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Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

Non-official letters and unbusiness correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's perusal) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."
The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be withheld from the public, if desired.
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Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

F. B. WAUKESHA, ILL.—"Vineland" is well written, but rather too lengthy for our columns.

C. M. PHILADELPHIA.—Your poem is accepted for publication.

D. M. C. SOUTHVILLE, N. Y.—We have directed your letter, concerning the comet, to D. T. Perry City, N. Y.

E. B. C. VALLEY FALLS.—We gladly accept your excellent "Report," which will soon be published.

E. C. R. PENNSYLVANIA.—Open thy heart to the pure rays of the divine life, and blessed influences from the Upper Mansions will ever descend to bless thee.

We are glad to learn that, last summer, the Indiana State University conferred an honorary degree on our worthy and scientific correspondent, David Trowbridge.

P. G. ST. LOUIS, MO.—We have never advocated "amalgamation." For further information, see the volume entitled "Questions and Answers."

P. M. S. BALTIMORE, O.—It is impossible, dear friend, with our many cares, to accede to thy request, but our best wishes attend thee and thine.

DE F. G., writing from BRADLEY, ME., says: "The Herald and Banner are extensively circulated and thoroughly read and appreciated; and an increasing interest in the Spiritual Gospel of Harmony gives evidence that these faithful champions of Truth and Progress, with the efforts of lecturers and mediums, are doing a great and glorious work in the right direction."

B. L. OF GENOA, OLMSTEAD CO., MINN., who has a son in the army, writes in the spirit of true valor: "I hope that this spring our government will have an efficient army, that will, in short order, wipe out the accursed rebellion, and slay very with it, root and branch. Then will the Tree of Liberty put forth its branches, and flourish with unfading luster and glory. I can scarcely avoid the conclusion that some great and lasting good will spring up from the ruin that necessarily marks the progress of the war."

H. P. FAIRFIELD, OF WESTFIELD, MASS., under date of March 2, 1864, writes: "There is some misunderstanding and confusion among my friends and enemies in Sturgis about me just now, and, to set them all right, I am anxious to say, through the Herald, that I shall be in Sturgis the 17th and 18th of March, 1864, and all persons having accounts against me are requested to meet me at J. G. Wain's office and present their claims and receive their pay. Also all persons indebted to me are requested to pay the same."

P. C. T., OF UNION CITY, MICH., under date of Jan. 15, 1864, cheerily writes: "I was just thinking, as I laid down the good Herald to-night, that we had no book to tell us when the sun rises and sets, state the order of the planets, and help us keep track of the swift moments as they glide away from us in our toils—in short, we had no almanac to tell us of 'Festivals and Fasts,' 'Easter and Lent,' and when it will 'snow,' and when it will 'rain,' and a thousand other wise things which only almanacs and almanac-makers know. So we thought we would try the PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL. We believe in the Harmonical Philosophy and every means for its advancement in the world, almanacs not excepted. May the Herald and Annual, together with your volumes, go forth as messengers of truth and reform, and their course be marked by the flowers of peace and love."

All applications of religion to relax the severity of business and secure to laboring men fair wages and a due proportion of their time; all efforts that tend to make citizens, not machines, out of men—these are premonitory symptoms, preparatory steps, of preaching the gospel. And that church which shows the most practical sympathy for the poor, and seeks most to improve their outward condition, and is most earnest in carrying out the principles of justice and humanity in secular relations, will be listened to when it comes to preach those things without which the soul would starve.—H. W. BEECHER.

Childhood.

Then later revelation: silver stream.
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine
Whence all things flow."

The Two Crowns.

BY MANNY D. FORREST.

Over ocean's deep blue water.
In a house of royal pride.
Is a darling little baby.
Known throughout the world so wide.
I suppose that he is winning—
Just as other babies are—
Laughing eyes and dimpled shoulders,
Brow as polished marble fair;
Robes of costliest lace and muslin.
Showing forth his baby charms.
Strings of purest diamonds flashing
From his rosy neck and arms.

Tended by a score of servants,
Feeding from a golden bowl.
Worshiped by a mighty nation—
Whence this homage of the whole?
Ah, though the misty future
They can see the baby brow
Seamed by many a care-worn furrow,
Not so fresh and pure as now,
Robbed of all the childish ringlets
That its beauty now enhance,
Wearing, as to hide its wrinkles,
The imperial crown of France.

Neath our roof-tree closely nestles
Just the dearest little thing
That within an earth-home ever
Folded up its tiny wing.
Eyes of blue, and golden tresses
Waving round a brow of light.
Looks she like a little cherub
In her flowing robes of white.
With no ornaments we deck her,
But the charm that Nature gives,
Save a pair of golden arrows
Leaping up her little sleeves.

At her birth no bells were pealing,
Save the silver bells of joy;
At her feet bows no proud nation,
As before the Emperor's boy.
But I've often heard at twilight
Angel feet come tripping in;
Bending o'er her midnight slumbers
Often angel-forms have been.
And I almost hear them tell her
That a crown of glory bright
Waits to bind our baby's forehead
In the blessed world of light.

[From Merry's Museum.]

Learning to Smoke.

In all Brooktown there wasn't a better-hearted boy than Joe Conner. If any one wanted a favor done, or needed a helping hand, whether in the cause of labor or of frolic, Joe was always ready with his cordial smile and strong sinewy arm to do the required thing. Hence, "Where's Joe?" became the watchword among the boys of the neighborhood. Not an exciting party, not a nutting, fishing, or even a frogging excursion could for a moment be expected to go off with spirit unless Joe were one of the number. As for Joe himself, he had only one great failing. He was so very obliging that he could never say "no," even when he felt that he was morally wrong, or at least foolish, to say "yes." This, as may be supposed, led Joe into more than one difficulty, and I am afraid served, in the course of time, to dim a great many otherwise bright points in his character.

Joe, for instance, was naturally an honest boy. Nothing would tempt him of his own accord to take a forbidden apple out of another's orchard; but let a few ill-disposed boys crowd about him with, "Now, Joe, come along, there's a good fellow; we are not going for the sake of the apples, you know, but it'll be such fun to get ahead of old Grimes and run off with some of his fruit; so come, Joe, and don't spoil all our fun," I really am afraid Joe would not have had resolution to deny them; in plain English, he would have become the good-natured companion of thieves because he lacked courage to be unpopular as an honest boy, even for an instant.

This failing of Joe had already worked great mischief in him; but one of the worst things it had done to the poor boy was to make a smoker of him. Yes, good-hearted Joe, with his healthy body and cheerful mind, had already commenced a habit which, in course of time, would certainly destroy both health and cheerfulness.

At first, indeed, Nature made a decided protest, and when Joe smoked the first old stump (given to him by a bad boy named Ed Hunckley) she made a great fuss about it. She made him cough and sneeze almost at the very first puff; she brought the water to his eyes, and, in fact, almost strangled him; but he would smoke on; (for wasn't Ed Hunckley watching him with a sneering smile all the time?) Then she bawled down her red flags out of his cheek and lips, and, in fact, stood at half-mast generally. Still Joe persevered, and, finally, she laid him flat down

on the grass and made him deadly sick; but Joe wouldn't give up. No, indeed, he was going to be a good fellow and please Ed Hunckley if he died for it. So poor Nature had to give in for the present, but she quietly resolved (as she always does in such cases) to punish Joe well for his obstinacy at some future time.

Meanwhile, Joe, thinking all the while that it was very grand and manly, learned to smoke in the most approved style. He was too poor to buy cigars, so he picked up every stump of one that he could find, never minding how loathsome or disgusting it might really be; and when he had no stumps on hand he would use a pipe borrowed for the purpose from some "extra manly" boy who chanced to have smoking materials to spare.

One day Joe became the joyful possessor of two new clay pipes, bought for a cent at the village store. Sealing himself upon a stump, he played complacently with his treasures, admiring their whiteness, and wishing that he had at least a bushel of tobacco stored up for his winter's supply, when suddenly a "trip" dashed past him, knocking one of his pipes from his hand.

Everybody knows what happens to a clay pipe when it falls upon the hard ground. Joe looked dismayed at the pieces for a moment, but being, as I have said before, a good-natured boy, he soon picked up the little stump of a pipe that was left and called out to his dog, "Trip, you rascal, do you see what you have done, sir?"

Trip bounded back, wagging his tail, and seemed to think that on the whole he had done rather a fine thing, and he was not far from right, in his own opinion.

"Now, sir," said Joe, starting up and throwing the pieces of broken pipe-stem over the fence for fear they might cut his little sister's feet, "now, sir, you must learn to smoke."

So Joe commenced to give Trip his first lesson in the manly art of making a chimney of one's self. The dog was willing enough, for the pipe was new and clean. Before an hour was passed, his master had the great satisfaction of seeing Trip standing on hind legs, pipe in mouth, and looking as solemn as any lawyer.

"Hurrah," cried Joe, "you're a hairy dog, Trip; now just hold up a minute and I'll get some tobacco, and have you smoking in earnest in less than no time!"

With these words the boy rushed to the stable near by, where Ed Hunckley generally spent his leisure hours, and obtained from him a "bit of tobacco."

After making all needful preparations, Joe lit the pipe and returned to the fence where Trip was still playing. Ed went with him to see the fun.

Trip, like a good pupil (a good dog-pupil I mean) stood erect on his hind legs at Joe's approach, and held up his mouth to receive the pipe. Alas for Joe's hopes! no sooner did the odor of the tobacco reach the dog's nostrils than he dropped the pipe in disgust, and no threats or commands could induce him to have it inserted between his teeth again.

Just then the boys spied Jack, the cat, winding up the long lane with slow and graceful movement.

"Hallo!" cried Ed Hunckley, "if there ain't your sister's big gray cat! Let's make him smoke!"

No sooner said than attempted; but Jack liked tobacco as little as Trip did, and the boys only got scratched for their pains.

"I say," Joe persisted Hunckley, "my goat's down there by the stable; I shouldn't be one bit surprised if she'd beat your cat and dog all to pieces at smoking!"

"Well, laughed Joe, who did not realize, poor boy, what bad company he was keeping, 'let's see!'"

So they tried to make the goat smoke, but the goat kicked and butted at such a rate whenever she smelt the burning tobacco near her nose, that the boys were soon glad enough to give up their plan.

By this time good-natured Joe had somehow become rather grave-looking.

"Ed," said he, very solemnly, "do you think that calf over there in the field would smoke?"

Ed roared with laughter. "I do declare, Joe, you're enough to kill anybody, if you look so blue; but I'm in for trying the calf, if you are."

Again the boys bounded off for this new experiment, Joe pulling away at the pipe all the time to keep it from going out.

The calf was shy, but Ed's hat full of sweet clover blossoms tempted its nearer approach. Joe caught its head and tried to get the pipe into its mouth. Then such a struggle as there was! The calf was accustomed to sweet milk and fresh, cool grass, so of course he kicked and fought against the filthy tobacco. Finally the old cow, noted for her crossness, came deliberately toward them, as if to say, "I'll show you, young gentlemen, what you'll get for teaching my baby such tricks," and the boys prudently resolved to try their lessons upon some more tractable pupil.

"Don't let's give up yet," said Hunckley; "there's old Dame Gibbon's donkey in the next lot—we can't well try the pipe there; but here's some tobacco in the corner of my pocket; I'll put it on this thistle, and I bet the donkey'll take it, and like it, too!"

In a moment the tame creature came to

ward them, and was soon eating the thistles; he devoured them with a relish until he came to the one with tobacco upon it. The boys watched the result anxiously, but the creature was less of a donkey than they thought. The plant was left untouched.

"Ed," cried Joe, who had by this time become very serious, "there's only one more animal on the farm to try, and that's the pig!"

Hunckley was now getting rather tired of the fun, but Joe walked off so resolutely toward the hog-pen, that he followed, sullenly muttering as he shuffled along:

"Well, Joe Conner, if you ain't the queerest chap, when you take a notion, that I ever did see!"

The old pig was rooting away in the dirt when the boys reached the pen, but as soon as she spied them, her long snout was pressed greedily against the rough boarding where they stood.

"There," exclaimed Joe, "the pipe has gone out; well I'll give her a taste of the tobacco anyhow, and see how she likes it." With these words he leaned over, and holding the contents of the pipe in his hand, offered it to the dirty, greedy creature in the pen.

The pig sniffed at the morsel for a moment, gave a few grunts, and then turned contemptuously away.

This was enough for Joe. He looked at Ed Hunckley for an instant, his cheeks flushing, his eyes filling with tears. "E," said he, flinging the old stump of a pipe almost out of sight, "I, for one, don't intend to be the only beast on this farm who uses tobacco; so never ask me to smoke again!"

Hunckley felt abashed, and, laughing at an uncomfortable little laugh, turned on his heel, never to be an intimate friend of Joe's any more, for somehow that day made a kind of distance between them. It had opened Joe's eyes and made him see a great many things as he had never seen them before.

His good nature grew, but with it his strength of will; and Joe was loved more than ever by his friends, though some of the crowd of old playmates dropped away because they learned to understand and respect his "no."

M. E. D.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

Reported for the Herald of Progress.

Voices from the Pulpits of New York.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

VALEDICTORY.

There are in the city of New York about three hundred religious societies. Every form of the Protestant faith is represented here. We have given abstracts from various pulpits, and the general import of them can be learned.

We have been able to give sentiments from nearly every liberal pulpit in the city; they number less than a dozen, if we except the free pulpits of the Spiritualists. Against their influence we have to place the remaining hundred, whose theology we have favorably represented. We find, then, that sectarian, trinitarian, calvinistic ideas are almost universal. The liberal element is so feeble that it is overpowered in every direction. Wealth and influence, pride and fashion, all turn the great world of New York into the costly edifices and the respectable assemblies of a narrow and cold religion.

This fact speaks for itself. We all know what the tendencies of such sectarianism are. We all know what is nurtured within the walls of the costly buildings that raise their spires to the clear heavens. Let us endeavor to give a concise statement of the doctrines taught.

God is king of the universe, and he has subjects under him. There was a time when God reigned supreme, but a rebellion in the heavens, caused God to lose a portion of his power, and Lucifer, or Satan, with the fallen angels, became antagonistic forces in the universe. The world was created in six days, and on the seventh God rested. Adam was placed in Eden a pure being, and Eve was given unto him because it was not mete for man to be alone. Satan, ever seeking to supplant the power of God, beguiles Eve with an apple, she eats the forbidden fruit and all is lost. Her posterity are condemned; she and her unfortunate spouse leave Paradise, and henceforth know good and evil, but principally evil.

God feels that it is necessary to devise some plan for the recovery of his supremacy. He has in his heavenly kingdom, angels and principalities and powers; and dearer than all, a beloved son. He determines to send his son, who is united with himself, and who, with the Holy Ghost, constitute the Trinity. Thus the

son not only represents God, but is God. The scheme devised is that, as a sacrifice was necessary for the evil committed against an Infinite God, it must be an infinite sacrifice, and thus God himself must die to propitiate God.

Jesus was conceived by the Holy Ghost, but born of the Virgin Mary, and the scheme demanded not only that he enter the world as a human being, but that he live a human life. His life was an example, but not important compared with his death, which was an atoning sacrifice. He performed miracles to show his power and Godhead. He died on the cross, was buried, but rose bodily, and appeared to his disciples. His blood was the means of the salvation of the world: it was innocent blood, and cleansed the guilty; but though there was an infinite atonement, yet the redemption was not infinite, for only such could be saved as believed in the scheme. By believing that Jesus died, one becomes washed in blood and may eat his body and drink his blood in the sacrament and thus become heirs of salvation.

There must be an avowal of faith in certain doctrines that the Church has arranged, and any deviation of belief is ground of separation and proof of heresy. The filling up of this scheme requires many minor doctrines, such as election, future punishment, baptism, &c.

It has been denied that any enlightened clergyman or church admits the idea of a literal hell, but it has been distinctly preached from several pulpits, this winter: though there is a tendency to cover up this repellent picture, and it is more common to hear men talk of the sad effect of sin than of the absolute consequences of evil in unending torments. Is it not, then, with these facts before us, high time to have lights set on the hills? We do know that there is in this city power enough to modify all this false theology, but it is covered. Thousands of Spiritualists are willing to give support to these false ideas, because they dread to meet the tide of opposition and ridicule that would follow their open avowal of their sentiments. And of all would openly condemn error, there would be no opposition or ridicule, for the strong shining light of truth would be so attractive that the thousands would flock unto it, and the day would dawn.

If a faith is worth anything to an individual it is worth revealing; if it is true to the intellect, and right to the heart, it is necessary to the world, and it is a duty to declare it. If any doctrine or any influence is false to a man, he is a traitor to truth if he promulgates it, or in any way gives strength to it.

We close our weekly report from the pulpits, because our object is gained: we have presented the people with the theology of the times; it remains for each one to estimate how far his influence is on the side of truth and how far on the side of error.

Voices from the People.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from a Soldier in East Tennessee.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 24th, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND: I have been in a good many skirmishes since coming into East Tennessee, some of which, had they occurred in the days of the Revolution, would have been recorded as battles of the first magnitude. Our regiment has traveled over 5,000 miles since we first crossed the Ohio river and has helped take more prisoners than we have men. We have seen for the greatest part of the time very hard service, and had but little rest, which reduces the ranks very fast. Would to God that this rebellion could be brought to a speedy and honorable termination.

Perhaps it would not be inappropriate for me to give you a picture of East Tennessee life, as experienced by the loyal portion of this country. In the first place there are two classes here, as in every other country—the rich and the poor. But the greater majority is composed of the poorer class, which constitutes the loyal class of community, the rich, or slaveholding class, being almost invariably rebel proclivities. During the reign of terror here, while the rebels held undisputed sway, the Union men were hunted from their homes and compelled to leave their families or be impressed into the rebel service. A great many were summarily put to death; some shot down like dogs; some hung to the first tree that could be found, while their families were left to the fate of their merciless tormentors. A great many passed out through the mountains and went into Kentucky, there enlisting in the Union army. They came back when our army came. Others dug caves and stayed in them during the day, and came out at night.

The women plowed and sowed, and reaped and mowed, and made the crops—a great

deal of which has been taken as forage for our cavalry. But they generally got government vouchers for their grain, which was as good as the money. However, there were some exceptions. But when the rebels forage they generally spare the property of "secesh" and pitch into Union men. I have passed many a humble dwelling that had neither floor nor window in, and if there ever had been any other appendages in the shape of out-houses or fences, they have long since disappeared. If they had cultivated any gardens, they were in some remote or secluded spot, shut out from the view of the passer-by. I have called in some of these habitations and found them occupied by a large family of small children, with scarcely a chair, bed, table, cupboard, or anything of the kind; and as for eatables, I could discover none; yet these people seemed to live—how, is a mystery to me. This is not the condition of all the poor, but to a very great extent.

Several times when our army has been on the retreat, I have seen things that were sad in the extreme. As a matter of course the Union men would fall back with our army. They were compelled to leave their wives and children to the mercies of the rebels, perhaps without a mouthful of bread, and not knowing where the next was to come from. The children would hang to their fathers as with a death gripe, and send up their heart-rending cries, which would pierce the heart of anything in human shape. God speed the day when justice may be meted out to all mankind, and more especially to those accursed fiends, bipeds in human form, merciless tormentors, inhuman and base-born devils, who first precipitated this fair land into one of the most cruel rebellions ever known to civilized man.

The citizens here are nearly stripped of everything in the shape of eatables. When they can get a little corn-bread and pork, they think they are living well, and never complain. How would some of our northern folks like to live on that kind of fare? I fancy they would think themselves "hard up." If a soldier goes into a house, the first question by the housewife is, "Have you any Lincoln coffee?" But unhappily for them and us too, we draw but very little coffee here. "Lincoln coffee" is that furnished by Uncle Sam to the soldiers. "Jeff Davis coffee" is made of rye, and is used by almost all classes, both rich and poor, and costs them about as much here as Rio coffee costs us in the North. "Lincoln coffee" is popular here. Lincoln himself is popular here, and were he to run for President to-day, he would carry East Tennessee like a whirlwind. Greenbacks, also, are popular. Such is their popularity, that it is considered a gross insult to tender any other kind—gold and silver excepted—which of course is not in circulation. The greatest scarcity of provision here at present is in the bread line, and unless some channel for supplies is opened, the people must suffer for that article. Coffee is worth \$1.50 per lb. here; butter, do.; eggs, none to be had; lard, 30 cts.; wood—green oak and pine—\$4.00 per load; (one load contains about one-third of a cord.) Boarding, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week; meals, \$1.00 each. Such a meal as I could get in Ohio for 25 cents could not be got here at any price.

Such is the range of prices here. How poor folks live is a mystery that I have yet to solve.

I do sincerely hope that this internecine conflict may close up some time this summer. None but a soldier knows the hardships of a soldier's life. None but a soldier knows the price of dear bought liberty. None but a soldier, who has tried, knows how to appreciate a soldier's wants, and to bestow that sympathy which can be aroused only by stern reality and sad experience.

"Few, few shall part where many meet—
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher."

We have been compelled, on several occasions, to leave our wounded on the battle-field just at nightfall, when the exercises of the day were closing up, and the wounded unprovided for.

A. K. MILLER.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Communication.

The following spirit communication was written through my hand on the 4th of February, 1864, immediately after hearing vocal and instrumental music in the air, apparently above the room in which Uncle Seth Hinshaw, his wife, myself, and two others were seated, at Greensboro, Henry Co., Indiana. I knew Thomas T. Hunt while a resident of earth, but had no knowledge of Nathan Mendenhall, who lived and died in North Carolina, a State I was never in. Seth Hinshaw tells me that Thomas T. Hunt and Nathan Mendenhall were neighbors in North Carolina, and that Nathan made for him (Seth Hinshaw) the first one horse carriage he ever owned.

JAMES COOPER, M. D.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

"BROTHER SETH: The medium heard truly. 'We are waiting for thee, and in God's good time will receive thee where love-flowers bloom perpetually, and sweet forget-me-nots, violets, and roses of many colors mingle their fragrant odors with orange blossoms, and the bloom of thousands of shrubs and many-tinted flowers will beautify the landscape, flowers and blossoms, many of which are unknown to earth, but will be transplanted there as earth and man become more harmonious.'

"Brother Seth—we are waiting for thee where pearls stream, winding their shining way through evergreen meadows, and flowery plains sing sweet songs of rippling praise to the giver of all good, and where crystal boats, over lakes of water, will bear thee onward to thy island home.

"Brother, we are waiting for thee where birds in countless numbers and of the most gayly plumage, give forth, from their tuneful throats, the sweetest of notes, where groves of sweet smelling trees are filled with these feathered songsters, which, fearless of thee and us, will alight on our heads and shoulders and give forth notes which will thrill us to the heart and harmonize our every feeling.

"Brother—we are waiting for thee at the 'golden portal' where all thy spirit relations,

and many, very many friends, numbers of whom thou has never known on earth, stand ready to welcome thee to thy place of abode, and receive thee with outstretched arms, say welcome, thine welcome to home and happiness upon our star-embellished shore, the reward of thy earnest endeavors to do thy duty while a sojourner on earth.

"Yes, Brother, be patient, we are waiting for thee.

"Thy spirit friends,

NATHAN MENDENHALL,
THOMAS T. HUNT,
and many others.

FEBRUARY 4th, 1864."

For the Herald of Progress.

Poem of the Better Life.

WEST GLOUCESTER, JAN. 13, 1864.
A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: On Tuesday evening, Jan. 12th, at a circle held for spirit manifestations at the house of Thos. Haskell, Mrs. Julia M. Friend, a medium present, said, 'I see a very interesting little girl standing near this young man, with her hand placed upon her throat, indicating the disease that caused the death of her body, and she says 'Mamma.' The young man, by whom she was standing, said: 'It is little Laura, who died of diphtheria.' The medium said: 'A poem is held before me, and I have the impression it is for Laura's mother, which I will endeavor to read.' Then she repeated the following lines:

The bud you were in your bosom
Has not, like the flowers of May,
Cheered your heart with its smiles for a season.
Then withered and gone to decay;
For He whose goodness and wisdom
Is greater, far greater than ours,
Has caused it to be transplanted
To Heaven's beautiful bowers.

Your bud was too fair and fragile
To dwell in a world like this.
So the angels kindly bore it
To a land of light and bliss.
True, its leaves were but just unfolding
Nearth your tender, watchful care,
But 'twas but more gently nurtured
And tenderly cared for there.

Does your home seem sad and lonely,
Of your cherished bud bereft?
Think! God has remembered you kindly,
For you have five bright ones left—
Five in their freshness and beauty
Are still to your earth-home given.
But your cherished little Laura
Now dwells with the blest in heaven.

M. E. B.

For the Herald of Progress.

Physical Manifestations.

MR. EDITOR: So far as my experience and observations go, it appears to be a very difficult matter to convince even honest skeptics of the genuineness of the alleged physical manifestations. This has seemed to grow out of the fact of an almost universal unwillingness on the part of mediums to comply with conditions under which the skeptic would be convinced that collusion or fraud could not be practiced. Some mediums claim that certain conditions are absolutely necessary to get certain kinds of manifestations; other mediums will get the same kinds of manifestations under different conditions, and, perhaps, quite opposite to those claimed as necessary by the first. Now, while the intelligent believer may or may not clearly perceive a genuine philosophy in the discrepancies, the skeptic most assuredly will not, and the effect on his mind is, and will continue to be, that the whole thing is a humbug.

I know that all "classes" must "live and learn;" but would it not be better, in all public exhibitions of these manifestations, to comply with every reasonable requisition of a skeptical audience, even at the risk of a failure of effort to get them? If the coloring of the hands of the mediums tied in the box is required, as suggested in No. 49 of the HERALD, let it be done. If a little inadvisive, artificial coloring will drive away the spirits, bid them a cheerful farewell. No pecuniary consideration, placed in the opposite scale of truth, should suffer it to preponderate.

It is said that some persons can draw their hands from a knot or noose, however securely tied. I would suggest that if the elbows are securely and closely tied together in front of his body, it would prevent the possibility of the medium drawing his hands from their fastenings. Let every fair test be cheerfully submitted to, and if the march of irrefragable facts is slower in its progress it will be more sure, with less necessity of being repeated.

JANESVILLE, Wis., Jan. 30, 1864. G. B. H.

For the Herald of Progress.

An Evening with a Medium.

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Feb., 1864.
FRIEND DAVIS: While at Oshkosh, Wis., last month, a friend was relating some of the marvelous proceedings that had been witnessed at the house of a gentleman residing in the city, more extraordinary, if possible, than the performances of the Davenport boys. Complying with the request to go and investigate, the father of the medium called for me on his return home, when I accompanied him. The weather being somewhat inclement there were but three persons present besides the family and myself. We were all seated upon a bench in front of which the medium was placed, near the table, which contained musical instruments, bugle, pair of hand-cuffs, &c.

The light was extinguished, all joined hands, "Old John Brown" and other vigorous songs were sung, when, in the midst of the singing, thump! thump! began the ropes. "They are tying me," the medium speaks. "Turn up the light," when I lit a bonnet and foot, with arms thrown back of the chair, hands crossed, she sat, while her feet were held in the handcuffs.

Not satisfied with the slackness of the ropes, a request was made and granted to have it done more firmly. Then commenced the grand panorama; the guitar was carried above our heads and played to time with our voices, and afterwards laid on our laps; the drum was beaten with more force than I have ever heard it in the camps; the bugle was blown and carried about, spoons, padlocks, a rifle, and other articles laid in our hands and laps, the medium, tied, carried to the ceiling, &c. &c.

But the most remarkable performance was the threading of a cambric needle which we had previously placed upon the spread with a measured thread; it was done in the darkness, but all knew that none of us could accomplish the feat in the darkness, and it was done almost in "no time."

I was never partial to physical manifestations, but like the truth wherever found, no matter if in a manger; and I saw here a fixed law. Who moved the articles? Who tied the girl? Each individual in that room knew that the chain or circle was not broken, and those things were done, and that something did them. Was it spirits? If so, it is indisputable that mind triumphs over matter.

Yours Fraternally, ADDIE L. BALLOU.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Gentle Hint against Tobacco.

DEAR HERALD: Being, I am sorry to say, a woman, I desire, through your liberal sheet, to say a word or two upon a subject very near my heart. At least, it affects my clothing—and what can be nearer a woman's heart than her dress?

I make semi-quarterly visits to your metropolitan to purchase that love of a bonnet or elegant dress-pattern which it is necessary for my peace of mind should be renewed as often as aforesaid—at least in the opinion of my Neige Lord. In passing from the vicinity of Union Square to Canal Street, with what intense horror and disgust do I trail my spreading skirts through the pools of tobacco-juice which literally cover your pavement, thicker than autumn-leaves in a forest. It is one continual reeking mass of effluvia, from miniature lakes and rivers of the essence of the disgusting weed, which, if there is a devil, must be his favorite.

In smaller places, eye, even in villages whose inhabitants number only a few hundreds, it is nearly as bad. Fancy how we feel, in dragging our elegant skirts, fresh from the laundry, through such emanations from pandemonium!

You may tell us to wear our skirts so they would sweep clear of the pestiferous fluid. Do not forget, dear Editor, that we are hardly civilized or independent enough to dare challenge the popular style. And if we do, are not our feet liable at every step to come down "squash" into the brown, half-thickened juice, that floods the pave? And what lady does not regard neatness of the feet as essential as that of the face or hands?

Dear Mr. Editor, I write you with tears in my eyes, and stains—would they were as pure as tears!—on my lower understandings. Cannot your Moral Police persuade its members, at least, to set the example of total abstinence from the weed? Pray, now, can anything good and pure proceed from the mouth that rolls it as a sweet morsel under the tongue? How can words of kindness, love, and lofty aspiration, find an exit through the same gateway from which comes the essence of all filthiness?

I drop, now, my levity, and speak in the name of all women:

Oh, brothers, lovers, and husbands! we desire your highest good, knowing that we cannot advance to the high demanded of our sex, alone!

You, MEN, created "a little lower than the angels," must prove yourselves worthy of your high origin. We are weak, clinging, tender, needing your strength to give our innate purity support. Give up what stains your manhood—do not let the body, with its habits, largely influence your souls!

We appeal to you, not only because you give us incalculable trouble by your habit of chewing and spitting, in ruining our clothing and temper and shocking our sense of neatness, but we appeal to you, as men, to live up to your duties in those practices which are so intimately connected with the purity and dignity of manhood.

HELEN MAR.

Physiological Department.

For the Herald of Progress.

Learning to Cook.

BY D. HELEN INGHAM.

A great deal is said about the necessity of our daughters learning to cook—about the popular system of female education being so incomplete without it. Young ladies are admonished and besought by moralist and story-writer, to quit their useless accomplishments and pernicious novel-reading, and turn their attention kitchenward without delay, if they aspire to the blessings of matrimony.

"Whether you are to be rich or poor," say the wise ones, "it is vitally important to know how cake and pies, and preserves and pickles, and all these indispensable things are made."

All this sounds very nice and proper, but like a great deal else that sounds so, seems to me like very superficial council. One does not need much penetration to perceive that the popular system of female education is based on an utterly false foundation, but not a more false one, surely, than that of our popular system of cooking. Perhaps if the countless evils, moral as well as physical, attendant upon intemperance in eating, were duly considered, we should see that our so-called good cook has as heavy a sin lying at her door as the distiller of ardent spirits. More than half the people we meet are victims to Dyspepsia, in some of its multifarious phases. To be sure it is excellent taste to be so afflicted, since dyspepsia, unlike her twin-brother, delirium tremens, is generally considered as indicative of refinement. The very ones who suffer most from it are apt to be the greatest sticklers for what is termed a good table, and vainest of the honor of having epicurean ancestors.

"It used to be said of my father that he kept the best table in the place," I heard a lady say the other day, with as much apparent pride and satisfaction as she might have said: "It used to be said of my father that he was a benefactor to the human race;" she did not fail to add to this eulogy, that he suffered everything from dyspepsia, and so had all his children, and this after having been horridly stricken a moment before at the bare mention

of delirium tremens. Verily, thought I, "consistency is a jewel!"

I know it is urged in defense of the popular system of cooking, that one need not eat unhealthy things just because they are cooked; that we should know how to control our appetite &c., but pray where is the sense in giving so much time and toil to learning to make things that ought never to be made, unless the mere animal pleasure of eating is of more importance than our moral and physical well-being? Of course if this popular system of cooking and eating were a thousand times more faulty than it is, it could not be done away with at once. Like all time-honored institutions, it must still have its legion of votaries, blind to its deformities and tenacious of its honor—must still live out its day, despite the few who refuse to do it homage. But when people whose ideas on most subjects seem sensible and reformatory, dilate on the necessity of perpetuating this most insane art of cooking, I marvel at this inconsistency. If by learning to cook was meant learning to prepare plain food in a neat and rational way, I should agree with them cordially. If they admonished young ladies (and old ones) to leave their close rooms, useless needle-work, and novel-reading, and all the belittling frivolities of dress sometimes, and go out into the fresh air, with every false care and artificial need cast away—go out to commune with Nature, note her changing moods, be amused with her freaks, and inhale the essence of her glorious beauty, I could appreciate that; but when they are told to leave their pet avocations and go into the kitchen to learn to prepare indigestible food, wherewith to pamper diseased appetites, I feel an irresistible impulse to say: "Don't do it, ladies! for pity's sake forbear! stick to your needlework if it does narrow your minds and weaken your muscles, and make your eyes old and dim before the time. Stick to your third-rate novels, if the ideas therein are frothy and false, and the heroes and heroines below your own ideal standard of men and women. Do anything rather than cook in the ennobling anticipation of having an epicure for a husband one of these days."

The world is full enough of men and women who pride themselves on their intemperance in eating—full enough of flimsy, ailing children, on whose lives are visited the sins of their forefathers, who are forced to cry with unnatural food, and forced to stop crying with Godfrey's cordial in their wailing babyhood, and who are forced by custom to lose all native relish for plain food, by being surfeited with stimulants and sweetmeats, and then forced to take disgusting and poisonous medicine, when their poor little over-tasked systems rebel against their wrongs. It is full enough of good cooks, who roast and boil themselves, and stir themselves up in rich graves in their unhealthy, unholy calling.

Yes, the world is full enough of these, and likely to remain so, without any of your assistance. What if the doctor, who ought to know all about health, does promote rather than discourage this state of things? He is only human, and if he has more regard for his own interest than for the public benefit, he is not alone in that. If he indirectly denies the statement that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," by allowing us to suppose that he can nearly remake us, that all our organizations, so different from one another, and all so much under the sway of unseen and subtle influences, are still to a great extent under the control of his one set of remedies, it is only natural, perhaps, for him to be quite willing that we should make a false estimate of his power since we are so ready to do it.

What if the woman who has the presumption to think that she has some slight intuitive knowledge of her individual constitution, and therefore some clue to her child's, is called "strong-minded"? It is certainly better to pass for strong-minded than prove ourselves weak-minded, by leaving our thinking to be done by others. What if our grand public dinners, and our luxurious private dinners, that are to a great extent useless drains upon energy and health, and an insult and mockery to our starving poor, are countenanced by those we are wont to look upon as shining lights? The true luster of our shining lights is often dimmed by their inordinate desire to shine on the popular side.

What if it is fashionable for delicate ladies to "partake of refreshments" in the evening, to an extent that insures a gentle sick-headache for the next day? All these props to our irrational system of cooking cannot stifle the reason of the few who year from the popular tide. There will still be some, who will realize that young ladies are generally educated falsely enough, without having the art of making people sick thrust upon them; and that there is far more vital necessity for our sons to learn to do without the "good cooks," than for our daughters to become such.

DES MOINES, Feb. 7th.

The Ease of Dying.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton, of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die!"—the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable!" "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all. They expected the stream to ter-

minate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope:

"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Colingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying, and am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Literary Department.

"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."

For the Herald of Progress.

A Thought of Spring.

BY MAE VIOLET.

You've trod the halls of myth, sweet Spring,
Touched Opbir-land and cedar-wood;
Thou wear'st the robe of morning sun
And all things beautiful and good.

I have not seen thee, but I know
Thou'rt here, by childhood's merry bound,
By the soft sparkle of each eye,
And cunning treasures they have found;

By glimpses of the western sky
I catch through intervals of pain;
By odorous spices dropping down
To music of the gentle rain;

By songful praise of happy birds,
By winds that kiss my pallid cheek,
By voices that subdue my heart
To quiet joys I may not speak.

You tell me of broad forests green
That softly drink thy cheering light;
Of singing rills that ripple down
The hills to try their gentle might;

Of ocean in his mighty flow—
His sacred anthems' rise and swell;
My soul mounts, too, and upward spans
The bridge where loved ones waiting dwell.

Sweet friends! thy gentle ministries
Are brought to me in form of flowers,
And while I drink their fragrance in,
Love's gentle thoughts smile on the hours.

The lily rears her graceful head,
"Forget-me-not," and dear "heart's-ease,"
And wee star-flower, whose silver eyes
Are flashing through the viny leaves;

And nestling low, the violet,
"Still dewy with an angel's breath—
Lo! here a daisy's lost its way,
With clover-blossom from the heath.

Ah! 'neath these cloistered glories lie
A charmed token from the skies;
Oh heart! receive these heavenly guests,
These consecrated sanctities.

For the Herald of Progress.

A Little Wild in his Youth.

BY MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

"I had been sitting next my sister since morning in Madame Juron's great work-room. It was not our customary position, for Madame thought, with her forewoman, Miss Clinker, that it might damage her interests to permit us to sit within speaking distance of each other. So Annette was generally placed at one end, near the large window that looked down into the vault, which we agreed to call a yard, and I about in the center of the apartment, among a group of the giddiest girls it contained, whose volatility, Miss Clinker said, my steadiness would serve to restrain.

"And I had incurred her displeasure and provoked her blackest look, by going that morning direct to Madame Juron herself, and begging permission to sit by Annette. I was sure she was not well. Her color came and went; and sometimes, when I was biting a thread for my needle, and so could steal a glance at her, I saw her pass her hand swiftly over her forehead, or forget herself so far as to lay it on her heart, for a single moment; and once she had actually made a gesture of tender repulsion, as toward some imaginary person who might have been kneeling before her.

"Then at night, when we went to bed, I insisted upon her sleeping next me, instead of having little Robby between us, as we were used to do. And once she woke me by clasping me in her arms and murmuring very tenderly some words of affection in my ear, which sent through me a thrill of joy, that was turned to instant pain, however, when she breathed a strange name, and that a man's, as she laid her cheek beside mine.

"All this had so alarmed me that I was wild with unexpressed anxiety, and on going to our work in the morning, I had stated my fears, though not what had caused them, to our employer, and she had graciously accorded me the privilege of sitting that day beside my sister, on condition that it hindered neither of us.

"Madame Juron employed from thirty to fifty hands, according to the season. Ours was the largest work-room, and it was in the rear of the shop. Except a couple of months in the summer, it was well filled all the year round—sometimes crowded to suffocation—mostly with young women. Did you ever think that nearly all dressmakers are young

women, and wonder what became of the older ones?

"They marry, I suppose," said I, "or they quit the business and go elsewhere."

"Yes, yes," she whispered; "they quit the business, a great many of them, and go—but I will not stop to talk of that now." In this large, crowded room, my sister Annette was the 'bright particular star.' She was disliked by many of the girls who were plain, without being ugly; and she was scorned by others who had no pretensions that way; and we heard frequent predictions of her downfall, from those who longed for nothing so much as the very beauty which they loved to say would be the means of her ruin.

"Annette was a year older than myself, but I had always been the care-taker. I had received this dying charge of my mother, to be a mother to her and our little lame Robby—'For though you are younger, Adelaide,' she said, 'than your sister is by birth, you are much older in all that qualifies you to act the woman's part.'"

"At that time my father was living, and we were wealthy. We used then to patronize such establishments as we were now at work in."

"What a fearful change for young girls," I said. "You must have been mere children in experience. How did it all happen?"

"My father was at home then. He was a successful merchant, and though—"

"At home? Miss Adelaide," I asked. "You mean that he was still in this world?"

"He is yet, I suppose, though God only knows where," she whispered, with ashen lips. "I did not mean to tell you this, but it seems as if it would lighten my heart of its heavy, heavy load, to tell it all to some one, and you look so kindly on me that I am sure I shall not be sorry for it after I have done."

"Indeed, you shall not, my poor girl," I said, taking her hand and touching her pale, pale forehead with my lips. "I did not dream that you had this to bear with all your other sorrow, Adelaide."

She wept, and I let her do so freely for a short space, knowing how tears of confidence like these would bear away the long pent sorrows of that silent heart.

"How old were you, Adelaide, at the time you began speaking of?" I asked, when I thought I had indulged her as long as I ought.

"I was a little past seventeen, and our mother had been nearly three years gone. Our home had been broken up more than a year. My father met with some losses which we did not clearly understand. Our house and furniture were sold, and we went to board in a fashionable establishment in Twenty-third Street. Robby was nearly four years old. He had a nurse-maid then, but I always had him in my bed. I was afraid to trust him with her at night. He used to scream so fearfully with the pain of his abscess, which was then forming, that we had not been many weeks in our first boarding-house before the landlady begged us to get other rooms. She said her boarders complained of having their rest broken by the child, and some of them would certainly leave her if we staid. She came to me about it, and talked to me as if I had been a woman."

"For the first time, that morning, I had a foreshadowing of the dark and dreadful future that was before me. It came down on my soul with a swift and sudden descent, as I have been told that blackness and suffocation fall upon the earth when a volcano suddenly heaves up its contents into the terrified air. Why should I be left to face all this pain and assume all this responsibility? Annette was out walking, and Robby and Nora were gone too, so there was no one for me to speak to, and I sat down and cried. I know not why, but I had felt for several months an almost unconquerable reluctance to speak to my father about any family care or trouble. He must have been in a strange state of mind to give me this feeling, and I know that he very rarely exercised any care by which my burthens were lightened. If he remonstrated with Annette for her gayety and thoughtlessness, he always did it in such a way that he sent her to me overflowing with passion and tears, which I had to soothe and check. If he noticed Robby, or had anything to say about him, it was something that added to my already heavy tasks with the dear child."

"So, when I received the notice that morning, I felt overwhelmed and bowed down with care and pain, which there was no one to share with me. I told my father, and in a day or two we removed to rooms in a private house, with a lady who had been a friend of my mother. She was a good woman, who saw and felt my position, and if all had gone well with us she would always have comforted and helped me very much. But from that time my father grew daily more and more abstracted and indifferent towards us. I never understood him, and I sometimes think now that he must have been touched with insanity. He did not gamble, I am sure, because he was always at home early; he was not intemperate, for there was no sign of it in his habits or health; yet he came in and went out with a growing apathy toward his family that tortured me. He never refused us money when we asked it, but he would sometimes say, 'You must be careful, Adelaide, very careful; I am not so rich as I was once.' Oh how miserable I was in those days! But there were later ones, which, when they came, made me think these must have been happy."

"One night my father did not come from down-town as usual. Dinner was over and he did not appear. Robby was suffering less than he had been, and he and Nora were having a frolic in our parlor, while I sat by Annette, filled with a vague fear of something

dreadful, and trying to draw nearer to her heart for help and strength when the storm should burst. Why I felt as I did that evening, I do not know. My father's unvarying regularity certainly gave me a right to some concern; but Annette laughed at my fears, and said he had met some friend, or he had gone to dine with Mr. White, his partner, or something of that sort. At any rate, she was not at all alarmed, and ridiculed me, so that I was fain to say no more. Yet I shivered with inward dread, and, like a child that is frightened, but dares not proclaim his fright, I shrank closer and closer to her in my heart. I felt certain we should need to stand very near each other by-and-by."

"At eight o'clock I could endure it no longer. I went down to the parlor, where the family were assembled, growing pale and cold at every step I took, after giving up my self-control, and begged Mr. Elwell to go or send some one in search of my father."

"Where can one go, Miss Adelaide?" he asked. "The store will be shut, of course."

"Then go to Mr. White's," I said; "he may be there, or they can tell, perhaps, where he went."

"But in two hours, Mr. Elwell returned, with no tidings, and only a little ray of comfort gleaned from Mrs. White, whose husband was also absent. 'They were probably together somewhere,' she said, and she was not alarmed. She expected her husband very soon, and Mr. Elwell said no doubt my father would reach home as soon as he did."

"I yielded to these representations far enough to go to bed, but not to sleep. My room joined his, and I lay harkening for him till morning came. Robby was awake many times during the long night, but he always fell asleep as soon as his pain was gone, and then I forgot him and resumed my watch. Twice I arose and went to Annette's room; but she slept so soundly, and looked so beautiful, as she lay on the pure, white pillow, with her golden curls drifting in careless disorder around her sweet, childish face, that I could not break her slumber. I seemed already to feel that I had all that perilous beauty, and impetuous, childish weakness, to protect through thick storm and battle."

"When morning came, I was sick with a soreness of heart and body. I knew, whatever had happened to my father, that our fate had come. I can scarcely tell you what I thought, or whether I had any definite thought, as I hurried early down-stairs, leaving my charges asleep, to speak with Mrs. Elwell; and I can never, never tell to you or any one what I then endured—God alone can know. I believe I doubted if there were a God, when I could be permitted to suffer so fearfully. You see that I was one of those to whom care and pain came naturally. I did not seek them. They found me out, and transfixed me when I would have shunned them as eagerly as youth always does."

"Mrs. Elwell no longer put me away with words of mistaken kindness. She admitted fears equal to my own, and said if I would write a note to Mr. White, her son should go with it before breakfast."

"I ran back to my room; and though I was by this time turned to ice, I managed, by a strong effort of my will, to control my hand so as to scrawl three or four lines. I do not know what I said, but I remember the broken, irregular letters frightened me when I looked at the note, and that the smooth, flowing characters, in which the answer came, suggested, at a single glance of my eye, all the wild, fearful distance, between my agitation and the calmness of my correspondent. Mr. White was very much grieved to hear of my distress. He had not supposed for a moment but that we knew Mr. Siefert had sailed last evening for Havre. No doubt there would be a letter explaining it, and so on, in the course of the day, though really he was quite unable to account for the silence Mr. S. had seen fit to preserve respecting his tour. So far as he knew, it was all quite regular. Mr. S. had withdrawn from the firm the day before, as we should see by the morning papers; but though their business connection had ceased, he should be most happy to serve the Misses Siefert in any way that was in his power."

"Not only were the characters regular and fair, but the sentences were smooth, the style rounded and courteous, the offers ceremonious, as became a polished man of the world. It was a graceful and effectual transfer of all responsibility to ourselves. I never saw him afterward."

"My dear Adelaide, you were too sensitive and proud, I fear. You should have gone to him at once."

"No, no, my friend, I could not. And in two hours there came a letter by the postman—the last line we ever saw from our father's hand. It contained a hundred and fifty dollars, and said we were to do the best we could. He had lost nearly everything, and was going to France, where he hoped to be able to redeem his fortunes. If he prospered, we should hear from him—if not, there would be nothing we should want to hear, and he should be silent. He gave me a charge to continue as faithful to Annette and Robby as I had been, and enjoined upon her to hear to me as if I were her mother."

"And he abandoned you?" I exclaimed. "He was unworthy to call you his daughter!" She buried her face in her hands while I was speaking, and wept in passionate, bitter grief. I had no word wherewith to check these tears, and I was thinking thoughts that were new to me, on this subject of parental relations, when she raised her head, and said, "Did it ever occur to you, that it could be more painful to be deserted by a father than by a mother?"

"No," I replied. "I should say the reverse,

if one could choose at all between such fearful experiences."

"I don't know," she said, "but you will think I am profaning womanhood, to feel as I do, but it seems to me I could never have felt so degraded by such an abandonment by my mother. Yet I loved her and revered her far above my father. I dare say it is crude and unwomanly, and shows how incorrectly I think and feel on these subjects; but it seems to me that a woman deserting her family so, would only show her own weakness; whereas a man, in doing it, seems to publish to the world their want of power to hold him in his right relations to them. I might have suffered as much heart-pain to have lost my mother so as I did in losing my father; but I am sure I should not have felt so deeply degraded, here in my own bosom."

"My dear child," I said, "I think you err there; but we will not stop to reason now. What did you do, when you found yourself deserted?"

"I consulted Mrs. Elwell, and we agreed that it was best Annette should be sent to the country, and that I should dismiss Nora and take Robby altogether on my own hands. You are not to suppose that Annette was indifferent to our loss, or altogether blind to the future before us. She loved her father more than anybody else. He had been always proud of her beauty, and I think the affection between them was a little colored by his satisfaction in it, and by hers in his willingness to adorn it."

"She remonstrated, generously and warmly, however, against going to the country, with nothing to do, and leaving me with Robby to take care of. But I had plans which I could perfect better without her; and, besides, I felt an hourly fear for her, now that we were alone. I had little time, as you will suppose, for brooding over my troubles. Fortunately, Robby had passed his worst suffering. The abscess had matured and broken. He was cheerful and comfortable once more, and no longer needed the care of a physician. Mrs. Elwell behaved very nobly, and said that if I could get a good little girl to be with him through the day, she would give her her dinner, and, when I was out, look after him herself. I was very grateful for this."

"Our rooms were given up, and I took a small one in the attic for myself and Robby; and then the time came for me to begin to put in execution my plan, which was to acquire in the shortest possible time the trade of dress-making. I had a great deal of natural cleverness at this; so had Annette; and I thought if she could be kept safely at our aunt's, in the country, till I had made myself mistress of it, I could easily teach her, and together, we could not fail to get along. I hired a tradeswoman whom Mrs. Elwell knew, to take me for three months and give me the advantage of her shop for all branches of the business."

"It was very painful sometimes to have old acquaintances of better days stare coldly at me in the street as I was hurrying to and from my work; or enter the shop and linger through long seasons of purchasing, sitting, ordering, and so on, without one glance of recognition at me; but I bore up, and even improved in health and spirits, as time went by, and every day strengthened my consciousness of success, and my sense of power to defeat misfortune and poverty. It is a great thing, my dear friend, to know that you have an armor, however humble, against poverty and want. And I had dreaded these so sorely for the others—not myself. What could we do for dear Robby—who grew dearer to me every day in his new dependence—except we had a way to earn money for him?"

"It came out, after Annette had been two months or more in the country, that she was not on the most harmonious terms with her cousins. There were three girls of them—two older, and one about her own age—and I suppose it was but natural that they should not like to see all court paid to her beauty, and themselves neglected. But I encouraged her remaining, hoping to get myself well established in some successful way before I should have her back with us. I had visions of a very snug, neat, inexpensive home, in some quiet rooms where we could get, where my darling Robby should have all possible freedom, and where we could work, unmolested by the intrusion of so many curious and bold eyes, as I sometimes found searching out the pretty or the interesting faces in our shop."

"But Annette defeated the last part of my plans by coming suddenly home one day, in the last fortnight of my time. She declared she was well able and as willing to go to work at dressmaking as I was; and, moreover, she would do it. She had been taunted enough with idleness, and dependence on her younger sister. She would go to work at once. And I found it impossible to control her to my wishes. She insisted she would not sit idle a day, waiting for anything. We persuaded her, therefore, to undertake at home some work for Mrs. Elwell, till I should be out of my time; and she sat down and plied her lovely, taper fingers, with a nimbleness and energy that quite affected me."

"Mrs. Elwell, who was in all my counsels, drew me into the empty dining-room the evening after her arrival, to speak of her exceedingly beauty. The air and freedom of the country had lightened the effect of her naturally fine complexion, and given a fullness and elasticity to her person and movements, which left nothing to be desired. How very beautiful she was! Her head, which was small, but exquisitely shaped, was covered with a profusion of the softest and glossiest golden hair, which drifted in loose, soft curls over brow, neck, and bosom, when it escaped confinement, in the most infantile freedom. Her

complexion was very fair and smooth, not of pure white and red; but there was a delicate, creamy tint shaded in, which gave it an indescribable richness; it varied with every change of her emotions, and with her passing thoughts, like a shifting light on a beautiful picture. It indicated a richer and more varied life within than—ah! but one doesn't know what poor Annette might have been. Her features were finely wrought, as in the most exquisite statuary. Her nose was straight, and joined her lip with an elongated nostril, as clear and fine as alabaster, and her mouth had that voluptuous swell which seemed to tempt one irresistibly to touch the sweet, bright, flexible lips. Her bust and shoulders were perfect. From her smooth white throat they sloped down in snowy purity to an arm which Canova might have copied for his Venus, and her chest was rounded with a firm, elastic fullness, which won the eye again and again, as it rested on her."

"She gave me, as I looked at her first, in this finished and lightened beauty, a painful consciousness of being intrusted with something sacred, which I feared it would be impossible to keep safe from harm. The old feeling of crushing responsibility, which I had suffered before she went to the country, came back upon me."

"As Mrs. Elwell and I talked of her and my future plans, she agreed with me that our greatest calamity was this divine gift of beauty—this which ought to have been our joy."

"At last I got the situation for us both at Madame Juron's. She promised, if I suited her and staid, to make me her forewoman when Miss Clinker left her, which she expected would happen in a year, or perhaps a few months. We had been there now over a twelvemonth, and had both come to be reckoned among her first-class hands, and yet I seemed to be as far from the promised post as ever. One might have thought the hard, bitter, exacting, suspicious Miss Clinker, staid for the purpose of depriving me of every advantage she could retain. She watched us both, and occasionally, when she was unusually irritated, she would utter hints of bold-faced beauties, who cared more for admiration than decency, that turned my blood to fire as I heard them. They were horribly unjust, for Annette had not a spark of boldness about her, and in our new circumstances, even the light-heartedness and gayety which our father used to reprove sometimes, were almost gone from her. She had a childlike innocence and freedom from suspicion; sometimes I thought there was almost an imbecility in her utter unconsciousness of the open admiration which my watchful, jealous eyes detected as we were walking the streets. I never let her go out alone. If it happened that I had to stay with Robert in his bad days, as sometimes I did, I invariably sent his little nurse—a staid, clear-eyed, religious Irish child of twelve years—with her in the morning and for her at night. And so I protected her from open insult."

"We were often followed, and more than once had been spoken to, but I had been so decided and courageous—Annette always clinging to and depending on me in such emergencies—that no man had ever repeated his first offense against us. There were many, very many who knew us, and who looked kindly or admiringly on us as we passed them, but we had very few acquaintances, and rarely received a salutation in the street which we acknowledged."

"At last I became conscious that one person, an elegantly dressed young man, with signs of dissipation in his face, and of extravagance and idleness in his general appearance, was following us home night after night. He never spoke, nor made any other demonstration that was decided enough to authorize me to repel it, and so we had to bear this horrible dogging, which made me nervous and sick with anger and dread, whenever I set my foot on the pavement to go home. Madame Juron's was just below Franklin Street, and we had to walk a long way up Bleeker to reach Mrs. Elwell's; but regularly, as we passed Prince Street, came that step, so near and no nearer. I changed our route, and then we had it from below; and when I changed again, it started from the shop with us. So there was no escape. I thought at last, Very well, sir, we can wear you out, if there is no other hope; you cannot always go on so."

"After a while, I think he sent others in his place; at any rate, when he was not there somebody else always was. I never could clearly ascertain whether this assiduity affected Annette's mind or not. Saving the unfavorable appearances I have named, our persecutor was a handsome and pleasing person. He was evidently refined, and well-bred, and a man of the world. He wore a glittering diamond in his bosom, and another on his hand, but disdained the less costly ornaments of chains and appendages which most young men are quite ready to adopt. After he had followed us for several nights, he came to Madame Juron's, accompanying a married sister, and stood in our work-room—half an hour, it seemed to me, perhaps it was not five minutes—in pretended waiting on the lady, while she held a long conference with Miss Clinker on the style and colors of the fall trimmings. I watched Annette as closely as I could and keep my needle going; but I saw nothing to reprove. It is true her color changed like the northern sky in a winter night, for she recognised him as quickly as I did; but she did not lift her eye, nor by any other sign, that I could discover, betray a consciousness of his presence."

"It was not customary for gentlemen to enter the work-room, though sometimes, led by curiosity, or humanity, or a worse motive, perhaps, as in this instance, they did so. It

was apt to provoke jealous and foolish words when it happened; and if anybody discovered that the visitor looked more at one than the others, the ill-nature fastened upon her."

"Poor Annette had had her full share of this sort of persecution from the first, and it came hot and bitter upon her after this visit. 'He never took his eyes off her,' said one, spitefully."

"And his sister had to take hold of his arm, when she was ready, to get him away."

"I expected to see him go on his knees the next minute," said a coarse, passionate, sensual girl, who never spoke to or of Annette without making me tremble."

"Thus she was more fully informed of his admiration than she would have become had he followed us a year."

"Ah, my dear friend, how that hamiliated me! for I knew that it was not love that was so displayed, and my sister's beauty became hateful in my eyes. My nature revolted keenly at the thoughts which I could not always suppress when I was reminded of him; and I was, beside, filled with a mortal dread of him. Annette, it was clear, did not feel just as I did, though I could charge her with nothing wrong. I feared that he had found a secret way to her heart, which certainly lacked womanly dignity and defenses against such unmanly approaches. The more I pondered this, the more I burned under a miserable sense of helplessness to save my sister. Every night that I heard that accursed step following us, I became more hopeless of defeating him in the struggle. She was so weak and wanting in spirit and self-respect herself, that I felt the whole battle was in my poor hands. Would you find it difficult to believe, or would it shock your friendship for me, to know that in those days I inwardly cursed men for the meanness which has tortured so many women to death, and which was putting a murderous heart in the place of the tender one I was born with?"

"I did; and I denounced my father in words that it would terrify you to hear me speak now. Day by day, as he came, I felt our fate drawing nearer and growing more inevitable. I grew sick with the agony of apprehension, of rage, and of suppressed diabolism. I could have murdered this man and rejoiced in it."

"At last I could endure no more. I determined to speak to him myself. I had to act a man's part of protector, and I boldly resolved on taking a man's freedom wherewith to act it. I asked Mrs. Elwell to meet us at a store about half-way home, one Friday evening. I said I wished to consult her respecting a shawl I thought of buying. It was a mere pretense, of course; but if it would enable me to rid myself of Annette, and attack her base follower, I did not care for anything else."

"All day I was making my speech to him. The words leapt burning from my angry heart to my tongue. I felt no lack of courage—only impatience for the hour to come when I should speak them to his face. I, of course, said nothing to Annette. It was one of the sharpest elements of my trial, indeed, that it was all for her, and she so utterly incapable of understanding it, that I must conceal it from her as carefully as I would from our bitterest enemy, had such an one been near us."

(To be Continued.)

An Arab Story.

BY LAMARTINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered for it, in vain, his camps and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself with rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger, for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek food. I am dying; help me, and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse, and take him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot, I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the aching beggar on his back. No sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he put spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out as he did so, "It is I, Daher, I have got the horse, and I am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse, said the latter, and since heaven has so willed it, I wish you much joy of it; but I conjure you not to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" asked Daher. Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of a refusal to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then, springing from the horse, returned it to his owner, embracing him, inviting him to his tent, where they spent a few days and became fast friends for life."

The Indian Summer-Land.

The Indian believes that when he dies he will go to the spirit-land of his fathers, and there, in wise councils assembled, he will hold prudent converse with the Great Spirit himself. Hunting being his chief employment on earth, he expects the same in the spirit-land. Death to him is only the renewing of youth. When he has thus triumphed over old age, his eyes will be clearer, and he sees from afar his faithful dog his chase pursuing. Let no one sit in judgment against him, but let his spirit Summer-Land be as the Indian Summer days on earth—a season of inexpressible delight.

For the Herald of Progress. Violet.

BY S. A. THOMPSON.

I kissed her, wondering all the time
In what sweet year of my sunny prime
I had seen such features last;
For the violet eyes of the little girl,
And the shining gleam of each waving curl,
Waked a dim dream of the past.

And still, as I gazed in her tender eyes,
There rose in my heart old memories,
Till many a joy and pain—
That I thought were buried cold and deep,
Sleeping a calm, untroubled sleep—
Came back to me again.

Then on my shoulder a soft white hand
Fell gently down, and there seemed to stand
A shadowy form at my side;
Oh! then I knew why that childish kiss
Had thrilled me through with a mournful bliss,
With a thought of one who died.

For the form that then took shape for me,
And for me alone, was fair to see—
Fair as in days gone by;
Just such a wave of the shining hair,
The flushing cheek and the forehead fair,
And the violet-tinted eye.

And I felt no awe, no strange surprise,
For the love-light in those earnest eyes
Had power to soothe and bless;
But I started back and tried to speak,
When the soft hair drooped across my cheek
In a mute but sweet caress.

Then the shadowy hand was lost to view,
And the sunny hair and eyes of blue
Were fading, fading fast;
Till in tears I turned from the child away,
And I had the heart-ache all that day,
As I thought of the buried past.

WELLSBORO, Pa.

The Mystery Explained.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS ASTONISH THE FRENCH
CONSUL.

Yesterday afternoon the Davenport Boys gave a *seance* at the "Hotel de Paris," on Fifth and Walnut, at which the French Consul and some twenty-five other persons, of both sexes, were present. The great medium, Mr. Fay, was there, as well as the Barum (we forget his name) who superintends the worldly affairs of the *leadees*. At this *seance* many wonderful things were performed, and the skeptic who could doubt, after beholding such wonderful manifestations, must have a head as hard as Tom Paine's. The boys were not *louned* this time—that is, were not put in a cage—but sat in plain view in the room. Their hands were tied fast, and the musical instruments played the old familiar tunes, the bell jingled, the hands flitted about as usual, passing over the faces of the auditors, and lingering, Ouderdonk-like, on the cheeks and chins of the ladies. In addition to the other novelties, some loquacious spirit actually spoke in a *horre*—or through a horn, which is very near the same thing. The speech of the spirit who had found a voice, and made it heard in a horn, addressed himself to the French Consul in these astounding words:

"Parlez vous Français, Monsieur?"
"Certainment, Monsieur," replied the Consul, who had acquired a smattering of French in his infancy; and he waited for the French spirit to proceed, but the shadowy being had got to the end of his rope, and was mum.

"Be so good as to continue your communication in *la langue de France*," urged the Consul.

"I don't talk French," replied the spirit, and was then silent, fearing, no doubt, that in a discussion with the French Consul, he would "come out at the little end of the horn."

But the wonder of wonders was the manner in which Mr. Fay, the medium, was treated. He was tied to his chair, his hands and arms being securely fastened, and in this situation the spirit pulled off his coat and passed it around the room for the inspection of the curious. This operation gave rise to an excited discussion, some contending that Mr. Fay turned himself inside out to get out of the coat; others, that the tailor, who made the coat was in league with Dr. Faustus, and sewed the stitches with needles forged in the lower regions; while a few concluded that it was one of those *shoddy* coats which will come to pieces on the slightest provocation.

The manager put an end to the dispute by unraveling the whole mystery of spiritual phenomena. He said the spirits possessed the power of taking the garment apart at the seams and fastening the pieces together again in the twinkling of a hen's eye, all without the use of shears or sewing machine. He furthermore explained the apparition of the hands. The spirits, said he, possess the power of uniting certain materials which they find in the air, and fashioning them into such shapes and forms as they choose, giving them the color of natural objects, and endowing them with warmth, strength, flexibility, &c.

There, reader the murder is out—the secrets of the "prison house" which Hamlet's father's ghost would not disclose, least the knotted and combined locks of his dutiful son should part and each particular hair stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, were blazened to the world, and everybody can now understand the whole *modus operandi* of spiritual mechanism. If these ingenious spirits can only be induced to manufacture to order legs, arms, feet, fingers, &c., for the soldiers who have lost those appendages, they should have the contract; provided, some mortal contractor does not underbid them. The boys are still in the city, at the Lindell, ready to exhibit their spiritual gifts to any one who may call and pay the piper. We look for further developments in a day or two.

[St. Louis Democrat.]

—The influence of scientific pursuits and established ideas on the mind in sleep, is illustrated by a humorous anecdote that is related of Cuvier. The great naturalist dreamed one night that the devil came to him in form as he is represented in the popular superstition, and threatened to eat him up. Cuvier calmly surveyed the strange cloven-footed beast from head to foot, and then exclaimed, "You eat me! Horns! Hoofs! Gramineous! I am not afraid of you!"

Herald of Progress

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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NEXT WEEK we shall give a full report of Bro. Finney's first lecture in this city. His lectures will appear in our columns, in their regular order, from week to week.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM in this city is increasing and improving rapidly. Already the Friends of Progress are asking each other "Hasn't the time almost come for the construction of a Hall adapted to our increasing congregations and the Lyceum?"

Selden J. Finney at Dodworth's Hall.

This eloquent Brother's lecture next Sunday morning will be, "Relations of God to Humanity;" in the evening, "Significance, Dangers, and Duties of American Civilization."

Bro. Willis at Clinton Hall.

BRO. WILLIS's subject for next Sunday morning, March 20th, will be, "Have we a Faith worth sacrificing anything for?" In the evening, "The Correspondence between the Light of Nature and the Light of the Soul."

A Spurious "Herald of Progress."

One of the last things we had expected to see counterfeited was the HERALD OF PROGRESS. We did not for a moment imagine speculators and counterfeiters could partake of our own enthusiasm concerning the paper we so highly prize.

We were, it seems, not fully awake to its importance. It stands even higher than the ideal we had set up for it. For some adventurer has sought to steal our title and to issue a flashy, not over-valuable—paper under the name, HERALD OF PROGRESS. We have taken prompt measures to prevent a recurrence of this invasion of our privileges, and those who have seen, or may see the spurious sheet, will please acquit us of all knowledge or responsibility for it, be it good or bad. Meantime the value of the HERALD OF PROGRESS stock is advanced by this weak attempt to counterfeit its most excellent name.

The Marriage Question.

Our readers will remember that in a very recent number of our paper, March 5, 1864, we published a letter from D. Y. Kilgore, author of the Manchester Resolutions, and also one from Dr. A. G. Parker, the second from his pen on that subject. We think that now all parties have had "their say," some of them two or three times over, and we can, therefore, let the subject rest awhile. Several additional articles, pro and con, have been sent us from various sections, but we see no benefit in their immediate publication.

Dr. A. G. Parker is the only one among the persons originally named who takes a position in favor of the theory and practice condemned by the "Resolutions." He says boldly: "I am, in the fullest sense, a free-passionist." Though we despise his revolting social creed, we admire his honesty and courage, and consider him a far less dangerous member of society than one who shapes his lips to specious pretenses of purity, while his deeds leave once happy homes and loving hearts in desolation and despair. Here the subverter of social order and the destroyer of true individual, domestic, and national harmony, appears without disguise, and of course the poison of his sophistries can be evaded or counteracted by all who are not in the same thought on their own part.

It is well enough to write rhapsodies on freedom, but to confound it with license betrays a great lack of moral perception. In studying to ascertain the methods which Nature pursues "in the development, individualization, and unity of the races," it is unphilosophical to base one's reasonings on the manifestations of any world below man. Surely, from the animal kingdom alone can one draw the inference that "polygamy" and "omnigamy" are in the order of Nature's "perfected" arrangement of human society. It is no wonder that with eyes so blinded to the true, beautiful, and permanent dual relation which the divine in man everywhere indorses, Dr. Parker should at length shamelessly proclaim "Secessionism in the State" and "free-love [passion] in the marriage relation" as "angels of deliverance" to the human family! Fallen angels are they who would rob the soul of its purity and integrity, and the nation of its unity and life.

The Influence of Death on the Spirit.

"It is not probable that in death the soul gains new powers which it was not before possessed of when the heart was confined by the chains of the body; but it is much more probable that these powers were always in being, though dimmed and clogged by the body; and the soul is only then able to practice them when the corporeal bonds are loosened, and the drooping limbs and stagnating juices no longer oppress it."

[PLUTARCH.]

The power of those near death to foretell events has been noticed from the earliest ages. That the spirit, as it puts off mortality and clothes itself in its purely spiritual attributes, possesses a knowledge of spiritual things none will deny who have watched its passage from the body. As the limbs grow rigid and the heart beats feebly, the eye brightens with a new light and the unseen reveals itself; the countenance becomes illuminated, and shows through the transparent walls of flesh the glory that is departing.

When Calanus ascended the funeral pile, Alexander asked him if he needed anything. He replied, "Nothing! the day after to-morrow I shall see you;" which proved true. Homer knew the power of the dying to foresee events, for Hector, when dying, foretold the approaching death of Achilles. Posidonius also mentions a dying Rhodian who named six persons in the order in which they were to die.

If it is true that the spirit, as it ceases in a measure to be confined to the flesh, can behold with more clearness the great laws that govern the universe—that it can behold the workings of those laws, and thus pronounce what shall be—we may cease to wonder why spirits are able sometimes to foretell events and to speak with so much certainty of the future. As Plutarch wisely says, these powers were always in being, though dimmed and clogged by the body. Whatever the spirit can reveal when it is free from the flesh, it reveals because of its inherent powers, and therefore we may expect, under certain conditions, that human beings will show spiritual powers that equal those of the purely spiritual being.

Clairvoyance is the seeing up of the external senses, even as death closes them, and the opening of the spiritual; thus pure clairvoyance represents the condition of the spirit after the death of the body. Somnambulism also is a condition that reveals the power of the spiritual senses; it is an inner activity that arises during the sleep of the body. By a careful study, therefore, of these conditions, we may understand the condition of the spirit as far as its consciousness is concerned.

Do we not find that clairvoyance always elevates the spirit? or rather, do not persons in that condition show powers and attributes that we hardly supposed they possessed? If a person is frequently magnetized and yet possesses his own individuality, we find that he exhibits an enlightenment of the faculties. He gives utterance to purer thoughts, he is more trustful of the good of all things. He ceases to hate and learns to love.

If this is so, must we not expect spirits to reveal to us a condition at least a little higher than their earthly? While they retain their peculiarities of taste and their individuality of expression, yet we may reasonably expect from them a little more wisdom and love, a little higher standard of action.

The theory, then, concerning evil spirits, must be solved by understanding in how great a degree the opening of the spiritual faculties will affect the evil desires and passions. That there is evil to be lamented and dreaded wherever the tendencies of the spirit are towards selfishness and passion, we all know; but may we not hope that, when the spirit stands revealed in its own condition, with its interior life expressed in its outermost being, it will more readily perceive the beauty and truth of an eternal existence, and turn, by the innate tendencies of that being, Godward.

Then and Now.

On the 6th of March a scene occurred in New York vastly suggestive to the thinking. We refer to the demonstrations of the Twentieth United States Colored Regiment, on its way from Riker's Island to New Orleans. They numbered 1,100 men, with bronzed faces and stalwart forms, who marched through Fifth Avenue and Broadway, everywhere warmly received and greeted by the best inhabitants of the city. They halted at Union Square, where a flag was presented to them, and an address delivered, engrossed on parchment, by the Women of the Loyal League.

Six months since these very men were hunted from our streets, flying for their very lives, and their less fortunate companions torn from their homes and brutally murdered. Verily, such agitation as we are undergoing is making changes that take away the breath of the old conservative.

A Popular Institution.

The Commercial College, located in Toledo, O., has of late attracted considerable attention among educators and business men as one of the best institutions in the country for imparting a thorough practical course of instruction, by combining theory and practice, to students of both sexes. The educational departments of this institution, since the retirement of the former proprietor, come under the management of Messrs. W. H. Bush and A. E. Macomber. Mr. Bush is an experienced teacher and accountant. Book-keeping, penmanship, &c., will be taught by him, while commercial, law, and political economy, and correlative departments of useful education, will be presided over by Mr. A. E. Macomber. This gentleman is a thoroughly educated lawyer, being a graduate of the Law Department of the University at Ann Arbor—a stu-

dent of great industry and enterprise, and well-qualified to impart a correct and systematic knowledge of Commercial Law. Young ladies in this institution can acquire a complete business education, so that, in the affairs of the world, women can become as practicable and efficient as men. Our readers in Ohio and Michigan, who have written us for information as to where a good business school may be found for their sons and daughters, will be glad to know that Messrs. Bush and Macomber have established this much-needed institution in Toledo.

A Rare Entertainment.

We understand that a class numbering some eighty ladies and gentlemen, misses and masters, from Mrs. Plumb's Academy, 59 West Fourteenth Street, have volunteered to give a select entertainment for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair.

They will appear in exercises illustrating the New Light Gymnastics, at Cooper Institute, Saturday evening, March 19. Tickets 50 cents; reserved seats \$1.

Commencement Exercises of the Homeopathic Medical College.

The commencement exercises of the Homeopathic Medical College were held in Dr. Osgood's church, Thursday, March 3. The church was filled and the music fine. William Cullen Bryant presided with his usual dignified and soulful manner. His address was enthusiastically cheered, and was an earnest exhortation to those about undertaking the arduous duties of the medical profession, to act nobly their parts. Twenty-six graduating students received their diplomas from his hand.

Professor Guernsey gave the principal address to the students. He said: Progress is the watchword of the age; we hear it everywhere, in science, art, and all professions. What position ought the medical faculty to occupy in this stage of the world? We must have a thoroughly educated medical profession. He who would achieve a position must do it by earnest effort; there is here no royal highway to success; he who would make his mark and win a position, must do it by knowledge. But few geniuses appear in the course of ages; but every man may develop his mental faculties so that he can do nobly in the world, and help on the great work of regeneration.

No profession can do more for the world than the medical. It has not to do with crude matter, but a living organism. All nature opens to him her storehouse: each plant speaks to him of beauty and use; he walks over the soil, and knows that it may have within it the seeds of miasmatic disease; the granite rock contains to him a life which now only sleeps, but which may be awakened and develop wonderful power; each rain-drop contains a force which, if unlocked, would rend the earth: gold and silver and iron are to him weapons of health; he finds in plant and mineral a wonderful power, and it is for him to search for it and understand it.

It is a mistake that the triumphs of the medical art are seen more in the sick room than in the fields of knowledge that it searches. It is by the physician's intimate knowledge of Nature's laws that he is enabled to vanquish disease before it has crossed the threshold. In the recent contest when the enemy surprised our forces after bringing them into an ambush, it was as much the officers' duty to have watched for the enemy and to have kept his scouts out lest he be entrapped, as to fight bravely when the contest came; so the physician should warn of danger, and by his skill guard against it.

From the jungles of India disease and death stalked forth with their hosts; in 1817 they seemed fully to have marshaled their forces; over cities and plains, over deserts and mountain ranges they went forth on their dreaded work. What could check their march? A physician wrote to a friend in Germany, living in a small town—a man second to no living chemist. He set himself to work until he learned the nature of the pestilence. He wrote: "The Asiatic cholera will march on through India and Persia, into Europe, to England. It will cross the Atlantic. Its remedy is camphor;" and this remedy has been thoroughly tested and proved to be the great agent in the cure of that disease. That man was Samuel Hahnemann. Here was true science.

Again, was not Jenner, who discovered the method of vaccination as a preventive of the disease of small pox, greater than he who administered by the sick bed? The time will surely come when the physician, faithful at his post, shall marshal all the forces of nature, and be enabled to say, there lies the cause and here the remedy. The medical profession is to be the great means of the redemption of the human family, for they know how morality and virtue conduce to health, and how immortality leads to disease.

Secondly, the spirit of the age demands a thoroughly honest and unprejudiced profession. In old feudal times the leader of clans built high the mote and the embattlements; and the church, too, with its terror of hell-fire, compelled men by fear; but beneath the softer touch of the Great Master, the Church has lost its reign of terror, and social life needs no more its castle and its mote. Man is standing on higher ground: a new life is breathing into the world.

But one thought should actuate the physician—the relief of suffering. In his profession he should have no prejudices, but ask alone for truth. The physician should be familiar with the whole field of medical science. I see before me a room, where all is hushed and where every face wears a look of anxiety; on

a little bed I see a child; it is the only one, and as they watch its beautiful face, and behold it turn with imploring eye from one to another, who can tell what hopes are centered there? The hand of love is there to minister, but its efforts are fruitless; the man of God is there, but his words are of no avail: the physician enters; if it be alone can help now, and woe be to him if, through willful ignorance, that life is sacrificed. Woe be to him if his prejudices warp him from the known path to relief.

The world demands a thoroughly educated and thoroughly trained medical profession. Gentlemen, as you stand upon the threshold of this labor, there is for us, mingled with hope, a feeling of sadness: we know well the thorny path; we know of the aching head, the weary body, the anxious spirit. The profession of medicine is a tiresome one, yet nobly toil on. Perceive in your patients, not so many dollars and cents, but think of the disease that is to be conquered. Many fall on the way on this toilsome journey, but they place their lives on the altar of duty and there is a reward—the consciousness of a duty performed.

Many of you were present at the performance of the last rites of a beloved physician a few weeks since. The old man was there to pay his tribute of respect, the gray-haired matron bent her head to drop the sincere tear on the lifeless form, young men and women gave their testimonials of respect in weeping eyes. He died as the hero dies, with his harness on, and passed from the scenes of his earthly labor to his immortal reward. Why should the physician fear death? It is to him no king of terrors, but a white-winged angel.

Go forth, gentlemen, to labor nobly and well for humanity.

The address by Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, was eloquent. Its principal point was, that through love the true physician could do his noblest work.

Mr. Mosman, of the graduating class, gave the valedictory address. It was progressive in its tone, and he was not afraid to introduce the words Magnetism, Electricity, Spiritual Life.

The evening was a testimony of the progressive tendencies of the times. Our enthusiasm was however cooled at the close by learning that one of the most talented professors of the college had been deprived of his chair, because of his interest in the Woman's College of this city. If this be so, all the protestations of progress made during the evening were made in vain; for the institution that can take such a course will soon take its proper place and be found among the rubbish of the past, unless it retrieves its steps, and shows itself the friend of every noble reform. An institution that in the first place denies a woman an opportunity, within its own walls, to perfect herself in a profession for which she is so specially adapted, and then gives a cold shoulder to a noble and earnest man who endeavors to open another door for her, must not expect to advance greatly the cause of true science or to receive the hearty support of earnest, progressive minds. L. M. W.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—PARSON BROWNSLOW, lately very ill, is now convalescent.

—GEN. GRANT was recently at Washington, conferring with the President and General Halleck, being rigorously determined, as far as he has influence, to push vigorously forward in all departments. He has been nominated by the President for Lieutenant-General, and the Senate has unanimously confirmed the nomination.

—T. B. CARPENTER is at the White House, by invitation of the President, painting a large picture of "The President reading the Emancipation Proclamation for the first time to his Cabinet"—the members of which are daily sitting for their portraits.

—DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African traveler, is reported to have been killed by the natives while endeavoring to discover the source of the River Shilra. Some accounts, however, state that he was only badly wounded, and was alive at last accounts.

—MRS. SARAH WATERS died at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on the 4th inst., at the age of one hundred and one years. The husband of the deceased, who died twenty-four years ago, was a soldier in the Revolution, and his widow received a pension up to the time of her death.

—THE QUEEN OF DENMARK and her eldest daughter will be present at the christening of the son of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

—MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN.—This famous Union spy and scout made her first appearance in Rochester, at the Theatre, Wednesday evening, in conjunction with Mr. J. M. WARD, the popular young Irish comedian. It will be remembered that when Gen. Gordon Granger recaptured Shelbyville, Tenn., he found Miss CUSHMAN in a rebel prison, where she had been incarcerated by General Bragg, under sentence of death as a Federal spy. After hearing the account of the sufferings she had undergone for the Union cause, Gen. Granger determined she should receive some testimonial of appreciation for the service she had performed, and accordingly she was proclaimed to be a Major of Cavalry. Thus she became known to the soldiers as MAJOR PAULINE CUSHMAN. The ladies of Nashville, hearing of the promotion of the feminine Major, prepared a costly riding-habit, trimmed in military style, with dainty shoulder-straps, &c., and presented the dress to Pauline. Miss Cushman has numerous testimonials from the Generals in the West of her services as spy and scout.—Rochester Express.

—There was a great shout in the Albany Bazaar on Wednesday evening, when it was announced that GEN. GRANT had drawn the President's autograph copy of the Proclamation of Freedom. There was a fitness about this turn of the wheel which made everybody glad.

Inspiration Solidified.

The sunshine that warmed the earth so long ago that we measure the intervening time by epochs instead of years, propels the world's machinery to-day. It draws its main supply of artificial light, heat and mechanical power from those vast storehouses of carbon which a once living vegetation had inhaled from an atmosphere made quick by the fervid inspiration of a tropical sun. True, the same source of light and heat exists as of old, but we have not yet learned to make a direct application of it; and so we light and warm our dwellings, run our factories and propel our ships by virtue of the solidified activities of an epoch whose stupendous deeds are its only record.

Precisely so it is with our spiritual comforts and means of progress. We light and warm our souls, we carry on our moral enterprises, we conduct our religion and push ourselves along the road to heaven solely by virtue of the inspirational light and heat which a long-past age has condensed and hardened into the tangible form of history. No marvel, therefore, that these deposits have been deemed sacred. The different strata of solidified spiritual sunshine cropping out here and there among the nations in the form of written records, have honestly won for themselves the title of "Holy." From generation to generation, all the soul's work and all the soul's hope has been directed by and has rested upon them. The generations which had lost the consciousness of inspiration could still read of it and feel refreshed. Even to-day, so little is the world conscious of it, that to destroy these records would be deemed a greater misfortune than it would be to lose its entire subterranean deposit of carbon.

And yet the same spiritual sun shines as of old, even as the natural. The elements of spiritual power, like the physical, are in no wise diminished; all that we lack in the latter case, as in the former, is the genius—the spiritual insight—the knowledge that inspiration is always natural and was never miraculous—to make these powers tell upon the intellectual and moral progress of the race, even as electricity will yet manifest its superiority over fossilized gases in physical locomotion.

But the time has not yet fully come for our emancipation from the uses of these ancient deposits, let us remember. To me it is a sublime fact that each age is exactly equal to its own conscious necessities; and it is a curious one, that no age thinks itself so. Each leans upon its predecessor until it perceives that, in some given particular, the past is likely to fail it. Then, only, it provides for the deficiency through the exercise of its own genius and from its own resources. No one thought of trying to get heat from "hard, black stones," until it was seen that the old forests would one day fall. Only when a new want is born is the new supply sought for, and, on the finding, its sources are so patent that we wonder how they could have so long escaped common observation.

No, the time has not yet fully come for us to realize our own powers and privileges. We are not willing to assume the responsibility of our own guidance. There are men still living who feel that the telegraph is sinful. Modern discoveries, even in physical science, are deemed, by more people than you would think, a blasphemous intermeddling with the affairs of God. In spiritual matters, still more caution is naturally manifest. It is this want of faith, which each age, in its turn, has in itself, that Jesus had to meet in his time. He is the first religious teacher who denied to the past the right of domination over the present. But his age could not accept the doctrine, and so his life was the forfeit of his teaching.

Its real deliverer stood in its midst, a living power; but the faith of the age was not in anything alive, it rested solely on the sayings of men who had long been dead. Jesus looked to the men of his own time as little likely to effect their salvation as the first sample wagon-load of anthracite seemed to the Philadelphians capable of warming their city.

As with that age, so with this; its face is turned backward. It has no faith in its own ability to save itself. It dare not try to answer its own questions. As with the Jews, Jesus *aloe* was a man to be despised and hated, and "Moses and the prophets" only to be honored, so with us, the *facts* of Jesus, repeated all over the land, go for nothing, while Jesus *crucified* is worshipped as the veritable God.

In fact, this Christian age of ours has most woefully blundered the lesson of Jesus. It takes him for an archbishop instead of the arch-democrat that he really was. The great lesson of Jesus is the doctrine of independence. When an archbishop fulminates a dogma, he quotes his authority out of an ancient book. When Jesus states a principle, he refers to Nature for its living proof. Instead of citing chapter and verse to make good his statement, he says, Look upon the flowers at your feet, upon the air you breathe, upon the sun that warms you, into your own hearts, for a confirmation. In all I say I do but give voice to Nature. Here is the inspiration. I but show you how right and proper it is for you to become your own interpreters of her truth.

Yes, a moribund church has yet to realize that if it is to live, it must get some life within itself—has yet to learn that to *lean on its Christ* is to be *unchristian*. He did not lean upon the centuries which had preceded him, and those who do it are not his disciples. To be a Christian in anything but name; that is, to be like him is to be a man who draws his inspiration from its living fountain and shapes his life from his own inward revelations. It was the standing

complaint of Jesus that men lacked confidence in themselves; the church only mourns their want of faith in a book.

Not that the book is in fault—the post-coach still serves where the railroad is not built. The book has been the only conscious source of spiritual light and heat to whole generations. But its great value in this respect has been superseded. For half a century or more it has been a hindrance rather than a help; a stumbling-block instead of a light. The reason is obvious. For at least a thousand years its authority was unquestioned by the reason. Its acceptance was a simple act of faith. In process of time—that is to say, when reason became bold enough to question faith—it was found to be without a basis in the experience of any living man. Those who professed it, could only quote Scripture in proof of Scripture. For this reason, thinking men, from sheer helplessness, began to deny that there was anything real in the records of a past Spiritualism to be believed.

The instinct of independence lies at the bottom of what is popularly termed scepticism. Prior to the consciousness of that emotion, men believe as they are taught. Subsequently, they insist on handling for themselves the things of their own faith. They quote "Thomas" against "Thomas" as an authority. When this feeling had become quick in the mind of the age, history lost its power. A new-born want had made its appearance in the minds of men which it could not supply. The sacred narrative set forth facts and experiences so unlike anything within the knowledge of the present, that men denied their reality out of sheer self-respect. What sort of a world is this?—said they—and what kind of a God governs it, if it be true, as we are taught to believe, that he bestowed his gifts and his presence upon the ancient Jews and left all subsequent generations nothing but the inventory of his spent bounty?

They felt, and felt naturally and truly, these skeptics of the last century, that their age should be equal to its own needs—should be able to answer its own questions. But while they felt this to be true, inasmuch as they could not find the answer, they first denied that anybody had found it, and at last declared that there was no question in the premises to be asked, and never had been. Faith in God, in immortality, in inspiration, was so mixed with palpable absurdity and rested so entirely on history, that they pronounced it all superstition and priestcraft, and there left it.

For fifty years subsequently the world was rapidly adopting their conclusion. It had reached a pass in which the more it reasoned the less it believed. Truth, incarnate only in history, had ceased to be truth. Inspiration solidified had become powerless in the world's affairs. It would not ride in the church-coach, would not travel upon the church-turnpike, and it had no railroad; so it sat still and sought comfort in negation.

Our latter-day Christianity is in the condition of a child who should insist upon being perpetually carried. It has leaned so long and so entirely upon its books for support, that it has lost the use of its own limbs. Jesus kindly undertook to teach it how to walk; but instead of profiting by the lesson, like a great booby it insists that he shall shoulder it forever.

It is not the doctrine of dependence, but of independence, that Jesus taught. He maintained a fraternal feeling, a kind remembrance, a brotherly consideration for the past; but he made it neither his master nor his teacher in any authoritative sense. The truth which it had hardened into dogmas mingled with error, he set free. He fearlessly broke in pieces the compound, separated the gold from the dross, and then magnanimously said, I am not here to destroy that. This doctrine of independence cannot longer go unheeded with impunity. In these days, religion can walk. If it insist longer on being carried, it will be carried to its grave.

R. T. H.

Copperhead Spiritualists.

[The following, from the *Liberator*, is "important, if true." We ask for "more light" from the Friends of Progress in Somers, Ct. Tell us, brethren, is the following true:]

Being in the neighborhood of Somers, Ct., last week, I wrote to an old and tried friend of freedom there, that I would speak in that place on the following Wednesday, if a hall could be obtained in which to hold the meeting. Receiving a prompt reply, that arrangements had been made, and notice given that I would lecture in the church owned and occupied by the Spiritualists, I went over on Tuesday, and found hand-bills posted, and everything in readiness. However, it soon appeared that the Copperhead feeling in the town, although it had been baptized by Spiritualism, had resolved that the address should not be delivered; for, before night, the following notice was placed upon the doors by one of the Committee:

"Notice. We, the undersigned, being a Committee of the Spiritualists Society, are appointed to take charge of the church, hereby forbidding any persons using or speaking in said church, except for the discussion of Spiritualism, that being the purpose for which the house was built, and so specified in the deed to said society.

Per order of the Committee.
HARRIS, JOHN C. GOWDY.
SOMERSVILLE, CT., Feb. 9, 1864.

The above is a *verbatim* copy of the notice. For a time it seemed as if Truth and Freedom were to be driven from the town; but the Methodist Society, learning that we had been shut out by the Spiritualists, very kindly opened their house, warmed and lighted it without any charge whatever, and we had a respectable and well-behaved audience. Having listened to several of the ablest of the lecturers on Spiritual phenomena, and hearing them say that Spiritualism was without sect or creed, and that it was destined to uproot all

sectarian bodies, I confess that I was a little surprised at the action of this committee. The plea that the house was built for the discussion of Spiritualism only, will avail nothing but to show their sectarianism and bigotry. I was informed that the house was dedicated to "God, Christ, and Humanity." Nevertheless, it is a noted fact, that the members of the Society are so pro-slavery, that they will not listen to an anti-slavery discourse, even though it came from an entranced medium. That the Secretary of the Society should be a negro-hating run-seller is, in itself, enough to condemn the whole organization. I therefore came to the conclusion that Spiritualism was our old enemy—the same snake in a new skin—or, that these people were not true Spiritualists.

WM. WELLS BROWN.
CAMBRIDGEPORT, Feb. 15, 1864.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Anti-Slavery Festival at Music Hall.

On the evening of the 27th of January, of this new year, there assembled at the Music Hall, in Boston, a large number of the abolitionists of New England and elsewhere. They were drawn thither by an invitation of those women of Massachusetts, who, for thirty years, have devoted themselves with untiring industry, indomitable perseverance, wise judgment, and eminent success, to the work of collecting the "material aid" necessary for the revolutionizing of the public sentiment of the country on the question of chattel slavery and the rights of the colored race in this land.

For twenty-four years these women, whom history will place higher on the scroll of fame than the women of seventy-six, held annually, in the city of Boston, a bazaar, which brought into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society large sums of money, to be expended in the great mission of that association. To this bazaar, in addition to the delicate products of American skill, came, annually, large contributions of rare and costly articles from the friends of the slave in Europe, and, attracted by the beauty and elegance of these foreign gifts, came also the wealthy children of fashion, who cared not for the slave, and who despised the negro and hated the abolitionist, but who gave their money in return for such elegancies as were not obtainable in the ordinary marts of trade. And thus, year by year, these women worked—self-denying, faithful, earnest. They were not women who had no domestic tastes or duties. Many of them were mothers of families; and their children, grown now to be young men and women, evince, in their high cultivation and excellent character, the superior mental and moral training they have received. Some of them were young girls, and, though now arrived at middle age, one needs only to look at their still fresh and youthful faces to be assured that they have lost no enjoyment by the self-denial they have practiced for the sake of downtrodden humanity.

I remember once, at a New England Anti-Slavery Convention, I sat beside one of these ladies. She was young, beautiful, and wealthy. It was a warm day, and we took off our bonnets. As she laid hers in her lap—a plain straw one, with only a ribbon put over the top—I noticed that it had only one string. She said to me quietly, and without embarrassment, "This was some ribbon I had left of some needle-books for the fair, and I hadn't enough for two strings."

I was told that this lady had commenced housekeeping a few years before in a very expensive and showy style; but then, when I visited her house, which was thrown wide open to the friends of freedom, she had renounced all costly display, and was living in a simple, unostentatious manner, that she might do more and give more to the cause of the slave.

That these women, in the earlier years of our struggle, suffered ignominy, one needs only to read the record of those times to be sure of. Abby Kelly, now Mrs. Foster, a young Massachusetts teacher, after having for some time devoted half her monthly wages to the anti-slavery cause, impelled by a high sense of duty, gave up her employment, and, without pay, traveled through the whole North, at the peril of her life, pleading for the rescue of the women of the South who were daily being sold on the auction-block. Mobbed, persecuted, slandered, disowned by the religious society of which she was a birthright member, yet always keeping before her mind the end and condition of the slave-woman, she never faltered. I have heard her relate, privately, with streaming eyes and choked utterance, the foul aspersions and unkind treatment which almost everywhere met her as she went from place to place on her mission.

One of the most beautiful and accomplished women of Massachusetts, the wife of a wealthy Boston merchant, whose father also stood high in the mercantile ranks of that metropolis, herself delicately nurtured and highly educated in foreign lands, having espoused the cause of the slave in its day of dishonor, told me that clerks from the stores had come out on the sidewalk to insult her with taunts and jeers, and that, fearing to walk on Washington Street alone in the daytime, she had often taken a little child with her for protection, supposing that no one would really injure her in such a presence.

The heroic young wife of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, when, in 1835, her husband was dragged through the streets of Boston by a blood-thirsty mob of self-styled "gentlemen of property and standing," herself driven with other noble women from a meeting they were holding, only said, "I know my husband will not desert his principles;" and well and truly have her faith and trust been ever realized.

These women, after all those years of unwearying labor, finally decided, in 1858, that

the time had come, when, in the gradual change which had been wrought in the public mind, their bazaar, which had involved so much care and toil, might now be wisely changed into a festive gathering, which should be made the occasion for the friends of the slave, now so largely increased in number, to bring to this altar of humanity their free gifts. Many doubted the wisdom of their decision, and the anti-slavery mind of the country sent forth prophecies of failure, and the anti-slavery head was racked with visions of an empty treasury, and the wheels of our machinery stopped for want of supplies. But the intuitions of woman are often truer and wiser than any human calculations. The first year brought into the treasury of the slave more money than the fair had ever produced, and each succeeding year the triumph has been complete.

Until last year the ladies furnished refreshment tables, which were free to all. But for two years this also has been dispensed with. And this festival now seems to me to have attained the true standard of a social gathering, where the guests are satisfied with friendly greetings, with intellectual intercourse, the recital of interesting reminiscences, and the expression of hopes for the future, enlivened by music and speech; and all animated by a noble purpose are forgetful of the every-day drudgery connected with eating and drinking.

On the evening of Jan. 28, 1864, the beautiful Music Hall was decorated with the anti-slavery mottoes and banners which for many years have waved over our meetings; a band of music was on the platform; the tables for the contributions were arranged on either side of the hall, at which were seated the lady managers, leaving the entire center for promenade and conversation. The warm grasp of the hand, the exclamation of joyful surprise, the earnest welcome, greeted us on every side.

The company was an admirable admixture of age and youth, black and white, rich and poor. The sentiment of Mr. Garrison's song, "I am an abolitionist, I glory in the name," is a passport of itself to welcome and honor. If you deposit large sums of money, they are joyfully received; if you bring small ones, according to your means, they are alike welcome.

Wendell Phillips, with his pure whiteness of complexion, and that high intellectual beauty which comes of a long line of cultured ancestry, side by side with Wm. Wells Brown, the mulatto fugitive slave, and Wm. Jackson, the black ex-coachman of Jefferson Davis; Edmund Quincy, the patted scion of Boston blood-royal, holding by the hand the little slave girl from Virginia, as he related her story to the audience; Mrs. Child, the gifted and the famed, speaking encouraging words, in no condescending tone, to the young black woman who has adopted sculpture as her profession, and who brought medallions of John Brown to the meeting for sale; good women, in coarse garb, welcomed everywhere with honor, because they love the slave; Bloomer dresses and Quaker bonnets encountering no disdainful looks—all these, and much more, strike the beholder as evidences of a freedom and a democracy in principle and in practice which is not to be found in the wide world outside of an anti-slavery gathering.

The presence of that little girl from Virginia was one of the most interesting features of this meeting. Her fair complexion, light brown hair, and pale blue eyes, told better than words the sad and terrible story of the grievous wrong and outrage which slavery has for generations perpetrated upon woman, and which, sanctioned by Church and State, have, except from the lips of the odious abolitionists, scarcely received a rebuke. In future years, when we have passed away, the reader of history will turn pale with horror over the recital of these foul atrocities.

Time and space forbid that I should mention the names of all who, in that meeting, were worthy to be spoken of as the true heroes and reformers of this age and nation. Besides the work of the noble women who for so many years have controlled this anniversary, the world will yet appreciate, as it has not yet, the noble labors of such men as Garrison the wise, the unwavering, and the far-seeing; Weld, and Foster, and Pillsbury; and Henry C. Wright, the Boanerges, and Whittier, the Isaiah, of our cause, and many more, who, according to their power, have so revolutionized this nation that even now the chains are falling from the limbs of the slave.

And here, among these men and women, there is one thing that continually strikes you: they never grow old. Their locks may whiten or fall, they may even totter as they walk, but ever do they carry on their faces and in their hearts the brightness and the beauty of perpetual youth. And the joy, and the wit, and the sparkle, and the enthusiasm, which enliven all they say and do, constantly assure you that they live in a charmed circle, into which old age and decrepitude of the spirit never enter—that they have indeed found and drank deeply of the true elixir of life. You never hear them say they are ready to die if they were only prepared, as you often hear those who have lived only for themselves and are weary of their disappointments. You never hear them say, as did Solomon, after he had tried all manner of selfish gratification, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." They have lived for Humanity, have found it worth living for. They carry about with them an undying consciousness that when their work is done the world will be better for their having lived in it; and that, in all the steps of its upward progress, the great heart of Humanity will beat with quicker and nobler pulsations for the energy, and the power, and the purity which their lives have given to it.

E. B. C.

Doings of the Moral Police.

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

The Moral Police Fraternity.

SEVENTH MONTHLY MEETING, AT DODWORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7th, 1864.

[This new movement was duly inaugurated at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, June 14th, 1863, in the presence of a large congregation. The chief officers nominated and duly elected were:]

ANDREW J. DAVIS, President,
SARA E. PAYSON, Secretary,
FARRER E. FARNSWORTH, Treasurer.

If you wish to identify yourself with this Fraternity, address the President, (A. J. Davis, Editor of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, No. 274 Canal Street, New York,) authorizing him to record under the Pledge your whole name, your occupation, and your post-office address, giving County and State in full. The initiation fee of one dollar is recommended, including the enclosure of two postage-stamps to prepay the "Constitution," the "Letter of Instruction," and the "Pledge," all which will be immediately forwarded to you on the above conditions. Unlike many self-proclaimed societies, this Fraternity does not exclude Woman from any of its departments, privileges, or benefits.]

The meeting was opened with the singing of "The Beautiful Land," by a choir of children who attend the Lyceum.

MR. DAVIS then said: As chairman of this meeting, it is in order for me to report in brief the doings of the Fraternity for the month of January, the details of which I think it would be best to omit this morning, owing to the speciality of the meeting, and take up the different Articles of the Constitution, to ratify them, if we can, for their final acceptance—so that, from to-day, the Fraternity may mark the commencement of its legal existence. There are a variety of reasons why it should have a legal as well as an external, social, or spiritual organization. These reasons may be seen and uttered by some of you before our meeting closes.

I will say, in general terms, that there has been a number of visitations during the past month; but seven-tenths of them have resulted simply in the discovery of professional beggars, who always put the best foot, or rather the bare foot, foremost, which, of course, is the best foot to make out a case in their own behalf. The three real cases of suffering out of ten have been reached and substantially benefited. It is not necessary ever to mention the names of the parties in a public meeting, but to announce the facts accomplished: their names will not be published, but will be placed by the Secretary on the private records of the Brotherhood.

The great work of the month has been forming an acquaintance with all the municipal and benevolent societies, the asylums, the institutions of charities, and the various associations of the city. We have succeeded in ascertaining particulars of all of them, and have them all in writing: their names and locations, the names of the Presidents, Secretaries, Treasurers, and Boards of Managers; and the *modus operandi* of availing ourselves of the advantages of each and all of these institutions, whenever it is deemed wise by the Board of Managers of this Fraternity that we should do so. I have found out the roads—the private labyrinthine approaches—to many of these otherwise very hidden and exclusive institutions. I find that many of them will fraternize with us; but we will have to fraternize with the red-tapism which is inseparable from many institutions, in order to get persons under their protection who need to be benefited by them. There was no question among the best city institutions as to "faith," but there is a great hesitation, (and, I think, very wisely, too) among them, with reference to the history and facts of cases applying for admission.

I can report, therefore, as the great work of January for the Brotherhood, a sufficiently familiar acquaintance with all these institutions; and a discovery of several methods of making them available, henceforth, in connection with the work of the Moral Police Fraternity.

MRS. MARY F. DAVIS then read the beautiful poem "Giving is Living," and was followed by a song from the Children.

MR. DAVIS then said: Strictly speaking, I have not been President of any corporate body, but simply chairman of a temporary organization, on its way to symmetrical parts and adjusted proportions. We have been six months in spiritual, social, affectional existence, and during these six months we have accomplished many good things. It will be remembered by those who took part in the first assembly that the organization was adopted entire—the Constitution accepted as a whole. Now, I have acted as chairman of a business committee. Such has been and is my position, and will be, until this Constitution is accepted in detail, with whatever amendments may be suggested hereafter, or now, and the Chiefs are duly [appointed] who will constitute the Board of Management. This Board of Managers was not appointed, but it is now necessary. Because the organization has attained proportions that will become unmanageable in the course of a few months more, unless our steps are all legitimate, systematic, and solid: just as spontaneous, as spiritual, as ever; but in harmony with the best laws which common sense, experience, and knowledge of the world have demonstrated to be useful in promoting good ends by the cooperation of a large number of persons. We are all in favor of good laws, are we not? and all progressionists are against laws which are discovered to be bad by experience. Consequently we shall always be reformatory, and shall always be centrifuging old forms and bad laws from ourselves and from others; that is, if we are healthy, and righteous, and

filled with a love of labor for the good of mankind. Always let us repel whatever is unhealthy—which acts as an impediment—or which, in any other way, circumscribes the usefulness of our individual or collective interests. Consequently we are not to accept any Constitution as an infallible instrument. But while we subscribe to the Constitution we are bound to respect it, and to harmonize with its laws, until we meet in convention and settle the fact that it should be amended and improved; then accept the improvement and act in accordance with that rule, until that again may be modified in the same true, brotherly, and legal way.

I have a special reason for wishing this body to merge into a legal existence. I will give an instance. Brother Benjamin Starbuck, of Troy, wrote me a letter very recently, in which he says that Gen. V—, of Troy, an influential member (and attendant of the Spiritual meetings there, before his death last autumn, willed \$500 for the dissemination of the principles of progressive Spiritualism in that city. His will is all right and legal enough, but the Spiritualists of Troy cannot avail themselves of it any more than can the Spiritualists of New York, for the reason that they had no corporate body to accept it—that the law calls a "legal organization"—so the executor of that will, who cares not a farthing for Spiritualism, simply pockets that \$500! The case is reported to us in order to see if anything can be done in the way of Moral Police influence, or otherwise, to bring about some performance of the will of a friend of Progress now in the Summer-Land.

I mention this as but one of many instances. If any man or woman should see fit to give anything in the way of property, or money, into the treasury of such a movement as this, we have no legal right to accept it, and no legal right to hold it if we should take it. We could not obtain property by any but the ordinary means that belong to individual influence; and we could not resist having it taken away from us if any person should see fit to attempt it, all because we are not a certified organization under the State law. Let us therefore come to a definite understanding with regard to our Constitution, and from henceforth to file a record of this organization, that it may take its position with the other philanthropic movements of the world, based on a desire to promote the good of mankind, legalized by a statute made and provided for such organizations.

It seems to me that the three movements at Dodworth's Hall might be compared to the three most vital organs in the human body—the heart, the lungs, and the brain. This rostrum occupies the position of the brain. The lectures constantly going to the people Sunday mornings and evenings from this platform, constitute the deliberative department—you might say, the legislative branch of this great movement. The brain dominates all the functions of the body. It receives all the vital forces, and it eliminates them. It imparts and it receives. The finest spiritual, impersonal principles of the universe, touch and center and expand from the sensorium—the brain: and is not that really the lectures we have here, mornings and evenings, Sunday after Sunday, so full of love and inspiration? Well, now, the heart, receiver of all the life of the organization, and the imparter of that life to all parts of the organization—that is the "Children's Progressive Lyceum." There we stand at the center. It is the fountain from which flow the dancing, graceful, playful streamlets of immortal life up into the summits of thought and wisdom.

Then we have the lungs. What is the function of the lungs in the physical economy? The lungs receive all the venous blood, and their special duty is to instantly convert that blood into a vivifying, life-giving, arterial fluid: to lift it up from its dark, dead, carbonized state, and instantly promote it into an electrical, life-giving, body-developing blood. The arterial fluid could not be formed were it not for the lungs that first receive the dark, maciliginous—you might say, *uncleanly* fluids—which flow in from the liver, the chyle, and the absorbent vessels, the mesenteric glands, through all into the main vessel, and then pour into the heart and the lungs. The lungs, you perceive, kindly accept the dirtiest and most uncleanly of all the fluids. All the fluids, in fact, whether clean or unclean, must go in there; and as soon as the lungs perform their office of giving sufficient electrified oxygen to the blood, and liberating the carbon—decarbonizing the blood, taking its dirt and ashes out, and sending them into the air—then that blood goes dancing into the various parts of the dependent being. Where this takes place the soul cannot but dance and sing. Annoyances do not come to such a person; they only visit the diseased person—whose flesh and forces are warring with each other—whose lungs do not decarbonize the blood—parts of whose brain are glued together. It is very much like the crude substance—the mucus—which gathers in and causes parts that would otherwise be healthy, to cling together in the brain and in the stomach. Wherever that happens, there is disease. Such a person is a cause of trouble to himself and to others.

Now, does not the Moral Police Fraternity correspond exactly to the lungs in the human body? It is the business of this Fraternity to receive the venous blood from society: to receive the dirty, filthy, carbonized ashes, evil-beameared, and sin-polluted parts, and convert them into arterial and life-giving forces. The conditions in which we find them—constituting the venous blood of society—are to flow into the Moral Police Fraternity. The Fraternity, therefore, constitutes the lung-part of these three movements, if it does anything at

all, and it will go to the suffering, and breathe into their nostrils the free air of the universe. If it is true and faithful to its principles, it will decarbonize—it will eliminate much of the low and unhealthy material that has accumulated about human society, and slowly but surely it will cast the crude and evil away—bringing out a pure and beautiful fluid—that is, a beautiful society—even in this great city.

Now, here, on every Sunday morning and evening, we have the Brain: the Fraternity is the Lungs, all the time in operation; and the Children's Lyceum, every Sunday afternoon, constitutes the Heart, supplying and regulating the circulation. There are mothers, and uncles, and aunts, and fathers, and brothers, and children, doing something all the time. Disapprobation is nothing—public criticism is nothing—so long as we are right. Only he shrinks from investigation who is not worthy—only that creed, philosophy, doctrine, or movement, shrinks from investigation, that cannot bear the full light of truth's sun. This harmonious operation, commencing with our Lecture in the morning and evening, the Lyceum in the afternoon, and the Moral Police always at work—these constitute the three great movements in which we are engaged.

Now, as chairman of the business committee, I have drawn up Resolutions and the Constitution, and offer them to you for your consideration and acceptance. It is desirable that we should have a legal basis. I am receiving letters from different places, where they desire to organize Moral Police Fraternities; and they call upon us for our Letter of Instructions and Constitution. The Letter of Instructions is a letter which each member is entitled to receive, and by which all are expected to be guided in their labor of love.

It is now in order to have all the Articles of the Constitution read; then each Article may be acted upon as a separate Resolution. Thus we can get the opinions of members for or against, and proceed definitely and legally to action.

The Articles of the Constitution, with the several amendments, were then submitted to the meeting, *seriatim*, and considered. After which it was moved by Mr. Bitts, and carried, "that the Constitution, as amended, be adopted as a whole" as follows:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Friends of Progress have associated themselves and duly organized for philanthropic purposes.

ARTICLE II. NAME.

This Association shall be known by the name of "The Moral Police Fraternity."

ARTICLE III. OBJECTS.

This Fraternity is established to the end that the Friends of Progress may more wisely and effectively labor together for the overcoming of evil with good—for the detection and overthrow of ignorance, poverty, injustice, corruptions, and tyranny—for the development of fraternal love and peace on earth, through an application of the immutable principles of Wisdom, Justice, and Harmony.

ARTICLE IV. METHODS.

The Fraternity shall endeavor to affiliate and cooperate, as far as practicable, with the Municipal Police, all Charitable Institutions, School Systems, Industrial and Reformatory Associations, for the attainment of objects and results set forth in Article III and in the "Letter of Instructions."

ARTICLE V. MEMBERSHIP AND BENEFITS.

Each subscriber to the "Pledge of Membership" shall be a member, entitled to share proportionally in the protection, privileges, and benefits of the Fraternity.

ARTICLE VI. OFFICERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

A Board of Seven Chiefs shall be chosen by ballot, at every annual meeting, the election in every case being determined by a majority of votes. The Chiefs shall select from among themselves and appoint officers, who shall fulfill the duties of President, Secretaries, and Treasurer. The chiefs shall also constitute a Board of Managers, whose duty it shall be to attend in person, or by deputy, all the meetings, and conduct the business of the Fraternity.

ARTICLE VII. ELECTION TO FILL VACANCIES.

All nominations to fill vacancies in any of the offices of the Fraternity, occurring between the annual meetings of the Fraternity, shall be made by the Board of Managers, and shall be confined to candidates who shall reside within a convenient distance from the regular place of meeting.

ARTICLE VIII. EQUALIZATION OF POWER.

Members and managers, irrespective of sex or race, shall be equally entitled to meet and vote at all the meetings.

ARTICLE IX. VISITATIONS.

Whenever a case of destitution, or sickness, or misfortune, or trouble of any nature, needing philanthropic interposition, comes to the knowledge of any member of the Fraternity, it shall be the duty of such member to report the same to any one of the Chiefs, who shall immediately appoint a visiting committee of one or more to investigate the actual circumstances, conditions, wants, and needs of the case reported; and it shall be the duty of each visitor to report verbally, or in writing, (to the Chief who authorized the visitation,) the essential of the case which he or she has investigated.

ARTICLE X. EQUALITY OF SEPARATE FRATERNITIES.

Each duly admitted member of every corresponding or kindred Fraternity shall be accepted and fellowshiped as a member of every other Fraternity, irrespective of latitudes or longitudes; and all such members shall be equally privileged to take part in the deliberations and discussions of any Fraternity, except to vote, at any of the monthly or annual meetings.

ARTICLE XI. EQUALIZATION OF AUTHORITY.

Any officer of any Moral Police Fraternity may, through any officer of any other corresponding Fraternity, authorize a visitation to any person in destitution, sickness, misfortune, or in trouble of any nature.

ARTICLE XII. TERMS OF INITIATION.

An initiation fee of one dollar shall not be demanded, but suggested only, and fraternally recommended as a voluntary offering; which, or any larger or smaller sum, shall be received and duly credited as a free-will contribution to the Treasury of the Fraternity.

ARTICLE XIII. THE FUNDS OF THE FRATERNITY.

The funds of this Fraternity shall consist of the contributions of members, and donations and bequests of individuals and societies.

ARTICLE XIV. BY-LAWS.

The further government of the Association shall be regulated by such By-laws as may be passed at any of its regular meetings.

ARTICLE XV. ALTERATIONS AND AMENDMENTS.

No alterations or amendments shall be made in this Constitution, except by a two-thirds vote of Members and Managers present at a regular meeting of the Fraternity, and after seven days' notice of such meeting shall have been made public.

Mr. Barlow, Dr. Hallock, and Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, were then appointed a committee to nominate the various officers of the Fraternity, to be submitted for appointment at the next monthly meeting.

F. L. H. WILLIS: I have something to offer by way of throwing out a practical suggestion. Let me say, however, that this is my first attendance at the meetings of the Moral Police Fraternity; but I do not wish you to argue from that fact that I am not with you, heart and soul. Circumstances and duties which cannot be thrust aside have kept Mrs. Willis and myself from attending the monthly meetings, and we are not even members so far as the external formalities are concerned. But as far as heart-interests are concerned, we belong to the Fraternity, and I had hoped to have time this morning to express my thoughts and feelings with regard to the movement. I defer it. The suggestion I have is this: We have had a benefit for the Children's Lyceum; I do not see why we should not have a benefit for the Moral Police Fraternity. It seems to me that the excellent choir, with these young singers, will be able and willing to give us some sweet music; and, as far as I am concerned, I shall be happy to do my part in any direction; and I know of others who will; and the dear, generous, heart-hearted public, is always willing to do the listening, admiring, and the paying. Therefore it seems to me that there is no reason why we should not put one hundred dollars into the treasury of the Fraternity; and one hundred dollars wisely and judiciously expended is capable of doing an immense amount of good. [Applause.]

The suggestion was approved by the meeting.

Mrs. DAVIS: I wish to submit a case to the meeting which has been presented this morning. One of the officers of the Fraternity has visited a woman in destitute circumstances, and ascertained, by closely questioning her, what she needs at the present time to keep her comfortable. She is a hard-working woman, taking in washing and doing ironing very nicely; doing as well as she can for her family, and suffering, without complaint, a great many deprivations which the poor are subject to. She needs one warm dress and a shawl; and if any lady present has either of these articles that they would rather give away than not, then this woman's heart would respond with gratitude to such a donation.

Mr. WILLIS: This woman wants work—wants the washing of gentlemen. She is an excellent laundress. She worked in a laundry before her marriage; and after her marriage her husband supported her well. But he died and left her with two little children; and she asks now is work. While this clothing would be very gratefully received, she would feel very happy if she could obtain work enough to enable her to support herself and her children. (This case has since received attention.)

Mr. DAVIS: I have received a letter from a lady in Western New York, who is the proprietor of three hundred and fifty acres of land. She has a fine farm, raising fruit and grain. She says she is so much interested in the movements of the Moral Police Fraternity that she wishes to cooperate with us, and says that she could provide a good home and a good, self-supporting school, for some fifteen or twenty homeless girls and boys; and she hopes that in a few months she may be able to receive yet more boys and girls. [Applause.]

That is the spirit which this philanthropic and harmonious movement is awakening in the vast country round about us. In due course of time we shall be able to accomplish a great deal of good, in providing comfortable homes for both young and old.

The Children's Choir, assisted by Miss Adams, sung the beautiful air entitled "Sweet Summer-Land," after which the meeting adjourned till the first Sunday of next month.

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 Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 24, 1864, Mrs. ELIZABETH MOSHER, in the 54th year of her age. She leaves a husband and three children and many beloved relatives and friends. She looked with confidence to the spheres of Spiritual Progression and Immortal Life, and rejoiced that she so soon should go to the Summer-Land to meet her loved departed. For three years confined to her bed, not a murmur escaped her lips. The light of reason and an abiding faith in the endless progress of the mind made her cheerful and happy. Worshipers of human creeds stood amazed when conversing with her as to the future. Such confidence, such holy reliance on immortal life and infinite progression in the Summer-Land, they could not find among creed-advocates. To her husband she said: "After my departure I will visit you and talk with you, and shall confidently wait for you and the children to rejoin me in that happy world." With full faith in the Harmonical Philosophy, she passed away to scenes of infinite pleasure and progress.

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We have received from Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, "The Golden Bow," a mazurka etude, by J. Davenport Kerrison; "The Cloud with a Silver Lining," a fantasia, by Mrs. Parkhurst; "The Young Volunteers"—"Dedicated to my three friends, Volunteers from the Sunday-School to the Union Army, E. J. Foster, T. Dunn, G. Earl"—words by the author of "Over the River;" music by J. R. Osgood. Also, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown," comic duet; words by George Cooper, music by Stephen C. Foster; and one of the last songs by that lamented composer, called, "She Was all the World to Me." Price 25 cents each, post-paid.

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APPOINTMENTS.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will lecture in Quincy, Mass., April 19 and 20. Address Chicago, Mass.

F. L. Wadsworth will lecture in Byron, N. Y., March 20; Geneva, O., April 2 and 10; Chagrin Falls, O., April 17 and 24; Cleveland, O., May 1 and 2. Address accordingly.

Miss Martha Lewis Beckwith lectures in Taunton, Mass., during March; Chicago, Mass., during April; Springfield, Mass., first four Sundays of May; Lowell, during June.

Miss Emma Houston lectures in Bangor, Me., every Sunday until July 31st. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. Augustus A. Corrier lectures at Baltimore through March; Oswego, N. Y., through April; will speak in New England through the summer and fall. Address box 315, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Cappy will speak in "Harmonical Hall," Dayton, O., every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 o'clock A. M. Conference in above-named Hall every Wednesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock.

W. K. Ripley will speak in Somers, Conn., the two last Sundays in April; Williamsville, three last Sundays of May; Little River Village, Me., the first Sunday of June and second of July.

Rev. J. G. Fish speaks one-half the time at Battle Creek, Mich., one-fourth at Kalamazoo, and one-fourth at Plainville, Allegan Co., Mich. Will spend the three summer months in New York and New England. Address Battle Creek, Mich.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will speak in Philadelphia the four Sundays of March. She designs speaking a few months in the East. Those wishing her services as a lecturer may address her, until March 1st, Cleveland, O.; after then, care H. T. Child, M.D., Philadelphia.

ADDRESSES.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will lecture in any section where she may be desired. Letters may be addressed to her or to L. W. Matthews, East Westmoreland, N. H.

Dr. A. Pierce, Trance Speaking, Healing, and Developing Medium, care Beia Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston.

C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals at the West. Address post-office drawer 6305, Chicago, Ill.

E. Whipple is lecturing on Geology and Reform. Address Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich.

James M. Allen, East Bridgewater, Mass., care of Helen Allen, Eng.

Ira H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. His address is Hartford, Conn.

S. M. Landis, M.D., 2207 Calverhill St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton, Northampton, Mass., care V. H. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, 57 Spring St., E. Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 422, Bridgeport, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Ridgebury, Ind. Co., Pa.

Mrs. Nellie Wiltale, Coldwater, Mich., will receive subscriptions for the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

Mrs. Frank Reed, Trance Speaker, Breedsville, Van Buren Co., Mich.

Innocent P. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

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PLACES OF MEETING.

[For New York meetings, see *Stranger's New York Directory*, in another column.]

BOSTON.—Meetings are held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont St., (opposite head of School St.), every Sunday, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Admission free.

FAIRFAX or THE GOSPEL OF CHARITY will meet every Monday evening at Fraternity Hall, Bromfield, corner of Province St., Boston. Admission free.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at the City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week, at Tremont Hall. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Orandon, Chelsea, Mass.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings every Sunday, at the new Hall, corner of Sea and Canal Sts., in the forenoon at 10 o'clock and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock.

LOWELL, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee St. Church. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Free meetings are held at Horticultural Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Free public lectures are held in the Town Hall every Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M.

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For the Herald of Progress.

Magnetic Cure by Mrs. Laffin.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: Mrs. A. M. Laffin, a lady who advertises in your paper as a medical clairvoyant, having effected the recovery and cure of my son from a terrible affliction, and in a manner as nearly approaching the miraculous as anything that I ever heard of, I desire to present the facts for the columns of the HERALD OF PROGRESS.

My dear boy had been ill for many weeks—in fact, through the autumn and winter—and towards the last his mind had become completely unbalanced; and as our best judgment had been used in procuring medical aid, we began to entertain most terrible fears of the permanent derangement of his reason, not lessened by the assertion of three medical gentlemen, that, "if he recovered at all, which was doubtful, it would be many months first." Submitting the case to Mrs. Laffin, she, at the second interview, announced, with imperative emphasis, that she was endowed with the power to cure him. During some few days she prescribed some homeopathic remedies occasionally, but seemed to rely mainly on her own personal magnetism, by means of which she immediately obtained a soothing control of the lad for the time being. His prominent symptoms at this time were, a continued moody silence, in one motionless posture, and the exhibition of fear if his mother left him—these fits of silence usually terminating in spasms. At length, one evening, his spasms occurred much more frequently and with unusual violence. Mrs. Laffin, having called to see him, proceeded to magnetize him, and then stated, in the most positive manner, that "he would have no more spasms." Such proved to be the fact, for from that moment he commenced to get well. He went to bed calmly, and arose the next morning perfectly sane; and though very weak, evidently convalescent. Within a week he was able to go about the city, and has since been attending to his usual occupations as a clerk.

With fraternal regard, I remain most truly yours,
T. K. A.
New York, March 6, 1864.

Queen Victoria a Spiritualist.

The following rumor, of doubtful authenticity, is from a French paper as communicated by a city journal:

"The remarkable story, as I would interpret it, is this. Assured by her Minister that it was necessary to meet the general demand of the British people, that some decided course should be taken by the Government in the Danish question, that that course should be foreshadowed in the Royal Speech, and that it would be only acceptable to the nation if it was antagonistic to Germany, the Queen rose from her seat, and declared that she could come to no decision until she had retired to her closet, and there consulted with Prince Albert. After a brief absence she returned, and announced that the Prince was hostile to any act which would involve England in a war with his fatherland. We have here a key to the mystery which hung over the recent acts of the Administration, and the apparent change in their views relative to the 'material and moral aid' which they made the world believe that they would render Denmark."

For some time Spiritualism has been much canvassed in England, and many leading minds have become converts thereto. It is stated that both Prince Albert and the Queen had, previous to the former's death, fallen under its influence. But there is nothing spiritual about Lord Palmerston, and he consequently could see in the Queen's actions nothing short of an unmistakable proof of mental aberration—a proof in his mind so positive, that he has decided to urge upon her the advisability of her abdication. For many years, fears have been entertained that the malady which visited George III would be inherited by his granddaughter. If the severe shock which she received at her husband's death, and the difficulties which beset her present position, from her family being divided into opposing factions, have not tended to unsettle her mind, they may have an influence in desiring her to be relieved of the cares of State; and now that her eldest son is both advanced to manhood and married, I should not be surprised if the latter alone induced her at once to surrender the reins of power into the hands of a successor.

A Slave Infirmary.

The infirmary is a large two-story building, terminating the broad orange planted space between the two rows of houses which form the first settlement; it is built of whitewashed wood, and contains four large sized rooms. But how shall I describe to you the spectacle which was presented to me, on my entering the first of these? But half the casements, of which there were six, were glazed, and these were obscured with dirt, almost as much as the other windowless ones were darkened with the dingy shutters, which the shivering inmates had fastened to, in order to protect themselves from the cold.

In the enormous chimney glimmered the powerless embers of a few sticks of wood, round which, however, as many of the sick women as could approach were covering; some on wooden settees, most of them on the ground, excluding those who were ill to rise; and these last poor wretches lay prostrate on the floor, without beds, mattress, or pillow, buried in tattered and filthy blankets, which, huddled round them as they lay strewn about, left hardly space to move upon the floor. And here, in their hour of sickness and suffering, lay those whose health and strength are spent in unrequited labor for us—those who, perhaps even yesterday, were being urged on to their unpaid task—those whose husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons were even at that hour sweating over the earth, whose produce was to buy for us all the luxuries which health can revel in, all the comforts which can alleviate sickness.

I stood in the midst of them, perfectly unable to speak, the tears pouring from my eyes at this and spectacle of their misery, myself and my emotion alike strange and incomprehensible to them. Here lay women expecting every

hour the terrors and agonies of childbirth, others who had just brought their doomed offspring into the world, others who were groaning over the anguish and bitter disappointment of miscarriages—here lay some burning with fever, others chilled with cold and aching with rheumatism, upon the hard, cold ground, the draughts and dampness of the atmosphere increasing their sufferings, and dirt, noise, and stench, and every aggravation of which sickness is capable, combined in their condition—here they lay like brute beasts, absorbed in physical suffering, unvisited by any of those Divine influences which may ennoble the dispensations of pain and illness, forsaken, as it seemed to me, of all good; and yet, O God, thou hadst not forsaken them!

[Mrs. Kemble's Journal.]

A Remarkable Vision.

A solicitor, resident in the Isle of Wight, had business at Southampton. He stayed at one of those hotels for which the town of mail steamers is famous, and after dinner he was looking over his law papers while he sipped his port. He was aroused from his foibles and red tape by the opening of a door; his wife, whom he had left at home in the Isle of Wight, entered, gazed at him steadfastly, and passed out through the opposite door. He naturally thought that it was a hallucination, and resumed his reading with a wondering smile at his own weakness. But within a quarter of an hour the very same thing occurred again, and there was on the countenance of the specter an imploring look, which terrified him. He at once resolved to return home; with some difficulty got a boatman to take him across; and when he reached his house, he was struck by the ghastly and alarmed look of his maid-servant, who opened the door. This woman was so frightened by his unexpected return, that she spontaneously confessed her intention to murder her mistress; and her confession was confirmed by the fact that she had concealed a knife under her pillow. This is a very perplexing case for those who think spectral phenomena can be physically explained. Here you have the phantom of a living person projected, entirely without that person's consciousness. Let it be assumed that a person in extreme peril can, by intense volition, act on the nervous system of the universe, so as to influence his dearest friend; but here the person whose likeness appeared was utterly devoid of apprehension, while the servant, who alone knew what was likely to happen, would naturally exert no volition towards revealing it.

[Dublin University Magazine.]

A Pair of Spasms.

The *Spiritual Harbinger* lucidly says: "In the twelfth hour of the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy Procedure shall crown the Trine Creator with the perfect disclosive illumination. Then shall the creation, in its effulgence, above the divine seraphine, arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive revolving galaxy of supreme created beatitude."

To which the *Cayuga Chief* learnedly responds:

"Then shall blockheadism, the jackassical dome of disclosive procedure, above the all-fired great letter fungus of Peter Nipinninego, the great gooseberry-grinder, rise into the dome disclosive until coequal, coextensive, and conglomerated luxuries, in one grand comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing, and revolve like a bob-tailed pussycat after the space where the tail was."

The Eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin.

The following, among other particulars, are given by the *Viroqua (Wis.) Times*, relative to a somewhat celebrated American eagle, well known in the western armies by the name of "Old Abe."

"When the regiment is engaged in battle, Old Abe manifests the fiercest delight. At such a time he will always be found in his appropriate place at the head of Company D. To be seen in all his glory, he should be seen when the regiment is enveloped in the smoke of battle. Then the eagle, with spread pinions, jumps up and down on his perch, uttering such wild, fearful screams, as an eagle alone can utter. The fiercer, wilder, and louder the storm of battle, the fiercer, wilder, and louder the scream of the eagle."

"Twice Old Abe has been hit by secession bullets; one shot carried away a third part of his tail feathers. He is a universal favorite, and has been carried with the regiment through seven States. Thousands flock to see him, and he is fast becoming famous."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Brooklyn Sanitary Fair was a grand success in every respect. The proceeds will reach the sum of \$400,000 or thereabouts. The New York Fair for the same object comes next.

—A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."

—Silence is the softest response for all the contradictions that arise from impertinence, vulgarity, and envy.

—Why was Bonaparte like his horse? Because he had a martial neigh.

—"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said the schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Because he had no knife," replied the urchin.

—At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the 30th." "The thirtieth?" exclaimed the indignant mother, "indeed, it is only the eleventh!"

—A new plot by the Morgan prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary to force the guard and escape has been discovered. They had provided themselves with knives and files, and one had nearly completed a wooden key. Suspicion was first drawn upon their plans by the earnest request of Basil Duke, who was on parole at Camp Chase, to be put back into the penitentiary.

—The rebel army in Virginia is described as "Lee's Miserables."

—Of all earthly music which reaches furthest into heaven, is the beating of a loving heart.

—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.

—"Sister," said one of the brethren of a love-feast, "are you happy?" "Yes, Deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom."

—"Not in Beelzebub's bosom?" "Well, some of the patriarchs, I don't care which."

—Spend evenings in social employment. Happiness, with laughter, are the best friends of digestion.

—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with the cries of "hear, hear!" Rinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who really wished to play the fool. "Where?" exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly hallowed from the accustomed bench. The wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid convulsions of laughter from all but the unfortunate subject.

—The Independent has been widely accused of favoring amalgamation. Its editor, in reviewing an absurd pamphlet entitled "Miscegenation," which appears to have been written for the benefit of Copperhead journalists and orators, says: "It is no part of the duty of anti-slavery men—or of other sensible men—to advise people whom they should marry. It is, on the contrary, the duty of all men to allow all others, who wish to be married, to marry whom they wish. Marriage is an affair between the bride and bridegroom—with, perhaps, a mother-in-law's advice thrown in. But beyond this, the interference of outside parties is impertinent. While, however, we do not advise the intermarriage of blacks and whites, any more than of whites and whites, we hold that, if they choose to intermarry, it is nobody's business but their own. Further than this, we hold, that, before a white-skinned slave-master becomes the father of a black woman's child, he ought to be her lawful wedded husband. As a question of ethics, we would like to know the *Journal of Commerce's* opinion on this point. Will it favor us?"—*Tribune*.

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