





they are hunting, fishing, &c., and will go through with all the motions incident to their imagined employments.

Some two years after, I was at the house of a friend, Mr. G., in Chicago, and there came a female medium, formerly of Onieda Co., New York, to whom I was an entire stranger. She was introduced to me by Mrs. G. She had never been nearer to Waukegan than Chicago, consequently she knew nothing of me or of my residence. After she had held a few moments conversation with Mrs. G., in which I took no part, she seemed to be influenced by some extraneous agency. Mrs. G., after watching her a moment remarked, "Shanna" is here. Instantly the medium crossed the room, came to where I was sitting, extended her arm to shake hands with me, and with that peculiar sinper and tone exhibited by the multitude. We have no more to say. Mrs. Hatch, at my house, said, "I know you, old fellow, I have seen you before. I saw you at your house when Cora was there. I influenced Cora, you did not believe it, but I did. I knew what you thought, old fellow. Yes I did. There were two rooms in your house separated by folding doors. We were in the front room. Aint that so, old fellow? Yes, you know that was so." She then made some further remarks regarding my mentality, not necessary to repeat.

I am entirely certain that this medium did not know that I had ever seen Cora Hatch—did not know that Cora had been at my house, or that my house had folding doors, or that Mrs. Hatch had been obsessed in the front room, or that I had doubted the manifestations, because I do not remember ever to have spoken of those doubts to any human being. Mrs. G. had never been in my house, and was as ignorant of each fact referred to, as the medium. Yet all that was said by the medium in regard to the locality in which Cora was influenced, and in regard to my doubts upon the subject, was strictly true.

To demonstrate that this medium was not herself under the influence of a self-exaltation, I will add, that while she was obsessed by Shanna, a German, of Chicago, came into the room, and what she called Shanna, left, and a German spirit purported to take immediate possession. Under this last named influence, she talked and sang in German, using the German language with such ease and fluency that the German present talked with her nearly an hour in his own language, although she and her friends assure me that she cannot speak one word of German in her normal state. Whether this last influence was atmospheric, mesmeric, psychological, spiritual, or diabolical, I submit to the wisdom of the world.

Fraternally yours,  
IRA PORTER.

### Practical Words from a Spiritual Source.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 22, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: Although much time has elapsed since I last saw you, I have not been forgetful of you, and have several times thought of availing myself of your kind invitation to write. But some how or other, I have neglected to do so. I herewith send a communication from the world of spirits, which I will beg you to insert in your valuable paper. I make this request with the more freedom, because the writer of the article himself requested it, in a little paragraph at the close of the communication. All that I have to say relative to it is, that it embodies my own views, long held, much more ably than I could myself have put them forth. I do not by this request seek to convert your paper into a political machine; nor do I think the article itself can be adjudged to wear that complexion, as it did not emanate from any earth-source. It came to me when I least expected, and the only part which I performed was, to pen that which was plainly uttered through my brain. If you should so feel inclined, you can also publish this explanatory note, with the communication.

Hoping to have the pleasure of occasionally communicating with you, I remain, most respectfully,  
Your friend, &c.,  
J. MONTGOMERY PETERS.

### COMMUNICATION.

That law by which artificial rights over the soil are established, is arbitrary, and cannot be supported by any of those sound maxims of individual rights which refer all original sovereignty to the people.

To suppose that a people ever intended to give their consent to a charter for the establishment of a civil government, that would deprive them of their most necessary and valuable rights, is simply an absurdity—and governments that are supported upon such gross fictions, cannot long endure.

What are the best rights of men? Why, surely, those that support life. How, then, can a man be said to have surrendered to a government those rights that are necessary to enable him to live?

What is most prominent in these rights? Why, certainly, a sufficient quantum of the soil to produce abundance, enough of substance to feed and to clothe him.

But we hear that a different state of things has been ordained by the Government. Grant it. Now, who made "the Government"? Why, of course the people. This is, at all events, the fiction. Now, how are "the people" to destroy and subvert that which they themselves have built up? Why, easily enough. If there was power enough in them in the first place to make a government, there certainly is power enough in them either to alter it, or to destroy it; for the power of today is much greater than that of fifty years

ago. It has grown with numbers and with knowledge.

But there are those who say that a government can only be changed in a formal way. We reply to this, that no other formality was necessary to create it, than just a sufficient conformity to rules to aid the dispatch of business; and that any restraints imposed on a future generation by those who to-day legislate, or make constitutions, is an unwarranted and an untenable assumption of power, and will not be allowed to stand before the progressed enlightenment of this age. This is Treason, according to venerable laws, but wisdom according to the highest decrees of the mind. These reflections are particularly applicable to existing conditions in the United States, and we have uttered them as so many aphorisms, to be reflected on by the multitude. We have no more to say.

John Q. Adams, Joel Barton, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry, Roger Sherman, and a whole host of Revolutionary sires.

### New Method of Spirit Communication.

IOWA CITY, JAN. 25, 1861.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: While holding a conference with our spiritual friends, some evenings ago, and receiving communications in the usual manner—by the tipping of the table—observing that the two ends described the regular arc of a circle, it occurred to me that, by affixing the alphabet to the wall (near which the table stood), in a curved line corresponding to the curve caused by elevating each end of the table, the invisible operator could indicate any required letter by stopping the table when a corner came opposite to it.

Acting on this suggestion, I printed on a large sheet of paper, in a curved line, divided by a dot in the middle the letters from A to M, on one side, and from N to Z on the other side, and attached the sheet to the wall. I then tacked to those two surface corners of the table, which would be near the wall, two indexes, or hands, four inches long, as pointers to the letters.

Thus prepared, my son and I, who are lately developed mediums, sat down alone at the table, which nearly touched the sheet on the wall.

Our little daughter (some three years removed from earth) soon announced her presence, and to many questions asked her, readily and gracefully responded, by elevating or depressing either end of the table, and holding it poised when the index pointed to the desired letter; at the conclusion of a word, or of the sentence, the dot in the center was pointed to.

The table would move without the legs descending to the floor for each letter again to be shown, but poised on two legs, it would oscillate from one letter to another, pausing only at right angles, until it was necessary to descend in order to point to some letter by the tip of the other end. The spelling out was rapid, and short sentences could be retained in the memory. Long sentences required the use of pencil and paper to copy them. Repeated sittings prove the utility of the arrangement.

Is not this a new and improved method of communication? If so, will you publish it for the benefit of all?

It is supposed that this is only the beginning of a further progress in the science, and the time may be at hand when the instrument of conversation with the loved departed may be carried in the pocket, or in the form of a walking-stick.

Respectfully,  
G. FRACKER.

For the Herald of Progress.

### Physical Manifestations.

#### MOVEMENTS OF THE FAY BROTHERS.

EAST TROY, WIS., FEB. 2, 1861.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR BROTHER: To-day for an hour, having leisure, I send you a few lines and a greeting from the western world. Mr. Wm. M. Fay and myself left our friends, the Davenport boys, in Elkhart, Indiana, about two months ago, since which time we have held circles every evening with unbounded success, stopping two weeks in the great western metropolis, Chicago, where through our mediumship for physical manifestations, many of the leading men and inquiring minds were convinced of the truth and reality of spirit presence and power.

From Chicago the cars quickly carried us to Wisconsin's chief city, well-known Milwaukee, where brave true hearts have commenced a work of spiritual development, which in good time will make itself felt and heard. Here, through the untiring exertions of Brothers J. M. Holmes and Enos Gay, we awoke an interest which continued for a month, then having calls at a distance, we were obliged to leave.

While in Milwaukee, we convinced, through our mediumship, some of the most influential minds in the city of the truth of these phenomena, and aroused a spirit of investigation which will not soon die away. From that city we went twenty miles to Waukesha, a beautiful western town, surrounded by a rare to stand up in the defense of the new philosophy. Among the prominent advocates of our cause here, are Brothers L. Branch, Lyman, Vankirk, and Dr. Holbrook.

We held circles once a week in Waukesha, with entire success. From Waukesha we went to Eagle, stopping with Brother P. B. Stewart, a medium and reformer, who talks

practical truths in a practical, matter-of-fact way. We gave two circles here, which were well attended, the people evincing much interest, and an earnest desire to investigate spiritual phenomena. Three miles from Eagle, reside the Severances, who are well known through the State of Wisconsin as genuine Reformers and thorough going Spiritualists, who practice in every-day life the doctrines they promulgate, in relation to diet, health, and spiritual development. We remained a week with them, holding circles every evening, still with undiminished success.

The interest in the western vineyards now is greater than at any past time. The old Theology is trembling to its foundation, and a new, scientific, practical, and spiritual religion is fast springing up, to bless the sons and daughters of the present and future generation. The manifestations that occur in our presence, at this stage of our mediumship, are such that it would seem as if the most obstinate skepticism must give way. We allow the spectators to hold us hands and feet, and the instruments are played and thrummed by unseen fingers, while tying, by committees, in all its forms, is gone through with, and still there are minds to cry trickery, and delusion. But Sir Henry Morgan, and George Fox, who purport to be our controlling spirits, wield a power too strong for all the combined forces which priestly cunning and bigoted conservatism can bring against them. They promise to stand by us firmly to the last, that is, if we try to help ourselves, by withstanding the assaults of ignorance and aspiring to true spiritual freedom and a manly independence.

From Eagle we went to the quiet village of East Troy, where we are now sojourning with Dr. Stebbins and his amiable lady, true friends in the reform movement, who, when duty calls, "stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once."

When we leave here, we talk of making a transient visit to Beloit and Rockford, and in the Spring we hope to inhale the breezes of Ohio and New York, and perhaps to enjoy our summer sun under the skies of Maine.

Yours for Humanity,  
H. MELVILLE FAY.

### Spiritualism in China.

BROOKLYN, FEB. 6, 1861.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: Inclosed you will find something of interest from China. It is an extract from a letter, written by a College classmate of mine, who is a Missionary in the employ of the American Board, at Fuh Chan. The letter bears date Oct. 15, 1860, and was published in the *American Presbyterian*, of last week.

Respectfully,  
J. L. H.

#### PAH-LAH-TENG.

This expression denotes a very singular method (in some respects analogous to spirit-rapping, as practiced in the United States,) of consulting some god, used either in a temple, or more commonly, in a private house. It is usually performed in the evening, generally more as a matter of friendship and of favor to some one than as a way of earning money on the part of the operators. A present of food, or of something else, is often given them by the one who invites their assistance.

Two performers are required besides the one who desires to inquire of the god. One of these two takes his seat on a chair before the table, on which incense and candles are burning, placed in front of the idol, or something which represents it. The other man seizes a pencil and draws a kind of charm on a piece of yellow paper. He then sets it on fire by one of the lighted candles, and, while burning, moves it gently up and down in front of the person seated. The object of this is to expel all defiling influences from him, and prepare his body to become the temporary residence of the god invoked.

He rises from the chair and receives from his companion one stick of lighted incense, which he clasps in both hands, and holds calmly before his breast, while he continues to remain standing with his eyes closed and his back turned towards the table. The other person now begins to entwine the fingers of both his own hands together in a certain manner believed to be peculiarly pleasing to that particular god. He soon approaches the other one, and with a sudden motion throws his hands, with fingers thus interlocked, out towards his face, very much as though he was going to strike him. This motion separates the fingers, which he again interlocks in a similar manner, and which he again throws out towards them. This operation is repeated several times, being regarded as very efficacious in procuring a visit from the god.

The person whose eyes are shut during this ceremony, soon gives what is supposed to be unmistakable evidence of being possessed by some supernatural and invisible power. His body sways back and forth in an unusual manner. The stick of incense falls from his grasp, and he begins to step about with the peculiar stride, and assume the peculiar attitude and appearance belonging to the god. This is considered an infallible proof of the actual presence of the god in the body of the medium.

Sometimes, however, it is said, some one of the attendants of the god comes in his stead, which is made evident by the medium assuming the attitude appropriate to such or such an attending spirit. If the individual on whose account the presence of the god is invoked, insists on having the principal or master divinity himself come to consult, the medium after a short time usually assumes the manners belonging to the god invoked, as a token that he has arrived. The supplicant now advances, and with three sticks of lighted incense in his hands, bows down on his knees before the medium and begs him to be seated. After he has seated himself, the supplicant states the object in regard to which he has sought an audience with the god. A conversation often ensues between the two

parties on the subject, the one professing to give the information desired, and the other receiving it with reverence, humility, and gratitude. Sometimes, however, the god, using the mouth of the medium, gives the supplicant a sound scolding for invoking his aid to attain unworthy or unlawful ends, and sometimes he positively declines to communicate the desired information.

At the close of the interview, the medium apparently falls asleep for a few minutes. On awaking, some tea is given him to drink, and he soon becomes himself again.

It is said that very many adopt this method of learning the way to recover from sickness, and also to acquire knowledge to be used in a particular kind of gambling or lottery.

### Calhoun's Dream.

#### THE QUESTION OF AUTHENTICITY.

MESILLA, ARIZONA TERRITORY,  
Jan. 19th, 1861.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: In No. 46 of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, I see you have published what purports to be a dream of John C. Calhoun. Though old, I was truly glad to see it appear in your valuable paper, as the public are more apt to heed and be influenced by facts occurring to those occupying so prominent a position as did Mr. Calhoun. I took up my pen, however, to give you a little information regarding this "dream" of the noted statesman.

Some three months ago, on my first arrival in Mesilla, I was with a number of others in the "Breckinridge House," where we had congregated after supper. From some cause or other the subject of Spiritualism was mentioned by one of our number, and, as several were inclined to favor it, quite a discussion arose. One gentleman, who resides in New Orleans, but who had traveled a good deal, and had also spent some time in California, had the most to say in its defense; and, as he was a person of good mind, he was listened to with marked attention by all. He narrated many facts, etc., which he had witnessed, and others of which he had read; and finally mentioned the celebrated dream of Calhoun. He stated it as a literal fact, and not as a vision of sleep. Afterwards I talked with him in regard to the matter, and learned the following, which I have every reason to believe is literally true:

He said that, while in California, to satisfy themselves regarding the authenticity of the dream of Calhoun, which, at the time, was going the rounds of the newspaper press, he, in company with a very prominent gentleman in the State (he gave me his name but I have forgotten it) called upon Calhoun's son, who was at that time residing in the city where they were, and asked him to inform them regarding the correctness of the narrative. To reply, Mr. Calhoun informed them that it was not a dream, but, on the contrary, a reality. He said that his father was in his room alone, drawing up a plan for destroying the Union, and that while so engaged, and wide awake, the specter of Washington appeared to him in substance as stated in the newspaper article on the subject. He also informed them that the reason why it was published as a dream, was because certain friends did not like to have it go abroad that his father had seen a ghost, or was a believer in such phenomena. He stated, however, that his father, always, to the day of his death, declared that he really saw the spirit of George Washington, and that he was perfectly awake and in his right mind when he appeared to him.

The name of the gentleman who gave me the above facts has slipped my mind, but I made inquiries at the time, and learned that he was a member of a large business firm in New Orleans. I could undoubtedly obtain his address if necessary.

Yours, for the advancement of Truth,  
BREDETT C. MURRAY.

[The above-mentioned dream was written, we believe, some years ago by George Lippard, of Philadelphia. Whether it was suggested by any known facts in Mr. Calhoun's experience, we do not know. It is quite possible that Mr. Lippard may have set forth the facts precisely as reported to him. It would be a matter of much interest to know how Mr. L. (who is now deceased) came to write the account, and also to further verify the fact that some abnormal experience of Mr. C. gave occasion to the story.—Eus.]

### The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

### The Development Controversy.

#### MR. WARREN'S REPLY TO MR. LELAND.

BROTHER LELAND: As you, in your last, which appears in the *HERALD* No. 49, do not reach the point in your argument involving the sciences of Psychology, Psychometry, &c., I will defer an affirmative statement of my philosophy, and content myself for the present with correcting some of your positions, both as to fact and argument. You doubtless desire to be logical, and strictly scientific in your investigations of the laws of life, and to look to logical thinkers for appreciation of your views, rather than seek a hollow praise from those whose passions and prejudices becloud their intellects, and render them unfit judges in a subject so mysterious and exciting as the one we are contemplating. Hence I shall expect your thanks for pointing out your errors.

Your last article begins with a very palpa-

ble misconception. You say I base my arguments upon "our ignorance" of the laws of mind, and with great gravity ask if this be "a legitimate mode of reasoning." Such fallacious statements would be pardonable in a country debating school, where some trivial question was being discussed for mere amusement. I can but imagine you to have received your controversial education in these institutions. I admitted my own (not our) inability to comprehend the light and depth of the subject before us, but expressed a firm reliance upon reason and investigation to finally unfold to us all truth. Is this basing an argument on our ignorance of the laws of mind? You say the facts you introduced "remain unmoved" (as evidence of immortality) until they are explained away, that you claimed "they were the result of disembodied spirits," (what is a disembodied spirit?) and that it was for me to show that they were not. No, brother, if you "claim" a thing, it is for you to prove it, not for me to disprove it. You are not infallible authority. You say I "assumed that the human mind is capable of producing all the manifestations witnessed in modern Spiritualism." No, I did not assume this. You assume it, only you hold that it is necessary to die first, while I think not. I infer not, from the fact that all the authorities I have seen on the subject, except yourself and Hudson Tuttle, teach that the soul carries with it every identical faculty and organ of manifestation into the spiritual state or sphere of existence; that no new powers are added, and none lost by the change. It is not necessary to refer to testimony on this point; it is universally admitted. You say spirits out of the body are surrounded by different conditions, "which render it possible for them to do things we cannot do." How do you know this? From what source do you derive information on this point, except through the testimony of spirits, after admitting their existence? The existence of these alleged spirits is the point in dispute, and, to suppose an enlargement of powers after the death of the body, goes about as far toward proving the soul's identity, as Newton's experiment with the stone and string went toward proving the cause of planetary motion. I insist that this expansion of the faculties after death involves the real point in controversy, and call for the evidence, which you did not deem necessary to adduce.

You say the facts to which I referred, taken from the *Terre Haute Journal*, are irrelevant. Is it irrelevant to show that precisely the same wonders you attribute to the interposition of spirits have occurred under circumstances that exclude the idea of such interposition? But you adduce facts from those you know are dead, and ask, what will be done with these? Indeed, if you have facts of this kind, it settles the controversy, provided you will tell us how you know they are really from the dead. This leads to the point in my last article concerning beings who have never inhabited bodies tangible to our faculties. Here is a nice logical point entirely overlooked by Spiritualists. The syllogism which forms the basis of their theory is this: Manifestations occur without the agency of beings in this state of existence. There are no other intangible existences beside disembodied spirits. Therefore, these manifestations occur through the agency of disembodied spirits. Now, my suggestion was, that the second proposition here, as well as the first, admits of a doubt, which is fatal to the conclusion. You ask me if I believe in existences who never inhabited earthly forms, and call for proof of their existence. It is not necessary that I should believe in such beings; the bare possibility of their existence is fatal to your argument. I will say this, however; the existence of such beings is, to me, far more probable than that any being should exist in an individualized form after its corporeal body is dissolved, and these are my reasons: first, the same evidence (aside from the testimony of the spirits themselves, and this is totally unreliable, from the fact that they tell more lies than truths) which goes to prove the existence of spirits, is equally good as a demonstration of the existence of these other beings. If the power moving the piano did not claim to be our earthly brother, dead, we should have no clue to the fact of his agency in the manifestations; but if our pseudo-friend tells ninety-nine palpable lies to one truth, his testimony must be set aside; and, after all earthly sources were duly scrutinized, we should, unbiassed by superstition, and guided alone by the known laws of life, and phenomena of death, be led to suspect the agency of invisible beings, who never inhabited earthly, tangible forms, but were originally developed on a different plane from ourselves.

Again: sages and seers, in all ages of the world, have believed in and taught the existence of such beings, under the names, Deities, Devils, Angels, Cherubim, Genii, Fairies, &c. To say these men were mistaken, that they saw only spirits who were once men, is to thrust a dagger at the heart of your own theory; for, certainly, if Socrates conversed with human spirits, instead of the Gods, as he supposed, then Judge Edmonds may be mistaken; it may be Gods after all. And, lastly, I am led to admit the possible existence of these ultra-mundane beings, through contemplation of the grand natural law of development, which you have only, as I think, succeeded in mystifying in the minds of your readers. The earth, as well as every other body in nature, develops from the center outwardly,



and from the solid crystal to the fluid; thence through the gaseous to the magnetic. These we find in regular strata, as you yourself have ascertained in your geological studies. Prof. Hare, in his work on Spiritualism, Hudson Tuttle, and other eminent authorities, assert the actual existence of a magnetic, or spiritual sphere, thirty or more miles above the earth. The real human being, after the external and superfluous part has been cast off, is supposed to rise to that upper realm, there to reenact the drama of sentient existence. Analogy does not teach this. We whirl this stone with our own hand, merely illustrating what is not yet proved. It is easy to believe that such a sphere exists; in fact, we can hardly doubt it, when we view the manifest order of creation. It is natural to suppose that the great law of organic life will people this refined world with equally refined beings, though analogous in form and function to those on the plane below; and, finally, from the known laws by which mind influences mind, in all spheres, and almost without regard to distance, it becomes evident that the existence of such a sphere must exert a powerful influence on our minds to elevate and expand our faculties, to ameliorate and redeem us from the bondage of materiality, discord, and death; but it remains without proof, that we shall fly off and become inhabitants of that sphere.

I have no inducement to attempt a further explanation of your facts, except to reiterate that a large proportion (sixty per cent., according to A. J. Davis.) of all such facts are admitted to originate in earthly sources, either as direct frauds, or as the result of involuntary or unrecognized activities of minds in the body. As far as "physical manifestations" are concerned, if a spirit, by mere will power, can lift and play on a piano situated thirty miles below him, a man can by the same power perform the same trick thirty miles away on a level with himself. This, to me, is self-evident, unless you show, particularly, the actual difference in the conditions. Jugglery, in its very best aspect, is little proof of anything. If any of these feats are shown to be impossible for a human being in the body, they are still no proof that a man lives after he dies, until it be shown positively that no other beings exist capable of performing them. Will you undertake to prove this negative? If not, you will have to admit your faith is merely a faith, and not a science.

Before closing, I will correct your statement in regard to your lectures in this place last spring. Your course embraced a series based on the different epochs of development, from which you deduced the doctrine of transmutation, the higher growing out of the lower, and this you applied as evidence of man's continued existence after death, he being the highest form possible in this sphere. And you adduced no other proof of this, except that growing out of this idea of "eternal progress." Notwithstanding you may have spoken on these points "by request," you, at that time, evidently believed "one was dependent on the other." Your ideas evidently progress, or else you find it convenient to shift your position according to the requirements of the doctrine to be supported.

In reply to your next, I am willing to close my part of our correspondence, should you proceed to the investigation of the laws of mind, as you propose.

Yours fraternally,  
A. WARREN.

### Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

For the Herald of Progress.  
**Spiritual Workers in and around New York.**

NUMBER THREE.  
HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

Nature, in the revolutions of her stupendous machinery, throws, ever and anon, upon the vast field of human action, the shadow or reflection of some by-gone century, which has been caught by the teeth of her gigantic wheels and swallowed from view, to be reproduced when the cycle of its buried years is fulfilled. Thus types of a people who trod the earth some thousand years ago, may be seen like phantoms fluttering over the present races of men—even as our earth casts the shadow of her rounded face upon the sun's broad breast—and the eclipses of the one reveals the form of the other. Hawthorne, in a late work, typifying this idea, represents the Marble Faun of Praxiteles as reappearing in the form of a young nobleman of ancient lineage, though the surf and wash, the rise and settle of the tide of eighteen hundred years had rolled over the grave of the sculptor!

And into our young republic what antique dynasties may not have drifted! It is like a river, intersected and bridged by branches, twigs, and heavy limbed trees, which have floated into its quickened waters; so that we live not only our own lives, but the lives of engulfed ages.

How came the shades of our past upon the shores of our present? Were they guided hither by the same unerring instinct which leads the lower forms of creation when burdened with a new life to traverse the sands of the desert, the jungles of the tropics, the frozen seas of the north, with safety, till they

reach some congenial spot where they may bring forth their offspring to the light?

Thus, led through the dusky years have the tribunes, the senators, the heroes of the classic world, attended by their Lares and Penates, unmoved by the tread of centuries—unshaken by the clamor and din of revolutions—unchoked by the dust of decaying years, unimpeded by crumbling ruins, mummies or taunting skeletons—thus have they, impelled by unflinching instinct, reached the coasts and headlands of To-day; they animate our spiritual teachers—they illumine with the glory of primeval light the countenances of our mediums!

Citizens whose business lies within the sound of Trinity chimes, will remember to have seen a form threading his way to the forum of our empire city, which not only mythically, but in very truth, reflects the image of heroes who walked the earth some thousands years ago. His noble mien, his tall and stately figure wrapped in a long, loose cloak, not unlike the ancient toga, his affable and honorable countenance calls to the mind visions of Roman statesmen, senators, lawgivers. This person is Hon. J. W. Edmonds; not that the Judge claims to represent the wisdom and justice of the past; but if counselors and philosophers of old do reflect their image upon our present race, who more honorable and just among the judges of our land can they choose than he?

A fearless, bold and yet courteous defender of the spiritual faith, this gentleman has always proved himself to be. With his proud manfully-won reputation in the one hand, and his spiritualism in the other, he has swam gallantly the stormy sea of opposition. Our plethoric, heavy-eyed Judges in velvet cushioned pews, listening to a theology they cannot understand, dozing over a religion which they never live, may well ease their indolent consciences by terming their brother jurist's energetic investigation of immortal life, a species of monomania.

Judge Edmonds was born in the city of Hudson, N. Y. To his mother, who was a member of the Society of Friends, he is no doubt indebted in a great measure for his steadfastness to principles, his rectitude of action, and his refined temperament. To his father, a revolutionary soldier of eminence, he owes his ardor, his unconquerable energy and his martial characteristics. In his legal profession he has ever pursued an independent course, yet one marked by wisdom and forethought. During his judgeship he made several decisions which warred upon popular prejudice, but subsequent events have proven the sagacity which directed these decisions.

The course which he pursued as State Prison Inspector, is well known. The mitigation of the barbarous, cruel system of punishment practiced in our prisons fifteen years ago, is owing to the humanity of the Judge, and his determined resistance to the passions, selfishness and prejudice which opposed his reforms.

As a Spiritualist, Judge Edmonds holds the same unflinching position that he occupied in the outset. Persons unmindful of the qualities of his mind, who forget that his belief is founded upon reason, look to see him abjure his faith in spirit intercourse, and think every period of calm that he enjoys, every cessation from public labor, betokens a change in his doctrines of supernatural ministrations. He has lately published a new edition of his "Tribune Letters" and spiritual tracts. A thousand copies of these *nullum in parvo* works have just been ordered for England.

Ghosts have long haunted English ground; they have danced in her baronial halls; their spectral eyes have gleamed through the cloistered gloom of ancient castle and neglected abbey; they have glided through her palaces; they have even been seen seated upon her royal throne. But not till within a late period has she essayed to hold converse with them; their strange language her Layards have been slow to decipher. She is awakening now and questioning; she calls to the wise men of America to read this hand-writing upon the wall; and she has called upon Judge Edmonds to add his wealth of spiritual knowledge to English literature. The advanced minds of that country will not fail to give him a hearty welcome when he visits her shores—which he intends doing some time in June, in company with his daughter Laura.

Miss Laura Edmonds, as a medium, takes rank with the highest. The "Newboy," a manifestation, or impersonation, which came through her mediumship, and is published in the little volume of tracts, appears, to my judgment, to evidence the highest style of mediumistic improvisation, if we consider the dramatic art as entitled to the position awarded it by mankind. No one can fail to remark the peculiar naturalness of the conversation—the subtle insight into character displayed—the adroitness—the ready wit—the truthfulness of detail—the perfect coloring of the picture. Dickens might have portrayed such a scene in his David Copperfield, and the reading world would have applauded, the critics approved, and the papers have copied.

In a recent conversation with the Judge, he informed me that manifestations occur almost nightly at his residence, though, on account of the delicacy of his daughter's health, they have withdrawn for a time from public service.

The portraits extant of Judge Edmonds give a spirited though not a flattering idea of his countenance; the aspect of his face is genial, shrewd, and pleasantly sarcastic; his glance is penetrative but friendly; he wears the mark upon his brow peculiar to mediums;

—a beaming, lustrous emanation which those only wear who have breathed the atmosphere of the world where spirits dwell. The Judge is a popular speaker. His discourses are comprehensive, picturesque, and forcible in construction. To give the reader an idea of his style I quote the following eloquent passage from his letters:

"I have been sorely tried, temporally and mentally. I have been excluded from the associations which once made life pleasant. I have felt in the society which I once hoped to adorn, that I was an object marked for avoidance, if not of abhorrence. Courted once, and honored among men, I have been doomed to see the nearest and dearest to me turn from me with pity, if not disgust. Tolerated rather than welcomed among my fellows; at an advanced age compelled to begin the world again; and oh! amid what discouragements. With the subject so dear to me tainted with man's folly and fraud, and beholding how the world, from whom this glorious truth comes, turns from it and reviles it, I have never for one moment faltered from that hour in my belief. It is not my fault that I have not. It is no merit in me that I have persisted."

SEAN G. HOYT.

### Laws and Systems.

"There is he armed who hath his quarrel just—  
And he but naked, though looked up as steel."  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

For the Herald of Progress.

### Social Hygiene.

#### THE PRINCIPLES OF ASSOCIATION.

M. Cortambert, former editor of the *Revue de l'Ouest*, of St. Louis, in reply to a correspondent, lays down in that paper certain conditions of social health, which are so well stated and defended, that we cannot forbear reproducing the article in English. His correspondent had taken exceptions to certain principles embodied in a project for the constitution of an associative enterprise. These exceptions will be understood from the tenor of the reply, which is as follows:

"In the *Essai de Constitution Sociale*, [Draft for an Associative Enterprise], article Eighth is thus expressed: 'Every association which has for its object speculation upon the vices or the weaknesses of men, is excluded from the society. Every mercenary or servile occupation is declared incompatible with the humanitarian principles which govern us.' It is plainly to the first part of this article, that the principal criticism in the letter of *Workman* is directed. I know that the prohibition pronounced in that clause, was of such a nature as to startle many. Let us see upon what industries or what functions that prohibition bears, and what right Society has to exclude them from its bosom.

"The social body has its hygiene, as well as the individual. It enjoys health, or suffers disease, according as it observes or violates the laws of its organism. I am well aware that every appetite, every desire, results in us from some law of our nature. But every tendency and every faculty has its special law; and as the combination of all the faculties and all the tendencies, constitutes the rational, progressive existence, all special laws are subordinate to the general law of harmony, which is reason itself. When we favor one inclination to the detriment of others, we obey the particular law of that inclination, but we contravene the law of the general development; we gain a partial and transient satisfaction, but we injure the totality of our being. Physical, mental, and moral hygiene consists not in imposing arbitrary privations upon ourselves, but in satisfying all our tendencies and all our wants in the simplest manner, and for the greatest benefit of our spirituality; that is to say, of that within us which has the property of willing, feeling, and thinking. The infractions on the rules of hygiene, in proportion to their gravity, are weaknesses, errors, or vices. In the collective being, or society, these pernicious habits are represented by certain functions or certain industries. If hygiene enjoins upon me to avoid such or such a vice, which would disturb the normal exercise of my faculties, does it not equally enjoin upon society the exclusion of an industry which can be supported only by speculating upon that same vice? As our aim is simply to establish a principle, it is useless here to make out a list of the vices to be combated and of the industries to be pruned away. One example will suffice.

"Drunkennes is certainly one of the most odious vices that degrade men in this country. What is the ailment of this vice in its most disgusting form? Whisky. No one will seriously undertake the defense of drunkenness. How then can one undertake to defend the manufacturer of whisky, or of the distilleries which propagate that horrible scourge among all ranks of the people. If a vice which would disturb the normal exercise of my faculties, does it not equally enjoin upon society the exclusion of an industry which can be supported only by speculating upon that same vice? As our aim is simply to establish a principle, it is useless here to make out a list of the vices to be combated and of the industries to be pruned away. One example will suffice.

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reformatory society? Where is he who will dare to answer in the affirmative, or set himself in opposition with what is palpably true? Let us state the question distinctly to the conscience of men, and trust to the power of truth.

"Workman concludes from some of my articles that I am disposed to reject ninety-nine hundredths, at least, of the functions of the present social order, and he adds that, to be logical, whatever civilized industry has created up to the present day should be accepted, or that all should be rejected. That is a necessity which I do not recognize at all. It is true, that in certain articles of the *Revue de l'Ouest*, I have maintained positions against the use of meat, of fermented liquors, of coffee, tobacco, and even *crimine*. But I have also maintained and demonstrated on every occasion that Nature, while leaving man very imperfect, has created him perfectible, and has given him industry to move onward. When we move, we sometimes fall, but we can get up again; we frequently go astray, but we can regain the right path. I have pointed out some of the absurdities to which industry and civilization are committed; but none the less I render homage to the importance and utility of these two agencies. They are not infallible; and that is in substance all I have said to their disadvantage.

"When they offer me one of their products, or one of their combinations, I allow myself to inquire of what good it is, as respects morality, hygiene, or taste; and I accept or reject, according to the response which my intellect discovers; but I know no rule of logic binding me to reject or accept everything indiscriminately. From my disgust with *crimine* in excess, I do not infer that modest attire is to be abandoned; and my liking for bread will never induce me to deile my mouth with that other product of human industry, called a *quid of tobacco*.

"To return to article Eighth: *Workman*, and all who share his apprehensions, may be assured that in it there is no menace of a resort to summary laws—that it is simply an appeal to the good sense and the reason of members, a protest against every attempt at unjust speculation which might wish to creep into the society.

"The observations of *Workman* upon the smallness of the sum of \$200 or \$100, required of each member at the commencement of the enterprise, are very just. I admit that Frenchmen as pioneers are inferior to Americans. I believe, however, that a few families of our countrymen might succeed even with so small a capital, provided they are in possession of two or three useful avocations in addition to agriculture, and are animated with a true spirit of reformation and progress. As to the plan set forth in the conclusion of his letter, I ask nothing more than to see it carried out; but I repel the anathema which *Workman* pronounces in advance against laborers who may not take advantage of the plan offered them. Laborers are poor and preoccupied with the necessities of their unhappy position. They may well be allowed to be hesitating and suspicious. Let us labor to emancipate them, to emancipate ourselves. If we do not succeed to-day, let us try again, and keep on laboring to-morrow and every day of our lives. It is not by complaints and bitter reproaches, it is by efforts sincere and incessantly renewed, that we are to pay our debt to suffering and oppressed humanity."

For the Herald of Progress.

### Evil Justified.

BY BERMANN.

It has already been shown in previous articles, by other correspondents, that good and evil are conceptions inherent in the idea of development. You may call something good now, but as soon as you attain a higher state of development, the very same object may appear to be evil, compared with what surrounds you then. So far the Deity must be excused for permitting so many imperfections to beset mankind; they are not the products, but the accompaniments of development. But then the question has already many a time been asked: "Why did the Almighty not create mankind perfect at once, instead of first sending them through such a purgatory as this rudimentary existence sometimes is?" As a being of perfect love, he ought to have spared them this.

But of what importance can it be any one to be happy, free, developed in every respect, if he is not conscious of it? Sure the most exalted gifts of body and mind will yield no pleasure to the possessor, if he or she do not know what they have. Such a state of mind would scarcely be above the plane of the vegetable kingdom; and no one will say a tree feels and is happy, because it has everything to keep it in a thriving condition. But *consciousness is produced by contrasts*. If it were always day, we should never know and understand what a blessing daylight is. A mountaineer, who has always dwelt among the beautiful scenes of his country, hardly realizes them; but take him away to a less favored locality, and he will instantly know what he has lost; and if he returns again, he will enjoy the beauties of his home more in the first hour of his return, than perhaps he did in his whole lifetime before. The loss of the beauties of his native land really puts him in possession of them. So is it with mankind at large. Without knowing evil, we could not be conscious of good. We leave the paradisaical state of childhood to struggle on through difficulties and trials. Wisfully we often look back to the morning of life, when we were happy, but, not realizing it, wished to be men. Oh, for the happiness of the child, combined with the consciousness of the man! This once attained, we shall be thankful for the trials that have beset our path. They were every one a Moses' staff, calling forth to the daylight the pent-up energies of our nature. Painful are these contrasts of good and evil, right and wrong, beautiful and ugly, but they are indispensable to the perfect individualization of our spirit life.

### Tidings from the Inner Life.

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

### Pearl Drops from Friendship's Fountain.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF JOHN O. WATKINS, DATED AUGUST 23d, 1849, TO A FRIEND IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA:

"MY GOOD SISTER: Unknown, yet well known. M. says we are acquainted, and if so, we ought to know it—if not, it is time we were. I suppose the beloved brother reasons thus: 'Thee loves him, and so do I—therefore, we love each other.' Axiom II: 'Things that love the same thing, love each other.'"

"One thing is certain, we ought to love each other. We are children of one Father, members of the same family, and citizens of the great Universe together.

"Now, what can we do to increase each other's happiness? We are gross now, and must commune by ink and paper, and wait the tardy wheels of 'Uncle Sam.' But, when we advance a little—when we lift our heads above the fog and smoke, we'll see each other face to face—the presence of bright angels, the floods of silver light that roll over the celestial plains, the brightness that beams like myriads of unclouded suns from their blessed spirit faces, will make it all daylight about us, and we can see, and know, and love, and worship. So that if we are not acquainted, it is our own fault. We have not raised our heads high enough, or, washed in the 'Siloam' (Physiological Regeneration) to get our mental eyesight.

"It is blessed business—this spirit mingling. Our poor, old, fidgety, rickety, nervous world will get steady then; it will become calm, quiet, and permanent. The mental sea, now tempest-tossed, and dashing round in wild commotion, will hear the voice, 'Peace be still!' and silence shall wave her scepter over the troubled waters. We can then hear each other think. We can feel and know each other's presence. We can then hear the angels whisper, and feel the touch of their gentle hand, as they lead us, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it.'"

"I believe there are thousands now in our noisy world, who, at times, retire like Mary to the hill-country, and there in silence listen to the voice of God, and hold communion with the seraphim. Now, how blessed, how inconceivably glorious, the enjoyment of such a spirit convocation, could the pure who yet inhabit the flesh attain that state of impossibility, that they have cognizance of each other's presence! For, when they know each other's presence, they'll find they are surrounded by other bright millions who wait to embrace them.

"When Jesus went up into the mountain, and Peter, and James, and John all mingled their spirits and ascended together, they soon found Moses and Elias, and angels of light, all flocking around them.

"When we get along a little further, we shall hold meetings all about the land, and leave our bodies at home. We'll not wait for stage, nor car, nor 'Uncle Sam,' nor tardy clattering of telegraphic communication.

Perhaps you say this cannot be; perhaps not, but let us see. All the distance between the spirit within us and the spirits around us, is the thickness of our bodies—is it not? Well, now if that distance can be diminished to final annihilation, we shall then stand spirit to spirit—shall we not? The body (now a conglomerated mass of beef, pork, grease, gravy, tea, coffee, pepper, ginger, tobacco, brandy, pills, pastry, hens, ducks, geese, turkeys, etc.) may be organized directly from the first organizations of the original elements of nutrition. An angel's body is organized from the elements. But ours, because we are *human* and not angels, but a little while inferior to the angels, the old Hebrew hath it, are organized from the substances produced by the organization of the elements. Flesh is vegetable once digested; hence one remove farther from the elements of purity, and one remove toward decomposition and putrefaction. Fruit and grain are the first organizations from the elements—consequently more pure, and more easily elaborated into a pure physiological habitation for the mind.

"The laws of health, or physiological duties, are few and simple—natural food, exercise, pure air, ablation, sleep. These being duly observed, the body becomes pure, and the mind sees out and sees all things clearly. The body was made for a temple of the spirit. It is now a prison.

"My labors now are for the commencement of a state of social life, where the pure can live without the violation of conscience; and when the relation they sustain shall tend to bind them stronger and stronger; when selfish monopoly and worldly accumulation will no longer render them asunder by rendering the practices of love and benevolence dangerous to family enjoyment. I do not expect to see it; but I expect to live to see it begun—a state of society, when each is doing to the other what he would have the other do to him—the kingdom of God on earth, and His will done as it is in Heaven.

"The morning stars have already sang together, and the millennial morning streaks the east, the star glitters in mid heavens, and the sunbeams are on the tall trees that stand upon the mountain-tops.

"Earth's old temple, dome, and pillar,  
Like a charnel filled with death,  
Built by the brother-killer,  
Mindeth what the spirit saith."

INNOCENT, the soul is quick with instincts of unerring aim; then she knows by intuition what lapse reason defines by laborious inference; her appetites and affections are direct and trustworthy. Reason is the left hand of instinct; it is tardy, awkward—but the right is ready and dexterous. By reasoning, the soul strives to recover her lost intuitions, groping amidst the obscure darkness of sense, by means of the fingers of logic, for treasures present always and available to the eye of conscience. Sinners must needs reason, saints behold.



## Notices of New Books.

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

## Spiritualism Self-Condemed.

[This is the title of a recent pamphlet against Spiritualism. H. S. Bosworth, Publisher, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1861.]

A very efficient pamphlet issued from the liberal press last year, entitled "Self-Contradictions of the Bible," seems to have suggested the production of the little treatise before us. Its object appears to be to array Spiritualism against itself, and the method pursued is by attempting proof of the three following propositions: (1) The Phenomena of Spiritualism are unworthy of confidence as a basis of faith, hope, or life. (2) The teachings of Spiritualism are unworthy of any confidence whatever. (3) The tendencies of Spiritualism are irreligious, immoral, and infidel.

The first proposition is attempted to be proved on the two grounds, that all its phenomena are not supernatural, but natural, and that the greater part of them are admitted to be deceptions and impostures.

The remarkable character of this first proof of the unreliability of spiritual phenomena as a support to faith, hope, and life, because they are natural, struck us with astonishment. Does the writer eat, drink, sleep, and do business in this world? We queried. This cannot be possible. For all these actions are based on the reliability of natural phenomena. After eating, drinking, sleeping, and transacting his daily business, how much of this individual's life is left? Is it a hundredth part? Hardly. But if it were, does faith in the supernatural control it? By no means. His whole existence rests bodily on absolute faith in a fixed order of events, which he believes will be disturbed by no supernatural interventions during his life. And so he rejects all spiritual phenomena as unreliable, because they conform to the same laws which give steadiness and security to his whole experience of life! If he does not reject them as unreliable for this reason, it is perhaps because he may live in some supernatural world. If that is the case, we have nothing further to say.

His second reason for the phenomena of Spiritualism being unworthy of confidence, is, because they are admitted to be deceptions and impostures. On examining his proofs of this position, we found that it was only facts which were not spiritual which were admitted to be deceptions and impostures, his strongest citation being a warning from the "Present Age" to Spiritualists against accepting spurious manifestations as such! After this citation, he exposes some cases of charlatanism in connection with Spiritualism with marvelous dexterity. Against this, we have nothing to say, as we think deception unjustifiable in all cases except where the interests of the Church are to be advanced; and as we do not fight under her banner, we leave that style of advancing her interests to the saints, from holy Chrysostom to Ignatius Loyola. To give crushing effect to the defense of his first proposition, he closes that portion of his subject by stating the points in which the miracles of Christ "stand in unapproachable grandeur," as compared with spiritual phenomena. As these points are of some importance, we must say a word upon the most salient of them.

"They were very various," says the writer. Those attributed to Jesus in the canonical Gospels, are in number thirty-two (or as some reckon, thirty-three), and are as various as the cursing of a fig tree and the raising of the dead. But if we reckon the stories of the uncanonical Gospels, they range from the raising of the dead to the giving of vitality to birds made of clay.

"They were generally wrought in public." Fourteen of the miracles attributed to Jesus were performed in private circumstances with few witnesses. The residue were performed in the presence of unscrutinizing crowds. This is the kind of publicity they had, according to the story. The miracles attributed to all the apostles do not amount to so many, and had the same sort of publicity.

"There were no failures!" says our author. "He did not many mighty works there." ("In his own country," where he was best known) "because of their unbelief," says Matthew.

"They were never denied or denounced as false." Well, like the modern Spiritual phenomena, they were attributed to the Devil, which is quite as bad. "But when the Pharisees heard it, they said, this fellow doth not cast out devils, except by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Moreover, the Sadducees could never have accepted any of them.

"They were marked by a Divine benevolence." Particularly that one by which a fig-tree was cursed! "They were marked by a Divine dignity," for example, sending Peter to raise money for taxes to look in the mouth of a fish for it.

"The witnesses remain an unbroken phalanx—no one confessing himself deceived or deceiving." Now this is a point of some interest. Let us examine it, confining our attention to the miracles of Jesus—to those wrought by him.

One miracle is related by all four Evangelists, and only one; and the narrators do not agree in the time or the circumstances in which it was performed. It is the case of feeding five thousand persons with five loaves, to satiety, and taking up fragments more in amount than that first set before them. If these loaves were doctrine, we can understand the miracle, and so understood, it resolves

itself into a beautiful allegory. "Do ye not understand the five loaves?" Jesus is made to say. We think we do.

Of the remaining thirty-one miracles, thirteen are related by three Evangelists, two of whom, we know, were not witnesses of any of them; and one of the thirteen was not witnessed by any one of the narrators.

Of the remaining eighteen miracles, seven are related by two Evangelists, and the remaining eleven by only one. Of the seven, one again was seen by neither of the narrators. Of the eleven, five were not witnessed by the narrators; of the other six, we have little evidence of their having been seen by the narrators, and a good deal of evidence to the contrary. Among the five, is the story of the raising of the Widow's son; among the six, is the Resurrection of Lazarus. To cut the whole matter short, two of the Evangelists are admitted by all to have been no witnesses of the acts of Jesus; and the evidence that the other two were witnesses, is more than simply doubtful. Such is the "unbroken phalanx" of witnesses to the miracles of Jesus! To the specified miracles of the Apostles, we have not a single eye-witness.

So much for the first proposition of our anonymous author. As for the two other propositions, it is a sufficient answer, that so far as Spiritualism is a movement resulting from the belief in facts, as it is a thing for which no organized body is responsible, so the contradictory nature of the teachings resulting from it can be chargeable upon no body of persons. The Spiritualists have no acknowledged mouth-piece, and are not likely to have. No one is authorized to promulgate doctrines, which others are bound to accept and defend. It is of no great consequence to them, therefore, how long or how often the dogmatic teachings of one brother are set off as incompatible with those of another. They have no infallible guide, but the sincere search after truth; if that is not sufficient, they will be content to go astray till the truth comes to them.

So, when Spiritualism is charged with being immoral in its tendency, we say, and we have a right to say, that the movement was created by the unexpected advent of extraordinary phenomena, and that whatever evil consequences spring from this fact must be chargeable upon the same ultimate cause as earthquakes and inundations in the cosmical order, and small-pox and the plague in the hygienic world; or at the farthest, they must be attributed to the errors of individuals, as no spiritual society exists, or can exist, which can be accepted as the authorized expositor of a body of doctrines of Spiritualism. It is in this sense a movement (growing out of a belief in certain phenomena) tending toward freedom in Religion, and so rallies under its banner men of all creeds, from atheists to doctors of divinity. When it shall have tortured on the rack, beheaded, and burned at the stake, some tens of millions in the name of the Lord of Glory, and drenched the fairest portions of earth in fraternal blood to maintain an unintelligible creed, it will then no longer be chargeable with irreligious and immoral tendencies. It will then have become consolidated into an institution as holy, meek, and united in doctrine, as the Church throughout Christendom. Till that auspicious day arrives, we think Spiritualists will submit to be stigmatized as "infidel" and immoral; for this is one of the ways which the saints have in "winning souls to Christ."

The pamphlet, if not very strong, will do Spiritualists no harm to read. "It is right to be taught even by an enemy."

## Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

## "KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE."

BY A. J. HUGANNE.

Keep it before the people!  
That earth was made for man!  
That flowers were strown,  
That fruits were grown,  
To bless and never to ban;  
That sun and rain,  
And corn and grain,  
Are yours and mine, my brother!  
Free gifts from heaven,  
And freely given,  
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people!  
That man is the image of God!  
His limbs and soul,  
Ye may not control  
With shackle, or shame, or rod!  
We may not be sold  
For silver or gold,  
Neither you nor I, my brother!  
For freedom was given  
By God, from heaven,  
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people!  
That famine, and crime, and woe,  
Forever abide  
Still side by side  
With luxury's dazzling show!  
That Lazarus crawls  
From Dives' Halls,  
And starves at his gate, my brother!  
Yet life was given  
By God, from heaven,  
To one as well as another.

Keep it before the people!  
That the poor man claims his need!  
The right of soil,  
And the right of toil,  
From war and battle freed!  
The right to bear,  
And the right to share  
With you and me, my brother!  
Whatever is given  
By God, from heaven,  
To one as well as another.

He who never gives advice, and he who never takes it, are alike unworthy of friendship.

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ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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"JUDGE EDMONDS" is the subject of Miss Hoyt's truthful and graphic sketch in this week's paper.

MR. WARREN'S reply on "The development Theory," will undoubtedly extract another letter of facts and reflections from Mr. Leland.

"DROPS FROM FRIENDSHIP'S FOUNTAIN" will do your soul good, for these words are in truth the "droppings of the sanctuary."

"SOCIAL HYGIENE," explaining to some extent the principles of Association, Confederation, &c., will be read with great interest. The reader will find it on our third page.

"EVIL JUSTIFIED" is the title of a valuable contribution in this number. There is an interior truth running through the doctrine of "contrasts" which is recognized by every grade of human consciousness.

CORA SCOTT (Hatch), who is every Sunday speaking to large congregations at Dodworth's Hall up Broadway, is sustained by the experience of Ira Porter, a well-known and everywhere respected citizen of Waukegan, Ill. His letter appears in this number.

"SPIRITUALISM IN CHINA."—We publish this week an account perfectly reliable on this subject. It will be observed that many consult the mediums on unworthy topics. Are all American Spiritualists exempt from this folly?

## Thoughts for the Hour.

All good men, of whatever age, sect, or clime, are humanitarian at heart—praying continually to "our Father who art in heaven," and for the universal establishment of his harmonious government on earth. And in this grand central desire, in this glorious prayer, we are one with our opposers. Of course there is great diversity of opinion as to the means of bringing all this good about—whether by a miraculous interference on the part of the Supreme Being, or by an application of the laws of NATURE to the reformation of Society. The question is, "What agencies will bring this good to man?" And every party in Politics, every Legislative Act, every Creed and form of Sectarianism, are so many individual replies to this question—so many different solutions of the problem.

You see, therefore, that this question—"How SHALL WE IMPROVE MANKIND AND HARMONIZE SOCIETY?"—is the greatest problem of the age; it is, emphatically, the question of the world; and the world, in attempting to answer it, is thrown into a vortex of political turmoil and sectarian jargon unexampled in the history of humankind.

Justice, and Liberty, and Happiness are perfectly revealed in the constitution of a well-developed and harmonious man. Such a man exhibits the finite degrees of that perfect image and likeness which characterize the Just, the Wise, the Infinite. All true government must be based upon the principles of simple Unity and Order represented in the Human Form. When we see an individual in perfect health, in perfect harmony with himself, and in harmony with the world about him, then, so far as a single person can represent it, we behold a glorified type of the whole human race. The UNITY of the race is thus placed in miniature before our eyes. It is chiseled out by the hand of consummate Divine Wisdom; enlivened by the breath of Divine Love. Surely, Man is a microcosm, the universe in miniature, bearing upon his person the marks of a Divine Parentage—the pledge of an immortal inheritance!

In the present order of society it is found that almost all Law is tyranny; and Liberty is but another term for anarchy and confusion. But why is it so? Have we no explanation, except the blindness and depravity of man? Yea, verily; we have escaped from the dreadful, destructive bondage of this materialistic ignorance; and being free, with our eyes open to truth, we see the solution of law and tyranny, of liberty and anarchy, in the unnatural social and moral restraints to which man is subjected. Arbitrary law is unnatural; so, also, is its reaction. If the laws of society were based in the Principles of Nature, their operation upon individual interests would be like sunlight upon spears of grass in the meadow.

Let us teach the masses to venerate the Principles of Universal Truth and Unity; teach the rising generations to apply the right of suffrage to the highest and holiest purposes; to obtain the enfranchisement of the oppressed; to secure the fraternization of all Europe; the analysis and pulverization of all religions; the elevation of the enslaved heathen into harmonious nationalities; unlimited commerce; to work for the establishment of the Spiritual Church of Humanity.

It is something to us that our Country is already the battle-field of Truth and Error. The problems of the world are to be tested here, on American soil! Every theory of human improvement is to be thrown into the retort of absolute experiment, and tried thoroughly. The most utopian and the diabolical—the celestial and the terrestrial—are to have their acts on the American stage. And thus the era of Plato—"the Spiritual Age"—will gradually steal into the world, when the divinity, and value, and natural connections of all things—of Music and Poetry—of Industry and Art—of Science, Phenomena, Philosophy, Theology, and Life—ARE TO BE UNDOSED AND REVEALED! Old Theology is to disgorge its errors; new Theology its mighty truths. In America we see the "Hope" of the World; the "only son" of the Nations, out of whose Constitution will yet be born a new Social, Political, and Religious United States. Philosophy, at once the incarnation of divine love and divine wisdom, in its mighty sweep, mapping out the whole nature, duty, and destiny of Man, is even now the morning Star—the thrice-glorious HERALD OF THE COMING DAY.

THE HERALD can be procured of J. E. Harriman, News-dealer, Appleton, Wis.

## The Physician.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## Medicated Babies.

## BETTY BRAKE'S CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

FRIEND DAVIS: In No. 50 of the HERALD, Mrs. Betty Brake challenges the United Kingdom (not much united just now,) of Uncle Sam, to produce ten Christian-born infants of a year old, not medicated with Catnip, Saffron, or Pennyroyal tea, Paregoric, Cordials, or Castor oil, &c., &c.

I will take the challenge, Mrs. Betty. According to the rules of honor, the choice of weapons belongs to me. Truth shall be my weapon, facts my ammunition, and when the word comes, blaze away.

I have six children (and I take the responsibility of finding the other four) that know no more about teas to cure the aches of childhood, than they do about toddy, and as to cordials or oils, you ask them about it; they tell you "they guess it aint good, for they have tasted it when ma fills the lamp."

As to Doctors, they suppose their office is to make folks sick, for they are always sick when they visit them; and furthermore, Mrs. Betty, no physician ever heard any one of these six children cry, until they were nearly a year old, for the very good reason that they were not in hearing distance. I would also add that I never have paid one dollar or one dime for medicine or medical services.

Come on, Mrs. Betty! and if you think you can withstand such facilities for defense, the weapon and ammunition, (no patent) please name your time and place.

Yours for an open field, and fair play,  
ORSON KNIGHTLY.

## THE OLFACTORY NERVES.

The Home Journal, impressed by the weight of evidence favorable to the theory, affirms that there is a science in sneezing! Milton says that earthquakes

"Though mortals fear them  
As dangerous to the pillared frame of heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone."

And Pliny says that to sneeze to the right was deemed fortunate; to the left, and near a place of burial, the reverse. Tiberius, otherwise a sour man, would perform this rite of blessing most punctually to others, and expect the same from others to himself. Aristotle has a problem, "Why sneezing from noon to midnight was good, but from night to noon unlucky." St. Austin tells us that the ancients were accustomed to go to bed again if they sneezed while they put on their shoes. When Themistocles sacrificed in his galley, before the battle of Xeres, one of the assistants upon the right hand sneezed, Euphrantides, the soothsayer, presaged the victory of the Greeks and the overthrow of the Persians. When the Greeks were consulting concerning their retreat in the time of Cyrus the Younger, it chanced that one of them sneezed, at the noise whereof the rest of the soldiers called upon Jupiter Soter. Brandy tells us, that when the King of Mesopotamia sneezed, acclamations are made in all parts of his dominions. The Siamese wish long life to persons sneezing. And the Persians look upon sneezing as a happy omen, especially when repeated often. A writer lately gives us the following "Philosophy of a sneeze, for which he alone is responsible: "The nose receives three sets of nerves—the nerves of smell, those of feeling, and those of motion. The former communicate to the brain the odorous

properties of substances with which they may come in contact, in a diffused or concentrated state; the second communicate the impressions of touch; the third move the muscles of the nose; but the power of these muscles is very limited. When a sneeze occurs, all these faculties are excited to a high degree. A grain of snuff excites the olfactory nerves, which dispatch to the brain the intelligence that 'snuff has attacked the nostrils.' The brain instantly sends a mandate through the motor nerves to the muscles, saying 'cast it out!' and the result is unmistakable. So offensive is the enemy besieging the nostrils held to be, that the nose is not left to its own defense. It were too feeble to accomplish this. An allied army of muscles join in the rescue—nearly one-half the body arouses against the intruder—from the muscles of the lips to those of the abdomen, all unite in the effort for the expulsion of the grain of snuff."

## TEMPORARY INSANITY.

In a very learned essay on "Brain Diseases," a late writer says: "There are certain moments before dinner when most men suffer what the late Dr. Marshall Hall called the *temperary disease*: the amiable become suddenly quarrelsome, and the best of us snappish; the morals of the individual is entirely altered. Want of rest, again, will so exhaust the mind that people positively are subject at such times to delusions, imagining their best friends are slighting them, and exhibiting, in various ways, quasi-symptoms of insanity. It may be urged, we know, that if we refine too much in this direction, the merest effects of temper and exhibitions of eccentricity which constitute character, will at last be looked upon and watched with suspicion, as indicating a tendency to mental disease, and that, those only will be considered to be sane, who possess ordinary level minds without sufficient originality to go out of the beaten track. Such an error in reasoning no well-educated physician would be guilty of; but he would note with suspicion any sudden change in a man's settled habits or revolution in his modes of thought."

[—What will the learned Doctor say to the "sudden change of heart" alleged to occur at revival meetings? A man's settled habits have been unaltered in a few hours. Witness the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Will the physician say to the orthodox world that Saul (subsequently Paul) was temporarily insane? Ed.]

## MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

A writer, in view of statistics furnished by New York not long since, asks: "What is your opinion of the recorded fact, that more than eleven hundred human beings have died before they saw the light, during the past year in this city? We send a Restell to Blackwell's Island, but this monstrous horror meets with no investigation. What do you think of the fact, that twelve thousand children died in this city the past year; when it is a matter of the simplest demonstration that God designed that every being of his creation should grow to maturity, and when the wearing out of the system by old age should be the only cause of death. Twelve thousand children, out of an aggregate of twenty-three thousand deaths! I beg you to look at this one fact, and then think how unnatural, how senseless, how wicked must be our modes of living, to bring upon us this terrible mortality. Don't tell me that these twelve thousand children were intended by nature to die before they had fulfilled a single object of their being. What were they born for? To grow up men and women, to be educated and developed, to be useful and happy; but instead of this, you see them killed with the diseases and medicines of our murderous civilization. Don't talk of Herod and the murder of the Innocents. We are all a pack of murderous Herods, who out-Herod Herod, and kill off more innocents every year than he slaughtered in Judea. Yes, we kill them as actually and absolutely as if we sent out men to cut their throats; and our city is full of Rachels, weeping for their children.

## MIXING UP THE BABIES.

Some time ago there was a dancing party given "up north." Most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones while the parents indulged in a breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous rogues, than they stripped the infants and changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was then time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby, in the dress of her own, and started, some to their homes ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a prodigious row in that settlement—mothers discovered that a single day had changed the sex of their babes, observation disclosed startling physiological phenomena, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby-mixers to venture within the territory.—California Paper.

WE have received a note from Uriah Clark, Editor of the "Spiritual Register" for 1861, claiming for the statistics of the "Register," (derived from extensive travel and correspondence) a degree of correctness, reliability, and modesty, not accorded in the brief notice given in No. 51 of the HERALD OF PROGRESS.



## How to Move the World.

The author of the following is an inhabitant of the Summer Land:

One day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great lore he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him, sought his company in the gardens; talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that wonder-loving people. Among those that followed him, was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favored young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few that understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, Man, Freedom, Goodness, of the Life that never dies. The young man saw these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a revolution in the affairs of men, disinherit many an ancient sin now held legitimate.

So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich or famous,—Oh, that I also were rich, and famous, I would move the world so soon. Here are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon. Yet he did nothing but wait for Wealth and Fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This Gospel of God is writ for all. Let him that would move the world first move himself. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither Wealth nor Fame to live a noble life, at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy Light thy Life, thy Thought, Action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die!

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his enmities, of all meanness that was in him. His Idea became his Life; and that blameless and lovely. His Truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His Acorn is the father of the forest. His influence passes like morning, from continent to continent, and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained of E. R. Derby and G. S. Eddy, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

## LINCOLN ON COERCION.

The President elect, in his recent speech at Indianapolis, makes his first public allusion to the subject of secession. The language may be considered as foreshadowing the policy of the incoming administration:

If the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts, collect duties, or withhold the mails where they were habitually violated, would any or all of these things be invasion or coercion? Do professional Union-lovers, resolved to resist coercion, understand such things there on the part of the United States to be coercion or invasion? If they do, their idea of preservation is exceedingly thin and airy. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but a sort of free love arrangement, to be maintained by passionate attraction.

For the Herald of Progress.  
CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

The Challenge in the HERALD of Feb. 9, from H. Melville Fay, relative to the return of departed spirits, I will accept, in a discussion of twelve days, as there proposed, and will be ready to commence April 13, at Rockville, Canada. PETER BECK.

Thomas Morris, Irvile, Muskingum Co., O., writes us that there is a need for Lecturers in that part of Ohio.

## BUY OF THE NEWS DEALERS.

The HERALD OF PROGRESS can be obtained through any news dealer in the United States or Canada. All news agents will send for it, if not already supplied, by guaranteeing its regular purchase.

Those friends who choose not to forward us their subscriptions, have but to request a dealer in their vicinity to order the HERALD OF PROGRESS each week, with his other papers, to secure it.

A word or two from every friend who thus buys his paper, may induce another to invest a few cents per week, and thereby our sales be largely extended. The news-dealers are an "institution" of the times, and we shall heartily recognize all cooperation through them.

J. W. Mackie, of Windsor, Sonoma Co., California, asks if some test medium cannot visit that State to promote agitation and investigation.

## WHAT NAME?

A correspondent at Corfu, N. Y., renews his subscription, and orders sundry books, but fails to give us his name. Will he supply the omission?

Similar omissions, or mistakes in the address, are the real causes of many fancied wrongs of the post-office department, or the imaginary carelessness of our clerks.

## "TAKE OUR HAT."

An enthusiastic admirer of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, in renewing his subscription, writes:

"Allow me to say that I have met with nothing whatever, in the manner of conducting the paper, during the year, to disapprove of, and that if I was compelled to do without of, or the HERALD OF PROGRESS, for the coming year, I think I should take the HERALD and let the hat go."

## Public Meetings.

SPEAKERS CONFERENCE at Worcester, Mass., April 16, 1861, and at Sturgis, Mich., April 23.

Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, O., and A. B. French, of Clyde, will hold meetings as follows:

At Muncie, Delaware Co., Ind., Wednesday and Thursday, 20th and 21st of Feb.

At Camden and West Grove, Jay Co., Ind., Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Feb. 22d to 25th.

At Fort Recovery, Muncie Co., O., Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, March 1st, 2d and 3d.

Dr. Cooper will offer for sale an assortment of Spiritual and Reform books, and will receive subscriptions for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

## A CHEERFUL PREDICTION.

The following address was prompted by a spiritual intelligence:

"Brethren! be of good cheer. The stone is not yet rolled from the sepulcher. There are many truths which will yet descend on the wings of angelic love, and there are many voices which will be heard above the din and strife of earth. A mighty spiritual power will yet sweep over the bosom of the human world; a heavenly power shall descend, in whose presence the tongue of slander shall cease its whisperings, and the pen shall write no longer the things which are not true. Then shall the press be turned into a mountain of light, within whose glowing beauty the truths of angels shall find a dwelling-place. The theologian whose interest has been to reveal a smoking pit, will preach a new doctrine; and the physician that seeks for gold will heal for gold no longer, when spirits act as physicians to the diseased body. Behold, the star of righteousness has arisen, and the truly wise men of earth have gone forth to welcome its rising!"

Copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and a general assortment of spiritual and reform books can be had at the stand of Samuel Barry, south-west corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

Mr. Barry will also be found every Sunday at the Sanson street Hall, with books and papers.

Dr. Loewendahl has removed from 809 Third Avenue, to 49 Orchard street, between Grand and Hester.

It will be seen by a reference to our advertising columns, that an opportunity is offered for the purchase of a "home" at Orange, N. J. We can vouch for the desirableness of the location, and are assured that for a limited time a rare bargain is offered.

A correspondent in the Bermudas writes under date of January, that the peach trees are fully decked with blossoms, and promise a good crop, if not removed by the February wind.

A SPIRITUALIST IN MEXICO.  
PERSONATING ST. PETER.

INGLESIDE, TEXAS, Jan. 6, 1861.  
MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: The people in this wild western region are quite excited upon the subject of a new wonder—nothing less, if the reports are to be credited, than the appearance, in Mexico, of St. Peter. An old man, whom nobody knows, who has no abiding place, but appears unexpectedly in different and distant localities, performs miraculous cures—rewards goodness and godliness in marvellous fashion, and likewise punishes wrong-doers. These reports have come to us through letters written to Mexican students at Ingleside College, by their friends in Mexico, and though they are mere rumors, I hasten to write them to you, hoping you may think it worth while to investigate the matter. The old man says that he, with five others, crossed the Jordan seven years ago—once went north, another south, another east, another west, and he is in the middle. Some think him "the Christ." He is undoubtedly a healing medium and psychologist. And the purely impossible part of the stories may be attributed to the exaggeration always incident to tradition.

Yours for Harmonical Truth, A. I.

Our friends in Worcester, Mass., will find the HERALD OF PROGRESS on the counter of Thompson & Co.

## Brief Items.

The Independent estimates that two hundred families are turned away from H. W. Beecher's church unable to get seats, and calls upon the Trustees to commence building a larger house. More than two thousand families in Kansas are kept away from all preaching because of no clothes to wear, and no food to eat. Cannot the two hundred wait?

Rev. H. J. VanDyke, the Brooklyn defender of Slavery, was one of the invited speakers before the N. Y. Bible Society recently. It appears that his version of the "holy book," as a pro-Slavery document, is sanctioned by the Bible Society.

Three ladies lost their lives recently, says *Le Nord*, by their skirts taking fire from a foot stove used in traveling. So many lives sacrificed yearly to the goddess Fashion, and yet Christian churches are teaching the lessons of Hindoo or Chinese folly, with never a word of protest against thin shoes, tight lacing, or skirts offering so many facilities for death by fire.

Amherst College has added a new department under a distinct professorship—that of Dr. Hooker. It is a gymnasium, at which attendance is required as much as to other college exercises. The result thus far has been most flattering. Students gain flesh, health, and strength, and enter upon the "duties" of this class with great alacrity.

Why are fashionably-dressed ladies liable to be arrested as vagrants? Because they have no visible means of support.

The bill appropriating \$500,000 to arm the militia of the State, has passed the New-York Senate. \$500,000 to arm the State against a possible contest with sister States, but only \$50,000 to feed the starving of Kansas! Ten for slaughter to one for food and clothing. Such is modern patriotism and humanity in the Empire State.

The brutal punishment of tying up men by the wrists or thumbs, and leaving them in that way for hours together, has been revived in the military department of Texas, and has been protested against by one Johannes Scotus.

A religious writer expresses the opinion that religion is the highest inspiration for poetry, and that the world yet waits to behold a Christian poet of the highest order.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says, that during the nine months past, ending the 1st of February, the servant girls of that city have sent to their parents and friends in Europe, the large sum of \$64,900.

The Bishop of Rochester, in England, has issued a charge against his clergy wearing "full beards" and "playing cricket." If he had looked in his Bible he would find all the pictures of his Saviour in a "full beard;" and as to "playing cricket," if he would take a game of it himself every morning after breakfast, he would find that it would help alike his digestion, his religion, and his good sense.—Exchange.

The number of slaves in Delaware is but eighteen hundred.

An exchange notices the case of a young woman insanely given to the use of tobacco. We know several young men, with the same difficulty, who have not "got into the papers" on account of it.

The total number of persons actually engaged in the cotton factories in England, in 1856, amounted to 389,170, of whom 19 per cent. were men, 50 women, and 31 boys and girls.

It is said that in some parts of Turkey, whenever a shopkeeper is convicted of telling a falsehood, his house is at once painted black, to remain so for a month.

An exchange asks the question: "When will the time come in which our ladies shall be their own hand-maidens, and biscuit-making and broom-manipulation shall be as fashionable as the piano and the Lancers?"

We might answer, when men help to render respectable a style of living that will not make all women slaves. When "biscuit-making" shall not monopolize the entire time to the exclusion of intellectual and artistic pursuits. When we eat to live and not live to eat.

The visitors at Central Park, New York, last Sunday numbered—as given in the official returns—equestrians 80, vehicles 3,400 and pedestrians 65,000. Nearly nineteen thousand females entered the park during the hours of skating.

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

Our latest European advices, by the arrival of the steamer New York, are to the 28th of January.

In England, a prospectus had been issued for an India Cotton Company. It is proposed in it, to establish agencies in Guzerat, and purchase cotton of the growers directly, and to endeavor to improve the process of picking and cleaning by machinery.

The English Press still continues to discuss the affairs of this country with great interest, together with the cotton supply question.

In the Court of Divorce on January 22d, the Solicitor General appeared in behalf of Mr. Gurney, M. P., for King's Lynn, to obtain a dissolution of his marriage with Mrs. Mary Jane Gurney, on the ground of adultery of the wife. The marriage had remained inviolate from 1846 to 1859; on the 12th of December, in which year, Mrs. Gurney eloped with William Taylor, a footman in the employ of the family. The final issue of the Decree in the case was suspended in order to hear a petition for an allotment of a portion of Mrs. Gurney's property for the support of her children.

Great activity prevails in the French arsenals and forts; and a camp is to be formed at Chalons, early in the Spring, of 60,000 men, under Marshal McMahon.

An experiment has recently been tried (Jan. 18th) on the Paris and Lyons railway for the warming of the cars by steam, which was conducted through the entire train from the boiler by means of pipes connected at the intervals between the cars by india-rubber junction pieces attached by iron sockets. The experiment on the departing and returning trains was attended with entire success. The plan was invented by M. Adrien Delcambre.

A revision of the French Navigation Laws is in contemplation, by which the French colonial and coasting trade will be opened to English shipping.

Miss Patterson lately appeared in a French court by counsel to obtain a declaration of the validity of her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte on December 24th, 1803.

The object of this suit is to establish the legitimacy of her son. But in her petition she expresses an intention not to contest the "civil and political effects" of the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte with Catherine of Wurtemberg in 1807. The famous advocate, M. Berryer, spoke four hours for the petitioner. The case is not yet decided.

The bombardment of Gaeta by land and sea continued with prodigious effect up to January 26th. It was expected that success would crown the efforts of the besiegers within a few days.

The elections to the Italian Parliament have passed off with order and tranquillity. The result of the elections, so far as known, is favorable to the Ministry.

Denmark is making active preparations to put her army on a war footing; this movement is in anticipation of difficulties with Prussia on the Schleswig-Holstein question.

Prince Orloff, President of the Ministry and Council of the Empire (of Russia), has tendered his resignation on account of ill health. The Russian Government are preparing three army corps for service; one to

be marched to the Pruth, another to the frontiers of Poland, and a third to be reserved for any destination that may be required.

Strong discontent prevails throughout the entire Presidency of Bengal, in India. It is said, by the withdrawal of £2,000,000 sterling from the indigo manufacture in that district.

## Doings of the Moral Police.

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

## A BOY'S REVENGE.

Late papers record an interesting fact in the history of the Duke of Northumberland. When a boy of 14 or 15, and a midshipman in the navy at the West India station, a terrific hurricane destroyed nearly all the houses on the island of St. Kitts. A subscription list was set on foot for relief of the sufferers. Admiral Cochrane gave his name for £100, and the under officers followed with smaller sums. When the list was placed in the hands of the Duke (then Lord Algernon Percy) his Lordship wrote, with a bold hand, "Percy, £1,000." The list having been returned to the Admiral, he was greatly surprised at beholding this entry, and sent for the young lord, of whom he inquired if he had the means to pay the amount opposite to his name. His answer was, "No, Admiral, I have not; but the old boy at home will pay it." The answer seemed so characteristic, and the action so noble, that Admiral Cochrane determined to communicate the facts to his Lordship's father, the late Duke of Northumberland. When his Grace received the Admiral's letter, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, in reference to his son, "He is worthy of the name of Percy—the money shall be paid," and immediately transmitted to the managers of the fund for the relief of the sufferers a check on his banker for £1,000.

## A LADY CORRESPONDENT FROM TEXAS SAYS:

"The Moral Police Department of your paper is so pleasant a feature that I esteem it a privilege to be permitted to contribute something to it. May be the following instance of benevolence deserves mention therein: In the town of San Patricio live an old couple, who came from Connecticut; they are not rich in this world's goods, and both work hard. Still they had room in their kind hearts for four poor orphan children, the youngest a babe but a few days old, which they are bringing up by hand, though not precisely after the fashion of Mrs. Joe Gargery. There were persons willing each to adopt one of these children; but this good couple took all, that that they might not be separated, and are now caring tenderly for them, in all respects as parents."

## BREAD FOR THE NEEDY.

We have received a "Bread Ticket," issued by Dr. E. Andrews, No. 91 State Street, Albany, of which the following is a copy:

"BREAD FOR THE NEEDY, AT 839 BROADWAY. DEAR FRIENDS: You and I should remember each other in the hour of misfortune. I am sincerely trying to do that, and that only. At No. 839 Broadway, this Ticket will be received in exchange for Two Pounds of the best Wheat Bread."

"None—I offer this as a means of relief to those who need it, as I often have myself. When you get able you must pay me back, by remembering some one else, and thus will you come to be more than happy, and your spirit will be delighted, as mine is now. Besides this, I am certain, that, in the Disembodied Life, we shall be repaid at least a hundred per cent."

E. ANDREWS.  
By means of these tickets, we are informed, that, during the last five years, over twenty thousand pounds of wheat bread have been given to the poor of Albany! Yet we venture there are many Albanians who can boast of more wealth in dollars and cents than can Dr. Andrews. If the rich were only moved by a love for such noble deeds, there need be but little suffering for the want of food either here or in Kansas.

## A JUVENILE POLICEMAN.

A great friend of children, Mrs. Gilder-sleeve, of Buffalo, contributes the following beautiful and touching incident to the Boys and Girls' Department of the American Agriculturist:

"BITE BIGGER, BILLY."—Walking down the street, we saw two very ragged boys, with bare toes, red and shining, and tattered clothes, upon which the soil of long wear lay thick and dingy. They were "few and far between"—only jacket and trousers—and these solitary garments were very unneighborly, and objected to a union, however strongly the autumn wind hinted at the comfort of such an arrangement. One of the boys was perfectly jubilant over a half-withered bunch of flowers some person had cast away. "I say, Billy, warn't somebody real good to drop those ole posies jest where I could find 'em, and they're so poety and and nice? Look sharp, Billy, and may be you'll find something bimely. Oh jolly! Billy, if here ain't most half a peach, and 'tain't much dirty neither. Cause you hain't got no peach, you may bite first. Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." The boy was not cold, nor poor, and never will be; his heart will keep him warm, and, if men and women forsake him, the very angels will feed him, and fold their wings about him. "Bite bigger, Billy, may be we'll find another 'fore long." What a hopeful little soul! If he finds his selfishness illy repaid, he will not turn misanthrope, for God made him to be a man, one to bear his own burdens uncomplainingly, and help his fellows besides. Want cannot crush such a spirit, nor fifth stain it, for within him and about him the spirit of the Christ-child dwelleth always.

For the Herald of Progress.  
A PROSE POEM.

BY WILLIAM EDWIN POLYBLANK.

[Respectfully dedicated to the memory of the late Capt. JOHN WILSON, of the ill-fated steamer Lady Elgin.]

I.  
Night has spread her mantle  
O'er the dark blue ways  
So gloomy, cold, and drear,  
Save where a flickering star  
Strives to outdo another's light;  
And the pale, lurid moon,  
Half hidden by the fleeting clouds,  
Looks calmly down on the tempestuous sea  
That ever onward to the rugged shore  
Courses its mad career,  
So rushing, wild, and fierce.

II.  
On the treacherous bosom of the lake  
A noble steamer  
Proudly stems its way,  
Freighted with human souls.  
Bright floods of glittering light  
Fall on the silvery spray,  
And o'er the midnight air  
The hum of music greets the ear;  
Light feet ripple,  
Bright eyes sparkle,  
Sweet voices mingle,  
And pleasure reigns supreme o'er all.

III.  
But hark! a fearful crash!  
No signal warning given,  
As if a thunderbolt had fell from heaven,  
Swift as the lightning flashes on the rock,  
Swift as the bullet from the rifle springs,  
On that ill-fated vessel.

IV.  
Palsied every arm,  
Quivering every frame,  
Pallid every cheek,  
Speechless every tongue,  
When hark! a startling cry,  
That thrills through every vein,  
And pierces to the heart—  
"The ship is sinking!"

V.  
Then woe! shrieks,  
Heart-rending screams,  
That even mock the furies of the storm,  
Are by the winds borne o'er the rolling deep—  
Fearful convulsions of a scene so dark,  
One moment ere so bright, so hopeful.

VI.  
One form is seen  
Above that waiting throng,  
One voice is heard  
Above the tempest roar;  
Calm and undismayed  
The noble Captain still retains his post.

VII.  
On him all eyes are bent,  
Their greatest earthly hope;  
But soon the sinking ship  
Fast settles in the sea,  
And on a raft, a waif,  
They launch for life or death,  
At the mercy of the wind,  
Or at the will of heaven.

VIII.  
See on that piece of wreck  
A mother wail implodes,  
Her arms stretched madly to a spot  
Where now a tiny head  
Just sinks below the wave—  
"Save, oh save my child!"

IX.  
Quick into the boiling billows,  
Fearless and alone,  
The noble Captain plunges!  
Oh, mark that woman's face  
As now she watches o'er the spot  
Where sank her only hope.  
Soon, struggling with the restless foam,  
The half-exhausted two are seen;  
One more wild effort, one more pull,  
And safely in its mother's arms  
Nestles the child again;  
But even while heart-gushing thanks  
Are pouring from her lips,  
A cruel breaker, a selfish wave  
Snatches forever from her eyes  
Her loved one's preserver.

X.  
O noble spirit thou!  
If a mild nursed to the sense of right,  
If a heart throbbed with the power of love  
Can win applause,  
Then wilt thou live in memory's endless dome,  
Thy deeds be sung when monarchs are forgot.

## Childhood.

"Thou later revelation! Silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine  
Whence all things flow!"

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Skating Party.

(Continued from No. 51.)

## HOW JIMMY AND SUSY KEPT THEIR RESOLVE.

BY STELLA.

"Speak! Brian, if you want to go too," Jimmy called to their dog, when they were ready for school, "and Susy, hold on tight to Star, and we'll be there before he can twinkle."

Jimmy took great pride in drawing his little sister to school, and this morning they darted over the gleaming crust in merriest mood. Brian bounded forward for inactivity, then returning, performed a swift circle around the sled; and away he went again. When the little party arrived at the school-house door, he barked as if it were the most wonderful of feats, leaping up and kissing their faces in his dog fashion. The boys were rolling fast a huge snow ball about the yard, and taking for granted it was about the yard, and taking for granted it was common property, he ran towards them, sig-



nifying his intention to join in the fun, but George Hardy had not forgotten Jimmy's threat, the previous evening, and in revenge gave him a kick with his heavy boot, that threw him yelping a yard distant, and almost at the same instant Jimmy dealt George a violent blow with his fist—so exasperated at Brian's ill usage, that he forgot all about his mother's words.

Then they closed for a fierce combat, but the school bell forced them to separate before either had been vanquished. Jimmy was quivering with anger when he took his seat in the school-room, and Susy's thoughts were one moment upon her loved Brian, and the next upon George Hardy, saying very hard things of him.

All at once she remembered the words their mother desired them to pray when they should be tempted to retaliate again, and she looked across the room at Jimmy, and wondered if he thought of them too. He held an open book before him, upon which his eyes were fixed, but Susy knew by the way they flashed, that he was not studying.

"Perhaps he's trying to pray," Susy said to herself, and then she tried to say the words that her mother had repeated, but was unable to do so, because she knew that in her heart she did not want the angels to help her, until George Hardy was first punished: so she said: "Holy angels! George Hardy is so bad, hadn't he ought to be whipped?" But the angels made no answer, or else she could not hear what they said. All she heard, was the throbbing of her own angry little heart, and her own tumultuous thoughts.

It being Saturday, there was no afternoon session, and, as many of the homes of the children were above the river's bank, some of them said, when school was dismissed: "Let's go home by the river. It'll be splendid fun to climb the hills on the crust." Many others went with them, to have one coast before dinner, or a slide on the ice in their skating rink.

The place where the children turned upon the river was but a few rods above a dam. Most of them had reached the skating place, when a voice calling, as if for help, caused them to look back, and they saw George Hardy struggling to get out of a hole in the ice, and Brian Wilson, as they all called Jimmy and Susy's dog, pulling at his clothes with all his might to save him; but before they could get back to him, a man who had heard his cries, had drawn him out. Brian was so delighted, when he saw that George was safe, that he barked and leaped among the children, putting his nose in their faces, as much as to say: "Isn't it good?" and, "How glad we are."

"But more than all, he wanted Susy and Jimmy to rejoice with him, but they only patted him quietly, for their hearts smote them for the angry feelings they had been indulging all the morning towards George, and they thought: "What if he had been drowned! how unhappy we should have felt."

George went home to put on dry clothing, and the children dispersed, saying to each other: "Only think! if we'd come the way George did, we might have been drowned, for Brian Wilson wasn't there you know;" and they hastened home to tell of George's narrow escape.

Jimmy and Susy climbed the steep ascent from the river, towards the pretty cottage where they lived, accompanied by Brian, who was quite downcast, because his little master and mistress were not more noisy in their recognition of the service he had rendered; but when Jimmy let go his sled, and had to run down the hill again after it, Brian gave chase to seize it first, barking joyfully at the prospect of a frolic.

Susy, in consequence, reached home several minutes before her brother; and her mother saw, by her quiet demeanor, that something unusual occupied her mind.

"What is it, little daughter?" she asked, as she gave her a welcoming kiss, "there's something for mother on Susy's heart I am sure."

At the tender voice, Susy hid her face on her mother's bosom, and sobbed: "I didn't pray—the way you said—and I wanted—George to be—punished—but I didn't mean to have him—drown—but Brian didn't let—him go."

"What has happened, Jimmy?" his mother inquired, as he entered with Brian. "Susy cries so I can't understand."

"Why, George Hardy fell through the ice, and if it hadn't been for Brian, he'd gone over the dam."

"But what did you want George punished for, Susy?"

"Because he kicked Brian so—when we got to school—this morning."

Their mother did not ask what they did in return, because she thought it better for them to make a voluntary confession; but Jimmy could no more resist the love in his mother's face, than Susy, and he said frankly: "Mother, I never was so mad in all my life. I struck him as hard as I could, and I felt as though I should like to kill him."

Brian was looking earnestly from one face to another, as if to comprehend what they were saying that related to him, and their mother laid her hand upon his shaggy head, as she asked, "Can you tell, Jimmy, how a dog, that is so much less intelligent than a little boy, is so noble and forgiving? Brian has nothing but his animal strength with which to defend himself, and it seems strange to hear of a mad boy, when a dog has grown so gentle by being loved and cared for, that he cannot willingly harm any one, but seeks

the first opportunity to return good for evil."

"But, mother," asked Jimmy, hoping to justify himself, "didn't God give me my hands to strike with, and defend what was abused? You wouldn't have me a coward, would you?"

"I think, Jimmy, if you had no mind or spirit, it would be right; but as you possess something far stronger than physical strength, that you have no right to use your hands so. They were given for holy purposes; for play, for work, and to do the bidding of your will in all its needful demands; but if you use them to injure others or yourself, you are disobeying God, by desecrating what He commands you, and all, to keep sacred."

(To be Continued.)

### 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 the New York Universe.]

### Scenes of Frontier Life.

#### THE HURRICANE.

At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where their steep, rocky cliffs extend far into the densely wooded bottom land, at a short distance from the banks of the Mulberry, which dashed, foaming and roaring against the sharp angles of ice with which the unusually cold winter endeavored to bar its passage, two white hunters, wrapped in their woolen blankets, were walking the river, apparently seeking a place where they could cross to the other side.

They were well and powerfully formed, as was evident both from appearance and the vigor with which they moved onwards, each with his rifle on his shoulder, while their neatly fringed leggings, their closely fitting and neatly soled moccasins, proved that they had adapted themselves to the customs of the woods, and did not belong to those "land hunters" who, especially in those times, began to infest the western part of the State, in order to discover and purchase the best situated sections, or, perhaps, to occupy them without any other right than the fact that no one had anticipated them in possession.

"Bill!" cried one of them, at last, stopping short, "it is no use to look farther. You see I was right; the river here is so broad that we cannot expect to find a tree lying across it, and even if we were to set to work with our hatchets and fell one of these pines that stand nearest the shore, it would not reach to the other side. Besides, there is an ugly storm rising yonder, and I think it no bad idea to make arrangements to pass this night more comfortably than the last, for it will be bitter cold."

"Well, 'tis provoking," replied Bill, in a tone of ill humor. "I was in hopes we could get across to this ravine this evening, for, in the first place, we should find comfortable quarters in one of its numerous caves; and then I wanted to look around for a bear; I am certain there are some thereabouts. The water is too confounded cold to swim across, and, as you say, I think we shall have a storm—so let us work, then; there are enough old trees lying around here, and plenty of bark for a roof."

"There are almost too many trees lying around," replied Tom, looking about on all sides; "even those that are standing seem old and rotten. I don't quite like to pass the night so near them. You know what stories father used to tell us."

"Nonsense!" cried Bill, laughing; "where could we find a better place to camp? This little brook will supply us with water; there is plenty of wood around; these young trees will make capital tent-poles, and that bark yonder is the very thing for a roof."

Tom made no further objections; the spot looked too inviting, and soon both were busily employed in erecting a rude shelter, which might for this night at least afford them protection against the approaching storm. In such practiced hands, the work progressed quite rapidly, and in a few minutes the two were wrapped before the two were seated within their hastily-formed room, near a fire, in front of which hung several slices of meat.

"It is strange how cold it is all of a sudden!" said Tom, when they had nearly dispatched their silent meal; "just look! the water in the pewter cup is already frozen hard, and the wind has shifted to the north; it blows, too, confounded sharp."

"Let it blow!" said Bill, cowering, and wrapping himself closely in his wide blanket. "I am tired, and want to go to sleep—good night, Tom—lay in a few branches before you warp yourself up, and the one who wakes first in the morning will wake the other."

It was past midnight, and the fire was almost burnt out. The two brothers, however, slept soundly; the keen north wind, which rushed over the snow-clad mountain-tops into the valley below, could not disturb their slumbers. Heavy masses of clouds, gathering from various quarters, had now collected together; they hung, darkly threatening, over the rustling, moaning forest, and, gently swaying, the gigantic trees shook and bowed their leafless tops, as if in sad foreboding of the coming storm. A bright flash of lightning now darted from the black heavens, and a crashing thunder clap followed almost instantaneously the messenger of destruction.

One of those terrible winter storms was approaching, so usual in that part of the country, and the unbridled hurricane rushed howling through the narrow chasms of the mountains.

"Bill!" exclaimed Tom, springing up in terror; "Bill, get up! we must not lie here; look, how the old trunks bend, and—do you hear that?—there is one falling, already."

"Hullo!" replied Bill, hastily casting aside his blanket, "has it come? Ha, Tom, hold on to the roof—confound me, if this cursed north-wester, won't carry it off!"

And, in truth, his fears seemed not to be entirely groundless; for at the same instant a sudden blast, issuing from an opposite ravine, rushed over them with such violence that in a twinkling it half unroofed their camp, and chased the glowing coals and sparks far out into the dark night. Again a flash of lightning, and the thunder outroared the howling tempest. Suddenly it seemed as if the earth swayed from its foundations, as if the slays and fastenings had burst asunder, by which it was held a compact globe. Onward it came, as if from a far distance; at first scarcely audible, with a dull, low, rattling, like the thunder of a thousand cannon; then approaching nearer and nearer, in wild and fearful uproar, crash upon crash—sounds that might wake the dead.

"Almighty God! A hurricane!" exclaimed Tom, starting up in terror, for at the same moment the tempest came roaring on. The mighty oaks, which had defied centuries, bent like slender reeds, and, in one crash that stupefied sense and soul, the whole forest fell, as if moved by the hand of the Most High. Onward raged the whirlwind; onward with terrible rapidity; for miles wide it cast the gigantic trees, like rushes, to the ground; for miles long, crushing and desolating, it forced its aimless path; but silence, sepulchral silence, followed in its train, and reigned over the ruins of a fallen forest. Not a breath of air now stirred, and this death-like repose, after the hideous uproar of the elements, was even more terrific than the immediate presence of the tempest.

Bill had, as if it were by a miracle, escaped without the slightest injury; cowering close to a vast trunk, which lay almost prostrate on the ground, an oak that fell across this served to protect him from the smaller branches and trees, which fell on all sides. Now, however, as soon as the first and most urgent danger was over, he leaped up, and, filled with sad foreboding, called anxiously after his brother.

"Tom! brother Tom! answer me—Tom! Good God! Has then so fearful a fate overtaken thee?"

No—alas, for the unhappy man—he still lived! and his faint voice echoed from no great distance upon the ear of the young hunter, who listened with breathless anxiety.

"All-merciful heaven!" exclaimed the latter, when, after leaping over a few trees in his right hand, he stood before the brother he sought. "All-merciful heaven!" he repeated, almost frantic with grief, and he covered his face with his hand, for near him, pale as a corpse, his lower limbs crushed beneath the weight of an enormous oak, whose trunk had plowed deeply into the ground, lay his brother Tom, the playmate of his youth, the darling of his heart.

"It's very cold," whispered the unhappy man, as he looked up imploringly to the hunter, who, apparently insensible to the slightest motion, stood near him, as if carved in stone; it's very cold, Bill—can't you bring a little fire here?"

These words dissolved the rigid ice that concealed the senses of the almost unconscious Bill. "Brother! brother!" he exclaimed, and fell weeping bitterly upon his mangled body.

"Bill, you hurt me!" said the latter, in a tone of entreaty, "my arm pains me—and it is so cold."

"Wait, I will bring you fire immediately—in a few seconds!" exclaimed Bill, springing up suddenly; he quiet for one moment; I will bring coals, and then I will help you up; have patience for an instant only."

And in headlong haste he ran back to the still blazing fire. Alas, he did not remark the faint, painful smile, which crept across the features of the unhappy man, as his brother begged him to "have patience." He hurriedly he collected coals and brands; the heat scorched his hunting shirt and hands—he did not heed it, but sped back to his brother's side. Dry branches lay around them in abundance, and, in a few moments a bright and cheerful fire blazed up near the trunk, beneath whose enormous weight the hunter lay, buried alive.

With a shuddering glance Bill now beheld all the horror of his brother's condition, and, with almost maniacal exertions, he strove, with his single strength, to raise the tree, which a hundred men could not have stirred one hair's breadth.

"Bill!" cried Tom, in a low, entreating tone, "come here—come, give me your hand—so, that's right; and now, Bill, do you really love me—very much?"

A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand was the sole reply to this question. He was unable to speak; for tears, violently repressed, stifled all utterance.

"Will you then grant me one prayer?" said Tom, in a tone of supplicating endearment, drawing his unresisting brother closer to him.

"One prayer!" said Bill, in a whisper; "one prayer! What could you ask that I would not do for you, if it were in my power?"

"Do you promise to grant it?" asked the hunter, in anxious wonder.

"Take your rifle," replied Tom, with a faint smile, "and put an end to my sufferings!"

"Tom!" cried the latter, springing up in horror.

"Put an end to my sufferings!" said the unhappy man, imploringly. "Bill! brother! if you have ever loved me, prove it now—do not leave me to linger here in slow torture!"

"I will save you, should it cost me my life," said Bill. "This very afternoon I will return with help."

"That is impossible," replied the unhappy man, sadly shaking his head. "The nearest settlement is at least fifteen miles from here in a straight line; but the way you would have to take, to avoid all the rifts and chasms, would make it twenty—and even if you were to come and bring with you fifty men—what crushed they do me! Both my legs are broken, and the nearest doctor lives in Little Rock, hundreds of miles from here. Bill! will you leave me lying here for hours, only to see me afterwards perish miserably?"

"Ask my own life, Tom, and I will cheerfully give it to you, but do not ask a thing so dreadful of me; I can, I must save you—I have my hatchet—I can cut this tree in pieces—I can—"

"Can you heal wounds like these?" said Tom, interrupting him, and he pointed with his fingers to his crushed limbs. It was in-

deed a dreadful sight, and his brother sank, shuddering, on his knees.

"I cannot murder you!" he groaned forth, faintly.

"And do you call it murder? Oh, Bill!" he continued, "if you had the slightest idea of what I suffer, you would have compassion—you would not let me implore you in vain!"

"I will give you the rifle—do not make me a brother's murderer!" cried Bill, in wild anguish.

"My right arm is broken—I cannot, even if I would."

"Tom!" sobbed forth the strong man, as he cast himself beside his brother, "what is it you ask of me?"

"What did you lately do with Nestor, when the bear had torn out his entrails?"

"I shot him."

"He was your favorite hound."

Bill answered only with sobs.

"And did you love him more than you do me?" asked Tom in a tone almost of reproach.

"Oh, why did I not listen to your warning, when we came last evening to this unhappy spot! Why did I not fly from those withered trunks, which stood threatening everywhere around us? Why—"

"Bill," said the unhappy man, interrupting him, "will you not put an end to my sufferings?"

"I will!" replied Bill, weeping upon his brother's neck. The two held each other in a long and warm embrace, but when Tom, at last, endeavored to push him gently from him, the other only clasped him the closer. Day now dawned in the east, and the sun's rays gilded the branches of the trees.

"Let us part!" said Tom, in a whisper; "be a man."

He now pushed his brother kindly from him, and the latter rose.

"Well, then—be it so!" he cried. "I see you are right; rescue is impossible. I know also that I would have required the same from you in such a case, and you would not have refused me. Pray once more to God—and—pray for me, too, that He may forgive me for this deed!"

Bill staggered forth to fetch his rifle; he returned, however, with a firm and steady step, carrying the weapon in his left hand. With his right he swung himself over the trunks which lay scattered around, and, in a few moments, stood near his brother, who looked up affectionately in his face.

"I am ready!" said Tom, with a smile; "but do not tremble—and may God reward you for this faithful service—farewell!"

Turning aside his face, he reached out his left, unimpaired hand.

"Brother!" cried the young hunter, borne down by the fearful conflict of emotions which raged within his soul, "brother!" and he sank once more upon his breast.

They held each other in a convulsive clasp, when Tom, at last, said in a whisper, "Delay no longer!" and, with a sudden bound, the hunter leaped to his feet, lifted the rifle to his cheek, and the next moment lay senseless near the dead body of his brother.

Little remains to be narrated. Why should we describe how, when, at last, his senses returned, he heaped branch after branch upon his brother's corpse, that the wolves and panthers might not fasten their greedy fangs upon those beloved remains? How he staggered onward, and tended by strangers, wrestled for months with death in the wild fantasies of fever? But enough of the terrible. Not long did the blood-bathed countenance of his brother startle him in dreams by night; not long did the visions of that scene start him with a cry of horror from his bed. On an expedition against a band of marauding Indians of the Creek nation, a friendly bullet put an end to his existence, and his comrades buried him where he fell.

But his memory is still preserved in that portion of the country, and when, at evening, the hunter pitches his tent, and anxiously casts a scrutinizing glance at the gigantic trees threatening everywhere around him, then, were he even the rudest and wildest of his class, a silent prayer opens his lips, and whispers softly—

"God preserve me from the fate of poor Tom!"

### 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."

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

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

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

**DR. J. L. BERTHOLLET**, East New York, will answer calls to lecture.

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

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

**REBECCA C. ANDERSON** will answer calls to lecture, addressed, Zenia, Ohio.

**G. W. AND ELLEN NICHOLS** will answer calls to speak on Reform. Address Wheatland, Iowa.

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

**G. B. STEBBINS** will speak at Detroit, Mich., March 3 and 10. Portland, Me., 17, 24, and 31. Bangor, April 7 and 14.

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GEO. M. JACKSON**, inspirational speaker, may be addressed by friends wishing his services, at Bennettsburgh, Schuylers Co., N. Y.

**WM. BAILEY POTTER, M.D.**, will answer calls to lecture between Hudson, N. Y., and Worcester, Mass., addressed at this office.

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

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

**JOHN ALLYN**, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to attend funerals or lecture on Spiritualism. Address Wellington, O.

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

**REV. J. D. LAWYER** will attend to any invitations to deliver six or more lectures on Doctrinal Christianity, directed to Coxsack, N. Y.

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

**WM. DENTON** intends to explore the lead region of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, the coming spring. Friends desiring his services as a lecturer on Geology and General Reform can direct to Painesville, Ohio.

**EMMA HARDINGE** will lecture during February at Chicago, Ill. Address Russell Green, Esq. For the ensuing year, in the East. Post-office address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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

**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 these towns.

**LAMARTINE HALL, NEW YORK.**—Meetings for free Spiritual discussion are held every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Hall corner Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. Lectures by Trance Speakers every Sunday Evening.

**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.

**H. P. FAIRFIELD** will speak at Oswego, N. Y., in February; Chicago, Ill., in March; Toledo, Ohio, two first Sundays of April; Adrian, Mich., the two last Sundays. For engagements at the West, address care of Russell Green, Esq., Chicago, Ill.

**LEO MILLER** speaks in Lowell, Mass., on the three first Sundays of February; Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 24th and March 3d; Quincy, Mass., March 10th and 17th; Philadelphia, four Sundays in May. Calls to lecture week evenings should be addressed, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

**MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER** will lecture in St. Louis, Mo., Sundays of March; Cleveland, O., Sundays of April. She will speak in the East until November, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address J. W. Currier, Box 816, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

**S. P. LELAND** will commence a course of Geological lectures at Coldwater, Mich., Feb. 13; at Lexington, Ind., Feb. 22; at Middlebury, Ind., March 3; at Castalia, Ohio, March 10; thence to Iowa. In June he intends visiting Boston. Friends on the route from Illinois to Boston, who desire lectures, will address him, Cleveland, Ohio.

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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.

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**N. FRANK WHITE** will lecture at Beloit, Wis., two last Sundays of Feb.; Elk-hart, Ind., five Sundays of March; Battle Creek, Mich., the two first Sundays of April; Toledo, Ohio, the two last; Detroit, Mich., the four Sundays of May; Oswego, N. Y., the five Sundays of June; Seymour, Conn., through July. All calls for the year following in the East. Address soon, as above.

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



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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.

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### 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."

For the Herald of Progress.  
Departed: From Port Huron, Mich., Jan. 24th, HARVEY McALPIN.

PORT HURON, Feb. 9, 1861.  
EDITOR HERALD OF PROGRESS: Will you please publish the following as early as possible, and thereby greatly oblige the undersigned:

Owing to the scandalous reports going the rounds of the secular press, concerning the causes of the suicide of our highly esteemed and talented Brother, Harvey McAlpin, we deem it a duty we owe to Mrs. McAlpin, and to the cause of Spiritualism, to give to the public the facts relative to that occurrence.

At the late November election, Harvey McAlpin was nominated as Prosecuting Attorney for St. Clair county, on the Democratic ticket, and was defeated, (and, as he himself declared, by his own party, on account of his being a Spiritualist.) This defeat weighed heavily upon his mind—he having placed almost entire dependence upon obtaining that office as a means of canceling his previous indebtedness, and having also borrowed considerable money for electioneering purposes.

About a week previous to his death, he declared to a merchant of this city, that had it not been for Spiritualism he should have put an end to his existence long ago. He stated definitely, at a public meeting held in this city, that Mrs. Laura McAlpin went upon her lecturing tour with his free and full consent.

The day previous to his death, he caused to be copied in the Port Huron Commercial, from the Cleveland Plaindealer, a gratifying account of his wife's success in that place.

The night previous to his death he went to the house of Mr. E. R. Seely, of this city, and spoke with much pleasure of his wife's success as a lecturer. These facts we place before the public, because some few public journals, (the Adrian Watchtower, and others,) have, without any foundation, assigned the cause of the suicidal act to Mrs. McAlpin being away from home without her husband's consent.

Such statements do not affect the spiritual public to any extent; but they do affect deeply that sensitive being who is already crushed down in sadness over the loss of her bosom friend.

To any editor, who has so little self-respect as to add to the sorrows of a bereaved wife by slandering the character of a departed husband, we have but to say: We pity you; for every grief you cause another will sooner or later return to vex and disquiet your own bosom.

With Mrs. Laura McAlpin we deeply sympathize, and when the shock and sadness of mind has settled into resignation of spirit, and she resumes her duties in the lecturing field, we commend her to the friends she will meet with.

"We bid her be of good cheer, and our Father, who doeth all things well, will effectually shield and protect her. Signed—

J. H. White, E. R. Seely, Dr. A. E. Noble, James M. Geel, F. A. Weyers, L. S. Noble, Mrs. M. J. Brown, S. D. Pace, Benj. Tyler, Edward Jones, James H. Haelett, P. H. Dale, Mrs. J. H. White, S. W. Campbell, John T. James, J. W. Campbell, Mrs. L. I. Seely, Isaac Hamilton, S. J. Brown, John Noel, Edward Culey, Sam'l Mitchell.

For the Herald of Progress.

Departed: From Waukegan, Illinois, on the 28th day of January last, HENRY L., infant son of Hon. William A. and Olive Boardman, aged nine months. A child of unusual beauty and precocity, a "well-spring of pleasure," a center of attraction for a loving home, has been born again.

In mourning and desolation of heart have his bereaved parents followed the beloved form to its resting place, and consigned it to the care of our common mother-earth. Yet they are comforted by the knowledge that the separation is not final, and that often, still, in the earth-life, will the little prattler sit upon their knees, will kiss their cheeks, and render back again, in care, and love, and cheering words, a liberal moiety of that affection he has so bounteously received.

To the mourning mother, the following lines are fraternally dedicated by her friend and brother. They may be sung in the melody of the "Old Elm Tree."

#### THE ANGEL BORN.

The angels have taken thy darling boy  
To add delight to their realms of joy,  
And they deem him theirs—once to mortals given—

With less, far less, of the earth than heaven.  
Their birds are all singing, their flowers are in bloom,  
And bright rays sunlight their dwellings illumine;  
And though thy fond heart is with anguish torn,  
There's joy in the skies o'er an angel born.

Can we doubt that a spirit so sweet and fair  
Was missed from his home, where the angels are?  
For though lesser joys may transport awhile,  
There is no full heaven without his smile.  
Then know while you sorrow, my sister dear,  
O'er the damp cold sod, and the ebon bier,  
Your Henry looks out on a gorgeous morn,  
And the seraphs sing o'er an angel born.

I will not chide that thy warm tears flow,  
And thy heart bows down 'neath its load of woe;  
But lo! there's a bird from the azure sky—  
Tis a carrier dove from the worlds on high—  
And this is its message: "Be brave, be mild,  
With loving hearts is thy darling child,  
Thy treasure's above; then aspiring mourn  
For the pure in heart, for the angel born."  
J. C. S.

Departed: From Clappville, (Leicester) Mass., Jan. 25th, JOHN GRAHAM, aged seventy years. He was a man of unsullied integrity, and a hearty friend of universal freedom. He acted with the liberty party from its origin, and gave it the vote when he knew it would cost him his employment.

#### ANOTHER CHEERING WORD.

We value highly so emphatic an expression of brotherly interest as the following, from a reliable New Englander:

"I presume it is hardly necessary for me to remind you of the thoroughness of my interest in the HERALD. Yet permit me to say that, though poor in all save physical strength, I would, if need be, gladly saw wood on the street, and give you the proceeds, rather than have the HERALD or PROGRESS die for want of financial support."

The last number of *Fraser's Magazine* has an essay on the "Propriety of abolishing the Writing of Books," in which the writer proposes to stop the pens of our innumerable authors by legislative enactment, making it a penal offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, to commit authorship, under any circumstances. He excepts, of course, books of science, and confines his proposed reform to the writers of what is called "pure literature." The point of his remarks is this: that we are only amplifying, revamping, and spoiling what was turned out complete by English writers two centuries ago; and that it is inadvisable for all who want to read for benefit—to Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, and those other worthies of England, on whose thoughts the present generation of writers are living. There is more sound truth and good sense in the paradoxical suggestion than at first sight appears. The habit of "breeding in and in," which farmers have discovered to be ruinous to their stock, proves no less ruinous to authors; and the manner in which the savage young cynics of literature in this country, as well as in England, ape their great master, Thackeray, (who, by the way, has in many things not equalled his master, Fielding,) is fatal to all true progress in that species of writing; while the soft-hearted and buoyant class no less stultify themselves by the marks they bear of Dickens.—*The World*.

—The people of Cincinnati are moving for the introduction of gymnastics into their public schools. It is a move in the right direction.

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