a radical difference between these two states, will you please define that difference, so that I may comprehend the facts?"

ANSWER: The Superior Condition, in contradistinction to one's ordinary state, consists of a practical and conscious growth of the intellectual and moral endowments. These faculties are opened and lifted to a higher degree of operation. They are then inspired by their own constitutional essences, and next by conscious contact with the life and principles of things, by virtue of which they appreciate Principles and analyze the essences of substances. The result of such superior exercises is stamped upon the individual's character, and the ultimate effects are interior elevation and an education of the whole mind. The inspired poet has truthfully described the "Superior Condition" as

"That blessed mood,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened—That serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of our corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood,
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

The medium state, on the other hand, while as a condition it tends to enlarge the judgment and spiritualize the character, is not necessarily beneficial to the medium, individually. Those who receive the lessons and witness the tests of higher powers are more likely to be permanently benefited. The true medium state is one of complete positiveness or isolation to this world, and of passive receptivity to the influences that may be showered from higher realms of intelligence and love. The faculties of the medium may be greatly excited, and very generally stimulated to extraordinary activity, but it does not necessarily follow that the medium's mind will be thereby permanently developed and improved. And yet it will be observed that no good-minded and loving-hearted person can be a true medium for one year without manifesting considerable moral growth and intellectual refinement. But it is possible for a medium to be the channel of lessons

the most exalted and glorious, and at the same time it is possible for that same person to feel nothing higher than any other stranger to the truth. This fact, which cannot be denied, is owing to the utter indifference in which some mediums indulge themselves with respect to the divine lessons of which they are the bearers to their fellow men.

In the Superior Condition nothing of this passivity or indifference is possible. The mind is not only exalted to the fellowship of eternal principles, where it can discern the essences and properties of visible bodies, but the faculties are active and conscious of inherent energy and truth. One who methodically enters upon the Superior Condition is like an industrious student whose mind seeks and finds the *penetrabilia* of things; and the luxurious fruits are intellectual refinement and moral growth, in musical accord with immutable principles of Father God.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

P. N. C., CLEVELAND.—He has great reasoning powers and ample stores of book learning; but, without perseverance and manly energy, the greatest abilities are of little use to him.

DAVID BRYSON, NEW YORK.—Your fraternal communication, giving some account of the departed James, has just come up for examination. We think it would not interest our readers now.

M. M. M.,—Thy poetical address to Dr. C., rings with the clang of the battle ax. "Come and let us reason together" were the kindly words of wisdom.

ABEL G. E., OHIO.—Our time is too much occupied to attend to your proposition. Write to P. T. Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum. He has a case of old coin on exhibition, and no doubt would add to his cabinet of curiosities.

V. N., HARVEYSBURG, O.—The erroneous paragraph will be stricken out of your article. It will not be published as soon as we supposed, owing to a pressure of more essential subjects upon our columns.

C. B., LYNN, MASS.—We rejoice with you, Brother, in the beautiful accession to your charmed circle. By your late experiences you, and especially your companion, have been led near the Divine heart.

"**YESTERDAY,**" BROOKLYN.—Situating as you are, your whole house should be flooded with peace, but we fear you are too discordant. Struggle manfully with your passion. Arise! with your strong right arm shield the weak and tearful.

"**BLINK,**" JERSEY CITY.—The respected old lawyer is nothing before a Jury. He is no pleader or interpreter, but give him the facts in your case, and his judgment on its merits and chances is worth all he will charge for it.

W. G. W., CENTRE, O.—A little more deliberation thrown into your argument, and particularly into the formation of your sentences, would have made your contribution very acceptable. Let us hear from you again.

J. B. B., MONTREY, ILL.—It may be possible, one of these days, for clairvoyance to aid you. Until the shaft of light enters, in your behalf, do not expect counsel from us. We honor your motives, Brother, and only regret that your life is not yet a success.

E. S.—Your address, "written on hearing a female lecturer," is indicative of noble sentiments and true enthusiasm. At the same time it would require too much labor to fit it for the press.

"**A. B. C.,"** NORTHPORT, L. I.—Your poems show the awakening of thought on subjects of superior importance. They need, however, many additional artistic strokes to fit them for the eye of literary culture.

MRS. M. J. K., OF LAPHAMVILLE, says, "I have received your paper and a receipt for \$2.00 from me for a year's subscription. Now I have never sent you any money, but allow me, through your columns, to thank the kind donor. . . . If our kind friends beyond have not made a mistake, that donor is our dear Brother Edward B. . . . of Ionia, Michigan."

P. P. C., CHICAGO.—If you have the gentle-hearted and unfortunate T. . . . in your family, forget all past waywardness and ingratitude, and establish yourself in her mind as a firm and never-failing friend. She is weary, sad, heart-broken, and needs the protection of an untiring Brother. Your reward will be richer than all the pearls of earth.

CHARLES K. W., LOWELL.—Cannot give the special instruction you seek. It will be necessary to read medicine with some educated physician. You cannot fit yourself thoroughly unless you join a class, attend lectures for two or three winters, and study by yourself systematically during the entire period. Do not acquire a knowledge of physiology by the daily violation of its principles in your own body.

H. ALLEN, CALIFORNIA.—The gift of our HERALD to your friend will be the best you ever bestowed. The electrical emanations from metals have been witnessed by "Sensitives," (as Reichenbach terms the subjects of sympathetic clairvoyance,) and the effects of such emanations on surrounding bodies have been frequently observed. But gold is not attractive to terrestrial electricity. It creates a sort of vacuum in the air of its immediate vicinity, and the space is instantly and constantly occupied by a thin odidyllic fluid, which is closely allied to the magnetic fluid. That you can detect the locality of the baser metals and ores we do not doubt.

M. M., BRIGHTON.—Yes, make your mark on the soil of thought.

"Make it while the arm is strong,
In the golden hours of youth;
Never, never make it wrong;
Make it with the stamp of Truth—
Make your mark."

J. H. R., HONESDALE, PA.—The inhabitants of Hammoncton, N. J., you say, "number at least fifteen hundred souls and the increase is constant." We are glad to hear it. We believe in the ultimate gardenization of every acre of ground beneath the stars, and do not see why energy and enterprise may not accomplish much on Long Island and in New Jersey.

EBER H., POTSDAM, N. Y.—We have carefully read the sketch of your visit and experiences at Oswego, and subsequently in the circles at home, but the particular reason why the developing process is not continued we do not discover. The spirit may have over-estimated your healing capacity. We hope your little boy will grow up and flourish in the land.

"**LEON,"** NEW ORLEANS.—The chapter of life has been considered. Our reply is, that you have been a medium, but for some reason, the influence has been withdrawn. Now, Brother, we would recommend the study of philosophical principles as the shortest route to interior acquaintance with Nature and her Manifestations. Call your superior powers of mind into action, a little every day; then it will be easy for you to receive streams of peaceful inspiration.

"*," NEW YORK, has acquired the art of solving perplexing problems. For example—

Proposition: "The law of Progress signifies change from an imperfect to a less imperfect state of things. And eternal progression guarantees eternal imperfection. Nature's laws, not being adequate to bring about perfection, are themselves imperfect."

Therefore: *Whatever is, is wrong.*
But, inasmuch as existence is desirable, and, without the law of Progress, impossible, therefore it is right that everything is wrong.

P. A., SMITHFIELD, R. I.—Heaven begins where earth ends—that is, happiness commences exactly on the line where your personal discords terminate. And sometimes it happens, in the silent recesses of struggling souls, that earth and heaven for a moment blend. In such natures it is hardly possible to tell "which is earth and which is heaven," so nicely balanced are they between the alternatives of discord and harmony.

An orderly spiritual circle, twice or thrice a week, would promote your development.

T. D. S., STAMFORD.—The swans were in the Central Park, but whether they "sung themselves to death" we do not precisely know. The Plymouth Journal (England) assures us that Swans do sing at the moment of death. "*Carmina jam moriens canit essequialia cygnus;*" i. e., "The dying swan sings its exequial hymn." We little thought when we read the above harmonious verse in our school days, that it had any foundation in fact. It would seem so, however. Mr. Hallett, of Hooe, informs us that it is his privilege and pleasure to feed the swans of Colonel Harris, at Radford; and that on Friday last he observed one of them swimming about a pond and uttering a wild, melodious, wailing sound, such as he had never heard in his life, and which greatly attracted his attention. The poor swan, prescient of its fate, was singing its own dirge; for, although apparently in good health at the time, it was found, not many hours afterward, floating in the pond quite dead."

THE LETTERS.

BY RICHARD REALP.

Letters from my father's household,
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness,
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Father's calm and sacred counsel,
Mother's large and shining tears,
And my sister's brimming blessings,
Flung to me across the spheres.

O! the dear and loving letters!
O! my childhood's thronging dreams!
O! the ancient, low-roofed cottage,
With its quaint old oaken beams!
O! the haunts among the meadows,
And the moss-crowned garden-seat
Where the scented apple-blossoms
Swept in waves about my feet.

And I sit and muse upon it
Till I seem to see it all;
See the rich grapes' purple clusters
Drooping from the leafy wall;
See the mellow peach a-ripening,
Breathe the breath of blessed flowers,
Watch the steady house-clock marking
All the pulses of the hours.

Father's hair is growing whiter,
Mother's step is feebler now;
But the old seraphic beauty
Lingers yet on her meek brow,
And the low, sweet tones that thrilled me,
And the lips I used to press,
O, the years can never win them
From their holy tenderness.

And the flashing eyes of laughter,
And the speech of merry scorn,
And the rippling auburn ringlets
Of our household's youngest born—
Very gently these have deepened
To the glory and the grace
Of a tranquil maiden moving
Thoughtfully amid the place.

Letters from my father's household
Isled amid the sounding sea;
Swift-winged messengers of gladness
Bearing rest and peace to me;
Let the foaming world roar onward—
Let the sinless children play,
And the young bride clasp her husband,
I am wealthiest to-day.

Voices from the People.

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

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW AND SPIRITUALISM.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT OWEN.

The October number of this able periodical contains an interesting, candid, and valuable article on the life and labors of the world-renowned Robert Owen. Towards the close of the Reviewer's remarks, reference is made to Owen's connection with modern Spiritualism, and in regard to this part of the article, I wish to say a word, as the writer seems to be but partially acquainted with the subject. The Reviewer says, "At last in his dotage he became converted to spirit-rapping. He denied the miracles of Christ, but put implicit faith in those of Mrs. Hayden. He had interviews with several of the Hebrew prophets, whose Divine mission he still doubted, and with Byron, Shelley, and Dr. Chalmers. He praises the ghost of the Duke of Kent for its punctuality in keeping appointments, and asserted that he was certain spiritual aid would contribute to the final acceptance of his system. It is not, however, our province to detail these painful manifestations of mental disease; we must leave this part of Owen's life to some journal of psychological medicine, for Spiritualism, as its believers call it, is simply a form of epidemic malady analogous to revivism. Whilst the former attacks nervous Infidels, the latter attacks hysterical Christians. There is no danger that the theories of Owen will be adopted in practice. They are such flimsy chains that they can never bind a nation. Long before his death they were demolished and forgotten, but he still believed himself to be the destined benefactor of humanity—a kind of atheistic Messiah. After his conversion to spirit-rapping, he seems gravely to have applied to himself the following description given by some spirits at New York, who probably had left their bodies in Bedlam. 'That which the world now most needs—and there is little hope of its redemption till that can be done—is to generate as it were a new world's Redeemer, one who elementarily shall be able to combine the love of Jesus, the boldness of a Paul, the fidelity of a Daniel, the learning of an Aristotle, the morals of a Socrates, the education of a Plato, the intellect of a Webster, the eloquence of a Brougham, and the religion of a Madame Guyon.' His conversion to spirit-rapping was not in the least surprising. Uneducated men are constantly leaping with awkward gait from the heights of skepticism to the heights of credulity. They attempt to determine every question by the light of nature. Study, reflection, and caution in forming judgments are unknown to them."

In this extract there are several particulars worthy of note. 1st. "In his dotage he became converted to spirit-rapping." It is true that Mr. Owen was an old man before he could believe in the possible existence of "the better land," and without sufficient evidence, he never would have been convinced of this mighty truth. After all other systems and appliances had failed to give him light on the great question of Immortality, Spiritualism, much abused Spiritualism, proved to him by its cheering and decided evidences, that man has before him an endless career as an individualized spirit. Being once rationally convinced of what he had all his life doubted, he had the honesty and the moral courage to avow his belief. But where is the evidence that this honest-minded man was in his dotage, that his mind had lost its wonted vigor, and that his judgment was no longer reliable? If age is the only evidence of imbecility, it proves nothing. Lord Brougham is a very old man, but still he ceases not to exert his vigorous intellect in wielding the destinies of a mighty nation. Lord Palmerston is also an old man, but he is at the head of affairs in Britain. Let any man but live a temperate, natural, and harmonious life, and his intellect, instead of becoming weak and worthless, will become stronger and more comprehensive, and though the perceptive may become less active, the reflective only gain additional strength. The expression, "spirit-rapping," so often used by the reviewer, betrays the "learned ignorance" of the writer, just as if "rapping" were to be despised and to be looked upon as the only phase of this greatest movement of the nineteenth century.

2d. "He denied the miracles of Christ, but put implicit faith in those of Mrs. Hayden." This sentence refutes itself. All Spiritualists, Mr. Owen included, look on miracles as the result of "natural laws" applied by intelligent beings, either in this world or the next, and are fully aware that every so-called miracle can be explained on philosophical principles. Mr. Owen must, therefore, by a logical necessity, if he believed in the miracles of Mrs. Hayden, repose great confidence in those of Christ. Would it not be well, if such opponents as those of whom the reviewer is a specimen, would take time to collect sufficient evidence, before they assume to themselves the province of dictating to the world what they shall, or shall not believe, in regard to man's final destiny.

3d. "Spiritualism is simply a form of epidemic malady analogous to revivism. While the former attacks nervous Infidels, the latter attacks hysterical Christians." That is, all believers in, and advocates of the spiritual theory are laboring under a painful mental malady, and the millions, both in Europe and America, who believe that the inhabitants of the "second sphere" intelligently communicate their thoughts to those of the first, are only "nervous infidels." This assertion is as groundless as it is sweeping. Amongst Spiritualists there are to be found tens of thousands of Christians of every denomination, glad to know that immortality, in which they have always professed to believe, is no longer a matter of doubt, but of positive certainty. Here is the common ground on which Infidel and Christian can meet in the "unity of the spirit and the bond of peace." Here is a system which has already brought together men of the most opposite sentiments and opinions; that is sweeping over the world with a speed unequalled in the march of time, and that is destined to revolutionize every false system of morals and religion under the sun. No thinking man is now left unaffected by its gigantic influences. Whether Infidel or Christian, Jew or Gentile, bond or free, none are without, or beyond its reach. The evidences on which it rests are sufficiently numerous

and varied to meet the deepest intellectual wants of all classes. How then can it be a painful mental malady? If it be, all rational, steady, and genuine intelligence is a mental malady. Away with such a doctrine forever, as too narrow for our intellect and as too repugnant to our higher sentiments.

4th. Spiritualists are, like Owen, "uneducated men, constantly leaping with awkward gait from the heights of skepticism to the heights of credulity, and who attempt to determine every question by the light of nature. Study, reflection, and caution in forming judgments, are unknown to them." In contradiction to this positive assertion, it may be stated that many Spiritualists have calmly, patiently, and thoroughly investigated the "new phenomena" for years, and that notwithstanding their positive hostility and unbelief at first, they have at last been forced to yield to an amount of evidence which it would be utter folly to attempt to resist. But even if every believer in spirit-intercourse was an uneducated man, a mere cypher in the literary and scientific world, it would not improve the truth of our "beautiful belief," nor in the slightest degree affect the solid and immovable basis of facts on which our conclusions rest. The most learned men of the age laughed at the brilliant discoveries of Galileo, but, at the leaning tower of Pisa, he utterly confounded them and broke into fragments their well-built theories. The Reviewer, the religious press, the learned men of the age, and the deeply-read Professors in a hundred colleges, showered their red-hot artillery with deadly aim against the new-born science of Phenology and its founders, Gall and Spurzheim; but being more invulnerable than the fabled Achilles, the new science came out of the contest not only unhurt but increased in strength. Where are the opponents of Phenology now? and who does not admit that there is "something in it?" Dr. Lardner, one of the learned men who has just passed away, proved, in a very satisfactory manner, that no steamship could ever cross the Atlantic; but his views were scarcely made public, when a successful experiment proved, in the language of facts, that his logic was worthless. Newton's discoveries met with decided opposition from the learned, and Fulton gained but little sympathy from the scientific lights of his time. But the "truth is mighty and shall prevail," is its origin ever so low, its advocates ever so illiterate, and the opposition against it ever so great. That Spiritualists are, as a class, ignorant and unlearned men, is palpably false, contradicts our experience, and makes us wonder that any intelligent man could hazard such an opinion. While some Spiritualists, as is necessarily the case, are only men of ordinary intellect, others are men of profound scholarship, great comprehension, varied experience, giant grasp, and immense moral force. Some of them are well known in the various walks of literature and science. Do Judge Edmonds and Robert Dale Owen belong to the class in which the *Westminster* places all Spiritualists? Are they really ignorant men? Have not William and Mary Howitt had sufficient influence on our national literature, to be raised above the merely ignorant and uncultivated? Probably the Reviewer himself is not a whit less ignorant than either of these well-known and prominent Spiritualists. Is Professor Hare, to whom the science of Chemistry is deeply indebted, to be called a man of shallow and uncultivated intellect, merely to suit the ill-founded whim of a professional reviewer who discards all spiritual evidence? Is Dr. Buchanan, the founder of a new and extensive science, to be called ignorant, because he has scientifically proved the existence of man after the earthly tabernacle has been left behind? Is A. J. Davis—a man whose profound thoughts are deeply agitating the minds of thousands of intelligent investigators—to be ostracized and banished to a literary obscurity, because his interior vision is opened, and reveals to him the "harmonious laws and principles" of the Universe? What principles, originating in ignorance, can cause the disciples and teachers of the new Philosophy to be pervaded, as they are, by an unsectarian, a noble and a generous spirit of Philosophic religion?

All we ask of any man, Infidel or Christian, ignorant or learned, is to patiently investigate and duly consider the startling phenomena developed in the presence of hundreds of public and private mediums, scattered throughout Europe and America, and to give a fair hearing to those who have already investigated the subject; and we guarantee his sure and speedy emancipation from positive disbelief, cold skepticism, and chilling doubt, and his introduction to a joyous, rational, and unwavering faith in a progressive life after the change usually called death.

COLBORNE, C. W., Nov. Jas. B. DIXON.

IGNORANCE OF OUR PHYSICAL ORGANIZATION LAMENTABLY COMMON.
NEW BOSTON, ILL., July 1860.

BROTHER DAVIS:—I suppose it was necessarily so; but I sat down to read your article on the "Pathological offices of the Sympathetic Ganglia" (see *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, No. 22.) to my wife; and discovered pretty soon that the water was too deep. But I kept on till I could neither touch bottom, sea, land, nor sky.

Said I: "Mother, this reminds me of the debate between Shortridge and Richmond on the Water Baptism question."

"How so?"

"Why, John—was telling a crowd about it, and he said: 'they had it lickety-cut a long time—could not tell which would beat. At length, Shortridge gave a thundering string of texts, proving immersion as plain as could be. I thought Richmond was going to cave in. He hung his head and studied a good little bit; then he got up and talked Greek and Latin about ten minutes as hard as he could tear, and Shortridge was the worst whipped man I ever saw.'"

If you please, friend Davis, I will offer a few thoughts that all can understand. And if none are edified, it will be my fault.

About fifty years ago, when I was six years of age, I had a hard spell of fever and black cancer. A doctor, of New Lancaster, Ohio, attended me, for some three months, and left me to die. As is common in such cases, when left to myself I got well. I asked another one day what was the reason all the doctor's medicines were so nasty. She could not tell. I said: "I believe they make me sicker. There are good things enough to take that would do more good." Right here I lost all

confidence in medicating, and still hold to my childish notions.

When I began to recover from that sickness, I thought much on the subject of death, and would cry and sob for hours in the night, when all were asleep, for fear that some of the family would go, after death, to the bad place. I felt that if any of them should go to hell, I would rather be with them and console them than to go to heaven. This subject worried me almost to death; but Nature at length came to my aid, by causing me to disbelieve this theology, and I still hold to my childish reasoning on this subject.

I have great faith in the truthfulness of our early impressions. They are the whispings of unadulterated Nature—the still small voice of God. All through my life I have had physical illness, labored very hard, and done, through ignorance of the laws of health, many things that were injurious. I chewed tobacco for forty years, and spit myself nearly all away. I have been much importuned to try this, that, and the other medicine, but have uniformly declined. Had drugs had their will at me, I should have been dead long ago.

A few years since, I commenced in earnest to live for health; to study its laws, &c. Of course I threw away my tobacco. Fool that I had not done it thirty years ago. I now intend to live (accidents aside) twenty years, and contribute my mite to the extinguishing of hell-fire, drugs and kindred errors.

I have been much benefited by eating many unusual things, for which I could assign no reason only that I felt like it. Two years ago I found myself badly out of fix with my old complaints—dyspepsia, piles, costiveness, and especially "general debility"—and I found myself eating charcoal. I indulged in it for two months—would take as much as I could hold in one hand, put it in a strong cloth and pulverize it, and eat it in this dry, powdered condition. It was for the time a great luxury, and did me great good. Some time after that I took a similar run on apple-tree buds, with a good result. Latterly I have been eating wild cherry tree bark, to an astonishing amount, with a happy effect.

I have a friend that was at death's door. He wanted cheese. The doctor said it would kill him; but, yielding to his intense desire, he obtained it, and ate to his satisfaction. He said it did him more good than all the doctor's medicines.

Nature is daily giving the world thousands of hints like the above, but we have so little confidence in her that we regard them as, "It just happened so;" and when we do give her our confidence we are apt to rush into the opposite extreme, and expect more than is reasonable. Hence, I found myself, when commencing on the flat of my back with your "Pneu—" what do you call it system, thinking in this wise:

"Now this is Nature's cure. Yes, it is 'God' working through his own established laws. What a great Physician! What infinite power! Yes, I shall soon be well." But I knew, after a little reflection, that this was nonsense. Nature does all things well, but she must and will have her time. Chronic diseases can be cured only by persistent application. My wife and I are both being benefited by this new system, and I feel that it is one of the greatest discoveries of the age, whether invalids avail themselves of its benefit or not.

Nine-tenths of all the reported cures in your paper are on the humbug principle. The doctors are simply stool-pigeons for these customers to concentrate their gullibility on. The world is full of such examples as this. My nephew, Charlie W., a young man of more than ordinary shrewdness, was cutting wood at the door, when, by a mislick, the axe struck his foot, leaving his boot badly cut. He started for the house; his lamentations brought the family around him, and they had enough to do to keep him from fainting. When, amid the excitement, they got his tight boot off, they found his foot had not been touched; and Charlie joined in the merry laugh with a fine color in his face. He said his foot could not have hurt worse than it did, but the moment he saw it, 'twas well. As his faith was, so were his feelings.

DUDDLEY WILLITS.

ORIGIN OF MORAL EVIL.

BOSTON, Nov., 1860.

"If there is any wrong in the universe, (moral wrong, I mean,) who is the author of it?"

"If you could see everything from the standpoint of the Deity, that is, having infinite wisdom, do you think that you would see anything wrong in the universe?"—[*HERALD OF PROGRESS*, No. 35.]

Having given my views as to the foundation or reason for virtue, [*HERALD*, No. 37.] I now furnish my answer to the question as to the remote cause of moral evil. I say remote, for the reason that the immediate cause is apparent always. I am the author of my own actions, good or evil.

But the question has reference to the first cause; and the "if" has a meaning here. "If you could" perform an impossibility! But it seems to me, that nothing is gained to science by the supposition of impossibility. "God is incomprehensible." What can we know? And what do we gain in philosophy when we have heaped together any amount of conjectures? We may travel around in a very large circle, affirming or denying what a Deity would or would not do. But what do we gain? We know what is. We know that there is moral evil, and the question is legitimate as to where it comes from, and it may be answered by asking other similar questions, thus:

Where did your temperament come from? Where did the color of your hair originate? And so of all that constitutes your physical and mental organism.

A dozen children are at play together, when, from a difference in age, in taste, in habit, views and feelings, they have friction, misunderstanding, and a quarrel. They are equals, are children of the same family, but differ in their temperaments. The friction (moral evil,) follows as a matter of necessity.

Now, let these children represent the whole human race. To exist at all, we must have a beginning. But the beginning is imperfect always, when compared with the end. Ignorance, weakness, and discord appertain to childhood, which is the beginning of manhood, (virtue) for which all are born.

Moral evil, as we have seen, is the violation of one of the Love Relations, or a withholding of those actions which those relations demand. Hence the error of those who place the standard of vice and virtue in the esti-

mate which each one, for himself, sets in what he most deems or most values for the time being. Let us try the standard. You are met by the robber, who demands your money, as the "greater value." He considers your life as the "lesser value;" but you estimate your money as the "lesser value," and to save your life, you surrender your purse. The slave master considers the liberty of his vassal as the "lesser value;" but the slave considers his own liberty as of "greater value" than his master's life, and he acts accordingly. This standard is the source of discord, war, and innumerable forms of moral evil, the whole of which would disappear at once by adopting the principle of justice, which, as I have shown, grows out of the FRATERNAL RELATION.

In the Love Relation we have the Higher Law always. All just government originates in the Paternal, which, as we have seen, is superior wisdom, and gives authority, or the rule by which the children must adjust the differences. The objections urged with so much force against the sectarian theology, are founded on this tendency to occupy the "standpoint of the Deity;" and, imagining themselves in the place of God, they represent him as jealous, angry, and vindictive, like themselves; or they run into another extreme, and speaking for God, they tell us, "Whatever is, is right."

But this last extreme is as if one of the twelve children, (referred to above) after having abused and robbed his brothers, should say: "All right, as you will see, if you only put yourselves on our Father's standpoint. He made us all what we are, and, as we are each one his offspring, he cannot see any difference in his own children. Whatever is, therefore, is right."

Hence it seems to me we run into fallacies when we imagine ourselves on "the standpoint of the Deity." The only standpoint for mortals, I conceive to be that of Fraternity and Individual Sovereignty; and moral evil, seen from a correct estimate of these relations is not right. The Father may be conscious of his right to be the Father of children, and when those children "fall out by the way," he may also be conscious of the moral wrong which they do to one another.

to say that I watched him carefully in all the responses. I am certain that he pronounces like us, as, for instance, 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from us, and grieve us by thy salvation.' I wish you could have heard him. It is better than dancing with the Prince to attend Church with him."

DOES NATURE WORK WITH HER OWN TOOLS?

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Nov., 25th, 1860. BROTHER DAVIS:—In No. 39 of the *HERALD*, I observed "a Voice" from W. Long Smith, of Missouri, in which he refers to an article of mine in a previous number, and, after quoting the sentence—"Nature works with imperfect tools, and hence presents imperfectly manufactured articles"—asks the following question: "Does not Nature work with her own tools?"

We are told (*Lanah* vii : 20,) that the Lord made use of a "hired" instrument to perform a certain piece of labor; but we have no authority for asserting that Nature "hires" or "borrows" her implements from any foreign source. But does it therefore follow that Nature is perfect in her operations?

Perhaps closer attention would have led to a more accurate use of language in the sentence in question; but the idea designed to be expressed was, in Nature's progression meets our observation on every hand, and hence imperfection exists everywhere around us.

Directly or indirectly, Nature is the author of everything, and when we behold crime, misery, and destitution on all sides, we logically conclude that imperfection exists in her operations.

The earth on which we tread is yet incomplete, and is still undergoing great change. The seeming evil which so constantly obtrudes itself upon us, is referable to defective organic conditions; and who is the author of those conditions if Nature is not?

Perhaps my Brother, Mr. Smith, comes to different conclusions; if so, will he please report through the *HERALD*, when, perhaps, opportunity will be given for more extended argument.

THINE, for the progress of knowledge,
H. B. VINCENT.

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."

The North and South Controversy.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. D. J. BALDWIN, OF TEXAS.

A FORCIBLE REMEDY SUGGESTED.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, 16th November, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR:—The newspapers have told you long since that the Southern country is in a blaze, consequent upon the election of a man, by a sectional party only, pledged to an "irrepressible conflict" against the rights, interests, and happiness of the Southern people. The news-to-day is, that actual force has been used in South Carolina. I am not one to soon lose hope; but there are elements at work in the moral and political atmospheres that betoken anything but the reign of peace.

There are some, I believe, few, I hope, that will attempt the business of throat-cutting in this matter. The South will never consent to have its domestic institutions interfered with. It will fight first, and continue fighting. That may be regarded as the unanimous sentiment of the Southern people; even the most conservative and peaceful will shoulder their rifles and fight to preserve their families, black as well as white, from the dangers of Abolitionism. I trust that wiser counsels will prevail, and that the unjust and aggressive legislation of some of the Northern States will be corrected.

Take a familiar example. My family go North, taking a servant that is attached to us by the strongest ties of association and affection. A parcel of mischief-loving, meddling Abolitionists decoy her off beyond her geographical knowledge, and leave her to pick up a precarious living among strangers; and with those who know not and care not of her feelings. True, she has liberty, to do what? Why, to starve among strangers if she happens not to be especially lucky. But she has not the liberty of loving and abiding with those who always have cared for and protected her. The children she has been brought up with, those that she had learned to love and who would have cherished and protected her, are shut out from her. We are inconvenienced, and she is rendered absolutely miserable. Now, then, the beauty of all this is heightened, when it is said, that were I to attempt to go to where that servant is and bring her off with me to her home and friends, a penitentiary for fifteen years would be my portion.

To any one who would countenance such a state of things, argument would be lost, and yet, the practical effect of the election of Mr. Lincoln by a purely sectional vote, is to fasten upon the country such a state of things. It is admitted by the soundest jurists in the land, both North and South, that there is no power in the general government to enforce a State to continue a member of the Federal Union. The proposition is too plain for argument to any one who will but read the Constitution. The power does not reside in the Federal Government. It is not to be found in the people, and even if it was, the blood and treasure that would be expended in such a contest would, if judiciously expended, educate all the heathen in the world, including the more ferocious of the Abolition tribes in New York and Massachusetts.

But the expenditure of blood and money alone would not be the worst of it. America fills a large space in the world, morally and spiritually, as well as geographically. Strike

My letter is longer than I intended, but the memory of that Sunday is so delightful. How fortunate for New York and this country that there is a Trinity, where the dear Prince could be reminded of home! I forgot

out the American people from the list of nations, which disunion will most effectually do, and civilization and constitutional government have lost their vanguard.

I have a plan in my mind which I think would effectually quench the "irrepressible conflict," if once carried out. There are several very valiant, if not wise persons, both North and South, who entertain extreme views. They wish, in short, to fight—nothing but blood will answer them. They very honestly think there is neither redemption nor propitiation without the "sacrifices of blood and burnt offerings." Now my plan is, to have these extremists march themselves with the weapons of death, destruction, and slaughter, and pitch in! They are brave—no doubt doubts their courage—and, inasmuch as it is the principle of the thing that they contend most for, they should not be recreant. If they are not willing to fight themselves, perhaps they could find a few hundred filibusters that, for good pay, would go and fight for them.

However, it may be got along with. The times at present are distressing; all business operations are hindered, the general tone of society and of sentiment is changed. Where peace, quiet, and prosperity were prevalent, anger, strife, and suspicion now exist. I know not where it may result. But let me come what will, a white man is a white man, and a horse is a horse; each are from the earth, and each will return to it. But each are separate in spirit, soul, color, aspiration, and affection. God Almighty has made it so, and neither Abolitionism, Fanaticism, nor fire-eating can change it. Facts are facts.

Yours truly, D. J. BALDWIN.

For the Herald of Progress.

Thoughts on the Money Question.

PROBIA, ILL., Nov., 1860.

MR. EDITOR, SIR: After reading Mr. Ingham's article in No. 38 of your HERALD, I indulged in the following train of thoughts. It is only common-sense preaching; there is no profound philosophy about it, to make one's head ache or produce dizziness in the effort to understand it: but I believe the ideas of many on that subject need a little ventilating. I have tried to do my part in this work.

Capital is anything that has a real value; a piece of land, a good ax, a beam, a plow, a house, provisions, etc. So we possess capital in abundance, but not always the kind we want. A possesses 100 acres of land but no team; B has several teams but no employment for them, so they both are in a strait.

Both A and B need money to procure the articles they lack; for money you can get anything.

Money, be it metallic or paper, has no real value in itself; it cannot be directly employed to any useful purpose; but people imagine it of intrinsic value. Money is a humbug, but in the present state of society we cannot do without it.

If I have no money and stand in need of it, I may try to borrow from my neighbor; but I have to pay for the use of it, which payment is called interest.

If there is much money in circulation, if the market is full, interest of course will be low; and vice versa.

Ergo, there ought to be abundance of money in circulation, in order that interest may be low, and the laborer permitted to enjoy the product of his toil.

But the money holders may form a league to prevent the fall of the rates of interest; in such a case the needy ought to create their own money.

Let us look a little more closely at this latter proposition. Gold and silver coins have little real value. What can you do with them? what useful purpose do they serve, besides representing other useful things, that is, making one believe they are worth something?

The same is true of bank notes, but still people ascribe value to them. Why?

Suppose Mr. A. has \$100,000 worth of Illinois State stock. There are 100 notes worth \$1,000 each. He receives six per cent. interest thereon. Now every one knows that Illinois is a very good debtor, and well able to meet its responsibilities. Every one, who knows this fact, will just as readily have an Illinois bond for \$1,000 in his coffer, as the same amount in coin; that is, if he wishes to keep his money hoarded up. Messrs. B, C, D, etc., believe with Mr. A; they all think Mr. Illinois to be a good, reliable character, in dealing with whom no one will lose a farthing; of course every one will readily take his genuine notes, instead of coin. Mr. Illinois' resources give value to his notes, and they find grace in the people's eyes.

So we find Mr. A has lent Illinois \$100,000 and receives thereon at six per cent. \$6000 annually. Now Mr. B is in want of money, and calls on Mr. A for it. Well, says Mr. A, I have no coin, but you know these Illinois bonds are just as good; you can buy anything with them. B takes a bond and pays Mr. A six per cent. again for the use of it. So do C, D, E, etc., so that at last, A has loaned all his bonds, and gets again \$6,000 interest. So he makes \$12,000 interest in all out of his \$100,000; or in other words, with only \$100,000 in hand, he loans twice that amount. Is he not a financier? Let us understand his art. It has been justly said, that he is a benefactor of his country, who makes two blades of grass grow, where before but one grew. Is not A such a man?

But now our A friend finds it to be a little awkward to deal always in \$1,000 notes. He

would prefer to have them smaller. He therefore applies to the Legislature for permission to issue smaller ones in their place. Give us your large ones as security, say the Legislature, and we will let in small ones in exchange. The bargain is made; the public receive the small notes as favorably as the large ones, for Illinois has endorsed them; and rejoices in getting double interest for his capital: first from the State and then from the people individually.

Banks transform public stock into small notes. Question. Why does the public believe in these bits of printed paper?

Answer. Because they are secured by State stock.

Q. Why do they believe in State stock paper again?

A. Because that is endorsed by Illinois, Ohio, or some similar worthy of wide and established reputation.

Q. Why does not Illinois likewise permit and sanction the issuing of notes representing other property besides public stock; for example, lands, farms, houses, etc.?

A. Really, I do not know; perhaps it is because some poor devils might profit by it. If the creation of money was not a special privilege, what would become of moneyed-aristocracy?

Q. What will the Legislature do?

A. The law does not provide for the satisfaction of B's request.

Q. To what then do our boasted equal rights amount?

A. To nothing.

Now, reader, suppose with me that the law should provide for the granting of B's petition; what would be the consequence?

A. B could cultivate his farm and draw the interest for \$500 or \$1,000. So could every holder of real estate. The owner of a house could enjoy the rent of it and the interest besides on the paper representing the value of that house.

Q. Would this paper money be a greater humbug than coin?

A. Assuredly not; as it would be secured by real, substantial value.

Q. As to the rates of interest, what would be the consequence of thus indefinitely increasing our stock of money?

A. Let every one answer for himself.

Q. What can enable us thus to create such an abundance of money?

A. The ballot box.

I am well aware that the real pauper, the hired laborer, without real estate, would not be reached by such a procedure; but let us take one step at a time.

Yours for Progress, HERMANN STUDEF.

[From the Indianapolis Daily Journal.]

Robert Dale Owen on Secession.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 26, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR, SIR: A man ought to have a good apology when, in these days, he addresses his fellow-citizens. Mine is, first, that I have had some experience in public life; then, that I have been, for some years past, a distant, and therefore perhaps a dispassionate, spectator of that party strife, the results of which now convulse our republic; and, lastly, that I propose to address myself to a single point, and that a practical one, of which the decision is imminently impending.

Let us, for simplicity's sake, and because we are sure of South Carolina's sentiments, here speak only of her position; and let us ask how, under possible or probable contingencies, justice and expediency require that we should bear ourselves toward her.

South Carolina demands that all Northern laws which have been framed to neutralize certain provisions of the United States Constitution should be repealed. She is right in that; and none the less, because she herself has violated in practice the liberty of conscience and of free speech guaranteed by the Constitution to which she appeals. South Carolina further demands that Slavery shall be deemed legal, and shall be protected in all territories of the United States. As to this, in my judgment, she is neither right nor reasonable. She is not right, because, according to all sound legal precedent, Slavery is the creature of law; it can go nowhere by implication, but only by direct enactment, constitutional or statutory. She is not reasonable, because, even if it were equally right to make all United States territories slave as to make them free (they cannot be both at the same time,) yet a majority cannot reasonably be required to sacrifice themselves to a minority.

I think that the North, on sober second thought, will reflect that if the Constitution contains certain clauses which grate on her feelings, still it is not only the supreme law of the land, but the best which the wit of man has yet devised for human government; and, so reflecting, that she will repeal the obnoxious statutes in question. I think, too, that she may accede to other concessions, as an agreement that fugitive slaves shall be paid for in cases of non-remission. But I feel that she never will, as I am sure she never ought, recognize the carrying of slavery anywhere by implication. South Carolina may insist upon this doctrine of implication, and when we reject it, she may take measures to secede. I hope that, when the first excitement cools, she may think better of this; but I do not confidently expect that she will. She has long been meditating secession. And if she does take such measures, either we must suffer her to secede, or we must make up our minds to coercion. Here we reach the practical question, which I desire briefly to consider.

In the contingency referred to, shall we

resort to coercion? The Constitution has no provision for secession. Secession implies State control over the Tariff laws. A combination, by armed force, to overpower duly appointed United States revenue officers, and to nullify duly enacted United States laws, is treason. The bond is forfeit, and the forfeiture is death by hanging. We have the legal right, then, to coerce. But all things (we are told on the highest authority) which are lawful for us are not therefore expedient.

Our fellow-citizens, now the inhabitants of the South, had nothing to do with the introduction, within its boundaries, of Slavery. If we had been born to the same circumstances as they, we should probably have thought and felt in regard to Slavery as they do. It is equally unchristian and unphilosophical in us to denounce them as criminals because they are slaveholders. In so doing we are neither fair in principle nor guiltless of having fanned the flame of sectional hatred that rages around us now. Every grievous word, stirring up anger, is a grave offense, both against religion and against justice. Christianity and prudence alike call upon us to refrain.

In the old time, before Jesus taught, the prevailing spirit was that of reprisal. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." The Author of our religion substituted for this another more civilizing principle of action. He reminded us that there are cases in which we should resist not evil. He bid us judge not, that we be not judged. His teachings were of that charity which suffereeth long and is kind; which beareth all things; which endureth all things. Violence breeds violence. We may determine, in advance, when we are commencing, that it shall only go to a certain point, and no further. But the dogs of war, once let slip, escape beyond our control. We may call them back in vain. This is the general view; but let us come to particulars.

By coercion what do we propose to ourselves? To convince? The sword never convinces; it subdues. Is it our purpose to subvert, if we cannot convince, our fellow-citizens of South Carolina? But it is utterly at variance with the spirit of our Government to have, in our midst, subjects kept loyal by force. And if it were not, South Carolina, if she lack judgment, has spirit and courage; too much spirit and too much courage to submit to the degradation. A political creed cannot, any more than a religious one, be thrust upon brave men by force.

But there is another point of view in which it behoves us to regard this matter.

In certain cases numbers suffice to confer consideration. When numbers combine for an unlawful object, the offense changes its character. That which, in six men, is robbery, becomes warfare in 60,000. The difference between rebellion and revolution lies chiefly in numbers. Had Washington struck for liberty and independence at the head of 50 followers only, and had he and his men been captured, they might, without outraging civilization, have been hanged as rebels. But with Washington at the head of 50,000, the British Government felt constrained to regard their Colonial prisoners as any other captives taken in war, and to allow them the mercy which, in such cases, the law of nations prescribes.

And thus it is when opposition is made to the authority of the United States. If it be by a handful of men, we may coerce them; it is fitting that we should. But what we can properly do in the case of thirty or three hundred, may assume the aspect of tyranny if we have to deal with three hundred thousand, provided they are united in sentiment and acting with unanimity. The allegation that they are in favor of secession cannot reasonably be doubted. And the question is not whether they have sufficient cause for secession, but whether, in point of fact, they are united in the resolution to secede.

This is the chief feature in the present case. This case and that which occurred in President Jackson's time are often cited as parallel. But there is little real similarity between them. Then it was a sudden ebullition, which a proclamation and a tariff revision sufficed to quell. Now, if South Carolina acts unitedly, and persists, it will be the result of deliberate and settled policy.

If these lines should chance to meet the eye of any among those to whom, at this juncture, are committed the destinies of our country, let them suffer a few earnest words of caution. These are the times when it is easy—fatally easy—to take irrevocable steps; to advance to a point whence, except through fields of suicidal warfare, there is no return. If evils before us there be, these are the times when it is easy, by one false move, to multiply them a hundred fold. Sister States severed is a grave misfortune, but sister States belligerent would be a deadly curse.

The baptism of blood confers on national enemies a terrible perpetuity. Light quarrels, thus embittered, turn to venomous feuds, to descend, an inheritance of evil, from father to son, it may be for generations. The blood shed on the grass plat of Lexington yet cries from the ground. The heart-burnings created by the last war still nourish irritation against the mother country. The lapse of centuries often proves unavailing to erase the damning spot. The heart of many a Scotsman still beats with indignation against a portion of the island he inhabits when he passes the field of Flodden; still burns within him when he reads of the noble deeds and the traitor's death of Wallace. Long may it be ere dark memories like these shall, among us, brood over the gulf of sectional separation, overclouding the glory of our national future, and stirring the brother's heart of one American in hatred against another!

What, then, is to be done? Shall we employ toward South Carolina urgency and entreaty? There is neither dignity nor use in entreaty beyond a certain point. What remains? Let us act toward her in that spirit which is gentle and easy to be entreated; but if we cannot convince her, let us bid her "go in peace!"

Thus going, she may some day, as did one of old, return to the paternal home. In any event, we shall gain an ally if we lose a sister.

Such a course will conciliate, while coercion would exasperate, either Southern States, now wavering in their allegiance. Kindness, the Christian principle, is stronger than severity, the Heathen one. The genial sun induced

the traveler to discard his protecting cloak, while the blustering wind but caused him to hug it more closely around him. If it be said that this is virtually to sanction a dissolution of the Union, the reply is, that the Union is not dissolved, because it may have to exist without South Carolina; no, nor yet if two or three of her sisters should join her in secession. It is the same flag still, when three or four stars are added; why not the same, if, by a misfortune to be lamented, three or four should drop out?

We shall still preserve unimpaired our identity, our national existence, our rank and weight among the Great Powers of the Earth. On the other hand, they who depart will learn by experience how little consideration in the councils of the world a petty State can command. Happy, if, in their isolation, they retain influence sufficient, in foreign lands, to protect their own citizens from injury and wrong.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT DALE OWEN.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Will Power.

BY F. T. LANE.

The Will is that agent by which the inmost qualities of the spirit are manifested. It is the motive power of mind, or the propelling force of mentality. The will is inherent in every faculty, and is the organ of expression for every Want, Desire, and Aspiration of the Mind.

The Will holds the same relation to the individual that steam does to the engine.

The magnetic powers of the spirit generate a vital force, which, operating through the wonderful mechanism of mind, produces what is denominated the Will Power. The operation of this power on the animal plane, reveals a wise adaptation of man's lower faculties to the rudimentary life; for, under the direction of Wisdom, the will power of the animal faculties becomes a hardy pioneer in removing material obstacles that lie in the path of progress.

A strong, vigorous, well-directed Will, is the crowning use of man's individuality. Its regal powers will not be recognized, until man shall behold, intuitively, the net-work of forces with which he is surrounded.

The harmonious unfolding of mind brings a delicate susceptibility to these forces, and through the exercise of the higher faculties, the Will opens a world of objective realities to the inmost spirit.

As the body is external to the Mind, so is the Mind external to the Spirit. Each faculty holds the same relation to the spirit that the spirit does to the Infinite—one is a finite embodiment of the other.

Were not all the essential qualities of spirit incarnate in each faculty, harmonious action would be impossible; the positive and negative relations of the Man—Spirit and Matter—could not be maintained; the magnetic equilibrium of the faculties would be destroyed, and disintegration the inevitable result. The difference in man's faculties is not in quality, but in quantity.

All the faculties find their counterpart in the various kingdoms of Mother Nature, and this divine correspondence opens an illimitable field of action to the ever aspiring spirit.

The Will, like other attributes of the spirit, is embodied in each faculty; it is not the exclusive product of the animal nature; it is not a blind impulse, dogmatic and unyielding; it may indeed appear so, when operating through the unenlightened mind, yet in essence it is pure as the inmost spirit from which it emanates. He who contemplates the Will, philosophically, cannot fail to see that its legitimate use will be most efficient in inaugurating the "good time coming," establishing the harmonic era, and fraternizing the sympathies and desires of a common humanity.

"Strong-minded" women, instead of being a reproach, shall be the worthy recipients of the homage of an enlightened manhood. When man shall feel, that through the silent operations of the Will power he is disseminating harmonic influences upon all around him, he will no longer be solicitous to know what shall take the place of "institutions," "sects," and "parties," for he will perceive that the Divine government of Nature responds in due time to the wants and aspirations of one and all.

He will have a pleasurable conviction, that we can have method without being Methodists, and order without organizations. The conflicts of discordant humanity will not disturb the inward serenity of his spirit; calmly and thoughtfully he will study his own Nature, remembering that inspiration comes in answer to aspiration, and that knowledge of himself, is the key to the Arcanum of the Universe.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Week in New York.

SOME THINGS WE SAW AND HEARD.

THE CROTON AQUEDUCT.

HOLLEY, N. Y., 1860.

Among the works of Art, none interested us more than the grand device for supplying our great metropolis—that "million-lipped city by the sea"—with pure cold water. In addition to information gleaned from personal sources concerning this important enterprise, I am indebted to the New York Gazetteer for many historical items, some of which are incorporated in the following account. As the Croton Aqueduct is the most extensive and costly work of the kind in America, its magnitude justifies a somewhat extended notice. In 1774 the General Assembly passed a law

(which was continued by repeated enactments) for mending and keeping in repair the public wells and pumps of the city. In the same year, 1774, Christopher Coils contracted to erect a reservoir on Broadway between Pearl and White streets, and the plan was partially carried into effect before the Revolution. In 1799 the Manhattan Company was formed ostensibly to supply the city with water. Its principal well was at Duane and Cross streets, whence the water was raised by steam and distributed in pipes; but it was limited in supply, and very impure in quality. For the next thirty years many schemes were devised for supplying the city with water.

An act was passed May 21, 1834, which authorized the city to supply itself with "pure and wholesome water;" and issued its stock to defray the cost. The Governor and Senate appointed Steven Allen, R. M. Brown, C. Duzenbury, Saul Alley, P. P. Woodruff, and W. Fox, Commissioners, who, after various surveys and estimates, resulted in recommending that the water of the Croton River be taken near its mouth and brought in an aqueduct to a reservoir on Murray Hill, 114 feet above tide. The work was begun in the spring of 1837, and so far completed as to allow the admission of water into the distributing reservoir, July 4th, 1842.

This aqueduct is a covered canal of solid stone and brick masonry, arched above and below, about 8 by 7 feet; 40 miles in length to the distributing reservoir, with a descent of 47 1/2 feet, with a capacity to supply 60,000,000 gallons per day. Small towers are erected a mile apart, provided with openings as ventilators. The surface works are covered with earth or other substance to guard against frost in winter. It passes through sixteen tunnels of rock, varying from 100 to 1,263 feet. In Westchester County it crosses twenty-five streams 12 to 70 feet below the line of grade, besides numerous brooks furnished with culverts.

Harlem River is crossed on High Bridge in two 48 inch mains, 12 feet below grade. On the east bank of the river, at the entrance of the pipes or mains, there is erected above this 12 feet fall a block-house of stone masonry, as is likewise at the west bank; and in this first mentioned block-house is a large room, over one edge of which shoots a sheet of waste water of considerable volume. Besides this volume of waste water, Croton River still contains an abundant supply.

This bridge is of pure granite, 1,450 feet long, 21 feet wide between the parapets, 106 feet to the top of the parapets. It rests on fifteen arches, eight of which are of 80 feet span, and seven of them 50 feet. It is constructed very similar to the famous Canal Aqueduct across the Genesee River at Rochester, N. Y.—the walls, say, 10 feet high with 20 feet space between them. It is not "arched above and below" like the rest of the aqueduct, but open at top with flat floor, punctured here and there to discharge the rain water that may fall into it; in this chamber and on this floor are laid the pipes or mains, 12 inches apart, raised by blocks of brick or stone mason work, 6 inches, and covered with earth sufficiently to protect the mains, or water in them, from the action of frost.

When we were there, 12th Oct., the earth had been removed preparatory to laying a new main, which is to be seven feet bore, and placed between and upon the other two, which it appears to me will resemble, when so placed, a log-heap of three huge logs, the top one twice as large as either of the others, or both together. We walked the length of the bridge on the mains. This new main is added because the other two do not supply sufficient water for the increasing population of the city and the consequent demand. The water in the distributing reservoir is ten feet lower now than when we visited it in 1853.

The Aqueduct of masonry is continued from the bridge to Manhattan valley, a depression which is 4,171 feet wide and 102 feet deep. This is crossed by an inverted siphon of iron pipe 4,180 feet, with a gate chamber at each end. The masonry is then resumed, and the aqueduct is carried 2 1/2 miles to the receiving reservoir in the Central Park, crossing in this distance the Clendinning Valley, 1,900 feet across, and 50 feet deep, on an aqueduct with archway, for three streets, each of which has 80 feet span for carriage ways, and 10 feet span on each street for footmen.

The receiving reservoir in Central Park, is 1,826 feet long, 836 feet wide, covers an area of 3 1/2 acres, and has a capacity of 150,000,000 gallons. The banks are of earth 18 feet wide at top and rise 9 feet above the water. The pipes pass through brick vaults. Here a new reservoir is now under construction. It will cover an area of 106 acres, will be surrounded by an earth bank, which will constitute a broad promenade.

The distributing reservoir between 40th and 42d streets and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is a structure of hewn stone in two divisions, designed to contain 36 feet or 20,000,000 gallons. Its surface is 115 feet above mean tide, or about 25 feet above ground. The surface of each division is inclosed by iron railing, and the avenues at top about twelve yards in width approached by a massive stone archway and thirty stone steps, surmounted with a block house in which an apartment is prepared for sentry. It is entered on the east side.

The cost of the work was \$8,575,000 including water rights and lands, besides \$1,800,000 for distributing pipes, considerable more than the first cost of the Erie canal. The construction of these works has lowered the rate of fire insurance about 40 per cent. Sing Sing prison is supplied from the aqueduct, as it passes near that place.

Hard by the distributing reservoir stood the ill-fated Crystal Palace, on the west. The ground on which it stood is now surrounded by a high iron fence; nothing remaining upon it but cinders and ashes, and these mostly "fused" with mother earth. C. R. RICHMOND.

Notices of New Books.

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

"HISTORICAL PICTURES RETOUCHED." A volume of Miscellanies. In two parts. Part I. Studies. Part 2. Fancies. By Mrs. DALL. Author of "Woman's Right to Labor." pp 400. Walker, Wise, & Co., 245 Washington St., Boston, Publishers.

The title of this excellent and eloquent book hardly gives a just idea of the value of its contents, or the significance of its thoughts.

Mrs. Dall is a cultured and thoughtful woman in Boston. Her "Woman's Right to Labor" passed soon to a second edition, and commanded much attention. This work, like its predecessor, is a result and a cause. A result of thought, effort, and aspiration, awakened by the change visibly and quite rapidly going on in regard to woman's freedom of choice as to her position or field of action in society. A cause, as every earnest effort of an enlarging soul must be, of aiding and arousing other souls to life and action, and thus changing that aggregate of individual thought, called public opinion, through which usages and institutions are molded and reformed.

The term "Woman's Rights" is not a well-chosen one, implying some sort of antagonism between the sexes as it does; but, like Quaker, Infidel, &c., it has passed into quite common use, and cannot well be changed.

The absence of such antagonism, and the blessings which will follow justice to woman, are well spoken of by Mrs. Dall at the close of "The Great Lawsuit," in this book.

"Woman's past position, in all civilized countries, has been the outgrowth of early oriental and later classic influences. The present attempt to emancipate her is a popular effort to overthrow them, and enthroned, at their expense, the common sense of the nineteenth century, the religious instincts of Jesus, and the intellectual aspirations which persist in the demand.

With the first moment of victory will be inaugurated a new freedom for man also.

Reaching forward to the future he will claim for his wife, and far more for his daughters, that absolute inheritance of God's world, that absolute field for thought and action, which no woman has yet known. And woman? Emancipated by love and faith, free to accept or reject the ministries about her, she will perceive more clearly than ever the relation of man's life to her own. Recognizing, as opportunity evolves them, her duties to society and the State, Marriage will gain a diviner significance, and the security of public virtue be found in the assurance of private happiness."

The "Studies" of this book are mostly historical; going back to Greece and medieval Europe, and coming near our own day; with brief, life-like, and excellent sketches of many women noted in literature, jurisprudence, mathematics, medicine; as linguists, sculptors, painters, engravers, anatomists, inventors, &c., &c.

A list of illustrious names and noble labors, from Hypatia, to Marie Cunitz, Bihéron, Margaret Fuller, and Elizabeth Blackwell; and pages filled with valuable and inspiring information, touching the high possibilities of womanhood, gathered and arranged with great care and much skill.

The "Fancies," making up the last third of the book, are pleasant stories of New England life and scenery, as its phases were familiar to the writer, and glow with the heart eloquence of a lover of the beauty of common life, and one who appreciates its significance.

Whoever would see the Past and Present of woman, as prophetic of a higher Future for Humanity, should read this book.

G. B. S.

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.

THE INVITATION.

BY MRS. TAMAR DAVIS.

Come, weary, wounded one!
Come to the banners of everlasting peace!
Thy trials all are o'er, thy wanderings done,
And all the wicked shall from troubling cease.

Come, tried and tempted soul!
Come to the Sabbath of repose and love;
Doubt hath no dwelling here, nor grief control,
But breathes a perfect rest around, above.

Come, spirit bound to earth!
Cast off thy fetters, plume thy growing wings,
Assume the rights of thine immortal birth,
And claim the converse of celestial things.

Upon this shining shore
The myriads wait thee, gathered from each land;
The valley dark and deep they braved before,
And now as conquerors, crowned and robed, they stand.

Come to thy mother, child!
Come to the breast whereon thy infant head
Its all of heaven dreamed; now undefiled
Again she'll clasp thee where no tears are shed.

Come, sister, to thy kin!
Long hast thou been bereft—'tis finished now.
The sweet home-faces greet thee from within,
And weave the wreath for thy triumphant brow.

Come, orphan, to thy sire!
Dark, cold, and cheerless, earth hath been to thee;
Come to the full fruition of desire—
Come to the blessed, be happy and be free.

The want of goods is easily remedied, but
poverty of soul is irreparable.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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READ HERMAN STUDEE'S "Thoughts on the Money Question"—also the concluding reply of L. R. S. to important questions propounded by a correspondent.

READ the story of Miss Gazelle and Mr. Boar, on our first page. It concludes with a question which we expect some correspondent will candidly and philosophically answer.

"THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW" is unwisely reviewed in this number by our Canadian contributor. The alleged imbecility of the late Robert Owen is triumphantly refuted.

"THE WILL POWER" is the title of an excellent communication printed in this number. Mr. Lane, of Massachusetts, has awakened the vital potencies of the principle.

THE Physiological Department of our next week's HERALD will be filled with contributions from physicians and non-professional correspondents.

OUR many diseased and suffering friends—the lame, the blind, the deaf, the sad-hearted, and self-abusing—must not write to us, expecting prompt and immediate attention.

DUDLEY WILLET'S letter, in this number, contains some common sense reflections, expressed with Anglo-Saxon point and Yankee stoutness, in favor of self-help, and against circumlocution, shams, and chicanery.

THE "DOINGS OF THE MORAL POLICE" recorded this week contain—"An act of Justice," "Not Lost," "Faith in Human Nature," "Singular Adventures," "Neither do I Condemn Thee," "Affecting Incident," "The Little Outcast," "Death of a respected Burglar," and "The Lady and the Robber."

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and New Year's gifts are delightful both to the giver and the receiver. Children and cherished acquaintances should be delicately and wisely remembered at such times. A good gift is always a blessing. Books are better than something to eat! Do you anticipate our thought? We would respectfully ask you to carefully look over that interesting column, on our eighth page, entitled "Great Inducements." Another word would be superfluous.

MR. D. J. BALDWIN'S letter on the North and South controversy, is printed in this number. He is a well-known and widely esteemed lawyer of Houston, Texas. He presents a semi-serious plan for the settlement of public issues. The prevailing agitation, developed and sustained by extremists on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, might be terminated by a "pitch in" battle between the opposing belligerents. We think this plan is more easily conceived than consummated. "The pen shall supersede the sword."

BOSTON has again suffered a number of its well-dressed inhabitants to burglariously enter upon premises, legally occupied by other parties, and to riotously assail the inherently sacred right of Free Speech. For the information of travelers and strangers in America, we will state that Boston is sarcastically called "The hub of the Universe;" it is a great wealthy country town, built upon Commerce, not far from the significant monument of Bunker Hill. For further particulars "wait a little longer."

We celebrate this week the Croton, that blessed, bounteous, health-giving "water privilege" of New York. The communication relative to the Croton Aqueduct, seems particularly opportune at this time, since for the purpose of putting in a new main, the supply of water is shut off from at least a portion of the city. For three days we are told the great drouth is to continue. At the time of writing but twenty-four hours have passed, and yet how serious the difficulty experienced. "Down-town" steam engines are compelled to dry up, presses to stop, dingy laborers to go unwashed. "Up town" what vexations and discomforts afflict tidy housewives! Meanwhile men and boys with carts and drays laden with tubs and barrels, are hastening to the river, which happily lies not far away

from the innermost point of this Manhattan Island.

Of a truth the Croton is the vital "irrepressible" Institution of New York.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S dispassionate letter, on a great public question, is printed in this number. We admire it principally for the philosophical kindness which pervades and inspires every practical sentence. In these exciting days, when few public men discern the signs of the times, it is refreshing to read words conceived in pure love for our common humanity. Mr. Owen's analysis of the causes and merits of the impending crisis is truthful, and his suggestions are practicable, but we particularly love the wisdom of his appeal to the magnanimity of the pure in heart. Unlike some of our combative functionaries, he says:

"Shall we employ toward South Carolina urgency and entreaty? There is neither dignity nor use in entreaty beyond a certain point. What remains? Let us act towards her in that spirit which is gentle and easy to be entreated; but if we cannot convince her, let us bid her 'Go in peace!'"

"Thus going, she may some day, as did one of old, return to the paternal home. In any event, we shall gain an ally, if we lose a sister."

"Such a course will conciliate, while coercion would exasperate, other Southern States, now wavering in their allegiance. Kindness, the Christian principle, is stronger than severity, the Heathen one."

"Violence breeds violence. We may determine in advance, when we are commencing, that it shall only go to a certain point and no further. But the dogs of war, once let slip, escape beyond our control. We may call them back in vain."

"In the olden time, before Jesus taught, the prevailing spirit was that of reprisal—'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' The Author of our religion substituted for this another more civilizing principle of action. He reminded us that there are cases in which we should not resist evil. He bid us judge not, that we be not judged. His teachings were of that charity which suffereth long and is kind; which beareth all things, which endureth all things."

Dr. Owen develops the reasonableness of true charity in the following passage:

"Our fellow citizens, now the inhabitants of the South, had nothing to do with the introduction, in their boundaries, of slavery. If we had been born to the same circumstances as they, we should probably have thought and felt in regard to slavery as they do. It is equally unchristian and unphilosophical in us to denounce them as criminals because they are slaveholders."

This is the true philosophy of that spiritualized and comprehensive "Charity which thinketh no evil," and amid all our labors to establish universal Liberty and Free Speech, we take this charity as our rule of faith and practice.

The Religious Stampedo.

"The enormous progress of Spiritualism, which, whatever may 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."—Dr. Bellows, in the Christian Inquirer.

It seems impossible to make some people comprehend that Spiritualism is not a religion. Because it affects men's religious views profoundly, it is hence inferred that it aims to found a new sect of worshippers. Spiritualism should always be considered in a two-fold aspect—first, as a body of extraordinary developments; secondly, as a movement following naturally in the wake of marvellous facts. Let us consider it in both points of view.

There came into notice, twelve years ago, audible concussions produced by no visible agency, though in close connection with persons. Originating in one locality, they soon spread into most of the States of the present Union. The circumstances in which they occurred, though subjected to the closest possible scrutiny, could, in the majority of instances, be traced to no mortal volition. Even the persons who mediated for these singular sounds were proved to be ignorant of the manner of their production, and generally annoyed with their involuntary connection with them. These sounds soon took on the characteristics of intelligent signs, represented letters of the alphabet, combined the letters into words, and from words constructed sentences, and thus announced their own parentage in persons invisible to the eye. But an invisible person—intrinsically invisible to sense—has been for ages called a spirit. The phenomenon of the "raps" was utterly inexplicable, except on the hypothesis proposed by themselves. The hypothesis was accepted, and the facts which had so singular an origin were very generally admitted to be spiritual.

But along with the concussions soon followed trances speaking, in which guise the speaker personated a soul not his own, and even the very gestures, tones, and mental traits of individuals who had once lived, frequently giving well-known names. This class of phenomena also claimed for itself a spiritual origin. Then came involuntary writing, under unknown dictation, the prompter claiming to be a spirit. At the same time, persons were involuntarily impelled to manipulate the diseased, and numberless grievous maladies in all parts of the country were cured. The moving of physical objects, so as to accomplish intelligent ends, as, for example, the skillful playing of violins and piano fortes, was also known to be effected without hidden mechanical agency, or the intervention of mortal hands. Finally, by the exercise of the faculty of clairvoyance—the existence of which faculty had long before been proved by mes-

meric experiment—the presence where such facts were transpiring, of persons invisible to the natural eye, has been again and again affirmed. All this variety of remarkable facts is still displayed, and is increasing, while spreading slowly in every civilized land. These facts are the substance of Spiritualism. They prove the positive intervention on a large scale, and to an extent hitherto unparalleled in history, of spiritual agency in the affairs of our world.

Now what has been the result? Let us see in what condition the facts found us upon their unexpected advent.

We very generally believed that we were under the government of a Supreme Being whose administration of the universe was something after this style:

He made the globe, its animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms in six natural days. He made it for man, who was created male and female in absolute perfection of soul and body, and placed in a Paradise, endowed with immortality. But this immortality was conditioned on the observance of a certain prohibition laid upon man to prove him. The prohibition was disregarded, and both man and woman forfeited immortality, became constitutionally corrupt, brought death upon the entire animal kingdom, and subjected themselves to the risk of everlasting torment after death. After this fearful fall, the original pair was driven from Paradise, doomed to bitter toil for life, and yet allowed, all tainted with sin and corruption, to generate a race transcending computation, which was to inherit by blood, sin, disease, death, and the hazard of perdition. This unfortunate race, so begotten, stumbled along twenty centuries, till its moral delinquencies became intolerable, when, with the exception of eight persons, it was wholly destroyed by a deluge, the brute creation, save a few select shoots, perishing with it. The eight thus saved now continue the existence of mankind for two thousand years more, when, to stay the corruption and ruin of the race, the Supreme Being sends his own Son by birth in a favored tribe, to save the world. This Son is slain, and by virtue of his death atones for sin, and renders it possible for every one who confesses him as a Lord and Redeemer, to attain immortality and a resurrection of his mortal body some ages hence to a celestial Paradise. Meanwhile, to propagate faith in this divine Son, the Supreme Being commits his history, and a few directions for moral guidance to a Book—and the Book is committed to an inspired Church, which, after fifteen centuries from its foundation, parts asunder, and both factions claim the especial favor of Heaven and the only reliable knowledge of the means of escaping perdition, and denounce each other as false and heretical.

This is and was substantially the accepted popular creed of Protestant Christendom. But it is a creed that has been continually undermined by an ever-increasing flood of knowledge, during more than a century. Geology demonstrated an indefinite past duration of the globe, and the death of whole tribes of animals antecedent to the existence of man. Astronomy showed that the earth is but an atom in the immeasurable kingdom of the Almighty. Ethnology proved that the human race began in a diversity of stocks, and that the primitive Adam and Eve are but fictions of the religious imagination. Anthropology showed that man's passions are good, but are immature, misdirected, and are created out of equilibrium, in order that man may generate his own moral excellence—earn his virtue, as he earns his bread, by toil, and the struggles of a righteous will. Physiology revealed that his body, like those of all animals, originated in a minute organic cell, and that death renders the body's reconstruction altogether impossible. Finally, the common conscience, illuminated by the struggle for Human Rights in Church and State, has been learning that for every wrong act there is an irresistible penalty, and that the only atonement for sin, is in the suffering of the offender, and in his abandonment of the evil act.

These revelations in science and ethics were tending only to negative results, and during the last quarter of the current century have been driving the noblest thinkers to total despair of a future life. And this secret unbelief likewise pervaded all the churches. Falling upon this state of mind, external Spiritualism kindled anew decaying faith, because it put the reality of a future life upon a basis not incompatible with the accepted truths of science—made it in fact a Natural Revelation. Its marvellous phenomena supplied an imperious demand.

Hence arose the inner Spiritualism—belief in a future life from evidence addressed to the senses. But this belief is not religion; it is but one element of it. And this is why there is, at present, no unity of doctrine among Spiritualists. The movement away from the churches is not yet constructive. It is the decomposition of the old order of things, still far from its maximum. It is the preparatory work that is to initiate a Universal Religion. Of course, as this movement advances it devours the churches, as fire on the prairies consumes last summer's dried grass. But it will destroy nothing that deserves to be saved. Purity, gentleness, love to man, self-denial, aspiration to perfect excellence, which are virtues locked up in the sectarian organizations, will simply be set free, and constitute the soul of a new social order in which both Church and State will find their necessary complements, and cease to maintain a separate existence.

So desertion of the churches is a natural and necessary result, and must continue. Their creeds are either great errors, or misty

half-truths which cannot stand in the presence of science; and their organizations are musty old bottles, which can only be burst in attempting to hold the new wine. We wish them a happy demise, and that their members may make up their minds to accept the "enormous progress of Spiritualism" as a Natural Revelation destined to supersede their Bible, complete an everlasting alliance between Reason and Faith, and establish forever the BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The Physician.

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

MEDICAL WHISPERS

BY A. J. D.

... ..
... ..
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To J. G. B. H., EASTON, PA.—Your lumber weakness will yield to magnetic treatment. Can you not find some efficient manipulator in your vicinity?

To ESKIE, NEW ALBION, N. Y.—The potencies of magnetic treatment, combined with the judicious employment of hydropathic means, would reach the causes of your peculiar disturbance.

To M. J. D., MONROE, WIS.—Your general symptoms were prescribed for some weeks since. Protect your feet, ankles, and legs, with extra garments; otherwise you cannot avoid colds and pains in the abdomen.

To T. H. A., CARYVILLE, PA.—From the life of thy letter we gather that no medicine would restore thy physical ear to perfect health. These need not fear to try the "Whisper" referred to in a previous issue.

To ARAMINTA D. B., PLEASANT VALLEY.—Do not interpret our silence unfavorably to your case. We are as yet wholly without the power to aid you. Your suffering for the past twenty years—all owing to the sad accident of taking a wrong medicine—will be more than forgotten one of these days. You will then be thankful for what has seemed the saddest misfortune. This world is only the commencement of "life."

"Incipient Fever Sores."—Several applications have been received from persons suffering with scratches and scrofulous gatherings, even fever sores of recent formation, and to such we prescribe the reasonable rules of life from time to time recommended in our columns, but locally, on the affected parts, this: Bathe the irritated surfaces thoroughly with pure soap and flaxseed tea, forming a suds, then take fresh slaked lime and dust the diseased parts at least twice a day. For different treatment, in cases of very inveterate fever sores, see a Whisper in an early issue.

To OTTO K., PITTSBURGH.—Having subjected your body to an examination, we report no medicine for you, not that your case is beyond treatment, but because it would require more particular attention, from time to time, than we have opportunity to bestow in justice to the hundreds who yet wait for a "Whisper." We think that you may continue as you are, avoiding all medicines (except an occasional cathartic, of rhubarb and charcoal) and in a year or two obtain considerable health. Do not refuse to report to us any change in your symptoms.

To SAMOSET, PLYMOUTH.—Your whole case has passed in review before us. We have solved one or two problems in your life. Your disease is principally mental—an invasion of Conjugal Love, and extreme action (at times) of Fraternal Love, both of which telegraph their conditions to the physical organs. REMEDY: Resolve from this moment to balance your views of men, society, personal life, and of things about you. Angels will fly to your aid as quick as your resolution takes effect upon your daily feelings and conduct. Never too late, Brother, to rejuvenate your life and habits. Very soon you may work a little every day.

"Hemorrhage of the Lungs." Mr. B. T., VICTOR, N. Y., has been for several months afflicted with a discharge of blood from the pulmonary structure. He is greatly out of balance in the nerve-department; seems well to an observer, but suffers much from nervousness.

REMEDY: Adopt our principles of Self-Healing, and begin the work of Personal Reform from this hour. Get the resinous exudation of a pine tree, one drachm, the same quantity of cayenne pepper; make into pills of two grains each. Dose: One pill at ten o'clock each day, or immediately after considerable bodily exercise, and one the last thing at night. Eat nothing sweet, drink nothing exciting, but "be thou whole."

MR. PETER G., ILLINOIS, writes that, being exceedingly poor and unable to work from ill-health, he gladly "avails himself of our generosity to seek a free prescription for a variety of symptoms," &c.

Now, Peter, let your mind rest assured, if it can "rest" at all under the circumstances, that we will not prescribe for any agreeable Brother, unless it be a moral medicine to the effect that he must reform spiritually—cease to do evil, learn to do well. We know you are not poor in this world's goods. You own a large homestead in P., there are 200 acres of prairie soil, legally and financially yours. Your family are thrifty and penurious, and yet you are miserably and morally miserable enough to write us for a free prescription! Not this time, friend Peter—No, Sir.

"Physical Evils are Transient."—M. A. T., of NEW BRIGHTON, writing under date of Oct. 28th, adds the following postscript: "A little fact is just revived in my memory by the remark of a friend. An uncle of mine, aged eighty-five, residing here, after having been a habitual tobacco-chewer for more than sixty years, about two years ago, lost all appetite for food, and had no sense to taste it since! There was no change in his habits, and he was always more healthy than most

Dr. Miller and others say that the loss of the tobacco, alcohol, etc., adheres to man in the spirit-life. But may it not be, as in this instance, that by some peculiar chemical or physiological change in the organism of the spirit, the appetite may leave them immediately on their introduction into the other life.

"Swallowing Lizards, Frogs, and Toads."—Bertholin, the learned Swedish doctor, relates strange anecdotes of lizards, toads, and frogs; stating that a woman thirty years of age, being thirsty, drank plentifully of water at a pond. At the end of a few months, she experienced singular movements in her stomach, as if something was crawling up and down; and alarmed by the sensation, consulted a medical man, who prescribed a dose of opium in a decoction of fumitory. Shortly afterwards, the irritation of the stomach increasing, she vomited three toads and two young lizards, after which, she became more at ease. In the spring following, however, her irritation of the stomach was renewed, and aloe and bear being administered, she vomited three female frogs, followed the next day by their numerous progeny. In the month of January following, she vomited five more living frogs, and in the course of seven years ejected as many as eighty. Dr. Bertholin protests that he heard them croak in her stomach!—Exchange.

"Weak Back."—P. R. E. MARMATON, K. T., says: "I have a weakness through the small of my back (which I think comes from the kidneys) which I have been unable to remove. It prevents my doing anything that requires strength. If you could give me a word of advice through the medium of your paper it would be gratefully received." REMEDY: There is an incipient disease in the kidneys—a wasting process inaugurated in the cellular tissues—which must be stopped at once. Sweeten must not be taken; no pastries; nor hot drinks of any description. Get Thimble Weed (Rudbeckia laciniata) and chew it plentifully every afternoon, swallowing only the juice and balsamic properties. Frequently bathe the loins in cold water. Every night wear on your back a cold compress (a bandage wrung out in cold water,) and well protected with a dry cloth of much thickness. Disuse all very salt food; no fresh-baked bread; but plenty of fruit, if well-cooked.

"Almost a Skeleton."—M. B. DUBOQUE, says: "I think I am intellectually and physically diseased. My body, without any particular disease, is reduced to almost a skeleton. My mind is inactive. I have lost what little energy I once had, and am fearful that I shall leave this world without making a worthy mark upon it." REMEDY: The principal cause being an insufficient supply of blood, in consequence of imperfect chylification, and imperfect assimilation of whatever is well digested, together with a diminution of nerve-life in the visceral department, the remedy is a system of eating and exercising that shall reenergize the parts and principles of your physical body. As a general thing your diet must consist of small quantities of animal substances, in connection with bread and fruit. A wine-glass full of pure grape wine should be taken about an hour after your dinner. Let some strong hands knead your stomach and bowels, immediately after drinking the wine, while you lay on your back. Without this the wine is of no use in your case.

"Influence of Cod-Liver Oil and Cocoa-Nut Oil on the Blood."—Dr. T. Thompson, in a paper read before the Royal Society, states that he found that during the administration of cod-liver oil to phthisical patients their blood grew richer in red corpuscles. The use of almond oil and of olive oil was not followed by any remedial effect; but from cocoa-nut oil results were obtained almost as decided as from the oil of the liver of the cod. The oil in question was a pure cocoa oleine, obtained by pressure from crude cocoa-nut oil, as expressed in Ceylon and the Malabar Coast, from the dried cocoa-nut kernel, and refined by being treated with an alkali, and then repeatedly washed with distilled water. It burns with a faint blue flame, showing a comparatively small proportion of carbon, and is undrying. The whole quantity of blood abstracted, for analysis, having been weighed, the coagulum was drained on bibulous paper for four or five hours, weighed, and divided into two portions. One portion was weighed, and then dried in a water-oven, to determine the water. The other was macerated in cold water until it became colorless, then moderately dried, and digested with ether and alcohol, to remove fat, and finally dried completely, and weighed as fibrin. From the respective weights of the fibrin, and the dry clot, that of the corpuscles was calculated.—Tribune.

"Urinary Weakness."—Our correspondent, J. E. W., CANADA WEST, has made application for medical aid in behalf of two sons, both of them afflicted with "the invertebrate habit of wetting their beds at night." CAUSE: It may be proper to denominate this disease *Diabetes inipituis*. It is caused by a superabundance of serum in the blood, which contains a too large proportion of saccharine matter, unassimilated. The urine at first is clear and sweetish, but very soon gives off vapors peculiar to the general condition of the system. REMEDY: Hygienic means are always in order, and essential to a cure. That is, the unfortunate victim should eat or drink nothing sweet or sweetish; nor may the stomach and bowels be fed with starchy food, such as potatoes and fresh bread. A morbid state of the blood is the cause of the weakness in some children; but in nearly all cases, the primary cause is a too frequent use of milk and sweet diets, puddings, etc. No fluid should be taken with meals, or at any other time, unless the thirst is intense; in which case use strong lemonade without sweetening, or a teaspoonful of water, medicated with from one to three drops of diluted sulphuric acid. Twice a week the body of the patient should be thoroughly anointed with sweet oil, dissolved with a little of each spirit turpentine and alcohol. Always bathe and manipulate from head to feet, except when the patient has some local inflammation, or special pain. [By] The disuse of all starchy and sweet foods, the use of the WILL as both a policeman and a physician, and the acid drinks recommended is a good treatment for the great majority of cases. Severe, and long-standing sufferers with incipient Diabetes, may aid their cure by putting one ounce of cascarrilla bark, one drachm each of cloves and cinnamon pulverized, and four ounces of lemon peel, in one pint of best port wine. To tincture one week. Dose: A teaspoonful with a Graham cracker for supper.

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"Bronchial Irritation."—R. S., JOLIET, ILL., writes in behalf of his afflicted wife: "Last spring we were surprised to find that her lungs were very much diseased, according to the diagnosis of two physicians. She has taken no medicine, but has practiced your directions—found in your paper—in regard to breathing, early rising, (until recently) and the Will Power. By the use of these natural means I think the lungs are nearly or quite healed, strength very much improved, and general health vastly better. The disease seems to be now in the bronchial tubes, producing cough, &c., &c., and the above means do not seem to overcome it." REMEDY: Wear cotton stockings with fur linings, and fur wristlets also, every night. Sleeping with these points very warm (magnetic) will greatly aid Nature in the curative process. The cough will yield to something like the following: Pleurisy root (*Asterias foliosus*) four ounces, extract of dandelion six ounces, extract of horehound the same quantity, cayenne pepper one drachm, onion juice two tablespoonfuls, brown sugar one pound. Boil and mix, and convert this compound into candy-balls about the size of white walnuts. Dose: Use this candy as freely as you can without nauseating the stomach—especially during parts of the day when the cough is most troublesome, or the throat the most sensitive. Do not abandon the pneumogastric efforts at Self-Healing.

"Pneumogastric Derangement." Mr. EDWIN L., OF ANN ARBOR, gives the case of his son, between nine and ten years old, as follows: "He complains frequently of violent pains in his head, a kind of jumping pain near where the head unites with the neck—not always confined to that locality, but sometimes in other portions of the head. His neck is frequently painful and stiff, causing the head to be carried too far back and on one side. There is a kind of jerking about the face and forehead, and the blood courses through the neck to the head with a throbbing violence. His tongue for several days is badly coated, and he complains of pains in his side, knees, and legs. He does not seem to have much fever." REMEDY: As the disease is Pneumogastrical, which involves both the brain and the stomach, in the spasmodic disturbance, the remedy consists in favoring the normal action of those life-conductors by every potential agent. A steady-handed magnetic medium for Indian influence could accomplish the desired end. In the absence of such power, we recommend the Homeopathic preparation *Hysosimus* and *Chamomilla*, low dilution, which should be administered as follows: *Hysos.* in the morning, if the neck is painful; at noon, and not morning, if the coating on the tongue is thick. But in case the pain is confined to the head and limbs, give *Cham.* night and morning, and one dose of *Hysos.* at noon. There is no direct means of reaching this case, except through dieting and sweating. Give no food which is known to irritate his nervous system. Fresh fish or bird food will not injure, even if taken liberally, but salted meats and sweet diets would always offend. A fur tippet worn about the waist at night, and bands of fur about the wrists and ankles during the day, would benefit him at times. Obtain the services of a genuine magnetic medium as soon as possible. There is, however, a fair chance of a voluntary cure being performed by Nature in his case, but the chances are rather against him. Occasional sweating by steam would expedite the healing process.

Office of the Mouth—at one end of the line. Office of the Stomach—at the other end of it. DISPATCH. Inquiry—Mouth to the Stomach. "Are you ready for Breakfast?" Stomach—"Yes; but are you going to send?" Mouth—"You will see. Prepare!" The table-bell rings, Body hurries, drops into a chair, Mouth opens, and down goes as quickly as possible a cup of Coffee, at a temperature of 145 degrees of Fahrenheit. It burns the whole esophageal track as it passes it, and when it gets into the Stomach, burns it, and the Stomach contracts, and shrivels, and cringes, and finally screeches, and the Mouth says, "Halloo! what is the matter?" Stomach—"Matter! Enough, I should think. Do you not know that I cannot endure stush at 140 to 160 degrees of heat?" Mouth—"O, never mind! Here comes some beef steak, with hot fried potatoes, hot rolls and poor butter, some salad with vinegar, some buckwheat cakes and molasses. These will heal it." Stomach—"Stop! What earthly use is there in sending these down here all at one time? They make a hodge-podge." Mouth—"Here comes some more coffee." Stomach—"Hold on! wait! Give me some water!" Mouth—"Water! when you can get coffee? You must be crazy; water has no nourishment in it. One wants water only when one is dry." Stomach—"I am thirsty! Give me some water!" Mouth—"Cannot do it—they haven't any water up here. If they have, it is hot, and I doubt if they have any of that. Persons do not like water; and you, O Stomach, are eccentric, so stop complaining and get ready to take some more food—'take the good the gods provide you' and be content. Are you ready? I am in a hurry. Up here 'time is money.' I have to furnish you with material out of which strength is to be gotten for the body's use to-day, and I have ten minutes allowed me for this purpose. Now the after part is your look out, not mine. Take notice! Are you ready? Here comes apple pie, fried chicken, tripe, tomato catsup, boiled ham, minute pudding, corn bread and cucumbers, pepper, salt, gravy, mince pie, another cup of coffee, so look out!" Stomach—"Look out! O, murder! What am I to do? Do! I must grind away at it

like a horse in a bark-mill, till I am worn out. Under such a condition of things as this, I shall break down in the fourth part of the time, which I might work, [By] then the Mouth, and for that matter the heart too, will be still, and I shall be at peace."—*Lives of Life.*

A THEOCRACY NO MORE.

Our readers will recall an editorial review a few weeks since, of the Spiritual Theocracy, at Harmony Springs, Ark., of which Dr. J. E. Spencer was the self-constituted head. By the last number of the paper published at Harmony Springs, called the *Theocrat*, (why not change the name!) and formerly edited by Dr. Spencer, we learn that "Dr. J. E. and Martha Spencer, alias Dr. J. Read and wife, have left for parts unknown," and the Theocracy is of course dissolved. The facts respecting the exit of Dr. S., as published, reflect little credit upon the integrity of the man. It appears that some members of the Harmonical Society were instituting inquiries into the antecedents of Dr. Spencer, by which their faith in the revelations professedly made by his "Spiritual Guides," was greatly shaken. Upon learning this loss of confidence, Dr. Spencer and wife seized upon what available property they could, including the titles to all the Society's real estate, which was secured in his name, and clandestinely left. They were overtaken and brought back, and the property was conveyed to the Society, when, with a certain allowance given him, he was suffered to depart. A reorganization was effected, under the name of "The Harmonical Vegetarian Society," and the members, seeming not to have lost courage, but, we hope, to have learned wisdom by their late experiences, begin again, upon a truer basis, their socialistic movement. Mr. C. G. Foster acts as secretary of the new society.

PRISONS OR PENAL COLONIES.

The N. Y. Times very sensibly criticises the failure of the Prison Discipline Association to take action with reference to the abolition of the shower bath as a mode of torture in Prisons. Expressing the conviction that immediately valuable results can hardly be expected from these associations, the following suggestions are made: "The whole science of judicial punishment is still in its infancy. It will remain so until statistics, the necessary forerunner of all safe reforms, have investigated the mental, moral, and physical results of incarceration; its tendency, for instance, to produce insanity; its efficacy as a moral reagent; its influence on the longevity of the imprisoned. These important questions are attracting the study of observers in all parts of the world, and in time will be presented in the undisputable formula of statistical tables. It may then be ascertained whether any existing form of punishment by confinement be worth preserving, or whether it is not the duty of a Christian Government to replace it by a system of penal colonization. To the latter conviction the minds of many intelligent men are already carried strongly. The utmost these well-meaning organizations can do in the meantime, is to collate facts, figures, and experience, diligently; and incessantly strive for the mitigation of the minor miseries of the prison. A visit to Sing Sing might, we repeat, aid the last-mentioned object."

HELP FOR THE INDIANS.

We learn from Mr. John Beeson, the friend of the Red Man, that a meeting will be held at Boston on the fourteenth inst., to consider the question of calling a general convention of the friends of the Indian. Ralph Waldo Emerson has signified his intention to be present and speak. At the general convention it is proposed to consider the following subjects: "1. The reason why the Indians have not become civilized. "2. The cause of their fading away. "3. A plan for their future government. "4. The location and extent of the domain or domains which should be appropriated for their final settlement. "5. The propriety of aiding all the principal tribes of Indians to send delegates of their own people to a general convention of their race at some appropriate place during the coming summer, to determine for themselves relative to the foregoing points. "6. The propriety of asking Congress for an appropriation sufficient to carry the foregoing into effect."

"LOVE BEYOND DEGREE."

A new work, by Rev. J. P. Thompson, entitled "Love and Penalty," undertakes to prove the Fatherhood of God by the fact of eternal punishment! The Rev. Dr. argues that "because God is a being of perfect love, there is no hope for an incorrigible sinner." If such is the condition of things in this universe, we should like to try for a while one where the God is a being of perfect hatred! Could such an "administration" furnish anything worse than Dr. Thompson believes to belong to the government of a God of Love?

OUR EXCHANGES.

We have frequent requests to exchange with various publications, many of which are of little value to us. If our editorial brethren will bear in mind, that they can easily render us a full equivalent by calling attention to our publication, with address, terms, and character of the paper, we shall be most happy to reciprocate by sending the HERALD OF PROGRESS, on receipt of marked copies containing such notices. Without such an equivalent we shall feel compelled to decline many propositions for exchange.

THE CHRISTMAS ANNUAL. We have received a supply of this little gift-book for children, advertised in another column by Mrs. Brown, and can fill orders for them. Liberal-minded parents will rejoice at the appearance of a suitable book for the holidays for their children. On seeing the list of contributors few of our readers will doubt the value of the book. It is furnished very cheaply, and we trust will meet with a large sale. [By] The time is fast approaching for those who wish to commence with the year (1861) to send in their subscriptions. We anticipate a large addition to our list at that time. Sample copies will be sent on application.

EFFECTUALLY "D. D."

The American Magazine advertises a list of "General Contributors" containing fifty-four names, constituted as follows: One "Esq.," one "M. A.," four "Professors," four "L. D.'s," twelve "Reverends," thirty-one "D. D.'s," and one woman! [By] By a reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that there is a call for mediums in India. [By] Mrs. Frances Lord Bond is now on her way to meet appointments in Michigan. Those wishing her services farther west, can address her, as in notice elsewhere, at Cleveland, O. [By] The Christian Spiritualist, (Macon, Ga.,) after a suspension of some weeks, appears again, with an intimation that six more numbers will be published, to make good the editor's promises.

Brief Items.

—A young man in Tompkins county, N. Y., husked forty bushels of corn in one forenoon, quitting at twelve o'clock! —Miss Ornabee, of Warren, R. I., after being dumb for fifty-five years, began a few weeks ago to converse easily. She is seventy-five years old. —There has been another heavy fall of rock at Niagara Falls. A party had passed under but a few minutes before! —Were Mrs. Burch a thousand times a Magdalene, she were far less guilty, and more nobly planned than he, her husband, who has attempted to blast forever the character of the woman whom he had promised to love and cherish through evil as well as good report.—*Glen Forest Journal.* —Lady Franklin has gone to California, where she expects to reside. —P. T. Barnum has given to the Kansas sufferers the value of one thousand dollars in Museum tickets! Not to be sent to Kansas, but sold in New York for their benefit. —Another course of Agricultural Lectures, similar to those so successful last winter, is to be given at Yale College, commencing in February next. —Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties. —Prof. Holmes says truly, God opens one book to Physicians that a good many Ministers don't know much about—the Book of Life. "That is none of your dusty folios with black letters between pasteboard and leather, but it is printed in bright red type, and the binding of it is warm and tender to every touch."

Doings of the Moral Police.

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

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

"The Papers" have given wide publicity to a recent case of Divorce, in which a prominent Cleveland Spiritualist was a party. The fact that the husband, a man of large property, voluntarily divided his entire estate, upon the dissolution of the marital partnership, giving his wife one half of all his wealth, has not, that we are aware, been made equally public. The example is one many non-Spiritualists might well profit by, and it certainly is worthy of record beside the fact of Divorce.

NOT "LOST."

PORT HURON, Mich. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR BROTHER: I am very glad to be able to add my mite to the record of good deeds and noble actions, that "our HERALD" publishes to the world from week to week, strengthening our faith in the innate goodness of humanity.

During the past season a family residing outside our city limits, have been suffering great privations. Strangers and poor, they knew not where to apply for relief, and the fact of their existence has only just become known; and with it the intelligence that they have been kept from absolute starvation during the summer by the poor girls in a house of ill-fame near by. It seems that they gave the woman, who was able to work, washing, paying a dollar for work worth only half that sum; and when sickness visited the lowly hut, the girls went there and nursed the sick, and ministered to their wants with untiring charity.

Brother, is not this incident worthy of a place beside the history of her who "sat at the feet of Jesus?" Yours for the truth, LAURA McALEPIN.

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

The Cafe Foy is a celebrated Paris restaurant. It has, or had, a standing rule never to call back, or ask an explanation from any individual leaving the establishment without paying. The doctrine was, if the gentleman is merely forgetful, he will rectify his error the next day; if the omission is a swindle, it is better to suffer the loss than provoke publicity, and perhaps unpleasant consequences. For five years an individual had breakfasted regularly at the Cafe Foy, and as regularly had acquitted his each morning's indebtedness. At last he omitted to do so, but no notice was taken of it. He went on in the same way for a week, but as he was an habitue of so long standing, it excited no uneasiness. The waiter finally asked the proprietor if he should remind the gentleman of his delinquency. "By no means," was the reply. "He has been punctual in his payments for five years, and if he is less so now, it is, perhaps, that he is in want of money. At any rate, do not let him suppose, by a look or word, or any want of attention, that his recent irregularity has been noticed." At the end of eight months the gentleman disappeared, leaving his bill unsettled. It was put down to profit and loss, and in five years more had passed from the recollection of the master of the house. Not long ago, he received from a distant port a shipment of genuine Moka, worth about a thousand dollars, and a draft upon a Paris banker for one thousand one hundred francs, the approximate amount of two hundred and fifty breakfasts. The latter a reimbursement, the former a "recognition of an act of delicacy, rare in any station of life."

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

The Grosvenor, East Indianman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties—never more to meet on earth. There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old who has no relative there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment, from which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his special friend, lags behind. Beseet by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they newer—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful ox-swallow goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The news of the American presidential contest had reached England on the 23d of November, and its result was commented on by the press with satisfaction. News of the agitation here, in consequence of that result, had not yet arrived. —The Empress Eugenie was in Scotland, and temporarily sojourning in Edinburgh, preparatory to visiting the Duke of Hamilton. She was to return to France December 10th. The Empress of Austria was also in England en route for Madeira. The journey thither is undertaken in compliance with the advice of her physicians—the queen having been in a consumptive decline for more than a year. She visits England by invitation of Victoria, who places a steamer at her disposal for the contemplated voyage. —The English money market had been slightly improved by a loan from the Bank of England to that of France, to the extent of £2,000,000 sterling, in gold, secured by an equal amount returned in silver. A drain of money is said, however, to be going on from both countries. —The Prince of Wales had resumed his studies at Oxford. —The siege of Gaeta still continued. The suburbs were bombarded by the Piedmontese on Nov. 12th. Great disaffection was said to be prevailing among the staff-officers of the Neapolitan troops, and a rumor had gone abroad that a complete evacuation of the town had been resolved on. —The clergy of the Neapolitan provinces were paying homage to Victor Emanuel, and the disaffected Cardinal Archbishop of Naples was about to return to his See. —Castle Retterstein, near Munich, had been prepared for the reception of Francis II; a late dispatch from Naples brings news that the unfortunate king had burst a blood-vessel, and that medical aid had been sought for him in that city. The queen, mother, and children, had left for Civita Vecchia. —It is stated that negotiations for the cession of Venetia have commenced. On the contrary, Vienna letters speak of a guaranty by the German Confederation, in conjunction with Russia, for securing Venetia to Austria. —A statement was current that the British government had intimated to France its intention to recognize the new kingdom of Italy, to which Napoleon had assented, requesting only a postponement of the recognition till Francis II should evacuate Gaeta.

From Harper's Magazine for February, 1864.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

The Grosvenor, East Indianman, homeward bound, goes ashore on the coast of Caffraria. It is resolved that the officers, passengers, and crew, in number one hundred and thirty-five souls, shall endeavor to penetrate on foot, across trackless deserts, infested by wild beasts and cruel savages, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. With this forlorn object before them, they finally separated into two parties—never more to meet on earth. There is a solitary child among the passengers—a little boy of seven years old who has no relative there; and when the first party is moving away he cries after some member of it who has been kind to him. The crying of a child might be supposed to be a little thing to men in such great extremity; but it touches them, and he is immediately taken into that detachment, from which time forth, this child is sublimely made a sacred charge. He is pushed on a little raft, across broad rivers, by the swimming sailors; they carry him by turns through the deep sand and long grass (he patiently walking at all other times); they share with him such putrid fish as they find to eat; they lie down and wait for him when the rough carpenter, who becomes his special friend, lags behind. Beseet by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, they newer—O Father of all mankind, thy name be blessed for it!—forget this child. The captain stops exhausted, and his faithful ox-swallow goes back and is seen to sit down by his side, and neither of the two shall be any more beheld until the great last day; but, as the rest go on for their lives, they take the child with them. The carpenter dies of poisonous berries eaten in starvation; and the steward, succeeding to the command of the party, succeeds to the sacred guardianship of the child.

God knows all he does for the poor baby; how he cheerfully carries him in his arms when he himself is weak and ill; how he feeds him when he himself is gripped with want; how he folds his ragged jacket round him, lays his little worn face with a woman's tenderness upon his sun-burnt breast, soothes him in his sufferings, sings to him as he limps along, unmindful of his own parched and

bleeding feet. Divided for a few days from the rest, they dig a grave in the sand, and bury their good friend the cooper—these two companions alone in the wilderness—and then the time comes when they both are ill and beg their wretched partners in despair, reduced and few in number now, to wait by them one day. They wait by them one day, they wait by them two days. On the morning of the third, they move very softly about, in making their preparations for the resumption of their journey; for, the child is sleeping by the fire, and it is agreed with one consent that he shall not be disturbed until the last moment. The moment comes, the fire is dying—and the child is dead.

His faithful friend, the steward, lingers but a little while behind him. His grief is great, he staggers on for a few days, lies down in the desert and dies. But he shall be reunited in his immortal spirit—who can doubt it!—with the child, where he and the poor carpenter shall be raised up with the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

From the mere handful recovered at last the above statement was given. Is it not worthy of perpetuation? of a place in the annual record of human goodness? and although no monumental record marks the earthly resting place of those heroic hearts, shall they not receive from the responsive souls that read with tears this simple story of their sublimely abnegating lives, the tribute of affection and respect, that, though silent, yet is eloquent with praise and loveful thanks?

For the Herald of Progress.

“NEITHER DO I CONDEMN THEM.”

There is one part of this paper that is “more precious than silver or gold;” it is studded with the diamonds and rubies of social life. It is called the “Doings of the Moral Police.” But whatever it may be called, its various items should be set in frames and hung in the home of every family.

If “kind words can never die,” and every good deed nobly done will repay the cost,” certainly they should be *Herald-ed* and kept before the people.

Among the names of those whose kind deeds have sweetened the bitter cup of sorrow, let us register those of Mary and Lemuel, whose quiet little home in the city of A—, Michigan, often nourishes and rests the pilgrim teachers of a progressive gospel.

A poor, homeless orphan girl, whose winters have not yet numbered a score, had thorny her way along the rugged and thorny pathway of life, in the State of Ohio, until she felt herself almost a woman, and her soul yearned for companionship and love. A young man discovered this true, pure, and warm heart, and soon gained her affections and her confidence.

When the intimacy had lasted nearly two years, and she informed him of her perilous situation, he fled toward the sunrise, to the home of his ancestors, to escape the disgrace of a marriage with a poor orphan, and the expense of providing for her.

She drifted westward, not caring, as she said, what became of her, or where she landed. In this forlorn situation, homeless, friendless, penniless, she sought employment as a servant in the city of A—. She found employment where she dare not make her situation known. Who can imagine the sorrows of that poor girl as the time of her confinement drew near? An extra washing and hard days' labor killed her child before it was born, and, when nature began her struggles, she put on her cloak and started into the street. By the unseen, unknown influence of her spirit mother, she went to the neat little home of the strangers Mary and Lemuel, and bursting into tears told Mary of her situation.

“Take off thy things, warm thy feet, and be quiet here till I call some good woman to assist us.”

Soon a really religious woman was secured to aid them, and a pious doctor employed, who said there was a place provided for such persons, meaning, of course, the “poor house.” A few hours and the painful scene was over, and the little form was laid privately away in the ground.

The mother was nourished into health by the kindness of M. and L., and the lesson has left its deep imprint in the heart of the poor girl, as she starts again, alone, on her journey of life, restored to society without the disgrace of a poor house or public exposure.

“I do not condemn thee,” said Mary, but “go thy way and sin no more.”

More than one soul will bless the doer of this kind deed, “for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” W. C.

SINGULAR ADVENTURES.

INTELLIGENCE WANTED.

We have received the following interesting account, with the request to publish, hoping others papers will copy, and perhaps thereby bring some intelligence of an absent brother:

In the fall of the year '48 Charles Baker took passage at Cincinnati on the ill-fated steamer *Convoy*, which, after getting into the Mississippi, was discovered to be on fire. It was loaded with cotton, and insured beyond its value. On account of the combustibility of the loading, the flames spread very rapidly. It was in the night when it was discovered. The captain and all the men, except three or four beside Charles, deserted her in the small boats, leaving some thirty women and children to the mercy of the devouring element. Charles, though an entire stranger to the sufferers, stood by them till the last. Being somewhat acquainted with canal boating, he helped to moor the vessel to an island; by the aid of some plank getting from the upper deck to the land, aided in placing about half the passengers off, when their passage was interrupted by the rapid spread of the flames, he being left with the remnant

in the cabin. He then went to tying the women and children to every available substance that would float, and throwing them into the water. This was the last act he seemed to be conscious of, for the next thing he knew he was on board of another steamer, badly burned in the right shoulder, and bleeding at the lungs.

He was soon conveyed to the St. Charles hospital, and there lay six hours insensible. He finally recovered and went to Cuba for his health. After spending a year there in the service of a Spanish merchant, he collected for him the debts of a wholesale establishment. While collecting, one of Murrel's men attempted to poison him; holding his pistol over the man, he made him confess his many deeds of crime, then turned on his heel and left nature and God to deal with the old pirate.

After being confined to his bed some three weeks, from the drug, he entered New Orleans on the *Ocean Queen*, and visited his friends in central Ohio. From there, he assumed a command under the ill-fated Crittenden, of Kentucky, and was one of the four who escaped his massacre, being hid by a lady, dressed in her clothing, and sent to an American vessel. After this, I am informed, he started in command of three hundred men for Central America.

Men may call the “fillibusters,” as they are termed, by any hard name they choose, but some of the passengers of the *Convoy*, and the old pirate can testify to the bravery and humanity of one of them.

Should any one among the many readers of this notice know anything of the missing Brother, they will confer a great favor by communicating it to the Editor of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, or to the writer, at Pleasant Run, Dallas county, Texas.

LYDIA H. BAKER.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

“Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands.”

The troubled eyes of the speaker filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outdoor, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the end of November, a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only naked tree near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her mother's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but not handsome gray eyes.

“Come in, at any rate, till the gudemman comes home; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold.” And she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner, then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the “gudemman” presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself—he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zeal with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept “only till to-morrow;” so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

“You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see,” he said, pointing to the yard. “Yes; do you know him?” “I have seen him,” replied the peddler, evasively.

“And where?—who is he?—what is he?” “A jail-bird!” and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder; “that boy, young as he looks, I saw in Court myself, and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one—you'd do well to look keferful arter him.”

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word “jail,” the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she had called the boy in, and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Asbamed and distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded in his flesh.

“Well,” he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off; “I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to be better—everybody hates and despises me—nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once!”

“Tell me,” said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, “how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?”

“Oh!” exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, “Oh! I hain't got no mother—oh! I hain't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother,” he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange-looking gray eyes, “I wouldn't 'a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on to with whips; I wouldn't 'a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother—I haven't had no mother since I was a baby!”

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly tell him to pack up and be off—the jail-bird?

No, no—she had been a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up, and from henceforth *find in her a mother*. Yes, she even put her arm about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child—she poured from her mother's heart sweet womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to her's by the most silken—the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal. None but angels could witness her holy joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her? Never—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study.

His foster-father is dead, his good foster-mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. “He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins.”

DEATH OF A MUCH RESPECTED BURGLAR.

One of our kind-hearted exchanges states that an English burglar died in Meredith Village, N. H., a few days since, possessed of considerable wealth. He had lived for many years a life of strict propriety, much respected by his neighbors and friends, and had reared a large family. He left a manuscript in cipher, which proved to be a record of his misdeeds. In his will he bequeathed \$800 to a man he once robbed in Quebec, and two grandsons of the individual have been found there—he having long since deceased. The charitable tone of this item should commend it to the “favorable attention” of burglar in general, as showing that they may attain unto gratifying obituary honors.

THE LADY AND THE ROBBER.

In a large, lone house, situated in the south of England, there once lived a lady and her two maid servants. They were far away from any human habitation, but they seem to have felt no fear, and to have dwelt there peacefully and happily. It was the lady's custom to go round the house with her maids every evening, to see that all the windows and doors were properly secured. One night she had accompanied them as usual, and ascertained that all was safe. They left her in the passage, close to her room, and then went to their own, which was quite at the other side of the house.

As the lady opened her door, she distinctly saw a man underneath her bed. What could she do? Her servants were far away, and could not hear if she screamed for help; and even if they had come to her assistance, those three weak women were no match for a desperate housebreaker. How, then, did she act? She trusted in God. Quietly she closed the door, and locked it on the inside, which she was always in the habit of doing.

She then leisurely brushed her hair, and putting on her dressing-gown, she took her Bible and sat down and read. She read aloud, and chose a chapter which had peculiar reference to God's watchfulness over us, and constant care of us by night and by day. When it was finished, she knelt and prayed at great length, still uttering her words aloud, especially commending herself and servants to God's protection, and dwelling upon their utter helplessness and dependence upon him to preserve her from all dangers.

At last she arose from her knees, put out her candle, and lay down in bed; but she did not sleep. After a few minutes had elapsed, she was conscious the man was standing by her bedside. He addressed her, and begged her not to be alarmed. “I came here,” he said, “to rob you, but after the words you have read, and the prayer you have uttered, no power on earth could induce me to hurt you or to touch a thing in your house. But you must remain perfectly quiet, and not attempt to interfere with me. I shall now give a signal to my companions, which they will understand, and then they will go away, and you may sleep in peace, for I give you my solemn word that no one shall harm you, and not the smallest thing belonging to you shall be disturbed.”

He then went to the window, opened it, and whistled softly. Returning to the lady's side, (who had not spoken or moved,) he said: “Now I am going. Your prayer has been heard, and no disaster will befall you.” He left the room and soon all was quiet, and the lady fell asleep, still upheld by that calm and beautiful faith and trust. When the morning dawned, and she awoke, we may feel sure that she poured out her thanksgivings and praises to him who had “defended” her under “his wings,” and “kept” her “safe under his feathers,” so that she was not afraid of any terror by night. The man proved true to his word, and not a thing in the house had been taken. Oh! shall we not hope that his heart was changed from that day forth, and that he forsook his evil courses, and cried to that Saviour, “who came to seek and to save that which was lost,” and, even on the cross, did not reject the penitent thief? From this true story let us learn to put our whole trust and confidence in God. This lady's courage was indeed wonderful; but “the Lord was her defense upon her right hand,” and with him all things are possible.

—Monthly Packet, for October.

We have received an extract from a letter fully corroborating the remarkable anecdote of “The Lady and the Robber,” in our October number, and adding some facts that enhanced the wonder and mercy of her escape. We quote the words of the letter: “In the first place, the robber told her, if she had given the slightest alarm or token of resistance, she was fully determined to murder her; so that it really was God's good guidance that told her to follow the course she did. Then, before he went away, he said: ‘I never heard such words before; must have the book you read out of,’ and carried off her Bible, willingly enough given, you may be sure. This happened many years ago, and only comparatively recently did the lady hear any more of him. She was attending a religious meeting in Yorkshire, where, after several noted clergymen and others had spoken, a man arose, stating that he was em-

ployed as one of the book-bawkers of the society, and told the story of the midnight adventure, as a testimony to the wonderful power of the Word of God. He concluded with—‘I was that man.’ The lady arose from her seat in the hall, and said, quietly, ‘It is all quite true; I was the lady,’ and sat down again.” *Monthly Packet, for December.*

FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

AFFLICTIONS, MESSENGERS OF GOOD.

BY SARAH.

When fond emotions swell the soul,
As rivers swell the sea,
And from its depths sweet thoughts outroll
In gladsome harmony,
Oh, then, how oft we fold our wings
And dream, while siren Pleasure sings,
Forgetting, while
Around us smile
The sunny rays of gladness,
Those in the shades of sadness.

But when afflictions plume the breast—
Around our pathway lie
The gloomy shadows of unrest—
How quickly we desecry
A brother's or a sister's woe;
Away all dif'rences we throw—
They melt away
Beneath the ray
Of sympathy fraternal,
As snows 'neath warm suns vernal.

Those dif'rences so oft that crowd
The walks of social life,
Its mental discordance enshroud
With dark, discordant strife,
Hate, prejudice, intolerance,
All, all the fruits of ignorance;
Oh, cheerful thought!
They melt to naught,
Oft when some present sorrow
Portends a darksome morrow.

Oh! let us welcome, then, life's storms,
That oft in sadness sweep
Like tempests o'er these earthly forms,
If thereby we may reap
A harvest of redeeming good,
As Wisdom hath designed we should,
Whose sov'reign will
Brings good from ill,
Wreathes darkest night with morning,
With golden, bright adorning.

If sorrows and afflictions serve
As messengers of love,
The soul to nobler deeds to nerve,
To turn our thoughts above,
To make us more forgiving, kind,
Our hearts with sympathy to bind—
If on their wing
They healing bring,
Then let us, like a Stoic,
Bear them with trust heroic.

Have we not felt, when Sorrow's cup
We've drained in bitter grief,
When some kind hand hath staid us up
Or proffered us relief,
Some sad, misguided, erring one,
Whose presence we were fain to shun
Till sadly frowned
The skies around
Our inmost bosoms glowing
With Mercy's sweet inflowing?

Thus, when afflictions gloom the skies
And sadly seem to chide,
Away like some weird phantom flies
All selfish, scornful pride;
Amid the glim'ring of our tears
Bright angel Charity appears—
'Neath Sorrow's frown
Her lily crown,
Aglow with love-gem'd beauty,
Lights up the way of duty.

Within its pure, reflecting light,
Our inner selves we learn,
As in a mirror, true and bright,
The outer we discern;
There, there in truthful light appear
Our imperfections, oh, so clear!
Ignoble scorn,
Of folly born,
In hateful, sad derision,
There greets our mental vision.

There, too, within its mirror-rays,
Its vestal, silv'ry sheen,
Each past remission greets our gaze
With chiding, sad'ning mien;
Thus we behold our bosom faults,
While sorrow oft the soul exalts.
Oh! Love Divine!
Our hearts enshrine
With gentle, Christ-like kindness,
Forgive our erring blindness.

MIAMI, Ind., July, 1860.

Childhood.

“Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow!”

Lessons of the Flowers.

BY AMY A. BISHOP.

There is no hill-top, however bleak and cold, where the blue bells will not wave, and no dell, however dark and lonely, where the beechdrop may not push its pearly stem through the damp leaves, grateful for the cool shade. Every Flower hath its mission, and seems to bear a message from a brighter, better land, though we heed it not. By the road side, around the church doors, and in the church yards, grow buttercups and daisies beautifying the waste places, and gladdening the hearts of the children of earth.

With a proud step, over the cold door-stone, passes the minister of God. He sees the flowers; but he does not see their deep meaning, the lesson they are ever telling with their upturned eyes.

Next comes the wealthy citizen, and what to him are the flowers? for they wither. He cannot hear them up like gold—gold—pure beaten gold!

Hand in hand come two little children. Poverty is stamped in every feature, in the downcast look, the fearful, hesitating step, and the tattered, scanty clothing. They

pause a moment ere they enter the sacred edifice; and pointing to the flowers, whisper: “remember.”

Then comes a pale woman. Her face is haggard, and there is a fierce light in her wild, dark eye. As with hurried, eager steps she passes in, there comes a sigh from the tall grass, and flowers; for they are more merciful than man.

And next comes a poor student. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he walks as one in a dream, muttering to himself, “One moral trial and I may succeed, I will learn of him.” The minister's deep voice is heard. Calm and measured are his sentences, and with the warmth and light of love and charity, his words might be sent forth, gems of undying good; but cold, chilling, and haughty they seem, as we gaze up into his unmoved face.

The poor student leans toward him with upturned eyes and clasped hands. He can see a beauty in it all; but it is chilling his very heart, drying up the fount of every tender feeling, and no more shall the recording angel, write him down “as one who loves his fellow men;” but through his long life shall he wander over the earth, a heartless misanthrope, alone among the crowd, for the want of that faith which might have been strengthened but was so untimely crushed.

Lulled by that voice, the rich man sleeps, and the pale woman cowers down among the crimson cushions. There is no hope for the erring one, no pardon; and as his voice falls like ice upon her heart, and fire upon her brain, she knows she cannot go back, but forever down—lower she must fall, until she sinks into a dishonored grave, and her spirit rises to its home—a home where there is charity and love; but *she knows it not.*

The little children gaze about them wonderingly, and wish their crippled baby-brother could lie on those cushions, so soft and easy for his aching limbs.

The sermon is ended; and again the minister of God walks down the aisle, and over the stone door-step; and on his right is the rich man. The poor student follows with a calm face; and ever after he will be calm. The pale woman pauses for a moment by the flowers; and pressing the daisies to her lips, murmurs:

“O! Daisy, beautiful Daisy! thou art from my native hills. Once I was innocent as thou, bright flower! when I wandered over the hill-side, or lay on the soft grass, looking up at the blue sky. You cannot fly, sweet Daisy; but the birds among the branches of yonder trees shall go to my home among the hills, and tell my mother that I never look on the blue sky now. Go back to earth, fair Daisy; for I cannot take thee on—God pity me! God pity me! why did I not die among the hills!”

Then little children come; and after weaving the daisies in a wreath, they hurry onward with their treasure. When they reach their home, they pause at the door, and step more softly; for there in his low cradle, lies their baby-brother, asleep. Asleep, his thin hands folded on his breast; his pale face paler, and a darker shadow around his sunken eyes. So still he lies, not even the light drapery on his bosom is stirred; for he is dead. Death has come gently to the suffering child, and the spirit has departed, leaving the little form calm and composed as in life.

Softly they lay the starry wreath around his white face; and, Daisy, thy mission is ended; but long in that mother's memory wilt thou live, fresh and lovely as when she saw thee resting on the pillow of her dead child.

Thus it is throughout the world. Beautiful temples are reared, and gifted men teach in them, yet the lowly flowers by the church doors tell more of the “Father in Heaven” than all these.

A BRAVE BOY.

For the information of some of our young readers, we would mention that Holland, or the Kingdom of the Netherlands, is the most level part of Europe, and much of its surface is lower than the sea, which is prevented from overflowing the land by vast dykes or embankments.

There was once a little Hollander who, though a very child in years, saved many of his countrymen from destruction. The legend (for history has hardly stooped to chronicle the deed) informs us that this lad, on his return from school, passing along a sequestered road, and looking with childlike curiosity at a great dyke, saw, breaking through, a small stream of water, which, as it oozed, carried away some particles of the bank. It was the small beginning of what might be a frightful end—some such catastrophe as sweeps away before its relentless tide our Southern homes. The boy had simply present to his mind the sense of danger; before he could reach assistance it might be too late, and he felt the remedy was with him and must be promptly applied. Our hero left the highway, and clambering to the spot, planted himself in the very breach of danger, and thrust his little hand into the increasing aperture; to his joy he found it closed the avenue, and all was right. A few hours at worst he deemed would bring some passer-by to his relief; but, though he strained eye-balls and hearing, no wayfarer greeted his senses. The evening would surely find some stray wanderers, or perchance they might be passing on the opposite side and not perceive him. He tried his voice, but this soon failed him, and night came on; to him, brave boy,

“The night came on alone.”

As darkness closed around him, we can well imagine tears found their way down his cheeks. Doubtless, too, there came before him the image of home, of the waiting brothers and sisters, the anxious parents. With that thought would come the recollection of the lesson of piety received from a mother's lips, of the prayers she had taught him on her knee; and to his cry for help and strength would succeed a holy and abiding trust. All unused to such exposure, wearied, hungered, strained with the compulsion of his attitude, his little arm paining and swelling, all these increasing through the long watches of the night, what else was his support? No mere animal endurance could have sustained this anguish for half that time; and yet till day-break, and searching friends brought relief, this faithful sentinel withstood it all! When recovered from this and the peril of succeeding sickness, he was asked if, during that long night, he had felt no fear. His answer tells of true patriotism: “No, no; I knew God would preserve me for preserving others.”

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This book is to be published by subscription. It will contain about 300 pages of good print, on good paper, bound in muslin, for seventy-five cents. It will be furnished to booksellers, agents, and all who wish to make large purchases, at \$6 50 a dozen, or \$50 a hundred.

In the present dearth of suitable books for the children of reformers, this work, being of a pure, high-toned, and progressive stamp, will be welcomed with pleasure; and we trust that ready hands will be extended to increase the list of subscribers and thereby hasten the publication of "VIOLET."

The narrative is here and there interspersed with charming poems which indicate the taste and genius of the modest authoress. Among these we find the following simple, graceful, touching monody:

- SUSIE'S DEAD. Softly, softly, tread ye gently Round the mourner's bed; Only whisper tenderly; "Susie's dead." Shut out every noisy murmur Made by thoughtless tongues; Let no breath of song disturb her, Careless ones. None but those who love her dearly Round her bedside stand; Angels kindly, angels holy, Join the band. Suddenly and strangely stricken Is that household now; All that love her, deeply, darkly Plunged in woe. Move her white form carefully; Smooth her not brown hair— With a young rose on her bosom, Sweet and fair. Lay her round arms curving softly; Deck her in her shroud; Let the whiteness hover round her Like a cloud. On the hill top where the light plays Unrestrained and free, Where glad nature's sweetest breath is Melody— Lay her frail form carefully 'Neath the grassy mound, Where the bright flowers lovingly Cluster round. On the bosom of Our Father Rests the weary head; Tell the weeping heart, its treasure Is not dead.

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress. DREAMS.

BY S. S. THOMPSON.

- Dream on awhile, oh, youthful heart! For all too soon such dreams depart, And we awaken with a start. The morn that bids thy visions flee Will be a cold gray morn for thee. Dream that all hearts are kind and true, That all will strive the right to do, That all keep God and Heaven in view; Then wake, to find how many can Defraud and wrong a fellow man. Dream that not high or noble birth, Not fame, or wealth, but honest worth, Will win respect and love on earth; Then wake, to see men bought and sold By those whose only charm is gold. Bask in the light of those dark eyes, Dream that for thee alone arise The smiles in which such magic lies; Then wake to know those eyes can smile, Tho' thine are weeping all the while. Dream on! of friendship true and pure, That shall thro' life and death endure, Lean on the hand whose clasp is sure; Till thou shalt find the hand withdrawn, The vision fading with the dawn. Till wide-awake, and sorely tried, Thy sunny dreams all put aside, The world seems as a desert wide. But courage! in these darker hours, Our Father's ways are not like ours. For thus the visions come and go, And changes chill and grieve us so, And mists arise, and north winds blow, And flowers lie buried 'neath the snow, And all the while the reason why, We, weak and blind, cannot descry. We only feel how sad the loss, How hard to bear the heavy cross, How hot the fire that burns the dross; And blinded still, we fail to know How souls in trial-times can grow. But when Death sets us dreamers free, The light will shine, our eyes will see, And we shall wiser, holier be; Till love of God, and love of man Fill up the life that dreams began. WELLSBORO, PA.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1880.

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Nothing could be more applicable, just now, than "A READER's" remarks on the gift of Healing. The abuse of this power is not uncommon among some of our best mediums.

Who will move in the formation of a "Magnetic Hospital"? The suggestion is full of importance.

Our California correspondent is a firm believer in the Sweating Cure. Notwithstanding one or two illogical points in his position, we regard the general teachings of his letter as true to the Thompsonian experience, which is not very limited in this country.

Dr. H. T. CHILD's seventeenth chapter on "Life, its Objects," &c., is printed in this number. The Brother writes that he is about to issue the whole series in book form. Our readers will be glad to read his volume, as it will contain not only what we have published, but much more equally interesting and instructive.

HERMANN STUBER—whose reflections on the correct magnetic treatment of the sick appear in this number—is an educated gentleman, and worthy of patronage. We have in our possession several testimonials to the success of his practice. Our friends and readers, and the public generally, will find him at the "Lafayette House," in Peoria, Ill. He is a full believer in Laying-on-of-hands-opathy, and his treatment corresponds to his faith.

THE HARMONY SPRINGS Brethren, inspired by the best feelings and motives, have responded to our friendly review. They appeal to history for evidence in behalf of Leadership. In all stages of human progress, they behold master-minds—chieftains, leaders, kings, potentates—and argue from thence the necessity of more and similar HEADS to the body of nations or communities. Our Theocratic Brethren attempt very naturally to fortify their positions by an appeal to the legal constitution and government of the animal kingdom in general.

In reply we would urge upon the true affections and capable understandings of these Brethren, that no righteous and exalted standard for humanity can be manufactured from precedents. We refuse to be governed by the conduct of our ancient predecessors. We will not "walk in their footsteps"—unless, to our individual light, their ways appear to be the "ways of wisdom." Of the examples of the animal world we say the same, and more; that no bee, no bird, no beast, is capable of illustrating the true estate of MAN. At best, animals teach fidelity to the laws by which they are governed. So far we are willing to be taught by bird, tree, and animals, but no farther. What has been either in the animal world or human kingdom. The era of kings, masters, leaders, has departed. To the enlightened Harmonial Philosopher, Shakspeare, Bacon, Plato, Jesus, Moses, are no longer leaders, but teachers. Great minds show us what is possible to each member of the human family. When certain men become unconscious masters, the subserviency of other minds is but the spontaneous homage of gratitude and love—nothing more.

But at "Harmony Springs" the fact was quite otherwise. The subserviency there was legalized by a set of theocratic rules, which were to be kept unbroken forever, like the immutable laws of the Medes and Persians. It gives us pleasure, however, to be able to announce that our Brethren in Arkansas are sufficiently individualized to make progress, in spite of the unfortunate conduct of their self-appointed HEAD.

The Physician.

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

The Philosophy of Human Magnetism.

HOW TO USE IT AS A MEDICINE.

BY A. J. D.

There is a very general superstition, at least among popular medical men of the antediluvian school, that the intellectual phenomena of magnetism (or "mesmerism") are the concomitants of hysterical states of the nervous system. Old line doctors attempt to transcend the otherwise insurmountable difficulties of somnambulism and clairvoyance, by the assumption of imposture, or else by charging the mental manifestations to nervous or cataleptic conditions of body and brain. It is, however, very generally believed that the majority of diplomatic physicians are well supplied with ignorance concerning many of the vital processes of the physical organization. Chemistry has recently enriched the physician's understanding of physiological phenomena. But chemistry does not unravel to his mind the wondrous dynamics of the feeling and thinking principles, which animate and govern the perfect and beautiful organisms of men and women. The mental and spiritual phenomena of magnetism are yet new to most physicians, and we do not, therefore, expect anything else from them than expressions of professional prejudices, emphasized by strong marks of dogmatic denunciation. But there is, here and there, a broad-hearted and knowledge-loving physician who is capable of putting a rational question with an honest incredulity; and who, consequently, is ever ready to exchange his learned errors for new truths, is willing to make progress in scientific facts, and to unfurl the "Union" banner of free thought and unlimited investigation.

But it is not the design of this chapter to construct an argument for the genuineness of magneto-mental phenomena. We can scarcely believe that such an argument is demanded by the so-called scientific of the age, and yet we know that no class is more in the rear of advanced discoveries than the graduates of our institutions of Learning. Many of our best students in Medicine are unable to solve the first group of magnetic phenomena. They treat the alleged facts as obviously incredible and impossible, and so permit themselves to be sufficiently illogical to reject the facts, and sometimes enough uncivil to "insult the hewers of wood and drawers of water" who have the audacity to present such phenomena for scientific examination.

The colleges and the churches are proverbially behind in the essentials of knowledge and civilization. The unscientific "people," the non-professional observers of Nature, and the clear-eyed, matronly nurses of the sick, are the unconscious champions of scientific progress. After these, like a loaded omnibus behind the laboring horses, come the respectable host of physicians and clergymen—riding, and enjoying themselves luxuriously, in the cushioned chairs of our Collegiate and Evangelical Institutions. Millions on millions of human beings, as well as creatures in lower grades of animation, breathed the "breath of life" all unconscious of science—unmindful of that chemical knowledge which would explain the constitution of atmosphere, and reveal the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen to the thoughtless multitude.

So in every other respect. The people intuitively illustrate the essential facts of science for centuries in advance of the accurate knowledge of the schools. In human magnetism this remark is emphatically true—"the people," with little, or no education, are familiar with its essential facts, and have practiced the principles of the science long eras before the Colleges reflect the first ray of light on the subject. But when the Colleges and Academies adopt the new science, and the professors venture to instruct their classes in the fundamental principles of the phenomena, then behold the supercilious pomposity of the learned dignitaries, who unblinking inform the children of the populace that Science has developed the new facts and principles. The truth is, "Science" is nothing more than the systematic observation and orderly arrangement of those natural facts and superficial causes, which have for hundreds of centuries been common and familiar to the inhabitants of every country. It is, therefore, no disadvantage to any experience or philosophy to say that it is not yet accepted and inculcated by talented men in high places. Because, as we have shown in preceding remarks, the Knowledge of Colleges and the Theology of the Churches are reflections of the facts and discoveries of the Past. "The people," on the contrary, without education, are masters of realities and principles not yet "dreamed of" in the brains of our academical professors and evangelical teachers.

THE SOURCE OF MAGNETISM.

We employ the term "Magnetism" in its broadest sense—signifying the principle by which one object is enabled to attract, repel, and influence another. The source of this principle, is SOUL. Crystals, various mineral bodies, plants, trees, fish, birds, animals, human beings—each and all are endowed with the magnetic principle, because each and all are endowed with a Soul, which is the mystic life of boundless Nature, upwelling and ever-flowing from the inexhaustible Fountain of the Great First Cause. (Stu-

dents and readers, who are intellectually acquainted with the Harmonial Philosophy, will not confound Soul with SPIRIT.) The term "Soul" is here used to signify that harmonious combination of the principles of Motion, Life, and Sensation, which more and more perfect the physical organization. Stones, trees, animals, men, contain these principles; the latter in a high degree of development, while in the former, the principles are comparatively dormant and unfledged. Each natural body of matter is differently capacitated; hence, also, it is differently supplied with the Soul-principles. The consequence of this difference is a magnetic polarity between one body and another throughout the entire domain of Nature. And the consequence of this universal polarity is the evolution or manifestation of all the physical motions and mental phenomena known or unknown to science.

FACTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MAGNETIC POLARITY.

The common magnet, as every reader knows, is at once positive and negative. That is, the life of the metallic body makes two manifestations at the same moment. It will attract a negative substance, and repel that which is positive to it. The positive pole is charged with negative power, and the manifestations of the magnetic principle correspond to these facts. The seed of a plant is negative to the magnetic heat of the sun; consequently, the properties of the seed, if sown in good ground, leap up toward the magnet, as the needle points to the pole. This explains the growth of vegetation. Thus the near relationship of magnetism and electricity is demonstrated. They mutually attract and mutually repel each other. Look at the common electro-magnetic battery. If the electric current be permitted to traverse the coil of wire, it will convert the rod of iron, placed in the center, into a powerful magnet; and this, in its turn, will set in motion a powerful current of electricity, as it were, by way of compensation.

The human body is constituted on the same system of polarity. Man is polarized from side to side, from end to end, from centers to the surfaces. His nervous system is a net-work of polarities. From his inmost organic centers to the glands of the brain, and from the brain-centers to the extremity of every nerve, he is a perfect battery of magnetic and electrical potencies. The entire left side, from brain to toes, is negative. The left-side emanations are therefore positive and attractive; while from the right side, which is positive, the emanations are powerfully repellant. Hence, man repels and works and destroys with his right side, right arm, right hand, right leg, right foot, and brain; while with the corresponding parts and members of the left side and brain he attracts and subdues and magnetizes whatever he is adapted to affect. The right side of the brain is frequently unimpressible, while the left side may be easily overcome and paralyzed by the magnetic principle. The right eye, in healthy persons, is the keenest and best; while the left eye is capable of more pleasurable vision. The left eye of a susceptible person will, for this reason, more readily discern the colors of a substance. The location, the size, the weight, and the distance of a body are quickest determined by the right eye. If the reader doubts these statements, let him experiment with his eyes and senses. Close your left eye and look at the leaf of a plant; then reverse the method, and your left eye will soon begin to see rays of light, which your right eye cannot discover. In like manner, if you have much susceptibility, your left hand will detect heat in substances which are cool to your right hand, and the reverse is equally true, only frequently practice with care and discrimination. For these reasons the right hands of man and woman are attractive to each other, while, many times, the hands of the same sex are mutually repellant and unwholesome. Clairvoyants can detect the emanations of the different centers by the color, which is natural to polarized principles.

THE PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF THESE FORCES.

The source of the magnetic force is the SOUL, and the effect of the power corresponds to its source—that is, the power is lodged in the soul of the subject, and the manifestations are, therefore, more psychological than physical. We will suppose, for illustration, that two healthy persons seat themselves (as in figure No. 1), to try the magnetic experiment. They naturally face each other, which is in philosophical harmony with the polarities of the magnetic principles; that is, the right side of the operator is presented to the left side of the subject. Previous to the experiment we will suppose each person to be in separate and distinct states, wholly independent of each other with respect to sympathies and antipathies; which important fact the artist has attempted to illustrate, by the separate oval dotted lines surrounding each individual.

The experiment is now to commence. Could your mental eyes be suddenly opened, as is the case with clairvoyants, you would behold a wondrous exemplification of a great general law of Nature. The right side of the two persons would glow with flame-

like emanations. At first a gray colored light would stream faintly from the right side of the brain, and thence downwards to the ends of the right hand and foot. The natural forces of brain, and lungs, and heart, and stomach, would present a fiery appearance, but variegated with many colors like those of the rainbow, or like the electrical emanations of millions of differently constituted plants and flowers. The fingers would seem to glow like tapers in a dark night. In short, the form of each person would seem to step out of darkness, and to be filled with effulgence the most beautiful and attractive.

We are supposing, remember, that the operator and subject in our experiment are magnetically related to each other, so that there can be no failure in the progressive application of the principles under consideration. The wonderful and complex nervous system of man is a complete helix, a coil of wire, which communicates electricity to the brain which is the magnet or central power of the organization; and the compensating process, as with the electro-battery, goes on in the shape of centrifugal currents of nerve-life (a finer electricity) which the brain discharges through the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves to all parts of the temple. We cannot now stop to detail the beautiful facts of this process, but may on some future occasion.

In accord with the magnetic law, we next observe that the brain and body of the operator become one over-mastering positive power, to which, without resistance, the subject surrenders himself, both physical and mentally and the resulting manifestations are what is usually denominated "psychological." The partial blending of the magnetic spheres of the twain, is illustrated by the interlocking of the dotted lines, (see figure No. 2), showing that subject and operator are magnetically more closely related as members of one body. In this condition the operator's Soul is the center of attraction. The subject's attention is identical with the operator's. By the mere exercise of fancy, without the least mandate of will, the operator may image his thoughts upon the subject's brain. He may cause him to drink wine from a glass of pure water; to hear the roaring of cannon and clashing of weapons on the battle-field; to feel the strength of a giant; to catch fish in an imaginary stream on the carpet at his feet; to weep the tears of sorrow at sufferings purely fictitious; to pray for forgiveness at the throne of an implacable potentate; and lastly, to forget his own individuality and take on the feelings and exhibit the striking characteristics of the operator, or of any one whom the operator has the intellectual power clearly to shadow forth in the positive odyllic light of his own mind. This psychological law lies at the bottom of all that class of so-called "spiritual phenomena," wherein, to the observer, it seems that the spirit or mind of the medium has vacated its temple in order to give a foreign intelligence an opportunity of manifestation.

One step further on in this magnetic career will be followed by the complete blending of the vital and mental spheres, (as illustrated by figure No. 3), in which case are exhibited all those mysterious and glorious phenomena termed "Som-

nambulism," "clairvoyance," "spirit seeing," &c. The extent of man's capacity in this peculiar state is not easily measured. The subject is no longer psychological or sympathetic. The condition is most favorable to very high perceptions of natural truths. The clairvoyant is capable of medical examinations; also, as a "sensitive," of testing the positive and negative qualities and polarities of crystals, metals, medicines, waters, bodies, &c. Some persons there are who seem to be born with the last-named gift, and yet without the first symptoms of natural clairvoyance. Reichenbach terms such persons "sensitives," because they are clear-feelers rather than clear-seers, or clairvoyants. The German philosopher says: "Suppose, now, that there were a vein of lead, copper ore, or red silver ore, not far below the surface, as they are often found; if a high sensitive were to walk over them, with attention, he would feel them and be able to tell their position. Stone-coal exercises an odic influence different from those of sandstone and slate, in which it is found. If the sensitive has paid attention, beforehand, to the sensations which coal causes, he will readily recognise them when he approaches a vein of coal. Non-sensitive men will not be able to feel anything, but the high sensitive will be able to say, with certainty, 'Here or there, this or that mineral may be found in the earth,' and, by digging, proof will be found of the correctness of the assertion, which appears so much the more wonderful from the fact that



Fig. 2.

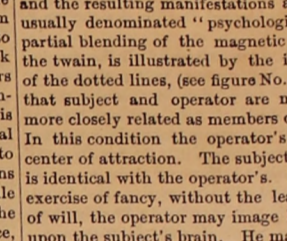


Fig. 3.

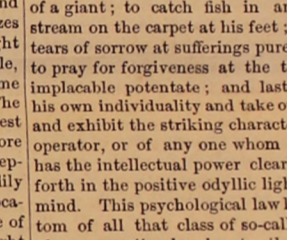


Fig. 1.



Fig. 1.

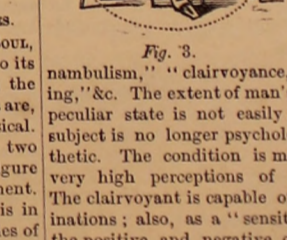


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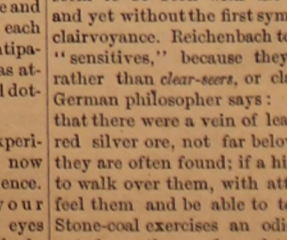


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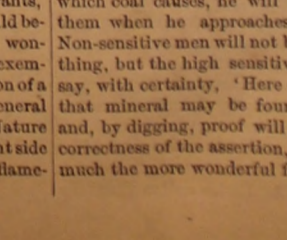


Fig. 1.

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the experiment is now to commence. Could your mental eyes be suddenly opened, as is the case with clairvoyants, you would behold a wondrous exemplification of a great general law of Nature. The right side of the two persons would glow with flame-

like emanations. At first a gray colored light would stream faintly from the right side of the brain, and thence downwards to the ends of the right hand and foot. The natural forces of brain, and lungs, and heart, and stomach, would present a fiery appearance, but variegated with many colors like those of the rainbow, or like the electrical emanations of millions of differently constituted plants and flowers. The fingers would seem to glow like tapers in a dark night. In short, the form of each person would seem to step out of darkness, and to be filled with effulgence the most beautiful and attractive.

We are supposing, remember, that the operator and subject in our experiment are magnetically related to each other, so that there can be no failure in the progressive application of the principles under consideration. The wonderful and complex nervous system of man is a complete helix, a coil of wire, which communicates electricity to the brain which is the magnet or central power of the organization; and the compensating process, as with the electro-battery, goes on in the shape of centrifugal currents of nerve-life (a finer electricity) which the brain discharges through the pneumogastric and sympathetic nerves to all parts of the temple. We cannot now stop to detail the beautiful facts of this process, but may on some future occasion.

In accord with the magnetic law, we next observe that the brain and body of the operator become one over-mastering positive power, to which, without resistance, the subject surrenders himself, both physical and mentally and the resulting manifestations are what is usually denominated "psychological." The partial blending of the magnetic spheres of the twain, is illustrated by the interlocking of the dotted lines, (see figure No. 2), showing that subject and operator are magnetically more closely related as members of one body. In this condition the operator's Soul is the center of attraction. The subject's attention is identical with the operator's. By the mere exercise of fancy, without the least mandate of will, the operator may image his thoughts upon the subject's brain. He may cause him to drink wine from a glass of pure water; to hear the roaring of cannon and clashing of weapons on the battle-field; to feel the strength of a giant; to catch fish in an imaginary stream on the carpet at his feet; to weep the tears of sorrow at sufferings purely fictitious; to pray for forgiveness at the throne of an implacable potentate; and lastly, to forget his own individuality and take on the feelings and exhibit the striking characteristics of the operator, or of any one whom the operator has the intellectual power clearly to shadow forth in the positive odyllic light of his own mind. This psychological law lies at the bottom of all that class of so-called "spiritual phenomena," wherein, to the observer, it seems that the spirit or mind of the medium has vacated its temple in order to give a foreign intelligence an opportunity of manifestation.

One step further on in this magnetic career will be followed by the complete blending of the vital and mental spheres, (as illustrated by figure No. 3), in which case are exhibited all those mysterious and glorious phenomena termed "Som-

nambulism," "clairvoyance," "spirit seeing," &c. The extent of man's capacity in this peculiar state is not easily measured. The subject is no longer psychological or sympathetic. The condition is most favorable to very high perceptions of natural truths. The clairvoyant is capable of medical examinations; also, as a "sensitive," of testing the positive and negative qualities and polarities of crystals, metals, medicines, waters, bodies, &c. Some persons there are who seem to be born with the last-named gift, and yet without the first symptoms of natural clairvoyance. Reichenbach terms such persons "sensitives," because they are clear-feelers rather than clear-seers, or clairvoyants. The German philosopher says: "Suppose, now, that there were a vein of lead, copper ore, or red silver ore, not far below the surface, as they are often found; if a high sensitive were to walk over them, with attention, he would feel them and be able to tell their position. Stone-coal exercises an odic influence different from those of sandstone and slate, in which it is found. If the sensitive has paid attention, beforehand, to the sensations which coal causes, he will readily recognise them when he approaches a vein of coal. Non-sensitive men will not be able to feel anything, but the high sensitive will be able to say, with certainty, 'Here or there, this or that mineral may be found in the earth,' and, by digging, proof will be found of the correctness of the assertion, which appears so much the more wonderful from the fact that

the treasure finder can give no satisfactory explanation of the manner in which he made his discoveries. The marvel is now exposed: it is a purely physical effect of the odic force on the human nerves; it works like a dark sense, of which we can give no explanation; and a multitude of instinctive actions among brutes will find their explanations in the same way. And now you have the whole secret of the divining-rod: not of the rod in its literal sense, and of its rising, falling, and turning; these were only the hocus-pocus of the inquisitive crowd, who would not be satisfied until they could see something.

You perceive from this how great the practical importance of sensitiveness, and what a career it is destined to have. These sensitives and somnambulists will soon be sought and counted as the benefactors of their neighborhoods and countries. To mining this discovery promises an extraordinary development, and this not only by the discovery of new beds of ore, but also for the running of their shafts underground, when the stratum eludes the miner. We must here express our conviction, that the pursuit of subterranean knowledge will not promote the development or happiness of the "sensitive" or clairvoyant who so employs the spiritual power of his soul.



Fig. 4.

In order to exhibit the full course of the magnetic experiment, we introduce the ultimate state called the Superior Condition. The dotted oval lines, which illustrate the magnetism of the operator and subject show (see figure No. 4) that the twain are related only through the vital powers and processes. The brain is now completely emancipated from the preëxisting magnetic thraldom, and consequently the mind of the clairvoyant is independent of all surrounding circumstances. (The reader will find a definition of the Superior Condition in last week's issue, in reply to a correspondent, which please read before proceeding further.) Once for all let us remark, that the magnetic process will not guarantee to every person these succeeding phenomena, any more than going through college will insure to every scholar the development of a Shakespeare, a Bacon, or a Plato. Favorable proclivities and organic qualifications precede the production of the mental phenomena. Neither will it be possible for the magnetic sleep to succeed the passes in every case; all these effects follow in a train of favorable causes and predispositions, or they do not at all appear. And yet, in justice to the endowments of our common humanity, it is but simple truth to say that there exists in every person, of every nation, the germs and faculties of all the grandest powers ever exhibited by any human mind. Their development and fruition are certain in the march of Time through the ages.

MAGNETISM AS A MEDICINE.

Having briefly sketched the action and mental effects of the magnetic principles, it is now expedient to conclude our remarks in behalf of the sick and suffering. The human body, in its normal and healthy condition, is endowed with every requisite power. But by ignorant and negligent treatment, the natural vital forces lose their just equilibrium, and the effects and consequences are soon visible in material prostrations, in severe pains, or in silent and insensible decomposition. What physicians term "nervous influence" is really nothing but the magnetic and electric life of the interior soul. Animals, including men, have these magnetic endowments; and the principles of vital action, in both the human and animal kingdoms, are exactly and universally identical. A loss of vital action is nothing but a loss of balance between inherent forces, which are positive and negative, or magnetic and electrical. And yet we do not hold that the currents generated by the metallic or mineral battery can ever be made to act as a substitute, because the principles of Soul-life are as much more fine than atmospheric electricity, as the latter is finer and more delicate than the gross and turbulent water of our lakes.

Therefore we recommend the judicious use of human magnetism in nearly all cases of disease—especially the use of your own magnetic energy on different parts of your own body! Your left side can treat your right side; your right side can magnetize your left side; your vital centers can give the surfaces a thorough magnetic sweating; your hands will do the bidding of your brain; and your brain will act obediently to the commands of a well-ordered judgment. "Ah!" you despairingly exclaim, "I've tried the experiment, and cannot succeed." We reply: "You do not succeed for the same reason that a boy cannot swim, or skate, or accomplish anything correctly, until the art of doing is fully and systematically acquired." We prescribe different remedies merely as palliatives and aids to your final redemption from disease, and from the fear of death, but the radical remedy is still within your own individual organization.

The therapeutic influence of magnetism may be exerted in various ways, differing in every case with the temperament and the nature of the disease, and for this reason we

do not attempt, in this chapter, to specify methods. It should, however, be borne in mind that to practice magnetism successfully (as the distinguished M. De Puységur said), "You must have an active WILL to do good, a firm faith in your power, and an active confidence in employing it." Magnetism is a useful, a spiritualized, and a sublime agent of energy and health. It is the all-pervading sympathy which connects us with the absolute condition and sufferings of our fellow-men. Owing to the delicacy and sublime uses of the magnetic power, it is susceptible of remarkable mis-applications, much to the annoyance, perhaps injury, of both the operator and subject. Prof. William Gregory, late of the University at Edinburgh, said: "I have been informed, on perfectly good authority, of the case of a lady, highly susceptible to the magnetic influence, who could never be magnetized if a certain person were present; and I know another lady, who is easily and pleasantly magnetized by one person, while the magnetic influence of a third individual is to her insupportable."

The same excellent authority says: "Another class of failures depends on a different cause; I mean, the prevailing fallacy, that all cases of animal magnetism, in their different stages, exhibit precisely the same phenomena; that is, that if we have seen, or read of, a case, in which the various stages of the state of somnambulism have each exhibited the principal phenomena peculiar to such stage, the next case or cases must, of necessity, present the same facts, and in the same order. This fallacy is nearly universal, and the consequence is, that many persons, who have seen, or heard of (for example) thought-reading, or clairvoyance in any other form, in one case, cannot imagine that these phenomena may be absent in another. They clamor for what they have seen before; the exhibitor rashly tries to produce it; but the subject is an inferior one, or in a different stage, and entirely fails to realize the expectations so ignorantly formed. This, however, would be nothing, were it not that the failure is seized on by many as a proof of imposture. It proves, however, only this: that the spectators were mistaken in expecting the same results in every case, and the exhibitor entirely wrong in attempting to gratify them. Every case must be studied for itself, and, although certain general laws apply to all cases, yet the variety in the details, both as to their nature and degree, is infinite."

Not only do different subjects differ in the nature of the phenomena they exhibit, as, for example, when they can only be got into different stages of the somnambulist state, each persisting in his own stage, but, even in the phenomena of one stage alone, the same variety is observed. Thus, in the lucid, or clairvoyant stage or state, some are utterly insensible to all sounds save the voice of their magnetizer; others hear every sound, often with increased acuteness. Some will only answer the magnetizer, or those placed by him en rapport with them; others will answer questions put by any one. Some retain their sense of identity, others lose it. Some require contact with the person or thing to be observed, others do not. Some see their own frame, in all its minutest details, as well as the bodily state of other persons; others see nothing of all this. Some possess vision at a distance; others are devoid of it. Some can read closed letters, or letters shut up in a box, or mottoes inclosed in nuts; others fail entirely to do this, while they can, perhaps, read our inmost thoughts, a feat which, possibly, the letter-readers may not be able to accomplish."

We have now given you the general principles of the magnetic medicine treasured up in the organs and brain-centers of your own individuality. An inflammation is a positive condition of an organ or part; therefore, apply your positive hand and WILL to it. Why? Because two positives repel, and your hand, being a healthy positive, will scatter the inflammation, which is an unhealthy positive, and thus establish the natural equilibrium. Your brain is loaded with blood! Not so. Your mental magnet is surcharged and overstocked with vitalic currents—which should be engaged in other parts of your economy—and thus the dependent blood is not floated off. Some doctors will bleed an apoplectic patient. This method is absurd. No man's system ever generates more blood than it needs for its own private use. But it is possible, nay, easy, for the magnetic potencies to be thrown out of balance, giving rise to coordinate symptoms of excess in one place and of deficiency in another; the remedy in all cases being the same, viz: a restoration of the magnetic equilibrium, between foot and brain, between stomach and liver, between heart and lungs, between spleen and kidneys, and the inevitable consequence will be perfect HEALTH. May our Father God and Mother Nature—who are always in supernal harmony—save all the sick with an everlasting salvation.

The attention of the unsettled public is now being widely directed to the hitherto unoccupied lands of New Jersey. For the benefit of those wishing to purchase homes, or desiring information respecting location, soil, &c., we refer to the card, in this week's paper, of Mr. B. Franklin Clark, Tribune Buildings. Mr. C.'s familiarity with real estate operations in general, and with New Jersey lands in particular, qualifies him to be of service to those wishing aid in negotiating.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained in Buffalo, N. Y., of B. F. Felton, R. Black, and T. S. Hawkes, News dealers.

THE BURCH DIVORCE CASE.

This recently concluded trial has been extensively commented upon by the secular and religious press. To these papers the case properly belongs, since the parties were in high social standing and active members of popular churches, neither of them charged with the least "taint" of Spiritualism!

That it will be of use in educating the people, appears from the extended publicity given, and the general indignation felt at the hypocrisy of the plaintiff, which popular judgment Frank Leslie's Illustrated reflects in the following paragraph:

"Mr. Burch, like the man with the ass, has pleased nobody by his rash rush into public life. Judged by his letters, he has placed himself out of the pale of sympathy, for scarcely ever did a man of feeling, conscience, even the commonest attributes of humanity, write in a more cold-blooded manner than has this Presbyterian saint and banker. In his first letter to Erastus Corning, he blasphemously assumes the divine attribute, and coolly 'sends his wife's soul to hell forever.' In a letter to Mr. Pruyn, of Albany, the following remarkable passage appears:

"This whole matter I have ferreted out by the most difficult of all processes, by cross-examination, affecting more knowledge than I possessed, and such other mental and moral influences as I was enabled to bring to bear. I deem her the smartest woman for mischief I ever saw, and woefully depraved at heart. I have felt the sustaining power of God in the prosecution of this wonderful task I have had to perform; and in all the devious ways in which I have arrived at the final disclosure I felt God ever worked with and through me."

"What a self-complacent bit of stupidity is the avowal that God has been working through a fellow who has been affecting more knowledge than he possessed. And then again, the blasphemy that Omniscience has been employed in ferreting out evidence like a Tombs slyster. Never before did a Burch so deserve the avenging rod of the world! Wordsworth must have had some such man in his mind when he wrote these words:

"A soulless man—a godless knave,
One who would peer and botanize
Upon his mother's grave."

The Rochester Express, in some very just comments, remarks:

"There is very little popular sympathy for Mr. Burch, even among those who are not certain that he has not been wronged, for while professing to be governed by the tenets of Christianity, and allying himself with the straightest and strictest sect, he has pursued toward his wife the policy of the friends of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, and stripped her of her worldly goods, which she brought him as dowry, before sending her into the world an outcast. The verdict of the people is sternly adverse to his conduct, and the verdict of the jury of his peers, chosen to determine upon the issue presented in Court, is also against his course. If he has been dishonored, he is the author of his own shame."

THE GOSPEL COPYRIGHTED.

The N. Y. Independent has secured by copyright the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, published in that paper! So that now we have the Gospel not only "according to" Matthew, Luke, or John, but "according to Act of Congress"! The old injunction—"Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel to every creature"—requires amendment by adding, "Who can find a seat in Plymouth Church, or who will buy the N. Y. Independent!"

Had the editor of the "Jerusalem Express" or "Judea Observer" only possessed the enterprise of our modern religious publishers, he would have "made a fine thing" by copyrighting the Sermon on the Mount!

The truth is, probably Jesus was not at that time preaching on a salary of \$6,000 a year, with fifty dollars more each week from the "Jerusalem Express" for reports of his sermons; and therefore no one considered it necessary to have that celebrated discourse "entered according to governmental decree in the Scribe's office of the Southern province of Palestine."

People then preferred to have it said, "the poor have the Gospel preached to them," to securing the Gospel of Jesus by copyright. But times have wonderfully changed. Now no stray, contraband sinner, may steal crumbs of grace that fall from the Plymouth Church table, but rather must pick them from the Independent platter, at five cents a crumb!

We have plenty of toll-gates (church-doors) on the various heavenly highways, but this is the first instance, we believe, of copyrighting a guide-board! Who will take out a patent for the plan of salvation? Ce Empe.

THE INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.

The Resolutions passed at the meeting called recently by the Commonwealth Association of this city, have been handed us for publication too late to justify more than a brief synopsis of their import. They iterate the following:

That the present system of commerce is false—that the laborer should receive the full net product of his labor—that all intermediates between producers and consumers are non-essential; they should exchange with each other the products of their own labor—that the legal recognition of paper currency should cease—that land monopoly is an evil—that the public lands should be given to actual settlers—that a homestead exemption law should be passed—that women are entitled to an equal voice with men in the administration of government, and to the same freedom of industrial pursuits, and the same compensation enjoyed by men.

The World's Moral Police Force are on duty, and we have further records to make of their doings. The "hard times" and suffering consequent, will, we trust, stimulate them to new activity.

CONCERTS FOR KANSAS.

By a note from B. M. Lawrence, we learn that LeGrand B. Cushman designs giving concerts, in aid of Kansas sufferers, at the following places: Geneva, Ill., St. Charles, Elgin, Belvidere, Rockford, Freeport, Beloit, Janesville, Milwaukee.

He will sing from one to three nights in each place. Mr. Lawrence writes that two concerts, given at Aurora, were well attended; and the proceeds were sixty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents in cash, besides nearly as much more in donations. He adds:

"Each of the express companies have agreed to carry money and clothing, free of charge, to Atchison. Almost every article possible to conceive of has been contributed. Some of the ladies have brought excellent quilts, dresses, coats, pants, shirts, new socks, under garments, grain sacks, and one dear old sister brought a package of tea, and one man five bushels of grain!"

Letters will reach Messrs. Cushman and Lawrence, care of W. F. M. Arny, Chicago, Illinois.

TOO GOOD TO LIVE LONG.

Dr. Hall somewhat widely known through his Journal of Health, publishes another monthly, which, from its superlative excellence, we fear will not flourish in these degenerate times. He says of it:

"While it is not, professedly, a religious publication, it never by any chance contains a sentence, a line, or a word adverse to the Bible, to religion, or the Sabbath-day; nor a sentiment contrary to what is usually received by the friends of evangelical Christianity."

The exhibitions of the artistic skill and intelligence of spirits, as manifested in the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. French, of this city, increase in beauty and strangeness from week to week. We were present at a sitting at her rooms (No. 8 4th Avenue) on Wednesday evening, when, in the presence of some fifteen spectators, seven exquisite drawings of fruits and flowers were produced, in crayon shades, in thirty-six seconds. An account of the facts and sittings will appear in a future number.

Miss Susan M. Johnson will speak at No. 195 Bowery, Sunday, Dec. 23d, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Conference at 3 P. M.

McNALLY & Co., Chicago, and Gray & Crawford, St. Louis, will fill orders for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Brief Items.

The Genesee County Board of Supervisors have elected Miss Hattie Smith their clerk. Miss S. was for several years the acting clerk, under her father, the late Richard Smith, Esq.

Elizabeth M. Smith, of Burlington, N. J., has invented and patented a much desired improvement in reaping and mowing machines, and one which renders their use a matter of safety and not of danger. The improvement consists of a device for throwing them in and out of gear by means of the driver's seat. Thus, when the driver takes his seat on the machine, his weight throws it into gear, and when he leaves his seat the machine is thrown out of gear.

It is said that Liebig's plan of substituting silver instead of quicksilver for the backs of mirrors, is a perfect success. Silver mirrors yield twenty per cent. more light, cost no more than the quicksilver ones, and supersede the unhealthy quicksilver process.

Four persons convicted of stealing in Delaware, were recently sentenced to punishment at the whipping post.

A young Maine girl, belonging to Aroostook Co., Me., who had been spending some time in Boston, returned to her home recently. She had written to her father to meet her at Mattawunkeag. By some mistake or delay he failed to do so, and the young lady, not wishing to wait his coming, "footed it" twenty-seven miles.

The census shows that the annual increase in the population of the United States since 1790 is about three per cent. The present population is about 30,000,000, of whom about 4,000,000 are negroes.

If disappointed Southern office-holders would go to work tilling the soil, instead of talking so much, Digby thinks they would seed to some purpose.—Banner of Light.

It is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

New envelopes embossed with the one cent stamp are to be issued by the P. O. Department. Also with the one in addition to the three cent stamp, to pay the carrier's postage.

The public schools of the United States are attended by about 4,000,000 children.

Paris gossips relate of a Polish Countess, the extraordinary ability to regulate the length of time her visitors shall stay, by stopping, setting back or forward, at pleasure, not only the clock in the room, but the visitor's watch!

A young lady at Niagara has been heard to exclaim, "What an elegant trimming that rainbow would make for a white lace overdress!"

In Sweden there is no charge for postage, the whole expense of the post-office being defrayed out of the general taxes.

Although Lynn provides a great many ladies' boots and shoes, all brogue-Anns come from Ireland.

In the seventeenth century the epithet "miss," applied to a female, was considered a term of reproach.

We think that a man carries the borrowing principle a trifle too far when he asks us to lend him our ear.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it within us or we find it not.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When he becomes sage.

Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes, stuffing and fretting.

A Yankee girl, writing from Georgia, is struck with surprise that at the military drills in that State, every soldier has a negro along to carry his gun!

The United States ship Constellation, recently captured the bark Cora, from New York, on the coast of Africa, with a cargo of seven hundred Africans on board.

The Boston Investigator declares that the popular orthodox story of Ethan Allen and his Dying Daughter is a "Christian falsehood." The story goes, that the infidel father recommended the dying daughter to believe the doctrines of her Christian mother. The Investigator has ascertained that Col. Allen never lost a daughter during his lifetime.

Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Rochester, recently exchanged pulpits with Rev. E. H. Chapin, of this city, and upon his rising to give out the opening hymn, many persons who had gone to church only to hear their favorite, retired; whereupon Mr. Laurie, hymn book in hand, paused, looked gravely around and quietly remarked: "All those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin have now an opportunity to retire; and those who came to worship the Everlasting God will please unite in singing the following hymn."

The N. Y. Chronicle says: The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in this city, Rev. Dr. Armitage, pastor, at a late church meeting, resolved to dispense with the printed Articles of Faith they have hitherto had in use, and to adopt "the unadulterated Word of God as set forth in the Bible as their rule of faith and practice."

A most daring and brutal murder was recently committed in this city, the victim being a Mrs. Shanks, a milliner. The person accused of the murder is a half-idiot, long subject to insane fits. The Times says: "His mental disease is attributed to certain psychological or mesmeric experiments which were tried upon him in his early youth; but, judging from the sudden suppurating of the wounds upon his hands and the malformation of his head, it would appear much more reasonable to infer that scrofula was at the bottom both of his mental and physical infirmities."

The New York correspondent of the Mobile Register, states that on Thanksgiving Day a collection for the poor was made at the Rev. Dr. Adams' Church, Madison Square. Among the contributions a young girl had placed an envelope upon the silver plate. When opened it was found that it contained an elegant diamond cross, which had been bought of Ball, Black, & Co., at the time of the ball to the Prince of Wales, and for which \$1,500 was paid.

A criminal named Mulligan, just sentenced to Sing Sing for four years, was married in his cell a few days since.

The Seventh Regiment of New York are likely to be invited to visit England, as guests of the volunteer companies of London.

The Tribune states that one party has just agreed to pay that establishment over thirty thousand dollars for advertising one column one year in all the editions of that paper. The articles advertised are "pills."

The Burch Divorce case has resulted in a verdict for the defendant, Mrs. Burch. A steamer recently returned from Savannah brought eighty-six steerage passengers, sent back by the authorities.

The United Presbytery of Michigan has resolved that, as it is one of the things which can be done on another day, it is wrong to solemnize marriage on the Sabbath.

An apple tree in Marlboro, Me., has blossomed five times during the past season, four times producing fruit.

The readers of the N. Y. Independent are furnished with four pages of interesting advertising matter each week, comprising one-half the entire contents of the paper!

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the Europa, we have advices from Europe to Dec. 1st. This steamer brings \$530,000 in specie.

The comments of the London press upon American affairs still continue; they seem to anticipate no rupture of our Union from the present secession movements in the South, and they for the most part sympathize with the free States. The money crisis here has caused large shipments of specie to this country. Beside the amount brought in the Europa, shipments were to be made in the Atlantic, which was to sail Dec. 5th.

The Empress Eugenie was to visit the Queen at Windsor Castle on Tuesday, Dec. 4, and thence to return immediately home.

By an Imperial Decree of the French Emperor, his annual speech at the opening of the Chambers was to be discussed by the Senate and Corps Legislatif, and an address in reply annually voted. This, says the Decree, is "to afford to the great bodies of the state, a more direct participation in the general policy of our government." Is this the first step of the astute Napoleon toward a Constitutional Monarchy?

The garrison of Gaeta had made a sortie in order to capture the strategical positions in the suburbs, but were repulsed with great loss. The garrison in Gaeta amounts to 18,000, among whom the typhoid fever prevailed. The besieging Piedmontese number 15,000.

In the Abruzzi region to the south of Naples, insurrectionary movements were increasing against the new Piedmontese government, and the district has in consequence been declared in a state of siege. These disturbances are fomented among the peasantry by the priests.

It is currently reported that Francis II had fled from Gaeta.

Serious disturbances with loss of life are reported to have occurred at Debreczin, and other places in Hungary, on the 26th of November.

The report of overtures to the Austrian government for the cession of Venetia to Piedmont, is contradicted by a Paris correspondent.

According to the Turin journals, diplomatic intercourse is soon to be resumed between Prussia and Victor Emanuel.

The latest news from China are, that the headquarters of the allied forces were eight miles from Peking on September 23d, and that engagements were fought at Chang Kia Wan and Jang Chan on the 18th and 21st of the same month, in which 30,000 Tartars were completely routed by the allies, and tea, to the value of \$250,000, taken. The Chinese had sent in a flag of truce with overtures for a treaty of peace.