

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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Questions and Answers.

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

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Caging of Birds.

ELIZA P. WATSON, WORCESTER.—"MR. DAVIS: Do you think it is wrong to keep birds in cages?" We contemplate the operations of our loving Mother Nature, and we solicit instruction from her million voices. From every mouth we hear the electric word—"Liberty!" A bird is a beauteous bit of ascending Nature on wings of flight. Man is another form of the same Nature, walking upright, the Lord of all beneath his exalted mind and commanding position. He is good and glorious in his government when the spirit of freedom prevails in the least of things about him; but what shall we say of his lordship, of his influence and administration, when he cuts the wings of Liberty, cages the birds of paradise, and enforces obedience by his will with a rod of iron? Judge of yourself what is right.

The Transgressor.

W. S. F.—Your temperament is too positive for exact perceptions of facts and things. You affirm a matter (of which you really know nothing) with all the positiveness of absolute personal knowledge. Beware, dear Walter, of such unamiable egotisms. They are immoral. Say, rather, "I suppose," or "I think," or "I believe," so and so, but never give another the impression that a circumstance is precisely as you state, unless you have positive ocular knowledge to support you, and to which you would cheerfully commit yourself in any court of justice. The infallible "Day of Judgment" is sure to dawn upon the secrets of every human heart. We remind you of this unavoidable, inexorable, all-searching event in the soul's individual career, not to excite your apprehensions, nor to intimidate you with fear, but to intend it simply as a brotherly hint that sooner or later you will find that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Adam and Eve in Eden.

WILLIAM VAN W.—NINETEENTH ST., N. Y.—A few great religious authorities delight to revel in the literalness of the Eden-life as depicted by the writers of the Old Testament. That there is a spiritual truth hidden within the external legend, no symbol reader ever for one moment doubts. But Milton, whose authority for literal truth in religious theories is just as reliable as the opinion of any other person who knows nothing about it, thus pictures the "attractive industry" of the fabled first pair in Eden. Eve, whose heart delights to throbb through tender worlds of love, turns to Adam and says:

"Let us divide our labors; thou where choice Leads thee, or where most needs; whether to wind The woodbine round this arbor, or direct The clasping ivy where to climb; while I, In yonder spring of roses, intermixed With myrtle, find what to redress till noon."

There is, as you probably well know, a philosophical side to this oriental conception; which we purposely withhold at this time, not being called for by your interrogation.

Jortin's Ecclesiastical History.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, NEW YORK.—"MR. DAVIS: In your last issue I observed the testimony of an ancient historian in regard to the Council of Nice, &c. My father, a good Presbyterian, denies the existence of any such authority as that of 'Jortin,' whose history you profess to quote from. Please explain through your welcome HERALD."

DEAR FRIEND: We fear your father, although posted as to the theological postulates of John Calvin, is not acquainted with the obscurities and mysteries of Ecclesiastical History. Jortin was born in London in 1698, and departed for the Second Sphere in 1770. He was cotemporary of the poet Pope, by whom he was engaged in the preparation of important notes to the Iliad. Jortin was a scholar, a clergyman, a critic, and a historian of undoubted veracity. He was the author of several volumes.

We quoted from his "Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History," as prepared by the author of the preface to the Apocryphal New Testament. His testimony is that of a Christian minister with reference to a subject of deepest moment to himself and the world. Hence, the impossibility of any reasonable objections to its admissibility on the question of the Bible's origin.

The Nights of the Seasons.

WARD A. W. HOBOKEN.—We will step aside and give Barry Cornwall a chance to answer your question, thus:

"O, the Summer Night,
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne,
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud of the roses o'erblown."

"But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free:
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea."

"And the Winter Night,
Is cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain,
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain."

"O, the Night, the Night!
'Tis a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time,
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth,
His soul in a star bright rhyme."

"It bringeth sleep
To the forest deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To care, bright hours,
And dream of flowers,
And that balm to the weary—REST."

Servitude of White Women.

MARY S. S.—YORKVILLE.—"DEAR SIR: Please do not consider my intrusion unpardonable. My eldest brother, for many years a member of the Rev. Dr. —'s congregation, contests all my legal and moral rights upon Bible grounds. Now, sir, I may be a very wicked creature to argue my 'Rights' against such authority, but I cannot submit to be a Christian, if such submission and resignation are demanded as incidental virtues in a woman. * * * * * Will you state the Bible texts wherein the personal and intellectual rights of woman are made subservient to those of her brother man?"

ANSWER: The Christian world has a very deep truth yet to learn. It must learn that God's authority lies in the tranquil realms of eternal principles, written, unmistakably, in the constitution of mankind. It must learn that each is an eternal fact, with identical rights and parallel privileges, which no other fact or personality has a right to curtail or embarrass. The following are the principal biblical texts which, with unequivocal religious seriousness, teach wholesale error and injustice: 1 CORINTHIANS, XIV.—34. Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience as also saith the law.

35. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is a shame for women to speak in the Church.

EPHESIANS, V.—22. Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.

23. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church: and he is the Saviour of the body.

24. Therefore, as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything.

COLOSSIANS, III.—18. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.

1 TIMOTHY, V.—14. I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.

15. For some are already turned aside after Satan.

1 PETER, III.—1. Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands.

A Material Understanding.

T. DANIEL W.—MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"MR. EDITOR: I am more than half disposed to discontinue your paper to my address. It is altogether too spiritual for my material understanding. Why don't you leave the spiritual twaddle out, and keep to matters of some use to live folks?"

Yours is the second request of the kind since the first issue of this paper. Do as you think best, Daniel; but let us talk a little before you leave us. Foremost among the great distinguishing topics of the nineteenth century, is that thrilling truth termed "Spiritual Intercourse." A large amount of curious, useful, and interesting matter—touching the great facts of our Future Life—is daily accumulating upon us from all parts of the world. These wonderful facts, Daniel, we mean to publish just as rapidly as the cause of progressive truth shall demand their presentation.

The free-thinking public have abundantly manifested their disposition to appreciate and sustain an enterprising, independent, enlightened, progressive journal of this description. We mean, as a part of our plan, to afford every rational evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. It is a divine science which deserves prosperity. From the many extraordinary facts already received, contributed by media both at home and abroad, we design to cull and publish the freshest, latest, fullest, and most convincing. A broadly liberal HERALD OF PROGRESS is a living demand of the age, and if we do not succeed in supplying that public want, the cause of our defeat shall not be attributable to a lack of hospitality and spiritual independence.

Now, friend Daniel, we think your material understanding will expand like a spring flower beneath the fertilizations of harmonical Spiritualism. Perhaps your unimpressible brain demands just the harrowing and ventilation which we propose to give it. Air and light and moisture are indispensable to the proper growth and expansion of grains, grasses, fruits, flowers, &c. And you know, Daniel, that fertilizers are added to all sterile soils.

May not living spiritual phenomena, with their truths, enable your "material understanding" to produce a crop of happy views of mankind and the future? Try it, Daniel—perhaps one of these days you will thank us for the suggestion.

How to Secure a Free Convention.

R. D. PEASE, MOMENCE, ILL.—"Our people very much want a convention. What is the best mode of procedure according to your experience?"

We have quite extensive experience as to the direction and internal arrangement of public meetings. A free-discussion gathering, with no by-laws, is the most unprofitable of all institutions. Properly, wisely, and lovingly managed, however, a Free Convention is the most cheering and memorable event. We almost pity a town or city that has not had a real American Spiritual Assemblage. They are useful and profitable in many ways, and should be held wherever circumstances will aid them. In places where reformers are not blest with worldly goods in great abundance, and economy is necessary, we respectfully suggest—

First: Procure the services of one or two speakers—either normal or inspirational—of well-known abilities.

Second: Then publish a cordial call to the world, inviting both skeptics and believers to meet on a free platform.

Third, and lastly: Send written and special invitations by mail to whomsoever the public may feel a wish to hear, requesting such to generously contribute their personal presence and spiritual influence.

This procedure will be likely to result in a large congregation of brave men and women. Of course the friendly citizens will, as far as possible, open the doors and hospitalities of their homes. Such accommodations should be pre-arranged.

But "Order is Heaven's first law." A truly Free Convention is not a reckless institution, but is one of the best illustrations of individuality harmonized with general liberty. Our experience has resulted in the following system of regulation; for it should be remembered that *heaven* has rights to be respected as well as speakers:

1. The Free Spiritual Convention will hold three sessions per day, to wit: commencing at half-past 9 o'clock, A. M., 2 o'clock, P. M., and at 7 o'clock, evening.

2. Each session to open with music, to be followed by a speech, limited in time only by the discretion of the speaker; each initial speaker to be engaged by the Business Committee.

3. After the delivery of the opening speech, each subsequent speaker will be regulated in time by a twenty minutes rule. This will give every speaker an opportunity to be heard once, or more. But—

4. If the Convention wishes to extend any speaker's time beyond twenty minutes, it may be done through the Chairman.

5. In such a Convention man's voice on all questions will be counted equal to woman's.

6. It is proposed to abolish the custom of drafting, and insisting upon the adoption of resolutions—instead whereof all the speakers are requested to *crystallize* the pith of their leading speech in the form of a resolution and read it.

7. But all resolutions touching the necessary business of the Convention, will be offered for action and adoption.

8. All sessions will be perfectly free to the public, except the evening sessions, when the small fee of one dime will be taken at the door, to cover the expenses of the Convention.

This plan, although not congenial to certain selfish natures who are certain to imagine that their liberties as speakers are tyrannically curtailed, gives the utmost satisfaction to the vast audience. But in case of smaller gatherings, perhaps none of these rules are advisable, a chairman being all-sufficient.

The Age of the Human Race.

G. A. B., BOSTON.—"A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: If convenient, will you please state where and what is the clearest evidence that man existed on this earth previous to those of the Mosaic account?"

If our correspondent had asked: "Where and what is the clearest evidence that the earth, our planet, is more than 6000 years old?" we should have an easy task in accumulating most unanswerable evidences. We could adduce many simple proofs that the globe is a very ancient institution, like every other orb in this part of the atmospheric universe.

But his laconic question, which refers so explicitly and exclusively to the age of the race of man, gives us not a little labor—more especially because our individual clairvoyant testimony, however truthful in itself, passes as yet for nought among the skeptical in the world of Science. Hence, as our interrogator no doubt well comprehends, we must attend to the evidence in a manner quite external.

Two things, to begin with, should be borne in mind: first, the exceeding poverty of all external history of man's earliest existence on earth; and, second, the fact that the essential discoveries in Oriental lands have been either modified to meet the Mosaic record, or suppressed altogether by Christian publishers; so that, from an outside standpoint, it is next to impossible for the genuine investigator to get access to the absolute facts. Several important admissions, however, have been squeezed through the crowd of religious prejudices, a few of which we herewith use in responding so "G. A. B."

Now to the question: "What evidence that man existed anterior to the Mosaic date?"

ANSWER: First, Hierologists, looking through theological spectacles, have, notwithstanding, interrogated the pyramids and obelisks of

Egypt to some purpose. The records and statistics of those insensate monuments have forced certain historians to reject the Mosaic time-table, and to reconstruct the world's chronology. (See Gliddon's volume entitled "Ancient Egypt.") The chronology and historical statements of Manetho are confirmed by the translated hieroglyphical writings of Ancient Egypt. And Manetho's history reports three hundred and seventy-eight kings from the reign of Menes this way. All these kings were of Egyptian origin, and they reigned successively in an unbroken line of government, on the wondrous throne of dim and distant Egypt.

The study and revelations of the symbols of Egypt's monuments, remember, taken in connection with the plainest translations of the hieroglyphics, confirm and establish this most ancient record of Manetho.

And what does that record teach? It teaches that Menes was successor of all the interminable kings above mentioned; and further, that the time when Menes ascended the throne, extends to an obscure period—five thousand and seven hundred years before the commencement of the Christian Era! When Menes began to rule in Egypt, the civilization of the people was indicative of a very remote origin.

This Egyptian chronology, established by Gliddon and not contradicted by others, carries the history of man 2000 years back of the Mosaic account—or nearly eight thousand years anterior to the present 1860.

Archaeologists and hierologists, with any considerable information, do not conflict with the history of Manetho. (See John Lamb's "Hebrew Characters derived from Hieroglyphics," published in London 1836. Also, Prichards' "Egyptian Mythology," Gliddon's "Ancient Egypt," &c., &c.)

Geologists and fossil-diggers cannot as yet contribute any very indubitable evidences on this head, but what they have given is incontrovertible, and directly to the point under examination.

Human bones of the North American Indian type have been exhumed from the delta of the Mississippi—the well named "Father of Waters"—whose tides have flowed, (according to recent discoveries,) more than one hundred thousand years. Away down below the level of the fourth forestial deposit, those human bones were found, giving the unavoidable inference that they must have reposed there fully forty thousand years!

There are several incidental items in the works of Humboldt which bear directly and favorably upon the question of man's extreme antiquity. Indeed, nearly every archaeologist and Oriental traveler report the exhumation of relics establishing a very ancient civilization.

Prof. Agassiz, speaking of human remains found in the limestone of Florida, says: "There still remain ten thousand years, during which the mainland was inhabited by man." (See "Types of Mankind," p. 352, et seq.) The researches of Stevens in Central America, and those of Leyard and Rawlinson in the Orient not less, furnish data against the chronology of Moses. Positive historical evidences are not numerous, but of the inferential sort their name is legion. But there are no facts to support the Mosaic record.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

JAMES C., BROADWAY.—Let no person judge for you in such cases.

PHILIP A., BOSTON.—Your Puritanic pride is characteristic of your self-righteous ancestors. Start for yourself in the journey of Progress.

H. W. F., NEW YORK.—Your lines are welcome, as well as your words of cheer. The former will soon appear in our columns, and we trust to hear again from your heart and pen.

CHARLES T. W., PHILADELPHIA.—The best flowers are first to receive the bee-sting. We sometimes think, that, in like manner, the purest character is oftentimes the first to be slandered.

RICHARD B.—We never investigate those subjects. After our explanations of the principle you should apply it to yourself by means of experiment and careful reasoning.

"HOPE," BROOKLYN, L. I.—Your communications, with their expressions of kindly feeling, have been received. Your reflections are truthful, and, when sufficient practice shall have given you skill in constructing and combining, you may make them useful to the world.

B. M. R., TROY.—Consult the welfare of each adjoining neighbor. Do this as tenderly and conscientiously as though they were the families of your children. This will strengthen the principle of fraternal love.

HENRY J., NEW YORK.—Ingratitude is a vice of the selfish mind. It forgets the acts of friendship, but remembers the deeds of enmity. Extremely selfish natures are usually both tyrannical and ungrateful.

JEANNIE S., UTICA.—Accustom your mind to highest intellectual employments between the hours of eight and twelve, A. M. Never bewail the faults of your neighbors. Attend more tenderly to your own. Let beauty and goodness, not ugliness, attract your attention.

C. H., ROYAL CENTER, CASS CO., IA.—Brother, we appreciate your spirit of fraternal love. Our many labors, however, prevent our complying with your request. You will sometime, Brother, find ample language to portray the "Auroral" splendors of that glowing midnight.

H. B.—Thy sixtieth birthday song is full of hope and cheerful courage. But for some inaccuracies we would give others the benefit of its perusal. May the light of that "farthermost shore" often cheer thy pilgrimage.

WILLIAM P., HARTFORD.—It is the old sectarian story. Propose to yourself a better way, and walk therein henceforth. Remember the saying: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

W. C. B., JERSEY CITY.—Launch your prayer out upon the infinite. Some ear will hear it. Pray thus:

"If I am right, oh give me heart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, thy grace impart,
To seek a better way."

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

SPIRITS LIGHT THE WAY.

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

SODA, Ark., Feb. 16th, 1860.

DEAR SIR: The following manifestations of spirit presence were given more than a year and a half since. I wrote an account of it down at the time, thinking to send it to you, but hesitated, fearing it might find its way under the editor's table instead of in the drawer.

I have concluded, however, to copy and send it to you, for let the fate of my letter be what it may, the circumstances narrated will not appear to me any the less remarkable, even if I fail to describe them so that they may appear in their true light to others.

My husband (Mr. S.) and I, with a friend of ours, were deliberating in town, after having spent the evening with Mr. Convis—a well-known medium of Bridgewater, N. Y.—then staying a few days in La Salle, Ill., as to whether it would do for us to return home that night, for it was perfectly dark, there being no moon, and the sky was filled with those clouds that threaten an immediate thunder-shower. The gentleman with us, Mr. Colvin, is a clairvoyant, and my husband is a partial medium; but neither a younger brother, who was with us, nor myself have any conscious mediumship.

Mr. Convis, the medium in town, is influenced by an Indian spirit, "Wahoo."

Mr. S. asked the Indian if "he would send some one home with us with a lantern?"

The spirit Wahoo replied that "we should be taken care of."

We started. We had six miles to go in an open wagon, the roads being too rough to admit of a carriage. Just as we got past the lights of town Mr. Colvin was entranced, and did not speak till we reached home, but he kept his hand on Mr. S.'s knee. When he wished him to drive slow he would rub his hand from right to left, and when it would do to go faster would rub it quickly backward and forward.

When we had proceeded about a mile from town, Mr. Colvin pointed to something ahead. Mr. S. looked, and calling my attention to it said it was a "shooting star." It came nearer, and appeared as large as a saucer and seemed to be about twenty feet from the ground. Mr. S. saw it as I did. We now saw one or two more going in straight lines. Mr. Colvin immediately pointed ahead, where we could not see anything. A moment afterwards, however, another light appeared in the direction he had indicated. This new star moved towards us, but passed off with a zigzag motion. But our attention was soon called to another, and another. I cannot now tell how many of these singular lights we saw, but I should say there were about a hundred—varying in size from a large saucer to the flame of an ordinary lamp. They sometimes appeared about three feet from the ground, and sometimes as high as twenty.

We had been in the habit of turning off the main road for a better track through the woods, and the question arose as to which of the two roads would be the better to take that night. After some conversation, Mr. S. said we would probably know which to take when we arrived at the turning-off place. On reaching that point we observed a long line of lights in the direct road. Accepting it as a "pillar of fire" to guide us, we were credulous enough to follow its direction. We still continued to see single balls of light, at irregular distances, rising before and passing off behind us. The last one I saw came slowly around the corner of a house about a mile from "home." It passed along the front of the house over into an adjoining field, as slowly as if carried by a person.

There was no imagination in this case. Our brother was a lad, and would get nearly, if not quite asleep, when we would rouse him to look at "a light" larger or brighter than common. Mr. S. saw one more just as we were getting out of the wagon at home. As the last mysterious star disappeared, Mr. Colvin came out of the trance. He inquired if we were really home. Although an experienced driver, he remarked, that he would not have driven six miles, that fearfully dark night, for ten dollars.

It was late, and Mr. S. put up the horses himself. Though in the open air at least half an hour, he saw no more illuminations, although there appeared to be no change in the state of the atmosphere.

Mr. S. went into town the next day. Con-

vis, the medium, said an Indian had gone home with us, and others who were there when we left said that the Indian spirit left Convis before we had been gone many minutes, and that the rest of the evening was occupied by another medium.

I may add that our homeward ride that night was accomplished safely and speedily. There were quite a number of narrow bridges to cross, which to have missed a foot would have certainly upset us, but which it was utterly impossible for Mr. S. to see at all. The lights did not illumine the road. They seemed to be yellowish white balls, and kept at some little distance either to the right or left.

On reaching home one of the reins was found to be unfastened, for how long a distance we could not tell. But, as our horses were young and spirited, it seemed somewhat remarkable to us that we should have turned corners, crossed bridges, and passed through gates, with one guiding line loose, and yet without accident! Does it not seem that guardian friends, more clear-sighted than mortals, were in the gloom and darkness?

I wish some one better able to describe this remarkable sight had witnessed it. It was the first manifestation I have ever seen that seemed to be undoubted phenomenon. If other persons have ever seen anything like this, and can account for it upon any known principle, I should like much to have them do so. We seek to know the truth, and if in our conclusion that it was the work of spirits—wishing to convince us of their presence and help—we are mistaken, we should like to be corrected. Yours for truth,

For the Herald of Progress.
OCULT DEMONSTRATIONS IN MAN.
AN AUTHENTIC RECITAL.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1860.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: KNOWING you to be a man of learning—especially in spiritual and psychological subjects—I take the liberty to address you on a matter of great importance, at least to myself, and I hope when you shall have read this letter, that you will give me your serious opinion and advice upon it.

For several years I have been the subject of a series of most extraordinary and mysterious internal experiences or developments. I cannot say sensations, for I am well aware that what I have undergone did not come through the medium of my five senses. I am not an ignorant man, yet with all my philosophy I am unable to account for them. I have read many medical works, but do not find a case recorded similar to mine. I have conversed with many medical men, but could gain no other opinion from them, than that it was "hallucination." I have also conversed with non-professional persons; the effect was that they considered me crazy. Since then, I have kept the subject locked up within myself, since I am not ambitious to be esteemed either foolish or crazy!

I will now relate the particulars to you that you may judge.

About twenty years ago, when I was about thirty years of age, I began to notice certain extraordinary occurrences within my person. Sometimes I could perceive the main branches of my nervous system, burst forth suddenly into a beautiful light of blue and yellow—sometimes down my side, sometimes along one arm; very often on one side of my face, or across my brow. These appearances were as quick as the flash of lightning, during which I perceived the interior of the tubes through which the light passed. Very often when in my bed and about falling to sleep, a noise, sudden and powerful, would be heard within my head, like the report of a pistol, or the twanging of a large wire; then a flash of light would pass over the exterior part of the brain, and I could distinctly see the two hemispheres thereof. At times, an explosion would take place at the back of my neck, and then I would perceive the interior of the medulla oblongata and the ramifications of the cerebellum faintly illuminated! But the most extraordinary and beautiful of all effects I experienced but once. It was as follows:

One day I was lying on my back, dozing, when my slumbers were interrupted by, I thought, a large fly, which seemed to descend and to buzz just between my eyes. Several times I was thus disturbed. At last I arose determined to destroy the intruder. I searched about but could find nothing of the kind. Thinking that something else was the cause, I returned to my previous position, resolving to keep awake and watch. As thus I lay for some minutes—without moving—my eyelids slightly opened, I perceived two yellow luminous specks, one at the inner, and the other at the outer angle of the right eye, just beneath the edge of the eyelid. These specks were moving towards each other, the one at the outer angle moving the faster. At length they came in contact when an explosion like a report of a pistol passed through my brain, causing every particle of its substance to tremble! Then a beautiful yellow and blue light passed through my eyeball, along the optical tube up to the brain, where I lost it. During its passage, I saw distinctly the crystalline lens, the retina, and the interior of the optical tube!

These extraordinary occurrences happened to me during some ten years, when they gradually passed away. For three or four years I felt like an ordinary man, but soon after this a new development took place within me, of a more pleasing nature, though no less extraordinary.

I have never studied music, I know not the names of the different parts; and shall hence find it difficult to explain to you what I wish; for my internal experience consisted of vocal and instrumental music. At this period of my life I lived in the country, being the greater part of the time entirely alone.

It seemed to me, (although I was sensible it could not be so) that there was an instrument of music situated in the interior portion of my brain. It performed entire pieces of music without pause or fault, and when it had finished an air, it would pause for a few seconds and then recommence with the same, or another tune. It mattered not how I was engaged; nothing I could do would stop it after it had commenced an air.

I resorted to various means to stop it. I worked hard, trying to think of nothing but my work. I visited my neighbors to pass the time in social chat. I took long walks and runs, but all to no purpose. The music continued its sweet notes, performing whole pieces over and over in the most harmonious

style! The tones resembled those of a small metallic organ or "musical box." This continued about a year when it was succeeded by the music of voices!

The latter, unlike the former, seemed to take place externally to me, and some distance above, in the air. I could distinguish three parts or voices. Various pieces of music—sacred and otherwise—this trio of voices performed in succession. Some of the music was familiar to me, and some was not; but all the tones were of the richest kind, always producing the greatest harmony. I will observe in this place that some of the pieces performed—both vocal and instrumental, I had learned many years before while traveling in France, but had forgotten them; while others which I but partially remembered, my mysterious powers performed without a fault.

At length the instrumental musicled away leaving me to be entertained by the vocal alone. This remained with me nearly three years, commencing as soon as I awoke in the morning, and continuing, with but little intermission, through the day and to the last moment of my wakefulness at night.

Perhaps you may think there was some disturbance or disease, either in my body, or mind, but I assure you there was not. I had perfect health of body, was entirely sober and rational, and in a happy mood, generally, though a poor man. Often have I thought, while walking along the country road, musing and listening to my mysterious musical powers. How pleasing it would be if I could believe in the existence of Good Spirits! I could then have reason to think that I had found favor with some of them, who were hovering above and around me, endeavoring to cheer me with their songs. At that time I did not believe in the Spirit World, though since, I feel inclined to admit the rationality of the belief. These mysterious visitings have left me for some time past. They were generally agreeable to me and would have been more so, could I have spoken of them to my neighbors, without being considered crazy.

I have now to relate to you a new phase of these strange workings within me, which has completely astounded me, and for the first time has produced an uneasy perplexity. I have always been in the habit of reading an hour or two after my family have retired for the night; so it was usually close to midnight when I went to bed. One night last week, between ten and eleven o'clock, while reading as usual, my attention was withdrawn from my book by the shrill lively notes of an instrument which sounded like the ancient shepherd's pipe! It seemed to play a series of lively variations, or quavers. Similar to the fluttering butterfly, it was here, there, everywhere, above and around me; but after about two minutes the lively notes ceased and all was still. I hurried into the yard of the house, looked and searched around, but could discover no indications of any one about at that time of night. Returning to my room the next few moments were spent in awful suspense. This did not last long, however, for my attention was aroused by hearing two persons discoursing who seemed from their voices to be of the masculine gender. I could not distinguish many words, as the voices were too far above me; but I caught the names of persons who had lived upon earth many centuries ago.

Their discourse was resumed, but in a few minutes it ceased. Again I heard a few variations upon the pipe and there was complete silence for a second, when a voice, powerful and distinct, called my name! As you might imagine I was struck mute and motionless with astonishment. With suspended breath I anxiously listened in expectation of hearing more, but nothing followed, that night, and since then I have abandoned my nocturnal readings.

Now, Friend Davis, I have given a true, though abridged account of my many mysterious experiences. I think I have written enough to enable you to form an opinion, even if you cannot thoroughly explain causes and designs. I hope you will make known to me your ideas of my experiences, through your paper, or by private letter, as you may think best.

I wish you to advise me what I ought to do respecting the last visitation or occurrence. My philosophy is not sufficiently extensive to explain them, I therefore submit to one who I think has seen deeper into the mysteries of Nature and Nature's God.

Yours, respectfully,
ALEX. S.

[From the Terre Haute (Ind.) Journal.]
ANOTHER CASE OF SPIRITUALISM
NOT IN OWEN'S BOOK.

Since the appearance of Owen's celebrated book on Spiritualism, in which is recited several cases of extraordinary spiritual manifestations in this and other countries, there has been a great interest and anxiety manifested by the people, everywhere, to read about and ponder over any incident that partakes whatever of the strange or supernatural. Recently, a gentleman of this county, who enjoys a high social standing, and who is noted for his strict integrity and eminent learning, informed us of a singular case, as related to him by one of the parties who was engaged in investigating the matter.

A few years ago there was a small cabin, about one mile distant from the town of Washington, in Daviess county, this State, that had the reputation of being haunted. It was occupied by a single man, who stated that the most unaccountable noises were heard in the house each night. The people of the town and neighborhood had become firmly convinced that some foul deed had been committed there, and, with a superstition worthy of other ages, gave the desolate cabin and its lonely occupant a wide berth. At one of the sessions of the Circuit Court in Washington, the matter was talked about pretty freely; at last came to the ears of Judge H., the presiding Judge, and of Judge MeD., an eminent attorney who was in attendance at the court, and they quietly resolved to visit the place and investigate the rumor about the house being haunted, thoroughly and to their own satisfaction. To this end, one beautiful afternoon after the adjournment of the court, they walked out together to the lone cabin, where, knocking at the door, they were met and kindly welcomed by the man of the house.

They interrogated him about the house being haunted, and he assured them that it was so, and that if they would remain there until midnight they would see and hear enough to convince the most skeptical unbeliever.

The legal gentleman took advantage of the man's hospitality and retired to bed. At precisely 12 o'clock, the man awoke his visitors with the exclamation, "there it comes!" They immediately arose, and on going to the door, could hear, distinctly, a noise like the measured beating of a bass drum, which appeared to be a mile distant at that time, but which was evidently approaching the house in a direct line. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and in the immediate front of the house was a nice grass plat, upon which a flock of geese was feeding. The noise still approached, crossed the bars, and marching into the yard, the flock of geese divided right and left, leaving a pathway up which the solemn beating passed to the door, and then into the house. The gentlemen were somewhat astounded at the fact that they were holding court with a veritable ghost; but as they were men of intelligence and nerve, and had heard something of Spiritualism, they resolved to quash their inquiries still further, and learn, if possible, what was the cause of the singular appearance and noise. For this purpose they called the alphabet, and received corresponding raps from the unseen presence; in this way they ascertained that the ghost then present was the spirit of a woman, then living in a certain place, in Ohio, and that she was engaged in tormenting the man occupying the cabin, because he had, sometime before, under promise of marriage, obtained \$400 from her, with which he had decamped to the vicinity of Washington, leaving her penniless and broken-hearted! The gentlemen were satisfied with this explanation, and retired. The next day they wrote to the place in Ohio, and ascertained that there was a woman residing there, answering to the name and description given by the spirit to the gentleman at the cabin. The man who occupied the cabin also acknowledged that he was from the identical place, in Ohio, mentioned by the spirit; but he stoutly denied that he had wronged the woman. These facts are all related by one of the Judges, and can be substantiated.

Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

AN ESSAY ON LIFE, ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECTS.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

CHAPTER VIII.
VEGETABLE LIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

Flowering Plants.

In the broad universe of God—throughout the boundless realms of matter and of mind—change is written in legible characters on everything, visible and invisible. "Passing away" is the solemn and inevitable sentence stamped upon and pronounced to all forms and conditions of matter. In the beautiful domain of life, there is an order and regularity in these changes; birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death, are the common lot of all. Each plant, and every animal, has an allotted period given to it, a life-time, in which to work out its mission, to accomplish the wise and beneficent design of the Creator in calling it into existence.

We have spoken of the different life-centers. The perfect plant is only realized when all these life-centers combine and unite, forming a beautiful and harmonious community; in which each one performs its mission, and aids in the development and perfection of the whole, as designed by the Infinite Author of all. The principal life-centers are found in the roots. However much the others may modify the form, enhance the beauty, and perfect the design, they are all secondary and more temporary in their characters than these. It is, therefore, in the root life-center that the real "term of life" of the plant is recorded. As if to leave no doubt of the existence of these various life-centers, Nature presents them separately. Thus we have plants which grow alone by the roots, while, in most instances, they grow by the roots and leaves, and, in the case of the air plants, they grow by the leaf alone, proving this to be a life-center.

The duration of the life of plants varies from a few hours, in which some species go through all their stages, to five or six thousand years. Among the lower Cryptogamia the duration of life is very irregular and uncertain. Under favorable circumstances the cells, which are, in reality, the plant, are born, grow to maturity, and die in a few moments; but if the same cells be dried they may be kept for an almost unlimited period of time. Thus, the very plan which would destroy the higher forms of plants, depriving them of moisture, becomes a means of preserving these for an indefinite period. Though this is not an active state of life, but rather a continuous and passive condition, somewhat similar to that of the germinal cell in the seed, which presents one of the most remarkable phenomena of life. Observation has not extended long enough to prove where a limit must be placed on the duration of the life-principle in certain seeds. Thousands of years have rolled away without separating this principle from its resting place in the germinal cell.

We have said the root-center has the longest period allotted to it; the real life-time of a plant might be calculated by adding the sum of the periods of each life-center, and dividing the whole by the number of life-centers. In the process of grafting and budding, the horticulturist selects those plants which are known to have great tenacity of root-life. By this process of grafting upon the stem of other trees, most of our fine fruits are obtained; and it has been observed, in many instances, that the fruit deteriorates in quality while the tree remains vigorous. Thus, for instance, the bell-flower apples, the but-

ter pears, and many other fruits that were in their prime a quarter of a century since, are now very seldom found in a state of perfection. The reason is obvious: the life-time of the graft has expired, and although it is maintained by the root-life, it loses its distinctive character. And, always in the case of seeds from these grafted fruits, there is a mixture of forces from the life-centers, and hence the character and quality of the plant, which will be produced by these seeds, is always uncertain; and, in order to keep up a supply of good and valuable fruits, it is necessary to plant a large number of seeds, and select such as produce valuable varieties for grafting new trees. The graft may be said to be a parasite, living upon the juices and forces of the tree into which it is inserted.

The question of the distribution of plants originally, and afterward by their germs, involves important considerations, and has led to considerable controversy. Some supposing all plants to have originated in one spot by a special creation, and from thence spread over the globe; others believe in the same character of creation, but admit several centers; still others think that most species originated where they are now found. Almost every country, not excepting many of the islands, have plants peculiar and indigenous to themselves. It is very evident that soil and climate (by which we mean heat, moisture, air and light,) have exercised a powerful influence in the distribution and localization of plants. The range of active life is positively limited to 180° Fahrenheit, or the difference between 32°, the freezing point, and 212° or the boiling point, and is mostly confined within 100°, or from 50° to 150°. A few ferns have been found in boiling springs. That the development of plants is modified by temperature is well known. Not only may the plant be killed by the climate, but the nature of the climate may be known by the vegetable productions found in any given place. The fruits and flowers of the tropics may be produced, in some degree of perfection, in cold climates, by artificial means, in hot-houses. The law of life is universal in its operation, and whenever and wherever conditions are favorable, there the forms will be developed. There never has been, there never can be, a special creation, unless the laws of the universe are changed. Hence, the only influences which operated originally in the distribution of the various orders, were conditions of climate and soil.

The distribution, by means of germs, has a wider range of causes. In the lower orders, where the germs are often so small as to be blown about by every motion of the air, their diffusion will be very general. Millions of seeds are thus dispersed; many, too, float in and on the waters. But there is a very erroneous idea in the popular mind, in regard to the universal diffusion of germs of plants and animals in water; which idea is, that with a powerful microscope we may always find abundance of these in all waters. This is not the case. In water from wells, spring water, and much of the water from rivers, where there are moving currents, these are seldom found. We have looked for hours with a good microscope without finding any germs of either plants or animals. But if the same water be left standing in an open vessel, in a warm place, for a few days, there will be found first plants and then animals, whose germs had been floating in the air and have here found conditions suitable for their development.

But it is ditches and ponds of stagnant water, and in warm weather, that we find the germs of plants and animals in vast numbers, and in all stages of development. The seeds of some plants are surrounded by substances which act as wings, making them almost as light as the air, and they are thus enabled to travel great distances. The common thistle is a familiar instance. Others, protected by hard shells, are eaten by animals and birds, and often carried a considerable distance. Many others are washed by rains into the rivers and oceans, and are thus carried to distant lands far remote from their native homes.

But man has done more than all these in distributing the useful plants, and sometimes injurious ones, too. The white wings of commerce have carried to almost all lands the fruits and grains which are adapted to them. A single instance may be referred to here, leaving others to speak of particular plants: The potato, a native of South America, has been carried almost all over the civilized world, furnishing a very valuable article of food to millions of the human family. The potato may be considered as the most valuable production that Europe has received from the Continent of America, and is now, as Bishop Heber informs us, much esteemed in the East, and regarded as the greatest benefit that country ever received from its European masters. A plant that can so climatize itself and preserve its valuable properties in such different temperatures as northern Europe and Bengal, where the thermometer ranges up to 90 or 100 degrees of heat, must be particularly endowed, and, in time, will probably become naturalized to every region, and circulate its benefits around the globe.

This power of retaining its good qualities is not general. Many plants will bear removal to other climates, but frequently where the climate does not vary much, the plant does not come up to the standard of its native land. We have seen that many of the mushroom tribes, which are edible in cold countries, become poisonous in the tropics. The sweet potato, (*Conocochus batatas*) which grows abundantly in our latitude, and is esteemed as an article of food, flourishes natu-

rally in a sandy and dry soil; and if it be planted in a wet, clayey soil, it soon loses its yellow color and its sweetness, becomes insipid and unfit for the table. The spices and natives of the tropics; they may, however, be cultivated in colder climates; but then they lose much of their pungent and aromatic character. Most plants are modified by removal from "their own, their native land." Thus, the birch and the willow grow only as dwarfs in high latitudes. In Norway and Lapland the full-grown tree is only two or three feet high. If the plants of warm countries will live at all in these places, they are stunted in their growth; their leaves are smaller, and they seem to follow the adage of trying to "do as the Romans do when at Rome."

The temperature of the earth is not regulated alone by latitude. Exposure to sea coasts, protection by mountain ranges, and, more than all, altitude produce changes. In mountainous countries we have all the climates of the globe within a few miles' distance. The base of the mountain presents tropical verdure and plants; a short distance up its sides, those of temperate latitudes are found; still higher, and the frigid zone has its representations; and, if the mountain be high enough, perpetual snow and eternal winter reigns as in the polar regions.

We come now to consider the grand and sublime mission of the vegetable kingdom in the economy of Nature. Life, like its Divine Author and Architect, is a *visu*, extending from the great central sun and source of power and motion, down through all the countless varieties of forms in the animal, the vegetable, and even in the mineral world. The function of the lower orders (the flowerless plants) are, in some respects, similar to those of animals. They require and receive from the air and the water, a considerable amount of oxygen gas. As this is always in a gaseous form when uncombined, we shall speak of it as Oxygen. They reject and exhale Carbonic acid gas. (This is also a gas except at a temperature of nearly 100 degrees below zero. It is composed of one atom of Carbon and two of Oxygen.) The higher forms of vegetable life, the flowering plants, require more Carbonic acid, and give out Oxygen. In those early times, the Carbonic acid was not sufficiently refined to sustain these plants. Hence, the lower, or flowerless plants, were sent as the pioneers to open the way in the wilderness for those that come after; then came the flowering plants, with a higher mission, to prepare the waters and air for the breathing animals to dwell therein.

All breathing animals require Oxygen, though, by itself, it is too stimulating, and in the atmosphere it is combined with another gas—Nitrogen, in the proportion of about one-fifth of the former to four-fifths of the latter. This being the uniform composition of air, we might infer that which is abundantly proved by experience, that it is the best combination for respiration.

The function of respiration, in some form or modification, accompanies life in all its manifestations. It is an index of the development and activity of life. Among plants, and in certain species of animals, the reptiles, for instance, where it is extremely slow, and frequently suspended for a long time, the manifestations of life are very slow, and torpidity is common. Among some of the higher orders of animals, a phenomenon, called "hybernation," occurs, in which respiration is almost entirely arrested for months, during certain seasons of the year.

Respiration, though less active, is as essential to the inhabitants of the waters as to those living on land. Water naturally contains a portion of atmospheric air, and if this be removed the fish and other animals living therein will perish. To regulate the supply of pure air in the waters, was an essential part of the plan of creation. The motion of the waves in throwing up their white spray, tends to diffuse air through the water. But the animals living in the water are constantly throwing off Carbonic acid, which, if not removed, would destroy life. The plants which require this furnish an easy means of removing it, and as they exhale Oxygen they do all that is needful to keep the air in a proper condition.

Deep down beneath the ocean wave is many a beautiful grove, in whose unbroken stillness there waves beautiful forests, and magnificent flowers, all unseen save by the denizens of the deep; yet who shall say that all the life and enjoyment of earth are not in a measure dependent upon the labors of these unseen workers in the laboratory of Nature?

An interesting discovery of the last decade illustrates this fact. It was observed that small ponds in which flowering plants grew, supported a much larger number of fish than those which have no plants in them. The experiment was tried, of introducing plants into a tank in which there were fishes. The result was satisfactory, both the fishes and plants grew vigorously. And, at present, there are hundreds of these tanks, called "Aquaria," glass vessels of various sizes and forms, stocked either with marine or fresh water plants and animals, and they furnish very beautiful and interesting ornaments for our drawing-rooms, libraries, &c. Some skill is required in arranging them; there must be the proper proportion and kinds of plants and animals. But if they are arranged in due proportion, all that is required is to renew the small quantity of water which passes off by evaporation. The plants furnish food and Oxygen for the animals, and animals give of nutrient and Carbonic acid for the plants, thus forming a miniature world!

In the reservoir connected with the Ken-

sington water works at Philadelphia, there has been difficulty with the water. It has several times become so offensive and impure as to be unfit for use. The cause of the difficulty is this: great numbers of small fish are thrown up by the pumps into the reservoir, which is nicely paved and kept very clean, no plants of any kind being allowed to accumulate in it; the result is, that the fish prey upon each other, leaving portions of their remains to decay, and are also exhausting the Oxygen and increasing the Carbonic acid. To remedy this, it would only be necessary to introduce some varieties of fresh water plants. It has long been known that plants and animals on the land were complementary to each other; and that the purity of the air, and its salubrity, depended upon the existence of both these; but we shall have to speak of these again.

An oriental story of Abdel Hassan gives a beautiful illustration of the influence of the life-principle in the vegetable world, in producing a change in the face of the desert. The story in brief is this: Abdel was traveling with a richly laden caravan over the burning desert of Arabia. Faint and weary amid the parched and arid sands, without water, and without strength to travel further, Abdel called his faithful servant Haroun and bade him remain with the men and camels while he, with his best beast, a female camel, should press forward in search of that highest boon, and most essential supporter of life that Nature has so bountifully diffused in that which we call her lower kingdom—the mineral world—water. Leaving them thus, he passed on, and after many weary leagues had been traversed, his faithful animal sank exhausted, just in sight of the more than beautiful Palms of the desert, the well-known signal for water. But both man and beast were too much prostrated to go the few remaining paces.

A neighboring caravan passing by came to Abdel's assistance, and with Arab kindness and devotion, restored the faint and weary one to life. He knew full well that long before he could return to his friends they would have found a grave beneath the floating sands of the desert. Sixty years afterward Abdel passed over the same route, and came to the spot where his comrades and his camels had perished; and now there stood a beautiful grove of Date Palms, and a well of water. An old man gave him the following history: Sixty years ago I passed this way and found that a richly laden caravan had perished here. Man and beast lay prostrate on the burning sands. We gathered the valuable articles, hoping some day to find the master of the tribe, and then buried the remains. Many years after I passed this way and I beheld the young Date Palms growing here, forming this beautiful grove. The spot was sacred to us and we dug this well."

The germs within those Date seeds found that which would sustain and develop life in the animal remains which lay beneath the sands; and thus there came to be a beautiful grove, "an Oasis in the desert!" What a sermon is this! None are so poor, so weak, but that they can do something to make some part of the desert of life blossom as the rose, and leave some mark that shall be a blessing to those who shall come after them.

"The Development Theory."

A DISCUSSION BETWEEN S. P. LELAND AND A. WARREN, OF OHIO; ON THE MERITS AND DEMERITS OF THE PROGRESSIVE PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER—QUESTIONS PROPOSED BY MR. WARREN.

BIRMINGHAM, O., May, 1860.

BROTHER S. P. LELAND: I take pleasure in accepting your proposal to have a candid discussion through the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, concerning those points which we had neither time nor opportunity, during the short time you were lecturing at this place, to analyze and examine.

We view the "Development Theory" of creation differently. It appears to me that reformers often use the terms "development" and "progression" in a very vague manner. The object of my criticism will be to "develop" our ideas up to a strictly scientific and logical "plane," especially so far as they pertain to the religious "sphere."

You believe and affirm that Man was developed from the lower orders of animals—originally, even, from the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. I understand you to say that our literal ancestral line leads back through the many gradations of animal and vegetable life. You adduce, as proof, the admitted fact, that all these gradations are revealed in the order of time in the geological strata; to which you add the fact, that tadpoles, and some other living forms, are known to pass through peculiar metamorphoses in order to perfect their individual organizations.

Now, it seems to me that the mere fact of earlier formation falls far short of proving parentage, and that the gradation of species is no argument that one has been transmuted into another, but both facts simply demonstrate that one principle of formation underlies the whole.

That principle seems to be this: The simplest came first in order to prepare the elements for the more complex. But the progress of an oyster was an oyster still; and, though it might improve as an oyster, could never become a fish.

You referred to the fact, that animal life had been known to spring from chemical combinations of inorganic substances, and intimated that this was the process by which the first forms originated. Can you give any intel-

ligible reason why the *Last* forms should not have originated in the same manner?

You farther asserted the theory of "diversity of Origin" of the different races of men; that all men are not descended from the first man; and, lastly, that the Bible is not to be depended upon.

You quoted from a work entitled "Types of Mankind," and also referred to other eminent authorities to show that during a period of over one hundred and fifty thousand years, (throughout which we find relics of man,) the different types had remained distinct, against even the influence of amalgamation. Now, pray, if the different types of mankind cannot be transmuted into one another, how can a Chimpanzee be transmuted into a Man? and how can we trace our origin back to the Molusks?

When these questions are settled I want to inquire how this "Development Theory" can furnish any evidence of the soul's conscious identity after death. But not too much at once. Let us have Geology first, and if you can plant Spiritualism on it afterwards, I shall be with you.

Yours for all truth,
A. WARREN.

For the Herald of Progress.

Theory and Practice.

BY E. W.

We have all noticed, in the education of children, the vast accumulation of power which the teacher gains over his pupils, when by actual experiment he applies the test to any new theory he may have presented. The child may understand it well enough, and grasp it even in detail, but his mind is roused to tenfold interest in the subject, and his power of remembering and using it is wonderfully increased by an application of that theory to existing things—by embodying it in a material form. Before demonstration it is like a spirit. A person may believe in the existence of such a being, may realize its presence, and may have a dim conception of its nature; but if that spirit were inclosed in a material form capable of expressing the hidden nature of the being within, then the mind takes in with ease and ardor what before was only indistinct.

This is true of all, old and young. We like a practical demonstration of new theories. And it makes little difference what the theory may be, whether in mathematics or in morals, and in this latter especially do we, one and all, desire a practical exemplification of the truth of any theory which may be presented for our acceptance. We care not how much a man may preach if he does not practice. We are not moved very powerfully when hearing a person hold forth even great and sublime truths, if we know that in his every-day life he utterly fails to recognize their existence. And our instinctive exclamation, when he approaches us in the capacity of teacher, is, "Physician, heal thyself." We know that whoever does not live up to his principles, loses thereby a vast source of power and influence over us which he might possess did he do differently.

This is an age of Reform and Progress. Great and beautiful truths—eternal in their existence, universal in their application—are being discovered and brought to our view. Almost daily we are surprised and astounded by some grand and sublime revelation of Nature's inexhaustible treasures. Still the work goes on. We are as yet only exploring the outer edges of the great universe of truths; a limitless expanse of knowledge, unobtained, lies spread out before us, stretching far away into realms where Imagination is lost in her wanderings, and the mind, weary with the effort to grasp the Unknown, shrinks back upon itself with a feeling of its unfitness and incapacity for the task.

Yet, notwithstanding our feeling of insufficiency for this great work of discovery and reform, we greet anything that is likely to lead us to new fountains of knowledge, or which points us to any path, by pursuing which we may obtain that knowledge. And with this feeling every true reformer will hail the coming of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and, all over this land, among all classes, in the palace and in the wayside cottage, it will be a great joy and comfort, a Herald of new truths, and an assurance that the work of reformation still goes on, and many, very many, will be the prayers—not merely of the lips, but the deep, earnest desires of the inmost soul—those prayers which are answered—which will go up to the Father of spirits. That its melodious tones, which now gladden so many poor, persecuted ones, "of whom the world is not worthy," may long continue to herald the coming of that day "which prophets have foretold and poets sung."

To make these prayers acceptable, to convert these wishes into hard, substantial facts, we must do one thing, and if we leave that undone we shall fail. We must be true to our principles—we must show by actual experiment that we are uttering great truths—not wild, delusive theories—founded upon the eternal first principles which govern the universe, and which are capable of being worked up into practical life, and thus made beneficial and saving to the race. Our enemies are numerous and strong. Giant Superstition, stubborn Ignorance, paralyzing Fear, and all their hosts of deluded, benighted, yet zealous adherents, will meet us at every angle; and we must have something besides the "sword of the spirit of truth" in this conflict if we are determined to succeed. We must clothe ourselves in that impregnable armor which a life of devotion to principle will certainly give us.

Who among the reformers of the past were

most successful? Was it not those who proved the correctness of their principles by their life? What was it that gave the Nazarene such a mighty divine power over the masses of people among whom he moved? What was it but his life? his deeds of love? his kind and gentle admonitions, which his actions proved to come from his heart? Yes, it was his practice which recommended his theory and insured its acceptance by mankind. Think you the truths he uttered would have been received and cherished unto death; proclaimed from the scaffold and the stake by his devoted followers, had he not shown by his life that they were of value to mankind?

And what is the reason that so many reformers have failed to impress mankind with the importance of their teachings? What is it but a lack of this very quality that forms the grand bulwark which the Church has thrown up to shield its own corruptions from the tides of free thought which such men as Paine, Voltaire, and others, have set in motion? If these men had lived as they believed, so that no reproach could be cast upon their character, the world would be compelled to admit the truth of what they taught.

We seem to be, as it were, at the beginning of a new era. A mighty change is going on throughout the world, and if we, as reformers, will strive with an earnestness that shall be noble, manly, godlike, to live a "life harmonious," we can succeed in our efforts to redeem the world from superstition, error, and sin. O, then, Brothers and Sisters of the Harmonial School, let us all go forth to the work before us, though few in numbers, yet supported by a consciousness that we are true to ourselves; and rest assured we shall see the results of our labors, either here or after we have passed into the Spirit Land.

As week after week the HERALD comes to your doors, proclaiming some new truth, bearing some kind admonition, some timely warning, some friendly counsel, do not permit its teachings to pass over your head without giving them heed; but receive them like little children—humble learners at the feet of Nature, and they will sink down into your hearts and in due time grow and transform your whole natures, so that you will indeed be "new creatures;" and the world looking on will take knowledge of you, that you have been in the presence of the Infinite.

BLOSSOMS AND LEAVES.

A PARAMYTH BY RICHTER.

May came, and the blossoms, pale and thin, fell from the trees; then said the leaves: "Behold these sunny things, how useless! hardly have they seen the light before they fade and die; but we, we grow stronger, enduring the heat of summer, which serves only to make us large, more brilliant, and more luxuriant, until at last, after many months of usefulness, when we have raised the most beautiful fruit, and given it to the children of earth, we sink into our graves ornamented with the colors of many orders, while the thunders of autumnal storms roll over our heads." But the fallen blossoms said: "Willingly do we abandon life now, for we have fulfilled our mission; we have given birth to the fruit that is to live after us."

Be not discouraged, ye silent, unnoticed men of books, though ye pass away quickly! Ye little-esteemed martyrs in the school-room—ye noble benefactors of mankind, whose names are not inscribed upon the tablets of history—and you, mothers, whose lot is to dwell in obscurity—be not discouraged in the presence of the proud statesmen, the rich merchant princes, the haughty conquerors—be not discouraged, for you are the blossoms.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

BY ELIS AMMONETTE.

A blue-eyed maiden, flower laden, comes wandering o'er the hills. Come, let us meet her; come, let us greet her; with gay and laughing trills—beautiful Spring!—with gay and laughing trills.

Far in the South is her native home; but now, responsive to the season's call, she comes to cast her spirit's spell around the world—beautiful and beautifying Spring. Even where human skill has toiled at works that circumscribe her power, she has the magic art to make her presence seen and felt. The poor brick and mortar earth, thrilled to rapture by her warm and fragrant breath, tries to win an approving smile, by yielding up its vital store to the prisoned trees and humble, disregarded grass.

Even where human wile has woven a tissue that it calls a pleasure spell, and thinks its fascination sure, the inner being, answering to the silver voice of Spring, yearns within itself to wander to the quiet realm, where all that meets the eye gives token of her sovereign sway.

Even where slaves of want are bent in labor for the daily crust, there comes some picture of the far-off time of childhood, when in forest cool that bordered on the lowly parent home, the care-free, happy boy had couched him on the tender herbage of the early spring, or cooled the naked, dimpled feet in limpid pond or laughing brook; now, to the little ones who claim his father-love, he casts a look o'erfraught with tenderness, and then with that forgetfulness of self that comes to parent hearts, he turns himself with energy renewed to toils that may, perchance, in some delightful future, yield the store that will suffice to bear them to the pleasures that give such joy, even in distant recollection.

Beautiful Spring! it is but her bounty that o'erflows upon the city pent; her regal wealth is lavished in her country courts.

Look! look! where that vale, a very "dimple in the smile of nature," spreads its carpet for their gentle feet; naught like unto it ever issued from the Persian looms of storied fame—so soft, so fresh, so spangled o'er with flowers of inimitable workmanship; and see! where the forests clasp their emerald ring how the drapery of vines, festooned in wildst grace, shuts in the royal audience-chamber.

Hark to her minstrels! poets laureate that byrun Spring's praises from the leafy boughs, swaying in measured rhythm to the low cadence of the festive wind.

Spring reigns. Beautiful Spring! Mark, how with willing hand her graces have been scattered o'er the homes that nestle in her wide domain. There, where the thrifty farmer turns the loamy soil, and lays the seed in earth, she smiles upon the effort, and bids arise the tiny scrolls, that, nurtured by the sun and rain, shall rear their tasseled heads and spread their flaunting leaves like silken banners on the air; and, in the fullness of their time, shall yield the stores that make the heart of man to gladden through all the circle of the year.

Behold where the roses swell and blow, and shed their odorous treasures on the ground! and see where the ambitious creepers, rivals to the last, have grasped each "coigne of vantage," until they cling triumphant to the roof that shelters happy country hearts!

The twittering martin joins its cheery note to the tremulous coo that swells the pigeon's lustrous throat, and not unmusically the farmyard sounds of bleating calves, and shrill cocks' crow swell the glad chorus that rises to reanimating Spring.

Spring reigns! beautiful Spring! Ah! she is fair to see. Come, let us meet her; come, let us greet her with the heart's sweet minstrelsy.

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience dungeoned, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)
NINETY-SIXTH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall. QUESTION: What is the true meaning and use of Miracle?

The suggestion of the above topic elicited many conversational remarks which could not be reported. It was doubted by some whether it could be made a question, for the reason that nothing answering to the word ever did or could exist, save in the misconception of superstitious minds. They held that the notion prevalent with the sects, that God, as alleged, in sundry instances arrested the laws of nature, is too inconsistent with human reason and observation to be seriously entertained by any sane mind.

DR. GOULD said: That interpretation of miracle is not universal among religious teachers. There are many who hold that a miracle is not a suspension of natural law, but the result of a law not understood. Both notions, however, obtain.

DR. YOUNG: That definition does not help the matter in the least. When miracle is defined as a natural phenomenon, then is miracle abolished, whether the law be understood or not. What puzzles him is, that neither the ancients nor modern Christians have ever cited these miracles in proof of immortality. Not one of them has taught that angels are human beings. Though described as in the form of men, it seems never to have induced the thought even, still less the conviction, that they were men. John recites that he had mistaken one of the old prophets for God, but it seems to have suggested nothing to him save the naked fact, that he had made a slight blunder in his devotion. It is strange that none of these angels were ever recognized, by any seer, as friends who had departed this life, and that they never referred to them as proof of the future life; but they never did.

Modern Christians have not done so either. Even the society of Friends—the most spiritual of the sects—have never used the argument of angelic visitation to mortals as proof of immortality. They have much to say about spirit, but they are as silent as the other sects concerning spirits. There seems in this respect to be a break in the significance as between ancient and modern spiritual intercourse, more inconsistent, as it seems to him, than is the alleged cessation of the intercourse itself.

DR. HALLOCK: The question does not ask for the impression made by the events called miracles, upon the minds of those who witnessed them, nor yet for the opinions respecting them entertained by the religious world to-day. Neither does he consider the subject so barren of use as some have intimated. Certain things are recorded in a book—which is held sacred in the estimation of millions of mankind—to which the term miracle is applied. Our question asks, what are those things really and truly! and what do they signify? Surely, if through our own quickened perception we can help the world to read its own sacred books, it will be a brotherly act—an act alike useful to ourselves and to the neighbor. By comparison of our spiritual facts with the like facts of history, we discover that the popular notion, regarding the latter, is not the true one; and, when the light of this experience is thrown upon history, we discover that it is not, by authority of history itself. Our brethren have stumbled in this matter because of the darkness; it is but the act of a good Samaritan to show a light that they may pick themselves up.

The dictionary does not aid them in the least in the search. Instead of helping to explain a fact, it simply defines a mental state. But the things which it names, wonders, were not wonders to Jesus, in whose presence the most of them transpired. They excited wonder in those only who were ignorant of their origin. Jesus never claimed that they were infractions of any law of God, appearing to either matter or mind. They were simply spiritual phenomena. We have his own showing that they were not of himself, that they did not originate with him, were not confined to him; but, on the contrary,

that they were of spiritual origin, and would be the common experience of such as could place themselves in right relations with their true source. According to his understanding of the matter, as much faith on the part of his friends (who so marveled at what they witnessed) as would correspond in quantity to a grain of mustard seed, would bless them with mightier manifestations of spiritual power than had been seen through him. Only know how to read, and to be convinced that what are termed miracles, are, in every instance, the voluntary acts of spirits manifested upon the earth plane, or to men in the body, is to begin with Matthew and read on.

But the true significance or use of miracle has been as much misapprehended as its character. Indeed, the blunder as to use, naturally arises from the error as to cause. Assuming these things to have occurred contrary to law, they have been used in proof of dogmas which are contrary to reason. So the religious world has gained nothing from its hoarded treasure of historical wonders, but has lost much. It has erred both as to cause and use; as to cause, inasmuch as it ascribes them directly to the Divine law-giver, acting in direct violation of his own laws. Now, this must be an error, because it is unreasonable. Reason is as much a fact in the universe as God is, and no one fact can offend another. As to use, because they are made a test of doctrine through personal infallibility supposed to be thereby established. This, too, is alike fatal to reason. Only that is true which is true in itself. The arithmetic does not rest on the infallibility of Nathan Daboll. How many miracles would it take to prove the multiplication table false?

But give to the events called miracles their true character, and their true value is obvious, and reason is justified. They were spiritual manifestations. Angels (spirits) came and went, delivered their messages. Men talked with them, saw them, heard their voices, felt their influence, were healed of their diseases by them. Such is the history; and it is wonderfully the same with that enacting to-day, even to a similarity of exaggeration in statement, and error of inferences. And they prove what? Why, if true, at least this, that Moses, and John the Baptist, and Jesus, and one of the old prophets did not die with their bodies. A good thing to know, truly; a thing to be only surely known to the outside man, in this way. What though the "fools and slow of heart," whether ancient or modern, have made of these things only an object of stupid wonder? they are the foundation material upon which reason builds her church everlasting and universal.

MR. PARTRIDGE: We have nothing to do with the interpretation put by the Jews upon their facts, or with their want of interpretation. It is enough that we attend carefully to our own. He had not much sympathy with the question, he preferred to look around him, and forward, rather than backward. Many things ascribed to God and thence denominated miracle, he cannot accept as having existed at all from any cause whether natural or supernatural. Be that as it may, it is time to have done with the old; sufficient for the day, are the facts thereof. Men should look in the direction they are going; if forward, let them look ahead. He who would make progress in the acquisition of endless truth and good, must look forward; he who is only ambitious to find that God's truth and love long ago culminated in a cocked hat and a red cloak, has only to fix his gaze persistently on the long-ago, to succeed to his heart's content.

MR. BROWN: We have gained a point certainly, if we have established the fact that miracles are neither more nor less than spiritual manifestations, and he accepts that definition.

DR. YOUNG desired to amend it by adding, from spirits who once lived on earth and were the friends or relatives of the parties recipient.

W. P. COLES: All, or the main difference between the old and the new is, that the ancients ascribed their wonders to the Gods, or to God, while we refer them to spirits. Now the old, like the new, must have had a plural origin, because they are opposite in character, and therefore could not have been from the same source. He agrees with the opinion that miracle in the popular sense is an absurdity.

DR. HAYDEN: With Mr. Partridge, he has no disposition to look backward. He does not believe in miracle, nor does he believe that those who do, can be reached by any effort of ours. A man with Jonah and his whale, in the belly of his faith, has but little room left for existing facts, or rational arguments.

MR. PARTRIDGE said: Since we have gone back thus far, he would propose that we go a little farther; and would suggest as the next question for discussion, the following. What is God, and what are the manifestations of God? Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

"To be free-minded," (says a great master of the human mind, Lord Bacon,) "and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat, sleep, and exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, angers, fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exaltations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth rather than joy, variety of thoughts rather than surfeit of them, wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties, studies that fill the mind with illustrations and splendid objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of Nature."

Paraphrased.

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

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

Our readers will be interested in the following list of articles in the May number of this excellent magazine, with the names of the reputed writers:

- "Instinct," by Leonard A. Jones.
"My Own Story," by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard.
"The Playmate," by Whittier.
"The Maroons of Surinam," by T. W. Higginson.
"Circumstance," by Miss Prescott.
"Urania," by John D. Stockton.
"Mary Somerville," by Miss M. Mitchell.
"Roba di Roma," by W. W. Story.
"Threnodia," by T. W. Parsons.
"Gen. Miranda's Expedition," by Sheldon.
"The Professor's Story," by E. P. Whipple.
"Nathaniel Hawthorne," by E. P. Whipple.
"Reviews and Literary Notices."

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

The Kingston Democrat having advanced the sentiment that "A journal that shall oppose religious intolerance is not needed in New York," the Mirror of Truth, an outspoken sheet published at Brooklyn, thus replies:

"Pray, then, where is such a journal needed? We are not, it is true, menaced with the rack, the thumb-screw, and the kindled faggot of the Inquisition; but we have what is equally potent—a public opinion at once arbitrary and inexorable—a public opinion which tramples down honest individuality—which is capricious and cowardly—which curtails investigation with an authoritative, 'thus far and no farther,' which apotheosizes its brazen creeds, and crucifies dissenters. Deliver us from this ubiquitous and unmitigated tyranny; let not individual conviction be put to the ordeal of the 'world's dread laugh' or its 'withering scorn; give us surcease from the officious undermeddling of Mrs. Grundy; in short, let religious belief be treated as a matter exclusively between man and his Maker, and we shall agree with you, Mr. Editor of the Democrat, that opposition to religious intolerance is not demanded in New York."

THE WOLVES OF NEW YORK.

We had clipped for publication an excellent leading editorial from the Daily Times, with the above caption, suggested by the terrible case, adverted to in our last, at Bellevue Hospital, where a newly born infant was left to be devoured by rats! The press of original matter compels us to appropriate only the concluding paragraph:

"The dainty among our readers sicken and grow pale at this plain statement of a simple truth? Let them recollect themselves; let them control their disgust just long enough to feel that they, and all of us, we and no others, are responsible for this thing without a name—responsible in the sight of Heaven, and of humanity. For our Commissioners, honorable, intelligent, Christian men, come now and tell us that the Aceldama in which this horrible scene occurred, and which with a frightful irony we call our 'Bellevue Hospital,' has been for years surrendered to these creatures; that it is built on 'made land,' the very nature of which makes it a prolific warren of these petty wolves; that the matter has been discussed and debated upon year after year, and that while the representatives of our Municipal Christianity have been talking and chaffering with 'rat exterminators,' and manufacturers of 'infallible poisons,' the hideous invaders have been quietly multiplying, until, as our reporter now puts it, 'they have full possession of the building.' Well—being masters, they have asserted their dominion—the dominion which we've permitted them to acquire. Are we prepared to surrender the field to them; to maintain this Hospital on 'made land' for their park and pleasure-ground and preserve of game; to provide them with the dainty food they found on Sunday night, after all the bells of our Christian Sabbath, and the passing of the hours consecrated, for now eighteen hundred years, to the worship of Him who said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me?'"

TAR VIRTUE, AND FEATHER MORALITY.

An immaculate score of men and women in the town of Portland, Chautauqua county, N. Y., seem to have concluded that inward purity is best secured, and moral excellence promoted, by the outward application of "tar and feathers." Fifteen young men—very patterns, no doubt, of sanctified purity—with five young women, recently visited the house of one Elisha Whipple, at night, and dragging his daughter from her bed, tarred and feathered her! The local papers report, "to the credit of the crowd," (as though with such a spotless band the statement were necessary,) that the women applied the tar and feathers, the men modestly retiring meanwhile. We, of course, know nothing of the character of any of the parties concerned. It is alleged that the young woman was a disreputable person.

And the assumption is, that all the rest were without sin. The women absolutely unapproachable, and the men those who never "looked upon a woman" in the way by which the Scripture defines adultery. The victim may have been very "disorderly," but a well-known Reformer was once crucified by a mob who insisted that he was a disorderly person and a blasphemer. We never hear of the application of the lynch law, but we feel, that, by the acts of violence perpetrated, the gulf separating the erring one from her self-righteous judges and executioners, is narrowed to an infinitesimal space, and one repentant tear from the fallen, would lift her immeasurably above.

What arguments are those acts of midnight violence with which to win the wandering, restore the fallen, and lift the depraved?

Did this poor young woman sin alone? Who has read the chapter of her life and knows the strength of her excuse? Was there no man by whose intrigues her purity came to be questioned? And what had these moral reformers (!) to say to the men concerned? How many masculine offenders against good morals were dragged out and tarred and feathered? Who ever heard of such "equal and exact justice" being dealt? And is virtue an exclusively feminine excellence?

Is this the Christianity of the nineteenth century? Are these fifteen men and five women "without sin?"

We pray that every good influence may conspire to win back such erring ones, but heaven guard them forever from the merciless mock humanity of such self-elected censors and inquisitors.

Wit from Momus.

Just as we had prepared ourselves, with becoming gravity, for the advent of a religious daily—a news journal that would habitually view current events from the "evangelical" standpoint, we are greeted by a new candidate for public favor, of more mirthful promise. We allude to the new comic daily, appropriately styled "Momus"—the "God of Giggles." We shall be most happy, from time to time, to reflect these two opposite chroniclers, the sanctimonious and the ludicrous, the evangelical and the comical, that our readers may judge of the respective merits of the two, and enjoy the peculiar beauties and excellencies of each.

Momus has the London Times for authority in the statement, that among the spectators at the recent prize fight, were "authors, poets, painters, soldiers, and even clergymen," and adds:

"It is the presence of the Clerical calling around the Benicia Boy and the late British Champion, that most decidedly gratifies us. Where should a Clergyman acquire the knowledge of continuous endurance of suffering so well as in studying the patience of Sayers under a thorough whipping. How could a Clergyman learn to bruise sin so thoroughly as in studying the philosophy of one of Heenan's knock-down blows? Mortification of the flesh is a necessary preliminary to the contest: from the study of which he may gain considerable benefit. Excess has to be eschewed by one who counts upon winning. This is an invaluable lesson. It is gratifying to see that they have seized at once upon the opportunity afforded them of improving their Christian taste and character."

"Charleston Fare.—Meet and drink."
"Southern Honesty.—Mayor Wood has not been 'taken in' at Charleston."

The following might well be from Momus, but the Boston Courier deserves the credit of the application:

"A short time since we were all agog for revivals, now we are brimful of prize-fighting. It reminds me of an incident on board of a western steamboat, which I witnessed some years since, when voyaging upon one of those endless rivers whose memory is misery. The usual amount of gambling and other expedients for getting rid of time were resorted to, and one evening some of the passengers asked the captain if he had any objections to their holding a prayer meeting in the cabin. 'None at all, gentleman,' was his bland reply, 'amuse yourselves in any way you like; only remember it is the rule of the boat that all games must cease at ten o'clock.'"

The last quotation we make, without parenthesis, is as follows:

"A celebrated New York railroad financier had a habit of swearing on all occasions, with or without provocation, and a friend, who was both a close shaving broker and a professor of religion, undertook to reprove him, when Mr. Financier, good naturedly rubbing his nose, replied: 'Oh, —, you pray a good deal, and I swear some, but we don't either of us mean anything.'"

Brief Items.

—The Six Nations Indians, in General Council, have decided to give his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, a grand reception.

—The London Leader criticizes Mr. Prentice's "Wit and Humor in Paragraphs," with severity. It finds neither real wit nor general humor in the collection. "Jewels so manifestly mere paste were scarcely worth the straining."

—A New Orleans paper contains eight different advertisements for runaway slaves. "The best contented people in the world."

—Victor Hugo, still in exile through his stubborn unwillingness to accept any favor at the hands of the Emperor, has just finished a novel called Les Miserables. It is a collection of touching tales designed to illustrate the sufferings of the people.

—An Observatory has been recently erected at Elmira, called the "Farrar Observatory," from its principal patron.

—Prof. Agassiz is said to be greatly afflicted with weakness of the eyes, in consequence of which he prosecutes his scientific labors with much difficulty.

—Orville Gardner, once a most desperate character, is leading a kind of missionary life as keeper of a temperance coffee house in New York. His conversion to Christianity has produced the beneficial change in him.

—Be not affronted at a jest. If one throws salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.

—Another young lady was burned to death at Shelbyville, Mo., by her clothes taking fire. How many more such sacrifices must be made to the insatiable goddess Fashion, before our sisters will consent to abolish the long expanded skirts, and adopt a healthful, safe and convenient costume?

—It is reported by a London writer for an English paper, that Mrs. E. Barrett Browning has become a medium, and believes her "Poems before Congress" are communicated by disembodied spirits, for the regeneration of Italy!

—A boy of seventeen is preaching in Pennsylvania. The papers speak of him as possessing rare gifts of oratory.

—Miss Nightingale, says an English paper, still remains in a feeble state, and is compelled to remain generally in a recumbent position. Though weak in body, she is, however, strong in her mental powers, and pursues her humanizing design with much spirit and industry.

—Two Russians have reached a result long sought by scientific men, namely, the production of an artificial light, without color, for the examination of the cavities of the human body. They employ the empty tubes of Geissler, which do not transmit caloric under the influence of electric light. These tubes are bent and interlaced into a labyrinth, and they thus obtain a vast quantity of light in a space so small as will admit of its use even in a cavity like that of the nostrils.

—"Mother, have I got any children?" asked an arch of eight.

"Why, no; what put that in your head, boy?"

"Because I read in the Bible to-day at school about the children's children."

—A city weekly has the following announcement: The Republic has lost much piety. The Adriatic and Kangaroo took out the following popular preachers: Dr. Murray, of Ellizabeth, N. J.; Rev. Mr. Demarest, of Lowell, Mass.; Dr. Seyburn, of Philadelphia; and Drs. Scott and Spiers, of Brooklyn. They go, of course, for the benefit of their health, and not to see the elephant.

—A court in Ohio has decided in the case of the contested will of the man who died and left money to the Roman Catholic church, to say masses and offer up prayers for the souls in purgatory, that this bequest was illegal, as the designation was too indefinite—the Catholic church itself not being able to prove for certainty that there are souls in purgatory who can be benefited by masses and prayers.

—Twenty thousand Swedes and Norwegians are reported to be getting in readiness to embark for the United States early in the coming summer. They will bring much wealth with them, and what is better, they will bring confirmed habits of morality, industry and economy.

—The last news from Paris is, that "ladies have appeared at Court without crinoline, and the favorite beauties of the public balls have discarded crinoline for petticoats flared and large only at the extremity of the skirt."

—The New York Juvenile Asylum, sent to the West, a few days since, fifty of their best children, most of them inmates of the Asylum from three to twelve months.

—Mrs. Jane Gamble, a widow lady, of Eaton, Ga., under the influence of religious monomania, starved herself to death, having lived twenty days without a particle of food.

—Schiller's only surviving daughter, Madame von Gleichen Ruiswurm, having requested the public to forward to her all the speeches, &c., relating to the recent Schiller Festival, has received not less than 2,000 sets of memorials, from 400 different places.

—The wife of a clerk, in New Orleans, with a salary of \$2500 a year, ran him in debt to the amount of \$645 for silks, poplins, and gewgaws. The merchant sued him; and the Judge, before which the hearing was had, decided that the purchases were extravagant, and that the husband was not bound to pay! Husbands, take courage, and emigrate to New Orleans, or petition the Judge to change his residence.

—Five hundred and eighty-three Mormons left Liverpool on the 30th ult., for this country. The greater number of them were English, some were Scotch, and only one was Irish.

—For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered underclothes, would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts, seems to be very genteel.

BOSTON ITEMS.

We glean the following from the Banner of Light:

—A new chapel on Tufts St. Somerville, near Boston, was recently dedicated by appropriate exercises to the use of Spiritualists.

—Henry C. Wright was to speak at the Melodeon Sunday last, on the following themes: "Human destiny dependent upon Human Organizations;" and "Human Organizations dependent upon Maternal Conditions."

—The question for discussion at the last Bromfield Street Conference was, "Are all men immortal?" Mr. J. S. Loveland and Rev. Miles Grant are to have a public debate upon the same question. The Banner of Light publishes several communications also bearing upon this important and, just now, much thought and talked of inquiry.

Latest News.

—The Democratic Nominating Convention, after a most inharmonious meeting, and a large session, has adjourned to meet at Baltimore, June 18th. Thus the Republicans will be compelled to put their candidate in the field first.

—Late intelligence from Mexico represents the Liberal Party as gaining strength, and leads to the hope that this unfortunate country may yet be redeemed from the yoke of an exacting priesthood.

—European prognosticators see strong indications of a speedy disruption between France and England.

—The recent battle at Austerlitz, between Heenan and Sayers, has attracted as wide attention, and caused an equal excitement with the storming of Sebastopol. The farce might well be entitled, "The world's shame, and the newsboy's harvest." The London Times says:

"As to the argument that prize-fighting is a disgrace to civilization, we will merely observe that there are other institutions equally odious to the moral sense, and yet cherished by monarchs, blessed by priests, smiled upon by ladies, and shouted for by mobs. A standing army is in the eyes of a philosopher only an assemblage of Sayerces and Heenans. If the old Adam, the savage element of our nature, is to find a vent, we had rather it should be in a boxing match in a meadow, than in the invasion of a neighbor's possessions in the name of patriotism and glory."

—An opportunity was recently offered to American news publishers to give our trans-Atlantic brethren an example of energy and enterprise. Several of the American illustrated papers were issued in London immediately following the great prize-fight.

—The trouble in Dr. Cheever's Church still continues. The mission to England for material aid bids fair to lead to the removal of Dr. C. from the charge of the church.

—The Vanderbilt made her last ocean trip in nine days, thirteen and a half hours. The shortest western passage on record.

—At a recent fire in Orange, N. J., a woman and four children perished in the flames. The mother was near confinement, and suffering from the brutality of her husband, whose agency in causing the fire is strongly suspected.

—Young Joe Smith, in his address to the Mormons, expresses strong condemnation of Utah Polygamy, and altogether talks like a sensible man.

—The U. S. Government now has two political prisoners. S. M. Booth at Milwaukee, for aiding fugitives, and Thaddeus Hyatt at Washington, for refusing to testify before the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee.

The Physician.

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

Blood, Bile, and Bowels.

BY A. J. D.

The pleasures of health are beyond description. To substantiate this assertion we refer to the stacks of medical works, to the entire catalogue of poetical eulogy, and lastly, to the eloquent reflections of every invalid since the world began. The care-worn and diseased physician remembers the time "when all life's sunny hours were freshened by the breath of health." So, too, the poet, "with aspect wan and sunken eye," dreams of happy sunshine days when the music of birds, the ringing laugh of merry children, and the romantic scenery of youthful years, kept tune to the heart-beatings of physical harmony. And thus, in short, it is with every other mortal, who, being crippled and incapacitated by disease, reflects back through the golden hours, when life's bright current ran merrily through the heart.

We use the word "HEART" in no spiritual sense. The organ is the everywhere-acknowledged regulator of life's magic stream. It dilates and contracts, when healthy, with equal joy and pleasure. Like a jewel hidden in the "bosom of the deep," like a bark on the trackless way of many waters, so is the visible organ "heart" in its relations to the crimson stream of life. It reflects the pleasures or the tempests of the more inward soul. The wondrous dynamics of pulsation lie deep beneath the physical structures. The principles of motion and life co-exist and work like brothers in that gentle current, the noiseless "blood."

Of the blood and the heart we have very much to write. A thousand times, no doubt, our spiritual eyes have peered into the secrets of the life-fluid. Its constitution, its mission, its beautiful operations throughout the whole physical mechanism, and lastly, its diseases, have painted with unrivaled pencil many most important truths upon our understanding. A few of these we present, with the hope that some reader may receive the truth and be thereby directed into ways of gladsome health.

FIRST: The blood is manufactured out of materials consigned to the stomach. The physiology of this process is exceedingly beautiful in health, but we will not dwell upon it.

SECOND: Digestion is a marvel in the chemical laboratory of life. In health the mind is unconscious of this many-sided process. The mucous membranes cooperate with the muscular tissues, fluids and others, time and temperature, acids and alkalies, reciprocate each with the other throughout; so that, in health, the most sensitive mind can realize nothing but pleasure and the accumulation of abundant power to execute the duties of life. The magnetic fluid, termed "gastric juice," receiving its subtle energies from the brain through the great sympathetic nerve, can convert any soluble substance into a limpid nutriment. This is the chyme which, settling into the duodenum, soon mingles with a discriminating fluid, termed pancreatic juice; and the bile with its negative qualities coming in to aid the processes of separation, soon ultimate the food into a fine fluid (chyle) which is the material for the immediate production of blood.

THIRD: Let no one suppose that the blood is red or blue in the beginning. It is clear and odorless as pure milk, with but little coloring properties, when absorbed by the hair-vessels that line the small intestines. At first the blood is composed of innumerable eggs which are originated in the lacteal membranes. These vessels and minute membranes constitute a perfect ovarium, wherein the globules of the blood are primarily formed and from whence they are subsequently detached; when they drop into the flowing currents and thence float off into the general circulation. We do not give details, because they are deemed unimportant for the purposes of this article, which is to indicate a few facts in the cause and cure of disease.

FOURTH: The unnumbered spheroidal bodies or globules are each a center of life to the individual. His blood is a moving miniature sea of oval forms, of infinite nuclei, of points and pivots upon which all the life-wheels turn and spin the web of spirit. Each sanguinous egg is also a center of vitality for the perpetuation of the race. Let the physical eye inspect this ovarium, let the chemist attempt to break them and classify their contents, and he will speak (1) of red globules, (2) of lymph globules, (3) of chyle globules, and say that the composition of healthy blood consists of so much serum, so much fibrine, and so much

albumen: all which, by further analysis, yield many mysterious properties—sulphates, phosphates, carbonates, chlorides, peroxides, &c., &c.—but the great internal facts and laws which are fundamental to the existence and healthy performance of blood, remain wrapped in folds upon folds of materialism. In proof of this we refer to the custom, not yet extinct among best educated physicians, of blood-letting. What can more clearly establish their utter ignorance in respect to the blood's internal nature and mission in the economy?

FIFTH: Not attempting a line of detail concerning the modus operandi of the circulation, showing how respiration gives color and vitality to the heart's fluid, we proceed at once to inquire, what is Bile? What is its office in the digestive mechanism, and how does it originate so many diseases? "Bile" is a bitter liquid, of a brownish green, very negative, and pervaded with an acid mucous. What labor does it perform? According to our examinations, we affirm that the hepatic bile which flows from the liver into the stomach, performs the office of separating the mucous and innutritious particles from those which are suitable for becoming chyle and globules. Many troublesome disorders originate just at this point, such as sick headache, indigestion, dyspepsia, besides a multitude of symptoms which indicate discord of more or less extent and severity. Crystic bile, which belongs to that oblong receptacle termed the gall-bladder, performs the office of still more liquefying the contents of the stomach and duodenum. It is composed of the excrementitious portion of the hepatic secretions, which the receptacle discharges through the "crystic duct" into the bowels. Hepatic bile is highly carbonaceous until it impregnates the fluids of the middle stomach, when it becomes cold, indigestible, and wholly excrementitious.

SIXTH: But there is one thing very remarkable: this excretory and innutritious portion of the biliary fluid never passes the bowels unless every part of the intestinal machinery is in perfect and prompt working condition.

The cause of this fact is not explained by physicians. The usual term for the effect that follows is, "biliousness." The victim is sleepy, head-achy, stretchy, chilly, yawny, and "don't feel very well." It is known that bile supplies carbon to all the matter destined for blood globules. But the pancreatic fluid is a powerful ally in the work of separating dense from rare properties, and in preparing every suitable particle for chyli-fication, into which the great sympathetic nerve is perpetually discharging streams of magnetic energy. The pneumogastric nerve is most effected when the mind is fixed upon any subject too soon after eating; for through it an electrical influence is steadily imparted to the mucous membrane of the entire digestive system; a process which too severe moral disturbance or study, very soon impairs and arrests. But bile is something more than all we have described; it is broken down blood globules; it is the refuse material of the entire ovarium; it is the mud of the waters of life, the husks of the corn, the shells of the blood-eggs; and this is the reason why the whole body "travels and groans in pain" whenever such debris, by etherization or absorption, is taken up into the circulation instead of leaving the temple at the appropriate time by the natural avenues.

The remedy adapted to one person may be non-effective in the very next patient. A few simple rules are invariably efficacious both as preventives and curatives; such as regular meals, proper mastication, not much fat or gravy, no heating stimulants, no cakes or pastries, and punctual attention to every natural function. But when the debilitation of the old blood—i. e. the "bile" both hepatic and crystic—regurgitates into the circulation, there is, then, no such thing as wholly removing it by dieting, bathing, brown-breading, nor by any other gentle method popular among the "no-medicine fraternity." Certain temperaments may, it is true, succeed by a persistent course of diet and bathings; but the great mass of mankind would, by such means, fall both in strength and in the object of their exertions.

For this reason we shall prescribe preparations, very simple in themselves, which can not fail in aiding the process of chyli-fication; and thus, consequently, facilitate the escape of the broken down blood globules (or excrementitious bile matter) from the circulatory and digestive systems. Let every so-called bilious or jaundiced person, inclined to symptoms already mentioned, and who are laboring with other sensations characteristic of over much biliary fluid, dissolve one tablespoonful of powdered willow charcoal in a wineglass of pure Holland gin, and swallow the whole just before every third dinner, or twice a week.

In severe cases, where the system is subject to great depression for days together, with weakness and loss of appetite, &c., take a teaspoonful of the same preparation just previous to every dinner, and continue the portions for eight or ten days. Then swallow a judicious cathartic of Turkey rhubarb.

Now abstain from all medicines of every kind for a number of days. If, then, the bile and bowels continue to indicate derangement, repeat the course as before; being meantime extremely temperate in regard to food, and avoiding exposure to chilly atmospheres. There are more searching and more simple remedies, but we will begin with thoroughly dissolved charcoal. The time, however, will surely come when men shall scorn all medicine, all nauseous compounds of both doctor and priest; and, breathing the sweet air of heaven, the world will sing, "the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are paths of peace."

Attractive Miscellany.

All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds: the sky, of tokens: the ground is all monuments and signatures: and every object wears with haste, which speak to the intelligent.

THE DEATH OF THESEUS.

On a lone crag of the blue Aegean sea, The whispers of the lone, rejoicing waves Have left their influence on my memory. Like the re-echoing of its thousand notes. Give me thy life, Theseus: I will play A strain of other days to soothe thy soul. While round my head the sitting swallows play, And from the shore the passing shadows roll. Greet me with smiles and sunshine, lonely one; I have a charm to welcome thee to rest. Give me a late note from thy last psalm, To ease the anguish of thy tortured breast. Where is thy cottage by the dark, blue sea? Where are the smiles that welcomed thee to her? Who left the world to follow only thee? Gaze like the swallows sitting round the fir. Send forth the anthem to the listening wave; Let it ring out upon the heaving deep; The shades of heroes will invoke their grave Who will not answer to the music's leap. Sound the long psalm; let it swell to heaven; Give all the air the ringing of its sweep, Such as young Arctus brought from the Aegean To the full flowing of the placid deep. Where are the friends of all thy early years, The young companions of the beautiful chase? They are too happy to regard thy tears, Or wipe the dew of death from off thy face. Sad is the evening breeze that sweeps the plain When the unending life of summer comes, Certain is that which, in the evening's train, Brings the far-flying storks to their high homes. Answer me all the questions that I ask: Are there no friends to call thee back once more To the unending service of the task That greeted thee in light upon the shore? When to the ancient strain that I have sung Comes the quick response of thy latest breath, It shall endure the rather that I clung To the last vestige of thy soul in death. I have been born too late to leave thee now; I will not wring a tear from out thy brow, Give me the welcome of an earnest vow, Ere to the shades of Cyprus I depart. He said: and from his quiver drew a dart, And to his guide, the partner of his fray, Sent forth the throbbing murmurs of his heart, And gave the winds this last, unnoticed lay. Give me thy life, Theseus; it shall sound Through the long branches of the lonely fir; And with a pleasing melody resound, Like that alone which welcomed thee to her. G. L. BURNSIDE, Medium MEDINA, Ohio.

From the London Daily News. MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. Jameson's name and works have been so long before the world that there is a prevalent impression that she was one of the marked generation who could describe to us the early operation of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, the first days of the Regency, and the panics on account of the French Invasion. It was not exactly so; nor, on the other hand, did Anna Murphy rush into print, or into fame, while yet in her teens. She was born in the last century; but it must have been very near the end of it, for there is a strong character of youth and experience about her first work, though it was known by her married name as soon as any name at all was affixed to it. Her father, the artist, Murphy, painter in ordinary to the Princess Charlotte, was in the habit of taking up his abode for a few months at a time in some provincial town where the inhabitants were disposed to sit for their portraits. In one of those cities (Norwich) he was living temporarily, when the "Diary of an Ennuyé" came out, and was immediately in all the book-clubs. At a party made for Mr. Murphy, the half-hour before dinner was beguiled by criticism on the book, in which more or fewer faults were found by every person present. At length, Mr. Murphy was asked whether he could give any information about the author. Had he ever met her? Was he acquainted with her? How well acquainted?—for some uneasiness began to prevail. "She is my daughter," was the reply which plunged the whole company in dismay. Mrs. Jameson was not a little troubled at the consequences of her mistake in that case, of mixing up a real journal with a sentimental fiction, in order to disguise the authorship. This mistake of mere inexperience exposed her to charges of bad faith in regard to her traveling companions, and to ridicule on account of the pathos of her own fictitious death. She was anxious to have it understood that there had been a want of cooperation between herself and her publishers; and she wisely withdrew the book in its first form, revised the best parts of it, and republished it with various welcome additions, as "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." In its first form the work appeared in 1825; in the second, in 1834. One incident of the case ought, perhaps, to be considered: that her object in putting this journal to press was understood to be to afford immediate aid to Mr. Jameson under some difficulty of the moment. Ann here it is best to say the little that should be said about the marriage of the parties. Mr. Jameson was a man of considerable ability and legal accomplishment, filling with honor the posts of Speaker of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada, and then Attorney-General of the colony; and he is spoken of with respect by his personal friends in England; but the marriage was a mistake on both sides. The husband and wife separated almost immediately, and for many years. In 1836, Mrs. Jameson joined her husband at Toronto; but it was for a very short time; and they never met again. This is all that the world has any business with; and the chief interest to the world even that far arises from the effect produced on Mrs. Jameson's views of life and love, of persons and their experiences,

by her irksome and unfortunate position during a desolate wedded life of nearly thirty years. Mr. Jameson died in 1854.

The energy of Mrs. Jameson's mind became immediately manifest by the courage with which she returned to the press after the disheartening first failure; and she had, we believe, no more failures to bear. She became a very popular writer; and to the end of her life she proved that her power was genuine by the effect of appreciation upon the exercise of it. She did not deteriorate as a writer, but improved as far as the quality of her mind permitted. She had the great merit of diligence, as well as activity in intellectual labor. She worked much and well, putting her talents to their full use—and all the more strenuously the more favor they found. Another great merit, shown from first to last, was that she never mistook her function; never over-rated the kind of work she applied herself to; never undervalued the philosophy to which she could not pretend, nor supposed that she had written immortal works in pouring out her emotions and fancies for her personal solace and enjoyment. Perhaps her own account of her own authorship may be cited as the fairest that could be given.

In the introduction to her "Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women," she says, "Not now nor ever have I written to flatter any prevailing fashion of the day, for the sake of profit, though this is done by many who have less excuse for coining their brains. This little book was undertaken without a thought of fame or money. Out of the fullness of my own heart and soul have I written it. In the pleasure it gave me—in the new and varied forms of human nature it has opened to me—in the beautiful and soothing images it has placed before me—in the exercise and improvement of my own faculties—I have already been repaid." She could honestly have said this of each work in its turn, we doubt not.

This book, the "Characteristics of Women," was apparently the most popular of her works; and it is perhaps the one which best illustrates her quality of mind. It appeared in 1832, having been preceded by "The Loves of the Poets," and "Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns." The "Characteristics" appeared a great advance on the three earlier works; and it was, at first sight, a very winning book. Wherever the reader opened, the picture was charming, and the analysis seemed to be acute, delicate and almost philosophical. After a second portrait, the impression was somewhat less enthusiastic; and when, at the end of four or five, it was found difficult to bring away any clear conception of any, and to tell one from another. It was evident that there was no philosophy in all this, but only fancy and feeling. The notorious mistake in regard to Lady Macbeth, to whom Mrs. Jameson attributes an intellect loftier than that of her husband, indicates the true level of a work which is yet full of charm from its suggestiveness, and frequent truth of sentiment. Mrs. Jameson's world-wide reputation dates from the publication of this book.

It secured her an enthusiastic reception in the United States, when she went there on her way to Canada, in 1836. There could hardly be a more "beautiful fit" than that of Mrs. Jameson and the literary society of the great American cities, where the characteristics of women are perpetually in all people's thoughts, and on all people's tongues; where chivalric honor to woman is a matter of national pride; and sentiment flourishes as it does in all youthful societies. Mrs. Jameson—pouring out, with her Irish vehemence, a great accumulation of emotions and imaginations, about Ireland and O'Connell, about Shakespeare and the Kembles, about German sentiment and art, Italian paintings, the London stage, and all the ill-usage that women with hearts had received from men who had none—must have been in a state of high enjoyment, and the cause of high enjoyment to others.

From the genial welcomes of New York and New England she rushed into a wild Indian life, which she has presented admirably in the work which followed her return—"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." In that book appeared with painful distinctness the blemishes which marred much of her writing and her conversation, as well as her views of life, from the date of that trip to Canada—a tendency to confide her trouble to the public, or all from whom she could hope to win sympathy—and a morbid construction of the facts and evidences of social life in England. The courage with which she has frequently spoken for benevolent purposes on topics of great difficulty and disgust, is honorable to her; and she has said much that is awakening and stimulating on topics of deep practical concern; but her influence would have been of a higher order if she had not been prepossessed by personal griefs, and rendered liable to dwell on the scenery of human passions in one direction till it became magnified beyond all reason. But for this drawback, and that of her unsettled life, which was a perpetual flitting from place to place, for purposes of art-study chiefly, perhaps, but in no small degree from restlessness, and craving for society and its luxuries, she might have done more for the security and elevation of her sex than perhaps any other person of her generation. She did a great deal by the pen, by discourse, and by the warm sympathy she gave to the actively great women of the age. She spread the fame of the chief Sisters of Charity of our day; she worked hard to get Schools of Design opened to women; and she published in 1855 an excellent lecture on "Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home." The drawback was in the incessant recurrence to considerations of sex, whatever the topic, and the constant conclusion that the same point of view was taken by everybody else.

In three very different departments Mrs. Jameson was an active worker: in literature, as we have seen; in ameliorating the condition of women in England, by exposing their disabilities and injuries in the field of industry and the chance medley of education; and, again, in the diffusion of the knowledge of art. Time will probably decide that in this last department her labors have been most effective. Her early readiness to assume the function of art-critic gave way in time, in some measure, to the more fitting pretension of making hand-books of art collections, and some valuable keys to art-types, supplied in a historical form. In regard to pictures, as to life and men, her point of view was at first

intensely subjective, and her interpretations were liable to error in proportion, so that her knowledge of art was denied by the highest authorities. But she studied long, and familiarized herself with so extensive a range of art that her metaphysical tendencies were to a considerable extent corrected, and she popularized a great deal of knowledge which would not otherwise have been brought within reach of the very large class of readers of her later works. Her "Handbook" to our public galleries, her "Companions" to our private galleries, (in and near London,) are works of real utility; and there is much that is instructive as well as charming in her "Legends" of the Monastic Orders, and of the Madonna. After issuing these works between 1848 and 1852, she returned to her favorite habit of authorship—collecting "Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies" from her "Common-place Book," and shedding them into the world, under the two divisions which describe the contemplations of her life—"Ethics and Character," and "Literature and Art." The impression left is uniform with that of all her works, that of a warm-hearted and courageous woman, of indomitable sociability of nature, large liberalities, and deep prejudices.

Her works have been received as happy incidents, and long after they have ceased to be sought and regularly read, some touch of nature in them, some trait of insight, or ingenuity of solution, will come up in freer conversation, or in literary intercourse, and remind a future generation that in ours there was a restless, expatiating, fervent, unreasoning, generous, accomplished Mrs. Jameson among the lights of the time, by no means hiding her luster under a bushel, or being too closely shut up at home; a great benefit to her time from her zeal for her sex and for art; but likely to have been a greater if she could have carried less of herself and her experiences into her pictures and her interpretations of life.

There is not much to say of the mode of living of one who lived in pictures and speech—whose existence was a pilgrimage in search, or in honor, of the arts of expression. Her circumstances were made easy, after Mr. Jameson's death, by a tribute from her friends and admirers, invested for that purpose. She enjoyed life, whatever had been its troubles and mortifications; and the pleasures of the imagination and the stimulus of society were as animating to her as they were necessary, as disease advanced and strength wasted away. She died on the 17th of March, 1860.

BABES OF HEAVEN.

BY MRS. DENISON.

There are some infants who seem destined for Heaven from their birth. Over these the mother may smile and weep, and watch the fragile beauty of cheek and brow in vain. Old and learned doctors may stand beside their little couches, and count the quick-beating pulse; they cannot stay the steady footsteps of death—they cannot wave him back, that angel warden of Heaven. Something is written in the blue eyes, the gentle smile, that mortals may never interpret; for them the tiny headstones stand in niches, fresh from the graver's hands. For them the little marble urns are already sculptured, and sweet spots in burial grounds lie waiting. Hug it ever so closely to the fond bosom, the favored immortal is ever in the hands of the angels, and they will claim it.

I have known a few such children. I remember, as I write, a sweet sister, who came when the bird pipes his first May song. For fifteen bright months she was spared to earth, but all who saw her gave ominous shakes of the head, and some said even with tears, "She will die." Of all infant singers, none heard I ever sing like her. From morning till night from her twelfth month, her sweet, clear voice rang through the house. And she was neither taught this, nor paraded for her gift—but a friend coming in would be sure to hear "Old Hundred" from the singing lips of a babe who might be clinging to the chairs in her first happy essay to walk. "China," and many of the ancient melodies, were as household words to that little creature—and every day at twilight, till nearly the day she died, she would sing herself to sleep, lisping those old words:

"Life is the time to serve the Lord." Precious angel! her life was holy service. How happy she has been these long years, up there—singing.

I had another little sister who died at the same age. I remember a still, beautiful night, when I sat watching that sweet face—the pale hands, the laboring chest. Her mother, wearied out, had fallen into a light slumber.

Suddenly, in that dying hour, the old tune of "Sweet Home" rang out, clear, sweet, distinct. How can I describe the feeling that thrilled through all my veins, when looking at the little lips, pale and trembling, I saw them moaning to the cadence of that cherished melody. There laid a babe, scarcely more than a year old, disease upon her, her temples whitening in death, singing a triumphal strain with a falling breath. No language can tell how indescribably beautiful, yet how awful was the scene. She sang it through to the last note—and her fragile form sank backward.

In the morning they were laying lightly and tenderly on her limbs the burial shroud. I heard lately a little story, which for pathos could not be excelled. A beautiful infant had been taught to say, (and it could say little else,) "God will take care of baby."

It was seized with sickness, and at a time when both parents were hardly convalescent from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother prayed to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in gaining the apartment, but just as it was thought the babe had breathed its last.

The mother wept aloud; and once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face—smiled, and moved its little lips. They bent closer down. "God will take care of baby." Sweet, consoling words!—they had hardly ceased when the angel-spirit was in Heaven.—Olive Branch.

SWEDENBORG'S TOMB.

The following paragraph from a letter, recently written in London to an American journal, will interest our readers:

"A few days ago, I inquired at one of the thousand old book shops for any of Swedenborg's books, and was told by the old man that there was of late a great inquiry for Swedenborg's works, but that none were offered for sale. From thence I went to visit the tomb of the greatest man of learning and piety of whom there is any record. Swedenborg died in London in 1792, and was buried in the vault of the Swedish Lutheran chapel in Prince's Square, Ratcliffe road. It is a quiet, neat little square, not more than eighty yards on a side; and the little chapel, surrounded by two strong iron railings, stands in the middle of the church-yard. Two old Swedes in attendance unlocked the great gates and the door of the chapel, and we entered the prettiest place of worship I remember to have seen. On the northern side wall there is a neat white marble tablet erected to Swedenborg, and the guide pointed out to us the spot where his remains lie in three huge coffins. I learned that the number of visitors to the tomb are yearly increasing, and although his doctrines and faith were not quite in harmony with those of the Lutherans, that, nevertheless, his memory was much revered by this congregation. The house where he last lived and died was in the neighborhood, but it is not exactly known, so little notice was taken of him in London, for he lived in great modesty and quietude, occupied with his imperishable works, which are now attracting the attention of wise men of all lands."

JESUS A SPIRIT.

A friend cuts from an "Orthodox Christian" paper an account of a death-bed scene, which he sends us. The young man, whose spirit was passing through death's portals, heard strains of glorious music, and after being in darkness, saw one who said: "Fear not, for I am with you, follow me." Having followed the spirit's call, he thus addresses his friends:

"I am unable to tell you of the beauty and the glory of that place, but I want you all to meet me there. I am not afraid to die now, for I know that I am going to heaven." He then bade them all good-bye, and again requested them to meet him in heaven. When asked if he was ready to go, "yes," said he, "I am now ready; Jesus is standing with outstretched arms to receive me, and it is not hard to die when Jesus is with me. He then raised his hand to his head, and without a struggle sweetly breathed his last."

Our Christian friends deem it no sin to believe that Jesus stood by his bedside to welcome the new born spirit. But for his own father or mother, or sister or wife, to thus meet him at the threshold of a new existence, is not only improbable, but quite impossible, and beside a very demoralizing belief. Our friends should remember that Jesus is a spirit, and though the young convert, in the freshness of his faith, believes that Jesus is more to him than all his dearest friends, it may properly be questioned whether Jesus himself has nearly so deep an interest in special cases as is fondly imagined. But we know what the instincts of the human heart are, and can trust the fond love of a mother, the lasting affection of a wife.

—A letter dated Rome, March 31, in the Providence Journal, announces that "Mr. Theodore Parker still lingers in that city and finds himself in fair condition of health. Mr. James T. Fields, the poet, and Mrs. Field, have left for the North. Miss Charlotte Cushman has nearly finished her fourth winter in Rome, inspiring, by her great intelligence and vivacity, all who are favored with her society. Massachusetts people everywhere predominate. A friend who keeps the record, informs me that at least one-seventh part of all Americans who travel come from that highly favored State."

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: From Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, April 15th, 1860, HELEN M. HENRY, wife of G. S. Lander, of that city.

Early in life this cherished friend taken her flight to the beautiful land of the Hereafter. All through her girlhood she was the progressive student, the appreciative companion, the sympathizing friend; and when the maturer virtues of riper years were added to the gentle enthusiasm and sweet cheerfulness of her nature, nearer and dearer still became the union between her spirit and the loving circle of which she formed a part.

Now, another and fairer land has become her home, and from its golden shore she speaks thus tenderly to the loved ones lingering on the shadow-side of the unseen river.

"When every thought and prayer, We loved to breathe and share, On thy full heart returning, Shall wake its voiceless yearning; Then feel me near once more!"

Departed this for a higher life, March 26th, 1860, ELVINA, wife of Milos J. Dabins, of Greenfield, Ind., aged 23 years and six months.

Her disease was consumption, and for weeks she had been perfectly conscious of her speedy departure for the spirit home. A few days prior to her release, she enjoyed a glorious vision of the Spirit Land, and through the agency of spirit friends, her breathing was rendered easy, and her last hours peaceful. The writer never witnessed a more tranquil death scene. J. A. H.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

J. M. PEEBLES speaks every alternate Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

H. MELVILLE FAY, Akron, Ohio, will answer calls to lecture the coming Spring.

L. JUDD PARDEE will answer invitations to speak, addressed Providence, R. I.

MRS. ALMIRA F. PEASE will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Terre Haute, Ind.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture the coming summer and fall.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH speaks every Sunday afternoon and evening at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, New York.

R. P. AMBLER will speak in Cincinnati, the last three Sundays of May and first Sunday of June.

JOHN MAYHEW is now visiting towns in Northern Illinois. He goes to Knoxville, Davenport, &c.

F. L. WADSWORTH will spend May 6th in Marlboro, Mass., May 20-27 in Providence, R. I., June 3, 10, and 17, at Williamstic, Conn.

SELDEN J. FINNEY.—This eloquent and truly inspired speaker will answer calls to lecture, upon the Harmonical Philosophy. His address is Plato, Lorain Co., Ohio.

ELIJAH CASE, JR., will answer calls to speak, addressed to Florida, Hillsdale, Co., Mich. He speaks at Toledo, O., the first Sunday in April.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION.—A lecture followed by discussion each alternate Monday evening, at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture in the States of New York and New England, during the months of July and August. Address her, as early as practicable, at 1328 Catharine st., Philadelphia.

MRS. OLIVE M. HYDE speaks each alternate Sunday at Marcellon and Randolph Center, Columbia Co., Wis. During the week at points near Kingston, Green Lake Co., Wis.

MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON is for the present speaking at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M. She spends the first and second Sundays of June at Providence, R. I.

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

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture May 6th to 15th at Providence, R. I.; 20th to 27th at Williamstic, Conn.; throughout June at Oswego, N. Y.; July and August address Seymour, Conn. All applications from the west, for the fall and winter, should be made immediately.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Portland, Me., and adjacent places during May. Address care of N. A. Foster, Esq., or No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. In June at Lowell and Plymouth, Mass. Address care of Mrs. Owen, Lowell. In July at Oswego. Address care of F. L. Pool, Esq., Oswego, N. Y.

MRS. S. E. WARNER, who has been lecturing in Michigan during the winter, expects to return to her home in the vicinity of Milan, Ohio, in the month of May, and will answer calls to lecture in any part of Ohio and Western New York, during the ensuing summer. Mrs. W. has been in the field nearly six years, as a lecturer on Spiritualism and kindred topics. Address Mrs. SOPHONIA E. WARNER, Milan, Ohio.

S. P. LELAND having returned from his tour to the South and West, is now permanently located at Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, where he is engaged to lecture on Sundays until July. He will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals, at places in that vicinity. Friends, between Cleveland and St. Louis, via Ft. Wayne and Attica, who desire lectures in July, on Geology or Theology, in their places, will please address him as above.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will lecture in the East, through the summer. Sundays of October and November in Oswego, N. Y., and Cincinnati, Ohio. She will probably spend the winter in the West, and South. Applications should be sent in as early as possible. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

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