

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

VOL. 2, No 5.]

[A. J. DAVIS & COMPANY,
274 Canal St. (Up Stairs.)]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

[Whole No. 57.]

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire with the next number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

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

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

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

We 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.

Religion of Nature.

ANNA J. WESTCHESTER.—"MR. DAVIS: Please instruct me in what is meant by the religion of Nature. At school I have acquired considerable knowledge of geography, astronomy, &c.; but somehow I fail to obtain any religious instructions from such material sources. What is the Religion of Nature?"

ANSWER: Natural Religion is the opposite of that which is fictitious, or "supernatural." It is the doctrine of Truth, Justice, Righteousness, as taught by the harmony, equilibrium, and happiness of the universe. It is impossible to get any broad estimate of Truth from a superficial study of any one branch of geography, astronomy, or science, as such branch is presented by the routine system of a modern school or academy.

If you would learn of Truth—exact, never-varying, beautiful, stern, and perfect—examine the laws of planetary motion, the principles of cause and effect in all things, and the adorable proportions of bodies in their respective spheres. Justice, right and love, and the beauty of holiness, are lessons breathed from the constitution and adaptation of every natural object. Search the sacred volume of Nature through. Let its divine lessons burn their glories into your very heart. Life and joy supreme—transporting life and enrapturing joy—come to the pure in heart. The spirit of Nature, and the precious presence of the Father, will burn in every bush of roses. In tree, in bird, in sky, in star, in your parents, in everything human, behold the Love, and Will, and Wisdom of Deity.

The Sources of Vegetation.

AMOS DRESSER, OF STOCKBRIDGE, has addressed several questions to this Department of our journal—which will be, if they have not already been, answered in articles on various subjects—but there is one, the following, which we think requires a special word: "Whence came the materials which enter into the composition of the varied forms in earth's vegetable kingdom?"

ANSWER: The vegetable kingdom is composed of materials derived from the mineral kingdom, which is hidden in the earth's deep bosom. Whence the materials composing the mineral world? From the four primal elements of all matter—viz: Fire, Heat, Light, and Electricity.

In all searchings, we terminate in these four original principles. By "Fire" is not meant the condition of matter in flame or combustion, but the *finest* state of material motion, out of which issue Heat, Light, and Electricity. The finest motion of matter results in the illumination of matter from its own inward sources. Electricity of immensity is the conveyance of all vital action in the universe. Fire, Heat, and Light are passengers in the omnibus of Electricity. They get in this chariot of infinitude, and the integral motive-principles propel it through every avenue of boundless Nature.

The omnibus stops for a moment at the different stations along the interminable highways of infinity; and, at such a moment, passengers enough leave it to start the organization of a world like this globe on which we live. Fire, Heat, and Light—the three grand primal principles of matter—retire from the electrical chariot in minute particles, and forthwith unite, chemically, for the origination of a planet. [The first stage of a planet is invariably that of a comet.] Then onward rolls the triumphant chariot of Electricity! Passengers are permitted to terminate their ride at just that point in space where they experience more attraction to sojourn than to proceed. But it is very strange, yet true always, that only a sufficient number of passengers (or particles) alight from the shining vehicle, to commence the new planet in that particular locality.

Now, friend Dresser, you can easily trace out the answers to all your other interrogatories. You perceive that Fire, Heat, and Light—the primary principles of all matter—contain the requisite properties for the com-

position and ultimatum of all mineral, vegetable, animal, and human bodies. Of the life-forces and spiritual sources of these different bodies, we do not now say anything; believing that, with the foregoing sketch of the origin of planets and of their elemental primaries, you can settle the other problems to your own satisfaction. Think, contemplate! and you will see

"This vast terrestrial frame. How Father God, From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore, From men to angels, to celestial minds, Forever leads the generations on To higher scenes of being; while supplied From day to day with His enlivening breath, Inferior orders in succession rise, To fill the void below."

Definition of Terms.

JENNIE FULLER, OF CALIFORNIA, says: "The following six words are frequently used in both speech and writing, but they are often confounded—viz: Mind, Reason, Spirit, Soul, Conscience, Judgment. Please give through your HERALD a spiritual definition of these six words."

ANSWER: Careful and conscientious thinkers employ terms with fixed and definite meanings. For example, a correct thinker will never use the word "infinite," unless he intends to speak of that which is absolutely beyond all human comprehension; nor the term "eternal," unless he really designs to convey an impression of unending ages. But the world is full of persons who do not study the best employment of language, and the consequence is manifested in the "confusion of tongues" which everywhere prevails.

We would give our correspondent the following definition as the meaning we attach to the terms, both in speech and writing:

1. "Mind." This word is a general term, used to signify all the opposites of Matter. Thus "Mind and Matter" are natural counterparts, or friendly opponents in the organization of everything, from the worm in the oozy bottom of the sea to the brightest angel in the sky-homes of eternity.

2. "Reason." This is also a general term, used to signify the *total harmony* of all the elements and attributes of Mind. Without such balance and equilibrium of all the feeling and thinking powers, it is incorrect to apply the term: for, in such case, the *state* of the mind would be more or less discordant, and consequently only partially or proximately, and not absolutely, possessed of Reason.

3. "Spirit." This term is employed to signify the centermost principle of man's existence—the eternalizing, divine and mid-most energy in man's motion, life, sensation, and intelligence, or the life of the Soul of Nature in the constitution of the human mind.

4. "Soul." This term is used to express that fine, imperceptible, almost immaterial, body which clothes the spirit from the moment of death to all eternity. In this life the "soul" is composed of all the magnetisms, electricities, forces, and vital principles, which, in more general terms, are called *motion, life, and sensation*, including *instinct*.

5. "Conscience." This word, when correctly used, signifies the internal knowledge of what constitutes right and wrong—the intuitive power by which the spirit informs the judgment what is, and what is not, just and righteous for the individual to do under all circumstances. But it should be observed that conscience is subject to education, and, until Reason prevails over folly, the individual is as liable to make mistakes as a child is to stumble while learning to walk.

6. "Judgment." This term is used to signify the occupation and *decision* of the intellectual faculties. The word "understanding" has a similar application and significance. It is common for people to use the terms *reason, mind, judgment, intellect, spirit, soul, understanding*, &c., synonymously, as though they mean one and the same thing; but by reflection you will perceive that you cannot properly employ these words without meanings similar to, if not identical with the definitions above briefly given.

A Human Briar Bush.

MONTGOMERY G. NORWALK.—"A. J. DAVIS, SIR: I now require is a few direct, practical, unoffensive words. Can you explain to me the cause of my failure to interest persons, of either sex, in my feelings and most cherished views of religion. I am dreadfully cast down at times—hopeless, have thoughts of suicide, hate everybody, and everybody shuns me as though I was a nest of vipers, or a tree of poison and thorns. Do give me a simple "Whisper" of explanation, and I will remain forever obliged."

ANSWER: First, your brain is diseased by a preponderance of nerve-matter in the ganglionic system, which destroys the balance of power between your cerebrum and cerebellum.

REMEDY: Abolish from your mouth everything, whether fluid or solid, which is not necessary to meet the demands of honest hunger, and to quench the burnings of honest thirst. One hundred days, from the commencement of this mode of life, you will begin to feel and to act like a new man. Your impatience will be diminished, your irascibility of temper and your overtaxed nerves will rapidly subside into peaceful conditions, and your excessive sensitiveness will depart from the surface of your external character.

Now, Montgomery, begins the struggle between the Will of your awakened aspirations and the propensities of your inherited and acquired characteristics. Buckle on your whole armor, Brother, and prepare your Will for a conflict with passion. Your wrestlings with the Satans of inherited discords and propensities will be sternest and most painful in your bed-chamber. Your disposition is hard to control. Sensitiveness is an effect

of your diseased brain and nervous system. You are easy to imagine yourself "misused," "slandered," "insulted." O, how easy you think evil of your own best friends. All alone, in secret—where no human eye can see your frowns, and the bitter curl of your lips, and where no human ear can hear the low blasphemy of your wrathful mutterings—yes, in your bed-chamber! Thus, Brother, you convert yourself into a thorny tree of poison, bearing bitter fruit to those about you. A thistle bush, which children dread, and which even birds and beautiful animals will not visit. Everybody walks around you! People would go ten rods out of their way to shun your dark frown, and to avoid your complaining tone of voice.

And yet you think "folks are at fault" in all this, and intend merely to annoy and to offend you, because of your unpopular opinions. Not so, Montgomery! Love begets love, friendship engenders friendship, good-nature and civility awaken good-nature and civility. Try it, Brother, and mark the fact! People will soon forget to hate you for opinion's sake. Everybody and their children will say: "We like Montgomery; we love him dearly; he's so good and so cheerful; but we don't like his doctrines—that's no consequence among friends."

We admonish you to contemplate subjects which will lift

"Thy thoughts
Far above the dust of worlds."

It is impossible to think or to act unworthily of your better nature without degrading the waters of life at their fountain head. Take heed! No more littleness; no more offending the image of purity in thy bosom; no more hostility to the practical teachings of Harmonial Philosophy; no more secret violations of the sweet processes of daily life; no more supposition that you can do evil, or think evil, and yet escape the consequences in all their magnitude; no more imagining that the sight of guardian spirits is dimmed by the walls of your chamber, or that you can be a briar-bush in social life, a poison tree in the garden of the family, a thistle in the hands of friendship, and yet be loved, and courted, and aided in business by your neighbors and acquaintances. Come, Brother! be simple and strong, sweet and healthy, intelligent and affectionate, spiritual, harmonious, hopeful, and free as the air of celestial mountains. When you think that you are worthless and unimportant, or when thoughts of evil sweep through your mind toward a fellow being, then read the following inspiration, by Bailey, the author of Festus:

"Nothing is lost in Nature—so, no soul, Though buried in the center of all sin, Is lost to God; e'en there it works His will, And burns to purity. The weakest things Are to be made examples of His might—The most defective, of His love and grace, Whence'er He thinketh well. Oh! everything To me seems good, or tending to good; The whole is beautiful! and I can see Nought absolutely wrong in man or nature—As from His hands it comes who fashions all, With qualities in germ that shall unfold All holy as His word. The world is but A Revelation. His Spirit breathes upon us Before our births—as o'er the formless void He mov'd at first—and we are all inspir'd With His Spirit. All things are God, or of God."

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

"A SUBSCRIBER" is hereby informed that we will reply to "correspondents" as soon as their questions are reached. Let beautiful patience perform her perfect work in every mind.

DATUS KELLEY, O.—Your friendly word is received and fully appreciated.

WALTON A. OHIO.—We can obtain nothing valuable from the "scrap" of spirit writing you sent to our office.

E. Q. GENEVA, O.—Your companion should be situated for a season among new scenes and strangers—frequently bathed and occasionally magnetized.

MRS. P. C. P., MENDOTA, ILL.—Your blessing has reached the heart of the Angel in our home. Preoccupied space will not permit the insertion of your scriptures.

J. M. W., PA.—"Free-Love by a Woman" is declined, simply because the sentences are not carefully enough constructed. There is a best way to do everything. Try again.

"FRANK, THE ITINERANT," will be cordially welcomed to our columns. "Short letters, once in a while," or even twice, would add a new interest to the *Itinerant's* life in the open field, doing battle with error for human progress.

N. D. S., SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—We cannot republish the HERALD OF PROGRESS in book form. It is our design, however, to issue the Medical Whispers and other articles in a volume sometime during this year.

MR. ALEX. KING, OF AMERICUS, GA., writes us a word approbative of the "Nutritive Cure" as set forth and practised by Mr. Sunderland, of Boston, whose advertisement appears in our columns. Mr. King says he was greatly benefitted by the treatment.

ASHLEY C. ELBRIDGE, N. Y.—We cannot yet make much investigation in the direction of the circumstances detailed in your epistle. The internal government of insane institutions will be examined one of these days, when we shall make known the whole truth, so that the community

may have a more just estimate of mysteries and miseries inseparable from Insanity and Asylums.

H. MELVILLE FAY has written, in reply to a late question relative to the reliability of his mediumship, expressing his readiness to give any skeptic "a sitting," in order to demonstrate to such doubter the genuineness of his powers for physical manifestations. We hope some candid friend will avail himself of this offer, and that the result of the interview be forwarded to us for publication.

MARY FOSTER, BROOKFIELD, VT.—There is no evidence in your letter in favor of the supposition that you are a medium. The approach of your spirit to the threshold of a higher life in this world must be by and through obedience to the laws of the "circle." The best "Spiritual Circle" within our knowledge is a well-balanced and progressive mind. Such a circle is hidden within the angles of your spirit. All the highest angels were first angles on earth.

"LEON," writing from Afton, N. Y., puts the following passages in juxtaposition:

"One thing is certain, and that is that Louisiana, which we bought and paid for, and which is necessary to us, can never go out of the possession and control of the United States, until the military resources of the United States have been annihilated."—*Tribune*, Feb. 2.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil."—JESUS.

Sight and Insight.

For the Herald of Progress.

Saints and Sinners.

NUMBER TWO.

PRISCILLA, THE MONTANIST.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

One hundred and fifty years after the death of Jesus, Montanus, the heathen, was converted to Christianity. With the young convert's zeal, he rebuked the coldness already to be observed among the Christians.

What! had the echo of the voice of Jesus but just died from the streets of Jerusalem, from the "Mountains around about her," and from the groves and valleys? and yet had his followers forgotten the warmth of his entreaties, and the power of his appeals? Had they forgotten Paul, who fanned the fire of enthusiasm, and whose life courted martyrdom for truth's sake?

Montanus wondered they *did* forget. The "holy spirit" had changed his whole life, and he protested against the fine-drawn distinctions in doctrines; it was spirituality and zeal that he demanded.

Priscilla felt the glow of his ardor, and in her, too, was kindled the enthusiasm of the spirit.

She dwelt in Phrygia. Can we not behold that sunny land, and almost catch a vision of the resplendent glory that rested on its hills and lighted its valleys? She was of noble birth and high position; perhaps her home was beside some mountain, with its babbling brooks, and in sight of one of Asia Minor's loveliest lakes, or in the city, with its palaces and temples, where she worshipped at the shrine of Diana; or it may be that her vows were paid at the altar of Jehovah, the Jewish God.

She had a fine spiritual nature, and when Montanus awakened her zeal and enthusiasm, the fire of inspiration rested on her. Heaven seemed to open before her; she trod its courts, and heard the angels sing, and they talked with her and revealed to her the beautiful truths she longed to know.

When her friends came to remonstrate with her, she knows their thoughts before they speak; if they are ill, she declares their disease and the remedy; and her clear eye searches the future, and brings back the history of the past.

As yet, she dwells in her own house, surrounded by all its beauty and attractiveness. It is easy to sacrifice her wealth, and she gives liberally to the cause she has espoused, but to her earnest soul, that is little.

She feels she has a commission to preach; the fire burning in her breast would not be quenched; the words rushing to her tongue would not be stayed. She turns from her home, and from her husband, as one turns from the morning to the noonday, for the spirit within her was her life, and she loved its power better than father or mother, husband or friend. In her faith, all marriages that were true were eternal; so the separation from her husband was but a transient sacrifice to be rewarded by an eternity of joy with him.

As she folds her mantle about her, she remembers how much her Lord suffered, and that he had "not where to lay his head." When she feels her womanly nature awakening womanly fears, she repeats: "In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." She preaches, she prophesies, and tells in the meetings what the angels say to her.

The bishops of Asia Minor are disgusted;

they say—"We must drive the devil out of this woman;" but the spirit was wiser than the bishops, and they went away, and declared that the demon would not go at their bidding. The bishop of Rome wrote that Priscilla must be inspired, and he endeavored to allay the faction that was springing up in the church on account of her, and some other women that felt called upon to serve the Lord according to the dictates of the spirit.

Priscilla fasted often, denied herself all luxuries, and coveted martyrdom, for the future life of martyrs was believed to be most glorious. Little as we know of her history, we find that she was a remarkable medium. We can draw a parallel between her and some in our own time, who love truth no less, and forget all to serve it.

Is Spiritualism but thirteen years old, and are mediums a modern invention, when we find that one thousand seven hundred years ago, a clairvoyant, impressive woman was accounted little less than a saint and a prophetess?

Noble Priscilla! we look back to you, and rejoice in the eternity of spiritual laws. COLDWATER, Mich.

"Nations may fall to rise no more,
Yet, sounding on old ocean's shore,
Amid the vast infinitude,
Is God's eternal interlude—
On, on forever!"

Childhood.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Singing Laurie.

BY STELLA.

The waves of the sea, breaking on the beach, and the voices of the sea shells, Laurie held to her ears, were the only music she had ever heard; but she always sang when she listened to the waves or the shells.

All day long she would play upon the beach with the bright rose lipped shells which the waves cast up, for she loved to hear and answer them. And when the tide, returning, kissed her feet, she would sing more gleefully than ever, as she waited for the next waves which should cause them to retreat again a little farther; and gambol thus till they reached the rock on which the fisherman's hut was built. But when singing Laurie was old enough to have more thoughts, she began to wish for playmates who could speak her language.

One day, when her father brought home, in his boat, two white doves, Singing Laurie clasped her hands to hear their sweet, love "coo-coo;" and every morning and evening she fed them from her mouth, and tried to speak to them in their language. But they could not speak in hers, and so she still kept wishing.

Once, when she was looking into the blue sky, she thought of what her mother had told her about God, and she began to sing to Him, and to ask Him to give her something which could talk. So, when she found, one morning, a tender baby sister in her rush cradle, she thought God put her there. After that she did not play so often on the beach, or follow after her doves, but tried to teach the little stranger how to answer her.

She called the baby: "Roo-Coo," because she talked like the doves. When Roo-Coo grew large enough to creep, she would follow after Singing Laurie, as she did the sunbeams that played across the floor. But when she tried to reach the sea shells on her sister's shelf, where were other pretty things which the fisherman had brought—feathers of red and green, and golden birds, pieces of bright coral, and shining pebbles—Laurie frowned instead of singing; and Roo-Coo's blue eyes, which Laurie had thought God made from a piece of the sky, filled with tears.

The white doves hatched two little doves: "baby doves," Laurie called them. Soon they would be able to fly down from their house, her father said. And when Laurie saw them pecking up grain from the ground, and that each shared it with the other, she thought of the tears which she had so many times caused in Roo-Coo's blue eyes.

"Roo-Coo, baby sister, I will give you half of all I have," she said; and she divided the pretty shells and pebbles, the bright coral, and the feathers. Then Laurie was happier than before, and she sang sweet songs for the gift of a precious little sister.

BETWEEN two friends it is the law of kindness that he who confers the favor should straightway forget it, but he who receives it, never; let him that bestows it, hold his tongue; let him talk, who has received.

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth be more in progress, not in possession; and science be more in progress, not in possession."

For the Herald of Progress.

QUESTIONS: MAY THE SPIRIT OF MAN FIND A LIMITED PERIOD OF INDEPENDENT EXISTENCE, OR LEAVE THE BODY BEFORE ITS FINAL SEPARATION THEREFROM?

ANSWER.

GIVEN BY INSPIRATION THROUGH MR. ARTHUR A. CONANT.

Having accepted the proposition that the external form of man is the expression of the interior organization, or spirit, we have laid our premises for the argument.

If the spirit is superior to the body, and the body is only the servant or agent through which the spirit manifests itself in the external world, we are to think that when the spirit desires to manifest itself in its higher, or superior condition, that the body is requisite to that manifestation. The spirit of man, when in its superior condition, whatever the peculiar phase of its manifestation may be, is in the time being independent of the body. All the action of which the mind is conscious while the body is in a state of repose, whether that repose is the natural sleep of the body, or whether it is what is usually termed death, gives its independence of the body. Therefore, whatever means may be used to produce a condition analogous to either state, produces a corresponding independence of the spirit.

It is an effort of spirit, in unfolding the spiritual nature of mankind, to bring the body into such subjection, without impairing any of its natural functions, as that they may, at will, approach their spirit as they would those already disembodied. Inasmuch as the spirit must receive its aliment through the mechanism of the body from the external world, they desire and direct such as are obedient to their wishes and teachings; to obtain from all manner of food which tends to produce goodness. In the ratio that the spirit becomes refined and purified of its earthly dross, does it become independent of the body. Hence, by the refinement or goodness of the body we may judge of the spirit. The more refined the spirit of man becomes, the more readily do celestial beings approach him, and the more readily does man's spirit unfold its varied beauties at their approach. This development has in many instances already become very perfect, so that a thought sent from a spirit in the higher life, at a distance from the earth not within the computation of man, to one thus unfolded in the form, will be instantly felt and recognized; the thought falls upon the spirit like a dewy vesicle from that ocean of minds with which it recognizes itself connected.

Under favorable external surroundings, spirit may approach those who are thus unfolded, and by their attraction and will power, woo them away from their earthly form, and accompany them through light and air, to localities and scenes more transcendently beautiful than mortals could behold and live; in other words, the ecstasy which the spirit then enjoys would destroy the body.

This may transpire when the body is in a condition of health; at other times when the vital functions have become disordered, the body has been tortured with pain, and the suffering spirit hath felt that it would be an insupportable joy to be freed from the anguish of suffering mortality, they may approach, and by influences better understood by spirit than by mortals, quiet the torturing pain, and gently still the throbbing pulse until the spirit becomes calm and peaceful, as does the suffering child, lulled to sleep upon the bosom of its mother; then do they carry it forth from that diseased frame, which is no longer capable of giving to the spirit its required nutriment, and while they most tenderly guard the unfolded treasure, they sometimes permit it to follow its strongest attractions; whether those attractions are earthward or heavenward matters not; it is then that they breathe upon the embers of a purer life that could be received through its earthly frailties. At such times the body is submitted to a healing process, and the disease often entirely removed during the spirit's temporary absence; in other instances, it is impossible to stay the devastating power of disease, and the body is finally left to decomposition. The spirit may, and does in some instances, go many times forth, and the body is anticipated as often to all the laws of harmonious restoration which can be made available, and still without a favorable result.

At no time while the spirit is thus wooed away from the body, is its magnetic connection with it ever entirely broken, else it could not return again to the body, which is its best abiding place as long as it can occupy it.

REFERENCE.

About the middle of May, 1855, I was prostrated with inflammatory rheumatism. For many days my sufferings were intense; I was not conscious of sleeping, or of the least cessation of pain at any time. In this condition my physical system was fast sinking beneath the strong hand of disease. No physician was called, for lack of confidence in the skill of any that could be obtained. A good nurse was procured, and the result left to nature. The struggle was a fearful one, and the disease was almost victorious.

Only this do I remember, that I was out of that suffering body, clad in a white robe and was alone with my father, who had been a spiritualist years. By a look he bade me accompany him. We arose from the north; how high, perhaps I have not a correct idea, but

I could see the landscape below. We floated through the atmosphere with an easy and rapid motion, until we hovered over my early home, where still dwelt my mother, brothers and sisters; there we descended and stood upon the earth, opposite my mother's room. Many pages would not contain the experience of that hour or two of absence from my body, nor the expressions of overflowing affection for the inmates of the home which I was not permitted by my wise father to enter, nor the things which I saw, heard, and felt, correctly too, as all subsequent knowledge and experience have gone to prove.

I had been absent from that early home more than eight years, yet I noted its familiar features and its changes as perfectly as if I stood there in the body, and my observations were corroborated by my outward senses while on a visit to that home with my husband and family the following summer.

We arose from the earth, and our course was again turned to my more northern home; then followed a time of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a slight struggle, as if it was difficult again to enter the day element, something of which I am conscious, but cannot describe. When I awoke in my normal condition, I was unable to open my eyes, or to move a single muscle. My mind was clear, and I recollect well the view I had of the spirit body as it lay encased in its outer shell. Slowly the power of vision returned, the eyes opened; the fingers relaxed, then moved; then came the consciousness that the form was gone and with it the pain; in fact, that I was well, but weak; in a condition which time and nature would fully restore to perfect health. Husband and nurse had sunk into a deep sleep, and all the house was quiet. The light had burned low in its socket, casting faint gleams over objects in my room.

To me it was a strange event; a coming back to earth, the influence of which on my mind no time can erase. It was an experience that has ever been to me a reality, equal, in all its parts, to any experience of my outer life.

Within the last four years, I have, as I am conscious, had many visits both on earth and in the spirit land, in the abnormal, or spiritual condition, when in health and out of health; alone, and in company with a dear lady friend, I have seen this friend coming to me; in a moment I would be unconscious. I sometimes remember nothing, at others a part of a conversation, and sometimes grand allegorical lessons. I often meet those of my paternal family who have gone before me to the spirit home, also acquaintances of earlier life, who have long been denizens of that brighter land. At one time, I remember talking in a fountain of pellucid waters that came trickling down like brilliant gems over shining rocks, whose light was, according to my impressions, several hundred feet. I am often conscious, upon retiring, when all conditions are favorable, of my spirit friends hovering near, and sometimes saying, "we await your company," or, "to-night we will live with thee away to brighter scenes than these."

On one occasion, when my husband was absent, as I lay deeply absorbed in the investigation of a subject in which I was much interested, I heard them say, "Please withdraw your mind from that subject for the present, we await to take thee hence." I did recall my thoughts, dismissed the perplexing subject, became conscious of the throbbing pulse, and gently still the throbbing pulse until the spirit becomes calm and peaceful, as does the suffering child, lulled to sleep upon the bosom of its mother; then do they carry it forth from that diseased frame, which is no longer capable of giving to the spirit its required nutriment, and while they most tenderly guard the unfolded treasure, they sometimes permit it to follow its strongest attractions; whether those attractions are earthward or heavenward matters not; it is then that they breathe upon the embers of a purer life that could be received through its earthly frailties. At such times the body is submitted to a healing process, and the disease often entirely removed during the spirit's temporary absence; in other instances, it is impossible to stay the devastating power of disease, and the body is finally left to decomposition. The spirit may, and does in some instances, go many times forth, and the body is anticipated as often to all the laws of harmonious restoration which can be made available, and still without a favorable result.

On one occasion, when my husband was in the trance state, the conversation with the indwelling spirit turned upon the subject of which I am writing, in which these remarks were made: "It is a fact that man's spirit may and does temporarily leave the body and make visits in the spirit land; but ye are not permitted to remember such, for ye are mortal and must abide yet awhile; and this ye could not do if ye remembered the scenes through which ye have passed and the visions which ye have beheld."

Upon being asked of what advantage these visits were to us if we were not permitted to remember them, the answer was:

"When ye better come to dwell floating round the heavenly throne, those scenes will remember well, as having started white jet of earth."

"And these are ye prepared to enter here in a more advanced condition than ye could otherwise do."

ANOTHER FACT.

In May, 1857, I received a communication from A. C., a brother of my husband, accom-

ing from the land of spirits, and to the import that he had passed from the mundane sphere and had been welcomed by spirits into the celestial. A few days afterward I learned by letter that he did not depart from earth for several days after the time when I received the communication, and that at the time of the communication he was involved in an unconscious stupor, from which he revived, continuing to live several days. After his final departure he came again and said that he had been to see us, and had communicated on the occasion alluded to above; that he had returned to earth again, recognized his friends and conversed with them, and again departed; and that he had been for several days wandering between the terrestrial and celestial worlds, now in this and now in that.

From the foregoing facts, I have no reason to doubt, and am well satisfied that the spirit may so far leave the body as to manifest itself through a medium at a distance, and that the spiritual faculties are such that intercommunication may transpire between the spirits of individuals separated by any distance, however great.

Laws and Systems.

"Trice is he armed who hath his guard just—And he is armed, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with justice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

Practical Workings of African Servitude.

Honolulu, Feb. 12, 1861.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, Sir: The spirits with whom I communicate seem to think I ought to write you further my experience in regard to Slavery and the African race. I do so at a venture, but I have not the time to perfect my communications and take the pains I wish. I have much to say. I wish to express the views and feelings of a great many of us in regard to the "relation of master and slave." I remain,

R. B. H.

SOUTHERN FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH.

NUMBER TWO.

Those in charge of negroes in those days, were valued in proportion to their ability to manage negroes, as they termed it. Both the duties of the manager and the slave were defined, and the slave was as tenacious of his rights and privileges as his white superior, and overstepping of certain bounds was resented and revenged by the slave in some form or another, and was subversive of discipline and order. So that those qualities in a manager, which, whilst preserving discipline and order, guaranteed mildness and prudence essential to the cheerfulness and comfort of the slave, were highly valued.

My system was to ascertain a moderate day's work, mark it out for them every day, and tell them to go when they finished it, which was generally about three or four o'clock.

Besides which, they had Saturday and Sunday, and two hours, every day, to themselves, between twelve and two o'clock. Except a weekly allowance of fish and two suits of clothes, and food in times of sickness, they found themselves, and every head of a family had, or was allowed to have, his own house, garden, hogs, chickens, and canoe; and it was the owner's duty to see that he had them. In that fertile climate, with no winter, six hours' work a week, with a hoe, was estimated sufficient to produce a negro three times more than he could consume. Most of them made from twelve to fourteen dollars a month, besides doing their master's work, and finding themselves—having a ready market in the towns, on board the shipping, and amongst the planters.

Out of 14,000 slaves where I was, from 150 to 250 bought themselves annually; but freedom seemed to deprive them generally of all energy. With a few exceptions, most of them seemed to become utterly worthless, although they had no laboring white population to contend with; so that this expression was current among the slaves, "I am a slut-gy as a free Negro." The race, as a whole, appears incapable of development by means of its own interior force. What have they done or invented for the use of the world without the guidance of the white mind since time began? And in what does their equality with the white man consist? What has the race done to prove it?

They must be capable of progress, but nature is not limited by our law of progression. On the contrary, every positive law is negative, and Slavery may be as necessary to their development as Freedom is to ours.

Their possession of property occasioned a great deal of thieving from each other and many quarrels; they had against each other so much that it needed a great deal of patience and tact to maintain order and justice amongst them. I became convinced at last, that they were hardly capable of resisting temptation, nor morally responsible for thieving, lying, and lust; that the true method was to keep all temptation out of their reach, if one wished to avoid punishing them. To enforce the criminal laws made for the white race against them, would be impossible, as no country could bear the expense with a numerous black population, and it would besides be absolute cruelty.

The blacks were at least one hundred to one to the whites in the country. Sometimes I hardly saw a white face for months. The

stubbornness, cunning, and evil habits generally of the blacks, impressed me with the fact of a vast chasm between their race and ours. With all our drawbacks and deficiencies, I often felt a desperate home-sickness and longing to be once more among families of my own race. The difference between the races must be experienced in order to conceive it.

Nor could it be shown that Slavery had demoralized the blacks, for most of the adults were Africans, and the island-born negroes were much their superiors in intelligence and capacity for education, and no state of morals or tyranny existing in the West Indies was half so bad as they described to me their condition in Africa. However imperfect the government of the whites might be, it was certainly vastly superior to the government of their own race.

One of your correspondents stated that Africans do not sell their own children, but the Africans themselves told me a very different story. One of them, Captain Joe, knocked away my abolition ideas. The whites reported him to have been the means of bringing two or three hundred of his countrymen into Slavery. Joe assured me he had sold his own brother, and had been sold by his own father. "But," said I, "why do you sell each other that way?" "How can we get the goods we need without?" was the reply. "Raise sugar and cotton like the whites." Joe laughed contemptuously at that, apparently at the absurdity of the idea, and seemed to think my prejudices on the subject very amusing.

Yet their very deficiencies and dependence on us seemed to call forth an undefinable sympathy for them, expressed in a manner which was reciprocated by the negro in instances of personal attachment and regard, much more fervent than towards his own race.

Do men's happiness depend on their being free and equal in all cases? On the contrary, are not our different spheres of intelligence, moral character, and usefulness, and social inequalities, the means of unfolding the affections and binding us together?

Shall we investigate and follow Nature, or the notions of the men of the "school of Massachusetts?" R. B. H.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Positive Proof of Immortality.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY JUDGE EDWARDS.

DEAR DAVID: A singular fatality seems to attend my progress in our beautiful faith, and that is, that now, for six or seven years, twice a year, some story gets into circulation that I have changed my belief.

It ought not to be of any consequence to any one what I think, but as it is made so by some, I have felt myself called on, from time to time, to correct the impression. I have accordingly told myself under the necessity, about twice a year, to certify to others that I have undergone no change. The sources whence these rumors spring are singular. Sometimes they come to me from Maine, sometimes from Oregon, sometimes from Alabama or Texas, and anon from Europe. Now it comes in the shape of remarks made at the Conference in New York, and which reaches me through a Western newspaper, and I suppose I must notice it to prevent mischief.

I will do so, if you please, in answering the following questions in your valuable paper: "E. W. CARPENTER, CL.—This Brother says it will give him great satisfaction to hear from some of our correspondents in reply to the following questions:

1st. What positive proof does Spiritualism afford of immortality?

2d. How can we know that the "spirits" are what they claim to be?

First. As to proof of our immortality: The best answer that I can give to this inquiry is to be found in the experience of Dr. Hare and of myself. We were both of us doubters of man's immortality, he perhaps a little more settled in his opinion than I was. He became convinced, from his intercourse with spirits, that his sister, who had been sometime dead, was communicating with him; and he very naturally reasoned, if she lived beyond the grave, I shall—we all shall. It was the same with me when I became satisfied that it was my wife who was coming to me.

That, however, did not prove immortality. It merely proved that we lived beyond the grave; but whether forever, no one could prove who had not seen the end of "forever." How long that life should endure, must be a matter of deduction from the facts. To me and to him the conclusion was a very simple one—the same power that could cause us to live an hour beyond this life, could cause us to live forever, and the same cause that could require that hour's existence would require that existence to be eternal.

Thus, and thus alone, as I understand it, is immortality proved by Spiritualism; but—Second. This necessarily depends on our ability to "know that the spirits are what they claim to be." And here again our reasoning powers are to be invoked.

If a spirit comes to me whom I have not known on earth, I do not well see how I can say I know him to be what he claims to be; I can only judge him to be so.

Take some instances of this.

I once had communion with a spirit who called himself Tan-ka-hoot, and said he was a Chinese, who had died several hundred years ago. Now there was no way, in which I could know this to be true. I could not tell whether the language he talked was Chinese of an ancient date, and I could always afterwards identify him when he came again, as the same one that had been before.

Take the cases of Bacon and Swedenborg, who so long and so perfectly communed with me. They died before I was born, but from their biographies and their writings, I could easily learn the characteristics of their minds—their modes of feeling, thinking and expressing themselves. I could thus become familiar with their mental physiognomy; a mode of identification far more satisfactory to the thinking mind than any outward form of countenance. And I will take this occasion to remark, that it was thus, after a careful examination, that I became convinced that it was Bacon, and Swedenborg who were communing with me—that I have never since seen any occasion to alter that opinion—but have seen much, very much, to confirm it, and that it is a great error for any one to suppose, as I understand it has been recently asserted, that I have proved myself mistaken.

I have never made such an avowal, nor given any one reason as to believe or to assert.

But these were persons whom I did not know in life, any more than Peter, and James, and John had known Moses and Elias whom they saw talking with Jesus on the mountain. Modern Spiritualism has, however, carried us a step beyond that. It has afforded us communion with those whom we did know in this life. It has enabled us to see them and recognize their familiar appearance. It has enabled us to hear and recognize their voices; to recognize their once familiar touch; to recognize their modes of thought and feeling, and all the mental peculiarities, which distinguished them from others as much as the shape of a feature or the color of the hair could.

This latter, which I term mental proof of spiritual intercourse, is, and always has been, to me, I confess, the strongest of the proofs afforded us. Others, I know, think differently and attach the most value to the evidence that is addressed only to the external senses. They are most delighted when they hear some sound or behold some ponderable article moving without mortal contact. So be it, if they please. I find no fault with them, but I beg to say to the thinking mind, that the greatest marvel in all these manifestations is the intelligence displayed, and that intelligence is capable of identifying itself to us—that is, to any properly constituted mind, but not to all, for unhappily it is as true now as it was of old, that some cannot believe through one sense from the dead.

Yours, J. W. EDWARDS.
NEW YORK, March 5, 1861.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Concerning Evil Spirits.

HONOLULU, CANT., WED., Jan. 31st, 1861.
MR. DAVID, DEAR SIR: I wish to ask your opinion concerning the existence of "evil spirits."

There is a variety of opinion among Spiritualists in our vicinity, on the subject. Some maintain that evil spirits do exist, and others that they do not—that there is no positive evil; that is, essential evil, as distinguished from essential Good; that what we call evil is not really so, but only apparently; that it is really good on a lower plane. In confirmation of this view, they cite us to the "Harmonical Philosophy," and to a rational view of the Deity. The Deity being an inexhaustible fountain of Good cannot send forth bitter water, and nothing but good can characterize his works.

On the other hand, those who believe in the existence of evil spirits, refer us to the almost universal belief of mankind, to the Bible, to Old Theology, to our own consciences, and to the common impression that every person is attended by a good and an evil spirit, the one constantly striving to induce us to do good, and the other constantly striving to seduce us to evil. Beliance is placed on the fact, that the Bible admonishes us to "come to do evil and learn to do well," and that it was the mission of Christ to redeem mankind from evil and elevate them to a state of holiness and happiness.

I am a partial medium for seeing, hearing, and speaking. I have seen spirits that my early teachings characterize as evil. They come to me in my sleeping hours, and impress me with the idea that they wish to take me out of the bed. They appear dark and gloomy. I had formerly been exceedingly afraid of them, but am not so much so at present. They do not visit me as often as they did formerly, and I am inclined more to the doctrine of "All very Good," they have approached me when in a clairvoyant state, and said they were from hell; and stated they had been informed that our circle could do them good. Some among us are influenced, as they say, by Indian spirits, and prescribe through the Indian for sickness. I am informed by a trance speaker that the Superior Mind always controls the inferior, that consequently the Indian cannot control the white man, the latter being superior to the former. My mind is in darkness in a great measure on this subject, and I should be very thankful

for more light. Are there any really evil spirits, and can the inferior control the superior?
If you feel inclined, I should like an expression of your opinion through the HERALD, or the opinion of any one else casting light on the subject.
S. C. H.

Physical Manifestations.

"NO HIGH, NO LOW, NO GREAT, NO SMALL."

It must be acknowledged, that many promising mediums have become deaf to their heavenly appointments, and have returned to their former unbelief, disappointed and indifferent. Thousands, looking with secret expectancy of soul upon this beautiful phenomenon, have not been saved from the infidelity of an unspiritual religion. Still they cry, "Give us evidence tangible to the senses."

Have we studiously supplied this great demand? Far from it. The fact is, Spiritualists have unguardedly conceded to the scornful churches the right to judge them. The churches with an alarmed ministry leading the van of persecution, said "Physical Manifestations are low and vulgar." Spiritualists assented, openly confessed them to be on a "low plane!" that only dark spirits operated in circles! This concession involved a self-defeat. Of course pure minded mediums would have nothing to do with what their own companions in faith declared to be of a low order. They would not, therefore, sit in circles, nor commune with angels; so our questions remain unanswered, as we deserve.

There was no voluntary withdrawal of interest on the part of our spirit friends in respect to physical manifestations; but they were compelled to seek other avenues of revelation, less convincing to the people, on account of mundane repulsion from rudimentary principles. The result is—what naturally follows hasty and anxious action to rise sooner than conditions allow—that our lessons are but poorly learned, and our light is but flickering and uncertain. I do not mean to say this is universal, by no means; despite a "frowning world," there has been advance. Spiritual apostles amid fiery trial have led the way to victory, welcoming the timid to a like glory of mind and positiveness of character.

We repudiate the opprobrious charge, that physical manifestations are low and vulgar. An angel wrote through Moses on tables of stone; Jesus calmed the tempest; an angel rolled away a stone from a sepulchre; another angel broke the chains with which an apostle was bound; were all these physical manifestations low and vulgar? What sheer nonsense to maintain in word or action, that there is a "high" and a "low" in heavenly life! Divine Truth is a duty—its operation is ever perfect. The work of mind on matter is an eternal high. The human body is a "respectable" institution; and when an angelic thought comes through it, startling mortals as with a shock, it is the greatest victory in all the universe.
CYNOSURE.

Mysterious Facts in Europe.

THE GOLD RING OF THE BARONESS ROTHSCHILD—VISIONS OF THE PRINCESS WICHTEN, AND OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

[The following incidents given on the authority of M. Jules Lecomte, a French writer of some note, are taken from the *Monde Illustré* of the 15th of December last. Being from a journal not technically spiritualistic, they are entitled to all the more consideration. The new phenomena are making their appearance in the most unexpected quarters, and show no regard to rank, or public opinion.—Ed.]

Here is a fact, says M. Lecomte, which neither you nor I can in the least comprehend:

Some weeks ago the fair baroness, Alphonse de Rothschild joined in a family hunting party on the grounds of the castle of Ferrières. In taking off one of her buckskin gloves, she drew from her finger a diamond ring which fell in the road without her noticing it. Soon after, upon entering the castle, the loss was discovered, and as the ornament was not only of intrinsic value, but was prized as a token of affection, the young baroness was greatly grieved. A bill was accordingly posted up in the courts and gardens offering a reward of 500 francs to any one who would restore the ring, but without much hope of recovering it.

The night passes; with the first dawn of day the daughter of one of the guards of the park comes from the guard-house and sets out on a walk with a singular expression of countenance. Where is she going? To look for the ring! What! through the park, the forest, three or four leagues of commons, traversed by roads barely opened, running through thickets, mud, dry leaves, and ground soaked with wintry rains? Yes. She is insane, do you think? But, I repeat, look at her face, it is like that of one inspired. What happens? Well, let us see.

The incident had been the subject of conversation everywhere, under every roof on the castle grounds. The daughter of the guardsman had taken a deep interest in the loss of the young baroness, who had been so kind to all the women of Ferrières, and she had with difficulty fallen asleep. When the night was nearly ended, she dreamed—for how can I otherwise express it? A strange, unknown, and imposing figure appeared to her and said: "At daybreak go to the cross-road—at X—and on the main road, at the edge of the gutter, at the foot of a beech tree, thou shalt find the ring."

When the vision ended, the young girl awoke under great excitement; she waited for the first dawn of light, dressed herself, and without saying a word to any one, set out, full of faith, to look for the ring.

A half hour afterward, she was at—on the cross-roads of—by the gutter, at the foot of the beech—and in a cavity formed by a little heap of withered leaves—
She saw the ring like a luminous worm!
To run to the castle, to shout along the gardens, and through the courts and vestibules: "I have the ring! I have the ring!"
To ask to see the baroness—all this was but the work of an instant, a transport of delight. A few moments later, the fair young lady, whose appearance in the family box at the opera always adds to the interest of the evenings, was in possession of her beloved jewel, and the daughter of the guardsman had received a small dowry.

But how did you find it? she was asked on all sides.
Then she related what I have just written. What more can I say! This much is fact: A ring lost in the woods was found again by a young girl who was not of the hunting party. From this there is no escape. All the ladies of the Rothschild house accept the miracle in all sincerity, for the noble and pious person who gives tone to the family morality, the baroness James, is a believing soul as well as a charitable heart, though endowed with a superior intellect. As for the gentlemen—they do not wish to contradict any one, and so keep silence, though perhaps repressing a smile. The guards, the domestics of the castle, a little jealous doubtless, tell a hundred stories more absurd than the miracle seems in the eyes of skeptics, to show how the young girl might know, quite otherwise than by a revelation, a dream, the place where the jewel could be found. As to Baron James, if inquired of about the matter, he simply makes the shrewd reply:

"The ring has been found again—that's the principal thing—don't let us trouble ourselves about the rest!"

When this incident (and not this story) was related the evening at a dinner party, some one gave a pendant to it. But seated at some little distance from the narrator, we could gather only the essential facts without the details.
The subject of the incident was the princess Wichten, one of the fairest lady visitors with whom Paris has been honored. One rainy day, when the weather was gloomy and cold, the princess was confined to her bed-chamber, suffering from a violent attack of neuralgia. Of a sudden, on one of the panels of the chamber, hung with gray linen damask trimmed with blue fringe, she saw, as it were, on the white glass of an optic lantern, first vaguely limned, and then gradually brought out with more distinctness, even with the color and relief, not of a picture, but of nature—a landscape—a forest—then a hunter—next a wild boar; the brute runs up to the man, throws him to the ground, rends his breast and sides with his tusks, and covers him with blood; the hunting party rush forward with cries of despair, the principal figure disappears among them, and the boar dashes forth again, leaving behind him a track of blood.

The princess raised a cry of terror—the inmates of the adjoining apartments hurry to her.
"There! there!" said she, "my brother, my poor brother!"
As naturally no one saw anything on the panel indicated, they tried to calm her, and restore her composure.
"Ah! my poor brother!" she repeated, with tears.
With difficulty they made her understand, or believe, that her nervous condition had produced some wild hallucination. She recovered, but remained in her melancholy mood, writing letter upon letter to the Crimea, where this brother lived, a proprietor of large farms and forests, and a confirmed Nimrod.

Two months afterwards the prince arrives at Paris, and relates that on such a day (the day mentioned), and at such an hour (the very hour!), he was thrown down, gored, and almost torn asunder by a wild boar, which he was hunting in his woods, and the Paris physician attests that his wounds were even then hardly healed.

Now, all I can tell you is, that the princess Wichten is known to all the refined world of Europe, and that the narrator of the fact is a man of note, her friend, by no means given to pleasanties, and who would consider it a great indignity to play the part of a deceiver for sport.
Once more. Do we not have from the great family of Lesseps—of which the two heads are, the one a senator and minister plenipotentiary of the first class, and the other the illustrious originator of the Suez Canal—do we not have, I say, the marvellous account, and not legend, of La Perouse and Cagliostro! Let me relate it in two words:

La Perouse was about to set out on that fatal voyage around the world, which was ordered by Louis XVI. to occupy the attention of minds already agitated by the contagion of English liberty. One evening when he was at the mansion of the duchess of Polignac, where the celebrated wonder-worker was present, our seaman besought him to tell what he foresaw in respect to the great voyage. Cagliostro had a glass of clear water brought, looked into it, grew pale, and refused to make any explanation. It was in vain that the admiral urged him to tell—the count refused, and they separated. Afterwards the duchess de Polignac besought the future accomplice of the countess de la Motte, to reveal to her what he seemed to fear, and Cagliostro said:

"Five hundred depart—but one will return—and he is not La Perouse."
The mot was repeated, and the world laughed at it.
Six months later, the young baron de Lesseps arrived at Versailles, sent by the admiral on his arrival at the harbor Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Kamtschatka, and bearer of despatches for His Majesty. A year after, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were wrecked on the bleak rocks of Vanikoro, at the New Hebrides. Not a mariner escaped either shipwreck, or massacre by savages, and the few remains of this expedition, collected by Commaux and Dumont d'Urville, constitute a kind of cenotaph in the naval museum of the Louvre!

"This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

Modern Marvels.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I would add a grain more to the many truths which lie imbedded in the great ocean of spiritual facts, spread broadcast over this fair land as living testimonies of higher power than earth can give, which cause the hearts of millions to pulsate, and their eyes to sparkle with spirit love and light.

Through the "mediumistic" powers of my sister (Helen E. Dewey, whose moral character and truthfulness of purpose none can assail, who well know her) I have heard the "gentle rap" and yet not at all times so gentle, for the spirit battery, being highly charged with electricity, their confined forces would vibrate upon the table with such power as to shake the room, through which, by way of alphabet, messages of an interesting and also beneficial character have been given by her mediumship, without physical contact with the table.

Again; I have seen ponderable bodies raised from the floor to the ceiling above, and let fall again, tables moved, &c., without human contact with the inanimate objects.

I have also seen Greek, French, and Latin written through her, which have been translated by proficient scholars, and pronounced perfectly idiomatic. These languages she has never studied. Intelligent messages have been written through her left hand, while at the time her arm was bandaged tightly, in consequence of an injury received from a fall, and she unable to move a finger, and messages covering large sheets have been written in less time than you, or I, or any one in his natural condition, could have covered one sheet, if well studied upon prior to sitting. No pulse has appeared in her arm meanwhile, both hand and arm were rigid and cold, with no sensation in either.

Questions have also been promptly answered, and sentences written verbatim, after having been enclosed in lined envelopes and the eyes of the medium bandaged.

She spent three weeks at G. F. Lewis's, Cleveland, Ohio, and tests were given to a full house, of such as came there to investigate the truth, and they have gone away with astonishment at the things which have been done, and with abundant proof that verily the spirit land is but a step from us.

"Cures" have been wrought through her mediumship, in a few hours' time, that have baffled the skill of some of our learned M. D.'s.

She has also visited distant cities and towns in the mesmeric trance, and described their locality and noted peculiarities, to the perfect satisfaction of those seeking testimony, the medium having never visited them in her normal condition.

These, dear readers of the HERALD, are but a few of the many wonderful tests of spirit power, which have been given through her. And for proof of these statements, made for your earnest consideration, address William Wadsworth, Pennline, Crawford Co., Pa.; G. F. Lewis, Cleveland City, Ohio; or Andrew Platt, Meadville, Pa.; men whose integrity of character is beyond question.

I have abstained from going into a detail of particulars concerning her development as a medium (which would be highly interesting,) for fear of occupying a space too large in the fair columns of the HERALD, and thereby excluding contributions from wiser heads than mine.

May the angels' grand work of progress move on.
SARAH A. FRENCH.
CLYDE, Sandusky Co., Ohio, Feb., 1861.

Trance Mediumship.

BY F. T. LANE.

The trance is a superficial phase of true mediumship.

It consists of a magnified condition of the external faculties of the medium. The entranced state does not necessarily imply an awakened condition of the vital qualities of the spirit, for all abnormal states are superinduced by an extraneous power whose operations are limited to the mind and body of the subject under control. The inmost spirit is alone susceptible to pure inspiration. The mind receives its inspiration from the natural world, and the spirit receives its inspiration from the spiritual world.

Man, by the duality of his nature, is allied to these two worlds, the natural and the spiritual. They hold the same relation to each other, that the mind does to the spirit. And although they are so inter-blended that we cannot discern where the natural ends and the spiritual begins, yet the general demarcation is sufficiently obvious. So, in reference to the mind and spirit, the two are united, yet separate and distinct, as the natural and spiritual worlds.

Pure mediumship is attained by being positive to the natural, and negative to the spiritual, or, in other words, the mind should be positive and the inmost spirit negative.

Trance mediums, by making their minds negative or passive to the higher intelligences, are thereby exposed to the many mundane influences with which they are surrounded, the positive minds composing the spirit circle around the medium, being only a partial protection.

All communications not only partake largely of the channel through which they flow, but are also essentially modified by surrounding influences and circumstances.

In the present condition of humanity, direct and unobstructed commerce with the spirit world, is quite impossible.

It is a rational assumption, that highly unfolded intelligences do not return to magnetize us. They do not address the outer but the inner being. They do not employ the arbitrary language of earth, for that would conceal rather than express their thoughts; hence they appeal to our intuitive powers, by which we perceive the thought substances which emanate from their minds.

Trance mediumship depends more upon the chemistry of the mind and body, than the spiritual unfoldment of the individual. But as the spirit world does not furnish the corporeal requisites necessary for a disembodied entrancement, we conclude that the trance is a phase of mediumship, merely introductory to that which is yet to follow.

Spiritual Facts in Wisconsin.

LETTER FROM MR. O. H. CONGAR.

WHITEWATER, Wis., Feb. 25th, 1861.

MESSES. EDITORS: These are times, I think, when well authenticated and indisputable facts in relation to what are termed spiritual phenomena, especially of a wonderful (or as some might say, of a miraculous,) nature, should come before the world for investigation and solution, if any solution is possible aside from that which is claimed for them by those who admit their existence. We have witnessed here astonishing manifestations of spirit power and intelligence the past few weeks, and the friends and many others think best that a plain statement of some of them should be given to the thinking world through the columns of your most valuable paper. I will be as brief and precise as possible in what I have to relate, so as not to occupy too much space.

On Sunday evening, the 10th of Feb., 1861, the following persons assembled at the house of Mr. Nathan Williams, to witness and investigate the spirit manifestations given through the mediumistic powers of Messrs. H. Melville and William Fay, (usually called the Fay Boys) viz: Mr. Nathan Williams, wife, son, and daughter, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. Norman Pratt, Mr. Ainsworth, Mrs. Jonathan Williams, Messrs. Anson and Collamer Severance and their wives, Mr. M. E. Congar and wife, and O. H. Congar.

The circle was formed in the usual way; the medium (William Fay) was seated in a common chair, near a small table (some eight feet from the circle) near the center of the room. All being ready, the circle joined hands (Mr. H. Melville Fay sitting between Mr. Nathan Williams and son). The light then being extinguished, we immediately heard noises among the musical instruments and ropes previously placed upon the table. Soon the ropes commenced rattling and slashing about, seemingly with a great deal of force, in the direction of the medium, which continued some two minutes, when a light was called for, (by what is claimed a spirit voice) and to the astonishment of all, the medium was found to be belashed and tied with ropes in the most secure manner possible for man or spirits to conceive of. His hands seemed first to have been tied separately, with regular square knots, with the middle of the rope, then crossed behind him and tied together so tightly as almost to entirely stop the arterial circulation in his wrists. Then the ends of the ropes were separately passed between the back rounds of the chair and wound twice around the horizontal round which holds the chair-legs together (leaving no slack in the rope), then carried forward under the chair-bottom to the front round, and there wound many times and tied in square, double, and single knots, using up some fifteen feet of rope. Then two other ropes were mechanically wound, one above and the other below the knees, and tied nicely and firmly, using in all about forty feet of rope; and so firmly was he secured with ropes, that I presume no living person would say that he believed it possible for him to move, or use himself in the least, so as to assist in giving the manifestation that we witnessed while thus secured.

After the closest examination, we all joined hands again, seated as at first. The light was then put out, and within a minute and a half the spirit voice again called for a light, and then to our greater astonishment, we found his coat off (or mine rather, as the spirits had said in the morning that they would try the coat test that evening). This having been given only once before through the medium powers of Mr. Fay, I proposed that we exchange coats, as mine is what is called silk-mixed cloth, and much heavier and stouter than his, and we did so; but at what time the test would be given, none of us knew. As I stated, we found my coat off him and lying upon the carpet, in the space between him and the circle, as whole and as perfect as the day it was made; and upon an examination of his position and the ropes, we found them in every particular precisely the same as they were before the coat was taken off. Nor was there any perceptible noise in the direction of the medium, during the manifestation. His hands were still blue and cold, for want of a proper circulation of the blood. Now, the skeptic may say that his hands were untied, the coat taken off, and then tied again; but, my good friend, allow me to say, that the intelligences that tied him were considerably longer in doing it than taking off the coat, and every one knows that knots cannot be untied as quickly as they can be tied; then

again, we certainly should have heard the moving and whipping around of the ropes, as we always do when they tie, or untie, or use them in any way; and further, there was no change in the circulation of blood in his hands. Finally, we think we know, (aside from the declaration of the medium, that it never did come off over his hands) that the coat never could have been taken off while his hands were thus crossed and tied behind him, as above described, in any other way than by the chemical process, or the law of transmutation, by which the spirits claimed they did it. And we further think we know that the ropes were never untied, until my brother, M. E. Congar, untied them by spirit request, so that we could all see how firmly he was tied. Now, will some of our learned professors, or some one else, tell us how the coat could have been taken off in any other way than that in which it is claimed to have been done?

The next most wonderful manifestation of power was in wrenching off the pump cover (which stood a little way from the house in the yard) and bringing it into the room and dropping it gently into my brother's lap. During this manifestation, no one left the circle, or had even left the room from the time we entered it, but myself, and only then by being directed by the spirit voice to open the outside doors and close them again, which I did, not then knowing the object, or that there was a pump on the premises, or what the manifestation would be.

Many other manifestations of intelligence and power were given during the evening, such as floating musical instruments all about the room, they being played upon at the same time, brilliant jets of light also shooting across the room, near the ceiling, from different directions; the grasping of our hands, knees, faces, heads, &c., with their spiritual hands, (or those which they form); audibly talking to us most of the time for an hour, and many other things which I omit.

The Fay Boys have held several circles here, and in this vicinity, and at all of them the most wonderful manifestations of a supermundane power have been given, and up to this time, the rankest skeptic offers no solution other than what is claimed for them, and very few dare express an opinion. The most honest and candid portion of the skeptical community say, they are bound in all honesty to admit them to be of a supermundane origin or spiritual nature, until they can prove the contrary.

Very respectfully,
O. H. CONGAR.

For the Herald of Progress.

Undeveloped Spirits.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

WAUKEGAN, Ill., Feb. 18, 1861.

FRIEND DAVIS: In your fifty-second issue of the soul-stirring HERALD, (Feb. 10th,) I notice a question from Francis H. Smith, which, to my mind, seems of easy solution. He complains of his circle being broken up by the continued announcement of the presence of one Polly Williams, and asks "how and why the high and bright intelligences should be kept back by such an undeveloped spirit?"

Let us consider how the same course takes place in the earth-life. Do we not often meet with persons who sorely try our patience by thrusting themselves forward on all occasions, boring us with their insipid arguments, and so puffed up with self-conceit that they cannot or will not perceive the feelings of the bystanders, which, if expressed in audible language, would invariably consist of such laconic phrases, as "Be gone," "Shut up," &c., &c.

Opposition to such characters only increases their self-importance, and makes them more pertinacious. To withdraw from the annoyance is the wisest plan. What success would a quiet and order-loving man obtain, who should, for once, endeavor, by physical or moral force, to keep back a burly rowdy, and make him occupy the station that best befits his intellectual and moral capacities? Opposition would only add fuel to the fire of his ill-directed energies, and the activity of life to which his physical nature has probably been subjected, would make him a dangerous adversary to cope with. Prudence would suggest to withdraw from his neighborhood, and let his fire expend itself as best it may.

Now it seems to me, that if a spirit, still possessed of this extraordinary egotism, approaches a circle, and if, in addition, he or she is inclined to be annoying for the sake of annoyance, the friends who are anxious to communicate, knowing they will gain nothing by opposition, should meekly and patiently withdraw in anticipation of better opportunity.

On earth, we have a police who are called in to arrest disturbers of the Peace, but in the spirit land the only police that will undertake to arrest an undeveloped spirit is Love. By patience, by the influence of persuasion, by forbearance and kindness, the time will come, when even Polly Williams may be disarmed of her power to annoy; all that is, or appears to us to be evil will be overcome by good. Until a reformation takes place in Polly, she may continue to disturb the peace of the circle. It certainly would be useless for bright spirits to try to communicate so long as the disturbing cause remains, for the communications could not be reliable when mixed up with hostile influences. This is known to the spirits, and this may account for their silence when the terrible Polly Williams approaches.

Philosophical Department.

"Let truth be more in quest, not mere possession; and let science be more in quest, not mere possession."

For the Herald of Progress.
QUESTIONS: MAY THE SPIRIT OF MAN FOR A LIMITED PERIOD BECOME INDEPENDENT OF OR LEAVE THE BODY BEFORE ITS FINAL SEPARATION THEREFROM?

ANSWER.
GIVEN BY INSPIRATION THROUGH MRS. ANTERELLA COVIERRETT.

Having accepted the proposition that the external form of man is the expression of the interior organization, or spirit, we have laid our premises for the argument.

If the spirit is superior to the body, and the body is only the servant or agent through which the spirit manifests itself in the external world, are we to think that when the spirit desires to manifest itself in its higher, or superior condition, that the body is requisite to that manifestation? The spirit of man, when in its superior condition, whatever the peculiar phase of its manifestation may be, is for the time being independent of the body. All the action of which the mind is conscious while the body is in a state of repose, whether that repose is the natural sleep of the body, or whether it is what is usually termed death, proves its independence of the body. Therefore, whatever means may be used to produce a condition analogous to either state, produces a corresponding independence of the spirit. It is an effort of spirit, in unfolding the spiritual nature of mankind, to bring the body into such subjection, without impairing any of its natural functions, as that they may, at will, approach their spirit as they would those already disembodied. Inasmuch as the spirit must receive its aliment through the mechanism of the body from the external world, they desire and direct such as are obedient to their wishes and teachings to abstain from all manner of food which tends to produce grossness, for, in the ratio that the spirit becomes refined and purified of its earthly dross, does it become independent of the body. Hence, by the refinement or grossness of the body ye may judge of the spirit. The more refined the spirit of man becomes, the more readily do celestial beings approach him, and the more readily does man's spirit unfold its varied beauties at their approach. This development has in many instances already become very perfect; so that a thought sent from a spirit in the higher life, at a distance from the earth not within the computation of man, to one thus unfolded in the form, will be instantly felt and recognized; the thought falls upon the spirit like a dew wafted from that ocean of minds with which it recognizes itself connected.

Under favorable external surroundings, spirits may approach those who are thus unfolded, and by their attractive and will power, woo them away from their earthly form, and accompany them through light and air, to localities and scenes more transcendently beautiful than mortals could behold and live; in other words, the ecstasy which the spirit then enjoys would destroy the body.

This may transpire when the body is in a condition of health; at other times when the vital functions have become disordered, the body has been tortured with pain, and the suffering spirit bath felt that it would be an inexpressible joy to be freed from the anguish of suffering mortality, they may approach, and by influences better understood by spirits than by mortals, quiet the torturing pain, and gently still the throbbing pulse until the spirit becomes calm and peaceful, as does the sorrowing child, lulled to sleep upon the bosom of its mother; then do they carry it forth from that diseased frame, which is no longer capable of giving to the spirit its required nourishment, and while they most tenderly guard the unfledged treasure, they sometimes permit it to follow its strangest attractions; whether those attractions are earthward or heavenward matters not; it is then that they breathe upon the embryo angel a purer life than could be received through its earthly habiliments. At such times the body is submitted to a healing process, and the disease often entirely removed during the spirit's temporary absence; in other instances, it is impossible to stay the devastating power of disease, and the body is finally left to decomposition. The spirit may, and does in some instances, go many times forth, and the body is subjected as often to all the laws of harmonical restoration which can be made available, and still without a favorable result.

At no time while the spirit is thus wooed away from the body, is its magnetic connection with it ever entirely broken, else it could not return again to the body, which is its best abiding place as long as it can occupy it.

EXPERIENCE.

About the middle of May, 1861, I was prostrated with inflammatory rheumatism. For many days my sufferings were intense; I was not conscious of sleeping, or of the least cessation of pain at any time. In this condition my physical system was fast sinking beneath the strong hand of disease. No physician was called, for lack of confidence in the skill of any that could be obtained. A good nurse was procured, and the result left to nature. The struggle was a fearful one, and the disease was almost victorious.

Only this do I remember, that I was out of that suffering body, clad in a white robe and was alone with my father, who had been a spirit six years. By a look he bade me accompany him. We arose from the earth; how high, perhaps I have not a correct idea, but

I could see the landscape below. We floated through the atmosphere with an easy and rapid motion, until we hovered over my early home, where still dwelt my mother, brothers and sisters; there we descended and stood upon the earth, opposite my mother's room. Many pages would not contain the experience of that hour or two of absence from my body, nor the expressions of overflowing affection for the inmates of the home which I was not permitted by my wise father to enter, nor the things which I saw, heard, and felt, correctly too, as all subsequent knowledge and experience have gone to prove.

I had been absent from that early home more than eight years, yet I noted its familiar features and its changes as perfectly as if I stood there in the body, and my observations were corroborated by my outward senses while on a visit to that home with my husband and family the following summer.

We arose from the earth, and our course was again turned to my more northern home; then followed a time of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by a slight struggle, as if it was difficult again to enter the clay tenement, something of which I am conscious, but cannot describe. When I awoke in my normal condition, I was unable to open my eyes, or to move a single muscle. My mind was clear, and I recollect well the view I had of the spirit body as it lay encased in its outer shell. Slowly the power of volition returned, the eyes opened; the fingers relaxed, then moved; then came the consciousness that the fever was gone and with it the pain; in fact, that I was well, but weak; in a condition which time and nature would fully restore to perfect health. Husband and nurse had sunk into a deep sleep, and all the house was quiet. The light had burned low in its socket, casting fitful gleams over objects in my room.

To me it was a strange event; a coming back to earth, the influences of which on my mind no time can erase. It was an experience that has ever been to me a reality, equal, in all its parts, to any experiences of my outer life.

Within the last four years, I have, as I am conscious, had many visits both on earth and in the spirit land, in the abnormal, or spiritual condition, when in health and out of health; alone, and in company with a dear lady friend, I have seen this friend coming to me; in a moment I would be unconscious. I sometimes remember nothing, at others a part of a conversation, and sometimes grand allegorical lessons. I often meet those of my paternal family who have gone before me to the spirit home, also acquaintances of earlier life, who have long been denizens of that brighter land. At one time, I remember bathing in a fountain of pellucid waters that came trickling down like brilliant gems over shining rocks, whose light was, according to my impressions, several hundred feet. I am often conscious, upon retiring, when all conditions are favorable, of my spirit friends hovering near, and sometimes saying, "we await your company;" or, "to-night we will hie with thee away to brighter scenes than these."

On one occasion, when my husband was absent, as I lay deeply absorbed in the investigation of a subject in which I was much interested, I heard them say, "Please withdraw your mind from that subject for the present, we await to take thee hence." I did recall my thoughts, dismissed the perplexing subject, became conscious of the hitherto active mind nestling down within the brain, and then all was to me a blank until far in the distance I heard my child cry, (a little one, two years old, that was sleeping with me.) My onward progress was instantly arrested by a feeling that I must return. I looked back; could see the child restless and crying, and my own body quietly reposing by its side. As quick as thought I saw myself approaching my body, noted the cloud of spirit, or magnetism, (so well portrayed by Mr. Davis,) that gathered around the body as I approached; then followed one moment of unconsciousness, and I was wide awake in my outer condition. With the very act of taking possession of the body, I turned and caught my child, which was leaving the bed (as was her custom if not immediately attended,) in search of some one who would answer to her demands. When these visits are made, whether anything is remembered or not, there is always a consciousness of having been absent, which is an unquestionable evidence of absence to the one who has had the experience.

On one occasion, when my husband was in the trance state, the conversation with the influencing circle turned upon the subject of which I am writing, in which these remarks were made: "It is a fact that man's spirit may and does temporarily leave the body and make visits in the spirit land; but ye are not permitted to remember much, for ye are mortals and must plod yet awhile; and this ye could not do if ye remembered the scenes through which ye have passed and the visions which ye have beheld."

Upon being asked of what advantage these visits were to us if we were not permitted to remember them, the answer was:

"When ye hither come to dwell Having passed the heavenly birth, These lessons ye'll remember well, As having learned while yet of earth."

"And thus are ye prepared to enter here in a more advanced condition than ye could otherwise do."

ANOTHER FACT.

In May, 1867, I received a communication from A. C., a brother of my husband, as com-

ing from the land of spirits, and to the import that he had passed from the mundane sphere and had been welcomed by spirits into the celestial. A few days afterward I learned by letter that he did not depart from earth for several days after the time when I received the communication, and that at the time of the communication he was involved in an unconscious stupor, from which he revived, continuing to live several days. After his final departure he came again and said that he had been to see us, and had communicated on the occasion alluded to above; that he had returned to earth again, recognized his friends and conversed with them, and again departed; and thus he had been for several days wandering between the terrestrial and celestial worlds, now in this and now in that.

From the foregoing facts, I have no reason to doubt, and am well satisfied that the spirit may so far leave the body as to manifest itself through a medium at a distance, and that the spiritual faculties are such that intercommunication may transpire between the spirits of individuals separated by any distance, however great.

Laws and Systems.

"There is no armed who hath his quarrel just— And he but asked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

Practical Workings of African Servitude.

HOWTON, Feb. 12, 1861.

EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF PROGRESS, SIR: The spirits with whom I communicate seem to think I ought to write you further my experience in regard to Slavery and the African race. I do so at a venture, but I have not the time to perfect my communications and take the pains I wish. I have much to say. I wish to express the views and feelings of a great many of us in regard to the "relation of master and slave."

I remain,

R. B. H.

SOUTHERN FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH.

NUMBER TWO.

Those in charge of negroes in those days, were valued in proportion to their ability to manage negroes, as they termed it. Both the duties of the manager and the slave were defined, and the slave was as tenacious of his rights and privileges as his white superior, and overstepping of certain bounds was resented and revenged by the slave in some form or another, and was subversive of discipline and order. So that those qualities in a manager, which, whilst preserving discipline and order, guaranteed mildness and prudence essential to the cheerfulness and comfort of the slave, were highly valued.

My system was to ascertain a moderate day's work, mark it out for them every day, and tell them to go when they finished it, which was generally about three or four o'clock.

Besides which, they had Saturday and Sunday, and two hours, every day, to themselves, between twelve and two o'clock. Except a weekly allowance of fish and two suits of clothes, and food in times of sickness, they found themselves, and every head of a family had, or was allowed to have, his own house, garden, hogs, chickens, and canoe; and it was the overseer's duty to see that he had them. In that fertile climate, with no winter, six hours' work a week, with a hoe, was estimated sufficient to produce a negro three times more than he could consume. Most of them made from twelve to fourteen dollars a month, besides doing their master's work, and finding themselves—having a ready market in the towns, on board the shipping, and amongst the planters.

Out of 14,000 slaves where I was, from 150 to 200 bought themselves annually; but freedom seemed to deprive them generally of all energy. With a few exceptions, most of them seemed to become utterly worthless, although they had no laboring white population to contend with; so that this expression was current among the slaves, "I am as hungry as a free Negro." The race, as a whole, appears incapable of development by means of its own interior force. What have they done or invented for the use of the world without the guidance of the white mind since time began? And in what does their equality with the white man consist? What has the race done to prove it?

They must be capable of progress, but nature is not limited by our law of progression. On the contrary, every positive has its negative, and Slavery may be as necessary to their development as Freedom is to ours.

Their possession of property occasioned a great deal of thieving from each other and many quarrels; they lied against each other so much that it needed a great deal of patience and tact to maintain order and justice amongst them. I became convinced at last, that they were hardly capable of resisting temptation, nor morally responsible for thieving, lying, and lust; that the true method was to keep all temptation out of their reach, if one wished to avoid punishing them. To enforce the criminal laws made for the white race against them, would be impossible, as no country could bear the expense with a numerous black population, and it would besides be absolute cruelty.

The blacks were at least one hundred to one to the whites in the country. Sometimes I hardly saw a white face for months. The

stubbornness, cunning, and evil habits generally of the blacks, impressed me with the fact of a vast chasm between their race and ours. With all our drawbacks and deficiencies, I often felt a desperate home-sickness and longing to be once more among families of my own race. The difference between the races must be experienced in order to conceive it.

Nor could it be shown that Slavery had demoralized the blacks, for most of the adults were Africans, and the island-born negroes were much their superiors in intelligence and capacity for education, and no state of morals or tyranny existing in the West Indies was half so bad as they described to me their condition in Africa. However imperfect the government of the whites might be, it was certainly vastly superior to the government of their own race.

One of your correspondents stated that Africans do not sell their own children, but the Africans themselves told me a very different story. One of them, Captain Joe, knocked away my abolition ideas. The whites reported him to have been the means of bringing two or three hundred of his countrymen into Slavery. Joe assured me he had sold his own brother, and had been sold by his own father. "But," said I, "why do you sell each other that way?" "How can we get the goods we need without?" was the reply. "Raise sugar and cotton like the whites." Joe laughed contemptuously at that, apparently at the absurdity of the idea, and seemed to think my prejudices on the subject very amusing.

Yet their very deficiencies and dependence on us seemed to call forth an undefinable sympathy for them, expressed in a manner which was reciprocated by the negro in instances of personal attachment and regard, much more fervent than towards his own race.

Do men's happiness depend on their being free and equal in all cases? On the contrary, are not our different spheres of intelligence, moral character, and usefulness, and social inequalities, the means of unfolding the affections and binding us together?

Shall we investigate and follow Nature, or the notions of the men of the "school of Massachusetts?"

R. B. H.

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Positive Proof of Immortality.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

DEAR DAVIS: A singular fatality seems to attend my progress in our beautiful faith, and that is, that now, for six or seven years, twice a year, some story gets into circulation that I have changed my belief.

It ought not to be of any consequence to anyone what I think, but as it is made so by some, I have felt myself called on, from time to time, to correct the impression. I have accordingly felt myself under the necessity, about twice a year, to certify to others that I have undergone no change. The sources whence these rumors spring are singular. Sometimes they come to me from Maine, sometimes from Oregon, sometimes from Alabama or Texas, and anon from Europe. Now it comes in the shape of remarks made at the Conference in New York, and which reaches me through a Western newspaper, and I suppose I must notice it to prevent mischief.

I will do so, if you please, in answering the following questions in your valuable paper:

"E. W., CAMPTON, CT.—This Brother says it will give him great satisfaction to hear from some of our correspondents in reply to the following questions:

1st. What positive proof does Spiritualism afford of immortality?

2d. How can we know that the "spirits" are what they claim to be?

First. As to proof of our immortality:

The best answer that I can give to this inquiry is to be found in the experience of Dr. Hare and of myself. We were both of us doubters of man's immortality, he perhaps a little more settled in his opinions than I was. He became convinced, from his intercourse with spirits, that his sister, who had been sometime dead, was communing with him; and he very naturally reasoned, if she lives beyond the grave, I shall—we all shall. It was the same with me when I became satisfied that it was my wife who was coming to me.

That, however, did not prove immortality. It merely proved that we lived beyond the grave; but whether forever, no one could prove who had not seen the end of "forever." How long that life should endure, must be a matter of deduction from the facts. To me and to him the conclusion was a very simple one—the same power that could cause us to live an hour beyond this life, could cause us to live forever, and the same cause that could require that hour's existence would require that existence to be eternal.

Thus, and thus alone, as I understand it, is immortality proved by Spiritualism; but—

Second. This necessarily depends on our ability to "know that the spirits are what they claim to be." And here again our reasoning powers are to be invoked.

If a spirit comes to me whom I have not known on earth, I do not well see how I can say I know him to be what he claims to be; I can only judge him to be so.

Take some instances of this.

I once had communion with a spirit who called himself Tan-ka-hoot, and said he was a Chinese, who had died several hundred years ago. Now there was no way in which I could know this to be true. I could and did ascertain that the language he talked was Chinese of an ancient date, and I could always afterwards identify him when he came again, as the same one of those who had been before.

Take the case of Bacon and Swedenborg, who so long and so profitably communed with me. They died before I was born, but from their biographies and their writings, I could easily learn the characteristics of their minds—their modes of feeling, thinking and expressing themselves. I could thus become familiar with their mental physiognomy; a mode of identification far more satisfactory to the thinking mind than any outward form of countenance. And I will take this occasion to remark, that it was thus, after a careful examination, that I became convinced that it was Bacon, and Swedenborg who were communing with me—that I have never since seen any occasion to alter that opinion—but have seen much, very much, to confirm it, and that it is a great error for any one to suppose, as I understand it has been recently asserted, that I have avowed myself mistaken.

I have never made such an avowal, nor given any one reason so to believe or to assert.

But these were persons whom I did not know in life, any more than Peter, and James, and John had known Moses and Elias whom they saw talking with Jesus on the mountain. Modern Spiritualism has, however, carried us a step beyond that. It has afforded us communion with those whom we did know in life. It has enabled us to see them and recognize their familiar appearance. It has enabled us to hear and recognize their voices; to recognize their once familiar touch; to recognize their moods of thought and feeling, and all the mental peculiarities, which distinguished them from others as much as the shape of a feature or the color of the hair could.

This latter, which I term mental proof of spiritual intercourse, is, and always has been, to me, I confess, the strongest of the proofs afforded us. Others, I know, think differently and attach the most value to the evidence that is addressed only to the external senses. They are most delighted when they hear some sound or behold some ponderable article moving without mortal contact. So be it, if they please. I find no fault with them, but I beg to say to the thinking mind, that the greatest marvel in all these manifestations is the intelligence displayed, and that intelligence is capable of identifying itself to us—that is, to any properly constituted mind, but not to all, for unhappily it is as true now as it was of old, that some cannot believe though one arose from the dead.

Yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, March 5, 1861.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Concerning Evil Spirits.

RICHMOND CITY, Wis., Jan. 31st, 1861.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I wish to ask your opinion concerning the existence of "evil spirits."

There is a variety of opinion among Spiritualists in our vicinity, on the subject. Some maintain that evil spirits do exist, and others that they do not—that there is no positive evil; that is, essential evil, as distinguished from essential Good; that what we call evil is not really so, but only apparently; that it is really good on a lower plane. In confirmation of this view, they cite us to the "Harmonical Philosophy," and to a rational view of the Deity. The Deity being an inexhaustible fountain of Good cannot send forth bitter water, and nothing but good can characterize his works.

On the other hand, those who believe in the existence of evil spirits, refer us to the almost universal belief of mankind, to the Bible, to Old Theology, to our own consciences, and to the common impression that every person is attended by a good and an evil spirit, the one constantly striving to induce us to do good, and the other constantly striving to seduce us to evil. Reliance is also placed on the fact, that the Bible admonishes us to "cease to do evil and learn to do well," and that it was the mission of Christ to redeem mankind from evil and elevate them to a state of holiness and happiness.

I am a partial medium for seeing, hearing, and speaking. I have seen spirits that my early teachings characterize as evil. They come to me in my sleeping hours, and impress me with the idea that they wish to take me out of the bed. They appear dark and gloomy. I had formerly been exceedingly afraid of them, but am not so much so at present. They do not visit me as often as they did formerly, and I am inclined more to the doctrine of "All very Good;" they have approached me when in a clairvoyant state, and said they were from hell; and stated they had been informed that our circle could do them good. Some among us are influenced, as they say, by Indian spirits, and prescribe through the Indian for sickness. I am informed by a trance speaker that the Superior Mind always controls the inferior, that consequently the Indian cannot control the white man, the latter being superior to the former.

My mind is in darkness in a great measure on this subject, and I should be very thankful

for more light. Are there any really evil spirits, and can the inferior control the superior?
If you feel inclined, I should like an expression of your opinion through the HERALD, or the opinion of any one else casting light on the subject.
S. C. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

Physical Manifestations.

"NO HIGH, NO LOW, NO GREAT, NO SMALL."

It must be acknowledged, that many promising mediums have become deaf to their heavenly appointments, and have returned to their former unbelief, disappointed and indifferent. Thousands, looking with secret expectancy of soul upon this beautiful phenomenon, have not been saved from the infidelity of an unspiritual religion. Still they cry, "Give us evidence tangible to the senses."
Have we studiously supplied this great demand? Far from it. The fact is, Spiritualists have unguardedly conceded to the scornful churches the right to judge them. The churches with an alarmed ministry leading the van of persecution, said "Physical Manifestations are low and vulgar." Spiritualists assented, openly confessed them to be on a "low plane!" that only dark spirits operated in circles! This concession involved a self-defeat. Of course pure minded mediums would have nothing to do with what their own companions in faith declared to be of a low order. They would not, therefore, sit in circles, nor commune with angels; so our questions remain unanswered, as we deserve.
There was no voluntary withdrawal of interest on the part of our spirit friends in respect to physical manifestations; but they were compelled to seek other avenues of revelation, less convincing to the people, on account of mundane repulsion from rudimentary principles. The result is—what naturally follows hasty and anxious action to rise sooner than conditions allow—that our lessons are but poorly learned, and our light is but flickering and uncertain. I do not mean to say this is universal, by no means; despite a "frowning world," there has been advance. Spiritual apostles amid fiery trial have led the way to victory, welcoming the timid to a like glory of mind and positiveness of character.
We repudiate the opprobrious charge, that physical manifestations are low and vulgar. An angel wrote through Moses on tables of stone; Jesus calmed the tempest; an angel rolled away a stone from a sepulchre; another angel broke the chains with which an apostle was bound; were all these physical manifestations low and vulgar? What sheer nonsense to maintain in word or action, that there is a "high" and a "low" in heavenly life! Divine Truth is a duty—its operation is ever perfect. The work of mind on matter is an ETERNAL HIGH. The human body is a "respectable" institution; and when an angelic thought comes through it, startling mortals as with a shock, it is the greatest victory in all the universe.
CYNOSURE.

Mysterious Facts in Europe.

THE GOLD RING OF THE BARONESS ROTHSCHILD—VISIONS OF THE PRINCESS WICHTEN, AND OF COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

[The following incidents given on the authority of M. Jules Lecomte, a French writer of some note, are taken from the *Monde Illustré* of the 15th of December last. Being from a journal not technically spiritualistic, they are entitled to all the more consideration. The new phenomena are making their appearance in the most unexpected quarters, and show no regard to rank, or public opinion.—Ed.]

Here is a fact, says M. Lecomte, which neither you nor I can in the least comprehend:

Some weeks ago the fair baroness Alphonse de Rothschild joined in a family hunting party on the grounds of the castle of Ferrières. In taking off one of her buckskin gloves, she drew from her finger a diamond ring which fell in the road without her noticing it. Soon after, upon entering the castle, the loss was discovered, and as the ornament was not only of intrinsic value, but was prized as a token of affection, the young baroness was greatly grieved. A bill was accordingly posted up in the courts and gardens offering a reward of 500 francs to any one who would restore the ring, but without much hope of recovering it.

The night passes; with the first dawn of day the daughter of one of the guards of the park comes from the guard-house and sets out on a walk with a singular expression of countenance. Where is she going? To look for the ring! What! through the park, the forest, three or four leagues of commons, traversed by roads barely opened, running through thickets, mud, dry leaves, and ground soaked with wintry rains? Yes. She is insane, do you think? But, I repeat, look at her face, it is like that of one inspired. What happens? Well, let us see.

The incident had been the subject of conversation everywhere, under every roof on the castle grounds. The daughter of the guardsman had taken a deep interest in the loss of the young baroness, who had been so kind to all the women of Ferrières, and she had with difficulty fallen asleep. When the night was nearly ended, she dreamed—for how can I otherwise express it? A strange, unknown, and imposing figure appeared to her and said: *At daybreak go to the cross-road—at X—and on the main road, at the edge of the gutter, at the foot of a beech tree, thou shalt find the ring.*

When the vision ended, the young girl awoke under great excitement; she waited for the first dawn of light, dressed herself, and without saying a word to any one, sat out, full of faith, to look for the ring.

A half hour afterward, she was at—on the cross-roads of—by the gutter, at the foot of the beech—and in a cavity formed by a little heap of withered leaves—

She saw the ring like a luminous worm! To run to the castle, to shout along the gardens, and through the courts and vestibules: "I have the ring! I have the ring!" To ask to see the baroness—all this was but the work of an instant, a transport of delight. A few moments later, the fair young lady, whose appearance in the family box at the opera always adds to the interest of the evenings, was in possession of her beloved jewel, and the daughter of the guardsman had received a small dowry.

But how did you find it? she was asked on all sides.

Then she related what I have just written. What more can I say? This much is fact: A ring lost in the woods was found again by a young girl who was not of the hunting party. From this there is no escape. All the ladies of the Rothschild house accept the miracle in all sincerity, for the noble and pious person who gives tone to the family morality, the baroness James, is a believing soul as well as a charitable heart, though endowed with a superior intellect. As for the gentlemen—they do not wish to contradict any one, and so keep silence, though perhaps repressing a smile. The guards, the domestics of the castle, a little jealous doubtless, tell a hundred stories more absurd than the miracle seems in the eyes of skeptics, to show how the young girl might know, quite otherwise than by a revelation, a dream, the place where the jewel could be found. As to Baron James, if inquired of about the matter, he simply makes the shrewd reply:

"The ring has been found again—that's the principal thing—don't let us trouble ourselves about the rest!"

When this incident (and not this story) was related the other evening at a dinner party, some one gave a pendant to it. But seated at some little distance from the narrator, we could gather only the essential facts without the details.

The subject of the incident was the princess Wichten, one of the fairest lady visitors with whom Paris has been honored. One rainy day, when the weather was gloomy and cold, the princess was confined to her bed-chamber, suffering from a violent attack of neuralgia. Of a sudden, on one of the panels of the chamber, hung with gray linen damask trimmed with blue fringe, she saw, as it were, on the white glass of an optic lantern, first vaguely limned, and then gradually brought out with more distinctness, even with the color and relief, not of a picture, but of nature—a landscape—a forest—then a hunter—next a wild boar; the brute runs up to the man, throws him to the ground, rends his breast and sides with his tusks, and covers him with blood; the hunting party rush forward with cries of despair, the principal figure disappears among them, and the boar dashes forth again, leaving behind him a track of blood.

The princess raised a cry of terror—the inmates of the adjoining apartments hurry to her.

"There! there!" said she, "my brother, my poor brother!"

As naturally no one saw anything on the panel indicated, they tried to calm her, and restore her composure.

"Ah! my poor brother!" she repeated, with tears.

With difficulty they made her understand, or believe, that her nervous condition had produced some wild hallucination. She recovered, but remained in her melancholy mood, writing letter upon letter to the Crimea, where this brother lived, a proprietor of large farms and forests, and a confirmed Nimrod.

Two months afterwards the prince arrives at Paris, and relates that on such a day (the day mentioned!), and at such an hour (the very hour!), he was thrown down, gored, and almost torn asunder by a wild boar, which he was hunting in his woods, and the Paris physician attests that his wounds were even then hardly healed.

Now, all I can tell you is, that the princess Wichten is known to all the refined world of Europe, and that the narrator of the fact is a man of note, her friend, by no means given to pleasanties, and who would consider it a great indignity to play the part of a deceiver for sport.

Once more. Do we not have from the great family of Lesseps—of which the two heads are, the one a senator and minister plenipotentiary of the first class, and the other the illustrious originator of the Suez Canal—do we not have, I say, the marvelous account, and not legend, of La Perouse and Cagliostro! Let me relate it in two words:

La Perouse was about to set out on that fatal voyage around the world, which was ordered by Louis XVI. to occupy the attention of minds already agitated by the contagion of English liberty. One evening when he was at the mansion of the duchess of Polignac, where the celebrated wonder-worker was present, our seaman besought him to tell what he foresaw in respect to the great voyage. Cagliostro had a glass of clear water brought, looked into it, grew pale, and refused to make any explanation. It was in vain that the admiral urged him to tell—the count refused, and they separated. Afterwards the duchess de Polignac besought the future accomplice of the countess de la Motte, to reveal to her what he seemed to fear, and Cagliostro said:

"Five hundred depart—but one will return—and he is not La Perouse."

The *mot* was repeated, and the world laughed at it.

Six months later, the young baron de Lesseps arrived at Versailles, sent by the admiral on his arrival at the harbor Saint Peter and Saint Paul in Kamtschatka, and bearer of despatches for His Majesty. A year after, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were wrecked on the bleak rocks of Vanikoro, at the New Hebrides. Not a mariner escaped either shipwreck, or massacre by savages, and the few remains of this expedition, collected by Commodore Dillon, and our admirals d'Entrecasteaux and Dumont d'Urville, constitute a kind of cenotaph in the naval museum of the Louvre!

"This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice To our own lips."

For the Herald of Progress.

Modern Marvels.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I would add a grain more to the many truths which lie imbedded in the great ocean of spiritual facts, spread broadcast over this fair land as *living testimonies* of higher power than earth can give, which cause the hearts of millions to pulsate, and their eyes to sparkle with spirit love and light.

Through the "mediumistic" powers of my sister (Helen E. Dewey, whose moral character and truthfulness of purpose none can assail, who well know her) I have heard the "gentle rap" and yet not at all times so gentle, for the spirit battery, being highly charged with electricity, their confined forces would vibrate upon the table with such power as to shake the room, through which, by way of alphabet, messages of an interesting and also beneficial character have been given by her mediumship, without physical contact with the table.

Again; I have seen ponderable bodies raised from the floor to the ceiling above, and let fall again, tables moved, &c., without human contact with the inanimate objects.

I have also seen Greek, French, and Latin written through her, which have been translated by proficient scholars, and pronounced perfectly idiomatic. These languages she has never studied. Intelligent messages have been written through her *left hand*, while at the time her arm was bandaged tightly, in consequence of an injury received from a fall, and she unable to move a finger, and messages covering large sheets have been written in less time than you, or I, or any one in his natural condition, could have covered one sheet, if well studied upon prior to sitting. No pulse has appeared in her arm meanwhile, both hand and arm were rigid and cold, with no sensation in either.

Questions have also been promptly answered, and sentences written *verbatim*, after having been enclosed in lined envelopes and the eyes of the medium bandaged.

She spent three weeks at G. F. Lewis's, Cleveland, Ohio, and tests were given to a full house, of such came there to investigate the truth, and they have gone away with astonishment at the things which have been done, and with abundant proof that verily the spirit land is but a step from us.

"Cures" have been wrought through her mediumship, in a few hours' time, that have baffled the skill of some of our learned M. D.'s.

She has also visited distant cities and towns in the mesmeric state, and described their *locality* and noted peculiarities, to the perfect satisfaction of those seeking testimony, the medium having never visited them in her *normal condition*.

These, dear readers of the HERALD, are but a few of the many wonderful tests of spirit power, which have been given through her. And for proof of these statements, made for your earnest consideration, address William Wadsworth, Pennline, Crawford Co., Pa.; G. F. Lewis, Cleveland City, Ohio; or Andrew Platt, Meadville, Pa.; men whose integrity of character is beyond question.

I have abstained from going into a detail of particulars concerning her development as a medium (which would be highly interesting,) for fear of occupying a space too large in the fair columns of the HERALD, and thereby excluding contributions from wiser heads than mine.

May the angels' grand work of Progress move on.

SARAH A. FRENCH.

Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio, Feb., 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Trance Mediumship.

BY F. T. LANE.

The trance is a superficial phase of true mediumship.

It consists of a magnified condition of the external faculties of the medium. The entranced state does not necessarily imply an awakened condition of the vital qualities of the spirit, for all abnormal states are superinduced by an extraneous power whose operations are limited to the *mind* and *body* of the subject under control. The inmost spirit is alone susceptible to pure inspiration. The mind receives its inspiration from the natural world, and the spirit receives its inspiration from the spiritual world.

Man, by the duality of his nature, is allied to these two worlds, the natural and the spiritual. They hold the same relation to each other, that the *mind* does to the *spirit*. And although they are so inter-blended that we cannot discern where the natural ends and the spiritual begins, yet the general demarkation is sufficiently obvious. So, in reference to the *mind* and *spirit*, the two are united, yet separate and distinct, as the natural and spiritual worlds.

Pure mediumship is attained by being *positive* to the natural, and *negative* to the spiritual, or, in other words, the mind should be *positive* and the inmost spirit *negative*.

Trance mediums, by making their *minds* negative or passive to the higher intelligences, are thereby exposed to the many mundane influences with which they are surrounded, the positive minds composing the spirit circle around the medium, being only a partial protection.

All communications not only partake largely of the channel through which they flow, but are also essentially modified by surrounding influences and circumstances.

In the present condition of humanity, direct and unobstructed commerce with the spirit world, is quite impossible.

It is a rational assumption, that highly unfolded intelligences do not return to magnetize us. They do not address the *outer* but the *inner* being. They do not employ the arbitrary language of earth, for that would conceal rather than express their thoughts; hence they appeal to our intuitive powers, by which we perceive the thought substances which emanate from their minds.

Trance mediumship depends more upon the chemistry of the mind and body, than the spiritual unfoldment of the individual. But as the spirit world does not furnish the corporeal requisites necessary for a disembodied entrancement, we conclude that the trance is a phase of mediumship, merely introductory to that which is yet to follow.

For the Herald of Progress.

Spiritual Facts in Wisconsin.

LETTER FROM MR. O. H. CONGAR.

WHITEWATER, Wis., Feb. 25th, 1861.

MESSES. EDITORS: These are times, I think, when well authenticated and indisputable facts in relation to what are termed spiritual phenomena, especially of a wonderful (or as some might say, of a miraculous,) nature, should come before the world for investigation and solution, if any solution is possible aside from that which is claimed for them by those who admit their existence. We have witnessed here astonishing manifestations of spirit power and intelligence the past few weeks, and the friends and many others think best that a plain statement of some of them should be given to the thinking world through the columns of your most valuable paper. I will be as brief and precise as possible in what I have to relate, so as not to occupy too much space.

On Sunday evening, the 10th of Feb., 1861, the following persons assembled at the house of Mr. Nathan Williams, to witness and investigate the spirit manifestations given through the mediumistic powers of Messrs. H. Melville and William Fay, (usually called the Fay Boys) viz: Mr. Nathan Williams, wife, son, and daughter, Mr. Thomas Williams, Mr. Norman Pratt, Mr. Ainsworth, Mrs. Jonathan Williams, Messrs. Anson and Collamer Severance and their wives, Mr. M. E. Congar and wife, and O. H. Congar.

The circle was formed in the usual way; the medium (William Fay) was seated in a common chair, near a small table (some eight feet from the circle) near the center of the room. All being ready, the circle joined hands (Mr. H. Melville Fay sitting between Mr. Nathan Williams and son). The light then being extinguished, we immediately heard noises among the musical instruments and ropes previously placed upon the table. Soon the ropes commenced rattling and slashing about, seemingly with a great deal of force, in the direction of the medium, which continued some two minutes, when a light was called for, (by what is claimed a spirit voice) and to the astonishment of all, the medium was found to be lashed and tied with ropes in the most secure manner possible for man or spirits to conceive of. His hands seemed first to have been tied separately, with regular square knots, with the middle of the rope, then crossed behind him and tied together so tightly as almost to entirely stop the arterial circulation in his wrists. Then the ends of the ropes were separately passed between the back rounds of the chair and wound twice around the horizontal round which holds the chair-legs together (leaving no slack in the rope), then carried forward under the chair-bottom to the front round, and there wound many times and tied in square, double, and single knots, using up some fifteen feet of rope. Then two other ropes were mechanically wound, one above and the other below the knees, and tied nicely and firmly, using in all about forty feet of rope; and so firmly was he secured with ropes, that I presume no living person would say that he believed it possible for him to move, or use himself in the least, so as to assist in giving the manifestation that we witnessed while thus secured.

After the closest examination, we all joined hands again, seated as at first. The light was then put out, and within a minute and a half the spirit voice again called for a light, and then to our greater astonishment, we found his coat off (or mine rather, as the spirits had said in the morning that they would try the coat test that evening). This having been given only once before through the medium powers of Mr. Fay, I proposed that we exchange coats, as mine is what is called silk-mixed cloth, and much heavier and stouter than his, and we did so; but at what time the test would be given, none of us knew. As I stated, we found my coat off him and lying upon the carpet, in the space between him and the circle, as whole and as perfect as the day it was made; and upon an examination of his position and the ropes, we found them in every particular precisely the same as they were before the coat was taken off. Nor was there any perceptible noise in the direction of the medium, during the manifestation. His hands were still blue and cold, for want of a proper circulation of the blood. Now, the skeptic may say that his hands were untied, the coat taken off, and then tied again; but, my good friend, allow me to say, that the intelligences that tied him were considerably longer in doing it than taking off the coat, and every one knows that knots cannot be untied as quickly as they can be tied; then

again, we certainly should have heard the moving and whipping around of the ropes, as we always do when they tie, or untie, or use them in any way; and further, there was no change in the circulation of blood in his hands. Finally, we think we know, (aside from the declaration of the medium, that it never did come off over his hands) that the coat never could have been taken off while his hands were thus crossed and tied behind him, as above described, in any other way than by the chemical process, or the law of transmutation, by which the spirits claimed they did it. And we further think we know that the ropes were never untied, until my brother, M. E. Congar, untied them by spirit request, so that we could all see how firmly he was tied. Now, will some of our learned professors, or some one else, tell us how the coat could have been taken off in any other way than that in which it is claimed to have been done?

The next most wonderful manifestation of power was in wrenching off the pump cover (which stood a little way from the house in the yard) and bringing it into the room and dropping it gently into my brother's lap. During this manifestation, no one left the circle, or had even left the room from the time we entered it, but myself, and only then by being directed by the spirit voice to open the outside doors and close them again, which I did, not then knowing the object, or that there was a pump on the premises, or what the manifestation would be.

Many other manifestations of intelligence and power were given during the evening, such as floating musical instruments all about the room, they being played upon at the same time, brilliant jets of light also shooting across the room, near the ceiling, from different directions; the grasping of our hands, knees, faces, heads, &c., with their spiritual hands, (or those which they form); audibly talking to us most of the time for an hour, and many other things which I omit.

The Fay Boys have held several circles here, and in this vicinity, and at all of them the most wonderful manifestations of a supermundane power have been given, and up to this time, the rankest skeptic offers no solution other than what is claimed for them, and very few dare express an opinion. The most honest and candid portion of the skeptical community say, they are bound in all honesty to admit them to be of a supermundane origin or spiritual nature, until they can prove the contrary.

Very respectfully,
O. H. CONGAR.

For the Herald of Progress.

Undeveloped Spirits.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

WAUKEGAN, Ill., Feb. 18, 1861.

FRIEND DAVIS: In your fifty-second issue of the soul-stirring HERALD, (Feb. 16th,) I notice a question from Francis H. Smith, which, to my mind, seems of easy solution. He complains of his circle being broken up by the continued announcement of the presence of one Polly Williams, and asks "how and why the high and bright intelligences should be kept back by such an undeveloped spirit?"

Let us consider how the same course takes place in the earth-life. Do we not often meet with persons who sorely try our patience by thrusting themselves forward on all occasions, boring us with their insipid arguments, and so puffed up with self-conceit that they cannot or will not perceive the feelings of the bystanders, which, if expressed in audible language, would invariably consist of such laconic phrases, as "Be gone," "Shut up," &c., &c.

Opposition to such characters only increases their self-importance, and makes them more pertinacious. To withdraw from the annoyance is the wisest plan. What success would a quiet and order-loving man obtain, who should, for once, endeavor, by physical or moral force, to keep back a burly rowdy, and make him occupy the station that best befits his intellectual and moral capacities? Opposition would only add fuel to the fire of his ill-directed energies, and the activity of life to which his physical nature has probably been subjected, would make him a dangerous adversary to cope with. Prudence would suggest to withdraw from his neighborhood, and let his fire expend itself as best it may.

Now it seems to me, that if a spirit, still possessed of this extraordinary egotism, approaches a circle, and if, in addition, he or she is inclined to be annoying for the sake of annoyance, the friends who are anxious to communicate, *knowing* they will gain nothing by opposition, should meekly and patiently withdraw in anticipation of better opportunity.

On earth, we have a police who are called in to arrest disturbers of the Peace, but in the spirit land the only police that will undertake to arrest an undeveloped spirit is Love. By patience, by the influence of persuasion, by forbearance and kindness, the time will come, when even Polly Williams may be disarmed of her power to annoy; all that is, or appears to us to be evil will be overcome by good. Until a reformation takes place in Polly, she may continue to disturb the peace of the circle. It certainly would be useless for bright spirits to try to communicate so long as the disturbing cause remains, for the communications could not be reliable when mixed up with hostile influences. This is known to the spirits, and this may account for their silence when the terrible Polly Williams approaches.

In our home circle we have had the same experience as that mentioned by F. H. Smith. One John Robinson, who, before he departed for the spirit land, was considered, morally speaking, a worthless character, very frequently paid us a visit, and then we got nothing but J. Robinson. He was not unruly, and even replied civilly to questions, but his perseverance in communicating his name was often the cause of our breaking up the sitting. Yours for Truth and Progress.

W. L. LOVEDAY.

Prophecies for 1861, through French Mediums.

Translated from the *Résumé Spirite*.

The year that has passed has witnessed a very perceptible progress of the belief in Spiritualism. It is a great blessing for mankind, as it serves somewhat to restrain them from the abyss that threatens to engulf the human mind. The new year will be better still, for it will witness great external changes, a revolution in ideas, and be assured Spiritualism will not be forgotten; on the contrary, the world will gather to it as to a rock of safety. I pray God to bless your work and cause it to advance.

SAINT LOUIS (LOUIS IX.)

BY ANOTHER MEDIUM AT THE SAME SITTING.

The year about to open contains in its womb the greatest events. The reaction [the European conservative or *stand-still* party] is going to run headlong into the snare set for it. Why do you suppose the earth is covered with iron roads, and the sea is opened to electricity, unless it be to spread the good news. The true, the good, and the beautiful will be at last appreciated by all. Do not weary, then, true spirit, because your task is assigned in the work of regeneration; happy those who shall be able to accomplish it!

LAO J. (Brother of the Medium.)

BY A THIRD MEDIUM ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Change is a matter of absolute necessity; progress is the divine law; it seems to have urged forward with greater speed during these latter years, than heretofore. In comparison with 1860, 1861 will be magnificent, and pales in splendor beside 1862; for you wish to be moving, dear brothers, and when once the divine breath impels the locomotive, it is not possible to run off the track. LAO X.

Poetry.

"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."

For the Herald of Progress.

FORMAL PRAYER.

BY B. O.

Behold you starry page divine,
God hath unrolled on high for thee,
Where mighty worlds, unnumbered, shine,
In endless, glorious harmony!

How silently they all adore;
How grand their unheard melody,
The thrilling sense thy soul runs o'er—
How deep, unuttered, prayerfully!

Unuttered as the lovely rose
Imparts its fragrance to the air,
Or as the water gently flows,
From the deep fountain, pure and fair.

True to the Great All-Father's care,
All things adore: Oh, how sublime
Is Nature's deep unuttered prayer!
Ascending heavenward through all time!

The blind and ignorant alone
Devote their hours to formal prayer;
Man's every thought to God is known,
Man cannot flee from His kind care.

The sweetest prayers are noble deeds,
To free mankind from sin and pain;
What joy from such true prayers proceeds!
Who prayeth thus, ne'er prays in vain.

Oh, look within! Can words express
The deepest feelings of thy mind?
To higher beings, ne'ertheless,
Thine inmost soul is unconfin'd.

Yea, look within, O man! and feel
Thyself diviner than all creeds;
'Neath these do hypocrites conceal,
With pompous prayers, their evil deeds.

PORRETT, Wis.

For the Herald of Progress.

THOU ART GONE.

BY DE VERE VINING.

Thou art gone!
Thou art gone to a land more fair;
Thy glorified spirit hath passed on before;
Thou hast crossed the dark lake to the brighter shore;
To wait for us there.

Thou art gone!
Thou art gone to thy peaceful rest;
Sweet wild flowers bloom o'er thine early grave;
Their long drooping branches the lone willows wave,
Over thy breast.

Thou art gone!
Where the cold voice of sorrow's come,
Where the flowers of love, shall immortally bloom,
In thy spirit home.

Thou art gone!
Why should we mourn, 'neath the dark pall of sorrow?
We shall meet thee again on a happier morrow,
When we too shall sleep.

Thou art gone!
Where the dark clouds of error no longer abound;
But where Truth, in its fullness, shall ever surround
Thy glorious way.

Thou art gone!
And when we have passed through the valley of life,
When free from its sorrows, its cares, and its strife,
We come to thee there.

The Physician.

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

"The Odor of Sanctity."—The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, in 538, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this day the atmosphere is charged with the odor.

"Cure for Hydrophobia."—Some twenty years ago the following case was stated in the Boston Transcript: A gentleman suffering from hydrophobia, conceived the idea of suicide by means of a hot vapor bath. He entered the room when the temperature was about 200 degrees, expecting to be suffocated, but soon fell into a profuse perspiration, and was permanently cured.

"A Dangerous Doctor."—A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who resided in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh, by no means," replied the doctor; "I have another patient in the neighborhood, and I always set out hoping to kill two birds with one stone."

"True Grace and Refinement."—Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles, as she passes along; who has a kind word for every one she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; she never scolds, never contends, and never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish but always to increase her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Extend a friendly hand to the friendsless.

"Spaulding's Glue Superseded."—A correspondent of the *Agriculturist* recommends the following preparation for mending almost all articles that can be "stuck" together. It is named "Diamond Cement," and is often sold under that name at twenty-five cents for a 2 oz. vial:

Take 1 lb. White glue.
1 lb. White lead (dry).
1 qt. Rain water,
1 pt. Alcohol.

Place the first three ingredients in a kettle, and set the kettle in a dish of water. Boil it until the glue is dissolved; then add the alcohol, and boil again until all is well mixed. Keep it in well stopped bottles. Use it in the same manner as glue. Should it be a little hardened when wanted for use, soften it by placing the bottle in warm water.

"A Medicine for every Home."—Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render the intercourse of home amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautiful without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden; and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of a withered tree she twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the sense and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you.

"Remarkable Surgical Case."—We have recently had, in Columbia, a very remarkable surgical case, which we think worthy of recital. On the 4th of January, Cornelius Toohey, in a fit of *mania-a-potu*, made two incisions in his abdomen, and cut off, with his knife, two pieces, each about one foot in length, of the smaller intestine. He was taken in charge by Dr. J. McF. Gaston, who was assisted by Dr. W. C. Freeman. The haggled ends were clipped off, so that near three feet of the intestines were taken out. The two ends were brought together, and sewed with silver wire. The two incisions were opened into one by the surgeon, which, after the operation upon the intestine, was sewed up also, and the patient carried to the Poorhouse. Little or no hope was entertained of his recovery, but, to the astonishment of all cognizant with the case, he did survive, and on the 28th of February, walked from the Poorhouse to the South Carolina Railroad Depot, and went off a well man.—*Etc.*

"The Effects of Cold."—With regard to the treatment of frost-bitten persons, the part affected should be rubbed with cold water or snow, and then with fluids of a medium temperature, in a cold room; cautiously bring the patient into a warm atmosphere, and administer small quantities of cordials or warm tea, then cover him up in bed and encourage perspiration. Even where the patient seems quite dead, or has lain as if dead for days, you must give a fair trial to these remedies. When poor Boutillat, the French peasant, who awoke crying out for drink after his four days' sleep in the snow, was brought to his friends, they wrapped him in warm linen, dipped in aromatic water, and this was but too probably the cause of the poor fellow's feet mortifying.

How cold slaughters its victims we do not exactly know: some say it paralyzes the heart; others think that the cold, to use a popular expression, drives the blood inward, and kills by apoplexy. The irresistible sleepiness that creeps over a person "lost in the snow" is well known, and has often been described; if once it is yielded to, death, under the forlorn circumstances usually present, is sure to result. But, undoubtedly, it may kill at once. Persons have been found stone dead standing upright at their posts, all the machinery of life having stopped at once—the mouth half-open, as it was when the last groan was uttered; the limbs still in the position they assumed during life, and having undergone, through the peculiar antiseptic nature of the cold, none of the changes we find after other forms of death.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 23, 1861.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

SINGLE COPIES, per year, \$2 00
THREE " " " " " " 5 00
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Sample copies mailed from this office on application. A limited number of advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion.

All notices, advertisements, or communications intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding date of publication. The earlier the better. All letters to be addressed to:

A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS,

274 Canal Street, New York.

Office Hours, 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. Publication Office is located a few doors east of No. 413 Broadway.

An article from Judge Edmonds, according to last week's promise, appears in this number.

MANY VOICES from the People, and several communications of great public value, are awaiting publication.

READ O. H. Congar's interesting communication concerning "SPIRITUAL FACTS IN WISCONSIN."

BOOK NOTICES will be found on our eighth page. Several new publications have been received and will be reviewed next week.

"PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS," a protest by "Cynosure," should be read and pondered by the Spiritualists of 1861.

"THE MIRACLES OF JESUS," being a criticism on a sermon recently delivered, will enlist the attention of those inclined to theological inquiries.

"UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS" is an article in this number, from the cultured mind of one who has long been a careful student of spiritual truths.

"CONCERNING EVIL SPIRITS," from the pen of an earnest inquirer, will, we trust, call out answers from those who think clearly on the phenomena of the present day.

"MODERN MARVELS," from the pen of Sarah A. French, will interest all who wish for solid facts as a basis of belief. No amount of sophistry can invalidate our Sister's frank testimony.

"PRISCILLA, THE MONTANIST," among the "Saints and Sinners," portrayed by a faithful hand on another page, shines as a bright particular star in the galaxy of ancient mediums.

Those of our readers who have perused the high-toned articles which F. T. Lane has from time to time communicated to our columns, need not be urged to read his testimony in the present number, concerning "TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP."

THE well written suggestions and experiences from the inspired pen of Artemesia Coffinberry, which will be found in our PHILOSOPHICAL DEPARTMENT, lead the reader into the realm of psychical investigation, and challenge attention to a problem which mere affirmation forever fails to solve.

"PRACTICAL WORKINGS OF AFRICAN SERVITUDE," commenced last week, is continued in the present issue. The third and last number of this article will be given next week. We wish to afford all our readers the full advantage of FREE SPEECH on this and every other question.

PUBLIC MEDIUMSHIP A CRIME.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has recently passed an act "for the suppression of fortune telling, and other purposes," which constitutes various acts misdemeanors punishable by fine and imprisonment. Among others, we observe the following: "to practice or cause to be practiced for hire or gain, any spiritual rappings." The bill received a vote of 69 to 11. It will probably become a law.

Theology and Spiritualism.

THEOLOGICAL Christianity has been in the world nearly two thousand years, while modern spiritual intercourse is only a little more than twelve years old. Now Theology has never suggested a single scientific fact—has never developed a single broad scheme for the practical relief of a suffering humanity; but, instead, the system has wielded its entire might in opposition to almost every new development—has slandered and denounced as "infidel" each one who has wrought, independent of *Sectarism*, to correct abuses in high and low places—has set its power against every leading philanthropist who has labored to abolish tyranny and capital punishment, to reform the misdirected volupuary, and to introduce that practical religion which looks to the moral and intellectual regeneration of our race, instead of fashionable preaching and praying. The pioneers in the cause of Freedom have encountered stern opposition from popular religionists, as did all the first teachers of Astronomy, Geology, and Phrenology. Spirit-

ualism, on the contrary, has already discovered to the world a multitude of the most momentous and practical truths. In the fields of science and philosophy, especially in mental philosophy (which is foremost with all intelligent, cultured minds,) it has revealed fresh facts and demonstrated several great general principles. The sciences of magnetism, electricity, chemistry, psychology, clairvoyance, psychometry, &c., have each received valuable additional illustrations and highly suggestive principles from some of the departments of Spiritualism.

The Dread of Dying.

So prevailing is the dread of dying, that death has been called the "King of Terrors." There are many things in connection with it which we know to be trying, and to these known trials we attach agonies unknown. Touching this subject, the following, from an article in the *London Quarterly*, will be found comforting and instructive:

"The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease; for when life ebbs, sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporeal feelings, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what might be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides, exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow, till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen,' said William Hunter, 'I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.' 'If this be dying,' said the niece of Newton, of Olney, 'it is a pleasant thing to die.' 'the very expression,' adds her uncle, 'which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.' The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. 'If this be dying,' said Lady Glenorchy, 'it is the easiest thing imaginable.' 'I thought that dying had been more difficult,' said Louis XIV. 'I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,' said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all. They expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died, he kept repeating from Pope:

'Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.'

"Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. 'No, Thomas,' he replied, 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

"A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them, in utter unconsciousness. Countenances and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterward that he did it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness; but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the consciousness is real, in the unfinching manner in which bad sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

Jewels of Consistency.

The New Covenant finds the following strange things in that styled "Orthodoxy":

It is strange that a God of infinite love should create human beings, and fore-ordain them to eternal misery and death.

It is strange that an infinitely wise and good God should awaken man into existence, if he foresaw that a large portion of the race would find existence an endless curse to them.

It is strange that God commanded us to love our enemies, if He hates His enemies, and will hate them to all eternity.

It is strange that a God of infinite compassion, grace and love would inflict such tortures upon His own children, as only an infinite fiend would inflict upon his worst enemy.

It is strange that the Bible asserts that God will not cast off forever, if as human creeds teach, He will cast His children down to endless despair.

It is strange that the Scriptures say that God is love, and that love worketh no ill, if He is to inflict the most excruciating suffering upon His offspring forever and ever.

It is strange that Christ is called the Saviour of the world, if the world will never be saved.

It is strange that the Bible affirms that God will have all men to be saved, if a large portion of the human race will never be saved.

pretend to believe that their kindred and friends are now wailing in despair, can ever appear cheerful and happy.

It is strange that those who profess to believe that God will punish impenitent sinners throughout the boundless ages of eternity, should appear now so jovial and careless and indifferent concerning their own salvation, and go down to death without any preparation for eternity.

It is strange that professed Christians who believe that they shall go to heaven immediately when they die, should exhibit such a desire to live in this world of sin and suffering.

It is strange, if the Gentiles, to whom Paul preached, were in danger of an endless hell of suffering, that he did not once warn them against it.

It is strange that Christ's soul went to hell, if hell was a place of suffering in the immortal world. (Acts ii. 27.)

It is strange that Paul, who declared the whole counsel of God, did not mention the word hell in all his fourteen epistles.

It is strange, if the Gentiles were in danger of an endless hell, that John, who wrote for their especial benefit, did not mention the word hell once in his gospel.

It is strange, if hell is a place of endless punishment, that the Bible should speak of its destruction. (Hosea xiii. 14.)

It is strange that professed Christians will ascribe a character to God, our Heavenly Father, which they would be ashamed to have attributed to themselves.

Bad Pictures and Bad Books.

DEAR HERALD OF PROGRESS: What makes me so well pleased with you, is, that you not only unravel truths in larger, mostly excellent articles, but because you so often introduce—or I might say "smuggle"—such great thoughts even into your briefest "Answers to Correspondents."

One passage in No. 51, struck me especially, and I think it worth repeating. It appears among the "Medical Whispers," and reads as follows: "Sir Peter Lely made it a rule, never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that whenever he did so, his pencil took a hint from it. Apply the same to bad books and bad company."

This anecdote would probably procure the best "motto" to a future Theory of Education; for it would contain, as in a focus, all the rules of natural and rational education. I have been teacher for about twenty-three years, and the brief knowledge I have gained in this long period says to me: That the teacher's task consists simply in presenting a picture gallery to the pupils either by means of speech or by real intuition, and that by pictures for their intelligence, pictures for their feelings, and pictures for their actions. For we are, at every stage of our life, precisely what life effects by its threefold pictures upon our individual constitution. If the pictures for our intellect have been distinct and true, those for our heart pure and beautiful, and those for our moral faculties noble and aspiring; if we have thus gone through a beautiful picture-gallery of actual experience, we, consequently, possess a beautiful soul-life, which will be enlightened and harmonized by Divine Wisdom.

If, on the contrary, we have passed before undeveloped and misformed pictures—as the common life offers them in abundance—our soul becomes a gathering-place of ugly, inharmonious images, affections, and impulses, where the voice of Reason cannot resound, nor her power reign—Reason being a heaven-born goddess, who shuns the dreary realms of animality.

Thus the word you uttered, has touched a chord in my soul. The experiences I made, in the psychical life of myself and the many pupils I have educated, rise and vividly move my thoughts; so that it seems to me, as if I could write "Directions for Education," to show the development of youth and the means of its furtherance, in a new and suggestive light. And how beneficial might this work prove to our country, which is still groping in this direction.

But whenever I think of the people, as they continually grasp after fixed, traditional and authoritative things, so that forms, rules, dogmas, creeds, and systems predominate much more powerfully than Reason and Nature, or that they—and, ah, how often!—fall into the other extreme by becoming imaginative, extravagant, and eccentric, (see our political, social, clerical and even spiritual extremists,) then I say to myself: "Let it be, friend; the multitude does not understand you; the times are not yet ripe; people are not yet advanced enough—not simple and natural enough to conceive simple and uncovered truth—and your word would only be a voice to die away in the roaring storm of prejudice and passion."

Thus it always happens, that I alter my design and neglect to dig after a probably hidden treasure.

MARCH 4TH, 1861.

WANTED.—A few copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, Nos. 15, 21 and 25. Will not our friends who have them send us a few copies of these numbers?

We have received from D. C. Gates, of Worcester, Mass., a call (too long for us to publish in full) for a Convention of Spiritual Mediums, to be held at Worcester, commencing April 16.

The declared purpose of the Convention is to organize a Brotherhood of Mediums, with a system of circles or classes of twelve each.

The Spiritualists of Albion, Mich., have a good house capable of seating 300 persons, and would be glad to have traveling lecturers call and speak for them.

Paraphrased.

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

CHRISTIAN INTOLERANCE.

The Exeter (N. H.) *News Letter* contains a letter from Dr. W. L. Johnson, setting forth the following facts. As a friend of children, Dr. Johnson recently visited the Exeter Mission School, making some remarks, and leaving copies of "Kiss for a Blow," by H. C. Wright, and "Scripture Stories for Little Children," by Mrs. Willis, for the use of the school; also temperance, and children's papers.

A few days after, Dr. J. received a note from Rev. Mr. Lamphar, to whose parish the Mission School was attached, stating that none of the teachers or supporters of the school felt any interest in Spiritualism, and the patrons of the school would lose their interest if there was anything in its suggestive of the "doctrine." Adding, "You will see, therefore, that inasmuch as you are a warm advocate of this doctrine, you cannot enter the school, distribute books and papers, and suggest lessons, without giving offense."

No intimation is given that Dr. Johnson alluded to Spiritualism at all in his remarks—he was only well known as a Spiritualist. The objection to the book, which the Reverend gentleman destroyed, was that a poetical prayer in it was addressed to the Father, without making mention of Jesus Christ. The zealous Reverend should prove his consistency by an immediate destruction of all copies of the Lord's Prayer—a petition recommended some eighteen centuries since, but open to the same objection as Mrs. Willis' poetical aspiration.

We doubt not Dr. Johnson—and all liberal-minded lovers of children—can find abundant field for effort outside of sectarian mission schools.

AFRAID OF A SPLIT!

A correspondent who has been disfellowshipped by his "Christian" neighbors, on account of his progressive ideas, furnishes a little incident illustrating the confidence still reposed in his humanity, and also showing the barrier that sectarian organizations interpose to prevent the "Moral Police" efforts of church members.

A few evenings since he was waited upon by a Presbyterian Deacon, with the request that he would entertain for the night a runaway slave. The fugitive was then, the trembling deacon said, at the minister's house; and his anxiety was to find a safe harbor for him under a heterodox roof. "For," said he, "it wouldn't do for the Elder or any of our church to keep him over night, for if it was known it would split the church all to pieces!" They could hardly keep together now, for some of Beecher's Sunday-school books they had added to their library.

Our friend at once consented to the transfer from the roof orthodox, to the roof infidel! In the morning he waited upon the Deacon, and told him that if there were any more cases of the kind to send them to him, for said he, "My church won't split."

These are the "churches" needed by the world—individual characters that no selfish policy can divide—men and women whose love for their fellow men never permits a humane impulse to be checked by fear of a "split."

C. M. P.

SPIRITUALISTIC CHURCHIANITY.

LEXINGTON, Ind., March 4th, 1861.

DEAR HERALD: In a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, Emma Hardinge has an article on "Organizations." In it she speaks commendatory of an organization of the Spiritualists at Coldwater, Mich. Her opportunity for becoming acquainted with the nature of that organization must necessarily have been limited, as she evidently did not understand its true spirit. One attending the meetings of the Spiritualists there, will find the following order of exercises.

First, the minister reads a hymn; the choir then sings; after which the minister reads a chapter; then prays; reads another hymn; after the choir has sung again, the sermon follows; then another tune from the choir; and lastly, the benediction, which closes the meeting in the old-fashioned orthodox style.

Mr. Willis, their minister, is one of the finest gentlemen I have ever known. His soul is too large to be cramped in an orthodox organization, nor will it long be so hampered.

It is evident that Miss Hardinge did not understand the conservative and humiliating nature of this Organization. She alluded to it as an illustration of her ideal. These slavish and conservative proceedings are pardonable among Christian sects, which make no higher pretensions; but when Reformers bow their souls in slavish servility to ignorant forms and lifeless ceremonies, it is time the truth should be spoken. Miss H., of course, cannot be in favor of this Churchianity.

Yours truly,

S. P. LELAND.

SPEAKERS' CONVENTION.

The National Convention of Speakers is appointed to be held at Worcester, Mass., April 16, 1861.

The Western Lecturers' Conference, at Sturgis, Mich., April 23.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

The Friends of Progress will hold their next quarterly meeting at Greensboro, Henry Co., Indiana, on Saturday and Sunday, April 6th and 7th. Dr. James Cooper is engaged, and other speakers are expected.

Clarion and Sunbeam please copy.

AN INDIAN CONCERT.

We understand that Father Beeson, who has for several years past devoted so much attention to the welfare of the Indians, is about to proceed to Washington to secure some action from the Government in their behalf. On his return to this city, a few weeks hence, he proposes to give a concert by a large company of Indian singers, at which some dramatic performances will be introduced. The well known singers Red Feather and Larooqua (Swaying Reed) are to be of the company. The concert will probably be given at the Cooper Institute, and the proceeds devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the red man.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Geo. W. Curtis, in a recent lecture before the Utica Mechanic's Association, rebuked the course of the Directors in violating their contract to lease their Hall to the Anti-Slavery Convention, and maintained the right of freedom of speech. "Treason against a government was not in discussing it, but in action against it. Our only safety was in free discussion." F. L. Wadsworth has been speaking at Newburgh, Ind. The editor of the *Warwick Democrat*, in noticing the religious revivals, says the Spiritualists "with no public edifices peculiarly their own, have yet secured large audiences."

J. V. Mansfield has left New Orleans for other cities en route to New York. A. B. Whiting has been lecturing at Detroit. He was recently invited by the Legislature of Kentucky to address them in the Hall of Representatives. The *Spiritual Gazette* published at Detroit says: "Mr. Lincoln has been in the habit of attending public meetings of the Spiritualists when in Chicago. Also that Mrs. Jefferson Davis is an excellent medium. Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott) lectured recently at Chicago, before the Young Men's Association. She is a 'respectable' practical advocate of Woman's Right to speak. N. P. Banks was welcomed to his position as Resident Director of the Illinois Central Railroad, by a railroad banquet at the Briggs House, Chicago. Rev. Mr. Guinness recently affirmed that 'the Ten Commandments' (including the Fourth) 'were given only to the Jews, and were abolished with the entire Jewish ceremonial at the coming of Christ.' Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's new tabernacle is nearly finished. It will cost thirty thousand pounds. Rev. E. W. Cushman, of Massachusetts, now traveling in Europe, has been invited to preach a sermon at the dedication. The letter purporting to have been written by Rev. Dr. Tyng to Mayor Wood, after Thanksgiving day, is pronounced bogus by the *Independent*. Fredrika Bremer recently visited the catacombs of Rome, under the guidance of De Rossi, the archeologist. Ole Bull is in Sweden giving concerts. He excites as great enthusiasm at his old home as he did twenty years ago. President Lincoln is reported to have declined wine offered him at a dinner on his route eastward, in these words: 'I have lived fifty years without the use of any liquor, and I do not think it worth while to change my habit now.' Rev. Mark Pattison, one of the contributors to the 'Essays and Reviews,' was elected last week, by the vote of the Fellows, rector of the Lincoln College, Oxford. Miss Anna E. Dickenson, a young Quakeress, of Chester Co., Penn., recently addressed a Philadelphia audience in behalf of Woman's Rights. The *Evening Bulletin* says, 'She made a speech that many a popular speaker might be proud of.' Rev. Samuel J. May was burnt in effigy at Syracuse a few weeks since, on the occasion of the breaking up of an Anti-Slavery meeting. Mr. May was at the time of the burning, says the *Syracuse Standard*, carrying food to the families of some of the very rowdies engaged in the transaction, to keep their children from starving. Henry Ward Beecher recently visited Rochester to deliver a lecture, one week before his engagement. The papers intimate that it is a fair offset for sundry disappointments by the public.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—At a recent Anti-Sunday Law Meeting, Rev. J. L. Hatch advocated the repeal of the Sunday Laws. He believed that the people should be allowed to have boating, ball-playing, bands of music in the Central Park on Sunday, as they were at present allowed to skate there without the intervention of the police or the destruction of public order. He compared the Sabbatharians to old Peter Stuyvesant, who, when his house stood at the head of what is now the Bowery, complained that the boys transgressed the bounds of decency by bathing in the East River. "But," said the Governor, "your house is a great way from the East River." "Yaw," replied Peter, "but my gals got von pig spy glass."

—An extraordinary example of thrift and economy is furnished in the case of Secretary Floyd, who, on a salary of eight thousand dollars, in three years and a half, sent home one hundred and twenty thousand dollars!

—Gov. Gist, of South Carolina, who has been so active in the secession movement, is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.—*Presbyterian Herald*.

Just so! And William L. Yancey, who has been so active in the secession movements, is a member of the Presbyterian Church.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate*, (Methodist.)

—A friend from Southern Kansas says many of his neighbors have had nothing to eat in three weeks but acorns.

—A letter-writer has the following respecting the President: "Mr. Lincoln is not what is technically known as a 'Christian'—that is, he does not hold fellowship with any particular Church, has not made any public profession of faith, or announced his adherence to any sect or dogma—still he is a good man. He does not sit in the seat of the scorpion, nor does he walk with the ungodly, or run riot with the pleasures of the world. 'His word,' say his neighbors, 'is as good as his bond, and his note needs no endorsement.' He is truthful, regular, and temperate. Tobacco and strong drinks are tabooed from his bill of fare."

—Several orthodox papers are discussing the feasibility of having but one sermon a day, instead of two or three, as now practiced. —The *Independent* says immutability belongs only to the principles of God's government, not to measures.

—A band of two hundred Norwegian emigrants recently passed through Chicago.

—The Tremont House, Chicago, was recently raised six feet. It required 5,000 jack screws, one man attending to ten. Thus five hundred men were employed. The building was raised without disturbing the plastering in the least.

—It is said that military tactics will soon be introduced into the female schools of the South, the young ladies having declared their willingness to take charge of the "infantry" which is to be raised.

—Mr. Angel's bill for the repeal of the death penalty has been defeated in the New York Assembly, and we are likely to have more hangings in the State. It takes time to work all great and just reforms.

—Mortimer Thompson ("Doesticks") is about to be married to a daughter of "Fanny Fern" Parton. He is a widower—having lost his wife something more than a year ago.

—Leigh Hunt's library has passed into the possession of Ticknor & Fields, who offer it for sale. Nearly all the volumes have his autograph on the fly leaves, and are enriched with notes in his handwriting.

—The Pythagoreans make good to be certain and finite, and evil infinite and uncertain; there are a thousand ways to miss the white, there is only one way to hit it.

—The *Methodist* publishes a letter from an "intelligent and loyal Christian minister" in Alabama, who says: "I have watched the course of *Harper's Weekly*, and your own paper, and a few others that have sought Southern patronage, and miserable, miserable have been the manifestations. We have more respect for Wendell Phillips than for the pseudo friends who have feigned conservatism for the money."

—A correspondent of the *Independent*, whose article contained a typographical error, writes: "There was once some difficulty in getting room for inscribing the Ten Commandments on the inside wall of the Church, and a bystander suggested 'they could be got in there by leaving out the nots.'"

—An English nobleman has suspended musical bells from the necks of all his cows, each tuned in a different note of the scale. The effect is said to be very fine as the sound is conveyed through the air.

—A dose of medicine, composed of two pounds of camphor dissolved in three gallons of whisky, was given to Van Amburgh's elephant, Hannibal, the other day. This dose is about equal to twenty drops of the same mixture to a human being. Of whisky Hannibal is extravagantly fond.

—A Boston deacon was once overheard to pray in this wise: "O Lord, we would not presume to dictate, but we would suggest that a revival of religion is very much needed!" Another deacon, in the same city, once offered the following: "O Lord, we hope we are right, for we are very decided!" Both these prayers are representatives of a large class.

—Cotton grows well in southern Illinois, and Mrs. Francis D. Gage writes that she has seen hundreds of the farmers' wives of southern Illinois dressed in cotton of their own raising, spinning, and weaving.

—From the abstract of the New Jersey State census, we learn that eight slaves yet remain in the State.

—The back numbers of *Punch*, from 1841 to 1861, are to be issued in forty volumes.

—The number of barrels of oil transported from the Western Pennsylvania oil region over the Sunbury and Erie Railroad to Erie, during the year 1860, ran up from 63 in January to 6,431 in December; and in January, 1861, the number transported to the same place, over the same road, was 14,500.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The arrival of the screw-steamer *Etna* brings European advices to the 28th of February.

—Capt. Pyke, of the American ship *General Parkhill*, was killed on the 25th in his vessel, when off Holyhead, in a quarrel between the officers and crew. The ship returned to the Mersey, and the crew were imprisoned.

—The new iron-cased war ship *Black Prince* was successfully launched Feb. 27th.

—Many persons in London have been recently lithographing notes of the Kingdom of Hungary, purporting to be issued by Louis Kossuth. The contemplated issue was 150,000,000 florins. An injunction was granted against the lithographers.

—The Church Rates Abolition bill passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 17.

—M. Mires, the great French banker, recently failed in Paris for an immense amount. He was sent to the prison of Mazas, to await his trial. The Princess de Polignac, his daughter, visits him in prison. His failure causes immense derangement of business in Constantinople, where many houses were connected with him.

—A pastoral letter published by the Bishop of Poitiers in the *Monde*, in which the Bishop alludes offensively to the French Government, is likely to render him obnoxious to the penalties of the civil tribunal of his department. The letter has been submitted to the jurisdiction of the Council of State.

—A rumor is current that a Piedmontese brigade would be sent to Rome early in March; and it is also asserted that the inhabitants of Rome were secretly making arrangements for the reception of Victor Emanuel, who has been declared King of Italy by the Italian Senate, recently assembled at Turin.

—A Vienna dispatch of the 25th of February, announces that on that day the Emperor signed the new Constitution. The Diet, which is composed of an upper and lower House, has the right of legislation. The Hungarian Constitution remains intact.

—It is stated that Russia was taking strong military measures to prevent any disturbing manifestation on the day of the abolition of serfdom.

—The Bonaparte-Patterson case has terminated adversely to the American claimants, who not only lost the suit, but were sentenced to pay the costs.

—A serious insurrection is reported to have broken out at Suturina. Mahomet Pascha marched against the insurgents, but he retreated, finding his force insufficient to cope with them. The insurgents were receiving reinforcements from all parts.

—The embarrassment of the Turkish Government continues to increase. The early arrival of Count Orloff, on a special mission from St. Petersburg, is rumored.

—Of the Bourbon family, there are now in exile 55 of the 74 directly or collaterally descended from Louis XIV.

—The English House of Lords consists of 30 lords spiritual, and 427 lords temporal. Of the lords spiritual, four are Irish prelates, namely, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of Down, Ossory, and Cork.

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."

DASHAWAYS OF SAN FRANCISCO;
OR MORAL POLICEMEN.

John Allyn communicates to the *Sunbeam* the following interesting account of a "Moral Police" organization at San Francisco:

"Near two years ago, the members of the Howard Fire Company of San Francisco met in their engine room to deliberate on the alarming progress of the intemperate use of bad liquors among themselves. The result was the formation of the Dashaway's Association. The conditions of membership were a solemn pledge taken in public meeting to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, reserving the right to withdraw from the Association after six months membership. The discussion of party politics and sectarian religion was prohibited in their meetings. They did not indulge in imitations of the liquor sellers or manufacturers, but by kindness and fraternal sympathy endeavored to persuade spirit drinking men of all grades to join them.

"They continued to increase and were soon compelled to rent a Hall that would hold as many persons as an ordinary church, and this was often filled, and many leaving without being able to get a seat or standing room. They held a meeting each Sunday afternoon and evening; the time being spent in singing temperance songs, and *live* speaking by *live* men. A library was purchased and made accessible to each member. A social circle was formed and the members and their wives and daughters spent evenings at the Hall in social enjoyments, dancing, &c. Some three months ago a debating club was attached, which bid fair to be a valuable means of mental culture to its members. As an outgrowth from this, a Home for the Inebriate was established and sustained by private charity. Besotted drunkards were taken from the street or gutter, clean clothes put on them, a nurse, physician, and comfortable apartments provided, and when restored, they were persuaded, if possible, to sign the pledge.

Rev. T. Starr King said in a public lecture, that the Dashaways exhibited more of the principles of Christianity than any church in the city, for while the churches were preaching them, the Dashaways were acting them.

"Although various religious sects were represented, the greater portion of the Dashaways were men of no religious profession. Many wives, mothers and children blessed the Dashaways for the reformation of their natural protectors. Such was the success of this truly 'Good Samaritan' cause, that in September last they numbered nearly 3,000 members; and had purchased the Hall and lot they had previously rented, at a cost of \$14,500. Drunkenness was treated more as a disease or insanity; kindness and fraternal charity were found potent means of reform."

THE NEW PHILANTHROPIST.

WHAT RAREY TEACHES MEN IN TEACHING HORSES.

The *Christian Inquirer* awards to Mr. Rarey the credit of being more than a tamer of horses. He is a philanthropist and a philosopher, and teaches men suggestive lessons. This new application of the Rarey theory is thus set forth:

"He is a humanitarian reformer; and many of the ideas which, in plain and forcible language, he utters with the hearty eloquence of earnestness and sincerity, are capable of a large round-about application to men as well as horses. His method of educating Cruiser would be equally good for Master Tommy; and the reformer who seeks to hurl the evils of the world overboard, might take a useful lesson from his 'masterly inactivity,' and readiness to allow the horse to take time to think, examine, and make up his mind.

"Some of his sentences are maxims of wisdom.

"'Nature never lies.'

"'The horse is honest.'

"'The mind of a horse governs a horse, as the mind of a man governs a man. If you wish, therefore, to get control of the horse's body, first learn to direct his mind.'

"'The gentle touch is more powerful than blows.'

"'Women are better drivers than men, because they have a gentler touch.'

"'Firmness and kindness are all the magic there is in my method.'

"'Fear or anger in the mind of his driver is instantly known to the horse.'

"'The fact is, that, without knowing it, Mr. Rarey is a genius—a great discoverer. His way of obtaining control and guidance of the horse-force of the world according to normal principles, is as good a discovery in that sphere as the invention of methods to control and apply steam, fire, water, gas, electricity, in natural mechanics. He will rank hereafter with Morse, Fulton, Franklin, and other illustrious men who have learned how to direct the great forces of the world, before running, comparatively, to waste, into the channels of human improvement and happiness. The problem is, how to take hold of the horse-power by the handle as Providence designed we should—not by the edge, as coarse, blundering men usually do.'"

Attractive Miscellany.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

'TIS SWEET TO KNOW.

BY WILLIE WARE.

'Tis sweet to know
That here below
Are those who love us well,
And by their eye
And cheeks' warm dye
Their love for us they tell.

'Tis far more sweet
To know we'll meet
With those who've gone before,
To their homes above,
In the land of love,
And safely reached its shore;

And fondly wait
To warmly greet
Us when we reach that shore,
Where we may be
From sorrow free,
And troubles know no more.

'The Nightingale Ensnared;

OR,

THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

FROM THE FRENCH OF X. B. SAINTINE.

Translated for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

II.—THE FIELD OF FLOWERS.

We must now pass from Bird Meadow to the Field of Flowers. Do not imagine that after having initiated you into the loves of a young maiden and a nightingale, I intend to finish my pastoral tale here; I have thus far been simply meeting the historical exigencies of my subject. At all events, the wolf is already prowling about the sheep-fold.

If you will transport yourself once more to that part of the Stammerer's Road, whence we took a general survey of the region about, you will see on the left of the church, on the hillside which declines toward the southern valley, a wide-spreading grove of beautiful trees. That, in former times, was the *Champ-flour*, or Field of Flowers, a vast extent of ground running down to the edge of *Cœur-Volant*. Louis XIV, who must always be mentioned when we speak of Marly, had used the greater part of it to construct a kennel for his hounds, a road, and that magnificent watering-place faced with marble and rich pieces of sculpture, which is one of the wonders of that age. On the residue of this field, which had preserved its name of *Champ-flour*, M. Alphen, a converted Jew, the possessor of an immense fortune, had built an elegant mansion toward the upper part of the village.

There his widow, of whom mention has already been made in the few words exchanged between Madeleine and her old governess on the road to the Aubergerie, has established her residence.

Still young, pretty, and winning, although a little plump, enjoying a good income that enables her to live luxuriously, if she pleases, Madame Alphen leads in this mansion, notwithstanding, a very monotonous life. Her old friends, all extremely devout, have neglected her, because they look upon her as tainted with Judaism, and the friends of M. Alphen had long before broken with him, on account of his conversion and marriage with a Christian. At present, therefore, at *Champ-flour*, Madame Alphen, like Madeleine at Bird-Meadow, lives almost in the style of a cenobite. Her mourning attire at first constrained her to assume a certain coldness in outward bearing; the slander of the country obliged her to continue it; and finally, more from compulsion than taste, the pretty widow wears the guise of a prude, waiting for better times.

It is this appearance of puritanism which has misled Madame des Aubiers, the mother of Madeleine, and has rendered her desirous to have her daughter, as a mental diversion, visit a house where no one calls, and enjoy all the charms of social intercourse with a lady who seems to have renounced the world.

But, as in so many other cases, this appearance is vain; the cold and dingy bark of the tree conceals the warm flow of the sap. Madame, coquettish and ambitious, clings to her mourning attire because it sets off the whiteness of her skin; she bewails her husband in the presence of her servants, because they are tattlers; but aside, she promises herself to replace him as soon as possible and on the most advantageous terms, and for this counting on a certain mixture of cunning and shrewdness, with which she fancies herself amply provided.

This was her prevailing mood, when one day a call was announced from the Viscount de Rupereux. The fair widow was not acquainted with him—had never seen him; but she knew that he was a son of the grand falconer of France, had been settled at Marly for some months, and was there enduring a kind of exile imposed upon him by the Regent. But at the unexpected announcement of her visitor, she was, however, somewhat embarrassed, she had been so little in the habit of receiving visits; a secret presentiment gave a flush to her cheek; she looked in her mirror, and perceiving that the flush became her bewitchingly, hastened to give the order for his admission.

The viscount was a young man of unexpected address. He lacked nothing of what was then called courtly elegance; he walked with a tip-toe, swinging gait, with his head thrown back, carried his hand on his hip, and pronounced his words in an affected style, which was quite fashionable among the libertines of the Regency. Richly clad in a coat of blue velvet with short sleeves, the facings of which, buttoned at the elbow, permitted the display of magnificent cuffs, with long, swelling ruffles, he presented himself before the lady with three short bows, made his greeting, played with the hilt of his sword decorated with a double row of emeralds, blew, while he talked, upon the feathers of

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by A. J. Davis & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

MRS. TOWNE, Healing, Clairvoyant, Develop-
ing Medium. Shawangunk Ulster Co. N. Y.

The People's Lyceum.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Miracles of Jesus.

CRITICISM ON A SERMON RECENTLY DELIVERED.

MR. EDWARDS, SIR: I have just listened to a sermon on the character of Christ, in which the miracles attributed to him, were brought forward as conclusive proof of his divine nature. After recounting some of his wondrous doings, the speaker said: "If any one wants to try the experiment of doing such works as that, he had better go to Kansas where they are starving, and see how much he can do in that line. If some of the modern pretenders to might and power would only take a bushel of crackers and feed the hungry thousands there, they would do more to make converts to their faith than they could in a life time by standing up and preaching against Christ. Let it be done. Let them go into the wilderness where the people clamor for bread, and cry out in hunger, and see if they can feed five thousand with five small loaves, and then have left a good supply for others." "These are some of the deeds of Christ in connection with physical nature, with inanimate substances; and they are as far beyond the pretended miracles, or the real marvels of jugglers or evil spirits, as the heaven is higher than the earth. It may be easy to tip a table over, but it isn't so easy to stop the storm when it is sweeping along our eastern coasts. And when a man pretends that he can do such miracles as Jesus Christ did, then I say, let him try it on the sea, on the winds, on the waves, and manifest his power to be equal not merely to contemptible tricks, but real benefits conferred on men." The point was this: "Jesus had power over the elements, over animals, over disease, over men, over spirits; therefore, he was all that the record claims for him. If men at the present day who claim to be endowed with power from on high, can't do all he is said to have done, they are deceivers or deceived. Until they can do what he did, let them bow to him as superhuman."

Very well. Admit the record to be true. Let us hear him speak. "All things are delivered unto me of my Father." "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand." "The Father which sent me, He gave me a commandment, what I should say, and what I should speak." "The words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself; but the Father that dwelleth in me, He doeth the works." "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me." Again: "Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, 'Remove hence to yonder place,' and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall say unto this mountain, 'Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea,' and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that these things which he saith shall come to pass, he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore, I say unto you, what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." "And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils, and they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. And they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." "Every one that asketh receiveth." "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamore tree, 'Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea,' and it should obey you." "Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He shall give it you."

From this we learn, first, Christ's power and wisdom is from God; he speaks and acts under authority; secondly, his followers shall do his works. Yea, greater works shall they do. Let us have a specimen of these "greater works." Come, ye followers of Jesus, ye self-constituted judges of your fellow-men, ye immaculate representatives of the Eternal One, show us your power. Go forth and let the healing streams of life gladden the hearts of the thousands who languish on their beds of pain. Take your "five loaves" and scatter the blessings of plenty among God's suffering children. Yes, "go to Kansas," and do your Master's "works" there. Go amid the sea's wild tumult, and save the mariners who vainly cry for help. Come to the house of weeping, and restore the loved and lost to the broken circle. Stay, with the arm of faith, that mighty tide of intemperance and passion that threatens to deluge the world. Hush the rising tumult of the nations, and let there be "calm." Break the yoke which bows to the dust the hearts of millions, and proclaim liberty to the land. Fly away to down-trodden Africa, and shed there the light of truth. Fear not the beasts of the forest, nor the breath of the pestilence; you are safe. Go; your tongues shall be loosed; you need no study to prepare for speaking the truth. Spiritualism is of the Devil; then cast him out. These things will be "real benefits" to the race, and such a course will do more to make converts than "a life time of preaching."

But these things are not done. They can't

be done. And what shall we outsiders—conclude from this? One of two things.

1st. The record is true. No one does the "works" of Christ. *Ego. No one believes in him.* This won't be admitted of course.

2d. Christians do believe in Christ. They do not perform his "works." Therefore, the record is false, or Christ was an impostor. Take your choice between the two. It makes very little difference which.

My opinion is that "wonderful works" are no proof at all of a divine mission. They have their use, but truth must commend itself to the heart, not simply to the senses. Otherwise its luster is dimmed, and its power weakened. E. W.

Notices of New Books.

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

SOME REASONS WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST, as given in a Correspondence with a Congregational Clergyman. By EVELYN P. GOODSELL, Hartford.

The author of this pamphlet, formerly a member of the Congregational Church, of Fair Haven, Conn., after a ten years' examination of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and a contemporaneous survey of the creed of his denomination, finally discovered that he was no longer a Congregationalist, and petitioned accordingly for a dismissal from the society of which he was a member.

The letter to the Church, requesting a dismission, was answered by his pastor, who took occasion in his reply to question the tendencies of Spiritualism, and to warn his Brother of his error in deserting Christianity, which had been tried for eighteen hundred years, to follow the delusive lights of a new and false system. This letter of the pastor produced a rejoinder, and a correspondence of some length sprang up, in which the merits of Spiritualism and of the popular Christianity were canvassed, with no little tartness on both sides.

Without reference to the manner in which the argument is conducted by the two disputants, their respective attitudes to the phenomena of Spiritualism, and to what each calls religion, must impress itself upon the mind of any inquisitive reader. The delinquent church member abandons his creed and his sectarian connections because the popular Christianity is destitute of that vital union with the unseen world which the religious heart craves, and which did really characterize the first Christians. He sees in the Congregational Church none of those signs that "shall follow those that believe," while he finds many of those signs in the new Spiritualism. His desertion of his church, therefore, was a natural consequence of a development of the religious sentiment within him, which that church could no longer satisfy.

The pastor, on the other hand, takes his stand on the old dogmas of Eternal Perdition, Atonement by the Blood of Christ, and Inspiration, satisfactory and all-sufficient, in the Bible. His dominant religious sentiment is Fear; that of his lost Brother is Hope. His Christianity, accordingly, is based on such an interpretation of Scripture as renders any intervention of spirits in this world, at the present day, altogether incredible. As the Bible is an all-sufficient light and guide for the future life, any other light upon it, can, in his view, be only lurid gleams from hell. If facts conflict with his theological theories, he would say as did the Frenchman in a similar dilemma, "So much the worse for the facts." He is thus false to the spirit of Scripture itself, in antagonism with primitive Christianity, and incapable from ecclesiastical prejudices of discerning the momentous import of the facts which originated and keep alive the spiritual movement, or even the facts themselves. The reader will not be surprised, therefore, to see him, in the course of the correspondence, (1) attack the facts as insufficient to warrant the inference of any intervention of spirits; (2) assail them as being undignified for spirits to perform; (3) attribute them to low and devilish spirits. This is the clerical ladder of argument against Spiritualism, to which a fourth round is sometimes added, namely: the evil tendencies of the facts—one of the greatest of which in the sectarian estimation is, that they force those who study them closely to fall back on Reason as the ultimate standard of truth. This, to the priestly mind in all ages has been the unpardonable sin, because it emancipates the common people from the most damnable of all tyrannies—the despotic control of the free mind by a conventional creed.

We can commend the pamphlet to our readers, therefore, as a fair example, on a small scale, of the controversy pending between the old, rickety, sectarian, and factious Christianity, and the rising Philosophy which is to open the way for an eclectic religion, destined to be something more than Christianity, because it is to be broad enough to house the human race.

For the pamphlet, address Mr. Goodsell, at Hartford, Conn.

A LECTURE ON SECESSION, by GEN. ANDREW JACKSON, delivered at Dodworth's Hall, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 19, 1861. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, Medium. New York: S. T. Munson, 143 Fulton Street.

This is a fair representation of what the General may have been supposed likely to say on the subject of Secession, if he were still living. It first discusses the nature of the relation of the States to the Federal Government; then how as President the purported speaker suppressed rebellion, and maintained

the constitution and the laws; and lastly the relation of North and South to slavery, and the true method in which Secession should have been treated by the late President. It is a consecutive speech from beginning to end, and in this respect, perhaps, might not truthfully represent the stormy old hero, who was a man of few words, and not fond of lengthy arguments. In the composition of the outlines, and left to others the actual structure of the document. Since his residence in the spirit land, his memory seems to have failed, too, in regard to the date at which his animosity against the United States Bank commenced; as in the lecture he represents himself as swearing the destruction of that institution when he should become president; whereas he was a good friend to it, till some of its officers refused to obey his unreasonable demands—that is, for some time after he became president. On the other hand, the strong union and pro-slavery tone of the lecture, is quite characteristic of the Andrew Jackson of 1844, who then withdrew his favor from Van Buren, because the latter was unwilling to annex Texas "to extend the area of freedom," and give the preponderance in the Senate to the Slave States.

For sale at this Office. Price 15 cents.

FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, on subjects highly important to the Human Family, by Joshua, Solomon; and others. Given through a Lady, New York.

Unable as yet to give to this pamphlet the thorough consideration necessary to a decisive judgment on its merits, we subjoin the following letter from Judge Edmonds to the Proprietor, which will probably be quite as acceptable to the reader as any remarks of our own.

February 24th, 1861.

To the Proprietor of the book called "FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS."

When your first publication reached me, I did not read it, amid my many avocations, because I have received so many things that did not repay the perusal. To-day, however, I have read a part of this second publication, and I am overwhelmed with a sense of awe and gratitude.

It is by far the best work ever yet published on the subject, and comes just at the right time. I desire to aid in its circulation all in my power. I shall go to your printer in the morning, and get as many copies as I can, and I should rejoice to become acquainted with you and the medium, so as to work in concert with you in the dissemination of its beautiful truths, if it may be allowed.

I shall leave this with Mr. Brady, in the hope that I may hear from you, at least to the extent of being supplied with more copies if I do not succeed in getting them from him.

In the meantime I bid you God speed! in your good work. You have done me great good already, and you can do it to thousands.

The hand of God is in it. No mere mortal power could do it.

Yours most truly,
J. W. EDMONDS.

The above pamphlet is published for the Proprietor by A. J. Brady, at No. 5 Tryon Row, New York, and is also on sale at this office. Price, 50 cents. Postage, 10 cents.

SPIRITUAL GAZETTE.—We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this little one-page sheet, published every Saturday, at Detroit, Mich., for gratuitous distribution. The purpose of the publication is a good one, and we can heartily endorse the expressed wish, that those contributing to it may "have the satisfaction of knowing that plodding, anxious, grasping, unhappy lives, have been transformed into useful, dignified, comprehensive, and manly ones."

THE HOME ORACLE, KALAMAZOO, MICH.—This little reformatory sheet, has, we observe, been made the State official organ of the Good Templars of Michigan. This is about the only effective temperance organization at present, and numbers in Michigan nearly four thousand.

EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT.

"We are glad," says one of our Baptist exchanges, "to notice a movement towards sound Orthodoxy among this large religious body at the West. Some of their younger and more earnest ministers, dissatisfied with the general looseness of doctrine which has prevailed in the body, have instituted a reform, and are contending earnestly for a purer faith. A monthly paper has been started, edited with decided ability, and maintaining the good old doctrines of justification by faith, and regeneration by the Spirit, instead of regeneration and justification by baptism. We are glad to see that Rev. T. J. Melish, of Cincinnati, whose education among the Baptists gave him views of truth which he has never lost in his later church connections, is one of the leaders in this good reform, and is exerting an extensive influence."

Miscellaneous.

MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, Test Medium and Chiropractic Medical Examiner, has permanently located herself at No. 242 Bowers, where she may be consulted at all hours of the day and evening, Sundays included. Her terms are reasonable, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. New investigators, and those who have seen just enough not to "know what to think," are invited to call. 43tf

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HARMONIAL MARRIAGE.—A whole-souled Reformer seeks a congenial companion for life; temperamentally adapted. Only Reformers under thirty, with dark eyes, nuttitive temperament, and some musical talents, will address WILLIAM, care of A. J. Davis & Co., 274 Canal Street, N. Y.

N. B. Correspondence confidential. Good references given. 48 tf

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