

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

The Associate Editors will occasionally use the Pseudographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the levity, utility, and economy of the system.

Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article that we are, therefore, prejudiced against it; or, that we do not like its author's sentiments hostile to us. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers desire for only the editor's perusal) should be supercribed "private" or "confidential."

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

We have one important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as possible.

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

Questions and Answers.

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

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Book of Life.

MARY M. T., BROOKLYN.—"MR. DAVIS: Frequently while reading your Answers to Correspondents, (from the most of which I get some new mental nutrition,) I meet with the expression 'Book of Life,' &c. Now as I know you do not accept the popular orthodox theory of a Recording Angel and a Day of Judgment, I am at a loss to determine your real meaning. Will you please explain?"

ANSWER: The Book of Life is composed of the human body and mind. The lids are made of the body, the foibles of the mental faculties. Upon their leaves are written the many divisions of the individual from the path of rectitude. The recording angel is the Law of Right, or the central positive principle in Nature, which is Harmony. The mark of transgression is upon the brow. The individual—the Book of Life—is immortal; it soon passes away to the Spirit Land. The record of individual life appears on the "Living Tree." This is manifest in their deformity and decrepitude—in their inability immediately to advance with the higher spirits upon the eternal highway of Love and Wisdom.

The Individuality of Character.

MATTHEW F. C., NEW YORK.—"DEAR SIR: I understand by what you write that we have three understandings: First, the innermost, which is from God; the second, from our parents; the third from our surroundings. And I understand from you that the innermost is *the same in all*, but the second creates the individuality; and yet that, finally, the innermost rises above all. Now I cannot understand exactly what constitutes our 'individuality' after we shall have progressed beyond our hereditary and educational characters. I hope you will make this matter plainer."

ANSWER: Individuality is externalized by means of the *shape* of the innermost. That is, the particular combination of the temperaments, which was the foundation of our individuality from the first moment, remains forever the seal of personal distinction. Overcoming the defects of birth or parentage, and harmonizing one's inner life with the peculiar type of organization inherited, does not necessitate the obliteration of the individuality.

We teach that it is required of every one to become *perfect* in accordance with his particular type of character, or combination of temperaments. Every organization has a beauty, a superiority, and a destiny of its own. It is necessary that we employ wisdom in overcoming all such hereditary predispositions and educational defects as are found, by experience or otherwise, to antagonize with the frost and fullest expansion of the innermost. This innermost life—when permitted to live, easy, spontaneous, and natural development—will assume and remain eternally in the *shape* of the type of individuality which each particularly represents. It is not the hereditary organization, remember, but the transmitted defects of parental organization, which we are admonished to overcome.

The Three Characters.

P. M. M., NEW YORK.—"DEAR SIR: You speak of the *innermost* of Character. Please say what you exactly mean by the *three Characters* which you seem to find in all human nature."

ANSWER: We mean just this: First, every man's *innermost* life is divine, the Character of which is derived from the joint contribution of the Infinite Father and Mother, or God and Nature. Second, every man's *mid-most* and intermediate life is derived from his finite parents or the earthly father and mother; and its Character is in accordance with the combination of temperaments which they (the parents) involuntarily transmit. Third, every man's *outer*, or superficial life, is derived from the sphere of circumstances which he is molded and fashioned after birth; and the character thereof is likened unto the Character of the circumstances which gain ascendancy over his feelings, and sway his judgment.

Respecting the period of the formation of the external Character, there can be no great difference of opinion. The completion of the work is commonly supposed to be between the years of sixteen and twenty-five. Undoubtedly the habits of some precocious youth become permanently established as early as the first mentioned age; while many

others, slower of ripening, pass twenty or twenty-five before they may be said to have molded their Character.

In this world the external form of Character is most valued. You remember Shakespeare's comparison between property and the worth of a good name:

"Good name in man, and woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

"Twas mine; 'tis his, and has been slave to thousand;

"But he that fliest from me my *good name*,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

We desire external character as the *dust* of progression. The peculiar qualities of the spirit are exhibited through the inherited temperaments. These give him fixedness and stability; they suggest and modify his habits and manners; and our counsel to every Brother and Sister is, to harmonize the life of your interior with the requirements of the shape of the middle Character. This harmonizing process implies the overcoming of whatever is defective and discordant as inherited or acquired.

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Is our ignorance which gives us these imperfect conceptions of what is? And shall we, in the investigation of the spiritual philosophy, jump at conclusions, taking the wide leap to come short and fall in the gulf of human fallibility—a fallibility which inheres in the teachings of spirits as well as mortals?

I am willing to accept the application in my own case—an a learner—find my seat not among the great and noble of earth, but my teachers are kind, indulgent, and bid me test everything by the straight line of *law*. "PHILADELPHIA" comes as a monitor, and calls for the rehearsal of my lesson. As I learn, I repeat it to him. I can do no better now. With all these mortal cares how beautiful is life!

Another Explanation.

LEROY, Medina Co., Ohio, Sept. 7th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent, PHILADELPHIA, wants clearer definitions of the objects said by spirits to exist in the spiritual world, or the world of imagination.

I would briefly state what they have told me—that the views given by them to mediums, both of their own forms and those of natural scenery, are merely pictorial, and have a prophetic design; that is, are intended to represent what will be. They neither mean to teach us, as a finality, that there is no reality after death, nor that there is real form and substance in our atmosphere where they temporarily exist; but something between these and reconciling them, to wit: that though there is no real form and substance now, other than "the stuff that dreams are made of," yet a real world will be attained by a new conception in the human race to which they belong, thus giving them a new lease on life in this world. And this process to be continued indefinitely.

It seems to be a compensation granted to the temporary disembodied life, that they are allowed a full and marvellous action to the imagination, and the spirits are remarkably fond of pictorial and dramatic entertainment. Hence dreams, visions, and clairvoyant revelations.

I know that I am teaching a new doctrine, and that is ignored in this country and age. But I trust to the magnanimity of the editor.

G. L. BURNSIDE.

For the Herald of Progress.
Spiritualism vs. the Harmonial Philosophy.

BY F. T. LANE.

Spiritualism holds the same relation to the Harmonial Philosophy, that the Alphabet does to the English Language.

Spiritualism is the primary department, wherein we learn the alphabet of Nature. Spiritualism is elementary; the Harmonial Philosophy is constructive. One is adapted to our spiritual infancy; the other, to the higher condition of developed manhood.

It is one thing to know the alphabet, but quite another to be able to read and write correctly. It is one thing to be a "Spiritualist"—to know the alphabet of Nature—but it is quite another to read intelligently and correctly those same alphabetical combinations, which make up the volume of Nature's Revelations of God to Man. For example: It is a truth entirely self-evident, that "Whatever is, is right"—but the *how* and the *why* of that "right" will never be fully explained so long as the finite remains less than the infinite.

To read from Nature's volume is a work of the present not only, but also of the future life. Mankind are beginning to read the simpler inscriptions around them—such as "God is Love," but the fine print—the imponderable elements—is but a blank page to the sensuous vision.

The intuitional powers are man's interpreters of the Divine Revelations of Nature, and each progressive step brings a fresh translation.

He is a Spiritualist who recognizes the super-mundane source of certain phenomena, but he who, in addition thereto, uses wisely and well his intuitional powers, produces harmony out of what would otherwise be to him discordant elements, and therefore such a person is entitled to the name of Harmonist. Thus all harmonic believers are Spiritualists, but all Spiritualists are not harmonic believers. Spiritualists quote the "spirits" as authority, but the harmonic believer quotes himself. This faith in oneself is not "egotism," for it is evident that we must have faith or confidence in ourselves before we can exercise that faith towards others. Indeed, our interpretation of Nature is simply a reflection of ourselves—man being an embryonic universe.

Spiritualism is antagonistic, hence it is rending the temple of Old Theology. Harmonial Philosophy, on the other hand, is re-constructive. Hence it will build up a spiritual temple symmetrical and beautiful in its every part. The external phenomena of modern Spiritualism are of the earth, earthly. Hence they shall pass away. The Harmonial Philosophy shall take its place, but too shall ultimately follow in the footsteps of the former, for who shall say the best harmonic conditions of to-day, shall not, in process of time, be to us the veriest discord? So long as men continue progressive beings, so long will they be in a transitional state. The ERAS in man's history are the culminating points in his progression.

Many have reached the culminating point in the Spiritualistic epoch. With such, the spirit of condemnation is giving place to a heaven-born Charity. They find that faith in themselves begets a faith in behalf of the

universal brotherhood of man. The serenity of their own souls gives them a dispassionate view of all around them. They see an "angel side" to every one. From the overflowing bounty of Fraternal Love comes a sweet peace, like that which filled the chamber of Adam Ben Adon, when the recording angel wrote his name, as one who "loved his fellow-men."

The Harmonial Kingdom cometh not with observation; nor with external signs and miracles. The Spiritualistic condition requires rayings, tipplings, the raising of ponderable bodies, oracles or mediums, &c.; but the Harmonial believer looks to the *reality of silent influences* for the most efficient agents in propagating his faith. The energies of his whole nature concenter in that mighty agent, the WILL POWER, thereby enfolding friend and foe with those benignant influences that shall ultimately redeem the whole family of man.

For the Herald of Progress.
The Foundation of Virtue.

"1st. What makes a thing right? that is, we call certain things right, and certain things wrong, but what makes them so?"

"2d. By what means can you tell whether a thing is right or wrong? that is, what is your standard of judgment?"

"3d. What assurance have you that what you suppose to be right, or suppose to be wrong, really is so?"—*Questions by a Correspondent.* (See HERALD OF PROGRESS, No. 35.)

ANSWER BY L. R. S.

I conceive the above questions to be among the most important that ever came before the human mind for an answer. They have respect to the foundation, or the reasons for Virtue. If there be no adequate reasons for Virtue, in the nature and constitution of things, then, indeed, we must admit that "Whatever is, is right," in a sense to signify that there is no real difference between Virtue and Vice. But certainly it needs no argument for showing that there is an essential difference between Vice and Virtue, as is determined by the moral sense inherent in the race. All men have a sense of right and wrong, and hence it is not unreasonable to suppose that the PRINCIPLE which determines what is right, between man and man, must inhere in man's nature.

The nature of man is older than all books, all creeds, all societies, all governments; and in this nature we find five RELATIONS, out of which all obligations to Virtue grow; and by Virtue is meant goodness, justice, and integrity of character toward all men. But what is Justice? What is the right in any case, and what makes it so? This question answered, and we know what is wrong, because the reverse of right is wrong, always,

righteousness, or right acting toward all men.

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Laws and Systems.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
Signs of Progress.

A COUNCIL OF BAPTIST MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

BROTHER DAVIS: Will you give space to the following "Defense," made in August last, before a council composed of Baptist ministers and laymen, in Belleville, Ill. No specific charges were presented till the time of trial, so that the defense, prepared beforehand, was only in view of the general charge of being a *Spiritualist*, which I supposed would be among others.

On the day of trial, these specific charges were brought against me: First, I had said that a sermon some months previous had been dictated by spirits. Second, that I did not believe the whole Bible to be the word of God. Third, that I preferred modern spirit revelations to the Bible.

At the close of my defense, other charges were added, and a vote passed, recommending to the church, of which I was a member, to exclude and depose me from the Baptist ministry.

MY DEFENSE.

DEAR BRETHREN: I can sympathize with you on the present occasion, in view of the circumstances which have led to my citation before you as an ecclesiastical tribunal. I am not altogether unacquainted with the reasons impelling you, knowing them to be strong enough, at least, to warrant honesty of purpose. Painful, no doubt, it is for you, laboring under a supposed necessity of thus convening, and I am sorry to be the cause of pain to you; but such things do not unfrequently happen among men. Mere *feeling* could and would have prompted me to spare you all this disagreeableness. I could and would have still conformed to generally received opinions, if the dictates of sympathy and feeling had been a proper substitute for deep conviction; but as they could not be, I was constrained to give way to higher authority. The reasons, however, for your coming together, do not seem to me well grounded; hence I appear here to-day through brotherly regard, rather than through appreciation of any authority vested in you to test my beliefs. And it shall be my aim, in addressing you, to be governed by a spirit of genuine good will, without which discussions and deliberations of this kind are of little benefit.

You object to Spiritualism. Well, I do not know as I am surprised at it, for I expect almost every one, looking on it from a certain standpoint, can but regard it as one of the "base," "despised" things of earth; but which, nevertheless, are often chosen for a beneficial end. God is never very careful to suit himself to men's high notions of what is either true or appropriate, but patiently works out His own problems, without soliciting human counsel. The foolishness of God is said by an ancient writer, supposed then to be an infidel, to be wiser than men.

As to Spiritualism outwardly, I here remark, some, no doubt, have been more curious than wise, more bent on bewildering speculation than useful research, yet very many to their joy have experienced gratifying and permanent results. Among this latter class, I would be reckoned, notwithstanding my investigations of the subject date back but a few months. I regret they did not commence earlier. In this, however, you may not agree with me; yet I trust you will have the ability to grant me the right and ability of judging my own state of soul.

Accustomed as we all are to judge our neighbor erroneously, as to what he may, or may not have been the subject of, inwardly, I fear your minds to-day are too much prejudiced against Spiritualism, to even listen with candor to my remarks. Be this as it may, I shall speak as truthfully and unqualifiedly as the case demands; for I want you to know just what I am, where I am, and what has made me so, and I think I can speak so as not to be misunderstood.

I am a Spiritualist. I do believe the spirits of departed relatives and friends have communicated with me. I do feel they have given demonstrations of their presence: if in this I am mistaken, then I do not know why I ought not to consider my existence as imaginary. The evidence on this point I would like to present before you if it were best, but other matters being, as I think, of more importance, I pass over identifying testimony. Suffice it to say, however, that a man must believe the evidence of his own senses; demonstration is better than argument; and if any person, in any past age, has had reason to believe truth, because of evidence presented to the nature of prophecy, for instance, as in the case of the Samaritan woman, and of Nathaniel—the one when told by a stranger she had five husbands, the other when he had been seen in a marvellous manner under a fig tree—if these, we say, had reason to call Christ a prophet or the Son of God, then I, and thousands of others, have had good reason to believe Spiritualism to be of God.

But it is not hard to see that men are naturally more disposed to rely on what was demonstrated to mankind long ages ago, than on what may be demonstrated before their own eyes. It is rather a serious charge to make, I confess; yet does not all past history sustain me? It is not unlikely that if the very best witnesses in the land should, without discrepancy of testimony, relate all the marvels of Spiritualism in your hearing, you

would be utterly incredulous. And why? Because it is taking place now, in the nineteenth century, rather than eighteen centuries ago. You almost *firmly* believe what took place then, but what transpires now, although, if the sight of the eye and hearing of the ear are anything, not more unreal than the wonders of that day, you are disposed to pronounce nonsense. Are you sure, Brethren, that this is the correct way of testing any matter? Is it not likely to array an individual against God, against progress in every respect, rather than to assist in "proving all things?"

Not many hundred years ago, you remember of reading, perhaps, that a poor, crazy-headed man (so called) undertook to declare that the earth turned round! What a heaven-defying assertion! Orthodoxy, as is not unfrequent, was startled from its equilibrium, as though Old Earth had been convulsed. It was seized with a holy horror, and began to invent the hottest torments for his fearfully wicked soul. Now, if the Bible had said this, or if it had been found in the decision of some magistracy, it would not have been so foolhardy; but, it may be presumed, that because in that particular age the fact was discovered or observed, which indeed was contrary to inspiration impliedly, the church must not submit to it. The poor man was imprisoned and barely escaped death.

It is just such shocks as this, my Brethren, which will carry orthodoxy overboard, for the "earth does move in spite of it." The opposers of Christ, you remember, said, concerning the slayers of them whose sepulchers they garnished: "If ice had lived in their day we would not have committed this great wrong." For it had been held up to their indignation, causing, we know not how much formal depreciation, and had been worn as an outward badge of their horror against evil, while *within*, was discoverable an intent equally unrighteous.

A reverence for the past seemed to blind them as to the present; hanging around the neck of the adorable *past*, made them unconscious and oblivious of any beauty in the *present*; all who did not speak in unvarying praise of the *past*, came only of evil, and were to be shunned and loathed. Demonstration was nothing, miracles were nothing, working good to all men was worse than nothing; it was *heresy*. But the fact that Christ did not agree with Moses, the man of the *past*, was a sufficient death warrant, his life must be the forfeit.

It would be unjust to say that men, now, are as much prone to this folly as they were so many centuries ago, yet is there not an aptness to do in a smaller degree what we have condemned others for doing in a larger degree. I hope for your sakes, Brethren, that your action to-day will not savor too much of reverence for this inevitable "*past*."

J. W. THWING.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.
Did Spirits Light the Way?

ADDITIONAL FACTS AND REASONS.

CONSTANTINE, Mich., Oct., 1860.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Permit me to address myself particularly to "E. W.," who writes in the HERALD of July 24th, to the end that testimony may be added to the article of May 12th: "Spirits Light the Way." To do this I will relate two facts:

In the latter part of February, or the first of March, 1852, in company with my husband and an infant child, I went to spend an evening with a small party of neighbors at the house of a friend, more than a mile distant from our own residence. We lived near the bank of one of those beautiful Little Lakes, so numerously dispersed over the surface of the "Peninsular State."

The lake was frozen over with ice, perhaps a foot thick, and covered with an inch or two of snow. Our friend lived directly on the opposite bank from us. The lake in that direction was a mile in width. I took my husband's arm and we enjoyed a most delightful walk. The evening passed pleasantly, and, to us, rapidly away, until a late hour, when one of the company, having been out of doors, came in and remarked that there had been a very sudden change in the weather, adding that the "water spirit" was beginning to shriek.

Being of a timid disposition, I felt immediately alarm, and took occasion to pass unnoticed from the company into the open air, for the purpose of making my own observations. The sky was darkly overcast with clouds; a brisk breeze was blowing from the south, and off the lake; nature seemed to my startled fears to assume a threatening appearance: what she was going to do I could not tell; my only fear was that the ice would become unsafe. I walked down by the water's edge, and there, at the lone, dark hour of midnight, listened to the hoarse bellowing and wild weird shrieks of what, in legendry, is termed "The Water Demon."

What would I not have given to have been safely across that expanse of water! My judgment told me that as yet there was scarce a possibility of danger, yet a terrible fear had taken possession of me, to which my reason bowed in terror. I thought I would inform my husband of my apprehensions, well knowing that, however unfounded they might be, he would treat my feelings with the utmost consideration. Remembering that the dashes around the lake, owing to its irregular shape, was two miles and a half, through

woods, with no better road than a foot-path, I thought a proposition to walk around was not only impractical but ungnerous, without a certainty that danger really existed.

While thus reasoning with myself, and vainly striving to rise superior to my apprehensions of danger, I saw, far out in the darkness, (according to my best judgment near the center of the lake,) a beautiful, brilliant star. Its light above the surface of the ice was not more than ten or fifteen feet; it was for a time stationary. At first, I knew not its significance, but felt that it was a "guiding star," a "beacon light." When I received the idea that the light was for my benefit, it glided or darted along until from its distance I knew it had crossed the lake, and, as near as I could determine, at the spot we usually designated "our landing." There it seemed to flutter like a bird, showing a greater brilliancy than before, and disappeared.

My fears instantly vanished. I knew that all would be well. How I could feel so much confidence was not then comprehended so well as at present; now I know that it was by spirit impression.

When we started home we found the ice cracked in several places, and the water oozing up and flowing over it, so that, with the melting snow, the ice was nearly covered with water. I suppose that at that hour there was no danger, but the next day none dared to venture upon it; and the day following it was entirely broken up.

I never think of that walk across the ice without feelings akin to terror; yet it was performed with the confidence that we would do it in safety. My own opinion now is that the spirit who gave the beautiful assurance of safety, knew that no danger yet existed; had it been otherwise the star would have directed around the lake instead of across.

In the autumn of the same year, I accompanied my husband to a village some miles distant, where business detained him until a late hour in the evening. The night was exceedingly dark, so that it seemed indeed a perilous undertaking to travel in a light, single conveyance, over a road not more than safe in daylight. We felt that nothing short of helpless little ones at home could induce us to attempt such a drive on such a night; but a feeling that we must go home prevailed over every other consideration.

We had gotten but fairily into the woods, when the same kind of a star appeared, directly before us, that I had seen on the lake. We saw it, and at once felt assured that we should arrive in safety at home. We saw but one light, and did not see it all the time. It always appeared directly in the road before us, and not apparently higher than a man's head. If we felt in doubt of our way, or particularly apprehensive of danger, it would immediately make its appearance, showing that its movements were guided by intelligence. As near as we could judge, it kept the middle of the road, and not apparently higher than a man's head. At times it would dart along with an undulating motion for several rods, and then disappear. Thus it continued until we arrived at our own gate, when it started off in a direct line, and disappeared near the locality of the house.

bathe the arms and legs with warm water containing as much mustard or red pepper as the skin will bear without blistering. Then manipulate downward rapidly until the surface is quite red and sensitive with the friction and irritation. Stop all food, and give only a teaspoonful of water at a time. Use frequent cold compresses upon the throat. Give from one to three warm water enemas each twenty-four hours. The wet sheet pack is good when the surface is dry and hot. In extreme cases, where suffocation seems unavoidable, apply fresh beetroot compresses to the throat. Rather than permit the disease to proceed, bathe the patient's extremities every two hours.

Medicine for Scrofulosis.—Let no patient expect to be healed by the performance of miracles. "Vicarious atonements" are dangerous in theory and impossible in practice. You must individually deserve the possession of every luxury. If, therefore, you would be healed of eruptive diseases, etc., salt rhubarb, &c., let your table-habits be righteous and reasonable. Cancerous and scrofulous constitutions cannot be too careful about the solids and fluids which they eat and drink. In addition to directions which we have been impressed to give in former numbers of this journal, we will suggest the following beverage for scrofulous individuals: Mountain dittany; yellow dock, siccancum, and comfrey roots, of each eight ounces; white-pine, wild-cherry, and butternut barks, of each five ounces; ginseng chips, blue flag, and licorice-root, of each two ounces; break these ingredients together; put them into an iron vessel, and thicken them one week in three quarts of brandy; then add three gallons of water, and steep the mixture over a slow fire for one whole day; add the same quantity of water, and boil the whole rapidly down to nearly three gallons; then strain it immediately. After this liquid is perfectly cold, add half an ounce of the muriated tincture of iron, one quart more of good brandy, and bottle it very tight.

This preparation (as we said in the "Physician") may be regarded as wine. It may be diluted with water and sweetened with sugar, as the patient's taste and strength demand. Whenever thirst is experienced, and while eating such articles of food as are prescribed by experience, this pleasant and highly potent beverage may be used as wine. It may be much diluted—even a tablespoonful of this wine to a gill or two gills of water—and it will assist the diseased structures to harmony.

This *beverage* should be made and taken for at least one year, with occasional intervals. It is designed for those various cutaneous conditions already named, which are the incipient manifestations of the cancerous or scrofulous tendencies of the system; but it is particularly good, as a constant drink, for such constitutions as are already suffering with the cancerous or scrofulous formations.

The Press a Conservator of Public Morals.

THE PHYSILOSTIC HERTSTONE.—It was expected that the domestic affairs of Mr. John C. Heenan would be stripped of the gauze of mystery with which they have been clad, and denuded for the scrutiny of the public, in the March number of *The Herald of Progress*. The present case of congenital relationship between the Champion of the World and that equally versatile and accomplished artiste, Adah Isaacs Menken, should then and there have been adjudicated. The *Beneicia Boy*, by which homelike title it is most proper herein to know him, arrived breathless from a legal set-to in the city of Buffalo, and calmly awaited the call to time. The *Beneicia Girl*—to which fond title she would now formally lay claim—did not appear, and the mortification which her absence caused to a crowd of society curiosities was reflected in a pitch almost of despair when her counsel, after waiting long and vainly, adjourned the case till to-morrow. It is thought a motion will be made to postpone it still further, to January, to afford opportunity for the securing and arrangement of some important testimony, which will confer the belt of bachelorette upon Knight Heenan, and consign the lovely Adah to the unprotected exercise of her many charming accomplishments. May the best win!

We copy the above from the *Daily Tribune*, not for the purpose of giving additional publicity to private scandal, but simply as an illustrative paragraph, representing the too frequent method, on the part of the press, of dealing with affairs that only become public through the necessary agency of courts of law.

The *Tribune* attempted some years since, to introduce in its police reports, a species of light burlesque sketches by Doesticks. The effort was to make the offences of the erring contribute to the amusement of the public—to give a humorous coloring to painful pictures—a bright dress to dark deeds. The better part of its readers frowned down the attempt most indignantly. Parents would not consent to place before their sons and daughters police records made thus inviting and amusing; and the "new feature" was abandoned.

We still observe, however, the same tendency among most city or local editors, to humorous recitals of the saddest events within the range of newspaper record. These efforts to render attractive by an atmosphere of gaiety and wit, occurrences really gloomy and painful, have a moral influence nearly as bad as Jack Sheppard, and similar dramatic representations. Moralists have deplored the corrupting influence of the stage, but overlooked the important aid extended by the newspaper press to the cause of popular romantic vice! The press has become more the vehicle of private scandal, personal gossip, and criminal incidents, than of valuable information or profitable narration. News reporters hesitate not to invade the most private sanctuary, and trample upon the tenderest, holiest ties, in their anxiety to secure a spicy paragraph. A premium is in fact offered by our city daily, for *secretly executed* crimes; and the proudest ambition of the most depraved character is gratified, when his blackest deeds are recorded with minuteness of detail, in the reporter's most brilliant style.

It is fearful to contemplate the utter apparent heartlessness of the public chroniclers

of news. As the police, by familiarity with crime, become brutal and unfeeling in their treatment of criminals, so do many reporters, by a constant effort to make interesting the dark page of human actions, become oblivious to more noble impulses, and learn to treat all the poor and suspected, as if they were moved by demoralizing influences.

In this connection we cannot forbear quoting what we conceive to be a just statement of the true mission of city editors, clipped some time since from an Albany daily:

"There is an appetite for highly colored narratives, fascinating police sketches, and low personalities, that seeks its gratification in the preparation of the local items of city papers. Already has it served to mold them to a degree altogether hazardous to public morals. There are papers expressly devoted to these low purposes, and unless every daily paper is to be converted into a police gazette, it would seem most fit to leave the work for that class of publications. The few individuals who constitute the police department, are, at the hands of the local writer, made the heroes of a hundred brilliant adventures, until they become individuals of the highest importance in the history of the city. Hundreds of citizens are passed unnoticed, while the every act of the police constable and magistrate is heralded. The thousand and one good deeds transpiring—the many acts of kindness, forbearance, charity, and love—go unrecorded; while the first crime of one, however weak or sorely tempted, with every trifling violation of the rules of right, is published to the world. And why is this? Are there important lessons drawn from these every-day occurrences, or are they dressed up by a skilful pen into a pleasing shape, and made attractive to young and impressionable minds? Alas! the latter is too frequently the case."

If a crime is committed of such a character that the public will be safer, or essentially wiser or better for its publication, it should at once be put in print. But with no end of this kind in view, as conservators of the public morals, we deprecate all polished police sketches, all repetitions of witty slang expressions, all low personalities. The city department of a paper—emphatically the family department—should be free from the least taint of corrupting sentiment, or the presence of ungodly language."

We could find ample illustrations of the extent to which the press labor to create a morbid, unhealthy taste on the part of young readers; but it will suffice to give from the *Tribune* the next day's item, relating to the same affair as our first quotation:

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HEENAN.—The great social question—whether the Champion of the World, Mr. J. C. Heenan, has ever come within the matrimonial ring, and if so, whether his fair conqueror was the gushing young postess, Miss Ada Isaacs Menken, most wait still longer for definite solution, for in the Marine Court yesterday a motion prevailed, on behalf of Mr. Heenan, suspending further action in the case until January. Till then, let rumor cease wagging her busy tongue, and the tide of domestic affairs flow smoothly on."

We do not propose, nor are we competent from personal knowledge, to discuss the question of fact so flippantly treated by the *Tribune* writer. We would, however, invite attention to the peculiar style of the paragraphs. It may be very facetious and witty to play upon words, and vastly amuse readers congregated in grogeries or saloons. The language of the prize ring is very popular of late, and reporters may be expected to follow in the wake of the popular current. But has it never occurred to the writer that it is barely possible for even persons connected with proceedings at court, to be capable of tender feelings? That it is only those who are lost to all sense of shame, that can regard with indifference, heartless contumely and derision? And that such treatment of any one is not largely promotive of morality; that it neither invites high aspirations on the part of the persons alluded to, or encourages noble impulses in the reader? With words we may say—but not with heart-strings.

The *Tribune* professes the highest reverence for marriage, which its senior editor claims to regard as the most sacred of human relations. Has he not some missionary labor to perform within his own office? Truly no deep and earnest respect for either the marriage institution, or for woman, inspired the writer of the paragraphs we have quoted.

The person whose claims are so freely presented for ridicule, is a talented poet, and a sensitive cultured woman. It is fair to presume she has just grounds for her complaint. At least as yet she stands charged with no crime, and without the taint which newspaper paragraphs inflict, appearances would favor her claims. The truth will some time appear. Till then it is a stretch of charity, to urge the principle of common law, which holds all persons innocent till proved—by more than mere conjecture—to be guilty; and which suggests a suspension of public judgment in spite of all attempts to forestall by contemptible insinuations.

No doubt many readers of the *Tribune* would have been less interested in a simple statement of the facts in the case, than in the writer's attempted smartness. But the public has little interest in the matter at all; and the world would not have suffered had the proceedings of the court and subsequent affairs detailed with great minuteness in the same columns, never been published.

While none may claim immunity from candid searching criticism, every person is entitled to fair, honest treatment, and insulting heartless terms of decision are especially out of place when applied to a woman.

An editor is never to forget, in the statement of any facts, that the parties concerned—each with a large or small circle of friends—have certain interests at stake, and their probable feelings should be consulted. To one possessed of humane impulses, the consideration would occur, of the effect upon these par-

ties, in case either of innocence or guilt. Is it likely that "hardened reprobates," or "fair frail women" would be benefited, their spirits improved by a careless unfeeling mention of their offences? Would not the mantle of charity thrown over the worst features of the offence, touch their hearts, and tend to inspire hope and encourage to better resolutions?

If innocent, who may tell of the sad, silent agony occasioned by false, cruel treatment? And who could marvel if either desperation or despair succeeded? Heaven knows how hard it is for the "pure in heart," to "keep unsplashed from the world," and, if perchance, they have made mistakes, been injudicious or erring, and would retract those false steps, and live again true lives, God pity them if they fall into the hands of soulless newspaper critics.

WHAT PROOF HAVE WE?

The Governor having written to the Warden of Sing Sing Prison, respecting the punishment alleged by Mr. Tilton (in the article we published recently) to have been inflicted on "Tom Kelley," has received a reply to the effect that the facts had been grossly misrepresented, that "he had been punished, but not cruelly, and that the shower-bath was occasionally resorted to, but always under the eye of a competent and humane physician, and that due regard was uniformly had for the physical strength of the person punished."

And there we suppose the matter will rest. But let us ask who defines the term "cruelty," the Warden or Kelley himself? The testimony of one is quite as admissible as the other. Indeed, Kelley's is far better, since he bore the punishment himself. We would suggest to the Governor that the attendants be instructed to give the Warden or other official who imposes these punishments an opportunity to judge from personal knowledge of their severity.

Who vouches for the humanity of the physician under whose eye the shower-bath is always used? and who is present to insure "due regard" for the physical strength of the victim?

More than all, we ask, what need of this care for the "physical strength" of the person punished, or of the presence of a "competent and humane physician," if the punishment inflicted is not *cruel*? The Warden's testimony is hardly consistent. We fear there is too much truth in the "other side."

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¶ The compiler deems it due to A. J. Davis & Co. to state that the copyright is taken out in their name, instead of his own, for prudential reasons.

Notes of Progress.

Dr. E. W. H. Beck writes in behalf of himself and others at Delphi, Ind., recommending to the public "Charlie Holt," a dashing speaker, who has been and is doing good service to the cause in that region. He improves poetry, and gives other evidence of inspiration.

TWO DAYS' REFORM MEETING.

The friends of free thought and progress will hold a two days' meeting, for the purpose of discussing the great reform topics of the day, at the Stone Church in Walcott, Wayne county, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, November 10th and 11th. Alex. G. Donnelly, of Bennington, N. Y., and Geo. W. Jackson, of Prattburgh, will be present as speakers. Others have been invited and may be present.

For order of Committee.

GROVE MEETING AT RILEY.

A correspondent sends us a report of the Grove Meeting held at Riley, McHenry Co., Ill., September 29th and 30th, from which we glean a few facts concerning the meeting.

The attendance was large, and the discussions animated. The leading speakers were Messrs. Todd and Dayton, Rev. H. Kellogg, formerly a Congregational preacher, and Dr. Pease, of Cincinnati, besides two or three "Sisters," whose names are not mentioned. The subject of Mr. Todd's address was, "The Infidel's Faith the Hope of the World." Mr. Kellogg took occasion to rebuke what he regarded as the anti-Christianity and loose morality of certain Spiritualists. He said there were two kinds of Spiritualism—the theoretical and practical—the infidel and reformatory—each to be distinguished by the fruits.

He repudiated the notion that men are to be reformed by "rolling sin as a sweet morsel under the tongue;" by gratifying the lower passions to satiety.

Much of the time was occupied in the discussion of the "Free Love" question. Dr. Pease offered a masterly argument in favor of

the monogamic marriage, and in defense of Spiritualism from the charge of immorality.

We infer from our correspondent's letter, that a healthy ventilation of diverse opinions was had, and that many were disabused of strong prejudices, while sufficient liberty was evinced to allow all an opportunity for free expression of opinion.

MANIFESTATIONS IN MANSFIELD.

The Davenport boys have recently visited Mansfield, O., and held circles for physical manifestations. The demonstrations consisted of showing spirit hands of different sizes and numbers, tying and untangling the medium, playing on musical instruments, speaking through the trumpet, &c. Most of the persons present were satisfied that the boys could not of themselves do what was done.

In the presence of H. M. Fay, a trance and physical medium, our informant writes, that a voice speaking through the trumpet, replied to questions put by the circle, for the space of an hour. The articulation was distinct, and the intelligence of a high order.

The effect has been to somewhat increase the number of inquirers, and to awaken a little interest among church-goers. By and by the fruits will appear.

A HARMONICAL BROTHERHOOD.

From Beaver Creek, Bond Co., Ill., we learn that the friends of progress in that vicinity have recently organized a "Harmonical Brotherhood."

The officers chosen were, President, Wm. D. Henry; Secretary, Geo. Shumway; Committee on Resolutions, Sam'l Avis, Elisha Sharp, W. D. Henry, Henry Sharp, and G. Shumway.

At the first meeting resolutions were adopted advocating free discussion, on a free platform, a practical religion of good works, a disregard of popular mythology, and the equality of woman. The latter resolution we hope to see embodied in the next board of officers, and we predict much interest to follow from the frequent meetings of this new Brotherhood.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—A slave boy was recently burned to death at Tuskegee, Ala., for a crime, the nature of which is not stated.

—The Pope's General, Lamoriciere, made a formal demand for Sunday mails from Rome, declaring that their suppression was a "piece of bigotry quite worthy of English Protestantism, and which only induces idleness in the employees."

—Lady Franklin visited the Women's Library, at the invitation of Miss Powell, and expressed the sincerest interest in the enterprise, promising to add some books to the collection.

—It is stated on good authority that a jeweler's house of this city cleared, from diamonds rented to ladies to wear at the Prince of Wales' ball, enough to pay the rent of which store for a year!

—Dr. Cahill has leased a dwelling at Rome—not in Italy, but in Ossida County—with the intention of becoming a permanent resident there. How much the name may have biased him in the selection of a home is not stated.

—Gov. Moore, of Alabama, has lately manifested his deference to the fair sex in a novel way. It is reported that, finding the penitentiary too full, he has discharged the female convicts to make room for the males!

—It has been estimated that in three years no less than six hundred and fifty thousand rats will spring from a single pair.

—The *Methodist* thus beacons the ball given the Prince of Wales in this city: "Ministers of the Gospel of several different denominations, men who ought to be the nearest representatives of the Saviour of sinners, were there, as if to give the sanction of Christ's authority to the most monstrous earthly vanity. What now becomes of wholesome Christian discipline? What becomes of the line so clearly drawn by Christ between the Church and the world? What of his command to deny ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lust and live soberly, righteously and godly in this evil world? May the Holy Spirit himself intervene to restore the broken bulwarks of sacred discipline, and to trace again the fading line between the aggressive world and the invaded Church."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The City of Washington brings full details of the battle of Volturino.

—The Neapolitans, estimated at 30,000, attacked the Garibaldians on the 1st, and for a time succeeded in driving back the Garibaldians, whose numbers did not reach half theirs.

—Garibaldi went forward, revolver in hand, cheering on his men, and after a desperate fight of eight hours' duration, the Neapolitan forces were broken and routed, and were pursued close under the walls of Capua.

—A brigade of Germans was cut off from the main body of the Neapolitan army and driven to the mountains. The Garibaldians took five thousand prisoners, and it was estimated that the Neapolitans had three thousand killed and wounded. The loss of the Garibaldians was stated at between twelve hundred and two thousand men.

—The royalists subsequently made a sortie from Capua to the rescue of the German brigade, but were repulsed. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle.

—Rumors were current that Capua had surrendered, and that the bombardment of the town was progressing, but neither had been confirmed.

—Garibaldi had called on the King of Sardinia to go to Naples, and to send him 14,000 men immediately.

—The Piedmontese troops had entered the Neapolitan territory.

—It was reported that three of the great Powers had protested against the entry of the Sardinians into Naples.

—Mazzini had quitted Naples, by request of the Pro-Dictator.

—The Pope remained at Rome. Gen. Lamoriciere had returned to France.

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden shanty of sympathy,
Fix'd in the heart of every human soul;
Which by the breath of Kindness when 't is swept,
Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

A SUFERER by a late fire in this city, (at No. 645 Sixth Avenue,) publishes a card in the daily papers for the purpose of publicly thanking one R. MARTIN. We quote:

"This noble and true-hearted man, a poor peddler, who was temporarily boarding with me, sacrificed all his goods, just purchased previous to his leaving for the country, and saved two of my children. Thus, by obeying the impulses of humanity, he lost all he possessed. May our Father in heaven reward him for this noble deed, is the deepest prayer of a thankful father."

"Yours, very humbly,
PETER COHEN."

A NEW MISSIONARY.

The *Tribune* publishes an interesting account of the new temperance movement at No. 28 New Bowery, under charge of Orville Gardner, the notorious prize-fighter, formerly known as "Awful Gardner," who was a subject of the religious revival of three years since.

The *Tribune* thus refers to his career since his conversion:</p

Attractive Miscellany.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

MY MOTHER'S DYING MOMENTS.

BY M. C. CARPENTER.

The waves broke at her feet;

And could the roar of that dark surge

Sound in her ear most sweet?

Higher and higher swelled its wave,

Nearer the billows come;

And could a dark and lonely grave

Outweigh a long-loved home?

'Twas not alone the billows' roar

That fell upon her ear,

But music from that far-off shore

Was wafted sweet and clear:

For angel harps were tuned to cheer

Her faltering human faith,

And angel tongues were chanting their

Triumphal hope in death.

Though him and faltering grew her sight,

It was not on the grave;

She saw a land of glory bright,

Beyond its darkening wave.

The gales that tossed their crest of foam,

Came from that far-off shore;

They whispered of another home,

Where parting is no more.

Lovel faces look upon her now,

And well-known voices speak,

Though when they left her, long ago,

She thought her heart would break.

They beckon her to yonder strand,

Their hymns of triumph swell;

She sees her own—her kindred band—

Earth, home, and friends, farewell."

(From "My Third Book.")

Rescue of a Wrecked Heart.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOUTON.

It was a head—a woman's head.

The Art Union was unusually full that year, and No. 101 hung in an out-of-the-way corner. I had been there several times without noticing it, but that day my eyes chance to rest on it, and I could not withdraw them.

The features were not entirely regular, but lofty, and with strong lines of power. The complexion was a dark, clear olive. The heavy black hair had been put back, as if impatiently, behind the ears, and was twisted in coils about the head. The expression was most remarkable. I had never seen anything like it in a painting. There was fortitude and strong will in the lines about the mouth, and much of conscious strength and patient suffering sat on the broad forehead; but it was reserved to the eyes to tell the story. Those dark, melancholy, despairing eyes, whose glance seemed turned inward, seeking after lost joys. They were wild, they were stern, and yet they were melting with a woman's pain. Far down in their depths was a gleam of love—it must have been a mother's love; for no other could have thronged itself on the desolation of such a sorrow. I looked at it silently a few moments, and then I said aloud, "Hagar." I had no catalogue, but I needed none to know to whom that face must have belonged.

"Yes," said a voice at my side, "you have understood my picture. That is Hagar—the Egyptian Hagar, after she was sent forth into the desert. Ishmael was with her, and the mother-love lived still, while all other human affections were swept away by the fierce hurricane of passion."

It was a low, rich voice which spoke to me. Its music thrilled all along the pulses of my being.

I do not suppose she would have been called a beautiful woman—her face was too faded for that—but once she must have been beautiful exceedingly. I could see, looking into her own eyes, how she had painted the Hagar. She too must have suffered and despaired. Her face was very pale, her eyebrows jet black and finely arched. These, with her jetty hair and eyes, enhanced the apparent fairness of her complexion. But though fair, she was not fresh. As I said, she looked faded, and yet she could not have been old—at the most not more than thirty. There was on her face an expression which made me think that in other days she had wept much, but she looked too proud to weep often now. Genius sat on her forehead, and she seemed to me like one who had grown strong and pure through much suffering.

There was something so singular and unconventional in her speaking to me at all that I hardly knew how to reply. Perhaps some men might, for this has esteemed less, but it was not so with me. I was no stickler for etiquette—a man no longer young, who was poor, and a worker; who had been poor all the days of his life; who must always be poor. I was an artist, too, in my own humble way; that is, I was employed by several publishers in New York to design illustrations for books and papers. I was interested to know this fellow-laborer. I thought I would relieve her embarrassment by appearing as if we had met before. I bowed.

"I do not remember your name," I said, in a tone as if I was trying to recall something which had slipped from my mind. A quiet, half-satirical smile, in which was some kindness but no mirth, crossed her face.

"That is most probable, since you never knew it. No matter; I am Margaret Welch, and you—"

Robert Payson, madam. I wish very much that I could be properly introduced to you, but that seems impossible. Need the fact of our chance meeting be any bar to our further acquaintance? I am a designer. I like to know artists, and there is something in your picture which makes me long to be your friend. May I?"

It was a moment before she answered me. She seemed weighing the question in her own mind. At length she said, slowly:

"I don't see any objection. I have no friends to be troubled at my forming an acquaintance in an eccentric manner. I am very lonely, and I have a human liking for occasional companionship. I am grateful to

you, moreover, for understanding my picture. I had some trouble to get it admitted here, and until you came I have never seen any one stop to look at it."

"You come here, often, then?"

"Yes, I have been here every day since my picture was hung. But I can stay no longer now. This is where you will find me."

She handed me, as she spoke, a catalogue, on which she had been writing for a moment with her pencil. Her name was written in a careless, graceful hand, followed by a street and number which I recognized as the location of a respectable lodging-house not far from my own place of abode.

"Yes; you must go up four flights of stairs, and the door at your right hand will be hers."

The stairs were long and steep.

"What a weary way!" I thought, as I climbed them, "for that delicate woman!"

I knocked, and instantly I heard a tread quick and firm, yet not heavy. She opened the door, and stood holding it until she had looked full in my face. Then she said:

"Oh, it is you! I hardly thought you would come. Will you walk in?"

It was a humble place in which I found myself, though scrupulously neat, and not without some marks of comfort. There was a lounge, which must have done duty for a bed also, two or three chairs, a stove, a table, and, in one corner, a painter's easel. But it was utterly devoid of ornament, save a few pictures that hung upon the wall, in which I recognized the same hand that had painted the Hagar. They were all more or less wild, gloomy, despairing. There was not a single gleam of hope in any—not a bird or a flower, or anything bright and happy. Stern portraiture, they seemed, of human passion.

On the table were water-colors, drawing materials, and a few volumes of such designs as are used for printing calicos and de launes. These were the only books in the room. She was dressed, as she had been the day before, in a plain, somewhat worn black silk, with no ornament or superfluity.

She sat down at the table after motioning me to a chair, and went on with her work with busy fingers.

I took up one of the patterns.

"So you, who can paint Hagar, do these things?" I asked, with some reproach in my voice; for it seemed to me like a desecration of her genius. She understood my tone.

"Yes—why not? I cannot sell my pictures. I must live, and I can get pretty good pay for these."

"Not sell your pictures—such pictures as Hagar? Will you let me try?"

She smiled.

"I have no objections, save that I wouldn't like you to undertake for me such a thankless task. People have sorrow enough of their own. They won't buy it in a painting. They want bright faces and pleasant landscapes—birds and flowers."

I had held the rose-pot in my hand all this time. Now I set it upon the table.

"Speaking of flowers," I said, "I have brought you this rose. Will you please me by taking it? I love flowers, and I should like to think you had this one to keep you company."

A look swept over her face such as I hope few faces ever wore. It was so lost a look—so hopeless, so despairing. She put forth her hands to take the flower. Then, shuddering, she drew them back and covered her eyes with them for a moment.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said, with such a wail in her tones as I never heard going through the cadences of any other voice. "It is not for me—roses are not for me. I wore them once, when I was young. I had not suffered then, or sinned. I gathered them in my mother's garden when I was a child—a little, innocent, happy child—before I had broken her heart. Oh, do not give me roses now—my touch would blast them."

I did not say a single word. I sat there, stricken dumb before her unfathomable despair. Soon she went on in a lower tone—if possible, fuller of pathos than before.

"You meant kindly, I thank you just as much as if I took them. But you do not know what roses mean, to me. You cannot tell what it is to lose all you ever cared for in life, and sit waiting for death, keeping company with ghosts. When I look at those buds I cannot see these chamber-balls around me, or you sitting there. I am walking again through fields of thyme and clover. The sky is blue over my head, and the robin's song pulses downward like a cry of joy. Roses bloom in the hedges, and one by my side with them for a moment.

"Oh, no, no, no," she said, with such a wail in her tones as I never heard going through the cadences of any other voice. "It is not for me—roses are not for me. I wore them once, when I was young. I had not suffered then, or sinned. I gathered them in my mother's garden when I was a child—a little, innocent, happy child—before I had broken her heart. Oh, do not give me roses now—my touch would blast them."

I did not think it was strange that, in such a man, the lady I had met should awaken peculiar interest. Her face, no longer beautiful, was yet magnetic in its power of fascinating the attention. Her voice and manners revealed her, even to my knowledge of the world, as having been born and bred a lady. The strange beginning of my acquaintance with her was the first hit of romance that had ever shot its rosy threads through the somber gray woof of my forty-two years of life.

I went home that night, but I could not sleep. All night long my mind was wide awake; I was making mental sketches, in which every female figure wore the pale, sad face of my new friend. With the first beams of dawn I sprang from my pillow, lighted my fire, and went to work. I never thought of food. I forgot, almost, my own existence. I worked on until after midday. I had succumbed. This was my sketch:

Morning breaking after a night of storm—a turbulent sea—fragments of broken masts and spars scattered along a desolate coast, in sight, only one living thing—a woman, looking steadfastly toward the waters. The waves had washed on shore her only, but in the billows joyous dash of death had gone down friends, hopes, fortune; she had only herself left—only her own living soul. The face was that of Margaret Welch, but a little younger, and her expression was, if possible, intensified.

I was utterly exhausted when the last touch was given. I went out and got a cup of strong coffee and some food. Then, with my nerves steadied, I came back and looked at the sketch. It seemed to me that the stranger might make her appearance; but she did not come, and after a while I started out and went to the street and number indicated on the catalogue which she had given me.

There was something so singular and unconventional in her speaking to me at all that I hardly knew how to reply. Perhaps some men might, for this has esteemed less, but it was not so with me. I was no stickler for etiquette—a man no longer young, who was poor, and a worker; who had been poor all the days of his life; who must always be poor. I was an artist, too, in my own humble way; that is, I was employed by several publishers in New York to design illustrations for books and papers. I was interested to know this fellow-laborer. I thought I would relieve her embarrassment by appearing as if we had met before. I bowed.

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the door. I did not know whether she were wife, maiden, or widow. Never mind; I would inquire for Miss Welch, at a venture."

I rang the bell. I asked the girl who answered my summons if Miss Welch lived there. She evidently took me for the employee of some horticultural establishment carrying home a purchase. She replied, with a carefree tone of her head:

"You come here, often, then?"

"Yes, I have been here every day since my picture was hung. But I can stay no longer now. This is where you will find me."

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Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

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

[Reported for The Herald of Progress.]

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST
SESSION.

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

It was agreed that the evening should be devoted to the narration of spiritual investigations.

The following, (read by Dr. Gray,) was prefaced by the remark—"You know I am not yet quite ready for a martyr's crown; it were therefore better that none should know whose were these groupings for the light of spirit land." Fortunately, the facts have nothing to fear from martyrdom; so we give them in the narrator's language:

I had promised a beloved relative in her last days, that after her decease I would have a head-stone prepared and placed at the grave of her son, who had died many years before. Upon the head-stone was to be the figure of a cross, and under the cross were to be inscribed the "almost last words" of the deceased son. In preparing my sketch of the head-stone and its inscription, doubts were in my mind as to what these "almost last words" were. The mother, who had not been present at his death, had supposed them to have been a line from his favorite hymn. Another near relative, who had been present at his death, had, since the mother's death, told me that this was not the case. I knew that the mother desired no other inscription (with his name and age) than the last comforting words of her son. It was perhaps a strange circumstance that I found myself at the table of a spiritual medium with my sketch in my hand. There were no indications of another presence than our own. It was asked, *wordly*, if the names of the spirit present would be given in writing through the medium. At once both names of the young friend for whose head-stone I had prepared the sketch, were written in full, by the medium. Holding in my hand the little sketch, I inquired, *mentally*, if he could read the writing on the paper. The reply was by raps, in the negative. Having distinctly in my mind the line which his mother had given me as his "almost last words," I inquired, *mentally*, if that line was the correct one. The reply was by raps, affirmative. I then inquired, *mentally*, if I should have that line as the right one inscribed upon his grave-stone. The following communication was immediately and rapidly written by the medium.

"If it pleases you I would. I would that I could inscribe the great truth that I live in this bright and beautiful world. I would do it by dipping the golden pen of knowledge in the bright sunbeam of truth."

I inquired if he had seen his mother in her spirit home. The reply was affirmative. I then asked, *in writing*, if he would tell me how she looked. Immediately the following sentences were written by the medium:

"As when youth had perfected her on earth, only more refined, resembling her former self as the diamond in the rough state resembles one in the highest state of polish. There is no mark of age, but the same gentle dignity is in every motion."

On leaving, I asked if the same spirit would meet me at a time which I specified. The reply was affirmative.

At the time specified by me at the former visit, I was at the table of the medium. The usual indications of spirit presence occurred. I inquired, *wordly*, if the spirit present would give its name through the medium. Immediately, and very rapidly, the medium wrote the following sentence:

"I am here by appointment made by you. (Here both names were written in full.) I believe that you can recognize the name, and you would the person right readily if your interior perceptions were opened."

I asked, *mentally*, if my friend would answer my questions through the medium. The answer to this question was given in connection with the answer to my next question. The next question was asked *mentally*. The question was, Will you try to answer mental questions? The replies to the two questions were in writing, through the medium, as follows:

"No, my dear friend, I wish to talk with you as I was wont to do with all my friends by your questioning. I shall be delighted to answer whenever I can do so."

To my question, *in writing*, Is your present home on another planet? the following response was made in writing through the medium:

"No, my dear friend, why should it be? there are no attractions there for me except it would be to gratify an inquiring mind, and satisfy my curiosity, for I have plenty of that yet. I live in the second sphere and fourth circle of the Brotherhood of advancement called Byleoma, and with those congenial with myself. Shall I define the second sphere and its circles or brotherhoods to you? The second sphere is the spiritual part of this earth yours; has its birth from the essence of life distilled from the immortal life of the earth's productions. It surrounds the earth in a belt-like form; it is the spirit of earth as your spirit is the essence of the body. The circles are the different societies as you would call it on earth; and our refinement of spirit is what decides it for us, as money does on earth in many instances. The Brotherhood are like families of congenial spirits, so you see that it is still all onward and upward, ever governed by the fundamental laws—Reason, the helm, Memory, the grand dispenser of

our pleasures and our joys, the ever constant governess of the Deistic attributes given us to refine and purify and develop."

Question (*mentol*) I thank you. Will you tell me what your employments are?

Answer in writing through the medium: "You need not thank me, for it is my pleasure to please you; so it is all returned by seeing your spirit open its newly awakened perceptions to adopt to itself what mine has learned. I cannot so readily answer your last question to have you understand me, but I shall answer it. It is all of the mind—men—studying the laws of particles that may I may be enabled to make a form whenever I wish."

Question (*written*). Am I to understand that those who have worn the human form can become, like the Almighty, *creators of material objects*?

Answer in writing through the medium: "No, you know that all things at first are particles, that is, an apple is the particles abstracted from the earth, from space, from light and air, and is the component of them. Well, it is this that my spirit is studying, so that if I should want an apple upon a moment's notice, having all the component parts about me, I could make one."

Question (*mentol*). It is then rather *combination*, than creation, is it not?

Answer (*in writing*). "Yes, we do not make the laws, but learn by what laws we can learn of Him to make the articles."

Wishing to extend my inquiries upon this subject, I called soon again to see the medium, but no presence was indicated during the hour that I waited.

Dr. GLOVER: After stating certain facts which occurred in his early experience as an investigator, related that, not many months since, a son of his (a lawyer by profession) had departed this life. The son was not a believer in Spiritualism. A short time before the change, he asked his son if he would communicate with him, if possible, after his entrance upon the new state of being. He replied, (with a tone and look which indicated that the idea was distasteful) and that a compliance with the request not at all to be counted upon, "He would if he could."

After the death, and while the body remained in the house, a friend (not a believer in Spiritualism) testified to hearing loud and frequent raps in the room where the body lay. The origin of these raps elicited the closest scrutiny of his friend and others who heard them as well. Not long after, to wit: on the 18th of June last, the following colloquy, through a medium in this city, occurred between himself, and, as purported, his son's grandfather, Dr. Evans:

"I wish to set you at rest. Your lost one that has passed with me. We allowed him to rap before his form was removed, but after it was laid away, we requested that his spirit might rest to recover the strength that is necessary to give you any satisfaction. He does not know where to come, neither do we wish him to yet.—J. EVANS."

Will you communicate for him at another time?

"He will do so himself. He is still sufficiently altered to do as he likes. He is not altered in that particular, only as his debility has made him so."

Will he be able to communicate in a week?

"I guess in less time than that. I think about Wednesday."

Was he unconscious?

"Yes, about fifteen minutes, so that he thought he had taken a short nap, and spoke to me, thinking it was you, and said he believed he was better; that he was very much refreshed."

Is he not very much disappointed?

"If he is, he does not like to show to us how much, but takes it all as a matter of course. I presume he still thinks it ungentle to seem surprised, though he shows his pleasure."

On the 26th of June (same medium) himself and wife had an interview as follows. The name of his son was Louis N. Glover; familiarly, he was called Lu.

Will you communicate with me?

"No; I am sure I cannot; in fact do not particularly care to, for I am not any more attracted to this Spiritualism than ever, only I made an engagement with you and have kept it as soon as grandfather would let me."

Mrs. G.—Well, Louis, you will talk with me?

"Mother, I would say anything to you. I am glad to find this life as you believed it to be, rather than what I believed it to be, for I can assure you it is very pleasant, though I should have had to have a guide to find you, for I should not have had one idea of where earth or you were. We, grandfather and I, have been at home ever since last Wednesday, trying to make ourselves felt, and grandfather was very well pleased with his success; but I could not feel that warmth return to my spirit that I had expected until this morning; and we came along with you, though I find I can make you take up my line of thought and carry it out. Tell father that I have not yet overcome that impatience that sickness entailed upon my spirit for a time."

Question—(holding a paper in my hand)—Can you see this writing that I hold in my hand?

"I cannot see that writing. I cannot see his mind clearly, not having become an adept at reading minds yet. You know I never act upon reason in my likes and dislikes. It is an impulsive feeling, but I cannot define what it is."

Is it not a bliss that your mind has received?

"I do not think it is. It comes of itself, and, when I see the philosophy of it, Grandfather says it will wear the same as this impulsive will or impatient selfishness, as he names it; for he is my teacher and shows me the truth in a very pleasant way, but gives it in such a light that I shall surely progress beyond it, for he says the elevated part of my spirit is in the ascendant, notwithstanding my peculiarities."

Why do you dislike Spiritualism?

"I think it had another name I could adopt it. I still feel ashamed to be mixed up with it."

Would you not like to talk with your brothers and sisters?

"I would rather talk with them in any other way. I had rather wait."

Would it not contribute to their happiness to get rid of that unfortunate prejudice?

"You know, father, that they will not believe one word of it, and I do not think you take the right way to make them. Let them alone; you say too much. If you stuff a child all the time it is never willing to eat, but if you keep food from it, it will soon ask for it. So it is with others. I can see this now; I did not care any more for the church than father did, but it was more respectable, and besides I must always have the opposite side for argument's sake. It was my profession."

Through this communication I found out that the spirit world was as real as the natural world, and it has been a great satisfaction to me. Had it not been for this knowledge I should have been very unhappy when you left us.

"No; but you ought to know we do not look upon it in that way. I know it was excessive love, but then we have too much, grandfather, to accept blindly. Too much pride to investigate until it is aristocratic; and, confess the truth, you were. As it was, you miss me; and more, that I was so cross and exacting. Give my love to your grandfather. Oh! he raps for me, I am not quite so glib yet with your battery."

Was you present at your funeral?

"I left after making the sounds in the room where my body was. That was immediately after becoming perfectly conscious of my second life."

On or about the 26th of July, under the same circumstances as before, the following:

Louis N.—Am I asking too much when I ask you to come to earth, or is it unpleasant for you to do so?

"No, not particularly so."

Do you live with your grandfather?

"Yes."

Are you progressing in your new state?

"You would see me more absorbed in my new studies than I ever was on earth. I am now showing how simple nature is in her fundamental laws or rules. I just see that reason is the Teacher, the Guide, and Director; and by reason's rule we can measure each law or principle of both mind and matter. It is the rule to be applied to mental and physical; mind or refined matter. I can see this in everything, both of the earth-life and the new birth here. If I were to tell you the truth, I did not in reality believe in a hereafter life; but now see, had reason guided my mind, and had I by her rule measured the productions of nature about me, I should have recognized the upward tendency of nature towards Deity."

Did you come without the assistance of your grandfather?

"No, you misunderstood me; he came with me, but left me for a time."

Have you visited us often at our home?

"Not twice."

Do you spend most of your time in study?

"No; my pleasures take most of it. I do not study in reality, but observation brings enjoyment. I was with you when P. left you, for it was a great knowledge my spirit drank in to see him here, and only clairvoyant. I mean to say, that he is not born into the spirit life, therefore belongs to earth; and as the body was but raised off, the spirit is but clairvoyant."

Did he come morphine?

"Not morphine, but opium; still the bilious, or rather inflation of the bowels would have killed him if that had not. Still it was not his natural birth, and he has to await that. I have talked with him. His pleasures and attractions are all in New York yet, but his wife is to take him to see his brother as soon as he expresses the desire, but it is not born yet."

You are more happy than when on earth?

"Yes, much more. That restlessness of spirit, which was the child of disease, is entirely gone from me, and I am happy."

Do you wish to say anything to your mother?

"Oh no, nothing in particular. I know that she will see it all, and know that it is from Lu, and tell her that when I arise in the morning I have not her kind motherly care to provide the hot food, but I take it from nature's hand, with the fresh dew of her bounty still upon it. Tell her that Lu will always visit her whenever he comes to earth."

Will you ask grandfather if he will give me the portrait that he promised?

"Yes; but I tell you what it is, father, I think it is pretty hard to give it."

In like manner, on the 25th of August, this:

Rap.—Is it you Louis?

"Yes, mother, I have come all that long."

* * * P. was a gentleman who died suddenly at the house of Dr. Glover.

way from home with you. I saw that you was so much disappointed in not seeing me the other day that I came with you, but I now tell you, mother, that though I may know of you wanting me, I cannot come to you instantaneously, for it takes me five hours, even with my present powers of locomotion, to come from my home; so just allow me time or you will get disappointed."

Have you any word to send to the girls?

"What is the use, mother? They are just those who I was, and were I to send them would not take it. I take great pleasure in going to see them, and in being with them, and do not find anything unpleasant, for I love you all much more tenderly and less selfishly than I did, and I only sometimes think that they would not think of me as poor Louis, as I feel myself anything but poor, certainly."

Do you find it more agreeable than you expected?

"You know what my expectations were, somewhere about nothing."

I suppose you are pleased with the progress you are making in your new situation?

"It is not of much moment to me, the progress. I do not know that I have once thought of it. I am interested in my studies, and this gives me progression without thought."

Can you give me any description of the country you inhabit?

"Well, I do not know. We live in a valley, and have a splendid garden. We use for houses, pavilions, not canvas spread, but just a cover that shelters us after sunset till sunrise. The mountains in the distance are very picturesque, and the starry heavens above are much like yours, only it has a different still softness. The air has a cadence that the spirit feels, and it gives it a calm, quiet sense, that the noisy wind of earth does not. The water, too, has a bounding, sparkling life, that one cannot describe. In fact, I can not describe anything. I must go, but not home, my guide calls me."

Who is your guide?

Many other facts were narrated, which, together with remarks thereon, are omitted for want of room.

Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK.

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DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state.

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

J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Carbondale, Penn.

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G. B. STEBBINS will speak at Ann Arbor, Mich., every other Sunday during the year, and in places in that vicinity when called upon.

JOHN MAYHEW, M.D., will answer calls to speak on the route from Minnesota to New York during the coming winter. Address, Wyoming, Chisago Co., Minn.