

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

A letter X on the margin opposite this notice is made to indicate to the subscriber that his subscription will expire with the next number. We trust that the interest of no person will expire with his subscription.

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

A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the Phonographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, 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 the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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

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

We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and foster 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.

Singular Cause of Sorrow.

F. F. B., COXSACK, N. Y.—BROTHER DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Will you please have the goodness to notice a request which is to me of infinite importance. Is it possible for the spirit to leave the form before the physical death? My husband is laboring under a deep mental despondency, and imagines that the vital spark has departed from him. He has lost all hope, is utterly inconsolable, and says that he has read something in Mr. Davis' writings that corroborates that idea.

ANSWER: Your unhappy husband is laboring under "a strong delusion" of his own unharmonious mind. It is true that a few spiritualists and a less number of mediums have taught the doctrine under which your husband now lies, like one crushed beneath the juggernaut of error, but no such philosophical absurdity can be found in any work bearing the glorious impress of the gospel of Nature, Reason, and Intuition. We do not believe in spiritual possession of the physical body prior to death, nor do we teach or believe that any spirit (save one's own) can occupy the present apartments of the earthly tabernacle. It seems to us that all theories inculcating a different or opposite doctrine will be perpetually repudiated by every intelligent reader of Harmonical Philosophy. Assure your dear husband, therefore, that his immortal spirit yet inhabits his ponderable body and brain—that it is the inner source of every noble impulse and principle. You say that he is "inconsolable." Why? Because his spirit very naturally yearns to live forever, as it will, but his external faculties of judgment are at present disqualified for recognizing the inward reality. His wretched despondency originates among the exterior faculties of thought. Our friend Moody hath well-written:

Let us not, by mean endeavor,
Try to stay our highest needs;
But by worthy aims and efforts
Fill up life with noble deeds.

Faithful to each manly impulse,
Truthful to our highest light,
Fearless, daring, bravely doing,
Always battling for the right.

Higher thus our souls ascending,
Gleam like suns upon their way;
Sending forth a golden radiance,
Turning moral night to day.

Higher still, and higher aiming,
Staying not in all our course,
We, at length a point attaining,
Meet and mingle with our Source.

In the life of God communing,
We no more shall sorrow know;
Spirit meeting kindred spirit,
All with love shall overflow.

Life with kindred life commingling,
Higher, truer life attaining;
Gathering strength from out the contact,
Onward still and upward gains.

Man's Imaginary Evils.

DR. C. S. . . . of New York, denies that the power of mind is as mighty in the production and removal of disease as we have urged in these columns from time to time; and he calls for an instance in which the psychological power was unmistakably exhibited on the body of the patient. In reply, we must adduce fifty cases of historic notoriety, but we deem the following sufficiently illustrative:

Not long ago an honest New England farmer started on a very cold day in winter, with his sled and oxen, into the forest, a half mile from home, for the purpose of chopping some wood. Having felled a tree, he drove the team alongside, and commenced chopping it up; but, by an unlucky hit, he brought the whole bit of the ax across his foot, with a sidelong stroke. The immense gash so alarmed him as to deprive him of all strength. He fell, the warm blood filling his shoe. With great difficulty he succeeded in rolling himself on to the sled, and started the oxen for home. As he reached the door he called eagerly for help. His terrified wife and daughter, with much effort, lifted him into the house, as he was wholly unable to help himself, saying his foot was nearly severed from the leg. He was laid carefully on

the bed, groaning all the while very bitterly. His wife hastily prepared dressings, and removed the shoe and sock, expecting to see a desperate wound, when lo! the skin was not even broken. Before going out in the morning, he wrapped his feet in red flannel to protect them from the cold; the gash laid this open to view, and he thought it flesh and blood. His reason not correcting the mistake, all the pain and loss of power which attends a real wound followed. Man often suffers more from imaginary evils than real ones.

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

H. E. B.—Your contribution, "Was it Providence or the Doctor?" is filed for examination.

"GEORGE GRAY."—Your "Leaves" are welcome.

C. B. HOLLEY.—Letter on gardening received; also a third chapter on "Things Seen and Heard in New York."

F. T. L., LAWRENCE, MASS.—We like your contribution concerning the nature and office of "Imagination."

"LANCASTER CIRCLE."—Dr. Hare's communication on "Man's Accountability," is reserved for future use.

J. W. S., BYRON, N. Y.—We have the communication received from "A Spirit Sister to an aged Mother."

M. W. H. . . .—Your poem, "Day is Waning," is somewhat too lengthy to find space in our columns at present.

LOCK WILSON, N. Y.—We accept, Brother, and shall soon publish, your paper on "Natural Marriage and Divorce."

—We think Mr. Smith's advertisement is reliable; at least, we have in our possession no reason for an opposite opinion.

MRS. L. A., WARSAW, N. Y.—The germs of the flowers which "blossom at sunset" are in the right hands. Thanks from the recipient.

C. B. S., DANVILLE, TEXAS.—Some communications from the spirit of a lady will be glad tidings to many who doubt and linger at the gates of light.

E. B. H., WATER VALLEY, N. Y.—More inspirations on the "Reproductive Organism" are being received. You may expect answers to your questions in future articles.

MRS. NELSON FLINT, DELHI, N. Y.—We do not know the present location of our esteemed friend, Dr. Sturges. Some time since, we heard of him as a resident of St. Louis, Mo.

V. V., ST. LOUIS, MO.—We prefer not to publish "Questions and Reflections." Neither does "Ungeliebt" find a niche in our columns. The manuscripts are subject to your order.

R. G., HATFIELD, MASS.—Your "Ode to Music" shows an awakened love of Nature's harmonies. But a cultured mind alone can give satisfactory expression to these manifold harmonies.

MYRTLE, LONE ROCK, WIS.—The path of human experience sometimes leads through shadowy mystical valleys, but anon the sunlight comes, broadening at last into "the perfect day."

—Which way do you look, in obedience to the strongest attraction—toward any point of the earthly compass, or do you lift your eyes toward, and long to be at peace with all the world?

J. B. B.—"Alkaloid" extract means a chemical preparation of a class of vegetables and plants, by which their active principles are obtained in a convenient form for medical uses.

WILLIAM T., KANKAKEE, ILL.—Your reply to D. J. Baldwin, of Houston, Texas—giving the "North side view" of the vexed question—will appear in our next issue.

S. W. J., RACINE, WIS.—We rejoice, good friend, that you find consolation and joy in spirit communion. The lines you send us are significant of a sacred and watchful affection, too personal and private, it may be, for the public eye.

H. S. J.—Your semi-prophetic argument, that "All evils incidentally tend to their own cure," is received. But "the Rubicon is passed," and it may not now avail to raise the warning voice. We shall see.

W. E. P. . . .—Your second edition is received. Much praise is your due for cheerful effort; but the former copy still seems to us preferable, for though the latter is somewhat improved in rhythm it is less vigorous in style.

H. S. JONES, ELEROY.—Your words from "old Stephenson County" are welcome. Mrs. J. should have cold water poured on just behind her ears every morning, followed by vigorous rubbing of the back head, before washing her face or other parts of the body.

F. H., CASS CO., MICH.—According to Baron Riechenbach's theory, it was the "Odio Light" which emanated from the lecturer, Benjamin T., and being what he calls a "sensitive," you were enabled to see it. Your poetry, though breathing the genuine spirit of progress, needs some revision.

"RODOLPHUS," MASS.—Pecuniary embarrassments are the great "stumbling blocks" in the path of many beautiful-minded and earnest souls. We do not know how you can escape. "E. W. H." gives us no authority to disclose his address. In fact, we acted, like Maj. Anderson, on our own responsibility, when we published the noble resolutions he had taken.

A. G. L., PARKMAN, O.—Why not appropriate the \$100,000 to the education of our native-born "Eugenias," and encourage them to represent the true American Woman? "Twilight Musings" indicate power of poetic appreciation, unaccompanied, as yet, with adequate expression.

JOHN F., RED BANK, N. J.—Your reply to the "Six Questions" was duly received. The public mind is not now in a condition to be benefited by subjects bordering on the metaphysical, and we therefore decline publishing more "answers" to the questions proposed for discussion.

REUBEN B. P., N. H.—We can commend to you the very candid pamphlet, by Mr. J. H. Fowler, entitled "New Testament Miracles and Modern Miracles." In this little work you will see the comparative amount of evidence in favor of each, and obtain the testimony of one hundred unimpeachable living witnesses. See the Book List on our seventh page.

E. W. K., GLENS FALLS.—Your every friendly act, loved Brother, is cordially approved at this end of the line. The admission of friend "G." into the Glens Falls Club on your terms was all right.

—The doors at Hammon, N. J., are soon to be unlocked by other keys, and we hope (and almost believe, from present indications,) that it will be a land of peace and plenty—and not very expensive per acre, even then.

"JENNIE," NILES, MICH.—Your heart-sufferings will not be in vain. It is impossible to monopolize the benefits of sorrow. Your day will dawn. Do your best under the circumstances, and Hope and Justice will sustain you. "Stand like an anvil." Receive the trip-hammer of Fate. Let the blows fall squarely upon your soul. You shall be all "the better for it." Remember that

"Too much of joy is sorrowful;
So cares must need abound;
The vine that bears too many flowers
Will trail upon the ground."

J. L. E., PHILADELPHIA.—There were a few facts developed in Providence, R. I., some years since, analogous to those mentioned in your letter.

—You greatly desire to try the "Hasheesh experiment," and to be promoted heavenward by its inspiring breath. Nay, Brother—do not attempt to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, or to enter paradise by false keys, for your defeat would be quick and full of punishment. Live naturally and rationally, and the kingdom of heaven will be yours, and will be manly and beautiful.

"A SPIRITUALIST," OF EASTVILLE, VA., was pained on seeing an innocent bit of political mirth among our Brief Items. Our friend asks, "Is this the way to pour oil on the troubled waters?" We answer that, under some circumstances, the best medicine is mirthfulness. When a man cannot be good-humored and laughing, he is either a dangerous member of Society, or his health is very unsound. We confidently believe that every reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS will be cheerful and hopeful under the most trying circumstances. The old hymn tells us to "Smile (i. e., laugh) at Satan's rage, and take a frowning world."

H. A., MASSACHUSETTS.—The aural sphere of your letter opens your history. We look straight through the maze of years, see the angel of hope walking by your side, and a period when, like a grieving spirit, it turned sadly away and wept on the green hills to the eastward. Now, however, the angel of Self-justice dwells with you, giving you courage to do whatever is right in the light of reason, but the angel of power does not visit you often. Why not? We have no other word to utter. Your personal mission is not in the field of general reform. Cultivate that corner of the vineyard in which you now dwell. Brother, loved, see to it that your future home is the "house of Good and the gate of Harmony."

ANN M., LAKE CO., WIS.—"Nature and Nature's God," with one mighty and universal voice, protest against the early death of human beings. Affection, Reason, and Intuition—everything tender and authoritative in humankind—remonstrate against the departure of spirit from the body, until the period of ripeness is attained. Then every one—even the dying one—is naturally ready and willing to go. Medical knowledge must become universal, and be applied to the physiological wants of mankind, and to the prolongation of human life on earth. Be comforted, Sister, for it is well with thy child, but do not neglect the lesson imparted by the sad event.

"POETRY," THIRTY-FIFTH ST., N. Y.—We do not deem that man an atheist who simply repudiates an absurdity. Shelley was able to read the veil of mythology in our age. Of the traditional God, Shelley said:

"These were Jehovah's words:
From an eternity of idleness, I God awoke;
In seven days' toil made earth
From nothing; rested, and created man;
I placed him in a Paradise, and there
Planted the tree of evil, so that he
Might eat and perish, and my soul procure
Wherever to satiate his malice, and to turn,
Even like a heartless conqueror of the earth,
All misery to my fame. The race of men
Chosen to my honor, with impunity
May state the lusts I planted in their heart.
Here I command thee hence, to lead them on,
Until, with hardened feet, their conquering troops
Wade on the promised soil, through woman's
blood,
And make my name be dreaded through the land."

"A MOTHER," CT.—The life-chapter—written in the heart's inner bow, once so fresh and green—is rich with lessons of angel-truths. Your domestic history, suffering Sister, reminds us of the poet's monody. The world, he said, is

"One mighty shell
Of bitterness,
One solemn knell
To love's carress."

And yet, if the lessons of life are early seen by in-

tuition, the incidental conflicts may bring moral victories of imperishable value. Every worthy struggle with hatred, envy, selfishness, and error, (either in yourself or in others) is certain to crown the spirit with immortal benefits. Labor onward, therefore, and faint not—nor weary in the pleasant paths of wisdom.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march,
By land or sea, from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea—
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war,
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black bulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he feared to stir the smallest weed,
Lest his footsteps should awake the dead,
To creep along from tent to tent,
And seem to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now he gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But in his hands their gleaming arms;
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hour of haste in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Why that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

It was one by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Why that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Why that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

It was three by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Why that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

It was four by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the beating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Why that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

Voices from the People.

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

"THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES."

THE ORTHODOX CATECHISM OF "A BROOKLYN STUDENT" NOT SATISFACTORY TO A READER.

HECTOR, Dec. 10th, 1860.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, SIR:—I observe in the HERALD of Sept. 29th an article entitled, "Orthodox Catechism; Hard Questions with Easy Answers." By a Brooklyn Student.

In this "Catechism" a question is asked, "touching the miraculous draught of fishes, spoken of by Luke and John," and "seeming discrepancies" in "the accounts of the two inspired writers" are pointed out in the answer. Would it not have been well for the "Brooklyn Student," before he attempted to point out "seeming discrepancies" in the accounts of the two writers, to have studied the Bible a little more carefully; enough so, at least, to have seen that Luke speaks of a draught of fishes taken before the crucifixion of Jesus, when Peter, James, and John, having brought their ships to land, forsook all and followed him, and that John speaks of a draught of fishes taken after the resurrection, at "the third time that Jesus shewed himself to his disciples after that he was risen from the dead."

Bishop Horsley, in order to check the indiscreet zeal of the younger divines of his day, who were constantly making battle against Calvinism without knowing anything about it, says to them: "Understand what Calvinism is, before you attack it." Might not the "Brooklyn Student" make a self-application of this caution before he attempts to point out further "seeming discrepancies" in the accounts given by "the inspired writers?" Yours, truly,
JOHN A. GILLET.

OUR REPLY TO MR. GILLET.

Postponing, for the present, the inquiry in regard to the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, suppose we put the question, How do the Evangelists agree in regard to the Call of the first Disciples?

say that Jesus was walking on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, when he called Simon, Andrew, James, and John in immediate succession, who left their ships immediately, and became his disciples. These Evangelists assign these events to Galilee.

The Evangelist John says (i. 28, 38, 40, 41) that Andrew and another (not mentioned) were disciples of John the Baptist, who seeing Jesus "as he walked," (at Bethabara beyond Jordan?) pointed him out to the two, who both followed him; and then Andrew found his brother Simon, and brought him to Jesus, who named him Cephas. The Evangelist says expressly that Jesus was not in Galilee at this time.

Luke says that Jesus, standing by the Lake of Galilee, or Gennesaret, saw two ships by the lake side, which the fisherman had left in order to wash their nets; that he went into one of them, ordered Simon to push it out a little from the shore, and then sat down in it and taught the people. He then ordered Simon to let down the nets, when so great a draught of fishes followed that Simon was at once converted, and two others with him, who "forsook all" and followed Jesus. He knows nothing of the presence of Andrew.

Now here are four witnesses to the call of the first four disciples; and from their conjoint testimony we are unable to tell, (1) whether it occurred in Galilee or out of Galilee; (2) by the side of a lake, or a river; (3) whether three in succession were called, or four; (4) whether Andrew was one of the original four or not; (5) whether Jesus was on land, or in a vessel, when the Call occurred; (6) whether they were called by the working of a miracle, or (7) not; whether John the Baptist was present or not; (8) whether James and John were two of the first four; (9) whether any miracle was wrought, or not. The one only point on which they all agree is, that somebody was suddenly first called to be a disciple. If we say that "somebody" was Andrew, Luke will dissent; if we say it was Peter, John will dissent; if we say Simon and Andrew were simultaneously called, both Luke and John will dissent. Yet they all agree that there was a first call of disciples; but their testimony amounts to nothing, for they agree in no one specific circumstance. All we can say is, that they treat a common topic.

Now let us consider the Draught of Fishes. John says that Peter, Thomas, James and John, Nathaniel, and two others had been out all night fishing on the Lake of Galilee, and had caught nothing. Luke says that Peter, James and John, with others, had been all night fishing on the Lake of Galilee, and had caught nothing. John says, that Jesus, standing on the shore, ordered them to make a further trial. Luke says, that Jesus from one of the ships ordered a second trial. Both Luke and John say that the disciples objected, because of their ill-success, but made the trial,

Both say, that in consequence of this effort they immediately caught an immense multitude of fishes. In Luke, the net breaks but they are able to fill their ships almost to sinking, notwithstanding, by the aid of their partners in another ship. In John, the multitude of fishes is so great, that the disciples could not "draw it," but drag it near to land, when Peter hauls it on shore. This immense number of great fishes—"an hundred fifty and three"—according to John, was too large for seven disciples to draw, but not too large for Peter, who hauls them on shore without difficulty. It is true, Luke assigns this miracle to the opening of Jesus' ministry, and John puts it after the resurrection, and that the two Evangelists vary in all the incidents of the miracle, except those above specified. But the four Evangelists vary no more widely in regard to the call of the first disciples, than do John and Luke in regard to this event. Now, if we believe all the Evangelists are treating of the same event when narrating the Call, why are not John and Luke treating of the same event, when they relate the Miraculous Draught? John also differs just as widely when narrating the incidents of the Last Supper, from Matthew, Mark, and Luke, as he does here from Luke alone. Yet he intends the reader to understand that he treats of the only Last Supper that ever occurred. We are inclined, therefore, to think that the Miracle of the Fishes is the same thing in the hands of both Evangelists, and in both is pure fiction; not because it is intrinsically impossible, but because, if a historic fact, we cannot conceive how Mark and Matthew should have omitted it. The invention of *fictional incidents* in the life of Jesus can be proved of all the Evangelists; and there are reasons in the early history of the Church why *extraordinary miracles* should be attributed to him which he never wrought, even admitting that he was a historic personage, and performed cures inexplicably marvellous to his own age. We must not confine these spurious miracles to the Apocryphal Gospels; they date farther back. "Search the Scriptures."—Eds.

OPPOSITION TO THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.

LEROY, O., Nov. 20th, 1860.
MR. EDITOR: The Lancaster "Circle," and others, seem to be exercised about the revolution of the earth around the sun; not doubting that such an event takes place. It does not, however, as I am authorized to say by the spirit of the system, which certainly knows its own structure.

Mediums who will not hear anything against the modern God, science, cannot expect to have communications denying the truth of any of its main positions. But I feel a propensity to attack even them, and, therefore, have been favored with a revelation. The fact is, we draw these things down upon ourselves. Whether I have drawn any

But, in the first place, is there any sky? Marry is there, so I am told; the structure of the solar system then, according to this theory, may be come at in the simplest way, thus: The earth is a globe, and the sky is a globe surrounding it. Now, there may be others above the sky, and there may be others below the earth—enclosed in it as we are in the sky. This would certainly be the most compact form for a world to be put into. Then why not the best? "It is not beautiful," exclaim your readers. But we are not talking about beauty, but fact: As to the aesthetics of the system, something may be said at another time. We treat now of hard, literal utility. The beauty of the earth, whirling around the sun, like a moth around a candle, is not questioned. I could write an article on the beauty of the sun shooting its rays around into a desert of infinite nothingness, and not a millionth part of those rays ever reaching any destination at all. But the question is, what is the use of it? I admit the use of the small proportion of the rays that are supposed to strike the planets. But why strike them at all? Why should not the light and heat be developed where it is wanted? Is not this a ridiculous waste of energy in Nature, to shoot light and heat ninety-five millions of miles to the planet, if it is a small planet, and double or quadruple that distance if it is a large planet, and does not therefore need so much light and heat?

There is nothing in the Copernican system that could not be treated in this ironical way; and, therefore, it is not true. There would certainly be some sense to be discovered in a true system. It could not all be absurd and ridiculous. I defy any one to find the least objection, either as to beauty or utility, in the system that I would advance, if allowed a little space in your paper.

It may be asked, what and where is the sun? ANSWER: The sun is the light of the atmosphere of the earth, reflected from the sky, which is opaque, and a smooth surface of water, and therefore reflective. Of the moon and planets, more will be offered if this is published.

G. L. BURNSIDE.

[REMARKS: Our friend's theory has been, in some respects, anticipated by the unknown authors of the Book of Genesis, one of whom writes:

"And Elohim said: Let there be a firmament (solid, dividing expanse) in the midst of the waters; and let it divide the waters from the waters."

We do not think, however, that this ancient cosmologist considered the firmament itself to be water; he rather seems to have held it to be solid, a something in which "windows" could be opened, to let out the waters of the deluge, and in which lights could be "set" to divide day from night.

We are happy to think that if this unknown writer had lived in our day, to hear the propounding of our friend's theory, he would at once have commenced the chant of *Nunc dimittis*, and have ordered his coffin forthwith. That the Sun is the concentration of luminous rays from an opaque earth, reflected into a focus by a concave supra-mundane water-

shell, seems to be the one missing theory requisite to complete the sublime speculations of the first chapter of Genesis, rescue Theology and put Cosmogony upon an ever-enduring basis. We shall call the attention of the American Bible Society to this funny conceit, at the earliest opportunity. For the present, however, we respectfully close our columns to such "light" regarding sun, moon, and stars.—Eds.]

FACTS IN RELATION TO COL. ETHAN ALLEN.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM HIS GRANDSON, GENERAL HITCHCOCK.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23, 1860.

TO THE EDITOR: Sir, I observe a statement on the fifth page of the *Herald of Progress* of the 22d inst., in reference to Col. Ethan Allen, taken from the *Investigator*, in which it is said that Col. Allen lost no daughter by death during his life-time, upon which a certain scene, reported as having occurred at her death bed, is denied.

Col. Ethan Allen, who took Ticonderoga in "the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—was twice married. By his first marriage he had three daughters, one of whom died (of consumption) during his life-time. A second daughter married Samuel Hitchcock, a lawyer in Vermont, of some reputation in his day, twice commissioned as Judge by President Washington, in the early period of the government. The third daughter was married to Eleazer Keyes, also a lawyer of Vermont. By his second marriage he had two sons, and I think, but one daughter; the sons both entered the army and reached the grade of Captain. The daughter was sent from Burlington, Vermont, to be educated in a convent at Montreal, where she became a nun, and where she finally died, nine years after having taken the veil.

I am myself the son of Judge Hitchcock, and am the only survivor of eight children. My father died in 1813, when I was yet a boy, but my mother lived many years after my father's death, and I had full opportunities of talking with her of her father, (Col. Allen,) whose reputation had, of course, become familiar to me. One element of this reputation grew out of an opinion, entertained by Col. Allen, that the duties of life did not derive their sanction from the written Scriptures; but that, on the contrary, the Scriptures themselves received their authority in the world through the action of the higher principles of eternal reason inherent in God.

Upon this idea, Col. Allen wrote a volume which he entitled, "Reason, the only Oracle of Man;" the Bible itself sufficiently indicating the general character of the work. The publication of this book (at Bennington, Vermont, 1784,) made the author very obnoxious to the clergy of that day, and they, or some in their interest, invented the story of his interview with his dying daughter, in which she is represented as asking him whether she should hold to his or her mother's belief; and that he answered—Believe with your mother.

It were true, it would not show any distrust on the part of Col. Allen in his own opinions. It would only show that he probably thought his daughter more likely to have imbibed her mother's opinions than his own, and might be more at peace in them.

I had often heard my mother speak of the death of her sister. I had heard her say that she attended her sister through her illness, and that her sister died in her arms. When Dr. Sparks published a biography of Col. Allen, (I forget the year,) I noticed, for the first time, the story of the death-bed scene; and not long afterwards, on a visit to my mother, I took an opportunity to refer to the story, and asked her if there was any truth in it. She answered distinctly, "no"—assuring me there was not a word of truth in it.

My mother had never imbibed my grandfather's sentiments, but was, herself, a regular attendant at a church of the Unitarian persuasion.

If there had been any truth in the story, my mother would hardly fail to have known all about it, and she would not have hesitated to affirm the truth of it, as a warning to her own son, if she had placed the least reliance upon it.

The story in question has obtained a wide circulation. It has been re-printed in several forms, and only a few months since, appeared as a poem in a popular journal. I regard the story as a forgery, and I offer you this as a contradiction of it, which you can use as you think proper. Very respectfully, &c.,

E. A. HITCHCOCK.

MRS. LAURA McALPIN.

A SERIES OF FRIENDLY RESOLUTIONS.

PORT HURON, December 3d, 1860.

MR. EDITOR, DEAR SIR: Will you have the goodness to present, through the columns of your paper, to the friends of progress, the claims of Mrs. Laura McAlpin, of Port Huron, Mich., as a trance speaker of great promise. Mrs. McAlpin was developed in this place in February last, since which time she has been lecturing in Port Huron, to large and intelligent audiences. We unhesitatingly pronounce her effort a decided success, and not only a success, but a grand triumph. She is now lecturing in Dayton, Ohio, and, as we are informed, with continued favor. This, we think, speaks most favorably for her abilities as a lecturer. We are informed that her audiences in Dayton have been the largest ever brought out upon such an occasion in that city of orthodox steeples. The subject of one of her lectures in Port Huron was Human Life. We can only say it was a *masterly effort*, and was listened to with breathless attention by a large and intelligent audience. Any attempt on our part to portray the effect of this lecture would be a failure. At the close of her last lecture, the following resolutions were offered:

1. *Resolved*, that we, as Spiritualists of Port Huron, tender to Mr. and Mrs. McAlpin our deep and heart-felt gratitude for the bold and unflinching stand taken by them in defense of the great principles of Truth, Progress, and Human Development. That to Mrs. McAlpin, in particular, are we indebted for some of the most instructive scientific and

philosophical lectures to which we have ever been permitted to listen.

2. *Resolved*, That we congratulate our friends abroad, upon their good fortune in securing the services of so able a lecturer as Mrs. McAlpin.

3. *Resolved*, That we tender to the spirits our sincere thanks for their boundless efforts in behalf of humanity.

After the reading of the resolutions, the spirits influenced Mrs. McAlpin, and responded to them in a most thrilling and eloquent address, of half an hour, at the close of which the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Hon. D. B. Harrington, Doctor A. E. Noble, J. H. White, Esq., P. H. Dale, C. B. Hubbard, L. S. Noble, Committee.

WHERE THE WORD OF GOD MAY BE FOUND.

[The author of the following lines added, in an apologetic note, these words: "I write this with a very poor pen; and the hand that wields it has felt the biting frosts of seventy-six winters."—Ed.]

Turn your eyes on vast Creation,
In sacred pages I have spoken—
Drink the water of salvation
As you read in Nature's book.

Nature's book is always open;
It can never be concealed;
Every word is plainly spoken—
Love, Almighty love revealed!

Bending skies and stars of beauty,
All proclaim, with sun and moon,
"Nature asks no arduous duty—
Drink! enjoy the priceless boon."

Fast not while the rich provision,
All around in ample store,
Now is waiting your decision,
But partake, nor hunger more.

In this book, no mistranslation
Ever was or will be found;
Strictly true for every nation—
None can counterfeit the sound.

Each and every word and sentence
Loudly orders love to all—
Surely this is true repentance!
O, ye Nations! hear the call.

Nature's God this book hath opened,
Love induced him so to do;
Here his word remains unbroken,
Never old, but always new.

LEVI H. SWEET.

Brotherhood.

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

The Education of the Sexes.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF WOMAN'S ADMISSION TO THE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

[Our indefatigable Brother, "G. B. S.," has written a justice-inspired letter to the editor of the *Michigan State News*, on a question of great practical moment to the progress of civilization. We hasten to spread the contents of our friend's letter before the appreciative readers of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.—Ed.]

ANN ARBOR, Dec. 16th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me in your columns a word on a subject, to me of great interest, to all, I believe, of high importance—the education of the sexes.

In the limits of a newspaper article I must confine myself to a few thoughts, and facts, gleanings from a rich, broad field, that may be suggestive to those who *think and see*. Efforts have been made for the opening of our State University to woman, but as yet without success.

This neither surprises nor disheartens me, for changes in the usages of such institutions are not wrought at once, and public opinion slowly but surely reaches its aim.

In all efforts based on right, what men call failure, is but the germ of future success, and we must "learn to labor and to wait."

Without calling in question the wish of the Regents, or Faculty, to do the best possible for the welfare of the University, I think that portion of them who opposed the admission of woman mistaken; and their action is open to fair criticism from any of the people whose servants they wish, wisely and honorably, to be.

That the old prejudice against learned women is fading away, is proved by the fact that within the past twenty-five years some of the ablest and most widely read books in our country and England have been written by women.

I presume these gentlemen would be in favor of more thorough and varied female education, and liberal in their efforts in that direction.

But how can this end best be gained?

Custom prescribes that in primary departments, students of both sexes may study on equal terms, and in the same classes, but that in colleges and universities such a course would be inadmissible; and it would be deemed injurious in its results and tending to lower the standard of scholarly excellence.

I wish some wise men would say just when the separation should begin, what studies, and how far, might be pursued safely and profitably together, and whether age or attainment should be the standard of separation: for thus the unwise might learn the precise points of divergence necessary for the common welfare, and perhaps avoid great danger thereby.

The beautiful life of nature, the light and growth of western civilization, are in the Common School, the Union School, and in our State Normal School. Do we not find joy, purity, and scholarly attainments there? But, in the exclusive precincts of ladies' seminaries, over the classic halls of colleges, around the stately dignity of universities, lingers the shade of the Orient. There we find the usage of an effete and decaying Asiatic semi-civilization.

Do we find the highest blessings there? do we there realize the noblest possibilities of manly and womanly culture? These questions can be best answered in the light of the future, when woman shall be educated impartially with man.

Why not separate sons and daughters in families, or boarders of different sexes, as they approach maturity, having different parlors and tables for each, and only allowing

their approach at set times, and with due precautions?

This would be going back to Spain, where the rigid duenna haunts the young girl like a baleful shadow. Do we find virtue, purity, or power for good there?

It is written, not only in Genesis, but in the very essence and structure of our spiritual organization, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and where we find the sexes acting freely and equally in a common field, each doing the best with the power they have, there we find the best result for all. In the last fifty years, woman has made our literature *decent*.

What may she not do with and for man, in other fields she is just beginning to enter? Might there not be less roistering rudeness and an abounding but finer flow of spirits in colleges were women there?

Education is the *educing process*, the calling out, the development of the faculties of our natures; and if they be quickened by true and healthful influences, a wise and living harmony of thought and act, a true manhood and womanhood is the result.

Education, in this sense, is not, cannot be, the best and most natural, unless man and woman act and react on each other, by presence, mutual aid, and sympathy—for each supplies thus what the other needs, and can gain in no other way.

Intellectual culture, the standard of scholarship, is yet to rise and grow broader and more perfect, when woman shall be equally and impartially a student with man in every college in the land.

Let us remember, too, how practically, the present distinctions withhold from women rich privileges. How petty the sum expended for woman's education, compared to the splendid endowments of colleges for men alone.

It seemed singular to me that in their inquiries concerning the views and experience of those in other places, in regard to co-education, while letters were written to distant colleges by the officers of our university, no notice was taken of our excellent Normal School, where the sexes are being successfully educated together, or of similar schools in other States, in which the experiment is equally successful. Is not the standard of scholarship high there in the branches taught? Are not the young men and women correct in deportment, pure in life, as in colleges?

I think, yes, I know they would not suffer in comparison.

As for such a change lowering the standard of education, admit woman to a University with a *corps* of competent Professors, like ours, and try the experiment. I have no fears of the result.

Woman has never had fair play yet; but what she has done with imperfect opportunities, is good warrant that she would not injure men—possibly some dull students might be spurred to quicker life by her presence.

History has not been just to woman, yet it has left us a long list of illustrious names, with some record of what those who bore them accomplished.

Laura Bassi Veratti, born at Bologna, Italy, in 1711, studying Latin, French, Logic, Metaphysics, and Philosophy, took the Doctor's Degree, in a distinguished University, after a rigid examination. During twenty-eight years of private life, illustrated by the most blessed virtues as a wife and mother. She carried on, at her own house, a course of experimental philosophy, and the Senate of the University then invited her to become their public lecturer, in which high place she was honored and beloved.

Donna Morandi—by marriage, Manrelli—is honored in Italy as the inventor and perfecter of anatomical preparations in wax, and this honor is disputed, as between her and M'Le Bihéron, a French lady.

The invention is of great importance, and our medical students would do well to remember that they owe the splendid preparations of the human frame in their cabinets to the skill of two women, who displaced the clumsy wooden figures used by men to illustrate anatomy in their day. Bihéron's preparation was bought by Catherine I. of Russia, and Morandi's received the admiring appreciation of Joseph II.

In 1768, Morandi was chosen to fill the anatomical chair in the Institute of Bologna, one of the most thorough in Europe.

Maria Gaetana Agnesi, born in Milan, 1718, daughter of a mathematical professor in the University, after ranging through Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and German, and speaking the two first with great fluency, devoted herself to geometry and speculative philosophy. In 1750, when her father grew ill, she filled his chair for several years, entering with reluctance upon her duties.

Her "Analytical Treatises" were much prized for their clearness and thoroughness. It was used as a text-book, translated into French, and Rev. John Colson, Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University, England, studied Italian that he might translate it. The spotless virtue and genial kindness of Agnesi's life, won her the regard of all.

But this must suffice, as any intelligent person can call to mind many other women in the past and present who give such proofs of the possibilities of womanhood, in the more abstruse and difficult works of science and philosophy, as to make it absurd to suppose she would, with fair play and an open field, lower the standard of classic attainment.

To come nearer home, I cannot forget how the students of the Lecture Association, in our University, some of whom had voted in their clubs against the admission of woman as a student, after getting into a slough of debt by a course of Lyceum Lectures from men—some of them little able and distinguished too—were glad to catch the straw held out to them by a woman's hand, and ask "Grace Greenwood" to lecture for them, the full house which she called out, lifting them from debt, leaving money in their treasury, and lighter hearts in their bosoms.

Let this fact be held up, not as an avenging, but, so to speak, as a *laughing Nemesis*—the dancing mischief of whose eyes shall never be turned away from them or their woman-excluding successors, (may the line be brief!) until their sisters stand in the University Hall, as in the Lecture Room, with a fairly open field for their powers.

But we can wait and work, for public sentiment, changes in legislation, the opening of new fields of action for woman, are significant.

In a few years, colleges of the highest standing will be open to woman, and the experiment will result, I believe, in benefit to all, for justice is always fruitful of the best results.

It is not my purpose to discuss what changes might follow the more thorough education of woman.

I can only say, that if she should prove the better teacher, writer, physician, or whatever else, man must stand aside and yield to his betters.

The weak may fear, but the strong will gird themselves for a generous emulation, and share the laurels of success with their noble sisters. Remember, too, woman is man's companion, bound to him by the closest, and what should be the sweetest ties. Can they mutually aid and improve each other to higher life if man be educated so far beyond woman? Let the sad experience of many a cultivated genius, wedded to some gilded butterfly, form a fashionable female seminary answer.

There are ever at work, in the realms of spiritual causation, automatic forces—powers which we can neither measure or resist, but which develop in rich and noble results; which dispel darkness, which shed pure religious light, which enlarge the capacities of enjoyment, which free the enslaved, which enfranchise womanhood. They are the grand processes by which Infinite Wisdom rules and ripens all things.

We are wise when we *feel* and *see* some Divine Power working in and around us, to open the way for changes, which *seem* rude troubles, but prove angels of blessing when we work with that Power, instead of blindly striving to obstruct it.

Let me close by expressing the wish and hope I have before uttered, in public and private, that the able men connected with our State University, may yet gladly and generously extend to woman, as a student, the same aid they now extend to man, and thus obey the principles of justice, and set an example which would, I doubt not, if wisely carried out in the light of a high reverence for womanhood, and an earnest wish for the good of all, be crowned with eminent success.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Convention for the Indians.

REMARKS OF MR. EMERSON.

A meeting was held in Allston Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, December 14th, to consult with reference to the condition and needs of our frontier Indians. The meeting was duly organized by the choice of Dr. H. F. Gardner as Chairman, and Dr. Huertly as Secretary.

Mr. Beeson, the earnest and philanthropic mover in this enterprise, was then called upon to state the object of the meeting, which he did, briefly setting forth the condition of the Indians, and appealing to the people for a redress of their wrongs. He then read the following resolution and urged its adoption:

Resolved, That a convention of the friends of the Indians, be convened in the City of Boston, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of February, 1861, to consider the following points:

1. Why have the Indians not become Christianized?
2. Why have they faded from the land?
3. The proper plan for their government.
4. The location and extent of a domain for their final and permanent settlement.
5. The propriety of asking Congress for an appropriation to aid the principal tribes to meet in General Council, next summer, to decide on the foregoing for themselves.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was then called to the stand. He said that he had been much moved, as he was sure any philanthropic and sensible mind must be, with the subject as set forth by Mr. Beeson; and he could not but think that it was worthy of an audience as large even as our country. He had not thought this a favorable time for calling a meeting of this kind, while the attention of the people was so entirely absorbed by internal struggles; but as the laws of Kansas would be considered this winter, the propriety of removing the Kansas Indians from that territory would be discussed, and it seemed necessary to bring this subject to the attention of Congress this winter, if possible, that the Indians might not suffer any further at our hands; and perhaps now was the proper time to agitate this subject—for, in giving a new channel to our sympathies, we might allay the fever of internal dissensions. It was always time to do right. Justice is the principle of unity, injustice is ever the disintegrating element, sowing the seeds of discord wherever it exists. Harmony can never be the product of principles based in selfishness; and though we are now reaping the fruits of such seed-sowing, yet it is never too late to do right. This is our safety in peace and security in time of danger. All justice means unity—all injustice means disunion.

He spoke feelingly and eloquently of the peculiar genius of the Indians as a people, the purity and nobleness of their native character, of their unmatched skill in their own arts, of their history, dating far back into the forgotten ages, marking them as the primitive people of the earth, all of which commended them to our peculiar affection and watchcare.

He thought the spirit of South-western civilization, which makes slavery the whole object in view, and regarded the Constitution only as an instrument to carry forward its designs, as having been peculiarly destructive to the Indian. There was hope that the present crisis would inaugurate a better civilization.

The audience were then entertained by an Indian song, illustrative of the religious character of the Indian, by Miss Ball and her sister. Miss Ball then spoke in deprecation of the idea that the Indians are destined to be exterminated. She looked favorably upon the present commotion in this country. It was destined to marshal in one the hosts of God, and victory would come to the right; and beneath its banner all would be folded in one organization whose principle was harmony. This principle, she said, was being developed. People were beginning to perceive from their heads, as well as their hearts, that humanity was one. They were reading in the several types of mind discoverable in the races, manifestations of the Godhead.

and were beginning to feel that their trust in the law of the land was not to be broken. She spoke of the distinctive character of the three great races—the negro, with his warm impulses, beating and bounding to the spirit of kindness, making him happy, even in his bonds; the Indian, with his strong instinct, and pure, free soul, just and watchful of his liberties even unto death; and the white man, with his cold intellect, compressing soul and spirit into forms of wisdom, forms of beauty. The true form would cramp no word, it would fetter no spirit, but it would make for all a home, that home a harmony.

Mr. Benson regretted that out of the twenty-four clergymen who had been talked to upon the subject, none were present. But he was in favor of the church going a-head without the shepherd. This called forth much discussion, pro and con.

Mrs. Ostrander asked if it was not the spirit of justice that we were looking for in this movement? That spirit was found among all parties, and to that we should address ourselves.

Dr. Moore moved that the subject be presented to the people on the ground of its own merits, and the meeting adjourn, outside the church. This threw the people's thoughts in the right direction, and a general murmur of satisfaction arose from the sympathizers with the Indian, of all parties.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned, with the adoption of the resolution which had been previously submitted, and the appointment of a committee to issue the call for a general convention.

Laws and Systems.

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

Translated for the Herald of Progress, from the *Revue de l'Europe*.

The Philosophy of Commerce.

Nothing for nothing. Those who say that they see in this maxim the expression of an unjust selfishness, and who flatter themselves that they regulate their conduct by a higher principle, show that they have not reflected on the laws of universal justice, and that they have formed no clear conception of the motives of their own actions. It is certain, that for nothing, nothing in the world is done, that there is a perpetual exchange of influence, or of substance, between the different parts of nature, and that all beings, whether they labor in their individual sphere, or exercise their functions in the social sphere, expect payment—a return—an equivalent of some sort for what they have done, or what they have given.

Let us first cast a glance at the external world. The sun which seems to dispense its light and heat so liberally to the planets—does it receive nothing from them in return? He receives from them just as much as he gives. He would be as impotent without them, as they would be useless without him. It is true, that our earth is in volume very insignificant in comparison with the central star of our system. But every globe, however little it may be, possesses its properties of attraction, of electricity, and magnetism, as well as the most powerful spheroids. The earth then exerts upon the sun an influence proportioned to its mass. It is probable that this influence, added to that of all the visible planets, does not counter-balance that of the great focus of heat. But if we take into account the comets, and above all, the countless multitude of small wandering bodies that become visible to us only when they traverse our atmosphere, we shall perceive no disproportion between the sun's mass and the combined masses of the planets; we shall see that the sun is stimulated in his vital functions by the companions that journey with him, with as great an intensity as they are stimulated by him; and that they support him in his rank, as he assigns to each of them his place in the infinite concert of creation.

I have spoken of creation. If I used this word in the metaphysical sense in which it is used in most ancient religious systems, I should admit an arbitrary creator who draws beings from nothingness at his pleasure, grants them such gifts as seem to him good, deprives them of existence when he wills, without being amenable to the charge of injustice or tyranny. But I do not so understand the term. The creative Reason does not awake from a state of inactivity at a given moment; it manifests itself eternally through Nature. It reveals itself to its personified self in Humanity. Can this manifestation of Reason be regarded as a gratuitous act, or as one which it could forego? By no means; for Reason without manifestation would not be complete; it would not be Reason, and we could conceive it thus only as an empty abstraction. Humanity is as necessary to the creative Reason, as the creative Reason to Humanity. The latter returns the former pulsation for pulsation, ray for ray, and the totality of its successive developments is the exact requital for the creative effort or act throughout eternity.

Where then are they who pretend to guide, to enlighten their fellows, or to load them with benefits without deriving any advantage from it? Is it the greatest philosopher of antiquity—Is it a Socrates who affects abnegation so heroic? No; for he candidly declares to his accusers, that he thinks himself worthy of maintenance in the Prytaneum at the expense of the Republic. Is it the greatest of reformers—is it Jesus? No; for he anticipates the establishment of the kingdom of God. Besides, when about to be crucified, he shrinks from suffering, and seeks to remove the bitter cup from his lips. When hanging on the Cross, he imagines himself abandoned by his father, and utters a cry of despair. Some of his disciples seem to have displayed more fortitude in suffering; but were they not all sustained by the fanaticism of their cause? and did they not constantly have before their eyes the rewards promised them? Shall we find in the Stoic sect the example of the absolute renunciation of all personal advantages? Let us appeal directly to two of its most illustrious representatives. Cato, having decided to commit suicide, seeks in a book of Plato for proofs of the immortality of the soul; so he is concerned for his future fate. Brutus declares when dying, that virtue is but an empty word. What virtue!

Stoic virtue, complete self-abnegation, the strength to sacrifice one's self to a blind law of fatality.

Certainly, I do not deny the reality of self-sacrifice; but I say that the sublimest sacrifice is but relative, that it is not, and never can be, complete and absolute. Man is a being indefinitely progressive. What seems to him everything at the present moment, will tomorrow appear to him but an insignificant portion of his destiny; to renounce present enjoyment he must perceive another enjoyment in a more advanced stage of existence. Renunciation, again, is an act of courage; for we never abandon any pleasure whatever, willingly. But such a renunciation of present pleasure, which would have been impossible yesterday, is quite intelligible to-day; though it might appear miraculous to such as are still on a lower stage of development. A soft and self-indulgent woman, who loves her physical comfort above everything else, becomes a mother; and immediately feels capable of sacrificing her repose, her physical happiness, even life itself, for the being that owes to her its existence. Why? Because a faculty, a power of which she possessed but the latent germ, has developed itself in her nature; because she feels that she lives in her infant; because, even in dying for it, she will hear a secret voice saying that all is not finished, that she shall see, shall again recognize that being so dear, and shall not cease to watch over its destiny. Was it an absolute sacrifice? Who would dare to assert it? Is it not evident that maternal love indemnifies such a woman for all her sufferings. Every love, every great affection can inspire us with a similar sacrifice for a loved being, and indemnify us in the same way. Universal love, which inspires a man to devote himself to entire Humanity, is that which appears most heroic or most chimerical, because it is the rarest; but it doubtless contains joy enough, reveals to the soul hopes sufficiently glorious to recompense it for all its anguish, for all the tortures, and all the contempt that may be inflicted upon it by the ignorant multitude.

If love has its rewards, hatred also has her own, which are neither less exact nor less just. All that we voluntarily cause others to suffer, returns upon ourselves in pains of the same nature; and the tribulations, the reverses which a pure conscience would have enabled us to endure with courage, perhaps even with joy, overwhelm us with the entire weight of regret, shame, and remorse. It is not alone injustice towards our fellows that we thus expiate; every wrong done ourselves, that is, every undue satisfaction of an inclination, every excessive development of one faculty at the expense of others, brings its own chastisement, its penal sanction, with mathematical precision.

It is true, then, that nothing is done for nothing in the universe, that every act receives its requital, and that all the relations of beings are regulated with the exactness of a perfect commerce. Whence comes it, then, that we attach to commerce in general, ideas of injustice, theft, and injurious deceptions? From the fact that commerce as it is established and practiced among men in the social order of to-day, is incompatible with natural laws, and as ill represents the universal commerce of beings, as the justice of the courts represents absolute justice—or as written laws represent the eternal laws of Reason. Actual commerce is injurious, because it is not true commerce, because it is not the exchange of equivalents, because it is the pretext for indolence, vice, and greedy speculation. For the reformer, it is by no means a duty to suppress commerce, and to replace it by a paradoxical gratuity, but to correct it, reconstruct it, generalize it, and make of it an equitable and perfect distribution of the wealth of nature and the products of labor.

Bible Morality.

The Westminster Review for October, 1860, contains an article entitled "Neo-Christianity," in which we find the following bold estimate of the influence of Bible teachings:

After all, the really fatal objection to the Scripture is not that it is deficient or occasionally superfluous, and does not contain much of great value which other writings do (as our authors readily admit), but that much—nay, very much, of what it does contain is actively injurious and positively repulsive. This objection, indeed, is now, through moderation and good feeling, not often insisted upon, but it must not be supposed to be abandoned. There is no desire now for violent iconoclasm, and the savage and even brutal attacks of the last century have produced perhaps too strong a reaction. It may again become a duty to hold the same argument with a gentler temper and more guarded words. He who feels keenly the baneful influence diffused through the inmost fibres of social and private life, cannot tolerate that it should be prolonged in the very name of society and morality. And if advantage be taken of the very moderation of our language, it is time to point out the powerful substratum of truth in the fierce invectives of Voltaire and Paine. With regard to the Hebrew portion, indeed, it is allowed that it can do nothing more than represent the spirit and life of the Jews, and perhaps does very scant justice even to that. Now, in spite of their monotheism, which they held in common with other oriental races, the Jewish national character abounds in repulsive features. The very orthodox believer admits it in order to heighten the miracle of inspiration. It is not enough to say that they were surpassed by the Romans in this and the Greeks in that virtue; it must be shown that they were free from fatal defects. We ask whether morbid pride, egotism, and ferocity, inhuman hate and frantic fanaticism, superstition and hypocrisy, went for nothing in the national character? And then we go on to ask if this spirit does not and through ages has not shed its blight upon men, and if so, through what agency? Why, all history scarcely shows a race whose character was so distorted by such hateful vices. And is it not true that their character, such as it is, runs through every page of their literature, as, indeed, could not be otherwise? It poisons its wild mythology and the sanguinary annals, it stiffens the Moslem ritual into a basing formalism; their national songs choke with the thirst for vengeance, and the warnings of their prophets are valued in a gloomy horror. Again we say we yield to none in

honoring what else they have—much that no other books in the world equally possess. What we insist on is, that it is mixed up with an immense percentage of evil. This is not a matter to be dismissed by a parenthesis or a metaphor. It is hardly fair to talk of "flaws" and "patches," nor does it meet the question to call all this an imperfect revelation. It is trifling with us to say that the Moslem ritual was given for the "hardness of men's hearts," and some impracticable vision is a "counsel of perfection." We say that evil is evil, and are not willing to adopt the view of Mr. Emerson, that it is a lower form of good. What we maintain is, that the book which they insist on retaining on the altar and the hearth, for reading in the congregation, and for meditation in secret—a book for all—for white and black men, for the poor, the sick, and the child, contains in woven into its fiber some of the very principles of a bad heart and narrow head. Is it possible to give a moral interpretation to all the legends of Genesis? How many pages are occupied with the upholstery of the temples and the finery of the Levites? Are not the wars of Israel as dreary as those of the Samnites, and far more shocking? Are the turbulent annals of the Judges and the Kings the most edifying things in all history, even supposing them true in fact? Even the golden words of David and his son contain much dross. They are no little discredited by their lives, and distorted by frightful imprecations and a cynical worldliness. Through the loftiest exhortations of the prophets, and far more through the whole history of their lives and actions, there runs a savage fanaticism and occasional instances of sheer monomania. What we want to learn is, in what way this burden of Judaism may be lifted off the conscience of the people. How shall their public and private life be purified from this? Not, we think, by any explanation of difficulties and canons of interpretation—not by still thrusting before their eyes and dining into their ears with free comments the legends of Dinah and Tamar, the dreary catalogues of Numbers and Leviticus, the maledictions of the Prophets and Psalms, and the erotic of the Song of Solomon.

We must not stop here; but not farther to wound honorable feelings, we will be brief. The Bible is one; and it is too late now to propose to divide it. We shall only point out that even the moral value of the Gospel teaching becomes suspicious, when the whole miraculous element is discarded.

INTOLERANCE.

Stephen Brewer, an active Christian gentleman and philanthropist, has, after a two years' consideration of his case, been excommunicated from the Cortlandville (N. Y.) Presbyterian church, for daring to go and listen to addresses on Sunday, by such men as Wendell Phillips and T. Starr King. No charge was brought against him for any immoralities. On the contrary, he was admitted to be exemplary in his conduct, and an honor to the creed he professed, excepting that he would use his right to freespoken, and would think for himself. It is the first case of recent date, of such an exhibition of intolerance and bigotry, and we hope it will be the last.—*Freeport, Ill., Journal.*

The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

Superstition.

BY CALVIN B. McDONALD.

Plutarch calls Superstition *Deidaimonia*, or "fear-devilism," and adds that it implies impassioned thought and conjecture full of fear, "which humbleth and depresseth man and maketh him suppose that there are gods, but that they delight in causing grief and misery." But the great Biographer has given a narrow and repulsive definition of the term. Superstition has been better called the poetry and wandering minstrelsy of Religion; it is the soul of poetry and the strong arm of oratory, with which each word is reduced to cold materialism, incapable of awaking an emotion in the human heart. Religionists do not wisely to pray for Superstition's banishment from the world; its departure would leave their altars very desolate, and would expel from earth more of happiness and good, than reason or science could ever restore. Without belief in the Supernatural this world is a wretched world. Religion would become a system of frigid ethics; poetry would be despoiled of its most gorgeous imagery, and oratory would grow cold and unmoving among the icebergs of science, rhetoric and reason. The theologians which still retain the greatest control of the people, practice most of what others choose to call superstitious rites and ceremonies, and the creeds that have endeavored to simplify worship have been least successful in establishing faith among the multitude. Small thanks do the expounders get who explain away a miracle, or show that a certain marvellous passage in sacred history is only figurative. Still less desirable has been the reward of the Infidel whose life-long labor was to persuade the world that the Scriptures were only fables and idle tales, and that Christian faith is no more than a Superstition unworthy of exalted human reason. We turn with gratitude and admiration from the impulsive, patriotic writings of Paine, which, with power no less than that of Murray's speech, stimulated the brave old Colonists to just rebellion. But the heart saddens as we turn the massive pages of the "Age of Reason," and we wish that the glorious Patriot had been, even, a fanatic in Christian faith, rather than the overwhelming questioner of revelation; and under the first impulses of inborn Superstition, we are ready to wish that each several page of that immortal but pestilent book had shrunk in the flames of hell, ere it had made a great name hardly less than infamous, which, otherwise, had stood, side by side with the great names of the Fathers of Liberty, immortal, imperishable, and dear to the people through all ages.

Poetry and legendary stores would indeed be meager if divested of all superstitious aids. What had Homer been without the intervention of the gods, and without personifications of the winds and the various phenomena of nature? What had Dante said without his

terrible imagery of the infernals? What would be the interest of mythological story without its nymphs, naiads, fawns and satyrs? And what would be the charm in nursery legend without its fairies, crownies and kelpies? More than this: what would be the dreariness of the grave if we were assured that there are no guardian spirits overwatching us in the perilous times of life, lingering about us in hours of sickness and affliction, and coming to meet us as we enter the dark, lonesome valley whose shadows are impenetrable to mortal sight? It may be superstitious to believe that the spirits of those who loved us in life return, hovering in the twilight, whispering in dreams, or even declaring their presence by intelligible manifestation. Why may they not? Who has discovered a separate territory for souls, or that any new sphere is necessary for immaterial existence? It may be superstitious to believe that the soul has eternal and intelligent being, but all evidence, within and without, declares an immortality. It may be unfounded superstition, resulting, perhaps, from wrong education, that causes one to sometimes feel that there is an invisible presence near him; yet, who has not, at some time or other, been assured that some unseen intelligence was at hand? From early childhood I was taught to ridicule the idea of ghosts and apparitions, and often passed very gloomy places in the night without fear of the supernatural. No effort was spared to confirm skepticism in relation to the vulgar belief in ghosts, goblins, and bugaboos. I knew nothing of modern Spiritualism, have never read much on the subject, or been present where a circle of believers invoked the spirits. Experience has taught me nothing in relation to Spiritualism which I have never tried to investigate either by experiment or study. But I choose to believe in the presence on earth of guardian spirits, nor would I yield that belief without the authority of revelation. That is my peculiar superstition, and I would not thank philosophy, or reason, or experience, to deprive me of that harmless conceit. It is pleasant to believe that one is not deserted by a soul purified in heaven, and that even when the eye of demon Despair glares at one from condensing darkness, there is an unseen presence near by, who, with potent but immaterial hand, puts aside the descending blow. Not far from the Juniata there is a neglected and sunken parallelogram and underneath the strong sod is sacred dust—sacred to me, only, of all the living, for she who has slept there thirty-four years, has welcomed all her children as they ascended from the Valley of Shadows—all but one. Am I required to believe that he, alone, of all who were dear in life is forgotten, and unvisited, and uncared for because he still lingers beyond the river? Oh, no! the thought is monstrous, repulsive, and like a profanation. I have felt her presence in the thronging city, on the desert plain, in the mountain solitude, where the gray belt of twilight narrowed down in the west, and sleep came with his cohorts of memories; there was a shape statelier, holier than all the others, with a face still remembered as my mother's and footfalls lighter than the snow.

This, I suppose, is superstition, which I wish to linger with me, like others which do no harm, and which do not disturb the "mighty reasoner" in his cogitations, or prevent him from exploring the mysterious hiding-place of emancipated spirits. In that incomprehensible realm his lordly reason gropes in as much uncertainty as my own childish theology which pictured God as a gray-haired, benevolent-looking old man, who dwelt among angels and little children a million of miles beyond the glimmering star that peeped at intervals from the sable shrouds of the invisible.—*Hesperian.*

Spiritualism in England.

THE ATTITUDE OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER TOWARD SPIRITUALISM.

In a late number of the *London Morning Star*, we notice a communication from Benjamin Coleman, Esq.—for whose high character and reliability the Editor of that journal vouches—on the writer's experiences at the spiritual sittings of Mr. Hume. In the course of his last article, he finds occasion to speak of Sir David Brewster's present views and opinions of Spiritualism. As the scientific authority of Sir David is very great, we give so much of the article as refers to him, as an interesting illustration of the difficulty the wise men of our day find in acknowledging what they have seen and heard, when the facts are unpopular.

"As Mr. Howitt, in his very masterly letter in your paper of the 6th inst., has incidentally mentioned my name in connection with Sir David Brewster's, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to learn something of the cause of that learned gentleman's having written to me, and I venture to think the circumstances do in no way redound to his candor nor to his professional acumen. After I had witnessed the phenomena first spoken of by me, I was informed by Mr. William Cox, of Jermin street, that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster had, by his invitation, met Mr. Home at his house, and that some of the most striking manifestations in broad daylight had taken place in their presence, at which they had expressed their great astonishment, and their desire to investigate still further, and as I had read an article recently written by Sir David, in one of the northern magazines, against spirit manifestations, I determined to compare notes with him, and in company with a gentleman at whose house Mr. Home was then staying, I called on Sir David and found him quite disposed to talk upon the subject, and most anxious to see more of it. He said he had made up his mind that the phenomena were not the result of trick or delusion, but he was not prepared to admit the spiritual source, as that was the last thing he would give in to. He was invited to fix his own time to renew his investigation, and on the following day he went to my friend's house, and there met Mrs. Trollope and her son Thomas, who were on a visit, staying for several days under the same roof with Mr. Home, and witnessing hourly, as I know, manifestations of the most remarkable character. At this stage Sir David witnessed a great variety of phenomena, and was to all appearance most seriously impressed. He walked about the garden, afterwards talking over the subject

with Mr. Trollope, and left the party with conviction on their minds that, if he were not bold enough to recant his errors, he at least would not venture to assail Spiritualism again.

"Mr. Home, pleased with the success he met with, wrote to his friends in America saying that Sir David Brewster, Sir Lytton Bulwer, (who had also fully investigated the subject,) and others, were converted.

"An extract from Mr. Home's letter was inserted in one of the American spiritual papers, and copied in the *London Morning Advertiser*, which, meeting the eye of Sir David, he not only wrote to deny, but he condemned the whole exhibition as a farce, and was restrained, he said, from saying all he desired 'in deference to the feelings of the talented lady who was present.'

"This letter aroused the indignation of all who had heard Sir David's previous opinions. I wrote to him, and very stinging letters followed from Mr. Cox and Mr. Trollope. I asked him to be good enough to let us know how much he admitted and how much he denied. In his reply he made the remarkable statement quoted by Mr. Howitt, and which, for the instruction of those who have recently adduced Sir David as an authority against the facts, I may as well repeat. He said: 'At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table, Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When all our hands were upon the table, noises were heard, rappings in abundance, and, finally, when we rose up, the table actually appeared to rise from the ground. This result I do not attempt to explain.'

"I asked Sir David what he meant by saying 'the table actually appeared to rise from the ground?' It was a question of fact, did it rise?"

"The Rev. Dr. Maitland, in commenting upon Sir David's extraordinary letter, says: 'Here is a philosopher who does not know whether a table under his own nose does or does not rise from the ground, and it is upon men so avowedly incompetent, that we are asked to pin our faith in matters of physical science.' &c.

"Surely, after this, Sir David Brewster's authority against spirit manifestations can never again be seriously quoted; but if any one should be so disposed, let them inquire what are Sir David's real opinions now. I am not prepared to assert that Sir David admits the spiritual agency of these phenomena, since that 'is the last thing he will give in to'; but I speak advisedly when I say that his opinions on this subject have undergone a material change since the date of that letter; and, if he is now satisfied of the reality of the phenomena, as I have good reason to believe he is, why, may I ask, does he not, in a manly manner, in the cause of truth, boldly proclaim it to the world, and, with the opportunities which are open to him of further investigation, help to place this much-veiled and most stupendous question on its proper plane?"

[From the New Brighton Times.]

Remarkable Predictions.

VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG.

Mr. Hoag, the writer of the following prophecy or vision, was known to many of the older portion of this place. His son, Joseph Hoag, was in business in New Brighton, Pa., and well known to many of our citizens. The elder Hoag had, it is said, eleven children, sons and daughters, who were all ministers; and all stood high in the estimation of their acquaintances, and in the Society of Friends, to which persuasion they belonged. The following is a correct copy of the original manuscript:

"In the year 1803, probably in the eighth or ninth month, I was one day alone in the field, and observed the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed the brightness of its shining. "As I reflected on the singularity of the event, my mind was closed with silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have experienced; for all my faculties were laid low, and unusually brought to silence. I said to myself, 'what can all this mean?' I don't recollect to have ever before been sensible of such a feeling. And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying: 'This, thou seest is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the Fathers of this country from the land of oppression, and planted them among the forests. I blessed and sustained them; and while they were humble, I fed them, and they became a numerous people. But they now became proud and lifted up, and have forgotten me who nourished and protected them in the wilderness; and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old country was guilty; and taken quietness from the land, and suffered a dividing spirit to come amongst them.'

"I lifted up my eyes and beheld them dividing in great heat. This division commenced in the church, on points of Doctrine. It began in the Presbyterian Society, and went through the various religious denominations in its progress. And the close of its effects were nearly the same. Those who went off went with high heads and taunting language; and those who kept to original sentiments, appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the Society of Friends, it raged in as high a degree as any I had before observed. It next appeared in the lodges of the Free Masons, and set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered Politics, and did not stop until it produced civil war, and abundance of bloodshed during the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and Slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical government arose, and established a national religion, and made all societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from Friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding all this. And I heard a voice proclaim: 'This power shall not always stand; but with this power will I chastise my Church, until they return to the faithfulness of their forefathers. Thou seest what is coming on thy native land for their iniquities, and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which is coming up before me. This is not for many days.'

"I had no idea of writing this for many years—until it became such a burden, that, for my own relief, I have so written."

JOSEPH HOAG.

The Horoscope of America.

STARTLING PREDICTIONS OF EVENTS SOON TO TRANSPIRE.

We published several remarkable predictions a number of weeks before the fall elections. At the time, the extravagant statements were very generally disregarded. Since, however, many of the prophecies have been literally fulfilled, and the public are naturally curious to re-read them, and to compare prediction with fact. We republish, in order to meet the large demand:

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, Sept. 20, 1860.

BROTHER DAVIS:—After three successive lectures in this place, discussing the laws and principles of growth and development—the following prophecies were expressed. They were made in the fourth lecture:

1. "There will be a dissolution of the Union.
2. "A Free Republic will grow up at the North. There will be civil war carried on by the rabble and lower classes among the masses. The Republican candidate will get the popular vote, but will not be elected. There will be two great parties organized.
3. "The 'Liberals' in politics and religion will unite on the one side, and the Catholics, Democrats, and all conservative men and women on the other side.
4. "Slavery will be abolished by revolution, insurrection among the slaves, war, and blood.
5. "Next winter, Congress will get in a broil. They will fight. Blood will flow.
6. "My consciousness is, that this Nation will be dead as a Nation before the 4th of March next.
7. "Almost simultaneous with the close of the November election, will be another crash among the banks, similar to the one of 1857.
8. "By and by we will have great diseases, and new forms of disease, unknown to physicians.
9. "We will have war, famine, political commotion, and earthquakes, and hurricanes.
10. "Healing mediums will be developed to cure disease.
11. "England is to be harassed by France, and Russia will assist France; and when England is crushed as a nation, America will aid her.
12. "We will have no more Presidents—the present one will not serve his time out.
13. "Canada will enter the new Republic in America.
14. "Ohio will be the center of that Republic, and Cleveland will be the capital.
15. "Our present Constitution will be the basis of the new Republican government, but will be re-modelled.
16. "After the transition is passed, Theocracy will be the true form of government.
17. "Ultimately the Southern States will gradually come into the new government.
18. "The Negroes will ultimately be colonized in Central America.
19. "In the transitional, or Republican government, women will take an active part; but in the more perfect form of government, or Theocracy, the male and female elements will be equally balanced."

Such are the prophecies of the lecturer. To say that I know they are true, or to call them all "moonshine" and "nonsense," would be equally unjust. The most casual observer cannot but conclude, that we are on the eve of great crises both in Church and State. The thrones of the old world are tottering on their foundations—are swayed to and fro by the breezes of Liberty, that blow from off the broad plains of humanity.

The Christian world is divided into more than six hundred contending parties, and in the midst of all these the powerful and increasing army of "Liberals" is marshaling the best minds of the age.

Our own government, during the present campaign, is split into fine fragments; and the great question of human slavery is rending the Nation to the very center. It is totally impossible for slavery and liberty to perpetuate a parallel existence, hence one or the other must succumb. Disruptions in the strata of human nature, therefore, may not be apprehended in vain. I am exceedingly skeptical in regard to prophecies of any character, but submit the foregoing, as they were uttered, thinking they may arouse the latent energies of human thought, and cause men to labor more zealously for the establishment of human Rights. Thine, for the Truth,

H. B. VINCENT.

United States and the Canadas.

A NEW POLITICAL PROGRAMME.

[The following prophetic announcements, purporting to emanate from the spirit of Robert Rantoul, through the medium of John M. Spear, Dec. 30, 1853, may also interest the reader of prophecies. We extract it from the *Educator*, page 504:]

"It is now permitted to be prophetically declared that the following events are at hand, and that they will transpire without the aid of miracle, and without suspension of nature's laws:

"1st. Several nations, holding important and highly influential positions on your earth, will soon be engaged in most acrimonious and sanguinary strife.

"2d. The American nation will not be excepted from the great commotions which are at hand.

"3d. The more especially oppressed, enslaved, and hunted, will of absolute necessity be emancipated.

"4th. There will be dissolutions, and unions, and new governments, as necessary results of the mighty national struggles; and among these unions and dissolutions, there will be a union of the United States with the Canadas and neighboring provinces. These unions will cause a dismemberment of some of the now confederated States; and, as a consequence of that dismemberment, there will arise a new and glorious Republic, which shall have for its basis, 'Justice, Equality, and Universal Freedom.'

"5th. Prominent persons will be placed at the helm of the new ship of State, whose motto shall be, 'ETERNAL PRINCIPLES—NOT PARTIES.'

"6th. A new religion shall take the place of dead forms, which shall lead to high, energetic action, and to wise endeavors to elevate the oppressed and instruct the unenlightened.

"7th. The new Republic will invite to its

broad shores the greatly enlightened of all the nations of your earth; and, by new combinations of character, thought, and action, there shall be a new and higher order of beings than has at any former period inhabited your earth.

"These prophecies are presented at this present moment, that greatly spiritualized persons may be wisely informed, and somewhat prepared for the important things which are at hand, and also that they may be unmoved and undisturbed when they transpire. (From the spirit of) ROBERT RANTOUL."

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.

A DREAM OF WILLIAM TELL.

BY JOHN W. EVARTS.

An humble cottager of old,
Of mountain, grove, and wild,
Stood gazing on an Eastern sea,
As if with heart beguiled.
Half knowing what his hand had done,
He raised his soul to heaven—
"Though I have drawn a tyrant's blood,
O, can I be forgiven?"
A voice from heaven at once replied,
"Our work thou hast begun;
A thousand tyrants yet shall fall,
Ere peace on earth shall come!"

The hidden story of his life
Was yet untold to men,
And none but those who shared his fate,
Yet loved, nor dare condemn.
He looked in silence on the sea,
In silence gazed afar,
And saw immortal destiny
Beam from Apollo's star.
He had a dream, as yet untold,
While gazing on the sea,
And in that dream he saw unfold
The CHART OF LIBERTY!

He saw the crumbling monarchies
Fall to their native clod;
He saw the sons of men arise,
Proclaiming Truth and God;
He saw the yoke of Austerlitz
Had ever ceased to be,
And that the noble men of earth
Had set his country free.
He saw Italia's smiling hills
In glorious beauty shine;
He heard the Alpine harmonies
Resound on Appennine.

He saw Germania's fragrant groves
Were shaded where freemen dwell,
And war had ceased in Gallic plains,
As in the land of Tell.
His dream seemed but illusive thought—
A fancy of the mind—
But, ah! 'twas real, it went with him,
And left his dust behind.
He lived to dream his dream again,
He saw again the star
That lighted on his destiny
To triumph over War!

He saw the contest gathering fast,
And thick'ning like a cloud,
To pour its deadly torrents down
Upon the kindly proud.
He heard the cries of Italy,
And Hungary's war-song ring,
With Liberty or Death their fate,
And God their only king.
He saw unfolding centuries—
Their evolutions ran—
Till Freedom triumphed in the strife,
And man was true to man.

AURORA, ILL.

MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

On Alpine heights the love of God is shed;
He plants the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.
On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.
On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow;
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herds;
His shepherd is the Lord;
For he who feeds the sheep
Will care his offspring keep.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

[C. T. BROOKS.]

[From the N. Y. Independent.]

ITALY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Across the sea I heard the groans
Of nations in the intervals
Of wind and wave. Their blood and bones
Cried out in torture, crushed by thrones,
And sucked by priestly cannibals.

I dreamed of freedom slowly gained
By martyr meekness, patience, faith,
And lo! an athlete, grimly stained,
With corded muscles battle-strained,
Shouting it from the fields of death.

I turn me, awe-struck, from the sight,
Among the shouting thousands mute,
I only know that God is right,
And that the children of the light
Shall tread the darkness under foot.

I know the pent fire heaves its crust,
That sultry skies the bolt will form
To smite them clear; that Nature must
The balance of her powers adjust,
Though with the earthquake and the storm.

And who am I whose prayers would stay
The solemn recompense of time,
And lengthen slavery's evil day,
That outraged Justice may not lay
Her hand upon the sword of crime?

God reigns, and let the earth rejoice!
I bow before his sterner plan;
Dumb are the organs of my choice;
He speaks in battles stormy voice,
His praise is in the wrath of man!

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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"THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES," and our reply to the correspondent's objections, will be found in this number.

THE beautiful Law of Compensation is strikingly set forth in "The Philosophy of Commerce," translated from this number from the *Revue de l'Ouest*.

"THE VISION OF JOSEPH HOAG" will be read with interest by those who are anxiously watching the disturbed political elements of our young Republic.

MORE MEDICAL WHISPERS next week. It gives us very precious gratification to learn from week to week, that our readers are making progress health-wise as well as spirit-wise.

"EDUCATION OF THE SEXES," under the department of "Brotherhood," on our second page, is a paper of great importance. Let every reader do something toward the ultimate accomplishment of an end so universally desirable.

VERY important articles will be published next week. Glorious inspirations pour in upon us from the deep founts of Nature, and not less from loved ones, who live in the upper rooms of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND," an article copied from the London *Morning Star*, will remind our readers of the position taken by some of our own scientific leaders who are afflicted by the same pride of intellect as Sir David Brewster. How hardly shall they that have popularity enter into the kingdom of heaven!

NEO-CHRISTIANITY, the article in the *Westminster Review*, from which we give an extract in another column, comprises an extended criticism, written in a remarkably bold and liberal spirit, of the extraordinary work entitled "Recent Inquiries in Theology," a volume of essays by eminent English churchmen.

FACTS RELATIVE TO COL. ETHAN ALLEN," on our second page, should be circulated in every Christian community. The source of this statement is beyond impeachment. We commend the presentation to all who have falsified the memory of the departed Brother. Sectarian clergymen should particularly read a word in justice to the man who revered the religion of impartial Reason.

It is certain that the North and South are to meet "face to face," and will attempt to settle a problem which politics can never solve—the question of Master and Servant. The question is one of many, many centuries; and it is one which the centuries only can effectually settle. So long as materialism triumphs over Spiritualism—so long as sectarianism is empowered by means of ignorance and wealth to triumph over pure Reason—so long will Masters and Slaves coexist and afflict one another.

The graceful and poetical tribute to "Superstition," (i. e. standing above,) which we copy from the *Hesperian*, has some radiant hues of spiritual truth; but the writer should have been more definite in his distinction between the vagaries of ancient mythology and the sublime realities which crowd upon the mental vision of the enlightened Spiritualist—between the fleeting fairy fancies of the nursery tale and the glowing, living, abiding facts of spirit guardianship. Let us have truth, nor shrink from the iconoclastic hand even of a Thomas Paine, if thereby its divine image be more gloriously revealed.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON'S remarks, on our second page, seem to "body forth" all that need be said with respect to the Justice of the "Poor Indian," a claim upon the American people. And yet who would not utter words a thousand times more stirring, and propose to do deeds ten thousand times more practical, if the way was but open for the

achievement of anything? But the present state of public affairs, particularly at the center of political power, renders all philanthropic efforts through Government well nigh impossible. We work on, and hope on, and never for a moment despair. May the Great Spirit at all times seem to be very near the persecuted red, white, and black men of America.

The Physician.

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

MEDICAL WHISPERS

BY A. J. D.

D. W. P., CONN.—Your afflicted companion may, with great advantage, adopt the treatment in our last issue for "Negative Condition of the Lungs. We would gladly say more if we could.

CORA WILBURN, BOSTON.—The suffering friend needs watchfulness and special treatment to be effectual. A general remedy cannot be given her, except the same whispered in this number to "Pina," Utica, N. Y.

"All Gone at the Stomach." PINA C., of Utica, complains of a bloating of the bowels and a sinking at the pit of the stomach.

REMEDY: Drink nothing for supper nor afterwards, till next morning. Take a teaspoonful each of pulverized rhubarb and charcoal, in a little warm peppermint tea, twice a day until the effect is cathartic.

"The Opium Insanity." DR. STEPHEN W., PROVIDENCE. Nothing but a potent determination to abandon the use of the opium will effectually restrain her, and compensate for its customary effects. The venous enlargements, extending upwardly to the brain, are against her independence of the drug. You may pacify her, sometimes, by applying fomentations of bitter herbs to her stomach; and, internally, a tea-spoon twice full of the tincture of hops in a little common black tea, without milk or sugar.

"Longevity of Paupers."—The statistics which have lately been published of the longevity of the peers of the realm and particular classes of the wealthy have awakened a curious piece of information from a correspondent who signs himself "Veritas." He writes that the united ages of 69 inmates of the Hatfield and Wapping workhouses amounts to 5538 years, or an average of 80 each, and 292 persons in the same houses enjoy an average age of 70 years each. This is a most singular piece of information.—*English Paper*.

"Nitromuriatic Acid."—A jeweler, who had a bad cancerous pimple on his cheek, having occasion to dissolve some gold in nitromuriatic acid, rubbed it several times, unconsciously, with his impregnated fingers, and was surprised to find it speedily change its appearance, and shortly disappear. M. Recamier, suspecting the cause, made several uniformly successful experiments of the same mixture, and thus by accident discovered a new caustic for cancerous affections. The proportions are one ounce of the acid to six grains of chloruret of gold.

"Increasing Deafness." JOHN E., DELPHI, N. Y.—Your deafness is not a symptom or effect of some derangement of the system, but it is traceable to a dryness of the exudation or natural moisture within the eustachian tube. And for this no simple remedy is better than a draft of roasted onion in each ear. Or, soft clay made into convenient shape and size, then dampened with saliva, and put in the orifice of each ear, confining them with cotton and a bandage. All such applications are best made at night.

"Spina Bifida." MR. ESTES, OF VIRGINIA, asks: "Can Spina Bifida be cured? If so, how?"

ANSWER: Physicians have classified this disease into dropsy of the spine (*Hydrorachis*) and an incomplete state of the vertebra, giving rise to lumps and tumors under the skin. As to the treatment, we know of nothing comparable to the electro-magnetic battery in connection with hydropathic hygiene. If taken in time, and skillfully manipulated daily, either form of Spina Bifida would get well—providing, of course, the patient has a constitution strong enough to furnish the healing energies.

"Sudden Pain in the Breast."—J. B., CANASTOTA, N. Y. This peculiar pain is caused by a sudden compression of small vessels, accompanied with the generation and confinement of air in the cellular tissues, all which indicates a weakness in your general system. The best treatment for immediate relief is a thorough steam-bath; keep up the sweating for many hours, by means of hot bottles, &c., and the use of crawley tea. Wear a very warm garment or bandage of lamb's skin next to your body in winter. Frequent sweating will aid you; always avoiding sudden changes; and exercise in the house when you cannot go out. (For your daughter, no healing light has appeared; nor yet for the son of Mrs. E.; but let not these friends construe the fact to their disadvantage.)

"A Scientific Explanation."—"Pray, Dr. Skratz, what on earth is a horoscope?" asked Mrs. Partington.

"Why, ma'am," replied the doctor, "you perceive that when the nocturnal hour is so far protracted by a superabundant application of oleaginous, acidulous, piperine, mustardic, oviparous components of a crustaceo piscatory salad and its vinous and alcoholic accidents, an undue expansion of the stomachic integument ensues, which, in the progress of its constipating influences, stigmatizes the cerebral functions, confuses the nervo-optic system, and gives a scope to the horrors!"

"La, me, how very strange!" said the old lady, "and what a wonderful thing it is to have learning!"

"Small White Blisters." V. D., NEW BOSTON, ILL.—Children afflicted with any form of erysipelas, scratches, white blisters, sores, or scrofulous swellings, should never sleep with each other, never with a healthy child, and certainly never with adult persons. The magnetism of a spangle, or half our dog, is healthful for children so diseased; and it would be beneficial to give a scrofulous child a dog (not a poodle or King Charles) for a sleeping companion. A fresh cat's skin (minus the cat) bandaged over the white swelling, or a piece of fresh beef applied every night to a scrofulous tumor or abscess, will effectually dissipate poisonous vapors and partially restore the conditions of health. Diet and hand magnetism are the next best remedies.

"Weakness and Nervous Pain."—An esteemed friend, W. B. P., N. Y., writes that he has suffered from nervous weakness and "pain in some part of his body" for nearly forty years, and very naturally seeks relief, having tried almost everything without success.

REMEDY: This unbalanced condition between the sensory nerves and the nerves of motion may be overcome by establishing an equal circulation of the magnetic energies between the brain and extremities. This equilibrium can be accomplished only by and through a persistent course of magnetic treatment. You should be pounded, rubbed, manipulated, and lastly, oiled from head to feet, at least once a day for many weeks. "Home is the best place."

"Bronchocle, Goutre, or Big Neck." T. A. M., TERRA HAUTE, IND.—The enlargement of the thyroid gland of the neck, which slowly assumes a firm fleshy appearance, extending toward the sides of the throat, and sometimes attaining to very large proportions, is caused by a variety of influences affecting the lymphatic glands and cellular tissues in early youth.

REMEDY: This must consist of timely efforts, before the painless enlargement has assumed a fleshy hardness, otherwise the patient may not expect permanent relief. Let every person remember that the early "ounce of prevention" is a cure, when the "pound of cure" is worse than nothing. Our only prescription is, go out every day to some running stream of fresh water, bare the neck and bathe it long and thoroughly; then dry the skin by continuous manipulations, and cover the throat with a soft fur cravat. (No prescription for the other member of your household. Have you not yet seen a "Whisper" covering the major symptoms of Mrs. M.? Brother, let us receive a word when the spirit moveth thee.)

"Pulmonary Weakness." MRS. E. C. M., WESTFIELD, N. J., is threatened with a scrofulous irritation throughout the entire breathing organism. The membranes of the stomach are loaded with a gelatinous deposit from the vitiated condition of the lungs. And yet the lungs are not diseased. A weakness is spreading over the nervous system, and reacting upon the spinal-centers.

REMEDY: Bring the motor nerves under the control of will. Exercise the stomach and bowels by exerting your Will upon the muscles that support and regulate their external interests. Your cure will begin with the just and appropriate performance of the digestive functions. Use the pneumogastric exertions immediately after getting in bed for the night. Breathe the fresh morning air freely, then swallow a few grains of red pepper mixed with Tolu syrup. Place new wool, fur, or flannel, on any part of your body which is affected quickest by very cold weather, or by long rain storms. Obey the laws of life and health with respect to sleeping, eating, and drinking, otherwise you may at once expect to become incurably diseased.

"Pain about the Heart." MRS. A. V. F., OF WAUPELO, IOWA, is afflicted with divers bodily assaults from the emissaries of General Debility, whose invasions of late have caused much nervousness and dyspepsia, to say nothing of sympathetic pain about the region of the heart.

REMEDY: For breakfast eat plenty of brown or rye bread crumbled into a tumbler full of sour milk, in which you have first beaten up a fresh egg. Use very little sweet—no pies, no puddings, no drinking between meals—remember. Twice a week, before dinner, dissolve fifteen grains of magnesia in a wine-glass of peppermint water, and drink it at once. Manipulate your waist and knead the bowels while suffering from pain in the heart. You may fortify yourself, if you will obey the laws of life, against the filibustering approaches of Gen. De Bility. ☞ Your companion can strengthen his eye by applying cold water to the temples and behind the ears. This should be done every night and morning, followed by vigorous manipulations, which he should receive from some healing medium.

"The Presence of Milk."—DR. J. P. C., IOWA, relates a remarkable case, and asks whether the presence of milk in the breast is not an infallible sign of an advanced stage of gestation and pregnancy?

ANSWER: No, the secretion and accumulation of milk in the breast is not an infallible sign, because there are many well-established exceptions. And yet, as a great general principle, the fact of pregnancy is invariably accompanied by this kind of evidence. Man's organization has been known to secrete and convey milk to one of the breasts, and thus to support life in a very young child. Captain Franklin, in his interesting narrative of his journey to the shores of the Polar Sea, relates the case of a young man, of the Chipe-wyan tribe, who, having lost his wife three days after giving birth to a son, actually nursed the child from his left breast, and long subsequently it was ascertained that he had discharged the duties of wet nurse toward several little members of his son's family. He performed these offices, so unbecoming to his sex, from gratitude to the "Great Master of Life" for permitting him to save his motherless infant son.

"Food for Infants."—Says a writer: No mother would feed a child on the milk of a sick cow, if she knew it; but is there any reason to suppose that the milk of a sick woman is more healthy than that of a sick cow? Either must inevitably be sources of disease. The cows in New York, fed on distillery slops, are no worse off and no more diseased than thousands of mothers, who live on unhealthy flesh, and drink, not the slops, but the liquor

of the distillery, with the additional poisons of tea, coffee, tobacco, and various drug medicines. What with diseased mothers and distilleries, our children have a hard time of it; and so ten or twelve thousand die every year in this single city. And this appalling mortality, far more frightful than the cholera, goes on year after year, and nothing is done, because we think it inevitable, and have got hardened to it. I have written upon this subject for years, and I am determined that people shall think upon it. When they have once thought, there is no fear but they will act. There is no man with a human heart in his bosom, and there can be no woman, who must not feel interested in ascertaining the causes of infant mortality and the means of staying its terrific progress.

"Hereditary Insanity."—We are continually enlarging our Insane Asylums, while the number of these unfortunates is continually increasing, faster than our means of providing for them. The number now provided for by this city is much larger, in proportion to the population, than it was twenty years ago. There is no disease more manifestly transmissible, by hereditary descent, than insanity. An insane father or mother, or one with a tendency to insanity, will almost infallibly give the disease to a whole family of children, and it may lie dormant in these, until they, in their turn, have each infected a whole family with this terrible malady. It was found, by a careful investigation of the case of one patient at the Worcester Asylum, that traces of insanity had manifested themselves in the family for five generations, and no less than five hundred and fifty individuals of the family line had been deranged.

What a lesson is this! If every person disposed to insanity were to refrain from perpetuating such a curse, the world might be rid of the evil. If man and woman would carefully avoid connections with insane families, this frightful evil would be much diminished. There can scarcely be a greater crime than the perpetuation of such a malady.

The insanity which may be termed accidental, and which proceeds from peculiar states of the system, must of course be distinguished from that which is hereditary, and often incurable.—*Dr. Nichols.*

"The Man who can Will."—Mira-beau said, "Why should we feel ourselves to be men, unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere. You must say of nothing, *That is beneath me*, nor feel that anything can be out of your power. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will. Is that necessary? That shall be; this is the only law of success." Whoever said it, this is in the right key. But this is not the tone and genius of the men in the street. In the streets, we grow cynical. The men we meet are coarse and torpid. The finest will have their sediment. What quantities of fripples, paupers, invalids, epicures, antiquaries, politicians, thieves, and triflers of both sexes, might be advantageously spared! Mankind divides itself into two classes—benefactors and malefactors. The second class is vast, the first a handful. A person seldom falls sick, but the bystanders are animated with a faint hope that he will die: quantities of poor lives; of distressing invalids; of cases for a gun. Franklin said, "Mankind are very superficial and dastardly; they begin upon a thing, but, meeting with a difficulty, they fly from it discouraged; but they have capacities, if they would employ them." Shall we then judge a country by the majority, or by the minority? By the minority, surely. 'Tis pedantry to estimate nations by the census, or by square miles of land, or other than by their importance to the mind of the time.—*Emerson.*

"Thoughts of a few Good Heads."—Nature makes fifty poor melons for one that is good, and shakes down a tree full of gnarled, wormy, unripe crabs, before you can find a dozen dessert apples; and she scatters nations of naked Indians, and nations of clothed Christians, with two or three good heads among them. Nature works very hard, and only hits the white once in a million throws. In mankind, she is contented if she yields one master in a century. The more difficulty there is in creating good men, the more they are used when they come. I once counted in a little neighborhood, and found that every able-bodied man had, say from twelve to fifteen persons dependent on him for material aid—to whom he is to be for spoon and jug, for backer and sponsor, for nursery and hospital, and many functions beside; nor does it seem to make much difference whether he is bachelor or patriarch; if he do not violently decline the duties that fall to him, this amount of helpfulness will in one way or another be brought home to him. This is the tax which his abilities pay. The good men are employed for private centers of use, and for larger influence. All revelations, whether of mechanical or intellectual or moral science, are made not to communities, but to single persons. All the marked events of our day, all the cities, all the colonizations, may be traced back to their origin in a private brain. All the feats which make our civility were the thoughts of a few good heads.—*Emerson.*

"Troublesome Irruption."—RICHARD M., who resides not many miles from MARSHALL, MICH., is obliged to scratch his cuticle at inconvenient occasions, and always when he would be occupied in far more manly pursuits. Sometimes his punishment is greater than his reward. The dear patient concludes, occasionally, that the effect is out of all proportion to the magnitude of the cause. The fact is, this Brother has a troublesome irruption (not the itch) which presents a red face after rubbing and chafing it, and he wants a word of advice in the direction of health. His dietetic habits are good.

REMEDY: The disease is entirely one of the under skin, appearing and disappearing on different parts of the body, and it is therefore absurd to drink blood-purifying syrups as a remedy. The best treatment for a simple incorrigible irruption is a wash composed of kino, borax and cream. Of borax take two ounces, two drachms of kino; cover them with one pint of rain water, for three days; then add half-pint fresh cream, and the mixture is ready for application. First give yourself a thorough scratching or chafing, so that the surfaces are as much inflamed as they ever appear after rubbing them, then apply the mixture thoroughly. The smarting, burning, and inflammatory effects that succeed will be of short duration, while a healing process will be forthwith inaugurated.

Perhaps it will be necessary to repeat this treatment every night for a week or two, but the remedy is quite certain to remove the cause just beneath the skin. This treatment, remember, is adapted to simple irruptions, with inflammatory aspect.

"Remedy against Poisoning by Phosphorus."—Poisoning by phosphorus has become so frequent, in consequence of the universal introduction of chemical matches, that it is highly important to make every one acquainted with the best means of counteracting the effects of that substance, in order that speedy relief may be afforded to those who may have had the misfortune to take some. The *Medizinisch-Chirurgische Monatschrift*, a German medical paper, proposes calcined magnesia as the best remedy for the purpose, stated to have been largely experimented on by Drs. Antonelli and Borsarelli. In cases of poisoning by phosphorus, or by any other substance containing that metalloïd, the administration of fatty substances should be avoided; because, far from attenuating the effects of the poison, they increase its energy and facilitate its diffusion. Calcined magnesia should be administered in large quantities, suspended in water that has been exposed to ebullition. In cases of dysuria occasioned by phosphorus, the best remedy is acetate of potash. All mucilaginous beverages administered to the patient should be prepared with water that has boiled, in order that they may contain as little atmospheric air as possible.—*Exchange.*

"Difficulty in Breathing." R. D. CHALM, OF KINGSVILLE, O., writes as follows: "I am very weak—can just walk about the house a little—have a cough, raise a moderate quantity of matter every day, soreness in the upper part of the chest every afternoon, and considerable difficulty in breathing. Will you please inform me if I have vitality enough left to recover my health, and if so, what shall I do?"

REMEDY: There are several modes of treating such a negative condition of the lungs, but it is deemed wisdom to reach and arouse your energies through the stomach and the skin. The original cause of your prostration was imperfect chylification of the food. Your liver has been torpid in consequence, one of your kidneys much disabled, and the ultimate of all disturbances is fixed upon the lungs. It will be necessary for you to use weak camomile tea injections three or four times per week, for a month or two. The intestinal action must become natural and prompt. A tea-spoonful of pulverized prepared charcoal in a wine-glassful of lime water, is important just before eating every other dinner. Arise! This life is yet best adapted to thy development. Use your Will-power! Swing your arms backward, upward, and walk with your mind in your feet. (This counsel is to every sick person.) After one week of this treatment, prepare a large Burgundy pitch plaster, sprinkle the surface evenly with opium, and apply it all over the upper portion of your chest. When this wears off, you should either renew it or apply the treatment recommended in our last issue (No. 46) for a "Negative Condition of the Lungs." Eat moderately at noon, with plenty of red pepper (*capsicum*) on cooked or broiled meats.

"American Improvements in Surgery."—Probably no diseases have been so ineffectively and unsatisfactorily treated as those attacking the spine, the hip, and the knee, the reason being found in the fact that but little has been accurately known of the real nature, progress, and cause of these maladies. A recent discovery has, however, thrown considerable light on these subjects, and promises to be of considerable use in the treatment of a large class of sufferers. Dr. H. G. Davis, a physician of this city, is the author of this discovery. From researches and investigations prosecuted during many years, he has found that wherever any joint whatever is stiffened from any cause, and the ends of the bones are closely pressed together by muscular action, a very small area of each articular surface receives the whole pressure, and by the action of a well-known law, this pressure produces waste, first destroying the cartilage and then attacking the heads of the bone beneath. The area of pressure being thus gradually enlarged, the destruction of the bone spreads, until at length the case becomes desperate. The point originally decayed has extended, and spread, and deepened, and now an operation is indispensable, the limb being perhaps inevitably sacrificed, and the life of the patient placed in jeopardy. Now, it is evident, that as, according to these statements, the whole mischief results from the continued muscular pressure on the joint, the first and chief object must be to remove this pressure, and to relax, for a considerable period, the muscles producing it. The simple apparatus which Dr. Davis has devised for this purpose has been exhibited before the New York Academy of Medicine and the Medico-Chirurgical College. We learn that it has also been adopted by Dr. Buck in the New York Hospital, and with more or less modification by Dr. Sayre and other eminent surgeons. Its results are stated to be very satisfactory.—*Illustrated News.*

Paraphrased.

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

SANITARY MISSION FOR WOMEN.

A recent special meeting of the New York Sanitary Association was called to consider the question of forming "Female Sanitary Mission Societies," for the purpose of instructing the families of the ignorant and indigent in the principles and practice of Domestic Hygiene.

The report made to the meeting, set forth that women were preeminently fitted for such labors, that a wide field for effort lay around them, and that past experience in other Associations and other lands proved their efficacy.

A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a Committee of five members of the Association to advise and cooperate with the ladies in Sanitary Missionary labors.

Rev. Dr. BELLows invited attention to one important phase of the subject.

"It seemed to him that the servants in our families should receive more instruction on hygienic matters from their mistresses. The Irish population who went out to service here, he thought, were providentially designed to be educated up to their duties and privileges by this method of contact with the better-informed classes. He had heard of one family, which, within four months, had employed fifty-six servants. It was not right that servants should thus be kept for a little while and then dismissed because they were ignorant. Some interest should be taken in teaching them. The opportunities for giving instruction in their own household should not be neglected by the women of New York. The time was, in a measure, passed, when kitchens were on the first floor and not underground, and the ladies of the household took some interest in domestic affairs. Dr. BELLows recommended that in all the churches sub-associations be formed for carrying out this reform. They must make some great existing institution, like the church, the basis for a movement of this kind."

JAMES T. BRADY, Esq., endorsed the suggestion of Dr. Bellows, and paid a high compliment to the sex for its benevolent attributes, alluding to Florence Nightingale, whom he declared to be the greatest being living!

Drs. PURDY and SEWALL, MR. HALLIDAY, and others, advocated the agency of women in behalf of temperance and anti-tobacco reforms. The ladies were earnestly appealed to to set their faces against the use of those agents of evil—rum and tobacco—in any form or by any class.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS will be found at E. B. CHADDOCK'S Spiritual, Liberal, and Phrenological Depot, No. 19 Court St., New Haven. Also a general assortment of Reform books.

TO PREMIUM SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to the large demand for books as premiums, and the necessary labor incident to recording the letters and forwarding the books, some little delay may occur before the premiums are received. All will however be dispatched in order, as speedily as possible, and in strict conformity with our published proposals. Every new subscriber, sent before the 15th inst., who shall claim a premium when his name is forwarded, may rely upon receiving it in due season.

CHALLENGE FOR DISCUSSION.

I will take the affirmative of the following proposition, in public discussion, with any minister or intelligent Christian in whom the Church has confidence, namely:

"The Old and New Testament Scriptures are of human origin, abounding with errors and immoralities, and a belief in their Divinity retards the progress of the world and is injurious to man."

Believing that any system which "shrinks from investigation openly acknowledges its own error," it is to be hoped that some one of the many believers in the Divine origin of the Bible will accept the above challenge. My address is Cleveland, Ohio; or the above may be accepted through the HERALD OF PROGRESS. S. P. LELAND.

THE *Liberator* commences its next volume with a new dress. It remarks that the growth of Anti-Slavery sentiment "has done comparatively little to extend the circulation of the *Liberator*. Other men have entered into our labors, and reaped advantageously where they did not sow. So that our glorious cause steadily advances to its final triumph, we are content."

THE Davenport Boys are inquired after by a Boston correspondent. It is thought they would be well received in New England now.

MISS HARDINGE's new book is received and on sale at this office. It contains six lectures, an autobiographical sketch, a portrait, &c. Price Fifty cents.

A WORD IN SEASON.

Within a few weeks the first year's subscription of many of our subscribers will expire. We desire to remind all these that they will spare us extra trouble, and insure the uninterrupted reception of the paper, by renewing before their time is up. Many are sending in their renewals thus early, and all who fail to do so will receive notice by means of a cross on the margin at the head of the first column of the paper, the week before their subscriptions expire.

Members of clubs, anticipating a club renewal, would do well to commence efforts at once, that the names may be returned to us before they are erased from our mail books.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained of W. P. Goodhue, at Broadhead, Green Co., Wis.

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE.

H. J. Raymond of the *Times*, in his letter to W. L. Yancey, thus defines the point of difference between the North and South:

"The real question at issue between the North and South, (using these terms as convenient designations of the two opposing parties,) turns upon this point—which involves all others—are slaves property, in the meaning and intent of the Constitution? Do they stand in the view, and under the provisions of that instrument, on the same footing as other property? You answer, Yes; we answer, No. And you are threatening to dissolve the Union unless we will also answer Yes. Nay, more—you are already endeavoring to dissolve it, because we persist in answering No!"

BRIEF ITEMS.

—FLOYD, Secretary of War, resigned on Saturday, (Dec. 29th,) in consequence of a refusal by the Cabinet to recall Major Anderson from Fort Sumter to Fort Moultrie. The office was then tendered to Gen. Scott, who declined it: it was at last accepted by Mr. Holt, who is now at the head of the General Post Office and War Departments.

A late dispatch from Harrisburg says, that Gen. Cameron has been selected by Mr. Lincoln as Secretary of the Treasury. It is also rumored that the Secretaryship of War has been offered to John C. Fremont.

—A new feature, from Paris, of course, was introduced in connection with New Year's cards, this year. It is the use of photographic cards, to be collected and bound in an album.

—A little four line notice, in the daily papers of December 31st, had a meaning, if we mistake not, as flattering to the advertiser as it was welcome to the poor. We copy it: "NOTICE TO THE POOR.—The poor and their children are invited to call on John W. Farmer, at No. 47 Ludlow street, between the hours of 2 P. M. and 10 P. M., on New Year's day."

—Volunteer companies for defense of the Union without regard to party, are rapidly forming in Pennsylvania, and also, it is said, in Massachusetts and Vermont.

—Prof. Morse has just received from the King of Portugal the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of the Tower and Sword, being the fifth title of that character which has been bestowed upon him by European sovereigns for his invention of the telegraph.

The number of persons who are known to have died in the United States during 1860, aged 100 years and upwards, is fifty. Of these the oldest was a slave, by name Sam, who died in Georgia aged 140. A slave woman in the same State, Milly Lamar, was 135. One Lizzy Gray, in South Carolina, died aged 127, and a colored woman in New York, named Susan Wadsworth, was 125.

—The Portland, Maine, papers, mention the forcible seizure, by a Mr. Curtis, of his wife, who had not lived with him for some time, his conveyance of her to his friends, where he compelled her to pass one or two nights with him. Through the agency of a friend she was finally rescued, and her legal owner lodged in jail.

—In the N. Y. State Senate a Resolution has been offered by a Democratic Senator directing the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill to raise, if necessary, ten millions of dollars to properly arm the State.

—The Bible has been translated into 200 languages and dialects, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 150,000,000 have as yet received it.

—The total number of immigrants, during last year, at the port of New York, was 103,621. The amount of money brought by these immigrants is estimated at \$7,875,196.

—Among the post-offices recently established will be found the names of "Why Not," "Hurricane," "Sublimity," "Toll Gate," "Experiment," and "Twinville."

—The *Little Pilgrim* has the following: "Little Susie H., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked, with vehemence: 'Mamma, I don't want to be an angel; and I needn't—need I?' 'Why, Susie,' questioned her mother, 'Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear faddlers like a hen!'"

—As far back as 1824, a German traveler wrote: "The firm of the Church, at whose head is the Pope, gives him a regular occupation and a regular salary; he works leisurely, like every man who is not in business on his own account, only he has the credit of the house at heart, and still more its permanence, as by its bankruptcy he would lose his means of support." What was here spoken in jest has curiously enough been realized in detail, as the Pope has failed, being unable to pay the last six months' interest on the Papal debt.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamer Australasia, we are in the receipt of European news to the 22d of December.

—The English Cabinet on the 15th of that month received a telegram from St. Petersburg, announcing that peace between the Allied Powers and China had been concluded on the 26th of October, and ratifications had been exchanged, and that on the 6th of November the two armies had evacuated Peking, and the Emperor's immediate return was expected.

—The United States frigate Niagara, with the Japanese ambassadors on board, reached Hong Kong, China, October 29th, and was to proceed at once to Yeddo.

—The British Parliament has been prorogued until the 5th of February.

—The distress among the weavers in Coventry (England) is so great, that it is said 40,000 are actually starving.

—English travelers visiting France, by a late decree of the Emperor, are to be exempted from the inconvenience of bearing passports.

—The Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, though they have exhausted their capital, it is said, have resolved to keep the enterprise afloat, in the hope that at some future time the requisite capital for its completion may be forthcoming.

—The intelligence from Gaeta, as to the progress of the siege, is contradictory; the bombardment was to recommence after the temporary suspension of hostilities, on the 10th of December. It was supposed that the French fleet, which has hitherto prevented the intervention of the Sardinian fleet in the siege, would be withdrawn, when Gaeta must speedily yield.

—A pamphlet bearing the title, "The Emperor Francis Joseph I and Europe," has recently been issued in Paris and is attracting considerable attention, as it is thought to reflect the views of Napoleon. It forcibly advocates the cession of Venetia, by Austria, as a positive advantage to that power, as well as opening the way to a peaceable solution of existing difficulties.

—The Austrian troops in Hungary were stationed in every part of the country, in small detachments, so as to be able to form flying columns in all directions.

—In India strong dissatisfaction exists against the collection of the income tax, and a mutinous spirit is again exhibited in various quarters. The Fifth Bengal regiment of European infantry, on account of its insubordi-

nate character, had been entirely disbanded and its members drafted into the other regiments of the Bengal army.

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy. Fix'd in the harp of every human soul; Which by the breath of Kindness when 'tis swept, Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

A GENEROUS CRIMINAL.

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulon. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to leave something to eat, and for concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, while the mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay the rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father. "My wife and little ones without food or shelter, and I without means to provide any for them."

The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy, and then said: "I will give you means. I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father. "Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body: I will follow you to the city: they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; my children should starve a dozen times, before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared, at last, that he would go and deliver himself up, if the father did not take him. After long struggling, the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the Mayor's office. Everybody was surprised that a little man, like the father, had been able to capture such a strong young man; but the proof was before them. The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone, the father asked a private interview of the mayor, to whom he told the whole story.

The mayor was so much affected, he not only enclosed fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offense which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not this whole incident beautiful?

A MODEL PARENT.

A correspondent furnishes the following as having occurred within her own knowledge a few years since, in a southern city:

"A beautiful girl had an aunt and uncle-in-law well advanced in years, at whose house she paid frequent and long visits. She was a great favorite of her aunt's, and would go and assist in the care of the children and the house, when her aunt was sick."

"One morning the husband of this lady, the father of many children, went away suddenly, carrying the niece of his wife with him. On hearing the sad news, the young lady's father went immediately in pursuit of his poor misguided child, determining to seek until she was found."

"Many months elapsed, and when almost despairing, he stopped at a very retired country house, when the first object that met his gaze was his daughter, with a little infant in her arms. Thanking God that his lost one was found, he, after much persuasion, induced her to return with him, before the arrival of the man she called her husband. Having brought her home, by love and watchful kindness, he sought to restore peace to the already repentant one. Her child, (an interesting little girl,) is kindly and lovingly tended by the entire family, and though many have ceased visiting the house, and sneer at the poor little innocent one, all the truly Christian must admire the act of this noble man, who thus saved his child from utter degradation. This good parent has gone to Our Father's house above, where he now enjoys the reward every good deed brings. And his sad, though Christian child, awaits the messenger which will bear her to the arms of that kind and waiting father."

"Over the broken-hearted aunt, and forsaken little ones, we must spread the mantle of sincere pity."

A RARE EXAMPLE.

PRESENCE OF MIND AND HEROISM.

The following exceedingly interesting narrative we find in a late *Tribune*:

"The *Tribune* desires to do honor to one of the infant demigods of New England—Charles Champlin of Hartford—who at the childish age of 13 has lived a full manhood of generous heroism. On Monday forenoon—an intensely cold day—a little son of Dr. Mettler, skating on the 'Little River,' broke through and disappeared under the ice. The boy Champlin witnessed the accident and ran to the rescue. He met the body of his little friend floating rapidly under and against the transparent and yielding ice, whirled about, and rushed in a straight line a little way below, where was a cake of strong old ice, seated himself safely upon this, and commenced kicking the weak ice to pieces in front of him with his boot-heels. By the time the floating and dying form reached the hole of rescue, this wise and ready-witted child had made for it, Charlie dropped down to his waist in the water. With the last instinct of life little Mettler clung to his feet. Lifting himself to his seat again, Charlie fastened upon his charge, drew him to the opening, and pulled him out of death into life. Twice before, while living at Higganum, in the summer of 1859, this same brave lad jumped into the Connecticut River and rescued other boys while struggling in deep water."

Attractive Miscellany.

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

THE BIRD AND BOWER.

I had a little bower when I was young:
A bird sang there,
And I, poor child, still listened while it sung
Its magic air;

"For still it said, or still it seemed to say,
"The world is wise!
See how the roses reddened, waters play,
And moonbeams shine."

"See how the sun, with golden, dreaming light,
The valley fills;
See how he crowds, with a blue gloom like night,
The noontide hills."

"Deep in the fox-glove's bell, where'er thou go,
Still drones the bee,
And the red trout, where warbling brooklets flow,
Leaps up for thee."

"For thee the sun and moon were made of yore,
The cloud and shine;
For thee God made the after, the before,
The near and far."

"All love, all power, all worship, all delight,
All fancies wild,
All rainbow hopes, all dreams of day and night,
For thee, O child!"

"The fairy sitting in her home of fern,
The piping fawn,
The nymph that bears aloft her river urn,
Or guards the lawn."

"For thee God made the geni of the air,
And of the deep,
And the quaint elves that charm, with witchery rare,
The world of sleep—"

"All, all is thine! thou, thou alone art king,
Fair, good, and wise!
Fresh, fresh from heaven, before the life's great spring,
Full-blossomed lies."

Thus in my little bower, when I was young,
The song began,
And all life's summer through the syren sung,
To lure the man."

But now gray autumn thins that magic bower,
The green leaves fall,
And the old glory fades from tree and flower
When wild winds call."

I hear no more the fairy bugles blow,
The stars are dim,
I hear no more at the sea's ebb and flow,
The sea-maid's hymn."

With lowly heart and meek, sad thoughts I stand,
A dreamer vain;
But ah! that vision of the morning land
Returns again."

I dreamt it once, perchance as childhood dreams,
When life began;
I dream it now, nor think it less befits
The time-naught man."

I cannot tell if I shall find it true,
In worlds afar,
If I shall win, in that o'erhanging blue,
My regal star."

But still the heart a far-off glory sees,
Strange music hears;
A something, not of earth, still haunts the breeze,
The sun, and spheres."

Still, still I clasp my hands, still look and pine,
Still weep and pray,
Still, still am followed by a voice divine,
And far away."

What mean these yearnings, these mysterious sighs,
This hope-like fear,
This feeling in the dark, these sudden cries,
When none are near?"

All things that be, all love, all thought, all joy,
Sky, cloud, and star,
Spell-bind the man, as once the growing boy,
And point afar;

Point to some world of endless, endless truth,
Delight, and power,
And thus come back that grand old dream of youth—
The bird and bower."

The Lost Boy.

The editor of the Sandusky *Mirror* was formerly Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary. He gives the following as one of the incidents which occurred while he had the control of the institution:

I had been a few months in charge of the prison, when my attention was attracted to, and a deep interest felt in the numerous boys and young men who were confined therein, and permitted to work in the same shops with old and hardened convicts. The interest was increased on every evening as I saw them congregate in gangs, marching to their silent meals, and thence to their gloomy bedrooms, which are more like living sepulchres with iron shrouds, than sleeping apartments. These young men and boys being generally the shortest in height, brought up the rear of the companies, as they marched to the terrible "lock-step," and consequently more easily attracted attention. To see many youthful forms and bright countenances, mingled with the old and hardened scoundrels, whose visage betokened vice, malice and crime, was sickening to the soul. But there was one among the boys, a lad of about seventeen years of age, who had particularly attracted my attention; not from anything superior in his countenance or general appearance, but by the look of utter despair which ever sat upon his brow, and the silent, uncomplaining manner in which he submitted to all the hardships and degradations of prison life. He was often complained of by both officers and men, and I thought unnecessarily, for light and trivial offenses against the rules of propriety, yet he had seldom any excuse or apology, and never denying a charge. He took the reprimand, and once the punishment, without a tear or a murmur, almost as a matter of course, seeming thankful that it was no worse. He had evidently seen better days, and enjoyed the light of home, parents and friends, if not the luxuries of life. But the light of hope seemed to have gone out—his health was poor—his frame fragile—and no fire beamed in his dark gray eyes. I thought every night I saw him march to his gloomy bed, I would go to him and learn his history, but with so many duties to perform, so much to learn and do, that day after day passed, and I would neglect him, having merely learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and

that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young! He had already been there a year and had two more to serve. He never could outlive the sentence inflicted. He felt it. He worked at stone-cutting on the State House, hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he worked in the prison yard, still his pale face haunted me day and night, and I resolved on the next Sabbath, as he came from Sabbath-school, I would send for him and learn his history. It happened, however, that I was one day in a store, waiting the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old newspaper, I had read and reread while delayed, until at last my eyes fell upon an advertisement of "A Lost Boy." Information wanted of a boy named Arthur—(I will not give his right name, for perhaps he is still living.) And then followed a description of the boy, exactly corresponding to that of the young convict, Arthur Lamb. Then there was somebody cared for the poor boy, if indeed it was him; perhaps a mother, his father, his brothers and sisters who were searching for him. The advertisement was a year old—yet I doubted not, and as soon as the convicts were locked up, I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a matter of course, with the same uncomplaining face, and hopeless gait, thinking, no doubt, that something had gone wrong and had been laid to his charge.

I was examining the convict's register, when I looked up, and there he stood, a perfect image of despair. I asked him his name. His reply was:

"Arthur."

"Arthur what?"

"Arthur—Lamb," said he, hesitatingly.

"Have you a father or mother living?" I asked.

His eyes brightened, his voice quivered, as he exclaimed—

"Oh, have you heard from mother? Is she alive?"

And then tears, which I had never seen him shed before, ran like great rain-drops down his cheeks.

As he became calm from suspense, I told him that I had not heard from his mother, but that I had a paper I wished him to read. He took the advertisement, which I had cut from the paper, and as he read he exclaimed:

"That is me! That is me!"

And again tears and sobs choked his utterance.

I assured him the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents, and that as it requested information, I desired to know what I should write in reply. The advertisement directed information to be sent to the *Christian Advocate*, New York.

"Oh, do not write," said he, "it will break poor mother's heart."

I told him that I must write—and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know where he was, than the terrible uncertainty that must haunt her day and night. So he consented—and taking him to my room, I drew from him in substance the following story:

His father was a respectable mechanic in an interior town in the State of New York. That at the holding of the State Agricultural Fair in his native town, he got acquainted with two strange boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from his home and go to the West. He foolishly consented, with high hopes of happy times, new scenes, and great fortune. They came as far as Cleveland, where they remained several days.

One morning the other two boys came to his room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelry, which they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he needed funds to pay for his board, they pressed him to take some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it, they were all arrested for burglary, and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed, was found in his possession, he too was tried, convicted, and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dared not write home, so hope sank within him. He resigned himself to his fate—never expecting to get out of prison or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of the two young convicts who came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur said was true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home, and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence.

Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition, and his history, as I obtained it from him; painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed there—even if guilty—and the possibility of his not living out his sentence, and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the direction in the advertisement. But week after week passed, and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother, until at last, hope long deferred, made his heart sick, and again he drooped and pined.

At length a letter came. Such a letter! It was from Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York. He had been absent to a distant city, but the moment this good man read the letter, he responded. The father of the boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long mysterious absence; he had left his former place of residence, had moved from city to city, and from town to town, and traveled up and down the country, seeking for the lost and loved. He had spent the most of his handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, pining for her first born, and would not be comforted. They then lived in a western city, whither they had gone in hope of finding or forgetting their boy, or that a change of scenes might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter, which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to secure the convict's pardon.

This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased; hope and fear, joy and grief, filled his heart alternately, but from these his eyes beamed brighter, his step was lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed—and at last a man came to the prison, rushed frantically into the office, and demanded to see his boy.

"My boy! my boy! oh, let me see him! The clerk, who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son."

"Arthur—!"

"No such name on our books, your son cannot be here."

"He is here, show him to me. Here, sir, is your own letter. Why do you mock me?"

The clerk looked over the letter, saw at once that Arthur Lamb was the convict wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger.

"There is the warden, sir, it was his letter you showed."

The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife heaped blessings on my head. But the rattling of the great door, and the grating sound of its hinges, indicated the approach of Arthur, and I conducted the excited parent into a parlor. I then left his son to his embrace. Such a half shriek and agonizing groan as the old man gave when he beheld the altered countenance of his boy, as he stood clad in the degrading stripes, and holding a convict's cap in his hand, I never heard before. I have seen many similar scenes since, and have become inured to them, but this one seemed as if it would burst my brain. I drew up and signed a petition for the pardon of the young convict, and such a deep and favorable impression did the letter I wrote in answer to the advertisement have upon the directors, that they readily joined in the petition. Gov. Wood was easily prevailed upon in such a case, and pardon was granted.

Need I describe the old man's joy? How he laughed and wept, walked and ran, all impatient to see his son set free. When the lad came out in citizen's dress, the aged parent was too full for utterance. He hugged the released convict to his bosom and kissed him—wept and prayed. Grasping my hand, he tendered me his farm, his gold watch—anything that I would take.

Pained at the thought of pecuniary reward, I took the old man's arm in mine, and his boy by the hand, and escorted them to the gate, literally bowing them away.

I never saw them more; but the young man is doing well, and long may he live to reward the filial affection of his parents.

This case may be but one among a hundred, where the innocence of the convict is clear—but even where guilt is clear, there should be pity for youth, and some proper means taken to win them to the paths of rectitude and honor.

A Perilous Ride.

The noble beast that forms the subject of my story, had been a bay of the richest and most glossy color, with a lone spot of white hair in the forehead. His tail had been allowed to flow, uncurtailed by the mutilating knife, naturally and gracefully as those of the wild mustangs of the prairie. The ample chest, small ankles, and proud neck, and the wide-apart, prominent eyes, and open nostrils denoted gentle blood; but at the time I saw him, old age had whitened his beautiful bay coat, long tufts of hair were growing behind each foot, his eyes were rheumy, and the few long teeth he possessed were loose. I had noticed the care and attention bestowed on him by every inmate of that family. Not a day passed that his neck and face were not caressed by soft feminine hands, and if I had been surprised at that, how much more so was I when Mrs. Morrison, who, like myself, was staying there through the summer, would frequently throw both arms around his neck, and while his soft nose rested against her shoulder, would call him pet names, and not unfrequently her beautiful eyes would fill with tears while thus employed. "Don John" received all these caresses as if he had been accustomed to them, frequently following one and another of the inmates like a huge house-dog.

My curiosity at length became so great that I resolved to become acquainted with the reason why he was thus honored with the respect and attachment of the household. Not many days elapsed before I became acquainted with the reasons, and I assure you, gentle reader, I considered them sufficient to excuse any amount of affection which it might please the superior brute to bestow on his fellow, the dumb one. He had belonged to Dr. Mosely, of Whitesboro, for many years a practicing physician in that place.

The Doctor had been called to Utica, on business connected with his profession, and had been absent three days. During his absence, one of those drenching, warm, breaking-up rains had set in. Mountains of ice were rushing down the Mohawk, sweeping everything before them, overflowing the banks, carrying away bridges, dwellings, and alarming many of the inhabitants, as well it might—for one must see a freshet to understand its terrible importance. One must hear the crash and roar, behold the mad waters rushing headlong and wild, eager for destruction; behold the floating wrecks of many a dwelling often bearing a "thing of life," and sometimes a human life, as was witnessed a few days since on the Schuylkill.

The night was lanky black, and Don John picked out the way faithfully and steadily, never stumbling, but with the bridle hanging slack across his neck, and his nose close to the earth, his master had little fear for the consequences. They were approaching Oriskany, where a bridge spanned the Mohawk, and Don John whined pitifully once or twice till a sharp word from his master warned him not to show the white feather. On the other side he could just distinguish, through the dense darkness, moving and glimmering lights, and once he fancied he heard a shout; but he little heeded aught save getting housed as soon as possible, and sleeping off the fatigues consequent to his profession.

"Now Don, step sure; old Oriskany bridge, to my own and your knowledge, has lost many a plank," said the Doctor, patting his beast's neck, and pushing the wet, tangled front-lock from his eyes. They were now ascending the little eminence leading to the entrance, when the horse stopped. "Go on, sir!" said the Doctor, "you are nearly home!" Still no attempt at going on, and beneath them the angry waters roared and belled like maddened devils bawled of their prey. "Do you hear me, sir?" with a smart buffet on the neck, and a gathering up of the loosened bridle into the

firm, determined hand, and the animal started—slowly, steadily, surely, firmly—though the broad back slightly shivered from time to time, and the gait was so measured and methodical, that at any other time he would have observed it. As it was, he only let him have his own way, though he may have smoothed his neck, for he had a kindly heart, and his poor beast had labored hard through dreadful weather, and was sadly in need of food and shelter.

Towards the end of the bridge the steps became slower, and once stumbled in the hind foot. A quick grasp at the bridle, and a cheery "Easy, John—easy, sir!" and again the cautious hoofs resounded on the hard wood. They were across, for the animal neighed, and tossed his head till the Doctor shook in his saddle. "One more mile to go, poor fellow; but first I and you want some refreshments." So riding up to the small tavern door, where a genial light was shining from the windows, he called loudly for the landlord. A dozen of more of the inmates came rushing to the door with lanterns, which they held aloft, and a "Good God, Doctor, where did you come from?" broke from their lips almost simultaneously.

"Come from? Why, from over the Mohawk! What is the matter? Has the freshet carried away any of your senses? Here boy," as dismounting, he threw the reins to a gaping fellow, "give John something nice, and dry him off. Keep him well wrapped up while he eats, and, Landlord, I want a tumbler of red-hot Jamaica, quick!"

"Doctor," said the group, "have you crossed the Mohawk to-night? and if so, how?"

"Why, on the bridge; are you all drunk?" said the exasperated physician.

"Doctor," said the old, gray-headed landlord, "that bridge went down the Mohawk this afternoon! Come with me and I will show you! If you crossed, God only knows how you did it!"

A shiver went to the Doctor's heart—and, lantern in hand, he followed the footsteps of the men to the margin of the swollen and turbulent river. Where was the bridge?

"Almighty God!" said the horror-struck Doctor; "where is my gratitude? My noble beast came over here this night, backed by me, on this solitary string piece; and I, with this right hand, gave him a blow as he faltered!" and the Doctor sank upon his knees in the soft wet snow, and wept like a child—the men moved from his presence respectfully and left him to himself.

When, after some little time, he made his appearance, his eyes were greeted by the sight of "his horse, surrounded by the entire household, each contributing to render him some assistance. A quart of warm ale was given by one, another rubbed his neck and chest with spirits, a third dried his glossy hide with warm flannel, and others patted his neck or caressed his nose and face. The Doctor approached, and took the head of his beast against his breast, and great, warm tears, rushed up from his heart, as the long, graceful tongue lapped his master's face. "Oh! John, my boy, and I gave you a blow!" and the words ended in a low, wailing groan. Men uncovered their heads and turned their faces from him, and at length led him inside, where he spent the night. The morning revealed to him the dreadful danger he had escaped, from the sagacity of his beast, and again did he grieve for the blow he had dealt him, when, so nobly, he was putting forth more than human power.

Don John never did a day's work from that day. Sometimes his master rode him forth on a pleasure tour, or drove him, before a light vehicle, a few miles, with some member of his family; but his professional labors were over. Nothing could exceed the care and attention that were ever given afterward. He fed from a manger made of mahogany; his room was more a parlor than a stable; and company to the Doctor's always paid Don John a visit before they left.

Thus lived they many years, the Doctor and his horse growing old together. Don John survived his master some years; and when the good man's will was opened, there was found a clause appended, which related to Don John, to this effect: that he should be given to his youngest daughter, (Mrs. Morrison,) while she lived, to be cared for as he had always done; that he should, at his death, be buried in his shoes, wrapped in his own rich blanket, and inclosed in a befitting box, in the corner of his own burying-ground. His wishes were religiously respected, and two years after I learned his history, Don John's bones were buried in a corner of the old Mosely burying-ground, at Whitesboro.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture.

J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed, Killawog, Broome Co. N. Y.

L. P. GRIGGS will answer calls to lecture, addressed Evansville, Wis.

MRS. C. M. STOWE may be addressed, Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Milwaukee, Wis., through January.

J. H. W. TOOHEY will address the Spiritualists of Quincy, Mass., January 5 and 12.

BENJ. TODD may be addressed during the winter, care of E. C. Manchester, Battle Creek, Mich.

O. J. MULLEN, Wayne Station, Du Page Co., Ill., will answer calls to lecture in that State.

GEO. M. JACKSON, Inspirational speaker, may be addressed by friends wishing his services, at Bennettsburgh, Schuylkill Co., N. Y.

MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture addressed, Phoenix, N. Y.

MRS. HELEN E. MONELL will lecture in the New England States during the winter. Address Hartford, Conn.

MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will answer calls to lecture, addressed box 878, Cleveland, O.

MRS. M. J. KUTZ will answer calls to lecture, addressed, Laphamsville, Kent Co., Mich.

WM. DENTON will answer calls to lecture on Geology, Theology, and Spiritualism. Address, Painesville, Ohio.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

MRS. H. M. MILLER will receive calls to lecture inspirationally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Address, Ashtabula, O.

HERMAN SNOW, formerly Unitarian Minister, will address Spiritualists and friends of Progress not too remote from his residence, Rockford, Ill.

L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed care of I. G. Atwood, 88 East Sixteenth St., New York City.

W. K. RIPLEY, Bradford, Me., speaks alternate Sundays at Hamden and Lincoln, Me.

E. CASE, Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., will visit Central and Western New York for lecturing purposes. Address as above.

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.

E. V. WILSON will spend January, 1861, in Chicago, February in Milwaukee, returning eastward in March. Will receive calls for week evenings till 1st of March as above.

ELIJAH WOODWORTH, Leslie, Ingham Co., Mich., will travel and lecture upon the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spirit Inter-course, in the East, and Northern Michigan, this winter.

MRS. S. E. WARNER will lecture in Olney, Ill., in Jan.; and in Lyons, Mich., in February. She may be addressed at the above places, or to the care of Ebenezer Warner, Norwalk, O.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures during January, Lyons, Mich.; February, Elkhart, Ind.; March, St. Louis, Mo. Address Lowell, Mass., box 815, or as above.

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MISS MARTHA F. HULETT (Post office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak during Georgia; January, 1861, Cincinnati, Ohio; February, Toledo, Ohio; March, April, and May in the East.

H. B. STORER, will lecture at Portland, Me., January 13th; Bangor, Me., 20th and 27th, Feb. 3d and 10th; Bucksfort, 17th; Bradley, 24th; Putnam, Ct., five Sundays in March; Providence, R. I., April 7th and 14th. Will speak three evenings per week at places near these towns.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak at Oswego, N. Y., in February; Chicago, Ill., in March; Toledo, Ohio, two first Sundays of April; Adrian, Mich., the third Sunday, and Cleveland, Ohio, the last Sunday in April. Address as above, or at Putnam, Conn., care of Abner Plummer.

JOHN PIERPONT will answer calls to speak on Spiritualism in Western New York, Northern Ohio, and Michigan. Address, between the 5th and 12th of January, care of B. F. Rust, Alfred Centre, N. Y.; till the 19th, care Theo. E. Davis, Oberlin, O.; and from the 19th to the 26th, care E. M. Read, Perry, N. Y.

EMMA HARDINGE will lecture during the month of January, 1861, in Detroit, Elkhart, and Attica, Ind. Address C. Waterman Esq., Detroit, Mich. In February, Chicago, Ill. Address Russell Green, Esq. For the ensuing year, in the East. Post office address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

LEO MILLER speaks in Providence, R. I., January; Lowell, Mass., Feb. 3d 10th, 17th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 24th and March 3d; Quincy, Mass., March 10th and 17th; Philadelphia, four Sundays in May. Calls to lecture week evenings should be addressed, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

S. P. LELAND will lecture at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Jan. 18; will commence a course of lectures on Geology at Adrian, Mich., Jan. 16; at Quaker Valley, Mich., Jan. 23; at Coldwater, Jan. 29; at Sturgis, Mich., Feb. 6, 1861. Address Cleveland, Ohio. Applications for February and March must be made soon.

MISS LAURA D-FORCE will speak in Terre Haute and Evansville, Ind., in January; Cleveland, Ohio, in February; La Crosse, Wis., in March; Decorah and Davenport, Iowa, in April; Plymouth, Mass., in May; Providence, R. I., July; Quincy, Mass., Aug. 4, 11, 18; Saratoga Springs, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1st; Putnam Corners, Sept. 8, 15; Concord, N. H., Sept. 29; Portland, Me., October. Applications for week evenings addressed as above will be received.

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New Music.

I CANNOT CATCH THE SUNSHINE; or, *The Blind Child*. Written by Elizabeth Bouton, composed by A. J. Higgins. Chicago: A. Judson Higgins, Publisher, 40 Clark St.

The words of this song have a peculiar tenderness and beauty, to which the music seems admirably adapted. It will prove a favorite with many.

"I cannot catch the sunshine!
Dear mother tell me why
A gentle little sunbeam
Should be so strangely shy?
I feel it touch my forehead,
And lightly kiss my cheek,
But when my hand would grasp it,
Its place in vain I seek."

PUTTING ON AIRS, as sung by LeGrand Cushman at his entertainments; composed by A. J. Higgins. Published by A. J. Higgins, 40 Clark street, Chicago.

The words and music will be accepted as clearly and happily demonstrative of the fact, that,

"If you do as folks of fashion do,
You've got to put on airs!"

A WOMAN AMONG THE ENGLISH LAWYERS.

A remarkable suit is on trial before the London Court of Divorce, in which a young lady is allowed to conduct the case for her father. Mr. William Shedden, a native of New York, of Scotch descent, seeks to prove his own legitimacy and thus to obtain his rights in certain estates of his paternal grandfather. He had engaged eminent counsel, but, when the case was called, the counsel asked for delay, because they had not prepared themselves. The judge decided that the case could not be postponed, and the lawyers, after earnest expostulation, indignantly left the court. The judge was about to proceed to the trial, with this disadvantage against the plaintiff, when the daughter of the plaintiff stepped from the audience down among the lawyers, and modestly asked the permission of the court to appear in behalf of her father. The judge was struck with astonishment and admiration, but assented to the novel request, and the young lady, who had made herself familiar with the case in all its legal bearings, proceeded to state it with a clearness, and power, and a modest self-reliance that put the professional attorneys to the blush. She occupied the whole day in the opening plea, and made a decided impression, and, in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses on the subsequent days, she proved herself fully competent to the task she had undertaken.

Miss Shedden had the warm sympathies of the court and of the British public, and was likely to get her case.

The example of Miss Shedden in appearing before a London court in behalf of her father has been imitated by a Miss Ryves, who has appeared before the same court in her own case to establish her legitimacy. Neither the judge nor lawyers made any objection, and now the English women may claim that their right to appear at the bar is established by precedent. — *Springfield Republican*.

—A salute of twenty-one guns was fired in Reading, Pa., (Dec. 31), in honor of Major Anderson, for defending his country's flag and property.

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

NOT OVERDRAWN.

A lady correspondent at the South, alluding to the extract we recently published from a South Carolina lady in reference to the universal terror there, writes:

"It is all too true. I know a young lady who says, 'I expect to be put into the asylum before spring.' Another, whenever the door is opened, starts and trembles, and is now just recovering from a fit of nervous fever, brought on from this over-excitement. Even little children cry, and are afraid to be left alone, all owing to this one great fear. May our spirit friends draw near and give us strength and hope."

I'LL PRAY AND YOU FIGHT.

It is said that on the return of Grant Thorburn from Scotland, a mutiny took place by the crew of the vessel in which he sailed. Thorburn, it is well known, is a dwarf; and his name is rendered notorious for his pious libels on Thomas Paine. Among the passengers was a stout six-foot Scotchman named James Anderson. The immediate aid of the passengers was required in the crisis. So says Thorburn to Anderson, "You go and assist the captain and I will go down in the cabin and pray." The mutiny was quelled. On the arrival of the vessel at this country, it was published that the mutiny was quelled through the activity and energy of Grant Thorburn.

THE OBJECT OF SECESSION.

Judge Handy, the Commissioner from Mississippi to the State of Maryland, says:

"Secession is not intended to break up the present government, but to perpetuate it. We do not propose to go out by way of breaking up or destroying the Union as our fathers gave it to us, but we go out for the purpose of getting further guarantees and security for our rights. Our plan is for the Southern States to withdraw from the Union, for the present, to allow amendments to the Constitution to be made, guaranteeing our just rights."

WHY NOT BOTH?

The custody of the youngest child has been awarded by the court to Mrs. Burch. The universal experience is that the mother is the most faithful guardian of a minor child. The father may suffer the children of his deceased wife to be separated, to find homes with strangers; but when the mother is the surviving parent, she labors early and late, with ceaseless fidelity and care, to preserve unbroken the little sacred family group.

Yet, but recently have the tardy masculine legislatures of a few States admitted the mother to joint guardianship. In all others the father may dispose of the child irrespective of the wishes of its own mother. In fact, the only mode by which a mother may secure the entire exclusive control of her offspring, is by denying its legitimacy! Thus do civil codes place a premium upon vice, and offer inducements for crime!

What possible peril could come to society by acknowledging the mother's right and title to her own children as first and most sacred. Mrs. Burch should have the care of both her children.

RALPH FARNHAM, the last survivor of the battle of Bunker Hill, died on the 26th ult., in Acton, Me., at the age of 104 years, 5 months, 19 days. On the afternoon preceding his demise, he asked his daughter-in-law, "Ain't there angels in the room?" She replied: "Father, do you think there are?" "Oh yes," said he, "the room is full of them, and they have come to assist me home."

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: From Beloit, Rock Co., Wis., on Wednesday, December 26th, BETSEY E. BULLOCK, wife of S. W. Bullock, aged fifty-eight years and nine months.

Travelers' Guide.

THE REGULAR MAIL LINE VIA STONINGTON FOR BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, AND NEWPORT.

Inland route—the shortest and most direct—carrying the Eastern Mail.

The steamers PLYMOUTH ROCK, Captain Joel Stone, and COMMONWEALTH, Captain J. W. Williams, in connection with the Stonington & Providence Railroad, leaving New York daily (Sundays excepted) from pier 18, at 5 o'clock P. M., and Stonington at 8:30 P. M., or on the arrival of the mail train which leaves Boston at 5:30 P. M. The COMMONWEALTH, from New York—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. From Stonington—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The PLYMOUTH ROCK, from New York—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. From Stonington—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Passengers proceed from Stonington, per railroad, to Providence and Boston in the Express Mail Train, reaching said places in advance of those by other routes, and in ample time for all the early morning Lines North and East. Passengers that prefer to remain on board the steamer, enjoy a night's rest undisturbed, breakfast if desired, and leave Stonington in the 7:45 A. M. train, connecting at Providence with the 11 A. M. for Boston.

Fare from Providence to Newport, 50 cents.

A baggage master accompanies the Steamer and Train through each way.

For passage, berths, state-rooms, or freight, apply on board the steamers, or at the Freight Office, Pier No. 18 North River, or at the office of the Company, No. 115 West street, corner of Cortland at New York.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE PIER FOOT OF DUANE ST., AS FOLLOWS:

Dunkirk Express at 7:00 A. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and intermediate stations.

Mail at 8:15 A. M., for Dunkirk and intermediate stations.

This train remains over night at Elmira, and proceeds the next morning.

Way, at 8:30 P. M., for Middletown, Newburgh, and intermediate stations.

Night Express, daily, at 5:00 P. M., for Dunkirk, Buffalo, Canandaigua, and principal stations. The train on Saturday runs only to Elmira.

CHAS. MINOT, General Superintendent.

NATHANIEL MARSH, Receiver.

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Merchants and Shippers intrusting the transportation of their Freight to this Company can rely with confidence on its speedy transit.

This Company also maintains an Emigrant Accommodation Line, by which parties emigrating westward may travel cheaply and comfortably in mode of conveyance, at one-half the first-class rates of fare.

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Conventions in the State of NEW YORK, to be addressed by Rev. Borch Green, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Rev. S. J. May, Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony, and others, will be held as follows:

Buffalo—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2, & 3.

Lockport—Sunday, Jan. 6.

Albion—Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8, & 9.

Rochester—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jan. 11, 12, & 13.

Utica—Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14, & 15.

Rome—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17, & 18.

Cortland—Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 19, & 20.

Fulton—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24, & 25.

Oswego—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 26, & 27.

Port Byron—Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 28, & 29.

Syracuse—Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29, & 30.

Auburn—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 31, Feb. 1.

Peterboro—Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2, & 3.

The sessions of the conventions will be afternoons and evenings at 2 and 7 o'clock. Afternoon sessions FREE. Evening sessions 10 cents.

Let there be a grand rallying of the people. The friends in the several places will give free entertainment to those in attendance from the country.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

The Fourth Annual New York State Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Albany, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, Feb. 4, 5, & 6.

Wendell Phillips, Hon. Gerritt Smith, Lucretia Mott, Rev. Beriah Green, Ernestine L. Rose, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Oliver Johnson, Rev. S. J. May, Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony, and others, will address the Convention.

Afternoon sessions will commence at 2½ o'clock. Admission FREE. Evening sessions at 7½ o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The Second Annual New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held at ALBANY, in ASSOCIATION HALL, Thursday and Friday, afternoons and evenings, Feb. 7 and 8.

Lucretia Mott, Wendell Phillips, Ernestine L. Rose, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Hon. Gerritt Smith, Rev. Beriah Green, Rev. S. J. May, Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony, and others, will address the convention.

Afternoon sessions at 2½ o'clock; admission FREE. Evening sessions at 7½ o'clock; admission 10 cents.

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