

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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

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

3. A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the Phonographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system.

4. Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

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

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

7. We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Whisperings to Correspondents.

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

THE LANCASTER CIRCLE's reply to "Arkto's" is filed to appear.

H. W. B.—Thanks for your recent favors. "His Home is with the Angels," and "Treasures," are received and filed for publication.

"MILB." PA.—Your fraternal note is open-hearted. "Pearl Drops" and "Declarations" are hereby acknowledged.

"INVESTIGATOR," NEW YORK.—Your contribution on "Atonement" was received, and may be used as a *credulity*.

O. P. H. NEW YORK.—Your paper on the "Credit System" is accepted. Many will find the theory hard to practice in these times.

J. H. C. CLAYTON, IND.—The case of double-breasting—"a wheel within a wheel"—among the United Brethren, of Ohio, is too obscure to demand analysis. Mr. Owen, in his next work, will sweep the ground occupied by such examples.

F. T. L. MASS.—"Mediumship" is either abnormal or normal—that is, a person may be either a diseased or a healthy medium; and, therefore, the multifarious effects, now classed under one head, should in reality be separated by impassable walls.

A. P. M. TENNESSEE.—Your candidly-expressed reasons do not impress our mind as sufficient to explain the existing conflict. The facts are these: In 1790, we had 657,327 slaves in the United States. Notwithstanding the abolition of Slavery at the North, the slaves at the South now number some four millions.

"PARA," BOSTON.—The lines to which you refer were written by Milton. They relate to his earliest recollections, thus:

"When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasant; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth
And righteous things."

G. L. B. MEDINA, O.—It is not deemed profitable to admit to our columns your speculations on "Metempsychosis," "Astronomy," &c. This decision is conceived in a sense of justice to the large public for whose prosperity and progress we cheerfully labor. We hope you will not deem yourself persecuted, but rather befriended by this, our final reply.

ROBERT W. BROWNING, ILL.—Your questions will be answered when the subject of Free Agency comes up. Fear not, Brother, nor fail in efforts for the destruction of error and the construction of the temple of God's free Truth. If you conduct the discussions with prudence and firmness, and with all-becoming good-will and charity toward opponents, you cannot but develop a host of independent minds in your county and vicinity.

M. A. T. NEW BRUNSWICK.—Our working hours are too precious to squander any of them upon the preachings and misrepresentations of not well-informed persons, either in or out of the pulpit—especially when such minds, by a reasonable amount of exertion, may put themselves in possession of the exact facts in the premises. "None so blind as those who will not see." We can better afford to "wait" than to argue with such.

M. A. R. MASS.—The statistics will be published in this journal. It is said that Paris possesses at present 500 newspapers; forty-two of these, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of Government; 450 are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce, and agriculture. The more ancient of the latter is the *Journal des Savans*, and dates from the year 1665.

"MILTONA," NEW YORK.—The grave-visaged man came down the stairway of electric light. A thousand stars paved the road he pressed with his shining feet. The *car* in his beautiful white hand was not unlike the "staff" in the good shepherd's keeping in the mountain. He came to foretell the "Destruction of the Temple"—the Death of all Parties—the Resurrection and Correction of long-struggling Principles.

C. C. HARRIS GROVE, IOWA.—While the spirit is imbedded, so to say, in earthly surroundings, it is apt to be wholly unaware of its fallen state. But a consciousness of grossness and earthliness, accompanied by a yearning for the spiritual and divine, is a sure indication that individual progress has already commenced. Take courage, aged

friend, for, as the white lily rises from the black depth of sluggish waters, thy spirit shall one day stand transfigured on the margin of endless progression.

"A SINCERE FRIEND," residing in far-off Florida, first subscribes for the HERALD OF PROGRESS, and then whispers in our ear the following postscript:

"I am anxious to hear something about Spiritualism and Spiritualists. You abolitionists have given us plenty to do beside reading spiritual papers; but if you were to visit the South at this time, you would doubtless conclude that we will soon give you all, North, as much as you can manage to advantage. 'To arms! to arms!' is the universal cry, and all the diplomacy that can be resorted to cannot possibly save this once Glorious Union. Lincoln may be your President, but never ours; we will soon elect one we like."

"JAMES," JEFFERSON CO., N. Y.—Look deeper, James, and probe your disposition to its farthest ramifications. Remember what the poet said:

"In some breast passion lies concealed and silent,
Like War's sweet powder in a castle vault,
Until occasion, like the lightning, lights it.
Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder,
And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder."

Untempted and while quiescent, without any very strong inducements to manifest discord, you may pass for the most amiable of all your neighbors; but we urge you, James, to look once again all through the sequestered varieties of your disposition, and see whether you would not yield to certain unwholesome temptations.

"HARTFORD," CT.—It will be a useless occupation of our columns to publish your defense of the tobacco plant. Brother, do you not know that pure inspiration from the celestial realm never flows into the filthy channels of the Indian weed? It is a good plant, a useful medicine, and nothing more. Cannot your farmers employ their acres more worthily? We see by one of your dailies that sixty-two thousand pounds of tobacco were recently shipped from that city to Baltimore. We know of at least one farmer in Connecticut who prostitutes his acres to the production of this vice-promoting plant. The same man is a devout Bible believer, attends a rich church every Sunday, belongs to a Bible-class, and sometimes teaches in the evangelical Sunday-school. "Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord, it is nevertheless true!"

A FLAMING WORD OF WARNING!

DANVILLE, Livingston Co., N. Y., Jan. 7, 1861.
"A. J. DAVIS, EDITOR: The 'Contradictions' are received. You are evidently behind the times. An expository volume appears in the English catalogues entitled 'Bible Reconciler Enlarged'; wherein above three thousand errors and 'Contradictions' throughout the Old and New Testament are fully and plainly reconciled. Small folio, London, 1861."

"In your rampant hostility to Christianity and open hatred of the Book of Books, you might have saved yourself some trouble, and perhaps learned some things never dreamed of in your philosophy, had you taken the pains to import a copy of the foregoing old book, before issuing your famous Biblical Annihilator—i. e., the pseudo 'Contradictions.' Friend Davis, the Bible will live long after you and your coadjutors turn to dust. You little dream of the solemnities you are surely preparing for yourself and a multitude of others in the Great Judgment Day! Man, unbecomingly thyself.

Yours for the Book,

D. T. TAYLOR."

ANSWER.

We thank our unknown Brother for his expressions of vital interest in the health and prosperity of "the Book," and especially for his medicine adapted to the removal of the discrepancies of the Old and New Testaments. All persons, then, who are so extremely mis-educated as to believe that there are at least 144 irreconcilable Contradictions in "the Book," may be perfectly cured of their intellectual malady by reading somebody's "Bible Reconciler Enlarged!" Our readers will certainly thank friend Taylor, of Danville, N. Y., for the information necessary to a correct understanding of how "twice two are seven," and how to comprehend the seeming absurdity that "twice seven are two" or how two exactly opposite accounts of one event may be equally true and infallible.

It seems to us to be quite in keeping with the demands of truth, to say, that we are not the author of the "One Hundred and Forty-four Contradictions of the Bible." Many intelligent and loved persons have charged upon us this fearful responsibility. An explanation is therefore demanded, which we give in justice to ourselves, as Publishers of the startling pamphlet in question. Be it therefore known, that the author or authors of the "Self-Contradictions of the Bible" are not residing within twenty thousand miles of this metropolis; that we, the Publishers, do not know who did authorize and cause to be written the "Contradictions" aforesaid; but it is our best knowledge and belief that said "Self-Contradictions" were authorized many centuries ago, and were written out in Hebrew and Greek by the several unknown authors and compilers of the curious combinations of books called "the Bible." All which we beg leave respectfully to submit to the world's candid consideration. Friend Taylor—"Undecide thyself!" Do you allow yourself to suppose that the man is destitute of God's greatest gift to man—Immortal Reason? Do you imagine that error, mythology, priestcraft, and superstition are more lasting than mankind? Which will first decay and disappear—men or books? Make the Bible a record of ancient spiritual experiences—having authority only when its statements are corroborated by modern discoveries in Life and Science—and "the Book" becomes at once one of the best spiritual volumes in the world. As an authority, *per se*, it is worthless.

Pulpit and Rostrum.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

Paul on Spiritualism.

A NEW TRANSLATION.

The following is a translation of the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians, which treats of Spiritual Gifts, or, rather, *Spiritualities*. I furnish it for your progress, super, and, if you think proper, you may use it for the edification of your readers.

Now, brethren, I do not wish you to be ignorant concerning the Spiritualities. You know that you were Gentiles, following after the dumb idols, even as you were led. Wherefore I make known to you, that no one speaking by a Spirit of God calls Jesus an accursed one; and no one is able to say Lord Jesus, except by a holy spirit.

Now, there are diversities of endowments, but the same spirit; and there are diversities of ministries, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God—who works all these things in all men. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to each one for the common benefit; for, indeed, a doctrine of wisdom is given to one by the Spirit; and a doctrine of knowledge to another, by the same Spirit; and a faith to another, by the same Spirit; and gifts of healings to another, by the same Spirit; and prophecies to another; and discerning of spirits to another; and different tongues to another; but the one and the same Spirit operates and distributes these (gifts) to each one severally, just as he pleases.

For like as the body is one, although it has many members, and all the members of the body being one, are one body; thus also is the Christ. For we are all baptized by one Spirit for one body—whether Jews or Greeks, whether slaves or freemen—and we all have drank of one Spirit. For the body also is not one member, but many. If the foot should say, because I am not a hand, I am not of the body, it therefore not of the body? If the whole body is an eye, where is the hearing? If the whole body is hearing, where is the smelling? But, now, God has placed the members, each one of them in the body, just as he pleased. And if all these were one member, where would be the body? But now there are many members and one body. The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of you; or again, the head to the foot, I have no need of you; but much more those members of the body which appear to be more feeble and necessary, and those which we esteem to be less honorable of the body; on these we bestow more abundant honor; and our uncomely members have more abundant comeliness, for our comely ones have no need. But God has tempered (commingled) the body together, giving more abundant honor to that part which was lacking, that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same anxious care, one for another. And if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; and if one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it.

Now, you are a body of the Christ, and members in particular. And God has indeed set these in the congregation; first, apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers; next, miracles; then gifts of healing; helpers, rulers, different tongues. All are not apostles; all are not prophets; all are not teachers; all have not miraculous powers; all have not gifts of healings; all do not speak with tongues; all do not interpret; but do you earnestly desire the best endowments, and still I will show to you a more excellent way. Although I could speak in the languages of men and of the angels, but I have not love, I shall be a trumpet of brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have prophecy, and should understand all the secrets and all the knowledge; and though I have all the faith, so as to remove mountains, but I have not love, I am nothing. And though I distribute all my property to the poor, and should deliver my body to be burned, but I have not love, I am not profited.

The love is long suffering. It is kind; the love is not envious; the love does not boast, it is not puffed up, does not act unbecomingly, does not seek her own things, is not easily exasperated, does not impute the evil, does not rejoice in the iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; it covers all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

The love does not fail at any time; but whether prophecies, they shall pass away; whether tongues, they shall cease; whether knowledge, it may vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when the perfect is come, then that which is in part shall have passed away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I thought as a child, I reasoned as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For until now we see through a glass with dimness, but then face to face; until now I know in part, but then I shall be known just as I also am known. But now remain these three, Faith, Hope, Love; but the love is the greatest of these.

Cultivate the love, and earnestly desire the

spiritualities; but particularly that you may teach. For he who speaks in an (unknown) language, does not speak to men, but to God; for no one understands, yet in Spirit he speaks secrets; but he who teaches, speaks to men, for edification, exhortation, and consolation. He who speaks in an unknown language, edifies himself; but he who teaches, edifies a congregation. I wish you all to speak in languages, but more particularly that you may instruct; for he who teaches is greater than he who speaks in unknown languages, unless some one interprets, so that the congregation may receive edification.

But now, brethren, if I should come to you speaking in unknown languages, what shall I profit you, unless I should speak to you either by a revelation, or by a knowledge, or by a prophecy, or by a doctrine? Thus also, I am to be a sound, whether a flute or a harp; if it makes no distinction of sounds, how shall it be known what is played on the flute or harp? And if a trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who will prepare himself for battle? So also you, if you should utter a doctrine through the unknown language, not easily understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? For you will speak to the air.

There are, for example, many kinds of sounds in a world, and many of them without significance. If, therefore, I do not know the meaning of the sound, I shall be a barbarian to him that speaks, and he who speaks will be a barbarian to me. Thus also you, since you are earnestly desirous of Spirituals, seek that you may abound for the edification of the congregation. Wherefore, let him who speaks in an unknown language, pray that he may interpret. For if I pray in an unknown language, my spirit prays, but my understanding will be unprofitable. What, then, is it? I will pray with the spirit, I will also pray with the understanding; I will sing with the spirit, I will sing with the understanding; since if you should give thanks with the spirit, how shall he, that occupies the place of the unlearned, say the amen to your thanksgiving, since he knows not what you say? For you, indeed, give thanks rightly, but the other is not edified. I thank God, I speak in languages more than all of you, but in a congregation I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that I may also teach others, than ten thousand words in an unknown language.

Brethren, do not be children in the understanding, but be children in the vices, and become perfect men in the understanding. It is written in the law: 'For I will speak to this people with other languages and with other lips, and yet they will not hear me, saith the Lord.' Wherefore, the languages are for signs, not for them who believe, but for the unbelievers; and the prophecy is not for the unbelievers, but for them who believe. If, therefore, the whole congregation is come together in one place, and all men should speak in unknown languages, and unlearned men and unbelievers should come in, will they not say that you are insane? But if all men should prophesy, and a certain unbeliever or unlearned person come in, he is convinced by all of them—he is condemned by all of them, and the secrets of his heart are become manifest, and so he will worship before God, falling on his face, declaring that God is truly among you.

How is it then, brethren? When you come together, each of you has a psalm—a doctrine—has a revelation—has an interpretation: let all things be for edification. If any one speaks in an unknown language, let it be by two, or the most three, (sentences,) and by course, and let one interpret; but if there is no interpreter, let him be silent in a congregation; and let him speak to himself and to God. Let two or three prophets speak, and the others should judge; but if it should be revealed to another sitting by, let the first be silent. For all are able to prophesy, one by one, so that all may learn and all may be comforted. And spirits of prophets are subject to prophets; for God is not of confusion, but of peace, as in all the congregation of the saints.

If any one professes to be a prophet or a spiritual man, let him acknowledge that which I write to you, because they are commands of the Lord; but if any one is ignorant, let him be ignorant. Wherefore, brethren, earnestly desire to prophesy, and do not forbid to speak with languages. But let all things be done decently and in order.

The first letter of Paul to the Christians at Corinth is a very interesting one; and for a better understanding of the same, it may be well to know that it consists of the following, and treats of the following subjects: I. The irregularities in the church at Corinth, chap. 1-4. II. Concerning licentiousness, chap. 5. 6. III. Concerning marriage, chap. 7. IV. Concerning idolatry, chap. 8. V. The Christian ministry, chap. 9, 10. VI. Public worship, chap. 11. VII. Of Spiritualism, chap. 12, 13, 14. VIII. The future state, chap. 15. IX. Charitable collections, &c., chap. 16.

—There are some things which it is allowable to write, which had better not be printed; some things which one may speak in very private conversation, which he would not commit to paper; and some things which he may think of, which he would not utter to his most intimate friend; and finally, some things which it is a shame even to think of.—PROR. PARK.

The President's Fast Day.

The 4th of January was quite generally observed in New York, at least to the extent of closing places of business and joining in religious exercises. From the brief reports of sermons preached on that day, we extract the following:

TRINITY CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. VINTON said: "Noticing God's constitution of things, we observe inequality, superiors in authority, and servants to obey. But there were mutual rights and correlative obligations. In the relation of husband and wife, the bonds were for life. In the relation of master and servant, the relation was for a specified time or for life, which was Slavery. Each was servant to the other; all were in some sense or degree, servants and masters. Under this view it might come to pass that emancipation was a wrong. The master alone, or his representative, had the right to emancipate; but on the other hand, if the master deprived the bond-servant of education, or religious rights, or of all that which was just and equal, then the slave's shackles cried to God for deliverance. Allusion was made to the fact, in the Bible, of voluntary Slavery for life, being inadmissible of emancipation. Slavery was undoubtedly authorized by the Bible. In the New Testament, idolatry, as in the Old, was forbidden and denounced, while Slavery was tolerated. There was, moreover, a fugitive slave law in the New Testament."

CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

Rev. THEODORE F. WHITE, supplying the pulpit in Dr. Cheever's absence, said:

"The love of money in this country has made the 'Almighty Dollar' a word of our own coining, the synonym all over the world of our great American idol. It was from this inordinate love of the dollar that Slavery was made a subject of defense and vindication, and an object of concession and conciliation by the pulpit. Slavery was a great human sacrifice, offered on the altar of mammon. Subject to its power were they who sat in pews, who preached from pulpits. Like the Jews, we were a nation of liars—a nation of oppressors. Slavery was an aggressive power, and its invasions upon the rights of free men must be met by aggression. It was of necessity an absolute despotism—it presumed to influence and subordinate—the department of the Government—it threatened free speech, it bridled the pulpit, it put a gag in the mouth of the minister of the Gospel. Its articles of law were the pistol and bowie-knife, the tar-pot, the halter, and the gallows. Two words were sufficient to comprehend the whole iniquity—Barbarism and Despotism. There could be no alternative in the present crisis in this nation but the abolition of Slavery."

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. TOWN read the circular letter of Bishop Potter, recommending conciliation, and remarked, that:

"For the sixteen years he had administered to the spiritual needs of this congregation, never had a question of politics been introduced into that desk by him. He had, however, on Thanksgiving day thought it not improper to make some reference to the troubles of the country, and the causes thereof, but he had stirred up the ire of certain irritable and insensible members of the congregation to a most unexpected and vexatious extent, and now, said he, 'I have to remark that on this day I have nothing whatever to say on this subject.'"

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER addressed a crowded audience from the text, "Calming the Tempest," in Mark ix. 37-39. We make the following brief extract from the *Trident*'s report:

"Could George Washington live in the city of Charleston to-day if he spoke the sentiments he used to do? Not one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence could now exist in any of the Southern States; and the free-schooled, the million-church North was responsible for the preservation of the original doctrines of Liberty. What had become of the times? But there was another charge against us. The very heart and center of religion had been extracted. Mr. Beecher said that he had no railing accusation to bring against his brethren of the pulpit. But, speaking as a man, he must say when the Bible was opened for the defense of Slavery, blessed be infidels! Where the Bible was held for the defense of this cumulated crime he would do as Christ did with the Temple, drive the blasphemers out with a whip of small cords; or, if he could not do that, turn it over to be destroyed by its enemies. That minister who preached the defense of Slavery out of the Bible, was the father of all the infidels. [Enthusiastic applause, and cries of 'good, good!'] The most intelligent men in Germany were infidels, because there the Bible was the bulwark of oppression. If it were not butchery, he would like to answer those who had defended Slavery out of the Bible, but it would be like firing a twenty-four pounder into a flock of blackbirds. [Continued applause.] Wherever there had been a free Bible it had carried freedom with it."

GREENE STREET SYNAGOGUE.

Rev. Dr. RAPHAEL spoke from Jonah iii. 5 to 10. He first traced slavery, on the authority of Scripture, back to the remotest periods, which it is a shame even to think of. He next asked attention to the

question, "Is slaveholding condemned as sin in Sacred Scripture?" He said, (we quote from the *Herald*.)

"How this question can at all arise in the mind of any man that has received a religious education, and is acquainted with the history of the Bible, is a phenomenon I cannot explain to myself, and which fifty years ago no man dreamt of. But we live in times when we must not be surprised at anything."

"I think you and I had rather continue to take our 'requirements for moral instruction' from Moses and the Prophets than from the eloquent preacher of Brooklyn. But as that reverend gentleman takes a lead among those who must loudly and most vehemently denounce slaveholding as a sin, I wished to convince myself whether he had any Scripture warranty for so doing, and whether such denunciation was one of those requirements for moral instruction advanced by the New Testament. I have accordingly examined the various books of Christian Scripture, and find that they afford the reverend gentleman and his co-conspirators no authority whatever for his and their bold declamations. The New Testament, nowhere, directly or indirectly, condemns slaveholding—which, indeed, is proved by the universal practice of all Christian nations during many centuries. Receiving slavery as one of the conditions of society, the New Testament nowhere interferes with or contradicts the slave code of Moses; it even preserves a letter written by one of the most eminent Christian teachers to a slave-owner, on sending back to him his runaway slave. And when we next refer to the history and 'requirements' of our own Sacred Scriptures, we find that on the most solemn occasion therein recorded, when God gave the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai—even on that most solemn and most holy occasion, slaveholding is not only recognized and sanctioned as an integral part of the social structure, when it is commanded that the Sabbath of the Lord is to bring rest to *Nabalacha ve amathacha*—thy male slave and thy female slave." (Exod. xx:10; Deut. v:14.) But the property in slaves is placed under the same protection as any other species of lawful property, when it is said, 'thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, or his field, or his male slave, or his female slave, or his ox, or his ass, or aught that belongeth to thy neighbor.' (Ex. xx:17; v:21.) That the male slave and the female slave here spoken of do not designate the Hebrew bondman, but the heathen slave, I shall presently show you. That the Ten Commandments are the word of God, and as such of the very highest authority, is acknowledged by Christians as well as by Jews. I would therefore ask the reverend gentleman, of Brooklyn, and his co-conspirators: 'How dare you—in the face of the sanction and protection afforded to slave property in the Ten Commandments—how dare you denounce slaveholding as a sin? When you remember that Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Job—the men with whom the Almighty communed, with whose names He emphatically connects his own most holy name, and to whom he vouchsafed to give the characters of perfect, upright, fearing God and eschewing evil, (Job 1:8; 2:2.) that all these men were slaveholders, does it not strike you that you are guilty of something very little short of blasphemy? And if you answer me, 'Oh, in their time slaveholding was lawful, but now it has become a sin,' I, in my turn, ask you, when and by what authority do you draw the line? Tell us the precise time when slaveholding ceased to be permitted and became sinful. When we remember the mischief which this inventing of a new sin not known to the Bible is causing—how it has exasperated the feelings of the South and alarmed the conscience of the North to a degree that men who should be brothers are on the point of imbruing their hands in each other's blood—are we not entitled to ask the reverend preacher of Brooklyn, 'What right have you to insult and exasperate thousands of God-fearing, law-abiding citizens, whose moral worth and patriotism, whose purity of conscience and of life, are fully equal to your own?'

"My friends, I find, and I am sorry to find, that I am delivering a pro-slavery discourse. I am no friend to slavery in the abstract, and still less friendly to the practical working of slavery. But I stand here as a teacher in Israel, not to place before you my own feelings and opinions, but to propound to you the Word of God, the Bible view of slavery. With a due sense of my responsibility, I must state to you the truth, and nothing but the truth, however unpalatable or unpopular that truth may be."

In conclusion, he admonished our Northern fellow-citizens to be content with following the word of God, and not insist on being "righteous overmuch" or denouncing "sin" which the Bible knows not.

REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

Rev. Dr. Chapin, in the course of his sermon, remarked that "there was no evil inside of the Union that could be compared with what would come should the Union go to pieces."

Sight and Insight.

For the *Herald of Progress*.

A Week Around New York.

SOME THINGS WE SAW AND HEARD.

A TRIP TO ORANGE, N. J.

HOLLEY, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1861.

Manhattan Island does not contain all of New York. Long Island, jutting down opposite to the south-east, forms a break-water; between this and the south end of Manhattan Island, is the confluence of the two majestic North and East Rivers. Governor's Island lies to the right and between the former two; Bedloe's and Ellis' still to the right, though these two seem rather too diminutive to be classed with islands, containing but a few rods of surface, and just lifting their heads above water at flood tide, which rises about six feet. There are other projections of smaller rocks scattered along here between

the harbor and bay, which, together with Jersey shore, form kind of out-posts, as a protection from winds and waves. Crossing the bay six miles south-westerly from the Battery, you reach Staten Island, between which and Long Island is the Narrows, through which you navigate to the ocean.

Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands lie not far up the East River; and between this point of Long Island and Ward's Island is Hell Gate, a very ominous term, though it you steer into the Sound. Between Ward's and Randall's Island is little Hell Gate. The harbor of New York then, is well land and rock-locked.

I say Manhattan Island does not contain all of New York. The original hive has swarmed out in all directions; so it might be said, and not stretch the truth much, that Gotham already covers an area nearly equal to that of ancient Babylon, 60 miles in circumference. Go in what direction you will, it is city or suburbs, with city din; except Greenwood, on Long Island, skirting Brooklyn, on the south—the city of the dead! Silence reigns here! It appears to me that the sums expended for many of those costly adornments and marble palaces for the dead, might be better appropriated to the living; and will be when Spiritualism becomes a fixed and universal fact. When it is known and believed that a new and better man springs naturally out of the old, the latter will be less adored.

There are ferry boats constantly plying in all directions, transporting goods, chattels, and human freight to Brooklyn, Blackwell's Island, Harlem, High Bridge, Staten Island, Jersey Shore and City, &c., &c. Newark lies ten miles away, at the head of Newark Bay; and four miles still on westerly, you reach the exceedingly beautiful rural City of Orange, N. J.—beautiful both by Nature and Art. It has a dry, sandy, gently undulating surface, a low mountain rising in the background, which contains a beautiful park of five or six hundred acres, with carriage roads threading their winding way up and down the tumulous retreat in all directions among the grand old woods, ornamented with, here and there, a "kiosk," constructed, together with its furniture, of limbs of trees and timber as they grew, only cut and worked into chairs, tables, seats, and a thousand and one devices, of most rustic and curious workmanship; fences, bridges, and some adjacent dwellings, built with the same materials and in like manner. Interspersed are flowers most exquisite, planted and nurtured by fair hands, especially on the borders of little, sparkling, artificial lakes and tiny waterfalls.

From Eagle Rock, situated on the easterly side of the park, which has nearly a vertical acclivity of 200 feet, may be seen with the naked eye, New York, Brooklyn, the Port, Jersey City, New York and Newark Bays, the track of the Hudson to the Highlands on the left, and all the intervening country spread out like a grand panorama, with Newark and Orange more immediately on the right; the latter with her broad and shady streets, neat, costly and elegant dwellings of brick or wood, with a predominance of orange color, large courts and garden grounds with shade trees, flowers and shrubbery, some of the enclosures containing four, five or ten acres, large enough for small farms. Main Street is fifty yards wide, bordered with fine, stately shade trees, presenting brick mercantile, mechanical, and other industrial activities. The throne of reason is well thought of and cared for in Orange, for the hat manufacture seems to be a large and thriving business. A railroad runs some ten rods to the south, from and parallel to Main Street, doing a lively business; the trains are generally crowded with men and women going to and from New York on their daily tasks, and are crowded more and more as they pass on through Newark toward the City.

And now the driver sings out, "all aboard," and we step into our carriage, seven in number, and our lively team glides us swiftly along the winding ways in the face of the hills, then again on more level ground, and we take leave of the picturesque park, to be thought of with pleasant memories, and make our way to the neat, pleasant, quiet, commodious, and hospitable home of the Editors of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*—parents to mingle with loving children.

Orange covers a large area, some 16 square miles; and here, as elsewhere in the surrounding country, New York business men build fine residences and enjoy quiet on their return from the dust and din of the metropolis. In this era of railroads, it is but a small job to go and come.

And still there is room around New York. Up Harlem river, from High Bridge, the river banks present quite a rugged and wild appearance—not a mile above, on the New York side, rising some 200 feet, at an angle of 60 degrees. Up these acclivities are flights of wooden stairs, on the face of them, the roots nestling in the open seams of the rocks. The native underwood and forest trees are still growing; but every rood bears marks of human feet and hands. Swings are suspended from the oaks, chairs, benches and huts of rude construction are scattered about invitingly in the thickets. You approach the summit and come to more level open ground, or rather rock and earth mixed; the underbrush is cleared away, and scattering buildings are seen among the primitive forest trees. Presently you come directly to the famous Bloomingdale Road, a fine, smooth gravel way, a continuation of Broadway; and as Broadway is quite narrow for the noise it makes and the capacity required

of it, being only twenty-two yards between the buildings; may be they make this upper or northern part broader, now while there is room.

Here the bloods, sportsmen, men with game in 'em, try the mettle and speed of their gay coursers. It occurred to me while clambering these "heights," that the New Yorkers were not more wise than some of the ancients who hewed the rocks in places like these for sepulchral purposes—catacombs or sleeping places for the dead. How much more convenient this place would be, especially for "up-town people," than Greenwood; and a chiseled grave here would cost no more than many of the splendid decorations there.

C. ROBINSON.

Laws and Systems.

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just— And he but naked, though locked up in steel, Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

Natural Marriage and Divorce.

THE CASE OF MISS GAZELLE AND MR. W. BOAR.

FRIEND DAVIS:—In your *HERALD OF PROGRESS*, (Dec. 15th,) an article appears, headed "Miss Gazelle and Mr. W. Boar," indirectly involving the question of True Marriage, to which a reply is solicited. None having appeared in the last issue, I venture to send you the subjoined, which, though not originally designed as a reply to the article in question, is deemed appropriate to the case.

It is not the individual case that I regard so much as the great principle it involves, which, from some unaccountable cause, men are disposed to treat very superficially. It has often been argued that a "contract to love another person in the future is an absurdity," and that "when society assumes to come in as a third party, and enforce such a contract against nature, it should be set aside as an immoral contract." This doctrine is regarded by some as "preeminently sophistical, dangerous, and detestable," but philosophical evidence to that effect is invariably wanting, and people fall into a grave error, who deem simple, unqualified denunciation, sufficient to settle a question involving a principle as much above and beyond the "bones of contention," battled over by political demagogues, as they are above the merest toys of children.

Such a question is that of true marriage, which, in these days of whims and crochets dogmatically asserted, has degenerated into a mere conventional formality—fatal to the harmonious union of the sexes. True marriage consists of a harmonious blending of congenial spirits, based upon a natural, mental, and physical adaptation of the parties to each other, the essence of which is love. Such a marriage can neither be strengthened nor weakened by legal conditions, and since law does not contemplate an estrangement of the parties, its only office is to compel them to remain in a relation which it could by no possible means annul!

Reciprocal love is the means by which kindred souls are conjoined in that enduring relation. This sentiment takes no cognizance of existing forms or antiquated customs, and is as likely to thwart conventional usages as to keep the limits assigned it by law. It fastens upon the human soul with the tenacity of life, and is as uncontrollable as the tempest.

He who conquers love and renders it subservient to his will, has conquered the mightiest power that ever moved the human soul. I said love was the link by which kindred souls are united—unity alone constitutes true marriage; hence, all human spirits, whether embodied or disembodied, who are thus attracted, are—what? (let conservatives be mute, and the bending heavens listen,) married, to all intents and purposes, by the immutable decree of that being who controls the destiny of the universe. Why not? The union of hearts, and not material bondage—the soul of popular marriage—constitutes true marriage. Again, if by any means this union becomes thoroughly dissolved, or the parties are irreconcilably alienated, they are *naturally divorced*, whether civil law is cognizant of the fact or not; and I defy foggy conservatives to make anything else of it. How has civil authority interfered with the "divine mandate"—What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!

But popular marriage is claimed to be a divine institution. The same claims are set up for slavery; but is it right? Civil law claims the moral law of the Bible as its basis; yet its theory and practice are grossly antagonistic, since it preaches Christ and practices Moses, demanding blood for blood—"an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." This inconsistency indicates that there is something rotten in Denmark, that antique Jewish customs do not meet the demands of the Nineteenth Century; and to be in accordance with the spirit and progress of the age, they ought to yield to those of a more refined and spiritual nature. But our morals are thought by many to be "sufficiently corrupt already," and to such the idea of removing restraint sufficiently to allow nature to gain its equilibrium is shocking! Such people would be lost, if they were not harnessed to the Juggernaut of popular opinion.

They know their places as readily as a dog knows his master, and logic, and reason, when brought to bear upon them, are utterly impotent. But I sincerely question whether the condition of society could be much worse than at present. Let candid men survey the circle of their acquaintance, and see how many are happily mated, (not how many are dragging out miserable and

wretched lives under the cloak of "holy matrimony,") and what will they see? That three-fourths of our married population are far from being happy, a few barely endure each other, many live in open warfare, and by far too many rush to the extreme of murder and suicide.

The marvellous chastity of some people prompts them to endure this overwhelming burthen of the soul, this unwarrantable abridgment of their natural rights, rather than seek an amelioration. They have a horror of being forced out of their orbit into "animal relations." That one's animal appetites should be regulated by law, is deemed indispensable to virtue; indeed, the law is supposed to render the indulgence of these appetites a virtue!

Utopian as the wildest dreams of man, are these notions, which must ere long become a monument of ignorance and superstition. Man is a social being, endowed with a natural desire for promiscuity in his social relations, as much as for a change of diet. When society assumes authority to regulate a man's social relations according to the standard of popular morality, it seeks a corresponding abridgment of his inborn natural rights!

Such is the authority that popular marriage assumes—an institution that has flooded Christendom with its imbruted progeny, begotten and reared amid continuous scenes of rivalry, strife, and cruelty, which have left their stamp upon the internal nature as indelibly as parental features are impressed upon the person. This is sufficient evidence that there is a great evil at the basis of society. Nevertheless, there is sufficient intelligence among men to regulate these matters, when affected modesty and superstition have served their purpose. I would not entirely remove restraint by any means, as the consequences would be as deplorable as the opposite extreme has been. The affectional element has been so long and so effectually restrained, that its emancipation would operate like the bursting of a dam: the whole mass would rush with irresistible force to the opposite extreme. Nature is abundantly able to gain an equilibrium, its proper condition, if it is not warped into artificial channels by the fastidious conservators of public morals.

These influences are yielding in many quarters, however, despite the proscriptive howl of conservatism. Several States already recognize the possibility of failure in marriage, and are wide awake to the dread realities of an insolvent marital compact, which plunges into life-long wretchedness thousands whose only fault was, that they loved indeed, but mated unwisely.

High above all human institutions is the magnetism of true affection, but it has not escaped the polluting touch of man; he has stigmatized it as lust, has labeled it "Free Love," and made it the synonym for all that is vile. Nay, more; the illegal indulgence of it has been denounced as a crime. But the law of attraction was the last great work of the divine mind, without which, the universe had been but chaos, and it is a great consolation to know, that however much it may be tabooed in mundane realms, in the spiritual it will constitute the sum total of estate, and must be free and untrammelled to all eternity. No ruthless hand can warp it into unnatural channels, confine it within, or crush it out of the soul, or in any way long prevent its free and natural flow, in such directions as God originally designed. What a world of jealousy—the very essence of the physical union—must be abandoned, in order that this may be! But what boundless bliss must result! And who can believe that the male and female natures will be so transformed, will become so very refined, as to lose their mutual attraction, or their respective identities? In my view, these considerations are of sufficient importance to receive more reasonable attention than the contemptuous puffs of prudish and fastidious journals. The above is but an outline of the views of "The large and increasing numbers" to which the *Tribune* recently referred, and if they are as "preeminently sophistical, dangerous, and detestable" as they are represented to be, we want the evidence of it, in lieu of unqualified denunciation, to convince us.

LOCK WILSON.

COMMENTS ON MR. WILSON'S POSITIONS.

Freedom of the affections is a sort of freedom rarely called in question. The right to love whom one pleases, and as strongly as one pleases, would be almost universally conceded. Because, love being considered essentially generous and self-sacrificing, the mere name is at once suggestive of the one thing, the universal presence of which would render this world a paradise. But when we come to the practical application of the sentiment, certain consequences ensue that make it necessary that even love shall have its limits. Suppose a person becomes enamored of another parent's child, so devoted to it as to be willing to give up life for its possession—would that give the right to the lover to take it from the control of the parent? If not, there must be a limit to this love. The case supposed, should at once reveal to our correspondent the fact that *love for persons*, as well as *love for things*, can never be absolved from the control of *love for Right*.

In the light of this truth, let us look for a moment at the Marriage Question. Three lovers may enter into the essence of it; two generally do so enter. The two that are always present, are, mutual love of the parties—each for the other's sake—and sexual passion. A man may love the woman for her sake; secondly, for his own sake. The first love, is the only one that deserves the name

between the sexes. Wherever it exists, the person and the welfare of the woman are, in the last degree, *sacred to the man*; but his passion for the woman is love to her *for his own sake*.

In marriage, then, mutual Love and mutual Passion constitute the tie; if there are children, their love to them is a third bond. Now, love and passion cannot possibly be equal partners in the contract; but one or the other must rule. Which shall it be? Shall passion rule love, or love control passion? If love rules passion within marriage, it will certainly allow it no privileges outside of marriage. The carpet that will cover a square yard will cover a foot. The husband whose wife is sacred to him, has no yearnings for "promiscuity;" the wife whose husband is sacred to her, will not travel far for "an affinity."

In other words, *mutual and exclusive appropriation*, so that Passion is limited in its gratification to the parties, is an essential element of marriage, in which Love rules—that is, in any relation deserving the name of marriage. Such a relation always contemplates its own permanency; it looks upon a rupture, even by death, as against nature. It was the voice of Love, that in the old ceremonial of the marriage union inserted the words: "THU death do you part."

The plea for "promiscuity" is a plea for a union based on Passion; and as the gratification of this is but momentary, so the union must be only temporary. Each party's dominant love is *selfish*, looks only to the gratification of the senses, to which the entire person of each serves as a vile instrument. The instinctive sense of the truly married, with sarcastic irony, rightly denominates such a union, "Free Love." And the parties, in sheer self-loathing, come to look upon each other at last with unutterable contempt. Nature abhors the bond, and will not save it from speedy dissolution. She has undoubtedly endowed man with passion, but she will not absolve him from the necessity of self-control; and, in the long run, she has some rather stringent penalties for those whose only love to others is *selfish*. But the love which she blesses between the sexes, is that which invests the parties to union with mutual sanctity, and some little regard to *unborn offspring*.

What Society will do, or ought to do, in the matter, is a question which we for the present postpone. But it is of some importance to individuals to determine whether a union in the form of marriage, and which is to carry with it immense consequences to the unborn, is to be merely temporary, or whether it should aim at life-long permanence. If it is to be a union of love and passion, the permanence and exclusiveness of it will follow, of course. If it is to be a union of passion, the parties must make up their minds to a prospective mutual loathing, and should forthwith set about the establishment of an indefinite number of founding hospitals; as it will be some time before "society" will resolve itself into a committee of the whole, to look after the outcast offspring of those whose divine affinities do not allow them to continue married over one honeymoon.

What the State should do with those who, having entered the marriage of Passion, have been led to *repentance* through mutual abuse and hatred, is a very clear question to us. That point we do not now consider; but simply whether love should be so very free, so far as the self-control of individuals is concerned, as to run in three weeks from the sweetness of new cider, through all the stages of the acetic fermentation, into the tartness and mustiness of old vinegar.

The North and South Controversy.

THE NORTH-SIDE VIEW.

[In a recent issue of the *HERALD*, we allowed a free voice for Slavery. We now, in reply, allow a free voice for Liberty. The *HERALD* being a free paper, can hear both sides without prejudice.—Ed.]

BRO. DAVIS: I propose a brief review of "The North and South Controversy," by D. J. Baldwin, of Texas, published in the *HERALD* of the 15th ult. He says:

"The Southern country is in a blaze, consequent upon the election of a man by a sectional party only, pledged to an irrepressible conflict against the rights, interest, and happiness of the Southern people." That the Southern people are excited, "in a blaze," is evident; that the election of Mr. Lincoln is the cause, is not so clear. If we comprehend Mr. B. in the above quotation, he charges the Republican party with being sectional, and with conspiring against the rights, interests, and happiness of the Southern people. We regard this allegation as a serious mistake. The Republican party is based upon a principle (not necessarily sectional) inaugurated by the fathers of the Republic, and acted upon by the government in good faith, up to a very recent date. To seek the reestablishment of that principle by legal and constitutional means, can be no more sectional than it would for any other party to seek the establishment of any other policy, by the same means. We do not wish to disguise the fact, that we believe the interests of the country, South, as well as North, would be vastly promoted by an appropriation of all the United States territories to free institutions. We religiously believe that freedom is better than slavery. We believe that the fathers of the

government were right, and we believe we are right in pursuing this policy; in doing so, we believe we are only discharging a sacred duty, one that we owe alike to our country, to our race, and to God. If this is "sectional," we can't help it.

Mr. Baldwin says, the Republican party is pledged to an "irrepressible conflict." That the conflict between Freedom and Slavery is irrepressible, we have no doubt; just as there is a similar conflict between any other antagonistic principles or forces—right and wrong, good and evil, and the like. We look upon the proposition as a philosophical truth demonstrated by universal history, and by all the analogies of nature. We therefore beg our friend to quiet his nerves, and take a philosophical view of the subject. In a free government, the irrepressible conflict is an inevitable event, and whatever comes in its way, must go through the ordeal. And let me assure him of one great and grand truth—whatever is right, just, true, and pure, will stand the test; and moreover, the best interests of our united humanity will eventually be attained thereby.

That the objects of the Republican party are against the "rights, interests and happiness of the Southern people," we do most emphatically deny. Will Mr. B. give us the evidence. So far from it, is the fact, that we are prepared to show exactly the reverse. Mr. Lincoln, and all his co-laborers, have always and uniformly disavowed any intention of meddling with Slavery in any of the Slave States, in any way whatever.

We regard our friend B. as quite unfortunate in his example of the servant—and would say a word in vindication of our Northern society. We do not pretend to be saints. There is a glorious chance for progress and improvement among us; but we do insist upon it, we are not all savages or barbarians, as our friend seems to imagine. We regard our standard of civilization as being at least as high as his, and we believe there is as much refinement and philanthropy in the North as there is in the South; we believe that statistics and facts will show this to be the case. Mr. B. thinks that a virtuous and loving woman would be abandoned and "rendered absolutely miserable," at the North. I am really sorry that he should harbor such an opinion of us. The truth is, there is no woman of the character of which he speaks, who may not find friends, protection, a home, and with few exceptions a fair remuneration for services rendered. Can our friend say as much for all the daughters of the "Sunny South"? We had supposed that love was a tender plant to be stimulated into growth and development by kindness and reciprocity. We have yet to learn that it is necessary to be a slave, that the tender passion may be developed.

We cannot conceive how Mr. B. got that idea of a 15 year's residence in a State prison, for attempting to rescue his "servant," if he had a legal claim to him, according to the slave code. He may take her, and carry her off, in any State in the Union, and there is no law in any State to prevent it. (I do not speak now of the right or wrong of the case.) If the woman be free, then the local law protects her. Is there anything wrong in that?

Mr. B. thinks that the Southern States may secede at will; and then goes on to depict the awful consequences that must ensue. Admit the first proposition; what then? We of the North have had nothing to do with it; we do not propose secession. If any of the Southern States attempt it, let them take the consequences. We feel secure in any contingency. The Free States already have a domain of vast extent, and a population of nearly 20,000,000 to start with. We believe we have all the elements of self-defense; our population would be homogeneous and far enough advanced in civilization, in intellectual and moral culture, to insure us against a despotic or a retrogressive government. Our manufacturing and agricultural resources too, are beyond the power of computation. Illinois alone would sustain a population of from twenty to thirty millions; and with the increase of population that would naturally follow, the time would not be far distant when our credit and character would far transcend anything it has ever yet attained, or ever could attain with the moral taint that Slavery must inevitably bring upon it, if connected with the institution.

Moreover, we have an ever-abiding faith in the progress of truth and freedom. The genius of liberty, star-crowned and beautiful, is yet to triumph over every form of human oppression. Before its giant tread, the old dynasties and hoary-headed despots of the civilized world are crumbling to pieces and passing away. It is idle to suppose that the people of these Free States, in whose veins courses the best blood of the nation, inspired as they are with so much of genius and enterprise, are going to stop short in consequence of the secession of a few of the Southern States, and take the retrogressive step to barbarism and the dark ages. No; no; as well might you expect the sun to become extinguished in the heavens at mid-day. The people of these Free States are equal to the emergency, and the country is yet to be in truth what it has been in name—"The Land of the free, and the home of the brave."

We see nothing more in our friend's letter that would seem to call for notice, with the exception, perhaps, of an idea in the closing paragraph. He says, "a white man is a white man—a negro is a negro—and a horse is a horse." In the use of this language, does Mr. B. deny the essential humanity of the negro? if not, why does he say that

"they are each separate in spirit, soul, color, aspiration, and affection." We believe it to be a fact as well authenticated as any other fact in science, that man, of whatever race or color, or of all races, is essentially the same in kind, but not in degree. Show us the difference in mental or moral organization, otherwise than in degree, and we yield the point. Show us an essential attribute that attaches itself to the white man, that does not attach to the negro. The sciences of Anthropology and of Ethnology make no such distinctions. We believe in the superiority of races. That some are superior in mental and moral endowment to others. But we cannot discover from this fact, the right of the strong to oppress and plunder the weak.

In conclusion, we beg leave most respectfully to assure our friend Baldwin, that we entertain no feelings toward him or his friends, but those of kindness and brotherly love; we would inflict no injury upon him or his neighbors. Our prayer to God is that they may be prosperous and happy. But we do believe they are deceived with regard to the feelings and objects of the Northern people; and that their worst enemies are at home among themselves.

WM. THIBBS.

KANKAKEE CITY, ILL., Dec. 17, 1860.

A Letter from a Native of the South.

ALABAMA, Dec. 29th, 1860.

MR. A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I have been a reader of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, with more or less attention, since its commencement. It is not my purpose, in referring to it, to play the critic, but would remark that, while I have been pleased with many things I have seen in it, and have found some things which I could not approve, the Editorial department has seemed to me generally to manifest a spirit of forbearance and liberality (with perhaps some marked exceptions) which I greatly approve. The sources of the greatest evils to the human family, I take to be prejudice and fanaticism, the offspring of ignorance. This is strikingly exemplified by the present unhappy condition of our country. But for the ignorance of the people of the North in relation to the "peculiar institution" of the South; or, to state the matter differently, if the great body of the Northern people—before their passions and prejudices become so aroused as to render them, I fear, deaf to reason on this subject—could really have understood as do the people of the South, the real nature and characteristics of the African race, and their real condition under the institution of Slavery as it exists in the Slave States, it is certain, I think, that this great republican government of ours would not now be tottering, as it seems to be, on the brink of destruction. In proof of this, let me mention one notable fact. A large number of the most substantial and thrifty people of the South were born and reared in the North. They came to the South, no doubt, in quest of fortune, with their minds deeply imbued with prejudice which seems to be almost universal in the North against the institution of Slavery. Talk with these men now, and they will tell you that their views and feelings have undergone a total and radical change on this subject, and they are ready to stand by the South in the perils and conflicts which seem to be impending, as those who are "to the manor born," while some of them are found in the front ranks of the most ultra Southern party. The late Gen. Quitman—who was for years regarded as a leader of the so-called "Southern rights" party, and at one time as a *per se* secessionist, and who, in one of his last speeches, if not his very last speech in Congress, referring in disconsolate tones to the sectional strife which then threatened to cause a disruption of the Union, declared that he would surrender half his earthly goods to preserve the Constitution and Union in their integrity—was a conspicuous example of the class of Northern men to whom I have referred. He was a politician, to be sure, but of the highest and most honorable class; while the great majority of Northern men in the South concern themselves generally but little with political matters, beyond the ordinary exercise of the right of casting their suffrages. I think it highly probable that had the lots of Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Beecher, and others like them at the North, been cast in the South, they would have been ultra men as they are, if not fanatics, but at other extreme of their present position. Such men could probably not avoid extremes in any country where free thought and free speech and action are allowed. The people of the South, too, have their prejudices, and even, perhaps, their fanaticisms, but they have been the growth of necessity and not of choice. They believe, whether rightfully or not, that their rights, their interests, and their peace, have been systematically, and without cause, invaded and disturbed by a considerable portion, if not a majority, of the people of the North, during a long series of years, and they (the people of the South, or a majority, at least,) seem at last to have arrived at the conclusion, that their only chance for peace, security, and independence, depends upon the severance of the political bonds which have so long united them to the North; and I, a calm, dispassionate observer and reasoner, desiring the welfare and happiness of all, have arrived at the conclusion, that a separation, whether desirable or not, is almost, if not absolutely inevitable. I will go further, and say, if the Union can endure only on the terms and conditions of the present and past, looking back a series of

years, it cannot be dissolved too soon. No present or prospective national power and greatness; no material prosperity, though it might far exceed what has been enjoyed, can compensate for the absence of peace, harmony, and friendship between a neighboring and kindred people. If a separation has become a necessity, as I apprehend, let it be peaceable, and let every good and humane man, of both sections, use whatever influence he may possess, to repress the bad passions of men and of communities, and restore them to reason, and to bring about and establish enduring peace, and as much of harmony, friendliness, and good will, as possible between the people of the respective divisions. While incalculable evils and sufferings, without good to any, would necessarily result from a state of war, a state of permanent peace and friendship would be productive of priceless blessings to all, even after separation.

I have been induced to address these reflections to you, because the perusal of the paper under your control has given me evidence that you are possessed of a just and liberal disposition, and that it is one of the main objects of your mission, to promote "peace on earth, and good will among men," and thereby the happiness of your fellow-men, without distinction of clime or section. I say this, independent of, and without reference to your peculiar tenets. I have read with a degree of pleasure which I seldom experience in reading anything political in these times, the able and statesman-like article of the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, published in a recent number of the HERALD OF PROGRESS, in relation to the subject of secession. This production, imbued as it is with a spirit of true philosophy, Christian philanthropy, and statesmanship, is worthy of all commendation, and shows its author to be a good, as well as most sensible man. Happy will it be for all concerned, if the sentiments of Mr. Owen shall prove to be the sentiments of those who, under Providence, have in their keeping the destinies of this great country.

With sentiments of due regard and respect, permit me to subscribe myself, as I am, a well-wisher of the North, though—

A NATIVE OF THE SOUTH.

(Translated for the Herald of Progress, from the Revue de l'Ouest.)

Law and Will.

Whatever happens in the universe, is attributed either to a will or to a law. As soon as the infant acquires a knowledge of its strength, that is, of its power to produce effects by its will, it is led by induction to recognize the same faculty in beings like itself, and in the animals about it. It is soon led by analogy to explain all the phenomena of nature in the same way, and to look for the secret of them in individual and voluntary causes. This is the origin of polytheism. Next, man observes the order and harmony which reign in the external world; he concludes from it that everything is governed by a single master, by one supreme will. This is monotheism. As regards apparent disorders, the anomalies and irregularities for which the human mind cannot account on the supposition of one only God, it attributes them to inferior beings in a state of rebellion to the sovereign power, such as man himself has power to perpetrate upon this theological hypothesis. This is the system of a primordial will, which has generally prevailed down to our own day, and which still lies at the foundation of the only religion considered as true and infallible by the most civilized nations. According to the teachings of this religion, God has a will which is brought to bear upon everything, which intervenes in all orders of facts, which tolerates our free will, but which might coerce or neutralize its acts, which can enlighten us or plunge us in darkness, kill and restore us to life, which at a certain period brought the world from nothingness, and can in an instant reduce us to the same state, but will, nevertheless, not do so, because God has bound himself by promises as concerns his creatures, and has pledged himself by oath to carry out a certain programme, to reward his faithful and punish his revolted subjects, world without end.

But when men have arrived at a point where they perceive for the first time that they have taken a false course, and begin to renounce the errors of their infancy, the path of monotheism is not the only one presented to them. There is another to which minds that are rather serious and reflective than enthusiastic, betake themselves; it is that of science. Instead of leaping at a single bound to an absolute synthesis, these minds coldly analyze the spectacle of nature and the operations of their own faculties; they observe facts and phenomena, class them in distinct groups, and perceive that all those of a certain group are linked to one another by constant relations and in an invariable order of succession. To this concatenation, or succession, they have given the name of law. Patient investigators, they pass their lives in verifying the accuracy of their generalizations, and are confident that the apparent exceptions are reducible to determinate rules. It is in this way that they have successively established the laws—or, at least, many of the mathematical, physical, chemical, physiological, and even moral laws that govern the world. This idea of law is satisfactory up to a certain point, because it introduces order among our ideas; but the intellect cannot stop half-way. It is not enough for it to know that phenomena of the same kind are reproduced with a constant regularity; it still needs to know whether there do not exist fixed relations between phenomena having no resemblance to one another. It succeeds at length in discovering that facts, without apparent analogy, are developed in a parallel course with a symmetry which admits of no doubt as to the tie that unites them, and as to the identity of the law which governs them. It hence naturally infers that many laws converge to one result, or are subordinate to a single law. It thus rises

from generalization to generalization on an from law to law, until it arrives at the universal generalization which embraces the totality of things—and finally to the supreme law, which is the reason of the universe.

Having reached this point, Science seems ready to join hands with monotheistic theology. It is constrained to admit an intellectual and moral, as well as a physical law, or rather to admit that the two constitute but one, and that a perfect wisdom presides over all the developments of existence. It Law the name of God; and on its side theology would perhaps condescend to give its God the name of Law. It is certain, at least, that many theologians and many philosophers have endeavored to bring about a union; but they have had but moderate success in their undertaking. They are not slow in perceiving that their mutual concessions are merely vain actions, and are not sufficient to bridge the chasm that divides them. It will be of no avail for the true philosopher to speak of wisdom and supreme power; he will never admit that Law or Reason has variable volitions, fits of anger and repentance, preferences and antipathies, that it reveals itself by special interventions, or that it governs the world otherwise than by eternal principles. It will avail little to the genuine theologian to vaunt the immutable decrees of Providence; he will never admit that God is not superior to his work, that he cannot change or destroy what he has made, elect some of his creatures and load them with favors, deprive others of them and overwhelm them with maledictions. Decidedly, there is no harmony possible between Science and the systems taught by the churches styling themselves orthodox.

But laying systems out of view, let us seek to satisfy the true wants of the human mind. Theology makes absurd pretensions; but it presents a great fact, which it would be wrong for us to overlook: it is the power of the human will which it has wrongly invested with the attributes of the creative divinity. Science itself is necessarily imperfect, and our societies; but ought we to believe that this intervention is limited to our petty industry and our little terrestrial affairs? Who shall tell us that the human will passes for nothing in the mechanism of the celestial spheres and in the organization of worlds? Shall we imagine that Humanity is limited to the specimen within our immediate observation, and that its entire destiny is shut up to its momentary stay on this grain of sand? If we believe in the infinite Reason, we must believe in its complete manifestation, that is to say, in the infinite Humanity. To the eternal law corresponds the progressive will. Theology is the dream of the infancy of Humanity, which has seen its own power personified in Jupiter, in Osiris, or in Jehovah, as it has beheld its own perfection in the Golden Age, and in Eden. Let us transfer to the Future what theology has held up to our view in the Past, and we shall have but a very feeble image of the glories that are reserved for us.

[From the Sunday Mercury.]

Charity at Trinity Church.

BY DOESTICKS.

[In our forty-fifth issue we published a short paragraph relative to the sectarian charities dispensed on Christmas day from Trinity Church. This religious institution is the richest and its temple is the tallest of all the city churches. Doesticks has been moved to write a serious notice of the extraordinary Charity dispensed on that occasion. We like the pointedness and justice of his rebuke, but do not admire some of the hyperbolic expressions employed to convey it—but we think that, as a whole, it is too good and too just to be lost.—Ed.]

But I desire to state my views on one subject, and to give it as my opinion, that one of these days Mr. Satan will get a large reinforcement from this city, and that Trinity Church corporation will furnish about as likely a lot of recruits as can be found in any country. They may be made useful in more ways than one, doubtless; but I think they will especially thrive as teachers. They are unapproachable in certain arts, which, being the converse of worldly merits, will doubtless be there considered the highest virtues. Especially in hypocrisy. If those of Trinity Church who had in charge the dispensing of the Christmas bounty of that corporation, can't teach the devil his alphabet in hypocrisy and deception, it will be because he has already profited by their inimitable school.

Christmas is the day when open-handed bounty should reign—when those who have anything to give should deny no one; it is the one day of all others in the whole year when all should eat and be filled, without question.

Very well, so much for that. I'm not going to preach, I'm only going to call the particular attention of the many thousands of the readers of the *Sunday Mercury* to a new style of cheap charity, just come out, invented this season, and first introduced to public notice by Trinity Church. The supply is by no means exhausted—there is plenty more at the same shop—country orders supplied with illiberality and characteristic meanness.

The way they did it is this: they publicly advertised that on Christmas afternoon food would be given to the "poor" who should apply at the church. Now, our city is not in a state of starvation, still there are many families whose Christmas table would have been none the worse for a timely turkey or a Christmas chicken. So they went—a thousand or more "poor" people, many of whom would never beg, but still might, on this day, accept a proffered alms—some of whom, perhaps, were second-rate, but all of whom certainly wanted, and a few, probably, actually needed something to eat.

Of course (you say) they got it. On this day they certainly had full stomachs for once. What a pleasant sight to see a hungry multitude making gastronomically merry over a feast—to see them cramming with roast turkey; stuffing with solid beef and mutton; crowding down goose and chicken; astonishing their stomachs, perhaps, with a cup of strong coffee, and filling up all the chinks with good fat puddings and luscious pies, and possibly having a piece of cake, an apple, or a handful of nuts, to carry home! What a noble use of money, to give a Christmas dinner to a thousand hungry ones!

Well! yes! my many-headed, and loud, and fast-talking friend, the Public! that would be a pleasant thing to see; but, as usual, you are a little too far—though I don't blame you for not being prepared for the Pharisaic stinginess of Trinity Church; for it has never been equalled in New York or in America for seventy years.

When the time came for the satisfying alms to be handed forth to the expectant crowd, the announcement was made, that no food would be given to those who were not in the habit of going to church, and who had not been seen in the "poor" seats of Trinity during the past year. Can you imagine a meaner bit of meanness?

Of course, not more than one in ten got anything. The poor hungry women, who came, hoping to take something to cheer the day for the children at home, went away empty, and the children cried. The sick man, just from the hospital, who had looked for a day of more generous diet, got nothing. The hundreds who had no decent clothes to go to church in went hungry, and might have gone starved, for all Trinity Church cared. A rowdy, compelled by the very necessity of his business, to work all the morning, came to get something for a Christmas dinner. He was put through twenty minutes of impudent questioning, and was refused a bit of bread and a slice of turkey, because he had not been in the "poor" seat that day.

The sanctimonious deacon who asked him the questions robbed him of the time in which he could have earned a good dinner; for Bob had "quite early gone to his home, such as it was; put on his best suit, such as it was; and had gone to Trinity to get his share of the charity, such as it was."

In the time thus stolen from him, he could have sold twenty *Mercury's*, and thus have earned a few pennies to buy—well, a sausage, if nothing more.

I busied myself for an hour or two thinking what degrees of devotion were necessary to entitle a man to a Trinity Church dinner. I came to the conclusion that attendance at morning service for the week would give a poor fellow a loaf of baker's bread and a sausage on Christmas—to say his catechism, to repeat his creed, to read the responses very loud in the morning and evening service, and to know the litany by heart, would give the same poor fellow a claim to call for a slice of beef, half a mouthful of turkey, or a smelt of pudding.

Devotion is worth a sausage; extra devotion commands sausage and bread; double extra devotion is good for a small slice of lean beef and two square inches of baker's bread, with turkey (stale and cheap); Catechism will bring chicken broth; Catechism and Creed will call for chicken soup; Catechism, Creed, and Articles of Faith, may draw for the chicken itself, without salt. When I began this article I thought there was some fun in the subject; but, strange to say, the more I think of the thing, the less chance I see for saying anything funny. I really didn't know the state of the case; but, now I come to examine it, I see that, unless there be fun in rags, in hunger, in wretchedness, in disappointed hopes, and in mortified expectations, there can be no fun in this sad subject.

Mirthfulness is a part of Christianity; and I now can see no more of one than the other in the theme under consideration. I think we all will agree that if the Pharisees of Trinity Church have through tickets for heaven, we, all of us, had rather be switched off on a side track; and if they're bound for Tophet—as we can doubt—a life of deepest penitence, of hardest work, of tears, of sorrow, and a life-rainment of unlimited sackcloth and unparallelled ashes would cheaply purchase the lowest seat in a realm where the Pharisees of Trinity may not come.

Voices from the People.

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

MAGNETIC SYMPATHY.

AN INCIDENT.

NEW YORK, 809 Third Avenue, }
Dec. 22, 1860.

FRIEND DAVIS: Your article on "The Philosophy of Human Magnetism as a Healing Agent," in to-day's HERALD OF PROGRESS, was very interesting to me.

You know I have had a pretty extensive and successful practice in the use of magnetism as medicine, and thinking that some of the prominent facts of my experience may be new and extraordinary to many of your readers, I will relate a few, but endeavor to be as brief as possible, giving only one fact for the present, in order not to deprive other perhaps more valuable contributions from their due share in the valuable space of your HERALD.

It was in Spring, 1857, on a Sunday afternoon, when I, for the first time in my life, entered Dodworth's Hall, in New York. The meeting was a Conference, the subject, "Facts and Philosophy of Spiritualism." The speaker occupying the platform at the moment of my entrance—and whose name, as I afterwards learned, was Mr. Oliver Birney, Professor of Mathematics, N. Y., sustained facts that well established and duly tested facts were the great desideratum, in preference to mere philosophy. "Let us," said the speaker, gather as many facts as we can, and the best philosophy will afterwards take care of itself."

I had scarcely entered the hall, when I felt a strange sympathetic sensation of Quinsy (*Gynoele*), indicating most positively that some person in the hall was similarly and very severely affected; but I did not then know who was the sufferer. However, I had scarcely taken my seat, when I was reluctantly

also the conviction that the other knows something very different respecting the other's organization, functions, and experience; but the universal Mother hath wisely and lovingly built the temple of Life, and hath printed over the spacious vestibule, before the eyes of young and old alike, these words—"Know thyself." Hence universal ignorance is impossible.

We are impressed to do what we can to universalize as much of reproductive truth as we possess; believing that virtue and civilization effluvia from the interior realms of wisdom and causation. The centermost truth of man's position in the system of creation, is almost universally overlooked—viz: that he (man and woman as one) occupies the highest place in the structural world. Man-kind are the kings of organic structures. All forms, orders, degrees, forces, and principles of the visible world, meet and cooperate in Man. He is an ocean composed of all the streams of life. The whole earth meets and mingles, and packs itself snugly in the human, physical, and spiritual bodies. His exterior is oftentimes a rough casket—a thick, coarse, heavy, bad-smelling box, or trunk—but the priceless jewels and the spotless robes are all within, waiting for the quickening power, for the congenial touch of the angel hand, for the coming of the adequate commandments, saying—"Come forth and live."

In consequence of the universal overlooking of this centermost truth—concerning the position and microcosmic properties of mankind—a very great fallacy prevails respecting the facts and physiology of reproduction. Embryologists and investigators of procreative truths have made a mistake by simply regarding men and women as they do the males and females of any branch of the animal kingdom. Because woman has a mammalian organization, and because the elementary facts and incipient processes of reproduction are the same in mankind as in mammalian organisms in other parts of Nature, therefore, what is true of such animals is also true of mankind, and the secret of reproduction is no more profound in one department than in another. So the doctors reason among themselves.

Now the mistake, the mischievous fallacy, is this: Overlooking the sublime fact that a man and a woman are superior by organization, by endowment, by attainment, and by Destiny, to each and all the innumerable bodies and powers of the lower kingdoms. Popular physiology contemplates generation in a rabbit with the same standard of judgment as procreation in the human family. The human species, quadrupeds, and other animals, are examined and disposed of in the same manner. Who would not blush before the looking-glass held up by such physiology? The females of quadrupeds, in nearly all books on reproduction, are the same as your sisters and your mother. The phenomena among human beings of attraction, gratification, impregnation, gestation, parturition, and of nursing and fostering the young, are treated by physicians generally as though they were of no more importance than similar phenomena occurring in any family of the quadruped world. Constantly, therefore, mankind are compared with and treated like the animal creation. The superior is measured and adjudged by the inferior; and the effect is visible in the licentiousness and animalism of mankind. Young men are mis-educated by such popular physiology; and the young woman, from the same cause, knows not the real worth of her existence. The spiritual supremacy of Human Life is overlooked by many learned physiologists; and their students (the young physicians of the age) are not exempt from the degrading influence. Thousands of young human mothers have been ruthlessly treated by college-bred physiologists, simply because physical organs and reproductive functions in woman are supposed to be but little superior to the corresponding parts of animals.

It will appear, as we proceed with these articles, that nearly all hypotheses on the subject of conception and reproduction are nothing more than approximate truths. When the true philosophy of human origin is comprehended and taught, then will come a new era in the history of earthly men and women; then will dawn that divine faith, which teaches, as through mythology so also by inspiration, that mankind were stationed "but little lower than the angels." It will be shown that woman inherits by organization, not only all the physiological processes known as natural to the inferior kingdoms, but what is infinitely more, that through her spiritual principles descend the impersonal essences of an immortal individuality. There is a divine life throbbing within these visible structures—a more important, a far more sublime function performed by the reproductive organism than is presented in modern books on anthropology. A human female is not comparable to the female of the quadruped world; neither is a man to be measured and gauged by the male of any lower organism; because there is that superior divinity in the soul of each human being, which takes hold upon the amazing truth of eternity. We therefore hope to inspire woman with a higher and holier estimate of herself—so that, to her sisters and daughters and little children, she may impart the delicate lessons with the simplicities of Wisdom. Men regard their physical functions unworthily, because they have been mis-impressed; or because they have been left wholly in ignorance concerning the ulterior purposes of their physical existence and spiritual endowments. Let us see whether, in the limpid light of simple physiology and pure principles, we cannot gain access to a higher mountain of truth.

(To be Continued.)

Paraphrased.

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

PET DOGS AND PET DOCTORS!

We find in our exchanges the sad particulars of a recent case of death from hydrophobia in Boston. The person was bitten three months since, on the lip, by a pet dog, that no one suspected of being mad. Physicians were called, the wound cauterized, and the doctors "gave their opinions," (received their fees, doubtless,) and no fears were felt as to the result. Only a few weeks passed when his family were startled by the terrible spasms which betoken the presence of the poison. The sufferings of the victim were protracted and severe before death came to his relief.

We looked in vain for editorial comments protesting against the folly and danger of keeping pet dogs, by which children and adults are exposed to constant danger.

Had this citizen become interested in receiving communications from the spirit world, and by reason of physical weakness, lost his mental balance, taken a dose of prussic acid and with little suffering passed away, would not every paper in the service of a popular prejudice have heralded the event with strong and bitter denunciations of the alleged cause? Would the startling and glorious fact of spiritual communications have been treated with the forbearance which this little dog received?

There is another view of this case. A premature and awful death occurs from sheer ignorance of the presence of a subtle poison lurking in the veins, but which the doctors were incompetent to discover.

There is a large class of the public who cannot but regard this death as an unnecessary sacrifice. Since, had the presence of the poison virus been known in season, an antidote could have been applied. And therefore many who believe it was possible to know whether the dog was mad or not. These would, at least, in a case of such terrible possibilities, have tried the merits of clairvoyance, or consulted their spirit friends and physicians through a suitable medium to determine the truth.

Here we have the relative merits of pet dogs and pet doctors, as contrasted with clairvoyance and Spiritualism. Under the zealous teaching of "D. D.'s," the masses prefer to accept the "dogs and doctors." Choosing to nurse pet dogs they risk the hazard of hydrophobia, while the terrors of insanity, as portrayed by a prejudiced pulpit, keep them from accepting the glorious truths of a Spiritual Philosophy. And treasuring the pet doctors, they remain in ignorance of the poison in their veins, not daring to risk reputation by "running after" mediums and clairvoyants, who, instead of giving "opinions," could tell of a surety what was the state of the system.

So, instead of the "infatuation of Spiritualism," people get hydrophobia. It is a matter of taste perhaps—possibly one for the serious exercise of reason—to decide whether we will cleave to pet dogs, doctors, and hydrophobia, or clairvoyance, Spiritualism, and tranquillity. C. M. P.

AN OCCASION FOR FASTING.

The following melancholy statement suggests the propriety of a day of fasting and prayer on the part of the Evangelical authorities, since all human means, including the accepted methods of ridicule and misrepresentation, have failed.

"The Brighton (Eng.) Herald says that Spiritualism, instead of losing ground in England, is flourishing and vigorous, not only among the ignorant and insane, but among men of repute, who might fairly be looked on as superior to any trickery so barefaced and wicked. At this moment there are several literary circles in London, who are lending their aid to the spread of the delusion, and we could name more than one eminent man who is a decided victim to it. Sittings are frequent in the best circles; mediums are tolerated in the highest quarters; and even the Church does not fail to add its quota to the herd of the misguided and the deluded. Among the recent converts are Lord Lyndhurst, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Robert Chambers, Mrs. Browning, and many other literary and scientific celebrities."

PENN YAN SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

There will be a meeting of Spiritualists in Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of February, 1861, to which all speakers and friends of Progress are invited. Arrangements will be made by the Committee to accommodate as many as possible, free of expense. Penn Yan is situated on a branch road, connecting the New York and Erie Railroad with the New York Central, and about two hours' ride from each.

The meeting will be opened on Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Per order Committee.

THE HAMMONTON LANDS.

We are advised that the tract of land at Hammonton, N. J., heretofore held by Messrs. Landis and Byrnes, has come into the possession of Mr. John Landon, of Rutland, Vt. The attention of our readers has been directed to these lands by advertisements heretofore published. Additional interest will no doubt be awakened by the change of proprietorship. Mr. Landon is well known as a gentleman of unquestioned integrity and of business capacity.

A general advertisement, setting forth the advantages of this location, may be expected soon.

ALMOST A PROVIDENCE.

Deacon Phineas Crossman, of Sennett, Cayuga county, N. Y., went on New Year's Day to dine with a friend. As the company surrounded the table the Deacon remarked, "We shall not probably live to see another New Year." His head was immediately noticed to fall forward. He was removed from the table, and expired within ten minutes!

This paragraph is going the rounds of the papers. Admit its correctness of statement. Now suppose that Phineas Crossman was no Deacon, but a very good-tempered, hearty, jovial man, with a slight touch of profanity in his composition. Suppose, instead of the above very sage reflection, he had made some careless remark bordering on profanity, or had even transgressed the limits of good taste, and uttered a blasphemous word or thought! How many religious papers would have charged his death upon Providence, as a retaliation or judgment for the blasphemy? Of course, with a pious sentence in his mouth, a kind Providence had nothing to do with his death, it was probably "disease of the heart." But had an oath or careless jest rested on his tongue, a thousand Christians would give "Providence" the credit of dropping his head for him, and think Providence had done just right, too!

In view of this, we think Phineas Crossman had a narrow escape, only one word—at the head of his name, and one sentence—at the end of his tongue—saved him from at least a newspaper infernum. C. E. Empe.

PROGRESSIVE HOME ASSOCIATION.

We have received a copy of a circular proposing the organization of a Progressive Home Association, designed "to realize the blessings of wisely directed cooperation, well-paid employment, and a permanent home on their own domain; to procure the luxuries and independence of hotel life with the economies of an associated household; to secure mutual insurance against poverty, and to enjoy the advantages which will result from combined effort, aided by the developments of science and the power of machinery."

The articles set forth sundry valuable propositions, which it is unnecessary now to copy. Information in relation to the Association may be obtained, it seems, of Cora A. Syme, Secretary, 47 Bond street, or Samuel T. Thompson, Treasurer, 228 Greene street, New York.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.

The *Prison City Item*, published at Wauwun, Wis., is publishing a series of editorial articles upon "Crime." The writer claims that even questions as to the treatment of the criminal and his reformation are secondary in interest to the removal of the cause. This cause he represents "may be found in the indignity, contempt, and oppression of Labor. And the remedy is clear, simple, and plain—equalize the circulation of money, by a large reduction of the rates of interest, and labor will rise, the poor be fed, and crime will cease."

CLUB SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In every town where the *HERALD OF PROGRESS* is taken, a little efficient effort would secure a club, or increase the number already taken. Will not our subscribers make prompt and hearty effort to increase the number of subscribers in every town? Sample copies to aid in the work, will be sent on application. Only four weeks remain before the expiration of the volume, and renewals should be sent in soon.

Persons and Events

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Jas. G. Clark, the Poet and Vocalist, from whose pen we will publish an original song next week, is at "Our House" in Danville, N. Y., recovering from an attack of inflammation of the lungs. W. P. Anderson, the spirit portrait painter, is now at Bloomington, Ill., frequently influenced to pencil portraits. J. W. Seaver, of Byron, N. Y., is doing missionary service in Batavia and Darien and vicinity. The *Exy Brothers* are affording opportunities for wonderful physical manifestations in Wisconsin. The Milwaukee daily papers have been open to some accounts of their circles. They are to visit Waukesha soon for the second time. Wm. Bailey Potter, M. D., proposes to deliver lectures on Scientific Spiritualism, without fee or reward, at places on the route from Hudson, N. Y., via Chatham, Pittsfield, and Springfield, to Worcester, Mass. He may be addressed at this office.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—The *Banner of Light*, alluding editorially to the use of stimulants, says: "As for this matter of calling in mechanical or external aid to enable us the better to look into the laws of our complex being, we cannot countenance its practice in any way. 'The healthful progress and natural growth made by the spirit while in the form, must, of necessity, be made in the normal or conscious condition. The problem is not how to cheat the physical out of its fair and natural influences, but how it may be made harmoniously servicable to the wants and aspirations of the spirit with which it is married.'"

—By royal edict, tobacco has been banished from the educational institutions of France.

—Garibaldi's income as a farmer is about \$300 a year—not enough to find some Americans in rum and tobacco.

—An English artist, named Alexander Henderson, was lately prosecuted in London for making pictures on Sunday. The Sabbatarian who accused him was mortified because of his non-conversion.

—A writer estimates that the New York restaurants sell daily fifty-three thousand one hundred and twenty-five and a half square feet of pie!

—The N. Y. *Observer* has a summary method of disposing of our political troubles. It ascribes the entire difficulty to our having "excluded God from all participation in governmental affairs. God has no place, no name in our Constitution, in our legislation, or in the administration of our laws."

—Douglas Jerrold said, "If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event."

—A Springfield citizen says he has lived opposite Mr. Lincoln's house eleven years, and never heard him speak an angry word. Ministers talk about the human will as if it stood on a high look-out, with plenty of light, and elbow-room reaching to the horizon. Doctors are constantly noticing how it is tied up and darkened by inferior organization, by disease, and by all sorts of crowding interferences, until they get to look upon Hottentots and Indians—and a good many of their own race—as a kind of self-conscious blood-clots, with a very limited power of self-determination. That's the tendency, I say, of a doctor's experience.—Dr. Holmes.

—Dr. Hall, Editor of the *Journal of Health*, says that out of fifty different clergymen who have preached at a Fifth Avenue church during the past few months, but two have succeeded in reading a chapter of the Bible with accuracy. "All but the two have made from two to ten mistakes in reading a single chapter."

—On the 11th of Dec., five thousand Christians of Baltimore were said to have been engaged in prayer for the country, from ten o'clock in the morning till nine in the evening. Allowing three minutes for each prayer, over one million supplications are supposed to have arisen for the country!

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The intelligence from the South continues of the most serious and startling character. The first aggressive act has been committed by the South Carolinians.

The *Star of the West*, sent with supplies and reinforcements for Maj. Anderson, at Fort Sumter was fired upon (Wednesday, Jan. 9th), from Morris Island.

—She was obliged to put out to sea again, without effecting a landing.

—Major Anderson, after correspondence with Gov. Pickens, has sent to Washington for definite instructions.

—The frigate Brooklyn will probably receive the cargo of the *Star of the West*, and convey them to Charleston Harbor, when a general engagement may be expected.

—The last communication of the South Carolina Commissioners was returned by the President.

—Secretary Thompson has resigned his seat in the Cabinet on account of the decision to reinforce Fort Sumter.

—Gen. Scott is directing sundry movements of preparation for the defense of the coast forts.

—The U. S. Arsenal at Mobile has been taken possession of by the city troops. The secession ordinance has passed the Mississippi Convention. Much enthusiasm has followed.

—Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana will probably soon follow.

—Affairs in South Carolina are reported as growing desperate. Business is paralyzed, and much suffering is likely to occur.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—Our latest intelligence from Europe is to Dec. 27th. In England, nothing of importance had transpired since the departure of the Australasian, the arrival of which steamer was noticed in our last issue. The weather was unusually cold throughout the island, the thermometer in many places sinking below zero.

—Prince Alfred was on a visit to Berlin. He was to embark, Jan. 5th, on the line-of-battle ship St. George, for the North American and West India station.

—In France, the connection of Count de Morny with financial speculations in mines, and the occurrences which had taken place in connection therewith, were attracting considerable attention. Cabinet councils had been held upon the subject, and it was thought legislative inquiry would result. The winter throughout France had set in with frost and snow.

—Various rumors were current in Paris as to the Italian question. According to one report, Russia and France had agreed to support Francis II in his stronghold of Gaeta till spring. Another report is that the Emperor Napoleon meditates the formation of a Southern Kingdom in Italy, the sovereign of which is not to be Victor Emanuel.

—A dispatch from Gaeta, of the 22d of Dec., says: "The bombardment of the city is continued with vigor. The Spanish Ambassador left his palace on account of its being riddled with bullets. Two officers have been struck while standing near the king. New Sardinian batteries can be seen, and are evidently ready to take part in the bombardment."

—A telegram from Vienna states that the Emperor has resolved to convoke the Hungarian Diet in February next. In Hungary, at present, no taxes are paid.

—There was a report that England and France had come to an understanding with regard to Venice, and that a joint commission would shortly be sent to Vienna, urging the cession of Venice without any territorial recompense.

—Further details have been received in regard to the proceedings of the Allied Forces in the capture of Pekin. To enforce a lesson in favor of the policy of peace on the Chinese, the buildings of the Imperial residence were entirely consumed, and the gardens about them laid waste. The firing and consuming of the palaces, temples, and pagodas, which covered a space of six or seven miles in extent, occupied two days; and the property destroyed, exclusive of buildings, exceeded \$2,000,000.

—Affairs in Mexico have again taken a turn in favor of the Constitutional, or Liberal party. Their army advancing on the capital, was, on the 22d of Dec., attacked by Miramon, who made a sortie from the city, but was utterly defeated. He fled on the 24th, and, on Christmas day, the Liberal Army entered Mexico. This last success is thought to insure the final overthrow of the Church party, and to prepare the way for permanent peace and prosperity to the Republic.

Attractive Miscellany.

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

MY LADY ADAIR.

BY MARY H. WILLBOR.

Pure as the dewy splendors
That deck the brow of morn,
Soft as the summer twilight
That tints the blooming thorn,
Gentle as vernal zephyrs
That fan the azure eyes
Of violets, as they waken
With a quick and glad surprise—

Was she, my own earth angel,
The peerless and the fair;
Nor will the young hearts wonder
That I loved my Lady Adair.
Proud as the water lily
Was she in her silver sheen;
Her glee was the brooklet's laughter;
Her cheek the rose-bud's dream.

Lovely as I have pictured,
Of delicate and rare;
And low as the evening echo
Was the voice of my Lady Adair.
Well do I mind the evening
She sat in the moon-beams sweet,
And brushed from the breast of daisies
The dew with her dainty feet.

Braiding the silken fringlet
Bordering her mantle of blue,
As she coyly kissed me in answer
For my young love warm and true.
But there came at length between us
A cloud that shaded the light,
And the Tempter took from my spirit
Each rosy hue in its flight.

My cheek with rage grew ashen
And the fire-flame lit my eye,
While, with the tongue of a demon,
I uttered the passionate lie.
A moment she shivered with sorrow,
Her sweet face bowed with afflict,
But the answer died all voiceless
As she stood in her virgin light.

She stepped with grace all queenly,
Across the enameled floor;
But her pride was touched with sorrow
As slowly she passed from my door;
Alone through the gloom of midnight,
Out through the biting air,
From me, with her heart all frozen,
Fled my gentle Lady Adair.

Wildly I tossed on my pillow,
Too hard to acknowledge my wrong;
Too proud to receive to my bosom
The lamb I had cherished so long.
Oh, mockingly the morning sunbeams
Streamed over my haggard face,
Oh, woe to me, for my treasure
Had found a resting place!

In the tangled depths of woodland,
Half buried beneath the snow,
With a cold stone for her pillow,
Alas! I had laid her low!
Her life eyes followed my footsteps;
But strong and cold was their light;
No smile traced I on her love lips
To shine on my starless night.

I sit by my desolate hearth-stone
Alone, and never again
Will I hear from her lips the blessing
To take from my bosom its pain.
All the peace I now can gather
Is out in the shadow there,
When I press my heart on the grave-sod
Which hides my Lady Adair.

[From Blackwood.]

My Penny Dip.

What was it? A tallow candle, to be sure. The gas wouldn't burn, the kerosene strangled me with its noxious odor, the fluid spluttered, burned blue, and went out. I am afraid of the dark; that ghostly blackness which makes one's eyes ache with its want of light; that palpable gloom which seems to beat like a room full of palpitations of the heart around you, above you, about you, everywhere; that visible nothing, which holds the tables, the chairs, the portraits you are familiar with, yet hides them in its black veil from your view; that empty fullness through which you thrust out your groping arms, then shrink back, oppressed with a presence you can neither bear, see, nor feel.

"Milly," I said to my little maid, "run somewhere and get me a light."

She ran to the grocer's wife, and came back with a penny dip in a brass candlestick. As she placed it on my table, went out and shut the door, the little boy in bronze on my mantle raised his hammer, and struck the figure of Time twelve ringing blows upon the heart. It was midnight.

The candle burned clearly. I resumed the old volume of German legends I was reading, and as I laid my finger on a paragraph, and paused to ponder on the possibility of spirits returning to earth to wreak vengeance on foes, or work woe to friends, I heard a deep sigh at my elbow.

I turned and beheld the ghost of my grandmother.

I knew her from her resemblance to her portrait. She wore the same white cap with its wide border plaited round her face—the same prim dress with which I had grown familiar in the picture.

She died twenty years ago. I was named for her.

I drew up the rocking-chair for the ghost. She sat down in it. A pillow could not have sunk there more noiselessly than she did. She kept her hands in the same position on her breast, that somebody told her twenty years ago.

She fixed her keen black eyes upon me—beautiful eyes, which I had always admired in the portrait. None of her descendants had such eyes.

"I could not come," she said, in deep, sepulchral tones, "in gas-light. Ghosts and gas-light are at war always. As for kerosene gas-light, we grow in spirit at its use. How morbid, we grow in spirit at night, inhale the odor it emits, is a wonder. It is worse than brimstone. We have put our cold lips under

your chimneys, and blown on ghostly breaths into the flame. We have seen the chimneys blacken with smoke, and apartments fill with disgusting fragrance. People only said the lamp is in a draught. They moved it and bore with it. We shall have to yield. Kerosene is a modern discovery. Ghosts are old-fashioned. To be out of date is to be out of mind. Your tallow candle pleases me. We ghosts like the light of other days around us. We always, in the body, burned tallow candles."

The fine eyes of my grandmother gazed at my penny dip steadily for a moment. She seemed to see visions and dream dreams. "My dear," she said, "you are the first of the family that has returned to candles since the innovation of gas. You are indebted to your dip for my presence. How hollow I would have looked under a chandelier—how bloodless, how white! As it is, I think I am looking very natural, am I not?"

She glanced up at her portrait and waited my reply.

"A little pale, grandmother," I said; "but tell me, dear madam, if your pursuits in the other world are of such a nature that they admit of your returning to this at any time?"

"By no means. I am permitted to appear in this sphere but seldom. My influence I can make felt often. I have not been seen before since my coffin lid was closed. I am come to tell you there arose a yell in Pandemonium. I looked in to see whence it came. I found the great chamber assigned to little children, and which is always full of little ones of all sizes and ages, the scene of great commotion. Infants were crawling into corners; three year old toddlers were tottering out of the way. Older ones were hastily finding seats, and all faces wore a listening expression. A small voice was saying:

"It was no fault of mine that brought me here. I, who am now but five years old, might have lived to be fifty. Nature, unfortunately, gave me a fine physical development. My chest was round and full, my skin clear, my limbs finely molded. My birth-place was in a cold climate. My tender mother, proud of her offspring, bared my neck and arms in the chill winters, when her rose-bushes and vines were packed in warm straw and thoroughly protected from every blast. I was brought down to be viewed by company, and exposed to different temperatures as I went from room to room. My mother, wrapped in soft velvet and comfortable silks, did not suffer. I did, but I could not tell her so. I took cold. I became a great trouble in the house. My beauty faded. I lingered on from month to month, and died at last, at five years old, of consumption. My mother cried over my little coffin. I knew, but I could not tell her then, that her own vanity had placed me there—would send me here."

"I was trotted to death," cried a more piping voice, as the first speaker sat down. "A woman was hired expressly to take care of me, and she took care that I should not want for exercise. Her days and nights were spent in keeping me going 'up, up, up,' and 'down, down, down.' That unknown wonder, perpetual motion, was to be found in my nurse's knees. Every body in my poor little body was racked, every ounce of flesh was sore. My food went down milk and came up chafe. If I cried, I was trotted; if I screamed, I was trotted; if I was still, I was trotted—I became little better than a human charr, from which the butter had been taken and the sour milk left standing. My brains turned to bruises, my blood to whey, my bones grew so sharp they almost pierced the knees which trotted them. As I began to cut teeth, my tongue was constantly jolted between my jaws, and in danger of being bit off. I dared not whine, for I knew the penalty; I began at last to calculate how long the torture could possibly continue. Warm weather was coming on, and I thought one or the other of us must soon give up the ghost; and as my nurse's exertions were almost superhuman, I imagined that perhaps I might outlast her. One unlucky day, however, my mother entering the room unexpectedly, I smiled at her. I had never done so before."

"The darling," cried my parent, "see, it knows me."

"Poor thing, rather," said the nurse, "it has wind on its stomach."

"Forthwith she proceeded to trot it out. Every thump of her foot on the floor, was, I knew, a nail in my coffin. I felt I should never smile again. My faithful nurse continued her efforts, and I was trotted out of existence upon the poor old woman's knee."

"As the speaker ceased, one of the older occupants of the room descried me," said my grandmother. "He at once made room for me to enter, and begged me to remain awhile and hear the remarks. I consented, and took a seat near the entrance."

"I," said a little fellow, rising from his seat, with his blue eyes all bloodshot, and his curls matted together, "died of delirium tremens. At the age of six months I was a confirmed drunkard. I had not been a very quiet baby, and every time I was uneasy a little liquor was administered to me. I did not want wine, but water. I was naturally a very thirsty child, and everything that was put between my speechless lips increased my thirst. My mother's milk was sweet, the panada given me was sweet, and if now and then I was blessed with a draught of goat or cow's milk, it was warmed and sweetened first, to make it as much like my mother's as possible. I used to cry. No other way do we poor babies have of expressing our feelings, and the chances are ten to one that we will be misunderstood. To stop my crying, I was put to the breast; this, at such times, I would indignantly refuse. Then there would be a commotion. 'Nurse,' my mother would say, 'what shall we do with him?' The nurse was a stout, hearty old woman, who always made a practice of tasting whatever was provided for her charge. Her sovereign remedy was liquor. I was taken, and a spoonful administered at a time. At first I rebelled—I struggled, kicked, and coughed. The firm hand held the spoon to my little tongue, and down went its contents in spite of me. Little by little the dose was increased. I soon liked it. In my thirsty moments I cried for it. It was given me readily, for after a few moments of wild glee, I fell into a drunken stupor, which gave my attendants many opportunities of enjoying

themselves, as my sleep was sure to be long and sound."

"At length *mania a potu* assailed me. During my whole life no one had ever thought of giving me a single spoonful of the water I craved—the soothing, cheering, refreshing drop of water! Now, I no longer cared for it. In my wildest frenzies I was accused of having the colic; down, as usual, went the fiery drink, until finally I was literally burnt out. I was nothing but a cinder within, a shell without. My stomach was cooked to a crisp, my intestines were shriveled, my lungs, no longer filled with pure air, belched forth only the fiery fumes that had consumed me. I died. I was good for nothing. I hope whatever form my dust is destined to take on earth, it will not be watered, as when I inhabited it, with alcohol."

"As this speaker ceased, there arose a wall of sympathy, such as had first attracted me to the pandemoniac chamber; as if subsided another little figure had taken the stand."

"My legs," he said, "brought me out of the world. My mother labored under the strange delusion that her child was born a Highland laddie of American parents and in America. I was dressed, or left undressed rather, in short pig stockings, reaching to the calf of my leg, and an elegant kilt reaching just to the knee. My limbs were molded in cherubic forms, and when exposed in the nursery were pretty. But the nursery was too narrow a field in which to display my beauty. On bitter cold days I was walked out over the icy streets, the keen wind chapping my flesh and chilling my blood till my knees looked like twin nutmeg-graters painted purple. I used to look at my mother's long comfortable skirts and thick leggings drawn up over warm hose, and wondered if she could survive a fashion such as I wore, if adopted by herself. I became afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, and, unable to endure the pain, gave up the ghost."

"I felt," said my grandmother, "that this victim was a sacrifice to a fashion started since my day. I know that your father was never dressed in such ridiculous style when a little boy, for with my own hands I knit his warm woolen stockings, and saw that his comfortable little trousers came well over the instep of his little calfskin shoes."

"The next speaker was a dream-faced little girl, who trembled as she rose and said: 'I am an opium eater. My death-warrant was written on the label of the first bottle of Godfrey's Cordial brought into my mother's house. A few drops at first sufficed to hush my feeble cries. Then Godfrey's Cordial would not do. A few drops of pure laudanum were administered. Soon I could not go to sleep without it. Then my nurse would give me a small opium pill in my panada. Of course I was but little the wiser. I was a deep sleeper, but my digestion became impaired; with much sleep weakened me, and I knew no natural slumber. My eyes became like those of a sleep-walker, full of dreams when wide awake. I lost my appetite; my head grew full of pain; my baby-heart was always aching. I closed my eyes one day forever on the home where I felt I could be little loved, when my low walls were never permitted to appeal to those around me, but were hushed at once; where my blue eyes were scarcely ever permitted to look around in the world in which they had been opened; and where, instead of proper care, and food, and exercise, the baleful pill and enervating sleep were all that was offered me. There are many parents who seem to think children must pass their childhood out of the way, and only get in the way when they have become, in spite of all sorts of ill-treatment, useful or ornamental members of society."

"This child was still speaking," said my grandmother, "when I rushed out. I had been a mother once, and I could not listen to these innocents in that fearful waiting chamber, recapitulating the woes that had sent them there, any longer."

"I felt impelled to revisit earth. I came. In no light could I make myself visible to you until your talow candle was brought in. 'My dear, remember what I have told you. Some of these days you may be a mother. Be more than careful of the sacred charge of little children. Think for them—feel for them. Do not, to ease your cares, sink them into unnatural slumbers, or give them over to selfish nurses. Upon you hang their lives—in a great measure their happiness, both here and hereafter—I beg you will give—' Just at this moment the coal fire crew loudly. The voice at my elbow was still. I looked around—the rocking-chair was empty, the ghost had vanished."

Self-Control.

A FAMILY INCIDENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Mother!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room where a lady sat reading. "Mother! John struck me in the face with all his might! Oh dear! oh dear! it hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against her cheek, and threw her head backward and forward, as if she were in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and the book fell from her hand to the floor. There was anger in her heart against John, and in the blindness of her sudden indignation, she resolved to punish him with a severe chastisement. But, ere she reached the apartment in which her child had been playing, she paused suddenly and stood still. A timely thought glancing through her mind, had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control myself," she said, speaking half aloud. Then, after a resolute strife with her angry feelings, she mother went back to the room where she had left her weeping child, and sitting down in her old place, said, with as calm and steady a voice as she could assume:

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh dear! how it hurts!" sobbed Agnes, as she came to her mother's side, her hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and examined her little girl's cheek. There was a red mark, as if a blow had been received, but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes," said the mother, now speaking very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness that at once subdued the excitement of her child's mind. "I want you to stop crying, and tell me all about this trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow, and she looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face!" replied the child, evincing a great deal of angry feeling toward her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"Who saw the trouble between you and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you that John struck me in the face with all his might."

Agnes went for her sister. When they returned, the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me all about this trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you, Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother, "and while I am doing so, you, Agnes, must have nothing to say. After Mary has finished, then you can correct her statement if you wish to. Now, Mary, say on."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister?" There was a tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said Mary. "John declared that it was, and tried his best to comfort Agnes; even promising to give her his pet kitten, if she would stop crying, and not make trouble by telling you. But she was angry, and would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and then I shall know exactly how far both were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I were playing checkers, and Agnes would, every now and then, steal up behind John and push his elbow when he was making a move. It worried him, and he asked her over and over again not to do so. But she didn't mind what he said. At last John pushed the board from him, and would not play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him. John got a book and sat down near the window to read. He had not been there long before Agnes stole up behind him, whipped the book out of his hand, and ran away. John springing after her, and they had a struggle for the book, in which Agnes got a blow upon the face. I was looking at them, and I think the blow was accidental. It seemed so at the time, and John declares that he did not mean to strike her. That is all, mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a subdued voice. John entered the room in a few moments. He was pale, and looked troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking without apparent excitement, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer came through them. He looked into his mother's eyes for a moment or two, until tears blinded him, and then he laid his face down upon his bosom and sobbed. With love's tender instinct, the mother drew her arm tightly round her boy, and then there was a silence for the space of nearly a minute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whispered the mother, placing her lips close to the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was!" John answered back with earnestness. "My hand slipped as I tried to get my book from her, and it struck her in the face. I was so sorry!"

What less could the mother do than kiss with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against whom, under the influence of anger, she had passed a hasty judgment. She almost shuddered at the thought of the unjust punishment she had come high inflicting while blind from sudden excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Agnes," said the lady, turning with some severity of voice and contending toward her little girl, who now stood with the aspect of a culprit, instead of an accused.

"It was her fun, mother," John spoke up quickly. "She loves to tease, you know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good spirit," replied the mother, "and I am sorry that my little girl can find no higher enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied with you, John, but not with Agnes; and now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their mother alone with Agnes. When the little girl joined her brothers and sisters some time afterward, she had a sober face, like one whose spirit was not at ease with itself. She had been guilty of a double wrong, and had come near drawing down upon her innocent brother an unjust punishment. So clearly had her mother brought this to her view, that shame followed conviction, and she was now ready to acknowledge her fault, and promise better conduct in the future.

But the one who profited most by this scene of trouble, was the children's mother. After all was harmonized again, and she was alone with her own thoughts, she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-control, and prayed that she might ever possess her spirit in calmness. "I tremble in thinking of the evil that would have followed a blind punishment of my noble-hearted boy!"

The poetical is the natural, the unconscious, the youthful state: the Paradise from which man fell—from which most men fall, though there be those who keep their primitive ardor and simplicity, and carry into manhood the freshness and spontaneity of youth. May the Great Mother keep more of her children from this seduction of manhood, and feed them forever from her own bountiful bosom!

Every object in nature at last results in, or is some way encompassed by, somewhat finer than itself. The tree has its scallions and cones; the plant its flowers; the body its golden sequels; the day its blush and the hills their slopes; the mountains their long curving lines; the city its turrets and domes; the earths their ores and precious stones; and this is the poetry of things, and the seizer and reproducer of this poet. All thorough representation of life—that is, such a representation as shall give its fringe and

bordering, its foreground and background, its promises and possibilities, its ideal side, in short, as shall not leave the sky out of the picture—is poetry, and is everywhere recognized as such.—*Saturday Press.*

THE DRUSES.

Mary Eliza Rogers, writing to the London Times, says:

"During a residence of several years in Syria and Palestine, I had the opportunity of spending some time in Druse villages in the Carmel range and in the Lebanon, and last year I often entertained Druse guests at my brother's house (Her Britannic Majesty's vice-consulate at Cairo.) I can add my testimony to that of others as regards the high esteem which the Druses entertained for the English. I have had a hearty and hospitable welcome in many a Druse family. I found the men more thoughtful, intelligent, inquiring, and spirited than their Christian and Moslem neighbors generally, and the women cheerful and bright in appearance. Their villages are clean and orderly, in comparison with other Oriental villages. The Druses are clever and industrious agriculturists, and appreciate home and peace; but when roused they are quite inveterate, and terribly fierce in war."

—When Charles Dickens was visiting this country some years ago, he was asked what motive he had in writing so much? "I write," said the noble minded man, "to prove that every man can be saved."

Of Writers and Speakers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. S. E. COLLINS, Impressional Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 1030 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

CHARLIE HOLT, Trance Speaker, may be addressed during January, care of Byron Reid, Kokomo, Ind.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REV. M. TAYLOR speaks every other Sunday at Stockton, Me., once in two months at Troy, Me., and will answer calls for other days.

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

R. P. AMBLER will speak at St. Louis the four Sundays of January; at Detroit, the three last Sundays of March. Applications for the intervening time may be addressed St. Louis.

JOHN MAYHEW, M.D., will answer calls to speak on the route from Minnesota to New York during the coming winter. Address, Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn.

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

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

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

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

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

MRS. LAURA MCALPIN will answer calls to lecture in Ohio, or elsewhere, during the coming winter. Address, care of H. McAlpin, Port Huron, or D. Davis, Esq., Dayton, Ohio.

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

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

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

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

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

LEO MILLER speaks in Providence, R. I., January; Lowell, Mass., Feb. 24 10th, 17th; Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 3d and March 2d; Quincy, Mass., March 10th and 17th; Philadelphia, four Sundays in May. Calls to lecture week evenings should be addressed, Hartford, Conn., or as above.

S. P. LELAND will lecture at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Jan. 13; will commence a course of lectures on Geology at Adrian, Mich., Jan. 16; at Quaker Valley, Mich., Jan. 23; at Coldwater, Jan. 29; at Sturgis, Mich., Feb. 6, 1861. Address Cleveland, Ohio. Applications for February and March must be made soon.

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ORRIN ABBOTT, a Healing Medium, under whose hand flesh becomes numb and pain ceases, has patients at 421 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., from 9 to 12 A.M., or visit them P.M., Sundays excepted. If any are not benefited, he will expect no benefit in return. 271f

Special Notices.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET, at No. 299 West Nineteenth Street.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, With or without Board, to be had at Mrs. WIXES', 47 Bond Street, New York.

BOARD FOR FAMILIES, Or single persons, at 183 East Broadway near Canal St. Transient boarders accommodated at moderate rates. 21-4f

MRS. R. A. BECK, Spiritual Test Medium, 351 Sixth Avenue, near 22d Street, New York. 451f

DR. A. G. WOLF, Magnetic Physician, has removed to No. 40 Bond Street. 41-66*

MRS. S. E. COLLINS, Test Medium and Independent Clairvoyant, No. 160 South Fifth St., Philadelphia. Hours from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Terms, \$1.00.

MRS. E. C. MORRIS receives visitors for Spiritual Communications at her rooms, No. 47 Bond Street, New York. 481f

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, 429 Fourth Avenue, near 31st Street, Psychometric and Impressionist Medium. Developing Circles Tuesday evenings.

MRS. JOHN SWAIN, Medium for Spiritual Diagnosis and Healing, may be found in the two-story brick house, second above Ferry Street, west side of Niagara St., North Buffalo. 581f

MRS. ABBOTT, a developing medium, will receive calls at 421 Sixth Avenue, N. Y., from 2 to 5 P.M., Sundays excepted. By laying on hands, persons soon become influenced, and a few sittings develop them to their various gifts. 431f

MRS. M. L. VAN HAUGHTON, Test Medium and Clairvoyant Medical Examiner, has permanently located herself at No. 242 Bowers, where she may be consulted at all hours of the day and evening, Sundays included. Her terms are reasonable, and satisfaction is guaranteed in every particular. New investigators, and those who have seen just enough not to "know what to think," are invited to call. 431f

ALL PERSONS having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and who do not object to their publication in book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 153 Chestnut Street, Chelsea, Mass. 29-50

A YOUNG MAN, every way qualified, speaking English and German, desires a situation as companion (either traveling or otherwise) to an

Notices of New Books.

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

SIX LECTURES ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE, together with the Outline of a Plan for a Humane Enterprise and an Autobiographical Introduction. By EMMA HARDINGE. For sale at this office. Price 50 cts.

It is becoming more and more manifest with every passing year, that if the rule is to be rigidly enforced which enjoins that "woman shall not speak in meeting," the world will lose the recorded expression of the noblest inspirations that are permitted to human nature. The culture of the race by public speech has been, hitherto, carried on mainly by the male sex. It was natural that this should be so. Man was originally rude and savage; of course the physically strong tyrannized over the physically weak. The first slave was a woman; she will also be the last. At first she performed for her brutal master his most repulsive tasks. The progress of ambition and the love of conquest in the wars of tribes with tribes, finally reduced men to a common slavery with women. Then society advanced into the civilized stage, arts were cultivated, and complicated governments were formed, and a few women became free. But the jealousy of men has for thousands of years shut them out of most avocations of a public nature, and established a conventional propriety which condemns their open intervention in political affairs or public teaching. The root of this custom is undoubtedly the mutual jealousy of the male sex—a trembling solicitude for their control over their sisters. And in the society of today, woman is excluded from the ballot-box, and the rostrum, on the plea that she would contract a masculine harshness of temper, if allowed to vote and to speak. But if the gentleness and virtue of men have been the gift for the most part of mothers, her influence at the polls and in public speech, would tend rather to *de-barbarize* men, than to degrade herself.

We, therefore, hail the dawn of an era which is to admit women to a share in public functions; for these functions can only by this process cease to be barbarous—cease to manifest the harsh brutality that now characterizes them. For proof that the public teachings of women are not destined to fall a whit behind those of men in spirit, originality, and noble enthusiasm, we can appeal to the lectures before us. Few men in a series of six consecutive discourses, delivered without written notes, could bring together so much in so brief a compass, and in so fair proportions, upon the relations of the race to Nature and the Deity. To be sure it is claimed that they were uttered under the trance-dictation of the disembodied. But the vivacious and energetic tone of the autobiographical preface, proves that if spirits dictated the lectures, the subject of the trance might well change places with the unseen manipulators—that if the air was well played, the instrument was at least one of great power and finely strung. And so, in conclusion, to such as are desirous of a few hours' cheerful, inspiring, and suggestive reading, we can cordially commend this volume as one that will repay perusal.

OPTIMISM: THE LESSON OF AGES. By BENJAMIN BLOOD. pp 132. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh. 1860. Price, 60 cts. For sale at this office of this journal.

Here is the end of controversy. We learn by this beautifully written volume, that "Whatever is, is right"—with the hope-sustaining amendment, or addendum, that *everything is improving and getting better!* AMEN.

We hailed the thought-promoting book of Dr. Child, of Boston, not because we believe in the entire philosophy promulgated, not because we think it will act beneficially upon the thronging multitudes; but because the doctrine is presented, as it must be, in the necessitarian's "magic circle," from which no thoroughly involved logician can ever hope to escape, and further, because the doctrine is destined to influence the theology of the age as no other philosophy has ever been able to do.

It is a difficult question to settle to the satisfaction of most men; because, like the theory of Necessity (in opposition to Free Agency) its logic seems to conflict with human individual observation and experience. Every soul, in its highest mood, is an Optimist—which means one who believes in the universal goodness of existence, or God—that every event in the world is ordered "for the best." But whenever the soul drops to a lower level of feeling, or to a more discordant plane of action and experience, then the delightful faith of "everything ordered for the best" departs, or is beclouded, and the person naturally begins to fight with his troublesome surroundings, to attempt to conquer chance and fate, and to improve the conditions under which he is striving and struggling to exist. You reply: "It is right, and perfectly natural, and 'best' for him, that he is so impelled to fight and struggle with his circumstances."

Mr. Blood's quietly and ably-written volume is very superior to anything yet published on this subject. There are things in it which will surprise, and not convince his readers; but they will be led to think better thoughts concerning "God and his providence." It is less poetical, less spiritual, less intuitional, less perplexing, than the production of his "predecessor;" but we can assure our readers that this volume is more human, more systematic, more logical, and therefore

more profitable to mankind. It certainly ends the controversy—at least, the author calmly dissolves much of the foggy mist that pervaded the logic of many who preceded him—and, therefore, we commend the book to the general public.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD. Given by LORENZO DOW and others. Through a Lady. pp 91. Price, 25 cts. New York: 1861. For sale at this office.

There is nothing very important in this pamphlet. It contains several sweet and powerful exhortations to virtue, justice, love, and harmony. The object of the work, according to Lorenzo Dow, who purports to have made the principal communications, is to give in "the simplest and most practical form the main teachings of Spiritualism." He continues: "We have not entered into discussion or argument; but we have put plainly before you your duties as followers of those high and holy influences that are now coming so directly in rapport with your earth, and who will take up their abode in the hearts of every one of you, if you will only so live as to draw them to you. They are waiting patiently at the doors of your hearts. Will ye not open unto them? Will ye not be partakers of the blessed baptism of the true spirit, and enjoy, while yet on earth, a foretaste of heaven?"

Lorenzo concludes his preface thus: "We leave our little book to take care of itself, trusting that the truths it teaches may come home to many, and give them a higher and more correct sense of their duties, as Spiritualists, than they have heretofore had: showing, as it does, the necessity for each man to commence the work of reformation in himself, before he attempts to correct or reform others; and the absolute necessity there is for him to follow out the teaching of the olden time, so long laid aside, namely: 'To do to every man as he would have every man do to him.'"

If this pamphlet was to come before the Spiritualists of America, they would not feel very much assured that its authors were well informed respecting the teachings already familiar to thousands of earth's inhabitants. The main lessons imparted by this pamphlet have been communicated, more or less distinctly, to every spiritual circle in the land during the last twelve years. The age calls, not for more moral teachings, but for just opportunities to put what is already known into practical operation.

TWO LECTURES ON THE PRESENT CRISIS, by the late THEODORE PARKER and the late HON. HENRY CLAY. Delivered at Dedworth's Hall, on the morning and evening of Sunday, Dec. 16th, 1860. Mrs. C. L. V. HATCH, Medium. "They, being dead, yet speak." New York: Published by S. T. Munson, agent, 143 Fulton street.

These discourses are worth the people's attention—not because of the extraordinary claim, that they were spoken through a young woman by the two distinguished minds now in the Summerland, but because, without much repetition or mistake, the vital questions and differences now shaking the Federal Government, are well stated and eloquently discussed.

The medium, Mrs. Cora Scott (Hatch,) is not a politician. Her temperament is preeminently sensitive to surrounding circumstances, and the natural inference is, that (without some such inspiration and psychological abstraction as she affirms to have received) her own mind by itself could not have evolved two extemporaneous discourses so able and consecutive. Men standing on the floor of Congress, with great intellectual preparation and natural abilities, do not often equal these two discourses. It is an interesting problem for the skeptic to solve. Here is a young lady, unschooled to the ways of rhetoric and polemical debate, in the presence of a large and discriminating congregation in the center of New York, delivering two lectures in one day, which would not dishonor the ablest mind at the National Capitol.

But we commend the pamphlet not for its spiritual claim, but for the many excellent things imparted. "Both sides" are represented, and with some considerable power of reasoning. For sale at this office. Price 30 cts.

THE SPIRITUAL LEADER, Boston, Mass., P. B. RANDOLPH Editor. Terms, \$1.50 per annum. The first number of this new candidate for public patronage, has been received. It is not as large as we had presumed it would be; but it promises to grow as "time passes and means accrete."

The Editor defines his aims and positions thus: "The guiding principle of the *Leader* will be Free Speech and fair play. We shall not stain our columns with personal abuse of any man—even though we have a good prompt to this enterprise are the following: We believe a paper is wanted that shall fully and fairly represent the Spiritualistic sentiment of the people. We are in favor of an organized Spiritual worship, and have some serious doubts of the permanent good results of the present system of itinerancy, albeit we are content to submit to it as to a provisional state of things. We are in favor of free speech, fair play, free trade in thought, and in all that is pure, and good, and true. And lest we be mistaken at the outset, we hereby set forth our firm belief in God, religion, a change of heart, repentance and regeneration; we believe in Jesus as the model and exemplar, and hold that none save Deity is perfect."

Mr. Blood's quietly and ably-written volume is very superior to anything yet published on this subject. There are things in it which will surprise, and not convince his readers; but they will be led to think better thoughts concerning "God and his providence." It is less poetical, less spiritual, less intuitional, less perplexing, than the production of his "predecessor;" but we can assure our readers that this volume is more human, more systematic, more logical, and therefore

ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL for January, 1861, is issued. Its contents are: "An Appeal to the Prince of Wales on the Pernicious Effects of his Cigar and Pipe." "One Day and a Half in the Life of a Tobacco-chewer." "The Tobacco Dyspeptic." "An Appeal to the Boston Doctor, the Apologist for Tobacco in the *Atlantic Monthly*." "Professor Lears on Smoking." "A Clergyman Emerging from Smoke." "The Christian Virtues of an Old Smoker." "Voices of Warning from Maine, New Hampshire, Michigan and Iowa." "Appeal to the Smoker." "What Harm is there in a Pinch of Snuff?" "True Aspect of the Tobacco Evil." "Anti-Tobacco Medal." "Signs of Progress." Boys' Department."

The reform contemplated by Mr. George Trask, in his *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, is far-reaching and every way important.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS' MONTHLY, Rochester, \$1 per annum. We have received a number of this periodical, and discover that its Editor has dissected the "Question of Amalgamation," in reply to Mr. Cooley, of Reading, Mass., whose note of inquiry was published in an early issue of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. We would print Mr. Douglass' scathing criticism upon the "halfness" doctrine of Mr. Cooley, but do not see that the cause of philosophical truth would be aided by it. We do not doubt that—physically, mentally, morally—Mr. Douglass is more than a match for many *white men*. We had to do only with the laws of reproduction, as applicable to different races. In considering such question, we confer not with either friend or foe, but with the truth as it is in Nature.

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, HORACE SEAYER, Editor. Terms, "Two or three dollars per annum." There is something exceedingly material and solid about this paper, which, with all its immaturity and fluidity, strikes us as rather congenial, and "not bad to take." Honest infidelity (in the theological sense of the term) is the emphatic characteristic of this publication. We like its integrity, its stubbornness, its virtuous adherence to Principle, a good deal better than its blighting gospel of non-immortality. It seems to us to accomplish only a negative work in society, but such labor is indispensable, and so we want the *Investigator* to live and thrive in the land.

THE WATER CURE WORLD, a journal of Health and Reform. C. R. BLACKWELL, Editor, Brattleboro, Vt. Price, 50 cents per annum. If the people would put themselves under the physiological and common-sense teachings of this paper, they would not long need the "Medical Whispers" of the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*. Our peculiar "occupation" would be "gone." Health and Happiness would then pervade the habitations of men, and the "Water Cure" would be known and valued only as a *pretextive of disease*.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED. New York: FOWLER & WELLS Publishers. \$2 per annum. We always attempt to get something exceedingly entertaining and useful out of this weekly publication. The illustrations attract our attention, as they certainly do that of the public. We are not disappointed when we read the leading articles. They always say "something," and most generally in such a manner as not to offend a single subscriber, be he Jew or Gentile, North or South, Democrat or Douglass, Nothingarian, or Republican. And yet the paper is useful.

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY, S. C. This long-established, and ably conducted journal, all the way from the seceding State of South Carolina, reaches us every third day. It is somewhat *Mercurial* just now, and doubtless will continue to be for a period of indefinite duration, but there is certainly too much real talent behind the throne to perpetuate a local revolution. "Whatever is, is right." Was the poet inspired, or was he not? We trust that the Editor will not fail to read the *HERALD OF PROGRESS*.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY Publishers, \$2 per year, comes regularly to our office. We first unfold it; next, look over its articles; lastly, read whatever seems adapted to our immediate wants. Poetry and Miscellany, Reports of Lectures, Selections from Correspondence, Editorials, Paragraphs, Items of News, and Messages through Mrs. H. Conant, appear in almost every issue. We arise from the perusal of the *Banner* with the expression: "It is a valuable journal, and should be generously supported."

AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, FOWLER & WELLS, New York, \$1 per year. We do not read this paper as much as we wish the public would. It is regularly supplied with phrenological delineations of the heads of the people, and we suppose the publishers expect that the heads of the people will be interested in their journal. A very natural supposition; and is not a mistake.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL, New York, A. HARTHILL & Co., Publishers. \$1.50 per annum. This is almost the neatest, best conducted, and most enterprising of all our city publications. It is overflowing with good and useful matter; besides tales and romances, and fine illustrations.

THE SPIRITUAL REFORMER, from Hopedale, Mass., comes regularly, and is always welcome. It is conducted by brave and earnest minds—self-sacrificing and talented—and we hope the world will support them.

THE METHODIST. New York: L. BANGS, Publisher. We like this fine denominational paper, because it is faithful to its creed and professions. The *World* says: "It has thus far been conducted with unusual spirit and talent. Its editorials are brilliant and fresh, treating mostly of topics of actual interest, and with a vigorous practical upshot. It may challenge comparison in this respect with the best papers of the country."

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gazed, nor conscience dangled, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.) ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SECOND SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall. SUBJECT.—The Spiritual Doctrine concerning Human Rights.

MR. PARTRIDGE said he would not go back to discuss the origin of man, but would start with assuming that man is the highest product of nature—the highest expression of God in the earth. This being granted, it follows that man sustains natural relations to the earth and all that in it is.

Right signifies action in natural or Divine order.

Being is the demonstration of the right to be. Consequently, every thing and being has rights inherent in itself.

Being is using—that is to say, Nature is economical, and produces nothing without a use.

Rights are based on uses; hence, every thing and being has inherent rights to attract, to absorb and appropriate the elements of growth, and for its culmination in uses. When the high calling of its uses is attained in one form, its right is to be diffused and enter into other forms of higher uses.

Human rights are as eternal as man, and as diversified and changing as are his needs and uses.

Rights are as harmonious as is God in Nature, and no right can be violated with impunity—Nature is shocked and disturbed by every wrong, even the least.

All rights are primarily derived from one source—God in Nature. But Human Rights, as they present themselves, are derived from two sources, namely: God (or Nature) and Society.

Human rights in God, or Nature, are inalienable. They inhere in man and constitute parts of his being. The fact of being demonstrates the Divine or natural right to be. Nature's provisions for the care and sustenance which the young needs, constitutes its right to that sustenance. Parental affection for the young constitutes the right of the young to care and affection, and nurturing for its use.

As before said, human rights change with human needs. When the child becomes the man, he has no more need of his mother's milk, and that fountain dries up as the child's growth creates new needs which relate him to other sources of nutrition. Moreover, the vital forces in the parent having, so to speak, culminated in the production of another human, these forces recede; and hence the parent may rightfully look to the child for fostering care in return.

As human rights expand with growth and with the development of human functions, needs, and capabilities, this expansion becomes the basis of what are denominated social, civil, and political rights; in short, of all the rights that spring from certain needs which society alone can supply.

MR. PINK: The question of human rights has been discussed for thousands of years, and, glory be to God, is no nearer being settled to-day than at the beginning. The saints haven't settled it, nor the sinners, and the Spiritualists know nothing at all about the matter. One man says, "All that is, has a right to be." Then the disposition to murder has the right to be, and the way the Spiritual philosophers evade this inevitable logic is by affirming the universal rectitude of all that is. My Brethren, you don't know anything. You don't know whether you are right or wrong. You ain't sure but that some other man's opinion may be the true one, and while you are in doubt as between yourself and any other man concerning the truth, you can make no progress. He knows what is true, because he knows God, and knows also that in all things he does the perfect will of God. There is no mistake about him; he has nothing whatever to do with the other man; he looks only to God, listens only to God; and this is how he has come into the infallible knowledge of what is what. In this perfect obedience, which, in a genius like himself, creates infallible assurance, lies the genuine solution of this question of rights. By simply knowing that *he is right*, he is, without stint or measure, let into the entire arcana of rights, and can therefore assert, with the authority of God himself, that every other man is wrong.

DR. GRAY: The question of human rights is not so ancient. The question of rights dates backward; but it was always a question of Roman, Jewish, or other national or special rights—never a question of the rights of man. These first found public proclamation, as a national axiom, on the 4th of July, 1776. That question then first shook the earth; it is shaking it to-day, and will until the rights of man versus the rights of autocrats are established the world over. What is right? Right literally signifies straight—fitting. Hence, a right line in geometry is the short-

est—i. e., the straightest that can be drawn between two points. That which fits the mind is right. Education, for example, is right, therefore, is a right of the mind because it is fitting. Human rights are three-fold—rights of body, of mind, of spirit. The body, of right cannot demand what is injurious to the mind, nor have they a right to domineer over the spirit, or spirit, in turn, to oppress them. Their rights are common, not antagonistic. The ascetic does not understand this; he insults his body under the mistaken notion of benefiting the spirit. He outrages both body and spirit through his obfuscated mind. He does not consider what is right or fitting for the body; hence, he is as wide of the true comprehension of human rights as the sensualist who sacrifices mind and spirit to the fancied delights of animal indulgence. Now, the rights of an individual, in the highest sense, are the performance of uses. The individual is fitted to uses. Therefore, his spirit must not starve his body, nor must his body obstruct his mind. Neither must his mind interfere with the demands of the spirit. There is slavery all but universal in this respect. Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson nobly proclaimed the rights of man as to mind and body—political freedom; it remains for us to make open proclamation of human rights as respects the spirit. It is a right of the spirit, for example, to know of the world whither it goeth—to be in sympathy and communion with the brother humans who have entered upon it, and for the body so to dominate that this right is unappreciated or unrecognized; or for the mind to assent to silly prejudices or religious dogmas, which deny to this self-evident prerogative of the spirit its exercise or enjoyment, is to interfere with this right of uses, a right divine and inalienable.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

Miscellaneous.

No Compromise with Slaveholders.

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

Utica—Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 14, 15.
Rome—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17, 18.
Cortland—Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 19, 20.
Fulton—Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 22, 23.
Oswego—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24, 25.
Port Byron—Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 26, 27.
Syracuse—Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29, 30.
Auburn—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 31, Feb. 1.
Peterboro—Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 2, 3.

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

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

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

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

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

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

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

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

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

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

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