

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 Photographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system. Let no contributor conclude, because we post-pone 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 personal use) 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 to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN." Miss L. B., of D. Vt.—We cannot find among our papers any communication from you. Will you re-state the question? J. MENDENHALL, PEKANSAT VIEW.—Your communication is received. Glad you do not forget the interests of the common humankind. S. M. HICKORY HILL, CHESTER CO., PA.—The spirit-stirring lines of E. K. are received, and will soon appear in our columns. E. A. N., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—We do not yet see the answer to the interesting question proposed. W. B. P., CINCINNATI, O.—Your paper on "physiological insect" is received and reserved for future use. We will notice and quote from your journal. W. L. S., DE SOTO, MO.—It will not be possible for your communication to appear very soon. Your last article is not calculated to elicit satisfactory comments. MESS E. C. A., IOWA.—Your cough, and the other symptoms mentioned in your note, will give us a better idea before prescribed. Have you carefully examined the whisper department? The throbbing is not a disease. "A PLOWBOY," AFTON, N. Y., sends us the following longitudinal question, which will require the skill of a latitudinarian to answer: "When does Sunday come to the Christians of Northern Europe, where, twice a year, days are a month long?" J. B. ROBINSON, CHASEVILLE, OTSEGO CO., N. Y., sends us a whisper adapted to the ears of many who have ears to hear, as follows: "I wish some good speaking medium would come this way, for this part of the country knows but little of true Spiritualism." "DEAR," ILLINOIS.—No intelligence for thee. "Act well your part." If your reasoning facilities fail to discern the "righteous way," then go into meditation, forget your selfish interests, and let the "still small voice" of Intuition whisper you out of embarrassment. R. P. A. whispers all the way over the space that separates our office from the far West, and says: "The HERALD OF PROGRESS is doing a good work in these discordant times; and I only wish that its harmonizing spirit might be felt universally." "ANONYMOUS," ST. LOUIS.—We are interested in the peculiarities of your mediumship. Your condition embraces two phases of the new experience. For explanation, see "Present Age and Inner Life," pp 152 and 175—the "Clairvoyant" and the "Pictorial" forms of mediumship. "A CO-LABORER," GOLDEN HILL, IA.—Your several communications have daily reached our sanctuaries, but we think they will not go wordward for a time. It is undoubtedly beneficial to yourself to write something on the world's great trials. We like your reflections on "Confessions of a Medium." H. G., PENNSVILLE, JAY CO., IOWA.—We have not heard of any circumstance corresponding wholly to the one you describe. Perhaps it was a prophetic vision, or it may actually have occurred, for aught we know, with all its horrid, ghastly details. May the day hasten when individuals and nations shall learn war no more! H. M., NERENAH, WIS.—Devotion to the conditions of mediumship would restore to your married daughter the powers now suspended. We are pleased to get a friendly word from you. Perhaps it may be well for you to send a fact, now and then, from the unwritten page of your own spiritual experience. G. P., FLORIDA, O.—We should still more highly esteem the opinion of thy mathematically-minded friend (M. Painter) if it was the result of a greater familiarity with the weekly contents of the HERALD. Limpid and correct reasoning, independently of spiritual manifestations, would convince his mind. Can you not impart a few Harmonical rays to his very candid intelligence? TIMOTHY H., PHILADELPHIA.—Your article on "Marriage" is received. We have considerable unpublished writing on this question. Out of much, we take the article best adapted to meet a particular point in the controversy. In this way, perhaps, almost every good article will in due course reach the public eye. We accept yours for publication very soon.

HERMAN S., ROCKFORD, ILL.—We are happy to inform you, Brother in Progress! that the "Theological Mrs. Grundy" has arrived in good condition. The case of Mary Reynolds is analogous to that of "Hortensia"—showing the double life of one soul, the world within and the world without, or the fact that one human mind may contain, exhibit, personate, and become many. W. M. S., COCOQUAN, VA.—Our medical department will from week to week impart information calculated to build up the bodily state of thousands. We think you will not require particular instructions on the art of right living. The heavenly hosts, looking lovingly down upon you as you manfully work, will aid you to "read, and think, and act." T. W. B., CHARLESTON, IND.—There are healing powers in your possession, but it will be difficult for you to exert them at present. Would you not reside more contentedly in another place? As the advertisement you sent is deemed inadvisable, we have put the \$1 to your credit on subscription. Happy are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. E. W., CAMPVILLE, CT.—This Brother says it will give him great satisfaction to hear from some of our correspondents in reply to the following questions: 1st. What positive proof does Spiritualism afford of immortality? 2d. How can we know that the "spirits" are what they claim to be? E. S. S., AUSTINBURG.—This friend will not expect to receive answers to some of the questions propounded. Each mind should comprehend and regulate its own externals. Laws for the development of clairvoyant powers are found by obedience to the requirements of magnetism, or by orderly sittings in a spirit circle. You possess such powers, and they should be unfolded for medical purposes. JOSIAH STABLE, ST. LOUIS CO., MO.—For specifications regarding the construction of the "Spiritoscope," we refer you to our correspondent Dr. Harlow, of Ohio. The details are not in our possession. Perhaps our Ohio Brother will write out for our columns a description of the instrument, its cost, operation, &c., for the benefit of those who would obtain physiological and pathological intelligence from the skies. ZEPHYRA S., TREMBELL CO., O., writes us with a whole heart in his hand. He whispered in our ear the following: "Enclosed you will find two dollars on the Bank of Fredonia, N. Y.—supposed to be good—for the 'Herald of Progress' as long as I live, and to pay for it; and when I leave this sphere, if I have anything left, a part of it must be given to the 'Herald' for the benefit of those who come after me. For I perceive that the 'Herald' has 'life' in it, and is able to impart life to others." "ARTEMEDIA," MICHIGAN.—It is not necessary to put the number of our post-office box on letters or communications addressed to us. The post-office clerks will consign to our box anything addressed to our office of publication—274 Canal St., New York. Please forward your own answer to the questions you put to us. What is your knowledge? What your experience? What your inspiration or conviction? "A FRIEND OF PROGRESS," residing in Michigan, whispers in our ear the following complimentary reason why our journal does not suit all classes: "Your paper does not suit all classes of minds, for the reason that it does not sufficiently cater to their necessities. The exciting, strange, wonderful, better suit the demands of many minds, than the mental aliment contained in the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS." This is the best commendation of our journal we have received in many a day. J. L., CASS CO., MICH.—There is truth in the following beautiful lines from Longfellow's "Eudymion": "No one is so accused by fate, No one so utterly desolate, But some heart, though unknown, Responds unto his own." "Responds, as if with unseen wings An angel touched its quivering strings, And whispers in its song, 'Where hast thou stayed so long?'" W. D. H., WAUKESHA, WIS.—This fearless and energetic defender of the temporal and eternal Rights of Mankind, in a recent article published in the Waukesha Freeman, describes popular theology as "a system that out of every generation that lives on earth—allowing 1,000,000,000 to be the number—sends 975,000,000 to an endless perdition, and saves the balance, 25,000,000. This is the ratio of the saved and lost. A beautiful system, indeed! and reflects great credit upon the character of the God the orthodox worship. Let those believe this system who have not the moral courage to look after a better one." "ONE WHO WISHES TO GAIN KNOWLEDGE," residing at Gorham, Ohio, asks the following singular question, which we print for the benefit of those most interested: "If, as our orthodox clergymen assert, God is an organized being, the presumption is, that He must have a central position, and possess organs of communication. Now, allowing Him to be in the center of all universes, and Jesus to be the express image of His person, and located in the same mansion, as an intercessor between His Father and the self-styled saints of earth—the question is, how long does it take for the petitions of those that pray very loud to reach Jesus, and for Jesus to intercede with His Father, and then to return an answer to said petitioners? Would it take as long as our astronomers tell us it takes light to come from the planet Algolone—five hundred years, at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second?"

F. T. L., MASS.—No. The "trance" may be the effect of spiritual health, or it may be the result of a diseased condition. In the first case, the objective revelations and visions are sweet, harmonious, edifying, and happiness-promoting; in the second instance, the mind is liable to be assailed with bitter subjective experiences—discordant, confusing, and miserable. It is a fine piece of silk thread—a skin, which some souls can handle without difficulty; while others, less careful and discriminating, get it all scurled and tangled into indescribable knots! Such persons fancy that the evil is in the silk, and not in their mismanagement. What do you say? R. H. H., BALTIMORE.—This correspondent asks for information concerning the use of certain nightly visitations of which he is the recipient. Spirits, real or imaginary, call upon him soon after retiring, and the subsequent journeys are often tiresome the day following. The explanation is, Disorderly or irregular circulations in past months. The true remedy may be found in having the cerebellum (back part of the head) rubbed and pounded before attempting to sleep. For a few nights it would be well to slumber in a sitting posture. The front brain must be quieted before refreshing sleep is possible. There is more strength in true sleep than in abundant food. A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Boston, says: "A gentleman of this city, Mr. Asa Fitz, having devoted five years of hard study and much money to the investigation of the Spiritual phenomena, has discovered some of its primary fixed psychological laws, which can be demonstrated with mathematical certainty, and practically applied by intelligent minds for the mental and physical elevation of the race." We shall be very thankful for the reception of any testimony going to establish the practicality of the gentleman's discovery. "A Spiritual College" is not a bad proposition, but the spiritualization or pulverization of existing colleges would be a much grander undertaking, and far more consonant with the world's needs. CATHERINE ST. J., WISCONSIN.—We have read thy letter, considered thy wishes, and it seemeth best to leave thy feet in the path just before thee. As a record of your experience, and as a statement in part of that which is reserved for you, as a sequence of the past, we refer you to the autobiography of another. Do not the following words seem to emanate from your own mouth? "I built a Palace, white and high, With sweeping roof and decorated; No dusty highway, But quivered alleys, And stairways, and Where birds and..." And I, who laid it on the stone, Stone after stone do take it down, What if a king, whose state and crown, Should pull apart his regal crown? For kindly hearts no fate can frown, Thy rule forever o'er thy own."

Mr. J. E. MERRICK, OF CURRY, GEORGIA, writes to contradict certain paragraphs printed in late issues of this journal. He denies that the South is in fear of servile insurrection, &c. All such insubordination is attributed to the influence of itinerating Northerners, who (as our correspondent assures us) will disappear from the South "like morning mist" as soon as there is open hostility between the Slave and Free States. Then all servile troubles will terminate; for the slaves never attempt insurrection when left to themselves. The accounts from the young lady of North Carolina, he pronounces "the merest fabrication, as every Southern born man would at once detect." Skeptics in Spiritualism—and the Tribune's editor, as he is included in the category—frequently ask why it is that spirits, living in the same sphere, differ so widely on a question of fact? Perhaps these skeptics will explain away their weighty objection to Spiritualism by solving the causes of discrepancies and contradictions, in matters of fact and observation, as illustrated in the communications received from residents of the different seceding States. Even the citizens of Charleston, S. C., do not give the same account of events and facts transpiring. Shall we not doubt the existence of such a city and of such citizens? How else can the discrepancies be accounted for? Let the skeptics speak.

For the Herald of Progress. THE SOUL'S UPRISING. Oft the human heart hath spoken, Though its finest chords be broken; Oft the lone, for-saken spirit, Grieved for lack of worldly merit, Hath complained; Oft the greatest truths, in breaking in upon the speechless waking Of the soul, Highest truths from depths the lowest Swift unveil; Human souls in sad complaining, Life's sweet chords forever straining, Breathe a dirge: O that straining—sad complaining— 'Tis the dirge Of old error. Truth uprising, Guile, deceit, and shame depressing— Glorious vision! 'Tis the rising Of the soul. Cease complaining, cease thy blaming, Spirit! cast in Godlike mold. Gods are round thee; angel voices Mingle with the earth's rejoicings; Beauteous forms from dire confusion, Truths, unborn from dark delusion, Daily rise; Need the inward, high monition, Every hour hath its conlation; O, be wise! Love and Wisdom, sweetly blending, In their motion upward tending, Lift the soul to God. M. J. W., Mollum, SPRATFORD, CONN.

Voices from the People.

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

LEARNING AND LABOR UNITED.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Jan. 6, 1861. BROTHER DAVIS: Such is the caption of an article in a recent number of your most excellent journal—copied from one of the other city papers, which may be the means of doing great injustice to many of your liberal and progressive readers. I therefore wish to give you a few facts in regard to this so-called "Western College" whose "Learning and Labor" are said to be united.

THE "COLLEGE." The school at Western, near Cedar Rapids, is one that reflects no credit on the citizens of Iowa. It is filled with students of nearly every grade, from the lowest up to a few of what may be termed academic studies. So far as the claim to a college is concerned, it is a mere humbug. This is so, mainly from two reasons. First, they have no students suited to enter college, even if they had one to enter; and second, because of the total inefficiency of THE PROFESSORS.

Such Professors! There is not one that could obtain a situation in our city common schools. They are engaged in other work, and every teacher knows that a superficial man, at least, will have all he can do to devote his time to perfecting himself in the business of teaching. Here, more than in almost any other avocation of man, is it necessary that a strict division of labor be maintained. A thorough scholar will find little time, when teaching, to perform outside labor; how much less one that is himself only half instructed in what he presumes to teach. They simply rob the student by means of false pretenses, and send him out into society a superficial scholar, yet with the idea that he has attended a college fastened upon him, just enough to make him a fool.

ITS SECTARIAN CHARACTER. This College was founded by a religious denomination, known in this locality as "United Brethren," or "United Brethren in Christ," is, I believe their full title, and a more ignorant and bigoted band probably has no existence on the wide common of the globe. With them all others are heretics whose certain doom is perdition. A Spiritualist would be ridden out of town by them on a long narrow seat if they dared to do it, their will being good for the deed. As a denomination they are entitled to credit for making an attempt to grow in knowledge, and it is to be hoped that with an increase of knowledge may come also more liberality of sentiment, and more of those principles that give nobleness to humanity and worth to life. But to attempt to drag others down to their narrow dogmas is too gross an outrage to pass unrebuked. It would indeed be a serious "sell" for a young man of limited means to journey from the great State of New York, or from New England, to attend a manual labor college, and find, when he reached here, an institution not equal to the Free Schools he left behind.

Now let those who propose to give to this concern, examine something, beside the "pictures" which they exhibit, with fountains and beautiful grounds and trees. Now the fact is, Western is a town of small shell-like, balloon-frame buildings, with no shade trees, no water, save in deep wells, no taste in buildings or grounds, and in fact the whole place wears the appearance of desolation and gloom. True, the prairie is fertile, and it is as bleak and uninviting as any of the wide-spread prairies can be.

Let those who propose to migrate thither for the purpose of combining "labor with learning," look twice before they leave their native land, the land of schools and colleges, for one scarcely redeemed from the wild dominion of nature in which it was found, by the necessitated and courageous emigrant. In haste, truly, J. L. Knox.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM AN OLD MAN.

LOCKPORT, Dec. 31, 1860. BROTHER DAVIS: I feel impressed to lay before the public through your interesting sheet—if considered worthy of your notice—a circumstance of my seventy-eight years' experience, hoping it may tend to disperse the cloud of ignorance hanging over the human family, and to bring into discredit an old and injurious dogma. This is the doctrine of total depravity and a consequent eternal hell for all so-called unbelievers in orthodox sectarian creeds. I was brought up a sort of Pharisee, under the instruction and guardianship of parents of the Presbyterian faith, though liberal in their sentiments, for that class of old school professors. My father was an elder in the church as long as I had any recollection of him, which was over thirty years. About the time of his decease, I experienced a "conviction of sin," or a sense that I did not lead the pious life of my father, though I was honest, and could not accuse myself of wrongdoing my neighbor in any respect. I mourned and prayed under these impressions some six or eight months, until I was apparently brought near to death's door. In this state, I experienced a paroxysm of terror, imagining that I should surely go to hell, because I did not feel as I thought a Christian should. I had many times tried to pray, but was never satisfied with my petitions. In my terror, I gave up all hope, and besought God

to send me to hell, if He saw fit, for I had done all in my power to make myself better, but to no avail. After becoming satisfied that I could not improve God's work, or make myself better than He intended me to be, I became reconciled to my condition, was soon enabled to go about my ordinary labors, and have never been troubled in the same way since. A few years later, I joined the Presbyterian church, was made an elder, and continued so for some time, but never without doubts of the total depravity of mankind, and of the propriety of God's thrusting intelligent beings into the world, and through anger at their sins sending them to perdition in unquenchable fire. Finally, with the two other elders of the same church, I cast off the bonds of sectarianism, and became a free man. We were at the time under the pastoral charge of Rev. Samuel Beman, afterwards employed in the Astor House in your city, as I am informed. He also, with us, to some extent experienced a change of views. Still many of my old notions were so fixed in my mind, that I could not get entirely free from them until about the year 1847. I could not be reconciled to think that God's love was extended to such as I deemed unjust and vicious.

In that year, if I mistake not, I was taken sick with ague and fever, and after becoming convalescent, I became acquainted with a good Baptist clergyman in the village of Dixon, Illinois, where I resided, who brought me a bundle of Elihu Burritt's papers, treating of the universal brotherhood of man. I was much interested in his arguments on that subject, having never met the like before. They induced in my mind a new train of reflections, and renewed my queries respecting God's partiality to his family, and how universal brotherhood could be established between the temperate and the intemperate, the virtuous and the licentious, in short, between the good and the bad. While in this state of inquiry, there was presented to me at mid-day a vision in which the whole human family was represented as a cone or pyramid, erected on a widely extended plain; it was a pyramid of human faces elevated in rows one above another, toward a vertex that seemed to tower out of sight. In this pyramid were all shades of complexion, from ebony to pure white, and all forms of visages, some ugly and ill-shapen, others exquisitely beautiful; but each one seemed to set off the beauty of its neighbor, though no two looked exactly alike. The lowest tier of faces appeared but a slight remove from the brute creation, the next somewhat more human, and so upward, the higher rows representing higher elevations in science and philosophy; yet all appeared to me equally fair and lovely. That vision was enough for me; I was perfectly satisfied thereafter with that passage in the Bible which declares that God is no respecter of persons; that one is as perfect as another in the sphere designed for him. Since then I have been unable to look upon my less fortunate neighbor with scorn, and say, "I am holier than thou." STEW WITMORE.

THE CAUSE OF SPIRITUALISM.

CAVENDISH, VT., Jan. 1, 1861. BROTHER DAVIS: Commencing as we do a new year, it is well for us to review our work in that just past. And more especially those of us who have been engaged in the great field of Spiritual reform should give to each other something of a history of our experiences and the success that has attended our efforts in the great cause in which we are engaged.

With the exception of about three weeks of the past year, Wisconsin has been the field of my humble efforts; and I can congratulate the friends of human progress throughout the Union, upon the rapid spread of liberal sentiments in this beautiful and growing State. I love her beautiful and broad prairies, but still more do I love the expansive and generous minds of her people. Most of my time has been spent in the central part of the State, away from the line of railroads, where but few of our public speakers go, though our excellent and talented brother, Dr. Mayhew, who has visited some of these central towns the past season, has been received favorably, and has done a good work.

Wherever I have been, although I have occasionally met with bitter and fierce opposition, I have been cheered on by many kind and noble friends. About thirty-five miles north-west of the city of Berlin, in Almond, our cause a few years ago first began to spread, in consequence of the fireside preaching of our noble brother, Eleazer Goodwin, who stepped from the deaconship in a Congregational Church upon the broad platform of Spiritualism. Almond is a good farming town, the people are industrious and intelligent, the cause has a firm foothold there, and you will hear from them soon as subscribers of the HERALD. The Banner of Light is also circulating among them. In other and adjoining towns, too, the light begins to dawn. Through all that section of country I have found many free and noble minds who were ready to help build up our most glorious faith; and the cry is still going forth from them for more light. At Berlin the liberal elements have united, erected a free platform, and placed a preacher upon it to proclaim the words of truth. I passed a night with the friends there, when on my way east, and found a few noble souls, who were anxious to do something to free the minds of their brothers and sisters from the theological bondage. I would call the attention of our mediums and lecturers who do not wish to travel con-

stantly, to the propriety of locating in that part of Wisconsin. I think they would be comfortably supported, and would find there agreeable and pleasant homes, and I am sure their labors are needed. Though but recently engaged as a speaker in proclaiming the new doctrines, I feel a firm and enduring love for the truths embodied in them; and upon the morn of this new year, I am more firmly than ever resolved to go forth with such powers as I possess, to make them known, and to aid in emancipating every man and woman from the thralldom of bigotry, superstition, and ignorance, and thus build up a harmonious brotherhood.

MY PROGRESS OUT OF BONDAGE.

ORTONVILLE, Oakland Co., Mich. FRIEND DAVIS: Wishing to cast my mite into the treasury, I venture to address you. I was educated a rigid sectarian of the Methodist persuasion, and was taught more of a devil and hell than about a God and heaven. I was taught that Satan was omnipresent, ever ready to lead blind mortals astray; while God was in heaven, and though cognizant of all things, never assisting us without a direct appeal to him.

When but a child, I joined the Methodist church, and continued a member for several years. But as soon as I became capable of reasoning, I had a continual struggle with doubt. The doctrines of endless misery, of the trinity, and the atonement, were all successively discarded. I could not believe that God, whom I then believed to be a personal being, who is all-wise and omnipotent, would create living intelligences, with the knowledge that they should write in torment through eternity. I could not believe that three are one, or that one is three; nor that Christ is the very and eternal God and yet the son of God—at once the son and father of himself.

When I asked an explanation of this doctrine, the usual reply was: "Great is the mystery of godliness." And when I reflected that one of the attributes of this being is justice, I could not think it consistent with this attribute to punish the innocent for the sins of their neighbor as ourselves. As mediums between men and angels, we must ourselves live as we ought; then, and then only, are we true to all nature. It is our duty as mediums to let our light shine, that the world may see and believe. As freely we receive, so freely should we give. We are to improve our talents, not abuse them, lest they be taken from us. We are to open the kingdom of heaven to all. This we can do if to our glorious faith we add works that show the doer acting from a higher standard of life than the adherents of the churches; as loving justice, benevolence, truth, and moral purity, more than houses, or lands, or comfort, or reputation. We open the kingdom to others no farther than we enter it ourselves. And he only truly enters it who can afford to be generous and self-sacrificing on the strength of his faith in a higher life. Unincumbered by superstitious fears, and looking forward to a progress without end, the Spiritualist should exhibit all the excellencies of humanity in brighter luster than the disciple of any sectarian creed. Shall we not do so? Shall we not prove to the world that natural religion is more potent for good than any religion of symbolic rites and ceremonies? To this question the true Spiritualist can return but one answer.

I thus discarded article after article of my creed, not, however, without a great many struggles, nor without frequently fancying myself tempted of the devil—for I had not yet given up my superstitious regard for his satanic majesty. About this time I left the church, and soon after I became convinced, from reading and reflection, that his satanism was but a myth.

Thus creeds, church, and devil gone, I swung clear, but like too many others who have shaken off their shackles, I went too far, and lost my faith in a future existence. Those were dark days. The idea of annihilation is repulsive to a thinking being. But I could gather no hope of a future life from aught I could see. I had not yet learned to read the Book of Nature—it was a sealed book to me.

But in the midst of darkness, behold, a light has sprung up. Bright messengers have come to earth bringing glad tidings from the spirit land, and near and dear friends, and even our little ones, have been permitted to return to us with sweet messages of love and hope. How cheering is our beautiful faith! May our actions show that it has a happy influence over our lives!

Yours, respectfully, C. M. WIGGINS.

THEODORE PARKER AT DOD-WORTH'S HALL.

NEW YORK, January, 1861. FRIEND DAVIS: I have listened to several lectures of late given by Cora L. V. Hatch, and purporting to come from the spirits of Theodore Parker and other distinguished men. While I concede that it is an extraordinary phenomenon for an illiterate woman to discourse with such fluency and intelligence as this medium does, yet I cannot believe that Theodore Parker would make the gross mistakes of fact that frequently occur in his discourses; such, for instance, as that Louisiana was one of the original thirteen states; that for every five slaves the master has one vote; that there are thirty millions of northern freemen; that the slaves now number between four and five millions; that the poor population of the South numbers about one-half that of the slaves. Nor do I believe that Theodore Parker would say that he knew from personal experience that the condition of the poor whites at the South is more deplorable than that of the slaves; nor would he make use of such an illustration as confining a certain offensive animal in his hole to "stink himself to death." All these statements were made in a single lecture.

GRAND JURIES.

A SUGGESTION. ELROY, Ill., Dec. 24, 1860. FRIEND DAVIS: After a long silence, I again address you. The cause of progress in this section is still onward, though the frowning battlements of stale and absurd theories still direct their artillery upon us. We are much in want of good lecturers, and are yet suffering for want of an efficient organization; but I write to-day to awaken thought on reforms in the courts. The people are groaning under oppressive taxation, and prominent among the causes thereof are our Grand Juries. All cases generally have two sides, but only one appears to a Grand Jury. Indictments are drawn up in secret, and if they meet with an intelligent investigation, seven-tenths of them are set aside by the court or petit jury.

An intelligent preliminary examination of criminal cases, where both sides might be heard, before a justice of the peace, would certainly be more likely to issue in the attainment of justice, with a tenth part of the cost. In every congressional district the annual expense of supporting Grand Juries would be sufficient to build an observatory and procure a first-class telescope, or, in a few years, to erect and endow a good college, or to relieve an immense amount of poverty.

Again, are not six men enough to try a

civil case? Why not cut down our petty juries one half, and, at the commencement of a term, let the court demand of counsel what cases are ready, set the time for trial, and try them then, or lay them over. In this way, witnesses would not be compelled to remain in attendance for weeks, even where the case may not at last be reached. I have just returned from a tour through six States and Canada West. Wherever I have had the privilege of lecturing or speaking upon the subject, the people at once became interested. In Michigan, the Grand Juries are abolished, and all works well. Let statesmen, tax-payers and philanthropists, awake! Financially, these evils class with the use of tobacco and rum. H. S. JONES.

A CHANGE OF MIND AND HEART.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17, 1861. FRIEND DAVIS: A few months ago, while in the "Old Gospel ship," tossed to and fro on the ocean of false doctrines, I called to you, that through your HERALD I might find a haven of repose. You did not seem to heed me, but soon the "Great Harmonia" came, and, though the old ship was wrecked, I am now safely landed, with all of the cargo of any value. I can now comprehend the genuine sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, and of all other true mediums who seek to direct us to the only safe harbor.

I now know I live in God and he in me, and that this life is everlasting. Jesus is my "elder brother," who passed out of the form ages ago, and whose sayings have been perverted by cunning and designing men, who have tried to make merchandise of the kingdom of heaven, and yet envelop his glad tidings in the black pall of heathen mythology. But a voice comes to us from the spirits of our departed friends, calling upon us to shake off the chains of superstition and be free. I speak that I know and feel the spirit of the new birth. But I am not satisfied with what has been done in the field of reform. I feel that there is a work for me, for you, and every one of us to do. The harvest is now ripe and the laborers are few.

But before we can labor efficiently, we must first apply the standard of truth to ourselves, and ascertain whether we love our neighbor as ourselves. As mediums between men and angels, we must ourselves live as we ought; then, and then only, are we true to all nature. It is our duty as mediums to let our light shine, that the world may see and believe. As freely we receive, so freely should we give. We are to improve our talents, not abuse them, lest they be taken from us. We are to open the kingdom of heaven to all. This we can do if to our glorious faith we add works that show the doer acting from a higher standard of life than the adherents of the churches; as loving justice, benevolence, truth, and moral purity, more than houses, or lands, or comfort, or reputation. We open the kingdom to others no farther than we enter it ourselves. And he only truly enters it who can afford to be generous and self-sacrificing on the strength of his faith in a higher life. Unincumbered by superstitious fears, and looking forward to a progress without end, the Spiritualist should exhibit all the excellencies of humanity in brighter luster than the disciple of any sectarian creed. Shall we not do so? Shall we not prove to the world that natural religion is more potent for good than any religion of symbolic rites and ceremonies? To this question the true Spiritualist can return but one answer.

I thus discarded article after article of my creed, not, however, without a great many struggles, nor without frequently fancying myself tempted of the devil—for I had not yet given up my superstitious regard for his satanic majesty. About this time I left the church, and soon after I became convinced, from reading and reflection, that his satanism was but a myth.

Thus creeds, church, and devil gone, I swung clear, but like too many others who have shaken off their shackles, I went too far, and lost my faith in a future existence. Those were dark days. The idea of annihilation is repulsive to a thinking being. But I could gather no hope of a future life from aught I could see. I had not yet learned to read the Book of Nature—it was a sealed book to me.

Yours, respectfully, C. M. WIGGINS.

TWO PERHELIONS AND ONE APHELION IN ONE DAY.

LANCASTER, Jan. 3, 1861. MESSRS A. J. DAVIS & Co., GENTLEMEN:—We are again compelled to ask your indulgence while we refer to an article in No. 40 of your paper, on the apparent size of the sun's disk at different times.

In the absence of our principal Medium, "sans egotism," we would say, that it is a pity that S. M. B. did not give us all the facts in the case.

We have, for the last two days, been trying to persuade our Principal to answer S. M. B.'s article, but he says it is scarcely worth his while, the more particularly as in your remarks upon the same, in an editorial, the questions about the perhelions &c., seem to be forever settled. But he respectfully suggests to all those who have gone to the trouble of making home-made transit instruments, to direct the same to the sun, the first clear morning, as soon as it is above the horizon, adjusting the hairs or threads of the instrument to its size, at that time, and then, every hour during the day to take an observation. By doing so, you will observe that the apparent size of the sun will be diminished until noon, and then it will gradually increase until it reaches the western horizon.

You will here, according to S. M. B.'s instrument of "fact and experiment," have two Perhelions and one Aphelion in one day, without waiting a whole year to prove that there is only one Perhelion, &c. But this "experiment" of S. M. B.'s, and its result, is like Mr. T.'s thread and pin-made ellipses, more speculative than practically true, and as we cannot get our Principal, this time, to give us his entire views on the subject, we must content ourselves by asking an explanation of the above phenomena, from wiser heads than our own. We, however, strongly suspect that the atmosphere has something to do with it in all cases, and for the present subscribe ourselves, Very respectfully,

THE LANCASTER CIRCLE, Sans Principal.

"CHOOSE YE WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

Napoleon once said that the day would come when the governments of Europe would be either "Republican or Cossack." Had he prophesied the same thing in regard to the United States, he would have hit the nail upon the head.

The time has arrived when the people of the United States are called upon to decide the all-absorbing question, whether our Government shall be Republican or Cossack—Slave, or Free.

There is no dodging the question. The Slave Power are determined to continue to rule, or accomplish the dissolution of the Union. Slavery is either right or wrong. It cannot be right, except upon the ground that might

makes right, which would establish the principle that "Whatever is, is right," a doctrine which I contend is contrary to the immutable laws of nature. For instance, the various kinds of grain were, by an All-wise power, designed for the nourishment and sustenance of man, and, in their natural state, can harm no one. Yet man, by and through a chemical process, distils therefrom a subtle poison, which he, for base or selfish purposes, deals out to his fellow man, sowing thereby the seeds of crime, misery, want, and woe, throughout the earth. Hence, we find that man is the author of whatever evil we find among us. Man, in trying to improve upon the handiwork of God, changes to a deadly poison those very elements which were designed by nature to sustain and prolong animal life. Man, instead of being a benefactor to his race, proves to be their direst curse.

In regard to the origin of the races of men, I believe that that of each was distinct and separate from that of every other, as much so as the different kinds of forest trees. All did not spring from one plant. I believe that each race of human beings (as well as every species of animals) sprang from a soil, and in a climate congenial to its peculiar tastes and organization; that all the races were created free, each inheriting a love of the beautiful, and possessing a desire for happiness and freedom.

Had man obeyed the silent monitor within, and lived in accordance with the laws of nature, which enjoin upon him, "By the sweat of thy own (not another man's) brow shall thou provide food and clothing for thyself and family; do unto others as you would have others do by you, if you would have harmony and brotherly love reign triumphantly upon the earth"—had man heeded these precepts, Slavery and oppression would not have been known among men.

Yours, for the right, W. SAMSON.

A TRIBUTE TO THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Forward! forward! noble HERALD, In the pride and strength of youth; And with reason's mighty sway, Clear a bright and glorious way, For the march of giant truth.

Onward! onward! beauteous HERALD, In the cause of good to man; Break the chains that long have bound him, Pour a brighter sunshine round him, Free him from old error's ban.

Upward! upward! heavenly HERALD; Be thy efforts ever given To perfect man's infant spirit, That he may, in time, inherit "Peace on earth, as 'tis in heaven."

Welcome! welcome! glorious HERALD, To our homes and to our hearts; Shedding Truth's divinest light, Ever battling for the right, Giving better thoughts their birth. DE VERE VINING, COLUMBIA, Mich., Jan. 6, 1861.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom, at the time, to have a superior influence, has given place to a new."

The Herald of Progress.

Spiritual Workers in and around New York.

NUMBER ONE.

L. JUDD PARDEE.

One of the most electrifying and spiritualizing sights in the physical world—one which has stirred me more deeply even than the sea beating its huge solemn waves upon a shoreless horizon—is the vision which my memory now recalls of a prairie in flower, swaying and changing with the wind, its brilliant blossoms of scarlet, purple, and golden dye, like living souls expressing themselves in color—now rising from the long grass glowing with exhilaration and motion, and anon disappearing as the leveling wind and shifting light turns over them the long shadowy swell of prairie, like the shading of some grave unutterable thought.

I witnessed a sight akin to this on Sunday afternoon at "Eureka Hall," Williamsburgh, where a large audience gathered to listen to an address from the inspirational speaker, L. J. Pardee. This young brother, in his rapid and vehement yet flowery style of utterance, manifests all the variations of light and shade, of dancing blossoms and wind swept prairie, peculiar to souls, whether of poet or medium, which lie open to beautiful influences and the intercepted light of heaven.

A slight, graceful figure, a youthful countenance appeared above the desk. The face beamed upon the audience still and serene, like a white pebbly beach smiling "neath the sunlight, awaiting the oncoming tide. On, on, it came, with a heavy sweep, covering the smooth strand! the hushed assembly betrayed by their high wrought attention, the appealing, enroaching, uplifting power of his inspired eloquence.

Savans tell us that the lightning bears in its magnetic current the impress of scenery or individuals it has come in contact with in its fiery course, and that where it strikes there it leaves that imprint. So this young speaker appeared to be endowed by nature with vim and intensity of emotion, admirably fitting him for the transmission of a celestial electricity—an electricity which left upon his audience its imprint of the ethereal landscapes, the angel eyes and spirit forms it had passed, in its course from the world of immortals to the world of mortals.

In the afternoon he discoursed upon "Individual and National Progress." The subject was handled with that breadth and scope of thought and nervous diction which such a theme is calculated to draw forth from superior intelligences. He said, that whenever we failed, either as individuals or as a nation,

to develop our spiritual faculties—whenever we made our ideal subservient to the achievement of a grosser physical demand—then would we, at some period of our existence, be obliged to return and work up from that point. America, as a nation, he adduced, was now suffering, because she had failed to purify her interior being. Like a gay, worldly-minded woman, she had attended merely to the exterior; striven only to add to her conquests—to polish and adorn the outermost—that her beauty, her jewels, her broad possessions and her queenly fame, would serve only to weigh her down, when, like a fallen queen, she followed the triumphal car of her destroyers!

Mr. Pardee, I am told, is a conscious medium, not a mere instrument, not a bell ringing its unconscious chimes to the notion of the bell ringer. He is not an insensible telescope, revealing to the spectator wonders which he himself is incapable of perceiving or understanding, but he is a telescope and astronomer both. Not that he has yet swept the whole field of vision which stretches before him; but the capacity to discover and reveal is his; and if he lives true to his ideal of manhood—if, never setting aside the high intelligences who act through him, he works onward and upward with patience and reliance—then I predict for him a field of labor worthy the ambition of an aspiring soul.

SUSAN G. HOYT.

The Spirit's Mysteries. "Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

For the Herald of Progress.

From the Spirit of Elisha Driggs.

CARACAS, Venezuela, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: The HERALD OF PROGRESS, "devoted to the discovery and application of truth," admits into its columns such communications or discussions as may tend to enlighten the understanding and promote the great object of eternal progression.

I think the communications from celestial sources, as a general thing, would interest your readers in a greater degree than those emanating from our earthly friends. Under this impression, I take leave to send you one, made to me when in New York, through a speaking medium, by the spirit of my uncle, Elisha Driggs, who departed this life near fifty years ago; this spirit had previously communicated with me, and fully identified itself. The following was taken down as spoken, verbatim et literatim.

SETH DRIGGS. "I find much difficulty in controlling this medium this morning, but nevertheless I will endeavor to convey my ideas through him, as I would like very much to have you understand me. I have much to say to you in regard to your future prospects beyond this vale of tears, and much that will interest here. You have much to learn in regard to spirit manifestations, as well as others, as they are now presented to the minds and understandings of our human race. There is much yet covered in deep mystery, covered as it were with the rubbish of past customs, forms, habits, and ceremonies. Much lies buried, covered, that must eventually bring man to a higher plane when it is uncovered and revealed to the world. My friend, the world has long needed something to stir up the fire of ambition for investigation into the secrets of the heart and soul, that mighty yearning, that mighty passion for inquiry, that man might understand himself, both as man here and as a being destined to become an inhabitant of another and higher sphere.

"Yes, my friend, the world needs something at this time to overbalance the struggling, mighty spirit of pride and worldly ambition, and worldly aggrandisement, and to turn human efforts into purer and holier channels, so that all the race, high and low, shall be benefited.

"It needs revolutionizing, it needs some mighty power to break asunder the forms, ceremonies, and prejudices, which have so long bound man down to the earth, and that have caused good rule to run into gross ignorance and superstition. It needs a polar star to lead it to a center of glorious and holy thought; to lead it to the right, and to the light, that true light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. My friend, judgment has commenced at the house of God, in the churches, and it will not stop until it has made its way through time, till it has reached the lowest of the race. It shall turn and overturn, and shall bring for a time inharmonious among all races of men, but, my friend, have confidence; out of it all shall come great peace and righteousness. The world trembles in all its bones; it is shocked; men look on, gazing with astonishment. Whence comes all this? Whither does it tend? What is to be its final result? Many say it is the bringing in of discord and inharmonious into the world. But they know nothing about the results, the final solution of all this confusion. That is not all confusion which appears so to our feeble senses. As I said, from this inharmonious of action will arise the temple of liberty, and there will be established peace and righteousness and good will to man.

"You, my friend, have commenced the investigation of one of the most truly noble and heaven-born principles ever handed down to man; at the time the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, was its birth, but since, through long years, it has been denied and rejected by man. Go on; and he that has before given thee light, give thee the disposition to look into and examine these things, will give thee further light, and bring thee into a large place, where shall be peace, and joy, and comfort. The table is now spread, and all are invited to come now, and partake, that their hungry souls may be refreshed. But if men will not come to the light, they have no excuse, no cloak to hide a multitude of errors; they must reap the consequences of

their neglect to investigate this heaven-born principle.

"As I said on a former occasion, if you do not arrive at all the truth at once, keep on, for it is by step upon step that we arrive at the truth—it is one grand march of progress. Continue on till all thy fears and doubts are set at rest, as soon they will be. Then shall thy soul rejoice in the fullness of joy. Thou wilt not regret that thou hast given thy time and attention to this wonderful principle.

"One word more before I leave. You will take your departure for another place, where superstition and idolatry prevails, where the dark and misty ceremonies of priestly teachings and rule hold sway. How dark are those minds that are governed by priestcraft. We, the spirits, would say to thee, cover not thy light, if thou hast any. As thou hast received a little, use that little, and it shall increase; thy influence shall increase, and shall be felt and acknowledged. Set up the standard of truth. It will cause many to investigate and to seek this knowledge from thee, and thou must not withhold what thou hast received.

"So shall thine own soul be made to feel the power of truth, and so shall thy interior man be illuminated, that thou shalt bless God that thou hast ever given thy soul's best thoughts and wishes to the exalting theme.

"Spirits are bringing about this glorious, this revolutionizing principle, and establishing this divine power of God among men, and it is growing and increasing as small streams flow into and make the vast ocean. How eager they, the bright spirits, are to see men harmonize with one another; how eager they are to see men love one another! That love is from heaven, and angels delight to witness its outpouring towards every living thing that breathes upon the earth.

"Oh, then, do thy duty; go forward in the discharge of it, fearless of the frowns or the sneers, uninfluenced by the smiles of thy fellows, intent upon nothing more than thy duty, knowing that he who calls is able to fulfill and carry out thy designs in the establishment of his own eternal truth.

I will now leave. I have said all that I designed to say this morning. I desire to repeat: let nothing turn thee out of the way of truth. If there are some little inconsistencies, or some contradictions in the various communications given, let not that hinder thy progress, but hold fast to the truth when thou hast found it, and it will make thee free. ELSHA."

Spiritual Facts Recently Witnessed.

MUNCIE, Delaware Co., Ind., Jan. 14, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: The theological world would fain believe itself, and cause others to believe, that faith in spirit intercourse has nearly died out; and that the phenomena that at one time threatened to shake Christianity to its very foundations if they ever did exist, are now unknown. For the benefit of those who are pleased to flatter themselves that Spiritualism is dead, or dying, I wish through the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS to present a synopsis of what I have witnessed during the week just past.

Last Monday evening, after a rail-car ride of fifty miles from Indianapolis, I found myself safely ensconced in the pleasant home of my kind friend, John Mathews, in Muncie, Indiana. I was soon informed by the family that through the mediumship of a sister-in-law of Mr. Mathews, manifestations of a remarkable character were often produced, and for my gratification arrangements were soon made for an exhibition. A common, unpretending dining-table, after having been examined by myself to ascertain the fact that no machinery was attached to it, was covered with a bed quilt, so that the edges reached to the floor. The medium seated herself at one end of the table with her arms folded upon her breast. At the opposite end of the table from the medium, was placed an alphabetical dial, similar to the one invented by Professor Hare. A small hole made in the quilt near the dial served as an aperture through which the string, attached to the dial, about twelve inches long, was thrust. All things being ready, a loud rap was presently heard upon the table, announcing the presence of the spirit. My name having been mentioned to the spirit, the hand upon the dial began to move, and spelled out a welcome, together with cheering words to go on in my mission. The spirit then signed himself Sampson. Again the raps came upon the table, next, a hand was presented through the quilt, grasped mine, and shook it vigorously. I then, at the suggestion of Mr. Mathews, held a tin cup, half filled with cold water, under the quilt; it was taken from my hand by another hand and shaken violently. I then clasped the invisible hand (invisible because under the table,) felt the fingers, and even the finger nails, the hand feeling cold but as large as a man's hand. We next placed a small tin pan under the table and the result was played upon it. I next asked for a prescription for a cold, with which I was suffering; the dial then spelled out a communication, desiring me to recline upon the floor, when the spirit would rub my breast; I accordingly lay down near the table, when a hand was presented through the quilt, and my breast rubbed for five minutes with vigor. A good night was now rapped us, and we adjourned.

The following evening, after a repetition of the preceding evening's manifestations, a communication was spelled through the dial, from the spirit of my mother, who left me for her spirit home while I was yet an infant; Sampson purporting to move the dial for her. But on Wednesday evening a more wonderful event than ever transpired. I had written a letter during the day to my spirit mother, at the suggestion of Mr. Mathews, and in the evening at our sitting I raised the quilt gently and held my letter under the





her unreservedly in the power of her brutal husband.

We are forced to the conviction that any manifestation clearly indicating that the highest and most sacred purpose of the marriage relation can not be attained, at once and unmistakably declares the parties free.

If we claim, with John Milton, that there is a higher meaning in the divine arrangement of our dual natures: that completeness and fitness of soul for each other's heart needs, is as vital a necessity as bodily conformity, what shall hinder the conclusion that any proof of utter and entire unfitness and inharmonious for true spiritual relationship, affords just and sufficient ground for not only "limited," but permanent divorce?

Let us take the case before us. With what sentiments does that wife, denied the protection of society from the brutal assaults of her legal proprietor, return to his house—the only place perchance, she can call home—and assume the most sacred relation of wife? With what feelings must she regard the man who having won her heart's best affections, and pledged her his care and protection, ere four weeks have passed brutally tells her to the floor, and deliberately attempts to repeat the assault? How think you, reader, that woman will regard such a man in the relation of father to her child? In what kind of a home will their children be reared?

Has society no interest in these questions? Has it nothing at stake, in securing beyond peradventure an inharmonious origin to human souls? Yet society plainly indicates to that woman her only alternative. The world, the church, and fashionable society fellowship the man who brutally maltreats her, and accept her if she tamely submits. But let her decide in her soul, for her own sake, and for the sake of the coming generation, to live and die freed from a "sacred tie" binding her to insult, brutality, and violence, and at once she is suspected, frowned upon, cast out, and vilified!

Judge Moncrief, "another Daniel," come to judgment in New York, seeks to correct the impression that one or two acts of such cruelty entitle a woman to even a limited divorce! "How long, O Lord, how long!"

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

We experience peculiar pleasure in recording the fact that a practical Post-office man, and not a politician, has been appointed to the charge of this important office.

Practical business and executive men, of known integrity, are needed for responsible positions in the post-office department, and whenever real personal merit, rather than political service, meets it reward, we gladly record it.

The Post-office system is one whose regular and safe action vitally affects the people, and in no manner more sensibly than through the distribution of newspapers. Whenever a correspondent, situated perhaps on the shore of the Mississippi, writes that his Herald of Progress reaches him regularly every Friday or Saturday, we cannot avoid a feeling of admiration, mingled with wonder, at the efficient operation of a vast network of agencies so complete as to transport through the hundreds of miles intervening, the little package inclosing one or more copies of our paper, and place it safely within reach of the expectant subscriber.

Considering the want of proper safeguards, there is also much regularity and success, in the yet more important and responsible work of returning the money for subscriptions.

Our losses to be sure are quite too frequent to be pleasant—and we hardly expect exemption from losses in this direction, until the department issues small money orders—yet no reasonable ground for suspicion has ever attached to any employee of the city post-office. We have uniformly met with civility, courtesy, and a spirit of accommodation on the part of all with whom we have had business.

If we had any influence with our Legislature, we should earnestly urge their refusal to cede to the U. S. Government the old church property on Nassau Street, for a perpetual Post-office site, so utterly unfit is it, in point of suitable location, for even the present business of the city, to say nothing of the future. We hope for the erection of a commodious building on one side of the city park, accessible by railroad for safe transport of mails, and as well to the constant tide of daily visitors. Whatever else politicians inflict, we pray to be delivered from a post-office forever on a narrow street like Nassau.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.

A colporteur or tract distributor, who has been for some time in the employ of a Methodist Home Missionary Society in Philadelphia, went raving mad the other day from over religious excitement, and was sent to the Insane Asylum in that city. Methodism has much to answer for in this line. Had this man been engaged, à la Farmer, in distributing coffee and steaks among the needy poor, instead of tracts threatening with hell-fire and eternal damnation all who did not accede to his proposals, he would probably be this day a sane and happy man, instead of a wretched inmate of the mad-house.—Sunday Mercury.

COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

We are glad to learn from the Evening Post that the "Vassar College," for the instruction of women, is about to be incorporated by the N. Y. State Legislature. A bill for that purpose is before the Senate. Mr. Vassar (of Poughkeepsie) intends devoting four hundred thousand dollars to the endowment of the College, to insure it against failure.

The institution is meant to be something more than a "Young Ladies' Boarding-school," embellished with a high-sounding name. When in full operation it will be conducted with a view to convey solid instruction. The languages, natural sciences, mathematics, physiology, anatomy, &c., will be taught, with the thoroughness of discipline usual in a school for the instruction of young men; and the same rigid account will be exacted from the students. The best teachers that can be procured will be employed.

"It is not to be supposed for a moment," says the Post, "that this plan of instruction involves a departure from the field of activity which nature has intended for the female sex, or an unfitness of them for the duties which their own tastes as well as the requirements of society indicate for them to perform. Experience has shown that careful and thorough instruction is as necessary for women as for men, to enable them to meet their various obligations, as well as to keep pace with the increasing demands made upon them by modern civilized society. How much ignorance is required in a woman to induce and sustain proper female delicacy, is a question which has not yet been answered. How much knowledge and science she should possess to fit her properly for usefulness, and to perform properly the offices which our social life devolve upon her, is a problem which ought to be solved. With the progress of our civilization the sphere of personal activity enlarges, for women as well as for men, and education must keep pace with this progress."

No institution of note has yet ventured to admit females much further than into the mysteries of the rudiments. Leading instructors, adopting the doctrine, which is manifestly true, that there is sex in mind, have undertaken to decide what sciences and pursuits are proper for the female intellect. This is about as rational and philosophical as it would be for a housekeeper to provide and cook peculiar varieties of food for female stomachs to digest, unwitting that nature has provided each person with organs and tastes to select and assimilate that which is proper and reject the residue. We want an education for our women which is more robust in its character as well as thorough in its discipline.

MAN ABOVE BOOKS.

In a recent sermon H. W. Beecher plainly teaches the superiority of the individual to all institutions, creeds, or parchments—of impersonal principles to exterior representations. He says:

"Take the Word of God. Is there love in the Book? The word 'love' is, but love itself is not. That is in the heart. Understand, that though the Bible is of great importance, it is important merely because it is the record that points to certain qualities which exist in the soul."

Attention is invited to the advertisement of a newspaper interest for sale. We have had the paper referred to on our exchange list for the past year, and value it as an independent and liberal sheet. The opportunity offered would seem to be favorable for one desiring such a situation. There is a fearless and independence characterizing many of the country newspapers of the North-west, to which most Eastern journals are strangers.

Persons and Events

"He most lives who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Wm. Denton is lecturing on Geology in Michigan. G. B. Stebbins will visit New England the last of March. The first two Sundays in March he speaks at Detroit. Lucie Love, the trance speaker of Leon, has been dangerously ill. Is now recovering. Mrs. Jane Dale Fauntleroy, only sister of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, died at New Harmony a few days ago. She was the widow of a United States officer. This celebrated family is now reduced to two brothers, Robt. Dale and Richard. Gerrit Smith, during his recent visit to Toronto, Canada, addressed a large audience, upon the case of Anderson, the fugitive slave. He said, "I came to look into the face and press the hand of my poor brother who is in danger of being burned at the stake for striking down the man-hunter to regain his liberty; I am here to mingle my sympathies with yours over his hard lot. I am here to join you in supplication to God, and to add my arguments and appeals to yours for his deliverance." Judge Edwards is soon to contribute a series of a dozen papers on "State's Prison Life and Experience," for the Knickerbocker Magazine.

BRIEF ITEMS.

Oil has been discovered in many places in northern Ohio, and in Cuba, Allegheny Co., N. Y. The gold sweepings at Harper's Bindery in N. Y., amount to \$1,500 a year. The shearings from paper to \$6,000. A fine income from savings. C. U. Burleigh was recently mobbed in Massachusetts near Westfield, and the rioters set fire to the school house, which was burned. Mr. Burleigh had attempted to speak on slavery. Only 433 out of 28,498 Post-offices in the United States pay the post-masters over one thousand dollars a year. So says the United States Mail. Kissing is a lost art—a tabooed practice in Japan, that country is therefore styled by a letter writer, an "un-kiss-tian country."

The annual sale of pews at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, (Henry Ward Beecher's) occurred a few evenings since. The first choice was purchased for \$150, the annual rent being \$130 beside. The assessed value of the seats in the church is \$12,580, and the premiums brought \$16,636 additional. It takes some money to pay the expense of "following the meek and lowly" in Brooklyn! Mrs. Eliza Gilbert, better known as Lola Montez, died in New York, Jan. 17. She was attacked during her last illness by Rev. Dr. Hawkes. Her property was left to charitable objects, three hundred dollars going to the Magdalen Society.

A colored girl named Lucy, was arrested in Cleveland a few days since, claimed as a fugitive slave. Much excitement was created and rumors are current of a rescue.

The statement that Garibaldi found on his return to Caprea, a fairy palace and garden, is denied on the authority of Mr. Alexander Dumas. He says that Garibaldi found his old house slightly repaired by a mason, who presented his bill as soon as the general landed. It may be added that as the bill came to more than ten piastres, he had not money enough to pay it!

The Tribune cautions farmers against being gulled by an advertisement of "Japanese wheat," claimed to yield 300 bushels per acre. Too much by far for credence. Petitions are being circulated in Albany, asking the Mayor to forbid the holding of the Anti-Slavery Convention appointed in that city, lest there be a breach of the peace! If the prayer be granted, or if the convention is disturbed, the Legislature ought to go into session, and institute an investigation to discover the vestiges of our boasted freedom of speech.

The inspiring words, "What I live for," incorrectly ascribed by a contemporary to General Massey, were written, we believe, by Lieut. Banks. Why have we never enjoyed more of his inspirations? At a recent trial of strength in Chicago, William Thompson, of the Chicago Gymnasium, lifted, with a harness on the shoulders and hips, two thousand, one hundred and six pounds. Dr. Winship's heaviest lift was 1517.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest advices from Europe, by the arrival of the steamers Marathon and Arago, are to Jan. 9. On that day the Washington was to leave Liverpool for New York with \$35,000 in specie.

The political and general news is of no great interest, but in a financial point of view is of some importance. On Jan. 8th the Bank of England advanced its rate of discount from six to seven per cent., which, according to the London Times, is higher than any point attained since the panic of 1857. The reason assigned was the large shipment of coin to the United States, already made, and to be made within a week from that date. Another reason is, that the last weekly return of the Bank showed a falling off of £1,024,260 in the reserve of notes, and an anticipated draft of funds from England to carry on improvements in India.

Advices from Paris are also discouraging with regard to the position and prospects of the Bank of France, which, in its approaching monthly statement, is expected to show a further and considerable reduction of bullion—the effect of the American war having been comparatively strongly felt in France as well as in England. The Liverpool cotton market was dull, and, for Jan. 8, the sales did not exceed 4,000 bales, of which 3,000 only were for consumption in England.

A pamphlet has just been issued in Paris, entitled Rome et les Evêques, (Rome and the Bishops) which is significant as probably indicating a divorce of the French Church from the Papacy. In it the author remarks: "It would be unjust to believe that all bishops consider the maintenance of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope as essential to the freedom of spiritual ministry and security of conscience."

It is reported by a Paris correspondent of the London Herald, that by the middle of February or the farthest the beginning of March, France will have an army of 640,000 men ready to march at a few hours' notice. Besides, the Imperial Guard, representing a corps d'armee of 40,000, is kept on a war footing. Some 400,000 men remain under arms, unbrigaded, in the various garrisons of the Empire.

By dispatches from Turin under date of Jan. 8th, it is announced that the Sardinian Government, deferring to the wishes of Napoleon, has suspended hostilities before Genoa until Jan. 19th, with the object of negotiating for its surrender. It is also said that the French fleet will leave immediately, if the endeavor to avoid a further effusion of blood should fail, and the operations of Gen. Cialdini thereafter are to be vigorously supported by the Italian fleet.

In Hungary, the cities which, according to the statistics of their province, have the right of sending their own representatives to the Diet, will appoint them by direct elections, at which all inhabitants of the communes who, by the special communal law of 1849, are entitled to elect the municipal authorities, will take part. The election of Deputies from the rural communes will be effected by electors chosen by the inhabitants of the communes.

By her recent treaty with China, France has secured the legalization of the export of Coolies from that country. The object of France in this is to extend the culture of cotton in Algeria, whither most of the Coolies are to be sent. A novel feature in this new system of apprenticeship is, that boys and girls are to be imported, instead of adults. They are to go to Algeria under the care of priests and Sisters of Charity, and after an apprenticeship of 20 years, are to be allowed to marry and become citizens, with an allotment of land, or to return to China, just as they please. The steam-plow and horse hoe are to be introduced in Algeria, and thus an enormous area of land will be devoted to the culture of cotton. French writers confidently calculate that their own country and England will within five years raise half the cotton they use. Says a Paris correspondent: "The organized labor of the railroad system, has rendered familiar the carrying out of great and important works with facility and rapidly, and 400 children to a single ship will soon people the plantations when ready to receive them."

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 LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

A correspondent says, "I find in my memory a little note marked for use, which with your permission I should like to see in your paper. I have had more faith in humanity since the occurrence, and the relation of it cannot fail to have a good effect upon others." "While waiting in the depot at Albany, not many weeks ago, my attention was attracted to a young woman, who seemed to be suffering extremely from physical pain. On inquiry, we learned that she had just submitted to the extraction of three teeth, and yet she was not relieved. 'You are suffering from some mental excitement, pray let your remaining teeth alone and try and calm yourself.' 'We had no idea of asking her confidence, but we spoke gently and perhaps fondly to a little cherub boy of three years of age, who called her mother. This seemed to give her confidence in us, and she said, 'My little boy had a sister—a baby sister—brought home to him four weeks ago.' 'What,' said we, 'no wonder your teeth ache; you should not be thus exposing yourself.' 'Oh,' said she, 'the babe is not mine, or at least I am not its mother.' 'And yet it is your child's sister?' 'Yes, it is my husband's child—so it's mother says—and it looks so very like him, I must believe it. I have taken the child, and shall try to treat it as my own. Its mother is only sixteen, and I'm sure my husband was as much too blame as she. He is so handsome and so pleasing, and yet I think he might have been satisfied with me.' 'This woman was nineteen years old, had been a wife four years, was the mother of two children, and now had taken to her arms the third. She would have been very beautiful, had her intellect been cultivated as was her heart.

"She evidently knew very little of the abstract questions pertaining to human rights, but she knew that this young mother was a victim, and she nobly sought to shield her from the penalties imposed by a false social condition. She knew it would not ease her own aching heart to turn the little one away into the cold world, or to crush anew the mother."

"She had come from her home to Albany with the injured one, to find her a situation; for said she, 'I couldn't think it best that she should be longer with us, on account of the renewal of temptation.' And now she was returning to fill a mother's place to the unfortunate little one."

"Might not Mr. Burch, and some other husbands, learn a lesson from this woman?"

AN ANGEL ON EARTH.

A TOUCHING SCENE.

"Come to me, darling; papa's cross tonight," said a young mother, as she extended her arms affectionately to a little girl of three years, who had left her toys and playthings to climb upon her father's knee. The child hazarded a puzzled look at that dark, stern countenance, and without a glance of reassurance stole softly to his side. Not a word was spoken, and the gloomy man sat and and sat, his mind wholly absorbed with the busy world's excitements. Although a husband and a father, he was evidently in no humor to participate in the pleasures of a "home circle." The child, not at all discouraged by the forbidding look of her parent, crept gently upon his knees, and placing one tiny arm about his neck, the other gilded affectionately over the opposite cheek, while his innocent lips pressed gently the troubled brow. In a subdued breath she whispered: "Nellie loves papa so much!" and she drew her little soft hands caressingly down either side of that care-worn face, until they met beneath the heavily bearded chin. Observe the effect: 'twas electrical; the stern features relaxed, the sullen gloom disappeared, and the whole countenance assumed a lively, animated expression. The scene was most touching. Words fail to express the exquisite beauty of such a picture. As the transformed parent drew the little girl to his bosom, and pressed a kiss upon that innocent, upturned face, the finer feelings of his manly nature were in his voice as he said, "No, my child, papa could never be cross with such a lovely daughter to calm the heart the world has tortured into despair."

GLORIOUS EPITAPH.

On a grave-stone in New London, Ct., appears the following inscription. The records of ancient Greece or Rome do not exhibit a nobler instance of patriotic heroism: "On the 20th of October, 1781, 4,000 Englishmen fell on the town with fire and sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, there to be lighted—thus to blow the fort into the air. Wm. Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends who was still alive, 'We will endeavor to crawl to this line. We will completely wet the powder with our blood. This will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades who are only wounded.' He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder he had overflowed with his blood. His friends, and seven of his wounded comrades, had seen, had seen, had their lives preserved." After this simple narrative are the following words, in large characters: "HERE RESTS WILLIAM HOTMAN."

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For the Herald of Progress. TREASURES.

BY H. W. BOOZER.

Not the bright gems beneath the rushing billow That glister through the liquid atmosphere, And beautifully light up the sailor's pillow, Or decorate like stars his mossy bier; Though they are treasures claiming adoration From monarchs and the loftiest of earth, Yet they usurp, with impious desecration, The place of goodness and of righteous worth.

Not hoarded piles whose inspiration chaineth The human heart within a golden tomb, And dulls the hearing when pale want complaineth, And gives the wanderer a beggar's doom; Whose glittering glare lights up the arched portals That open to ambition's vaulted hall, And slowly lure earth's blind, short-sighted mortals, Unto their certain and destructive fall.

Not costly relics of departed glory That filled the antique chambers of the past, Whose honors decked the ancient page of story, Or sounded through old Time's cathedral vast, Not dusty piles, whose faded, time-stained pages Penned down in some forgotten mystic tongue, Tell us deep secrets of departed ages, Or mighty deeds by ancient poets sung.

Not sculptured piles, whose exquisite creations Transfix with awe the wondering traveler, And chiseled gods, whose exquisite formations Would almost make the man their worshiper. Not beauteous visions on the canvas glowing, Before whose life the dreamer breathless stands, While memory is o'er those visions throwing, In silent showers, her glistening golden sands.

Not treasures such as these, for Time is flinging Around their forms the halo of decay; And o'er their heaps the voice of change is singing A dirge for every piece that falls away, But there are deeds the angels never failer To bear above and keep in Heaven's store, As treasures which no moth or rust can alter, Or change intrude upon forevermore.

"For illustrations, look at the 'Moral Police' Department."

The Child in the Grave.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

There was sorrow in the house—there was sorrow in the heart; for the youngest child, a little boy of four years of age, the only son, his parents' present joy and future hope, was dead. Two daughters they had, indeed, older than their boy—the eldest was almost old enough to be confirmed—amiable, sweet girls they both were; but the lost child is always the dearest, and he was the youngest, and a son. It was a heavy trial. The sisters sorrowed as young hearts sorrow, and were much afflicted by their parents' grief; the father was weighed down by the affliction, but the mother was quite overwhelmed by the terrible blow. By night and by day had she devoted herself to her sick child, watched him, lifted him up, carried him about, done everything for him herself. She had felt as if he were a part of herself. She could not bring herself to believe that he was dead—that he should be laid in a coffin and concealed in the grave. God would not take the child from her, oh no! And when he was taken, and she could no longer refuse to believe the truth, she exclaimed in her wild grief: "God has not ordained this! He has heartless agents here on earth. They do what they list—they hearken not to a mother's prayers!"

She dared, in her woe, to arraign the Most High; and then came dark thoughts, the thoughts of death—overlasting death—the human being returned as earth to earth, and then all was over. Amiable thoughts morbid and impious as these, there could be nothing to console her, and she sunk into the darkest depth of despair.

In these hours of deepest distress she could not weep. She thought not of the young daughters who were left to her; her husband's tears fell on her brow, but she did not look up at him—her thoughts were with her dead child; her whole heart and soul were wrapped up in recalling every reminiscence of the lost one, every syllable of his infantile prattle.

The day of the funeral came. She had not slept the night before, but toward morning she was overcome by fatigue, and sank for a short time into repose. During that time the coffin was removed into another apartment, and the cover was screwed down with as little noise as possible.

When she awoke she arose and wished to see her child. Then her husband, with tears in his eyes, told her, "We have closed the coffin; it had to be done!" "When the Almighty is so hard on me," she exclaimed, "why should human beings be kinder?" and she burst into tears.

The coffin was carried to the grave. The inconsolable mother sat with her young daughters. She looked at them, but she did not see them; her thoughts had nothing more to do with home; she gave herself up to wretchedness, and it tossed her about as the sea tosses the ship which has lost its helmsman and its rudder. Thus passed the day of the funeral, and several days followed amidst the same uniform, heavy grief. With tearful eyes and melancholy looks, her afflicted family gazed at her. She did not care for what comforted them. What could they say to change the current of her mournful thoughts?

It seemed as if sleep had fled from her forever; it alone would be her best friend, strengthen her frame and recall peace to her mind. Her family persuaded her to keep her bed, and she lay there as if buried in sleep. One night her husband had listened to her breathing, and believing from it that she had lengthened found repose and relief, he clasped his hands, prayed for her and for them all, then sank into peaceful slumber. While she slept soundly he did not perceive that she



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An Orthodox View of Faith.

Much has been said by Christians about the simplicity of faith and the consequent ease with which it can be exercised.

"1st. A knowledge of the requirements and promises of God."

"2d. Assent to the requirements and promises of God."

"3d. An appreciation of these requirements and promises."

"4th. Affection for the truth of God."

"5th. Compliance with God's requirements."

If this definition be correct, I suspect there is a sad lack of faith, not only in the "world," but among the "elect."

"Knowledge of, assent to, appreciation of, affection for, and compliance with the requirements of God! Isn't that rather steep? Does it not include a little practice as well as faith?"

I had supposed that faith and works were somewhat distinct in their nature. How simple such a faith is! However, he may have meant that this course is necessary only to the extent of a person's ability.

But, then, an Infidel could have as much faith as the Christian. Perhaps more, if he is more intelligent as to God's "requirements."

If it is said that the Bible is to decide what God requires and promises, I ask, how much better off are we? Slavery and Abolitionism, War and Non-resistance, Temperance and Drunkenness, Mormonism and Shakerism, have been and are defended from its pages.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" The religious world is to-day in a perfect turmoil respecting what are the "requirements and promises of God," when a little common sense, in nine cases out of ten, would settle the whole matter.

And if the question were settled, I might know, assent to, and appreciate what is commanded and promised there, but I should pray earnestly not to be obliged to yield compliance to them, and I never could have affection for some of them, unless the bent of my nature could be changed.

The preacher made one concession, the force of which he probably did not realize. He said, "It is just as natural for every man, woman, and child that lives, to be unbelieving, as it is for water to run down hill. It is perfectly natural to disbelieve God."

How does the Reverend gentleman expect to overcome a tendency that is perfectly natural? Water, when left to itself, will run down hill. Force may be applied to produce a contrary effect, but it is artificial, and must be continued without relaxation.

Remove this artificial power, back flows the water to find its level. Has God made such a failure in his creation? This may be true in respect to the teachings of the Bible, (and here we see how vain the attempt to establish its authority,) but those eternal principles that underlie the government of God, which make him a God, are not so repulsive to the human soul as to excite no other feelings than hatred and unbelief! It is a libel on the fair name and spotless purity of our Heavenly Father! And whoever builds his theories on such a foundation, is destined, in the day of Truth's victory, to see them swept away and his labor lost. Will some one tell us what true faith is?

E. W.

Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

The twelfth number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, published by Z. PIERRE, Paris, (Rue de Bouloi 21,) is received. The *Revue* is a monthly octavo, and has just closed its third volume. It enters upon the year 1861, with renewed enthusiasm for the dissemination of spiritual knowledge, and apparently with very flattering prospects of success.

To readers of French, who desire to be conversant with Spiritualism as it develops in Europe, we cordially recommend the *Revue*. For foreign subscribers its price is 14 francs.

MESSEURS VICTOR DALMONT & DENOZ, 49 Quai des Augustins, Paris, have just issued in French, a thick octavo volume entitled *Notice sur les Travaux et la Vie d'Auguste Comte*, (Notice of the Works and Life of AUGUSTE COMTE,) by DR. ROBINET. The book is illustrated with two lithographic portraits, and sells for 8 francs. A. Comte, as our readers are doubtless aware, is known here principally by his great work, the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, which has been admirably condensed and rendered into English by Miss HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MESSAGE of William F. Packer, Governor of Pennsylvania, to the Legislature, 1861. From this Message of the retiring Governor, we learn that the public debt of that State, at the close of 1860, was \$7,969,847 50, and that the sum which can be devoted to the extinction of this debt is annually augmenting—which is one symptom of a prosperous community. A large portion of the Message is occupied with the defense of Pennsylvania against the charge of infringing in her statutes that provision of the Constitution requiring the rendition of persons held to labor, who have fled from one State to another.

The Governor, in considering the action of South Carolina, denies the legality of secession.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, for 1860.

From this Report we gather that this Institution, located in Philadelphia, can board and sustain 165 pupils. It consists of a School, Home, and Work Departments, and owns a Press, which has printed in raised letters the only English dictionary for the blind, extant, in three bulky volumes. The value of products made in the Work Department for the last year amounts to \$12,717. These glorious results should commend it to the good wishes of the charitable everywhere. May the Institution prosper! It is certainly under the control of the Moral Police.

Apotheosis.

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

Departed: On the 18th of December, 1860, Mrs. EMILY S. WEBSTER, wife of George W. Webster, of Howard Center, Iowa, yielded her earthly garment for an angel robe, and went to dwell in the Summer Land.

Her spring time of life was not yet past, but she had ripened into spiritual beauty, purity, and excellence, and so the harvesters took her. A sad vacancy is left at the fireside of a pure and devoted husband.

Gone with the angels,  
Gone from our home,  
Far through thy sunny land,  
Joyous to roam.

Let not our sorrow now  
Sadden thy heart;  
Happily met we here,  
Hopefully part.

Come to our fireside  
Morning and even;  
Tell us thy happiness—  
Tell us of Heaven.

So wilt thou win us from  
Sadness and care,  
"And bring back the features  
That joy used to wear."

W. B. S.

Departed: From Walpole, N. H., Saturday morning, December 22d, JANE, only daughter of Asa and Sophia Titus, aged 21 years. Amiable and intelligent, she was beloved and respected by a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn her early departure.

Just before leaving the mortal form, while reclining in a fond mother's arms, she whispered audibly, "Don't you see them? don't you see them?" and with a sweet, bright smile, she passed away.

That cheerless night—my last on earth—  
Was sad, and drear, and lone,  
Till just before my spirit birth,  
I saw my new, bright home.

I heard the music, soft and low,  
Of voices sweet and clear,  
I felt a breath upon my brow—  
That breath was ambient air.

I saw dear friends with loving hands,  
With gentle, soft, white palms,  
And, mother dear, that shining band  
Then bore me from your arms;  
Now on life's sweet magnetic tide  
I seemed to float away.

My struggling spirit, sadly tried,  
Could then no longer stay,  
A pang at leaving friends and home,  
Ran through my throbbing brain,  
But father, mother, brother, home,  
Are given back again;

So do not think me far away,  
For often as you will,  
I'll come and see you, day by day,  
And be your Janie still.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life. Quite on the verge of Heaven."

Departed: From Rochester, N. Y., to a higher life, on the morning of January 18, 1861, RACHEL, wife of Barnabas Coleman, her husband having passed from earth several years before. She was a member of the religious Society of Friends, adhering to their Christian virtues, and living above the formula of creeds and sectarianism. She was a faithful wife, a tender and affectionate mother, and sister, and in all the stations of life an example worthy of love and admiration. She was a true friend to the suffering slave, and an earnest advocate of liberty for all. She expressed great concern with regard to the present state of excitement in our nation. "I do not want to see bloodshed," said she, "but I want the slaves to have their freedom."

A few days previous to leaving us, she dreamed that a beautiful bird of paradise came and alighted on her breast. She encircled it in her arms, and it said, "I come to bring peace." She spoke of the pleasurable emotions of sweetness and love with which it filled her mind, and several times very feelingly adverted to it as a source of much satisfaction. For many years before she left, it was not only pleasant to her friends, but always seemed edifying, to sit down with her in social converse; they were strengthened, thereby, to struggle with the conflicts of life, and better prepared to enter a higher state.

Although she lived to the advanced age of eighty three years, (her funeral occurring on the anniversary of her birthday) her intellect was as lucid and clear as in the meridian of life. She departed with a heart filled with love for all, leaving a large circle of children, grand-children, relatives, and friends, who will keenly feel the loss of her society, but

who do not mourn as those without hope, but have a holy confidence that they shall be reunited in a higher and more beautiful existence. Truly, "the memory of the just is blessed."

S. D. F.

PRISON REFORM.

We are glad to observe that a bill has been introduced into the State Legislature, by Senator Fiero, contemplating a radical change in prison discipline. The system proposed is one of rewards for good behavior. Every convict to receive at the expiration of his sentence, pay for his overwork, and can reduce the term of his imprisonment by good behavior.

"Our present system of prison discipline is one which tends to make decent men bad, and bad ones worse. Our prisons, instead of being reformatory institutions, are colleges of crime, which educate criminals and turn them out more depraved and reckless than they went in, to renew their war upon society."

A contemporary suggests that the State Prison Inspectors should invite Mr. Rarey to give a lecture to the prison disciplinarians. His system avails with horses, because it recognizes the good qualities of the animal, and approaches him by kind and humane treatment.

In our prisons, human beings are treated with less respect for their innate qualities of excellence, than Rarey has taught us to treat the horse! A man is pretty sure to answer us according to the questions we put to him. We may find in him an angel or a fiend, as we please to expect. If we recognize the criminal as an unfortunate brother, we shall find him ready to prove himself indeed a brother and a man.

TIME'S CHANGES.

A very peculiar illustration of the effect upon social habits and customs, and as well upon the accepted conceptions of propriety and right, is found in the story of the young German student, Johannes Kessler, of his interview with Martin Luther, in March, 1522,—more than three centuries ago.

Twice during a brief interview at the inn of the Black Bear, near Jena, did Luther ask this youth and his companion to "drink with him." Imagine the late President Edwards, or any devout clergyman of to-day, "standing treat" at a country tavern!

Travelers' Guide.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD. 7 A. M., Accommodation Train; 8 A. M., Boston Express; 9:30 A. M., Newark Special; 12:15 P. M., Accommodation; 3:15 P. M., Boston Express; 4:10 P. M., Accommodation; 5:20 P. M., Newark Special; 6:30 P. M., Portchester Special; 8 P. M., Main.

NEW YORK AND HARLEM ROAD. 7 A. M., Albany Express; 8:15 A. M., White Plains; 10:30 A. M., Mail; 2:30 P. M., White Plains; 4 P. M., Croton Falls; 5 P. M., Albany Express; 5:10 P. M., White Plains; 6:15 P. M., White Plains, Williams Bridge Trains at 11 A. M., 8:30 and 11:45 P. M.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. LEAVE CHAMBERS STREET. 7 A. M. Express arrives Albany, 11:45; 7:30 A. M. Poughkeepsie, 10 A. M. Sing Sing, Way; 11 A. M. Express and Mail; 1 P. M. Poughkeepsie Way; 3:15 P. M., Albany Mail; 5:45 P. M., Peekskill Way; 4:20 P. M., Sing Sing Express; 5 P. M., Express, Albany at 9:55; 5:30 P. M., Sing Sing Passenger; 6:40 P. M., Sing Sing Passenger; 9:45 P. M., Sleeping Car Express.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD. LEAVE FOOT OF DEANE ST. 7 A. M., Dunkirk Express; 8:15 A. M., Mail; 3:30 P. M., Way; 5 P. M., Night Express; 4:45 P. M., from Jersey City, Accommodation.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA. LEAVE FOOT OF COASTLAND ST. 7 A. M. Express; 9 A. M., Mail; 11 A. M., Express; 4 P. M., Express; 6 P. M., Mail.

BY STEAMBOAT AND CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD. LEAVE PIER 1, NORTH RIVER. 6 A. M., 1, 2 and 5 P. M.

ALBANY.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD. Accommodation, 7:30 A. M.; Mail, 10:15 A. M.; New York Express, 12:40 P. M.; Accommodation, 6 P. M.; New York Mail, 11:15 P. M.

WESTERN RAILROAD. Through Trains, 7:30 A. M., 4:25 P. M.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD. Express, 6:45 A. M., at New York, 12 M.; Express, 10:15 A. M., at New York, 3:30 P. M.; Way Mail, 12:30 P. M., at New York, 5:50 P. M.; Express, 4:25 P. M., at New York, 9:50 P. M.; Sleeping Car, 10 P. M., at New York, 6:05 A. M.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, PROVIDENCE AND N. Y. SHORE LINE. Express Train leaves 11:10 A. M.

OLD COLONY AND FALL RIVER RAILROAD. Trains leave at 8 and 5 P. M.

WESTERN RAILROAD. Boston to Albany, 7:15 A. M., and 3 P. M.

BOSTON & WORCESTER RAILROAD. 7:15 A. M., 1:30, 4:15, and 5 P. M.

BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD. 7 A. M., 12 M., and 5 P. M.

EASTERN RAILROAD. Boston to Portland, 7:30 A. M., and 2:30 and 5 P. M.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD. For Portland, 7:30 A. M., 2:30 and 5 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD. VIA NEW JERSEY RAILROAD. 8 A. M., 11 A. M., 4, 6 and 11 P. M.

VIA CAMDEN AND AMBOY. 6 A. M., 12:30, 2 and 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD. 8 A. M., 3:30 and 4:30 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA & ELMIRA RAILROAD. To Williamsport, 8 A. M., and 3:30 P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. Altoona Mail, 8 A. M.; Fast Line, 11:50 A. M.; Harrisburg Accommodation, 2 P. M.; Columbia Accommodation, 4 P. M.; Through Express, 10:50 P. M.

WASHINGTON & BALTIMORE RAILROAD. Morning Mail, 8:15 A. M.; Express Mail, 12 M.; Wilmington Accommodation, 1:15, 4:15 and 6 P. M. Night Mail, 10:50 P. M.

CAMDEN & ATLANTIC RAILROAD. Leave Philadelphia, Mail, 7:30 A. M.; leave Philadelphia, Accommodation, 2:45 P. M. Arrive at Hampton, 9:20 A. M., and 6:22 P. M. Distance 31 miles.

BUFFALO.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD. New York Express, 5:15 A. M.; Albany Accommodation, 7:30 A. M.; Express, 6:45 P. M.

BUFFALO, ERIE & CLEVELAND RAILROAD. Mail, 11 A. M.; Accommodation, 4 P. M.; Express, 11:50 P. M.

BUFFALO, NEW YORK & ERIE RAILROAD. Night Express, 11:30 A. M.

BUFFALO & NIAGARA FALLS RAILROAD. 9 A. M., 1:15 P. M. and 7:00 P. M.

CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAILROAD. Trains leave 9:50 A. M., 3:20 and 9 P. M.

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURG RAILROAD. Mail, 9:40 A. M. Express, 8:45 P. M.

CLEVELAND, COLUMBUS & CINCINNATI R. R. Express Trains, 8 A. M. and 7 P. M.

CLEVELAND & TOLEDO RAILROAD. Express, 7:50 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

CINCINNATI.

MARIETTA RAILROAD. Trains leave, 9:40 A. M., 10:45 P. M.

WILMINGTON & ZANESVILLE RAILROAD. Leave 9:20 A. M., 6 P. M.

LITTLE MIAMI RAILROAD. For Xenia, Columbus and Cleveland leave 9:30 A. M., 4 and 4 P. M.

HAMILTON & DAYTON RAILROAD. Toledo and Chicago Mail, 7:45 A. M.; Hamilton Accommodation, 8:30 A. M.; Sandusky Express, 3:30 P. M.; Toledo and Chicago Express, 5:15 P. M.; Columbus Express, 9:40 P. M.

CINCINNATI & CHICAGO RAILROAD. Through Trains, 6 A. M. and 6 P. M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. St. Louis Mail, 7:30 A. M.; Seymour Accommodation, 5:30 P. M.; St. John's Express, 7:40 P. M.

INDIANAPOLIS.

CINCINNATI RAILROAD. Trains leave 11 A. M., 5:35 and 12:45 P. M.

PERU RAILROAD. Trains leave 6:30 A. M., and 3:15 P. M.

JEFFERSONVILLE RAILROAD. Through Trains, 9 A. M. and 9:20 P. M.

DAYTON & WESTERN RAILROAD. 6:30 A. M., 12:30 and 7:25 P. M.

TERRE HAUTE RAILROAD. 11 A. M., and 2:30 and 10:40 P. M.

MADISON RAILWAY. 7 A. M., 12:15 and 7 P. M.

CHICAGO.

PITTSBURG, FORT WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R. Express Trains, 6:15 A. M. and 5:50 P. M.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN & NORTHERN INDIANA RAILROAD. Through Trains leave at 6 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD. Through Trains, 6 A. M., 4 and 6:20 P. M.

ST. LOUIS, ALTON & CHICAGO RAILROAD. Express Trains, 9:15 A. M., and 8 P. M.

CHICAGO & ROCK ISLAND RAILROAD. Mail, 9:45 A. M., Express, 11:45 P. M.

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILROAD. To Oakbrook, 12:30 and 6 P. M.

GALENA & CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD. Freight Trains, 11:40 A. M., and 8:20 P. M. Rockford Trains, 4 P. M., Fulton Trains, 9 P. M. Genesee Trains, 5 P. M.

CHICAGO & MILWAUKIE RAILROAD. 7:45 A. M., 12:30 and 5 P. M.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD. Trains leave Chicago, 9:30 A. M. Mail, 9:50 P. M. Express, 9 A. M.; St. Charles Accommodation, 4 P. M.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD. Quincy Trains, 3:45 and 11:45 P. M. Burlington Trains, 7:15 A. M.

ST. LOUIS.

ALTON & CHICAGO RAILROAD. Through Trains, 7 A. M., 3:40 P. M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. Leave East St. Louis, 6:40 A. M., 5:45 P. M.

PACIFIC RAILROAD. Smithton Mail, 8:20 A. M.; Franklin Accommodation, 4:20 P. M.

NORTH MISSOURI RAILROAD. Hudson Accommodation, 5:45 A. M.; St. Joseph Express, 9 A. M.; St. Charles Accommodation, 4 P. M.

IRON MOUNTAIN RAILROAD. Leave 6:50 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Miscellaneous.

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Report of American Institute, N. Y. This Report was in accordance with the awards at the FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY; at the fairs of the

American Institute, New York. Mechanics' Association, Boston. Franklin Institute, Philadelphia. Metropolitan Mechanics' Institute, Washington. Mechanics' Institute, Baltimore. Mechanics' Association, Cincinnati. Kentucky Institute, Louisville. Mechanical Association, St. Louis. Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.

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

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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. Ross, 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 2 1/2 o'clock. Admission Free. Evening sessions at 7 1/2 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. Ross, 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 2 1/2 o'clock; admission Free. Evening sessions at 7 1/2 o'clock; admission 10 cents.

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