

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

Vol. 1.]

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CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.	
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	Page 1
WHISPERINGS TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	1
THE MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE CONTROVERSY.....	2
ESSAY ON LIFE.....	2
VOICES FROM THE PEOPLE.....	3
WILLIE WARD (Poetry).....	4
SOME THINGS LOVE ME.....	4
THE EHRING.....	4
WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?.....	4
PHYSICAL STRENGTH (Editorial).....	4
SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH EXCHANGES.....	4
PERSONS AND EVENTS.....	4
PARAGRAPHERS.....	5
NEWS ITEMS.....	5
N. Y. SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE (54th Session).....	5
THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.....	5
MERCY'S MISSION (A Poem).....	6
ATTRACTIVE MISCELLANY.....	6
APHORISMS.....	6
OF WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.....	7
OUR AGENTS.....	7
GUIDE TO TRAVELERS.....	7
AUTHENTIC CASE OF SPIRIT HEALING.....	7
SPIRITS CURB RHEUMATISM.....	8

## Questions and Answers.

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

## BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

**T. COVERT.**—Your excellent address to Christians "On Sin or Evil," is in our possession. Do you agree to its publication in this journal?

**ADALINE B. B., SHARON CENTRE, O.**—Your kindly offices and efforts for the extension of our circulation are fully appreciated. Our paper is sent regularly to your address.

**D. W. HAMILTON, LEWISTON, ME.**—The star of Reason has at length dawned upon our benighted theological world.

Yes, Brother, and let us each look upon it as "the bright, particular star" of his immortal progress. Our correspondent adds the following item of news:

"I am now assisting Bro. Gibson Smith—who you doubtless well remember as one of the first advocates of the Harmonical Philosophy—to publish his vindication of Jesus and his Gospel."

**THOMAS BECK, SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.**—We sympathize with you, Thomas, but it is not within our power to render the assistance. The time will surely come when your own earth-bound spirit, having out-riden life's stormy billows, shall mount as "on eagle's wings," to the home of him you seek.

**J. R., NEW YORK.**—Dr. Bellows has not published anything recently on "The Broad Church" enterprise. His last volume of twenty-five sermons—"Re-Statements of Christian Doctrine"—can neither much impede nor aid the cause of common sense.

**W. A. WHITING, ST. LOUIS.**—I have a thought, new to me, which may possibly be worth something to somebody, and I take a leisure ten minutes to give it briefly and unpolished to you.

Your "thought" is received. It is exceedingly suggestive to balloonists and aerial navigators. We shall consider it in a few days.

**ELIZABETH F. COLUMBUS, O.**—Your informant cannot have studied the Bible on the subject of Astronomy. Nature teaches that the sun was in existence thousands of ages before the individualization of our little earth; but the Bible differs widely from Nature, and says (in Genesis), that there were three evenings and three mornings before the sun was made! Of course you do not need the suggestion of common sense, that without the sun evenings and mornings were impossible.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a lively synopsis of his weary years of bondage to, and final escape and emancipation from, the over-mastering powers of popular mythology; and concludes his statement with the following entirely original lines:

"When I believed in special grace  
My prayers were then so many,  
That I had been an Astor now  
Had each one brought a guinea.  
And yet I hardly gained a sou,  
Until I ceased to pray;  
When Reason, not blind faith takes helm,  
Then Life begins to pay."

**S. L. C., ALLEGHANY CITY, PA.**—The best psychological wonders of these days have not been compiled, nor can they ever be, save in the grateful affections of the thousands whose eyes have been opened to the certainty of a better life after death. The views and history of modern Spiritualists cannot be found in any printed volume, except in fragmental and incomplete statements, because they are engaged in eliminating the dispensation which only a future historian may commit to paper.

**J. E. W., JERSEY CITY.**—"What do you expect to accomplish for humanity?"

We hope and expect to impress hundreds of thousands with the belief that there is no antagonism between enlightened Reason and Nature's highest, most central Truth, which is Father-God. If mankind will reverently learn the lessons of Nature and become intelligently receptive, like the unconscious flower, which unrolls its petals to receive the vivifying heat and light of Heaven, they may very rapidly bud and blossom into happy families and progressive Brotherhoods.

**M. WRIGHT, VICTOR, N. Y.**—The remarkably crude symbolizations were received. They are no more American than the Egyptians

were like the more ancient Phrygians. Such chirographic manifestations of spirit-control do not interest us. Images of this sort might have interest for a worshiper of the Grand Lama, but we hardly dare suggest that they can exert an influence upon the powers of reason. "Consilio, Nil Nisi." Let us seek fresher intelligence from the hidden sources. Shall we return the drawings?

**JOSEF VON ROTH, HUNGARY (UNGARN,) COMITAT, OBERBURG, KAPOVAR.**—Your most welcome communication and interrogatories were received after a delay of many weeks. The burden of your important inquiries might be lightened—perhaps wholly removed from your struggling reason—by studying the 4th vol. of the Great Harmonia. May we, through your instrumentality, come into correspondence with Baron Reichenbach? His works are silently but rapidly impinging upon the prejudices of the scientific classes of the United States.

**J. S. S.**—The Bible is not a complete temperance book. It is extremely contradictory on the subject of wine, drunkenness, &c. For example, (see Deut. xiv. 26.) "Thou shalt bestow thy money for . . . wine or for strong drink." But this privilege is discontinued in another place (see Prov. xxiii. 29.) in these words: "Who hath wine—sorrow—contentions—habbling? . . . They that tarry long at the wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red . . . for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Yet in the same book (Prov. xxxi. 6,) we read, "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that have heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

## Christian Infidels.

**GEORGE T., HARLEM, N. Y.**—"In six days the Lord made heaven and earth." Do you infer from this that the globe on which we live is more than 6,000 years old?

In 1850 we declared in orthodox Connecticut, that Science was rapidly invalidating and overthrowing the opinions of Christians on this head. The cry of "infidel, infidel," was raised at once, and the boys reschooled the hackneyed word in public streets. But now we have with us almost all the scientific minds in this progressive country. Prof. Agassiz in speaking of human remains found in the limestone of Florida, (see Types of Mankind p. 352,) says: "There still remain ten thousand years, during which it should be admitted that the main land was inhabited by man."

## Temporary Marriages.

**C. E. S., PHILADELPHIA.**—"Should one who believes that his soul-companion is in the spirit world, ever marry in this life? and would not marriage be rendered unhappy by the entertainment of such a belief?"

The divine law of true harmonial marriage—that is, of one man to one woman, each being the other's counterpart and equal—is eternal in its power over human destiny. Only the wandering, the unaccompanied, the pure-loving, can feel at liberty to marry. No heart can yearn in purity for conjugal fellowship, unless its fountain of love be unsought, or if sought, unsatisfied and unmet.

It is impossible, we think, for those who sincerely and devoutly believe that the heart-mate is waiting for them beyond the tomb, to enter upon a worldly marriage—to consent to a mere legal mockery of the genuine—for sensual gratification and temporary purposes. Disappointment and loneliness would infest their earthly hearts, and deadly discords would prowl through their haunts and habitations. Happiness can bloom immortally only upon the life-tree of an eternal conjugal union. But the belief that *no soul is to be forever alone*—that each heart will one day be indissolubly joined to its true mate—should inspire the world with unspeaking joy.

## Agassiz's Dream.

**T. L. CAMPBELL, NEWTONS.**—"I have just read with great interest, not unmingled with amazement, a paragraph in the N. Y. Tribune, quoted from the Spiritual Magazine, purporting to be an authentic narration of a remarkable dream (or Spiritual experience) by the far-famed Prof. Agassiz. Now the credibility of the statement is impaired, and many look upon it as a pure fabrication, because nobody knows anything about such a Spiritual publication. Can you give any information about this unknown magazine?"

ANSWER: *The Spiritual Magazine* is a Semi-New Church (or Swedenborgian) periodical, published in London, England, by E. Pittman, No. 20 Paternoster Row. The able Editor, W. M. Wilkinson, has been for nearly twenty years Hon. Secretary of the London Swedenborg Printing Society; and yet, strange to say, there are no sectarian stakes driven, no New Jerusalem fences built, no dogmatic assumptions that "we have all the interior truths of God," but instead a broad catholic spirit pervades the best papers from the editor and his leading contributors. We believe it has reported in good faith the noble Agassiz's Spirit dream.

## Something about Words.

**H. PHILLIPS, DAYTON, O.**—"The common words you want translated have the most simple and literal meanings. 'Spirit' originally signified 'wind.' If you read 'holiness' with its original meaning, you will think of 'wholeness.' In like manner the word 'heaven' signified at first nothing more than the bending sky with its 'up-heaven' appearance, or the 'firmament,' which word the early writers employed to signify a 'framework.' In which the 'handwork' of Jehovah was manifested.

Language is an unalterable principle of the human mind, but the forms of expression, or-

thography, and significance of words, are arbitrary and changeable. Men have utterly changed the meaning of certain words in common use, and thus, with the same phraseology, men differ as widely as they do in politics and religion. Hence we affirm that *nine-tenths* of human discord in common life arise from wrong constructions put upon language or words which the tongue thoughtlessly rolls off from force of habit. People many times mean much more and far better than their half-formed words imply, if rigidly construed.

## About Rev. T. L. Harris.

**WILLIAM TROSKOR, SPRINGFIELD.**—"Having read a miserable report of Mr. Harris' lecture, delivered in London not long since, wherein he pompously denounces all American Spiritualists as Atheistic pagans and sensualists of the most uncharitably sort, I begin to wonder why some of you editors of Spiritual papers don't say something on the subject."

We will cheerfully and frankly explain why the HERALD OF PROGRESS has been, and is, silent upon the late alleged operations and declarations of the post-priest—namely, because we have as yet seen nothing direct, authentic, or reliable. Brother Harris' own pen in regard to this matter is entirely unimpeachable. Until he has signed something definite, either in his own name, or in the name of some other person, we do not feel at liberty to discuss the scandalous matter so much as you seem to do. It was distinctly stated in the poet-priest left America was undoubtedly considered a well-grounded spiritual mission. He went, or was sent, (as he said,) to expound and impart "The Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem" to a unregenerate and benighted of the Old world. But the late reports of his pulpit speeches make one of two things certain: either that his eloquent efforts are outrageously and extravagantly misrepresented, or else he has fallen from "grace," overshoot the object of truth, and forgotten his exalted mission. Reports are nothing. We mean to wait, without opinion, until we get or see something direct from Brother Harris.

## The Tribune's Criticism.

**HENRY THORNTON, NEW YORK.**—"Permit me to inquire whether you have read the Tribune's remarks upon a special notice to 'Reform Ladies,' which first appeared some two weeks since in your HERALD OF PROGRESS? I refer to 'B. R.' of Coventry, R. I., whose advertisement is headed, 'Conjugal Partner Wanted.' The Tribune thinks the language used is not suited to mislead the imagination."

The earlier brethren of *Christley's* truly great paper to our door every morning (Sunday's excepted,) and we are addicted to the habit of looking into, through, and over it; and the chances are that, should it contain anything (and it almost always does,) we come to a knowledge of the same before 10 o'clock A. M. Among other debts of gratitude, we are constrained to acknowledge that we are indebted to the Tribune for the first impression or intimation that B. R.'s advertisement was capable of an immoral or evil construction. Ben Johnson's somewhat quaint words flowed to our tongue—

"Oh, how despised and base a thing is man,  
If he not strive to erect his groveling thoughts  
Above the strain of flesh!"

We reflected a moment on the appropriateness and possible application thereof, when "To the pure all things are pure" sounded along the halls of Memory. But neither of these passages answered the Tribune's criticism, which, in sensual suggestiveness and base imaginings, appeared to our mind to be as far below B. R.'s belief advertisement as premeditated slander is beneath peace-making and honesty.

We do not attempt to conceal our opinion of the choice of the English language, but the least of it, rather unfortunate, seems better than his expressions in the phraseology is what an evil-minded person would be likely to construe—as the Tribune has done—into a conveyance of motives dishonorable and unholy. But we became fully satisfied, previous to publishing the advertisement in question, that B. R. meant, by such expressions as "black eyes and plump forms," to convey an idea of temperance, and nothing more. His intelligent and honest desire to form a correct, and, therefore, happy marriage, in accordance with the well-ascertained principles of physiology and temperamental adaptation, is worthy of all commendation. There are thousands in the marriage relation who suffer physically and morally from no other cause than the cross-cut-saw incompatibilities consequent upon organic unfitness for each other's intimate society. We advocate the "ounce of prevention"—not the Tribune's expensive and tyrannical "pound of cure." And the method of advertising, so universal in this age of countless newspapers, is unspokeably superior to the disgusting "match-making" enterprises secretly going on within the social arena.

There are thousands of unmet hearts waiting in silence and seclusion for the arrival of their true and steadfast companions. Society insists that a young woman shall remain concealed in the drawing-room until some masculine adventurer, or chance acquaintance, looks upon her face and form with honorable intentions of marriage. There are hundreds of contingencies in every instance. And suppose the adventurer or the chance acquaintance should not in reasonable time appear—in such a case, who would condemn the lone soul (under the protecting shadow of initials) for advertising in some respectable journal for a conjugal companion? The Tribune knows, or ought to know, that the popular custom of secret "Match-making" is base, vituperating, and contemptible. Young and inexperienced persons are made acquainted with each other,

and many times induced to enter the marriage relation, by the instrumentality of parties who luxuriate in attending to their neighbors' interests. The vice of tea-table twaddle, of making marriages by trick and deception, pervades every grade of social life; and this prevailing vice leads to hundreds of matrimonial alliances, no more like the true marriage than blind passion is like pure love. But we do not believe in "Matrimonial Brokerages," and we will not knowingly be party, either directly or remotely, to the formation of any temporary unions between the sexes, but we can see no objection to the publication of honorable proposals for the consummation of a permanent marriage.

Unprincipled advertisements or theories shall not appear in the HERALD OF PROGRESS, though they come couched in the most refined and appropriate language, neither will we consent to republish any such sensual criticisms as to which Mr. Trowbridge calls our attention.

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

**T. M.**—Please call at our office on Saturday.

**W. B. S.**—Only this, Brother: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall."

**S. S. W.**—Articles prepared with a direct bearing upon your profession, cannot appear, unless paid for at the usual rate of advertising.

**Mrs. HELEN C. MONELL, HARTFORD, CT.**—"Unseen Influences" are well put on paper, and may, in due time, illumine these columns.

**S. J. E. PLATO, O.**—Your psychological *genesis* and spiritual *exodus* begin with next number. Do you want extra copies?

**Wm. T. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Your paper on "Development of Spirit," is in our possession, and will soon appear. The package will be sent as you requested.

**JAMES G. CLARK, DANVILLE, N. Y.**—"The Ever Green Mountains of Life" will very soon appear. You omitted the poetry of "Marion Moore." Please forward the words and music when convenient.

**Mrs. C. A. P., PERU, ILL.**—The club is received, and what you propose as possible is deemed entirely satisfactory. Do not send anything except on application.

**G. W. H. RYON, WIS.**—It is impossible to find the kind and size of charts you wish. Perhaps, during the year ensuing, they may be constructed; if so, due notice will be given, and you shall be supplied at cost.

**G. W. K., AUBURN, N. Y.**—We mean to convey the exact truth with regard to the prospects of this Journal. "During the interval between the issue of our first and second number," we did receive names (mostly subscribers) "at the rate of about one thousand a week, and still they come."

**T. W. S., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.**—Inasmuch as "no other subject could enlist your heart-felt desires, more fully," we believe that your practice will correspond when "times" become propitious in the West.

**S. S. JONES, ST. CHARLES, ILL.**—Your exertions are gratefully treasured, and the circumstances under which you plodded, added to your efforts in behalf of this journal, impart a diviner glow to the pure flame of friendship.

**S. G. B., NEW YORK.**—You cannot successfully study more than eight hours per day. In fact, a little systematic reading in the best books on science, and much intellectual digestion, is the sure path leading up the hill of knowledge and personal power.

**MISS S. CLARK, GENEVA, ILL.**—Your remittance (\$1.00) for the 5th volume, was received some weeks since, and the book was deposited in the U. S. Post some day. The other day we heard you had not received it, and forthwith another copy was mailed to you. We hope you may not again be disappointed.

**R. D. WING, MIDDLE GRANVILLE.**—Your communication "from the Spirit of old John Brown himself," will appear next week. It is very like what one would expect from a mind (or a Spirit) with his characteristics, but we shall publish it without alteration or comment, believing that our readers have powers for intelligent discrimination.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring, yet unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funerals will wind its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worms. And, it may be, for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

Why does the match burn so instantaneously? Because there is thought condensed upon the end of it.—YOUNGMAN.

## Human Rights.

"The highest expression of true religion, is universal justice."

## The Marriage and Divorce Controversy.

### HORACE GREELEY'S REPLY TO ROBERT DALE OWEN.

[The Marriage and Divorce question is once more before the public. Justice demands that we should present both sides of the controversy. Truth will prevail. The following reply from the N. Y. Tribune, is Mr. Greeley's argumentative answer to the letter of Hon. Robert Dale Owen, published in our last issue.]

To the Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN, of Indiana:

MY DEAR SIR: I had not expected to provoke your letter this day published; but the subject is one of the highest and widest importance, and I am very willing to aid in its further elucidation.

I do not think the issues of fact raised by you need long detain us. The country knows that you have for the last thirty years and more been a leading member of the generally dominant party in Indiana—almost the only member who could with propriety be termed a political philosopher. As such, you have naturally exerted a very great influence over the legislation and internal policy of that State. Often a member of her Legislature as well as of Congress, and one of the revisers of her laws, you admit that the Law of Marriage and Divorce came at one time directly and distinctly under review before you, and that you engrafted thereon a provision adding another (habitual drunkenness)—to the pre-existing grounds on which divorce might legally be granted. As to "lax principles," I need not say more than to cite your letter now before me as a sample and illustration.

But let me brush away one cobweb of your brain. You picture the case of a pure and gentle woman exposed to the brutalities and cruelties of a beastly sot of a husband. For such cases, our laws grant a separation from bed and board—not a disruption of the marriage tie, with liberty to marry again. I think this is just right. I would not let loose such a wretch as you have depicted, to delude and torture another "pure and virtuous girl." Let one victim avenge him.

Your reference to the "blameless Christian wife," and to what is "more pleasing in the sight of God," impels me to say that I must consider Jesus of Nazareth a better authority as to what is Christian and what pleases God, than you are. His testimony on this point is express and unequivocal (Matt. xix. 9) that a marriage can be rightfully dissolved because of adultery alone. You well know that was not the law either of Jews or Romans in His day, so that He cannot have been misled by custom or tradition, even were it possible for him to have been mistaken. I believe he was wholly right.

For what is marriage? I mind the Apostolic injunction—"Hold fast the form of sound words." Dr. Webster's great dictionary says:

"MARRIAGE: The act of uniting a man and woman for life; wedlock; the legal union of a man and woman for life; Marriage is a contract both civil and religious, by which the parties engage to live together in mutual affection and fidelity till death shall separate them." So Worcester: "MARRIAGE: The act of marrying, or uniting a man and woman for life as husband and wife." &c., &c.

I surely need not quote to you the language of the marriage ceremony—the mutual and solemn promise to "take each other for better, for worse," and "to live together till death do part," &c., &c. You must be aware that the entire Christian, and I think most of the partially civilized pagan world, regard this solemn contract to cleave to each other till death as the very essence, the vital element, of Marriage.

Now it is not here necessary that I should prove this better than any possible substitute; suffice it that I insist that whoever would recommend such substitute, should clearly, specifically set forth its nature and conditions, and should call it by its distinctive name. There may be something better than Marriage; but nothing is Marriage but a solemn engagement to live together in faith and love till death. Why should not they who have devised something better than old-fashioned Marriage give their bantling a distinctive name and not appropriate ours? They have been often enough warned off our premises—shall we never be able to shame them out of their unwarrantable poaching?

I am perfectly willing to see all social experiments tried that any earnest, rational being deems calculated to promote the well-being of the human family; but I insist that this matter of Marriage and Divorce has passed beyond the reasonable scope of experiment. The ground has all been traveled over and over—from Indissoluble Monogamic Marriage down through Polygamy, Concubinage, easy Divorce, to absolute Free Love, mankind have tried every possible modification and shade of relation between Man and

Woman. If these multiform, protracted, diversified, infinitely repeated experiments have not established the superiority of the union of one man to one woman for life—in short, Marriage—to all other forms of sexual relation, then History is a deluding mist, and Man has hitherto lived in vain.

But you assert that the people of Indiana are emphatically moral and chaste in their domestic relations. That may be; at all events, I have not yet called it in question. Indiana is yet a young State—not so old as either you or I—and most of her adult population were born, and I think most of them were reared and married in States which teach and maintain the Indissolubility of Marriage. That population is yet sparse, the greater part of it in moderate circumstances, engaged in rural industry, and but slightly exposed to the temptations born of crowds, luxury and idleness. In such circumstances, continence would probably be general, even were Marriage unknown. But let Time and Change do their work, and then see! Given the population of Italy in the days of the Caesars, with easy divorce, and I believe the result would be like that experienced by the Roman Republic, which, under the sway of easy divorce, rotted away and perished—blasted by the mildew of unchaste mothers and dissolute homes.

If experiments are to be tried in the direction you favor, I insist that they shall be tried fairly—not under cover of false promises and baseless pretenses. Let those who will, take each other on trial; but let such unions have a distinct name, as in Paris or Hayti, and let us know just who are married, (old style) and who have formed unions to be maintained or terminated as circumstances shall dictate. Those who choose the latter will of course consummate it without benefit of clergy; but I do not see how they need even so much ceremony as that of jumping the broomstick. "I'll love you so long as I'm able, and swear for no longer than this"—what need is there of any solemnity to hallow such a union? What libertine need hesitate to promise that much, even if fully resolved to decamp next morning? If man and woman are to be true to each other only so long as they shall find constancy the dictate of their several inclinations, there can be no such crime as adultery, and mankind have too long been defrauded of innocent enjoyment by priestly anathemas and ghostly maledictions. Let us each do what for the moment shall give us pleasurable sensations, and let all such fantasies as God, duty, conscience, retribution, eternity, be banished to the moles and the bats, with other forgotten rubbish of bygone ages of darkness and unreal terrors.

But if—as I firmly believe—Marriage is a matter which concerns not only the men and women who contract it, but the State, the community, mankind—if its object be not merely the mutual gratification and advantage of the husband and wife, but the due sustenance, nurture, and education of their children—if, in other words, those who voluntarily incur the obligations of parentage can only discharge those obligations personally and conjointly, and to that end are bound to live together in love, at least until their youngest child shall have attained perfect physical and intellectual maturity—then I deny that a Marriage can be dissolved save by death or that crime which alone renders its continuance impossible. I look beyond the special case to the general law, and to the reason which underlies that law; and I say—No couple can innocently take upon themselves the obligations of Marriage until they know that they are one in spirit, and so must remain forever. If they rashly lay profane hands on the ark, theirs alone is the blame; be theirs alone the penalty! They have no right to cast it on that public which admonished and entreated them to forbear, but admonished and entreated in vain.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY.  
New York, March 5, 1860.

ROBERT DALE OWEN'S REPLY TO HORACE GREELEY.

[The following, also from the *Zybiene*, is Mr. Owen's able answer to Horace Greeley. Read and judge.]

To the Hon. HORACE GREELEY:

MY DEAR SIR:—In one matter we shall not differ, and that is, in the opinion that Jesus of Nazareth should be considered better authority as to what is Christian—and I will add as to what is conducive to public morals—than either you or I. The longer I live the more I settle down to the conviction that the one great miracle of history is, that a system of ethics so far in advance as was the Christian System, not only of the semi-barbarism of Jewish life eighteen hundred years ago, but of what we term the civilization of our own day, should have taken root, and lived, and spread, where every opinion seemed adverse, and every influence hostile. But before we take up Christ's opinion of the subject in hand, let us go a little further back.

You tell us that "the very essence of marriage" is, that the married should "cleave to each other till death." And, as a corollary, you insist that if this condition is ever violated (as by the action of a divorce law) then it is not marriage which prevails, but only a substitute. You said:

"I insist that whoever would recommend such substitute, should clearly, specifically, set forth its nature and conditions, and should call it by its distinctive name. There may be something better than marriage, but nothing is marriage but a solemn engagement to live together till death. Why should not they who have devised something better than old-fashioned marriage give their lanthorn a distinctive name, and not appropriate ours? They have been often warned off our premises—shall we never be able to shame them out of their unwarrantable poaching?" [The Italics are yours.]

This is plain. If the law regards marriage as a contract which, under any circumstances, may be terminated, then (you allege) men and women live together under what is but a substitute for marriage; under what should go by the name of concubinage, or some similar term. Such is the state of things, you infer, under the present Indiana law.

I do not think you reflected what a sweeping assertion you were here making. For there is not a State in the Union, not even New York, which is without a divorce law. In every State of the Union, therefore, marriage is a contract of such a nature, that contingencies may arise under which the married may not "live together until death them do part." If, then, the possible contingency of separation, legally admitted, annul "the very essence of marriage," and convert it into concubinage, in what condition, I pray you, are married people living throughout the United States?

The same state of things prevails in all Protestant countries. Only in those which acknowledge the Pope as their religious head is marriage an indissoluble sacrament. Is it your opinion that Catholics only are really married?

But this is a mere installment of the difficulties which inhere from your proposition. Moses, of whom we are told (Deuteronomy v. 31.) that God said to him: "Stand thou here by me, and I will speak unto thee all the commandments, and the statutes, and the judgments which thou shalt teach my people," promulgated to the Jews a law of divorce. Our divorce law in Indiana must be, even in your eyes, a moral statute, compared to that of the Jewish legislator; for the latter provided: "When a man hath taken a wife and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house. And when she is departed out of his house, she may go and be another man's wife." (Deuteronomy xxiv. 1.) This, unless you deny the record, you must admit to be God's law. Our divorce law in Indiana must be, even in your eyes, a moral statute, compared to that of the Jewish legislator; for the latter provided: "When a man hath taken a wife and married her, and it come to pass that she find no favor in his eyes, then let him write her a bill of divorcement, and give it in her hand, and send her out of his house. And when she is departed out of his house, she may go and be another man's wife." (Deuteronomy xxiv. 1.) This, unless you deny the record, you must admit to be God's law.

Jesus tells us that this law was given "because of the hardness of their hearts;" or, as we should now express it, because of the low grade of morality then existing in Judea. Nevertheless, if it really be God's own law, how can you allege that it is wrong in itself? But if it be not wrong, then divorce, even of the easiest attainment, must, in a certain state of society, be right. And hence results another important principle: namely, that there is no absolute right or wrong about this matter of divorce; but that it may properly vary in its details at different stages of civilization. It is certain that under the Divine Economy our modern sense of propriety and morality has been so developed, that we should not tolerate the Jewish statute giving uncontrolled license to the husband, but no right of relief whatever to the wife.

Jesus, discarding the old law, is stated to have proposed (as you remind us) to the people a single cause for divorce, the same recognized by the New York statute. But his idea of conjugal infidelity was not that entertained in our Courts of law. He looked, beyond surface morality, to the heart. In his pure eyes, the thought and the act were of equal criminality. His words were, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." (Matthew v. 28.) The fair inference seems to be, that the proper cause for divorce is, not the mere physical act of infidelity, but that adultery of the heart which quenches conjugal love; thus destroying that which, far more justly than your cohabitation till death, may be regarded as "the very essence of marriage."

I do not allege that Jesus so connected his two teachings—that regarding divorce and that defining adultery—that the Jews of his day, gross-minded as they were, might detect the connection, and perceive its inference. If the Hebrews, in Moses' time, were so steeped in barbarism, that nothing better than the bill-of-divorcement privilege was suitable for them, we may readily imagine that, even after fourteen centuries had elapsed, enough of the hardness of heart would remain to justify a law, in advance of the other indeed, but still only adapted to a hard, material race; a race who had not learned that the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life; a race who cannot be supposed to have been capable of appreciating, hardly of comprehending, a morality of standard so exalted, that the thought is brought to judgment, though the deed disclose it not.

I will go further and admit, that if the words of Jesus, in the text quoted by you, have come down to us reported with strict accuracy, he may have intended the men of his day to put upon them, as best adapted to their social status, the literally-material interpretation which seems to have suggested itself to the framers of the New York Divorce Law. Jesus was not one who urged reform, as some modern innovators do, rashly or prematurely. Prudence was one of his distinguishing characteristics. He said not all that was in itself true and proper to be said at some time, but only all the truths which the people to whom he addressed himself were prepared to receive. That he kept back a part, we have his own words to prove: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit, when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." (John xvi. 12, 13.) Yet, even if your lawmakers had received the same impression that was produced on the Jews by Jesus' words, it by no means follows, that it is the one adapted to our wants and progress—it by no means follows that we should not look beyond the dead letter to the living spirit. If the divorce law promulgated from Mount Sinai was no longer adapted to a world grown fifteen hundred years older, are we to suppose that eighteen hundred years more, passed away, have brought with them no need for another advance and a more enlightened interpretation? Thus, I think I have shown you—

First: That it will not do to warn us who think divorce a moralizing engine, as poachers, off your self-entitled premises; or to bid us seek some name other than marriage wherewith to designate our legal unions. The Bible tells us that the "doctors of Christ were really married; and I have heard this denied, till your doctrine was proclaimed in the Old Testament, easy divorce was legally permitted, three thousand years ago, by the Deity Himself.

Second: That divorce is a properly varied, in different stages of civilization. And

Third: That the language of Jesus, fairly construed, designates the proper cause of divorce to be, that infidelity of the heart which defeats the true purpose of marriage.

In conclusion, permit me to say, as to the quasi-divorce to which, under the name of "separation from bed and board," you refer, and which you think "just right," that of all the various kinds of divorce, it has been found, in practice, to be the most immoral in its tendency. The subjects of it, in that non-descript state which is neither married nor single, are exposed, as every person of strong affections must be who takes a vow of celibacy—yet mixes with the world—to powerful temptations. Unable to marry, the chances are, that these law-condemned celibates may do worse. I think, that those members of your bar with whom the procurement of legal separations is a specialty, could make to you some startling disclosures on this subject.

But, be this as it may, what becomes of the "mutual and solemn vow to live together till death them do part?" What becomes of the dictionary definitions which you adduce about "being united for life," and about "affection and fidelity till death shall separate them?" Does not your policy of "separation from bed and board" as effectually extinguish these, and thus, according to your view, as completely convert marriage into a concubinal substitute, as my remedy of divorce?

I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,  
ROBERT DALE OWEN.  
New York, March 6, 1860.

Philosophical Department.  
"Perfection and truthfulness of life is the secret intentions of Nature."  
FOR THE PROMOTION OF PROGRESS.  
AN ESSAY ON LIFE, AND IN AND OBJECTS OF THE UNIVERSE.  
BY HENRY T. OWEN, D. D.  
CHAPTER IV.  
VEGETABLE LIFE.  
(CONTINUED.)

On the uses of Flowerless Plants to Man, and in the Economy of Nature.

Each onward step in the acquisition of knowledge has a two-fold effect, first, on presenting new truths to the explorer, and second, that which is no less important, in shedding a brighter light over that which has already been investigated, giving a clearer and more comprehensive view of former truths.

In a new country the out-posts of civilization can never be surveyed and mapped out accurately, until the hardy pioneer has pushed his explorations into the unknown land beyond. So with our subject. Had there never been discovered any flowering plants, we should certainly not have known that there was any attempt in Nature, for displaying all those grand and gorgeous beauties which are presented in this field; but having stepped out among the beautiful flowers and feasted our vision thereon, when we return to examine the Cryptogamia, we see that Nature has here presented an earnest, prophetic, rudimental though it may be, of that which she designed to introduce as soon as conditions were prepared for it. The higher ferns have their little seed vessels, and seeds modestly arranged on the under surface of their beautiful leaves; and there are other rudimental foreshadowings of flowers and fruits which are the ultimates of all flowers.

In the far off polar regions where winter holds perpetual and undisputed sway, and the earth is robed forever in the garments of snow and ice, a phenomenon occurs, which, to the ignorant inhabitant of this dreary clime, and to the hardy mariner who visits it, is often fraught with terror, and awakens feelings of superstition and dread, but which, to the eye of science, affords a beautiful display of the wonder-working power of the Infinite. We allude to the phenomenon known as red snow. Under certain conditions, within a few hours, the surface of the snow for miles in extent becomes changed from a pure white to a pink or red color, an appearance which, with the aid of the imagination, easily suggests the idea of a shower of blood, but which, when viewed from a scientific stand-point, by the aid of a microscope, is found to be the result of a cryptogamous plant (*the Protococcus nivalis*), a small and simple cell plant, which has the power of multiplying rapidly in untold millions of cells which spread out upon the surface of the snow, absorb nourishment from it and the air, live a brief period and then perish. Other cryptogamia, of the lichen tribe, furnish food in the same regions to the reindeer, and thus enable, not only this animal, but man to live there.

In our clime the variety of these cryptogamia is much greater. The beautiful ferns that adorn our fields and forests belong to this class, and there are few scenes of wild beauty that are more grand than these. In passing over the mountains of western Virginia, in the autumn a few years since, we were struck with the gorgeous beauty of the carpet which Nature had spread out in the forest shades upon these mountain sides. Ferns from a few inches to two or three feet in height, varying in color—presenting red, orange, yellow and green with intermediate shades and tints—were spread out with a richness that far surpassed the beauty of the finest carpet that we have ever seen in the drawing rooms or parlors of wealth and luxury.

But it is in the tropics that we find the most grand display of the beauties of this portion of the vegetable world. Here huge tree-ferns thirty or forty feet in height, send up their enormous succulent trunks, and from their tops spread out in beauty and symmetry their broad leaves, while from their center shoots out a magnificent bouquet of fronds.

The older naturalists commenced the study of the animal kingdom, with the higher orders and man, and pursued it towards the more simple and less developed forms. The botanists took a similar course going from the more complex to the simple—a plan against which both Nature and Reason protest. Modern naturalists with a pertinacity equalled only in the theological world, have followed in "the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors." The result of this course of going backward, is manifested in the general opposition to what is called the "Development Theory." Men who have been pursuing a retrograde course all their lives, stemming a current that has required all their energies to overcome, cannot conceive that anything in Nature can move in any other direction. And Professor Agassiz, one of the most learned men of this or any age, finds time now to lecture against "the Development Theory." But we shall pursue a different course. Beginning with the most simple we shall proceed step by step, as Nature herself unfolds, and arrive at the most complex forms. She has dissected in the most beautiful manner the higher and more complex organizations of plants and animals, and has presented their various parts in the simple forms around us, thus inviting us to study the separate functions in her grand living laboratory, where alone they can be appreciated and understood.

The lowest plants belong to the order Algae, or sea-weeds. The sea was the mother of the first-born plant-children of earth; and although they were at first very low and imperfect, yet she has nourished and fed them and reared generation after generation, until her plants, included in the great family of Algae, present many types higher and more perfect than those that have been brought forth and nourished upon the land, and the naturalists have placed two of the more recent orders, the Lichens and Fungi, in the scale below these.

The first and lowest plants are only known to have existed by analogy. They were entirely too frail and perishable to leave any record; and they are, therefore, found to-day in conditions approximating to the primitive. These plants were developed in waters strongly impregnated with salts, and it has been ascertained that the solvent powers, for air and gases, is greatly diminished in such water.

The temperature of these waters caused them to hold substances in solution which are not at present found in the seas. And it is a curious and interesting fact, evidently the result of the law of affinity, that the amount of saline matters in the different oceans and seas, bear a very uniform proportion to the water—a fact of the utmost importance to the plants and animals that live in these waters.

The sea-weeds of the present time vary in size and form, from a simple microscopic cell, which sometimes combine and form large masses of gelatinous matter—and from the most delicate filaments fine as hair—to the enormous fucoids which are found floating on the ocean, a single stem of which measures from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet in length; and the tangled masses of which cover the surface of the ocean for miles in extent, obstructing the navigation, and furnishing homes, and food also, for vast numbers of small shell fish, aquatic insects, and infusoria. These enormous masses are made to float by means of numerous small air vessels. So extensive are these tangled beds of plants that they have

arrested the motion of large ships, even when driven furiously by storms, and have thus many times saved them from impending destruction.

Most of these plants are attached by roots to rocks, to shells, and to the soil in the shallow parts of the seas; others float without any attachment; and all derive their nourishment from the water and the substances held in solution by it. The minute structure and colors of many of the smaller varieties are very beautiful; and it affords interesting and instructive employment to those who visit the sea-shore to collect and dry specimens of them. They have sufficient glutinous matter to cause them to adhere to paper, on which they may be dried, after having been washed and properly arranged. The larger kinds are of a leathery consistence, and of a dark olive brown or green color. From the ashes of several varieties of these, an article called *hep* is obtained—a substance composed chiefly of impure carbonate of soda—from which much of the soda used in the arts is manufactured.

Certain sea-weeds are valuable fertilizers, and are used in enriching the soil. Several species have been dried and used as winter food for cattle. Some of these sea-plants were formerly used as medicines. A few are still retained for this purpose, as the *Chondria crispus*—commonly known as caragen, or Irish moss—which has been highly recommended in diseases of the lungs. It makes a very pleasant and nutritious kind of *blanc mange*. The *Fucus vesiculosus* was used formerly in scrofulous affections. But since the discovery of Iodine, it has been ascertained that most of the medicinal properties of the sea-weeds were owing to the presence of this substance; and as it (Iodine,) is extensively prepared from sea water, the plants have fallen into disuse, though if the law of isomerism were properly understood, we should probably find many instances where the iodine from the plant would be much better adapted to the human system than that obtained from other sources.

Many of the sea-weeds are used by man as food. There is an Asiatic swallow that constructs its nest of sea-weeds. These nests are considered a very great delicacy, and are sought after and eaten by the inhabitants of that country. The dulse of the Scotch, and dillesk of the Irish, are prepared from algae. Vast numbers of animals find their food in these wide spread families of salt and fresh water algae—the vegetable feeders of the water—being the most numerous class that exist therein, and to these (animals) this class of plants are of the first importance.

Few and unimportant are the uses which man has made directly of the algae. Yet in the economy of Nature, they have performed a noble part. And although we now rank them as the lowest in the scale of vitality, the time was when they stood alone—the highest and the only kingdom of life! Through their influence the face of nature on this globe was changed, perhaps, more than through that of any other group or family. In those days when they were

"Monarchs of all they surveyed," they performed a great work in removing from the waters, the air, and the earth, elements and compounds which stood as impassable barriers to the introduction of the higher forms. First, to them was given the keys that could unlock the gates that had sealed up the germs of higher life, and permit them to walk forth into the heaven of existence.

How beautifully and grandly have they walked over the globe and laid broad and deep the foundations on which the temple of life has been reared. And to-day the flowerless plants of the sea and land lie at the basis of all life, and are universally working in the great laboratory of Nature—preparing the "desert to blossom as the rose," and the waste places of the earth to become as fruitful fields and gardens.

To the eye of the philosopher the apparently insignificant phenomenon of the "red snow" seems to be the outstretching of an arm of the Infinite to change the atmospheric conditions, and perhaps, to stay the pestilence that might otherwise walk abroad on the earth.

Everywhere these silent workers are incessantly laboring; and, though man may not comprehend their operations, they are doubtless essential in the great plan of creation.

There are nine orders of these flowerless plants. Next we may consider the *Fucus*. This order, like the former, contains a great number and variety of plants which live in moist places, mostly in the dark, and upon decaying vegetable and animal matter. They range from a simple cell, microscopic in size, through various forms, to the immense *Bovista gigantea*, which measures nearly two feet in diameter. The cells of all these plants have the power of propagating the species to which they belong, and are so small that they float in the atmosphere, and so numerous are they that almost every portion, near the earth's surface, contains more or less of them, only waiting for proper conditions to be developed.

We have already alluded to the common mold, and to the Yeast plant. The Mushroom family is perhaps the most familiar and best known of the fungi. The smaller forms are many of them injurious—living, as they do, on vegetables and animals. The mildew-blight, and the rust on grain, also, are caused

\*During the prevalence of plague, in several instances, red fungi have been observed. When the cholera prevailed in this country in 1832, many persons noticed a peculiar red mold, which attacked paste and other articles. We would here remark (parenthetically) that by adding a small quantity of powdered alum to paste, when it is first made, it may be kept for a long time without molding, and that in making scrap books this paste is much less liable to attacks of fungi.

by the growth of these parasites. By "Parasites," we mean those which live upon and draw nourishment from living plants and animals; while Epiphytes are those which live upon these without abstracting anything directly from them.

The disease called "Muscadine," which is very fatal to silk-worms—sometimes destroying vast numbers of these valuable laborers—is caused by the growth of a parasitic plant. In warm damp seasons it is almost impossible to arrest the disease, which spreads rapidly among these worms.

Most animals are liable to attacks of parasitic plants—especially when in a low condition of vitality, and surrounded by impure and unhealthy influences.

Mankind are not exempt from these loathsome and disgusting parasites. Several cutaneous diseases—especially among children living in filthy and badly ventilated and dimly lighted houses, and fed upon poor diet—result from these causes. The lesson to be derived from this is greater care in regard to cleanliness, and the observance of the laws of physical health. It is a well established fact, that neither plants nor animals are liable to attacks of this character when in a good condition of health.

Our friend and preceptor, the late Doctor John K. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, presented a theory that malarious diseases, and especially yellow fever, were caused by the inhalation of certain cryptogamous plants belonging to this order. The atmospheric conditions, in which this disease occurs, are such as favor the development of these fungi—i. e., moisture, and a certain degree of heat. Below a certain temperature these plants perish, and in such conditions this disease is never known. But we cannot follow this argument further; the curious reader is referred to his work.

Few of the smaller plants of this Order are used by man. The mold which is so generally distributed, even if harmless, is by no means desirable. For many years one of these plants has been in common and very general use. Long before the microscope had revealed to us that yeast was a cryptogamous plant of this order, almost every good house-wife in the land had been in the habit once or twice in the week (at all seasons of the year) of planting thousands, and causing millions of these little cell-plants to grow. Every "batch of dough" that was "set" to make that wholesome and almost universal article of food, Bread, was "a garden enclosed;" and as these little plants grew in the dough, they absorbed oxygen and gave off carbonic acid gas; and this gas, being uniformly diffused through the dough, caused it to become "light." After a few hours growth, unless it be arrested, an acid-fermentation ensues and the bread is "sour." Having therefore been kept at a proper temperature, to facilitate the growth of these plants, it is then placed in a heated oven, and by the process of "baking," the plants are all killed, the gas driven off, and "the staff of life" is thus prepared.

A considerable number of the mushroom tribe are edible; and, by many persons, are considered as very desirable articles of food. The *Agaricus campestris* is the most common. It grows in fields and waste grounds, and is also cultivated. By providing a very rich soil, these plants will grow spontaneously from seeds that are floating in the atmosphere. Many others are eaten. But as the distinction between the edible and poisonous varieties is not always very marked, we would advise persons who gather these, always to seek instruction from those who have had experience.

The *Morchella esculenta*, or Morel, is not only used for food, but also for sauces, and is quite in demand in Germany, and in other European countries. But perhaps the most popular of all these is the celebrated Truffle of the French, *Tuber cibarium*. These are found under the surface of the ground in various parts of Europe. Dogs are trained to find it by the smell, and to scratch it out of the earth. Mr. Loudon relates an instance of a man having possessed this power. It is used either simply boiled or stewed in a great variety of forms; but, like many other things, it owes much of its popularity to its reputation. The *Amantia muscaria*, a fungus which grows in most European countries, is used in northern Russia for making an intoxicating beverage, while in the south of Europe it is poisonous.

We must continue the subject of the uses of these plants in our next article.

The ignorant man is selfish and alone. He wraps himself in his mantle and sees no beauty either within or without; and too often he yields to

"Passion's hosts that never brook control."

The true philosopher, on the other hand, opens wide his heart and sees beauty everywhere! The winds and stars are his companions. He sees brothers in rocks and mountains, in rivers and oceans; sisters in flowers and birds; kind and loving friends in the broad waving forest trees, and in the animals that roam abroad over the earth. Everywhere he finds a home and friends, and before him there is spread out forever a banquet that kings and princes may envy, but none can take away. Wide open before all stands the gate of Knowledge! In the distance, on the summit of a mountain, is the beautiful temple of Wisdom, with its magnificent pillars of strength, and its grand dome of beauty and love. Everywhere around us, in all the objects of Nature, are pointers and sign-boards

\*On the Cryptogamous Origin of Malarious and Epidemic Fevers, by J. K. Mitchell, M. D., Professor of Practical Medicine in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1849.

directing to this temple, and he who stops to read these is carried as by a magic power toward it. But the indolent and indifferent roam about, without the means of getting there.

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

Voices from the People.

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

A Thinker at Work.

NEW YORK, March 5th, 1860.  
MR. A. J. DAVIS: The following are a few of the topics treated in my unpublished work, on the "Science of Social Life."

First:—The difference of the deductions and inferences drawn from a contemplation of the works of Nature, by men of differently constituted minds, viz: Those of a passive, venerated, or religious, and those of a positive, inquiring, and philosophic mind—showing the effects of their different teachings on the world at large.

Second:—A refutation of some of the leading orthodox religions of the world, showing wherein they condemn themselves in their respective claims to divine origin.

Third:—Showing the fallacy of the various theories of belief in Christianity, as a system of worship, especially in regard to the atonement.

Fourth:—The fallacy of a belief in special or mysterious providences, and accounting for much ascribed to such by the formation of character.

Fifth:—Showing it to be the aim and intent of Christ to institute a system of social harmonious life on earth, by which his precepts might be practiced as an intellectual and moral science.

Fraternally, N. W.

The Inherent Rights of Children.

GREENVILLE, Ill., March 6th, 1860.  
A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: More than half a century ago, and when scarcely eighteen years of age, I taught a school in an obscure settlement on the banks of the Susquehanna. To the unfeigned surprise of the good people who employed me, I banished the rod, and disciplined my school wholly and successfully by the law of kindness and of common sense. This was a cause of marvel to those primitive times.

In many neighborhoods such an innovation upon the precepts of Solomon would scarcely be tolerated at the present day; but my experience, deeply considered, and through a moderately extended term of existence, has satisfied me that the established systems for the government of youth, no less than those for the government of men, are susceptible of great improvement, by precisely the same process which our revolutionary fathers so fearlessly, judiciously, and successfully practiced—innovation!

Under such impression I offer you, for the HERALD OF PROGRESS, a few remarks on the subject of "Education," which I trust may be found to harmonize with your own views on that great subject, and assist in leading the public mind to a conviction, not only that the prevailing modes admit of great improvement, but that the general welfare and happiness of the human family demand a reform.

It is true that many well considered and successful efforts at reform are now making by wise and good men and women in all parts of the civilized world, yet may we not hope still to encourage these benevolent and greatly needed exertions.

Sincerely your friend,

WILLIAM S. WATT.

[Your important paper on Education is filed for an early appearance in this journal. Extra copies will be mailed to your address.—Ed.]

Another Letter from Mrs. Potter.

PHILADELPHIA, March 8th, 1860.  
"Weighed in the balance and found wanting!" What a sentence! what a doom! These words, pronounced in the deep clear tones of inspiration, impressed solemnly upon every heart, riveting the attention of each listening ear, as they fell from the lips of our speaker (Miss Hardinge) last Sunday.

Trembling with eager utterances, the Spirit messenger burst upon us, in accents appalling, in eloquence profound, plunging into the ocean of sublimity and bringing to our feet the pearls from its depths, stirring the intellect, rending the storehouses of learning and showering forth their treasures, thus feeding the flame that burns in the soul of man, that desire for knowledge, that ever yearning, inward fire; again, dipping into the fount from which flow the springs that lead to the heart's deep and holy affections, reviving our drooping spirits with the manna of life, loosening the chains of oppression, burying feuds, and bearing aloft the emblems of peace, forgiveness, liberty, and progression. In the evening lecture we had the beautiful teachings of Jesus, illustrated and applied to the plain, practical realities of life.

We expect to have a great treat during every Sabbath for a month to come. May we be benefited as we are instructed! Our hall will scarcely contain, now, the numbers who crowd its benches. Strangers are gathering in rapidly; at first impelled by curiosity, but gradually led on by reason to acknowledge the truth and substantiality of our beautiful doctrines. Also, our daily newspapers are more free than formerly in promulgating the truths of our lectures in their columns.

These, to me, are signs that Spiritualism is on the increase. Mediums are multiplying everywhere, and the standard which we require is daily advancing. To be a good Spiritualist, a person must possess mind above mediocrity; in order to understand its philosophy one must be endowed with good common sense, a heart to receive truth, and a spirit of independence to acknowledge it. This way of believing one thing and professing another I despise; how many such we find, Spiritualists at heart, but not daring to avow it for fear of what somebody will think. Give me the man or woman, who, feeling the rectitude of his or her own belief, is proud to vindicate it to the neighbor.

A. G. POTTER.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

The Evil of Slight Mistakes.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10th, 1860.  
DEAR HERALD: In the last chapter of my friend Dr. Child's article on "Life," &c., there is a small mistake, made either by yourself, or perhaps, judging by the character of it, by that necessary and much abused appendage to a printing office—"the devil."

As the doctor is a very intimate friend of mine I take the liberty to correct the said mistake. You make him say, we find "the fossil remains of tropical animals in the frozen regions of Liberia." You have put the wrong letter; it should have been S, [Siberia] which would carry us some distance farther north.

A single letter often illustrates the fact that it is not well to despise "the day of small things." Thus the letter c will turn a lover into clover, and old age into a cold cage. But one of the most curious and alarming changes happened in the days of Dr. Franklin, and there have been many who have no more respect for the character than to suppose there was any connection in the matter. He was set down in the New England Almanac, and the advertisement it was deemed proper to insert in the Forty-Nine Articles, in which we were duly informed that "we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Somehow the letter c was missing, so I read, "we shall all be hanged in a moment," &c.

Punctuation also produces some curious changes. Thus in a small street in London is an old sign, as follows: "Thomas Simpson, Button Maker, with flexible shanks." Is it the man or buttons that are thus free from rheumatism? The following advertisement is from a modern paper: "Wanted—A middle-aged man to take care of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." But let us change the subject.

Mr. Chase has been giving a very satisfactory course of lectures in our city. He is a strong man, plain spoken, and logical. It seems as if the inspired penman had him in view when he said: "one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

Miss Hardinge is with us now on Sundays. She is the most attractive lecturer in the field, and draws the largest houses. Her lectures on this occasion are thought by many to surpass any of her former efforts.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS goes off like hot cakes, but is sufficiently light and wholesome not to produce any dyspepsia.

Yours for Progress, o o

A Mysterious Cause of Consolation.

ENON, Lancaster Co., Pa., Feb., 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: If you are free to give an opinion in relation to what follows, please do so.

At the age of twelve I lost a brother, of four years, on whom almost all my affections were concentrated. My distress cannot be told unless you will do it. This may have lasted a month. Very suddenly it was changed to a joyful feeling, which very soon passed into a bliss. It was corn-planting time, and I dropped as many tears as gladness could fill. My heart was filled with gladness, and my eyes overflowed. This condition lasted also about a month; then it left me, how, or why, I know not, and never did, and the whole matter seems to have been lost in oblivion for some fifteen years.

Several of the last of these years I had great anxiety about my own fate after death. So great was the solicitude about my future destiny that my sleep was greatly interrupted. The faith which I had been taught afforded no relief; I first doubted its efficacy, and then its reliability. I read, prayed, and sought solitude, but to no purpose; no light dawned, no comfort came. Once, while sitting in darkness, both physical and mental, the little hope I had forsook me, and I had to consent that all was lost! I parted with this last glimmering of "hope" in terrible trepidation; but seeing that nothing worse could befall me, I tried to compose myself and be passive. Unlooked for, unsought for, the memory of those placid, joyous feelings, sketched above, immediately loomed up with more freshness than the events of yesterday, and with the reminiscences, from beyond those fifteen years, came a suggestion that my business was not with theories and dogmas, and that it would be well to seek a state of mind like that which had so lovingly been before me after such a long season of forgetfulness. And I have been easy about my future destiny ever since that memorable event—that is, when I set up by my highest convictions.

Yours, faithfully,

AMOS GILBERT.

[The writer of the foregoing letter is in his 77th year. The closing sentence embodies a powerful moral cause of inward peace. He who acts "up to his highest convictions" of Right,

is the keeper of his own soul. "The world can neither give nor take away" the Spiritual happiness of the pure in heart. And we discern the explanation of our venerable correspondent's relief in the Spiritual fact that, oftentimes, when the human judgment resigns its crude speculations, the higher powers of mind become impressive to consolations from on high.—Ed.]

"In the Beginning," &c.,—Impossible.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 11, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS: DEAR SIR:—Before reading the second number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, I had an impression upon the subject suggested by the word "Begin." I inquired of my own mind: "From what did that word originate? Was there any beginning either to essence or form?"

But I read with interest Dr. Child's treatise on "Life, its origin, and objects," &c. Chapter II. After giving a lucid description of the arrangements and organization of matter, as a "basis" of that beautiful kingdom known as the vegetable world, he says: "Here we have the beginning of Life."

Perhaps it is ignorance that leads my old mind of 77 years' pilgrimage further back—to a period prior to that which friend Childs has so beautifully pointed out as a beginning. Of Dr. Child I would inquire, "Did not all the life now existing in those primates or particles of the Infinite mind, exist just as much before that electro-combination you speak of was manifested? It is impossible for me, in my ignorance, to fix upon any beginning. The immense Divine Mind of all existences has an eternal duration, according to my belief; and it looks to me as though Life was an emanation from the Eternal Mind; and, further, it seems to me that mind is matter, consisting of those primates and particles described by Dr. Childs. Were not those particles a floating material filled with positive and negative qualities? Were they not brought in contact by the motive power of the Infinite Mind, and by the law of affinity, organized and made tangible, first to the spiritual eye, and then to the physical? Consequently, granting Dr. Childs' positions, I can see no place of beginning.

All formations look to me like a continuation of elementary movements in Nature's vast domain. The Eternal Mind is the embodiment of all existences. Solids, when perfectly analyzed, return to their primitive element, i. e., Mind, Love, Power—the "all in all" of all existences. I can, I think, endorse every word of Dr. Childs' second chapter, except the word "begin." King Solomon said, wisely, "There is no new thing under the sun." Mind is not a production of the external, but of the internal man of the God in us. When a form is manifest, it is no "new thing," though we never before recognized its form. It has ever existed. Like a meteor, it exhibits its form through infinite regions of space. Perhaps it has been seen and known by innumerable souls before it entered any organization. And perhaps the same thing may have come to me under different shades, forms, and phases, according to the side presented to it by my immediate local condition or organization, and because I did not know it, may have called it "new." Begin! Nothing is began! All things are laid before us in a perfected condition; that is, as perfect as they can be for the time being. But all Nature is in motion. So what was perfect an hour ago, would be imperfect for the present moment.

Your friend,

SIRH WHITMORE.

[Dr. Childs' articles will, doubtless, bring healing and satisfaction in their wings, and thus dissolve clouds in the logical mind of our venerable correspondent, but we will voluntarily suggest the necessity of using the word "Begin," not in any absolute sense, but simply to give the philosophical mind a point of departure.—Ed.]

The Harmonical Colony Movement.

MR. EDITOR: Thinking your numerous readers would like to hear in relation to our Harmonical Colony Movement, and for the purpose of answering numerous correspondents who are desirous of learning more fully our plans and movements, I have taken this method of introducing this subject through the columns of your invaluable paper.

The object of our organization is to re-organize society on practical Christian principles, giving every member belonging to it the same right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. On our banner is inscribed Practical Righteousness, and our motto is immediate action in all true moral obligation, one toward another, in all the affairs of life.

We have given, through the authority of our Conventions, the name of "Christian Harmonical Brotherhood" to our organization.

By Christian we mean all the practical principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth.

By Harmonical we mean the beautiful principles and teachings of the seers and prophets of the Nineteenth Century.

By Brotherhood we mean all those who are willing to put into practice the beautiful teachings of the past and present, as taught by all God's true prophets since the world began.

Our Brotherhood, then, means a social and divine order on the earth, and its object is to organize Brotherhoods in every city, town, and State, and throughout all the nations of the earth. We want Harmonical Brotherhoods to make Harmonical Neighborhoods, we want Harmonical Brotherhoods to make Harmonical Towns, and Harmonical Towns to make Har-

monial States, and Harmonial States to make Harmonical Nations.

Our Brotherhood does not ask its members to sign a human creed, but a moral obligation—namely: do right and act right, one towards another. We have a constitutional compact of obligations, morally binding upon all the members; first, to a homestead at cost, and every other great advantage growing out of a more harmonious civilization. Our ground-plan is a beautiful town of itself, laid out into homestead lots varying in size from three acres up to large farms of 160 acres, and every member is morally obligated to do all they can to establish truth and equity on the earth.

Many friends ask us: What are the prospects of establishing a Harmonical town? We answer by saying that the prospects are the most cheering from all points of the compass. All kinds of practical mechanics and agriculturists have manifested a desire to become members of our Brotherhood. Already have many joined our noble enterprise, and I have no doubt, ere twelve months pass away, there will be a Harmonical Town established.

We hereby extend an invitation to all who wish to see the Kingdom of Heaven established on earth, to cooperate with us in establishing a Harmonical Brotherhood. In every town and city where there are nine or more persons, who are willing to become a branch of our organization, can form a Brotherhood of their own by paying department No. 1 all necessary expenses, and may then frame their own constitution, provided it does not conflict with the general principles of the movement.

Our movement goes forth as a great moral power, organized outside of Church and State, and will have no army or navy with which to meet the physical powers throughout Christendom. Our weapons are Truth and Love; our principles are practical Christianity, based on the true Spirituality of the nineteenth century.

Now comes the question: Who are willing to help start the wheels that have been blocked by selfishness and a false Christianity? Who will begin to put into practice those great Christian principles of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you in like circumstances?

We wish now to ask the candid attention of all liberal Christians, and all true Spiritualists, to the claims of the Harmonical Colony Movement. We believe the time has fully come for God's harmonious children to lay the foundation of a new social order. Every worker engaged in its structure must be ready each to do his or her part, so that the hammer of discord cannot be heard. On its walls are written: "All mankind are Brethren."

Our Brotherhood, then, when thoroughly understood, will be a sober world in miniature—will be a peace society, an anti-slavery society, an anti-money society, a practical Christian society, and when all these principles are combined together it will be a Harmonical Society. Then let all who are looking for the Kingdom of Heaven to be established, get ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the true "Son of man cometh."

Yours, very fraternally,

D. C. GATES.

[Of the "Harmonical Colony Movement" we have as yet no absolute knowledge, save what has come to us, from time to time, through the prospectus, circulars, and papers; and we do not therefore presume to utter in this connection a single word, either pro or con; but we do not wish to suppress the utterance of our perpetual prayer for the universal reign of Peace, Justice, Wisdom, and Liberty. If the "Colony" can exemplify either of these divine principles, by organizational efforts, we shall rejoice exceedingly.—Ed.]

Precautionary Words to A. J. Davis.

NEW BOSTON, Mercer Co., Ill.,  
March 2d, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: I am truly glad, my young Brother, to learn of your publishing enterprise; and yet I am not without certain fears, which I will frankly state to you:

In the first place, I am fearful of a failure in the business or pecuniary department. My only reason for this fear is found in the fact that our Liberal friends have been peculiarly remiss in this respect; to their individual harm—the injury of the cause of Truth.

In the second place, I am fearful that you will gradually and insensibly become the head and front of a great Davistite Sect, which will add still another barrier to Human Progress. And my fears in this respect are grounded in the fact, that the world is full of such examples. Every nation, kindred, and tongue, under the whole heavens, have their Christs, Pauls, Peters, Lucifers, Wesleys, Campbells, &c., &c., to do their thinking on the great theme of our immortal existence! And why shall we not follow suit? You are nothing but a man, and the world is yet full of man-worshippers. A peculiar train of circumstances have done as much to invite idolatry to rally around you, as was done for him that was found among the "bulrushes." In fact, it will be much easier for you to become the leader of a sect, than to avoid it. And yet, notwithstanding all these discouragements, I more than hope you have no such intention.

And I know you can only succeed in part if you should try. And why? Simply because "the world moves!" We have got to a different stand-point, from where we ever were before. There is a bold, self-reliant, yet humble, spirit of investigation grown up with the present age, such as the world never witnessed before, and which no man, whether living or dead, can control. Please stick a peg right here, my good Brother, and be assured that should you stoop so low as to become the



Paraphrased.

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

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

Mrs. Brown, of the *Agitator*, (Cleveland, O.) gives the following vigorous and conclusive reply to the remark of the *Independent*, quoted by us a week or two since: "For the interests of virtue also, at least in our great cities, we should tremble if the polls were open indiscriminately to women!"

"Tremble for the interests of virtue! Who are the voters in our great cities? Any question about their virtue? Are voters required to be honest, sober, virtuous men? Are they expected to be virtuous? Does the lack of virtue in man render him, in the estimation of the world, unfit for office? Is baseness in man a barrier to distinction, power, and respectability?"

"The great body of virtuous women would shrink from the exposure of election-day. Why shrink from the polls more than from the church, the theatre and the lecture room? Do we not meet the voters there? Are these men not our brothers, fathers, sons and husbands?"

"If the law-makers are so corrupt that it is out of place for us to go with them to the ballot-box, why are we bound to obey the laws these vagabonds help to make? A little paradoxical—women corrupted at the ballot-box and corruptible if she sets at defiance the laws there made. Why are not these women-polluting men kept away from the polls and virtuous women sent there to make laws that will not disgrace a professedly Christian country?"

"Oh, Virtue! what contemptible things are written in thy holy name!"

News Items.

—The subject of overtaking children in schools has been considerably discussed in Salem, Mass. As a consequence, the Committee of the Classical and High Schools have reduced the number of daily recitations from four to three. Thus far, the change has worked beneficially to the school.

—A Cincinnati Catholic paper mentions the probable speedy establishment in that city of a daily paper, in English, to be exclusively of a Roman Catholic type. The reason alleged is "the abuse of our holy father, the Pope," etc., in which the existing dailies indulge.

—A poor victim of superstition, an Irish woman, in Ohio, recently gave birth to a child that did not survive its birth. She was so afflicted by her conceptions of its probable destiny, because unbaptized, that she committed suicide by drowning. We have looked in Protestant journals, in vain, to discover a recommendation for penal enactments, to restrain teachings so obviously tending to insanity.

—The *Tribune* has a new ally. The *Express* unites in opposing the bill for divorce, now before the Legislature, styling it a "bill of abominations." Ought not one or the other of these two papers to review their positions on that subject? How is it they agree?

I think a great many professors of religion are just like backgammon boards. They look like stately books; and on the back of them is inscribed, in large letters, "History of England," or "History of the Crusades," but when you open them you find nothing but emptiness, with the exception of the dice and counters. And many men bear the name "Christian," who are inside all emptiness, and rattling nothing.—H. W. Beecher.

FOREIGN NEWS.

There are rumors of a treaty between Russia and Austria, for concert of action in respect to affairs in Hungary, or complications that may arise with regard to the countries of the Danube. Noaid, it is said, is to be extended to Austria in Italy. We fear Hungary is doomed to a still longer period of political oppression. The friends of freedom in Europe will naturally tremble for the possibility of an alliance between the two most powerful of European Despotisms.

—The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, referring to Garibaldi's marriage, states, that on the morning of the wedding, the General received information as to the antecedents of his bride, which led to a long and stormy interview with her father, and to his subsequent departure. He has not since rejoined his wife, and an Austrian report says that the General has applied to the Pope for a dispensation from the marriage vows.

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)

EIGHTY-NINTH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

QUESTION: What light do we derive from our experience as Spiritualists, with respect to the theory and practice of Reform?

DR. BROWN: Spiritualism has always been in the world; but the question is, have we derived any additional light on the vital subject of reform from our own personal intercourse and observation as Spiritualists? He thinks we have. Efforts at reform, based upon a conception of human nature and human needs, drawn exclusively from the legends of a past experience, must necessarily be defective. When the reformer quotes a

Bible text for his authority, his equally zealous brother cites another as the rule for him. Now, Spiritualism, as a personal experience, puts the reformer in possession of broader principles, and a more perfect standard of judgment than history can furnish. The world has outgrown its books; observation has supplanted tradition; demonstration has dethroned dogmatism. It has revealed to us, for example, that in this life we build "the body that shall be"—we weave here the garment which is to cover the imperishable spirit—and that its texture, to be satisfactory, must be virtue and not ceremony; use, not show; deeds, not creeds.

DR. HALLOCK: Reform is instinctive, inevitable. Man is a part of its machinery. In this grand drama which is forever enacting, he plays the part of subject, object and actor. From his voluntary side, he projects schemes to accelerate the action of this instinct, the sooner to secure its object. These schemes, one and all, have failed. It is their failure which naturally suggests the question before us. Whence this universal disaster to schemes and plans? Men help themselves to better potatoes, better fruits, more perfect animals; they reform chemistry, astronomy, geography, locomotion, etc., by voluntary effort. Why is human reformation the one grand exception? Why should it, alone, resist the power elsewhere so successful? Each endeavor is an admission that there is no inherent impossibility; and yet, the heads of cabbages grow larger every year, while the heads of families, it is said, grow no better, and the nationalities perceptibly worse. Reformation by plan finds its defeat in its repugnance to reformation by nature. All voluntary effort not thus opposed, as in the case of vegetables and animals, is a success, as we do know; and as voluntary effort is natural, it must be affirmed by authority of nature that human reformation is amenable to the same law; that is to say, volition that is according to law is a power of progress; volition which is against law only tramples itself under foot.

Now, the defect of all efforts at reformation by means of plans and schemes consists in this: that the projector constructs the body of his proposed reform, with the expectation that society will enter into it and become its living soul. In building a body for a soul he reverses the order of nature, which is that the soul shall build its own body. No man expects to realize his ideal of a perfect cow by putting a calf in a box molded to the exact size and shape of the perfection he would secure; his hope is in the calf, not the box; the animal is the organizer, not the man; and hence the impossibility of reform through box making. Devising plans for society to adopt is not reforming, it is sculpturing—creating forms in which there can be no life, beautiful but dead.

What, then, is reforming? Our question asks, have we, as Spiritualists, received any light on the subject? He answers, yes; and first, let it be said, that the facts which constitute the significance of the words "modern Spiritualism," are a power on earth, proved, by the known results of the last ten years, to be unequalled in reformatory energy. Through this power the popular faith is being reformed from superstition, and popular philosophy from the counter dogma of annihilation. We owe this great reform to "modern Spiritualism" alone, and this power, as it proceeds in what it has to do, reveals its theory in its work, and shows us what is practical on the part of the reformer. What has redeemed us from the torment of fear and doubt as to the future, but a knowledge of the truth as to the future? This points to the certain theory, the unerring practice of reform. Truth, the power; its revelation to the consciousness, the means. Truth is to the human soul what fertilizers are to plants, and the one law governs the application in either case, even as the method is one by which reform is secured in either case. The method and the means find their culmination in the perfected expression of individuality. He who reveals to another the fixed and the eternal in nature, imparts to that soul the very "bread of life," by which it becomes strong as against the assaults of his previous ignorance of the thing revealed. When you show the wayfarer the rock that is in his path, he avoids it. It is not there to assist locomotion. Show a soul the error in its path and it will avoid that by the same law; for selfhood and self-interest are inseparable. There is this added ray of light then, from our experience as Spiritualists, that the spirit builds the body and not the body the spirit; that both form and reform are from the exercise of inherent powers, and hence can never be subject to prescription. We have learned, then, to have done with prescribing. More than this—that voluntary effort must be addressed to individuals and not to institutions, and is confined in its normal exercise to a revelation of the principles or laws upon which individual development depends. The old methods, whether scientific or religious, (as they are named,) rely on the one hand, upon great plans and schemes. Over the family vault where these plans and schemes of human emancipation sleep their last sleep, history has written—failure! On the other hand, the religious effort, though in some sort addressing itself to the individual, goes no deeper, attempting no more thorough culture than to quicken the seed-germs that lie in the surface stratum of emotion; and truthful experience writes upon the tablet of annual observation of its doings—No success! The subject of this effort at reform abhors slavery, for example, because it is cruel. He worships Jesus, because he was so benevolent as to give himself a sacrifice to the wrath of God. He plays at

a game of chance with a company of underwriters, because it is comfortable to be prudent. Gives such an one to believe that slavery, on the whole, is beneficial, and he will straightway declare it a good thing. Let him lose confidence in the creed, and his worship of Jesus falls below the respect due to a good man. Show him a pair of individuals who risk five dollars on the chances of a game at cards, instead of fifty thousand on the chances of future loss to property, and he will denounce them as gamblers, and their practice as every way immoral. In that soul, the stratum of principles has not been reached. The reformer who works in the light of the new experience, is he who puts into the field a sub-soil plow, to the end that the annual crop of changeable emotion may strike its roots deep down into the realm of principles, and become healthy and permanent by reason that it is an outgrowth from that which is eternal.

When the last speaker had finished, if not a little sooner, three reformers sprang to the rescue, each armed with a red-hot thunder-bolt for the common enemy.

MR. W. P. COLES discharged his first, as thus: The doctrine advanced with respect to insurance of property, is all wrong. The system charged as immoral, is nothing more or less than private charity become organic—respectable. It is a poor, blind, impotent impulse, or will without power, looking through a pair of corporate spectacles, undimmed by the dews of private charity, and marching with corporation energy directly to the preservation of the praiseworthy, in that they have somewhat to lose. As to the chances of who shall gain or who shall lose by the transaction, why, that of course must be left to chance. We conduct all our commercial intercourse on the same grand scheme—heads I win, tails you lose, and who shall say that commerce is wrong?

DR. YOUNG's doctrine advanced with respect to emotion, is fallacious. Principle is not emotion, and not emotion on principle. Emotions, or impulses of the human mind, must be taken as the basis of all action, and the measure of all means. To reform the world is to abolish its monopolies, and to put every man in possession of a ten-acre lot, whether he wants it or not. He had not the requisite supply of wind to blow the trumpet of these reforms with the energy of former years, but it should be blown until every ear is reached and every heart joins in the proclamation—*charging shall be no longer!*

MR. FOWLER: By sympathetic vision, he is able to state that we are indebted to Rip Van Winkle for the opinions expressed through Dr. Hallock. He says, plans for reformation have been a failure. How should we build a house without a plan? There is no such thing as failure. Though the house were not built, the plan thereof would not be a failure, it would be a means to the production of a better plan. To learn what is really good, we must know what is not good. The principle of insurance, is brotherhood, cooperation, mutual protection. Under its benign influence, the sufferer from loss of fortune is enabled to demand as a debt what otherwise he would entreat as a charity. What he has learned from Spiritual Intercourse, is, that human authority is no guide to reform. Its first work upon him was emancipation from the dogmas in which he had been educated. It taught him to look within for the inherent truth of things. These truths are not the subjects of invention, but of discovery; though effort at invention often leads to discovery. We lay plans unconsciously for a higher, and our experience reaches the generations which are to follow. So, there is no such thing as failure, Rip Van Winkle to the contrary, notwithstanding.

As to whose name the reporter did not know, he says very briefly on the topic, from his own knowledge of the substance of her remarks, (as he understood, for she ceased before he had time to record), was, that we had learned from Spiritualism to look within, rather than without, for improvement or reformation. "Let us say that the past has been true, but that the present is more true. The world needs the stimulus of hope and assurance. It is in pain to be delivered from the bondage of despair, and doubt, and superstition; and this deliverance is from heaven, not from human institutions; it is from the communion of Spirit, it is essentially Spiritual in effect as in action. Out of this communion springs perennial hope and confidence, the true elements and sure prophecy of all reform."

DR. GRAY: Freedom for improvement is the birthright of every soul. This is the primordial lesson—the right of every soul to incarnate its real nature. The idea thence derived by the ancient Spiritualist was, that there is a perpetual in-breathing of the Divine. The modern Spiritualist is competent to assert, not that this *is* true, but that it *is* true. This Spiritual communion and intercourse—what is it now doing? Popes and kings are already asking, do Spirits really talk with us? It is the grand solvent, by the power of which thrones are crumbling. It is infusing hope; as has been truly said, it is making free. It is only in the freedom which it creates that any scheme for improvement can be tried. His private thought is, that Spirits, and the philosophy thence derived, are against the present notions of reform. The soul makes the body, and the informed public soul makes the society. The first lesson in Spiritualism is the divine origin of man, and the right, absolute, to individual growth. He who seeks to establish caste among men, is going directly against this primordial lesson. The interlarding of human magnetism is overlooked by the world, and too often neglected by us. We have the facts which show it, but we

are prone to forget it. As the electrical machine demonstrated the omnipresence of electricity, so do our facts show the ever-presence of Spiritual Intercourse, both in the body and out of the body. This intimate relation of the race is a Spiritual discovery, is secured by a Spiritual law, and is affirmed both by precept and example of Spirits. With the world as it is, were all its wealth equally divided to-day, what could happen to-morrow, but the same effort for precedence of the day before? The outside law could only distribute the property, it cannot reform the man. The same inordinate desires, the same undue aspirations would be there still, and, of consequence, all the work to be done anew. It seemed to him that much of the zeal displayed in what is called reform, has its rise in the very aristocracy against which it clamors. Fill the pockets of such an one with gold, and you shut his mouth. But the reform which Spiritualism inculcates addresses itself to the man, not to the law; to the growth and freedom of the individual, and not to the building of institutions. It does not concern itself with making laws, but in finding them. The very fact that we are here to-night, uttering our free thoughts, or listening to their utterance with philosophic patience, is in proof of its power of reform, in an earnest of what it will do, and happy is he who accepts its gospel.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

MR. WILLIAM AMES, of Napoli, Catt. Co., N. Y., communicates to the *Catt. Freeman* the particulars of a very singular dream on the part of his wife, which was literally fulfilled by her death:

"She had been ill," he writes, "for some time; the day before her death she fell into a trance-like slumber, and on waking, she told what she had seen and heard, and gave all the particulars of her death, funeral, and burial. Seeing all this, she reflected and reasoned with herself—I must be dead, for I have seen all that has happened for two days. I am not in hell, for I suffer no pain; if in Heaven, it is not as I expected." Then she awoke, and, after telling the dream, requested me to remember it, as it might prove true; and if it did, it would prove the reality of future life.

"And here I must add, it did all prove most wonderfully true! Nothing was done, however, to make it so. The Rev. Mr. Fisher was sent for to preach, and when, after the funeral, I told him of the vision, he said, 'It was not a dream: it was of God,' and he knew it because of the part he took. He got a subject nearly arranged for the sermon, when he lost it, and could not recall it. He took another, and lost it. But a few minutes before he started; the text he used came to mind, and he prepared his sermon on the way. And that one just met the dream! I have stated simply the truth, I believe. Others may doubt. I leave the facts for all to consider. It may be a mistake that Death leads us—

'To that undiscovered country From whose bourne no traveler returns.'"

AGASSIZ'S DREAM.

The following "experience" of Professor Agassiz, is related by the *Spiritual Magazine*:

"Agassiz had been deeply cogitating on a fossil which had been recently discovered, having new and remarkable peculiarities. It was apparently the connecting link between Vertebrata and the lower animals, as the mudfish from Africa, exhibited in the Crystal Palace, is the connecting link between fishes and reptiles; but what was mortifying and puzzling to him was, that the very part of the fossil which should have showed the most interesting part, was covered with the strong deposit in which it had been imbedded. While pondering the subject in bed, he fell asleep, and in a dream was delighted to have the whole hidden part, and all its mechanism and differences, clearly displayed before his eyes, and, besides, to see intuitively the exact place which it filled in comparative anatomy. He awoke in the morning with the subject fresh in his mind; but, alas! no sooner did he try to recall it, than the whole of what he had seen vanished from his memory, and all he could remember was that he had seen it in its most satisfactory extent. The next night, again thinking deeply of it, he fell asleep, and the whole scene was again presented before his mind. He determined to try to remember it, to make an effort to awake; but he still slept on, and in the morning had again forgotten all that he had desired to remember. He determined, if he should ever dream of it again, that he would make the strongest effort to awaken, and have paper by his bedside on which to fix the information. Accordingly, on going to bed, he placed some paper and a pencil beside him, again thinking of his wonderful fossil, when what was his delight during his sleep, at finding the whole, for a third time, clearly pictured before him. Now then, to awake and transfer it to the paper! But no; he still slept on, and in the morning was distressed beyond measure to find that the whole had entirely vanished from his memory. In this disconsolate state he commenced to dress, but had not proceeded far when his eyes fell on the paper and pencil by his bedside, and going to them, he was astonished to find upon the paper an accurate drawing of the complete fossil, with all its parts. It was, in fact, the picture of his vision, and gave him again all he had seen in his sleep. He tells this himself, and says that he cannot account for the picture being there—whether he got up and did it himself, or whether it was done by other means with which our readers who are acquainted with direct spirit-writing are familiar. Having secured the drawing, the Professor compared it with the fossil, and, as his curiosity was now largely excited, he ventured on endeavoring to uncover that part of it which was concealed under the stony deposit. Applying a fine chisel to the part, he was fortunate enough to remove the covering, and there was displayed before his eyes the exact counterpart of his

picture, and his three dreams. If he were not a Professor, we think he might, after such a fact, believe in Spiritual laws and energies, and in himself."

NEW FOOTFALLS FROM ANOTHER WORLD.

The N. Y. *Evening Post* gives the following as a correct and authoritative report of a recent appearance, in the presence of Dr. Coatswell, the Librarian of the Astor Library, during his night labors upon a catalogue now engaging his attention:

"Some two weeks ago, Dr. Coatswell was at work as usual on the catalogue. It was about 11 o'clock at night, and having occasion to refer to some books in a distant part of the library, he left his desk, took his candle, and, as he had often done before, pursued his course along the winding passages toward the desired spot. But before reaching it, while in an alcove in the southwest part of the older portion of the building, he was startled by seeing a man, respectfully dressed in citizen's clothes, surveying a shelf of books. The doctor supposed it to be a robber who had secreted himself for the purpose of abstracting some of the valuable works in the library; after stepping back behind a partition for a moment, he again moved cautiously forward to catch a glimpse of the individual's face, when to his surprise he recognized in the supposed robber the features of a physician (whose name we forbear giving) who had lived in the immediate vicinity of the library, and who had died some six weeks ago! It should be borne in mind that the deceased person was a mere casual acquaintance of Dr. Coatswell, not an intimate friend, and since his death Dr. Coatswell had not thought of him.

"But the apparition was in the presence of a man not easily scared. The Librarian, so far from fainting or shrieking, as might reasonably be expected, calmly addressed the ghost:

"'Dr. ———,' said he, 'you seldom, if ever, visited this library while living. Why do you trouble us now when dead?'

"'Perhaps the ghost did not like the sound of the human voice; anyway, it gave no answer, but disappeared.

"The next day Mr. Coatswell thought over the matter, attributed it to some optical delusion, and in the evening proceeded with his work as usual. Again he wished to refer to some books, and again visited the southwestern alcove. There again, as large as life, was the ghost, very calmly and placidly surveying the shelves. Mr. Coatswell again spoke to it:

"'Dr. ———,' said he, 'again I ask you, why you, who never visited the library while living, trouble it now when dead?'

"Again the ghost vanished, and the undaunted librarian pursued his task without interruption. The next day he examined the shelves before which the apparition had been seen standing, and by a singular coincidence, found that they were filled with books devoted to demonology, witchcraft, magic, spiritualism, &c. Some of these books are rare tomes, several centuries old, written in Latin, illustrated with quaint diagrams, and replete with mysticism; while on the next shelves are their younger brethren, the neat spruce works of modern Spiritualists, of Britton, Davis, Edmonds, and others. The very titles of these mystic books are suggestive. There are the *Prophecies or Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus*, a folio published in London in 1672; *Albamassar de Conjunctionibus; Kerner's Majikon; Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers; Glanvil on Witches and Apparitions; Cornelius Agrippa; Bodin's Demomania; Lilly's Astrology* and others, a perusal of any of which would effectually murder the sleep of a person of ordinary nerve for at least half a dozen nights. It was these volumes that appeared to attract the apparition.

"The third night Mr. Coatswell, still determined that the shade, spirit, delusion, or effect of indigestion—whatever it might be—should not interfere with his duties, again visited the various books to which he wished to refer, and when occasion demanded, did not fail to approach the mystic alcove. There again was the apparition, dressed precisely as before, in a gentleman's usual costume, as natural as life, and with a hand raised, as if about to take down a book. Mr. Coatswell again spoke—

"'Dr. ———,' he said boldly, 'this is the third time I have met you. Tell me if any of this class of books now disturb you? If they do I will have them removed.'

"But the ungrateful ghost, without acknowledging this accommodating spirit on the part of its interrogator, disappeared. Nor has it been seen since, and the Librarian has continued his nightly researches since without interruption.

"A few days ago, at a dinner party at the house of a well-known wealthy gentleman, Mr. Coatswell related the circumstances as above recorded, as nearly as we can learn. As some eighteen or twenty people were present, the remarkable story was soon spread about. A number of literary men, including an eminent historian and others, heard the recital, and though they attribute Mr. Coatswell's ghost seeing to the strain and tension of his nerves during his too protracted labors at the catalogue, they yet confess that the story has a marvelous quality. Both Mr. Coatswell and the deceased physician were persons of a practical turn of mind, and always treated the marvelous ghost-stories sometimes set afloat with deserved contempt. And, as they were not at all intimate, it will be at least a curious question for the psychologist to determine, why the idea of this deceased gentleman should come to Mr. Coatswell's brain and resolve itself into an apparition, when engaged in dry, statistical labors, which should effectually banish all thoughts of the marvelous.

"Acting on the advice of several friends, Mr. Coatswell is now absent on a short trip to Charleston to recuperate his energies. His indefatigable industry, his devotion to the interests of the library, and his great efficiency as a librarian, render it highly desirable that he should enjoy recreation and repose, that he should enlarge his health by a too close application to his duties. In regard to the apparition we will make no comments, but give the story as related by Dr. Coatswell, as we are credibly informed, and as it has already been talked about in various literary and domestic circles in this city."

Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

MERCY'S MISSION.

Given by her Spirit Friends TO CORA WILBURN.

Upon the emerald tinted sod, above This clamoring earth, within a realm of love, All sainted, hallowed, glorious and divine, A Spirit rested, by the soul-lit shrine Of prayer; that sanctified and blest By hand Deific, breathed the welcome rest Of song and peace unto the watching soul, That sought realization at that goal Of beautiful revelation; and from thence Viewed with a pitying gaze the dark below, Encumbered with the curse of sin and woe, While from the music-fountains of the shrine, Answered the mandates of the One Divine; Thrilling the soul of her who rested there, Invoking God in fervency of prayer.

The air around that hallowed spot grew bright, With the reflection of Truth's fairest light. The sun-ray's shower of inspiration fell Upon the suppliant heart that sought to tell Unto the Father's listening ear of love, How 'neath tyrannic sway his children fell From hope and joy to depths of darkest gloom; How Superstition stood beside the tomb, And in Religion's sacred name debared The longing soul from reading of the veil That hid their loved ones; how the anguished wail Of tortured souls arose from cloisters dim, And heart-moans mingled with earth's vesper hymn; How from the mother's breast the cry arose, Till listening angels shuddered! "Oh, the close Of earth-life, darkened by the priestly frown, Upreared its cross of penance; just the crown Of compensation from the toiler's sight, And steeped the yearning soul in blackest night."

"Oh, Father-love! oh, Mother-care!" she cried, (The Spirit, praying by the altar's side), "The sorrows of Thy children find me here; 'E'en 'mid the glories of this upper sphere, This realm of love-light, music, joy and home, The cries of earth unto my spirit come, And call me, by the sweetest name I bear, To save them from the madness of despair. Oh, Father-love! oh, Mother-heart divine! Send consolation to that world of thine."

"Despots are wielding o'er that fair, green earth, Their scourge of terror; by the darkened hearth Grim phantoms sit, and mock thy children's fears With fabled tales, inspiring strange, sad fears Of Thee. All beautiful and Holy One! Exponents of Thy will have dared to paint Thy Heavens; and with audacious tongue to speak Of God, the Spirit, as a tyrant weak And vacillating; as a Judge, in ire Condemning to the inquisition fire Of punishment eternal, all who dare To break the chains man forged for man to wear. Beneath these teachings he has feeble grown, Daring no more his kindred claim to own, With God-like attributes, with love and truth, With the rapt knowledge of eternal youth, He fears Thine aspect, Gracious One! and kneels To the vain idols of his creed, and feels The sunlight warmth of inspiration fled, Love, hope immortal, sleeping cold and dead."

"A heavy bolt, all massive with the fears Of trembling priestcraft, steeped in longing tears Of sorrowing human love, is drawn before The golden portal of the angel shore. And nitred slaves, and frowning bigots guard With spear and shield, with unsheathed threatening sword, The gateways of the better land, and swear 'T is sin and folly for the soul to dare A knowledge of the Future; that the key Of life eternal rests within their hands, And all man needs of Immortality, Is measured out, by apt quotations drawn From ancient records, that with tyrant power Are brought to bear upon the fruit and flower Of present knowledge. Theirs is to enslave With holy myths, the free, the true, the brave; The souls inspired that see Thee everywhere, Thou Inner Soul of all things good and fair!"

"To Thee, oh Spirit of ten thousand worlds! To Thee, pervading love that fills all hearts! To Thee, all-saving Power! All-pitying care! I offer up this fervent meed of prayer, Oh, send redemption to the world below! Thine angel, Mercy, at thy voice I go To lift the veil from off the creed-bound hearts! To open the portals of the Morning land; To cast the chains from off the bondman's soul. The host angelic, and the seraph band Of sympathies and powers, will hie with me Across the waters of that mortal sea. Oh, bid me go! my soul with woe is filled, As the sharp cries of suffering reach mine ear; While the sad music of that nether sphere, Its cries for light and freedom are unstilled!"

"Oh, Mother-love! the throbbings of Thy heart Divine and Infinite—its music-flow Of Inspiration lights on hearts below, Alas! enthralled, and held in bondage still! Alas! all torn with grief and conflict wild— For gold can buy the mother and the child! And gold can sever them; and bow to shame The maiden's glory, and the wife's fair fame! For lust and might hold undisputed sway Over the poor and friendless ones; the way Of earthly toil is marked with bondage. There Poor Africa's children bear the branded hue Of servitude, lie crushed beneath the heel Of petty tyrants; while the gleaming steel Of harrowing power is wielded by the few That call themselves the followers of Him Who was humility's sweet self, and taught The golden rule of love, that earthward brought The mini-tering angels of our God. They defy this model child of Thine, Yet cast aside the mandates that he gave; And from the very dome and sacred shrine Announce His glory and revere His name, While framing iron bondage for the slave!"

"My soul is stirred within me! all the glow Of righteous indignation sways my heart. Voices of suffering call me from below, In mortal conflict I must take a part; To strive against oppression, and to speak In tones of God's approval to the weak, In thunder tones of warning to the strong, The proud denier of Thy children's rights.

And, to the mournful cry: "Oh, God! how long?" Respond unto the seeking: "Soon, oh, soon! Descends to earth the long invoked boon Of freedom, light and truth; from God above Descends the Spirit Mercy, fraught with love. From Eden's crystal fountains and flowers I come With blessed mandates from the angel home." Respond, oh, Infinite! unto my call; For dense and heavy is the moral pall O'er spreading earth, the mute, un-singing star, Whose wailing life-tones call me from afar."

Through the blue space the solemn anthem rolled Of God's acceptance; and the music-chime Of flowers and waves commingled, in that clime Of summer beauty; through the golden haze Of noonday broke a glory from above. Angels of wisdom and divinest love Bent on the suppliant their earnest gaze, And waved her onward to her mission grand, Which was to free the dwellers of each land; To teach earth's children of eternal grace, Of life and love untraced in every place Basking beneath the loving smile of God; To tell them of the birthright of the free, The dawning morn of vast Eternity.

The voice of God responded to her prayer; The songs of seraphs' sped her on the way; The blessings of the wretched slave the air, Her pure heart strengthened 'neath the fervid ray Of love and blessing o'er its mission shed, Far from its Eden-home of love-light fled. She brought to earth the sacred scroll that bore Upon its heavenly-tinted page the law Of human laws divinely framed; the wise And glorious Constitution of the skies, She brought to earth the banner folds that gave To mortal sight no lurid stains to mar Its snowy brightness: "Freedom to the Slave!" Was there inscribed; upon its sun-bright star Of universal love no earth cloud lay, No intervening shadow from afar.

The Angel of the Lord is with us now, With light refulgent on her holy brow! With prayerful heart and tearful eye she stands, Awailing, hoping, toiling; with meek hands Unlocking error's chains, and speaking low Unto the mother's heart, unto the foe, And friend alike, of Immortality, Of Freedom, Truth, and Love's eternity; Yet raising oft to clarion tones that thrill The human heart, and force the despot's will Into a trembling sense of utter shame. Her dulcet notes, proclaim, in God's high name And holy power, the coming end of wrong, Of Slavery, sin and sorrow. Sweet the song Of that awakening angel, 'mid the din O' daily warfare rises, and the eye Of man enfranchised, and of woman freed, Looks in thanksgiving to the sun-lit sky, And thanks Life's Lord for Immortality! Turning no more to churchly bond or creed, The Angel Mercy wanders o'er our world, With inspiration's plumes wide unfurled, For a thought-journey to the Eden-lands; For sweet communion with the angel hands, She stands beside each portal, to each heart Her song aspires: will you not greet with joy This messenger divine, in Heaven's employ Sent to upraise you at our God's behest, To join the legion of the free and blest? NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Feb. 4th, 1860.

(From a Cincinnati Correspondent.)

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FORMING AND REGULATING SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.

[We think there is much wisdom embodied in the following directions.] No spirit in the mortal, but has its kindred in the spirit world. These are ever ready to manifest their presence and give counsel and advice to the loved ones here, when conditions are made favorable to enable them to do so. Such conditions may be established in every family circle, when spiritual visitations will surely be made.

The circle is formed, simply by the members of a family seating themselves around a table. Place the hands upon it, the palm downward, resting lightly. If all can join in singing some simple melody for a few minutes, it will greatly tend to quiet the unrest of mind, and soothe the asperities of the day. The circle should be formed in the evening, when celestial magnetisms are known to be more potential, and descend in greater abundance to the earth than when the sun's rays are shining upon it. After the singing, the feelings of all should subside into a condition of silence and profound tranquillity. The light should be mellowed down, no stir or foot-fall should be heard on this side the boundary of the spirit world. Let the mind be passive, or at least not wish or act towards any one of the circle. A desire that somebody should speak, or be influenced, especially if such person is conscious of the wish or expectation, destroys the conditions most favorable to the spirits, and confuses their arrangements. If the mind of the circle, which ought to be utilized as much as possible, act at all, let it be in a fervent aspiration that the will of good spirits be done and manifested in whatever manner to them seemeth most good. Don't call upon them for raps, for tipplings, or for anything else, but leave them free to choose and wisely to act through the conditions they find.

When the raps are heard, it should be the object of all, to have them intelligently interpreted, that the sense of the spirits may be understood; this can best be done by observing the strictest decorum and following an orderly catechism, by asking questions plain, direct, and to the point, if you ask questions at all; be sure you understand your own question before you ask the spirit for an intelligent reply. But let no question be asked unless the information desired shall be to illustrate the truth of spirit intercourse, or be in its character of general interest. Developed spirits seldom indulge in personal detail, carrying, as they do, the same principles of philosophic thought into the spirit world, that characterized their minds in this; and vice versa. When such information is sought as shall gratify only the idle, the illiterate, the vicious, the vain, the vindictive, the retailer of scandal, &c., a corresponding class of undeveloped

spirits is attracted, and our Redeemer, TRUTH, is crucified.

One person only should ask questions at a circle. If any other has a question to put, let it be suggested to the person who interrogates, and by him or her only be propounded to the spirits. During the session of the circle, the members should not manifest any excitement, nor indulge in any distracting conversation or irrelevant talk. Spirits should never be asked for the name they bore on earth, or anything respecting their earth history. They always give such information when it is thought well by them to do so, and sometimes the disclosure of the name of the revelator defeats the beneficent object of the spirits, by arousing our distrust or pride, and thereby destroying the harmony of the condition.

Circles should meet regularly once, twice or three times a week, and members should be punctual in their attendance at the stated time for meeting. The same table, the same chairs, and the same positions at the table by the members should be scrupulously maintained. No person but their own members should be permitted to join the circle under any pretext, unless the spirits consent, or first propose the name of the party thus introduced; and if the presence of any visitor is felt by a member of the circle to be discordant or inharmonious, such person ought to be politely informed of the fact, and requested to withdraw from the room, for the law of harmony is that through which the spirits manifest their presence, and bear messages of great joy from God to man.

When the spirits manifest themselves by rapping upon, or tipping the table, say to them, "Is it the pleasure of our good spirits to communicate with members of this circle? If so, please rap (or tip) the table as the case may be,) three times to signify Yes, or one to signify No." After the answer is given, ask the spirits if the circle is to be formed harmoniously formed; and if so, proceed to form as they may direct. The number of persons may vary from three to thirteen, the best circles, however, being five or seven members. When the circle is thus formed, and the spirits signify their willingness to communicate, the alphabet will then be called, commencing at A B C D, and thus continue till the letter is reached or spoken which the spirits desire to use in spelling a word, they will rap or tip the table three times, and then the alphabet must be again repeated, until the next letter is indicated in like manner. By this slow process must the beginner receive his first lessons of instruction, of love and encouragement, from the spirit world; but soon these tiny raps on the celestial telegraph are superseded, when higher and more varied manifestations accrue.

When circles are first formed they should be composed of persons only that stand upon the same plane of spiritual development with each other; this can be better understood by illustration, thus: a person who has been a rapping or tipping medium, and has progressed to the impressionable, clairvoyant, semi-trance or full-trance condition of development, should never sit again in rapping or tipping circles, though they may remain in the room and give instructive utterances to such circles. Various reasons have been assigned for imposing this regulation. The foregoing suggestions have been made by a good spirit whose earnest desire is that more circles should be organized, and the cause of truth be made to prosper.

Attractive Miscellany.

All things are engaged in writing their history—in all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intellect.

THE WATCHES

In a dark room, in a ruined... of house, in one of the most filthy... of a great city, a mother sat watching... sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, and occasionally pausing to look down at her babe or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close offensive air of the room it seemed to breathe painfully, and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dissolution. But not less pale and wan was the mother, who sat there watching; her features wore that blanched, unearthly hue, and that strange upward light was playing in her eyes, which spoke but too plainly that death was breathing on her. The room was lonely—very lonely—for there were no pictures to adorn its walls, scarcely any article of common domestic use within it; it was bare, almost unfurnished, dismal, and cold. The mother was engaged in making shirts, and the price which she received for them averaged twopence-halfpenny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions for twenty hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly at such labor. Well, the pale, care-worn, suffering mother continued to stitch, stitch, anxiously, from hour to hour, leaving off now and then to take her dying baby in her arms and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and again resumed her work.

as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of long-continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast and kissed the cold dew from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal; she placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them, and placed an old broken kettle half filled with water upon them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil she gave her child some food, and she had scarcely begun to do this when a heavy and unsteady step was heard upon the threshold. Her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room, and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's sake, treat me thus," said the mother of the child; and sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears. The man scowled upon her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low, fiendish growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacancy of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I haven't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul. "I spent my last penny to buy my child some food; I knew not where to get another; you have never wanted a meal while I could work, and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone by midnight labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe, to waste it in drunkenness; oh, Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child."

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money and let me go," bawled the intoxicated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he sat upon the child's bed, he overturned the table and scattered the miserable meal upon the floor. The heart-broken wife rushed with her babe to the opposite end of the room, and covered down in fear. "Do you hear, or do you want me to murder you?" and he arose from where he sat and roared towards her; shrinking and shivering as she bent over her babe, she pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and when he stood above her, she looked up in his face in the agony of despair, and implored in the mute utterance of her tear-worn eyes for mercy. But he did not strike her, although she was indeed well used to that, but he put out his hand and talking from her bosom a locket which had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing left her but her babe and death, staggered to the door, and after looking back with a menacing and brutal expression of his savage features, left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat wailing like a dove whose nest has been bereft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief she looked upon the child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbing of its little heart becoming more and more feeble from hour to hour, as the shadow of its life was waning.

And night came, and she laid her child down to rest, and again sat working and watching. She kissed it when its low cry startled her in the midnight silence, and hushed it again to sleep, for it wanted food, and that she had not. The morning came, but it was still night to her, and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over her frail soul like the shadow of a great but silent misery. She hurried on, in the delirium of extreme weakness, that she might complete the wretched work she had, and get food for her famished child. Intense suffering, long watching, hunger, cold, and cruelty, had blanched a cheek which had been more fair than snow, and had carved wrinkles like those of age upon a youthful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly shadow, not to her—as to those in comfort—terrible, but welcome. And thus, from hour to hour, and from day to day, that mother labored for her lonely child, while he whose heart should have beat with the devotion of love for her whom he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should have ever been ready to defend her, deeming nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, which could bring food and comfort to a woman's constant heart, came only to rob her of her last morsel, and to add fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses.

One morning, after she had been toiling long in cold and hunger, she became too weak to labor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to kiss her babe, and to ask a blessing on its head from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent down above its little shadowy form, her sorrows overwhelmed her as she fell down beside her child and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her—with none to nourish her in her distress of heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that sweet peace which comes to the aching heart when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and better too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dying, and in the unconsciousness of temporary death, she knew it not.

She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness so dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, and the grim, bitter realities became palpable once more; and as consciousness returned, she was startled from her partial dream by the icy chill which fell upon her when she touched her child. She shrieked wildly, and fell upon her face in the maddening agony of despair—"My child, my child, oh, my child!" she cried, and tore her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, and turned round to look upon the babe, whose soul had passed into that better sleep from which there is no waking. She crossed its cold wasted form, and bathed its little marble face with scalding tears.

"Oh, my child!" she sobbed, "my poor child! murdered by its father's hand, the victim of his cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked and the good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bosom, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone, the last link of my heart's affection is broken; Father of mercies, listen to the supplications of a childless mother!"

That step! and the blood goes back to her heart like an icy flood, and every pulse is withered, as with a bleak and desolating frost; she holds her breath, and with the dead child in her arms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, and in the silence of despair and terror asks her God to bless and protect her, and to soften his heart in such an awful moment as this. He came to the threshold of the room, and fell prostrate on the floor as he attempted to approach her; he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he lay, muttering, in broken and inarticulate words, the most horrible oaths and imprecations. The mother spake not, for even then she could have prayed for him in her heart, and blessed him with her tongue; ay, and still labored for him with her hands, if by such she could win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her, but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness, and of tears.

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again demanded what money she had; she gave him a few half-pence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed. To know that he had gone to procure the poison on which he fed, with this last remnant of midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother's arms; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again, sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart's broken hope beside her; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared for neither her nor it, and who would desecrate by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been more dear to her than her own life; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that she still lived to hear him curse her in the very place where death had so lately been; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from which it would never more awake, and that her own terror made her speechless when she would have told him;—all this was a torrent of sorrow, before whose overbearing force her wintered heart gave way, and she sank down upon the floor, with her dead babe in her arms, senseless.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell, and wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds. Far away from her cold and solitary room; far away from hunger, wretchedness and tears, far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clasped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sunbright waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening lie folded up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon. Through flowery pastures and falling waters, perfumed gardens and star-lighted solitudes, where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother's new-born soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubim were worshipping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud—"My child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purpled blooms, and from the odoriferous sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply. And now a joyous troop of star-light seraphs sailed towards her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clasping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what

bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child whom she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banished!

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

DODWORTH'S HALL: The platform at Dodworth's Hall, N. Y., will be occupied as follows: March 18 and 25, JASON F. WALKER, of Glens Falls. April 1 and 8, Mrs. URBAN CLARK, of Auburn. April 15, G. B. STEBBINS, April 22 and 29, N. FRANK WHITE.

WARREN CHASE speaks at West Winfield, N. Y., March 18th; Syracuse, March 25th; and in Oswego, during April. He will go from Oswego to St. Louis in May, via Buffalo, Cleveland, and Terre Haute. Friends on that route, or on the Mississippi above St. Louis, will address him during April, at Oswego, N. Y.

J. M. PEEBLES speaks each Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich.

MRS. FRANCES O. HYZER will speak in Cleveland the first three Sundays in April.

REV. SAM'L LONGFELLOW speaks in Brooklyn every Sunday at the church corner of Congress and Clinton streets.

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

L. JUDD PARDEE will answer invitations to speak. Address Louisville, Ky.

G. B. STEBBINS may be addressed at Rochester, New York, for a few weeks. He will occupy the platform at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday, April 15.

WILLIAM DENTON, AND ANNE DENTON CRIDGE.—These valued co-workers in the Reform field, start from Cleveland early in April, going as far west as Dubuque. They will answer calls to speak at intermediate points.

Wm. DENTON gives full courses on Geology and Theology. ANNE D. CRIDGE speaks on the Rights of Babies, Psychometry, Self-Cultivation for Woman, Harmonical Education, &c. Address, Cleveland, Ohio.

JASON F. WALKER will speak at Dodworth's Hall, New York, the third and fourth Sundays of March. He can visit points in the vicinity during the weeks following March 12th. Address, Glens Falls, N. Y.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM speaks morning and evening at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street, New York.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during March at Philadelphia.

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, of Newark, N. J., speaks at Goldbeck's Music Hall, 765 Broadway New York, every Sunday evening.

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.

JOHN MAYHEW, M. D., will labor after the first of March through Illinois and Iowa. His address is Pontiac, Mich.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, the venerable ex-speaker is now in the lecture field, speaking in behalf of human rights. His home and address is at Jefferson, O.

F. L. WADSWORTH spends the four Sundays of March at Lyons, Mich.; Syracuse, N. Y., April 1 and 8; Utica, 15th; Troy, 22 and 29.

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

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

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R. P. AMBLER will speak in Rockford, Ill., the two last Sundays of March; in Milwaukee, during April; in Cincinnati, the last three Sundays of May and first Sunday of June.

BENJ. TODD will labor in Michigan and Indiana until the middle of April. Address, Elkhart, Ind.

MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture in St. Louis the two last Sundays in March. April 1st and 8th in Terre Haute, Ind., and April 15th and 22d in Cincinnati, O.

E. V. WILSON will lecture the 18th and 25th of March, in Waukegan, Ill. During April, between Waukegan and Cleveland. Parties wishing to engage his services east of Cleveland, will address him at Cleveland, up to the 1st of May.

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