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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

1. A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will soon expire, and that he is invited promptly to renew it, so as to insure the uninterrupted mailing of the paper, and save extra labor at this office. Renewals will in all cases be dated and receipted for from the expiring number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

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

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

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

Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. C. EBERKA, CAL.—We can furnish the Koran for \$1.25. Postage to California 50 cents.

J. M. P. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Your communication, dear Brother, will soon find a niche in our temple of Progress.

O. B. WAYNE COUNTY, IND.—We are not acquainted with Dr. O. P. B., and know nothing concerning the reality of the facts claimed.

W. W. J. ADRIAN, MICH.—The Law of Progress will inevitably either elevate mere wonder-seekers, and believers in phenomena only, and unreliable persons to the plane of pure principles and a holy life, or centrifuge them from the good and true cause of Philosophical Spiritualism.

G. C. STOCKPORT.—The ground of complaint against paper-manufacturers is very simple, and strikes us as quite reasonable. It is simply that by combination they sought to compel an advance in price. The fact of the attempted monopoly is a serious question. Equally clear is the fact of their success, and its damaging effect on the growth of literature. We are conscientiously opposed to monopolies, and equally in favor of just reward for honest labor. We buy of manufacturers not in the "league," but pay them market rates.

M. L. B. OF WILLIMANTIC, CONN.—greet us with the following words with regard to Spiritualism in that locality: "This little village has known much of the Spiritual influx in days ago, when our beloved Sister, Miss Sprague, and a host of others, held forth to the hundreds of curious listeners, and the many firm believers. Now the change is striking, for there is no complete organization, and, to appearance, the light has been for the past year almost, if not nearly gone. To me, there are light and truth here, and the outside world will not always, as in the immediate past, glory in the downfall of the Spiritual structures; for this paralysis is but a passing change, and a dying to live is experienced in our cause as well as in all others. Brothers Burnham and Clark, with many others, are firm in the faith, and we have good audiences. The reliability of our strongholds everywhere may be tested with perfect impunity, and the friends here are coming out at last." First best. Brother Wadsworth delivered two lectures here the latter part of December, shortly after I had completed an engagement with these friends, and all were strengthened by them."

ALTER EGO.—We are forced to make our terms uniform and invariable. We do not mail the HERALD OF PROGRESS to any one now for less than two dollars and a half per year.

—Your reference to the proverb has not been overlooked by the "tart" individual. Edge tools seem never too sharp for those who "are called" to use them, and he will not fail to unite in claiming the application of the epithet quoted from Ezekiah Grimes, Esq.

"He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no motive in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt."

For the Herald of Progress.
How to Grow Beautiful.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise men may become active and strong in limb and in muscle. But to grow beautiful—how? Age dims the luster of the eye and pales the rosy cheek, while furrows and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering, limping limbs, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, and pallid and shrunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dew-drop of a summer morning, as melting as the tears that glisten in affection's eye, by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind,

by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding day by day on that love to God and man which lifts us from the brute and makes us akin to angels.

Medical Miscellany.

"What We Need to Eat."—Eating is one of the necessities of life; but when, what, and how much we should eat, every man must settle for himself, since the savans have failed to agree upon any system. If we are governed by appetite, and the sense of taste, stimulated by all the refinements and inventions of gastronomy, we are very likely to err on the side of gluttony, and bring upon ourselves serious diseases. If, on the other hand, we are too abstemious—but there is so little danger of that, we need not take time to enlarge upon it.

Even the experienced trainers of the prize-ring can not decide what is the best food for training men up to their greatest powers of endurance. In England they have a prejudice in favor of mutton-chops and underdone beef-steaks; but it is by no means sure that this is the best. The Roman soldiers, who conquered the world, and built roads from Lisbon to Constantinople, and who were all trained athletes, marching under a weight of armor and baggage that few men in our day could carry, lived on coarse brown wheat or barley bread, which they dipped in sour wine.

In our own day, the Spanish peasants are among the strongest and most agile men in the world. One of them will not hesitate to take a mud-bull by the horns. He will work all day in a copper mine, or at the olive-press, or the wine-press, under a hot sun, and then dance half the night to the music of a guitar. What does he live on? A piece of black bread, an onion, perhaps half a water-melon. You may see him dipping his piece of bread into a horn of olive-oil, and then into some vinegar made hot with pepper and garlic, and he is happy. Sometimes he gets a draught of harsh, sour wine, but not strong. All the strong wine is sent to England.

The Smyrna paper walks off with a load of too weight. His only food, day after day, is a little fruit—a handful of dates, a few figs, a bunch of grapes, some olives. He eats no beef, pork, or mutton. His whole food does not cost him a penny a-day. And the climate at the south of Spain, or of Smyrna, where the plague is almost endemic, can not be considered better than ours.

The Coolie, living on his rice, can outwork the negro fed on bacon. The Arab, living on rice and dates, conquered half the world.

Not only may the most tremendous muscular force and great powers of endurance be nourished upon a very light vegetable diet, but great mental energies as well. For example, St. Gregory Nazianzen lived on bread, herbs, and salt. The great St. Ambrose, of Milan, lived in rigorous abstinence, and seldom broke his fast before noon. St. Chrysostom, called on account of his eloquence the Golden-mouthed, ate one meal a day of bread and herbs. St. Augustine lived on pulse and herbs. St. Bernard, the ablest and most influential man in Europe in the twelfth century, lived on coarse bread softened in warm water; and great numbers of the ablest and most eminent men, in all times, have lived in great abstinence.

We eat too much. Many people eat breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, supper—five meals a day, and four of them hearty ones, with various kinds of flesh meat and prepared dishes. A majority of Americans eat flesh three times a-day. Irish laborers, who never eat flesh a dozen times in their lives, come here rosy with health and strong as oxen. They fall into the habits of the country—eating pork, drinking tea, coffee, and whiskey—and in three or four years they lose their rosy cheeks, their clear, bright eyes, their strength and endurance. They have hollow skins, bad teeth, and rheumatism. They lay it to the climate. It is to be attributed far more to the change in their habits of eating and drinking. If Irishmen who come here would live here just as they do at home, they would not complain of the climate. The smartest Irish woman we know of—a little woman who can roll a barrel of flour up to a room in the third story, and walk ten miles, without prejudice to a hard day's work—has not tasted meat for twenty years, and lives every day on a little bread, and a pennyworth of milk boiled up with a very weak cup of coffee.

Our sanitary reformers have not looked to the diet question; will they allow us to call their attention in that direction? The stomach is the center and citadel of organic life. It is worth a little consideration, as well as the lungs and skin, which depend upon it.

"To Prevent Accidental Drowning."—Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face toward the zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety in tolerably still water—say, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher—let your mouth and nose, not the top of your heavy head, be the highest part of you, and you are safe. But thrust up one of your bony hands and down you go; turning up the handle tips over the pitcher.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

For the Herald of Progress.

Genesis of Ideas.

BY SELDEN J. FINNEY.

By "genesis" I mean the dynamical geometry of living sunbeams—the motion in space and time of the eternal axioms of pure, impersonal Intelligence, whose career generates the vast system of cosmogony as a living, sublime symbolism—an image or likeness of that eternal Perfection whose guardian presence and providence "over-arches" the systems and "centuries with firmamental sweep."

I know there is extant in Christendom a notion which covertly denies the spontaneous formative energy of Nature; that talks about God's making and stamping laws on matter; that has lately attempted to borrow the guise of science in the mind of Professor A., who suggests that the bond of connection between the species of the organic world exists only in the mind of God, and is not a tangible material tie—thus conveying the old superstition of centuries into the phraseology of science. But the old, familiar features of exploded supernaturalism, are plainly visible under the mask of the learned Professor's classic language. Such suggestions are tantamount to the denial of the living and eternal energies of Nature, and call on us to go out of and above her empire, in search of the living formative genius of the Cosmos. If the connecting links of the organic world are not in that world, how can we know there are any such connections? However, Nature be called a system, when the consecutive forces which make it system are not to be found anywhere in that system, but are left to us only in a pure hypothesis out of and above that system, and therefore out of the reach of observation and demonstration.

The class of thinkers who advance such views clearly do not believe Nature to be self-sufficing, or that her laws are the eternal moulds of the action of her everlasting life. Such views lie directly in the way of a true study of the genesis of Ideas, the career of the Cosmos, and the career of immortal humanity. Let us clear them away.

It is an universal intuition of the race that something is eternal—that the essential elements and forces of Nature, called sometimes "God," sometimes "Foe," are uncreated—self-existent. On this intuition I plant myself, and affirm that, when truly understood, it means that all the essential elements, forces, and laws of Nature, are eternal. As we must take something as eternal, why not take all elemental things and principles as everlasting—as uncreated? Does it tax our credulity to any greater extent to believe in the eternity of all the elements, principles, and laws of the Cosmos, than it does to believe in the eternity of a "God" who is affirmed to have "created" those fundamental and essential things? Is it more reasonable to suppose laws to be created by an eternal Deity than to believe them to be eternal in themselves? And what a "God" is that who could exist without "laws"?

Let us suppose such a supernatural "God" as theologians hypothesize. Can he exist without attributes? Are not his attributes as eternal as himself? Are not those attributes essential to his divinity? Can one of them be spared from the divine constitution and not ruin his Godship?

Again: Suppose this Deity did "create" a Cosmos. Must not this Cosmos be contained in the infinite presence of Divine Intelligence? Must it not also, and therefore, contain in itself the principles of that Genius which created it?

But who does not see that all the attributes ascribed to the supernatural "God" are "Ideas" which spring native in the spirit of man? We know that these Ideas belong to the essential nature of Pure Intelligence only because they belong to us as self-conscious intelligences; and if there could be a supernatural "God"—a Being whose essential qualities are not in Nature—we must remain forever in total ignorance of them, because we would contain no likeness thereof. Again: As "Deity" is infinite (according to popular theology) the Divine Attributes—"Ideas"—are everywhere present. Thus Love, Will, Wisdom, Justice, Harmony, Holiness, Beauty, and Perfection, are, by the hypothesis under consideration, everywhere present. They are in Nature, for what is so natural as that which is eternal—uncreated?

Thus it is clear that there is no escape for Christians from the fact that all the essential "Attributes of God"—viz.: all the primordial Ideas of Pure Intelligence—are instantial in the Cosmos. This Cosmos, therefore, displays their divine order of career, or history, under the limitations of time and space. And since these "Attributes"—Ideas—compose all intelligence and control all phenomena, they are vital, eternal, primordial, spontaneous, and natural. They are in the Cosmos as the living laws thereof, and in the spirit of man as the essential elements thereof, and furnish us with those axioms of eternal Intelligence by which reason interprets the significance of all things. What folly, then, to talk about the connections of the organic world being only in the "mind of God"! The mind of God is in the organic world, and that world's connections spring from the consecutiveness of the internal Divine operations. The tie which connects the parts of that world must be as tangible as that world itself, while at the same time the Formative Genius of that world is its living, vital force. In the last analysis, therefore, the system of Nature is a spontaneous evolution, into tangible form, of eternal principles, of the Ideas of Pure Intelligence.

But it may be suggested that "God" makes laws and impresses them upon "matter." But, I answer, since these Ideas are essential elements of Divine Intelligence, and are infinite, there is neither room nor necessity for "matter" different from spirit. And, beside, it is absurd to suppose that "matter," totally unlike Ideas, or spirit, could be at all affected by a "law," created outside of itself, simply by impressing it upon "matter." For instance: Love is an "Attribute" or Idea of Divine Intelligence, and it is also the law of universal life. Now just think of impressing love on any being whose nature possessed no essential life of love! You might as well talk of impressing the sound of a trumpet on the ears of a man born deaf, or the beauty of Nature on the brain of a dead man. You might as well talk of branding the Declaration of Independence on the hide of a rhinoceros and expect him to lead the career of the American Republic, as look for dead "matter" to obey impressed laws. Laws are living processes, and not factitious whims of an arbitrary "God." "God" could no more make laws than he could make love—a constituent of the Divine Nature. "God is love"! Love is a law of universal Nature, as is justice, truth, &c. And since these, by the authority of eternal Ideas, are constituents of Divine Reason, that Reason never could have made them. They compass the Divine Reason itself. "God," then, could no more make a law than he could make himself.

Here, then, our path is clear. All the primordial and essential elements of the universe are eternal. These pure elements are, as I before showed, Ideas. Ideas are the only simple and original things we can ever know, for they are the constituents of our—of all Pure Intelligence—the only knowing power. Cosmogony and the spiritual career of humanity display the operations, within the limits of time and space, of these eternal principles.

Ideas have two orders of career. The first is outward and downward into cosmogony; the second is upward and inward into spiritual, immortal consciousness. Cosmogony contains the genesis of Ideas; human spiritual life—their "exodus" out of shadow into eternal day.

Pure Reason is the exponent of the system of Nature. Its constituent Ideas are "transcendental and interpretative." The universe is to us what this Pure Reason makes or interprets it to be. It can never be anything else, or different. The problems of being are soluble only in the light of this Impersonal Intelligence. The law of interpretation is: Like explains its like. It is also the law of love, and love is the life of Nature. Hence the universe must remain an eternal mystery to man, or its contents and career are revealed in the primordial Ideas of Reason, which is the revelation of the eternal axioms of Pure Impersonal Intelligence.

The archetype of the Cosmos is to be sought in the nature of this Intelligence. The contents and laws of its career are to be found only in the principles and laws thereof. Ideas are the constituent principles of this Intelligence; and this Intelligence is the only fountain of causation. This indwelling reason is impersonal. It is not Peter, or Paul, but that pure common Nature which those individualities serve to define—to bound. It contains the law of universal life, and is the only mediator between God and the world—between being and appearance, force and form, power

and manifestation. The cycling centuries have rolled their records into the very heart of this spiritual Nature, where they become living, self-conscious revelations of the Divine purposes and procedure. To pronounce a thing reasonable, is to pronounce it Divine and authoritative. All intellectual and spiritual effort aims at the reason of things. Consider the objects of jurisprudence, or of religion. Do not they contemplate the triumph of justice, love, law, light, liberty, and inspiration? And what are these but the intuitions of this pure and universal Reason, to whose authority the world bows as to the voice of "God"?

But, alas! how has this spiritual Nature been crucified and crushed under the outrageous spiritual despotism of the churches of the world! The dawn of its triumphal day is breaking "over the mountains of ignorance and oriental superstition."

Manifestations of intelligence cannot precede the Ideas of intelligence. Hence the logical or absolute order of Ideas. This is the order of being. But if this were the only order, no Cosmos could arise. These axioms of eternal Reason must act, must appear under the limits of time and space; must unfold a relative or chronological order; must incarnate themselves in a Cosmos, and into a cosmic consciousness, ere they become creative and beautiful, or can reveal their divine estate and aims. Once thus incarnated into consciousness, both their nature and career become knowable to individuals as subjective and objective realities. Hence the "Pure Reason" embraces both these orders, the logical or absolute order—the order of being—and the chronological, relative order, or order of appearance. Hence the vast eternal problems with which we grapple, and from whose presence and pressure we cannot escape.

The study of the absolute order of Ideas as they are in us, will give us their character and connections with each other, while the study of their evolution into reflection, into philosophy, and into history, will give their chronological order as they have appeared in the cosmogony of immensity. It is not necessary, not indispensable, to point our telescopes at the stars to find out the order of the appearance of the vast systems of suns that throng the fields of ether. Every circle of suns has revolved into the inlying laws of consciousness. Each star-beam has laid, in timbers of light, the vast foundations of Pure Intelligence in man. The key-note of the soul is the echoing harmony of the primal song of the morning stars.

Let us, then, consult the nature and laws of Pure Intelligence as it appears in us, assured that the contents and career of the Cosmos, as well as the nature and destiny of Ideas, are there involved. Do the immensity and difficulty of this method startle you? Know, then, that no great progress in spiritual knowledge can be otherwise attained. Self-possession is the possession of the opulence of the Divine Spirit—the conscious ownership of the wealth of the boundless Cosmos.

In the study of this great subject, our methods of procedure must be clearly defined and constantly kept in view, or we may become confused in our researches, and involved in a vicious circle of thought.

And first, it is to be remembered that the two methods of study—the inductive and the deductive—are to be kept distinct, while the conclusions or facts arrived at are to be related in our philosophy just as we find them in our consciousness. The inductive method is the one applicable to the order of appearance—to the chronological order; the deductive, to the absolute order, or order of being. The first conducts us from facts to their cause—from the circumference inward toward the center and core of life; the second leads us from the center outward into circumference—from the seat and fountain of life outward into its empire of appearances. The object of the first is the relations of events; that of the second is the nature and contents of eternal principles as they are in themselves. The first is the study of the relative; the second is the study of the absolute. The one contemplates the career of the Cosmos, the other deals with its contents. The one aims at the solution of the modes of life, the other at the essence itself of life.

It is evident that the order in which Ideas appear in our thought, in our ordinary external consciousness, and also in the historic career of the race, is just the reverse of the order in which they compose our essential intelligence—in which they constitute our pure reason. Our first emotion, or knowledge of existence, is a sensation of an objective world different from the ego. True, the sen-

sation itself pre-supposes an interior sensorium—an interior, self-cognizing intelligence; but we come to know that we are, only by perceiving in sensation the image of something that is not us, that is different from and distant to us. How could we ever know that we are, until we see or sense the existence of an objective world around us from which we distinguish ourselves? In the order of thought—of chronology—therefore, Ideas appear first on the surface—in the circumference of our being. Consciousness first reveals itself to us just on the outskirts of our life, there where the objective and subjective worlds bound and meet each other in sensation. What, indeed, is sensation but the consequence of a step put to the flow of our vital force by the contact of our person with a foreign substance, which will not conduct it, but turns it inward toward its fountain, and thus compels its retreat, laden with the impression of time and space—the causes of its discomfiture—back to its sensorium?

Nor can it fail to be seen that this first act of intelligence, as it appears in personality, is a vast, synthetic intuition, involving a revelation of two worlds—the world of manifestations and the world of inter-conscious Ideas. The fact of sensation pre-supposes the reality of these coequal worlds. Hence the folly of the war of the "Idealists" and "Sensualists" of modern Europe.

This great primal act of pure intelligence is the original announcement, in a vast synthesis, of the contents and career of the universe. He who closely studies the laws of career, cannot fail to see that in the intellectual, as in the organic world, the heterogeneous, or diverse, comes out of the homogeneous, or the synthetic. All our subsequent philosophical efforts are only so many attempts to bring out, through analysis, the contents of this primordial synthetic intuition into exact statement. And here it is seen that the intellectual order repeats the order of the universe, for as all the essential principles of two worlds unite in the synthetic intuition with which we begin our conscious career, so must all the essential Ideas and elements of the Cosmos have existed in an infinite synthesis of the Divine Intelligence. The process of thought, of philosophy, of self-evolution, consists in analysis, in separation of the original Ideas of Pure Intelligence from the primal synthesis of being into boundary, into outline, into the relations of succession—of time; so the career of cosmogony is only analysis, only separation of original elements into definite worlds, bounded, defined, localized, reduced to the conditions of time and space. Cosmogony must be regarded as a process of Divine analysis. But therefore it must have been originally contained in an infinite and absolute synthesis. Its original synthetical state must be regarded as the eternal status of Ideas, as they constitute the Divine Spirit. It is the motion of eternal principles as they spontaneously analyze themselves into solid orbs, and systems of orbs, that opens and carries on to perfection the magnificent career of the Cosmos. Cosmogony is only the spontaneous analysis of eternal intelligence, the constituents of which are Ideas. Ideas are, therefore, the archetypes of worlds—the eternal geni of that boundless beauty that blazes on the blue, and enwraps the earth in its mantle of light.

Since it is certain that the sweep of our telescopes is too limited to reach to the eternal center of this vast system of cosmogony, let us take the only other possible methods left us—viz.: self-analysis and spiritual science.

To give our external senses some confidence in the methods of spiritual science and psychological analysis, let us note the primary processes of organic life, for we shall find that the one unfolds by the same laws that govern the career of the other. This is the inductive method.

Thus, "in the primitive period of life, a single membrane discharges promiscuously and contemporaneously all the various organic functions—it digests, it respire, it secretes; but, a little advance onward, special portions of it are allotted to one and another of these uses, and a localization, a centralization of function ensues, and things that were mixed in confusion become separate and distinct. As the passage onward is made, still farther specializations are introduced, and so on in succession. Thus at the two extremes we may contemplate the single germinal membrane of the ovum, which is discharging contemporaneously every function—digesting, absorbing, respire, secreting, etc.—and the complete organic apparatus of man, the stomach, the lungs, the skin, the kidneys, and the liver—mechanisms set apart each for the discharge of a special duty, yet each having arisen, as we know positively from watching their order of development, from that simple germinal membrane." This organic synthesis is the fountain from which this complex mechanism arises, by a process of analysis—a process of separation, differentiation, and development—a process of unfolding the diverse, the various, and the complex, out of the homogeneous, the united, and the simple. Nor is it to be forgotten that human embryology repeats all the processes and metamorphoses of all organic life below its own plane. Thus along the living channels of Nature, from the primal vortex of the Cosmos, do we draw the elements and principles of being, repeating as they rise all the anterior cycles of career that mark the processes of cosmogony. Organic life begins with an enormous synthesis, in which is contained all that has taken place in Nature, and all that can take place in history. And so began cosmogony. And thus begins our intelligence, in the original hour of its great awakening, as it appears in us. The life of pure intelligence, as it unfolds in our con-

sciousness, must pursue the same great path, by virtue of the presence and pressure of the same eternal law, but which, pushed up into the realm of self-conscious and immortal life, adds new cycles of career unknown to the solid worlds as such, but which are to be referred to the bosom of that Infinite Love whose eternal estate is the primal synthesis of the unfolding universe. Analogy teaches us all this.

The first great act of intelligence as it appears in the personal being, affirms the truth of our existence, and of the existence of an objective world outside of us. Its two terms are: the conscious ego fronting the unconscious *non-ego*, each limited by the boundaries of the other, but both which, as soon as thus perceived to be finite, are referred by the laws of pure Reason to an all-embracing, infinite Nature. Here is a vast, an infinite synthesis, out of which all the revelations of future immortal life are to come, and that, too, by a process of analysis—a process parallel to that of organic life. This primordial moment contains an epitome of the whole career of immortals. It engenders the discoveries of science and philosophy, whose great aim is, to bring out into the light of reflection, and into mastery of daily life, the living laws of eternal Reason. Man adds another world to that first one, which came, in orbs of golden flame, from out the central fires of the Cosmos. The living genius of the human spirit is also second vortex, through which the cold, solid, grim, huge earths, are re-smelted and new-formed into a vast Cosmos of emotions and of immortal thought. And the great function of reflection is here seen to be literally reflection. We aspire to "reflect" from the cold, rocky globe, those primal rays of the eternal sun; to return in spontaneous and intelligent worship to the central spirit of Nature, without refraction, those beams of glory which have fallen on our hearts. Happy, indeed, if we succeed in so eliminating our egotisms, our darkness, as that the living rays shall not be turned aside, or bent out of their true course among the stars.

The clear analogy between historic life—the life of thought—and the career of cosmogony—the life of worlds—is absolute proof of the spontaneous evolution of spiritual forces—Ideas—into the chronological order of the universe, and that, too, as a process of analysis, out of an infinite synthesis of pure intelligence. Around the central intuitions of the race, Thought, huge, monstrous, and fiery as the primal volcanic world, gathers itself in successive strata, like the primary rocks over the sea of lava, and, like those same rocks, gets split, and torn, and tossed in wildest violence and confusion. But those great intuitions themselves remain intact, like the stuff and status of the world after an explosion. Volcanoes may spout their flaming, molten rivers of destruction; earthquakes may crack the continents; continents may sink and rise; solid rocks, heaped into piles, may push up from the bottom of the deep, driving their tops into the clouds—still the great world retains its poles and equator, its centrifugal and centripetal laws, and pushes on its steady way in its elliptic path, sublime among the stars. So with the career of Thought—of human history. Its first ages are convulsive, fiery, furious, huge. But at the core of its heart it still holds the germs of the unborn eons, is still tethered by faith to the throne of love; and, constantly conscious of the possibility of the "new republic," pushes on over the ruins of its ancient empires.

The career of thought, like the career of stars, is rhythmic, floating in the magnetic currents of Divine purpose. Whether studied in the private bosom or on the plains of empire, it is seen to repeat the same sublime laws. And these laws are the same that hold the stars in order and orbit. Worlds come from suns, suns from vaster suns, and all, at first, from that burning vortex of eternal light, in which converge the infinite laws of Pure Intelligence. This focus is the vortex through which the Ideas of Pure Reason rush forth into cosmic chronology; just as the human spirit is the other vortex of life through which these worlds rush upward into love, will, wisdom, philosophy. The universe swings between these two vortices; first, downward, outward, into forms of appearance, second, upward, inward, into thought, into consciousness, into eternal Light again. "For God is light, and in him is no darkness at all," and this is the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Sublimest utterance of ancient thought!

We might here start the great question of origin—of a beginning to the actual order of cosmogony—if it would avail. Essentially, in reference to the elements, laws, principles, Ideas, Nature gives us no beginning. Unless we are to suppose an eternity of inactivity, of idleness on the part of the Divine Spirit, we cannot affirm an absolute "beginning" to the order of the universe. Nature gives us no beginning of love, law, light, or wisdom; nor do we see, or perceive, either in the world of forms or in the world of Ideas—of Reason—any actual starting-point in the absolute order of things. True, special individualities seem to appear from a certain point of local career; and, indeed, the present forms of such appearance do begin; but when we look for the connections and relations of these special forms, we at once get swept into the vast cycles of universal career, and by induction remount upward through geological and sidereal epochs, until we find ourselves contemplating the eternity of Spirit, of Pure Reason, and the logical order of Ideas. Individualities are thus tethered to the universality, time to eternity, and the chronological forms of manifestation to the absolute or logical laws of Being. Being—all the eternal forces—are now active,

operative, organizing; and if they ever "began" to act, to organize, they must have begun to live. To suppose them capable of beginning to live, is equivalent to supposing them capable of beginning to be; for to assume them to be eternally living, is to suppose them eternally operative. Love is the great law of life, or, rather, it is life itself. Will you dare affirm its inactivity prior to the mere present order of Nature? Life is operation—is absolute Being in eternal action. Infinite cycles of career, through an eternal Now, must, therefore, characterize the essential forces of the universe. Reason itself, utterly incapable as it is of conceiving the possibility of the actual creation of something out of nothing, by "God," or of the spontaneous evolution of nonentity into entity, by itself, rests, secure and unshaken, only on the eternity of all absolute things, and also on the eternal career thereof. The career of Being must be equal to Being itself. And since, as we have shown, Being is composed of Ideas, these are the eternal laws of the universe, and the only Providence of the world.

And here it will be asked: "Since you think Ideas are the constituents of Infinite Spirit, Being, Reason, or Pure Intelligence, do you think these constituents compose an absolute consciousness in their wholeness? Is Infinite Spirit—this eternal Reason—self-conscious as a person?—as Peter and John are conscious? In other words, is the Universe conscious of itself—of its career as a whole?" I answer: I cannot conceive it possible for Infinite Spirit, or for the Universe, to be conscious of itself as a personality, for personality is limitation, is bounded by other limitations; its personal consciousness is, therefore, the result of such limitations, for no personality comes to know that it is a person only by contact with what limits it. But Infinite Spirit cannot be thus bounded or limited; it cannot take cognizance, therefore, of anything different from itself, for it is "all in all." It cannot be a personality at all, this Infinite Reason, because infinite individual is a contradiction in terms. It cannot, therefore, be conscious as a person, as an individual. All individuality is relational, is related in statics to what surrounds and limits it on all sides, and in dynamics to events which precede and follow its own career. Individuality is, therefore, necessarily relative and dependent, and pre-supposes the absolute and independent, which is Infinite Spirit, eternal law. But Infinite Spirit is absolute, not relative; is independent, not limited. Nothing can surround an Infinite Spirit, or universe of eternal laws. Nothing can precede eternal dynamics. Nothing can antedate everlasting Ideas, which are archetypes of worlds. No personality can be predicated of the Boundless Being, of the Infinite Beneficence. Hence no individual consciousness can be intelligently affirmed of "God."

Allow me here to say, parenthetically, that my views lead me to affirm the "super-personal" consciousness of Supreme Reason. I infer this from the very nature and implied objects of our intuitions, as also from the love in our spirits of the Infinite Excellence. But the discussion of this great subject I reserve for other hours.

Let me re-state these views. Ideas are the only primordial elements of the universe, and so are eternal, impersonal, and spiritual, and therefore constitute the eternal axioms of Supreme Intelligence. They are the vital laws of Nature, the archetypes of worlds, and the only unparticipated substance. They are not notions, dreams, or theories of men, but they are solid, enduring, permanent, omnipresent truths. Out of the burning vortex of their divine, spiritual estate, they have unrolled their sublime contents into the cosmogony of immensity, unfolding their interior beauties in a geometry of sunbeams, blazoned on the infinite blue, thus incarnating themselves in solid symbols. And here begins their exodus. Having been wrought up into the golden masonry of heaven; having appeared, clothed and imaged, in the beamy architecture of the skies; having accomplished the great incarnation of the Divine powers and procedure in cosmogony, and through cosmogony in man, as an epitome of both their contents and career—their exodus out of symbol into inter-conscious substance—into love, law, light, liberty, and beauty of being—begins. Their "genesis" is finished; they are now to regain their Divine estate of consciousness, in the center of the human spirit; are to see, to interpret, to love, to adore the Wholeness of that Divine Reason, of which they are constituents. In the deep bosom of immortal spirit they are eternally to sing the song of "work-worship" as it sweeps down through the "world-jeweled universe." Thus man was made to voice the unutterable things of the spirit. He carries, sheathed within his flesh, the potent secret of the world. The magic chemistry of life comes to light in the laws of his reason, while the image of Infinite Beauty is photographed in his heart. The records of eternity fled, are wrought into the structure of his spirit, so, the great function of his immortal life, is, to remember—to bethink himself. And this shall be our worship, far above the "starry floor of heaven." And this is the unutterable prayer: Let us possess ourselves.

* See discourse on Contents and Career of Divine Ideas in a preceding number.

As man is an imperfect being, his dignity cannot be perfect; yet it may be so near as to give delight, and power, and honor, and true happiness to the possessor, and enable him to lead where others seek to follow.—CANNING.

CONVERSATION ought to be mental music, where diversity of thoughts in the unity of humanity makes harmony for the soul.

Theological Investigation.

"Fair Truth": for thee alone we seek!
Friend to the wise, supporter to the weak,
From thee we learn what's right and just,
Creeds to reject, professions to distrust,
Forms to despise, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow naught beside."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Protest from the Shakers.

THE STATEMENTS OF A. J. DAVIS.

"Israel shall dwell alone, and shall not be numbered with the nations."

FRIEND DAVIS: In the HERALD of January 10th, is a mention of the Shakers; also in January 24th, and again February 21st—all by yourself.

From my long acquaintance with you, I am satisfied that it is your intention to speak the truth respecting your neighbor, even if he should chance to be unpopular. But this you have not done in the cases referred to.

You say, "The Shakers think the whole world astray." (Do you disagree with them in that thought?) "but they are precisely the same people they were when they started," (and that is seventy years ago.) "The Shaker movement is not growing vitally."

Inasmuch as that I started in that movement thirty-four years ago, and from purely the materialistic plain, I cannot but think it my right to give testimony as a witness in the case; and others have the right of judges.

I have observed that sometimes, when I have been in a car that was standing still, another car passing by would produce the sensation and impression of motion in myself. Perhaps I am under the same delusion as regards Shakerism, and that what I have supposed was a continued and rapid progress "from faith to faith," causing the way to grow "brighter and brighter" every year, and filling our minds with new ideas—new openings of truth—and our hearts with joy and gratitude, that "the lines had fallen to us in such pleasant places," was indeed all true, but only in reference to the world without; while we, poor and deluded, were all "wearing a uniform dress" were "monotonous in mind, and allowing no absolute freedom in religious convictions;" and in fact were too ignorant to know that we were unhappy.

If it be true, that physical habits and conditions are a resultant from the spiritual ideas of men and women, then I think the Shakers are not the same as when they started, except in "holding fast that which is good."

In olden times, in common with the whole population of America, they used alcoholic drinks; now, not even cider is used, except for medicine. Pork was eaten plentifully; now the whole order have for many years discarded it from their tables. Potash, in its varied forms, was combined with food. Now, in a family of sixty, neither saleratus nor soda—alkalies—find any place in our food preparations. Tobacco was a common luxury with both males and females. Now, smoking is abolished, and chewing confined to a very few individuals. Coarse bread and fruits are bountifully supplied, houses are ventilated, sinks are trapped, and even the horses and cattle are provided with breathing material—air. But little drugs are used; and it is not supposed that the epidemics or sicknesses are sent by Providence to punish persons for their spiritual sins, any more than are wars and revolutions. But that every man reaps the reward of his own doings, and that the sinner is holden by the cords of his own sins, and is punished by the fruit of his own actions, and that whoever breaks a physiological law must prepare him or herself to endure its appropriate penalty; and so of a moral or spiritual law—and the same is true of a nation. America is reaping just what it has sown; the harvest has ripened—the fruit is being picked.

In manifest opposition to my heading, that "Israel shall dwell alone, and not be numbered with the nations," or sects, you have classed Shakers with everything—"Universalists, Unitarians, the Quakers, the Shakers, the Nothingarians, the Evangelical and respectable sects—all have risen as one man, and one power, and said, Spiritualism is Anti-Christ. There is no question, no doubt about it." And then you go on with your lecture, a good part of which, were it not for lengthening this article, I would transcribe and indorse as good Shaker doctrine; for the promulgating of which, Shakers have, for more than half a century, been ostracized by the Anti-Christian sects and their opponents, the Infidels, Free Thinkers, and now by even Spiritualists, if we allow friend Davis to be their spokesman.

You say "the teaching of the pulpit is, that God punishes arbitrarily; not as the natural result of violated principles; that God may justly punish to all eternity, for a few years, a few days, a few hours of sin. The Church says, war comes out of heaven; God sends it as a punishment." Please to leave us out of that pulpit and Church. Shakers have no such ridiculous faith.

"Punishment and crime are always in harmony with each other," (you say) that "there is no vicarious atonement, and no virtue in what is called death-bed repentance." "War comes out of man's lowest estates, and is natural to those inferior conditions."

[I would amend, by saying that marriage, propagation, private property, and war to protect them, come out of man's lowest, or rudimentary conditions.]

"Vicarious atonement for sin comes out of undevelopment; out of a lack of justice in man; out of a low, selfish condition of mentality"—all of which we indorse as Spiritualists indorse it, *pro* and *con*. "Spiritualism teaches the absence of selfishness, and incul-

cates doctrines of truth, to cause men to unite their interests."

Does not Shakerism both teach and practice that? and do you not in the same lecture unteach it, when you oppose "some Spiritualists [who] have been inclined to move off from the world like Shakers, and combine themselves for the establishment of industrial and economical communities," while you hold on to them to "remain in the world"?

Again, you say that the "Spiritual principle recognizes germs of immortal excellence in the lowest, meanest, and most depraved." True, we say! and also that "truths cannot be ingrafted. You cannot argue a belief in immortality into the skeptic's mind. An accident, an impulse, may awaken and quicken his interior consciousness. He feels his immortality."

What you say of woman, "that she will have a career parallel with man's, through all the eternal spheres," you could not well have taught, if the Shakers had not prepared the way for you by putting a woman side-by-side with Jesus, and giving her a lot, for the last seventy years, in all places of trust, power, government, and emolument, parallel with man. We call "such doctrines good orthodox Christian truth," now, and have not to wait for "one of these days."

Shakerism "declares itself the fixed and unalterable opponent of all human chattelism, servitude, tyranny, and despotism. It emancipates the individual, and proclaims freedom alike to man and woman, Jew and Christian, (or rather Anti-Christian,) child and adult, black and white;" for there is neither high nor low, bond nor free, Greek nor Jew, male nor female, rich nor poor—all are equal. But enough.

I should indeed have to re-write a great part of your lectures, to show that you have unintentionally done the Shakers a wrong, in attributing to them sentiments which they repudiate and abhor, and have withheld from their doctrines and principles which they hold, approve, and earnestly contend for.

It is not your interest to do either of these things. Therefore I ask a place in your crowded columns for these strictures and corrections, and by their admission you will confer another favor upon your old friend and co-laborer in the cause of human elevation and development.

F. W. EVANS,
Mount Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y.
Feb. 24, 1863.

P. S.—Shakers were the only people who as an organization, took Spiritualism by the hand when it was a very small child, protected it as with a shield, and befriending it with their own dearly-bought experience.

Instructive Miscellany.

Reginald Marsden's Atonement.

Alice Grafton, the gentle heroine of this brief record of real life, had been committed to her aunt's charge when her father, Captain Grafton, and his beloved wife sailed for India, where, after three years' residence, Mrs. Grafton fell a victim to anxiety and an unhealthy climate. At the termination of the Crimean war Major Grafton returned to England sick and wounded. His native air, the tender solicitude of his maiden sister, Laura Grafton, and his young daughter Alice, and the peace and tranquility of an English home, partially restored his health. To the unspeakable joy of Alice he rallied for a time, and traveled with her and his sister for three years in Switzerland and Germany; but an old wound having opened afresh, from over-exertion, he returned to England in a precarious state. Feeling that probably he might not recover, he summoned to Atwood his old school-fellow and most intimate friend, Mr. Marsden, under whose guardianship, conjointly with that of Miss Grafton, he desired to place Alice. Mr. Marsden was accompanied by his eldest son, Reginald. It was during this visit that an incident occurred which had a powerful influence upon the after-life of the three persons concerned in the occurrence. Reginald Marsden, at that time eighteen years of age, had rescued Alice from drowning, and had also saved the life of little Jessie Moore, a motherless child, whom Alice, plying her neglected state, had made her little attendant and companion.

This Jessie Moore was one of those bright little beings whose faces sometimes beam upon us from beneath the shadows of a rustic porch, or from out of a frame of foliage clustering round a cottage window. She had a fervent and enthusiastic nature, an intense love of the beautiful, and, alas! perhaps an innate distaste for the rough realities of poverty. Two years after the handsome, dark-eyed lady had saved her life, poor Jessie was taken away from her gentle young mistress to accompany a drunken, brutal father, to London, where she was apprenticed to a West-end milliner. Before the first twelvemonth of this apprenticeship had elapsed, Jessie disappeared, leaving no trace by which she could be followed. Alice Grafton had been cruelly distressed at hearing this bad news of her favorite. Too pure to impute evil, she attributed Jessie's disappearance to some ill-treatment or unkindness from her mistress or her father. Miss Grafton caused an advertisement to be inserted in the Times imploring the wanderer to return, and she consulted Reginald Marsden as to the propriety of searching further for the missing girl. But he had answered her letter coldly, telling her that all that could be done had been done, and that further interference in the business would be useless.

Shortly after this, Major Grafton died, and nearly five years elapsed before Alice and Reginald again met. During the interval Mr. Marsden had died, and on Reginald now devolved the guardianship of Alice. Previous to her coming of age, a few law matters requiring arrangement, Mr. Reginald Marsden had paid a visit of some weeks at Atwood.

Alice and he had met with mutual pleasure. Neither had forgotten the beloved playmate of childhood. The delight they felt in each other's society was soon perceptible to Miss Grafton, who neither promoted nor discouraged

the growing attachment, but allowed—how often the wisest plan!—things to take their own course.

The evening before he was to leave Atwood, Reginald asked Alice to take a favorite walk and view the sunset from a neighboring hill. Both felt that it was their last walk for a long time together, and both were sad and silent. As they were gazing on a splendid autumn sunset, "Alice," said Reginald abruptly, "as yonder sun sets below the horizon, so will sink the sun of my happiness when I leave Atwood. I am unworthy to claim even a friend's place in your pure thoughts, yet I must tell you what your influence over me has effected. Do you remember, even in our childhood, how your sweet pleading eyes could calm my wildest passions? and through the years during which we have been parted, never have I done wrong but your mournful gaze was upon me. And now I feel that henceforth you are my guardian angel. If ever I shall achieve any thing great or good it will be your work." Alice answered not, but her hand trembled on his arm. "Alice," continued Reginald, after a pause, "if in future years I become less unworthy of you, may I—dare I—hope? Or if you withhold your love, will you at least think of me as a friend?" Alice held out her hand. "I will be ever your friend, Reginald," she said; "more I dare not say. It was my dear father's last wish, that before I promised more, a paper, which he left in your father's care, should be consulted." "That paper is in my hands now," said Reginald. "May I give it to you to-night? But, Alice, supposing your father sanctioned our union, what would your heart answer?" Alice placed both her hands in his. Reginald covered them with kisses.

The paper that Reginald opened that evening contained a wish that Alice's choice might rest on one of the sons of his valued friend, Charles James Marsden. Alice lay down to rest that night doubly blessed in the thought that her father had sanctioned her love.

The engagement between Alice and Reginald rendered a visit to London absolutely necessary, and Miss Grafton wrote to her family physician and intimate friend, Dr. King, requesting him to engage apartments in the neighborhood of Russell Square, where he himself lived. Alice felt a childish pleasure in this visit, and she determined to seize the opportunity of endeavoring to gain tidings of her lost protégé, Jessie Moore.

A happy month had passed away, almost like a dream, so swiftly had the days flown by in quiet visits to the picture-galleries, museum, and concerts; Alice always happy with Reginald by her side to direct her judgment and improve her taste. In the bright days of early summer they made frequent excursions to favorite spots within easy access of the metropolis. Charles Marsden now paid a visit to his brother; and by his cheerful manners and well-ordered mind made a pleasant addition to the party. Though less accomplished and fascinating than his brother, Miss Grafton preferred Charles to Reginald, and wished that her niece's choice had fallen on the younger brother.

But Alice loved Reginald with the unquestioning devotion of her earnest, enthusiastic nature, with the perfect trust of an innocent heart. The very essence of this trustful first-love is its faith in the worthiness of the beloved. Shatter that quiet confidence, that perfect reliance, and you strike a blow to the very root of love. Pity, regret, sympathy, affection, may remain; but the love that has faith has perished.

Alice and her aunt sat one evening in their pleasant drawing-room, overlooking the Foundling Gardens, expecting Mr. Marsden, who came every evening, from his chambers in the Temple, to drink tea with Miss Grafton and her niece. Alice was silent, but it was the silence of content. She had spent the previous day with her aunt, Reginald, and Charles, at Windsor. The splendid old palace and the noble park had claimed their admiration. They had rambled round the lovely Virginia waters, and lost themselves in the spreading forest, with its bright oases of flowers. A bright June sun had wrapped the young foliage in radiance, and with sunshine in their hearts and around them, they had all agreed that it had indeed been a happy day. Many years passed before one of them could remember that day without a pang.

Alice sat at the window listening to Reginald's set, when a poorly clad, but respectable-looking woman caught her attention. A double knock sounded on the door below, but was not the familiar rat-tat, every stroke of which was music to Alice's ears. Mr. Charles Marsden was announced, the servant adding that a poor woman was waiting below, who begged to see Miss Alice. Charles brought his brother's excuses, whom earnest business detained at his chambers. Alice, with a sigh, went to the woman. In less than ten minutes she returned to the drawing-room. "Aunt, dear," she said, "I want Charles to go with me a little way; I think we may, perhaps, hear something of poor Jessie. Charles, will you come?" Mr. Marsden gladly assented.

"Charles," said Alice, as they left the house, "I did not wish to alarm my aunt, but I fear something terrible has happened to poor Jessie. Look here!" She handed him a slip of paper, blotted with tears, containing these words:

"Dear Miss Alice, I am so very, very miserable, that, weak and guilty as I have been, I know you will pity me. Last week I saw your street face as you got out of a carriage, but I dared not speak to you—you so good and pure, and I so fallen and wretched. Oh, why did you not let me die six long years ago? When I saw you I resolved to write and entreat your pity for my poor baby, but it is useless now." The poor scrawl broke off abruptly, and the last words were almost illegible, so blotted were they with the tears that had fallen upon them.

It was a mean, narrow street to which the woman had directed Alice. She was watching for them at the door of a poor-looking house, and conducted them up a narrow, close staircase into a small room, which was scantily furnished, but neat and clean. In a cot lay a pretty child, about twelve months old. A smile rested on the little thin face, but the eyes were closed in death. Alice's tears fell fast as she looked at it, and listened to the woman's sad story of its mother.

"She was quite a young thing, miss, though so pale and wan. She came here just before baby was born, nigh a twelvemonth back. How she did dote on it, to be sure! She was so sad, and never would speak to any one but me; and I think she took to me because I no-

ticed baby. It was a nice little thing, with beautiful dark eyes; but it never thrived. It had been ill some days, and its cries distracted its poor mother. Yesterday she said to me, 'Baby must have a doctor. I want you to go to such a house' (your house, miss), 'and see Miss Alice, and tell her that little Jessie Moore that she was so kind to years ago, entreats her to send a doctor to her little boy.' Then she told me, miss, how you tried once to save her from drowning, and how she wished you had let her die then, that she might have been spared so much misery and sin. This morning, quite early like, she knocked at my door; never shall I forget her look as she said, 'Baby is dead! I am going out.' She was quite calm, and didn't shed a tear, but her eyes looked wild like. I went up—I soon went up to her room, and there lay the poor little thing dead. I washed and dressed it, and laid it in its little cot; all day I watched and waited for its poor mother to come back, but she never came. So I thought, miss, I would make bold and come to you, as mayhap you might have seen her. I found the bit of paper with name on it, and there is another letter or something of that table, if you would please to look at it."

"Almost mechanically Alice moved to the table, followed by Charles. The letter of which the woman had spoken lay there open, as the wretched girl had left it when she rushed from the house. At the same moment their eyes rested on these words: 'Abandoned by you, I had still my child to cling to: It is dead; I can bear life no longer! May God have mercy on us!—Jessie.'"

"I think this is the address, miss," said the woman; "I took a letter for her there once, soon after baby was born. How she did long for an answer, poor thing! but it never came." The woman held toward Alice a torn, crumpled envelope; the name upon it was Reginald Marsden, Esq.

Alice took the crumpled paper from the woman's hand, and glanced at it with a strange, half vacant stare. Presently, rousing herself as from a trance, she whispered, "What can we do? think for me, Charles, for I cannot."

Charles Marsden's first thought was to hurry Alice away. As they left the house they met Dr. King. "Dear Miss Alice," said he, hurriedly, "I have just left your aunt; I called to tell you that I think I have found your Jessie. It is a sad tale, though. A poor young woman, picked up out of the river, was brought to the hospital just as I was leaving to-day. The house-surgeon asked me to see her. It was a long time before they could get life into her again, so I tried a remedy which I once found succeed when other means had failed. Gradually she came to, and was able to speak before I left. As the nurses were chafing her hands a ring fell off. I took it up, and inside were engraved the words, Jessie M. Moore. I think you told me that was the name. This poor thing does not look more than eighteen, so it is very likely your Jessie. But if you do not mind coming with me to-morrow, you can judge for yourself." The doctor soon left them.

"Charles," said Alice, "I cannot go in just now, let us walk round the square."

They walked up and down the smooth gravel path for some time in silence. Charles Marsden looked, from time to time, at his companion's sweet face. It was as white as death, but as calm as the face of an angel. No tears quivered upon the soft dark lashes that drooped over the tender blue eyes; the delicate mouth was now and then disturbed by a faint, tremulous motion, painfully expressive of the speechless grief which had fallen so heavily on the untired heart. At last she murmured, rather to herself than Charles, "Oh, how dreadful the thought that he should have been guilty of such cruelty! such dishonor! Jessie—the girl whose life he saved, whom he knew in our happy home!"

Charles attempted not to console her; he felt too keenly that he could give no comfort here. No mortal voice, no mortal pity, could console her in such a grief as this. How mournfully they paced those pleasant leafy inclosures which Alice had looked upon so lately from her open window, listening to the merry voices of the children, and taking a pleased interest in their games! And now, in the bitterness of unutterable sorrow, she looked back at her past life, and wondered at its happiness. After a long silence she stopped at the gate of the inclosure and gave Charles her hand. "No one must know this but him," she said; "I will take care of Jessie. Charles, I trust to you."

When Alice re-entered the house she found her aunt despondent with some friends, and, leaving them together, she retired to her room—retired, not to sleep, not to think, but to pray. A dreadful blank had blotted out the bright picture of her life, yet she thought not of that, she thought only of Reginald and Jessie; with her whole heart and strength she pleaded for the guilty and the unhappy. She thanked God, oh how fervently! that life had been spared. A holy calm at length succeeded the agitation of her spirits; she rose from a sleepless couch and opened her window. The cool air of early morning fanned her heated cheek; the first bright streak of dawn shone through the trees, and shed a ray of hope on her heart. It seemed like a bright messenger from heaven sent to bid her not despair. She lay down and slept.

With a calm demeanor, but a beating heart, Alice accompanied Dr. King to the hospital. In a small room off the accident-ward lay Jessie, a blank image of despair. She raised her hot, heavy eyelids as the doctor entered, but when she saw Alice, a burning flush suffused her features, and she covered her face with her hands. Alice bent over her in silence. At length a tear fell on the bowed head, and a tender voice murmured, "My poor Jessie!" The doctor left them together.

Tears now trickled through the thin fingers that were clasped before Jessie's face. "Dear Miss Alice," sobbed the wretched girl, "if you knew all, you too would shun me; you would shrink from me like the rest, and—"

"Hush, Jessie, not now," murmured Alice, in a soothing tone; "when you are better you shall tell me all. God has been very merciful in saving your life, and in bringing us together. In our greatest trials He will not forsake us if we trust in Him."

"Yes, you who are so good, but I—"

A gentle hand covered her mouth. "I have not had your temptations, my poor girl, but I too have suffered." The anguish of the tone went to Jessie's heart. The hand was pressed fervently to her lips. "Listen to me, dear Jessie," Alice continued more calmly; "you are very weak now, quiet alone can re-

store you. Leave everything to me. I have seen your little boy."

Another flood of tears came to Jessie's relief, and Alice wept with her. With the quick perception of affection Miss Grafton soon perceived that Alice suffered from a deeper rooted grief than she could naturally feel from poor sinning Jessie's misfortune. She missed from her niece's finger the ring that Reginald had given her, but she forbore to solicit a confidence that was not freely given, and with when reason at last returned, tried every means in their power to soothe and cheer her. When all danger was over, Miss Grafton proposed to Alice that they should leave London, and go for a few weeks to the sea-side, and at Alice's request took a lodging near them for Jessie Moore, whose unaffected penitence had secured for her the pitying tenderness of the kind old lady. Once Miss Grafton spoke to her niece of Reginald Marsden: "I take it for granted, dear Alice, that all is over between you and Mr. Marsden. I seek not, darling, to know your secret, and I have confidence in your strong sense and noble heart that I am sure that it is no glibly given, no foolish mis-understanding, that has separated you." "It is not, indeed, my dear aunt," "And Mr. Marsden submits to your decision?" asked Miss Grafton. "He does; because he feels that I am right. The secret is of so painful a nature, dearest aunt, that if you would make me happy, pray never speak of it again."

Settled quietly at Eastbourne, it was a balm to Alice's heart to watch the bloom of health gradually return to poor Jessie's wasted cheek. The sea-breezes invigorated her drooping frame, and the sweet companionship of Alice elevated and strengthened her mind. Like most English women, Alice was undemonstrative; her mind, like her beauty, was less suited to dazzle the imagination than to win the heart. She had loved deeply, devotedly, yet she could judge justly for herself and others. The calm strength of her character, her firm trust in Divine love, gave her an unconscious influence over all who loved her.

Jessie, warm-hearted and impetuous, with more vehemence of character, and a far less regulated mind, clung to her with childlike devotion. Alice also rejoiced in the love she had inspired, and strove, like a ministering angel, to pour balm into the wounded heart, to awaken Jessie's mind to a just sense of the duties of life, to build up the life, and inspire her with that faith in the Divine love which shed so bright a light over Alice's own path.

Jessie's story was listened to with gentle pity, but never referred to afterward. Before she left London, Alice received one communication from Reginald. He wrote thus: "Teach me what atonement I can make to you and to her. I cannot love her, but I will marry her if you think it right."

When Jessie opened her heart, Alice had said, "Jessie, if he offered to marry you, not loving you, but from a sense of duty, would you marry him?" Jessie murmured, in a broken voice, "It is child's play to say I might have answered yes; but it is so different now. Do not think me proud, dear Miss Alice, but I cannot accept his pity." "Alice conveyed Jessie's answer to Reginald, and only added these words: 'Jessie is my charge now.'"

Alice and her aunt now consulted seriously on Jessie's future. They thought it best that she should make a living for herself. She had a fine soprano voice, which, if cultivated, might give her independence. Alice's former singing-master was willing to receive the penitent girl into his family, and give her instruction for three years, at the end of which time she might be able to gain her own living. Jessie parted with her noble young protectress with tears of gratitude, and resolutely and industriously began her new career. Mr. Leslie was so well satisfied with the beauty and flexibility of her voice, and pleased with her aptitude and gentleness, that he begged, that if he succeeded, as he hoped, in preparing her for a first-rate concert-singer, she would come out under his name.

Alice and her aunt went home to resume their old life at Atwood. Years passed on. Miss Grafton and Alice often saw Mr. Reginald Marsden's name in the newspapers as leading counsel in the Northern Circuit. He had early gained some standing in his profession. His ambition was gratified, Alice thought, but was he happy? Charles occasionally paid them a visit. He had for some years left college and entered on the duties of a country clergyman. An old friend of his father had given him a small living in a pretty Somersetshire village. He confided to Alice his own plans and prospects, but he dared not venture to speak of his brother.

A half-yearly visit to Atwood and a regular and intimate correspondence only increased Jessie's devotion to Alice, who was her guide, her counselor, and friend. And when in her profession her great beauty and brilliant voice laid her open to flattery and temptation, the memory of the one blot in her early life, and the love of the gentle being who had rescued her from ruin, preserved her from danger. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, who had no children of their own, were as proud and almost as fond of her as if she had been their daughter, and she still resided with them. Six years had passed when Alice received a letter, written in a hand whose well-known characters she could not even now trace without emotion. It contained these words:

"Forgive me if I dare to break the long silence between us. For the pain which you suffered six long years since I ask not forgiveness. I cannot forgive myself. In the calm sufficiency of your own pure life you cannot realize the desolation of mine. The bright hopes that I once cherished blasted through my own crimes, I shunned society and wrapped myself in my profession. I gained repute which brought no satisfaction, for I was alone. An angel once blessed my path; and though my own guilty madness had forfeited the blessing, still the memory of that pure love rendered all mercenary and unholy ties odious."

"You are, and you have been for years, the loadstar of a far nobler heart than mine. I would not have it otherwise. Still there is

one who once loved me whose tenderness I feel I could repay with devotion if she would only let me make reparation for the dreadful past."

This letter caused Alice much anxiety. There could be so little sympathy now between the misanthropic barrister and the beautiful songstress, whose short career in public had been one ovation of applause. True, Jessie still wore the ring he gave her, and Alice thought that, at all events, they had better meet. She therefore begged her aunt to invite the two brothers to meet them at Christmas, which festive season Jessie was to spend at Atwood. Miss Grafton, not a little surprised at the request, acceded to it, and sent an invitation to both the brothers.

One evening Reginald Marsden sauntered into Exeter Hall. It was unusual for him to visit any place of amusement, as he shunned any chance of meeting with his former friends. He was late, and seated himself under the orchestra. A lady was singing one of the beautiful airs of the *Messiah*. The earnest tones of the pure, clear voice, seemed like a breath of the past, wafted over his hard, joyless life, summoning him to a higher existence. His heart was softened; he longed to live a different life, Edgewise with these thoughts, he left the hall without even casting a glance at the singer.

It was a snowy afternoon when Charles and Reginald Marsden arrived at Exeter, and proceeded on the branch line to Atwood. The train, impeded by the snow, which had only been partially cleared from the line, moved slowly on. It had nearly reached the Atwood station when the danger-whistle sounded, and a red light gleamed in the distance. There was a sudden jerk—a crash. The engine was off the lines. "Shrill screams of terror now arose on all sides. Lights and help were quickly on the spot. The two carriages next the engine were shattered; several persons were seriously injured. Charles Marsden was not hurt; Reginald was taken up insensible."

An invitation to Atwood had been Alice's only answer to Reginald Marsden's letter, but he understood her motives, and felt that she had yielded to his wishes, and that he should meet Jessie Moore at Atwood. It was with strange, conflicting emotions, that he had looked forward to meeting Alice and Jessie, and began the journey which had ended so unhappily.

Alice and her aunt were momentarily expecting the brothers. Their pretty drawing-room, gay with winter foliage—for Miss Grafton loved old Christmas customs—was lit up by a crackling log fire, which gilded even the snow-covered shrubs around the low bay-windows. A servant entered hurriedly, and said, "James has just come back, ma'am, and says there's been an accident on the railway, and one of the Mr. Marsdens is hurt."

"Send James instantly with the carriage for Dr. Winthurst."

In half an hour the carriage returned, and Alice, with a deathlike shudder, beheld Reginald, still insensible, carried into the house. The doctor was with him, who said the internal injuries were not dangerous; the brain was affected—slightly, he hoped. Great care and quiet were needed. An hour elapsed before consciousness returned.

For a month Reginald was confined to his room. Alice, with thoughtful kindness, had put off Jessie's visit, who happened to be with the Leslies, in Edinburgh, and so did not hear even of the accident, and Alice had given her no intimation of whom she was likely to meet at Atwood.

Charles had been obliged to return to his parish duties. It was with a strange, yet strangely sweet feeling, that Reginald had, through his illness, felt himself the object of unceasing care from Miss Grafton and Alice. It was pleasant to know himself dependent on them alone.

Miss Grafton paid him daily visits; brought him books of Alice's choosing—not the romantic poetry that they had once read together, but Spencer, Longfellow, and those wholesome fictions that have strong plain truths in them. There was such a home-like feeling too, at Miss Grafton's. Reginald thought with regret of going out into the world again; his world of toil and money-getting, where men's wits are sharpened and their hearts become stone. He trusted there might one day be a link between Alice and himself; not the one the breaking of which had caused such agony to both, but one of brotherly, sisterly affection. He had insisted, while his brother remained, that he should not bear him company; he liked to think of Alice and Charles being together, and had once or twice from his window watched them walking in the shrubbery.

With a languid step, Reginald, for the first time, entered the sitting-room. Alice rose. She was very pale, and held out her hand. They looked into each other's face. What a change in both! He with the lines of care and thought deeply graven on his features, haggard with recent illness; she with the trace of a deep sorrow on her sweet face. She wheeled a chair for him to the fire, and gently expressed her pleasure at his recovery. For some minutes he could not speak; at last, with a choked voice, he muttered, "Alice, your forgiveness." She gave him her hand. His hot tears fell on it, as he bent over it and pressed it to his lips.

On the next evening Alice, her aunt, and Reginald were together in the quiet little drawing-room, in the dusky twilight, when Miss Leslie's arrival was announced. The young concert-singer, now an elegant-looking woman, greeted Alice and her aunt with the warmth of gratitude and affection; then seeing a stranger, paused. Miss Grafton hurriedly introduced Reginald as a friend who had met with an accident on the railway. Mr. Marsden and Jessie saluted each other with the cold recognition of strangers. Alice drew her friend away—they evidently did not remember each other—she would tell her quietly next day. How daintily Alice arranged poor Jessie's collar and hair in the pretty little bed-room which had been prepared for the expected visitor! Jessie smiled at the trouble her friend took with her simple toilet. Certainly the beautiful face and graceful figure needed not the ornament of dress.

They returned to the drawing-room. The lamp had not yet been lighted. Reginald Marsden was seated in an easy-chair, between the fire-place and the piano, which had been moved into a cozy corner, close to the angle of the chimney-piece. The red blaze of the fire rose and fell, sometimes vividly illuminating the chamber with its cheerful light, sometimes leaving all in shadowy obscurity. Jessie and Alice seated themselves near the window, and at a considerable distance from the invalid. Presently, however, in the course of

an animated conversation about music, the young songstress alluded to a duet which she wanted Alice to learn.

"I have arranged your music on the piano, dear," Alice said. "Will you fetch this wonderful duet?"

Jessie glanced shyly at the fancied stranger; but rising from her seat, crossed the room toward the open piano.

Reginald watched the graceful figure with a listless glance; but as she approached him the blaze flashed suddenly upward, and for a moment all was as bright as day.

Reginald Marsden started from his half-reclining position as if he had seen a ghost.

"Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed; "Jessie, Jessie! my wronged, unhappy girl!" He fell on his knees at her feet, lifting his pale face toward her own. He remembered nothing but her sorrows and her devotion.

"Alice," he cried, "Alice, angel of my life, this is your work!"

"It is, Reginald," sobbed Jessie; "but for that noble friend I should indeed have been utterly lost."

"But you have been saved, Jessie, and it is not yet too late to atone. Alice has taught me my duty. My poor girl! to think that I should not have known you!"

Two months later there was a quiet wedding. Charles Marsden, Alice, and Miss Grafton alone were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Marsden went to pass some months in Italy. Reginald's constitution had sustained too severe a shock to permit him for a long time to resume his profession, even if he ever should be able to do so. It was likely that the railway company would be obliged to give him large damages; still his wife felt with honest pride that she too could contribute to his support.

A few weeks after the wedding Alice received the following letter:

"DEAR ALICE.—Feelings of delicacy toward you, and of pity toward my brother, have made me lock up in my own heart sentiments of admiration, affection, reverence, which to have revealed would have been the happiness, the glory of my life. Can you, will you accept them now? I ask not for that angel's love you once felt for another. Alas! I loved you then, and would cheerfully have given my life to have saved you one pang. From boyhood you have been the bright star of my life. Alice, I love you with the whole trust of my soul—with the whole strength of my being. Will you accept this love?"

"CHARLES."

In a few months there was a second wedding, as simple in its arrangements as the first; and almost immediately afterward Alice and her aunt left Atwood, and went to live at the parsonage-house of Charles Marsden's new parish.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

"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.

A Dream.

BY THOMAS H. HAZARD.

About the year 1880 I was engaged in the business of manufacturing cotton and woolen goods, some kinds of which were woven in hand-looms. I called at a house some eight or ten miles from home, and left a web to be woven. The woman who took the web wanted to have two left, which I declined doing. After trying in vain to persuade me to leave her the two webs, she suddenly exclaimed: "Well, I dreamed last night that Mr. Hazard came round with a load of weaving, and would not let me have but one piece."

Several of her children, who were with her, spontaneously corroborated this by exclaiming: "Yes, mammy, you did; you told us so this morning!"

The incident was trifling, but I was satisfied the statement of the woman and her children was true; and as I journeyed home, my thoughts were a good deal occupied with the subject of dreams—querying in my mind why, if unseen intelligences did really come to us in sleep, they should choose such trifling matters for their subjects of communication.

I went to bed with my thoughts still on the subject, and towards morning awoke, with the incidents of the following dream most vividly impressed upon my memory: I thought I was eating my breakfast, when a man named Ephraim Smith came into the adjoining room, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door, and asked me if he could have his corn ground at my mill. I told him he could not, as the miller was not there, and besides that, we did not then run the mill, as the water was all wanted for the factory below. He said that if I did not grind the corn his children would go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. (He was a poor man, and lived some miles away.) I at length told him that if he would go up to the dam and raise the gate, I would try to grind the corn myself, although I knew but little of the business. (The water was brought to the mill in a trough about six hundred feet long, supported by wooden legs. In its course it passed over a stone wall a few rods from the dam, but did not touch the wall in any way.) I thought that I started the mill, and that it ran for some time, when its speed began to slacken, and at last ceased altogether. I looked up towards the dam to learn the cause, and saw that the trough had broken down just where it passed over the wall, and two men, who, among many others, were then in my employ, were standing near the broken place. I thought I saw the water distinctly as it poured out of the break in the trough.

I again went to sleep, and awoke with every vestige of the dream effaced from or taken out of my mind. I sat down to breakfast. Ephraim Smith came in at the back-door, and put down a bag of corn against the partition. He then came to the door and asked that it might be ground. I told him that it could not

be done, as the miller was away, and that we wanted the water for the factory below. He said that if it was not done his children would be obliged to go without breakfast, as he had nothing in his house to eat. I finally told him to hoist the upper gate, and I would try to grind it for him. He did so, and I set the mill at work. I then went into an adjoining building to assist in invoicing and baling cloth, the two men seen in my dream being the only other persons present. Whilst thus engaged, the speed of the mill began to slacken. From where I was I could see the mill, but not the water-tough. As the speed of the mill gradually slackened, I repeatedly ejaculated: "What can be the matter with the mill?" It took probably from three to five minutes for the water to get entirely out of the trough, when the mill stopped.

Up to this time not the faintest recollection of my dream had revived in my memory, but as the mill stopped, it was instantly and vividly recalled in all its parts, and I exclaimed: "I will be bound my dream has come true!" I had to pass through three rooms before I could get to a window from whence I could see the trough. I looked at once at the spot where my dream indicated the break in the trough, being just over the wall, and sure enough, there was the water pouring out of the broken trough, just as I had seen it in my dream!

Even at that time I felt that the dream had been conveyed to me by some loving, unseen intelligence, in answer to my cogitation respecting the woman's dream about the web—my dream being of little importance as hers. But trifling as it seemed, it was sufficient to convince me that there were "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in learned philosophy." Viewed in the light of "modern Spiritualism," there is but one incident connected with it worthy of notice, and to which even the daguerrotype principle, so often observable in visions, does not seem to apply. It is this:

In the dream I saw two men standing by the broken trough. In the fulfillment of the dream these men did not appear in the place I had seen them, but they were beside me at a distance off. Doubtless on my exclaiming that my dream had come true, and rushing to the window to look at the broken trough, they had followed me, and saw it simultaneously with myself, their thoughts being projected at once to the object of remark. Query: Did these thoughts actually constitute spirit body, the same that was presented to my interior vision in sleep?

Again: The incidents of the dream were all of a prophetic character, not differing in degree from many others, but the coincidences are rendered more striking by the trough's breaking down directly over the stone wall, which had no connection with it, and only served for a mode by which I could be sure that the dream was exactly fulfilled. Had it broken anywhere else, there was no other landmark in the whole length of the trough by which the exact place could be well determined.

Query again: Did the communicating intelligence merely foreshadow the future, or was it through its agency that the break occurred where it did?

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., Feb. 23, 1863.

For the Herald of Progress.

Serenade.

BY DE VEE VINE.

Loved one, rest! The night-stars gleam
Like liquid fire upon the billow,
And the hands of angels seem
Wreathing love-dreams round thy pillow;
Rest in peace! Rude cares departing
Now no more shall chill thy heart,
And the griefs from which thou'rt snarling
Shall like blighting storms depart.

Night is silent; not a murmur
Falls upon the listening ear—
Nature, in the lap of summer,
Sleeps like Love when Hope is near;
On the air the breath of flowers
Comes like incense gently borne
From those far-off Eden bowers,
Brightened by eternal morn!

Sweetly sleep! The moonlight shadows
Dance like fairies o'er the sea,
And across the fragrant meadows
Chase each other playfully.
Oh! how light the breath of feeling
Sways with sighs thy snowy breast!
As the rose, when zephyr stealing,
Lulls it to a peaceful rest.

Thoughts of love and dreams of gladness
Fill with joy thy guileless heart—
And oh! may no cloud of sadness
Ever bid that joy depart!
Dream on, dream on! let thy dreaming,
Dearest love, be still of me,
And, at last, what now is seeming,
Shall be sweet reality.

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.—There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only set earnestly about it. Life is really too short for me to be able to waste half of it in waiting.—MISS BREMER.

TRUE GREATNESS consists in asking ourselves, first, not what is expedient or safe, but what is generous, excellent, and acceptable to God; and in forming purposes of rectitude with a force which man and time and suffering cannot subdue.—CHANNING.

The solitary thinker, who in a moment of ecstatic action in his closet at midnight discovers a truth, discovers it for all the world and for eternity.—THEODORE PARKER.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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CERTIFICATES ON THE REDEEMABLE BASIS, for the formation of a fund for the establishment of Dodworth's Hall Free Meetings, can be obtained at this office.

REVELATIONAL DISCOURSES.—Our next issue will contain another Lecture by the Editor, on the "Summer-Land." It was omitted this week to give place to the "New Birth"—a subject of great practical importance to earth's inhabitants.

THE SPIRITUALISTS OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., are moving with "unity of spirit and in the bonds of peace." The heavens are opened again to them. Their recent meetings have been large and spiritually prosperous. Let them never turn back, nor cease to help on the cause of all Progressive Truth. We send them greetings.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN TROY, N. Y., have rallied with new inspiration about the Truths of the New Dispensation. They are now taking steps preliminary to the building or purchase of a Hall for Spiritual Meetings. Miss Emma Hardinge spoke to full houses on Sunday last.

Mr. Frank L. Wadsworth will speak on Sunday next.

Colporteurage.

Let the world have light! "Men of thought and men of action," put your extra dimes and your spare hours to the work of *destroying creeds and reforming Churches!*

Dodworth's Hall Lectures.

"THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SPIRIT AND ITS CIRCUMSTANCES" is the subject of the Editor's discourse next Sunday morning, at half-past ten o'clock; in the evening, at half-past seven, the seventh Lecture will be given on the "SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND."

"The Genesis of Ideas."

On our first page will be found a discourse from the pen of Brother Seiden J. Finney. It is the inspired production of a master mind, and we trust our readers will give it a worthy and careful perusal. The nature of Divine Ideas, which our author names their "Contents," and their expression through Cosmogony in the universe of forms, which he names their "Career," are conscientiously and sublimely delineated; and the thrilling truth is made manifest, that these Divine Ideas are reproduced in the spirit of man, that they are defined in human consciousness, and ascend through humanity to their primal, central source—impersonal Deity.

Phonography Free.

We understand that the Trustees of Cooper Institute have made arrangements to add Phonography to the branches of instruction taught in that Institution. Classes will be organized on Monday evening next, in the Mathematical rooms, and will be conducted by Andrew J. Graham, Author and Reporter. This arrangement will give the youth of New York facilities they should not be slow to improve.

Progressive Tracts.

Number Two of this series, containing the Lecture by the Editor, entitled, "The World's True Redeemer," will be ready this week.

The Twenty-Seventh Street Ghost.

It is clearly demonstrated that a genuine spiritual presence has appeared at a house in Twenty-seventh street, in this city. The spirit has at last overcome the timidity of the occupants of the dwelling, and has to some extent performed its mission—though of this no essential facts are yet made public.

We hope ere long to be able to publish a veritable account of the manifestation. It seems almost unnecessary to say that the later statements of the Sunday papers are nine parts fiction to one of truth. Neither strangers nor citizens will be likely to obtain any satisfaction by seeking an interview. Such efforts prove only an annoyance to the family.

Dr. P. Schulhof has commenced instructing a class in the fundamental principles of Magnetism as applied to the treatment of disease. His long experience and thorough

study qualify him to instruct healing mediums and other manipulators. The course will consist of eight lessons, to be given at Dodworth's Hall, on Sunday, at five o'clock P. M.

AIR-LINE DISPATCHES

TO THE

Herald of Progress.

GREAT IMPENDING CONFLICTS.

Letters of Marque to be Issued.

COAST-WISE MOVEMENTS KNOWN TO REBELS.

Confederate Independence.

RAIDERS TEACHING OUR GENERALS.

Rescue the State of Florida.

STRUGGLINGS IN MISSOURI.

The People not Faltering in Loyalty.

CONFLICTS ON EVERY HAND.

Present movements indicate great successes for Freedom's cause before the next Herald reaches its readers. Aggressive operations have already commenced near Galveston and in North Carolina. Richmond will not be threatened directly, but will be left "out in the cold," after the battle, now impending, is fought. But ocean spring-storms are hard upon our gun-boats. This is the reason why we do not accomplish more.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WARS.

The issuance of "Letters of Marque and Reprisal" is authorized not a day too soon. It is seen that Napoleon works determinedly to find pretexts to step into Florida or Louisiana. The recognition of the "Confederacy" he says is a question of time. On this the rebel bonds are received in France, and shipbuilders in England are taking cotton securities for vessels to enter the rebel navy.

SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON.

General Hunter has not commenced the grand aggressive movement which he had planned four weeks ago. A protracted siege is now deemed better than the direct bold assault—the plan so prominent in the original programme. The rebels, having knowledge of the new plan, are preparing to meet our troops at every point. The Savannah and Charleston Railroad must be cut by our forces before either city can be taken and held. The progress of the spirit of mutiny in the rebel ranks is rapid.

CONFEDERATE INDEPENDENCE.

About the hour when, to the outward judgment, the Confederates shall have established "independence," there will fall the proclamation hammer on the throne of the conspirators. "Free-Labor" movements in South Carolina and in Florida will suddenly take the shape of military revolution—insurrection it may be called—not, however, to kill the master. Out of that struggle will spring the Eagle of true American Freedom. Then Slavery will cease in South Carolina forever. It is already virtually dead in several Slave States.

THE RAIDERS.

Our Generals in Virginia who cannot move their commands, are being taught by their enemies "how to do it." Confederate cavalrymen can cross the Rappahannock and capture Union soldiers and valuable horses without being "stuck in the mud." Not so the Union Generals. They cannot "move" before May or June. Why do they "halt" so long? Because the Union strength is not yet exhausted—because one real "weakness" is not felt. But the trial-hour approaches.

THE MISSEPT.

Military authorities in the Gulf are working day and night to open the great river as a highway for the vessels of Loyalties. And they will not fail. Let no Northerner despair of the Union cause in the hands of Farragut, Porter, Banks, Dupont, Wilkes, Burnside, Hunter, Hooker, Higgincock, Butler, Phelps, Prince, Foster, Sigel, Rosecrans, Grant, Fremont, and fifty others—all strong, all loyal, all warriors.

HASTEN TO FLORIDA.

As Kansas was rescued so let Florida be snatched from the hand of the Destroyer. Our soldiers should have every honorable inducement presented to them to attract their friends and families to "settle" in the glorious State of Florida. Let the French, the Mexicans, the Spaniards, and the slave-mongers be restrained at once. They each have an eye and a plan to occupy all that region.

STRUGGLINGS IN MISSOURI.

The reign of terror has almost begun in Missouri. The secessionists and slavery-supporters in the State must soon do one of two things—either leave the State, "horse, foot, and dragon," or else be first hunted down and then hung up! The Emancipationists are in terrible, fearful, enraged earnestness, and their exterminating fire no Copperheads will be able to withstand. We regret this state of things, but even worse political events may occur in the East.

LOYALTY NOT FALTERING.

It is gratifying to observe new signs of loyalty to both the Administration and Government. The North is strengthening up under "the winds of adversity." There is no disposition to dodge the great coming struggles for the preservation of Liberty against the encroachments of slavery. The harder the labor, the stronger the hearts and hands of the people. The North, East, and West, are becoming more as one.

Encouraging to Bible Students.

A Layman writes the *Independent* for information as to the best commentaries on the Bible. The reply points out only "a few of the works which will constitute a fair beginning of a Pastor's Library, and which will be no more than every well-educated layman should have upon his shelves."

Now, reader, how many works do you suppose are recommended as necessary for "every well-educated layman," omitting all "the best commentaries of our day," because they "deal with the text as well as with the sense?"

For the Old Testament, there are named not less than thirteen authors, some comprising but one volume, and some many more.

For the New Testament, twenty-three authors are given as "necessary," some of whom, like Albert Barnes, have published many volumes. In addition, there are four "general works," and the inquirer is at last referred to half a dozen publishers for more accurate information.

An interesting prospect, truly, for "well-educated laymen"! What shall be thought of a "God's word," to the proper understanding of which the study of forty different authors is necessary? The true meaning of the Word of God only to be apprehended through the perusal of a hundred volumes!

Happy are those to whom inspiration is a personal experience, and God's Word a perpetual fact.

Which Steps—Top or Bottom?

In a recent sermon Henry Ward Beecher seeks to define the difference between the moralist and the Christian—between morality and religion. Of course, his definition is made to suit the Christian estimate of morality, and, altogether, is a very narrow and prejudiced statement. He defines morality to be "the endeavor to live according to the moral requirements of human society." "The morality of human society is, that men should live up to the law."

Waiving all comments on this false estimate of natural religion or morality, we accept a figure introduced by Mr. Beecher, the better to illustrate his idea of the superiority of religion to morality.

He repudiates the charge of undervaluing morality, and says:

"Suppose a flight of stairs designed to lead into the second story goes up six steps, and stops, leaving the last six steps off. They do not lead to anything. They are good as far as they go, but you cannot go anywhere by them; and do I undervalue them when I pronounce these steps useless because you do not have six more?"

Very well, Mr. Beecher, let us accept your comparison. Let six bottom steps stand for morality, and six top steps represent religion. The first six "do not lead to anything," says the preacher. But do they not? They may not lead to the second story of your ideal heavenly mansion, but they lead upward just six steps. The altitude of the soul is measured by the six steps ascended, and is real, no matter if all additional "religious steps" be wanting.

How is it with your six top steps when the six basic steps of morality are wanting? You have a half-flight hung in mid-air!—six steps down from an imaginary second story. A handsome cornice is a very pretty affair, Brother Beecher, but not nearly so essential to a noble, enduring, and withal, beautiful structure, as the solid foundation. The top steps to a flight of stairs are about as important as a roof without any supports.

Give us the six substantial steps of true morality, and we will stand contented at the landing, happily unconscious of the fabulous second-story arrangements, to reach which requires a most dexterous leap in the region of superstitious uncertainties. For this upper half of a flight of stairs necessitates a tumble in coming down and a flying-leap in going up.

After all, Brother Beecher, we think you do not undervalue morality, since you give it this all-essential basic position. It is a far higher compliment than to place it, like religion, unconnected with the safe level of common sense, hanging from the clouds of superstition, and valued in the darkness of error. O. M. P.

An Incident in the Cars.

In a car on a railroad which runs into New York, a few mornings ago a scene occurred which will not soon be forgotten by the witnesses of it. A person dressed as a gentleman speaking to a friend across the car, said: "Well, I hope the war will last six months longer. If it does I shall have made enough to retire from business. In the last six months I've made a hundred thousand dollars—six months more and I shall have enough."

A lady sat behind the speaker, and necessarily heard the remark; but when he was done she tapped him on the shoulder, and said to him: "Sir, I had two sons—one of them was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg; the other was killed at the battle of Marstonboro."

She was silent a moment, and so were all around who heard her. Then, overcome by her indignation, she suddenly slapped the spectator, first on one cheek, then on the other, and before the fellow could say a word, the passengers sitting near, who had witnessed the whole affair, seized him, and pushed him hurriedly out of the car, as one not fit to ride with decent people.—*Evening Post.*

Brief Items.

—The Homeopathic Medical College graduated a class of sixteen at a late commencement.

—Gold is worth 200 cents on the dollar at Richmond.

—An outrage by a mulatto, at Detroit, on a white girl, led to a riot, during which some thirty dwellings of colored people were destroyed, and several lives lost.

—Mrs. J. G. Swisshelm lectured at Plymouth Church, on Tuesday evening, upon the Indian massacres in Minnesota.

—It is said that Hon. Stephen Baker, of New York, is the only member of the late House of Representatives who positively refused to receive a third mileage. The aggregate amount paid to gentlemen on this account is probably \$80,000.

—The scarcity of nickel pennies is explained by recent discoveries in this city. A building gave evidences of settling; on being shored up, an examination was made, and two huge tiers of the nickel cents found stored away, awaiting a rise. Those who can't speculate in gold, gamble in nickel.

—We infer that a Cow Convention has been held in this city, as we see a notice of a "Meeting of Milk Producers."

—Somebody said the other day that a stick thrown at a dog in front of a Washington hotel "hit five brigadier-generals, and it wasn't a very good day for brigadier-generals either."

—Thomas Olcott, of Albany, well known in financial circles, has been nominated by the President as Controller of the Currency, under the act providing a national currency, secured by United States bonds.

—When you feel physically "out of sorts," leave off eating, and instead of seeking something "to take," seek something "to do." But when your printer is out of "sorts," Mr. HERALD OF PROGRESS, his "case" is usually "very low," and he may need rest, or more "to do" with. [Progressive Age.]

—If it could be generally understood that all men of honor regard the writer of an anonymous letter tending to assail the character or wound the feelings of any one as *prima facie* and inevitably a scoundrel, there would probably be a saving effected which in these days of dear paper is quite desirable.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The Elders of the Rev. T. Starr King's Society in San Francisco recently wrote him a note, saying that unless he abandoned a certain style of preaching the Church would lose many of its most respectable members. He read it aloud, and said if any more such epistles were sent to him, the Church would lose its most respectable minister.

—A Boston paper says that when General McClellan visited one of the military hospitals in that city he found a soldier who had lost his leg. "Where were you wounded?" asked the General. "At Fredericksburg," replied the soldier; "but if you had been there, General, I should not have been hurt!"

—J. M. Winchell, the great humorist, departed at Lafayette, Ind., Feb. 19th. He has done as much, perhaps, as any other person to dispel the blues and put the world in good humor.

—Mrs. Quiber, by invitation of the Legislature of Illinois, delivered a lecture on "Woman's Rights" in the Senate Chamber of that State, a fortnight ago.

—In a recent divorce case in England, in which the parties were an old nobleman and his young wife, the judge dilated on the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." He has since received a letter from the Secretary of a Scottish statistical society, asking for the figures in relation to the marriages contracted between these months, as he wanted to get up a paper on the subject to be read before the society.

—The *Evening Post* correspondent March 1st, says:—General McClellan was before the Committee on the Conduct of the War yesterday for two or three hours. He is a most singular witness. The committee made very little progress with him. The impression left upon the minds of the committee is that he is either very stupid or is very shrewd, being in the latter alternative so shrewd that he affects stupidity. When an important question is asked him he waits for a long time before he answers it, sometimes for twenty minutes, and then is very guarded in his reply. If asked an opinion, he replies: "Well, that depends upon a great many other things; and it is difficult to give an opinion," and so on.

—Grant Thorburn, who has recently deceased, wrote Mr. Morris, of the *Home Journal*, on the 18th of January last, as follows: This day I enter on my ninety-first year. You are almost the only man alive among all my companions in the days when you published the *New-York Mirror*. My health is good; I saw stove-wood, made fires, and smoke five pipes of Miller's Tobacco every day. We expect some new Health Reformer will advertise "five pipes of Miller's Tobacco" as a panacea for all human ills, and a general life preserver.

—The grocers of New-Haven, in consequence of the scarcity of pennies, pay out nutmegs for small change. We suggest that for large change they employ nutmeg graters.

—"My cavalry," said Bragg, in his late dispatch to Jeff Davis, are *clad upon Gen. Rosecrans' front*. "I held the judge down," said John Phoenix, "by inserting my nose between his teeth."—*Nashville Union.*

—It is a common remark with the Copperheads, that but for the abolitionists there would have been no rebellion—"therefore," say they, "let us unite to put down abolitionism." Very well. Now have to abolitionists—therefore, we say, let us all unite to exterminate slavery.—*Eve. Post.*

—A correspondent of *The Anti-Slavery Standard* recently remarks: "The President seems as slow of apprehension as of movement. It is bad enough to leave Fremont unoccupied; but when a man with the peculiar talent of McClellan requests to be assigned to active service, at the very moment when the canal at Vicksburg requires to be deepened, what shall be said of the commander-in-chief who leaves the request disregarded?"

—Prentice says: To every man the day begins with a stirring event—getting out of bed.

—The young man who, goaded with the memory of wrongs, and saddled with a load of debt, gave the rein to his evil passions, has been collared by a policeman, and will soon be brought to the halter.

Men of Color, to Arms!

A CALL BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

When first the Rebel cannon shattered the walls of Sumter, and drove away its starving garrison, I predicted that the war then and there inaugurated would not be fought out entirely by white men. Every month's experience during these two dreary years has confirmed that opinion. A war undertaken and brazenly carried on for the perpetual enslavement of colored men, calls logically and loudly upon colored men to help to suppress it. Only a moderate share of sagacity was needed to see that the arm of the slave was the best defense against the arm of the slaveholder. Hence with every reverse to the National arms, with every exulting shout of victory raised by the slaveholding Rebels, I have implored the imperiled nation to unchain against her foes her powerful black hand. Slowly and reluctantly that appeal is beginning to be heeded. Stop not now to complain that it was not heeded sooner. It may, or it may not have been best that it should not. This is not the time to discuss that question. Leave it to the future. When the war is over, the country is saved, peace is established, and the black man's rights are secured, as they will be, history, with an impartial hand, will dispose of that and sundry other questions. Action! action! not criticism, is the plain duty of this hour. Words are now useful only as they stimulate to blows. The office of speech now is only to point out when, where, and how to strike to the best advantage. There is no time for delay. The tide is at its flood that leads on to fortune. From east to west, from north to south, the sky is written all over with "now or never." Liberty won by white men would lack half its luster. Who would be free themselves must strike the blow. Better even to die free than to live slaves. This is the sentiment of every brave colored man among us. There are weak and cowardly men in all nations. We have them among us. They will tell you that this is the "white man's war;" that you will be "better off after than before the war;" that the getting of you into the army is to "sacrifice you on the first opportunity." Believe them not—towards themselves, they do not wish to have their cowardice shamed by your brave example. Leave them to their timidity, or to whatever other motive may hold them back.

I have not thought lightly of the words I am now addressing to you. The counsel I give comes of close observation of the great struggle now in progress—and of the deep conviction that this is your hour and mine.

In good earnest, then, and after the best deliberation, I now, for the first time during the war, feel at liberty to call and counsel you to arms. By every consideration which binds you to your enslaved fellow countrymen, and the peace and welfare of your country, by every aspiration which you cherish for the freedom and equality of yourselves and your children; by all the ties of blood and identity which make us one with the brave black men now fighting our battles in Louisiana, in South Carolina, I urge you to fly to arms, and smite with death the power that would bury the Government and your liberty in the same hopeless grave. I wish I could tell you that the State of New York calls you to this high honor. For the moment her constituted authorities are silent on the subject. They will speak by-and-by, and doubtless on the right side; but we are not compelled to wait for her. We can get at the throat of treason and Slavery through the State of Massachusetts.

She was first in the war of Independence; first to break the chains of her slaves; first to make the black man equal before the law; first to admit colored children to her common schools; and she was first to answer with her blood the alarm cry of the nation—when its capital was menaced by rebels. You know her patriotic Governor, and you know Charles Sumner—I need add no more.

Massachusetts now welcomes you to arms as her soldiers. She has but a small colored population from which to recruit. She has full leave of the general Government to send one Regiment to the war, and she has undertaken to do it. Go quickly and help fill up this first colored Regiment from the North. I am authorized to assure you that you will receive the same wages, the same rations, the same equipments, the same protection, the same treatment, and the same honest secured to white soldiers. You will be led by able and skillful officers—who will take especial pride in your efficiency and success. They will be quick to accord to you all the honor you shall merit by your valor—and see that your rights and feelings are respected by other soldiers. I have assured myself on these points—and can speak with authority. More than twenty years' unswerving devotion to our common cause may give me some humble claim to be trusted at this momentous crisis.

I will not argue. To do so implies hesitation and doubt, and you do not hesitate. You do not doubt. The day dawns—the morning star is bright upon the horizon! The iron gate of our prison stands half open. One gallant rush from the North will fling it wide open, while four millions of our brothers and sisters shall march out into Liberty! The chance is now given you to end in a day the bondage of centuries, and to rise in one bound from social degradation to the plain of a common equality with all other varieties of men. Remember Denmark Vesey of Charleston. Remember Nathaniel Turner of South Hampton. Remember Shields, Green, and Copeland, who followed noble John Brown, and fell as glorious martyrs for the cause of the slave. Remember that in a contest with oppression, the Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with oppression. The case is before you. This is our golden opportunity—let us accept it—and forever wipe out the dark reproaches despairingly hurled against us by our enemies—win for ourselves the gratitude of our country and the best blessings of our posterity through all time. We see that this first Regiment is now in camp at Readville, a short distance from Boston. I will undertake to forward to Boston all persons adjudged fit to be mustered into this Regiment, who shall apply to me at any time within the next two weeks.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.
Rochester, March 2, 1863.

The New Birth.

LECTURE BY A. J. DAVIS, AT DODD-WORTH'S HALL,

SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 22, 1863.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

The first view of this question that comes before the human mind is the supernatural. It is incorporated with our religious education, and has been strengthened by the psychological influence which our ecclesiastical teachers have exerted upon us. Hence there exists in almost every one's mind an undefinable conviction that the new birth—"a change of heart"—is a supernatural effect, produced by instrumentalities differing wholly from those laws of growth which bring mankind into existence, which cause the flowers to burst into blossom and the sun to shine; that in order to understand what is meant by a new heart, or to have the mysterious experience of such a "change," we must come into a state different from the whole system of laws, causes, and effects, which characterize and regulate the unchangeable universe.

Dr. Bushnell, a most classical expounder of the popular theory of the supernatural, holds the conviction that, above the will and reason of every person, there is a super-plane, an extra Divine sphere, differing from all the fixed natural laws and never-to-be-broken mathematical principles which move and systematically distribute the ponderable bodies of space. The supernatural, he would say, is the great voluntary system of God; the involuntary portion is the system of Nature, which is an organization endowed with laws, and with characteristics and attributes and forces, without inter-consciousness; which system of Nature will continue to operate throughout the interminable periods of the future, as it has through all the eternities past, in unvarying accordance with the fixed plans of the Infinite Mind. If anything should occur in the departments of human nature contrary to the established laws and legitimate effects, it is a "miracle." It is furthermore held that God reserves a vast fountain of voluntary powers, with which, whenever in the depth of wisdom and of love it seems best to him, he volitionally interposes, suspends, repeats, reverses, subverts any of the fixed laws of Nature—breaking them utterly—otherwise miracles would never occur, and the supernatural would not be revealed. Dr. Bushnell has probably given as complete an exposition of that side of the subject as can be found in the language, although necessarily very obscure, because the subject itself is involved in masses of the greatest obscurity and superstition.

No miracle is possible without conflict with the established atomic laws of the physical universe. Whatever occurs in harmony with the requirements of any of these laws, is no miracle; though the occurrence might be a higher manifestation of the same general plan, not before fully understood. The definition of a miracle would be the development of something in contradiction, in antagonism, with the immutable atomic affinities of the physical universe.

The controversy between Progressive minds and the Church-people turns exactly on this one question, viz., whether Deity ever contradicts the established laws of the physical and spiritual universe? Did he, or does he, in any way ever suspend the operation of natural principles, in order to accomplish anything for the especial benefit of any class of people, or for the sake of any particular person?

Desiring to ascertain the exact truth of the question, we have gone into investigations of what, in the past, have been accredited as "miracles," and which have ecclesiastically been and are yet considered marvels absolutely necessary to substantiate the peculiar claims and Messiahship of Jesus. The theory is, that he depended very much on these "signs and wonders" to arrest the attention of the people, and thus lead them, through marvellousness, to a perception of higher truths. The different Churches say that the test of his Messiahship—the evidence that he was sent as the only begotten of God to humanity—is the supernatural power displayed in his miracles!

Now, we have investigated this chapter of Bible-miracles, which these churchmen dare not do. They sometimes confess that they dare not take a miracle and analyze it to its primal elements. The clergy cannot always afford to follow the plain truth; others are constitutionally cowardly; and others are intellectually incompetent; whilst many of the evangelical school are too much, and hence are too indolent. But Progressives have freely examined the question of Bible-miracles, with a sincere desire to know "what is truth," and they find that there is nowhere recorded, either in the Old Testament or in the New, a transaction which, in any possible degree, violates the established order and fixed laws of Nature. If any one among you know of miracles, or fancy that you know of events which are in direct contradiction to the unchangeable principles of human nature or of the physical universe, this platform is perfectly free for the exposition of what you think you know on the subject.

"A change of heart," in the fact of which we firmly believe, is no supernatural manifestation of God's will. We very earnestly believe in a "new birth;" yes, in a succession of new births. We believe that there are many individuals who need to be born again and patched up a good many times to be anybody worth mentioning. This is true because there are so many persons who seem to have been badly born from the first—"conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity."

But there are other natures born right. We thank heaven for these beautiful bows of human promise. A halo of immortal effulgence now and then flashes forth through the beautiful birth of approximate Saviors. In music, in art, in science, in philosophy, in every direction towards which human interests tend, or from which human needs are supplied, we behold well-born and highly-endowed sons and daughters of wisdom and liberty. A highly-endowed person may be surprisingly "well-born" in one particular respect, and yet may remain unconceived in almost every other department of mind and soul.

No, we do not accept the doctrine of a supernatural spiritual conception, nor a new, miraculous birth. In accordance with a previous discourse, we hold that man's mind is so constituted as to desire sensuous knowledge and also beautiful Wisdom, or *wise* knowledge, which is spiritual Understanding. It is natural for man to desire to expel ignorance from his mind. The soul throws a power from the center of its being, saying to Ignorance: "Get thee behind me!" and then, turning to heaven, it says: "Give me understanding, I entreat Thee; and give me also wisdom; and oh, give me power, and true knowledge also, by which that power can be made executive and practical." The desire to *know*, is the first implanted ambition of the intellectual faculties. Useful knowledge is the next demand; then knowledge that is consistent, as well as useful; then beautiful knowledge, as well as consistent; then spiritual knowledge, as well as beautiful; then knowledge *celestial*, as well as spiritual—these are the gradually awakening prayers and undefinable longings of the perpetually-borning human spirit.

Persons pass on for years, feeling only a feeble desire to know more—to have less ignorance in common, every-day concerns. It is not important to them whether they know the whole truth, so long as they have the common-place exchanges of a talkative society. To this end they take the established Quarterlies, read the political pamphlets and the fashionable periodicals, and peruse such portions of the daily papers as inform them concerning the common doings of the world. Such information seems to be a complete gratification to many minds. On Sunday they attend some established church, and during the brief moments spent there they hear music, and come under the influence of devotional prayers, or listen, it may be, to an eloquent, a beautiful, and perhaps a spiritual sermon, and for the time-being such minds feel vague longings for something more "interior" which they do not consciously possess. But they hasten home to dinner—that settles all the fine emotions that were excited. Down they drop into their newspapers, and presently into a solid, snoring nap, and on waking, find themselves the persons they were after business hours on Saturday night. Others become excited. They feel enthusiastically warm all throughout their beating hearts. They feel that the physical dinner cannot come between them and the blessed truths of heaven. They go devotionally to their rooms to seek the Lord in prayer. Then they come under the influence of a new psychology; a finer feeling has commenced to flow from the mysterious fountains of spirit. They wish to know the will of their Father God—beautiful, loving, saving purity and truth—which are God. Holy emotions rise from the depths of the spirit and set the moral faculties in action, and the whole religious group of organs bow themselves reverently before that newly-awakened desire to be at peace with God. With deep sincerity such minds go to their closets, shut the door, and prostrate themselves in prayer, or pray themselves into prostration. They attend the revival-meeting both day and night, until, like one of our celebrated pugilists, the over-joyed heart rises and boldly declares itself "saved by God;" through the supernatural interposition of the sweat and streams of the Redeemer's sacrificial blood. And the upshot of this excitement is called "a change of heart!"

Some are only spectators. Some have been through the mill. Others have been converted and "born again" a good many times. There are persons here who have had the mysterious bewilderment of this experience, and have come safely and reasonably out of it; and they testify that, while in it, they were happier, but did not know as much; were not large in thought nor liberal; but they felt warmer, felt kindlier, felt a closer connection with something incomprehensible and mysteriously sublime. Young hearts, between the ninth and twentieth year, are especially susceptible to such Methodical conversions; just as between the cradle and the twelfth year the physical system is susceptible to measles, mumps, whooping-cough, and kindred infirmities. I say, there is an impassible period in each human life when a theological change of heart—a church-raising among the young men and maidens—comes about and produces its devotional and probational effects as naturally as the little distempers of childhood afflict the tender physical organs.

A man just begins to be somebody when he is plumply forty-five years of age. Before that time he has an uncertain history and an unsolidified character. A woman truly begins to be when she is forty. There is then womanly beauty and practical strength. The orb of life is truly balanced at this age in its path around the sun of Deity. Hopes have been disappointed and buried, and they have also been resurrected and educated. Ambition and vanity have been checked and chided many times; and baseless expectations of worldly victories have been driven and punished out of the temple. The person begins to comprehend the solid facts of life, and to feel largely and sympathetically acquainted

with the concurrent wants, impulses, and experiences of human nature in general. After the fortieth year there occur few sudden conversions.

Almost every religious person in Christendom can remember to have experienced something like "a change of heart." Now and then, however, some one has dropped overboard in the voyage, or stranded upon some cliff by the way, and therefore he or she has never sensibly drifted into the ecclesiastical current. Some have stood upon the shore of religion and contemplated the mysterious voyage in which others were embarking. They stand to-day and remark: "I never was taken into any Church; I never was converted; I have tried to be, but never could be." This is the experience of a few religious souls in Christendom. Large numbers, on the other hand, testify that they have passed into the mysterious experience of feeling a oneness with Deity, and a certain conscientious reconciliation within the spirit of the historic Redeemer.

If you were intimately acquainted with the religious experience of the Mohammedans, Chinese, Chaldeans, or Persians, who have nothing essentially at war with the spirit of Christianity, you would recognize your own human nature with the same mysterious, subjectively spiritual experience, under the identical law of psychological contact with Deity. They also obtain and experience the "new birth," or "change of heart." Many religious souls have this experience who never heard the name of Jesus—that "name" which many Christians consider essential for the ultimate safety of souls.

When that celebrated religious phenomenon, which the Unitarians caught in the Eastern world, came to this country—I mean Mr. Philip Chunder Jogut Gangooly, who probably cost about \$10,000 to get him squarely converted, educated, and shipped to this country—he testified that Christians, not excepting Unitarians, were in need of true knowledge relative to the leading doctrines and ceremonies of Hindooism. He found the American people religiously ignorant—found that we knew but little, and what we did know was, like superficial drinking at the Pierian spring, calculated to make all a little drunk with religious conceit. His influence, however, only made our missionaries more eloquent and our bumps of benevolence more susceptible. Mr. Gangooly said nothing about a "change of heart."

Bishop Colenso is a convert to God's preaching through the unphilosophical, but highly religious natures, of these far distant heathen children. They put questions to him which he would not answer dogmatically. The noble bishop would once more think of it. Once more the teachable teacher felt that he must study his own theories—go back again to the cardinal propositions of his Church—down to the primal principles of his own long-cherished doctrines. And this accomplished and noble-souled gentleman was sent by an evangelical institution to teach its religious dogmas to the heathen, by which they were to be led to God! But the entreaties of the heathen children led him prayerfully to a re-examination, to a new analysis and measurement of his creedal propositions, and lo! the result is "conversion"—a new birth in the heart of the good Bishop Colenso. And now Bishop Rochester sends the news to the kingdom of heaven, through his formal prayers, and advises all the prelates and priests of that region to send like word, that poor Bishop Colenso has strayed from the fold of truth. "Pray for him!" he is laboring under a soul-destroying fever! What evangelical ignoramus! What consummate twaddlers! What accomplished imbeciles! Why, the priests and prelates are asked to pray against the *very truths* which those simple children of the Most High put to the susceptible and honest-spirited Colenso! The heathen converted the Bishop to a higher knowledge of God.

Let all men and women see in the teachable spirit of that excellent minister a beautiful example, and let them not be behind him in simplicity and integrity. "Are you quite saved?" they asked him—"are you quite saved?" Bishop Colenso said: "I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved." He said not a reply, for he was not quite sure! Sent by a great ecclesiastical power to teach the heathen, yet he was "not quite sure"! Let us thank God—God does not want us to thank him—well, let us thank the great Heart of all principles, which is God, for the teachable, the beautiful, the child-like spirit of Bishop Colenso, which caused him, with power, to say: "Dogmatism, depart! These heathen children ask me if I am quite sure of eternal suffering for all who have not accepted Jesus. No! I am not sure." Then he goes to his New Testament; goes in deepest prayer; he prayed as good as the best of you can pray, and with as sincere a heart; and he finds therein what he never found before, viz., that the Divine never designs to cast off anything pertaining to the constitution of the human soul! He finds, on the other hand, that the truths and real revelations of the New Testament are worthy of the Paternal Soul of the Universe. He says, therefore, to all the world: "I am a new man." And we respond, Amen! He has experienced a "new birth." And yet the dogmatic Church, which holds that the new birth is essential for a sight at the kingdom of heaven, is bowed down in lamentations over his conversion! Presently another class of religionists will undertake to wheel the Bishop into line with their peculiar forms and notions.

If I were able, I would speak with an emphasis of ten tons to the square inch, so that the whole world should hear that the system of Christianity—I say "the system," not the spirit, remember—as it is to-day preached and presented to mankind, is, generally speaking, just as monstrous a piece of quackery as any practice we find in the discordant world of medicine. Christendom is filled with ecclesiastical quacks and charlatans on this very subject of "the new birth." You cannot in this city or in Brooklyn walk over five hundred yards without noticing a new sign up, announcing a new method of introducing you safely into the kingdom of heaven. The Methodist differing from the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian from the Baptist, the Quaker from the Universalist, the Congregationalist from the Unitarian!

Every one who reads the Bible—as I am glad every educated person can in the independence of consciousness and reason—sees in it precisely what his or her state of mind makes apparent, and that is all. A man will see its teachings literally or figuratively, symbolically or spiritually, Swedenborgianly or quite otherwise, in accordance with the elec-

tions of his *state of mind*. And he will furnish the "class-meeting" with descriptions of his spiritual development, or new birth, in accordance with his intellectual caliber and worldly experience. And if his priest has impressed him to be a dogmatist, he will hold up the stupid sign and say: "Lo! this is the way to the new birth, and the shortest route to the kingdom of heaven!"

Friends of Progress should help men over all this. Let them understand that, by means of true spiritual growth, they can become united, and thus destroy the monstrous mistakes and expensive quackeries which infest Christendom. No wonder so many honest souls get so badly-born in the conflicting Churches! No wonder so many come out sanctimonious and hypocritical, but not sanctified! True, many tender-hearted converts in the Churches are inclined to be spiritual, and some of them are permanently improved and benefited for life by the mysterious shock and the institutional or society check; but a vastly great number, on the other hand, are rendered permanently small and limited in their understandings of the human world, of the great truths of Christianity, and the life-long moral consequences are—bigotry on most questions, narrow-mindedness, social bitterness, and a squeamish, or malignant protest against the onward work of Reformers.

Now, all common-sense men have practical and similar understandings of the origin, nature, and validity of the "new birth." Many of them, however, becoming utterly disgusted with all supernatural theories, have gone to reading books of Medicine, or to reading Law; and have resolutely given up all speculative thoughts and all sentimental inclinations toward the popular Church, and toward spiritual things in general. Some of them still hold to progression and improvements in moral reforms, and such minds teach that the true new birth consists in a true generation and a true exodus of both body and soul. The true practical birth, say they—the only one which will save the trouble of all the pseudo-regenerative processes which the Churches have inaugurated, and do away with all the mysterious struggles to get born again—is to be perfectly born from the beginning. These results rest directly with the mother and the father—the true Joseph and the true Mary—who are to bring the gentle human Saviors into the world. The Christ is to be born from the spirit, without miracle, through the organs of human reproduction. There is to be a multiplication of Saviors, "both male and female." Instead of one being born every ten centuries or two thousand years, there will eventually be one born every ten years, and ultimately, every time a child is born the angels will sing "glad tidings of great joy," for each child will be a Christ-spirit and a Savior. Let us, therefore, exalt woman's mission and situation, and esteem man as the all-embracing, external, protective, and positive sphere in which woman secretly performs her allotted duties. She is to be the Savior in the sense of being a fountain from which a stream, a river, a lake, a sea, an ocean of purer bodies and souls will flow for the progress and purification of the world.

Is not this a practical doctrine of being born again? You know that few people are well-born. Their spiritual genesis is defective; their deformities are numerous—not only physiological defects, but also mental and moral. Henry Ward Beecher is physically hearty and morally stout enough—I am so glad that he has made himself also popular and acceptable enough—to convert a Congregationalist pulpit into a public nostrum! The accomplishment of that "new birth" in the functions of a pulpit is a decided indication of his great inherent power, and of his great mastery over the feelings and thoughts of his hearers. And in the freedom of his Congregational platform, he says, that a man born right the first time is very superior to the man who has been "converted," under the influences of religion. (See PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL for 1862.) For the converted man—notwithstanding the restraints of the Church and of Paul's gospel, and the additional checks to bad morals constantly dropping from the eaves of the sanctuary—will not be so good a man as a man who was made good and rightly trained from birth. That is to say, a naturally good man in the world is superior to a converted bad man in the Church. I am so glad Henry said it! I wish all gospel-ministers were sufficiently stout in stomach and brain to make platforms out of their pulpits, and then preach the same thing to their fabled congregations! Pity they are not more morally vigorous. They have not the power of God with them. That is the cause of their feebleness and bigotry. It would take twenty Trinities to give Protestant clergymen moral courage enough to preach, investigate, and enforce new principles of human regeneration. But my Brother on the Sunday Rostrum, Henry Ward Beecher, notwithstanding his substratum of skepticism as to the existence of the Trinity itself, is yet enabled to announce a most thrilling principle of redemptive Truth. He is not afraid to tell the people that they had better produce their children right from the start—not in sin and in iniquity, but with the pure, beautiful, celestial principles of health and harmony in the body, and with righteousness in the organization of the spirit. From these goodness in the subsequent individual flows as from a fountain, while "conversions" do nothing more than modify and patch up that which, after all, at heart, is out of moral shape and due proportion, and the crookedness of which cannot be straightened for a lengthened period in the Summer-Land. I wish my Brother Henry, on the Brooklyn Rostrum, had said that also—said that the morally mis-shapen and intellectually crooked do not quite recover until the Summer-Land pours its fine discipline and its healing magnetism through and over the affections and character.

In the New Testament, in the third chapter of John, we find a most practical view of this question of a new birth, and yet it was given to mankind, as it were, accidentally, or as part of a common conversation. It makes one feel as though Nicodemus ought to receive the thanks of Christendom for the spiritual answers which his materialistic interrogatories elicited. Nicodemus was a distinguished Pharisee. The Pharisees, you know, were almost all dogmatic men, just like these American religionists and doctors of divinity. They held high positions, and filled all the important offices in Israel. Nicodemus was a Ruler. He had heard that the "young man" was teaching strange, mysterious doctrines through the country; and, being

a Ruler, like our Governor Seymour, for instance (no political insinuations intended, no invidious comparisons—although Nicodemus was a Pharisee—I do not say that of Mr. Seymour)—being a Ruler, he went to the "young man," and very politely asked him to "explain himself." The Israelitish gentleman did not wish to be conspicuous in such a matter. Therefore, somewhat as Mr. Lincoln left Baltimore for Washington, so Nicodemus put on an unusual coat, and a different hat, and away he stealthily went to have a religious talk with the son of Mary and Joseph. Said he to the spiritual man: "What is this doctrine of being born again? What do you mean by it?" So spake Mr. Seymour—no, I mean Mr. Nicodemus. The "young man" held up the doctrine, plainly, substantially, that, "unless a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." Nicodemus first paid him a compliment, for said he, You seem to be a very influential, successful person; you must be "of God," because you do these wonderful things; you accomplish these miracles among the people—consequently, you must be a Son of God, and I am willing to call you "Rabbi," or master. We now-a-days say "Mr.," instead of "Rabbi."

The Ruler was investigating "for himself." Said he: "What is the meaning of all this?" Jesus gave him the obscure answer: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." Now, merely seeing the kingdom of heaven is not always satisfactory to the spiritual cravings. You might see a very fine dinner in the next room, with a strong window between you and it, and you hungry and without money. Would seeing the dinner be calculated to satisfy the cravings of your appetite? On this ground Mr. Nicodemus did not seem to get much satisfaction from the answer to his question. The theme itself was so extraordinary. "How can that be?" said he. He "took" things literally, as I suppose, Mr. Seymour would, were he investigating the doctrines of Spiritualism. Said he: "How can an old man enter back through physiological organs and be born again?"

Nicodemus naturally enough supposed he had the "best of the argument." His common, materialistic views, assured him. Says he: "That is absurd; I can bring medical books to show that the thing has never occurred." Jesus, on the contrary, did not need any medical books to convince him. He knew, by the light of intuition, that the new birth in the Ruler's mind was impossible. Miracles never occurred. Jesus did not pretend that there was anything miraculous in his gospel of the new birth. He did not say that a man could return and be born a second time through the physiological organs. He knew that such an event could not happen, any more than an elderly man could swim down to the first year and begin life again—any more than any event which has happened can be annihilated from the history of the past.

Jesus did not pretend that Nicodemus's thought was possible. But instead he said: "Unless a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom." That is something more comprehensible. A man cannot come to dinner unless he pays the price. He cannot come to this feast of fat things—cannot drink the wine on the leaf-refined—unless he walks through water and in the Spirit.

Now of all this I believe that I never had any doubt. I believe it, and have long believed it, because it is utterly without miracle, and because the conception is so beautiful in itself. No spiritual person ever questions that beautiful reformatory principle divulged in the third chapter of John.

But Nicodemus was just as much astonished by that remark as Governor Seymour would be out of tune with the teachings of this Lecture. He might say: "I cannot make anything out of what the Spiritualists say; it is all incomprehensible stuff to me." Nicodemus said: "I cannot comprehend your ideas about water and the Spirit. Very well. What did Mary's spiritual son do? Why, he cited a very interesting illustration of it—that is, interesting to commentators who make it their business to expound Scriptures, but very obscure to those who ask the question. Said he: 'You do not understand the wind's mysteries, neither do you understand this. You cannot understand whence the wind cometh, nor whither it goeth. So of every person born of the Spirit.' That limpid explanation must have been very satisfactory to Nicodemus! He very naturally said: 'Well, I shall never succeed in being born again. If I cannot understand the process any more than I can understand the wind, then I am a gone case, for I certainly don't understand either how the wind comes or how it goes.' And so he went away no wiser than before.

Missionaries, who go out to teach the heathen, do not know any more about spiritual regeneration than did Nicodemus. When the affections of men are born again, the third chapter of John is of little moment. All truth is read with new eyes when the spirit is wise. If you be really "born again," the world's Bible, as well as Nature, will be new volumes to you. But you must be born again, independently of the Bible, and become something within yourself, and then the Bible and Christianity will mean something more than a book and a system. The world also will become a new development to you from the day you become harmonious and new within yourself. The doctrine is plain and beautiful, that the new birth is not possible "except a man be born of water and of the Spirit." I am glad the account does not read "brandy and water," or "bread and wine," for then, to follow authority, we would have to spread a table and proceed to celebrate the Eucharist. He did not say a man cannot be born again, except through drinking bread and wine, which is only a Hebrew act of commemoration. That will do as a Passover. (I always pass it over!) A human heart is not born again by means of brandy and water, nor alone by means of the "Spirit." In some Churches they dip "converts" into a large tank, simply because the Bible-text reads "water"; and so baptism becomes a very influential mystery in the regenerative scheme. I am so glad that Jesus was led into Jordan. It seems to promise that one of these days, people will adopt the rational means of securing physiological perfection. There will be sweeter people on earth when bathing becomes universal. Swedenborg and all spiritually-minded people say that water is a beautiful emblem of purity, regeneration, and regeneration. What a sparkling element it is, going through the world, with immortal music on its bosom, flowing down mountain-

slopes and forming cascades, and forever hymning gratitude and praise to Deity! No man can enter into the kingdom of harmony unless he be born, first, through physiological harmony, or "water," and, second, through the balance of his affections.

Many of us may know something more about being "born again" one of these coming days. Mary's son put "water" before "spirit," and so do we. It is true physiological reform, and there is no miracle or mystery in it. He said: "A man that is, away from disease—and of the spirit"—that is, of the balance of the powers of the heart and faculties of the brain—such an one can enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Have you tried it? If you have not, suppose you begin to test the truth of it to-day.) He says the Son of Man shall be "lifted up"—the only begotten of God. What is the only begotten? It is the Spirit of Truth issuing forth in the beautiful marriage union between "body" and "spirit"—the nuptial union between "body" and "soul." The power and the spirit of Truth rises out—the only begotten—and it is "lifted up." Then what? No man can be lifted up unless he be first immersed in something. What is he lifted out of? Out from his personal Satans—out of sympathy with his unclean spirits—out of the pit of his desires. What are they? Passions, appetites, moods. What are they? The only begotten—principles of Truth, rising out from the superior faculties, and "lifting" man out of his passions and appetites, which are demons and unclean spirits.

It matters not how great a man's reputation may be, if he is, to any extent, in bondage to his stomach, to his passions, to any bad habit or acquired appetite—such a man is not "saved." He realizes nothing of the new birth. A selfish man, a deceiver, a hypocrite—a man who lives in his family like a beast and before folks like a gentleman—has not experienced a change of heart. A selfish character always gets "lengthwise in the trough." He stretches himself at full length in the advantages of his home, and closes out the choicest friends of his wife and children. Or the fashionable, religious woman, member of whatever Church, who will require the coachman to go out in the storm to drive her to Church, is not born again. And these women who work and slave, who are deprived of their just rewards, who labor in the kitchen, and who garnish the rooms where maidens' attentions are most required—these are cheated of an extra twenty-five cents a month by persons who go to some graceless church. And are such born again? "Can't you work in my kitchen early and late for six dollars and a quarter a month?" Bridget thinks she deserves seven dollars. Who would labor for less? I would charge twenty, if I were Bridget. It is the hardest thing in the world for an intelligent person to be Bridget, and to do Bridget's work. She ought to have ten or twelve, instead of six and a quarter dollars per month. But the favorite orthodox minister gets all the extra money which Bridget ought to have for her tedious labors. All because the religious lady of the house is not just—is not "born again"—but is under the dominion of popularity, style, fashion, churchianity, and orthodoxy.

Look up these opulent Avenues, so full of dressings and great mansions. Do they not administer to the destruction of the principles of human liberty, justice, and fraternity? Persons who live in them lose much of their simplicity of character, and they are not teachable. They are in the "outer darkness." There are "weepings" in the basements, "wallings" in the bed-chambers, and "gnashings of teeth" whenever the large bills come in for payment. I do not wonder that they live in outer darkness, nor that they go to church to see whether there is anything "cheerful" in the prospect after a death by gout. The man who needs a Church, or the woman who needs a Minister, or the bishop who needs a Bible, or the religiousist whose faith needs a Miracle, is not born again. Such may have the form—the signs and symbols—but not the spirit of Truth.

A new birth lifts the mind above dependence upon externals, for the "only begotten" in the spirit begins life by drawing upon the Infinite Father for truths and principles. A new birth, therefore, consists in a marriage between the affections and faculties of the social, intellectual, and moral nature. The spirit will produce its kind. Jesus also said that. Did he not say truly: "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh; that which is born of the spirit, is spirit"? Don't you believe it? If the Nazarene were in New York to-day, he would undoubtedly be thankful for an opportunity to re-announce that beautiful principle. Spiritualists would all enjoy it, and each would say: "Well, I have heard that before—a thing produces its kind." The physical body, however healthy and perfect, will produce only physical happiness. Aromal emanations from the pure body are always precious, life-giving, and beautiful. But the harmonious human mind gives off far sweeter aromal fragrances, which elevate and chasten all who come within their celestial influences.

Now the body—"water"—and the soul—"spirit"—become balanced and married. That is the true relation. When there is marriage between body and spirit, what is the result? Progeny. Next comes a "new birth." Unless that true, private, interior marriage takes place, you will experience only an illegitimate birth. Many obtain such births in revival meetings. They deem themselves "converted." But think the subject all over, and see if you do not decide that all such "conversions" are illegitimate births from the spirit. Let there be a true marriage between the body and the soul—be blended by "water and the spirit"—and then observe how truly the offspring is legitimate Truth. Then, truly, you begin to comprehend high motives and ideas. First, whatsoever is good; second, whatsoever is useful; third, whatsoever is consistent; fourth, whatsoever is beautiful; fifth, whatsoever is spiritual; sixth, whatsoever is celestial; seventh, whatsoever is heavenly and eternal. The truer your marriage, the higher and more beautiful your spiritual children. Just in proportion as you grow independent of externals—just in proportion as you rise out of passions, appetites, unclean spirits, and demons—in that same proportion you enter into the kingdom of harmony. No matter where you reside, or with whom you live, that will be the result of your interior growth.

Now, therefore, let us all go to work with "water"—I mean, let us cleanse out our af-

fections. Water means purification. Regulate your bodily appetites, discipline your hidden passions, harmonize the action of your thinking faculties. Erect for yourself a high standard! Set out for personal harmony! You have a watch in the spirit. Just wind up that spirit-watch, and see that every second of time is kept right. Wind up your habits, and set your house in order. When you attain to "inward peace," you are born again. Then you can each live a spontaneous, easy, free, orderly, happy life. What will be the result? Taurus! Beautiful children are they! and ever and anon another "new birth." There is recorded on the blank leaves of the old Family Bible, by our parents, a memorandum, thus: "Born on the — day, in the year of our Lord, &c. But there are theological births which occur under the psychology of the orthodox minister and pulpit. These theological births are seldom recorded in any book under the sun—most rarely in the "book of life." As before admitted, sometimes such a birth is a true one, and the person does begin to live a well-ordered and more beautiful life. Such cases are extremely rare. The rule is, as my Brother Henry truly said, that a man who was good before is essentially no better after his "conversion."

There are many "changes of heart" in one's life-time, and very many "new births." The marriage of the body to the spirit—this is a delightful birth. It is delicious harmony, producing what Epicurus termed "Bodily ease and mental tranquillity." He never could have uttered and enforced the principle unless he had experienced it in his mind. Out of that marriage spring attractive and powerful truths; the progeny are exceedingly pure and beautiful! You can begin to count your new births from that time—the birth of good truths; the birth of useful truths; the birth of the birth of beautiful truths; the birth of spiritual truths; the birth of celestial truths; the birth of heavenly truths; the birth of infinite truths; the birth of God in the heart; and in all directions, eternal Progression.

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Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when.

Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the pulsation of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

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"Let no man call God his Father
Who calls not man his brother."

The African Race in America.

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BY S. E. MICHENER, MEDIUM.

Upon this subject would we write and express our views, however at variance they may be to those entertained by the majority of out fellow-countrymen—the present occupants of the land that once was ours by birth or adoption, while maturing the spirit for its present abode.

We have thought much, have investigated deeply the subject upon which we would now write. Our sympathies while on the earth, and our labors while in this sphere, have been for this enslaved, despised, and down-trodden portion of our common humanity. We now view them from a standpoint higher than we formerly occupied, and behold them in a light that is exceedingly interesting to the mind that delights in Progression, that can recognize excellence, and appreciate it wherever it may be manifest. And in the bondsmen of our beloved country, in the dark-complexioned descendants of Africa—a country destined yet to become one of the gardens of the earth—do we behold the germs of a future greatness, a nobleness, a transcendent excellence, that shall at no distant day develop a people of such sterling qualities as shall be an example to other nations, who have unto the present looked upon them with scorn and indifference.

Virtue lies not in the endowments that mankind are disposed most to honor. Greatness of soul often lies buried beneath the unsightly exterior that circumstances have thrown around it, and which will, when conditions are improved, rise in the scale of mental superiority, and manifest all its latent powers and capabilities to the admiration and wonder of the world. This will be found to be eminently true of Africa's despised children. They will be found to possess those latent virtues and powers of mind, when the pressure is removed that now has a tendency to crush out all that is noble and good, that will raise them high in the scale of humanity, and tend greatly toward bringing about the Millennium age, that has by prophets been foretold, and by the enlightened and benevolent of every age so ardently prayed for. They will give that impetus to the onward march that will cause humanity to recognize them, not merely as co-workers, but as standard-bearers of the principles of reform. For they possess that true, Christ-like spirit of love and forbearance (when not contaminated by mingling with other nations), that will do much towards inaugurating the reign of peace. They possess in an eminent degree the intuitive faculties, that will enable them to cooperate with the spirit-world, and thus unite the two spheres, whereby the wisdom of the one may be enjoyed by the other, and the communion of spirit-life with those of the mundane be made complete. They possess in their beings more of the affectional nature, much as they have been denied this noble attribute, than any other race. Their love is more enduring, more untrusting, more true to itself, possessing less of the desire for change or variety than is known to other races. Through their influence, combined with other causes, shall humanity, in time, progress to the true conjugal match.

They have in their organization more of the social element, and less of acquisitiveness—which will render it easier for the angel-world, through their superior intuitions, to infuse into their minds the ideas that have, to some extent, been imparted to minds spiritually unfolded, of the new social order—the Divine Brotherhood. When once the pressure is removed that now confines all their powers, when once they are free, soul and body, to act in harmony with their intuitions, then will they progress rapidly; and, forming a nation or government of their own, will become a beacon—a light in a dark place to lead the benighted traveler—to inspire the heaven-bound pilgrim with fresh hope in man, and in ultimate emancipation from the evils or the false conditions of life that now oppress or degrade humanity.

The country to which they have been brought through man's cupidity, through those faculties most prominent in his undeveloped condition, is to become the theater of their future action—the soil on which to unfold their future greatness. Thus what could not be accomplished through the direct influence of a high and a noble purpose, which could not be made apparent to man in his ignorant and low estate, has, by the legitimate action of the faculties most prominent, been brought to pass. By a removal from the land of their nativity, have they been brought into close proximity with the most enlightened of all that is good, great, or noble in their white neighbors, they will, in the course of time, in the country of their adoption, unfold their intuitions, develop their affections, cultivate their Christ-like charity and forgiveness, till we shall behold a nation God-like in its attributes, and manifesting to the world the principles that can alone redeem and save. Thus will they rise from their degradation, and the crown that they shall wear, even in the earthly life, will amply repay all the injustice and wrong, that, as a nation, they have suffered in their passage from death unto life.

Then may the inhabitants of earth know that there is no injustice, no wrong in the

great plan of creation. The low shall become exalted, the exalted shall be brought low, till, through the process of regeneration, they, too, shall rise to glory and to honor. O ye children of earth! cultivate your intuitions, unfold your understanding, that you may come to know that the God of the eternal years is an impartial God, and that he is worthy of all honor, glory, and praise, now and forever!

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I desire to benefit all who may chance to be suffering from disease, and in all good faith would direct their attention to the source from whence I have derived health, after suffering many years from disease of the stomach, the liver, and general derangement of the system, brought on by residence in an unhealthy and ungenial Western climate, which resulted in a general prostration of the system, with dyspepsia, a diseased liver, and a chronic ague and fever, together with an internal tumor, which was intolerable to bear when thrown upon the surface. By the wonderful magnetic treatment of Dr. R. B. Newton, 54 Great Jones Street, New York, it produced an incessant itching, both night and day, until the crisis was past, when, to my great satisfaction, health returned. I shall be pleased to give further information to any who may desire it.

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Scraps from my Port-Folio.

I cannot be otherwise than interested in your beautiful Journal, which has visited my obscure retreat, like a fresh sunbeam glinting through the cold bars of the prisoner's cell; for at present I am a prisoner, being an invalid, and necessarily confined within doors. I feel in truth, that

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of autumn woods, and sighing winds,
And meadows brown and sere;
But I shall relieve them of their heaviness by those intellectual resources, which, while they have been a joy to me in health, will now be a comfort in illness. I have been looking over my papers, and if a few occasional scraps may be acceptable, they are most cordially at your service.

I have found some curious anecdotes of remarkable or peculiar instincts in animals, which, I think are worth preserving. But what is instinct? I have been looking over several authors, trying to find a comprehensive definition of the term, but without success; so I have written one for myself; and here it is.

Instinct may be defined to be the reason of brutes, or that innate perception which prompts them, by an undeviating law, to certain actions essential to their happiness, self-preservation, and the preservation of their species. To this rule there are certain exceptions, or special cases, when the quality of instinct more nearly approaches that of reflection, or reason. Of this character are those which I shall mention.

That the inferior animals have the faculty of memory, is proved by many of their habits. Were it not for this power, indeed, they could never learn to repeat a good action, or avoid a bad one; and that they have some mode of computing time is almost equally obvious.

A gentleman residing in Rhode Island had reared from a colt a beautiful and intelligent female horse. The animal was very much attached to her master, and became in turn a great favorite. She would follow him like a dog, as he walked through her pasture; whenever opportunity offered, seeking, by various little arts, to win his caresses, which she always seemed to enjoy, in the most lively and affectionate manner. At length the gentleman, on removing to the city, felt himself obliged to part with his horse; and accordingly poor Bessy was sold.

Thirteen years after this event, as Mr. W. was journeying through a distant part of the country, he passed a barnyard on the acclivity, at some distance from the road; but nevertheless he was attracted by a horse that had seemed to observe him when he first came in sight; and as he arrived opposite, the animal put his head over the fence and neighed. There was something so strikingly earnest in the tones and manner of the creature, that Mr. W. made an involuntary pause, when the act was repeated more emphatically, and the horse ran along the fence as if trying to escape. Mr. W. could not resist the inclination to stop, although in great haste to reach his quarters for the night.

He left his carriage, and went to the yard; when, by certain well known marks, he recognized poor Bessy, though, in the interval since they last met, she had passed from youth to age. As soon as she beheld him near, she became nearly wild with joy, as if she had, in the revival of old memories, gone back into the life and spirit of her youth. She smelt his hands, rubbed her nose against him, all the while uttering a low sound of rapture, which yet had sadness in it; and when he turned away, she gave a long and piercing cry, as if Mr. W. afterward declared was more expressive of sorrow than any other sound he ever heard.

Another gentleman, in Connecticut, owned a horse named Charley, whose docility was remarkable. The family were very regular in their attendance at church, and were seldom detained at home by any kind of weather. But on one Sabbath there came a snow-storm so severe, it was not judged proper to go out. As the storm increased, the cattle were stalled; but the horse could nowhere be found. Toward night a neighbor dropped in, who reported that Charley had been standing under the church shed, since the commencement of the morning services. He had, it seems, by some means or other, found out that it was Sunday, and had taken his accustomed position for the day, where he remained until the afternoon services had closed, when he quietly returned to the stable.

A friend in Spencer, Mass., had a horse that was very troublesome from a habit of jumping. No ordinary fence could restrain him. He was accordingly fettered, by fastening a halter round one hind and one fore foot. Even

under this restraint he was nowise discouraged, although his new appendage was far from being agreeable, or congenial to his feelings or propensities. After various experiments which proved unsatisfactory, he adopted the wonderful and ingenious expedient of taking a lateral leap; in other words, he jumped over the fence sideways.

The maternal instinct has frequently led animals to bestir themselves under various circumstances, upon young creatures, of a different species, which nature generally teaches them to confine exclusively to their own. A brother of mine had a cow that was unusually fond of her calf. One spring after her young one was taken away, she remained for a long time inconsolable. But after a few weeks a pet lamb was turned into the same pasture. At first the cow approached the little stranger rather cautiously, although she was evidently interested in its appearance. Gradually she came nearer and nearer; until at length, by some secret and inexplicable attraction, she conceived the most tender attachment for the little orphan—and even greater than she ever manifested for her own young. She would follow it with extreme fondness and solicitude, and caress with her nose the expressions of love; and if any person entered the pasture, she became nearly frantic with fear. After a while the lamb became so troublesome that it was sold—when the cow mourned until her health was endangered by her grief.

Some time afterwards a little black pig was turned into the pasture; when, strange to say, she adopted him also, notwithstanding the diversity of habits and character between his race and her own. In truth her ugly little favorite no-wise seemed either to reciprocate or appreciate the sentiment he had inspired; but if at any time he strayed from her side, and she chanced to hear an approaching footstep, she absolutely tore up the ground in her frantic haste to reach and protect him. This wonderful affection continued until the pig also was taken away.

Instinct of the Honey-Bird.

This extraordinary little bird, which is about the size of a chaffinch, and of a light gray color, will invariably lead a person following it to a wild bee's nest. Chattering and twittering in a state of great excitement, it perches on a branch beside the traveler, endeavoring by various wiles to attract his attention; and having succeeded in doing so, it flies lightly forward in a wavy course in the direction of the bee's nest, alighting every now and then and looking back to ascertain if the traveler is following it, all the time keeping up an incessant twitter. When at length it arrives at the hollow tree, or deserted white ants' hill, which contains the honey, it for a moment hovers over the nest, pointing to it with its bill, and then takes up its position on a neighboring branch, anxiously awaiting its share of the spoil. When the honey is taken, which is accomplished by first stupefying the bees, by burning grass at the entrance of their domestic domicile, the honey-bird will often lead to a second and even to a third nest. The person thus following it ought to whistle. The savages in the interior, whilst in pursuit, have several charmed sentences which they use on the occasion. The wild bee of Southern Africa exactly corresponds with the domestic garden bee of England. They are very generally diffused throughout every part of Africa, bees forming a considerable part of the cargoes of ships trading to the gold and ivory coasts, and the densely districts of Sierra Leone, on the western shores of Africa.

Interesting as the honey-bird is, and though sweet be the stores to which it leads, I have often had cause to wish it far enough, as when following the warm spoor or track of elephants. I have often seen the savages, at moments of the utmost importance, resign the spoor of the beasts, to attend the summons of the bird. Sometimes, however, they are "sold," it being a well-known fact among the Hottentots and tribes of the interior, that they often lead the unwary pursuer to danger, sometimes guiding him to the mid-day retreat of a grizzly lion, or suddenly upon the den of the crouching panther.

I remember on one occasion, about three years later, when weary with warring against the mighty elephants and hippopotami, which roam the vast forests and sport in the floods of the Limpopo, having mounted a pair of unwanted shot-balls, I sought recreation in the lumber pursuit of quail-shooting. While thus employed, my attention was suddenly invited by a garrulous honey-bird, which pertinaciously adhered to me for a considerable time, heedless of the reports made by a gun. Having bagged as many quails and partridges as I cared about shooting, I whistled lustily to the honey-bird, and gave him chase; after following him to the distance of upwards of a mile through to the open glades adjoining the Limpopo, he led me to an unusually vast crocodile, who was lying with his entire body concealed, nothing but his horrid head being visible above the surface of the water, his eyes anxiously watching the movements of eight or ten large bull buffaloes, which, in seeking to quench their thirst in the water of the river, were crackingling through the dry reeds as they cautiously waded in the deep mud that a recent flood had deposited along the edge. Fortunately for the buffaloes, the depth of the mud prevented their reaching the stream, and thus the scaly monster of the river was disappointed of his prey.—*Cummings' Adventures.*

Recognition of Friends in the Summer-Land.

A writer in one of the popular Magazines truly remarks: If we turn and look into the nature of the case, we shall find it very difficult to conceive how we can hereafter know even ourselves, without knowing our kindred and intimate connections, who have grown up with us, and become a part of our being, as it were. Our families, friends, and acquaintances have so large a share in almost everything we do, or think of, in this life, that a cloud of oblivion, broad enough to cover them, must cover the whole. Directly or indirectly, they pervade all the processes of our earthly existence and are woven in, like a web, throughout the entire web. We are dependent on them, and they on us. If we labor, or plan an enterprise, they enter more or less into our views in the undertaking. If we study, or act, it is with reference to them; if we seek amusement, it is in their company, or partly for their sakes; if we suffer or enjoy, they are participators. We remember them years after they are dead, and recall their character, their temper, their thoughts—all that identified them to us—as

freshly as in the hour we lost them. If the complicated part which they form of our mortal state were struck out of our cognizance, to-day, we should not know the world we live in; we should not know a single street of the village in which we were brought up, and which is everywhere so inseparably associated with their presence and agency, or at least with the thought of them. More than three-fourths of all that now constitutes our little world of ideas, interests, affections, cares, and pursuits, would be gone; as if the continent were sunk under us, leaving only a few wrecks to stand up in the abyss, and them so shattered and disarranged as never to be recognized amid the ruin. To forget that we ever had parents, and brothers, and sisters, and companions, and children, and other social relations, would be to forget that we ever had an existence here. In that case, St. Paul ought not to have said, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now we know in part, but then shall we know even as we ourselves are known." Instead of this, he should have said, "Then shall we see, if we see at all, through a glass very darkly indeed; now we do know in part, but then we shall hardly know anything."

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