

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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[WHOLE NO. 65.

TO WRITERS AND READERS.

BEFORE 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.

BEFORE 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.

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

BEFORE No contributor complains, because we postpone respectfully the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, precluded against the writer of it, not that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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

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

SOME *"We are earnestly laboring to popularize all socialist creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?"*

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. WARREN's final reply to S. P. Leland has just arrived. It will shortly appear.

S. S. JONES, ILLINOIS.—Your letter and the story have arrived.

FRANK T., WIS.—Your claims sound hollow and untrue. We know they are not reliable. Will you not reform, Brother?

GEORGE L. B., NEW LEBANON CENTER.—The story, entitled "Too Fast vs. too Slow," will be published in this journal.

DISEMPLIFIED? N. Y.—Do you not find enough physiological information and counsel in our columns to meet your symptoms?

"AKTOS" will receive our thanks for the items of Thought, and for many philosophic items also, which ever and anon fall from his pen upon our columns.

ONE OF THE "FIFTY-ONE" is informed that the camomile flowers enclosed in her letter are just what he needs. Chew them between breakfast and dinner.

MRS. J. R., LOS ANGELOS, CAL.—We can send the list of books mentioned, by mail, prepaid, for twenty dollars. The postage to California on the collection would be about six dollars. Perhaps they could be sent cheaper by express. If so, we will send the difference in other books, or send the like by express for fourteen dollars.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON, of OHIO, having some weeks since withdrawn his second unpublished reply to F. W. E., on the "True Grounds of Shakerism," and substituted another rejoinder still more to the point, will soon appear in our columns on the subject indicated. Let us shake, and shake, and stir the world from center to circumference.

For the Herald of Progress.

What a Quakeress (Medium) Predicted Thirty Years Ago.

A SERMON BY PRISCILLA CADWALLADER, AT FRIENDS' MEETING, DARBY, ON THE MORNING OF JULY 21ST, 1831.

Phenomenally Reported by JOHN R. BRICK.

O, Ephraim! what shall I do unto thee? O, Judah! what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away; therefore get thee to thy tent and there dwell deep, lest that which has been so plentifully handed forth be entirely withdrawn. This language sounded in my ear soon after I took my seat among you: What shall I do unto thee, O, Ephraim? What shall I do unto thee, O, Judah? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it passeth away.

Now, my beloved friends, I would willingly take this home to myself, and seal it in my own breast, and improve upon it to my own instruction; but it is manifest to me that it is not for me alone, but for others also, and woe unto me if I warn you not, and take not warning to myself. Therefore, beloved, let us gather home, let us dwell in our tents and hear the voice of God, for there is no other place of safety wherein man can dwell. Then let us gather home, for I believe there never was a day or time when there was more need for us to dwell deep, for here assuredly our safety lies. I believe, from useful impressions as passing through the land, there is a storm arising that hath not yet been known, and greater than any one that hath been witnessed by this people, and those who are not confined in God—whosoever's anchor is not perfect love—will be swept away in the storm, will be carried wholly away into the vortex of confusion. And, beloved, I behold, amidst the storm and tempest, a deluge of blood.

I do not find that I have much more to say unto you, but to warn you to gather home to your God, for there is nothing else that will screen you, no other arm that can protect

you; for I do hear in my ears—my spiritual ears—I have long heard the sound of war, the loud roar of cannon, the clashing of swords, and horses rushing to battle. I believe, my friends, this day is nearer at hand than many are aware of—a day of treading down—a day of bloodshed—and it will be seen that every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood. The Scripture saith, "The coming of the day of the Lord is with burning and fuel of fire, and every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood." Therefore, I entreat you to be willing to come into this that is with burning and fuel of fire, this that will consume all sin and transgression in the heart, that will bring the soul home to God. I can tell you, my friends, for I feel as fully sure that I have long seen that the wrestling, rebellious spirit, in the breast of men, will burst forth, and they will leap as tigers from their den, and then woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of North America!

MEDICAL WHISPERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DANIEL B., of LAYONIA, will please not expect from us any speedy information for his little grandson. Let the Botanic treatment be resumed.

Fatal Effects.—It is said that Truth is the breath of life to human society. It is the food of the immortal spirit. Yet a single word of it may kill a man as suddenly as a drop of prussic acid.

Dose of Calomel.—Will it be disrespectful to ask, whether a dose of calomel is not sometimes given by a physician on the same principle as that upon which a landlord occasionally prescribes bacon and eggs—because he cannot think of anything else quite so handy?

Palpitation.—L. P. J., NEW YORK. It is our duty to inform thee, Sister, that the lawless fires of thy disease, will, one of these days, give thee freedom to visit the palace of the sky. Hope, and Love, and Concord, and Joy—these angels will accompany thee to the borders of the Summer Land.

Rupture.—PETER W., WAUKESHA CO., WIS. We have looked into a few of the countless cells of Life for a remedy for the case you describe. Nothing is whispered by Mother Nature, and yet there seems to be a remedial influence at work in favor of your son. We'll wait a little longer; perhaps more light will dawn.

Consumption.—MRS. JESSIE C., HINGHAM, MASS. If you will appropriate the treatment in this number, given to the Utica patient, the effect will be greatly to your advantage. Her ready will, her swift spirit, and tuneful tongue, will promote the health of her body. Be thou, like her, rich in self-healing energies.

Enlarged Gland.—H. B. B., of HUNTINGTON, wants a prescription for his companion. She has an enlargement in the glands of the neck, "about the size of a hen's egg," which has been some six years in attaining present dimensions.

Remedy: Use poultices of Life-everlasting every other night. Shower the neck every morning with plenty of cold water. This will stop the growth; perhaps will cure.

Inflammation of the Eyes.—FRIEND P.'s daughter, of GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., will find valued hints in No. 63. In addition to instructions therein conveyed, we hereby prescribe a poultice of horse-radish on the back part of the neck every night, and occasionally during the day, or whenever the inflammation is most troublesome and threatening. Avoid salt butter and fat meat of every description. Bathe the temples and eyes sometimes with a very little salt in skim milk.

Sudden Neuralgia.—JULIA P., and ELIZABETH W., and HENRY W., and a score of other suffering ones who have written for some hints in cases of violent attacks of nerve-pain in neck, teeth, face, ears, and head, are recommended to prepare and use the following mixture: Wine of opium, 30 drops; sulphuric ether, 1 scruple; fluid extract of belladonna and yellow jessamine, (*i.e., galmonum*), of each 1 drachm; put into one ounce of lavender water. Saturate a linen cloth with this mixture, and apply it for an hour or more over the region of the pain.

Lame in the Leg.—MRS. W., of WETHERFIELD, CT., states that her daughter, ten years of age, is deficient in the cords of one leg. The muscle is not fully developed the foot turns in a little, and there is every indication that the tendons, toward the bottom of the stomach. An account of symptoms is deemed unnecessary.

Remedy: It should be remembered that the muscles and tendons are like so many ropes and cords, by which parts of the body are changed or kept in proper position; and, further, that every muscle is compounded of many fibers, very delicate in material and structure, which are fed by the brain-life through the nervous system. The true remedy for a deficient muscle, therefore, is to be found in the brain of its possessor. Tell your daughter, then, to fix her mind on the parts which she would have restored; and that,

when next she rises to her feet, to throw her WILL into the cords of the weak and trembling limb. Take each step with great and firm resolution, and stop walking till moment the resolution is weakened. To strengthen her general system, and to prevent the spasms to which she is subject, we prescribe a bowl of wild cherry tree bark tea, for a few weeks, to be drunk between Mondays and Wednesdays.

Mixture for Burns.—CAROLINE P.,

of WORCESTER, may rest assured that, according to good medical authority, two parts of collodium and one of castor oil make an excellent mixture for burns. The mixture should be spread on with a camel's hair pencil.

It forms a covering that protects the parts from the air and other irritants, and is perfectly painless. It may be allowed to remain until suppuration begins, when a poultice of light bread and water will remove it. The healthy granulating surface may be dressed with simple means, and it readily heals. Should cracks occur in this artificial cuticle, a little more of the article will close them up. Two coats, put on the first and second day, will answer the purpose.

Water in the Stomach.—F. B. D.,

NASHUA, IOWA. In most cases we observe that the accumulation of water in the side, stomach, bowels, or about the heart, is caused in the first place by the derangement of the liver, and in the second place by generation of gas in the lower stomach and small intestines.

Remedy: Drink nothing between meals,

and no more than a tumbler of fluid while eating. Twice a week, take a tablespoonful of powdered charcoal in a wine glass of Holland gin, about one hour before dinner. It may be necessary to rest or sleep a few minutes while under the immediate influence of this medicine. For "Prairie Itch" there is nothing better than the tea of yellow jessamine; also wash the body with strong decoctions of lavender and hemlock bark.

Coup de Soleil, or Sun-stroke.—This malady is produced by exposure to the heat of the sun's rays. It is a modified form of apoplexy, and is most likely to attack persons of bad digestion, or of bilious and intemperate habits. The brain fever which succeeds a sun-stroke is dangerous. Prevention is better than cure. *Expedite.* *Expedite.* *Slowly* (*says military writer*, that *crosses* serving in warm climates, greatly need protection from sun-stroke, often quite as dangerous and fatal as the fire of the sun).

The judicious care and foresight of the British officers, in the recent campaign in India and in the Crimea, protected their soldiers from the danger, by *thick white linen capes*, having a cape protecting the back of the neck, which reflected instead of absorbing the heat of the sun.

Farmers and teamsters, indeed every one

much exposed to the sun's rays in midsummer, might save themselves from headaches and sun-strokes by this simple cap.

Itching.—M. C. H., POTSDAM, N. Y.

Having carefully examined the irritation that annoys you, we prescribe for your cure a strong wash, made by boiling a quantity of soap-milk leaves and berries in new milk. Boil this fluid, and use it at discretion. Salt and buttermilk would greatly relieve you.

Thrush.—Having done.

Remedy: Use poultices of Life-everlasting every other night. Shower the neck every morning with plenty of cold water. This will stop the growth; perhaps will cure.

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Neuralgia, or Nerve-Pain.—ELIZA-

BETH COLE, of WATERLOO, suffers from periodical attacks of this indescribable pain. Sometimes the distress fixes upon nerves within the stomach in the left side, and often the pain is most unendurable in the forehead, behind the eyes, showing that there is an exact correspondence between different sections of the lower organism and different strata of the brain. Thus: If the bowels are diseased, the base of the brain is disturbed, and the patient suffers alternately in both regions; in like manner the middle portions of the brain sympathize with all derangements of the liver and stomach; and in consumption, as in all cases of bronchial irritation and debility, the superior parts of the brain are involved in more or less disturbances. For this cause, as general observations declare, all consuls are more hopeful and less desponding during the severe stages of the malady than patients affected with any other known disease. Because the superior organs of the brain are affected and stimulated to activity whenever the upper part of the lungs are diseased.

With these explanatory remarks, we call attention to our suffering Sister's nerve-pain, and affirm that no human being can experience any such pain unless there be first a compression or embarrassment somewhere in the functional or circulatory system, by which the blood has been forced into some capillary or hair-like vessels, thus tying up or ligaturing, so to say, some of the important nerves which convey the elements of vital-life from brain-batteries to the different organs in the bodily structure. And, therefore, no one can ever be perfectly cured of what is termed "neuralgia," until the circulatory systems are in perfect running order. Not a particle of bile, of broken-down blood, or of unworthy material, must float in the empire of veins and arteries. All

magnetic-passes, all palliative mixtures, all nursing, and petting, and waiting "patiently" for the pain to subside, will amount to almost nothing. If Nature is able to restore the balance of circulation, with or without medicines, the patient is suddenly relieved and cured; but if the internal ligaturing of nerves by the blood vessels is established, then, alas! the victim is destined to be a sufferer of pains, more or less endurable and aggravating, for months or years, or until the angels unlock "He's flower-encircled door" to show the worn-out pilgrim of earth the holy scenes of the Sumner Land.

Remedy: Many plans may be adopted to restore the arterial and venous circulation to a perfect balance. The Thompsonians and Hydropathists are about equally successful in accomplishing this result. They sometimes cure severe cases, as do the Homeopathists also, with a marvellous degree of celerity and completeness; but we know of instances of incurable *nerve-pain*, wherein the chief-tains of every system of medicine, and even Nature herself, gave the patient over to the law of Progression, which steadily marches through the tomb. The law of Cure, however, is as plain as the eleventh commandment, viz.: Establish an equality of operations between part and part. That is, equalize the bodily temperature; distribute the activities of the heart, and brain, and stomach; and then, having liberated the nerves from their special embarrassments, the patient will experience instant relief; and, with care, the sufferer may never have a return of the indescribable agonies of neuralgia.

Let all patients, suffering with this nerve-pain, commence at once to take two thorough bodily sweatings every day, either by means of vapor baths, or by packing in many folds of cotton and woolen quilts. It will be necessary to drink some very warming tea, such as Crawley, or Ginger and Red-Pepper, in order to facilitate the process of perspiration. The entire body should be bathed with bay-rum, or with weak vinegar and salt, immediately after the sweating, which should continue at least thirty minutes. The patient should invariably wear sheepskin moccasins at night, and during the day also, if the pain threatens to return. Will our sister adopt this plan, and report results in a few days?

Childhood.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Wonders of Nature.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

NUMBER THREE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

[After a long delay this series for the little ones is resumed.]

Again, little reader, imagine us, Rosa and I, seated under the great chestnut, seated on its gnarled and scraggy roots, while far above us, supported by its vast trunks, crooked and twisted branches bear a world of foliage. But it is not about trees we talk, nor the birds which sing for us in the branches, nor the squirrel with striped sides that watches us from his high covert in the hole of an old dry limb. We do not talk about tree-growing, tree-building I almost said—house-building, or any such small matters, but about WORLD BUILDING. World-building! Ah yes. I was trying to make the plastic mind of Rosa understand that vast question which sages have not answered. After showing that the earth on which we tread was far from the firm and unyielding object it appears, and how, if we should descend to but a slight depth, we should meet with a sea of lava, I began to draw inferences from these facts, so wild and startling.

But before I did so, I wished her, as I wish you, to know that we were going right. Scarcely any one so boorish but can reason well, if his facts, or what he thinks are facts, are granted. By supposing we have facts, which are not facts, we may draw widely erroneous conclusions. Always be sure the facts are right before you reason. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," was the motto of a genuine American, and one every child should early adopt.

With this intent, I turned for a moment from this earth to the worlds which are hung in the sky—the stars, and the moon. Did you ever notice the dark spots on the full moon?

"Often, and the school-girls say it is a man we see there. Only last night, I saw his face very plain."

"Rosa's fancy is very active, and has converted the rough surface of the moon into a man's face much as it would vapor clouds into angels. There is no man's face there. The appearance has quite another cause. What makes the moon shine so brightly?"

"Mamma told me, but really I scarcely understand. She said the surface of the moon, like a mirror, reflected the rays of the sun!"

"True, and as its surface is very rough, it reflects the light very unequally. The plains reflect the light less than the mountainous places, and hence appear darker."

"Some one has said that the bright places were seas."

"That is a common error. There is no water on the moon's surface, and scarcely any air. When a good telescope is directed to the moon, these spots show themselves to be great hollows, and the bright places are mountains, some of which are twice as high as the highest on this earth. Its entire surface appears like a succession of volcanoes, thrown up, contorted and twisted, in the roughest manner. The moon, too, has been a mass of melted rock, and we can safely say that the same fire which first melted the rock which we find in the center of our earth, melted the moon. It has cooled now, and as there is no water there to wear down and smooth its surface, it has remained rough, and we can thus see its primary condition."

If we should look at the planets through the telescope we should see indications of the same primary melted state.

One fact more. The rocks immediately surrounding the central molten fire are similarly cooled lava. Those on the outside of the earth, which we see constantly, are generally this lava worn into fine particles by water, and again formed into stone. We thus see the cooling process going on. If we reverse this, what have we?

"A wetting process! I see you reason both ways, papa."

"From these facts it has been inferred, and probably with truthfulness, that the earth on which we rest, so beautiful with trees and flowers, with animal life and the glorious sunshine—even this solid, unyielding rock, was melted down into liquid lava."

"How frightfully you talk, papa. If this be true, how do you know but it will be melted again and all of us destroyed?"

"Because Nature never goes backward. When she takes a step forward she never retreats."

"Somewhat like a ratchet wheel which turns very readily one way, but not a cog the other."

"Exactly. Having been once cradled in fire, she never returns to her cradle again."

"But I have a still bolder idea. When we melt ice we have water, a liquid. If we heat it still more, we have steam, a vapor. If we heat rock, we melt it. If we heat it still more, we have the liquid rock converted into vapor. Then we have, instead of a liquid globe of lava, a mass of thin vapor. Such is the state in which we now see a multitude of worlds, which are called nebulae. Some of these you can see with the naked eye, but the most are only discernible with powerful telescopes. They appear in the dark blue of the sky as flakes or wisps of cloud, very thin and rare. In some of these, worlds have begun to form, while in others nothing but vapor appears. We thus can study the growth of worlds. You see yonder two little leaves just bursting from the half covered ground. If you should remove the turf, you would find an acorn at the roots of the delicate stem which supports them; farther you see a sapling oak, and yonder is a great oak with scraggy branches full a hundred feet high. In going over these few rods of ground we can learn as much about the growth of the oak, as if we should live from the time those two little leaflets burst from the acorn shell, through three or four centuries, until the giant oak matures. Space takes the place of time. So in the sky, among these nebulae, by sweeping the telescope from one to the other we can learn in an hour what myriads ages only could reveal. Here we see the mass of world-vapor, there the budding world, and there again the full grown orb. We read the history of the growth of our own world in this grand volume of the sky—a history in which suns and stars are the types which compose the sentences."

"Did you say this history extended through a myriad ages, papa?"

"Yes, a myriad myrid ages. I cannot impress the length of time since the world was in a liquid state, much less when in the remote gaseous. We can form no better idea of time than of space. The Moon is the nearest to the earth of all the heavenly bodies, yet if a road could be built from here there, it would take a train of cars running night and day at the rate of twenty miles an hour, five hundred days to span the distance, and for the same train to reach the nearest star, would require several hundred thousand years. Light, so swift that it seems instantaneous, is ages traveling this immense interval. If it had set out from some of the stars, ten thousand years ago, it would only have just reached us; and that not from the remotest stars. What can your childish mind grasp of such vast spaces?—spaces which the strongest mind wholly fails to comprehend. So is it with time. A million years as well as a million miles is wholly beyond idea. One million, or a hundred million are alike vague. But by comparison, some idea may be formed of these vast intervals. If you should multiply the sands on the seashore by the leaves in the forest, you would have a number less than that of the years since the earth existed as a fluid globe."

"When we next take our usual walk, I will tell you how the world was created."

"Many thanks, papa, for the lesson you have so kindly given."

"If you benefit by it, I shall be amply rewarded."

[REMARKS.—The mature reader who desires a more extended statement of the subjects here hinted at, is referred to "ARCANA OF

NATURE," where he will find a comprehensive statement of all the purely scientific portion of the arguments which support these views. In these brief lessons I do not aim at scientific detail, the object being to adapt the garb of my ideas to the comprehension of the youthful mind.

H. T.]

The Teachings of Nature.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

The Starry Heavens.

The sublimity of the Starry Heavens on a clear night, "when not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene," has an elevating effect on our moral feelings. It may not, therefore, be altogether unprofitable to direct the attention of the reader to such things as can be seen without the help of telescopes.

Reader, did you ever carefully survey the sidereal heavens, reflecting upon the fact that the stars are all in motion among themselves, and at the same time are so remote from us that the lapse of 2,000 years has produced no change in their relative positions perceptible to the unassisted eye? Where is the center, and where the surface of all the Starry Heavens?

If you are not easily wearied in viewing such objects, go out with me for a few clear nights, and suppose ourselves divested of "this mortal coil," or otherwise enabled to travel without hindrance as rapidly as we please, and I will endeavor to point out to you various objects that will interest any lover of Nature. After taking a general survey of the heavens, let us particularly notice two or three of the more conspicuous stars, marking their position with respect to both terrestrial and celestial objects, so that we may be able to recognize them two hours afterwards.

Having fixed these objects, let us, after that lapse of time, repeat our observations. It will now be found that all the stars which we marked, have moved to the west about 30°; and had we marked all the visible stars, all would be seen to have moved westward the same number of degrees. It will also be noticed that some stars have disappeared beneath the western horizon, while others have risen above the eastern.

If we extend our observations further, we shall notice that those stars which rise, east, set due west, after describing a great circle of the heavens called the Equinoctial. In our latitude (about 42° north) these stars rise to an elevation of about 47°. As we direct our attention to those stars further to the south, it will be found that stars which rise any given number of degrees south of the east point of the horizon, set as far south of the west point. Such stars rise to a less elevation above the horizon, when highest—said to be on the meridian—than those farther north. Still farther south, we find stars that rise and set, only attaining a small altitude when highest. If we carry our observations to the extreme southern point, we shall find that stars just rise above the southern horizon, and immediately disappear again. Stars that thus appear are just without the circle of perpetual oscillation. A little farther south and the stars do not appear to our northern observer. We have thus carried our observations to the most extreme southern point of the horizon, as viewed from our latitude.

Let us now return to the northern hemisphere of the heavens. As we observe the stars north of the east and west points of the horizon, we find that they rise to greater elevation above the southern horizon. Those stars which pass directly over our head reach the greatest altitude possible for any to reach. Stars which are to the north of these, rise farther north of east, but they do not attain so great an altitude. A little farther north, and we find stars, as those of the constellation of the Great Bear, that just dip below the northern horizon, and immediately reappear again. Others will be seen, as one star in the Dipper, just skirting the northern horizon without disappearing. Such stars are just within the circle of perpetual apparition, as they never set. By this time we shall have observed that all the northern stars appear to revolve around a fixed point, situated at a considerable height above the northern horizon, and near this point (so near to it that it seems to occupy it) a star will be seen, whose apparent motion is so small that it cannot be detected by means of the eye alone. This fixed point, or center, is called the North Pole of the heavens, and the star, whose distance from it is about 1° 31', is called the North Star.

As every point of a sphere has a point precisely opposite to it, it follows that there must be a south pole also. These poles are not both visible from our north latitude; the south pole is as much depressed below the southern horizon, as the north pole is elevated above the northern horizon.

The above observations are supposed to be made in latitude 42° north. The difference will not be great in any of the Northern States. Let us now, in imagination, transfer our place of observation to different parts of the earth's surface, and note what appearances will be observed from different points.

When our station is at the Equator, there will be seen a great change in the appearance of the stars. Those that were before invisible, make their appearance as we approach the Equator. The beautiful constellation of the Southern Cross will be seen on the superior meridian, with other neighboring constellations. "The novelty and splendor," says Sir John Herschel, in his *Outline*, p 49, "of

fresh constellations thus gradually brought into view in the clear, calm nights of tropical climates, in long voyages to the south, is dwelt upon by all who have enjoyed this spectacle, and never fails to impress itself on the recollection among the most delightful and interesting of the associations connected with extensive travel." And this speaks Humboldt in his Personal Narrative: "From the time we entered the torrid zone, we were never wearied with admiring, every night, the beauty of the southern sky, which, as we advanced toward the south, opened new constellations to our view. We feel an indescribable sensation, when, on approaching the equator, and particularly on passing from one hemisphere to the other, we see those stars which we have contemplated from our infancy, progressively sink and finally disappear. Nothing awakens in the traveler a livelier remembrance of the immense distance by which he is separated from his native country, than the aspect of an unknown firmament. . . . If a traveler may be permitted to speak of his personal emotions, I shall add, that, in this sight, I saw one of the reveries of my earliest youth accomplished."

And in his *Cosmos*, volume I, p. 4, he says: "If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollection of my own distant travels, I would instance, as among the most striking scenes of Nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean."

Turning our attention now to those stars in the northern hemisphere that have been familiar to us from our childhood, objects that have been the theme of youth's deepest thoughts and manhood's profoundest inquiries, and notice their appearance as we advance from the southern to the northern hemisphere.

As we travel southward, we notice that those stars which just grazed the northern horizon, as seen from our first position, when lowest, now dip a little below it; and more and more as we advance farther to the south. The constellation of the Great Bear, which is familiar to all, from the beautiful appearance of a dipper that forms a part of it, now dips considerably below the horizon, while others that did not reach it, now just skirt its northern verge. In seeing these familiar objects disappear from sight as he proceeds south, the commonest observer could not but recognize that he was not in his own native country. Such appearances leave deep impressions on the minds of travelers to the tropical climes.

Having reached the equator, we perceive that the north polar star, which before was elevated to a great height above the horizon, is now just above it—one part of its diurnal course, and just below it in the other. Both centers of diurnal motion, the poles, are now in the horizon. All the stars in the heavens now describe half their diurnal course above and half below the horizon, each occupying twelve hours. As the southern pole was, in our first station, below the horizon, it follows that it must have been elevated, or rather our horizon has dipped below or toward the pole. All the visible stars, from the situation which we are now supposed to occupy, will be brought successively into view.

Should we continue our travel southward, other appearances will present themselves. The north pole would become depressed below and the south pole elevated above the horizon. The north star would no longer be visible, and the Great Bear would only become visible in a small part of its course.

The southern constellations immediately surrounding the pole are now situated within the limits of the circle of perpetual apparition—never setting. Other stars, situated to the north, that have been familiar to us from our youth, are now within the circle of perpetual oscillation. Contiguously our course southward, the south pole rises to greater elevations—a greater number of stars describe their whole course above the horizon, their courses being more inclined to the horizon as we advance to the south. We have every reason not derived from observation, to suppose that, could we reach the south pole, all the stars in the northern horizon (except those brought into view by refraction) would disappear from our view; and the equator would be in our horizon. As the diurnal circles of all the stars are parallel to the equator, it follows that their course, as seen from the pole, would be parallel to the horizon, never passing below it, but always remaining visible. Although these appearances have never been observed by mortal man, yet the nearer the pole has been approached, the more nearly have those appearances been observed. Owing to the intensely cold climate to the south, caused by the great quantity of water surrounding the pole, mariners have been unable to approach the pole very nearly.

We are to retrace our steps and return home, in imagination, gradually, as we went, the reappearance of those northern stars, with which we have been hitherto so familiar, excite emotions within us better imagined than described by those of us who have never witnessed the scene. The following is a mention of this circumstance by Rev. Samuel Parker, A. M., in his *Journal of an Exploring Tour beyond the Rocky Mountains*. He returned home by water, and passed south of the equator several degrees. "On the 19th of April, 1837," he says, "we passed the equator. For a few days we had calms, or only light wind, with showers. The heat was very intense, and to be becalmed under these

circumstances is more to be dreaded than gales. But we were much favored, and soon found ourselves in north latitude, and it was with sensations of delight that I again beheld the north star, though but just above the horizon. I hailed it as the harbinger of good, and an indication that I was fast approaching my long desired home and friends."

DAVID THOMAS.

Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Is the Authority of God Opposed to the Rights of Man?

WHO ARE THE FRIENDS OF LIBERTY.

"The redeemed church of Jesus has been tolerated on earth—but this, not in reverence for the authority of God, or in acknowledgment of his will, but in a proud acknowledgment of the rights of man."

"The Jewish synagogue, the Mormon temple, or the Infidel's convention, receive the same honor and the same defense, and so would the Mahomedan mosque, or the temple of Juggernaut, probably, if they were established upon the same soil. The highest claim which has yet been made for human government, is the calm indifference of infidelity in religion, the negation of any other rights in Christianity than the single one of respect to its institutions."

—Protestant Churchmen.

Echo: "Is there never to be a Christian nation?"—Episcopal Messenger, March 21.

Come now, brother Protestant, be liberal as radical, and exemplify that charity which we think would enable the Divine Being to tolerate an orthodox church in his kingdom of heaven. Truth is supreme—you know the poet says, "The eternal years of God are hers"—then why should we prove our error by gagging free speech? Who's afraid?

The philanthropic colleges of philosophy will in time supplant all the incongruous "temples" of imported oriental theology. Contrast with yours the following free utterance and see if you can accord it the "same honor" of toleration.

"Men are best governed by development, not by restraint. The want of largeness of liberty is the cause of error—and the natural cure for defect, according to the genius of Christianity, is not less, but more freedom."

"According to the genius of Christianity!" Poor Ward Beecher! He was probably thinking of the principles of Jesus instead of his "redeemed (?) church."

If the persecutions and claim of the Puritan laws were comparative "indifference" and resulted from a denial of inferior rights, may some good Providence save us from "the highest claim," whatever it may be.

A national conscience once corrupted, is often startled out of its regressive course only by sheer absolutism. Should this be our destiny, we have our collective injustice, and such force teachings of the church to which to credit the unhappy result.

"Mere Nature"—as theologians term the Divine Embodiment—teaches to willing spirits from her throbbing heart more evidences of the will of Father God, more regarding the nature of divine government and authority than papyrus precept ever taught, or purblind prelates ever dreamed. Had the querulous "Churchman," instead of lamenting that his people mix with the world, where the laws do not bow to "Allah is God," or the "thus saith the Lord," of any religious chieftain, forgotten his estimate of the ways of God in forgetting his habit of studying the infinitely small, and sat down with a desire for a comprehensive view of the method of things, these teachings, flowing from the "Porcellium" of his own heart and voiced by all nature, would have opened his understanding, and he might have entertained angels.

Molehills and mountains are not more diverse than the thoughts of the theological slave, and the ideas inspired by a perception of essential harmonies. In all the enchanted realm of Nature, repulsion is unknown, and that which seems such is but atoms obeying higher attractions, and on the bosom of progress to higher conditions. All usurpation, rebellion, or substitution of unnatural law, is soon found to be at the expense of happiness, so that in all the homes of his kingdom, the traveler feels that God is in it, because, conscious of the supremacy of the law of Love, certain that punishment is not, that *bonsuise security in the diversity of right association is one of the ways of the Divine Spirit*.

But that "great mistake of Spiritualists, in confounding statics with dynamics," is not, even according to Comte, so great a mistake after all. (See p. 116, Positive Philosophy, by Harriet Martineau.) It is there said, "It would, in fact, be more philosophical to refer dynamics to statics, as has since been done." Perhaps "T. E." had better read Comte for once in his life, since he seems to regard the work, as the Christians do the Bible, as the plenary revelation. But if Comte, or "T. E.," or Joseph Treat, mean to say that statics and dynamics are so distantly related, that matter or things cannot be proven by their forces or phenomena, they are more insane than any Spiritualist was ever supposed to be, and the sooner they are put under treatment the better. To claim that things, or beings, or even *matter itself*, can be proven to exist apart from their phenomena, is the crown and climax of absurdity.

"T. E." says, "Statically we know man without any motion." I deny it. Please tell us how you thus know him."

But all this sophism upon the part of Materialists is obviously for the purpose of getting clear of the force of our facts, by which we prove spirit existence. They are shrewd enough to see this, but they do not seem to be shrewd enough to see that if phenomena do not prove the causes which produce them, that man himself even now cannot be proven to exist. And this kind of stuff which we are met with is called Philosophy! God help the world when Philosophy thus resolves itself into nonsense, and its votaries in their futile attempts to destroy the force of its effects, also destroy the causes with them. This is the class of men, too, who call us "metaphysical philosophers." Men who once claimed that science and knowledge could only be built upon facts and demonstration—which is true—now deny facts by discrediting the evidence of the senses; who tell us that what we see we do not see; that what we touch, taste, smell, or feel, we do not thus sense; that a wonderful power called Psychology is adequate to the explanation of everything supposed to be observed, but who do not tell us what Psychology is, or give us any assurance that they themselves are not the victims of this same Psy-

—reverse this process, and you bring chaos. Matter aspires to become Mind, Mind to unfold its immortal attributes. Constant, unseen streams of living light are donated by the central fount to man's spiritual nature.

Seeing the justness of all this, and the beauty of its harmony, does it need me to tell you of the excellence of Nature's revelation—of the existence and guiding power of Infinite Wisdom.

Thus we find that it only requires to prove God loving, powerful, and intelligent, and respond to his attraction, to dispense the fog of learned ignorance, and be governed by immortal Principle.

WM. H. JOHNSTON.

Joseph Treat and Isaac Rehn.

(Many of our Eastern readers were doubtless made acquainted with the fact that Mr. Joseph Treat has frequently challenged any person to discuss with him the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. This challenge was accepted some weeks since by Mr. Isaac Rehn, of Philadelphia. The discussion proceeded for a while according to arrangements; but Mr. Rehn, for cogent reasons, very properly peremptorily refused to prolong the controversy. Somebody, over the initials of "T. E.," wrote to the *Investigator* a fulsome puff of Mr. Treat; to which Mr. Rehn (see the same paper for April 24th,) responds as follows:—Ep.)

THE PHILADELPHIA DISCUSSION.

Mr. EDITOR: In your issue of the 2d inst., I find a review of the recent discussion between myself and Mr. Treat, on the subjects of Atheism and Spiritualism, which seems to require some notice; and I ask the privilege of a small space in your liberal columns for that purpose. There are also some "extracts" from a letter professing to copy some "notices" cut from the *Leader* of this city, in regard to this same discussion. As to these notices, they are Mr. Treat's own *advertisements*, and nothing else. For this reason, they need not be commented upon, as any person may have "notices" of that kind by the page, and as they express nobody's opinion but the advertiser's, they are of no special importance.

Had the review been published to those who had an opportunity of ascertaining the facts in the case, I should have been silent; but published as it was three hundred miles from home, and calculated to mislead those who read it, some corrections seem to be necessary, and I will briefly state the circumstances which originated the discussion.

Mr. Treat wrote—and sent to be read at the meeting of the Spiritualists—a challenge to any person to discuss the question with him, stating that he had been a medium, and that he could throw new light on the subject, and thereby explain the phenomena, and also offering to discuss the question of Atheism in connection therewith. As Mr. Treat seemed to be the champion of *Atheism*, and I supposing that as he had been a medium, he might possibly enlighten the blindness of Spiritualists, I accepted his challenge in order that this flame of light might be shed upon

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chology. If Mr. Treat is the exponent of Atheism, and this method is the only one of sustaining it, its obituary services had better be prepared, and its shroud speedily made.

Mr. Treat did surprise many here, myself among the number; but our surprise arose from the commonplace arguments and objections he urged, while he seemed to think them new and important. *He is a mere boy in his experience of Spiritualism, as well as of its philosophy and facts.* We have stronger opponents in our own ranks, because they know more about it, but who are still overwhelmed with the mass of testimony in its favor. No! Men must learn, if they have not, that if Spiritualism is to be overthrown, it must be done by coming square up to the work, and meeting our facts and arguments face to face. Our convictions are founded on the solid Gospel of facts. To them we appeal, and by them we stand or fall. We are now the *Positive Philosophers*, whilst our opponents have been drawn into metaphysics, where they have plenty of room to flounder, and in which they seem quite expert.

"T. E." says, "as far as my knowledge extends, the Spiritualists have never been brought to face the music in this city before." Perhaps he has been living in the country, and away from the mail route, where they do not take the papers, else he certainly would have known that for the last ten years, we have opened halls at our own expense, advertised discussions, and solicited opposition, week after week, almost in constant succession. We ask all—Atheists, Theologians, Skeptics, Philosophers—to come and enlighten us, and we have been more or less favored with their presence.

I did peremptorily decline to continue the discussion longer with Mr. Treat, and here are some of my reasons:

1. He professed to have been a medium, when, according to his own showing, he was only in the impressionistic state, which every Spiritualist knows to be unreliable.

2. He professed to have new light on the subject, when he had *no light at all*, but offered the oft-repeated objections, each of which have been a thousand times exploded.

3. Instead of explaining the facts, as he said he would, he only denied them, a thing which any boy could do.

4. He is manifestly to every Spiritualist unacquainted with the subject, and therefore could not enlighten us.

These are the reasons why I discontinued the discussion, and these are also the reasons why no other Spiritualist accepted his further challenges, and why no one will. He has not "been through the mill" at all, and his boasts, as well as those of "T. E." had better be reserved for some more fitting occasion. The Spiritualists of Philadelphia are ever ready to compare notes with those who can and will meet them on just and sensible ground, but we have no time to waste in discussions with persons less acquainted with the subject than ourselves, and who only repeat what is utterly commonplace, and much of that entirely pointless.

I. REHN.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.
Nature and the Bible.

Between these two foundations of faith there is an antagonism which human ingenuity never has been and never will be able to reconcile. One tells us of a God, infinite in power, beneficence, and justice; the other of a plurality of beings, fickle, passionate, and cruel, who have been robbed of a part of their authority, and the greater portion of their subjects, by one of their creatures, "the Devil." One tells us that we are immortal; the other, that we are "even as the beasts that perish." It is true that in other parts of the Bible we find statements the reverse of those we cite here; but we take the doctrines as we find them. These opposite doctrines, however, coincide, of course, with Nature's teachings, and, in view of this correspondence, Christians say: The Bible must be true, for Nature corroborates it. Reason endorses it, and Conscience enforces its moral precepts!

But when they are requested to explain the *disagreements*, or when they are declaiming on the necessity of a "direct revelation," they exclaim: The Bible is the word of God, and, containing internal evidence of its truth, needs no other support. It stands above all earthly testimony. Unassisted conscience cannot distinguish right and wrong. The teachings of Nature, Science, and mere human reason, are only inferior truth, and have no weight when they contradict the authority of the sacred volume!

INFERIOR TRUTH! All truth comes from God; it is, practically speaking, a part of him; and what part of divinity, will they dare to say, is inferior to another part? How is it that the facts deduced from the visible works of God, by scientific research and mathematical demonstration, through that Reason which he has given to man, are inferior to their book? Would he give a revelation at variance with his works? If the deductions of our reason are *true*, they are just as true as their book, even if that were what they claim it to be, and if that book conflicts with those truths, then it is certainly untrue.

But the fact is, that Christians gladly welcome Science and Reason when they corroborate their Bible, and quarrel with them when they contradict it. Yet we cannot wonder at the inconsistency of their course when we consider what an inconsistent book they are trying to vindicate. Each author that contributed to the Bible had a theory of his own, differing in general or in particulars from the rest. Every system of Priestcraft that has arisen since that book had an existence, has justified its doctrine from its pages. The Materialist can prove his doctrine by it just as clearly as can the Methodist or the Universalist. The "orthodox" Christian of the present day would be sadly puzzled for a creed, had not the Church made one

some time ago, which each member has adopted, and then stretched the Bible to fit it, until custom has made it the "common law" of faith for Bible students. What they really contend for is not the supremacy of the Bible, but of their church and creed.

But Nature speaks a uniform language; the principles of Deism, or Natural Religion, have been always and everywhere the same. It is the artificial religions imposed upon humanity that have brought it down to that degenerate condition, which, to shield themselves from just resentment, they now declare to have been innate and congenital.

The doctrine that Reason draws from God's true revelation—the universe—is, that the duty of man consists in elevating and developing his own nature, and in helping others to do the same, and that he might do this far better by the exertions of his own reason and will than by placing such a blind reliance on Providence to do it for him by external and supernatural influences; far better if his religious "guides" would let him live out the divinity that is in him, instead of cramping and smothering it by teaching that every quality of his soul is utterly base and devilish. When man comes to believe that he is a villain, and was born a villain, he despairs of ever becoming anything better.

But whoever has true faith in God, will have faith in the humanity which he has made, and in the Reason which he has given to it, rather than in the vague and contradictory statements of a book.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
** THE SABLE CLOUD.**

All evils incidentally tend to their own cure."

My Brother South, awake! forbear!
Crush not thy fellow to despair!
He has a soul to thine akin,
Wrapped in his Ethiopian skin.

We know you need the sable toil
Where tropic climates scorch the soil,

But yet his wants are bonds to thee
Of service, though thou set him free.

He loves thy climate, poor and low—
What drives him to the realms of snow,

With England's lion forced to seek
Protection from our eagle's beak?

Ah! Nature whispers from her throne,
Life, wife, and children, are his own;

Oppression dwells his soul, his brain,
Although the fearful truth remain,

The man to feeler man unjust
To him and God betrays his trust.

While States their boasted powers abuse,
Forebodings seize the anxious muse;

We see a fearful conflict rise,
And blood and carnage pale the skies;

Your cities, wrapped in midnight flame,
Behold too late the awful game,

And Nature, trembling, stands aghast—
The viper, cherished, stings at last.

The brawny hosts, to vengeance nerfed,
Have formed their plot when unobserved,

And now it bursts! you fly in vain,

While each plantation swells the train;
Like noonday pestilence it flies,

Till consternation moves the skies.

On my way from Elkhart to this place, I spoke at Edwardsburgh and Douglass, finding in each place earnest souls ready harnessed for the battle of truth, and I hope I did not take away from their strength. Here, in the former location of brother Peebles, who is now in California, I found another host of noble, warm-hearted ones, and never have I felt more encouraged, more cheered, than when I stood up before those gathered faces so full of intelligence, so full up with nobleness. I say to myself often, I am more than blessed to be furnished with power to talk to such as these. But like the Wandering Jew, I must march on, still eastward; again I must part with friends, again I must leave a delightful home, but I know I shall meet others, and the knowledge strengthens me. In a few weeks again I shall be in my own New England; I shall clasp many a friendly hand; I shall look into many a friendly eye; but as I do it, I shall not forget the warm hands and the welcoming eyes that have greeted me all through these great valleys of the West; I shall not forget the many kind words and deeds that have made more cheerful the path of

test. "Is it not written in the book?" as though the itinerant of to-day should accept unqualifiedly the conclusions of the itinerant of eighteen hundred years ago, merely because they are written in the book! But such seems to be the expectation of that class of opposers, and there is a decided stare of unaffected wonder from them, when I meet their presented quotations with a demand for the basis of those recorded conclusions. So the discussion generally ends here by an indignant refusal upon the part of the aforesaid white cravat to say any more to one who is not willing to shut his eyes and open his mouth to the opinions of every ancient writer. Still, in all these oppositions, front and rear, there is a noticeable change. Fearful denunciations are still hurled at us, awful condemnations held threatening over us, until sometimes it seems as though all the passion and egotism of David, and all the dogmatical spleen of the old bachelor saint, were concentrated. Many a powerful expletive, too, many a bitter epithet, comes from the pulpit sounding-boards around; but the denunciations and condemnations have a much less of confidence, while the expletives and epithets are just the least bit reduced from the exceeding fierceness that characterized them a little time ago, so there is hope that even with them the light is dawning.

My fall and winter were consumed in New York State, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Everywhere I found the life that is earnest and full of promise; the first spring month found me finishing up an engagement in Rockford, Ill., an engagement so pleasant to me that there were deep regrets in my heart when I turned my face eastward from them. Rockford counts a true and noble company in its borders, and their determination to sustain regular meetings in the future, will doubtless add much to their numbers, which now are not small. Elkhart, Ind., my next point, gives evidence of interest by overflowing audiences every Sunday—indeed, their Hall, which one year ago was much too large, is now much too small, and a movement is on foot for the building of an edifice that shall accommodate the public. Much of this success is owing to the inauguration of regular meetings fast falling, and I am confident that any one who will look upon the smoothly moving machinery of their business organization will be satisfied of its sufficiency without the addition of a *belief* to its wheels. Many true and noble ones are there, too, and again I turned away with a tear stealing from my soul up to my eye.

On my way from Elkhart to this place, I spoke at Edwardsburgh and Douglass, finding in each place earnest souls ready harnessed for the battle of truth, and I hope I did not take away from their strength. Here, in the former location of brother Peebles, who is now in California, I found another host of noble, warm-hearted ones, and never have I felt more encouraged, more cheered, than when I stood up before those gathered faces so full of intelligence, so full up with nobleness. I say to myself often, I am more than blessed to be furnished with power to talk to such as these. But like the Wandering Jew, I must march on, still eastward; again I must part with friends, again I must leave a delightful home, but I know I shall meet others, and the knowledge strengthens me. In a few weeks again I shall be in my own New England; I shall clasp many a friendly hand; I shall look into many a friendly eye; but as I do it, I shall not forget the warm hands and the welcoming eyes that have greeted me all through these great valleys of the West; I shall not forget the many kind words and deeds that have made more cheerful the path of

N. FRANK WHITE.

PRIVATE EXPERIENCES OF SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.

[We have taken occasion to speak heretofore of the undue merit attached to individual "experiences" by many believers in spiritual intercourse. A late number of the *Banner of Light* contains a letter from Mrs. SOPHONIA E. WARNER, of Grand Rapids, Mich., from which we make a few extracts. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Amanda S. Spence, in answer to her address to "spiritual mediums."]

If mediumship comes before us and a pure life; if it requires us to throw away our self-hood; to go to some external source to find consolation when burdened with real or imaginary "trials," instead of to the Divinity within, then let us be just to ourselves and the world, and away with it. But if, in itself considered, mediumship has nothing impure; if its tendency is to purify the inner being, and lift the spirit of man above the seeming ills of life, then why should we imply that it has connected with it dark and mysterious "secret thoughts and workings" upon the individual?

Why should one of our number assume to stand as a medium between her co-laborers and the "interior world," to transmit and receive messages to and from a higher order of intelligences than can be attracted to others? And why should we choose a Pope, a King, or a Queen, to be our medium? Two-thirds of the entire population of many of our large western cities he said, were Spiritualists, and they were not ashamed to own it; and that whole communities could be found where all were Spiritualists, or those who were not openly such, were favorable to it. In another part of his discourse, he said the western people had carelessly fallen into the great error of skeptically demanding tangible facts as proof upon any subject one might introduce to them, until they were not willing to take the gospel on its own divine merits.

I have been in this place three months, and I have not felt the least inclination to hide from others the hopeful and glorious truths of Spiritualism. And I have made no enemies by this course, but rather friends. For those who think it must be a delusion, still respect me for my bold and honest defense, and for the charity I express for the opinion of others. Even my Infidel friend H. begins to think there must be "something in it." Those who, in the defense of their opinions, are neither warm nor cold, are the ones to feel the brunt of popular opposition. I have found one other lover of the Harmonia Philosophy here, and in my observations I have almost invariably discovered such to be the firmest and most consistent of Spiritualists. He whose mental stomach is yet filled

with indigested husks of popular theology, is in a very unfit condition for appreciating the manifestations of our Angel Brothers.

Yours, for Truth and Progress,

N. E. MULFORD.

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.

Pearl Drops from Friendship's Fountain.

NUMBER FOUR.

Pure love—union of kindred spirits—is so seldom found here that its existence should be hailed with hosannas and bonfires of sacred flame. . . . As the traveler, who has passed through a long and dreary desert, turns his mind to those resting-places, and casts a glance back to the shady groves, the grassy spots, the flowing springs, and lifts his thoughts in humble gratitude to Him who made the land, so my mind returns to such shady, grassy, flowery spots, as those of which my own blest residence is one. It is to my mind what Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, and Grace Hill, are to the angels of God, which fly from world to world on his errands.

Those rocks and hills over which we clambered, and up which we ascended, remain fresh and vivid on my mind. The beautiful scenery, the winding river, the farm lots, the groves, and the woodlands, lay beneath us, and were spread in ample prospect before us, all remain as lively on my recollection as though it were but yesterday. Those scenes remind me of the Delectable Mountains—the sweet prospects that mental travelers enjoy, and are permitted to behold as they climb up the hills of Science, and over the difficulties that lie across their path, in their unending progression. Such prospects abundantly compensate for the labor performed in their attainment. And as in physical heights, so in mental—the more lofty the pinnacle, the more grand and more beautiful the vision. What inducements are there for our lofty aspirations! What motives God has placed before us, that we may rise above the earth! Forever climbing upward toward him, forever exploring the unknown regions of thought, forever developing the unknown mysteries of the soul, forever ascending into unknown heights, and traveling on in unknown progressions. It is a glorious thing to be in an existence that will never end. Here we stand in the midst of eternity, surrounded by the Omnipresent Immortality; the other end of the chain of our destiny is fastened to links in the chain of other intelligences, and they all running across the trackless space where spirits dwell—so that our conduct, our actions, our characters, are connected with the life or death of untold myriads—dwellers in the unseen Spirit Land. How glorious—how blessed! how awful! how delightful!

It is said to be a solemn thing to die. Perhaps it is. But it is a more solemn thing to be born! What throbs of joy! What feelings of bliss in the bosom of the soul when she fully experiences her own immortality! when she can say I AM!

My measure of happiness is full to the brim. I wonder at the goodness of God. I give thanks. I stand still, and he pours in rivers of pleasure to my spirit. I try to do those things that please him, and he blesses me because I try. He leads me by the soft flowing river, and feeds me in the green pastures. He gives me drink from the Great Fountain, and fills my mind with peace. It is his presence that gives me delight. Wherever I am, there is God. If I ascend into heaven, he is there; if I descend into the deep, he is there; if I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth or the heavens, God is there. He is around, above, within me, and if I am pure in heart, I cannot but see God. And what I enjoy, all others may—and more, according to the spiritual capacity; and when to their own soul's enjoyment is added that of a wife—a bosom companion—one whom they love, and little ones—buds of Immortality—their family is without measure—is illimitable. None but the great heart of God could plan a method of so much happiness!

Sept., 1844.

JOHN O. WATKES.

How is it, Milo, the more I see and feel of the movements of the female mind, the more I love them, and the stronger hold their affections take upon me. There is a company of female minds that are omnipresent with me. If I go, they go with me. If I stay, they remain where I am. If I am in trouble, they stand by and soothe my sorrows, and bathe my temples with dew-drops. If I am in joy, their felicity is increased. No plan or project is complete unless dictated for their happiness, no state desirable where they cannot come. There are some male minds so to me; but not near so many.

There is a melting, and mingling, and entwining together—a love and desire for embracing, or imprinting with a kiss, that is not so often realized toward the other sex. Is it because they are *purer*? Are they really more like angels? I am not deceived as to the thing itself. But how is the explanation? It is not *Marriage*; that can be true of but only one of them; but I sometimes think that if marriage of several were possible and philosophical, I would have

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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Poetry.

*"The truly beautiful ever leaves a long echo of harmony in the soul."*For the Herald of Progress.
THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN.

WASH. A. DANSKIN—BY IMPRESSION.

The distant worlds that float in space,
The glowing orbs that deck the sky
Are not our Father's dwelling place—
His home is ever night.No broad cathedral's sculptured dome,
No gothic temple, reared by art,
Is the eternal spirit's home—
They only form a part.Of man's imperfect, crude design
To fashion God for outward show—
The great Deific Soul confine
In narrow bounds below.God's kingdom is a world within
The heart of every breathing child,
That throbs with love, or burns with sin,
Or leaps with passion wild.'Tis not in some far distant realm,
Where saints escape the avenging rod;
'Tis not where lurid flames o'erwhelm
The accused of God;'Tis not in missal, golden-bound;
'Tis not in priestly vest or stole;
'Tis not in Creeds that God is found—
'Tis in the human soul.

BALTIMORE, MD.

For the Herald of Progress.
IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. POLYBLANK.

For life! for life! exhausted Nature, cower!
O! cruel doom! oh! unrelenting fate!
Have mercy, Justice! oh! have pity, Power!
Avert that sentence ere Time cries too late!
Say Death, say torture, if that torture brief,
While trembling guilt shall humbly beg to die,
If Death can give this tortured soul reprieve
From slavery such as felons may pass by.To dwell with convicts, hear their curses fall,
And jeer and scoff me with the name of friend,
While father, mother, kindred, friends, and all,
To know that I have come to such an end;
At morn, at eve, at midnight's deepest gloom,
From day to day, from weary year to year,
The same companions, same incessant doom,
Till this poor soul shall end its earth career.For life! those tedious, dreary hours of pain,
With taunting Conscience, punisher of wrong,
Which, with Remorse, past visions paint again,
And crush this mind that once was pure and strong;
While cliding Memories back to Childhood stretch,
When I a poor chained prisoner went to see,
And wept in pity for the hapless wretch,
But little thought the same designed for me.For life! in summer, autumn, winter, spring,
To know in beauty Nature reigns without,
To hear the free birds o'er my dungeon sing,
And the bright sunbeams dance my cell about;
To know that man but once this life can lead,
To know the freedom that I might have had—
A slave for life! more welcome death indeed,
For such a bondage would soon drive me mad.

CLEVELAND, O., March, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.
PROGRESS.

BY F. P. WINSLOW.

Lend, lend a listening ear. The trembling muse
Again would touch in rapid strains the lyre,
The much loved notes that vibrate to the heart—
A pleasing, happy theme, that upward tends,
That outward soars—PROGRESS! Thought

sublime,

Where all are lost; a shoreless sea of life,
Of surging wave on wave that finds no rest.

Tho' warred by loving friends full oft, kind friends

Who track the beaten way their sires so long

Have trod; and warned of dangers oft, shipwrecks

At sea, in leaky bark so frail, they cry;

I sail the voyage of life; and outward bound,

Would court fair Reason for my guide, and trace

With microscopic eye the finger-marks

Of One all-wise and good, who changes not;

And read from Nature's open page, e'er stamped

With truth unchangeable, th' eternal laws

Of Love, Progression, circling all; or mind,

Or matter, bird, and beast, and blushing flower,

Or flinty rock, and sand, and rolling wave,

Or man, from infancy to hoary age,

And angel form. All sing of thee, O, Change,

The boundless sea of life. Yet strange, that men

Of thought—how passing strange! that minds

mature

As school-men preach, should toll from sun to sun,

And waste the midnight oil to sink a pit,

Fearful and dark as Erebus, themselves

To entomb, and plunge in utter night the hosts

That people earth and sky, without a ray

Of hope to cheer them on. To-morrow blasts

The cherished buds that expectation reared.

SWORDS VERSUS PLOWSHARES.

Should Spiritualists go to War?

FOR LARGE-MINDED PEOPLE.

BROTHER DAVIS: I read your remarks, called out by the above question, with much interest. Still, I am not satisfied that your conclusions are entirely philosophical. That they are not compatible with the spirit and teachings of Christianity—or, at all events, with the precepts, example, and inculcations of Jesus, seems to me clearly evident. For he was a non-resistant, and taught non-resistance.

There can be presented on both sides of this question, very plausible, and apparently logical arguments, rendering it difficult to decide on which side rests the exact truth.

In favor of peace, it may be said that "evil must be overcome with good"—that violence cannot overcome violence—hate cannot overcome hate—darkness cannot supersede darkness; but that these can only be overcome or transcended by their opposites.

"Like begets its like." A war spirit is contagious, and thousands are now psychologized by minds in and out of the body, to take up the sword. This spirit is sweeping over the land like a whirlwind, impregnating the very air with belligerent elements; so that one can think or dream of little else than the boom of cannon and the clangor of arms. None can escape an influence so prevalent and universal; and all advocate that it is right, whether on the one side or the other—whether conquering or conquered.

What becomes of the slain who fight against Freedom? We send them out of sight; but do they array themselves on the side of Liberty and Justice on their arrival in the spiritual country? If so, the bullet that sent them hence has done a blessed work. But it is the opinion of many that they continue the same identical beings for an indefinite period, and will fight on, through others in the body, until higher influences are brought to bear upon them, or until their evil propensities are overcome with good.

Force is an appeal only to the lower faculties, and tends to arouse all the baser passions—combative ness, hate, revenge, and the determined resistance of an enemy. It can restrain, and kill, and prevent any further visible resistance. But does it end there? Is he not still unreformed and unconvinced of his error, and will not the appeal after all have to be made in the spirit life, to his Reason and moral nature, and to the Love-element in his own soul, ere he will cease to do evil and learn to do well? Or, may it be said, that his experience of dying, by a gun-shot, is conducive of or essential to the development of his soul, and his final purification or redemption? This is so, if the doctrine of Necessity be the true one.

Suffering may be called a purifying fire, by which the evil of men or nations is burnt out of them. In this light, War may be regarded as a national scourge, which lets loose red lightnings of Retribution upon the nations for their deeds of injustice and oppression. And yet, it is not generally upon the tyrants, despots, and war-makers, that the heaviest suffering falls; but upon those they lead—the unthinking multitude, as well as upon the innocent and defenseless.

It always seemed to me that the protection of the sword was very uncertain—that we were just as likely to be killed as to kill. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong"—nor yet always to him who strikes for the Right and the Truth; though, in the end, I feel sure the Truth will triumph.

Viewed in the most comprehensive light, it may be that the terrible shock of battle—the commotions, agitations, and convulsions, with all the dreadful concomitants of War, may be a refining process—a crisis, or judgment, through which the world must pass to higher and better conditions. If the road to Heaven is through Hell, it seems to me there could be no more terrible fac simile of that place, than the carnage and strife—the "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth"—as exhibited on the battle-field. There may be other uses in war visitations, which are to teach mankind more and more the instability of earthly things, and the unsatisfying nature of all things not based upon the real, the permanent, the everlasting—Love, Wisdom, Truth, which alone can lead to Harmony and Happiness in the Homes of Immortality. If men laid up their treasures in Heaven, they would not be fighting about them on earth. "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight."

In conclusion, I might add that I have for years been impressed with the thought that a great crisis, unparalleled in the history of nations, was soon to culminate in a world's last great battle, previous to the final and universal adjustment of things, which is to inaugurate a higher destiny for man than we have yet dreamed of. Whether this is the beginning of that final struggle, which is to be between Justice and Injustice, between Liberty and Despotism throughout the world, I am not able to tell; but would fain hope it is, and that it may really be the world's great battle, and its last.

We may be assured that the great ultimate end to be accomplished is that which is kept in view by the Supreme Father; hence, the physical death of myriads by war, pestilence, and famine, would be but comparatively trifling incidents in the soul's endless career, if they are necessary in the order of Providence to work out the final happy destiny of universal man!

If this be true, hard as it may be to bear, let us try to be willing to say, "Thy Will

be done!" even though it come through storm and blood and fire—through the sorrows of sorrow, the throes of anguish, and through trials and woes unspeakable. If we can be blest with this abiding faith and trust, we shall be led safely and triumphantly through them all.

With love unfailing I am ever yours,
Milo A. TOWNSEND.

NEW BRIGHTON, May 5, 1861.

Small Business

FOR LARGE-MINDED PEOPLE.

We violate no confidence in publishing the following letter, since we withhold the name. The writer will not fail to recognize his own production; and others—we are sorry to say many others—may accept it as a type of their own letters, and receive our comments as addressed equally to themselves.

"A. J. DAVIS & CO.—A few days since I wrote you to send me a HERALD if you would furnish us at one dollar fifty cents a year. You sent me three, which I suppose means yes-sir-ee. So I have sent three dollars for two copies one year. o o o

"I wish you to prescribe for my daughter. She is twenty years old, and has been troubled from infancy with fits or spasms.

"She has been taking medicine for nearly twenty years, with no apparent good result. We have had Allopathic, Thompsonian, Water-cure, the Small Pill fellows, Spiritualists, Quacks, &c.

"Now if you will cure her, I will at least engage to become a life subscriber to your good HERALD OF PROGRESS. o o o

"If you have the number that has the Spring Beverage in, please to send it along. Truly Yours."

We sent this friend three copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, with our terms plainly printed therein, hoping the intrinsic value of the paper would move him to return the subscription price. Doubtless he has failed to read them thoroughly, or to imbibe their spirit.

If, at the end of the year—for we shall appropriate from a small fund in aid of the "needy" to make up his subscription—he does not send us two dollars for every subscriber, we shall believe that either our efforts to do good have lacked in power, or that, in this instance, we have a hard case to deal with.

What is it that our friend proposes? It is to buy for \$1.50 a paper as well worth in market \$2.00 as a bushel of wheat is worth \$2.00. He would scorn to be called a "mean" man; no doubt claims and intends to be an honorable, fair dealer. But would he in selling wheat give three pecks for a bushel?

It is a kindness oftentimes to have a mirror presented to us, wherein to see our own defects; and "small business" has become so habitual to even large-hearted people, that it is time for them to be told that "stinginess" and "meanness" approach very near to "dishonesty."

Let us dissect this letter still farther. Our correspondent asks the Editor to prescribe for his daughter—a service for which he proposes no recompense. But if he shall cure this twenty years invalid, on whom, doubtless, hundreds of dollars have been expended for medical aid, the generous father proposes to become a life subscriber to the HERALD OF PROGRESS!—provided, doubtless, he can pay for it with wheat at three pecks the bushel!

We beg he will not. We prefer to receive no pay for the Editor's service. In fact, we trust the Editor will undertake no such cure, least, impliedly, we shall be under contract to furnish the paper for the subscriber's life at \$1.50 a year. A few hundred such "patrons" would ruin our enterprise altogether.

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Our only charitable explanation for all this is, that our brother believes it is more blessed to give than to receive, and desires that we may enjoy the blessing. Unselfish soul! We appreciate the kindness, but the consciousness that every paper we publish is or may be worth, to the subscriber, vastly more than its costs, enables us to enjoy this feeling largely. We know that thousands are receiving, through the HERALD OF PROGRESS, more than their dollars can buy, and our brother need not hesitate to enjoy with us the luxury of giving.

It is a false impression that we feel profoundly grateful to every person who sends us \$2.00 for the HERALD OF PROGRESS. We are doing a cash business, making a fair exchange of equivalents, and every number we issue discharges, for the week, our entire debt to the subscribers. Were it otherwise, the consciousness would be painful, and publishing a paper be much less satisfactory than it is.

A. J. DAVIS & CO.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

The next quarterly meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress will be held at Cottage Grove, Union County, on the third Saturday and Sunday in June (the 15th and 16th.)

It will be a grove meeting, if the weather is suitable—if not, it will be held in the Free Hall. Speakers, and others who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

John Swain, Seth Hinshaw, Agnes Cook, Valentine Nicholson, Wilson D. Schooley, Committee.

For particulars, address Owen Thomas, Richmond, Ind., Cor. Soc'y.

A Misnomer.

CAN SINNERS DO THE WORK OF SAINTS?

The *Saturday Evening Courier* publishes an interesting account of the rescue of the musicians belonging to the Massachusetts Volunteers from the Baltimore mob. It appears that the band, consisting of twenty-four persons, occupied a car by themselves, which was left in the rear of the others. After the soldiers had fired upon the unarmed musicians, who were forced to leave the car and fly for safety, while a shower of stones, and other missiles, fell upon them.

Suddenly, a rough looking man jumped in front of them, crying, "This way, boys! this way!" They followed this friendly lead up a narrow court to an open door, where they were met and welcomed by a powerful looking woman, who grasped them by the hand, and showed them up stairs. The last one, knocked senseless at the door by a stone, she seized in her arms and bore up the stairs.

Then, assuring the company of their safety, she proceeded to dress their wounds, and furnish them with food, and disguises with which to escape to join their company. Subsequently, upon returning to the house where they were so humanely treated, they found that their clothes had been carefully tied up, and with their battered instruments, had been sent to the depot of the Philadelphia Railroad.

"The noble woman who rescued these men," says the *Courier*, "is a well-known character in Baltimore, and, according to all the usages of Christian society, is an outcast and polluted being; but she is a true heroine, nevertheless, and entitled to the grateful consideration of the country. As she is too notorious in Baltimore not to be perfectly well known, by what we have already told of her, it will not be exposing her to any persecution to mention her name by which she is known."

The *Anti-Slavery Standard* copies the record in full, under the following caption: "A sinner doing the work of a saint."

We are led to inquire whether this title does not involve a contradiction—is not slightly "Hibernian"? Who ever heard of a sinner doing the work of a saint? What constitutes one a sinner, and what renders one a saint?

ONE OF A THOUSAND.

At Plymouth Church, on Sunday, April 28th, the Pastor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, while reading the names of new members proposed for the Church, observed that the names of ladies were sometimes given without the initials, whereupon he remarked: "I would thank the clerk to write out the whole name hereafter. A woman is a woman in this church, and not a mere appendage to a man."

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

A lady correspondent of the Rochester *Express* offers the following valuable suggestion respecting the service ladies may render their country:

"I can send you any number of ladies' names who are willing to take clerkships, and do other work which gentlemen are now doing. While they are needed in their country's service, as soldiers, we will work faithfully and diligently in their stead, in any capacity in which woman may be employed. And there are some of us who will further contribute to the cause, even to dividing our wages, if need be, with those who bear arms against the traitors of our country."

-- UNCLE SAM'S NIECE."

THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.

We clip the following from a valuable contribution to a late *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled, "The Reign of King Cotton."

"A well founded Republic can, then, be destroyed only by destroying its people: its decay need be looked for only in the decay of their intelligence; and any form of thought, or any institution tending to suppress education or destroy intelligence, strikes at the very essence of the government, and constitutes a treason which no law can meet, and for which no punishment is adequate. Education, then, as universally diffused as the elements of God, is the life blood of our body politic. The intelligence of the people is the one great fact of our civilization and our prosperity—it is the beating heart of our age and of our land. It is this which makes the fundamental principles of our Declaration of Independence living realities."

"While in France they still remain the rhetorical statement of glittering generalities. From this source flow all our possibilities. Without it, the equality of man is a pretty figure of speech—with it, democracy is possible."

GERRIT SMITH ON THE WAR.

Gerrit Smith made a speech to his friends at Peterboro', N. Y., on the 27th ultime, in which he said:

"As I am a peace man and have often spoken against war, some persons may think it improper in me to take part in a war meeting. But I have never spoken against putting down traitors. It is true, too, that I am too old to fight; and that I am so ignorant of arms as not to know how to load a gun; and that my horror of bloodshed is so great that, were I a slave, I should probably choose to live and die one rather than kill my master. All this is true. Nevertheless I may be of some service in the present crisis. I can, along with others, care for the families of my brave and patriotic neighbors who go forth to peril their lives for their country. Let this be my work. It falls in not with my principles only, but also with my habits of feeling and acting."

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* discusses at length the origin and effects of the Southern rebellion. We extract a few sentences:

"We cannot but expect a great and general reaction of feeling in the North towards liberty. Moreover, the very prospect takes away from the ambitious statesmen of the North all the motive to prostitute their talents for the votes of the South. No new Webster will contend for Fugitive Slave Laws, merely in hope to be elected President."

"How soon slavery is to be overthrown no one can as yet predict; but we think the future historian will date its decline from December, 1860. The doctrine of the Abolitionists will now begin to find entrance in the minds of Statesmen; and the ease with which slavery was abolished in the Spanish colonies proves that where there is a will there is a way." Nor will the example of Russia and the outcry of Europe be without its influence. On the whole, therefore, this domestic quarrel of the States appears full of promise to humanity."

PRACTICAL WANTS OF THE ARMY.

We observe a valuable article, with this title, over the initials of C. L. Brace, the substance of which may be of interest and value to our readers.

The writer first assumes—we doubt not correctly—that we shall lose more of our young men in consequence of disease and the climate, than by bullets. He therefore advises caution in regard to drinking and exposure to dampness. Let every volunteer be provided with loose flannel shirts, a thick blanket, and a light India-rubber cloth, for use at night and in damp camping grounds. (Other writers add a valuable article, consisting of a light flannel or linen cover for the head and neck, made from a yard of thin material.)

The next point of C. L. B. is that the greatest peril to the troops is the risk of the demoralization of our youth in camp. The absence of books, of refined women, and of strong moral influences, lead the mass of soldiers almost irresistibly into habits of profanity, vulgarity, and vice. He recommends, to meet this want, the invariable accompaniment of a good chaplain—"not a military official in black clothes, but a good, humane man, to be the nucleus and center of a moral and religious influence in camp."

The presence of an intelligent, common-sense teacher and exemplar of "pure and undefiled religion" will bless and not curse every tented field, as it does every peaceful hamlet.

The number of these need not be limited to one to a regiment, nor need they be called "chaplains," or be absolved from active duty. We need good men everywhere, and we doubt if an army was ever raised that will contain more of them than ours.

War Items.

Increased activity is observable in the movements of Government, and also continued preparations by the rebel forces. As yet, no further collision has occurred. General Butler has taken possession of the Relay House, commanding the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. This is an important station, between Harper's Ferry and Baltimore.

It is reported that the Virginia forces gathering at Harper's Ferry have taken possession of the heights on the Maryland side of the Potomac, and it is probable the first collision will occur at that place.

—Secretary Seward's letter of instructions to Wm. L. Dayton, our Minister to France, has been published. In this he declares that "the thought of a dissolution of this Union, peaceably or by force, has never entered into the mind of any candid statesman here, and is high time that it be dismissed by statesmen."

—The reports that John Brown, Jr., is organizing an army of fugitive negroes, is contradicted, but it is said to be true that he is engaged in a movement of some kind, probably to aid in the re-capture of Harper's Ferry.

—A volunteer corps of "Kansas Rangers," consisting of picked men, who have seen service in Kansas, is to be organized.

—A favorable contrast to the action of southern banks, in confounding money due northern firms, to the purchase of Confederate bonds is furnished by the New York Banks. They reply to an inquiry from a southern correspondent that "all obligations will come to be held as sacred and met as at present."

—Two more States are reported as having adopted secession ordinances, Arkansas and Tennessee. In both States, however, the question is to be submitted to the people.

—The people of Byron, Genesee County, have erected a standard about which to rally, consisting of a pole one-half ash and one-half hickory, typical of the union now existing between the two old political parties, in the common cause of our country's defense.

—The white servant-maid of a Kentucky lady says of the feeling among the slaves: "They are always whispering among themselves; and the other day one told me that in six months she would be as good as I am. They say the war is going to set them free, and they are very anxious for it to come."

—The New York Fire Zouaves, under Col. Granville Moody chaplain. He asked for a musket—for, said he, "in our Methodist communion we do not believe in faith without works."

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"In the second, he had been dismissed by a vain and frivolous woman, who had been annoyed by his jealousy and his impertinent demands."

In other words, the chevalier had clearly foreseen that she would not submit to the seclusion and subserviency which he claimed to impose upon her.

Lenoncourt had adopted this maxim, which was the substance of his system: Never engage in a love intrigue till a way has been secured of putting an end to it at the seasonable moment.

In the case of Madam Alphen, he had found no difficulty in discovering a door of exit; the correspondence of Rupereux was to furnish him the seasonable opportunity to break off with her.

Already weary of his triumph, the day for the rupture being irrevocably fixed in his mind, Lenoncourt in the morning assumed an air of more usual devotion and passion in the widow's presence. At evening, he makes an unexpected call, in a state of extreme excitement and agitation. He is still stunned by the shock of a terrible blow: his heart is broken, his hopes are destroyed. He has just learned of the intimacy between the fair widow and the irresistible viscount; the echoes of Marly have told him all, revealed everything. In tones of despair, he retells to her, with his own constructions, every scene in the correspondence of Rupereux which bears on the lady of Champfleur. At first she tries to deny them; but overwhelmed by innumerable convincing proofs, she begs for mercy, admits her errors, and sues for pardon.

But the passion of the chevalier is one of those selected loves that admit of no cloud in their sky, one of those delicate attachments that die under the slightest puncture. He contemptuously rejects the explanations and apologies offered, murmurs a few words of menace against the viscount, and rushes out in despair—to a boisterous carouse with his boon companions, the musketeers.

All that night, Madam Alphen dreamt of nothing but duels, blood, and death. With the dawn, she sent her old cavalier to the residence of Lenoncourt.

Lenoncourt had just left for Marly-le-Roi.

All the terrible anticipations of the widow seemed likely to be realized. She hastily threw herself into a post-chaise; her cavalier bore her company in an anxiety nearly as great as her own; he had not been accustomed to travel thus while fasting.

Arrived at Marly, Madam Alphen no longer knows what course to take. Can she go alone, at a venture, and throw herself between the two rivals. She makes inquiries about Rupereux, interrogates her domestics at Champfleur and others; she speaks of dangers and combat, and hears in response of love affairs. The only talk in the country, is of the scandalous intimacy between the viscount and Madeleine des Aubiers. They are severe in matters of morality at Marly; the austere of the old king had there radiated from the chateau to the village; but Madam Alphen, in the triumph of her former rival, sees nothing but an unexpected resource; and at this juncture it was, that agitated, distracted, and panting for breath, she reaches Bird-Meadow, where she is brought face to face with Madeleine, no less excited than herself.

After a moment's mutual silence and astonishment:

"We must save them!" suddenly cries Madam Alphen.

"Save them!" repeats Madeleine, not comprehending her meaning. "Save whom, Madam?"

"How! do you not know it? M. de Lenoncourt is at Marly."

"I am not acquainted with M. de Lenoncourt, Madam. But I do remember that several persons have come!"

"Several! Lenoncourt and his seconds, doubtless!"

"Ah! God sent them!" said Madeleine, at once returning to the consciousness of the sad reality.

"And if they have met him, woe to him! they are going to fight."

"To fight!" murmurs Madeleine.

"Yes, my dear, yes—about me," answers the widow, in a voice which betrays as much vanity as grief; "but we will prevent them, will we not? You have influence over M. de Rupereux—don't deny it—I know all—I make no reproaches—but let us not lose an instant; that duel must be prevented; we ought to do it, and we can! You will go with me. If I love M. de Lenoncourt, you love M. de Rupereux!"

"No, madam; I do not love him!" interrupted Madeleine, wiping away her tears, which were at length beginning to flow; "I detest—I despise him!"

"You detest him, you despise him! Ah! I understand!"

"No, madam; you do not understand!"

"But why then this hatred, my dear?"

Here Madeleine became confused, and embarrassed in her reply; then, perceiving the body of her faithful companion stretched out in the adjoining room:

"Because," she resumed with a sobbing voice, "because he has killed my dear Nakar!"

And her tears flowed faster than before.

Madam Alphen could get nothing more.

Not daring to present herself at the house of the viscount, she ran over to Champfleur, where she had left her old cavalier. She found him at table, with teeth on edge and nostrils dilated, getting ready to do honor to the savory remnant of a stew, that had just been set before him.

"On your way, sir, quickly!" she cried; "I demand of you one last proof of devotion."

The honest gentleman seemed terrified, and gave vent to a sigh as he looked at the table.

"You are to go to the residence of M. de Rupereux; they are there—you will take the chevalier aside; you will tell him of my torment, my anguish, my despair!—my despair, do you understand?"

"Yes, fair lady, your despair," answered the famished gentleman, bowing—toward the table.

After giving him all the instruction necessary to prevent the duel, Madam Alphen continued:

"I await you here, sir; judge with what impatience! If you cannot settle the affair, come and inform me at once, without losing a minute, a second; God will inspire me! If you succeed in reconciling them, come quickly and bring me that good news; for you understand with what anxiety I shall count every moment. Go!"

"Yes, fair lady."

And leaving again with one more sigh, with his face in the same direction, he left Champfleur to go as quickly as he could to the old mansion of Fagon.

For a whole hour, the pretty widow awaited his return in continual apprehension, now attributing his delay to some unfortunate circumstance, and now to a fortunate one. At last he returned. At sight of the unwonted sparkle of his eye, and the cheerful expression of his countenance, anticipating a happy result, the widow in her joy threw herself upon his neck, and embraced him at the first impulse, which seemed to brighten the glow of the old officer's face.

"Well!" said she.

"Well, fair lady, the affair has been arranged for the best."

"God be praised, and you too!"

"Oh!" said he, assuming a modest air, "there was no great merit in it on my part. First, I met with several persons of my acquaintance; M. de Pequigny, vidame of Amiens, and lieutenant of the regiment in which M. de Lenoncourt serves; next, M. de Marivats and M. de Noé!"

"So much the better! so much the better! and they gave you their assistance?"

"Exactly."

"And," continued she in a mincing manner, "what did M. de Lenoncourt say, when you spoke to him of—the step I have taken—perhaps an imprudent one—of my arrival at Marly?"

"On my faith, fair lady, I ought to tell you that I did not breathe a word of it! When I arrived, they were all at table, laughing their loudest, and there was so little indication of an expected duel, that I thought I ought not."

"How! what!" interrupted Madam Alphen, whose countenance had fallen, "what were you doing then for an hour, a mortal hour, for which I have been expecting you, sir?"

"But—But—I breakfasted—I breakfasted with them; yes, fair lady."

Ten minutes thereafter, the post-chaise, which had brought Madam Alphen from Versailles to Marly, was carrying her back from Marly to Versailles, less distressed perhaps, though this seemed hardly possible. To dispose of her case, we may remark that it was not long ere she fell in love with a little clerk of the excise, who married her, ruined her estate, and abused her, but did not, however, render her completely unhappy; he had no virtue—was greatly shocked at the proceeding.

"Souunds! one man and three women!

that's such a match as I should like!" exclaimed the lord of Marivats, with an air of gravity that never deserted him. "I used to think that up to the present date, the shepherd Paris was the only gentleman who had enjoyed such a pleasure."

"About the czar, who drinks so well," said Pequigny, suddenly starting up.

"You are just back from Pontoise, charming vidame; we are done with the czar."

"Well then; about the Opera—viscount, there is a story that concerns you—on the paternal side. Let us see; it was a humorous one, I think."

"Silence, Pequigny!" interrupted Castelnau; "you would spoil the story in the telling of it, and it is well worth telling."

The vidame of Amiens grew angry, and wished in his turn to interrupt Castelnau; but the latter continued notwithstanding.

"Yes, viscount," said he, addressing Rupereux, "I must edify you in regard to your father. The estimable author of your existence had gone one evening to pay his compliments to the Regent, when the latter was just rising from table, and was about to put on his mask to take a turn at the Opera Ball. His Highness condescended to ask his company. You can judge whether the worthy falconer felt proud of such an honor!"

"But there was really nothing of which to be proud," murmured Rupereux. "Was not the duke once pleased on a similar occasion, to show the same honor to Ibagnet, the door-keeper to the Palais-Royal?"

"Yes," answered Castelnau; "but Ibagnet refused; he is no courtier—whilst Mousnier, the count of Mares—"

Rupereux gazed steadily at the speaker, who for a moment hesitated:

"In short, the count of Mares accepted," he continued. "But now comes the cream of the story—"

"I don't like his way of telling it," said Pequigny to Lenoncourt, who was sitting silent.

"Silence! Pequigny!" interrupted Castelnau.

"Fie! gentlemen; her name is Amaryllis."

"Come, viscount Tityrus, give us an air on your pipe!"

"Charming!"

"Delightful!"

"Deplorable!"

And the laughter and shouting drowned their own baster.

Rupereux was silent, and held down his head as if to let this torrent of jests, pass by. This avalanche threatened to fall in the finest style. The viscount pulled out his watch, placed it before him, and crossed his arms.

"Silence! gentlemen," said Marivats, the oldest member of the band. "By the crest of my father (that was his favorite oath), we have come hither to rejoice with Rupereux over the conclusion of his exile; is it not our purpose to take him back to Paris, as he came out of it? is he not our friend?"

"I," said Castelnau with mock expression of grief, as he twirled his hair. "I have friends only to quarrel with them, to steal away their mistresses, or to borrow their money."

"Wait, Castelnau," replied the viscount

with a menacing gesture; "wait two minutes more; I will lend you no money, you shall not steal my mistress—I defy you to do it; but we will fight!"

"Fie! Rupereux! Is it thus you undertake to do the honors of your house? We are all going to take the road to Paris safe and sound, you at our head."

"You will not take me back with you,"

interrupted the viscount; "whatever may happen, I stay! I cannot at this time take advantage of the kind favors of his excellency the Regent; I cannot leave Marly; my honor binds me to remain."

A murmur of astonishment ran around the table.

"And why? why?" was repeated on all sides.

"Why? because my departure would be the confession of a defeat, of flight, of cowardice! Because, if I were to go, I should deserve all the sarcasms you have just hurled in my face—unjustly, God knows! My campaign is not ended; I remain!"

"How! what!" said Lenoncourt, "have you not yet had the courage to break your

chain? But your recall affords you an admirable opportunity! improve it!"

"I am not in the matter of a rupture, a person of so much foresight as you, cousin. At the right time, I shall not look so far for my reasons; but I have no right to break it."

"Gentlemen," said Noé, "he would persuade us that he has not triumphed."

"What a brawler! for three months and more he has been besieging the place! Fontarabia and Saint Sebastian have just been forced to capitulate in much less time!"

Givry lately captured the city of Centena in a trice, by a surprise!

"Well, gentlemen," replied the viscount,

"I have failed! Not through any want of perseverance and shrewdness, of which qualities I make some boast, but through an incredible ill luck. I have had to do with an unsophisticated girl who is unmatched for cunning, with a virtue the most severe—a real sprite in petticoats, a fairy, a sorceress who blinded and stunned me, who, when I thought her acting on the defensive, seemed to yield herself to me with confidence, and invited me to her by voice and gesture; and when I opened my arms, she kept me at a distance, combating me with every manner of weapon, with her tears, with her smile, with her servant-maid, with her dog, with needle, and with dagger!" To vanquish her, I descended to act of cowardice, even to violence! Nothing availed! She has remained pure, and she has seduced me—me her tempter! me, Rupereux! This time, it is the woman that has bitten the serpent! I say it with shame, with rage, with confusion, I love her, I am passionately smitten with her! I am under a charm! but this charm will break, and you will recognize me then. To succeed in that, all means will be right for me. Weary of the struggle, I this very morning desired, like the chevalier de Givry, to succeed by a surprise, and I failed anew, through your fault, gentlemen! But I swear here in your presence, by my name and by my race, I will come off with honor, by the use of weapons courteous or uncourteous, by natural magic or the black art, with the aid of the devil, if need be!"

After thus communicating his secret, Rupereux rested both elbows on the table, and hid his face, abashed as he was by his confession.

"Cordien!" cried Noé after a moment's silence, "such vipers as those are found only in villages situated on the outskirts of forests! Our fair ladies, heaven be praised! are destitute of sting or venom. Tell us your story, viscount, and if we have to-day caused your discomfiture, we all here pledge ourselves, on our faith as gentlemen, to aid you with our counsels, with our efforts, and with our friends, to bring your noble and loyal undertaking to a happy issue."

"We swear it!" sang out the other guests in chorus; and all rising together, they confirmed their oath by a mutual drinking of health, which ended with a general breaking of glasses.

Madeleine was likely soon to have arrayed against her, not one alone, but the whole infernal crew of the rônes of the Regency.

(*To be continued.*)

THIS is what Henry Ward Beecher says about those who pause and fold their hands and say they have found out all that is worth finding in the world: "I tell you if a man is come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin; for a contented live man is a sham! If a man has come to that state in which he says, 'I do not want to know any more, or do any more, or be any more,' he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy. Of all hideous things, mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking."

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Geo. M. Jackson, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture.

James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

A. H. French, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. S. E. Warner may be addressed for the present at Dalton, Saug Co., Wis.

Miss Martha F. Hulett (Post-office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak during May in the East.

G. W. and Ellen Nichols will answer calls to speak on Reform. Address Wheatland, Ia.

Rev. H. S. Marble may be addressed, Atalissa, Muscatine Co., Iowa.

A Religio-Philosophical Society.

[The subject of anti-sectarian, yet business Organization, has been much discussed among Spiritualists, and many communities have adopted independent plans of maintaining regular Sabbath services. But we have not before met with any plan like the following, by which the Society becomes a legal Organization, and its Lecturers are authorized to solemnize marriages according to law. Read it.—Ed.]

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

DECLARATION.

We, the undersigned, being desirous of promulgating the great and sublime principles of the Harmonial Philosophy, and of elevating and unfolding the minds of Humanity to a due appreciation of the attributes of Deity, as manifested through Mother Nature, the better to enable them to appreciate a common Paternity and Brotherhood, unite ourselves into a Society, under the Statute Laws of this State, as provided in act entitled, "Religious Societies," by the name and style of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

And for the better execution of the will of said Society, it is provided that it shall, each and every year, on the first Sunday in January, or as soon thereafter as convenient, elect from their members a President, Vice President, Clerk, Treasurer, Collector, Janitor, and five Trustees, which Trustees shall be styled "The Trustees of the Religio-Philosophical Society."

The duty of which officers shall be to execute and perform the usual functions of like officers in other organized bodies, and especially the following duties, viz.:

It shall be the duty of the President to call meetings of the Society, and preside at all meetings of the Society or Executive Board, if present, and act as the general corresponding and financial agent of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Vice President to perform all of the duties of the President in his absence or inability to act.

It shall be the duty of the Clerk to keep accurate minutes of the doings of the Society and Executive Board, and such other duties as usually appertain to similar offices, under the direction of the President.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all money belonging to the Society, and keep a correct account thereof, and if it be from the Collector, to receipt to him therefor, and pay the same out at the order of the President, under the direction of the Society or Executive Board.

It shall be the duty of the Collector to collect all money subscribed or contributed, and pay the same over to the Treasurer immediately, taking his receipt therefor.

It shall be the duty of the Janitor to take charge of the meeting-house, and perform all such duties as are incident to such offices in other bodies, and act as the general messenger of the Society.

It shall be the duty of the Trustees to perform all such duties as the law under which this Society is organized requires.

VACANCIES—HOW FILLED.

In case a vacancy in any office in these articles provided for, shall occur, either by death, resignation, removal to a distance, or inability to act, it shall be the duty of the Executive Board to appoint some member of the Society to fill such vacancy until the next ensuing annual meeting; and any officer, if necessary, be filled *pro tempore* in case of the temporary absence of the regular incumbent.

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD AND THEIR DUTIES.

The President, Vice President, and Clerk, shall form an Executive Board, and a majority of them may transact business in the name of and on behalf of the Society, but subject to the approval of the Society, when an amount exceeding fifty dollars is involved.

The Executive Board shall report all their doings at the next annual meeting of the Society, and whenever required by a vote of the members, shall be referred to the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing Articles of Association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 1862, and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices.

and what appears to be Truth and Right today, may appear otherwise to-morrow. For these reasons, any person becoming a member of this Society, is at liberty at any time to withdraw therefrom, and have his or her name stricken from the roll of members, on application to the Clerk, without imputation for so doing.

That man is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the *internal forces of his own being and external surroundings*; and therefore it becomes the duty of every Brother and Sister to extend the hand of charity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties and enlighten the minds of humanity, and especially of the erring, down-trodden, and oppressed.

That the most highly developed inhabitants of earth are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded and sweeping intellects, who long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the "Summer Land" of the Higher Life, and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimental plains of this sphere of existence; and that as the Angelic World tenders their kindest offices to us for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom, and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our Brothers and Sisters of every grade of life, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom, and happiness.

That "to err is human," and that "no man liveth and sinneth not;" therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow man in well doing, and to chide and judge not, as all in turn need encouragement, and not censure and reproach.

MODE OF DOING BUSINESS.

A majority vote of the members present at all regularly called meetings of this Society, when it does not contravene these articles, shall govern.

FINANCES.

All money required for the furtherance of the great objects contemplated, and to be used by this Society for any and all purposes deemed expedient, shall be raised from free donations, voluntary subscriptions, and rents and profits or sale of property owned by the Society—but never by taxation of its members.

LEGISLATIVE POWERS.

The Society may from time to time adopt such By-Laws at meetings duly called for that purpose, as shall be deemed expedient, provided they do not in any manner contravene or conflict with the true intent and meaning of these articles, or the laws of our country.

OF AMENDMENTS OF THE ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

These Articles of Association may be amended by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Society present, at a meeting called therefor, by a notice thereof in writing being posted for ten days previous thereto in the town of St. Charles, in three public places, one of which shall be on the door of the place where such meeting shall be held, setting forth the proposed amendments—provided such amendments shall have been submitted in writing, at a regularly called meeting of the Society, at least ten days before being acted upon. And provided further that such amendments shall in no wise infringe upon the largest and broadest interpretation of these articles in favor of individual rights, freedom of action—thoughts and expression thereof. And no amendment shall ever be made allowing complaints to be entertained against members, nor for their censure, suspension or expulsion, nor in any wise to restrict or hinder any person from uniting with or withdrawing from this Society in the manner hereinbefore provided.

FIRST BOARD OF OFFICERS.

And, lastly, it is agreed that the following-named persons shall constitute the Board of Officers, provided for in the foregoing Articles of Association, until the first Sunday in January, A. D. 1862, and until their successors are duly elected and enter upon the duties of their several offices.

¶ The *Spiritual Clarion*, improved in appearance, has been removed to Philadelphia, Pa., and Hammonton, N. J., from which places it will continue to be issued. U. Clark, Publisher. Address Hammonton, N. J.

Miscellaneous.

REFORMER'S HOME.

The comforts of a home are offered to those persons who may visit New York temporarily, or to families and individuals whose residence in the city is permanent.

Mrs. A. L. Giddings has taken house No. 27 Bond Street, with a view of accomplishing the unitary system in domestic life, as far as it is possible with the means and materials at hand at the present time.

She invites the co-operation of all who seek to lead a quiet and orderly life, and who desire to have established in New York a strictly Harmonial Home.

May, 1861. 65tf

Brown's Water Furnace Company.
Manufacturers of Brown's Patent

HOT WATER FURNACE.
For warming and ventilating Dwelling, School and Bank Buildings, Hospitals, Stores, Green-Houses, Granaries, &c.

Also, Steam Apparatus constructed for warming Hotels, Factories, &c.

274 Canal Street, New York,
Three doors east of Broadway

THE NEW BRICK MACHINE

Is gradually extending over the United States and Canada—is worked by one man, by horse and by steam—makes from 4,000 to 25,000 bricks a day—costs from \$75 to \$400. For further particulars, in a pamphlet giving full instructions on brick setting and burning, address New York.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, Baltimore.

TO MERCHANTS AND STOREKEEPERS GENERALLY.
WANTED.—By a single young man, age 27, a situation in any capacity where labor is fairly rewarded. Good reference given. Address W. G. S., Post-office, Brooklyn.

As all things in Nature are subject to change, so is the mind of man subject to change;

65-1t

NEW SETTLEMENT, WITHIN ONE HOUR'S RIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

The subscribers having obtained a number of square miles of good land at

HAMMONTON,
30 miles South-east of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for SALE IN SMALL TRACTS, OR IN FARMS and VILLAGE LOTS to actual settlers.

The Property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, has the advantage of several rail-road stations, only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five hundred.

The Settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it understandingly, have raised large and profitable crops. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

GRAPES,
and finer Fruits. The land is various in quality, from a light trucking soil to a heavy loam or clay soil. Some portions of the tract have a sand surface with a fine sub-soil, other parts are quite destitute of sand surface, being a heavy loam land. It is called the *very best* soil for choice Fruits and Vegetables.

THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL,
being located in the *most temperate* latitude in America. The winters are short and mild, the mercury being mostly above freezing point. The summers are long, the air pure and invigorating. The country is unsurpassed for its healthiness, fevers being entirely unknown. Many Pulmonary complaints have been cured by a change to this climate. The water through out is excellent; wells, generally from ten to fifteen feet in depth, to never-failing springs of pure soft water.

It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

BEST MARKETS
for all kinds of produce, of any place in the United States. Its markets are Philadelphia and New York, two of the largest cities in the Union.

LOCATION, PLAN OF SALES, AND OPERATIONS.

The course pursued heretofore has been to sell only to actual settlers, or those who would improve within a given time, and the result is, a

LARGE, FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT.

And land has been known to raise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts. The Atsion district, north and immediately back of Hammonton Station, containing about thirty thousand acres. The Batsto district, east, between Hammonton, Weymouth Station, and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres.

The farm lands on the "Atsion" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers, from

\$12 to \$20 per Acre.

Ths \$20 acre farm lots in the Batsto district will be sold from

\$15 to \$30 per Acre.

Village and town lots at Hammonton and Weymouth Stations at **VERY LOW PRICES**, and in sizes to suit purchasers.

An indisputable title will be given to purchasers.

In the State of New Jersey there is a

LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW.

which protects the Homestead to the extent of **ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS**.

Under the first conviction that this arrangement will afford an opportunity for

THOUSANDS TO OBTAIN A HOMESTEAD,

and better their condition, and open up a new country to a practical utility and beauty never before witnessed, we lay this proposition before the world.

LONDON, NORTH & CO.

N. B. Persons wishing to make inquiries by letter, enclosing stamp, will be answered cheerfully. Address to

JOHN LANDON, of Dr. J. H. North, Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey; JOHN KENAN, Weymouth, N. J.; NEWMAN WEEKS, Agent for New England, at Rutland, Vermont; and S. W. DICKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

With Glass Cloth Presser, Improved Loop Check, New Style Hemmer, Binder, Corder, Etc.

REDUCED PRICES!

OFFICE, NO. 605 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

This Machine makes the "LOCK-STITCH," and ranks highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirability of the stitching when done, and the wide range of its application.

Report of American Institute, N. Y.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

Physician, Medium, and Prophetess.

Would invite the attention of the afflicted, and those seeking truthful and reliable communications. Her powers are acknowledged of a high order, and of broad scope. Her ability to heal disease is second to none.

A single interview will give conviction that your case is thoroughly understood—both your bodily afflictions and your mental trials and peculiarities.

ELMER TOWNSEND,

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W. S. RANDAL,

718 Race Street, Philadelphia.

G. K. HARRINGTON,

911 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

CHARLES NORTON,

1214 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

C. F. WHEELER,

163 Lombard Street, Baltimore.

W. WILLIS,

189 Gay Street, Baltimore.

GUY FRISBIE,

Willoughby, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY LANDS.

Parties desirous of purchasing New Jersey lands will find it to their advantage to call on, or address

E. Franklin Clark, TRIBUNE Buildings, or 183 East Broadway, New York.

44tf

FRANCIS H. SMITH, Baltimore.

D. WHITE, M. D., IMPRESSIVE AND HEALING MEDIUM,

has removed to 120 Varick Street, (near Spring Street). Office hours from 8 to 9 A.M.

3 to 5 and 7 to 8 P.M.

52tf

BOARD FOR FAMILIES, Or single persons

at 183 East Broadway near Canal St. Transient boarders accommodated at moderate rates.

21-1f

MRS. TOWNE, Healing, Clairvoyant, Developing Medium, Fishkill Village, N. Y.

65-1t

GARDINER'S Rheumatic & Neuralgia COMPOUND.

A Certain, Safe, and Permanent Cure