

# 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 postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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

The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be held 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?

## Questions and Answers.

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

## BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### Spiritual Habitations.

THOMAS P. CLARINGTON, MONROE CO., OHIO.—"MR. A. J. DAVIS: Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions: 1st. Do spirits have local habitations? 2d. Are those habitations as diversified as on earth? 3d. Do the races of men retain their original color?"

ANSWER: The homes of the loved, and not lost, are visible on every side of the Summer Land. Brotherhoods are likewise visible—immense congregations of mutually attracted natures—just beyond the homes and habitations of the less gregarious. The divine light of immortality glorifies the pathway of every inhabitant. In our Father's and Mother's "house there are many" apartments—lovely to the loving, glorious to the hopeful, filled with rest to the harmonious—but you will discover that a man will certainly find in his next life the effects of this, for it is a fixed law that "as a man thinketh" so will the externals of that world seem to him. The spirit's Home is a natural world, regulated by natural laws, covered by a natural firmament, animated by a natural Deity, populated by natural spirits and angels who were once men and women, and it is therefore natural that dwelling-places should diversify the landscape.

The physiological color of races do not continue, though their mental peculiarities do; but it is distinctly made manifest that persons, in the spirit world, have complexions in accordance with the state and degree of their moral development. For example: An immoral Anglo-Saxon after death is likely to appear with a blacker face than that of his simple-hearted, faithful African servant; for it is a fixed principle of mind that the exterior shall correspond, both in shape and complexion, to the interior spiritual state.

### The Prepared Female Organism.

WILLIAM G. MULLICA, N. J.—"MR. DAVIS: In No. 38, in answer to Amos Crane, on the question, 'Why are not men and animals produced now as they were at first?' you say: 'We do observe a time, when the highest animals started through the reproductive organism of the prepared female,' &c. Now, the question I wish answered is this: What do you mean by the prepared female?"

ANSWER: Readers of the volume of Nature observe that each chapter of material development is marked by deep-reaching changes in the fluids and solids of the globe—vast crises and earth-wide revolutions—accompanied by the retirement or extinction of one set of physical conditions, and followed by the inauguration of new and superior circumstances in the material constitution of things. These changes, or crises, or revolutions, or whatever you may wish to term these transition points and passages in the globe, are far more perfect, and therefore less conspicuous and less remarkable, in the world of organized animation. By Clairvoyance we anticipate the results of scientific discovery, which will be this doctrine of the origin of the human species: that mankind came not from the progressive transformation of the physical organisms of the superior animals or *Troglodytes*, but by and through the advanced reproductive organism of females of the ante-human types, which had, in this particular respect, arrived at a fruit-bearing crisis or change in regard to procreation, whereby a higher type (the first human organizations) entered upon existence. The particular philosophy of all this will be explained in our medical articles on "The Reproductive Organism."

### A Believer in Prayer.

MARTHA T. GRAMPIONVILLE.—"MR. DAVIS: It is my religion to believe in looking to God for everything—little things as well as great; for the answers I have received have convinced me that there is an over-ruling Providence, who hears my prayers. My neighbor tells me that you do not believe in any such Providence. If so, please explain my experience."

ANSWER: It is natural to believe in an over-ruling and all-wise Providence. We do not regard this faith as superstition, but instead, as an involuntary yielding of the soul to the universally perfect and gracefully operative principles of Nature's God.

It is superstition, however, for an intelligent human being to imagine that the universal Mind has heard and answered his particular prayer. This superstition teaches a person to believe that his faithful petitions or mental requests, made to God in humble and earnest piety, will draw Jehovah's attention and obtain from His bounteous hand favors which He would not vouchsafe to the individual in the natural course of events. In this view prayer is deemed a transcendent power, overriding the sweep of all natural laws, and resulting in a display of supernatural manifestations. History and autobiography equally unite in repudiating the grounds of such a doctrine.

But our correspondent's experience is coincidental with thousands of persons in all ages of the world. Answers come to earnest petitions. The prayer of faith is answered by the natural flow of events, or by the direct interposition of over-hearing spiritual intelligences. But that is a delusive enthusiasm, which causes the individual to repose indolently upon the bosom of God, to the neglect of those exertions by which men help themselves.

### Acting from Impulse.

JAMES C. MORRISVILLE.—"MR. EDITOR: In your writings you are understood to look with disfavor, if not disdain, upon any human action from the impulse of the moment. Now it is not clear to my mind that a man can act 'from Principle' (as you term it) under all circumstances. What I want to know of you is this: Does virtue consist in acting from the force of principle, or from thoughts and plans, of which the actor is intelligently aware before he acts?"

ANSWER: We hold that all individual action originates in what is commonly called "Impulse;" and further, we hold that virtue, or principle, consists in integrity or coincidence between noble impulse and noble action. Moralists usually agree that actions are of two kinds, virtuous and vicious; but these writers are disagreed as to the sources of these actions. Every one knows that the same kind of actions may be traced to a great number and variety of impulses. As, for example, two men may be equally benevolent in conduct—one, because of the precepts of his religion; the other, because it will advance his credit and business interests in society. Or, two strong men may enter the army, and both fight valiantly for their country's cause—one, because he is impelled by the force of inborn patriotism to do duty for the right; the other, because he is extravagantly fond of popular approbation, of praise, and military honor. Now we hold that the noble and virtuous man (or the "man of principle") is the man of integrity to the impulses, which are projected like shafts of lightning from his superior or spiritual faculties. Impulse is the cause of all human action; but, invariably, such impulse is the test of status or character. Know what are a man's most frequent impulses, and you know the condition of his mind—his character—whether good, bad, or indifferent.

### The Doctrines of Jesus.

E. G. DRIVER, OF BERLIN, writes thus: "FRIEND DAVIS: I would be glad if you will tell me whether you are an advocate of the principles of Jesus Christ. I take your paper and read it, but some tell me that you disard the doctrines of Christ. If so, I want to know it, for I have been trying to defend your doctrines."

ANSWER: According to our inspiration on the nature and attributes of a Principle, it is impossible that any one person or angel, or that any conceivable aggregation of persons or angels, should ever become its perfect incarnation. Persons may express and daily manifest only so much of a Principle as they are capacitated to contain and embody; but the shape or form of such expression, will, in all cases, resemble the individual's peculiar organization.

Thus, for example, twelve persons may be moved and actuated by the Principle of Justice, or by the Principle of Fraternal Love, but there will be twelve forms, and not one form, of expressing it; and, as a moral and philosophical consequence, it would be exceedingly narrow and unreasonable, though popular and conservative to rally around one of the twelve as a perfect embodiment, and thenceforth to proclaim his individual merits and doctrines as the only infallible rule of faith and practice. And yet, as is sometimes the case, a particular person may manifest the Principle more perfectly than hundreds or thousands of his fellow men; whereupon we say, that instead of worshipping and deifying him or her as the favorite of the highest heaven, it is wise and profitable to regard such personage as a "bow of promise" to the rest of humanity, indicating what is possible to all by like obedience and completeness.

We, therefore, advocate and worship Principles, and not Persons. But we involuntarily love and reverence Persons in proportion as they approximate in daily life to the perfection of Spiritual Principles.

### The Gospel of Jesus.

"BENJAH," BRIDGEPORT, CT.—"BROTHER DAVIS: I have been thinking for some time of writing you a few lines in regard to a book said to have been found in the catacombs at Rome, and published by Gibson Smith, called 'The Gospel of Jesus.' If you are acquainted with any of the facts in regard to it, will you please publish them. It is a very good 'Gospel,' but I think the editor should have given more particulars in regard to the finding of the manuscript."

ANSWER: We have no positive knowledge of the origin of the work called the "Gospel of Jesus." It is simple justice, however, that Mr. Smith should be heard in his own behalf. In a recent pamphlet, chapter iii., we find the following reflections on the fact that almost thirty years of the life of Jesus is

wrapped in obscurity: "This hiatus in the history and life of Jesus has greatly disturbed the confidence of theologians in the gospel narratives in all ages of the Christian religion. Dr. Nemeyer, Professor of Divinity in Halle, in endeavoring to account for the silence of the New Testament writers on this subject, says: 'If credit be due to the authority of the Fathers, there existed a most ancient narration of the life of Jesus Christ, written especially for those inhabitants of Palestine who became Christians from among the Jews. This narrative is distinguished by various names, as the "Gospel of the Twelve Apostles," "The Gospel of the Hebrews," "The Gospel of the Nazarenes," "The Gospel of Matthew;" and this same, unless all things deceive me, is to be considered the fountain from which other writings of this sort have derived their origin, as streams from the spring. This book of which we speak contained the narrative of the apostles concerning the life of Jesus.'"

Irenaeus, Tatian, Origen, Jerome, and others, say there was a gospel by Matthew, written in the modern Hebrew dialect, called Aramean.

"In 1853 there was put into the writer's hands, by Wessel Gansvoort, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., a translation of some parchment MSS., which were found about twenty-eight years ago, in the Roman catacombs."

"These papers lay several years in the counting-room of a New York merchant, until they were translated by Mr. Gansvoort. The author edited and published the work in 1858. It was immediately denounced by illiterate newspaper editors and scribblers as an invention. The author believes the book to be authentic, not merely on the ground of the high respectability of the persons who found and translated it, but from its internal evidence, and an intimate knowledge of theological, biblical, and ecclesiastical literature."

### Haste in Spiritual Things Impossible.

W. MORTIMER L., HENDERSON, C. W.—"MR. EDITOR: Intellectually speaking, I delight in the speculations and beautiful theories of Spiritualism—in them I am a sort of *connoisseur*, walking about, superficially it may be, like one in the corridors and halls of a royal gallery of immortal paintings. Yet every day, or whenever I attempt to fix my attention upon any one of the pictures, something seems to blind my eyes so that I cannot see. A feeling of impatience seizes upon my thoughts, so that I fear that I can never realize anything of the 'Harmony' prescribed in your writings as pre-requisite to true spiritual enjoyment. . . . Why is this? Will you oblige me so much as to explain the cause of this impatience, &c."

ANSWER: Corridors and halls of Art are frequently visited by individuals who have in no way qualified themselves to study the triumphs of genius and inspiration. Many people look at a picture with such haste as to completely "blind their eyes" to its intrinsic merits. Many correspondents write to us for instruction in spiritual laws, by which in a few weeks, or months at most, they may enter upon all the pleasures and spiritual benefits of the "Superior Condition." Such ambitious ones do not often remember that every Captain on shipboard served a term of years "before the mast," or among the "hands" by which the common work of life is accomplished. Experience makes perfect, and time, with obedience to the laws of personal improvement, brings the legitimate reward. Nothing is truer than the saying that "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Our correspondent is a "transgressor." This will explain the failures of which he complains. In approaching the "beautiful theories" of the Harmonical Philosophy, and while attempting to fix his "attention," his thoughts fly off like sparks from the blacksmith's anvil. He finds himself a sort of "connoisseur," and nothing more, and then behold the consequences. He is deprived of the interior enjoyment which he intellectually sees hanging in luxurious profusion through the halls and corridors of the Spiritual gallery of Inspiration and Reason. All because he is a "transgressor." Of what? Of the physical laws of quies. His motive and mental temperaments push him beyond the tranquil point, making meditative study out of the question, and of course "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He is nervous, hasty, precipitous, in desperate haste, in a flutter, and feels hurried; and, neglecting to analyze the sources of his impetuous impulses, he is more than half inclined to be superstitious, like a goodly number of chaotic minds, and charge his lack of concentration at a particular point to the intervention of "spirits."

Nay, Brother—see to it that you do not superstitiously trace your mental impatience to a false source. Believe us, the cause of your defeat is nestling in the unbalanced condition of your temperaments. When you would do good, evil (or chaos) is present with you. Cultivate the Will-power, and hold your thoughts to their purposes. Give yourself more time to enjoy a truth. Drink deeply, but with great deliberation—always taking a long breath of meditation between each draught, while at the flowing spring of spiritual realities. Divine ideas require very respectful attention. Speed in spiritual things is impossible. It takes the best parts of a year to raise a moderate harvest of good thoughts. In the cold and stormy "winter of discontent"—which every soul is certain to experience—such harvested thoughts will feed and nourish the interior.

GREAT, indeed, is the delight of speech; sweet the sound of one's bosom thought, as it returns laden with the fragrance of a brother's approval.—ALCOTT.

## Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

J. R. F.—The "Lesson of a Dream" is on file, and will ere long receive attention.

N. BLANCHARD, MASS.—The address of Mr. J. Bovee Dods is, "Brooklyn, New York." His medical office is located in this city.

A. B. S., OSHKOSH.—The epistle of hearty appreciation, and the words of encouragement, have fallen on good ground.

S. M. B., OF BELLFLOW FALLS, has replied to the criticism of the *Lancaster Circle*. It will appear very soon.

WALTER HYDE, LOGANSVILLE, WIS.—We ask no reward from the mineral kingdom for recording the sublime "Apotheosis" of a human spirit.

"EUPHONIA."—"A Spirit Prayer" breathes the true essence of devotion; but some faults of metre forbid its publication unless revised.

"LOGIC versus GOD," by HENRY CUMMINS, of OREGON, is received. The article is pervaded by a fearless spirit of inquiry, and may provoke much thought.

S. N., SALEM, MINN.—We have not seen a printed copy of the lines you send. "Let us help one another" is a poem of considerable merit, and perhaps we may in due time place it in the hands of our compositor.

"WATSON," NEW YORK.—Is it not unfair to send your mental offspring forth without a name? Thus we have received it, and will, nevertheless, treat it hospitably.

E. A. LOUDEN, ILL.—We cannot find the report of the Bishops who met to retranslate the Bible. There have been several reports and much discussion on the subject.

SIMON M.—"The present state of the world" is an article containing some striking applications to the times, especially considering that it is dated as far back as 1813. But we have hardly space, just now, for its publication.

E. J. B., CRYSTAL LAKE, WIS.—Your "Letter to the Free Methodist Church of Crystal Lake," is too local and personal in its application to be of interest to the wide-spread community of our readers.

B. S. S.—"The Angel Memory" is received. It is gracefully written, showing, as did "Our Minnie," much power of poetic delineation; and it needs but practice on your part, to wear away the superficial ornaments of style common to young writers, and to attain vigor, solidity, and depth.

A. G. B., ORISKANY FALLS, N. Y.—Since it gives you pleasure to write, and as it cannot be otherwise than profitable to exercise the mental faculties, we say, let the pen move on. Still there is a lack of compactness and completeness in your otherwise valuable articles.

L. H. C., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Your application for physical aid is on file, and will, in turn, receive attention. Your mediumistic poems show the existence of goodness and aspiration in the nature by which they were indited. But they are incorrect in measure, and some labor would be requisite to fit them for the press.

"DEVILLE," DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Your daughter would be much benefited by magnetic treatment. Dr. J. H. Rae, of whom you inquire, has left the city. Better write to Mr. T. Culbertson, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, for instructions as to accommodations, prices, treatment, &c. His Baths would work beneficially for your diseased daughter, with correct diet and magnetization.

"A FRIEND," residing in ONEIDA CO., N. Y., begins his letter thus: "I have but little faith in your theory or practice, but through the importunity of friends have been prevailed upon to address you." This frankness is congenial, and we respect our correspondent's candor in giving it expression, but we regret that he has written for bodily relief at our hands because of the "importunity of friends." We enjoy coming in rapport with persons, however skeptical, who make application from their own free will.

For the Herald of Progress.

## TRUTH, IF NOT POETRY.

A few profoundly selfish, grasping men,  
Control the means whereby the worthy live;  
And when their schemes are met with counter-schemes, why then

They block the ways of business, nor will give  
Employment to the poor man; and, no rarity,  
They alms dispense, and grow in popularity  
By meager justice in the name of Charity.

None live by sufferance, nor hold their lives in  
lease;  
An equal right have we to all we need.  
Unhallowed passions, only, break the bond of  
peace.

The master one of which is known as Greed.  
Men should reflect that only in fraternity  
Is happiness, in time or in eternity;  
That all can justly claim the same paternity.

If Justice should o'er every human soul prevail,  
The wants of every one would be supplied;  
No starving, woe-worn mortal then, with visage  
pale,  
Would haunt the earth, by purse-proud drones  
denied.

The comfort that by honest work is merited,  
As if a few the whole world had inherited!  
Good God! may this insatiate, sordid passion,  
That rules the rich and all "the world of  
fashion,"

By searching truth from out their souls be ferreted!

W. F. VON FLECK.

## The Spirit's Mysteries.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## Predictions in Process of Fulfillment.

ST. CHARLES, ILL., Jan. 23, A. D., 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: The following communication I received about four years ago, through the mediumship of L. Judd Pardee, while he was in the trance state. I now send it to you for publication, as the predictions therein contained are being rapidly fulfilled in such a manner as to strike conviction to the mind of every reader.

S. S. JONES.

## COMMUNICATION.

I am glad to meet you once again, my friend, and speak with you, if not as in days of yore, still with the same spirit.

I am still with you to insinuate thoughts, and to instruct in the higher and nobler truths pertaining to interior realities. And I would have you to devote as much time and attention as possible to the unfolding of your receptive faculties, and to advancement of self in the ways of truth.

My friend, there is a dark drama over this country, filled with strange visitations. The spirits that swarm the political atmosphere, are dark in look, dark in character, and bad in influence.

Politics are steeped in the boiling pot of corruption! and the government of this people has become as a prize to be plucked by mercenary men. All the avenues of political life swarm with all manner of foul creeping things! while the extreme whiteness of the Presidential Habitation reminds one of the white sheet over a corrupt corpse.

From politicians not much may be expected, but from men something is expected—and we are trying to let in a stream of light to cleanse the "Augean stable."

I fear the swelling waves must rush on, carrying with it the accumulated filth of a half century, but leaving at least in the subsiding flow, clear ground for a nobler edifice. I see no other way—there is no other way. For the ruling agencies, I will hardly say minds, at the head of this people, as lawmakers, cannot be reached and effectually reached, for the good and welfare of the people, except by some violent convulsion, the signs of which are already observable which shall startle, confound, and make to stand still in their course, these birds of prey that fatten themselves upon the resources of a great nation.

Yet, actuated by a sincere love for every man, we desire to inform as much as possible those minds so befouled in the mire of politics, as that they shall come in a measure to perceive their degradation and be inspired by a desire to escape. So, therefore, in a wise way, whenever thou canst, in thy sphere, sound the note of alarm to these men, whisper into their ears evangel of coming times; warning them of this—"that extremes must right themselves." That they can go to a certain point, which reached, marks the limits of their course, and they must retrace their steps, become honest men, or plunge headlong into destruction, spiritual and reputational.

Here is a great field of labor which few are filling by their spheres, by their works. It will require, it does require, a good degree of moral courage, stamina, and individuality, to confront and abash these plunderers, men lost to every sense save that of self-aggrandizement.

One of their own number, years ago, in open public council, in their very midst, tore aside the veil that hid the carcass and told the people of the foulness of its stench—warning them of the time of retribution!

As well might he have gone out on your wide prairies and preached to the dogs that burrow therein! As well might he attempt to teach the winds lessons, or to impress upon the heedless waves, or the fleeting sands—wind-torn—substantial and enduring inscriptions!

It is different with men in your position, not of them, though amongst them, a looker on and not a participator—one who has been behind the scenes and known the acts of the drama.

With you it is different. Words spoken by you in the private ear, though seemingly uncalled for, will have their effect. One truth practiced upon, is oftentimes like a red hot shot thrown into the very center of the citadel.

Breakers are ahead! The vessel of state is driving on them! The crew are besotted! The pilot has become blind, the captain has lost command, and I hear the distant muttering thunder of the coming storm!

There must be, and there will be a different Government. This great nationality must



not be irretrievably swamped in the stagnant waters—the very spittings of them that sit in her sacred temples.

The cry will be, "ye have many annual revolutions—stand from under he who values his life!"

The Revolutionary Fathers still live, and still have a hand in affairs. Shall it come to this pass that that noble *State* by them founded shall rot on the very spot of its erection? Forbid it Heaven!

Men may cry out, peace—peace. But I say unto you there is no peace until a total and radical change shall put its sweet impress upon the national form, and strip from it its foul garments that bad men have put upon it.

Then shall it stand forth clad in vestments of pristine purity—such as the Revolutionary Fathers poured out their blood to cleanse, just as blood is used to give us the pure white sugar.

A few years and you shall see blood flow in this land. I read on Heaven's walls the tracery of the future, limned there by the Eternal Hand! and I see this country passing, as it were, through the fire and the smoke, to emerge into a higher and purer, and more righteous condition.

Safe is the man that takes to himself the protection of Spiritualities. But to them who choose to remain in the darkness of their own false state—unto such cometh sudden destruction.

A man may speak a *fact* and still love, and a common interest we have in this matter forces the utterance and makes us anxious for its proclamation.

## The Mystic Crayon Drawings.

MRS. E. J. FRENCH'S MEDIUMSHIP.

We have lately witnessed again the mysterious drawings through the mediumship of Mrs. French. Whatever there was marvelous and inexplicable in those described in previous numbers of the *HERALD*, seems to be much increased in the cases we have recently observed; though the conditions under which the sketching has been performed appear to preclude all possible explanation, except through the intervention of spirits. The process by which the pictures were produced, in the instances hitherto reported in this journal, was substantially as follows: In a fully-lighted room, in the presence of many observers, common drawing-paper has been handed to the medium, cut in such a manner as to give a large sheet with a counterpane check. The checks being given to the company, the several sheets have been taken by the medium, openly washed in some acid liquid, dried by rolling, wiping, and breathing upon them; and, by holding pencils over them, or by inserting in them, when rolled, bits of paper blackened with crayons, pictures have been produced of exquisite taste and delicacy, within the space of a few seconds. These pictures can be erased by a rubber, are evidently substantially made of crayon lead, and are most of them such as would require the labor of hours by a skillful artist. How are they produced? The friends of the medium say, that by some unknown processes of chemistry, the substance of the lead pencils is suddenly precipitated upon sketches already limned by spirit artists, in such a way as to bring out the pictures by some art similar to that of our ordinary photography. The gradual development of her mediumship in this direction, which has been continued now nearly a year, and her incapacity to sketch in her normal capacity, confirms them in this belief. On the other hand, the staggering nature of the phenomena has suggested to the skeptical, particularly to those who have heard of but never witnessed the drawings, simpler hypotheses. They may be reduced to two. The first is, that the pictures being drawn, previous to the sitting, the blank sheets prepared in the presence of the company have been dexterously withdrawn, and the finished pictures substituted by sleight-of-hand. A careful study of the method in which the sittings have been conducted, as before reported in the *HERALD*, should suffice, as we think, to put an end to that supposition.

The other supposition is, that the pictures, being sketched by the medium in some invisible chemical, previous to the sitting, were brought out by washing the paper in acid liquids. To this hypothesis it should be a sufficient answer, that the pictures do not enter into the body of the paper, and that several have been produced, moreover, upon an unexpected call, after the paper had been washed with the acid solution.

Well, to meet both these objections efficiently, a public sitting was given by the medium at Clinton Hall, on the evening of Jan. 23d, (Wednesday,) to which the spectators were admitted by ticket.

The gentlemen and ladies present numbered seventy-four. The sitting commenced about half-past eight. On a raised platform, at one end of the room, which was well lighted with gas, the medium occupied a common settee; before her was a table, which permitted most of her person to be seen, as also the vacant space on her seat to the right and left hand. At one end of the settee stood a desk, but just within reach. The audience occupied seats in front of the platform. Soon after order was established, a committee of three was appointed by the audience to go out upon the street and purchase paper, for the avowed purpose, as stated by a gentleman in behalf of the medium, to preclude all possibility of any sketching upon it by her with invisible fluids, or any

exchange of pictures already drawn for blank sheets. The committee went out and purchased several sheets, upon which they *secretly* inscribed their names with sympathetic ink. These sheets were handed to the medium at twenty minutes to nine, who, upon taking them, remarked to the members of the committee, from whom they were received: "We shall cut off all your marks!"

Water was next drawn from the hydrant in the corner of the room, and handed to the medium, who took it and washed several of the sheets, wiping them and laying them one upon another. She next commenced cutting them, as she had promised to do, till she had reduced several to a quarter of their original dimensions. Paper checks were now attached to many of them, with a number of pins to each check.

These small drawing sheets with their checks were passed to the members of the committee to examine and return, though the checks were to be kept. The cutting, washing, drying, and checking the sheets occupied a wearisome fifty minutes, or till half-past nine. All things being now ready, at a given signal the time was called for the first picture, which was produced in two seconds, the only visible agency in its production being the thrusting of a piece of paper, blackened with crayon lead, into the rolled sheet. The picture No. 1 is a lake scene, with two boats, hills, etc. In a similar way were produced No. 2, in four seconds—a bouquet of flowers with the head of a child, this latter feature being called for by some one present; No. 3 in four seconds—a bunch of flowers, with a bird and nest, a basket and butterfly; Nos. 4 and 5, together, in four seconds—No. 4 being a bunch of grapes, with leaves, stems, &c., and No. 5 being two hens with flowers. No. 6 came out in two seconds. It is a beautiful vase of flowers, with birds. Much time was lost in the examination of the pictures by the company, so that it was ten minutes past ten before the last one was delivered. The pictures are mostly admirable as artistic efforts, as has been already mentioned. The sheets were hardly a moment out of sight of those sitting nearest the medium; and the pin marks on the pictured sheets corresponded exactly to those on the checks.

After the drawing was finished, a few animated remarks by the medium on the object of such manifestations, to wit: the awakening of men to a consciousness of their immortal destiny, very appropriately closed the sitting.

Another sitting followed the foregoing at the medium's rooms, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, on Friday evening, Jan. 25th. At this, thirty-three gentlemen and ladies were present.

The medium sat upon a sofa, in the open door of a small room connected with a full-lighted parlor, in which the company were seated. This small room with the sofa, had been previously examined by members of the party, to see if it contained paper or pictures. Before the medium stood a small table with a marble top, and containing no drawer. At a quarter past eight, a committee, chosen by those present, selected, at random, from a roll of fifteen drawing-sheets, purchased a few hours before, two sheets at random, and laid them before the medium. These were taken by her and cut into eight smaller sheets before all, washed with water, wiped, rolled in small rolls, and laid in a folded towel upon the table, from which table they were not for an instant removed till they passed into the hands of the party. The period occupied in washing, wiping, rolling, and drying, however, was quite long. Bits of the sheets, as in the previous sittings, were blackened with the pencils and laid upon one end of the table, near, and in contact with which, sat several of the company. A few minutes before the first picture was produced, one of these blackened pieces was taken by a member of the committee sitting nearest the medium; this he was to hold constantly in his hand. The first blank sheet was then given him to open, see if it contained any picture, and close immediately. Upon a signal given, he was to thrust his *crayoned* bit of paper into the rolled sheet, and time was to be noted. At this juncture, those sitting immediately around the table were called to suggest subjects. "Instruments of music, with music;" another suggested a goat's head with flowers. Upon the giving of the signal, the crayoned paper was thrust into the rolled sheet, and after the lapse of three seconds, the sheet was opened, and found to contain a bouquet of flowers, in the midst of which was depicted the head of an Angola goat, without horns. When examined by one of the committee, five or seven minutes before the picture came out, the sheet was perfectly blank. Moreover, though his fingers were very much blackened by holding the crayoned paper, it left no marks inside the rolled sheet where they ought not to be!

A similar process was pursued with sheet No. 2, it being examined by Mr. Felt, one of the committee, to see if it was perfectly blank. In four seconds a beautiful bouquet of flowers appeared upon it. On No. 3 appeared, in three seconds, various kinds of fruit (some of which was cut) with a bird. No. 4 was produced in four seconds under like conditions—it is a picture of old-fashioned instruments of music, with an open book, in which are written musical notes. This picture was alike a surprise and a gratification to the member of the committee who called for it. No. 5 was produced in four seconds; it is a bouquet of flowers and leaves, from which a bird seems to have just been frightened by a dog, the head of which, inverted, peers from among the foliage. No other pictures were brought out this evening.

They varied in dimensions, as on Wednesday evening, from an area of two inches square to four, and were, as usual, beautifully executed. The gentleman who called for the head of the goat, seems to be of the impression that his will operated, to some extent, mesmerically in producing that feature of the picture. At least, he seemed to entertain no doubt of the entire good faith and involuntary agency of the medium. He had been present only at the sitting of the preceding Wednesday, and has had no opportunity to witness similar manifestations before, as his business requires him to be absent in Europe much of the year. Want of space compels us to omit many incidental details, connected with the production of these pictures, which would increase the interest of the statement. Under all the circumstances, we must confess to a belief in the intervention of spirits, in manifestations in which intelligence makes use of agencies unknown to man.

[From the Banner of Light.]

## Oil Paintings by Spirits.

REMARKABLE TEST.

Upon the occasion of a recent visit to the family of Mr. William Burgess, of West Killingly, Conn., the following incidents were related to me.

About two years ago, a daughter of his, Mary Burgess Wood, who had then been, I think, an occupant of the spirit-world for two years, came to him through Mrs. Macumber, and said she would at some time give her picture to her husband and parents. Mrs. M., while in Oswego in August last, heard of J. B. Fayette, a resident of that place, who was just commencing to paint spirit-portraits, but she did not meet the gentleman at all. After her return she was influenced by Mrs. Wood, who said that Mr. Fayette could take her portrait, and that her people must write to him to keep whatever picture he should take upon the 6th of October, which they did. He being engaged in other business, and not paying particular attention to painting, found no time that day to sit for the purpose, and wrote to that effect, requesting Mr. Burgess's people to arrange with her for another day; but she told them she could influence him enough to make him send the picture whenever he could find time to attend to it. In December they received a letter, stating that he had taken a picture upon the 8th of that month, which he supposed was for them; and giving a minute description of it, said he would forward it if it was recognized. They sent for it, and upon its arrival it was identified by them, and all the friends of her earthly life who saw it, as being Mary. The spirit-daughter of J. Schuyler Young—a neighbor and school-teacher of Mary and an uncompromising Adventist—spoke directly through the medium, and said she was going after her father to bring him up there; he soon called, and, with the rest, agreed in the identification.

There was a fault found by both parents and others, that there was more freshness and fullness in the countenance, than in that of the original at the last of her days. She influenced Mrs. Macumber, and said there was another picture coming, which would be thinner in the face, and would represent her in *earth-life*, whereas the former was intended to represent her in *spirit-life*, recuperated and strong. Further, she said that on the head of the one coming would be the black velvet roll, and the ear-rings she used to wear; that she would have on the dress of her everyday work, and would be binding a shoe, which was an occupation of hers. Mr. Burgess, being at Danielsonville, two and one-half miles from his home, acquainted several of the people with the promise made by the spirit concerning the second picture, who, being Adventists, naturally disbelieved in the possibility of spirit existence, though completely staggered by the evidence given them concerning the first.

Wednesday, January 2d, Mr. Burgess was at Danielsonville, and was told that a package was at the express office for him. He immediately spoke to two or three of the persons to whom he had told the promise of the spirit, saying he thought the package might have come, and if he could find Mr. Burdick, who was a decided doubter of the truth of the fulfillment of these predictions, he would open it in that store, and test the matter. He accordingly found the gentleman, and opening the package before all, showed that every identical part was given as she had promised. The velvet roll, the long pendants in her ears, the brown dress, and in the very style of make; the yellow-backed wooden chair in which she sat, the finished shoe hanging upon one of the posts, and the one in her hands, were all perfectly represented. Her hair is so near the actual color, that a piece of her own, taken from her head at death, and placed against it, fails to show any difference.

There was nothing written to Mr. F. concerning her dress or appearance, only the request to send whatever he got upon a particular day. There never was a picture taken of her before death, and this one must be remarkably gratifying to her friends. The neighbors crowd in to see the wonderful production; and those who have staid away from the house, through scorn of Spiritualism, even when death had laid its children low, are now seeking all ways and excuses to get a glimpse of the features of one whom they really loved as a relation and a friend.

There is a spirit, styling herself Nettie—a child—who controls Mrs. M., and who said she was going to have her picture, too. Coming afterward, she said she "had it taken," and that she had on her white dress, and ribbons on the sleeves and waist, and that she had a rose in her hand. The picture fulfills this exactly, and is recognized by Mrs. M., who has often seen her dancing around her. The test of this, to others, lies, of course, merely in the fact of a pre-description.

Mr. Fayette is young as a medium, and has refused, I am told, to take remuneration for his pictures unless satisfaction is given. They are oil pictures, and are executed in two sittings of about thirty minutes each. This last fact I have from the authority of his own pen. They cannot, of course, be very remarkable for finish—and still they are so, when we remember the short time used; and the chief

merit lies in the truthfulness of the likeness. How oil-colors can be laid on so rapidly and not mingle, is more than I can understand. Mr. J. B. Fayette's address is Oswego, N. Y.; and all the instructions he wishes are, to know the day on which an arrangement is made on the part of the spirit to sit for him.

LITA H. BARNEY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan., 1861.

## Stumbling Blocks in Spiritualism.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FAIRFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Dec. 8th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: It has been my privilege to read many copies of the *HERALD*, and carefully have I endeavored to set aside all prejudice, that I might be open to conviction, and thus more readily comprehend and appropriate the doctrine of Spiritualism, if that doctrine, to the light of my reason, could prove valid. But failure has attended every step, and not more mystical to me are the absurd fabulous doctrines of the heathen deities, than are those of Spiritualism. Whether it is a philosophy too profound and intricate for common minds, does not appear as I should not be the judge of the universal mass, yet surely it can admit of no disciple who has not experienced its truths or tested its principles. But, observe, I would not be understood to entirely reject it; such a course would be foolish and unwise. My policy is to understand, if possible; and, if explanation of any strange doctrine is not sufficiently efficacious or clear, still, with all due charity, I would prefer to remain silent rather than try to condemn.

And now, with all due respect for your creed, will your kindness respond to a few questions, either through your paper or directly to myself. 1st. Why are not all persons permitted to hold the office of medium? Possibly I may err in the idea that all do not, yet I draw my negative conclusion from statements made by those who profess its belief; yet if there are only a few comparatively among millions, who possess power to hold intercourse with departed spirits, surely they may be a theology founded on fact known simply to themselves as participants in the communion of mortal with spirit. But how are others to accept a doctrine whose revelations are obscured by this method of *proximity*? Even one of Christ's disciples demanded proofs of certain reports. He must behold the pierced hands and feet ere the Saviour's resurrection could, in his mind, be established. Thus it is with those to whom the philosophy of Spiritualism appears doubtful and foggy. Can true religion be so intricate and uncertain? Must humanity continually grope in thick darkness, with no certainty to explain rules of immortal interests? 2d. If Spiritualism is correct in its principles, why has not it proved the standard of Christian purity throughout the civilized world? Why does not the history of past ages give it a record? But you may answer, that its truths and principles are only beginning to manifest their development. What! has the Almighty deferred until the present age a peculiar plan of salvation? Many say, the world is yet in its infancy. Granting that, what is the fate of millions, who have, prior to this period, been ushered into eternity? Truly such interrogatories demand studied and thoughtful answers. Trusting in some manner to obtain a reply, I remain,

Yours truly,

EDWARD C. TOWNSEND.

OUR ANSWER.

ANSWER TO QUESTION FIRST: Mediumship is no office, unless every function in nature is an office. Connecting this state of being and the next, it is supposed that there is a certain element somewhat resembling the imponderable agents—light, heat, and electricity—which is common to both worlds. Spirits, or at least some spirits, are thought to know how to develop it from the human body, and from peculiar localities in the earth, or to take advantage of it when so developed spontaneously, to make themselves known to us in the body. Take, for example, the lowest and simplest order of spiritual phenomena, the production of *raps* and the *moving of physical objects*. The genuine medium for these manifestations is generally ignorant of the way in which he or she contributes to the production of them; but because they frequently exhibit the attributes of *intelligence* and *voluntary agency*, which the medium knows are not his own mental acts and volitions, the inference is drawn, and we think conclusively, that an *invisible person*, that is, a *spirit*, produces them. But as this spirit does not use the *voluntary* powers of the medium, it is also inferred, that a *subtle emanation from his person* is used, which envelops surrounding objects, and in and with which, the spirit works. Most anti-Spiritualists, who admit the existence of the manifestations, concede the existence of this emanation, but attribute all the peculiarities of the manifestations to the emanation alone—that is, to the *involuntary* action of it. Both Spiritualists and their candid opposers so far meet on a common ground, namely: the hypothesis of a subtle emanation, or fluid, if you please, which is one element of the manifestations. But the Spiritualist differs from his opponents, in maintaining that a *personality* distinct from this fluid, and intrinsically invisible to the ordinary, normal action of the human eye, must be also admitted to explain them. So that the quiescence of the spiritual doctrine is, that certain manifestations have been occurring in all ages, and more particularly during the last twelve years, which require

for their explanation, *always*, at least two things: (1.) An imponderable agent; (2.) a *person*, by his very constitution invisible to the eye acting normally; and, on some occasions, a third thing, to wit: a living human being from whom this imponderable agent emanates. We say on some occasions, because there are localities on the earth's surface from which this agent seems to emanate at times without known cause.

In answer to our friend's first inquiry, then, we would say: No one knows that all persons do not possess undeveloped the mediumistic, or, as the French call it, the *mediumistic* imponderable; while its actual development in some, and not in others, is to be accounted for by a similar philosophy to that by which we explain the presence of *terrestrial magnetism* in the load-stone rather than in steel, and in steel rather than in soft iron, and in soft iron rather than in copper. No one pretends as yet to know why terrestrial magnetism resides in steel in preference to copper, or why electricity may be excited by a stick of sealing-wax better than with a human finger. All we can say of the mediumistic fluid is, that some human constitutions seem to generate it more readily than others; just as some organisms will secrete more black coloring matter for the hair, and others more red coloring matter than others. Then again, on the supposition that a spiritual world, under the guidance of glorious intellects on the *thither* side of Jordan, is trying to open our dull noddles to a consciousness of its real existence, we should think it would take just the course it seems to be taking—to introduce itself gradually, and not like a herd of wild buffaloes make a break into our sublimary arrangements between two cock crows, disturbing all the respectable piety of the churches, and the digestion of eminent doctors of divinity, and demolish, at one fell swoop, whole libraries of indisputable theology. But the spirit world *works with nature*, according to the *law of growth*, and so picks up a medium here and there, through whom to thrust forth a fact now and then to confound our conceited philosophies and sciences, and make our savans open their eyes and wipe their spectacles anew; giving to one medium "the word of wisdom," to another "that of knowledge," to another "the working of wonders," to another "the gifts of healing," to another "prophecy," to another "divers kinds of tongues." To us Spiritualists the whole movement seems to be wisely superintended by cool heads and kind hearts "beyond the veil."

ANSWER TO QUESTION SECOND: Spiritualism is not a religion; it is simply the forerunner, the great preparation for the Universal Religion, the creed of which is to be Science, and the practice Love. As a movement it promulgates no creed, it asks for no proselytes; but simply offers to the world a *blessed fact*, which may encourage in the hearts of all men that hope which is a consolation in this life and a shield against the *fear of death*, namely: the hope that this same death will not prove our annihilation, but lift us to a higher stage of being—one step farther up in a progress which has no final goal. It has no standard of morals, no defined code of belief. On the contrary, it hints to the world that no perfect standard of morals is yet known, that no creed can compass all knowledge, but simply says to the idolaters of Korans, Vedas, and Bibles: In the Kingdom of the Almighty the pursuit of Truth is an everlasting employment; the glory of the truth seen to-day will grow dim in the superlunary splendor of that discovered to-morrow. Just as in the shoreless and fathomless abysses of space, were you to go eternally up or endlessly down, or travel measureless distances to the right or to the left, there would still rise before you ever more and more brilliant galaxies of glorious suns, so, in the domain of the soul, you may journey eternally, and new and newer, beautiful and more beautiful truths will greet your awe-stricken spirit forever! That light, inaccessible and full of glory, which illumines your imaginary heaven, will beckon you onward and onward with new revelations, and still the excessive brightness of the *now* shall go out in a glory more wonderful in the future. Ever that blessed light shall be around you, and within you, and before you; and the Almighty, always concealed and always revealed, shall remain the one insoluble and unutterable, but delightful mystery, eternally.

So, then, as we are embarked on an ocean without a shore—entered upon a progress which knows no ultimate limit—it matters not how low down in our ascent we or our race take the start. Eternity will furnish ample opportunity to rectify all our mistakes, outgrow all the imperfections that disfigure the *ideal humanity* which constitutes our inmost life, and rise to heights where we may look upon all the shortcomings of this state of being as little better than the blind contortions and writhings of an animal in *utero*.

"Has the Almighty deferred until the present age a peculiar plan of salvation?" We imagine the Almighty never looked upon the human race as a failure! His plans of salvation contemplate no remediless risks; and, as they antedate all human chronology, they will be deferred for a final consummation innumerable aeons. To the Almighty, existence is valuable on its own account, and not by reason of something appended to it; and so, when we have gravitated to the orbit of our real being, existence itself will be its own exceeding great reward, even to us. All things must begin raw and crude, from a rose-bud to a human soul. The divine "plan of salvation" takes that truth into its calculations; and Spiritualism, through natural revelations of



a future life, will teach us how to cooperate with the Almighty in working out that salvation, which, from eternity, he guaranteed to us. The theological creed of Spiritualism, then, and its ethical code, will be revealing, just so long as there is a new truth to learn or a higher moral life to be lived.

If we have given our correspondent to understand that Spiritualism, as a movement, is not so much a Religion as an incentive to progress in wisdom and goodness—that it can have no fixed creed, no symbolic ritual, no recipes for salvation issued in Hebrew and Greek, and administered by "ambassadors of Christ" in full canonicals—we shall be gratified. The days of dramatic religions, and of the performance of mystical ceremonies to propitiate the Deity, with the reign of creeds and books containing dogmas too sacred to be questioned, are drawing to a close. But the hope of a future life, which is the nucleus around which all those things have clustered, will be quickened anew, and, deserting the Churches, will organize a Universal Brotherhood, in which Theology will appear as a Science, and good deeds will take the place of the Seven Sacraments. Of this great change in Christendom, Spiritualism is at once the harbinger and the initiating process.

### Proofs of Spirit Identity.

For the Herald of Progress.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan., 1861.

MR. EDITOR: Having received some very remarkable and indubitable proofs of spirit identity, obtained through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Foster, of New York, I desire to lay them before your readers.

On the morning of Dec. 10th, 1860, my sister, Mrs. R. M. Roach, and myself, had a sitting with Mr. Foster at his rooms in Philadelphia. Upon taking our seats at the table, the rappings commenced at once. Mr. F. soon addressed my sister with the question, "Have you a mother in the spirit world?" she replied in the negative, when he asked, "Have you a daughter?" She answered yes, when he said, "I heard a voice say mother!" and immediately added, "I see the spirit now, she has a very sweet face, but extremely thin; she died of consumption, and has not been long in the spirit world; she will give you her name on my arm," and rolling up his sleeve, he extended his arm towards us, but it was perfectly white. He remarked, "The spirit will bring it up;" and as we looked the name *Carrie Roach* was formed upon his arm in distinct characters. Mr. F. was then influenced to write a communication to my sister, signed, *Carrie*, in which it was said, "You ask the month in which I died. It was April." Mr. F. then said, "Your father is here—Isaac Laning; he brings a very powerful influence, and is delighted to see you both here." Mr. F. then said, "There is an aunt of yours here—*aunt Rachel*; she has never manifested herself to you before." Again he rolled up his sleeve, when the name *Rachel* appeared on his arm. Said Mr. F., "She shows me a vision; I see a fountain, and your aunt takes a silver goblet, dips it in the fountain, and hands it to each of you to drink; it is emblematic of the waters of truth;" he then said, "and your uncle Miller is here; he says he has frequently endeavored to make himself known to you before, but has never been able until now; he brings such a delightful influence, and looks so refined! He will give you his first name;" immediately adding, "They show me a vision; I see an arbor, and over it, in letters of gold, the names *William and Rachel*; this lady and gentleman are sitting in the arbor, side by side; they say they are together in the spirit world; they lived so happily on earth." I then asked if *Carrie* would give us the name she promised before she died; the raps answered, yes; when Mr. F. said, "I see two spirits, and what do you think they have? they bring a tray and place it here upon the table; now what does that mean? I thought it was some pet name she was to give you." In explanation, I will state that my sister's daughter *Carrie*, was remarkable for her fidelity to every trust reposed in her, and we sometimes playfully called her, *Tray ever faithful*; and about ten days before her death, as I was sitting alone by her bedside, she said to me, "Lizzie, when I pass away, if I should come to you and sign myself *Tray*, wouldn't you laugh?" I replied, "Oh, *Carrie*! I do not think I should be inclined to laugh;" when she said, "But you would know it was me, wouldn't you not?" I answered I would, when she promised, "I will do that, if I can."

There could be no more conclusive proofs of spirit identity than were given on this occasion, unless we ourselves could see the spirits and converse with them face to face; for it overthrows the theory of thought-reading by which some persons have accounted for what they have received from media; our thoughts were not upon our aunt, or uncle, during the sitting, until their presence was announced by Mr. Foster; nor did he know that my sister and myself were in any way related to each other, for we had avoided giving him the least clue to anything that might create a doubt in my sister's mind; for she was skeptical of receiving anything that would satisfy her that the spirits were indeed those they purported to be; but every vestige of doubt is now removed from her mind.

Each test given was correct in every particular, the peculiar characteristics of each spirit were described most accurately, and more fully than I have given them here; as I have avoided entering into details more than I thought necessary to make the tests intelligible.

I will further state, that of the above-named tests all were given (with the exception of the one I have named in reference to the tray) unasked, and without the least hesitancy.

Yours for the Truth,

LIZZIE F. LANING.

### Evil Spirits.

EASTVILLE, Va., Jan. 24, 1861.

BROTHER DAVIS: While spending the winter among my friends in Virginia, I have ever a word ready in behalf of the Harmonical Philosophy when opportunity offers.

A few evenings since, the family becoming interested in the subject, a circle was proposed, and all drew around the table; when the usual manifestations soon followed, one of the daughters proving to be a medium. Then all were directed to withdraw but myself and her. I have but little mediumistic power, not enough even to move the table alone, yet can aid another in the early stages of development.

The "dial" was then called for by our spirit friends, and placed on the table; in less than an hour communications came freely, chiefly from the children and other immediate relatives of the family, much to their astonishment and delight; also from former residents of the county—some of them, unsolicited, giving extraordinary tests.

Thus matters went on satisfactorily for three or four sittings, when the dial spelled the name of "Polly Williams," and my heart sank within me, for I feared that all this pleasant intercourse with the loved ones above was now closed, and so it proved.

She is remembered here as a simple-minded woman, in humble life, who died about thirty years ago. She seems to have no definite purpose in view, but continues spelling her name over and over again. When importuned to give away for other spirits, the answer is, "I will not; I mean to stay as long as I please." When asked what prompts her to such conduct, she replies: "I like to plague the rich who felt above me, and would not speak to me while I lived on earth."

It was in vain we tried to elude her. After leaving the table for some hours, or even the whole night, the moment we took our seats it was "Polly Williams," repeated scores of times, and nothing else. Once, my son got an opportunity to say, "We cannot commune; Polly will keep possession of the dial." Finally we had to abandon it altogether.

In this way has she broken up every circle formed in this county for the last three years; sometimes giving such absurdities and falsehoods that investigators have become disgusted and pronounced the whole as coming from the devil.

Now what is to be done. I look to you for an explanation; for if any one can, you, in your clairvoyant condition can do so. The mystery to me is, how and why the high and bright intelligences should be kept back by such an undeveloped spirit. I have talked kindly and religiously to her, and prayed for her, but all in vain. This is a subject well worth the consideration of your "Conference" and I should be glad to learn the "experience" of its members.

FRANCIS H. SMITH.

### Philosophical Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

### Death by Poison.

BY J. COVERT.

Murders are becoming so frequent from this cause, that public attention is at length arrested by the practice. The heinousness of the offense of poisoning is so great in the general estimation as to deprive the suspected of the benefits of natural sympathy, and to some extent of a fair hearing.

The dispenser of poison considers this method the least liable to detection, from the slow but sure progress of the drug in accomplishing its purpose, and from the secrecy with which it may be given. But to administer it successfully, such nice discrimination is required, that no one, however skillful, can hope to escape suspicion, particularly where the antecedent conduct of the suspected party is known, and the circumstances attendant on a fatal issue are carefully scrutinized. An overdose would exhibit such unmistakable signs, previous to death, as to criminate the party. The chief reliance is placed upon such doses at intervals as will lull suspicion by their quiet and steady progress.

In such cases the offender occasionally escapes suspicion, and at death the body is interred. Circumstances, however, known but to a few, becoming public, lead to its disinterment for the purpose of examination. My design is to show that the tests and appearances are frequently deceptive, and if not coupled with other proof, are not sufficient of themselves to justify a capital conviction.

The favorite drug for poisoning, is usually Arsenic. When administered in large doses, its effects on the living organism will unmistakably indicate its presence. But the final effects on the dead body are so diverse that scarcely any reliance can be placed upon appearances. In some cases, the bodies resist putrefaction and become like mummies, in others, they rapidly decay. These are results where the deceased are known to have taken it. But these appearances are not conclusive proof of the presence of arsenic, when there is doubt or uncertainty as to the cause of death.

The most reliable evidence is to be found in a chemical analysis of the substances in the interior of the body.

Leibig says, in his "Chemistry of Food, &c.," page 117, that, "when analysis shall have become so perfect as to separate these different substances in a rational manner, she will have performed her duty. At present, analysis begins by mixing them altogether, and a chemical result is obtained which gives rise to a multitude of questions."

It is known that errors frequently creep into the analysis, and there is no other method of determining its correctness but by the analysis itself.

It has been hitherto unknown that arsenic exists in the composition of the vegetable kingdom. The researches of Dr. E. W. Davy (*Tribune*, May 28,) have demonstrated its existence in cabbage, peas, turnips, &c., and through them it must be conveyed to the human organism. It is also asserted that it has been found in the blood and bones of the healthy subject. (See *Jahr's Symptomen Codex*, by Hempel, 185.)

Again: Arsenic is frequently used by medical men as a curative agent. It has been used as a remedy for agues, malignant and cancerous ulcerations, maligna onychia, hospital gangrene, dry and fluent coryza, dysentery, &c., &c.

Is it then to be wondered at, where analysis takes place, that arsenic should be discovered?

At times, the only testimony in the case rests wholly upon this investigation. How well-assured should the chemist be, of the correctness of the result, before he gives the testimony that consigns a man to the gallows!

While science has accomplished much, it is yet imperfect; and where life is involved, it behooves us not to receive its dictates unhesitatingly, unsupported by other evidence, calculated to fix the guilt upon the prisoner.

### Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

[Extracted for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.]

### The World's History.

BY SAMUEL PHELPS LELAND.

The following is an extract from the closing speech of S. P. Leland, in the Bible discussion at Springfield. After summing up the arguments, which had been introduced on both sides during the discussion, he proceeded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: We have now closed our discussion, it is to be hoped with good feelings on the part of both the believers and opposers of the divinity of the Bible. I can cordially take my friend by the hand and greet him as a Brother. During this discussion, he has, with me, taken the key of history and unlocked the avenues of antiquity, and together we have trod the portals of the Past. The greatness of the by-gone, with its stupendous monuments of depravity, and its gigantic systems of corruption, we have together seen.

Since the commencement of human history, our race has passed through two eventful epochs, and is now in the full noon of the third. The history of these is pregnant with interest to the student of human nature. It presents a field for investigation, more copious and vast than any other department of human history can yield. In the first important epoch in the world's history we find man contending over religious opinions—even at the sacrifice of truth and honesty—and that same spirit of bigotry and intolerance has swept down the tide of time, and broods with darkness and fearful gloom over the noon of the nineteenth century. The same spirit that dictated the Jewish wars and Israelitish butcheries, gave a Socrates his poison; hung a Jesus on the painful cross; cast stones at the martyr Stephen; burned a Jerome of Prague at the stake; beheaded the inspired John Huskins; coolly murdered a Michael Servetus; reared the infernal Inquisition; kindled the fires of Smithfield; inspired the insensate mob at the Bartholomew massacre; erected the gallows on Salem's bleeding plains; and imprisoned the early Quakers—the best men that ever lived. The same spirit that bade an Abraham sacrifice his loved son on the altar of priestly devotion, bids a Hindoo mother throw her first-born babe in the angry Ganges. A DAMNING SYSTEM OF SUPPOSED ARBITRARY REVELATION is the foul scourge that has blighted the world's fairest hopes! (Applause and hisses.)

The second great human epoch was characterized by the union of Church and State, and its history is written on the world's heart in indelible characters deeply stained with the blood of butchered innocence. In this chapter of human history we read of the downfall of the proudest monuments of Greece! See the destruction of the queenly Persia, which bridged the Hellespont with her ships of commerce, whose sails, proudly waving over the Dardanelles, played amid the sunshine of a Persian sky; hear the death-groans of the once proud Rome—mistress of the Eastern world—whose finished capital was seated on her seven hills of grandeur, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world; see the fallen ruins of the lovely Babylon, so famous in history and in song; and see, by the rushing waters of fallen empires, and dissolved nations, the ashes of prostrate Nineveh, and the ruins of Carthage and Etruria; and still farther down, where the mad

waves of this contending ocean shook the pillars of France and Spain. In the history of these fallen empires—of ruined hopes and blighted joys—we read the names of Alexander, Caesar, Nero, Herod, Caligula, St. Dominic, and Torquemada, whose deeds are written on the smutty walls of eternal infamy, and the memory of whose words and works throw darkness on the age they lived.

The third great age is that in which we live characterized by its thousand contending elements. A partial freedom man now claims as an inalienable right. Where our ancestors—dupes of a false education—bowed their suppliant knees in uncomplaining servility, and meekly wore the galling chains that jaded their bleeding hearts, the guardian angel of the nineteenth century broods with tender care over the destinies of nations and individuals, and whispers the inspiration of Freedom with every pulsation of its great heart. But the sound of martial thunder is still echoing in the chambers of the past, and the groans of the dying are not yet hushed. Though vastly changed the dramatic scene, still it makes the heart feel sad when one looks around. Slavery, with all its untold horrors; Intemperance, with its blighting curses; War, with its long train of miseries; Land Monopoly, with its hydra-frauds, plundering God's free soil from the starving poor; and Sectarianism, with its twin-sisters Intolerance and Religion, darken the horizon of our age, banishing the genial sunbeams of human development. Fraud, treachery, hate and lies—the handmaids of kingly avarice—make "respectable society" their subservient vassal to meanly do their dirty work. The "Almighty Dollar" is the ultima thule of modern greatness. A Gerard, a Russell, and the Rothschilds, are great in the affections of this age, because they or their ancestors have stolen the bread from the mouths of starving paupers, to swell their ill-gotten stores. (Applause and cries of "hear.")

In the first period of the history of our race, to be a great man was to be religious and talk with God face to face. And whenever a blood-thirsty Moses, a lecherous David, a licentious Solomon, or a cradle-plundering Pharaoh, made these far-fetched pretensions, a suppliant world would meekly bow and kiss the smutty hand that gave them stones for bread, and fraud and falsehoods for virtue and goodness. (Cries of "Good! good!") In the next, greatness lay in military valor; and the one who could engage in wholesale murder without remorse, and lay bleeding at his tyrant feet the thousands, was the greatest man of his time. Oh! how it makes my heart grow sick when I read the history of this period! Fallen empires; ruined nations; blighted hopes; chilled and frozen sensibilities; the bloody tragedies of the Crusades; the Inquisition; the massacre of the Waldenses; the Albigenses; the Netherlands inundated with the blood of 150,000 murdered innocents; while from desolate Europe, went up the savage howlings of the bigots and the priests, and

"Earth groaned beneath religion's iron age, And priests dared babble of a God of peace, E'en while their hands were red with guiltless blood."

And in our own age, if a man but profess religion, and his coffers are swelled with the glittering coin amassed by his own dishonesty, we will bow before his hypocritical greatness, though he own a thousand slaves. The man who traffics in human flesh and blood, who ruthlessly tears the crying child from the arms of a dark-skinned, though loving mother, and sells the blood that dances in its veins, and the soul that sparkles from that tear-dimmed eye, for five dollars a pound, can be received at the communion table in our popular churches to partake of the mock emblems of a crucified Saviour! (Hisses and applause.)

Mr. President, is it a sad picture I have drawn? The truth is not half told. Nor could it be, though I possessed that eloquence "that could raise a mortal to the skies, Or pull an angel down."

And whenever I am constrained to review the religious history of mankind, the frauds, the falsehoods, the blood-stained hands and tear-dimmed eyes, it causes a gush of melancholy indignation to tremble on my tongue, which no words of mine can fitly tell! (Applause.) But, sir, how are we to obviate these wrongs? The answer is plain: Give the world a sound system of scientific Education, that will tear down religious altars and bid the fair flower of Virtue bloom on its tear-stained soil; give them religious freedom, and bid mankind pluck rich fruits from unforbidden boughs, on which no curses hang. On these hang the development of the race. We need no Bible but Nature; no gospel but Science; no altar of devotion but the shrine of Love in the human heart. Can we ask for aught nobler, purer, than a natural life? Shall we still hold with an eager avidity and undying tenacity to the dry forms and ceremonies of a defunct theology, while the empire of Nature blooms with eternal truths, inviting our reluctant minds? God forbid! The human soul has a nobler mission than the slavish worship of books and creeds. The crowning sky, the blooming flower, the twinkling stars, which look with a mild radiance on a sleeping world; all, full of beauty and lessons of eternal worth, lovingly invite us to taste their soul-refreshing sweets and learn the laws of our existence. This is enough for me—enough for you. And when our hungry souls are pining for the "bread of life," let us turn our reluctant gaze to this blooming universe, big with verities, truths that hang ready and waiting for mankind. And when we can no longer find sufficient soul-food in the Physical World, we

may walk in the ambient, bowers of Spirit Life, infinite as matter, and as eternal as matter's laws. Gentlemen, I am done. (Applause, and cries of "go on.")

### The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

### Marriage.

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

What are the fruits of the marriage, or more properly, the union, where one or both parties are dissatisfied? It matters not to the fruit what is the cause of the dissatisfaction; if there is dissatisfaction, there cannot be inward or real peace. There may be a semblance of peace maintained, and then the first fruit is hypocrisy and deceitfulness.

But if the jarring is so great as to be manifest, only in the family circle, the fruit is discord, sorrow, and contention, the influence of which spreads to children, friends, society; and nations, and ripples on the shore of eternity.

But the most important fruits are children—angels to be—(the discord may be so great that no children will be produced) and if the harmony or perfection of the child corresponds to the harmony existing between the parents, we might expect of parents perfectly united, perfect fruit—Angels; but many, at least, if not most children, have an organization entailed upon them which prevents them from manifesting the angel, at least, for this life, and their organizations render them more or less subject to inharmonious influences of various kinds. I will not assume that inharmonious organization, but I believe that children born of perfectly united parents would be superior to the inharmonious influences which lead so many into sorrow and remorse.

Then the question arises, should unions which produce imperfect "fruit" be perpetuated? My answer is, if the first fruit of a union is hypocrisy, it should not be perpetuated, for all its after fruits must be tainted, imperfect; still it may be maintained and produce fruit—children—that are useful and capable of enjoying life in a measure.

But if one of the parties experiences a much stronger attraction for another than the one to whom he or she is united, how can we judge whether the attraction should be obeyed, except by the fruits which will follow its obeying?

I know that the effect, of the following of such attraction, is persecution and slander; but these are not the fruit of the union; but often their effect is such as to prevent the perfection of the union, and of course the fruit of the union will correspond to that of an imperfect one; but the attraction is not in fault, nor the following of it by the parties.

Trees are necessary and good in their place, but if men did not clear the land of them, they would never raise corn or anything better.

T. HANCE.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

We know a married pair cordially united, whose children, to the number of fourteen, were without exception physically deformed; the oldest of these children escaped with no greater injury than an entire want of teeth. Of these fourteen, two only survive, while the parents still live. The parents are double cousins. Nature said nothing to the parents about the consequences of such a marriage, but she remorselessly lays on her penalties for it, notwithstanding the "attractions."

On the contrary, we have known a pair who were thrice married, and twice divorced, where the children were highly intellectual, physically well-formed, and morally fair. The "attractions" fluctuated considerably in this case. We believe neither party went very extensively into fruit-growing with other parties during the suspension of mutual attractions—much to the advantage of their children.

We have also known another case, where the parties to a marriage made a mistake about the "attractions," and separated. We have not heard that they rejoice greatly over the separation.

We have known cases where separation was absolutely required for the welfare of the parties and their children, and took effect with great advantage to all concerned.

Conclusion: Parties should not advance so far toward union, as that "fruit-growing" shall be begun, till they know whether their "attractions" will guarantee to the fruit good housing and clothing until it can take care of itself.

Secondly: "Attractions" are not so safe a guide to the formation of a union from which fruit is expected, as conscientious forethought for the rights of the fruit before it has made its appearance.

Thirdly: something else should guide the parties to a union in which "fruit" is contemplated, or even possible result, beside their feelings of "attraction." What is that something? Let the reader answer for himself. At all events, as "attractions" are very uncertain things, and very rarely grow out of radical harmonies of character, are fitful, capricious, and liable to sudden rupture, it is outrageous to hazard, by regard for them alone, the whole earthly welfare of unborn children, in forming the union which is to partake of one of the incidents of marriage. Leaving out of view what civil society should, or should not, do with this contract, let us



This important hospital department is filled with the medical contributions of the Editor, though the physiological instructions are given in reply to correspondents, yet it is not signed to assume the responsibility of indi-



vidual cases, so that no person need feel disappointed by not receiving special attention. The specific medical prescriptions imparted through the "Whispers" are designed to be sufficiently general to comprehend and cure a multitude of the ills of the diseased and suffering.

In addition to the above list of departments, and still others to be added as we advance, we may mention "Brief Items," "Foreign Items," "Personal Items," "Public Meetings," "Reviews of New Books," "Paraphrased Intelligence," &c., &c., all which, from week to week, will appear in these columns for the benefit and gratification of our readers.

#### Terms of Subscription.

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#### Mediumistic Trials.

Most classes of religionists have laid great stress upon individual "experiences." The alleged "dealing of the Lord" in certain cases has been assumed as invariably significant of spiritual progress and enlightenment.

Unfortunately "the hand of Providence" has been more readily recognized in bitter and painful experiences than in prosperous and joyful circumstances. The superstitious devotees of past systems relied upon self-inflicted physical torture to secure divine favor. More enlightened religious enthusiasts give a fictitious and extravagant value to mental trials and sufferings. No revival experience is complete without a fearful picture of agony of soul—of deep despondency, only displaced by special and precious manifestations of redeeming grace to the sin-sick soul.

Something akin to this is observable among Spiritualists, many of whom seem to fancy there can be no high spiritual attainment without having passed through the furnace of mediumistic trial. In fact, it is becoming quite too popular to "endure fearful agonies," to "suffer untold misery," and "experience wonderful trials"—to be sorely tempted, and perhaps yield a little, all for "development."

Intelligent beings throw themselves into the hands of spirits, to be "used" by the invisible masters, hoping thereby to be made what every medium has been promised—of great and peculiar use to the world. For the accomplishment of this cherished result they will submit to be led through the "deep waters of affliction," and into the "fiery furnace of trial," not only uncomplainingly, but with almost a slight touch of satisfaction, at being chosen the recipients of these distinguished marks of spiritual illumination and proficiency.

All this grows out, in a majority of cases, perhaps, of a sincere desire for usefulness, coupled with a natural and pardonable ambition. But there underlies all a false and dangerous conception of the true source of individual growth. It is childish and unphilosophical to give every circumstance of trial, perplexity, and sadness, a significance pointing to a spiritual acquirement, and to believe them essentially profitable for correction, reproof, and development. Their only significance may be the simple, foolish, and sinful disregard, on the part of the individual, of physical laws or existing social conditions.

We would not be understood as teaching a want of proper submissive cheerfulness in meeting with unavoidable trials, or a disregard of the legitimate lessons to be derived from adverse circumstances. There are, doubtless, cases of high spiritual advancement, through outward trial, sorrow, and affliction, or through some mental and spiritual conflict; but it is absurd to seek to make these the rule, and bring upon ourselves or permit ourselves to be involved in similar trouble, and thereby impose like trial upon our friends, to secure the advantage which may have resulted to another.

Better far to choose flowery paths than thorny ones, and then see to it that they become as profitable. For, after all, the value of the events of life depends upon the use we make of them; or in other words, upon the relative position of ourselves to them—whether we are victims or masters.

The real source of enjoyment or suffering lies within, not without ourselves, and spiritual progress is manifested more or less clearly as we triumph over circumstances, or submit to them. It is ours to rise superior to every outward condition, and to manifest the innate power of the divine selfhood over all trials, temptations, and vicissitudes.

Unhappiness, domestic discord, or spiritual darkness, are not the only avenues to a rich and high spiritual attainment. A peaceful,

aspiring nature, a harmonious home, and circumstances of prosperity and joy, ought to induce a far higher condition of spiritual excellence.

C. M. P.

#### Starvation in Kansas.

Messrs. Hyatt and Pomeroy have prepared the following address to the people of the States, which represents truly the condition of the people of Kansas without question:

"Starvation in Kansas! But one step between 50,000 people and death! An Appeal to the Press of the country, to the churches, to Congress, to the State Legislatures, to philanthropists, and to the humane everywhere, prompt action by the country or a miracle from God can alone save this people. The famine, like a vortex, draws to its frightful center all conditions. They who had food yesterday have none to-day, and they who have food for to-day have none for to-morrow."

Seventy teams arrived yesterday. Fifty were loaded and sent away the day before. \$10,000 worth of clothing have been distributed within the past week. \$6,000 in cash, within four days, have been paid for freights; eighty-one car-loads of provisions have arrived within that time, and yet starvation is imminent. The people are living from hand to mouth, and are barely saved alive.

Our funds are now exhausted. The number of the destitute increases fearfully. The melting snows of February, and the overflowing streams must shortly prevent the distant sufferers from coming here to get supplies. Their salvation depends upon our promptness in establishing depots of provisions at accessible points. Without funds the whole work must cease. The intermission of a week is death and desolation. Unless the country gives us seed there can be no harvest, and the seed wheat should be in the ground within forty days. At least 100,000 bushels is needed for food and as much more for seed to the heart of the country, and in the name of Christ we make this earnest appeal.

(Signed,)

THADDEUS HYATT.

In behalf of a perishing multitude, I indorse every word of the above.

(Signed,)

S. C. POMEROY,

Chairman of the Kansas Relief Committee and General Agent for distribution.

Mr. Hyatt makes his appeal "in the name of Christ." May the call be effective with all who act in Christ's name.

We were permitted to do so, we would suggest to these, a curtailing of some heavy church expenses, and contributing the savings. For example, let churches vote to continue to occupy their present places of worship, and donate half the amounts they are prepared to raise for new edifices, to feed the starving.

Or, let them forego their customary weekly treat of two or three sermons, and send their pastors over the country to give benefit lectures in aid of the Kansas relief fund.

An example of this kind has been set by L. G. Cushman, an account of whose benefit concerts at the West we gave last week. Certain circus companies have also contributed entertainments. Will not the churches join in the benevolent work, and send out their pastors to labor in this genuine missionary field?

We publish the appeal in the name of humanity, and invoke the aid of the "Moral Police" everywhere to contribute to the help of the suffering.

In whatever "name," however, the call may be made, or by whatever power benevolence be inspired, we pray that there may be a prompt return of a rich and abundant harvest for the poor of Kansas.

S. F. Bell, at Oshkosh, Wis., will fill orders for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

#### A HINT TO EXCHANGES.

We are glad to see original articles from this paper copied into other journals. At the same time we would have our editorial brethren remember that this paper is as yet scarcely known, having just completed its first year. For a year or two, therefore, until people have become acquainted with the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and learn to attribute to it many floating (sensible) paragraphs, we would prefer the addition of these three words—"HERALD OF PROGRESS," to quotations from our columns. By and by, doubtless, readers will learn to supply the omission themselves.

#### INFIDEL BENEVOLENCE.

We find in the Boston *Investigator* some extracts from a pamphlet by J. W. Smith, published by the Indiana "Liberal Sunday Institute," in reply to a sermon of Rev. F. A. Hardin, of Richmond, against Infidels. The reverend gentleman charges that "No Infidel ever made a proposition to ameliorate the condition of mankind."

One statement made by Mr. Smith in reply to this absurd assumption will interest our readers.

"The Reverend gentleman betrays his ignorance of the fact that a bequest to the working men of Indiana, of \$500,000 has been made by William Maclure, a man whose 'practical infidelity' did not prevent his standing in the front rank of the practical philanthropists of the age. The citizens of Centerville, in this county, after procuring five hundred dollars from this fund, for establishing a library in their town, concluded to give to the world a bright example of Christian gratitude by voting to exclude Maclure's own writings from that library in consequence of their not endorsing the popular theology of the day, and our Reverend Mr. Hardin is furnished with a fine illustration of that Christianity that never persecutes, nor was ever known to sanction intolerance. But the industrious laborers and artisans of Indiana, who 'earn the bread by

the sweat of their brow,' as they reap the fruits of this beneficent device, will not fail to accord to William Maclure the character of a philanthropist, a benefactor, and a lover of his race."

#### AUTOGRAPHIC TELEGRAPHING.

The *Patrie* of December 9th last says:

"The trial of a telegraphic process, discovered by an Italian, is now making between Paris and Amiens. It is based on an apparatus which has the property of transmitting dispatches verbally, by reproducing the writing of the person who transmits it. Its accuracy is such, that portraits or designs are reproduced with great facility, and with the same neatness as writing. One of the dispatches received at Amiens was adorned, it is said, with a bust which the telegraph had sketched at the bottom of the letter. As it is to be feared lest all the journals will repeat this news in the mysterious and anonymous form in which the *Patrie* gives it, we will remind our readers that the autographic telegraph in question, is that of the learned Abbé Caselli, of Florence, a master-work of genius and patience. We are acquainted with it, we have seen it operate, we have made it write our own signature, and to reveal the secret of its wonderful mechanism, we are only awaiting the result of the practical experiments going on between Paris and Amiens. The circuit which the Abbé Caselli had at his command in the studio of M. Froment, was much larger than that of the mansion of the Somme in the capital of France; it was about 310 miles in length; but that was not of much value. The only point undecided was to know with what velocity of transcription the autographic writing will be transmitted; if at equal velocity, M. Caselli would make a double gain; for one of the most astonishing qualities of his telegraph is, that it transmits and receives at the same time. We do, however, but hint at one of the most curious and fruitful results of modern science."

Parties having copies of numbers five or twenty-eight of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, will be allowed double price on sending them to this office.

#### THE POLYTECHNIC ASSOCIATION.

Our city correspondent, J. S., writes as follows:

"I believe it is not generally known that there is in this city, at the Cooper Institute, a society called the *Polytechnic Association*, where all kinds of scientific subjects are discussed and fully investigated. I attend these meetings, and find them highly instructive. They are held every Thursday evening in room No. 24, and are free to the public. Any one can bring any invention or model, and have it investigated. The persons who attend these meetings are practical scientific men, and earnest seekers after truth, and its practical application."

A new subject comes up for investigation nearly every third meeting. Reports of these meetings can be seen in the *Scientific American*. Some of the reports on Chemistry and the various scientific inventions, are very interesting. I wish these could appear in your paper. The association is similar, though in its beginnings, to that in Paris called the 'Academy of Sciences.' Prof. Mason is the President. I understand the following question is soon to be discussed: 'Can the Immortality of the soul be scientifically demonstrated?'

The Vassar College for women has been duly incorporated by the State Legislature, and buildings will soon be commenced.

Those of our readers who have perused the *Magic Staff*, will recollect in the author's early history an account of his first commercial enterprise. Investing twelve cents at the brewery of M. Vassar & Co., he started out to peddle yeast, for the purpose of procuring bread and meat for the famishing ones at home.

The investments of the young yeast pedler, added to the more considerable but less honorable profits from Mr. Vassar's beer trade, have gone to make up the munificent endowment of four hundred thousand dollars to this college for women!

C. M. P.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The following is a copy of a business letter just received at our office. It is a manifestation of a thoughtful and fraternal spirit:

"I enclose a draft for—dollars, for renewal of the following subscriptions, all at club rates, except my two copies, for which I enclose four dollars. Although I belong to the club, and know that you would willingly send me the paper at the club price, as you have for the year past, yet I want the HERALD OF PROGRESS to live, and live cheerfully, too, as long as it is needed."

#### Persons and Events

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

Thaddeus Hyatt is immortalizing himself by his devotion to the cause of the suffering poor of Kansas. Florence Nightingale is still confined to her room by sufferings induced by her labors and exposure in the Crimea. Her recovery is considered very doubtful.

Horace Greeley was a candidate for U. S. Senator to succeed Senator Seward. The vote given him was flattering, as people reckon compliments. But to us an election to even the U. S. Senate, especially in these politically degenerate times, would be no "elevation" for the editor of the *N. Y. Tribune*. Parke Godwin succeeds Mr. Bigelow in joint proprietorship of the *N. Y. Evening Post*. Miss Isabella Hinkley, the favorite prima donna, a native of Albany, is fatherless, and contributes by her voice to the support of her mother, and education of two younger brothers. Miss Emma Hardinge receives a very flattering notice from the *Fountain Ledger*, published at Attica, Ind., where she has been lecturing.

#### BRIEF ITEMS.

A South Carolina planter writes: "I have always thought that the security of Slavery was in the Union. Left to ourselves, the case seems hopeless, for the whole Christian world is arrayed against African Slavery."

Hon. Wilkes Angel has introduced a bill in the Assembly of New York to preserve and protect freedom of speech. It imposes heavy penalties for disturbing meetings or assemblies convened for any lawful purpose.

The wife of Charles Caverno, member of the Wisconsin Legislature, attends him constantly in the House and in the committee rooms; because, having had his eyesight impaired by an accident, he needs some one to read and write for him.

The State Inebriate Asylum will be ready for patients next fall. It will accommodate 400. Applications for 4,310 have been received.

Thaddeus Hyatt urges an application for State aid for the starving in Kansas. Private bounty comes in too slowly.

For the week ending February 2, the number of deaths reported in this city was 367. Of these eighty-nine were under one year of age, and 177 under five years!

The *Tribune* styles the famine in Kansas "a visitation of God, now chastening" the people. Is it not time for intelligent people to stop writing down murder, war, famine, and pestilence, as visitations of God?

A bill appropriating \$100,000 for the relief of Kansas is before the N. Y. Legislature.

Who was the shortest man mentioned in Scripture? Ne-hi-miah.

The *Pepin County Press* (Wis.) records a very striking and beautiful phenomenon occurring at that place three mornings in succession. Three suns, instead of one, seemed to rise above the horizon, the veritable one in the center, and a semi-circle of rainbow hues rising 40° above. The two shadows gradually faded away. The temperature was 27° below zero.

The inspiring words commencing 'I live for those who love me,' are quite generally attributed to Gerald Massey. We have seen the author's name given as Lieut. Banks. Can any one tell us who he is, or why the world has nothing more from his pen.

In the N. Y. Assembly, Hon. Wilkes Angel has offered a substitute for the bill relating to capital punishment, passed last winter, and which it is sought to repeal. The proposed substitute abolishes the death penalty, and makes two degrees of murder, punishable by solitary confinement for life, and hard labor for life.

Fifty thousand cords of wood are consumed annually by the New York kindling-wood companies.

The discovery of a method of manufacturing paper from tobacco leaves is announced.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

By the arrival of the steamships Arabia, Kedar, and Anglo-Saxon, we are in receipt of European intelligence to the 24th of January.

The principle subject of present discussion in the English journals, is the effect of the political disturbances of this country upon the supply of cotton.

Lord John Russell, in a letter to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, tenders to the cotton manufacturers the services of British Consuls in all the cotton-producing districts, for the dissemination of the wants of the cotton trade, and the acquisition of information relative to possible supplies.

At a meeting of the business men of Manchester, to devise measures relative to the cotton trade, resolutions were passed approving the steps taken for the formation of a Cotton Company, and expressing a desire that the Company should commence operations without delay.

The number of people in England indirectly and directly supported by the manufacture of cotton is ascertained to be about 4,000,000, consisting of the major part of the population of Lancashire, North Cheshire, and Lanarkshire, and a large portion of the inhabitants of Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Yorkshire.

The number of hands directly employed in the manufacture of cotton in England was 500,000 in 1854, and is supposed much to exceed that number now.

Of all the cotton consumed in England during the last four years, 77 per cent. was supplied from America.

Great activity prevailed in the French arsenals. The entire army will be ready to commence a campaign by the month of March.

The whole of the French Squadron left Gaeta before the 19th of January. Hostilities are again renewed, and at the latest advices, the Sardinians were progressing rapidly in bringing their vessels into line for a bombardment.

Garibaldi has issued a call for fresh donations to procure the necessary means for facilitating to Victor Emmanuel the enfranchisement of the rest of Italy. He desires to have a million of patriots under arms by Spring.

The King of Prussia is making vigorous exertions to have his army put upon a thorough war-footing; and recently held an interview with all the generals of Berlin with a reference to that end. Whether this is to settle some dispute with Denmark, or to anticipate an attack from the French Emperor, is not known.

Gen. Klapka, the Hungarian leader, was in the Principality of Turkey, preparing for a rising in Hungary. The arms conveyed in Sardinian ships were to be landed in Montenegro, whence they would be dispatched to the Banat.

It is stated that the Porte was forming an army of 60,000 men, exclusive of the reserve, on the Danube, to be commanded by Omar Pasha. The demonstration is directed equally against the Principality and against Russia.

The trials at Beyrout had been concluded. The Druse prisoners were sentenced to death, and the Turkish to exile.

The French Government has intimated to the other Great Powers, the necessity of the meeting of a Congress to decide on the situation of Syria, as the French occupation is to cease in March.

It is again reported on the authority of the Prussian-Austrian *Gazette*, that a treaty between Prussia and Austria guarantees to the latter power the possession of Venetia.

#### Attractive Miscellany.

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

[From Putnam's Magazine.]

#### The Counterfeit Coin.

Late one Saturday afternoon, in a certain December, I sat by a good sea-coal fire, in my office, trying to muster courage enough for an encounter with the cold winds and driving storm outside. Half ashamed to confess my cowardice to myself, I had done every unnecessary thing I could think of to kill time, till, at last, I was reduced to the necessity of counting over the contents of my purse. This, however, was but a brief resource. "A short horse," as the proverb hath it, "is soon curried." The only coin worth lingering on was a bright, new half eagle, given me that morning by some chance customer, as my recompense for "doing a deed."

Limited as my practice and my fees had always been, half-eagles were not entirely a novelty to me; and yet, from the prolonged attention with which, in my procrastinating frame of mind, I regarded it, a looker-in might have supposed I was studying some rare antique. Instead of a very ordinary specimen of Uncle Sam's daily spending-money, I examined it chronologically, with reference to the date, and, geographically, in respect to the mark of the mint whence it issued. I compared the eagle, on the one side, with my remembrance of such numismatic specimens as I had seen in traveling museums, and of the effigy—then solemnly believed to be of solid gold—which, in my boyish days, kept watch and ward over Tommy Townsend's coffee-house. I scrutinized the head of liberty with the eye of a physiognomist; and in attempting, with a sharp-pointed pen-knife, to give the hybrid profile a more feminine mouth, I accomplished sundry scratches which might very well have passed for a mustache, beside cutting my fingers, and breaking, at once, the knife-blade and the third commandment.

A knock at the door checked the half-uttered malediction, and was only repeated when I cried, "Come in." Had spiritual rappings been invented then, I might have thought that Satan, his patience exhausted by this new development of wickedness, was about to foreclose the mortgage he is popularly supposed to hold on every member of our profession; as it was, I only rose and opened the door. The ruddy firelight streamed out into the dark entry, and fell upon a slight figure that seemed almost the embodiment of its coldness and gloom. The figure, however, was too familiar to me to inspire any supernatural fears, being that of a young woman who earned a scant livelihood by copying for lawyers. Why need I describe her? An employment requiring easy penmanship, and some acquaintance with commas and periods, if not with the more essential parts of composition, falls almost, as a matter of course, to those who, at some period, have had greater advantages—to those who, in that common but more touching phrase, "have known better days." The result is easily guessed. It might be told in many a tale of patient suffering and labor; of bright eyes dimmed with late watching; of red cheeks blanched to the hue of the paper before them; of young hopes withered and shrunk, till they are as lifeless and void of meaning to the weary heart, as the dry legal phrases of the copy to the tired hand that transcribes them.

And while I had been lingering idly by my fire, dreading to face the storm, this scantily clad girl had walked all the way from her distant garret. She did not tell me that she was weary and chilled to the very heart; but I read it in her pinched face, in the frozen sleet which covered her dress of faded mourning, and in the eagerness with which she drew toward the fire, as a starving man would approach food. Ill protected as she was from the storm, she had managed to cover the papers she brought from its drenching, with a care which told, more strongly than any words, the importance to her of the trifling sum she was to receive for the copying. This was the first time I had ever employed her. In fact, I did not often find it necessary to obtain such extraneous aid in getting through my business; and the present occasion was due less to the pressure of my own occupations than to the whims of one of my best clients, who had declared that he would see me in a still worse place than Wall street, before he would spend time in deciphering my legal chirography, or the school-boy pot-hooks and hangers of my only and very juvenile clerk.

I took the package and ran my eyes over its contents. They were written in a neat, plain hand, just stiff enough to show that the consciousness of copying for a lawyer had marred the writer's ease. As copies they were scrupulously correct, and finished even to the numbering of the folios in the margin. I silently reckoned the price, and, as I did, it occurred to me that I could only pay it that evening by the sacrifice of my half-eagle. It was in vain that I once more opened my purse, which, certainly, was not Fortunatus's, for I found nothing more there than I had seen in it an hour before—small change of the very smallest variety. Could I put her off till Monday? Without that half-eagle my Saturday night's marketing would be a very small affair.

"But what will hers be without it?" said my conscience. "If you feel the inconvenience of an empty pocket so much, what must it be to those who earn food and shelter from day to day? Daily bread is something more than a mere form of speech to them!"

Perhaps a little would serve her immediate wants. Selfishness received this suggestion very approvingly; and I turned from my papers to the copyist, to make the suggestion.

She stood, on the other side of the fireplace, as motionless as if she had been a carved pillar, placed there to support the mantel, against which her shoulder rested. One foot—a neat one, even in its worn, wet shoe—peeped from beneath her dress, as if drawn irresistibly toward the grateful warmth. Indeed, her whole attitude seemed to express the same feeling. She did not bend and crouch over the fire as a beggar would



have done. She did not sit before it and court its cheerful heat as if it had been from her own hearthstone. Scarcely averting from the most erect position, as she leaned against the marble, her clasped hands hanging before her, she seemed to be bracing herself against an attraction that would draw her completely into the flame. I could almost fancy that, if left to itself, her slender form would be drawn closer and closer, till, finally, it mingled with the flickering blaze, and, with it, passed into viewless air.

But, when I lifted my eyes to her face, I saw that she was, at least, unconscious of the fancied impulse. Her fixed eyes, and a faint smile on her lip, told that some pleasant thought had beguiled her, even there, into a day-dream. Following the direction of her gaze, I saw that it rested on the same solitary coin which had been the subject of my own meditations, and which lay just where I had dropped it, on the table, when startled by her knock.

Modern critics are very fond of talking about the suggestive in art and literature. To my own mind (because it is hackneyed and worldly, I suppose they would say), there is no word in the language so suggestive as money—no work of art that brings up so many and so varied thoughts as those very remarkable profiles and effigies which adorn our current coin. Dross in itself, if the philosophers will have it so; yet, as a means, a tool, a path, is it not wonderful in the versatility of its power? What magician ever worked such wonders in the material world? What spirit works so universally, so unflinchingly, so ceaselessly, in the moral? Even that single coin on my table—that infinitesimal drop in the great ocean of wealth—how much lies within the circumference of such a small piece of metal? To my own mind—worldly and hackneyed as I have before observed—it had been suggestive of a great many things. Compressed within its disc, I had seen my Sunday dinner, ample, done to a turn, rich with dripping gravy, and smoking from the roasting jack. From its metallic rim I had already slipped, in imagination, the rare old Amontillado. A fragment of the gold had curled my lips in fragrant wreaths of smoke. And if I, to whom even half-eagles were not unfrequent visitors, and who, if I had known poverty at all, had known him only as a neighbor to be shunned, and not as an inmate to be fought—when, even in my worst estate, had been spared the pain of seeing him enter at my own door, and sit down with my dear ones at their scant meal—if I could see so much in a half-eagle, what a world-wide prospect of happiness might it not open to that poor girl's eyes? I dared not dwell on the things she might see there, lest I should lose myself and the well-fed Christian men around me, who so rarely grant such visions to the starved eyesight; but I immediately gave up all thoughts of sending the girl away without her money.

Yes, her money! For hers it was, by all that can make good title in law or equity; earned by the fragment of her young life she had given for it; earned with the very flesh from her wasted frame, and the blood from her pale cheeks.

What business had I to be speculating and sentimentalizing thus about the affairs of a young lady with whom I had only a little business transaction? I might have known that such an unprofessional train of thought would lead to some blunder; the earthen pot and the iron one never can swim safely together, in fact or fable. Consequently, I broke in upon the poor girl's reverie with the most awkward question in the world:

"Have you any change, miss?"

The scarlet blood rushed to her face, as she shook her head; and mine was already on its way there, when I tried to mend the matter by hurrying out:

"No, no, of course you haven't?"

And there I stuck; and if ever a middle-aged counselor-at-law felt like a fool, in his own office, I did.

Her eyes were filled with tears at what must have seemed the rudeness of my remark. I could have gone on my knees to ask her pardon, if I had only known in what words to phrase the entreaty. The scene was so embarrassing, that I cut it short, by pressing the coin into her hand, and telling her that we would make it all right, if she would come for more work on Monday. Very likely she would have said something in reply; but, not feeling inclined to test my conversational powers further, after such an unlucky beginning, I hastily bade her good night, and opened the door.

When her back was fairly turned, I took my candle and held it at the stair-head, till she had reached the bottom of the last long flight; and then, going back to my arm-chair, wondered what Mrs. Quidam would say to a cold Sunday dinner.

## II.

"If that rascally boy of mine has not made a good fire," said I to myself, as I walked down town, the Monday morning following, "I shall certainly give him the thrashing in which I have stood indebted to him so long."

From this novel species of accord and satisfaction, however, the much-theroeof-deserving youth was saved by an unexpected incident. Seated by the cheerless and neglected grate, as I entered, I beheld my visitor of the preceding Saturday night. Her pale face was even paler and sadder than before, and I thought there were tears in her eyes, and traces of many that had preceded them. But, perhaps, this was owing to the smoke now pouring from the mass of paper and wet wood, with which Tom, as usual, greeted my arrival.

"I am sorry to tell you, sir," she said, after answering my salutation, "that the coin you gave me was a bad one."

A bad one—my beautiful half-eagle a counterfeit! In what of earth can confidence, then, be placed? I took it in my hand; it certainly had every appearance of being genuine.

"Positively, you must be mistaken, my dear. I could not be deceived so easily. And feeling that I undoubtedly appeared to her as a gentleman, whom the daily inspection of unlimited gold coin had made a perfect Sir Oracle upon the subject, I drew myself up before the fire,

"As who should say,

"Let no dog bark."

Her lip quivered as she replied:

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very sorry; but

it must be so, for—for you know I had no other but that."

"And pray how did you learn it to be a counterfeit?"

"When I left here, sir, I went directly up to—a place where some of our things were. I went to pay the little sum we had borrowed on them when my mother was taken sick, and the man took the half-eagle, and said it was a counterfeit, and gave it back to me."

"Nonsense, child, the man was mistaken."

She did not argue the point; but made a brief apology for the trouble she had given me, and hesitated.

"I trust," said I, still somewhat grandiloquent and condescending, as a man whose resources have unjustly been suspected, "that the fellow's stupidity has caused you no inconvenience."

A bright hectic flush crossed her pale cheek as an instinctive denial rose to her lips. Further than that the falsehood could not come; her head sunk between her hands, and the poor girl, weak, and cold, and starving, as I afterwards knew, sobbed violently.

Little by little, I learned her sad story. It need not be repeated here; it lacks, alas! the charm of novelty. Years of still deepening poverty—and yesterday, when Mrs. Quidam and I were grumbling at our leg of cold mutton, this poor child and her sick mother passed the long cold day without food or fire; even the warm clothes and bedding, which this money was to have redeemed from the pawnbroker's, denied to their shivering limbs.

I put on my hat, and stepped over to Bullion's, to get change for the half-eagle. The clerk threw it carelessly on a balance, and had already handed me the change, when he saw that the delicate arm, after vibrating a little, did not decline with the weight. He took it up and handed it to the head of the firm, and, after a short consultation between them, I was asked into the inner office. A chemical test soon proved the worthless character of the coin. Bullion asked me if I knew where I had received it.

"Certainly."

"I have seen two or three, of late, precisely like it. The counterfeit is a dexterous one, and we have in vain tried to trace its origin. If you can assist us in this, it will be a great service to the community."

I took up the deceptive coin, and scrutinized it curiously. The workmanship was perfect; the thought at once flashed across my mind, too perfect; where was the knife-mark I myself had made? I could not be deceived; the coin had certainly been changed. And this was the end of all my fine sentiment about the interesting young girl!

In a few words, I communicated the circumstances connected with it to Mr. Bullion, who jumped at once to the conclusion.

"I thought so," said he, "I thought so. The old hands we know too well," he added, with a chuckle.

It was soon agreed between us that the girl should be detained, and no time lost in extracting from her a confession, as to the persons whose tool she undoubtedly was. We accordingly repaired together to my office, where we found her patiently waiting. In answer to my questions, she repeated her story, with much apparent frankness, until asked the name of the person to whom she had offered the coin. After some hesitation, she named a very respectable pawnbroker, in C—street, to whom, as well as to the police-office, a messenger was immediately dispatched.

Mr. Forceps soon came, and we received him in another apartment. His answers to the inquiries we made completely confirmed our suspicions. Such a coin as we showed him (the counterfeit) had been offered to him on the previous Saturday night by a young woman; and, on being confronted with her prisoner (for such we now considered her), he at once recognized her as the same. Her own frightened, pallid face, would have satisfied us of the fact. Half rising, as if to speak, she caught sight of a police officer, just entering the door, and she fainted.

I went home that night, ill-pleased with my day's work. That the girl was guilty, seemed too clear. But I could not believe that she was anything more than an instrument, and my experience in criminal law, slight as it was, taught me how slender the chances were of arresting the guilty parties. Had we obtained a confession before she fainted, something might have been done; but, now the matter had got into the hands of the police, such shrewd rascals, as they evidently were, would pretty surely get wind of it in time to escape.

"And so the whole upshot of the matter," said I, to myself, "will be the ruin of the young woman, and an article in to-morrow's paper, which, for the effect it will have, might as well be inserted under the head of 'Personal,' and read thus:

"If the gentlemen who have been in the habit of employing a young person, in faded mourning, to disseminate fallacious half-eagles in this community, do not find it inconvenient to remove their business, for the present, to some other place, they will incur the danger of being involved in the unfortunate disaster which has befallen her."

"And this, Mr. Legueins Quidam," I concluded, "is the great service to the community which you and Mrs. Quidam have rendered!"

An officer had called in the afternoon to tell me that the prisoner's residence had been found and searched, but that no further discoveries had been made. This, however, enabled me to find the unfortunate mother, and provide some scanty comforts for her in her terrible affliction. In doing this, I felt that I was but performing a duty. Society, I reasoned with myself, finds it needful, for its own protection, to take the guilty daughter and shut her up in jail; but the daughter is the innocent mother's only support; ergo, society must take that daughter's place. And as I felt that society, in the abstract, might be somewhat remiss in the performance of its duty, I ordered some fuel and groceries, and went home, feeling myself to be an embodiment of the whole social economy.

That night I dreamed that I was playing in a very poor and very tiresome tragedy, called Life, and that I was suddenly called on to take the part of Brutus, the Roman father.

## III.

The course of retributive justice, as administered here on earth, has more different paces than Rosalind has attributed to time; but, "those with whom it lags withal," are not often the poor and friendless. A few days only elapsed before I was summoned as a witness to attend the trial of Alice Sumner. In the meantime, both Mr. Bullion and myself made great, but fruitless efforts, to obtain a further insight into the true facts of the case. The prisoner herself made no confession, but constantly asserted her innocence, to the great discomfiture of the broker, and the unutterable perplexity of myself. I sought in vain for a flaw in the chain of evidence against her, or a chance to establish her innocence by other facts. Even the general testimony of good character, the last frail reed on which she leaned, seemed to bend beneath her. She and her mother had but lately come to the city, and to all our inquiries, as to their former home and friends, we received only courteous, but evasive answers. It was evident that some dark cloud of sorrow, if not of crime, hung over their past history; and this, while it did not diminish the interest I felt in her, sadly weakened my confidence in her defense.

It was the day before the trial, and I sat in my office musing painfully on the dark features of the case, when a stranger entered. The first glance assured me that he was one of a class of clients with which most of our city lawyers are familiar. A seely, decrepit old man, humble, yet querulous, dejected, and yet visionary, bearing about a tattered and worn collection of papers, and pitifully urging his tale of wrong and suffering, from which the patient listener gleams at the same time a belief that the sad tale is true, and a melancholy conviction that knavery has so cunningly hidden, or time so long obliterated the evidences of the wrong, that no court, save that of the Omniscient, can ever set it right.

I turned from the man more pettishly than I should have done but for the subject that engrossed my thoughts. The poor old man's spirits were too much broken to take offense at my rudeness. Beseechingly he added:

"I did not mean to give you trouble for nothing, sir. I have but little to offer you now, but I will pay you liberally when I gain my case. You shall have—you see I mean to be generous—let me see—I cannot recover less than twenty thousand dollars—it may be thirty, or even forty—and you shall have a quarter of it all. Think of that, sir! Ten thousand dollars for one case!" And my client threw himself back in his chair, feeling, for the thousandth time, poor fellow! that his troubles were almost over, and the phantom, in pursuit of which his life had been wasted, at least within his grasp. No doubt, in his blissful vision, he already began to look on me as a recipient of his bounty, and to wonder at the coolness with which I regarded the glittering prize before me. But I had had many such clients before, and, when I was very young at the bar, had been dazzled more than once in the same way.

"How much can you afford me as a retainer?"

"Now?" He seemed to be engaged in an abstruse calculation, as if over the resources of a nation. "Ten thousand dollars when the case is finished, say six months or a year hence. Suppose we say five dollars, sir, on account."

There was something so painfully eager in the look that accompanied these words, that I suppressed the smile which had been prompted by the pathos in his offer, and signified my acceptance. My client drew from his pocket a lank purse, and from the purse a solitary coin. Poor dreamer! he was paying his all for this one more ticket in the lottery.

I had opened my lips to bid him leave his papers and take back the coin when my eye fell on it. One scrutinizing glance, and I jumped from my chair as if electrified by the little piece of gold.

"Where did you get this money, sir?"

A transient gleam of former fire shone in the old man's eye.

"I do not see, sir, what that has to do with my case."

"By heavens!" I shouted, collaring the old man and fairly lifting him out of his seat, "if you do not tell me this instant—"

Just at this moment my office door opened to admit my learned and eloquent brother Flourish. What that eminent counsel thought of the scene, I do not care to guess. The personal appearance of my client was not suggestive of any temptation to a felonious assault, nor did his manner indicate any provocation which could have called for chastisement; and these two suppositions being impossible, Mr. Flourish stared with undisguised amazement at my unprofessional conduct. His presence brought me to myself, and with many apologies, I explained that this coin, which, as my hearers would notice, was peculiarly marked, had formerly been in my own possession, and that I was anxious, for particular reasons, to trace its subsequent history. The old man hesitated, and stammered, and cast so many side glances at the door, that I began to think we had fallen upon one of the chief conspirators. Here Mr. Flourish came to my assistance, with his blandest smile, and most mellifluous tone, and in five minutes had drawn from my client all that he knew about it. Assuring myself that he would attend and testify to the same facts on the following day, I dismissed him, and then rapidly recounted to Flourish the facts of the case. The hard old lawyer listened complacently, and when I had finished, dryly expressed an opinion, that the young woman should be acquitted.

I had conceived a hope, while telling the story, of interesting Mr. Flourish sufficiently in the case to induce him to undertake the management of the defense. For that task I felt myself disqualified by other causes beside my want of experience in criminal law. I was liable to be called as a witness for the prosecution, and was a most important one for the defense; and above all, I felt that my own personal sympathies were too strongly excited for the prisoner to manage the affair with requisite coolness and skill. Flourish, however, who saw in the case nothing but a very common-place incident of criminal practice, was not easily to be persuaded. The sensibilities of an elderly lawyer, in large practice, lie very far down, and are covered by a thick rind of worldly wisdom.

"Consider, my dear sir," said he, "how many cases of this kind are occurring every day, and how precious my time is to me. For my word, my clients would be in a pretty mess if I spent my time on petty affairs like this."

"Petty affair to you, Mr. Flourish, I know, but not to that young girl, the fate of whose whole life here, and perhaps hereafter, hangs on that trial. One hour of such assistance as you may save her."

"Really, Quidam—"

"If such a fee as I could offer out of my own pocket would tempt you—"

"It would tempt me, sir, if you offered it. It would tempt me to kick you out of your own office, and then go home, feeling that I had broken friendship with the softest-hearted, simplest-headed fool at the bar. Why, man, you would turn the whole fraternity into a gang of knight-errants, roaming up and down Wall street seeking to set this crooked world straight again."

"And so they ought to be, Mr. Flourish."

"Hum! I can't say I'm ready to give an opinion on that matter. But the girl, I see, is fairly on my hands. I'll just step down and tell my young men to put one or two things off till next day, and come back to go over the case again with you."

Glorious old Flourish! The sensibilities are there, after all, hard as it is to find them. Beneath all his rich clients, and worldly wisdom, and long briefs, there is a true man's heart beating, still, as there is in the bosom of many a hard-faced, wrinkled old lawyer beside. Fraud, and wrong, and heartlessness there are among us, God knows! But He and He only knows, also, the deeds that have been done in secret in those dingy, dusty offices, which shall stand forth effulgently when the great book is opened at the Judgment-day!

## IV.

I was busy with the police authorities that evening, and had no time to communicate with Alice; but the next morning when I saw her brought into court, looking so broken-hearted and helpless, I blamed myself for having left her thus to drink the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. In a few whispered words I bade her be of good cheer; but she scarcely seemed to heed me at all, so oppressed was she by the sight of the crowd, and the keen sense of her forlorn condition. Save her poor mother, who had risen from a sick bed to accompany her, she did not know that she had a friend there. Even I, though she knew I meant her kindly, had been the unwilling means of placing her there. I looked eagerly around the court-room. On a front bench sat Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker, chief witness for the prosecution; and some distance behind was my old client, true to his promise, and pleased to have at last a part to take in court. It seemed to him like a little rehearsal for the great drama of his own case.

The district attorney opened the case, and was about to call me as the first witness. Mr. Flourish had not yet made his appearance. Greatly to my relief, the pawnbroker came forward and whispered into the attorney's ear, who immediately called him to the stand.

"I believe I must give Mr. Forceps the precedence," he said to me.

"I think you had better, brother Rowland," answered Flourish, over my shoulder, at the same time divesting himself of his overcoat, and distributing good-humored, though somewhat patronizing recognitions among the smaller fry of lawyers around him.

Mr. Forceps testified to the attempt made to pass the counterfeit coin on him, as previously detailed. His direct examination was soon over, and he turned to Mr. Flourish with a smile of confidence, which to me seemed not altogether natural. It looked as if he were bracing himself up for a contest of nerve with the counsel for the defense. I have seen a great many very honest witnesses do the same thing.

But if Mr. Forceps looked for a grand display of inquisitorial tactics, he was destined to be mistaken. Mr. Flourish simply turned for a moment towards him, remarking:

"I only want to know if I have understood you aright, Mr. Forceps; I think you said this was the only transaction with the prisoner—I mean the only occasion on which you received money from her."

"I never received any money at all from her, unless you call that thing money," pointing to the coin. "Perhaps you call that money; but I don't, sir." And Mr. Forceps smiled approvingly at his own retort.

"How long did I understand that you had this coin in your possession?" blandly rejoined the counsel.

"No time at all; I knew it was bad the minute it touched the drawer, and took it out and returned it."

"You took it out and returned it," replied Flourish, as if mechanically repeating the words. "That will do, sir."

Mr. Bullion then testified to the character of the coin, and to the prisoner's admission in my office that it was the same one she had offered to the pawnbroker. The prosecution rested.

Without any formal opening of the defense, Mr. Flourish nodded to me, and I took the stand. The district attorney threw himself back in his chair, and listened carelessly while I detailed the particulars of my interview with Alice on the eventful Saturday night. But when I mentioned the knife-marks on the coin I had given her, his practiced mind foresaw at once our line of defense. It was, doubtless, the first intimation he had received that any substantial defense would be attempted; and in his surprise he started to his feet, and directed a searching glance, first at me, and then in rapid succession at the prisoner, her counsel, and his own witnesses.

"Have you ever seen that marked coin since, Mr. Quidam?"

"I have."

"When and where?"

"It is here," said I, producing it; "I received it back about ten days ago, from a client, Mr. Richard Grosvenor."

Having satisfied myself that I was positive as to the identity of the coin, the district attorney allowed me to stand aside, and Mr. Flourish called Grosvenor, who, of course, confirmed my statement as to the receipt of the coin from him at the time of its reappearance.

"Will you state, Mr. Grosvenor, if you can, how that coin came into your hands?"

"I received it," said the old man—a slight color coming into his bloodless face—"on the evening of Saturday, the 31st of December, from Mr. Forceps, the pawnbroker."

"How can you be so positive as to the precise date, Mr. Grosvenor, and the identity of the coin?" asked the district attorney.

"The date, sir, I fix by this," producing one of Mr. Forceps's tickets; "and the coin—ah me, sir, it is the only gold piece I have had for many a long day. I have spent my money in the law, sir; but I am going to get it all back soon. You must know I have a case, sir—"

From the details of Mr. Grosvenor's case we were saved by the district attorney. His hawk-eye had caught a glimpse of his chief witness gliding softly through the crowd toward the door.

"Mr. Forceps! Mr. Forceps! officer, close that door, and let no man pass," he thundered. "Bring that witness back here."

Flushed with excitement, his fine form drawn up to its utmost height, and his glorious eyes flashing with indignation at the foul wrong which had been attempted and almost effected in the sacred name of justice, he stood, surrounded by an astonished group, the only one that seemed to retain any self-possession. Even we who had been in the secret, and planned the surprise, were less masters of the scene. He looked, indeed, all that he was—the faithful minister of retributive justice, magnifying his office by a love of right, before which all petty ambitions sank into nothingness.

Alas! that form and face live only in the memory of us who loved him. A sad, sad day it was when we heard that the luster of those eyes was dimmed in untimely death, and heavy hearts, mourning as but few sorrows can make strong men mourn, had we, the funeral train, when the bar followed their chieftain to the tomb. In the midst of his years and his labors, as a great ship goes down in the van of the battle, so went he down into the depths of the grave.

It scarcely need be added that the jury acquitted Alice without leaving their box, and that the pawnbroker, charged both with uttering counterfeit coin and with perjury, slept that night in the cell she had left.

## Of Writers and Speakers.

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

**DR. W. L. F. VON VLECK** will answer calls to lecture in the Middle or Northwestern States. May be addressed, until further notice, in care of Dr. Allen Pence, Terre Haute, Ind.

**CLEVELAND, O.**—Meetings at Chapin's Hall, 2 P. M., and evening.

Miss Laura De Force will speak during February; Lyman C. Howe, March 3 and 10; Miss Belle Scougall, 17, 24, and 31; Mrs. A. A. Currier during April.

For engagements during the week, near Cleveland, address Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

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

**MRS. J. W. CURRIER** lectures during the month of February at Elkhart, Ind.; during March, St. Louis, Mo. Address Lowell, Mass., box 815, or as above.

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

**H. B. STORER**, will lecture at Bucksfort, Maine, February 17th; Bradley, Me., February 24th; Putnam, Ct., five Sundays in March; Providence, R. I., April 7th and 14th. Will speak three evenings per week at places near these towns.

**MRS. S. E. WARNER** will lecture in Lyons, Mich., during the month of February; in Grand Rapids in March; and the third and fourth Sundays of April in Battle Creek. Those who wish to secure her services for the summer will address her at the above places.

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## DR. N. PALMER,

## MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,

## For the Cure of all Acute and Chronic Diseases.

Rheumatism, Consumption, Paralysis, or Cancerous Affections, treated with success. Refers to Dr. W. C. Hussey, Rooms No. 1 Amity St., corner of Broadway, New York. 35-41

## MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

DR. E. B. FISH is located at No. 47 Bond St., New York, for the purpose of treating magnetically all diseases except Cancer.

Evidences of instantaneous relief can be furnished on application. Office hours from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. 25-41

## DR. W. O. PAGE, Magnetic and Clairvoyant



### Harmonical Band of Light.

#### A MISSIONARY TOUR TO INDIA.

Article of Agreement and Confederation between the parties hereto subscribed, for the purpose of organizing the movement and governing the Mission of the "HARMONICAL BAND OF LIGHT" to British India, having for its object a missionary tour through the interior of British India, for the purpose of carrying out the injunctions of the Spirit World, in proclaiming to its inhabitants the great truths of Spiritism, and the teachings of the Harmonical Philosophy of Nature's Divine Revelations. To do this, it is proposed to adopt the following:

#### ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

1st. That as many as join the Mission shall do so for the purpose above indicated, and that they shall at all times act in concert with each other, and give their best endeavors to the furtherance of the ends proposed.

2d. The movements of the Mission shall in all cases be determined by the unanimous acquiescence of its members in council, after arriving in Calcutta.

3d. The signing of these presents, which, first being read, seals the agreement that the Mission shall continue for the term of three years, unless it is otherwise decreed in council.

4th. The Mission shall be sustained, after its arrival in Calcutta, from the funds accruing from the contributions, donations, gifts, fees, or that may be otherwise received, of support and encouragement; and after the expenses have been defrayed, the balance of funds, of any character, shall be equally divided, monthly, among the members.

5th. In the event of sickness or other disability of any of the members of the Mission to perform the wanted duties, we pledge to each other to stand by the disabled to the last extremity, giving aid and comfort as we would expect to receive it.

6th. If a vacancy should occur in our number, by death, the survivors stand individually and collectively pledged to give decent and befitting burial to the casket so deserted, and to fulfill all practical requests made by the one passing to the Summer Land.

7th. In the event of death, the proportion of the receipts of the Mission shall be set aside, for the use and benefit of such party or parties as may be indicated by the deceased; and such parties shall continue to the end of the Mission.

8th. In order to conserve the spirit of the Mission, harmony should characterize the results of all councils, which should be regularly organized, and held at least once a month, to consider the state of the Mission, its finances and prospects, recording the same in a book by a Secretary.

9th. A diary shall be kept, and a history of the Mission prepared for publication.

10th. To insure the respectability of the Mission from the people of India, we must respect each other, the strictest etiquette conformable with social freedom should be maintained most scrupulously.

11th. For the faithful carrying out of the spirit and intent of this Article of Agreement and Confederation, we severally subscribe our names to these presents.

[The foregoing memorandum of agreement fully explains the purport of an advertisement which lately appeared in our columns, signed, Thomas Coleman, No. 18 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass. Any person desirous of embarking in the missionary tour, under the Article of Agreement above set forth, should address Mr. Coleman as soon as possible.]

### The Bible and Civil Government.

Many think that the Bible is entirely clear and consistent in regard to all questions of moral duties. To such we commend the following extract from the recapitulation of "Self-Contradictions of the Bible." The passages of Scripture are given in full, with references to chapter and verse, in a previous part of the pamphlet, under the appropriate propositions:

"I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment."

"But the midwives feared God and did not as the king commanded."

"Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; whether it be to the king as supreme, or unto governors that are sent of him for the punishment of evil doers."

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed (that whosoever shall ask a petition of any god for thirty days, shall be cast into the den of lions), he went into his house and kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, as he did aforetime."

"The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all things, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do."

"Beware of the Scribes, which love to go in long clothing, and love salutations in the market places, and the chief seats in the synagogues. These shall receive greater damnation."

"Let every soul be subject to the higher powers."

"Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego answered and said: Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image thou hast set up."

"Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation."

"Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego came forth of the midst of the fire, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them."

"Whom keepeth the king's commandment shall live no evil thing."

"Therefore God doth with the midwives, and delivered Daniel out of the power of the lions."

"For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to evil."

"And the rulers were gathered together against the Lord and against his Christ."

"The powers that be are ordained of God."

"Both Herod and Pontius Pilate."

"For they are God's ministers."

"And Herod set him at naught, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him to Pilate, and Pilate gave sentence, and they crucified him. And the rulers also derided him."

### NEUTRAL IN POLITICS AND RELIGION.

We find the following sensible criticism upon newspaper "neutrality," in "An Address delivered before the Ohio Editorial Association," by Geo. G. Washburn, of the *Elmira Democrat*. We find the address published in full in the *Painesville Press and Advertiser*:

"I admire an honest, outspoken, independent, fearless editor; one who is willing to take counsel from others, but who can neither be persuaded by the smiles of his friends, nor frightened by the frowns of the combined host of his enemies. The influence of one journal thus conducted, is greater than a score of such as pander to whatever interest may be dominant in the sphere of their circulation."

"There is, however, a class of 'independent' editors, whom I as heartily condemn. They are so independent that they refuse to take sides on all the great questions of public interest. Their motto reads thus: 'Neutral in Politics and Religion!' What a gross absurdity! No man can occupy a neutral position on these important points, without offending not only the sentiments of an enlightened public, but the Being who created him. The position is utterly untenable in a moral sense, and an attempt to reconcile it with the spirit of this progressive age, would end in hopeless lunacy. Call me an imbecile, fling the charge of ignorance in my face, do anything to humble me in the estimation of my fellow men, but don't, from respect to common humanity, say that I am a neutral editor; that I shrink from the discussion of those principles which tend to elevate man, and hide my cowardice under the flimsy shield of neutrality! Such a position is contrary to the instincts of either sex, and involves the question whether such a man is not really of the—neuter gender!"

### Apotheosis.

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

**Departed.** From her earthly form, in Loganville, Wisconsin, Dec. 14th, 1860, OLIVE M., wife of Walter Hyde, aged 29 years and 10 months.

In the fullness of our souls, we must add a remark in remembrance of this unusually gifted Sister. With characteristic purity, gentleness, love of truth, and active spirituality, she won the love of all who came into her presence. This seemed not only true of mortals, but of her guardian angels; for as a trance speaker she was second to none that we have ever listened to. Such soul-stirring sentences were given with Truth's own eloquent force, and mingled with so much attractiveness, that her audiences were made to feel that they were listening to the teachings of angels. Having lived by the light of the Harmonical Philosophy, she was prepared to depart, and after speaking words of consolation and encouragement to each individual in the room, she added: "How sweet it is to suffer and to die. I did not know that any one could be so happy in death. Say to my father that a belief in the Harmonical Philosophy takes away the sting of death." (Her father is of the Presbyterian persuasion.) She passed away so calmly and quietly that we are forced to feel that this is a natural change; it is but the second birth—the gateway to a higher life.

The funeral discourse was delivered by Mrs. Haskins, of Baraboo, an inspirational speaker. Large numbers from various religious denominations helped to make up the crowded audience and long procession.

**Departed:** From Farmington, Ohio, on Saturday, January 5th, 1861, Mr. ORA BROWN, in the 39th year of his age. He had been for many years a firm believer in spirit communion, and possessed mediumistic powers of no ordinary character. For three years past he had been controlled as a painting medium, and the portraits executed through him have been a matter of wonder to all who knew him. Many of them were recognized by strangers who visited him, as the likenesses of their friends who have "passed on before."

Although engaged daily in performing the duties attending the life of a farmer, and, when controlled to paint, using no brush or pencil, but performing the operation entirely with his fingers, that were not only stiff, but callous with toil, I have seen paintings executed through him in thirty minutes, which would require our best artists hours to excel.

As a man, he was loved by all who knew him, for his sterling integrity and true worth of character; and the citizens of Farmington can but feel (whatever their opinions of Spiritism) that they have lost not only a good citizen, but a valuable friend.

He was often made conscious of the presence of his spirit friends during his late illness, and expressed little desire to recover, save that he might be of service to his family. Let them, however, take consolation

in the fact that he—has gone but to return, and his spirit still remains its love for those whom it was his highest ambition to make happy while here.

A. S. FRANKS.

CITY, O., Jan. 30, 1861.

The Atlantic Monthly for February has the following interesting Table of Contents:

"Our Artists in Italy," by Paul Akers;

"Knitting Socks," by Miss Prescott;

"Scupper," "Cobbler Kneer's Vision";

"The First Atlantic Telegraph," "Lady Byron," "Getting Home Again," "A Dry Goods Jubilee in 1861," "The Old Homestead," the continuation of "The Professor's Story," "The Great Lakes," a political article; "F. Phoebe Chase," and the usual Reviews and Notices.

An Essay on the Rights of Man. By GEORGE FOX. Given through a Lady.

This is a very readable Essay, advocating, in a kind and genial spirit, the duties of practical charity, quite in the style which we may suppose that sturdy old preacher would adopt, now that he has laid aside his leather breeches, and that denunciatory vehemence with which he thundered against aristocratic sinners two hundred years ago. He has grown milder now in the spirit world, and the gentler qualities of his soul are at present uppermost. If this Essay is really from him, but the lesson inculcated in it is a good one, whether he dictated it or not. For sale at this office. Price 6 cents.

### New Music.

MAEL CLARE. Song and Chorus. Words by Miss ROSSETTA LUNT; Music by A. J. HIGGINS.

MY ANGEL MOTHER'S NAME. Song. Words by Miss LINDA HAYS; Music composed by ANTONIO DE ANGUERA.

SPIRIT SHADOWS. Number One of "The Zephyr." A Collection of Quartettes for Singing Societies and Social Meetings.

We have received the above music, just published by A. Judson Higgins, 40 Clark St., Chicago.

The first is a very pretty song, with lively chorus, and cannot fail to be admired. The second is a sweet song, pointing, as its name implies, to the truth of angel presence. The last is a musical arrangement of the familiar words by Longfellow, commencing

"When the hours of day are numbered,"

The arrangement is superior to any we have before seen, and will prove useful to spiritual meetings provided with choirs. Compositions like these will aid in establishing Mr. Higgins' reputation as a publisher.

### AGENTS FOR THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

GENERAL AGENTS:—Messrs. ROSS & TOWSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York, are our regularly constituted agents, and will supply new dealers in all parts of the country with THE HERALD OF PROGRESS on favorable terms.

ALBANY, N. Y.—LYDIA MOTT, at the Anti-Slavery Office and Book Depository, 15 Steuben Street, will fill orders for books on list, and also receive subscriptions for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

BOSTON, MASS.—BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St., Boston, will fill all orders for this paper, or books on our list.

CLEVELAND, O.—Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, 288 Superior street, is duly authorized to act as agent in Ohio and the west.

CANADA AGENCY.—Messrs. W. H. WARNE & Co., Booksellers and News Agents, Toronto, C. W., will supply the trade with our books and papers, and also act as Agents for Canada subscriptions.

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#### LOCAL AGENTS.

Akron, Ohio, J. Jennings.

Auburn, N. Y., Geo. King.

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Boston, Mass., Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St.

Brownsville, Texas, A. W. Allen.

Buffalo, N. Y., T. S. Hawkes.

Clarkston, Mich., N. W. Clark.

Columbus, Wis., F. G. Randall.

Fond du Lac, Wis., N. H. Jorgensen.

Fort Madison, Iowa, Geo. W. Douglass.

Glen Falls, N. Y., E. W. Knight.

Lowell, Mass., Cutter & Walker.

Los Angeles, Cal., T. J. Harvey.

New York, Mrs. E. J. French, 8 1/2 Avenue.

Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y., G. L. Rider.

Red Bank, Monmouth Co., N. J., John French.

Ripon, Wis., Mrs. Eliza Barnes.

Rome, N. Y., S. & J. D. Moyer.

San Bernardino, Cal., D. N. Smith.

St. Louis, Mo., A. Miltenberger.

Springfield, N. H., T. S. Vose.

Stratford, Conn., Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

Utica, N. Y., H. H. Roberts.

Waukegan, Ill., W. Wilson.

Waukesha, Wis., L. Branch Lyman.

West Walworth, N. Y., Hicks Halstead.

### Travelers' Guide.

#### NEW YORK.

NEW YORK AND NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

7 A. M. Accommodation Train; 8 A. M., Boston Express; 9:30 A. M., New York Express; 12:15 P. M., Accommodation; 3:15 P. M., Boston Express; 4:10 P. M., Accommodation; 5:30 P. M., New York Express; 6:30 P. M., Portchester Special; 8 P. M., Mail.

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., Groton 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; 3:45 P. M. Peekskill Way; 4:30 P. M. Sing Sing Express; 5 P. M. Express, Albany at 9:55; 6:30 P. M. Sing Sing Passenger; 6:40 P. M. Sing Sing Passenger; 9:45 P. M. Sleeping Car Express.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.

LEAVE FOURTH OR CHURCH ST.

7 A. M. Express; 8 A. M. Mail; 11 A. M. Express; 4 P. M. Express; 5 P. M. Mail.

BY STEAMBOAT AND CANNON AND ARROY RAILROAD.

LEAVE FIFTH 1, NORTH RIVER.

7 A. M. 1, 2 and 3 P. M.

#### ALBANY.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Accommodation, 1:30 A. M.; Mail, 10:15 A. M.; New York Express, 11:45 P. M.; Accommodation, 5 P. M.; New York Mail, 11:15 P. M.

WESTERN RAILROAD.

Through Trains, 1:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

Express, 6:45 A. M. at New York; 12 M.; Express, 10:15 A. M. at New York; 5:30 P. M.; Way Mail, 12:30 P. M. at New York; 6:30 P. M.; Express, 4:30 P. M. at New York; 9:30 P. M.; Sleeping Car, 10 P. M. at New York; 6:40 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, 1:15 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 CANNON AND ARROY.

6 A. M., 12:30, 2 and 5 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA & READING RAILROAD.

8 A. M., 2:30 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, 3:45 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, 11:30 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, 9:50 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 7:50 P. M.

#### CINCINNATI.

MARIETTA RAILROAD.

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

WILMINGTON & ZANESVILLE RAILROAD.

Leave 9:30 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, 4:30 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, 7:20 A. M.; Seymour Accommodation, 5:30 P. M.; St. John's Express, 7:50 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 9:30 P. M.

DAYTON & WESTERN RAILROAD.

6:30 A. M., 12:20 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 6:50 P. M.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN & NORTHERN INDIANA RAILROAD.

Through Trains leave at 6 A. M. and 6:30 P. M.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Through Trains, 6 A. M. 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 Oshkosh, 12:30 and 6 P. M.

GALENA & CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD.

Freight Trains, 11:40 A. M. and 8:30 P. M. Rockford Trains, 4 P. M. Fulton Trains, 9 P. M. Geneseo Trains, 3 P. M.

CHICAGO & MILWAUKIE RAILROAD.

7:45 A. M., 12:30 and 5 P. M.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Trains leave Chicago, 8:30 A. M. Mail, 8:30 P. M. Express.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY RAILROAD.

Quincy Trains, 8:45 and 11:45 P. M. Burlington Trains, 1:15 A. M.

#### ST. LOUIS.

ALTON & CHICAGO RAILROAD.

Through Trains, 7 A. M., 8:40 P. M.

OHIO & MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

Leave East St. Louis, 6:40 A. M., 8:45 P. M.

PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Sanitation Mail, 8:30 A. M.; Franklin Accommodation, 4:30 P. M.

NORTH MISSOURI RAILROAD.

Hudson Accommodation, 8:45 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.

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